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FOREIGN NEWS.

CONTINUATION OF THE BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICES OF THE REVD. JOHN OWEN.

Just before he was taken ill, his family read to him, by his own desire, the Book of Job, with Scott's Observations, and being placed at that time under certain outward circumstances of discomfirt, he was in the habit of applying what was read to his own case. The progress of disease presently incapacitated him, either for reading much himself, or for giving his attention to others; but I learn, from different friends, who had sometimes the opportunity of speaking to him, that his mind was always most awake to subjects of religion; and that, whenever he could be roused to mental exertion, these were the subjects which recalled for a time, his decaying energies. The Sunday-week after his seizure, when one of his daughters was sitting with him, he laid his hand upon a book on the table, and asked what it was.— Being informed that it was the Life of Hooker, he immediately began to repeat, in the words of that excellent man—

“I have lived to see this world is made up of perturbations; and I have long been preparing to leave it, and gathering comfort for the dreadful hour of making my account with God; and, though I have, by his grace, loved him in my youth, and feared him in mine age; and labour-

ed to have a conscience void of offence to him and to all men; yet, if Thou, O Lord, be extreme to mark what I have done amiss, who can abide it? And therefore, where I have failed, Lord, show mercy to me; for I plead not my righteousness, but the forgiveness of my unrighteousness, for His merits, who died to purchase a pardon for penitent sinners! And, since I owe Thee a Death, Lord, let it not be terrible, and then take thine own time—I submit to it; let not mine, O Lord, but Thy will be done.

This passage, it seems, he was much in the habit of repeating; doubtless, from its expressing the views and feelings which he habitually entertained.

In one of his last letters to the same daughter, he writes in these terms:—

“My frame has been so shattered, that I must not expect it to be speedily, perhaps never thoroughly, repaired. There is nothing I wish to live for, but the service of my Divine Master; and if I may but be favored with the testimony of having pleased Him, and of possessing an interest in His love, I shall be willing to live or to die, as to Him may appear best. Oh, my dear daughter, this should be our first, our last, our invariable object; we cannot dispense with its consolations in sickness, or its support in death.”

The only remaining paper to which I shall refer, was written when he