

He was to have preached in the Cathedral at the evening service in aid of some charity, but he was too ill to be there. Next day it became known that the fever had fallen upon him. The kindness of the people, offering all possible aid, and calling continually to inquire, was very touching, and told as much for their own tender care for their minister as for his worth. All through Monday he continued very ill.

A valued servant was lying dangerously ill in his house. On Saturday he had convulsions, and was expected to die any hour. He died on Monday night; and just before his death, Jacob Mountain had strength sufficient to stagger to his room, and commended his departing soul to God.

There were hopes of Jacob Mountain's recovery for a few days; but after a week's interval from his being taken ill, the complaint assumed a new and alarming character, typhus of a severe kind. For nearly ten days he was generally insensible, with only occasional glimpses of consciousness. He could but utter a few words from time to time.

It happened, that the man who came to shave his head was a parishioner, a black, one with whom he had often had serious conversations. He was heard, in the agony of the pain in his head, speaking earnestly to this man about the Holy Communion. On the Sunday before St. Michael's day, when his complaint was passing into its most alarming state, the bells of the different churches and meeting-houses were distinctly audible in his room; and he whispered: "All that I can do to-