

Vindication and Death

of sympathy were not wanting. Most cordial invitations to speak in many of the great churches, and especially at the great missionary meetings, which are such marked events in many parts of the country, were continually being received.

He was wearied and exhausted, and in great need of rest. Only his iron constitution, and the consciousness of his rectitude and faith in God, had upheld him. But he was a prematurely old man. Although not yet fifty years of age, he had crowded into the last twenty-five years, work enough for a half a dozen busy lives. His best friends would have held him back, but that was impossible. Work he must, and would, as long as life should last.

There were two things ever before him. Very different were they, and yet both were incentives to keep him always at the fullest stress of toil. There was first the joy, that through "abounding grace," he had triumphed so signally against the conspiracies, which had been so cunningly designed to rob him of his Christian character; and that he was once more in the sight of men, as he had always been in God's sight, innocent of the foul charges. This made him ever anxious now to meet the vast multitudes, and, in his new freedom, lift up his head in the sight of heaven and tell the thrilling story of the triumphs of the blessed gospel.

There was also another reason. The one so sad, that was ever before him. His many friends seeing his haggard looks and failing health, had