

the power and grasp of the roaring lion." He shared in all the secret struggles between the new man and the old ; and often he thanks God, who had given him the victory, through Jesus Christ his Lord." He adds : "It is all of grace—grace from first to last ; and I thank God that it is so, for if it were not all of grace—if anything depended on me, I would perish in the pit of woe."

The compiler of this article had more than one opportunity of familiar converse with Mr. M., both in his days of health and on his dying bed. His impression is deep and strong, that Mr. M., for his years, was remarkable for the extent and variety of his Christian experience, and gave unmistakable evidence of the reality and power of that deep-toned spiritual life within, which our blessed Lord so beautifully compares to "a well of water springing up into eternal life."

It was in summer and autumn of 1861 his health began to give way. His constitution was originally good, but he had been bruised internally by coming in contact with of a loaded waggon, and thus the region of the lungs was seriously affected ; and after some months of weakness and pain, he was wholly confined to bed. During the lapse of four months from the day of his confinement to bed to the day of his death, he evinced much uneasiness, but his mind was calm, and at times rose into extacies of joy. On Sabbath, August 25th, at or near midnight, while in deep meditation, he broke forth in singing the words of Psalm twenty-third : "The Lord's my shepherd, I'll not want ;" repeating eagerly the first eight lines. From that time till the moment he expired, whenever he spoke there seemed to be a halo of light divine encircling his brow. On Monday and Tuesday he conversed but little. He seemed constantly engaged with his God. On Wednesday, at 3 P. M., he desired to be raised up that he might lead in family worship, as it was his delight when in health to do. He spoke little till about 12 o'clock at night, when Satan seemed to make his last and most desperate assault. In a few moments he exclaimed with a heavenly smile : "the conflict is over ; the victory is won ; the victory is won." There is reason to think that the enemy never assailed him again ; at least there was no farther indication of it on his part.

Calm and serene he remained till midnight on Thursday, when he unfolded his arms wide, and exclaimed : "Fear not, friends ; all's right ; all's well." "I have been on the verge of the tomb three times, and I know not but I am there at present. God's will be done. My Saviour said to me, while passing through the valley and shadow of death, 'I will not leave thee, nor forsake thee ;' " and turning his head towards those at his bedside, he said : "If you put your trust in the Lord He will never leave you, nor forsake you." He next addressed a pious theological student, who had resided in the family while in the Mission service at the place, in these words : "Fear not the face of man ; do your duty faithfully and fearlessly." He also warned all professors of the danger of turning back, after they had once determined to devote themselves to the service of God. He then spoke to his sisters, as it were pointing to each : "To you, and to you, yea to all now present, I give the same advice—love and fear God."

At one o'clock on Friday morning his countenance was lit up with joy, and when the family were sitting round his bed, in a few moments he spoke aloud,