

open arms, and little Dick will be there, too. We'll all be watchin' every day for Massa Harry.' Mr. Stodard said he never heard one murmur of pain from him, although his pain must have been excruciating. He often said, "It hurts, son, but there is something that always helps me to bear it."

It was certainly a rare privilege to be with such an one in the dying hour. "The chamber where the good man meets his fate is privileged beyond the common walks of life, quite on the verge of Heaven." I do not wonder that Pastor Stodard esteemed it as the Gate of Heaven. But the writer esteems it even a greater privilege to have had the honor of leading the doctor to the Christ, of whom old "Black Mammy" told him fifty years before down in Dixie. He sleeps in God's acre in sunny southern Manitoba, beside his father and mother, whom he loved so dearly. Good-bye, doctor, for a little while. When we meet again I have good hope it will be in the morning of eternal day.