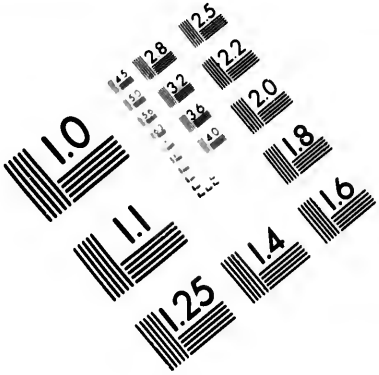

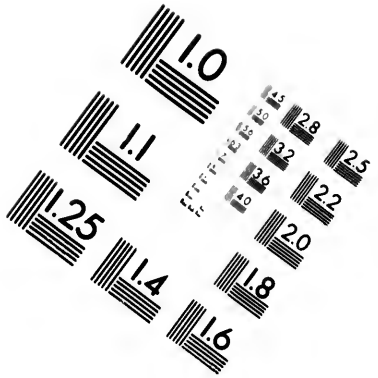

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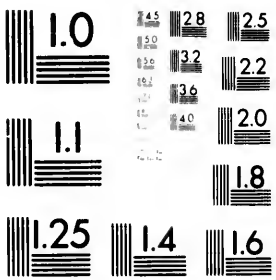

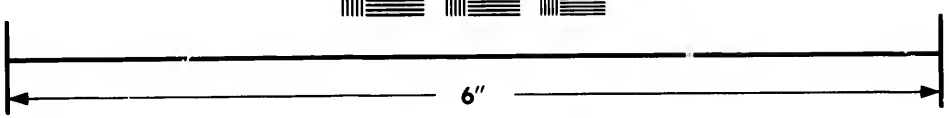

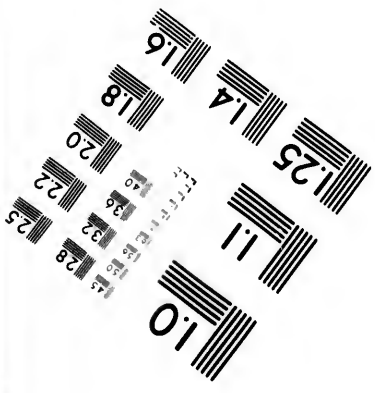

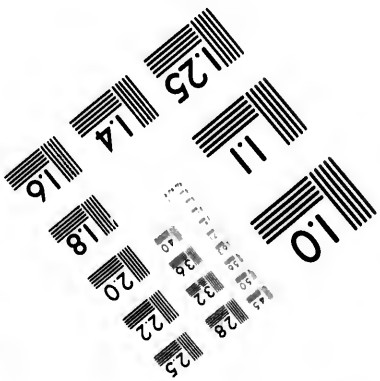

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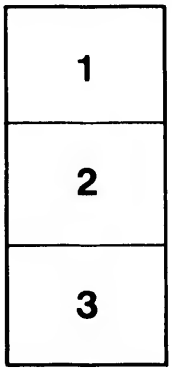

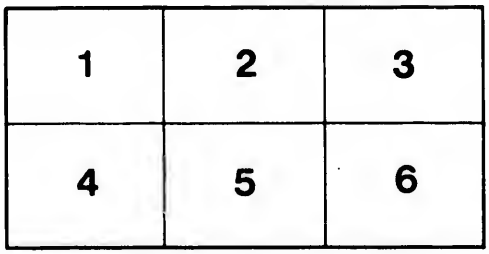

Memorial

OF THE

REV. JAMES GEORGE, D.D.

PRIVATELY PRINTED.

1897

Memorial

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REV. JAMES GEORGE, D.D.

Privately Printed for His Family.

TORONTO:
WILLIAM BRIGGS,
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1897.

Memorial

OF THE

REV. JAMES GEORGE, D.D.

REV. JAMES GEORGE was born in Perthshire, Scotland, in 1800. He was educated in Dollar Academy, and in St. Andrew's and Glasgow colleges, and having finished his theological course, he came to America in 1829. He was pastor of churches in Philadelphia, in Monticello, and in Fort Covington, N.Y. Letters from members of each of these churches expressed their great esteem for him, and regret at his leaving them. But he had carried with him an ardent love for his native country, and the unfriendly feeling to Great Britain that was then the prevailing sentiment in the United States, was so painful to him that he chose rather to live and work under the old flag in the woods of Canada. He came to Scarboro' in 1834.

The first church had been only a short time completed, and they built for him a manse. To it he brought his beloved young wife, only to carry out from it the next year, the desire of his eyes, and lay her in the newly-made graveyard. She was a woman of much force of character and great personal beauty. Her early death was a grievous loss to him.

The property belonging to the first church of Scarboro' comprised an acre, bought from David Thomson, on which stood the church, and another acre adjoining, bought from James A. Thomson for a glebe, on which was built the manse. This acre, with seven acres additional, bought from Elder James Thomson, by Dr. George, and presented to the congregation, forms the beautiful glebe of St. Andrew's. Beyond the church officers, to whom he made over the gift, but few of the congregation knew to whom they were indebted for the addition to their property. The moneys with which the seven acres of the glebe was bought was a gift to him from the Colonial Committee of the Church of Scotland, of the sum of forty pounds sterling, given to him at the recommendation of Dr. Norman McLeod, as some recompense for early missionary labours through the adjoining townships. He would not accept it as a personal gift, but took it on condition that he might apply it to the purchase of the glebe for St. Andrew's.

The first church was a frame building, with stair built on the outside, to give access to a gallery, added when the congregation grew too large for the ground floor. The church was seated with plain pews. A long narrow table extended from before the pulpit nearly to the door, a long pew on each side of it. A short table and pews were placed across the end of the church, each side of the pulpit. These were the communion tables. The pulpit, a high enclosed place, was reached by a stair. The precentor's seat, directly beneath the pulpit, was also enclosed.

The order of service, beginning with prayer, singing, reading Scripture, prayer, singing, followed by an exposition of Scripture, often going through a certain book consecutively, which was as carefully and laboriously thought out as the sermon, filled up two hours. There was then an intermission of twenty minutes, when the people repaired to the spring at the foot of the hill to eat lunch and drink the pure cool water bubbling up through a bed of white sand. The rest of the time was spent visiting the graves of friends, or enjoying the "crack in the kirkyard." Refreshed and rested they returned to the church for the sermon. Such a thing as anyone going home before all was concluded was unknown. In winter

the sermon followed the lecture without an intermission, the two services lasting four hours. Many of the people came six, eight and nine miles. The Gibson and Hood families, nine miles away, were regular as the day and prompt. In the early times they walked that distance and carried the little ones. When roads and means improved wagons and carriages came in use, and it was a pleasant sight to look on the long stream of vehicles driving away after service. The preached word was precious in those days. Mrs. Hood, who came nine miles, talked thirty years after their delivery, of a series of lectures on the Book of Job. "I could not," she said, "let anything make me miss one of those lectures." But in all his ministry he gave his best. It was beaten oil he brought to the sanctuary. Behind the manse, between two pines, was a smooth worn path, where he paced back and forth preparing for the Sabbath, aye, and with fasting and prayer. There were days when he took no food save a piece of dry bread and glass of water—shut within his study, from which could be heard the sound of supplication. Then when he entered the pulpit, his whole being was so possessed by his theme that voice and countenance answered like a mirror to the noble thought. Sometimes his face seemed, indeed, to shine; again, would seem to

gather blackness. His utterance vibrating with feeling, now soft and low, or loud and vehement, was accompanied with spontaneous forceful action.

