

unconscious of the approach of death, but we know the Lord took him to himself, and that now he reigns in an eternity of joy.

Rest, gentle sleeper, rest
From all thy pain and anguish deep ;
For thou art now among the blest,
No more by sin or grief oppressed,
But hushed in quiet sleep.

In surveying my past life, I see many instances where I have failed to accomplish for God what I most earnestly desired to. I see I lacked that faith the ancients had, who "subdued kingdoms, wrought righteousness, obtained promises, stopped the mouths of lions, quenched the violence of fire, escaped the edge of the sword, out of weakness were made strong, waxed valiant in fight, turned to flight the armies of the aliens." Had I been more fully imbued with the spirit of the blessed Jesus, how much more good I might have done to my dying fellow men, with whom I have been associated during the past forty-five years of my ministry. How much better I could have braved the storms and ills of life, and ascended higher in the kingdom of grace, to inhale the breezes coming fresh from the throne of God and the Lamb. My daily prayer to God is, that he will pardon all my sins, both of omission and commission, and blot them forever from the book of his remembrance ; that he will accept of me as his adopted son forever.