

days past together fifty years ago, and glorious days to come, Mr. Clayton repeated the 23rd Psalm, and prayed. When he was gone, my father said, that will be the last, I think."

A few days before my father's death, Mr. Arthur saw him. He was unable to make Mr. Arthur understand what he wished to say—but my mother interpreted the half-spoken words—"I wish to glorify God in dumbness."

To a friend, he said—I like to see that smile. Where I am going smile always answers to smile. It is not always so here."

One of these days he called one of his daughters to him, and said deliberately, though with great difficulty, "May the peace of God which passeth all understanding keep you heart and mind through Christ Jesus continually: give you grace and wisdom to train up all your children for eternity." He also gave directions to my mother respecting his funeral.

May 10th, Friday.—Two of us standing by him noticed his eyes fixed a long time as if gazing at something. When asked what it was, he answered "only fresh manifestations of God." Again, in the afternoon, "Open the gate." And again, "Still hoping for heaven." Late in the evening as he grew feebler we sung—

"My God the spring of all my joys," &c.

—He tried to put in a note or two. When we came to—

"The wings of love and arms of faith,
Should bear me conqueror through,"

He said distinctly, "Yes—faith—prayer—praise Him—for all that is past—trust Him"—the line was finished for him:—

"Trust Him for all that's to come."

—He went on, "For ever and ever; His name be glorified!"

Two of us watched by him, alternately, that night. He was heard to say faintly, "Happy—happy—bless the Lord!"

11th.—With the dawn of this morning came the conviction that "the long fight of bodily affliction" was all but over. He had ceased to take notice of the watchers by his side; yet on receiving aid from one of his servants who raised him into an easier position, he tried to speak more than once—and at last was heard to say, with his wonted courtesy—"Thank him for the relief." Shortly after his breathing changed. About half-past ten o'clock his family gathered round his bed. My mother repeated the words, "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for *thou* art with me." At these words, there was a slight but expressive motion of his head—the last sign of consciousness. Exactly as the clock struck twelve, his spirit passed away.

"The path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day." God give us grace that our path may so shine, and that hereafter we may find a higher life."