

I have with much weakness endeavoured to labour—to shew men their sins and to direct them to Jesus Christ the Lamb of God, &c. I have endeavoured to shew that no work of their own will avail—that we must throw up every thing of our own and have our confidence only on Jesus. I have preached with pleasure, but never with much visible success, and have been disposed to say repeatedly “I have laboured in vain.” I am now in great distress, having been so for ten days, and not having been able to preach on Sabbath.” On the day following the disease seemed to have yielded to medical treatment, and from that time he was almost entirely free from pain, and the most sanguine hopes were entertained that he would speedily be restored to his usual health. On Friday evening he conducted family worship as usual, but on retiring there seemed to be a greater prostration of strength and an oppression in breathing of which he had never before complained. Toward morning he said he felt relieved and fell into a sweet and seemingly refreshing sleep, from which he awoke at half-past four o’clock saying he felt very uneasy. These were his last words, and in fifteen minutes all was over: he literally fell asleep in Jesus; so peaceful, so gentle was his dismission, that we could not tell when the spirit departed. His tender loving heart was spared the pang of parting with those he so tenderly loved. During the whole of his illness his mind was evidently deeply solemnized, and he enjoyed the closest fellowship with God his Saviour. The precious promises of Scripture were ever on his lips, and it was evident his soul was filled with peace. From many expressions he let fall we can now see that he felt his end approaching. A week before he asked for a little book written by Mrs. Isabella Graham, entitled, “Provision for my last Journey.” On Friday evening, after hearing a portion of it read, he remarked, “This is my last journey.” But fearing that I would be agitated, he added, “not that I think I am just at the end, but it is the last.” I repeated the passage “I know in whom I have believed &c.,” to which he sweetly assented.” This short but very interesting account of the last days and of the departure of this eminent man of God, is from the pen of her who had been his loved and loving partner for upwards of 40 years, a helper of his joy, a soother of his sorrow and a sharer of his hope.

Thus has passed away from amongst us a man of no common stamp. In native qualities of head and heart, in accumulated stores of varied knowledge, in christian graces and ministerial fidelity, they are few indeed that equalled him. Without dispute he was one of nature’s princes. His intellect capacious and clear; his heart so guileless and so loving, that it was impossible for him to hate or even be unkind. For his singular amiability and incorruptible moral honesty he was deeply, and no doubt gratefully indebted to divine grace. “Through sanctification of the Spirit and belief of the truth” his character retained as few scars, resulting from the fall, as that of