The Lord's Supper was observed once in midsummer, and again in winter. Several brother ministers assisted in the services, which followed the Scottish order. Friday was a fast day, as religiously observed as the Sabbath. No work was allowed. Our swing was tied up that day. Two sermons were preached. On Saturday the Session received the young communicants, who had previously visited the manse for examination. A sermon was preached. The elders arranged themselves on each side of the pulpit, and intending communicants went forward for the tokens. These were made of metal, a cup embossed on it, and the words, "Do this in remembrance of me." The services on Sunday began at 10, an hour earlier than usual. The tables were covered with linen cloths, and the elements were placed on the one in front of the pulpit. The communicants filled the tables as they entered church. A sermon was preached. Then came the solemn event of the day. The ministers descended and stood at the head of the table, the elders on each side, two passing around to take the tokens. The "tables were fenced," that is, the character of worthy communicants set

forth, the communicants encouraged to partake, and the unworthy earnestly warned from the ordinance. An address was given; the prayer of consecration. The bread was broken and handed to each at the head of the table, then the wine, the elders passing to the foot of the table to bring back the elements which had passed from hand to hand. Now there was a solemn hush, while each one communed with the Lord. After another address that table was dismissed, going from the table singing the 103rd Psalm, lined out that day by the precentor. The tables were filled three or four times. Addresses were given to each table as before. A sermon in conclusion, and the congregation was dismissed about 4 o'clock. The communicants and others usually left the church at the changing of the tables to refresh themselves at the spring, mothers and feeble ones finding a cup of tea provided in the manse. On Monday the thanksgiving sermon was preached. It was a holy convocation, a high solemnity, a time for deep heart-searching and preparation for drawing near to God, and must have greatly conduced to evoke true religious feeling and reverence for God and His ordinances.

Then at those times, what a feast of high converse, of genial, joyous interchange of thought there was in the manse between those men of God. Dr. Bayne, of

Galt, that man of giant mind and loving heart in the early days; Dr. Lambie; the saintly young Mr. Galloway, of Markham, so early called home; Dr. Bell, and Mr. McDonnell, are among those remembered most distinctly.

Baptism was always administered in the church. The Sabbath School met an hour before church in a little log school-house in the corner of the graveyard. The children brought their Bibles, repeated the Scripture and psalm and paraphrase they had committed to memory. The teachers explained and talked about what they had learned. James Thomson had charge. Our father visited the school occasionally and talked to the children; and once in the summer there was a day in the church when a sermon was given specially for the children. On Monday our father had his Bible-class in the manse; the young people attending from all parts of the township.

Twice in the year Dr. George visited every family in the congregation pastorally, usually accompanied by an elder. The children were catechised and taught. There was religious conversation, reading Scripture and prayer; so he kept in close touch with all his flock. If there was trouble anywhere they came to him as one whose sympathy and counsel they valued, and could freely ask for. He used to

set out early and come home late, often over the worst kind of roads. Old Elder Telfer, riding home one evening after such a hard day, passed the road leading to his home. Our father reminded him he had come to his road. "Oh," he said, "I'll go to the next concession; I thocht I micht maybe howk a little mair oot o' ye." He was a picturesque old Scotchman, dressed in knee breeches, thick ribbed stockings, a plaid wrapped around him, and his venerable white head covered with the blue bonnet.

For greater comfort and freedom of action in preaching, our father decided to wear a gown. This was looked on by some as a great innovation. "Have you heard the news?" said one to a neighbour, who, according to his yearly custom, was just starting off with a generous load of hay from the meadow for his minister's stable. "The minister has got a gown to preach in!" "Has he so? Turn the load of hay back to the barn." However, the gown continued to be used, and when the new church was built a very handsome new silk gown was presented by the congregation.

When the old church became too small, and the people felt themselves able to have a better church home, apparently without very great effort, money was subscribed to build the present St. Andrew's, and

to dedicate it free of debt. They had long before that put up extensive sheds to shelter their horses. The fine groves of pine which shade them were only saved, after many a battle with the managers, by our father; and many a fine tree spared or planted to be a beauty and joy around the homes, owes its life to him. People who had waged such a warfare clearing the forest giants off their land, could hardly be expected to see much beauty in trees. Those growing in front of St. Andrew's were procured and planted by his own hand.

The people of Scarboro' were now prosperous, and exchanged their first dwellings for handsome houses of brick or stone, beautifully finished. The first manse with successive additions was not uncomfortable, but the good people resolved that their minister, too, should have a new house. It was built the last summer of his ministry, but he never lived in it.

They were a hospitable people, and many a large crowd gathered in the homes for a sociable evening. A wedding then was an event where the guests often numbered more than a hundred. The minister's genial presence was a welcome addition.

Dr. George, wishing to foster a taste for good literature, aided in the effort to obtain a public library. A subscription paper was sent around. An excellent

selection of books was procured to begin with; a house belonging to Mr. J. A. Thomson near his home, held the library. Here the books were exchanged once a fortnight; afterwards they built a house near the churchyard for both library and Sunday School.

Dr. George's strong love for his country has been mentioned. His influence must have done much to strengthen the loyalty of his people. When the Mackenzie rebellion came to a head, as far as I know there were not any rebels in the township—certainly none in the congregation. One evening the news came to the township that an attempt to seize Toronto was going to be made by the rebels. The men did not wait for a call, but set off that evening to defend Toronto. A large company of them called at the manse; at once our father resolved to go with them. They walked in to the city, gathering numbers as they went; but unarmed as they were, they would easily have been captured had they encountered the rebels. Within a few miles of Toronto they were met by a man who told them several hundred Americans had crossed the lake and landed near the city, that the Don bridge was burnt, and advised them against proceeding farther. A halt was made to consider this warning. Dr. George, suspecting this man to be a rebel sent out to prevent men from the country going

to the city, declared that if there was one man who would accompany him he would proceed. An Irishman (who had been in the British army) stepped forward saying, "I'm the man, sir!" All decided to go forward. On reaching the Don, the bridge still stood. An attempt was made to burn the bridge, as the blackened timbers witnessed for many years after. They reached Government House about midnight. The Governor at once went with a few gentlemen, among whom was our father, to the arsenal, to get arms for the volunteers. It was a scene of confusion, for no one of them knew what boxes held the different parts of the arms they wanted, so they had to break open box after box till they found the right ones. Had the rebels come to Toronto that evening they would have found the Government unprepared to resist them; they kept guard a few days. Mackenzie and other leaders fled to the States, and the rebellion at that point was ended.

