

amid the tears of the family, asked for the privilege of being the first to lay a gift on the coffined form of him who loved a little child.

It would be presumptuous to speak in any detail of his life in his home. Its goodness and kindness are known, in their depth and intensity, only to the dear ones to whom he ministered them, and who so devotedly ministered to him in return, during all the sad days of his affliction.

But the stress of his labors eventually told on his once rugged frame. The body became worn through the energy of the soul within ; the machinery could not stand the strength of the current and months ago the minister had to lay aside his loved work and retire to suffer and endure.

The patience of that endurance we all know ; the submission to that suffering was written on his brow. As long as his power lasted to express himself, no words of complaint were heard. In God's inscrutable providence, an incurable weariness was laid upon his servant and a heavy burden was cast upon the lives of those dear to him. With sublime courage and unfaltering faith they rose beneath that burden, and their sorrow we know has "built a shining ladder up whose golden rounds are their calamity whereon the firm feet planted nearer God, their spirits rose and had their eyes unsealed."

The end came sooner than some of us expected. The creeping paralysis that had seized upon him stopped his speech, clouded his thoughts, and gradually increased its hold upon his life, until on Tuesday of last week, with his