

them?" asked my mother. "The saints in all ages. I am not like any of them." After a while she turned his thought, saying, "But you are not going to let go Christ. You have no fear of the future." He shook his head, and smiled at the thought, "Oh dear, no!" he said.

Later in the evening, he found fault with himself for not rejoicing more in the prospect of heaven, and mentioned the opposition of Satan, ending with great energy, "But He will never suffer the enemy to touch His own work!"

April 19th.—This morning described, as he often did, his feelings as night came on. "I look around. Where am I? There is a plain all round; the word of God—a rock in the midst of the plain—the Cross on the rock. Here is God's word, full of promises—precious promises—great promises. I am in the midst of them: they abound; but they all centre there"—pointing before him, as though in the silence and darkness the Cross was a vision ever present to his imagination—"there, in the cross! If I can but have faith enough to hold that—all are Yea and Amen!"

Next day, on the same subject, he remarked, "I never saw faith, and hope, and patience in such a light before. I feel ashamed of them—as though I ought to make an apology for them in the presence of all these promises!" He wept while he spoke, this Sabbath morning, of God's goodness, and though what he said differed little from his usual expressions of trust in the promises of God, his whole tone and manner showed that he was under a very special visitation of the Comforter.

25th.—Before my mother went to hear the President at the Centenary Hall, he said,—"My love to them;" (the Missionary Secretaries,) "tell them that last night is, I think, the best night I have had in the best things: a contrast to the beginning of my sickness. There was then a conflict, with doubts and fears. Now, I see my Father's hand in it. I rest in Him. I've laid awake meditating, and His arm has been underneath me, if I mistake not." Then, referring to the meeting to be held the following Monday, "Oh! how I should like to have them here! But it's my Father's hand."

27th.—Before the China Breakfast Meeting, he said, "Things grow brighter." In the afternoon Mr. Cox went into his room. He shook his hand heartily, saying, "Ah, my dear friend, I'm glad to see you!" Mr. Cox assured him that his thoughts and prayers had been with him. He responded, "Considering all I have suffered, or seemed to myself to suffer, I don't know what I should have done without the prayers of God's people." "The Lord bless you and keep you! I believe He will keep you. The Lord prosper the work of your hands and give you peace! The Lord fulfil in you all the good pleasure of His goodness, and the work of faith with power! The Lord be with you for ever and ever, Amen!"

From May 1st, he had great difficulty in breathing through congestion of the lungs; not, however, attended with much pain.

5th was Sunday. About three o'clock in the afternoon we all saw a decided alteration. My mother and a medical friend stood by him; the pulse was almost gone; they thought him dying. He was restored by stimulants, but seemed to regret it, and said to one of his daughters who came in, "Tell them to let me go!" To his usual medical attendant—