

We had sung two verses, when Mr. Baillie came and whispered to me, "You had better finish; Mr. Edgerley is at his last." I intimated this to the meeting, and we joined in earnest prayer for the departing spirit. Accompanied by others, I proceeded to the chamber of death. The hand of the last enemy had our brother firmly in his grasp. Mrs. E. requested me to pray. I prayed—for what else could one pray at such a season?—than that our friend might have a speedy and safe passage across the Jordan, and a glorious entrance into the heavenly Canaan. The breathing became shorter and shorter, and somewhere about eight o'clock of that Thursday evening all became still. "Thou didst change his countenance and send him away." There were standing around that bed, the widow and the two children of the departed, Mrs. Anderson, Miss Barty, Mr. Baillie, Dr. Hewan, and myself. We could accompany our brother to the banks of the river, but we could go no farther. But we doubted not that the Angel of the Covenant was there (though invisible to us), cheering the soul of his dying servant.

I visited Mr. E. daily, sometimes twice or thrice a-day, during his illness. I frequently prayed with him, and repeated to him promises of Scripture and verses of hymns. During his latter days his mind frequently wandered, and he was to a great degree, at times, in a state of unconsciousness and stupor. At such seasons, a text of Scripture or a verse of a favorite hymn generally recalled him. Not long before his departure, I repeated a portion of a hymn to him. When I stopped, he repeated the first verse of the hymn—if I remember rightly, it was the last time I heard him speak. Articulation was very indistinct, but he managed to falter out these four lines,—

"Just as I am, without one plea,
But that thou bidst me come to thee,
And that thy blood was shed for me,
O Lamb of God, I come!"

On Friday, May 29th, in compliance with a wish which the deceased had expressed while yet with us, his remains were committed to the dust near the spot where two other brethren "rest in their beds." And there repose in dreamless sleep till the resurrection morning, all the three, Jameson, Sutherland, and Edgerley.

The bereaved family will, doubtless, have the sympathy and prayers of the church under this their sore affliction.

GUINEA.

The Rev. Z. Baillie says:—I have lately been seeing a little more of the country. About the New Year time I went up to spend a few days with Mr. and Mrs. Waddell at Creek Town. Whilst there, we had a very pleasant trip away up the Guinea Company branch of the river. As we sailed up, we passed two or three villages, on pretty high ground. By and by the river widened out, and on rounding a point, a long stretch of it, like a large beautiful lake, burst at once upon the view. It was bounded at the upper extremity by a high rising ground, on which were scattered several villages. On landing, we found that the most of the people were away at their plantations. After leaving the village at the beach, we passed a fine cool-looking stream, and on ascending a rude set of steps, got to a market place, from which we had a fine view of the surrounding country. Near this was another village; and on going into the palaver house, a number of people soon collected around us, some of whom looked very much astonished when they saw Mr. Waddell put on a pair of spectacles. One of them sat down beside me with gun in hand and shot-bags over his shoulder. He paid little attention, at first, to what was said about divine things. Soon, however, he turned round, and apparently listened attentively to what Mr. W. said. He at last rose up, went right before him, leant upon his gun, and looked earnestly in his face so long as Mr. W. continued to speak. He said nothing afterwards, I trust, however, that the Holy Spirit deeply impressed upon his heart what he heard.

On leaving, we gave the people some fish-hooks, and sundry other little things, which seemed greatly to delight them. We left them all apparently well pleased, the most of the inhabitants accompanying us down to the beach. It seems a very healthy, and, in many respects, very desirable place for a new station. The country around is, I understand, thickly populated.