

blood of that Man she tells about, went right over me just like that; it carried off 'bout everything. But it left enough for me to see Mamie, and to see 'the Man that died for me.' Oh boys, *can't you love Him?*"

Some days after, there came a look into his face that told the end had come. I had to leave him, and I said: "What shall I say to-night, Jack?" "Just good-night," he said. "What will you say to me when we meet again?" "I'll say 'good-morning' up there."

The next morning the door was closed, and I found two of the men sitting silently by a board stretched across two stools. They turned back the sheet from the dead, and I looked on the face, which seemed to have come back nearer to the likeness of an unfallen creature.

"I wish you could have seen him when he went," they said. "Tell me about it." "Well, all at once he brightened up 'bout midnight, and smilin' said, 'I'm goin', boys. Tell *her* I'm going to see Mamie. Tell *her* I'm going to see the *Man that died for me.*' An' he was gone."

Kneeling there, with my hands over those poor cold human ones, that had been stained with blood, I asked that I might come to understand more and more *the worth of a human soul*, and to be drawn into deeper sympathy with Christ's yearning compassion, "Not willing that *any* should perish."