

the time I had last seen him in 1855. He still rose daily, but he was so rheumatic that he could not walk. His mind was still wonderfully vigorous, but he complained that his memory had become like a rope of sand. I spent the whole time with him, except when I went out for walks or drives. I told him whom I had seen in these outings, and he characterised them with a few telling strokes, as of old. Thus of good old Mrs. Cruikshank from Strathspey—"Ah, I remember her, how she span and she prayed." He spoke with great felicity and fervour on some of his favourite portions of Scripture, and I remember being much struck by the way he illustrated Christ's love to His people, by His own similitude of a hen gathering her chickens under her wings. I sometimes read him extracts from his own writings, when he made such comments as the following—"That is very fine. When I wrote that, I was in my prime." "Did I say that? Thank God for it. I was a better man than I thought I was." I asked him about some of his relatives of the older generations, and he characterised them in his usual style. Of one he said, "He had not much religion, but he had a deal of fun and humour." On my reminding him of some of the pranks of his own youth, of which he had told us when we were children, he laughed heartily, and said, "These were splendid transactions."

When the time came for me to say farewell, he sat up in his bed, and, putting his hands on my head, blessed me like the patriarchs of old, with words never to be forgotten. The next mail after my return to Scotland brought me word that he had died five days after I parted from him. What gratitude do I owe to our Heavenly Father for the privilege of this meeting with an earthly father who was so dear to all his children!

G. W. S.