

comply with the demands made on them. While, therefore, we pray the Lord of the harvest to send labourers we should use every exertion and put forth every effort to this end. We would suggest that each Presbytery clerk send a list of vacancies within the bounds of his Presbytery. This will at least enable us to take the measure of our necessities, and may lead to a remedy when the extent of the evil is fully realised.

OBITUARY.

"Died at Stratford, Ontario, on the 26th August last, of valvular disease of the heart, the rev. James George, D.D., minister of St. Andrew's Church, Stratford, in the 70th year of his age."

This is an announcement which has been already read with sincere sorrow by many both in and out of Canada, who knew and admired and loved the man whose decease it intimates.

James George was born in a little farmhouse in the parish of Muckart, half way between Dollar and the famous Caldron Linn, a few rods from

"The clear winding Devon,
With green spreading bushes and flowers
blooming fair."

It was in these terms that Scotland's greatest poet described the landscape in which the subject of this sketch spent the impressionable years of childhood, and from which he drank in, both consciously and unconsciously, those elements which went to nurse in him the gifts of genius with which nature endowed him. Whoever has driven from the bridge of Allan to Kinross, skirting the base of the Ochils, green to the very top, and has followed the course of the "Burn of Care" up to the ruins of "Castle Gloom," and has climbed to the top of Ben Cloch, and thence surveyed

"The green valleys,
Where Devon, sweet Devon meandering flows,"
has seen perhaps the sweetest pastoral view in Scotland, and can trace the source of those conceptions of the beautiful in natural scenery which Dr. George possessed in an eminent degree, and to which he gave such sweet and eloquent expression in one of his most delightful published essays, "The Poetic Element in the Scottish Mind." James George was a poet born. His nature, as the true poet's always is, was as sensitive to the circumstances which surrounded him as iodine is to light; and while his imagin-

ation and taste were moulded by the scenery of the Devon, his character and principles took their complexion from the simple yet intelligent rural population among whom his youth was spent. The spot is still shown with pride by the companions of his boyhood, who have followed his career with watchful interest, where he used to perch on a crooked tree overhanging the Devon, and from it as a pulpit declaim, like Demosthenes of old, at the surging waves that rolled below, which, when swollen with *spates*, and tawny with the earth washed down from the mountains, leaped over each other like hungry caged lions awaiting their food.

There was something striking and noble in the mien and presence of the man. Of medium height, square built, with thick set shoulders, large chest, broad face, wide nostrils, expansive open brow, and hair which in his youth might have stood for Milton's picture of Adam's, nobody could look upon him without feeling that he was an extraordinary man. The head, countenance and frame all conveyed the impression of massiveness and strength, and he was one of those who in the heroic age would have been made a Divinity of, were it for nothing else than his wonderful physical grandeur. And this outward greatness was, as we shall see, only a fair index to his qualities of mind and heart. A melancholy earnestness rested upon his features in moments of mental abstraction, which gave place to a bright glow in moments of passionate utterance; but withal there was at times a tenderness, a genial though covert humour playing about his mouth and kindling his light blue eye.

His youth, like that of many other distinguished Scotchmen, was passed in an humble occupation in Auchterarder, where he fell under the notice of the rev. William Pringle, D.D., a member of the Calvin translation Society, and one of the most accomplished scholars and elegant conversationists in Scotland, who two years ago was the recipient of a handsome testimonial from those persons in Scotland who had witnessed his labours for the cause of truth for 50 years, on the occasion of his *jubilee*; who is still fresh and vigorous after a ministry of 52 years, and who will learn with regret that his distinguished pupil and life long friend is no more. That gentleman discovered that Mr. George was a young man of great promise, capable of better things than mere mechanical labour, took hold of him, encouraged him, as he has not a few who