

THE
Home and Foreign Record
OF
THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH OF THE LOWER PROVINCES.

FEBRUARY, 1870.

DEATH OF REV. DONALD MORRISON.

The weekly newspaper has already carried to every part of the Lower Provinces the painful intelligence that the beloved brother in Christ, and in the Christian ministry, whose name stands at the head of this article is no more. He is no longer with us in the church militant, for his Master has called him home.

The tidings came a few days after our last issue, in a letter from Dr. Steele to the Mission Secretary. It announced the fact, the date and place of the decease, and the age, but the Dr. having heard no particulars could give none.

SYDNEY, Nov. 6th, 1869.

My Dear Sir,—I have just learned that the Rev. Donald Morrison died at Onehunga, near Auckland, New Zealand, on the 23rd October, aged 41 years.

I have not got any particulars, but when I hear from Mrs. Morrison I will supply her with any money she may require to take her to her friends if she desires to return home.

I write this to catch the mail which leaves this morning, but a supplementary mail is to go by the ordinary steamer to Melbourne.

Our General Assembly has just been held, and passed off very happily. We now feel the benefits of the union.

Dr. Geddie is to come by the *Dayspring* at the end of the year.

I am yours in haste,

ROBERT STEEL.

Rev. P. G. MCGREGOR.

The Church has been partially prepared for this afflictive dispensation by an illness of two years, attended by symptoms which gave small hope of recovery. It is more than a year since eminent Physicians declared his disease to be tubercular consump-

tion, and from the date of the receipt of this intelligence, it was scarcely expected that he could ever again re-occupy his post on Fate; although hopes were entertained that he might still be spared and strengthened to do something for the Lord's cause in Australia or New Zealand.

We shall not at present attempt any sketch of the life of our departed brother. We will for a few moments, however, invite our readers to go back for two years and notice the commencement of the disease which has at length terminated in his falling asleep in Jesus.

The year 1867 was a dark and trying year on Fate, a year to which Mrs. M. must now look back with a sad heart. The work of our brother had begun to tell at Erakor. He had a Christian band around him, but their efforts to spread the Gospel, through the treachery of an enemy, led to murder followed by war, a war of aggression on the part of the heathen, and only of defence by the Christians. For months all industrial pursuits had to be laid aside; and Mr. M. wrote thus, "During those months we had many a day of anxiety with *nights of broken rest*, and for weeks the young men of the Mission kept watch by turns around the Mission premises." When peace came, Mr. Morrison attempted the building of a house, when a trading vessel arriving in the evening, succeeded next morning, before the missionary was aware in luring away the young men who were his hopes and his help. Proceeding to the Mission Council he brought back seven Aneiteumese to aid him in finishing his house. At this time he