

of your concerns. You may be cut off in the midst of your pursuits, and it is no small consequence that your temporal affairs should always be so arranged that you may be in readiness. If it is important that you should be well prepared in this point of view, how much more important is it that you should be prepared in that which relates to eternity!"

His character as a munificent donor to literary and benevolent institutions, stood high in public estimation. The ample fortune he had acquired by his indefatigable application, safe and solid judgment, and his high Christian probity, enabled him to give largely and frequently to these worthy objects. But not in the catalogue of those donations should we look for the highest manifestations of his life of benevolence. It is in the chamber of the suffering invalid that we see the strong-hearted man living his great life of love to God and his kind. Here, in weakness of the flesh and great prostration, his benevolence shone like a halo of light around his chair and couch. For sixteen years he sat down to no meal with his family. While dispensing, with such liberal and untiring hand, comforts to others, he himself lived like a prisoner, condemned to the smallest quantities of food that would keep body and soul together. Says his biographer; "An item of bad news, some annoying incident, a little anxiety, or a slight cold, would, as it were, paralyze his digestive functions, and reduce his strength to the lowest point." Nothing but a grace and goodness inbreathed in the soul by the spirit from above, could have so transformed the drift and bent of human nature as in him, under these circumstances. There he was, with all the morbid sensibilities of his nervous system thrilled to acute pain and emotion at a breath, with his life hanging upon a thread, and the dangling sword of death swinging within an inch of it daily; banished for the last sixteen years from the table of his family; with a pair of scales on his writing desk, in which he weighed out, for each meal, about an ounce and a half of coarse bread to be soaked in three gills of coarse meal gruel. One might naturally think that even a good man, in such a situation, might yield to the weakness of the flesh and regard his day of work in the world as ended. But it was here that Amos Lawrence began, as it were, to work those works of love and charity which have left behind the sweetest perfume of his character. See, now, what a sick-room picture of the good man his biographer sketches in a few delineations:

"Two rooms in his house, and sometimes three, were used principally for the reception of useful articles for distribution. Then, when stormy weather or ill-health prevented him from taking his usual drive, he was in the habit of passing hours in selecting and packing up articles which he considered suitable to the wants of those whom he wished to aid. On such days his coachman's services were put in requisition to pack and tie up 'the small hay-cocks,' as he called them in a letter accompanying one to a poor country minister; and many an illness was the result of over-exertion and fatigue in supplying the wants of his poorer brethren. These packages were selected according to the wants of the recipients. In one case, he notifies Professor _____ of _____ College, that he has sent by railroad, 'a barrel and bundle of books, with broadcloth and pantaloons stuffs, with odds and ends for poor students when they go out to keep school in the winter.' * * To a professor in a college in a remote