

grew worse, and on Friday the fever increased, and the cough became so violent, that all hopes of his recovery were abandoned, and he himself felt that his end was drawing nigh.—The severity of the disease entirely prevented any continued attention to heavenly objects, and all the dear sufferer could do was to pray aloud for patience, and a speedy removal to his eternal rest. He at one time expressed a desire that, if it were God's will, he might die on the sabbath morning, and spend that holy day in the worship of heaven. The disorder continued unabated throughout Saturday, and, after a night of extreme suffering, he ceased coughing about nine o'clock on the morning of Sunday, the 18th September. His friends saw that the symptoms of death were upon him, and he was asked if he wished to see any one in particular; he replied, with much emphasis, "*Nobody, nobody, but Jesus Christ: Christ crucified is the stay of my poor soul.*"—These were the last words he uttered; and at half past nine he gently breathed his last; according to his desire and prayer, worshipping that sabbath in heaven!—Thither may all his children and surviving friends follow him! Thither may every reader of this narrative be induced to bend his steps, with unwearied zeal and perseverance!

On the succeeding Thursday morning the corpse was interred in the church-yard of St. Margaret's, Rochester: and a tablet, with the following inscription, is placed over his grave:—