

On the Thursday he said, "Ah! Margaret, mind it's no easy to die. You know nothing about it. Even though you have Christ, it is dark." The same day he bade her give D. G. his Sunday trowsers, and new boots, that he might go to the church. He gave his father "The Dying Thief." And said, "I am going to give Alick my Bible," (meaning Dew Drops.) There was a piece of money under his pillow. He said it was to buy Bibles to them that never heard of Jesus.

His aunt came in on the Friday morning. He said, "Oh, aunt, don't put off seeking Christ to a death-bed, for if I had Christ to seek to-day, what would have become of me; but I have given my heart to Christ." Margaret asked him, "What will I do? I will miss your company in the house." James answered, "You maun (must) just go the mair (more) to Jesus. Do not be ill about me now, when I am dead Margaret. If I thought that, I would be sorry, and more than that, God would be angry at you; for I will be far happier. It is better to depart and be with Christ. Ask grace to keep you from it."

All that day he spoke very little. In the evening he grew much worse. His sister wished to sit up with him that night, but he would not allow her. She said, "These eyes will soon see him whom your soul loves." James said, "Aye" (yes.) After midnight Margaret, seeing him worse, arose and woke her father. She tried to conceal her tears; but James saw them, and said with a look of solemn earnestness, "O woman, I wonder to see you do the like of that." He spoke little after this, and about one o'clock on the Saturday morning, June 11, 1842, fell asleep in Jesus.

So died James Laing—in this interesting sketch of his life, he still lives, an example to the young to seek the Lord in their youth. Our readers may not perhaps know that Mr. M'Cheyne, who wrote this life, died about nine months after James Laing, in March 1843. Mr. M'Cheyne was a young but a very godly minister;