

comes to trouble me. I won't listen to him, but I will look to my blessed Jesus."

Often would he weep for joy at the grace of God in saving him from the pit. "To think that after sinning against Him all my life, He should have met me with His mercy the last time that I was able to walk out. Oh, it is wonderful! There! I cannot make it out," he exclaimed, turning his head away, overcome with emotion.

As death drew near, he looked straight over the narrow stream to the glory beyond. Often and often he would say, "So happy! oh, so happy! How I wonder that I could have lived so long without Jesus. What will it be to dwell with Him forever, and to be just like Him. The sooner I am off the better for me." "Look," said he, to a fellow-workman, who rubbed the tear from his eye as he looked on his wasted arm, "I can laugh at it, though it makes you grieve to see it; for it shows me that I am going soon to be with Jesus. It does not make me feel sad, oh no!"

We will now turn to that deeply solemn moment—the breaking of the silver cord, and the loosing of the spirit for its flight to God who gave it.

One who had watched with him through the night related how he would awake from his dozings exclaiming, "Oh, how beautiful!—how lovely!"—and other such exclamations, as if there were bright visions and sweet dreams of heaven passing before his eyes. He felt the blessing of the prayers of his brethren much. Grasping both the hands of a

christian  
he said  
have b  
John, c  
"Happ

Gazin  
he said  
am—I a  
dear, oh  
are in  
find it o

There  
whom h  
his requ  
his frien

Smilin  
into his  
so happy  
can tell  
I now h  
Jesus ea  
have do  
compared  
he contin  
fixedly u  
Are you

It was  
room wee  
came ove  
present t  
"Leave r