

In a season of great darkness, he said, "Margaret, give me my Bible," (meaning a little book of texts, called Dew Drops;) when he had got it, he sought out the verse, "The Lord is a stronghold in the day of trouble, and he knoweth them that trust in him." He said, "Margaret, I'll trust in him, though I cannot see him. I will lie down upon that verse." When his bed was made at night, he would take another verse *to lie down upon*, as he called it; so he was fed by the dew and the word.

A young woman who lived in the same lane, was awakened to deep concern the same winter that James was brought to Christ. Before her concern she never came in to see James, though her mother oft advised her to do so. But when she was brought to feel her sin and misery, she came in every Sabbath night, and was always tenderly kind to James. "How are you to-night, Jamie? (she would say) you are well off when you can say, I have found Christ." Early in spring, this young woman evidently found the true rest for her weary soul in Jesus. She became a candidate for the Lord's table, and was to have been admitted, but God called her away to sit at the table that can never be drawn. She died full of joy with the praises of God upon her lips. Margaret had been present at this interesting death-bed, and when she returned home, she told James. He answered with great composure, "I wish I had been away with her; but I must wait the Lord's time. Betsy is singing now, and I will soon be there too."

James used to take the bitterest medicines without any reluctance. He folded his hands, shut his eyes, and asked God to bless it to him. "Ah! Margaret, if God do not bless it to me, it will do me no good." Often she asked, "Is it not bitter?" He would say, "Yes, but Jesus had a bitterer cup to drink for me."

In the summer of 1841, another remarkable boy, named James Wallace, had died in the Lord. He was