

there I gave my heart to God forty-three years ago, and there I was baptized, with fifty-five others. If any should object to having my remains brought into the church, bury them, and hold the service later."

Thus he looked upon his body as a worn-out fetter that the soul had broken and cast away, before going home to God. Continuing, he said, "Tell Dr. Brown to preach my funeral sermon from these words: 'Who shall lay anything to the charge of God's elect? It is God that justifieth. Who is he that condemneth? It is Christ that died; yea rather, that is risen again, who is even at the right hand of God, who also maketh intercession for us. Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? Shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword? As it is written, For Thy sake we are killed all the day long; we are accounted as sheep for the slaughter. Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors through Him that loved us.'" Rom. 8 33-37.

The writer's first visit to Brother Davis was made with some dread. The Lazaretto is situated upon one of the bleakest parts of the Gulf of St. Lawrence. As one approaches, it seems at first to be a part of the grey and bleak gulf shore, rising out of the wild and wind-swept waters. Coming nearer, one sees chiselled into the cold, grey stone the one dread word, "Lazaretto." Instantly there comes to one's memory the ancient story of the tombs of Palestine, with the hopeless victims crying "unclean, unclean." The visitor, however, found no hopeless and complaining victim, but a "prisoner of hope," trusting in God's goodness, "believing where he could not prove," believing he was suffering to fulfill the mysterious will of God and exclaiming with Job, "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him." This declaration was heard ringing through the Lazaretto: "I know whom I have believed." "I am a son of God, and if a son of God, should I be afraid of my