On this occasion our father preached his only political sermon, on the duties of subjects to their rulers. A request presented by the congregation that it might be given to them for publication, was complied with.

The stipend paid by the congregation was four hundred dollars a year, doubtless all that could be

raised when he went to Scarboro'. It was punctually paid, but never increased until the clergy reserve money came. Doubtless the closest economy was needed to live on it, but we did not suffer privations. A servant was kept; a few books were added yearly to the library—*Blackwood's Magazine, The Albion,* and Toronto *Colonist* were taken. There was the horse and cow, poultry and bees, besides many a present that came to the manse from the farmers' and housewifes' stores.

Looking back on the relation of pastor and people in Scarboro' at that time, it seems an ideal Presbyterian parish, the minister doing his whole duty to the utmost of his ability; the people doing theirs. Harmony and contentment reigned. The sympathy and friendship between a people who had struggled and helped each other through the privations and toils of making homes out of the forest wilds, still bound their hearts together. The people in Scarboro' were largely Presbyterian. The question of denominationalism was not there to detract from higher things.

Whether for good or ill, this condition was changed when the disruption of the Church of Scotland took place. To our father's intense grief the division of the Canadian Church followed. He opposed the

division to the utmost of his power, and was the one appointed by the Church to reply to the "Protest and Dissent" of the Free Church party.

His own congregation was torn in two; a spirit of uncharity, unknown before, appeared. Those who can remember that time, will bear out the statement that that spirit was never fed by word or act of his; and he was among the first, if not the very first, to begin the movement toward reunion, that has later been so happily accomplished.

The following year a deputation, Dr. Norman McLeod being one of them, came out to Canada to explain the position of the Church of Scotland to the Canadian churches. Dr. McLeod held a meeting in Scarboro', and was guest in the manse for nearly two days. The two men were congenial, and a friendship sprung up. Dr. McLeod corresponded with our father, after his return to Scotland, urging him to come to Scotland, assuring him a good parish would be given him. He did not feel it would be right to leave Canada at that crisis, and the tempting offer was refused. Other influential churches in Canada intimated a desire to have him as their pastor about that time. These propositions were also refused. Some years after a call came to him from the Church in Belleville, which he accepted. He went there in the fall. In the early

spring of the following year, Elders Wm. Patterson and James A. Thomson appeared unexpectedly in Belleville church one Sunday morning—their errand, if possible, to bring him back to Scarboro', offering a larger stipend than they gave before. He accepted the call, but refused the increase of stipend, and was again minister of his old charge within the year. The short pastorate in Belleville had been a very pleasant one.

Soon after this he was chosen by the Synod to supply the chairs of Mental and Moral Philosophy and Logic in Queen's College, going to Kingston for three months in winter, his pulpit meanwhile being filled by the Synod. This was done for three or four winters; then the Synod chose him to fill the chair permanently. This he accepted, but not till after much deliberation and weighing as to his duty. It was no easy thing to sever the tie that had lasted for twenty years, where he had seen the children he baptized grown up, and now filling their place in the Church.

Many most kind and highly appreciative words regarding him, by his old students and others, have appeared from time to time in the public prints, even up till now, showing that his memory and work in Kingston are still a power for good.

It was soon after going to Kingston that, to his great surprise (for he had had no hint of it), a Scotch newspaper was received, in which he found his name gazetted, as having had conferred on him the degree of D.D. by his *Alma Mater*, Glasgow College. A letter from Principal McFarlane informed him that he and Dr. Norman McLeod had presented his name for the honour. This, of course, greatly enhanced the distinction in his esteem.

In the college his labours were even more arduous than as pastor. In addition to his own classes, he taught for several years the theological class, and in the summer vacation visited and canvassed the churches for money to buy the Sumner Hill property and for other college halls built there. In the fall of 1862, feeling his health breaking down, he resigned his professorship in Queen's College, and accepted a unanimous call to St. Andrew's Church, Stratford, where he laboured faithfully until his death, in 1870.

The congregation of St. Andrew's had been vacant for a few years, and previously had been ministered to rather irregularly by a neighbouring minister, so that it was very much reduced in numbers, and in a bad condition spiritually, and politics had entered in to make dissensions. It was a hard field for one up in years to undertake, but never for a moment did

his loyalty to his Master fail him. *Here* was his work, *here* his corner of the vineyard to keep and to cultivate, and the more barren the ground, the more need for his very best; and he gave these people, who were neither highly cultured nor very much in earnest after heavenly things, the ripeness of his later years. His great intellectual powers were not impaired, and the discipline of life had only increased his personal consecration and faith in One whom he knew "had done all things well." He never for a moment doubted that the loving, guiding hand of his heavenly Father had given him this place and work. No murmuring word ever passed his lips, but with true *Scotch pluck* he "buckled to his work." The greater number of the congregation were country people, many of them living some distance from the town—some as far as seven and eight miles—scattered over a large district. He held weekly prayer-meetings in alternate neighbourhoods, as well as weekly prayer-meetings in the church, and never once was it known that storm or drifted roads hindered him from keeping an appointment, and that at the hour announced. Punctuality was a virtue he always insisted on in others, and never failed to practise it himself when within the bounds of possibility.

The church property, as was to be expected, was

much deteriorated when he went there. A frame church, which was wretchedly cold in winter, made a poor church home for the congregation, and a small four-roomed cottage was all the manse provided, so that he was necessitated to purchase a home. A comfortable brick house, with ten acres adjoining quite near the town, was secured. He remarked when he removed his family to it, "Now this is our home until death or the sheriff takes us hence." Now, that functionary had never had any dealings with our grandfather's descendants, so far as is known, and was not likely to get a footing in that home, so it continued to be our pleasant and comfortable home until death removed him to a better and an abiding one in 1870.

The Session was very small, only two elders—good men both—but where was he to find other men suitable to add to that small working force? Ah, where indeed? This was a great grief to him. His ideal of the office was so high that he would rather continue on with these than add any men not wholly consecrated and fit. And so the Session never was increased in his day except by the coming from a distance of one who had been an elder in another church. Perhaps no one outside of the minister's family can really realize what a loss—what a curtailing of usefulness to a minister and congregation—is a weak

session. And so he bravely struggled on, handicapped in many ways, and the congregation grew, and in time a handsome and commodious church was built.

His last illness came suddenly upon him, as heart disease often does. He had only had the slightest premonition of any trouble existing, until the spring of 1870. His illness lasted four months; he died on the 26th of August.

