

mother. Who shall blame him for it? Which was pleasantest to contemplate, from a dying bed?

The closing scene was a fit termination to such a life. For a month or two previous to his death he had been suffering from what proved to be the premonitory symptoms of typhoid fever. He still kept about, however, until the first Sabbath in March, when anxious to meet his Sabbath School class, and to be present at the communion, he went to church. But the effort was too much for him, and he never was able to be out again.

Although very unwilling to alarm his family by speaking of it, he seems to have had a presentiment of a fatal termination to his illness, and desired his physician to hide nothing from him. "I am not afraid to die, Doctor," he said, "and I wish you to let me know if any alarming symptoms appear, as I want, in that case, to have a lawyer called in, and make my will." He was assured that there was no danger, and so the matter rested until it was too late to remedy the neglect.

His sufferings, at times, were very severe, but his mind was kept in perfect peace, trusting in Christ, and he was enabled to bear them all with great patience and submission, and to resign himself sweetly into the Lord's hands, to do with him as seemed good in his sight. "I'm sorry to see you so suffering and miserable to-day," said his Pastor the last time he called on him. "Suffering, but not miserable, Doctor," was his reply. "Jesus is with me. Oh, you don't know what sweet talks we have together."

Thus he continued until Sunday the 19th March, when, the crisis proving unfavourable, he rapidly sank into unconsciousness, and "fell on sleep" at twenty minutes before five o'clock on the following morning.

The announcement of his death produced a profound impression in Brantford as well as in Cleveland. Five years' absence scarcely served to lessen the shock which his sudden removal occasioned. Not the Church only, but the town mourned his loss. Friends, more recently made, in Cleveland, also showed their thorough appreciation of his many excellences, and in large numbers sorrowingly followed his remains to the tomb. His former Pastor, Mr. Wood, and his late Pastor, Dr. Goodrich, pronounced well-deserved eulogiums over his bier, and mingled their tears with those of his family, as they remembered that they should see his face no more. And there, too, among the chief mourners, were the boys of his Sabbath School class, gathered off the streets of Cleveland, bitterly weeping as they walked around the head of the coffin, and took a last look of their best, and perhaps their only, earthly friend. May they learn to trust in that Saviour whom their Teacher loved and sought so earnestly to commend to them, and follow Him to heaven!

And now, dear reader, lay not aside our simple memoir of one so good and justly beloved, without learning at least two things:—

First. The preciousness of such a hope in Christ as our friend possessed.

And Secondly. The power of such a life for good over those around us. That hope which alone can make you happy now, and sustain you in the hour of death, you may obtain where he obtained it,—at the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ. That life you may live by daily seeking, as he sought, for "grace to help in time of need." *Will you not make them your own?*

LADIES' DRESS.—Let your earrings be attention, encircled by the pearls of refinement; the diamond of your necklace be truth, and the chain christianity; your bosom pin modesty, set with compassion; your bracelets by charity, ornamented with the pearl of gentleness; your finger-rings be affection, set round with the diamond of industry; your girdle be simplicity, with the tassel of good humour; let your thicker garb be virtue, and your drapery politeness; let your shoes be wisdom, secured by the buckle of perseverance.—*Family Christian Almanac.*