

9th. This day he lay some hours in a disturbed sleep. Bidding me good night, he whispered, "I want you to know how much consolation I have. My language seems to be always this:—

"'No condemnation now I dread,
Jesus, and all in Him, is mine;
Alive in Him My living Head,
And clothed in righteousness divine,
Bold I approach the eternal Throne,
And claim the crown, thro' Christ my own.'"

About this time, a Christian friend visiting him, he said, "All my life long—from a child to a child—God has led me."

10th. Talked of heaven; seemed to fear we should think him selfish in wishing to go. "It is not that I wish to be free from pain and to leave sorrow to you. But what can I do for you now? I can only lie here helpless: and the sooner I go, the sooner I shall be ready to welcome you." He listened to a hymn sung, and "wished he could hear it all night." "Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever—that's the most perfect melody." Again, he said, "Hundreds of texts pass through my mind; but not one in the slightest degree shakes the foundations of my trust in the truth of God."

16th. "When I have been brought to the last extremity of suffering, then it seemed to my apprehension as though he said, Hitherto shalt thou come but no further."

March 17, Sunday.—While the rest were at chapel, he called me to him, "I'll tell you what I've been thinking. There are many general promises in the word of God; enough to rest upon. But, I think without presumption we may lay hold of some particular ones. This:—'Blessed is he that considereth the poor—Thou wilt make all his bed in sickness.' So, often, when the nurses have done their best, and I have used all the appliances, which my long experience in this illness has taught me to try for the alleviation of pain and uneasiness, I feel—I can do no more—they can do no more—now I am with *Thee*. Do thou undertake for me? Thou wilt make all my bed in sickness. If it be Thy will grant me what I want. I cease from man, I am in the everlasting arms."

March 22.—Parting with Dr. Hannah and Mr. Jackson; delighted to see them.

Early part of April his appetite failed much.

9th Evening.—A severe paroxysm of pain came on, very distressing to witness. Coldness like that of death, and a tremor shaking his whole frame. We heard his whispered pleadings for the dismissal from the suffering body, or else grace to bear the dreadful pain. When the means used had brought some relief, and he began to think of the possible frequent recurrence of such agony, he again prayed for grace; but added quickly, "I have it. God has given me more grace; for I am more willing to bear pain." This was the last season of severe suffering.

18th.—He began to speak of the mercies of God—"Infinite mercies! I ought to be all gratitude." Then of the greatness of God. "When I think of Him!—(I am thankful to Him for creating me, preserving me, redeeming me, but—) I wonder why I have existed! I am nothing before Him—nothing at all. I am not like the saints." "Which of