

Doctor has yet come forward, in the name of their common Christianity, to record his estimate of his character and his sorrow for his loss. It was one of the points worthy of notice in Chalmers, that none of his opponents in any controversy settled down into personal enemies. We saw, among the thousands who attended his funeral, Principal Lee, with whom he had the controversy regarding the Moderatorship; Dr Wardlaw, his opponent in the great controversy on Establishments; and the carriage of the Lord Provost, as representative of the Provost himself, with whom he had the controversy regarding the Edinburgh churches and their amount of accommodation, and who was on business in London at the time. And to this trait, and to what it indicated, Dr Alexander finely refers. The Doctor was one of Chalmers' St Andrew's pupils; and his opportunities of acquaintanceship at that period furnish one or two singularly interesting anecdotes illustrative of the character of the man:—

“ Sometimes it was my lot to be his companion,” says the Doctor, “ to some wretched hovel, where I have seen him take his seat by the side of some poor child of want and weakness, and patiently, affectionately, and earnestly strive to convey into his darkened mind some ray of truth, that might guide him to safety and to God. On such occasions it was marvellous to observe with what simplicity of speech that great mind would utter truth. One instance of this I must be allowed to mention. The scene was a low, dirty hovel, over whose damp and uneven floor it was difficult to walk without stumbling, and into which a small window, coated with dust, admitted hardly enough of light to enable an eye unaccustomed to the gloom to discern a single object. A poor old woman, bed-ridden and almost blind, who occupied a miserable bed opposite the fire-place, was the object of the Doctor's visit. Seating himself by her side, he entered at once, after a few general inquiries as to her health, &c. into religious conversation with her. Alas! it seemed all in vain. The mind which he strove to enlighten had been so long closed and dark, that it appeared impossible to thrust into it a single ray of light. Still, on the part of the woman there was an evident anxiety to lay hold upon something of what he was telling her; and, encouraged by this, he persevered, plying her, to use his own expression, with the offers of the