

never seemed to become quite clear, but he had intervals of intelligence, during which he would often answer questions in a rational manner and attempt to repeat verses of Scripture. The verse, "Suffer little children to come unto me," he said through. He attempted, also, "God so loved the world," but only got as far as "believeth in Him." Two nights before he died he tried to say the Lord's prayer, but his breathing was short and it seemed to be an effort for him. At the words, "as it is in heaven," he stopped, and, after a pause, said, "Can't say 'my Father,' too much run away me."

After a little I asked him, "Who was it that died on the cross for us, Frederick?" He rambled a little for a moment or two, and then, as though the meaning of my question had flashed upon him, spoke out in clear accents, "Jesus Christ!" Very little longer was he to live. We had prayed very earnestly and constantly for his recovery, but it was not God's will. On Saturday evening, after prayers, I perceived that he was sinking, and I told the boys who were watching him that I did not think he could live through the night. He was breathing heavily and quickly, and groaning as though in pain. He would take no notice when spoken to, and could not swallow. An hour or two sped by; it was 10 o'clock, and he was now breathing with great difficulty, gasping frequently for breath,