

entered his own home, and the sense of satisfaction with which he lay down to rest in his own beautiful study. And there we gave thanks to God, who had given him strength to accomplish the long journey from the shores of the Mediterranean. His mind at rest and surrounded by familiar, loved objects, for the first day or two symptoms of improvement appeared; but the disease which was manifesting itself all along (*congested pneumonia*) now reached its height. All this time his mind was in full activity, and in the intervals of rest from his oppressive breathing and extreme nervous depression, he was bright and cheerful. There was the glow of sympathy, the flickering fire of humour, and he showed the kindest interest in all around. He manifested the most delicate consideration for the comfort and feelings of others. Yet, withal, there was a deep undercurrent of spiritual feeling that turned continually heavenward and Christward. The shadow of eternity was upon his spirit, and he longed to rise above all doubts, and questionings, and mistiness into the unclouded light of God's countenance. I said to him one evening, "Why do you talk so despondingly about the future, you are not afraid to die?" "No," he answered, "but I have a love of life." "But you have had the highest human satisfaction—you have had the deepest sorrows, why should you wish to live?" After a moment's pause, the characteristic reply was, "It is the rapture of living—I do not like to think that my work is ended." Noble man! He had consecrated all the energies of his great mind and heart to the service of the Church, and to the glory of that Lord and Master who had joined together so many gifts in one life, and lent that life to the world. His labours so well and faithfully bestowed, his duties so conscientiously performed, were done, and the valley of shadow was before him—but we knew it not.

On Sunday special prayer was offered for him in the Brixton Chapel, where he was wont to worship, and in the Metropolitan Tabernacle, where Mr. Spurgeon prayed for him as his beloved brother, and said, "Lord, he whom thou lovest is sick. Make haste to help him." And when I brought him the message of love and sympathy from Mr. Spurgeon, who bade him be of good cheer, and sent him word that his own seasons of sickness were times of deepest despondency, he seemed to be cheered and strengthened. Yet he himself could not be brought to say that