

remained. The deceased was a remarkably amiable young man, and those only knowing him best, loved him most. His quiet deportment, his irreproachable life, and above all his uniform caution in the use of the tongue in the way of speaking evil of others, the writer takes pleasure in mentioning as worthy of imitation. Not boasting of piety, he was undoubtedly its possessor. He was an affectionate son and brother, and a warm-hearted Christian, and greatly interested in the prosperity of the Church of which he was a member, and evinced a strong desire to serve God in the ministry of his Son. With this object in view, he had spent a considerable part of his time in studying, and was actually engaged in prosecuting his studies in Knox's College at the time he contracted the disease which has terminated so fatally. His sufferings were endured with patience and resignation. His death was calm and peaceful, and we cherish the hope that what has been loss to us, has been great gain to him, and that he has entered upon that rest which remains for the people of God. Still there is a debt which we owe to the departed. For him who has gone, we mourn—the honest tears which copiously flow are the “jewelled tributes” to departed worth and loveliness. A large concourse accompanied the remains to the grave, sympathizing with his sorrowing relatives, who feel sadly the great loss they have sustained. The Church on earth is thus often called to bewail the loss of her members. Only two months ago an esteemed father and Professor fell asleep, and now a young and promising student has quickly followed. Let us rejoice that while the Church on earth is losing her members, the Church triumphant in heaven is receiving daily accessions from the redeemed among men. The early death of an interesting believer is touching to the affections of those who remain; but Christian, if your light is burning brightly, you cannot for yourself go too soon. How enviable the lot of those who are freed from sin and sorrow, who come up from the washings of Jordan white and clean, and are henceforth permitted to drink from the fountain of unmingled blessedness, unspeakably happy and joyful forever. Death to such an one may be like the peaceful slumbers of a little child, as he shuts his eyes, opens them again, but is safe—

“Hark! they whisper; angels say,
Sister spirit, come away.
What is this absorbs me quite—
Steals my senses—shuts my sight—
Drowns my spirit—draws my breath;
Tell me, my soul, can this be death?”

A FELLOW STUDENT.

Correspondence.

THE LATE REV. DR. BURNS.

QUEBEC, Sep. 24th, 1869.

To the Editor of the RECORD.

Dear Mr. Editor,—In the death of the venerable Dr. Burns of Toronto, a “Prince in Israel” has fallen, and our Church may well mourn. Will you kindly allow me a little space in the RECORD to make a “suggestion” which I feel sure will receive the warmest sympathy of all belonging to our Zion. I think it is meet that our Church should erect a tribute of affection to the memory of this departed saint, in appreciation of his labors