

him to his work, his confidence in God, and his faith in the Divine promises, brought to his aid such measures of Divine influence, as made all in his presence feel that he spake as he was moved by the Holy Ghost. At the quarterly love-feast previous to his death his experience was made a blessing to the meeting, and those who were present will not soon forget the manner in which he concluded his remarks in the language of one of his favorite verses :

“ Nothing I ask or want beside,
Of all in earth or heaven ;
But let me feel thy blood applied,
And live and die forgiven.”

His piety, talents, and wealth, gave him a prominent place in the Church, but his influence was never used in the way of coercion. He listened respectfully to the views of his brethren, and never manifested displeasure when they thought and voted contrary to him. His liberality in supporting all the Institutions of the Church is too well known to require more than a mere mention here. He was the young man's friend ; and not a few of our preachers, struggling with pecuniary difficulties, have been assisted by him in a quiet but substantial manner. His appreciation of the Missionary Society, and of Victoria College, was manifested by large and frequent donations ; and the latter institution is indebted to him for provision for the permanent establishment of a “ Theological Chair.”

He attended church, and met his classes for the last time on the 12th of May last. During the following week he and Mrs. Jackson started on a visit to some friends in the Western States. While there he contracted a cold, which developed in the form of an abscess on the thigh. He returned to Hamilton, and under the treatment of his physicians was apparently recovering ; but on the Wednesday previous to his death, new and somewhat alarming symptoms presented themselves. He was seized with spasms of the heart, which returned at intervals, occasioning great distress for a few moments and then passing away. He was not, however, confined to bed, and on the day of his death was seemingly better than usual. I visited him after the evening service, and found him happy in God. He said to me, “ I have had a comfortable day, no pain, no fear, and yet I have a strange presentiment that the end is very near.” The Rev. Mr. Benson and a few friends subsequently came in, when he requested the company to be seated in the parlor, that Brother Benson might “ sing some of the beautiful songs of Zion.” Duty called me to another sick room, and I shook hands with Mr. Jackson in the hall, little thinking that in half-an-hour he would be in the world of spirits. A few of his favorite pieces were sung, when Mr. Benson led in prayer. When the petition was offered that “ no cloud might be permitted to come between his soul and God,” he earnestly responded “ Amen,” and at that moment he gently fell into the arms of a friend who knelt beside him, and without a struggle or groan his spirit passed away to heaven. It seemed more like a translation than death.

His funeral was the largest ever seen in Hamilton, and was attended by ministers and friends from London on the west to Cobourg on the east. His great aversion to everything like display, and eulogies of the dead, led to the