

loved work of breaking the "Bread of Life" to a cherished flock, who were now without an under-shepherd to go in and out before them. The beautiful, but sad days of Autumn had also found him there. Only in imagination, aided by memory, had he seen the changes going on in nature, in which the fresh greenness of Spring and Summer were exchanged for the varied tints of Autumnal colors. He had not, as formerly, seen the ripe fruits and golden corn gathered by the husbandman. True, many gifts of delicious fruits came to his bed-side, but though he thanked the givers, deep in his heart was the desire again himself to go forth, to pluck the fruit and flower. He had lingered through the long dreary Winter. He had listened with sadness to the wild raving of the Storm-King, and had seen from his window the snow-wreaths, covering field and hill. Latterly, his thoughts had made frequent visits to the burial place, where, it seemed too probable, a snowy bed would be made for him before another Spring should again gladden the earth. By degrees he had come to look forward with calmness to this last resting-place. The inner struggle and conflict had not been slight, as he thought of bidding a final farewell to the beautiful world, which all his life long he had loved so to behold in its various phases of Spring, Summer, Autumn, and Winter. He had passed through the trial of giving up his beloved people, with whom, for nearly a third of a century he had labored in the Gospel. At first, he would gladly have toiled on longer in his Master's vineyard, for he knew that though the "harvest was great, the laborers were few." Then, too, he had suffered the anguish of giving up his precious family. It cost many days and nights of agony when he anticipated leaving these loved ones, unprotected, to the mercies of the world. But now the conflict is all over. His faith and hope burn brightly, and with undimmed eye he can look upon the faces of those he so soon shall see no more. As he thinks of those of his fire-side circle who are safely gathered into the fold above, he longs to be there also; and he can cheerfully trust the lambs he is shortly to leave behind, to the loving care of the "Good Shepherd," knowing that he will gather them also, in his own good time, into the heavenly fold.

But one longing desire yet lingers in the breast of the dying