

ground of confidence. 'All my righteousness is as filthy rags.' "

Such passages of the Bible, as "The blood of Jesus Christ . . . cleanseth us from all sin" [John xv. 7]; "Come unto me all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest" [Matt. xi. 28], were indeed precious; and often were such verses repeated by him, when apparently in a dozing state, showing how his soul was occupied in silent communings with God. The Hymn,

"Rock of Ages! cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee,"

struck him much. And that one,

"Approach, my soul, the mercy seat,
Where Jesus answers prayer:
There humbly fall before his feet,
For none can perish there!"

was asked for again, and again, as peculiarly suiting his case, and affording consolation. On one occasion he exclaimed, as if all-but overwhelmed with the question: "What could I do towards my salvation? I can but trust only in God's mercy through Christ."

It was with deep feelings he perused the work "Christ on the Cross," which so powerfully depicts the sufferings of the Redeemer; and specially the hidings of his Father's countenance; and had recommenced the book during the last week of life. *It was the only book of man's writing he asked for during the last two days.*

When but a few hours of life remained, he *declared his simple dependance on a Saviour's blood*; and prayed for forgiveness of all his sins [as he forgave all—having no enmity towards any], *for his Saviour's sake*, as his dying testimony to surrounding friends.