

one whom God taught in a wonderful manner. He had a singular gift of prayer, and was made useful to many, both old and young. James Laing had known him well in former days. In 1839, a younger brother of James Laing, named Patrick, had died also, not without pleasing marks of having undergone a divine change. It is needful to know these things, to understand the following dream of our little pilgrim.

A short time after he believed, he said, "Margaret, I will tell you my dream." Margaret was afraid of some fancy leading him astray, and asked what it was. James, "I thought there was a ladder, the foot of it on earth, and the top of it reached to heaven. I thought it was heaven I saw. There was a great multitude of people, but I knew none of them but Patrick and Jamsie Wallace. When I was standing on the first or second step of the ladder, Jamsie Wallace looked down and said, '*Aye, here's another one coming stepping up*.' He explained it by referring to Jacob's ladder, and that Jesus is the ladder." Margaret said, "Aye, and you are just on the first step."

He was very fond of the life of John Ross, and nearly had it by heart. He said he was in the same mind. Another little book he loved was, "A dying Thief and a dying Saviour." He left it to his father. The hymn at the end of it, "There is a fountain filled with blood," often fed his soul.

He could write a little, and like John Ross he used that talent in writing down precious sentences; one of his little papers is now before me. "Stand fast in the Lord. Be ye faithful unto death. Abide in him, abide in him. Pray without ceasing. This is the end."

In the latter part of his illness he was used as an instrument in awakening another boy, whose impressions I earnestly hope may never wear away. D. G. had been a very wild boy, so much so, that he was expelled from the Sabbath School. He found his way into James' cottage, and there saw exemplified the