

talk." On being asked if he would like to talk, he answered, "Yes." Once on rousing, he exclaimed, "His countenance is as the morning," showing, although only partially conscious, where the mind was centered. During Fifth day night and Sixth day his restlessness was extreme, continuing most of Sixth day night, accompanied by heavy slumber. On Seventh day morning, the 28th, it was much abated, though somewhat apparent through the day.

About 9 o'clock in the morning, I asked him if he knew me. He nodded that he did. After bathing his face, he seemed more roused, and I repeated the question to be SURE he knew me. He earnestly, though faintly replied, "Of course I do." These were his last words. We could not be sure after this that he knew any of us, or was conscious at all. His breathing continued heavy through the day, towards evening becoming easier, until, as the change approached, it became soft as an infant's sleep. At half past nine P. M. we stood beside the bed, that we might note the last breath that signaled the departure of the sweet spirit of our beloved, from its prison house of pain.

The peaceful smile that rested upon the calm features, beautiful in their last sleep, seemed to us additional evidence of the eternal happiness upon which the purified spirit had entered; a fitting close to a christian life.

The funeral occurred on the 31st of 8th month, 1897, and was attended by many friends from adjoining neighborhoods as well as from our own. It was a sweetly solemn occasion, in which all were exhorted to endeavor to follow him, as he had endeavored to follow Christ. Applicable, also, was the language, "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his."

## RESIGNATION.

Lines written by his daughter on learning the nature of his affliction.

When grim Disease has placed  
His fetters strong, around the hearts  
Of those we love, and we must feel  
That life to them has grown less dear  
Because of suffering; should not we  
In silence, bow to God, and seek  
For resignation? Should not we  
Like one of old, exclaim, "The Lord  
Didst give, and let him take away,  
If unto him it seemeth good,  
And blessed be His name."

But oh,  
What meaning vast that one  
Word, Resignation, doth contain,  
When it implies a total giving up  
Of what we hold most dear! We must  
Give up, not only for the present, but  
All future time, while here we live,  
The object of our love.

We scarce  
Can think but life will be a burden, when  
We know our loved, on earth no more,  
And yet, Almighty Power  
Is never changing, and His love  
Is still omnipotent. He yet  
Can hear the mourner's heart-felt cry;  
And it is He who says, "Blessed  
Are they that mourn." Not unto those  
Who feel rebellious at His will,  
Oft sending forth, aloud, their bitter cries  
Of lamentation, does His blessing see  
Fulfillment. But to those who feel  
A secret pouring forth of groans  
Unutterable; when the spirit mourns  
Because it feels its alienation from