The pain suffered was very great before the end came. He got no sleep except by sitting up in his chair and leaning his head on another with a pillow in front of him. Night after night for many weeks this was the only way in which he got any rest, and that only fitful and broken by spasms of pain. His days, too, were filled with pain and weariness, and yet no murmur passed his lips. The lesson to all about him was one not to be forgotten. His constant attendant through these trying weeks and months was his devoted wife, and latterly a son-in-law, who came and remained to the last. Few were permitted by his physician to visit him, as the strain was too great. He never wearied of having the divine Word read, and next to that was Baxter's "Saints' Everlasting Rest." He seemed in spirit to live already in the atmosphere of the other world to which he was hastening.

Some extracts from his journal may show better than any other words the spirit in which he passed the last few months on earth:

January 1st, 1870.—This is the first day of the year. All my family are in good health, and all are in possession of many comforts. How thankful I ought to be to the merciful and gracious God. His goodness has continued and followed me all through the year. . . . I have often and often put the question, "What more or what other can I do for my people?" I should, perhaps, have more frequently put the question, "What more or what other can I do for myself and for the inner life of the soul?" O Lord, teach me, make me what I am not, but what I must be before this people become what they should be. Amen!

March 10th.—I received this day very painful news—my brother Peter died a few days ago. He was a sincere, though very modest Christian, a most kind-hearted and cheery man, with a considerable portion of true Scotch wit. He is the first that has died of father's family. *Who shall go next?* O my God! prepare me for going when the call comes.

April 7th.—The love of God rightly felt influences all other love. This right, all will be right. Oh, for more of it!

May 10th.—I have felt very unwell for two weeks past. I have thought for some time there was something wrong with my heart (palpitation), but never severe until now. It is now very serious and accompanied with a great want of breath at the slightest exertion, accompanied with great pain. O my God and Father, if it is to be death, prepare me.

May 11th.—I am still very poorly in health and feel the palpitation very much to-day. May I be prepared for the will of the Lord. If for death, may it be to die in the Lord! If there is to be a lengthening out of life, may it be spent in the service of my God.

May 17th.—I have had several days of great pain. Last night, however, I slept well. There is a sleep that God is said to give to His beloved. I hope it may have been somewhat of this. But whether sleeping or waking, may I be thine, O Lord.

May 30th.—This is now the fourth Sabbath I have not officiated. I do not remember such a thing before in the whole course of my ministry. What a thought is this! Nearly forty years of constant work of one kind and another, O Lord, was it for thee! Alas! alas! Yet I do hope some of it was. Oh, that it had all been for thee, thoroughly consecrated to thy service, to the seeking of the salvation of souls.

June 27th.—No better, but worse. I grow weaker every day. When heart and flesh faint and fail, may the Lord not fail me. Lord, be my hope; Lord, be my shield. Let the Saviour be my portion for time, for eternity. In thee is all my trust.

And the Lord did not fail His servant who had put his trust in Him, for no other power could have sustained him through this trying time.

As the days passed, he looked almost longingly for the Messenger to come. Once after a very severe paroxysm of pain had passed, he sank back, exclaiming, "*Now*, O my God, let trouble cease. *Now* let thy servant die in peace." And another morning after a terrible night of suffering, he opened the blind, and in answer to one who said, "It is a lovely morning," he said, "Yes, but not the morning I expected to see." Again, after a severe spasm of pain, "Oh, come Lord with thy benign salvation. Come and give me rest and peace and joy which thou gavest to thy children." At another time he said, as if speaking his own heart communings, "How precious is that promise, 'He that knocketh, to him it shall be opened, and he shall come in and sup with me and I with him.'" And again, "What a mighty *indispensable* matter is salvation, and yet we treat it with indifference. We do not bring it into our social life

as we ought." "How diligent we should be while we have time and health. I have not spoken as I should when I had them, and now I cannot." At another time after hearing the 53rd Psalm, he exclaimed, "Oh, what a Saviour! He not only died for us, but continually makes intercession for us."

On Sunday morning, August 21st, he awoke from a troubled sleep unconscious, and continued so until the end, with only partial gleams of consciousness; and at 3 o'clock in the morning of August 26th, he passed from all loving human care into the care of the Divine One, for we do not doubt that there was a mighty arm for him to lean upon when he went down into the dark river, and a glad and holy throng awaiting his ransomed spirit on the other side.

K. R.
M. B.

The first part of this article was written by Mrs. Ross for the Centennial volume issued at Scarboro' in 1896.

THE OLD MANSE.

Oh, blessed home, with its walls so gray,
Oh, happy times gone by,
Where'er it is my lot to stray,
Still be thy memory nigh.
Still on my path thy grateful shades
Refreshing influence throw,
And when the flowers of spring must fade,
Cheer me with memory's glow.
No flowers like thine, oh, past, can be,
No pleasure bloom so sweet for me.

How long and bright the summer days
When 'neath the pines we played,
Or roamed upon the grassy ways
O'er hill and woody glade,
To cull the darling flowers of spring,
How well their haunts we knew.
Down by the brook meandering,
Where earliest still they grew,
Cowslips, mayflowers, and dearest violet,
With countless sisters fair, in wild profusion set.

Do you remember the merry eve,
Out in the pastures green,
We crowned you, dear, with ivy bloom
A bright Titania queen?
And in later years the quiet strolls,
Round by the old ash tree,
Or seated on clover-dappled knolls
With Shakespeare for company.

No sound to stir the fragrant air,
  Save the thrush and the whip-poor-will,
And the milky mother's contented low,
And the lambs at play as they homeward go.

'Twas pleasant on the garden seat,
  'Neath the willow's drooping bough,
When the purpled west still smiled to meet,
  The moonbeam's modest glow.
Lovingly, touching the gold and red
  Of the roses blooming there,
While the honeysuckle's luscious breath
  With perfume filled the air.
'Twas sweet to sit surrounded thus,
And muse and talk as pleasèd us.

How lovely was the Sabbath there
  Through the school-room's open door,
So soft and calm the Sabbath air,
  Balm breathing stealing o'er,
And pleasant in the evening tide
  With arms entwined to stray
From stone to stone in the graveyard wide,
  Where a congregation lay ;
One reverent pause at *that holiest spot*,
And then the sunset hill we sought.

And blest for aye be the study hearth
  Where well we loved to be,
Where wit and wisdom for childless ears
  Were lavished unstintingly,
Thank God for that secluded home
For those quiet days—whate'er may come. —K. R.

