

not his single. May his mantle fall on the young people of this church and congregation! From the outset of this church, Mr. Wickson appears to have been the guiding spirit, in Sunday-school instruction, tract distribution, arrangements for worship, and in securing a larger church edifice for the growing congregation, even in the absence of a settled minister. Nor did he and his excellent fellow-workers labour in vain, as the history and propagation of this church prove; for not a few have been led to Christ and greatly aided in their progress to the skies. No place was dearer or sweeter to him than the prayer meeting; no work was more facile to him than the apt and attractive instruction of children; and no aspect of the Christian life was more distinctive of him than the hope of heaven, which often found utterance in the words—

“Father, I faint, I long to see
The place of thine abode;
 I'd leave thine earthly courts and flee,
 Up to thy seat, my God.”

His habitual communion with God was often indicated by unconsciously audible ejaculations, as he walked by the way or engaged in business, and by the fact that in his own family few moments passed without his utterance of some passage of scripture, or some stanza of a hymn. His humility appeared in the expression of his wish that his epitaph should be the words of the Psalmist: “This poor man cried, and the Lord heard, and delivered him out of all his troubles.”

In suffering, as in action, God's grace was glorified in him. After acute pain, more or less, for many years of his life, he was, in the last year or two, unconscious of it, and he often expressed his sense of God's goodness to him in this exemption. He was accustomed to note his slowly failing strength, and say—“I am evidently lower, but it is all right;” and often added—“I surely cannot last long now.” Though sometimes *thinking himself dying*, death had no terrors for him; though sometimes in heaviness, he held fast the beginning of his confidence steadfast to the end; and though abashed before God by a sense of his utter unworthiness and the divine perfection, he was not left comfortless or long depressed.

Who can contemplate unmoved the close of such a life? While the outward man perishes, the inward man is renewed day by day. The Father of mercies and the God of all grace knows how to refine his children's hearts, and perfect their preparation for heaven. Both consciously and unconsciously, the work goes on; sometimes in doing, sometimes in suffering; sometimes rapidly, sometimes slowly; sometimes in a short life, sometimes in a long life; sometimes without unharnessing in either battlefield or workfield, sometimes, apparently long unemployed; but always under the mysterious influence of that Spirit whose emblem is the wind, always by the grace of Christ, and always to the glory of God the Father. In the gathering shadows and greater weakness of life's last days, *our beloved and honoured friend* was made conformable to all his Christian antecedents. To a venerable friend he said—“I am going home.” To a weeping relation he said—“Don't fret, we are all going to heaven.” To the last, he was conscious of his surroundings, saying—“I see you all;” and one of his last utterances was—“I trust in Jesus,” thus realizing the aspiration—

“Happy, if with my latest breath
 I may but gasp His name,
 Preach Him to all, and cry in death—
 Behold, behold the Lamb!”

Such a death is conquest, not subjection; such a death is home-going, not home-leaving; such a death is sunrise, not sunset.

“Mortals cry—‘A man is dead;’
 Angels sing—‘A child is born.’”