

payt on it, an' hev it for t' lot o' me' inheritance. St. Paul saw it, bud he 'ad te cum doon ageean te be pricked wi' thorns an' buffeted wi' trubbles. Ah sall gan oot nae mair for ivver ! Maister Fuller ! Ah'll be riddy fo' yo' when yo' cum, an' we'll gan tegither te t' King, an' as Nathan Blyth says, we'll shoot and sing till we mak' heaven ring wi' prayse !”

It is not to be supposed that this and much other joyous and triumphant speech was said without break and pause. Now and again he was utterly spent with excess of joy, and the feeble tongue refused to follow the spirit's eager flight, and failed to syllable the rapture of his exulting soul. About eight o'clock in the evening the messenger came. The old man seemed to be asleep, but he suddenly opened his eyes, and, looking upward, lifted his hand towards heaven ; a strange soft light and a beaming smile broke upon his face. “Heaven's oppen !” said he ; “Ah see Jesus Christ standin' at t' right 'and o' God. He hez a star iv His 'and. Beautiful ! Beautiful !” The light upon his face deepened ; it seemed to be haloed with a glory. “He's cumin',” said he, “cumin' for me. No, it isn't a star ; it's a croon. Oh, mah Sayviour, cum quickly. A croon o' glory !” Lifting up both hands, he half sprang from the bed, crying, “It's mahne, prayse the Lord, it's mahne !” He fell back upon his pillow, with a triumphant smile upon his face, and Adam Olliver's glorified spirit went to heaven to wear it—that crown of righteousness which the Lord, the righteous Judge, had laid up for him against that day.

So died Adam Olliver, and thus a life of singularly winning and beautiful piety was fitly crowned by a singularly beautiful and exultant end.

The old man was buried in the grounds around the chapel which his faith and prayer had chiefly reared. The whole of the societies in the Kesterton Circuit were represented at his burial, and the large concourse which assembled to pay