

of sin. He felt and confessed himself to be a sinner, helpless in himself and undone, except through the intercession of Jesus Christ. He believed firmly in the reality of the Saviour's atonement, and the prevalence of his intercession, but felt not that confidence in his own simple reliance upon it which many attain. He felt the truth but not the comforts of the gospel; in this he shared with many most eminent saints whose last days were passed under a cloud: such in late times were the excellent Mr. Scott the Commentator, and the amiable Leigh Richmond, whose works have been so justly celebrated. They were persons whose judgments had been much exercised, and who, accustomed to detect self-deceit in others, justly dreaded it in themselves. Indeed, he acknowledged when making a profession of his faith in Jesus, that he could not speak with the same confidence of himself that he heard many do, and this feeling of uncertainty deepened painfully as he felt certain that life was drawing to a close; and he longed and prayed with great earnest for a sense of entire security. His frequent expression was, "O for an assurance of interest in Christ!" But prayer was offered up for him, and it was heard, for on the forenoon of the evening in which he died the cloud was removed; he was enabled to look away from himself as a guilty creature, and to look to Jesus as the author and finisher of his faith. Then, so far from fearing death, he longed for its approach; and when specially asked if he felt that it would be a relief, he plainly intimated his confidence that it would, and prayed "Even so come Lord Jesus come quickly." He was sensible of his rapid decline; knew what progress the fell destroyer was making, and could depict with graphical exactness his peculiar state. When asked if he felt much pain, he answered that he could bear specific pain much better, but that now he seemed melted into one common mass. He was sensible of the loss of discrimination by his palate, and found his extremities gradually become cold. Finally, about a quarter past nine o'clock on Saturday evening, in the midst of his relatives and christian friends, in perfect composure, so stillly that it was uncertain at what precise moment, though the Doctor was watching his ceasing pulse, he fell asleep. His latter end was peace.

"So grant me God, from earthly care,
From pride and passion free,
Aloft through faith and love's pure air
To hold my course to thee.

No lure to tempt, no art to stay
My soul as home she springs,
Thy sunshine on her joyous way,
Thy freedom on her wings."