The following article, written by one of his old students (the Rev. Robert Campbell, D.D., now of St. Gabriel's Church, Montreal), appeared in "The Presbyterian" a few months after Dr. George's death:

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 aliments 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 imagination 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 Auchterader, 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 fifty years, on the occasion of his *jubilee;* who is still fresh and vigorous after a ministry of fifty-two 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 have risen to distinction both in his own and in other churches, and gave him private lessons for a time. In 1822 young George quitted Auchterader and attended Dollar Academy; in the following year he matriculated in the College of St. Andrew's, but he took the greater part of his literary course in Glasgow University, completing it in 1825. His father was a staunch member of the Church of Scotland; but as it was a *Secession* minister who first took notice of him, as admission into the dissenting church was easier to one in his circum-

stances, and as at that time his sympathies and convictions probably favoured a church free from State connection, he set himself to prepare for the ministry of that church. To that end he began the study of Divinity under Dr. John Dick, by whose prelections, not of the *dry-as-dust* order, but full, scholarly and instinct with religious life, he profited largely; and any of his students who are familiar with "Dick's Theology" can discern the hand of Dr. George's master in this department of inquiry, although, as sometimes happens, the pupil, of a higher order of genius than the teacher, has excelled him in the luminous and forcible exposition of truth. At this period young George had for his fellow-student, friend and companion, Robert Pollok, author of the "Course of Time," whose own *course of time* was so early ended. In Mr. George the youthful poet found an ardent sympathizer, and one who lent a willing ear to his tales and verses; for he, too, had drank at the *Castalian* fount, and was trying to climb the slopes of *Parnassus*. On the appearance of Pollok's great work, his friend wrote in a popular magazine what was admitted to be the best criticism of it that appeared at the time. About this period he himself composed a poem of considerable length, which, however, never saw the light, and it is not likely ever

will now, but which, competent judges who have read it say, would have given him a right to a niche in the "Poets' Corner," had his severe taste permitted him to publish it.

It was when he was a student that the great agitation, led by the *Edinburgh Review*, against Lord Liverpool and his *tory* colleague in Scotland, Lord Melville, was at its height; and like all young poets of ardent temperaments he ranked himself on the side of democracy and against the privileged classes, his acquaintanceship with the radical weavers of Auchterader having no doubt helped him to his advanced views. So strong were his leanings in this direction that he resolved to quit his native land rather than witness what he then looked upon as the tyranny exercised by the governing classes of Great Britain, and find for himself a home in the Western Republic, the boasted "land of the free and home of the brave." This was in 1829, just after his college course was completed. He took up his abode at the foot of the Alleghanies, in Delaware County, State of New York, where several of his brothers with their families have continued to reside. Soon after this he applied to the Presbytery of Saratoga, Associate Reformed Church, to be taken on trial for license, and being successful in obtaining it, he remained in the United

States a couple of years, preaching with great acceptance for a time in Philadelphia, and afterwards in Fort Covington, having declined a call to the former place. This brief sojourn in the United States cured him, he was wont to say, of his youthful republicanism; and he was glad once more to place himself under the old flag by removing to Upper Canada. Like many others that have been rampant liberals in their youth, when mere plausible theories have great attraction for them, he exchanged his early Utopian principles, which he found it necessary from further reading, thought and experience to abandon as impracticable, for a sturdy conservatism and admiration of the British constitution. So hearty did his loyalty to the old rule soon become that he was found in the troubles of 1837–8 marching to Toronto at the head of the "Men of Scarboro'" to aid in quelling the incipient rebellion, ready to do battle, if need be, *pro aris et focis;* and his matured views on limited monarchical institutions, thrown into the shape of a lecture on the "Mission of Great Britain to the World," formed one of his latest publications.

At the time of his settlement in Scarboro' in 1834 his congregation adhered to the secession church, known as the Synod of Upper Canada; but in the year 1834, he and three other ministers of that body

with their congregations were admitted into the Presbytery of Toronto in connection with the Church of Scotland, the Church in which he was born and baptized. And here it may be remarked that he was a moderate churchman, occupying an intermediate position between those who look upon an establishment and endowment as *essential* to the existence of a Christian Church, and those who can see nothing but *evil* in a connection with the State. He was fully alive to the advantages and disadvantages of all ecclesiastical systems; but on the whole he inclined to the belief, that while establishments were not essential to a Church, they, when practicable, afforded the conditions most favourable to the maintenance of religion, pure and undefiled, in any country. His resuming his connection with the Church of his fathers was not, therefore, a matter merely of convenience, but of deliberate choice; and in the stormy days of the disruption none of our ministers did better service than he in battling for the old standard. His memorable speech in seconding the motion of Dr. Cook, which carried in the Synod of 1844, on the relations of the Synod to the Church of Scotland, helped to confirm not a few waverers and to prevent the secession which followed from being more disastrous than it was. He was selected to draw up an

answer to the "Dissent and Protest" which the withdrawing minority had tabled; and like all his other productions it bears the marks of a master mind, grasping the heart of truth, exposing sophistry, holding by constitutional principles, and at the same time displaying great tenderness towards the seceding brethren. From the very first he occupied a foremost place in the deliberations of the Synod, and was identified with all its best aims and efforts. He had a keen appreciation of the needs of the Church in Canada; and conservative though he was, never welcoming any change merely on the ground of its novelty, he saw that much of the machinery of the Church of Scotland was unsuited to the exigencies of a new country, and was always ready to advocate such modifications in ecclesiastical polity as experience had shown to be necessary.

The Synod early showed its appreciation at once of his personal qualities, and of the position which he had already made for himself, by placing him in the Moderator's chair in 1841. For twenty-five years no name appears in the Synod Records associated with more useful reports and motions, and these were almost uniformly adopted. After the resignation by Dr. Liddell of the Principalship and Professorship of Divinity in Queen's College in 1846, Mr. George

was appointed interim professor of Systematic Theology, and from that date till 1853, when on the resignation of the Principalship by the late Dr. Machar, he was appointed Vice-Principal and Professor of "Mental and Moral Philosophy and Logic," he continued to lecture on the leading points in Divinity every winter for six weeks, the Presbytery of Toronto undertaking to supply his pulpit in his absence. It is thus seen that he had a hand, more or less, in training almost every minister that went forth from Queen's College, up to the last five or six years. In 1855 the University of Glasgow conferred upon him the honorary degree of D.D. in token of their appreciation of the distinction which he had attained.

His ministry in Scarboro', which extended from 1832 to 1853, excepting an interval of about seven months during which he was settled at Belleville, was a most earnest and laborious one, and one the fruits of which are still visible in that community. The people were shrewd intelligent emigrants, mostly from the south of Scotland, quite capable of appreciating the best productions of his gifted mind, so that he had a constant stimulus to study. And how diligently he performed this part of his ministerial work will appear when it is stated under his own hand, that during the period of twenty years he preached on

fewer than one thousand seven hundred discourses, which were all carefully written out. In this laborious productiveness, we trace the secret of his education into that profound thoughtfulness and luxuriousness and fulness of information on subjects bearing upon his profession which characterized him. Such a student with his capacity could not fail to amass in that period a large fund of knowledge regarding things new and old. His reading was not only extensive but systematic. It was done with "pencil in hand," taking copious notes, and when he walked for recreation he carried these with him, and by perusing them fixed them in his memory. He, in this manner, mastered the best authors on divinity, and kept abreast of the times in the highest class of the general literature of the day. It was with much mutual regret that the tie was at last broken, which had bound him strongly to his beloved congregation, when the duties of his new professorship necessitated his removal to Kingston.

