

in his countenance, a suffused tenderness in his face, a lowering of his voice into the monotone of pathos that seemed to issue from a breaking heart—and then, “They have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid Him!” The “taken away” and “I know not” remain with me to this hour. After that, nothing was possible except to stop, and, for for one, I welcomed the release from a tension never felt before or since.

But I must close. Recently, the Bishop announced that he was about to celebrate his “golden wedding,” February 4th, 1884, at his home, “Sunshine,” Sparta, Georgia. Rejoicing in a contented and happy age (born February 3rd, 1811), he uses these beautiful and touching words: “I left all to follow Christ, and I wish gratefully to record that He redeemed every word of promise to me. My life has been one of self-denial and close economy, but I have never suffered. Accepting Christ’s teaching, I have lived like the lilies and the birds, by the Providence of my Heavenly Father.”

One may say of the Bishop as Sir James Parry said of Sir John Franklin, “He was a man who never turned his back on a danger, yet of that tenderness that he would not brush away a mosquito.”

I add a few lines, which I venture to call a “Sonnet,” as some people name a child after one whom they wish the child to resemble.

SONNET.

“The pains and infirmities of age are yet to come, if come they must. I thank God I am not superannuated.”—*Extract from the Bishop’s Letter.*

Greetings, my Friend, that threescore years and ten
 No rust have left on dial-plate of heart;
 Nor less thy “Sunshine” bright and glad than when
 In youth thy soul espoused the better part.
 Whate’er the joy of morn or zenith life,
 Earth’s truest bliss awaits our later days,
 Which faithful Time matures from toil and strife,
 And e’en to sense most clear Christ’s grace displays.
 Thanks, Friend, that ills of age are not yet known!
 Thy home is “Sunshine” and thy heart the same;
 In deep’ning peace and strength here hast thou grown,
 While struggling on to reach thy chosen aim.
 Joy, Friend, again! ’Tis in the sunset air
 That “Sunshine” finds its answered praise and prayer.