

having published a work on 'Demonology,' which was highly recommended at the time of its publication. He was also for some years editor of the *Christian Journal*, whose pages were enriched by many contributions from his own pen.

"While in principle, warmly attached to his own denomination, he was a sincere lover of all good men, and the nearer he came to the close of life, regarded the little differences that keep evangelical christians apart, as unworthy of their profession. Nor was he by any means obtrusive in his opinions. While holding them firmly, he honoured the man who conscientiously differed from him, and boldly maintained his ground. The proposal of Union between the Free and United Presbyterian Churches of Scotland, gladdened his soul in his declining days. The late debates in Edinburgh, which were read to him by members of his family, as his sickness permitted, rejoiced him above measure; and afforded many themes for pleasing conversation between him and the writer of this notice. His prayer was that soon 'they might be one'—one, not simply in name and denominational principles, but one in spirit and in truth.

"From such a useful and laborious life in the Master's vineyard, we are led to expect a happy death. It was even so. His end was peace. Mr. Young made no parade of his religious feelings during life, and it was the same at death. Seldom, indeed, did he reveal to his nearest friend, the secret feelings of his soul. We are, therefore, assured of his now happy state, more from the well-known character of his life, than from special declarations at his death. But as the end drew near, his strong faith grasped the promises more firmly. On that text being repeated (John 3, xvi,) as the only hope of every sinner, he responded, 'Yes, that is my only hope.' He entered into all the arrangements for his funeral, and other personal matters, with a calmness and composure that touched the hearts of those to whom he entrusted these sacred duties. After sending messages to absent friends and relatives, and to his late congregation, he then ceased to take all further interest in this world, save in those dear ones that from time to time surrounded his dying pillow. At length, on the holy Sabbath afternoon, a day long prized by his servant, the Master sent the summons. Calmly—sweetly—almost imperceptibly, as a child at rest, he fell asleep in Jesus.

"How blest the righteous when he dies!
When sinks a weary soul to rest,
How mildly beam the closing eyes—
How gently heaves the expiring breast!

"So fades a summer cloud away,
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er,
So gently shuts the eye of day,
So dies a wave along the shore.

"A holy quiet reigns around,
A calm which life nor death destroys;
Nothing disturbs that peace profound
Which his unfettered soul enjoys."

W. C.

Missionary Intelligence.

LETTER FROM REV. R. JAMIESON.

Rev. R. F. Burns, Convener.

DEAR BROTHER—I wrote you last by express, on the 31st March. The date of your last to me was March 18th. I am still giving constant supply in New Westminster. All our congregations are much smaller, of course, now than