

poor dear mistress be?" He replied, "God will be her all in all." He had always delighted much in these words,

Jesus' blood, through earth and skies,
Mercy, free boundless mercy, cries.

Whenever I repeated them to him, he would answer, *Boundless! boundless! boundless!* He now added, though with great difficulty,

Mercy's full power I soon shall prove,
Loved with an everlasting love.

On Saturday afternoon his fever seemed quite off, and a few friends standing near the bed, he reached his hand to each, and, looking on a Minister, said, "Are you ready to assist to-morrow?" His recollection surprised us, as the day of the week had not been named in his room. Many believed he would recover; and one said, "Do you think the Lord will raise you up?" He strove to answer, saying, "Raise me up in the Resur,"—meaning the resurrection. To another, asking the same question, he said, "I leave it all to God."

In the evening the fever returned with violence, and the mucus falling upon his throat almost strangled him. It was supposed the same painful emotion would grow more and more violent to the last. As I felt this exquisitely, I cried to the Lord to remove it; and, glory be to his name, he did. From that time it returned no more. As night drew on, I perceived him dying very fast. His fingers could hardly make the sign, (which he scarce ever forgot,) and his speech seemed quite gone. I said, "My dear creature, I ask not for myself, *I know thy soul*; but for the sake of others, if Jesus is very present with thee, lift thy right hand." He did. "If the prospect of glory sweetly opens before thee, repeat the sign." He immediately raised it again; and, in half a minute, a second time: he then threw it up, as if he would reach the top of the bed. After this, his dear hands moved no more: but on my saying, "Art thou in much pain?" He answered, "No." From this time he lay in a kind of sleep, though with his eyes open and fixed. For the most part he sat upright against pillows, with his head a little inclining to one side: and so remarkably composed and triumphant was his countenance, that the least trace of death was scarcely discernible in it.

Twenty-four hours he was in this situation, breathing like a person in common sleep. About thirty-five minutes past ten, on Sunday night, August 14th, his precious soul entered into the joy of his Lord, without one struggle or groan, in the fifty-sixth year of his age.

And here I break off my mournful story: but on my bleeding heart the fair picture of his heavenly excellence will be forever drawn. When I call to mind his ardent zeal, his laborious endeavours to seek and save the lost; his diligence in the employment of his time; his Christ-like condescension towards me, and his uninterrupted converse with heaven; I may well be allowed to add, my loss is beyond the power of words to paint. I have gone through deep waters: but all my afflictions were nothing compared to this.

Well: I want no pleasant prospect, but upwards; nor any thing whereon to fix my hope but immortality.

On the 17th his dear remains were deposited in Madeley churchyard, amidst the tears and lamentations of thousands. The service was performed by the Rev. Mr. Hatton, Rector of Waters-Upton, whom God enabled to speak in a pathetic manner to his weeping flock. In the conclusion, at my request, he read the following paper:

"As it was the desire of my beloved husband to be buried in this plain manner, so, out of tenderness he begged that I might not be present. And in all things I would obey him.

"Permit me, then, by the mouth of a friend, to bear my open testimony to the glory of God, that I who have known him in the most perfect manner, am constrained to declare, that I never knew any one to walk so closely in the ways of God as he did. The Lord gave him a conscience tender as the apple of an eye. He literally preferred the interest of every one to his own.

"He was rigidly just, but perfectly loose from all attachment to the world. He shared *his all* with the poor, who lay so close to his heart, that, at the approach of death, when he could not speak without difficulty, he cried out, 'O my poor!' what will become of my poor?' He was blessed with so great a degree of humility as is scarcely to be found. I am a witness, how often he has rejoiced, in being treated with contempt. Indeed, it seemed the very food of his soul, to be little and unknown. When he desired me to write a line to his brother, if he died, I replying, 'I will write him all the Lord's dealings with thee;' 'No, no,' said he, 'write nothing about me. I only desire to be forgotten. *God is all.*'

"His zeal for souls I need not tell you. Let the labours of twenty-five years, and a martyr's death in the conclusion, imprint it on your hearts. His diligent visitation of the sick occasioned the fever which, by God's commission, tore him from you and me. And his vehement desire to take his last leave of you, with dying lips and hands, gave, it is supposed, the finishing stroke, by preparing his blood for putrefaction. Thus has he lived and died your servant. And will any of you refuse to meet him at God's right hand in that day?

"He walked with death always in sight. About two months ago, he came to me and said, 'My dear Love, I know not how it is, but I have a strange impression, Death is very near us, as if it would be some sudden stroke upon one of us. And it draws out all my soul in prayer, 'Lord, prepare the soul thou wilt call. And, O stand by the poor disconsolate one that shall be left behind.'

"A few days before his departure, he was filled with love in an uncommon manner, saying to me, 'I have had such a discovery of the depth of that word, *God is love*, I cannot tell the half. O shout his praise.' The same he testified as long as he had a voice, and continued to testify to the end, by a most lamb-like patience, in which he smiled over death, and set his