

enough to enlist his sympathy and his help, to the very utmost, that one was in want or in any suffering.

How full he was of tender feeling toward his own family was shown when sickness and death came amongst his little flock. In reading his account of the decease of a young son of seventeen, who died suddenly in 1841, one almost hears again the cry of the bereaved father long ago, "My son, my son! would God I had died for thee!" In 1861 his wife died; a stroke which he deeply felt and the effect of which, undoubtedly, hastened his own decline. Two other sons, besides the one mentioned above, had also preceded him to that "bourne" whence none return. Two sons and three daughters survive him. They have carried out into busy, anxious life, the recollection and impression of a true Christian home, where closet and family prayer, the reading of God's word and religious conversation were as much a part of the daily life, as the frugal meals they shared, as the diligent toils in which they participated.

"Their boast is not that they derive their birth  
From loins enthroned, and rulers of the earth,  
But higher far their proud pretensions rise :  
Children of parents passed into the skies."