

before he died if he would like to see you, and he nodded his head, for he could not speak.

"That night his hand was pointing upward. He died as easily as if he were going to sleep.

"My little girl has been baptized since. How Jimmie wanted her to come to Jesus.

"He said he was praying for two boys, that they might put their trust in Jesus as their Saviour. He wanted to give something to missions, if he could only give his Bible. He had put the only dollar he had in the church treasury.

"Poor child, how hard it is to realize that he is gone.

"But I feel my faith grow stronger as I see that white hand pointing heavenward.

"I would be so glad to have you write a few verses in memory of Jimmie. They might do others good. Yours, etc."

The last I saw of my little friend was at the railway station, Paisley, the morning I left. It was early, and cold, and snowy, but he had come with a little paper bag of oranges for me, and to bid me good-bye. Dear boy, I often seem to see him yet.