

also besought the Lord much for all his family, especially for his mother and a grown-up sister. He prayed much that God would stir up the people everywhere to hear the truth as it is in Jesus. He asked often that the publication of our interviews might be blessed to every one who should read it; and upon my telling him of a special work for the Lord in the States which weighed somewhat on my mind, he, several times before morning, besought the Lord for it.

At one time, as he lay resting on the bench, his coat rolled up under his head for a pillow, his happiness became so intense that he said to me, "I do not believe I can live till morning." His eyes closed, his hands lifted toward heaven, as he lay on his back, he only gave sign of life by repeating in a low voice, "Lord Jesus, Lord Jesus; one with thee. I long for thee, Lord Jesus." Soon he reached for my hand, which he put on his forehead under his own, and in this way he slept a little while. When he awoke he asked what time it was. "Just three," I said.

"Five hours more, my blessed Jesus, and I shall be with thee," he said. "Oh, how sweet that is! I never knew what real, unbroken, unclouded happiness was even until last Saturday, when I saw Christ in heaven as my righteousness. I know what