

FRIENDS OLD AND NEW OF LATER YEARS.

and unique—"Think o' that, children! a pew in the new church, near the pulpit and the side door, to be mine as long as I live! Sure, I don't know if it's a prince or a beggar I am!" But, little by little, his humorous sallies ceased; and, little by little, the grasp on earthly things was loosened; he slept a great deal and ate very little. Occasionally he would be roused by the call of a friend, or by a question relating to the well-being of some of the family, and then, like a flash, the old brightness would return, and the clear grasp of thought, but the flash was only momentary, and the succeeding apathy greater than before. In conversation, during these brief seasons of mental activity, he would quote texts and verses of hymns with perfect accuracy, showing that it was only the medium and not the mind that was beclouded. He could scarcely bear to have mother out of his sight, and once when she said, "I must go down stairs for awhile, my dear, but one of the girls will stay with you," he answered, "The girls are all good, but I want you, dear." I was with him to the last, and his latest articulate words were, "My Lord! My Lord!" And so in the early afternoon of Friday, August 13th, 1880, he "fell on sleep." Death's gentle hand wiped away every trace of suffering, and even of old age, until we seemed again to see the father of our early years. The trustees of George Street Church had the building draped in black for his funeral, which took place the following Sunday. The funeral service, which was conducted by Rev. Dr. Harper, the pastor in charge, was deeply impressive, but as beautifully simple as he would have wished. In the centre of the