But memorable as was his ministry in Scarboro', it was in Queen's College his genius found fullest scope, and his enthusiasm its proper sphere of action. If to be able to evoke whatever powers nature has bestowed upon youth is the true test of the educator, then Dr. George was one of the ablest and most successful of

teachers. No student, that was not entirely frivolous, ever passed out of his class, who did not feel himself more of a man than when he entered it. He conducted his pupils into the intricate apartments of their own minds; introducing them to a new region of thought he taught them the response of the Greek oracle, "know thyself," so that entering his class was an epoch in their mental history. His success lay in inspiring his students with ardour in the pursuit of learning, and earnestness in preparation for their future work. He was an *educator* after the manner of Dr. Arnold, of whom he was a great admirer. Many professors might help to convey into the mind and memory of their students, the theories and facts of science to a greater extent than he did; but he held, and held rightly, that the business of colleges is not so much to impart information as to qualify men and put them on the right track for obtaining it for themselves in after life. To whet the intellectual powers, and to possess the student's mind with enthusiasm for his studies, was in his estimation a more important consideration than to give him a learned knowledge of other men's notions, which would be of no practical value in life. His manner of teaching logic was rather by exemplifying its legitimate use in his own prelections, than by laying

down artificial rules. He was himself a prince among reasoners. His powers of analysis were specially acute and searching. He saw at the first glance right into the heart of a proposition, and could lay open its proper meaning with a facility that every student envied. In his system of mental and moral philosophy, he belonged to the Scottish school, inclining rather to Brown than to Reid and Stewart. But, to quote the words of an esteemed correspondent, "he was not a close follower of other men's systems, and for the most part confined himself to the subject of *Psychology*, preferring its rich and tempting fields of observation and inquiry to the colder and more barren regions of pure metaphysics. Intensely earnest in the search after truth, the tracing out of the workings of the Divine mind in the phenomena of the human one, was to him a most interesting study. The difference between the human intelligence and what we call instinct in animals was also a favourite branch of his subject, into whose mysteries he was always endeavouring to penetrate. Of animals he was a lover and careful observer, and most who knew him well will remember how he was wont to study and expatiate upon the wonderful ways of the bees." The perfection of the Divine nature, and the will proceeding therefrom, was the basis of his system of *Moral Philosophy*.

Every student who enjoyed the privilege of listening to the rich and eloquent utterances of Dr. George, from the professor's desk, will recall with melancholy pleasure his remarkable countenance, now with a severe expression upon it, as he is dealing with error, and especially *sophistry*; now radiant with pleasure when he speaks of the grace and goodness of God and now kindled up with a kindly humour as he tells some amusing anecdote. But no part of his professional work was more fruitful of good to his students than his criticism of their compositions. No one could be more patient than he, or more tolerant of little faults, as he sat back in his chair and closed his eyes, listening with impassive face to their often crude essays; but he always estimated their productions at their proper worth, never doing them an injustice, although he rarely took their compositions out of their hands. When he did indulge in fault-finding, however, which was but seldom, if students were doing their very best, and they generally did their very best for *him*, as Arnold's students used to do, his rebuke was all the more telling that it was spoken in a kindly half-joking manner. His examinations on the subjects of his own prelections were invaluable, as he had then an opportunity of throwing in an anecdote or piece of scientific or curious general

information that could not find a place in the written discourse. Here again we quote the words of the correspondent already mentioned, whose testimony cannot be accused of partiality, as it is that of one who never attended his classes: "Few professors have been more loved and valued by their students, than he was by his. His interest in them by no means terminated with the intercourse of the class-room; it followed them to the battle of life, and it always gave him hearty gratification to hear of their success in a wider arena. Many of them are now worthy ministers of our Church, and others hold positions of usefulness and honour both in the Dominion and in distant parts of the world; but one and all vividly remember the hours spent in his class room, how he delighted them with the warm glow of genius that inspired his prelections, and kindled their enthusiasm from his own.

"Of his powers as a public speaker those who have heard him need only to be *reminded*. Without possessing the more studied graces of rhetoric or elocution, his oratory derived its power from the vigour and originalty of thought and the fervid intensity of feeling that characterized the *man* as well as his productions. One platform address of his, in which he alluded to the atrocities of Lucknow—then fresh in

the public mind—will long be remembered by those who heard it, from the *thrilling* effect of his almost dramatic presentation of the horrors of heathenism." And this was almost surpassed by another remarkable oration on the question of raising a monument to the renowned hero, Sir William Wallace, in which his love of his native Scotland, his humour, pathos and sympathy with freedom all found eloquent expression amid the tumultuous cheers of the audience.

"As a preacher he combined intense fervour of speech and delivery with great comprehensiveness and elevation of thought; and while his sermons were long for modern days, they were listened to with more sustained attention than is often vouchsafed to far shorter ones. His addresses at the Communion table were especially warm and impressive, as he dwelt with deep feeling and pathos on the wondrous redeeming love which the ordinance commemorates." A sermon of his on Rev. iii. 12, delivered in St. Andrew's Church, Kingston, in October, 1854, on the evening of the Communion Sabbath, is still vividly remembered by his students for the passages of surpassing beauty and eloquence it contained.

"A noticeable trait in his character was the rich vein of genuine humour pervading his conversation, and on suitable occasions his public speaking, playing

and sparkling around his subject till the audience were infected by the bright geniality overflowing from the face and manner of the speaker.

"In 1862, much to the regret of his many friends in Kingston, he resigned his professorship and accepted a call from the congregation of Stratford. His new charge was a rather small one at first, but under his earnest and faithful ministry it largely increased, and a handsome and commodious new church was built about two years ago. In it he continued to preach the Gospel with his accustomed power and faithfulness, and with scarcely less than the vigour of his prime, till in the spring of this year he was for ever laid aside from earthly labours by an attack of valvular disease of the heart, which has, after a period of great suffering, removed him to his eternal home just as the limit of threescore years and ten had been almost reached.

"Intense as were the sufferings of the last weeks of his existence—his physical energy offering a prolonged resistance to the disease—they were alleviated and brightened by the Christian faith and hope which had been his stay and support during a sorely-tried life. Those who attended him felt it a privilege to witness the child-like spirit of faith in which his soul found its rest in Jesus, when the valley of the shadow

of death was reached, and no other stay could be of any avail.

"He has left behind him some published writings —a work entitled 'The Sabbath School of the Church and the Fireside'—full of sound thought and wise counsel, and several lectures, delivered at various periods and published by request." Glowing as these essays are with the intensity of his nature, and the loftiness of his genius, still they are mere fragmentary evidences of the fertility and power of his teeming brain.

