

rather corpulent, a striking figure, whom, if you met him on the street, you would turn to look at a second time and try to find out who he was. His face was one in which strength and kindness were charmingly blended, so readily responsive to his emotions that it seemed as if he never tried to hide his feelings.

I suppose it was that great heart of his, even more than his splendid intellect and his gift of oratory, that won for him such a grasp over the hearts of others, for in the range of grip with which he laid hold of other hearts he was, among all the men of my acquaintance, quite unrivalled. He was pastor of a very large parish, over whose varied interests he watched with executive ability like that of Dr. Chalmers. His congregation was not of any one class, for, although many of the members were wealthy, yet in the Barony church the rich and the poor met together. Among the labouring classes and the hard-headed mechanics he was greatly loved and honoured, for he drew from them the affection and respect that helpful manliness is sure to win from honest toil. His interest in them led him to maintain for years special Sunday evening services for the working classes, to which none were admitted except in their every day working clothes. He did this because he found that so many would not go to church without their "blacks," and they had no blacks. Those services were peculiarly powerful. The great church was crowded as if by people just out of the workshops. I have known ladies go there with shawls over their heads like mill-girls. I tried to get in one evening but was kept back by the faithful beadle because I had on a black coat. The hearts of many went out to the man who so strenuously sought to reach them, and "the common people heard him gladly."

But he seemed to have the same power over hearts all the way up the social scale. It is well known that after Prince Albert's death, when our good, widowed Queen was inconsolable in her sorrow, after one and another had preached before her, she went to Scotland and sent for Dr. Macleod. In the service that he conducted it seemed as if he quite forgot that she was the Queen and thought of her only as a widow: so he read appropriate passages of Scripture, connecting them with tender, well-chosen words, such as he might have used in visiting the humblest widow in his parish: and thus he was the means of bringing