

stored as to be able to ride, he visited several of his friends: and by the first of April, he had regained his health, so as to enable him to attend the Quarterly Meeting. Such was his anxiety to labour for the Glory of God in the conversion of souls, that he could not be persuaded, even by the earnest entreaties of his friends, from engaging again in that employment in which he formerly expressed so much delight; accordingly he commenced his tour on the circuit and attended a few appointments, but from the zealous manner of his preaching, it was soon found he was rapidly losing his health, which from this time continued to decline.

During his illness, he was visited by several of his friends, to whom he uniformly expressed his confidence and trust in the God of all grace and mercy; that he would provide for him here and at last receive him to himself. A little before his death, he was visited by his colleague, brother Brown, who, in conversing with him on the hope of his acceptance with God, was satisfied that his hope was well founded; having his anchor cast into that which is within the vail. On the Sabbath two days previous to his death, he was visited by brother Pattison, to whom he evinced much interest in the concerns of the Church, and affection for his brethren in the Ministry, by the inquiries which he made concerning the transactions of the Conference, and the satisfaction he manifested from the answers given. In conversation, brother Pattison said, "I never expect to see you again in this world, as I see you are fast going to your grave"—with a smile he answered, "I suppose not, but when our labours close, I trust we shall meet in Heaven." On Monday he appeared much better, but about two o'clock on Tuesday morning, a visible change had taken place for the worse. His wife, alarmed at his situation, expressed her desire to send for some of their friends; but he objected by saying, he would soon get better, and not until about day-light, would he consent to have them sent for, and on the arrival of his friends, although it was evident that death was fast doing his work, he would reach out his hand and receive them with a smile. On some one saying, "brother Simons you are dying"—he replied, "do you think so?" Being answered in the affirmative, well, said he, "then it will soon be over with me," and with this same composure of mind he left this world of sorrow, for a place of rest, where his work shall follow him.