

of the men, and upon all with whom they came in contact!

After speaking of the varied ways in which God called his people, the bishop said,

Follow him then brethren in his faith and conduct here to his peace and rest there.

There as the preacher this morning, my old friend Dr. Martell, said, "where beyond these voices there is peace," where as he said, your pastor still prays for you and brethren, Pray for him; for shall we not say with her who wrote those lovely lines:

"How can I cease to pray for thee? Somewhere
In God's great universe thou art today.
Can he not reach thee with His tender care?
Can He not hear me when for thee I pray?
What matters it to Him who holds within
The hollow of His Hand all worlds, all space,
That thou art done with earthly pain and sin?
Somewhere within His ken thou hast a place.
Somewhere thou livest, and hast need of Him.
Somewhere thy soul sees higher heights to climb;
And somewhere still, there may be valley dim
That thou must pass to reach the hills sublime!
Then all the more because thou can'st not hear
Poor human word of blessing, will I pray—
O thou brave heart! God bless thee wheresoe'er
In His great universe thou art today."