

that rich vein of reflections with which we were privileged during his confinement in the year 1798, and which the nature of his fatal disease now impeded. In 1798, though he was torn with disease, yet his mind retained full vigour: but in his last illness his mind became emaciated as well as his body; and it need not be remarked, that a paralysis often makes as fatal an attack on the mind as on the body: in all cases it weakens, and in some deranges.

‘Nevertheless,’ continues his fair biographer, ‘through all obstacles, his mind, like the compass, tended ever and only to his one grand object,—his interest in his Saviour, and the infinite concerns of eternity. From this his attention could not be diverted by any subject of a temporal nature, save *one only*, and that with subordination and submission. Sometimes, when speaking of his continual need of unabating administration, and the consequent demands upon my health and spirits, he would say, looking at me with tender affection, “I earnestly wish that I could reward your labours, by leaving you an independency:”—but would add, with a firm faith on divine Providence, “I doubt not but that you and your children will be provided for after my decease. I can only look to that God who has so graciously taken care of and provided for me, who entered upon the world without any possessions.”

His evangelical views became more and more vivid latterly. He read such authors only as treated these views most simply. Arch-

ed him a continual source of satisfaction. He read them perpetually, and particularly his Sermon on 1 Cor. I. 30,—that on Cant. i. 3:—and two on Rom. viii. 33, 34. He earnestly wished that all his own writings had been of this description.

‘One evening, after reading the Bible for some hours, he said to me, “I derive my whole consolation from meditating on the Godhead and character of Jesus, in whom I place all my hope!” “Him hath God exalted with his right hand, to be a Prince and a Saviour,” “to give repentance to Israel and forgiveness of sins.”

‘His habit of reading remained with him to his last hours. He was wholly engaged in reading the choicest parts of such authors as Leighton, Trail, Boston, and Gurnall. This last he was reading at the moment when the apoplectic seizure took place. “Blessed is that servant whom his Lord, when he cometh, shall find so doing.” He read Gurnall’s Christian Armour, without intermission, during the last four days of his life; and expressed his having been much helped and benefited by that writer.

‘Notwithstanding the deep inroad which disease had made on his intellectual powers, whereby his enjoyment was eclipsed and his comfort overshadowed; yet I had the satisfaction of observing (as had some of those friends who had access to him) that, through all impediments, his real ripening for glory was manifest, as he travelled nearer and nearer to the grave,—in his child-like simplici-