her who now mourns a sainted son. Through the earlier parts of his home correspondence we find constant allusions to this plighted hour of prayer. Thus, on November the fifteenth, he writes: "I could not account for some blessed thoughts and feelings which come over me again and again, I could not help saying to a friend that I felt as if they wer, praying for me at home. I rise into the assurance that God is over all and with me, ordering all things right, and I am in peace. Mother's hour is not forgotten." Again and again does he allude to this blessed covenant of devotion with his mother, which was seven here and midnight in Scotland. Another instance may suffice: "Tell mother whenever I hear the midnight strike, and I do so pretty often, I think that it is her exact hour, and a tear and a prayer are seen and heard by the Omniscient."

And now, it is touching and blessed to record that, as the weary pilgrim came towards the end of his pilgrimage, he, too, found the delectable mountains and the Beulah land, where no shadows of darkness or of doubt crossed his vision, but the "Lord was his light, and the days of his mourning were ended." Let him here speak for himself. Having alluded to his temporal condition, he says: "But these are small matters compared with what I have to write you to-day. How freely, fully, firmly, sweetly I have yielded to that love which I can withstand no longer. I cannot otherwise express the change of last night than by saying the power from above came over me suddenly. reviving every motion within me for God. I looked up and said, 'It is the Lord,' and, ever since, I have felt so sweetly resigned to the will of God, and so full of love to everybody and everything, that all former unpleasant feelings are gone, it seems, never to return. I cannot write; my heart has scarcely let my hand get through thus far, and my tears of joy are coming so plentifully, that they must have been noticed. No matter, I shall rejoice to confess. what they mean."

The fruit, rare and precious, of this baptism of the Spirit,

m

hi

til