

he was better. But while alert as to his physical condition, his spirit was ever tender, and he was always ready for prayer and the Word. He would say, "It is such a comfort." He had a constant hunger for spiritual conversation, and so greatly did he desire to show forth the spirit of Christ that he constantly expressed fears lest in his paroxysms of suffering he should manifest any impatience. His expressions regarding himself and his work were characteristic of his habitual state of humility of mind and meekness of heart. He disclaimed all goodness in himself. He would say, "I feel utterly unworthy, but my trust is in Christ."

Mrs. Arthur mentions one of the touching incidents of his stay in Cannes. They had visited the potteries at Vallerais, and as they stood round the potter with his wheel, and watched the facility with which he changed the form of the clay in his hand, and impressed his mind upon it, she looked up in amazement and met Dr. Punshon's eyes all suffused with tears, and he said,—

"Mould as *Thou* wilt my passive clay!"

He was being moulded, and was ripening for entrance upon his immortal inheritance. On Tuesday night, the 12th of April, he rested quite well, and on Wednesday morning the physician found him much better. But toward evening he became restless, and walked unaided to the chair in which he died. There was a failing heart-power, and the sound of the Bridegroom's approach fell on his quick and watchful ear. As we gathered round him he asked for prayer, and himself joined in supplicating grace and strength according to his need. He then said: "You have come to see me die." We all sought to cheer him with assurances that he would soon be better. I said, "Never fear, dear Doctor, you will have an abundant entrance into the kingdom." His mind turning to death-bed triumphs, he replied, "*I do not ask that. Let me only have peace. My testimony is my life.*" My steamer was to sail from Liverpool next morning at nine; I had delayed leaving London till midnight, that I might be with him to the last. The time of parting came, and as I kissed his forehead he said, "Good-bye; I shall be translated; when next we meet it shall be above," and he looked upward. I said, "Oh, no, Doctor, I hope you will get well, and that we shall see you again in Canada." He indicated by look and gesture that he dissented.