

On my assuring him that I thought it would not, were he to refer his request to the will of God, he said, clasping his hands and looking up, "Well then—I say, Lord I thank thee for letting me have, for so many years, some work to do for Thee in the Church and in the world. It has not been for my worthiness, I am wholly unworthy, but for Christ's sake. And now Lord, I can do no more, lettest thou thy servant depart in peace."

Feb. 5th.—Many of us being with him, he spoke more freely than usual of his spiritual state, and then raised his hand high. My mother asked "What do you mean?" Looking up, his hand still raised, and his eye full of life and joy, he replied, "The least I can have is Heaven! But oh, my dear wife and children, when you hear me express a desire to depart, it is not to leave you, I leave all my earthly treasure." . . . "Pray for me, that no expression may ever escape me which will not glorify God."

6th.—Next day, he said, "When I was nineteen, I asked myself, What shall I do? I then decided to seek the glory of God, and the experience, enjoyment and spread of salvation. "And on looking back," it was said, "you feel that, had you to begin life again, you would walk substantially in the same way." "I am brought to that," he rejoined. "If anything be said of me, let it be true. Let no man place me higher than I really am—and under all write,

‘I the chief of sinners am,
But Jesus died for me.’”

Then with emphasis he repeated his favourite verse,

“For ever here my rest shall be,
Close to Thy bleeding side,
This all my hope and all my plea,
For me the Saviour died.”

7th.—The last day on which my dear father was carried down stairs. The exertion fatigued him, and he soon returned to his bed-room. The next day he was removed to the two rooms opening into each other, where he remained until his death, and where we watched the slow but sure progress of disease, wearing out his little remaining strength, and exhausting vital energy. Through these heavy months of his daily dying, we magnify the grace of God in his patience, meekness, gratitude, abounding love and praise, and full victory over the last enemy.

9th.—Said farewell to Mr. and Mrs. Henderson, of Park; spoke with much pleasure of happy meetings in the Evangelical Alliance.

10th.—A sacramental service was held in my father's room. Hymn sung—"Enter'd the holy place above." Solemn and sweet service, conducted by Mr. Arthur; after which, my father prayed, giving thanks for the mercies of a life time,—for grace given to himself and family, for opportunities to work for God. Pleaded with great solicitude for his children, and children's children, for God's work in the neighbouring village, and His church at large, in the world, for Missionaries, for all Ministers, for individual friends. This over, and those servants dismissed who had communicated with us, we sang—"Away with our sorrow and fear."

20th.—Hearing that his only fear was, lest he should not glorify his Saviour in suffering, a friend sent him this message—"Christ will take