

The Sad Death of an Infidel.

Mary E. Jenks, of McBain, Michigan, sends us the following:

The people of the village of M—— have been greatly shocked of late by the terrible death of one of its residents, a Mr. T——, an infidel.

This man had lived an ungodly life, making no preparation for the great beyond to which he was hastening. He did not attend the house of God, and cared for none of these things that could in any way lead him to a better life. But disease fastened upon him, and death's cold hand reached for him. Although near the valley of the shadow of death, he still continued to make calculations for the future, and once, when asked how he was, sneeringly said that God wouldn't let him die; he was too good to die. But as he grew worse he was made to feel that the end was drawing near. He could not lie down, but sat in his chair day and night, while his limbs were badly swollen.

He belonged to two secret orders, and one day sent for one of the brotherhood. He came, and Mr. T—— said to him, "Well, I am here yet, but I am going to die, and I want you to see to it that I am buried according to the ceremonies of the orders." The man responded, "That will be all right, but you had better be thinking about something else now." Mr. T—— went on with his directions, saying something about flowers, etc. How can anything in this world be more sad than to see a strong man dying without God, and with no heart to repent, but trying to comfort himself with how the last few rites will be performed over his lifeless remains.

Poor, wretched man; even this request was denied him. He would curse God while in the agonies of death.

Finally the end came, but instead of flowers, pomp and show over his body, he was gathered up in the blankets in which he sat, hurried into a box and carried to a Christless grave, while his soul went to meet the God he had so insulted. Who would not choose to die the death of the righteous?

“I Am Lost, Lost, Lost, Lost, Lost!”

Rev. J. B. Davis, of Davis Station, W Va., sends us this sad experience, which we pray may be used of God as a warning to the living. He says:

Mrs. B——, of C——, W. Va., who had attended a revival meeting at Davis Creek Church (near my father's home), was besought by Christian friends to give her life to the Lord, but she refused. Shortly after this she was seized with a disease which soon brought her to death's door. Rev. J. D. Garrett, who had conducted the revival meeting at which she was present, was sent for, and, as he entered the home, the dying woman exclaimed, “I am lost, lost, lost, lost, lost!” The minister said to her, “My sister, Jesus loves you, and if you will trust Him He will save you.” He then quoted some of God's promises to her.

“Oh, Bro. Garrett,” she exclaimed, “if I had given Him my life when you were holding that meeting here, it would have been all right. He wanted to save me then, but it is too late now. I am lost, lost, lost!”

Bro. Garrett tried to get her to stop and reason with him, but she continued to cry, “Lost, lost,” etc. The minister said that it seemed as though hell were near

them that night, and was uncapped as the poor, dying woman wept over her lost condition.

Her son, who was away from home, was sent for, and, as he entered the room where his mother lay dying, she turned her face toward him and said, "Charley, is that you?" "Yes, mother," he replied, "how are you?" She exclaimed, "I am lost, lost!"

He went to her bedside, threw his arms about her, and told her of the Savior's love for sinners, but she cried, "It is too late for me, Charley; I am lost, lost," and she continued repeating this until her soul took its departure.

Little Hattie Buford's Last Prayer.

This little girl died in 1865, when only six years old. She was the child of Major-General John Buford. She was taught to repeat the Lord's prayer every night. As the child lay on her dying bed, and the hour of her departure was drawing near, she all of a sudden opened her soft blue eyes, and, looking confidently into her mother's face, said, "Mamma, I forgot to say my prayers!" Summoning what strength she had left, she clasped her little white hands together, and, like a little angel, prayed thus:

"Now I lay me down to sleep.
I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to take."

The prayer finished, she never spoke again.

I wonder how many of our readers say their prayers every night before they go to sleep.—*Editor.*

The Last Words of Joseph Barker, the Converted Infidel.

No doubt many of our readers have heard of Rev. Joseph Barker. For the early part of his life he was a noted worker in the service of the devil, and preached his infidelity wherever he had an opportunity; but we are thankful to God that the last part of his life was spent in the service of the Lord. He was converted from infidelity, and became a preacher of righteousness.

He died at Omaha, Nebraska, in 1870, at the age of seventy-one years. A few days before his death he spoke as follows to his son and two friends who were present:

“I feel that I am approaching my end, and desire that you should receive my last words and be witness to them. I wish you to witness that I am in my right mind, and fully understand what I have just been doing; and dying, that I die in the full and firm belief in Jesus Christ. I am sorry for my past errors; but during the last years of my life I have striven to undo the harm I did, by doing all that I was able to do to serve God, by showing the beauty and religion of His Son, Jesus Christ. I wish you to write and witness this, my last confession of faith, that there may be no doubt about it.”

“You Gave Me Nothing to Hold On To.”

In a country village of Pennsylvania there lived an infidel physician, who by infidel books persuaded a young man to deny his Savior.

