

father knew him not. He told his name and implored him to speak to him ere he died, but no response came from those cold lips, no look of recognition from those closing eyes. Just then his daughter said, "Father, do you know Jesus?" Slowly the lips moved, and an almost inaudibly whispered "Yes" escaped; then crossing his hands, the dying saint faintly whispered, "Mother." Evidently he was thinking of her who, more than sixty years before, was laid in the silent tomb. Were those now sightless eyes looking right into the spirit world? While all were intently watching, the lips moved, and, commencing with the words "Our Father, who art in heaven," he slowly and distinctly repeated the Lord's Prayer. As he prayed, all was still and silent as the grave. We have listened to prayers poured forth from eloquent lips and earnest hearts in the hour of gladness, when all felt that the thanks to our Heavenly Father were sincere; and in the hour of bitter, crushing sorrow, we have heard pleading tones that touched the hearts of the listeners, and reached the throne of God Himself; but that first prayer of childhood, faintly uttered by that aged saint, as his feet were just entering the dark waters of the Jordan of death, struck a chord never before touched in our hearts. As he said "Amen," a loud groan escaped from the lips of Edwin. The heart of the infidel and scoffer was moved. Tears streamed from his eyes, and, falling on his knees, he tried to pray for himself the Lord's Prayer. For years he had not heard it, yet every word he knew. Long ago he repeated it every night as he knelt by the side of his now sainted mother. Alas the change! Those lips, then so pure, had been soiled by oaths and blasphemy. Now he felt his guilt and danger. His mother in heaven, his father on the threshold, his brothers and sisters all followers of the meek and lowly Jesus, and he— Just then a sign from the sister called them to the bedside. Their father was sleeping peacefully, but it was the sleep of