

“ He was rigidly just, but perfectly loose from all attachment to the world. He shared *his all* with the poor, who lay so close to his heart, that at the approach of death, when he could not speak without difficulty, he cried out, “ *O my poor ! What will become of my poor ?* ” He was blest with so great a degree of humility, as is scarce to be found. I am witness, how often he has rejoiced, in being treated with contempt. Indeed it seemed the very food of his soul, to be little and unknown. When he desired me to write a line to his Brother, if he died, I replying, “ I will write him all the Lord’s dealings with thee : ” “ No, no, said he : write nothing about me. I only desire to be forgotten. *God is all !* ”

“ His zeal for souls I need not tell you. Let the labours of twenty-five years, and a Martyr’s death in the conclusion, imprint it on your hearts. His diligent visitation of the sick occasioned the fever, which by God’s commission tore him from you and me. And his vehement desire to take his last leave of you, with dying lips and hands, gave it is supposed the finishing stroke, by preparing his blood for putrefaction. Thus has he lived and died your Servant. And will any of you refuse to meet him at God’s right hand in that day ?

“ He walked with death always in sight. About two months ago he came to me and said, “ My dear Love, I know not how it is, but I have a strange impression, Death is very near us, as if it would be some sudden stroke upon one of us. And it draws out all my soul in prayer, that we may be ready. He then broke out, “ Lord, prepare the soul thou wilt call. And O stand by the poor disconsolate one that shall be left behind ! ”

“ A few days before his departure, he was filled with love in an uncommon manner, saying to me, “ I have had such a discovery of the depth of that word, *God is Love*, I cannot tell thee half. O shout his praise.” The same he testified, as long as he had a voice, and continued to testify to the end, by a most lamb-like patience, in which he smiled over death, and set his last seal to the glorious truths he had so long preached among you.”

“ Three years, nine months and two days, I have possessed my heavenly-minded husband. But now the sun of my

my ear  
anguish  
nation  
if he p  
ing pr  
(in the  
“ Whe  
behold

The  
man o  
wrote  
serve,  
bitant  
comp  
But l  
all in  
muni  
ness,  
burn  
Holi  
their  
twee  
fider  
of th  
ami  
we  
Ido  
cul  
in M  
was  
less  
ter  
the  
be  
qu  
m  
n  
ve  
le  
A  
P