

was troubled with a slight epidemic cough, and by exposure it was aggravated, and the result was acute inflammation of the right lung. He persevered in his work, anxious to have his house finished, but by the time it was completed outside, he was completely prostrated, and unable to do any work, either mental or physical. Thus he grew weaker with heavy night perspirations, until with the full approval of his brethren, he left in the *Dayspring* for Sydney, Mr. Neilson taking charge of his station.

Ever since he has been seeking health by going to the most congenial places, and consulting the best medical authorities. He revived greatly by his first voyage, and was generally benefited by change, but each improvement proved temporary. The disease was advancing, and though he presided at the Mission Council, and wrote in good spirits from the *Dayspring* as she approached Auckland, yet the time of his departure was at hand. Soon after his arrival he was called away.

We have never heard a difference of opinion respecting Mr Morrison's character. His fellow students esteemed him. His ministerial brethren loved him. The missionaries and the whole church had the fullest confidence in his piety and prudence, in his wisdom and devotion. Those who knew him best regarded him as a truly good man, who commended himself to God and his church, by a truly consistent christian life.

His heart was in his work. This was true of his ministry at Strathalbyn; for we have seen the mention of his name and sickness draw tears from gray-haired sires and matrons in that church, where he had so earnestly preached Christ.

But when he felt constrained to break that tender connexion, and to go thousands of miles to tell of Jesus' love to rude savages, when he had gained the language and the ear of many, and the heart of some, when he was just beginning to reap, how great must have been the trial to lay down the sickle!

Yet he met it like a man and a saint. He bowed to the Divine will, with the meekness of a submissive child. He valued life

for the sake of his wife and son, and still more from his desire to be instrumental in saving souls; but his letters, as our readers know, breathed full submission to the will of the Lord, with strong desires that others might go and hold up the banner which was falling from his hands.

Let those who have been praying for him regard their prayers as answered in his serene peace, in sickness, and in his happy death. He rests from his labours. He is where his heart has been for years, but his wife with her boy is left to the church, to be loved for his sake, as well as for her own fidelity and zeal, to be thought of affectionately, to be prayed for earnestly, and to be cheered in her widowhood by many proofs that those who make sacrifices in the Lord's service, will be long and lovingly remembered by his church.

TESTIMONY TO THE CHARACTER OF REV D. MORRISON, BY H. F. ROBERTSON.

"On the afternoon of the 6th November, 1863, six missionaries, the captain and ten of ship's company, sailed from Halifax in the *Dayspring* for the New Hebrides, touching at the Cape of Good Hope, Melbourne and Sydney, N. S. Wales, and on Sabbath morning, June 6th, 1864, we cast anchor in Aneityum harbour. During all that time our lamented friend was a burning and shining light in our midst, and took a deep and abiding interest in the temporal and spiritual well-being of all on board our vessel.

"After our arrival at the Islands I saw much of Mr. Morrison, until he was obliged to leave the Islands on account of failing health. As a man he stood high in the estimation of his brethren in the mission. As a friend he was true to the very core. His calm and deep toned piety secured for him the confidence, respect and love of every member of the mission council. As a missionary and a man, Mr. Morrison was respected and loved by the very savages.

"He possessed all the essential qualifications of a missionary called to labour amongst savages; namely a large measure of common sense, serene faith, patience, firmness with kindness, perseverance, love, hope, and charity. His spiritual vision was clear and few men in prayer equalled him in unveiling the "inner court."

"Whilst he lay with island fever on Fate, and all hope of his recovery was for a time taken away, his countenance would beam with happiness and his soul seemed to be in an ecstasy of joy.