

reliance upon the Divine arm, and a calm, patient resignation. The self-forgetfulness and interest in others which had characterized him in health was strongly exhibited in the sick-room amid all his sufferings. He was constantly urging his attendants to go out and take the air, and was fearful their tireless efforts for his comfort might bring them down. An instance of destitution in the family of one in his employ came to his notice, and he seemed for the time to lose sight of his own condition in his deep concern for their welfare.

During his illness fervent prayer ascended from every altar that life might be spared. He was told how a little band of workmen had gathered in the cottage prayer-meeting and made his recovery their earnest supplication. The account of such affection and interest brought tears to his eyes, and he exclaimed, "Everybody is so kind to me, and I am not worthy of it."

To contribute to the happiness of such a soul is at once a privilege and a delight. Amid the weary hours of watching and waiting, Charles was blessed with the sweet counsels and frequent visits of his old friend and beloved pastor, Rev. Hugh Johnston. The smiles and good cheer brought into the sick-room by this messenger of peace and salvation were a great benediction to the suffering friend. The faithful pastor was most attentive in his ministrations, and was at the bedside of his loved friend during the dying hour. What a wondrous scene was that when the last victory was won, and death was swallowed up in life. We would pause and recount the graces and triumphs of that afternoon. How hallowed are its memories—it was a fitting climax to an honored life. It was not like a death scene—it was a solemn leave-taking. Sorrowful and sad were those who remained, but the departing one was so happy—his face was radiant, it was glorified. The king of terrors was robbed of its sting; the Christian faith had banished every fear. It was a wonderful triumph—the loved one was never so well situated and fitted to live as now when he is suddenly called to surrender life and all, which he does without the least murmur.

Although so young and life had so much promise—promise in business, in the family, in the church and in society, still all was yielded up to God, and he exclaimed "I have no desire to live," and at another time "I am going home to Jesus if He wants to take me." The voice which had been for days so weak was now strong and