

In 1820, my father became a member of the British and Foreign Bible Society. On that Committee his name appears annually for more than thirty years, when it was honoured by being added to the list of Vice-Presidents of that Society. For the last thirty-five years he was a Lay-Treasurer of the Wesleyan Missionary Society. He stood in the same relation for many years to the Stranger's Friend Society, and for a shorter period to the Evangelical Alliance. These were the earthly honours in which he most delighted. Towards the close of life he often spoke thankfully of benefits received in fellowship with many of the excellent men who had been his partners in a hallowed enterprise, and who had gone before him to the rest and rejoicing of the better world.

Early in the year of 1860 my father had a severe attack of rheumatic gout, a complaint from which he had suffered, at intervals, for many years. This left him weaker than usual, and his family apprehended the probability of his being soon taken from them. His failing health, through the summer and autumn, continued to give uneasiness to his friends; but it was not till the month of November that the presence of an incurable disease was detected. On asking for and obtaining a distinct answer as to the opinion of his medical friend at Arthington, he said calmly, "Then I must prepare for the worst."

A few weeks after, in London, all hope as to my father's recovery was taken away. One night about this time my mother had been assisting in arrangements for his comfort, and was about to leave his room. He called him to his side and said, "If I were left to myself, I must go down, down, down." "Where?" she said. "To hell." But in the same breath he responded to her words of encouragement, and rejoiced in the preciousness of Christ. A few evenings after, he said to one of his children, "There is no veil between my soul and Christ."

1861.—January 14th.—On my mother visiting my father this morning and inquiring how he felt, he said, "I feel condemned for not having sufficiently exalted the love of God."

19th.—We were grieved to see his appetite failing. He only remarked quietly, "It's the rule of the land in which I dwell." He was deeply interested in Dr. Hoole's account of the purchase of a site for a chapel in Paris.

28th.—The first day that my father spent in his bedroom. There he was visited by his friends the Revs. Dr. Osborn and Mr. Boyce. "I have long had rather a different view of my case from the doctors. I have had some hope of recovery. But now the die is cast. I must think that this is the beginning of the end. Some people have more power to bear pain than I have. Mr. Norton read a letter from a poor sick man that laid me in the dust, and there I have been lying ever since." Later in the evening he said, "I only wish that God's will may be done, and that he may be glorified in me. If it be His will I would ask for less pain, or for strength to bear it better."

31st.—This morning my father called me to him, and said, "This will end by and bye. I should like to creep out of time into eternity, silently and unobserved, and so pass into the presence of God, without a cloud on my soul, through the merits and righteousness of Jesus Christ." He then asked earnestly, and with a child's simplicity of look and word, "Do you think it would be wrong for me to pray that I may go to heaven soon?"