

the song of the birds, the purling of the stream, the emerald green or the yellowing gold of the fields, the ways of little children—and thus he escaped much of the shallow and the artificial in life. Not once, but many times have I spent the night with him away from the city, and as the shades of evening fell there would almost invariably fall from his lips such words as these:

“Peace, perfect peace, with loved ones far away?  
In Jesus’ keeping we are safe, and they.”

They were but the expression of the quiet, restful spirit within.

As he moved about amongst his fellows they saw upon his face no sign of dread or fear, but ever content and peace. As those, who knew him, think of

“That best portion of a good man’s life—  
His little, nameless, unremembered acts  
Of kindness and of love,”

they remember how serene and unassuming and simple he was. And even in his age it might be said of him, as was said of another: “The contagion of the world’s slow stain had not infected him.” His struggles and his cares “left all his innermost ideals constant and undimmed,” and he continued to the last to walk among his fellows with the spirit of his Master’s victory and peace.

Need we ask for the secret of such a quiet confidence? Was it not the deep conviction that “the Lord reigneth”? Those streams, which flowed so smoothly and strongly, can be traced back to one spring only—back to the God of his childhood, to whom he had committed himself in simple trust and who had so signally proved himself a factor in his life. Not a doubt ever seemed to enter his mind; his faith in God as his Redeemer and ever-present Friend was simply unquenchable. He knew whom he had believed and was persuaded that He was able to keep