

"After Mr. Morrison left the islands, the christian natives of Fate could not speak of him without their eyes filling up, and the unbidden tear rolling down the cheek. But though his bowels yearned for the conversion of the poor Fatians, as John Hunt's did for the conversion of Fiji, yet God knew best and called Hunt and Morrison to receive their crown.

"The history of the New Hebrides mission has been a checkered one. The bones of Williams (the Lion missionary of the South Seas,) are bleaching to-day on the plains of Erromanga; Harris too must fall under the club of the blood-thirsty savage. High up on the table land of Erromanga the blood of Gordon may be seen on the stones, and higher still the foundation of an old house marks the spot where Mrs. Gordon fell.

"On dark Tanna, Johnston and Mrs. Paton found an early grave—On the island of Aneityum, sleep the remains of Mrs. Matheson, and away on yon Coral Island one hundred miles from Aneityum, Mr. Matheson found a last resting place, and now 1200 miles due south of them all, Morrison has just put off his armour! And oh! Christian ministers and students of Nova Scotia, will not many of you go in and possess the land that those good men have spied out and you will have souls for your hire."

Since writing the preceding obituary notice and sending it with Mr. Robertson's loving testimony to the worth of the deceased, to the office of publication, we have received the subjoined letter from the Rev. George Brown, who was with Mr. Morrison during his last hours on earth. This affectionate epistle will be read with thrilling interest, by the many friends of our departed brother in every part of the Church, and their tears of sorrow will be associated with feelings of joyful thanksgiving to God, that a life so faithful and exemplary has had a close so triumphant and glorious. We await with interest the receipt of the promised communication:

ONEHUNGA, OCT. 27TH. 1869.

Rev. and Dear Sir,—Mrs. Morrison has requested me to convey to you the intelligence of the death of Mr. Morrison, which took place early on the morning of Saturday the 23rd inst. She is anxious that I should give you as full an account as possible of his last illness, and of the closing scene, as I was the only one present, with the exception of a lady friend who had kindly promised to stay the night with Mrs. Morrison.

This it will give me great pleasure to do; but I must defer it till next mail, as the time at my disposal since his death is not sufficient to enable me to give, in something like a connected form, the many precious sayings which fell from his lips. I may say however, that Mr. Morrison's end was peace—perfect peace. He died rejoicing in his Saviour—exclaiming "O, I am happy—happy—all is peace. Glory be to the blessed Saviour who has given me the victory."

I thank God that I was privileged to be with our dear brother, for the closing scene was one of the most edifying and impressive I have ever witnessed.

Mr. Morrison was interred in the Presbyterian Cemetery, Auckland, on Monday afternoon. His remains were followed to the grave by as many members of Presbytery as the necessarily short notice of his death would enable to be present, and by a large number of friends deeply interested in the New Hebrides Mission.

Mrs. Morrison, I am glad to say, has been enabled to bear up under the heavy stroke wonderfully. The promise seems to be fulfilled in her experience, "As thy day so shall thy strength be." I am sure she and her little boy will be remembered by many among you in your prayers.

I am not yet aware what Mrs. Morrison's plans may be. I have not yet spoken to her about this. The blow has been too recently struck to render this advisable.

Christian friends here will endeavour to do all for her that they can, that she may feel this sore bereavement as little as possible. May the Lord guide and direct her in her present circumstances!

Commending you, Dear Brother in the ministry, to God and to the Word of His grace, and praying that we may be imitators of our late brother in his zeal for God's glory and the salvation of souls.

I am, yours, very truly,

GEO. BROWN.

REV. MR. MCGREGOR.

OUR FUNDS AGAIN.

We are happy in the present number to record a decided improvement. The tide has turned and the stream has set in steadily since the New Year. We have received \$1300, for the sources of which, please examine that most interesting part of the *Record* under the head of acknowledgements. Let the tide flow on a little longer, with with equal volume and depth, and our foundered ship will be afloat, with