

that cried, and the fatherless, and him that had no helper. The blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon him, and he caused the widow's heart to sing for joy." This gave him a purer happiness than all his wealth. He experienced the truth of Christ's declaration, that "it is more blessed to give than to receive," and I doubt not that as from time to time he heard of the good conduct and fair prospects of boys and girls sent out from this House, it gave him a sweeter satisfaction, than the safe return of his ships with a precious cargo, or the most successful issue of a mercantile adventure.

"That man may *last*, but never *lives*  
 Who much receives but nothing gives,  
 Whom none can love, whom none can thank,  
 Creation's blot, creation's blank!  
 But he who marks from day to day  
 In generous acts his radiant way:  
 Treads the same path the Saviour trod,  
 The path to glory, and to God."

Such happiness too is enduring. It dies not with the body. It solaces the soul when all earthly comforts are in vain, and in that world of spirits to which all are hastening, it remains forever a pure fountain of unfailling joy. We must all die. "The rich and the poor meet together," at last in a common grave. "We brought nothing into this world, and we can carry nothing out." That was a solemn question asked by our dying President, when he was stricken with this fatal illness. "What can the world do for me now?" Nothing, nothing—friends may weep, but they cannot go with you into the dark valley of the shadow of death. Earth with all its attractions fades away forever. What can comfort then but the remembrance of a well-spent life, and an humble trust in the atoning blood of the Lamb of God!

"Is that a death bed where the Christian lies?  
 Yes. But not his, 'tis death itself there dies."

So lived, so died our lamented associate, President and friend. The singing by the choir of this House of Refuge at his funeral, was a most touching service. If, when the soldier is buried, his former companions in arms fire a funeral volley over his grave in honor of the dead, how much more beautiful and significant around a Christian's coffin, and over his open grave, such sweet hymns as those, sung by voices which but for him might have been uttering sounds of blasphemy and vice:

"How blest the righteous when he dies, &c."  
 "Unveil thy bosom faithful tomb, &c."  
 "Asleep in Jesus! blessed sleep, &c."