

said, "You've said a last good-bye to your father," and so it proved. The Rev. Mr. Caswell was in attendance at his funeral, and took for his text these words: "And he was not, for God took him." He was very respectably buried, and notwithstanding the cold and the suddenness of his departure from earth, many of the kind friends of the circuit attended his funeral, but I, myself, God forbade to go; and my eyes have never yet seen the place where he sleeps. On one occasion I passed close by the cemetery, but God said, "Go not to his grave to weep there." Perhaps if I had been allowed to stand by his grave I might have found my flesh too weak to withstand the trial, and hence broken God's command, for He at this time allowed me to shed no tears; and so abundant was the grace of God at this season that I never shed a tear. God knew that I was weak of myself; but he gave me grace according to my day; and now for the present I say farewell to my crucified but now glorified father. He sleeps on yon western hills, quiet and alone. And it appears to me that

Worlds would not bribe him back to tread
Again life's weary waste,
To see again his day o'erspread
With all the gloomy past.

His home henceforth is in the skies,
Earth, sea, and sun, adieu;
All heaven's unfolded to his eyes,
He has no sight for you.

The All-Sufficient Saviour.

I was called of God in the year 1877 to visit a friend of mine, who was in dying circumstances. He, previous to this, had been a member of the Methodist Church, and I have no doubt enjoyed the love of God shed abroad in his heart, but removing a distance from the Church he left off going to class and got back into the world, went into by and forbidden paths, and, of course, was a backslider from God. Still, God never left him without good desires, a consciousness of his duty to Him, and