

Father? Should I be afraid to go to His house? Am I lost? No more than I think God can be lost." Hearing such language from this leper sufferer, the writer on his last visit left those bleak shores with a burning heart, thinking not of the dreadful surroundings, but of "a man in Christ," whose spirit no walls could imprison, and whose high converse had transformed the little room into a Bethel.

M. S. RICHARDSON.

Translate.

Brother Davis passed away last night, April 28th. He asked for me on Wednesday. I arrived at his bedside on Thursday evening, April 27th. In the midst of his terrible sufferings, he timed his hours of life, and had me with him so that he could leave to the world his final statement in regard to his faith. Coughing for breath and choking with the poison of the disease, he said: "Thank God you are here.—I believe in God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Spirit. Write that down." Continuing, after regaining strength, he said: "Henceforth, let no man trouble me, for I bear in my body the marks of the Lord Jesus. Write that down."

Gladly did I write down this declaration of the dying hero of faith. So passed the strong, heroic soul away.

M. S. RICHARDSON.

The Last Rites.

Under weeping skies, the broken body of our missionary hero, John Edwin Davis, was laid away on Saturday, May 6th, in the Fairview Cemetery, midway between the villages of Grafton and Wieklow. There lie the ashes of his closest earthly kin. The Government officer in charge of the Lazaretto, Dr. Langis, who had become his warm personal friend, and Rev. M. S. Richardson, his chaplain, were present; having accom-