

the disease which was to put an end to his earthly career. But stern and unrelenting death, not satisfied with one victim, plants his gastly fingers on another son of that household, and at one stroke cuts off the first born just ripened into manhood, and carries with him the youngest into the realms of eternity. On the 5th of March, 1859, John and his brother Willie both felt death approaching, and although each one was aware of the other's sickness, neither of them knew that his brother would accompany him in this journey through the "dark valley of the shadow of death." Willie's spirit first took flight; a few minutes after, the eyes of John, although fast glazing in death, suddenly lit up with a heavenly flame, and seemed to see the angel spirit of his brother hovering over him, while his countenance, beaming with joy and hope, seemed to beckon the celestial spirit and say, "Wait, brother, I come." Hand in hand together they enter the portals of heaven, to swell the chorus of hallelujahs, which the millions who have gone before chant in praises of the Lamb.

John had a truly poetic nature. His mind was fertile with the keenest wit, and it could refresh itself in the beautiful and sublime wherever found, whether in nature or in art. Witness his poems, as a truth of the assertion. Who that heard his poem on "Fashion," as read by himself in Greenwood Hall, 1855, or who that has read the piece entitled "The Days when I had the Tin," does not perceive a humorous trait of character in every line? While the exquisite poems—"There are no tears in Heaven," and "Faded Loveliness," tell of moments when thoughts such as the Christian only feels took possession of his soul. Had he lived, we have no doubt but that he would have taken a high rank among the writers of the West, for he was endowed not only with the fine sensibilities and imagination that make the poet, but he was also possessed of that untiring energy and perseverance which surmount all obstacles. The writings he has left behind, the fruits of many dreary hours of patient study and thought, have raised up for him a monument of love in the hearts of many, which will be