

(as he says,) was pierced with sadness every time he walked the streets. Sin with its sore penalties confronted him at every step in ten thousand different forms, and it was not for him to be an idle spectator, when a fatal conflict was raging around him. Curiosity, however natural and blameless, could not be permitted to trench on the broad lines of duty; and Mr. Gordon became an open air preacher and a City Missionary in London, as he had been years before in Halifax. He also preached in many of the Churches in and near London, among others in Dr. Hamilton's Church, at Regent Square. But he preferred being "a Roving Missionary," giving his services where they were most needed. A million of souls were living in London without the Gospel, and his commission was peculiarly to *them*. RAGGED SCHOOLS attracted much of his attention. He loved the children and they were deeply attached to him in return. He labored also among the Jewish population of London, reading the Hebrew Scriptures to such as would listen, and telling them the story of the Messiah whom their fathers had crucified, and whom they persisted in blindly rejecting.

He makes grateful mention in one of his letters of Drs. Hamilton and Guthrie. To the "John-like" Hamilton he was "indebted for valuable hints on the paramount importance of preachers studying more to have their words heated by the love of Christ in their hearts, than brightened by the ornaments of intellect." He made numerous friends both in England and Scotland, and wherever he went he was recognized as a man inspired with extraordinary zeal for the honour of the Saviour and the salvation of souls.

On the 5th. of June, 1856, he was married to ELLEN CATHARINE POWELL, the daughter of a contracting mechanic in London, a young lady of superior attainments, and of profound piety and self-devotion. Mr. Gordon had "sought her of the Lord," and he felt that he had indeed found a help-meet, a precious treasure. She was just entering on her twenty fourth year when married; but her zeal in well-doing had already attracted the attention of those who take a leading part in caring for the London poor, and she was regarded as a worthy fellow-labourer in the cause of Christ by pious ladies in the higher ranks of English society. Her career proved clearly enough that she was worthy of the high position to which she was called as a partner in the dangers and terrible trials that await a pioneer Missionary. Though none of us had ever seen her face to face, we learned to love her for her husband's sake, and for the sake of the Saviour to whom she had devoted herself; and now her memory is forever enshrined in our hearts, and her name will be a household word in all the families of the Presbyterian Church of the Lower Provinces.

Immediately after his marriage Mr. Gordon visited Paris with his young bride, and spent eight days there. He was profoundly moved with what he saw of profanity and Sabbath desecration in the glittering capital of France, and returned to England with a deeper sense of gratitude to God for the privilege and attainments of pure christianity.

On the 23rd of July, 1856 our Missionary and his wife embarked on board the *John Williams*, and bade a final farewell to friends and relatives who accompanied them to Gravesend. They parted there (to use his own words) "with hearts full of sorrow and eyes full of tears." Mrs. Gordon's mother never fully recovered from the shock of parting with her daughter, and God in mercy took her to himself before the final tragedy had taken place; so that mother and daughter met joyfully in Heaven sooner than either expected.

The voyage was tedious and rough. The ship called at the Cape of Good