

room she said "Don't you see them, there they are at the foot of the bed." Then she cried out in a rapture, O! I see my blessed Jesus, there he stands, I see his beauty, I see his lovely face. After this she paused for a moment, and then said, I do not see him as plainly as I did, he veils his face a little. Then she cried out again in a great rapture Glory to Jesus the veil is taken away, I see his lovely face. I then said, "Sister do you want anything. She then raised her emaciated hands, and replied no, I do not want anything but to fall asleep in the arms of Jesus, and immediately her hands dropped, and she breathed no more. Thus she passed away without a struggle or a groan of sorrow in her dying moments. Glory to God. Death's no more than a black curtain, drawn to let the saints go in.

In the month of August A. D. 1828 as I entered the sick room where P. O. was dying, he said to me Brother do you think I am dying? I replied, yes P. (calling him by name) you are going very fast, a few moments will carry you a great way, it will carry from earth to Heaven. At this he extended his emaciated hands and arms upward, and in an ecstasy cried glory to God glory to God will he take me to heaven so soon, I have only been trying to serve him two years and will he take me to heaven so soon. Thus he exulted, giv-