

I know not how others may have felt, but to me this service was inexpressibly affecting. As I stood there, and looked upon those boys rescued from degradation and ruin through him, whose body slept in that silent coffin, but whose spirit had flown to meet his God, methought I could anticipate the "day for which all other days were made," the day when "the great white throne shall be set up and the dead, small and great, shall stand before God, and the books shall be opened, and the dead shall be judged out of those things which are written in the books according to their works." And I thought I could hear the voice of the Judge, in melodious accents, saying, "Come ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world, for I was a hungered and ye gave me meat, I was thirsty and ye gave me drink, *I was a stranger, and ye took me in; naked and ye clothed me, I was sick and ye visited me, I was in prison, and ye came unto me.* Inasmuch as ye have done it unto *one of the least of these*, my brethren, ye have done it unto *me.*"

Our loss admonishes us all, that we, too, must soon give an account of our stewardship. And may God give us grace so to live, that all, managers, officers, inmates, and friends, may at last form part of that company which no man can number, who, clothed with white robes, and with palms in their hands, shall join in that new song :

"Blessing and honor and glory and power,
Be unto Him that sitteth upon the throne,
And unto the Lamb forever and forever !"