The press of Stratford united in paying tributes to the earnestness and success of his ministry there, and in deploring his loss to the town, all the institutions of which, religious and educational, found in him an intelligent advocate and friend. On Monday, the 29th August, a large assemblage, many being from a distance, congregated at his late residence to pay the last tribute of respect to his memory. In accordance with the directions left by the deceased, Mr. Gordon, of Dorchester, and Mr. McEwen, of Winchester, old students of his own, conducted the services at the manse. Mr. Gordon read appropriate passages of Scripture, and addressed some practical remarks to the sorrowing congregation, concluding with a few personal reminiscences of him whose death they

mourned. Mr. McEwen then offered a suitable prayer, when the funeral *cortège* wended its way to the graveyard, where, amid the tears of a sorrowing flock, the mortal remains of their beloved pastor were interred directly behind the pulpit of the new church. On the Sabbath following, according to the dying request of Dr. George, an eloquent and appropriate funeral sermon was preached to a large and devoutly attentive congregation, by the Rev. Robert Ure, Canada Presbyterian minister of Goderich, his old friend, in conjunction with whom he had laboured earnestly, previous to his withdrawal from an active share in the public work of the Synod, to bring about a union of all Presbyterians in Canada. He thus seems to have looked upon the part he took in initiating the union movement in 1860, which now appears to be approaching a consummation, as the work of all others with which he most desired his name to be associated.

A meeting of the Presbytery of London was held on the 1st of September, when the clerk, in suitable terms, called the attention of the Court to the loss the Presbytery had sustained. Thereupon the following minute was framed, and a copy of it ordered to be transmitted to Mrs. George :

"Inasmuch as we have been called upon since the

last regular meeting of our Presbytery, to mourn the loss of one of our members—the Rev. Dr. George—this Presbytery would in humility bow to that dispensation (sad and severe though it be) of the Allwise and Almighty Disposer of all things, which has deprived us of the Christian sympathy, the wise counsel and great talents of one who was early led to consecrate himself to the work of the Gospel ministry, and who, so far as man can judge, was eminently successful in his Master's service.

"As a minister of this Church, which he joined in its infancy, about 36 years ago, his career has been marked by great pulpit power, fervid zeal, and conscientious discharge of duty; and, by the blessing of God, his labours have been abundantly fruitful in Scarboro' and Stratford, where his pastoral life was spent. In the former place he found the congregation weak and struggling, and left it one of the most prosperous in numbers, wealth, and healthy piety on the roll of the Synod. In the latter, as is well known to the members of this Court, the congregation, which was in a very low condition when he assumed the oversight thereof, is now in every way prosperous.

"Nor can this Presbytery overlook or fail to acknowledge the valuable services rendered by Dr. George to the whole Church, while he so ably filled

the chair of Systematic Theology in the University of Queen's College; and to the whole country also, while Professor of Logic and Moral Philosophy in that institution.

"Dr. George was a man remarkable for the warmth of his sympathy, for an unostentatious, yet cordial hospitality; and, although a man of very decided views, he was indebted not a little for his liberality to the generous disposition of his noble nature.

"Possessed of a vigorous intellect, great originality, a clear judgment, matchless zeal, and very great energy of character, all which was highly toned by a sound and healthy piety, it would be no wonder if somewhat of his spirit were communicated to some of the many who enjoyed the privilege of prosecuting their studies under him. And, furthermore, the Presbytery would take this opportunity to convey to Mrs. George and the children, left fatherless by this dispensation of the Almighty, their hearty condolence and most sincere sympathy; and commend them to the care of Him who has promised to be a husband to the widow and a father to the fatherless."

We close this notice by publishing the letter written by him to his congregation a few weeks before his death, which, like a communication from the spirit

land, will be read with mournful interest. As it was his wish to die in harness, he solicited the Presbytery a few months before his death to allow his congregation to choose a colleague, leaving him first minister of the charge. This they gladly granted. The latter part of the letter, which was his last legacy to his people, refers to the proposed arrangement.

My Dear Friends,—It is now nearly eight years wanting but a few months, since I began my labours among you. But that which was, I trust, by the Divine appointment, is now by the same Divine appointment apparently brought to a somewhat sudden close. It is into the hands of the Presbytery, according to the rules of our Church, that I shall have to resign my present position. That will be done in proper form in due time. Yet as your pastor, I cannot withdraw from my present position without making a few observations which may be suitable for the exigencies of the occasion. Although I was advancing to old age when I assumed the charge of the congregation, yet in all bodily health and in all mental powers I felt as fully capable of discharging all the duties of the ministry as I had ever been in my life. And in some senses I felt better prepared, as I had all the experience of my past ministerial life to aid me. But now, surely, at a period such as this it

becomes both me and you to look back with solemn consideration. No minister can be connected with a people, even for a short period, without solemn results. If he has wrought for God, even this to himself will be matter of joyous reflection. If he has not wrought for God, these reflections will in many ways be very painful. But when we think of this kind of labour going on for many years, if it has been good, how precious the retrospect; if bad, how sad that retrospect! I cannot enlarge on this topic. I may be permitted, however, to say a few things; first as to myself; next as to you. As to myself, I think I can, in the solemn circumstances in which I am now placed, look back and say I have in my public ministry among you fought the good fight and have kept the faith; and on all occasions have striven to disclose that faith for the conversion of sinners and the edification of saints. I have not knowingly kept anything back which I thought my God bade me disclose, and I have not glossed over any matter which my God bade me present in all the nakedness and simplicity of grandeur and truth. This is what conscience affirms; and I know well that there has been much weakness and much sin in all that I have done and said, for I know well that the marks of my sinful hands have been left on the purple robe of gospel truth. Yet I cannot but

testify to this that what I preached was the everlasting gospel of the Lord Jesus, and in which I believe and did believe was the only good news for sinners—was the only remedy for guilt, and was the only and certain cure for a diseased soul. I have no hope for the salvation of my own soul but in this gospel, this faith, this free, this all-sufficient gospel. It is this which I have striven to unfold to you. Now, in as far as you have attended on my ministry with the view of knowing the glorious principles of this gospel, you have done well. But can I believe that this has been generally done, or must justice compel me to say that this has not been done by you all? Oh, my friends, we must not pay groundless compliments or trifle with truth on any matter, but more especially on a matter so momentous as this, and at such a time as this. Let your own conscience be judge. Have none of you ever carelessly absented yourselves from the house of God when this gospel was being preached? Have you never spent the Sabbaths in sloth and frivolous pursuits while the great message of salvation was being delivered in this house? You were not there, and you had no sufficient excuse for your absence. Yet you were absent while those sermons were being delivered which had been the subject of earnest study during the previous week, and which

had been prayed over again and again. Was this right? Was this not absenting yourselves from the assembly of God's people while the Bread of life was broken, but broken in vain as to you? It is not what *I* say to this, but what says conscience? And it may be that many who have attended have attended with but little profit. There has not been the prayerful preparation nor the self-application which should have been. Nor has the message been thought over and conversed over by you in private. I say again I do not sit in judgment. I cannot but let conscience speak, and that God judge, in whose work both you and I should have felt that we were engaged. But there are those of whom I hope better things, persons that sought preparation in their closets and families—persons who came up to the house of God with hearts set upon knowing His will, and who listened and indeed went through all the duties with faith and love. To those of you I can say that I hope the house of God was a place of profit and repose, of refreshment for your immortal souls.

