

request that his obsequies should be simple and unostentatious, and that in any improvement made of his death in the pulpit no mention should be made of his life, which must be left to speak for itself. His funeral sermon was attended by one of the largest congregations ever assembled in the Centenary Church. "He rests from his labors and his works do follow him." "He being dead yet speaketh."

W. J. HUNTER.

THE LAST MOMENTS OF EDWARD JACKSON, Esq.

Affectionately dedicated to the Widow and surviving Relatives, by their Friend and Pastor,
REV. W. J. HUNTER.

'Tis the eve of the day the Lord hath blest,
The emblem of heaven's eternal rest,—
The rest that remains for the people of God,
Who follow the Lamb, and are washed in His blood.

To the house of the Lord have the worshippers gone,
To offer their thanks to the Father and Son,
And mercy to crave, through His infinite merit,
The joy of the Lord, and the grace of the Spirit.

Ah! many a heart has been lightened to-day,
And many a tongue has been taught how to pray,
And many a soul has laid down its load
At the sight of the cross, and its crucified Lord;

But many a heart in this sweet hour of prayer,
Has been fitted the heavier burden to bear;
And many a tongue has learned how to say:
"Give life, Lord, and health, or take life away."

On this beautiful eve, in his own quiet home,
The Patriarch waits till the worshippers come:
"I am musing alone in the twilight of even,
My thoughts are of Jesus my Saviour, and heaven.

"No pain, no sorrow, no tormenting fear,
And yet something whispers, 'the end draweth near,'—
The cord that still binds me to earth will be severed,
And that moment from weakness and death I'm delivered.

"Now, sing me a song of Zion," he said:
"The parlor is lighted, the programme is made;
Sing that beautiful song, 'The Power of Prayer,'
It brings me the Spirit and heaven so near.

"And now, dear pastor and friends, let us pray,
For how beautiful thus to close up the day
With praise and with prayer, to our Father above,
For His mercies and blessings, His grace and His love."

To each friend in the room a kind word was spoken,—
But the son at the door must not be forgotten:
"Now, Willie, come in," was affection's last token,
"And join with us here in our evening devotion."

'Twas easy to pray in the parlor that night,
For the chariot was there with its angels of light,
Just waiting the word,— "Now, sever the ties,
And bear him away to his home in the skies."

The pastor who prayed had scarce uttered the word,—
"Let no darkness come 'twixt his soul and the Lord,"
When he answered "*Amen*," then quietly fell
In the arms of his friends, who lov'd him so well.

The chariot had gone, his spirit had fled,
His body had slept the sleep of the dead;
His body had *slept*, but his spirit had *risen*,
To "close up the day" midst the music of heaven.