

with him at his dying request ; and, ere the dawning of another day, he breathed his last, with his daughter and wife's hands pressed in his own, Aunt Jane kneeling at the foot, Mr. Watson and the medical man at the head of the bed, the servants at a distance, weeping bitterly for the kind master they are about to lose. Mr. Morton's voice was once more heard in feeble accents, " I know that my Redeemer liveth," and with these last words, his spirit passed away, leaving a desolate wife and heart-broken daughter to mourn his loss.

