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If I forget thee, O Jerusalem! let my right hand forget its cunning."---Psalm 137, v.5.

MEMORIAM.

The Late Dr. Henderson.

(From the *Union Advocate*, Newcastle, N.B.)

How true it is that "in the midst of life we are in death," and as friend after friend departs we begin to realize more and more the truthfulness of the proverb. We drape our columns in mourning to show respect to the memory of one who has but recently passed away, of whom fond recollection will ever be cherished by a grateful people. Reference is made to the late Reverend WILLIAM HENDERSON, D. D., who peacefully breathed his last on Saturday night, 6th instant, after a brief illness. For a period of twenty four years, he was Pastor of Saint James' Church, Newcastle, and by his consistent walk, kind and gentle manners, faithful visitation of the sick, and gentlemanly and unassuming deportment, won a place in the affections of the people which death alone can efface. His loss is and will be keenly and generally felt. Possessed of a truly philanthropic heart, he took an active part in every institution which which had for its object the welfare of his fellow men, and with the young and rising generation was a great favorite, at whose friendly gatherings his genial smile and happy countenance were often to be seen, and his voice heard uttering words of encouragement and advice. The Church has lost a faithful teacher, our community a sterling member, and all a true and sincere friend.—We can say with all truthfulness he died without an enemy, and was enabled with childlike trust and confidence, to resign all into the hands of his Heavenly Father and

meet death with a smile. He could truly say with the Apostle Paul—"I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day."

A Sunday or two before his death, he preached in St. Andrew's Church, Chatham, and there was a circumstance connected with the service which we cannot pass over, and which really seemed prophetic. The Paraphrase given out at the close commences with the following lines:—

"You now must hear my voice no more.
My Father calls me home."

How few perhaps at the time would place any particular stress upon these words, yet how forcibly they return to the mind when the lips which uttered them are cold and silent in death.

The departed gentleman was born in Aberdeen, Scotland, on the 18th of August, 1805, and entered King's College, in that City, in his thirteenth year, from whence he graduated about four years after; and on the completion of his Theological Course, went to Colchester, England, where he remained about eight years, acting as Classical Teacher in an Academy. He then returned to his home in Aberdeen, and was Licensed to Preach, continuing there for eight years. He was ordained in Union Church, Aberdeen, and a short time after accepted a call to Salisbury, Westmoreland County, in the year 1841, and remained there two or three years. In 1844 he received and accepted a call to supply the place of the Rev. James Scuter, in Saint James' Church, Newcastle, to which