

flattered herself with their rare talents. How foolish to look into the long future for our own gratification, for I think this is all the comfort we have in those anticipations of our children becoming great in the world. She, as many other mothers, spent much time on their bodies, but, at the same time, set them a godly example. Hence, his veneration in after life for the people and the house of God. The plan of salvation was clear to him from his boyhood, and as he advanced in years, his sense of right increased, and he left his future, always, with the great disposer of all events. This often crossed his mind, I may be useful in the service of God yet, but his good desires were not practised in youth, and, alas, alas, in riper years, he might say, with one of old, "The good I would, I do not." He thought, as many other young men, that when he got settled in life he could serve the Lord better, but after his marriage another class of trial awaited him. He was fond of children, but none troubled him until he was six years married. His portion was a quiet and comfortable home. He tried again to give himself to the Lord, and opened his house, as his honored father had done, for the class-meeting every Sunday, and the preaching of the gospel every month. But means are not Christians. He lived doubting and bemoaning his shortcomings for twenty years. O, my friends, will you let this be a warning to you to not waste years of golden privileges, when they might be employed for God. But he never lost for one moment the fear of God. He had a tender conscience and was quick to discern right from wrong, and had ever before him his latter end. He was fond of good company, worked hard in the days of his manhood, and manifested constantly a desire to do something for God. But while he tried and strove he was constantly getting into temptation and sin, not gross sin, but those little foxes that spoil the vines, spoiled all his enjoyment. Burns' poems were a great drawback to his Christian enjoyment, for he was passionately fond of poetry. My mother often wished that those poems were burned, and it was not much wonder, for when he should have talked about Christ before his men and children, he very often was wont to start some of Burns' rhymes. He knew