

ask to have them sung, and the sound of the familiar words wafted up to the chamber where he lay was full of solace and healing. He seemed to spread his feeble sails to catch the "winds of God" as in these favorite stanzas—

Immortal Love, forever full,
Forever flowing free.
For ever shared, for ever whole,
A never-ebbing sea.

Blow, winds of God, awake and blow
The mists of earth away !
Shine out, O Light Divine, and show
How wide and far we stray !

The letter fails, the systems fall
And every symbol wanes:
The Spirit over-brooding all
Eternal Love, remains.

And sometimes his faith and zeal, strong to the last, made him want to hear the stirring lines of Whit-tier's "Reformers of England." In them he heard the cry of his own desire for right and justice:—

O pure Reformers ! not in vain
Your trust in human kind;
The good which bloodshed could not gain,
Your peaceful zeal shall find.

The truths ye urge are borne abroad
By every wind and tide;
The voice of nature and of God
Speaks out upon your side.

The weapons which your hands have found
Are those which heaven hath wrought.—
Light, Truth and Love; your battleground,
The free broad field of thought.

Oh, may no selfish purpose break
The beauty of your plan:
No lie from throne or altar shake
Your steady faith in man.

Such was he in the reflections and echoes of the ideals that we catch from his own life. We remember