

permits me to be in health; above all, **looking unto Him!** Keeping my eyes on Him. Glory! Hallelujah! Praise Him! Thanks be unto God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ!

Love in Christ to dear Mrs. G——, to dear Newton, to dear little Mary, from Graves, and to our own boy, Jack—the Lord bless him! My love to you and to all friends. I shall remember you specially in prayer.

Awaiting your next letter, I am,

Yours in the Coming One,

J. T. GRAVES.

This was the last letter received from our dear brother; he returned from California the last week in January, 1910, and fell asleep in Jesus on the third of February, awaiting the day when the last trumpet shall sound and the dead in Christ shall rise to meet the Lord in the air. Beloved, sorrow not then as those that have no hope.