

climate from that of his fatherland, laid him often low with dyspepsia, whose mastering burdens he bore through the remaining years of his life.

This much clouded the buoyancy of his temper and hopes, and somewhat tinged his experiences and expressions. He was intensely in earnest in every thing he believed or undertook, and he grasped what he held to be right with the grip of an old Reformer. He was too honest and outspoken to escape opposition. He was too conscientious to covet comfort to himself through policy and caution. He was unsparingly in earnest to advance the good cause of the Gospel, in the advancement of education and temperance around him.

Notwithstanding his long illness which laid him aside from his cherished work, Mr. MacAulay's death, was, at last, sudden and unexpected. He seemed recovering, was able to be about the house, and hope of recovery had filled many a mind, when, on the Friday afternoon before his departure, acute inflammation seized him, and about the usual time of closing his Sabbath services, he fell asleep in Jesus.

"Blessed sleep from which none ever wakes to weep." We do not need to gather our encouragements from the good words of good cheer in dying, however sweet these may be to the sorrowing survivors of "good men," to lead us to have hope in their death, for the past life of faith, and the jewels they got for the Master's crown, are testimonies which praise the grace of God in them.

Though often in a wandering state of mind in his long sickness, his ruling passion was strong even then, for with wonderful force he taught, and warned, and rebuked, and entreated those around him, whom he fancied to be his congregation, and that they were assembled to hear the word from him.

When visited many weeks before his death by a brother in the ministry, who had known him intimately, as soon as he saw him, while holding out his hand to him, he broke out with, "*I am a dying man; nothing of all that I have done avails for me now; not all my labour for Jesus; there is nothing between me and everlasting perdition but the Lord Jesus Christ.*" His friend said, "*so he is your Rock, is he bare rock to you? or is he fruitful soil also?*" He lowly murmured slowly out, as if gliding into a slumber, "*bare Rock, but safe.*" So "*he being dead yet speaketh.*" May the sown seed of life have fruit manifold in the hearts of the many congregations around, with whom the Lord is seeming to hold a controversy by the removal of the candlestick out of their place; and may those who have pastors make a profiting use of them, lest the Lord leave them to learn their value through losing them.

LETTER FROM REV. J. D. GORDON TO THE SABBATH SCHOOL CHILDREN.

SIDNEY, NEW SOUTH WALES,
Australia, April 15, 1864.

TO THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN S. S. CHILDREN.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS:—Once have I written to you already. Through the mercy and kindness of our God I am yet alive; and as I have a leisure hour, perhaps I cannot spend it better than by writing a letter to you. My first, if you saw any part of it, was addressed to the care of our friend, Rev. R. F. Burns. According to the wish of your friends—which accords with my own inclination—as expressed at different times, I have great pleasure in keeping up our acquaintance. And although I have made the acquaintance of a good many children since I saw some of you, still on making new friends I don't think we should forget our old ones. Some of my new young friends too, are deserving of remembrance; for the children of the Rev. Geo. Mackie's Sabbath School, South Yarra, gave me £5 stg. for the support of one native assistant, and those of that of the Rev. C. Moir, St. Kilda, £10 for the same purpose.

The mission vessel, as you would have heard, left Halifax N. S. in the beginning of November last year. She was built for the benefit of the Mission in