

The old man was overcome, his head sank upon his daughter's bosom, his grey hairs were on her cheek; he wept aloud—we all wept. "Sir," he cried, "will you pray for me?" "Yes, but it is *you* who are to repent; it is *you* who are to cast yourself upon sovereign mercy for help." It was there, yonder, we knelt side by side, while I commended the trembling sinner to the mercy of Him, "who forgiveth sins only." At my request he followed me in prayer. He was bowed to the very floor in the earnestness and lowliness of his plea—while his daughter bent over him, her hands folded and her fast trickling tears falling on him. For nearly ten minutes he breathed for mercy with an agony of supplication that I never heard surpassed; then, as if in despair of all further effort, exclaimed, "there, I can do no more—if Jesus will save me, I will praise him for it forever: if he will not, I will never blame him. He must do as he pleases." After a moment's pause he added—"He *may* do as he pleases."

The struggle was over, the storm of feeling hushed, and when the old man arose and took his seat again, the serenity of heaven was spreading itself over his countenance. "I do not know what it means," said he, "my anxiety is gone, and I feel so peaceful." The daughter looked up inquiringly, caught the smile of her father's face, and the next moment was in his bosom, sobbing as if her heart would break in the excess of her joy. Wonderfully did her sobs and broken thanks chime in with the angel's song of gladness over the sinner that repenteth. The birth-place of that soul will never be forgotten.

Nor will she forget it, who from the triumphs of her dying hour, and when her eyes were filled with visions of eternal bliss, turned back to speak of the time, when she fell down weeping there and arose singing. "Twas there I found hope in Christ, that is my anchor now. Tell my dear pastor, that when I was dying I thanked him for leading me to the Saviour, and will thank him again when I meet him in glory: bid him be faithful and there will be many more to welcome him there when his work is done." She smiled farewell, stepped into the cold river, and was soon lost to sight among the glories which "eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard, nor hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive."

Obituary.

THE LATE MRS. McKILLOP.

On the 16th March 1861, Mrs. Flora, the wife of Col. Archibald McKillop of Inverness, C.E., "quietly slumbered out of this world of sin and pain into life." Of her last days and last sickness, your space would permit us to say but little. Two passages from the psalm which she heard last read, would indicate what was her testimony then: "Thou art my king, O God; command deliverances for Jacob." "Our heart is not turned back, neither have our steps declined from thy ways."

In reference to her *life* we have never seen one who would answer more perfectly to that description of a 'virtuous woman' given in Prov. xxxi., vs. 11th to 28th. But few words in that record would require to be altered or omitted, in order to answer the purpose of a true record concerning Mrs. McKillop who had lived with her husband for fifty-two years. She had been the mother of eleven children, and previous to her own death, she could say "I doubt not but seven of them are in heaven." One of them was our dear brother Malcolm McKillop, who had just left the Institute two years ago with the hope of entering the ministry, but was called "up higher;" concerning the four who survive, we expect that through grace, they *will* meet the others in the "Father's house." Were we to speak of the character of Mrs. McKillop as a Christian, we should say, that, in her Theological views, her spiritual experience, and the tenor of her course, we could wish that each of our members were altogether such as she was.