

in his state, and he concluded to go to Bermuda, and remain there until the navigation of the St. Lawrence should open. At Bermuda he was kindly received by his friends, who did all they could to promote his comfort; but at this period he was so reduced by his complaint that he could not lie down to sleep—they pitied him and wept over him; but he longed to get home, as he still felt that all hope of recovery was over. After having spent a month in Bermuda, he again ventured to undertake a voyage, and sailed for Baltimore. During the voyage his mind was painfully exercised by the thought, that should he live to reach that port, he was now going to a strange place, and might die there unknown, and find a stranger's grave. But when the vessel arrived, a gentleman came on board, and recognizing an old friend in Mr. B., took him to his own house and treated him with the greatest kindness. After resting a few days at Baltimore, he set out on his journey for Montreal by the way of New York, and reached his family on the 9th of May, but in so exhausted a state, that it seemed he could not have endured another day's travel. "How he accomplished this voyage and journey home," he observed, "was known only to his Maker;" adding, "I prayed that I might be permitted to return to die. God has granted my request, and the hope of reaching home stimulated and sustained me. Beside all this, the Almighty put it into the hearts of the people wherever I went to be kind and attentive to me. I see his hand in all the kindness I have experienced."

Returning home in a *confirmed consumption*, he saw that it was the will of God he should preach no more; yet still wishing to be useful while he lived, he hoped to be able to meet a class in his own house, but even this expectation failed—he took to his bed, and from that time seemed to consider his work on earth finished, and to view death as very near. For him, however, it had no sting; he could say, "Whenever it comes I have no uneasiness about it. Death is a conquered enemy through the Saviour." He seemed deeply to feel his own unworthiness, and sometimes thought that he had not been so faithful even in preaching as he ought to have been, but his refuge and the language of his faith then was—"O the Atonement! THE GREAT ATONEMENT!" On one occasion he said, "I never placed much confidence on death-bed repentances, and I am convinced they are not to be relied on, for I could not now repent;" meaning that his debility and affliction were too great for him to be able to attend to the work of repentance. For the unremitting attentions of his affectionate friends and kind Doctor (Campbell) he was truly grateful. With a peaceful smile indicating the serenity of his mind, he ever received them in their visits, and in the same tranquil and happy frame he bid them farewell when they retired. His language was, "Lord reward them for their kindness to thy unworthy servant." He was deeply concerned for the spiritual welfare of his family, and when reminded that in giving advice he talked too much, considering his weakness, his reply was, "Do let me speak to my children while I can." The concerns of the church rested much on his mind, and he repeatedly enquired if the congregations were good, and if the classes were well attended; and when he

heard a good report would say, "That is well, the Lord be praised." But when told of any declension, he would say, "That sinks my spirits, O that the Lord may revive his work." He suffered much pain at times, which, however, he was assisted to bear with patience. His acquaintance with medical science, enabled him to anticipate and mark the progress of his disorder, with an exactness painful to his family and friends. When occasionally a little relieved and revived, he would say—"I do not feel glad when I rally—to die is gain." When reminded that a brother Missionary just before his death said, "Tell them, when they put me into the grave, brother Osborne goes down with a smile, and will ascend with a shout," his countenance brightened, and the tear of joy started from his eye—having the same prospect of a glorious resurrection. Being asked if he felt that he could commit his family and all his temporal concerns into the hands of God, and if in doing so he felt saved from all distressing anxiety about their temporal welfare: he said, he had committed himself, his family and his all, into the hands of the Almighty, and he believed that all would be well.

Three days before death the hiccup came on in a most distressing manner: and when means were used to alleviate his suffering he observed—"It is all of no use, this is the *harbinger*, I shall not be surprised if I go to-day, good is the will of the Lord." On the morning of the day on which he died, the Doctor called, and observing the change which had taken place in his Patient, told him how long he thought he might live, or rather how very near he thought death to be. The intelligence seemed to comfort rather than to alarm him, and when his afflicted partner began to weep, he said, "Weep not, you ought rather to rejoice." Through the forenoon, his sufferings were intense on account of suffocation. "O," he exclaimed, "shall I ever breathe again! O pray for patience!" Mrs. B. said, "my dear the conflict will soon be past"—"Yes," he replied, "never to return." He asked her to repeat a verse of a hymn which he loved often to repeat himself, and which begins "Fixed on this ground will I remain," &c. But she happening to forget a few of the words, he assisted her to proceed with the remaining lines. At the close, his countenance beamed with joy, while with much fervour and emphasis he exclaimed—

"Mercy's full power I then shall prove,
"Loved with an everlasting love."

Through the whole of his affliction he was graciously preserved from temptation, and though during the last struggle with disease and death, the enemy was permitted for a season to harass his mind, the conflict, though severe, was short. It was Satan's last effort, and peace and confidence soon returned. Mrs. B. remarked, "You are now walking through the dark valley;" he replied "I am, and what should I now do if the Saviour was not with me?" After a while she enquired, "Is your mind still kept in peace?"—"As comfortable as my sufferings will admit," was his reply. He then repeated—

"A mortal paleness on my face,
"But glory in my soul."

He then said, "My hands and left foot are dead,"

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