

endeavoured to set forth the claims of the sailor on Christian sympathy and effort ; and now here I am engaged directly and daily in seeking to bring these men to Christ, in one of the largest and most eligible spheres of usefulness among them. I now know from experience, that the representation I was wont to make of their condition and wants was not by any means exaggerated, but rather that I told not the half of the urgency of their claims. I have long had a general idea of the widely diffused influence of British seamen in foreign lands ; but I now understand more perfectly, how largely and how directly they operate upon the heathen, either for good or for evil. We have three thousand sailors in this harbour at present, and there are at least as many natives employed every day about their ships with cargo, etc. Our sailors mix with these natives, they work with them ; and, depend upon it, these heathen men are carrying away impressions of our nation and our religion from those so-called Christian seamen.

Moreover, many British ships that trade abroad for a few years have native crews, commanded by English captains and officers who have a still better opportunity of teaching these heathen the supreme excellence of the Christian religion. O let the church devote special attention to the evangelization of seamen ! I say so, not as a sailor's missionary, but as a resident in a heathen land. And did a revival but take place among them, it would be one of the most auspicious epochs in the missionary enterprise that has occurred for many an age.

We must now bid this zealous man of God farewell, quoting the narrative of his closing scene, as given by his bereaved wife, and longing that all who love the Lord our righteousness were as single-hearted and zealous as he was :—

‘ When all due arrangements had been made, we were left alone for the night.

‘ I cannot attempt to describe the night that he passed. I still hoped against hope, though he could not rest. At daybreak the doctor came and saw his weakness, but thought if he could be kept up for two hours, he might rally. Through the means resorted to, he did appear to revive a little. Awaking, however, from a short morning slumber, he repeated with emphasis the words, “ He maketh intercession for us. He maketh intercession with groanings that cannot be uttered.” He then looked at me and said, “ *I am going home. My father is calling me, and I am quite ready.*” I could not speak, and he continued—“ Yes, I am quite ready. I have just a *simple* faith in Jesus, my dear Redeemer. It is just like a child's. Oh ! I shall soon see Him !” Then lowering his voice, and with increasing solemnity, with a grandeur and dignity that quite overawed me, he said “ Do you know that glory is breaking upon me ? Soon, soon unspeakable glories shall burst upon my vision, and I shall see my dear Redeemer !” For some minutes he thus spoke in such a strain of rapture and holy triumph, descriptive of the glory of heaven and the blessedness that awaited him, that I was quite overpowered, and am still unable to recall much of what he said.

‘ When he paused, I said to him, “ How mysterious it is that you should be called away so suddenly, and should leave me alone on this hill !” “ Yes,” he replied, “ *but not alone.*” “ But I cannot,” I said, “ part with you so soon.” With a look of surprise, and in a tone loud enough to be heard in the adjoining room, he rejoined, “ Oh ! when I am to be for *ever* with the Lord !” Then slowly, and as if bringing himself down to my state of mind, he repeated the words, “ But I see it is the *separation* you are thinking of. Well, I am in Christ, and I have a good hope that you are in Christ ; and *we must meet* ; I am only going before you.” Then gathering himself up with a solemn and triumphant expression which filled me with awe, he said, “ *Now then kiss me in Jesus.*” Here I became unconscious for a few minutes, and during that time the Rev. Mr. Dean and Mrs. Dean, of the American Mission, entered the room. They had called for us on our arrival, and had been unremitting in their kind attentions. On Mr. Dean asking the dear sufferer if Christ was precious to him, “ Oh yes,” he replied,