

eternal." The day previous to his death he was visited by the resident Methodist Minister, the Rev. Robert Wilson, who spent some time with him in conversation and prayer, and who was very much pleased with what he said on the occasion: "Do you think," said he, "we shall know each other in heaven?" Mr. Wilson replied that he did, and regarded it as clearly taught in numerous passages of Holy Scripture; and assured him that it was one of those doctrines that he would not willingly surrender his belief in. Such views harmonized with his own, and the thought that death was not a dissolution of friendship, but merely a temporary separation of friends, appeared to give him real pleasure. Doubtless, he was thinking of those so soon to be bereft of a husband and father, and was looking forward to the time of a blessed re-union in the land beyond the tide.

Several things contributed to render his departure very distressing. Most of his children were unavoidably absent, and his dear wife was too ill to leave her bed. It was hard to die without a parting word or a farewell kiss, but it was uncomplainingly acquiesced in, and the language of his heart was, "Not my will, but thine, O God, be done." His last words were, "From the Cross to the Crown," and about o'clock on the morning of the 8th of April, A. D. 1870, he sweetly fell asleep in Jesus, in the seventy-sixth year of his age.

As the Congregational Church was at the time without a Minister, the funeral services were conducted by the Rev. Robert Wilson, before mentioned. The congregation was large and attentive, and much real sorrow was expressed. A sermon was preached from the words, "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord," at the close of which the minister read a short account of the life and death of the deceased. The body was then committed to the grave "in sure and