

late in the day, remarking as he went home that he should have returned earlier. On the following day (Sunday) he attended divine service as usual, but was not in the right condition to go out. It was his last visit to the sanctuary—never again did he enter its doors or hear the blessed Word proclaimed from the sacred desk. It was a greater privilege to him than ever to occupy his place in the church, and it was fitting that his last attendance was made with sacrifice. He had gained a growing interest in hearing and reading divine truth. But no one realized how soon this ripening experience was to reap its reward.

On the following Monday, January 28th, the subject of these lines made his final visit to the office. He was far from well, and his wife wished him to remain at home, but he replied that he would be as well at the office as at the house, and went as usual to his place of business. He returned home in the evening, after a hard day's work, never again to look upon the scenes of his ceaseless activity. The next day he did not leave his room. Believing that he had nothing more than a severe cold he had determined to drive it off without medical aid, supposing this could be done by complete rest. But the rest of the family could not be persuaded that this was sufficient, and finally succeeded, late in the afternoon, in his allowing the family physician to be called. The first diagnosis was that the patient was suffering from a very hard cold—a day or two followed and remittent fever was thought to be the trouble. The symptoms became more and more serious and it was difficult to determine what the malady really was. About the fourth day it was thought that a slow fever was the difficulty, but in a day or so unmistakable evidence was given that the case was one of typhoid fever. To recount all the pains, anxieties, and sorrows that followed would furnish a sad, sad, story. The extreme suffering, the weary watching, and the terrible suspense can only be understood by those who have passed through a similar trial. Although the exact duration of the illness was short, the strain was long and heavy. All that mortals could do to save life was done, but all to no avail—death came as an inevitable result. It was an entirely new ordeal to the patient, for he had never been seriously ill, yet he was very heroic, and made a brave battle for life. His sufferings were extreme—there was the agonizing cough, the reliefless pains, the parched mouth and throat, congestion of the stomach and intense

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