

with us in this tremendous hour, he strove to say many things, but could not : pressing my hand, and often repeating the sign. At last he breathed out, *[Head of the Church, be Head to my Wife !]* When for a few moments I was forced to leave him, Sally said to him, " My dear Master, do you know me ? " He replied, " Sally, God will put his right hand under you. " She added, " O my dear Master, should you be taken away, what a disconsolate creature will my poor dear Mistress be ? " He replied, " God will be her all in all. " He had always delighted much in these words,

" Jesu's blood through earth and skies,
Mercy, free, boundless mercy cries. "

Whenever I repeated them to him, he would answer, *Boundless ! boundless ! boundless !* He now added, though with great difficulty,

" Mercy's full power I soon shall prove,
Loved with an everlasting love. "

" On Saturday afternoon his fever seemed quite off, and a few friends standing near the bed, he reached his hand to each, and looking on a Minister, said, " Are you ready to assist to-morrow ? " His recollection surprised us, as the day of the week had not been named in his room. Many believed he would recover : and one said, " Do you think the Lord will raise you up ? " He strove to answer, saying, " Raise me in the resurr---meaning in the resurrection. " To another, asking the same question, he said, *I leave it all to God.*

" In the evening, the fever returned with violence, and the mucus falling on his throat almost strangled him. It was supposed the same painful emotion, would grow more and more violent to the last. As I felt this exquisitely, I cried to the Lord to remove it ; and glory be to his name, he did. From that time it returned no more. As night drew on, I perceived him dying very fast. His fingers could hardly make the sign, (which he scarce ever forgot) and his speech seemed quite gone. I said, " My dear creature, I ask not for myself, *I know thy soul* ; but for the sake of others. If Jesus is very present with thee, lift thy right hand. " He did. " If the prospect of glory sweetly opens before thee repeat the sign. " He immediately raised it again :

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