

the fountain filled with blood," on which he was now trusting with the full assurance of an immortal hope. As the tones of the voices he loved so well subsided into silence, with the restfulness of a little child he reclined on the bosom of Jesus, and went to "the rest that remaineth for the people of God."

Yet a little while and we, too, shall hope to join him in singing the new song, through the glad forever. May this be our beatitude when "life's fitful dream is o'er," and we hear "the bells of the holy city and the chimes of eternal peace."

Farewell friend of my youth!

"Death hath moulded into calm completion,  
The statue of thy life."

WES. THEO. COL., MONTREAL,  
May 8th, 1888.

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FOR THEE.

I BORE with thee long weary days and nights,  
Through many pangs of heart, through many tears ;  
I bore with thee, thy hardness, coldness, slights,  
For three-and-thirty years.

Who else had dared for thee what I have dared ?  
I plunged the depth most deep from bliss above ;  
I not My flesh, I not My spirit spared ;  
Give thou Me love for love.

I bore thee on My shoulders and rejoiced ;  
Men only marked upon My shoulders borne  
The branding cross ; and shouted, hungry-voiced,  
Or wagged their heads in scorn.

Thee did nails grave upon My hands ; thy name  
Did thorns for frontlets stamp between Mine eyes :  
I, Holy One, put on thy guilt and shame ;  
I, God, Priest, Sacrifice.

A thief upon My right hand and My left ;  
Six hours alone, athirst in misery ?  
At length in death one smote My heart and cleft  
A hiding-place for thee.

Nailed to the racking cross, than bed of down  
More dear, whereon to stretch Myself and sleep ;  
So did I win a kingdom—share My crown ;  
A harvest—come and reap.