

rative councils, or embracing a greater variety of religious work, from the great city congregation to the remote fishing villages of Newfoundland and to the new converts from paganism of the Naas river on the Pacific coast.

His arduous labours at length broke down even the vigorous constitution which had been severely tried by many years of unremitting service. Till the last year, or two years of his life, Dr. Williams had scarcely ever known what it was to be sick for a day. It was all the more hard, therefore, to desist from the work he so loved, especially as there were important questions in the practical solution of which he earnestly wished to take part. But after repeated attempts to undertake work for which he was physically unable, he reluctantly gave up the effort, and became a patient prisoner on his couch. To the present writer he said it was a severe struggle to give up his work, to surrender to inaction and to the prospect of soon passing from the stage of action where so much was to be done, in the doing of which he longed to take part; but, he said, the struggle was all past and he was waiting calmly the will of God. The disease from which he suffered was a very painful one, but through it all he exemplified the patience and resignation of the true Christian. He found great comfort in repeating, and in having Mrs. Williams read to him the Scriptures and the grand old hymns of early Methodism. In one fine hymn of Oliver's he especially delighted, and quoted it with deep fervour:

"The God of Abraham praise,
Who reigns enthroned above
Ancient of everlasting days
And God of love."

With moistened eye and shaken voice he repeated the lines:

"He calls a worm His friend,
He calls himself my God,
And He shall save me to the end,
Through Jesus' blood."

"That," he said, "is my religious experience."

On a subsequent occasion, to Dr.

Johnston and myself he said, "I cannot tell you, not merely with what divine power, but with what divine sweetness, these words come over my soul. They are like the breath of the new-mown hay from a meadow in June."

The closing weeks of his life were filled with much suffering and with repeated shocks of sorrow and bereavement. First came a telegram from Montreal that his daughter, Mrs. Ross, was alarmingly ill. It was a great shock to his heart, and the prolonged suspense and anxiety as to her health told heavily on his strength. But a still severer blow was to follow. His daughter, Mrs. Boice, who had come from Texas to be with him in an illness that was foreseen would probably prove fatal, was in turn stricken down, and, after weeks of painful illness, passed away. From this shock he never rallied, and within a week he followed her to the spirit world. It was a touching scene; surrounded by his loving family—his five sons, his two daughters, and by his grief-stricken wife, the dying Christian soldier and saint passed into unconsciousness and quietly glided away.

"Servant of God, well done!

Rest from thy loved employ;

The battle's fought, the victory won,
Enter thy Master's joy."

Dr. Williams was a man of broad sympathies, of deep and tender affections. His was a cheerful, sunny type of piety. There was in it nothing sombre or austere. He especially delighted in the grand old hymnody of Methodism. He was a man, of rich musical culture, and did much to improve the congregational singing of the Methodist Churches by his labours in editing a series of books on the Church hymnody and on that of the Sunday-school. His last labour of this kind was on the new Canadian Hymnal, which was issued during the last weeks of his illness. This, he said, in committee, is the last work of the sort that I shall do. But he entered into it with zest, and ever and anon would break out in sacred song in his rich, musi-