

daily walk with God so close and hallowed, to give extracts from his letters, his notes on passages of Scripture, &c., to select a few of the filial reminiscences that form one touching chapter of the memoir, and to paint the closing scenes of a career so marked with displays of the goodness and grace of God. But this sketch, already so protracted, must draw toward a close. Spared to a remarkable age, never the subject of painful infirmity until the few closing months of his life, blest with uniform health and a wondrous flow of spirits, happy in having his quiver full of dutiful, affectionate and successful children, his last years passed under the ministry of his son Newman, at Surrey Chapel, fervent in zeal, abundant in labour, and happy in God, nature at length yielded to decay, and breathing forth the name of Jesus "the wheels of life stood still at last," and he was caught up to the companionship of the redeemed in heaven.

"What welcomes greeted him! From many dear friends gone before, with whose hearts his own had beaten in warm response as they spake of Jesus—from hundreds, perhaps thousands of ransomed souls who had been guided to heaven by his instrumentality—from the angels to whom he had given so much blissful work in their 'rejoicing over one sinner that repenteth,'—above all from Him whose name had so long been music to his ears—the thought of whom had so long ravished his heart."

Before his death, he had told his about-to-be-widowed partner where to find a letter after his decease. It closes thus: "Grieve not dearest that your ever tenderly loved husband is taken from you only to be *restored* in the Lord's time, but rather *rejoice* that his soul is relieved from its tenement of clay, to be 'forever with the Lord.'" Yes, *forever* with the Lord. I hope there may be no presumption in the assertion, nothing rash, irreverent, or bold—nothing unbecoming a poor redeemed sinner, in whose heart the Lord Jesus has held occupation so many years—ever a million, million times welcome guest,—always the *delight* of my life, the *joy* of my soul.

"Our blessed, merciful God will never leave you, never forsake you. We have *proved* and *experienced* his faithfulness.

"As my soul has long mourned over my sin with deep repentance, my God has forgiven it too—but I have never forgiven *myself*, nor have I ever ceased to feel the deepest sorrow. But God be praised, 'the precious blood of Christ cleanseth from *all* sin,' yes, even from my sins, crimson as they are. And oh! what special mercy that I have long been delivered from all fear as to the article of *death* or the *act* of dying. Whether my body expire in agony, or in peace and gentleness, I know the Lord will give me *dying* grace, and I wish to know no other will than His. I love Him too warmly to distrust Him a single moment."

John Vine Hall was no common man. And he was no common Christian. By nature he possessed many fine qualities which, hallowed by grace, made him an eminent servant of God. He had physical manliness and courage, and these dedicated to the best of causes, made him "a good soldier of Jesus Christ." He was a conscientious Nonconformist, and while courteous to all, bold and uncompromising. In business he was a pattern of diligence, punctuality and prudence. Maxims like those of old Richard were always in his memory and on his tongue. He was generous and unselfish. Discovered imposition never induced him to stay his givings. Being in the bookselling line, he supplied his minister with books and stationery without charge, in addition to his regular contributions, and as deacon when the subscriptions