

his Master's will, but did not do it, just as many Christians do, and lose a long life by it of perhaps fifty, sixty, or, as he did, seventy years; nevertheless he lived, as some may suppose, to no great purpose; but no man liveth or dieth to himself, for we are all alike called to do something. It will be seen that he lived to do something, let it be censured or not. He so loved his children that he could endure any suffering or privation to make them comfortable and happy, and while he was in comfortable circumstances himself, he ever loved to see his neighbor enjoying similar blessings, and if his fellow-being suffered, he was one of those who carried the difficulties of others.

Oh, what peace we often forfeit,
Oh, what needless pain we bear,
All because we do not carry
Everything to God in prayer.

He was a plain man, and of liberal education, and would have been a worthy soldier of the cross of Christ if he had followed the Lord fully. His character was blameless, as far as the world saw, but no man can possess the spotless purity within, except the Holy Spirit, upon the heart, purifies the man. He was fond of jokes and fun, even down his old age, but was easily roused or provoked, especially if it touched his children. But I will not dwell much on the early part of his history, suffice it to say, he had many reserves to pass through during the years 1846-7 in Ireland, on account of the failure of the crops, and many were the destitute families in that country at that time. He was a sharer of these difficulties, for he was, through the bad management of a beloved brother, thrown into debt, and he sold his farm and went into the town of Dungannon to keep a grocery store, by which step he lost his property; for he being unacquainted with the business, and the distress in the country being so bad, he could not withhold from his old friends his aid. Very soon his goods were gone and his money all among his debtors. But this was better for him, perhaps, than if he had wealth to hoard up, for he was like a good many of the old men of long ago, he held it rather tightly. Money is not the root of