

his first sermon in the parish of Rayne, and his mother being anxious to hear him, but not being able to be present, she wrote to a friend to tell her frankly how her son got on. The answer was sent, but was never heard of by him till a few days before his death. His sister, finding it among his mother's papers, read it to him. It was this :

“ He held the lamp of truth that day  
So low that none could miss the way ;  
And yet so high, to bring in sight  
That picture fair—‘ The World’s Great Light,’  
That gazing up—the lamp between—  
The hand that held it scarce was seen.

“ He held the pitcher stooping low,  
To lips of little ones below,  
Then raised it to the weary saint,  
And bade him drink, when sick and faint !  
They drank—the pitcher thus between—  
The hand that held it scarce was seen.

“ He blew the trumpet, soft and clear,  
That trembling sinners need not fear ;  
And then with louder note and bold,  
To raze the walls of Satan’s hold !  
The trumpet coming thus between—  
The hand that held it scarce was seen.

“ But when the Captain says, ‘ Well done,  
Thou good and faithful servant—come !  
Lay down the pitcher and the lamp,  
Lay down the trumpet—leave the camp’—  
The weary hands will then be seen,  
Clasped in those pierced ones—naught between.”