

than these; we hear him expressing the conviction that they are all going along with him on the way to heaven. This is the final touch of joy that can gild a Christian home, a ray of heaven's own glory coming to blend with, to hallow, to crown, the blessings of earth.

Thus soft, genial, tenderly kind, do we find the hard-trading Budgett, when we contemplate him where kindness and tenderness are in place. Depend upon it, were he not a right merchant in the market, he would not be so gentle in the home: it is only the strong that can thus wrap the paternal rod in flowers. To see him in the market, one would say there was not a dew-drop of poetry to soften the ruggedness of his nature. Follow him in a walk on his own grounds, and you are apt to think him a soft sort of man, with somewhat of a sentimental turn. For he has still the same open sense for nature's beauty and music that he had when he heard that little bird's morning carol, and felt in his young heart that God had answered his prayer for his mother. There is a certain dewiness, a flowery freshness, over his character, an air of unexhausted, unrestrained strength. Three things, at least, nature has united in him, which have been deemed incompatible: thorough working faculty, religion of the sort which weeps for sins invisible to the world, and poetical sympathy. You may see him distancing his competitors in the market, until they whisper that he must work by magic; you may see his cheek wet with tears as he prays to his God; you may hear him, in gleeful tone, quoting verse after verse of poetry in his fields, while his children romp around. From his early days, too, the strange merchant has preached, and with extraordinary power; his connection with the Wesleyan body leading him to this. His whole character, last of all, is veiled in humility; his bearing is that of a truly modest, self-knowing man, who can act with perfect self-reliance, yet take advice, if such may come, from a child.

At the age of fifty-four, when it might have been hoped many years of life were yet before him, Budgett gave symptoms of a fatal malady. Dropsy and heart-complaint showed themselves, and his strength gradually wore away. His death-bed was glorious even among Christian death-beds. And though no weighty argument can be based upon the closing scenes of Christian men, death-bed experience is not of slight importance. Life is assuredly more important than death; on it ought the main attention to be fixed. Yet it is mere vacant absurdity to deny that fear casts its shade over mankind here below, as they look forward beyond time; that it is really the king of terrors whose realm is the grave, and that it has been one grand aim of all