There is one matter on which, after all that I have spoken, I would wish to say a few words. That matter is a debt on the church. That debt is no great thing if there were a universal willingness to meet it. There are certain of your members who stand legally

bound for this. But every one of you connected with the congregation ought to feel himself solemnly and morally bound to see that this debt is paid to the last penny. If that is not done, and done instantly, it may greatly perplex your future movements. It is as far as possible to obviate all embarrassments on this score that I lose not a moment in resigning my present position to the Presbytery. What the position shall be which I propose to assume is briefly this: That I resign all claims on you for pecuniary support at the meeting of Presbytery; and what I should propose is that the salary which you have paid to me (and, all things considered, that has been very well paid) shall go to meet the salary of the assistant minister whom you may call. Anything that may now need explanation on this I will give to the elders and trustees of the congregation at an early day. This seems the only feasible course under the trying circumstances for the good of the congregation; and what I ask for myself in retaining the status of your minister, while the Lord may continue life, is surely not inconsistent with the justice which you owe to me. I cannot but hope that the Presbytery in its wisdom will see meet to fall in with this arrangement. It will be needful that you appear by your representatives at the meeting of Presbytery to get these matters, as well as the

matter of future supply for the pulpit, fully arranged, for oh! it is my earnest wish and prayer that the cause of pure and undefiled religion may ever flourish and prevail in this church.

And now I say, what I have often said in your hearing: May the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Ghost be with you all. Amen.

Yours, very faithfully,

JAMES GEORGE.

. . . . . .

"Thanks be to God that such have been,
Although they are no more,
More homelike seems the vast unknown
Since they have entered there.
To follow them will not be hard,
Wherever they may fare;
They cannot be where God is not,
On any sea or shore.
Whate'er betides, Thy love abides,
Our God forevermore!"

"LEAVING US AN EXAMPLE."

THE LATE REV. GEORGE.

On the morning of the 26th of August there passed away from among us the Rev. Dr. George, of Stratford, formerly of Kingston, a man who for vigour and grasp of mind, originality of thought and the intensity of nature and feeling which is the source of all true eloquence, has left, it may be safely said, but few equals in the Dominion.

A native of Scotland, he removed to the new world soon after completing his University course and his studies for the Church, and after a brief residence in the United States, which, as he was wont to say, cured him of his youthful fancy for a democratic form of government, he finally settled in Canada, and became the minister of the Scottish Presbyterian congregation of Scarboro. Here for many years he faithfully laboured, much beloved by his people who still faithfully cherish the memory of his ministrations and of his intercourse among them. As an instance of the enthusiastic loyalty and patriotism which characterized him, it may be mentioned that during the troubles arising from the threatened rebellion of 1837 and '38, he marched into Toronto at the head of his parishioners, ready, if necessary, to do battle with the rebels and their allies, *pro aris et focis*.

A few years after the establishment of Queen's University at Kingston, he was requested to lecture during a portion of each session upon mental philosophy, of which, on the completion of more permanent arrangements, he became Professor, and took up his residence in Kingston. Now [illegible] filled

that important chair; how he delighted his students with the warm glow of genius that inspired his prelections, kindling their enthusiasm from his own and by his interesting and original method of treating the subject, will long be vividly remembered by many now holding honourable and important positions in the Dominion, and by some who are no less distinguished in the far distant lands through which they are scattered.

He was not a close follower of other men's systems, and he preferred the more tempting domain of Psychology, with its rich field of observation and inquiry, to the colder and more barren regions of pure metaphysics. He was intensely enthusiastic in search after truth and in tracing out the workings of the Divine mind, as revealed in the characteristics of the human, and even of the *brute mind*, a favourite subject into whose mysteries he was always endeavouring to penetrate.

Of his powers as a public speaker, those who have had the privilege of hearing him on a Kingston platform will only need to be reminded. Without possessing the more studied graces, either of rhetoric or elocution, his oratory derived its power from the vigour and originality of thought and the fervid intensity of feeling that characterised the man as well as all his productions. One platform address of his, while the atrocities of Lucknow were still fresh in the public mind, *thrilled* his audience by its graphic, almost dramatic presentation of the horrors of heathenism. As a preacher he united the fervour of speech and delivery

which impressed, with the comprehensiveness of [illegible]ught which interested and instructed, [illegible] his sermons [illegible]ually [illegible] than is now usual, th[illegible] throughout with mor[illegible] deep a[illegible] than is often vouchsafed to fal[illegible].

A noticeable [illegible]s character was the vein of genial humour which pervaded his conversation, on fitting occasions, his public speaking; playing and sparkling about his subject till the audience seemed infected with the bright geniality of feeling so overflowing in the speaker. But on occasions that called for more serious earnestness, this vein completely disappeared in the sometimes terrible intensity with which he grappled with momentous subjects.

In 1862, much to the regret of his many friends in Kingston, he resigned his professorship, and accepted a call from the congregation of Stratford. His new charge, at first a very small one, became under his earnest ministry so large and flourishing as to overflow its limited accommodation, and two or three years ago built a large and handsome church, which is an ornament to the thriving town. In it he continued to preach the gospel with his accustomed power, zeal, and faithfulness, and with scarcely less than the vigour of his prime, till, in the spring of this year, he was for ever laid aside from earthly labours by valvular disease of the heart, which has, after a period of suffering, removed him to his eternal home, just as the limit of "threescore years and ten" had been almost reached.

Intense as were the suffering, of his last days, they were brightened by the Christian faith and hope which had been his stay and support during a sorely tried life, a faith and hope of which those about him felt it a privilege to witness the power, at a time when no other stay could be of any avail.

He has left some published writings behind him; a work entitled the "Sunday School of the Church and the Fireside," full of sound thought and wise counsel; and several lectures delivered at various times, and published by request, characterized by his peculiar tone of thought and enthusiastic patriotism. The last of these was upon the "English language or "Great Britain's mission to the world," treating the subject in a very original and interesting manner.

But his published writings convey but a faint idea of their effect when enforced by the earnestness of the living voice. One so intense in all his feelings, and so decided in his opinions and sometimes rather intolerant of those who differed from him, could scarcely fail, in the course of an evenful life, of making some enemies. But the warmth and geniality of his character, and his loyalty of nature, won for him many staunch, true-harted friends, who will mourn his death as a personal loss, and will feel inclined to say as they remember the man and all he was—

"It may be long
Ere we shall look upon his like again."

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