

Time future is hid in a world unknown ;
This moment is all we can call our own.
Past, present, future time to you,
Centres all in one emphatic 'Now'—
Now is the accepted day of grace ;
Now you have One to plead your case,
A powerful Advocate on high ;
Turn ye, oh, turn ! why will ye die ? ”
To comfort the sorrowing, soothe the sick,
And a word in season to all to speak,
He would travel far on an Indian trail,
In the sultry breeze or the wintry gale,
Picking his way over quaking bogs,
Or crossing Bear Creek on fallen logs.
His friendly smile and familiar name
Spread sunshine around him where'er he came ;
From first to last he seemed fully bent
In his Master's work to spend and be spent ;
But the end has come—on the barren coast,
On the bleak, lone Island of Anticost—
A faithful soldier, “ he died at his post.”

THE FUNERAL.

To-DAY, in Warwick's old burial-ground,
Where the turf is marked with many a mound,
We left him to sleep in an iron shell,
'Mid the graves of the friends he had loved so well,
To sleep for a season. There cometh a day
When even the grave shall give up its prey :
When he, the Conquerer of death shall come,