

ed ;" and when asked what he preached, he gave such clear and satisfactory answers to the great question, "What shall a man do to be saved," as filled us with surprise. This, too, was worthy of notice, that though he was fully aware of the errors of these people, he never said a word to them on that subject, but simply urged them to repent of sin, and believe on the Lord Jesus. One day I heard him calling after a Roman Catholic workman from the top of the stairs, as the man was going home: "Will you repent and pray to-night for forgiveness? You must do it *to-night*." When asked to whom he was speaking, he replied, with apparent concern, that the man had said it was not wrong to steal when no one saw us. He had told him it was very wicked to say so, and he must pray for forgiveness, and was now reminding him of it.

His daily prayer was "Please make every body good;" and in his last illness he earnestly repeated it several times between the paroxysms of pain. When I asked him, a few hours before his death, what I had often asked him in health, "Do you love Jesus?" he said, transferring an Armenian idiom to the English: "Yes, papa; before I told you so, long ago." Noticing that he often looked up, and kept his eyes fixed upward, I asked, "What do you think of?" He quietly answered, "of God;" and another time "of Jesus." The prospect of death seemed to give him no fear. Indeed he often spoke of dying while in the enjoyment of health, with perfect familiarity, and as a thing not at all to be dreaded. The Students and some of the brethren wished to see him once more; and he bade them a very affectionate farewell, calling each by name, kissing them, and sending messages to the absent ones. Among the last words we could distinguish were these, "I wish to play on the harmonicon," an instrument upon which he had already learned a few tunes. And then, pointing upwards with his finger, he said, "Hear it!" It was the music of the choirs of heaven bursting upon his soul.

On the other side of the wall against which rested the head of his bed, the monthly concert of prayer was held; and just as the last words of the last prayer had been uttered, the child faintly struggled, and as though a gentle sleep had fallen upon him, his spirit left his earthly tabernacle, and bounded upward to the arms of Jesus.

Who knows but, at the great gathering of the judgment day, some immortal soul will be found to have been saved