

'The richest experience of my life has been the knowledge of Christ. What love and benevolence towards humanity I leave this world; I bear no malice in my heart towards any one.'

'O, what bliss it is to look down from that eminence on our past life. Here on earth our path is frequently obscure; but upward it grows brighter, continually brighter. I am already in the kingdom, Lord, of which, previously, I have had a mere foretaste only.'

'How beautiful are thy mansions, O my God!' When he spoke these words his face was radiant with heavenly glory.

The uncommon lustre of the setting sun drew his attention. Taking a glimpse through the window, he said 'O, how beautiful! The love of God shines through all things.' Then he turned to those present, and said, "God bless you forever! my end is nigh, and I have an ardent longing to depart; let us depart in Christ. God is love and desiring to give love. *Christus recognoscitur; Christus est; est Christus actor.* To live for Him is to conquer. There is no death in God; I see Christ, and through Him I see God. Christ sees us, and He must become all in all. I die in peace with a humanity."

These words he uttered alternately in English, French, Latin and German. "Those who live in Christ, in the love of Christ are His, but those who live not in the love of Christ are none of His."

'Clearly do I see that we are all sinners, we have nothing if we have not Christ in God. We have life only so far as we live in God. Sinners as we are, in God we have eternal life. Christ is the Son of God, and we are only so far the children of God, as the spirit of the love of Christ dwells within us.' These were the last words of Bunson. He died on the 28th day of November, 1860.

### My Firstborn in Heaven.

I had a little infant,

My firstborn joy and pride,

To whose sweet looks of innocence

My every pulse replied;

And he shed beyond all measure

To catch her faintest smile,

I felt that such a treasure

Could every pain beguile.

For, oh! my babe seemed fairer

Than lily of the vale,

Amid her green leaves sheltered safe

From every passing gale;

More dear, and oh! more welcome

Than springtide's earliest flower;

For many hearts beat anxiously

To hail her natal hour.

Then hope, and joy and gladness

Watched o'er her natal bed,

And smiles were flung like sunbeams

Around her gentle head;

But if upon her gilded lash

A tear I chanced to see,

The shadow fell upon my ear—

And visions bright would flee.

She was my heart's own rainbow,

A thing of smiles and tears,

Those symbols of our earthly lot

Which told of coming years;

When mingled care and sorrow

Her pathway should beset,

And sin and Satan spread for her

An all-attracting net.

And then an inward prayer would rise,

"Good Father throne above,

Send down upon my precious child

The spirit of thy love;

And make her thine, thine only,

A fair, fair child of light!"

I knew my prayer would answered be,

And all again was bright.

I have a little infant,

She is an angel now,

The crown of immortality

Surrounds her baby-brow;

She dwells with God in heaven,

Amid those saints of light.

Who through our Saviour's blood are clad

In robes of spotless white.

And shall I pine or murmur?

Ah! no; for sure 'tis well

To think that I have sent a note

Yon happy choir to swell;

That oft, towards her mother,

She leans from heaven above,

And whispers, "Mother, sing with me

His praise whose name is Love."

And though an empty cradle,

A tiny lock of hair,

Is all that now is left me

Of one so sweet and fair,

I'll drive the sad tears backward.

Or through them, as they fall,

Look for that brighter country

Where God shall dry them all.

—Quiter.

—o—  
HOW TO GET REPOSE IN OLD AGE.—I strongly recommend you to follow the analogy of the body in seeking the refreshment of the mind. Everybody knows that both man and horse are very much relieved and rested if, instead of lying down and falling asleep, or endeavouring to fall asleep, he changes the muscles he puts in operation; if, instead of level ground, he goes up and down hill, it is a rest both to the man walking and the horse which he rides—a different set of muscles is called into operation. So, I say, call into action a different class of faculties, apply your minds to other objects of wholesome food to yourselves as well as of good to others, and depend upon it, that is the true mode of getting repose in old age. Do not overwork yourselves; do everything in moderation.