

every now and then he would raise his right foot and reach it out in an excited manner, muttering in his delirium : " I am on the down grade and I can't find the brake." Ah, my brothers, we will soon come to that. That down grade which laughs at brakes is just before us. You and I must soon lie down in the grave, ward it off for the present as we may. There is a way to live so that when we reach that point in our road we will not care for brakes. It is my privilege and yours to say with Paul : " I have a desire to depart and be with Christ." May we not so live that as death approaches we can sing with the poet and Paul :

"The world recedes, it disappears,
 Heaven opens on my eyes, my ears
 With sounds seraphic ring.
 Lend, lend your wings, I mount, I fly,
 O grave, where is thy victory ;
 O death, where is thy sting ?"

Montreal, August, 1881.