

had all their wonted vigor. He turned to Mr. Calvert, saying: "It is a solemn thing to die, very solemn."

His friend replied: "Mr. Wesley, in dying, clung to Jesus, and you do."

"Yes," he said, "I cleave to Jesus, and am right; I have nothing else to look to. He is all I have to trust in. If I look from him I am in a vortex; I have doubts and condemnation. But I have full faith in him. I have peace and pardon in him. I have no disturbance at all."

Then they saw how the saint addressed himself afresh to pray to the sinner's Saviour; and for sometime the moving of the white lips and aspect of the face told that he was engaged in intense and silent worship. Presently, as his eyes looked up with a bright joy that defied death, he exclaimed: "I want strength to praise him abundantly. I am very happy!"

Mrs. Hunt, who bent over him in the last effort of helpless love, asked, "Have you had a fresh manifestation of the love of God?"

"Yes," he answered: "Halleluia! praise the Lord Jesus! I do not depend on this," he added emphatically, and shaking his head: "I bless the Lord, I trust in Jesus."

Again there was a pause of silence, and the happy triumphant spirit of the Christian forced the dying flesh to do service of praise once more, "Now he is my joy! I thought I should have entered heaven singing, Jesus and salvation! Now I shall enter singing, Jesus, salvation, and *glory*, eternal glory!" In his ecstasy he tried to raise himself, but could not, and his head fell back, as he said, "Halleluia! Halleluia!" again and again. He already joined in the praise of paradise. "Halleluia!" he repeated twenty or thirty times, every time fainter, till his voice was hushed.

Presently he spoke again, and left messages to the other missionaries and their wives, to the native Christians and the chiefs, especially Thakombau. Afterward he prayed for his children, and urged them to live according to their mother's teaching and example. He solemnly committed that good and faithful woman to God's holy keeping, and asked heavenly blessing for a devoted native servant. Then he begged Mr. Calvert to pray.

About three in the afternoon his right arm rose, as if convulsively, and, as he turned on his side, grasping his fellow missionary Calvert, who put his arms around him. For a few minutes there was heavy and broken breathing, and then a solemn hush disturbed by the sob of a widow: "Lord comfort my poor heart!" and an earnest "Amen" from those who stood round.

Leaving his body in his brother's arms, John Hunt, the missionary, died.

JAMES ARMINIUS.

No list of Christian worthies, of men that moved the world, would be complete, if it omitted the name of James Arminius; a name destined to be had in remembrance, when christianity shall have attained its fullness and completion.