

the last spoken in my hearing. Do you think I will see Jesus to-day, Eddie? Oh, I hope so, I hope so. The Lord is very good.

Give my love to dear Maggie, tell her we will meet up there; and the dear little babe, tell her often of her grandma. Oh, Father, let the end come. When you all see me again, you will see me in my new body.— Only to think of the deep love He had and has for a poor thing like me. She spoke much of her dear little babe that was buried twenty-seven years ago this month. She spoke of so many she would meet there, but it is Himself, she said, that is the chief One there. I go to prepare a place for you.— When thou passest through the waters I will be with you.

As she was eating a piece of fish that was brought to her, she said, the last thing we hear of Jesus eating was a piece of fish. As we were all gathered round her bed, she asked us to sing, 'It is well with my soul.' After singing it she said, Yes, it is well, Father. Poor Pa, he is a dear old man.— 'All went to their own homes, Jesus went to the Mount of Olives,' Lord Jesus. The dear children, I would like to bid them all good bye. I will meet your little ones there by and by. How nice to think he knows all about us, and nothing passes His notice.— The only thing He forgets is our sins; He has said, 'Thy sins and iniquities, I will remember no more.' Ask the Lord Jesus to let me go to sleep. She asked us to sing, 'Calvary,' also, 'I am Thine, O Lord.' After complying with her wish, she said, that is nice. Now sing, 'Nearer my God to Thee.' Dear boys; God bless my boys and keep them. He is very precious. Underneath are the everlasting arms. The Lord is so good, but He is never otherwise, why need I have said that.

Gathered around her bed at 8 o'clock, we sang, 'Rock of Ages,' 'Shall we gather at His coming,' 'We will all gather home at His coming,' 'Oh, happy day,' and 'Jesus, lover of my soul.' She then told out the gospel very simply to a young banker. Then we sang 'Will you be there and I.' It will not be on the crown He giveth, but on His pierced hand we will gaze. I may have one more sleep down here, but if a restless night, O for patience. She asked me to feel her

pulse, and said, am I getting weaker, I replied, yes, Ma, she said, thank God. O that sympathising Jesus, He has weighed every burden before He laid it on His child. 'Underneath are the everlasting arms.' Read to me, 'In My Father's house'—my Father's house. We then read John 14. How wonderful to think that He was comforting others when He was the One who needed comfort Himself—precious Jesus. What a sight to behold Him in the glory. He has the same tender heart now that he ever had. For ever with the Lord, oh, forever with Him.

My path is nearly all behind, yours (speaking to her children) is much before you; but He is faithful. In all my path He has been so faithful. I am so glad He knew all about me before He saved me. How precious He is, the One that has saved me. All your dear little ones, when we all get up there, how glad I will be to cast my crown at His feet. Your dear little ones will be there; He says, 'Thou and Thy house.' Some I have never seen yet, but I will see them there; how my heart will rejoice then.

'How good is the God we adore.' O Father, help me; help me, Father, just a little. Oh, my children—my children. Oh, if I could only be patient, not to murmur; I just want to do His will. Patience must have its perfect work. This poor old body is failing. Jesus sang a hymn down here, and He will lead our praises up there. When she thought no one was near, I heard her say, that precious blood of Jesus has left no condemnation for me. It cannot be long now, can it?—When she thought no one was in her room, she said,

When I soar to worlds unknown,
Sit with Thee upon Thy throne.

Oh, my Saviour, my Saviour; how I love Him; my Saviour, my Saviour. He has prepared a blessed place for me; oh, yes, yes, yes, prepared—she was too weak to say more. It won't be long. Oh, I wish He would take me, but I do want to wait His time. Sing, 'If I am in glory to-night.'—For poor dear Allan and Frank's sake, 'I am praying for you.' Sing now, 'What a friend we have in Jesus,' what a Friend—oh, what—a Friend. Read that chapter where Jesus—drew near We read the last of Luke. He is—near me—now—He will be—near us all