

Foreign Field, and barely enough to support them, we would have at least 20 or 30 and an overflowing treasury. Amid the deep revival movements now pervading the varied sections of our Zion, should we not look for increased zeal and energy. When the little working church at Ermelo is doing more for the cause of Christ than the whole Presbyterian Church of the Lower Provinces, do we not need reviving times that we may be stirred up to greater earnestness?

DEATH OF A MISSIONARY.

Rev. Gavin Martin, one of the United Presbyterian missionaries in India, has been called away to his rest. He succumbed to an attack of fever, after having been weakened by pleurisy. His brother says in the *Record*:

Although he seemed to sleep very much, his mind was so occupied with visions, for the most part so overpoweringly glorious, that they proved very exhausting to his poor, weakened frame.

As a specimen of these visions I give the following:—One day he, and a great many other sick people, were permitted to approach the throne of God, each to ask one question. As his question, he had made up his mind to ask how he might best glorify God; but just as he was about to speak he caught sight of his wife, and instead, asked that for her sake he might be spared a little longer. Thereupon he was met by such a frown as filled him with shame and fear; but as in dismay he turned from the throne, he heard a voice of infinite tenderness say to him, 'Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest,' and, falling into the arms of Jesus at once was comforted. Regarding the sight of Jesus, he afterwards remarked that he would not have lost it for worlds.

On Thesday the 20th he became much worse, but this had no effect in disturbing his mind. Hitherto we had avoided as much as possible, speaking to him, and he from exhaustion, did not care to speak much, although he sometimes found it very soothing to have my wife sing to him some of the hymns, in which he had been accustomed to find so much delight when in health; but this day at once to suggest a subject for his mind to rest upon, and to call forth some expression of his feeling, I quoted the passages, 'Being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ,' 'My peace I leave with

you,' etc., to which, after a little pause he replied, 'I have never had any darkness at all; I have always had comfortable assurance on that point.'

On Sabbath the 15th he expressed a wish to see the orphan children. All the children, and many people from camp and from neighbouring villages, had for many days been eagerly asking for him, and desiring to see him, but the doctors, fearing the consequences of such excitement, had hitherto forbidden it; but now that he himself expressed a desire to see the children they were all invited out from Nussereabad. First, during the day, the children and residents of Ashapura were admitted into his room; but he seemed hardly conscious of their presence, as they stood deeply moved round his bed. After a little, judging him too weak to speak to them, I asked them to retire. As they did so, his wife said to him, 'Gavin, have you nothing to say to the children?' He answered, 'I think not.' 'Nothing of the love of Jesus?' she inquired. The name of Jesus acted a charm upon his dormant mind, and once he roused himself, and said, 'Yes, certainly; where are they?' I answered, 'You are too weak to speak to them at present; tell me what you wish to say, and I shall deliver your message.' 'Tell them,' he said, 'to love Jesus now, to love Him always, and to love Him till he calls them home.' Then, calling God to witness, he promised my dying brother that, by the help of divine grace, I would labour faithfully and lovingly to bring every one of the orphan children to Jesus, so that not one of those whom we had unitedly sought to save should be wanting on the day of the Lord.

About ten o'clock in the evening the orphans and native Christians from Camp arrived. Before admitting them, they were warned, as they loved him, to restrain their feelings in his presence. Never have I witnessed a more affecting scene than that presented now, with this little group of children and native Christians, as they stood bathed in tears round the deathbed of their beloved friend and pastor. He was at first to address them as he lay, but he failed to articulate. Then, animated by the like love to souls, he struggled to sit up in bed. Supported by his wife and myself, he addressed them for a considerable time. Much of what he said was inarticulate, but a good deal could be distinctly made out. Of what I heard the following is a portion.

'My dear brothers, in a few days I die. I have had great hope in Jesus; it has all been realized. Jesus comforted and sustained me very abundantly. Let His words abide in your hearts, and they shall make you holy. Remember that I