

"From what you have said, I know that I shall soon go; this disease has done its work." My mother said, "I think, my dear, Mr. H. never said so." "But I have inferred as much. I have watched my own feelings. I know that every time I speak I am the worse for it." Then, turning to Mr. H., "I leave my family and my circumstances with comfort in the hands of God; and for myself," raising his eyes to heaven, "I am looking forward." Some time after, he said to my mother, "You are keeping me by your prayers." "No, indeed," she replied; "I only pray that God's will be done." "But you *will* feed me; what is the use? Why won't you let me go? I am not a Missionary; I cannot do any more good: though if I were able to do any more for God, I should be willing to be brought back; but God has shown me otherwise."

In the evening I raised his head to give him some nourishment, and repeated, "Father, I will that they whom thou hast given me," &c. He said, "My dear, the promises reach from the Cross to heaven, and I lie at the foot of the Cross." His cough was troublesome, but a short sleep refreshed him; and when the family returned from chapel he said many farewell words, though with some difficulty, and in short sentences. "I have been suffering all these months. It has been a great exercise. But now God has mercifully relieved me. I have no pain—no uneasiness. I've had gracious manifestations, not glorious, but quiet assurance. I felt it for two hours. The promises carry me right up to heaven. Christ is with me! Christ sent me this complaint! Blessed Lord! I thank Thee for taking away the pain, and making me so happy!" And more to the same purpose. When he was tired, we sang softly,

"For ever here my rest shall be," &c.,

He took part now and then with energy. In the course of the day he had said, "Meet me in heaven. I believe you all will." He now repeated, "Farewell." Then looking round, and missing one, he asked, "Is S—— here?" She came in that instant. "Thank God!" he said, as though he never thought to see us all together again. He took a most affectionate leave of Mr. Cox, saying fervently, "God bless you and your work!" Then as we were leaving him, (fearing lest he should be exhausted,) he grasped his hand, and, gathering his strength, said with strong feeling, "Success to China!"

His few remaining days he dosed almost continually, and towards night he wandered a little: now and then he revived. "But," he one day said, "I'm so occupied with heavenly things that I find it difficult to come back to earthly."

Thursday May 9.—His old friend and fellow-labourer in the Southwark Auxiliary Bible Society, the Rev. George Clayton, came to see him; and said that it was, he believed, a special answer to prayer that he found him alive. "I only heard of your illness," said he, "last week." I enquired at the Strangers' Friend Office, and at the Mission House, and met with nothing but discouragement. 'It's too late—impossible—you won't find him alive. "I only heard of your illness," said he, "last week. I enquired at the Strangers' Friend office, and at the Mission House, and met with nothing but discouragement. 'Its too late—Impossible—You won't find him alive.' But I felt convinced that you would be detained till I should see you." After a few words had been exchanged on happy