

the force of this scripture, "The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin," for the cleansing blood was applied to my conscience continually, and the inner man was kept in perfect peace. I failed to do my duty at this time, for the man said to me in reply to my telling him that I thought I was going to die, "You have to live to sin more." It came to me in a moment, "Tell him you live to sin no more." But I was afraid of censure and reproach, and God has enabled me to understand His word, and remember this Scripture: "Whosoever is ashamed of me and of my words, of him will I be ashamed," &c.

The Funeral of John Burns.

On the morning after his death I was summoned to attend the funeral of my beloved father. He was laid out in his own clothing, and on his body was the shirt God showed me to make nearly twelve months before, and commanded me to not let any machine sewing be found on it. This was a mystery to me, but it was a far greater mystery why the Lord should condescend to let me know so fully his will as to tell me to take buttons off a garment of my own to put on it, so as to show how much he loved me; for God said afterwards that he would have given his life to have seen me. But this was what I never expected, for the high and lofty One, who inhabiteth eternity, and yet condescends to talk with His people below, said to me as my father left my dwelling in Thornhill, "Those grapes are black," referring to some fruit I had handed to him. It then came to me to give him a small piece of cheese. The Holy Spirit said, "Grapes are black, and the cheese is mouldy. Do you see there is the coffin and the mould." This startled me, and after I had bidden him good-bye in my own house, and said to him :

Here's my heart, and here's my hand,
To meet you in that heavenly land,
Where parting is no more.

I went to the front door and watched him as long as I could see him, and as his last foot was set in the Thornhill stage, God