

those who heard him and loved him. Great lovableness and intense convictions were perhaps his salient characteristics. His convictions were so entirely final to his own mind that he would gladly have given them to all the world, and did in fact impart them to hundreds whose conviction was merely external and fleeting. In delivery he was forcible, terse, full of an impassioned fervor which frequently outran the limits of a not over-strong physical constitution. This capacity for enthusiasm, added to a natural buoyancy of temperament, and an unfaltering faith, kept him youthful even in old age. When remonstrated with about taking his projected journey to England, his response invariably was: "I must be about my Father's business." With this end in view, and also the restoring of his declining health, he sailed for England in fifth month, 1898, but exposure to an unaccustomed climate, added to the exertion of a prolonged series of meetings, led to a sharp attack of pneumonia, to which he succumbed, eighth month, 21st, 1898. He died at Banbury, Oxon, England, and his remains were interred in the "Mewburn Family Vault."

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