The Late Dr. Mackay.*

HE name of Dr. Mackay has, through his admirable book, "Grace and Truth," become familiar as household words, both in Great Britain and America, and his recent, to human eyes, untimely end sent a thrill of pain through the hearts of thousands of Christians, some of whom had, through personal acquaintance, learned to love him, while others had their affections drawn out toward

him by the remembrance of blessings received through his 'Grace and Truth.'

Dr. Mackay was born at Montrose. and was educated for the medical profession, but his tastes led him rather in the direction of the ministry than the practice of medicine. and when about 30 years of age, he gave up the latter for the for-His aptimer. tude for evangelical mission work was first noticed by Prof. J. Y. Simpson, the inventor of chloroform, who encouraged him to exercise his powers in that direction. He subsequently became associated with the celebrated Scotch evangelist, Duncan Mathieson, in whose mission through Scotland and Ireland, he

took an active part, working with much earnestness and success.

About 16 years ago he was called to his first (and only charge), in Hull, where he soon gathered around him a large congregation, amongst whom he laboured with much success, He was greatly beloved by his church, which comprised some of the most earnest and energetic Christian workers in that town.

* A volume, entitled "Abundant Grace," being selected addresses by Dr. Mackay, has just been published by the Toronto Willard Tract Depository. Cloth, gilt sides. 250 pp., with portrait, \$1.00.

For fourteen years he took no fixed income from his church. He took what friends chose to give towards ministerial support through means of a box placed in the lobby of his church. This arose largely from his unselfish, self-denying spirit, and from a desire that his congregation might be able to give more liberally to the extension of the Saviour's kingdom at home and abroad.

through personal acquaintance, learned to love him, Dr. Mackay died on the 22nd August last, at while others had their affections drawn out toward Portree. He was walking on the pier at that place,

when a false step caused him to fall between the dock and the steamer. His head was severely cut, but no serious results were apprehended, and, at his request, his friends refrained from sending any no-tice of the accident to his family. A short time after the accident, congestion of the lungs set in, and before his wife could cross from Oban to Skye, he was dead. He had only reached his 46th year, yet if we measure his life by its usefulness, he had lived longer than those who reach their three score years and ten.

His funeral was the occasion of the expression of the loving esteem in which he was held, as well as of regret that he had

Passed away. Business was suspended, shops were closed, and the streets were lined with spectators as he was borne to his grave.

From out the silence of the great grief which had fallen upon the hearts of all, ears attent might still catch the lingering echoes of one of his latest utterances, as he lay a-dying—"For Thine own glory!" In this language of confidence and hope there dwells a sacred solace for the friends he has left behind, which may well cheer them "till the day break, and the shadows flee away!"

