

shall bid farewell to all affliction and sorrow; then he shall be filled and encompassed with an ocean of bliss; then we shall see Jesus as he is, and be made like unto him. We shall be forever with one another, and forever with the Lord. That is a glorious prospect, and it is near! Yet a very little time, and it shall be disclosed to us in all its extent and beauty. The consideration of this should lead us to be resigned to all the appointments of Providence, and instead of mourning for those who have gone before, to be daily preparing for our own departure."

The calm and peaceful view of death, which the last of these extracts presents, he was enabled by Divine grace, to take, when it was no longer a matter of distant prospect. In October 1826, he thought he felt the first attack of a deadly disease. 'The sensation,' he says, 'produced a very solemn feeling. The first thought that passed through my mind was, Must I really die when I have done so little? And the second, Nothing can be more just than to cut me down at this time; for I have been a great sinner, and a most unprofitable servant. From the weakness of religious principle, and the strength of natural affection, I felt great regret at leaving my young family. But, on the whole, felt more resignation to the adorable will of God than I had anticipated. The will of the Lord be done.' And when, not in appearance merely, but in reality, a fatal disorder came, he was ready. Those near him had perceived a character of deeper earnestness in all his occupations, which rendered him (to use the beautiful expression of the editor of these volumes) 'like one who had already found himself in the twilight of the dark valley.' 'I can now lie down every night,' were his words to a dying parishioner, 'and feel no anxiety whether I awake in this world or in the world of spirits.' What a blissful comment on the words of the Psalmist, "When I awake, I am still

WITH THEM!" Summoned into eternity, after only four days illness, calmly and cheerfully he obeyed the call; and among the last sounds that escaped his lips, were the words 'GLORIOUS GOSPEL,' repeated again and again in seeming ecstasy. Thus he died, as he lived, preaching the word of the kingdom. Like the Spartan who had fallen in honourable battle, he was borne home on his shield—the shield of faith.

Need we say that, while he lived, his Master preserved him as the apple of his eye? Several remarkable instances of this are recorded in the chapter on providential deliverances and answers to prayer. One of them gives so striking a view of the goodness of God, in doing more abundantly than his servant asked, that we cannot refrain from inserting it.

"On the Lord's day, August 6, 1815, my eldest child, who was little more than eight months, and who had been seriously ill for many days, seemed in the morning to be growing worse. As the case was not desperate, I went to the church and proceeded through the forenoon service, in the hope that his complaint would take a favourable turn by the time that it was over. On my return I found him worse. I had left the people in the expectation of sermon in the afternoon, and therefore was again obliged, though with a painful heart, to ascend the pulpit. On the close of the last service, he appeared to be rapidly sinking; and on asking the surgeon his opinion of the case, he declared that the child could not long survive sunset. This confirmed all my fears; but since my dear child's decease was so near, I rejoiced that I had received warning of its approach; requested the surgeon to withdraw, and fell on my knees, with my wife by my side, by the bed of our infant. I cried to God that we would not contend with him—that our child and ourselves were wholly his—that we gave our infant as a free-will offering—that we were thankful that he had given us warning of his pleasure, and were glad, since such was his holy will, to have the privilege of surrendering voluntarily such a child into his hands. Again and again I cried, 'Father, glorify