

'Roond about an' underneath ma' are the ivverlastin' airms,'
an' iv 'em ah sall swing inte heaven, as Mary tosses 'er
bairn till it fair screeams wi' joy. God bless yo', dear aud
friend. Ah sall seean sing as weel as you, an' when you've
waited a lahtle bit langer, we'll sing together the prayses o'
wer Greet Redecmer. Decan't yo' remember yer aun
sang,—

An' when ah'm landed on Canaan's breet shore,
Befoore aingels an' saints will ah shoot it !
Give Glory te Jesus the King ivvermair
The King 'at ah tell'd all about it !"

On the day of his death, Squire Fuller, Philip, Lucy and
the little children, gathered round his bed to receive his
parting blessing. Philip had rightly said, "Old Adam's
benediction on the children will prove a richer heritage
than houses or land."

On one and all the patriarch placed his feeble hands, the
while he breathed a silent prayer, and said aloud, "O Lord,
mah God an' Sayviour ! bless the bairn !" The children
were dismissed, the elders remained, and were joined by
Adam's sons and daughters, who gathered round to see a
golden sunset such as was never equalled by any gorgeous
glory of the western sky. The old man lay propped with
pillows, his scant white hair smoothed from his brow, and
his thin brown hands laid on the spotlessly white coverlet
of his bed. The shadows of evening had not yet fallen,
but the sun was fast declining, and its slanting beams fell
upon his pillow, and lit up his features with their glow.
Mary partially drew down the blind to shade his eyes.

"Nay, nay, mah lassie," said Adam, "draw t' cottain up ;
'It's a pleasant thing for t' ees te behold the sun.' It
weean't ho't ma' ; mah poor aud ees iz gettin' a cottain
drawn ower them, bud that only 'elps 'em te see t' leet o'
t' glory 'at's jost dawnin' upo' mǎ'. Will yan o' ye read t'
ninety-fost Psalm ?"