

He has gone down to the grave, in the quiet evening of a good old age—closing, with a serene and peaceful death, a long life of usefulness and honour. But he leaves behind him a name, which deserves to be long remembered, for the many estimable qualities that so greatly distinguished him. Into the “dark valley” the descent, for him, was slow—the journey protracted, amid the gradually increasing infirmities of a drooping, enfeebled frame. But, throughout the whole of his long confinement to a sick-bed, he was a patient and uncomplaining sufferer. From the nature of his ailment, his powers of speech were greatly impaired, for many months preceding his decease; so that it was sometimes with difficulty he could make himself understood. Thus his intercourse, through conversation, with friends around his bed, was greatly restricted, and occasionally impossible. It also happened, at one period of his illness—perhaps owing to a particular phase of his disease at the time—that his mind wandered, somewhat. But it was interesting to observe, how, almost on the instant, it seemed to regain its balance, and approach to its wonted vigour, when brought into contact with Divine truth—and, even then, the Words of the Lord Jesus found an intelligent, re-