

be not so with God, yet hath he made with me an everlasting covenant, ordered in all things and sure, and this is all my salvation, and all my desire." He spoke as if in reference to his own latter end. His trouble remained, though not alarmingly, during that week, and he went forth on the second Sabbath of October officiating in both places; the strong mind through grace helping the weakness of the flesh. He preached that day on 2 Cor: 1, 20, "For all the promises of God in Him are yea, and in Him Amen, to the glory of God by us," as if he had been aware that his people and family would specially need that comforting assurance. During the week his affliction still clung to him, but not confining him to bed. On Thursday afternoon he wrote a note to Mr. Fletcher, the last thing he penned,—requesting him to act for him in regard to some Presbyterial Missionary Meetings. The substance of it is this: "My dear Mr. Fletcher, The Presbytery saw fit to appoint me convener of the Missionary Committee, for this section. My mind sees that this is not the Lord's way. Instead of being at present better I think I become worse. I apprehend the trouble will culminate in bilious fever, it may be in dissolution. I am happy to say, "My times are in Thy hand." It is the Lord—sustain me by grace—then do with me as thou wilt. I am perfectly without mental anxiety. I believe all shall be well with me in Christ my Lord. The Gospel is real, and rich, and true. I am your affectionate brother in the Gospel of Christ, James Skinner." His disease now rapidly increased, and withstood all medical skill. But his mind remained quite calm, and reliant on his Saviour. All was indeed well with him, and in faith he could commit those who were so dear to him, his weeping wife and family to the Divine promises in Christ—and the everlasting covenant—and Christ's blood-ratified Testament,—the subjects on which he had recently discoursed in public. On the afternoon of the 17th of October he fell asleep in Jesus, so peacefully that the cessation of his breathing was hardly observable. Such is usually the death of the righteous:

"One gentle sigh his fetters breaks,  
We scarce can say—"He's gone,"  
Before the willing spirit takes  
Its mansion near the throne."

Such was the dying of the pious, the good and faithful, the amiable James Skinner. His age was 65, not a great age, but he had lived to much purpose in it. Thirty one of these he had most zealously spent in the work of the Gospel Ministry, and, it may be truly said, as a Missionary, his desire from the first. His centre of labour for six years was in the township of Southwold and outside of it; and for the last twenty five years it was in the township of London, whence he widely extended his labours. He died working, not of protracted sickness,—and such would have been his own choice. He ever appeared to have had no idea of living but to be ever doing. The lines of the Christian Poet Montgomery on the death of an aged Minister were very applicable to him.

"Servant of God well done!  
Rest from thy loved employ;  
The battle fought, the victory won,  
Enter thy Master's joy.  
The voice at midnight came;  
He started up to hear;  
A mortal arrow pierced his frame;  
He fell,—but felt no fear.  
Soldier of Christ well done!  
Praise be thy new employ;  
And while eternal ages run,  
Rest in thy Saviour's joy."