

who taketh away the sin of the world, and arose from the sick bed to follow the new ideal, and live a higher life. The sweet sunshine of serenity, cheerfulness and good nature which habitually beamed on his noble countenance brought comfort to many a sick room, and in the depressing and painful surroundings of serious illness the patient often found a soothing balm in his very presence. Nothing morose, nothing gloomy, either in his natural temper or in his religious life, ever impaired the fascination of his presence or the cheer which he diffused.

There is no need that one should speak to you who knew him of his public services and the faithfulness with which he discharged his high ideals of citizenship. No more enduring monument can be desired than for a man's life to be inscribed in a benefit institution that survives in undying youth to bless mankind.

The remembrance of such a man, especially as it is now embalmed and sanctified by a peaceful and triumphant death, altogether in harmony with his character, cannot leave any other than a beneficial influence, enobling and elevating to the mind and heart. The name of Richard Johnson is rich in sacred as well as splendid associations, a memento of consecrated intellect and energy; an inspiring watchword for the cultivation of Christian graces and of heavenly affections, an antidote to all that is unworthy in principle or practice, an attraction to whatever in the intellectual or moral system bears the stamp of unaffected excellence, whatever qualifies for the fruition of spiritual and eternal blessings, whatever is allied to the love of Christ and God.

And now we mourn because he is gone. He has gone to his reward. He has gone to that world of which he carried in his own breast so rich a pledge, to a world of peace. He has gone to Jesus Christ, whose spirit he has so deeply comprehended and so freely imbibed, and to God whose universal, all suffering, all embracing love he adored, and in a humble manner made manifest in his own life. But he is not wholly gone; not gone in heart, for I am sure that even in the better world his affection for suffering humanity is deepened, not extinguished; not gone in influence, for his works remain and his memory is laid up a sacred treasure in many minds. The record of a generous life runs like a vine around the memory of our dead, and every sweet unselfish act is now a perfumed flower.