

suffering dreadfully. The internal ulcers ruptured, causing intense pain and the poisoning of my system. My throat is horribly affected, and all foods taste bitter. When I lie down at night, I am kept awake, toss with fever, and long for the coming of the morning. Then, through the day, I doze at times, and long for the evening shadows. My only joy now is the joy of meeting my Lord."

A month later he could not leave his bed, and the only nourishment he could take was milk and water. To relieve his intense sufferings, Dr. Langis of the Lazzaretto gave him morphine. The Doctor and the Sisters have been extremely kind, and Brother Davis wishes the denomination to know of their tender care for him. Mrs. (Dr.) Smith of Tracadie has also been most kind and thoughtful in visiting him twice a week and reading to him.

Many beautiful and loving messages found their way to his lonely room. One of these, a poem, especially beautiful and helpful, was sent by Dr. Everett Sawyer, of Okanagan College. Brother Davis listened to the reading of it with rapt attention, and exclaimed: "Beautiful! Beautiful!" Its sentiments found an echo in his heart. Such messages greatly cheered him, and they, together with the presence and promises of Christ, enabled him to live the victorious life, believing that death would be swallowed up in victory.

Tennynson has named death "the terror feared by man." But John Davis did not fear death. For months he stood upon the verge of the grave and flung out the taunt: "Oh, death, where is thy sting? Oh, grave, where is thy victory?" With wonderful calmness and composure, he planned his own funeral. He carefully outlined all the details with his chaplain in regard to the interment and the service to be held. "Have a memorial service," said he, "in the little church at Wicklow, Ont., for there I studied in the Sunday School,