

raising him from dejection, replacing him on "the rock" of his trust.

As the disease advanced, his conduct was marked by *manly* courage, equally distant from boasting or fear. Like one conscious of weakness and strength; aware that the former was his own, inducing great caution with his foes; and that the latter was another's, driving him to the strong for strength; he was kept from rashness and cowardice. This could not have been *mere* animal courage, since the body was wasted. Nor the effects of his hitherto strong mind, as he frequently mentioned its great weakness; nor the ceaseless sympathy of untiring friendship, however refreshing, could have caused this. It was no arm of flesh which sustained poor drooping nature, but *confidence in God*. The language of his daily life was: "*In thee, O Lord, have I put my trust.*" On the last Sunday, three days before his death, when contemplating his emaciated frame, commencing with verse 42 of 1 Cor. xv., "It is sown in corruption; it is raised in incorruption," etc., he repeated the whole passage with great energy; and when coming to verse 55, "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?" his faith entered into the spirit of the language of St. Paul; and, like his divine Saviour, *triumphed, in death, over him that had the power of death*. The day before his death, referring to his state, he said: "*patient in tribulation, REJOICING IN HOPE.*" When sensible that but few hours of life remained, no confusion appeared, *no making haste*, but, with the calmness of a traveller going on a long journey, he addressed a friend: "*I am going. All is peace. I have no fears.*" To the last he retained great comparative vigor of intellect, and cheerfulness of mind, comforting all around. Thus the great desire of his heart