

him there; and I did ask so hard to be made sorry for my cruel, wicked doings, that I got into a burning fever. But it has done me good. I feel quite happy like now. I've had a dream that Jesus put his bleeding hands on my head, and whispered that thing you told me yesterday, 'My blood has availed for thee.'

One morning, about a week after, Willy said, "Do you know I'm dying?"—"Yes, I knew you must die, when I first saw you; but you are much worse than when I saw you yesterday."

At his request I read him Ephesians ii. and iii., 2 Cor. v., and the story of Bartimeus, and then proposed prayer.

"You will come again to see me?"—"I do not think, Willy, I should find you here if I came."

"But I want you to hold my hand as I pass through the dark valley."—"O Willy, it will not be dark, I think; for Jesus will hold your hand, and pass with you right over to the other side."

"Oh but I want to hear your voice telling me his words; it would be so dreadful only to hear bad language as I pass through."

In the evening I found him lying with his eyes closed, sinking rapidly, but calmly. Stooping over him, I whispered, "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me." "Dear Willy, is Jesus with you?"—"Oh yes." "Have you any fear?"—"No, none; I have been wondering why they call it a dark valley. I have found the light growing brighter every day since I first believed; and now it's so bright I must shut my eyes." I repeated Isa. lx. I and 2 Cor. v. to him.

"There's a sweet text I'll give you to think of sometimes, ma'am. Jesus says (and he repeated the substance of John xvi. 33), 'In this world ye shall have sorrow; but be of good cheer, in me ye have peace.' I've found it all peace since I believed, for he just wiped out all my sin. Now please tell me about—"

"About what, Willy?"—"About — I forget—my memory seems strayed, like—about many—"

"About our Father's house with many

mansions?"—"Oh yes," After repeating part of John xiv. he said, "You don't know how I love that word, 'And yet there is room.'" I then repeated with him 1 John iii. 1, 2. "Oh it's such a dear word, that, and quite, quite true. I see him now. He's calling me; I must go. Just think how soon I'll be 'like him.' I am so glad to go. Just hold—my—hand. I can't—catch—my—breath."

"Are you alone, Willy?"—"No, no; thou art with me, Jesus, our Immanuel; it's all washed—clean."

"What is washed?"—"My soul. Oh, won't it be glorious—to—join the multitude who are safe!"

Then for some minutes spasms came on; the death-rattle told his hour was come.—Suddenly he opened his eyes, and fixing them on me, said, "Good-bye—remember—your—promise (to pray for his father.) We shall—be—for—ever—with—Jesus; safe—in our happy home. Oh! it's all great joy." I rose to go. "Good-bye, dear Willy; we'll meet to part no more soon." With still closed eyes, the lips seemed to move. I stooped to catch the words—"like him." He never spoke again.

A few weeks after Willy was gone, his prayers for his poor father were answered in his being awakened, through means of a godly comrade, to seek the Saviour.—Soon after, they went into action. The father fell, mortally wounded, and after forty-eight hours of great suffering, he died happy in the Lord.

"Reader! see the glorious simplicity,—freeness,—fulness of the gospel of Jesus, in this true story of the dying hours of a poor soldier-boy. May the Holy Spirit make it the means of cheering and sanctifying you, if you are lost. Remember the word the boy loved so well, "Yet there is room."— [From The British Soldier in India.

WATCH FOR SOULS.—"Watch for souls."—Chrysostom says that he never read those words without trembling, though he preached several times a day. Baxter says: "Brethren, if saving of souls be your end, you will certainly be intent out of the pulpit as well as in it." "Watch for souls." How? "As those who must give account."