

They show clearly that those who knew him best, and came closest to his inner life, loved him most.

For him the sun of life is setting, but to him in a halo of glory. He has no fear for the future; and, as he slowly drifts from us toward the great ocean of eternity, his hopes brighten, his vision grows clearer, and he realizes more and more what it will be to rest from his labors, with those he loves, in the Paradise of God.

I hope my imperfect tribute of affection to one on whose strong arm I have leaned for thirty-seven years may be read in the spirit of love in which it has been written, and serve to perpetuate the memory of my husband in the hearts of the many he loved so well.

ELLA LORD HOPSON.

NASHVILLE, Tenn., July 20, 1887.