

of clearest consciousness, bright with divine light this son of God saw the travail of his soul, and said to the friend of his bedside, "I have something to tell you—there are two Theodore Parkers *now*. One is dying here in Italy ; the other I have planted in America. *He* will *live* there and finish *my* work." What sublime faith ! Many true words have come to us from our minister, Music Hall and Melodeon Hall have heard his words of power, but never did he speak a deeper truth than he did when dying in far-off Italy.

The 10th of May came when our minister fell into that deep sleep that comes from God, once to all of us. It was a gentle death ; a May day sunset that fell that Thursday upon Florence and Mr. Parker.

On the next Sunday (the 13th) at four o'clock in the afternoon the body was quietly taken to the little Protestant Cemetery outside the city. The Beatitudes were read, they being an all-sufficient service. The holy and deep thoughts of those present were