

door of his room, and he, full of distress at leaving them, often exclaimed, "Oh, my poor, my poor, what will become of my poor ! But," he always added, turning to his wife, "God is love." He died on Sunday, August 14th, and was buried at Madeley on the following Wednesday.

Fletcher's labours were carried on in an obscure part of his adopted country, his few books are not now much known, but the energy with which he began and continued the work to which he devoted himself, and the saintliness of his life, fully explain the reverence still felt for his character and example, and thoroughly justify the description given of him by Wesley—"A pattern of holiness scarcely to be paralleled in a century."

HOPE DEFERRED.

His hand at last ! By His own fingers writ,
 I catch my name upon the way-worn sheet ;
 His hand—oh, reach it to me quick !—and yet
 Scarce can I hold, so fast my pulses beat.

O feast of soul ! O banquet richly spread !
 O passion-lettered scroll from o'er the sea !
 Like a fresh burst of life to one long dead,
 Joy, strength, and bright content come back with thee.

Long prayed and waited for through months so drear,
 Each day methought my wasting heart must break ;
 Why is it that our loved ones grow more dear,
 The more we suffer for their sweetest sake ?

His hand at last ! each simple word aglow
 With truthful tenderness and promise sweet.
 Now to my daily tasks I'll singing go,
 Fed by the music of this way-worn sheet.