

o'clock on Wednesday night his strong frame ran up the pale white flag of surrender—the struggle was ended, and every pang was over. I reached him at eleven o'clock, and found him on the brink of what he called "The Little Brook," waiting the command to step over to the other shore. Calmer than the gifted physicians at his bedside—calmer than I could be to save my life as I gazed into his shining face—he looked away from a fading world, and feasted his eyes on "things not seen." As I approached him he said, "Glory to God! Brother Jarrell, I am almost gone, and I am so glad it is I rather than any other member of the family."

"Do you suffer any pain, Julian?" "Not a pain in all my body. It is the sweetest night's rest I ever had in my life; but pray for me until the last breath leaves me. Pray now; I want to hear you one more time before I go." Our prayer was all praise one time. As we rose from our knees he struck up and sang through that entrancing chorus:—

"O Beulah Land—sweet Beulah Land,  
As on thy highest mount I stand,  
I look away across the sea,  
Where mansions are prepared for me,  
And view the shining glory shore—  
My heaven—my home for evermore!"

"Where is Joe, Brother Jarrell?" "He is at home." "I wish I could see his sweet face once more. Tell him to meet me in glory." In a moment I slipped out to bring my son—only too glad for him to witness a sight I had myself never seen equalled. As we walked in he put his arms around Joe's neck, and kissed him a sweet good-bye. "God bless you, Joe. Meet me in heaven, for I am almost there."

"Brother Jarrell, you called on me to pray in public the other night. It was the first time I had ever tried to do such a thing, but O how I thank you for it now! 'The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: He leadeth me beside the still waters. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death I will fear no evil; for Thou art with me. Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me.'

"I can't remember my father, but I shall know him above. And the world has not known a better stepfather than I have had. The doctors say I am dying; but if this be death, O how easy to die! Death is only a little brook, and I'll soon pass over and be with my father.

"Why, howdy, pa! Glory to God, I saw my father!" What wonder if he did, since he was more in heaven than on earth.

"Brother Jarrell, tell my Sunday-school class—tell the school and the whole church—tell all Gainesville, how easy it is for a Christian to die when he is full of the grace of God."

But my pen is poverty-stricken when I come to tell it as I saw it then.