

as a memorial of affection to you. By this time probably you are a preacher of the everlasting Gospel, and may you be able to say with my dear brother lately departed, at 77 years of age, "I thank God that the object of my sermons has ever been to bring sinners to Christ." I am now very old, about 77 years, and our God has mercifully given me two hints of late, that my time of departure is at hand; I have been suddenly deprived of one of my senses, and dear Biekersteth, who used to call me his father, is just gone before me. I cannot last long, but God has given me to see a wonderful day, in which the day-spring from on high has visited us, and we have seen about fourteen Bishops sent out to our colonies, to bless the churches there established. God Almighty be praised! and one sent out to call you, I trust, into the ministry. I rejoice greatly in that event, and am sorry that my age and absence prevented my giving and receiving his blessing before he left. May he and his fellow Bishops be a rich blessing to the colonies, and the Lord give the word that great may be the company of the preachers.

Perhaps this may be my last, as I am nearly the eldest of my day. I have been honoured with the ministry of our Saviour now nearly fifty-three years: God help me and receive my poor exertions, and forgive me for my dear Saviour's sake, in whom alone I desire to be found and to be complete in Him. May God bless you and your wife and children, and your Bishop, and bind us all up in the bundle of life for his dear Son's sake; so prays, my dear Henry Budd,

Your affectionate father,

HENRY BUDD.