In about 1875 this man died, aged fifty years. The

infidel teacher was his physician. When his end was approaching, the doctor told him to die as he had lived—a rejector of God and Christ. “Hold on to the end,” urged the doctor. “Yes, doctor,” said the dying man, “there is just my trouble; you gave me nothing to hold on to.” The doctor did not reply.

“Oh! The Devil Is Coming To Drag My Soul Down To Hell!”

N. M. Nelms, of Kopperl, Texas, sends us this very sad experience. He says:

Miss A—, who lived at C—, in Georgia, was taken very sick, and was informed that she could not live. Realizing the way she had lived, surrounded by her ungodly associates, with whom she had indulged in the pleasures of sin, and how her parents had educated her to follow the fashions of the world, and decorated her in gay clothing, and turned her away from the truth of God, she called her ungodly father to her bedside and said, “Your heart is as black as hell. If you had taught me to live for God, rather than to have spent your time quarreling with mother, I might have been saved.” Then, turning to others who stood by her dying-bed, she plead with them, saying, “Do not follow my ungodly example; do not do as I have done; do not enjoy or indulge in the hellish pleasures of the world. Oh, if I had heeded the warnings of my friend L—, who lived a holy and devoted life.” Then she said, “Oh, the devil is coming to drag my soul down to hell! Don’t live in pleasure and be found wanting, but live in Christ complete and wanting nothing. I am lost, lost forever! Oh, lost, lost, lost!”—then died.

**David Brainerd—"I Am Almost In Eternity;
I Long To Be There To Praise
and Glorify God!"**

This celebrated missionary to the Indians was born at Haddam, Connecticut, April 20, 1718. His parents were noted for their piety, and were closely related to high officials of the church and state.

In 1739 he entered Yale College, where he stood first in his class. He was greatly favored of God in being privileged to attend the great revival conducted by Whitfield, Jonathan Edwards and Tenent.

President Edwards says, in his memoir of Brainerd:

"His great work was the priceless example of his piety, zeal and self devotion. Why, since the days of the apostles none have surpassed him. His uncommon intellectual gifts, his fine personal qualities, his melancholy and his early death, as well as his remarkable holiness and evangelistic labors, have conspired to invest his memory with a book halo, and the story of his life has been a potent force in the modern missionary era. It is related of Henry Martyn that, while perusing the life of David Brainerd, his soul was filled with a holy emulation of that extraordinary man, and after deep consideration and fervent prayer, he was at length fixed in a resolution to imitate his example."

Brainerd was a representative man, formed both by nature and grace to leave a lasting impression upon the piety of the church.

He died at Northampton, Oct. 9, 1747. The last words of this dying apostle were, "I am almost in eternity: I long to be there. My work is done. I have

done with my friends; all the world is nothing to me. Oh, to be in heaven to praise and glorify God with His hoily angels."

Last Words of Samuel Rutherford—"I Shall Soon Be Where Few of You Shall Enter."

This eminent Scotch Presbyterian divine was born in 1600, and died in 1661. He was commissioner to the Westminster General Assembly in 1643, and was for some time principal of St. Andrews College. When on his death-bed he was summoned to appear before Parliament for trial, for having preached Liberty and Religion. He sent word with the messenger to tell Parliament "That I have received a summons to a higher bar—I must needs answer that first; and when the day you name shall come, I shall be where few of you shall enter."

Rev. Richard Watson—"I Shall See God! How Shall I Praise Him?"

The great reformer, Rev. Richard Watson, was one of God's most noted preachers and theologians. He was born in England, Feb. 22, 1781; died Jan. 8, 1833. He took an active part in the Anti-slavery movement, and lived to see the preparation for the emancipation of all slaves in British colonies.

He was the author of many books. In his dying hour he exclaimed, "I shall see God!—I—I individually. I, myself, a poor worm of the earth, shall see God! How shall I praise Him?"

The Awful End of an Infidel Scoffer.

Rev. Fred. Scott, of Arkansas City, Kansas, sends us this sad experience. He says:

In the year 1880, in company with a few other pilgrims, I held a little street meeting off Brightside Lane, Sheffield, England, our object being to extend an invitation to passers-by to come to the services at the little Primitive Methodist Chapel, which was close by.

We stopped on the street, close to the home of the subject of this sketch (whose name I do not remember), and commenced to sing and talk to the people. He came out of his house in great rage and excitement, saying that we were disturbers of the peace and ought to be prosecuted. He secured the attention of some of the people, and preached his infidelity to them, telling them that the Bible was a humbug, and Christianity a fraud; churches and ministers an imposition on the people, and that society should be rid of them all. We tried to reason with him, but all in vain.

