

would be for the best, and with that he trusted he could be perfectly content. He felt it to be his duty to use what means God placed within his reach to preserve his valuable life, though he had little confidence that the attempt would be successful; and accordingly he called in his family physician, strictly followed his advice, except, perhaps, when his zeal for the discharge of his public duties carried him out at a time when he ought to have been in his bed. Soon after he was confined to the house I spoke to him about making his will. He had made one some years before, but the altered circumstances of his family, having attained to comparative affluence, rendered it necessary for him to make another. When he had, in accordance with my suggestions, settled his worldly business, he felt relieved of a heavy burden and was much more able to give his undivided attention to better things than those of this world. As his spiritual adviser, I had little to do during the last illness of this good man but to help him on to heaven. I often thought that I derived more benefit from my visits to his sick room than I imparted; and this was also the feeling of my excellent friend and brother, the Rev. J. Stannage, who kindly took charge of my sick during a fortnight's absence in January last. He had for years been preparing for the approach of death, and he was found ready, when his last sickness came upon him. His confidence was well placed; for it was on the rock, Jesus Christ. He felt that, whilst he had no merits of his own, on which he could rely, he could yet trust with unwavering confidence to the rich merits of Christ for the salvation of his soul.