

when walking any distance. It was evident that there was a weakness in his back ; the spine was injured. This occasioned little Willie much suffering, and on this account he did not grow tall and strong as he would otherwise have done, for before he had measles he was a very healthy child.

For a number of years, however, William was healthy, and had a good appetite, and for the last year or two he did a great amount of work. He was a great assistance to his father. He took a great interest in all that was done on the farm. Indeed he was a companion to his father, who could always rely on what he said. If William said anything was done, his father was sure all was right.

In the fall of last year, however, William became unwell, he was troubled with palpitation at the heart, and he was evidently dropsical. The writer of this sketch went frequently to see him after he knew of his illness with the view of ascertaining the state of his mind, and pointing him to Jesus. His father was very anxious about his spiritual state, and yet was afraid to say much to him on the subject, as, owing to the nature of his trouble he needed to be kept calm and free from agitation. William was always very patient, never complained, said he was thinking of Jesus, and looking to Jesus. When the Rev. James Howie was spending a few days in Huntingdon, on his arrival in this country from Scotland, he along with the writer went to see William, and a little anecdote narrated by Mr. Howie was blessed to him ; it tended to fix his mind on the simple truth, that Jesus died for him, a sinner. For the benefit of our young readers especially, we shall tell this anecdote. A man of weak intellect, who was greatly addicted to drinking and profane swearing, came one day to hear a gospel preacher, who held a service in the open air. From that time the man came regularly to the little chapel where the preacher held forth the word of life, and seemed to take great interest in the services. He gave up drinking and swearing, and was to all appearance a changed man. One day Mr. Howie asked him if he was happy ; he replied that he was. What is it that makes you happy ? was the next question put to him. " He died for me, man," was the poor man's reply. This was all Mr. Howie could get from the man, but it was enough : it had changed poor Sandy's heart and made him a *new creature*. Sandy had very weak limbs, and his knees smote the one against the other, so that he had great difficulty in walking. One day Sandy said to a Christian friend, "There will be no bad legs, yon-