

distinct, the mind as clear as ever, and the beloved sufferer talked about approaching death as calmly and deliberately as though he were only about to take a journey. Heaven was near at hand—he seemed in part already there, and frequently testified to the joyous presence of his dear Saviour. Love, sacrifice and the presence of the Master were supreme. There was nothing but love for all—for each one that came to his bedside there was a word of tenderest affection. Though the probabilities were all against life, there was one chance in a thousand that the patient might recover. It did still seem as though he must get better, and prayers, and sobs, and hopes and fears were sadly intermingled. The father who had so delighted in the successes and accomplishments of his son, exclaimed to him, “I would rather go than see you go, Charley,” to which he replied, “It is just like you, father.” To his beloved mother, who had made so many sacrifices for her dear boy, he said, “You have been one of the best of mothers.” Her constant, watchful care for him was now beautifully reflected in his triumphant faith. When the moment of parting came he said, “Good-bye, mother.” The dear one was borne up with divine support. Although forced to lie in a position so uncomfortable, and suffering from shortness of breath, and kindred ailments, and amid such surrounding sorrow he was verily happy. Speaking with gratitude and great calmness he said, “I had anticipated this, but never thought there was so much happiness on a dying bed.”

The hour was replete with blessed testimonies, counsels and messages of love. The mind that was always so ready to grasp the situation was as clear as ever now, and after a pause he uttered the words, “My poor wife.” She came to the dying couch, weighed down with grief, to talk for the last time with her devoted husband. She could not bear to entertain the thought that he was dying, though the life-blood was going, and said to him, “Perhaps it will run back again,” to which he replied, “No, it cannot.” “You hold up your arm and it won’t run up.” To which he added, “Hoping against hope. It is so natural to hope. How selfish is life.” The heart-broken wife could not think of giving him up, and exclaimed to him, “Oh! God won’t take you; you must get well.” To which the loved companion replied, “Don’t deceive yourself, Jessie. I would like to live for you and the children’s sake, but if the Lord wants me I am ready to go.”

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