

the pains and suffering which he endured did not seem to have any effect on him. He took whatever kind of medicine the doctor used to order without repining, it mattered not how disagreeable it was to his taste. Indeed during his illness his thoughts seemed to be directed heavenwards, for nothing earthly could affect him.

His funeral took place on Monday, the 21st Dec., 1863, when the writer endeavoured to improve his death, to those who came together to accompany the body to the grave, from Rev. iii. 20, "Behold, I stand at the door and knock: if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in, and sup with him and he with me."

Dear young readers choose Jesus as your Saviour; give the days of your youth to him. He loved you and gave himself for you; as unworthy sinners, rest your souls on him and be at peace. Do not delay; it is dangerous to do so. God may soon send his messenger to call you away from time. "Be ye therefore ready, for in such an hour as ye think not, the Son of Man cometh."

We shall conclude this sketch with a few lines which one of his sisters selected as suited to the circumstances, to which two verses are added by herself.

"O where is now the joyous one  
With his sweet smile of love?  
He is not here, for he is gone,  
To dwell in heaven above.

O where is now the gladsome sound,  
The voice of joy and mirth?  
It is not here, in heaven 'tis found,  
Though lost to us on earth.

O ye friends that fondly loved him,  
Though there is a vacant chair,  
Weep not, though the one has left you,  
Who was once your pride and care.

We would not wish him here again,  
Though we his loss deplore,  
For he is happy, free from pain,  
And all his sufferings o'er.

With Jesus now he dwells on high,  
In heaven so bright and fair.  
You will be shortly called to die—  
O will you meet him there?