

ingly than he, weep with them that wept, or comfort more tenderly the sons and daughters of affliction. He loved to follow in the footsteps of Him who was sent to bind up the broken heart, and to comfort all that mourn.

Would you ask how he died? Oh, just as he lived. Though he suffered much, he had a heavenly calm all along during his last illness—all along leaning on the arm of his beloved, entirely "looking to Jesus." When his life was fast ebbing away, among the last words he spoke were, "Come Jesus, come quickly! Take me to thy bosom." For four days prior to his departure, the lamp of life was burning so low in the socket that he was unable to speak. Gradually, almost imperceptibly, the silver cord was loosed, and at a quarter to seven o'clock, on the morning of Saturday, the 13th December, the wheel at the cistern stood still. He fell asleep in Jesus, so peacefully that the moment of his spirit's flight was scarcely to be detected by the anxious watcher's eye.

He is now gone. How difficult it is to realize it? Just five weeks ago today he stood in this pulpit, and preached with unwonted earnestness from these words: "And because ye are sons, God hath sent forth the Spirit of His Son unto your hearts, crying Abba, Father. Wherefore, thou art no more a servant, but a son; and if a son then an heir of God through Christ."—Gal. 4: 6-7. Little did I think, little did you think; that today I should be called to perform the mournful duty of paying the last tribute to his memory. But so it is. Though it is to us mysterious and incomprehensible, we may rest assured that it is wise, righteous and good. "It is the Lord, let Him do what seemeth unto Him good."