The following week some of the Pilgrims called at his home, and offered to pray with him and give him tracts to read, but he scornfully refused all of their offers. He abused their good intentions, and in a boasting way talked to them of the narrowness of Christianity, and the great freedom of his infidelity. Several times after that he made it a rule to meet us on the street, and try and confuse the people and break up the meeting. His presence was such an annoyance to us, and so detrimental to the meetings, that we scarcely could hold them. The last time I ever saw him come out of his house was on Sunday morning, when he came walking down the street, close to where we were sing-

ing, with a stick in one hand and an axe in the other, and when he came very close to us he began to chop the wood for the purpose of getting the attention of the people from us. The chips began to fly around, and we thought best to move on, which we did. From that time on we all began to offer special prayer for his conversion; but God did not answer our prayers in the way we thought he would.

The next Sunday we went to our street meeting, feeling that in some way God would give us a victory over him, but to our surprise we did not find him there. I inquired about him, and found that he was suddenly taken very ill. The following week I was called to his room, and found him in a very dangerous condition. He was much changed in his mind; was very mild, tender and teachable, but could not repent. Many of the pilgrims visited him and tried to lead him to Jesus, but their efforts were in vain. He said that he knew that he was lost and doomed forever. In a few days I called again, and found him very close to the crossing. I told him of God's boundless mercy, and how it had reached Nebuchadnezzar and Manasseh, and that God had given His Son even for him; but he insisted that it was too late now, as he had sinned against light and knowledge when he knew better.

The fact of having disturbed our meetings preyed upon his mind, and he told me to faithfully warn all such scoffers of their danger. He wept bitterly as we talked to him of his lost condition, and said that if he could only live his life over again he would live for God; but it was a vain hope—it was past—his last chance was gone. The awful distress of his mind became worse and worse until the end came. He expired in great agony of soul.

To live without Christ is folly; to be without Him on a deathbed is distressing; to die without Him is awful. But oh, the thought of an eternity without Christ! My scoffing friend, take warning! Stop in time—stop now! “Because I have called, and ye refused; I have stretched out My hand, and no man regarded; but ye have set at nought all My counsel, and would none of My reproof; I also will laugh at your calamity; I will mock when your fear cometh.” (Prov 1:24-26.)

“Hallelujah to God! I Am Going Home to Glory.”

In Arkansas there was an aged lady, Mrs. Abbott, who had been suffering for some time. I was at her house just before she died. She would sing and pray and exhort the people, especially the young folks, telling them to get ready to meet her in heaven, and to quit their sins and to give their hearts to God. The night that I visited her, I shook her emaciated hand, and as I looked into her wrinkled face she said to me, “I am ready to go! All that are ready to meet me in heaven, were they to die to-night, come and shake my hand. Hallelujah to God! I am going home to glory and be with my Jesus.” A few hours afterwards she triumphantly passed away singing praises to God and praying for husband and seven children. Praise the Lord for ever and ever.—*Written for this work by N. M. Nelms, of Kopperl, Texas.*

**He Cried, With An Awful Wail of Despair,
"Too Late, Too Late, Too Late!"**

Bro. J. Earnest, of Searcy, White Co., Arkansas, sends us this sad experience. He says:

When I lived in the town of H—, in West Tennessee, I was well acquainted with a noted infidel who neither feared God nor regarded man. He would consider it an insult to his dignity for anyone to speak to him on the subject of religion; in fact, he had been known to fight some who had dared to approach him about his soul's salvation. He was well favored with the earthly possessions of this life, but it seemed to me that he was the most unhappy man that I had ever seen. He was such a hard case that the Christian people were afraid of him.

When he was dying, his brother-in-law, a whisky-drinking infidel, at the request of his weeping wife went for my uncle, Mr. B—, to come and pray with him. My uncle came and when he entered the room the dying infidel said to him, "I can now see and realize that I am doomed for hell. Pray for me!" Uncle prayed and sang, and put forth all the powers of his soul for the wretched man, but it did not seem to do any good. While uncle was praying and singing, I tried to keep his mind on the Lord by talking to him. He warned all present not to live as he had lived, and sink at last to a devil's hell. At last he turned his face towards the wall, and cried with an awful wail, "Too late, too late, too late!" and his soul went out into eternity.

A Great Reproof To Professing Christians.

In the year 1877, in Newark, New Jersey, a young man was hung for murder. Just before the fatal hour, he said to the Christian people about him, "If I had received one-half the attention and care from the good people of this city in early life that has been shown me since this trial commenced, I should never have been a murderer."

What a reproof to professing Christians were the statements made by this young man.

A few years ago we held a revival meeting in a certain town in Illinois, and where two men met their death on the scaffold just before our meetings commenced, and the excitement had not yet died away. We were informed that two of the most prominent pastors of the town manifested considerable interest in these young men before they were doomed to death. They visited them often, talked and prayed with them, and they professed to be saved. One of the doomed men exhorted the people from the scaffold to take warning by his example, and urged them to seek the Lord before they became guilty of some sin which would cause them and their families disgrace.

If the interest of Christians had been brought to bear upon these criminals before their conviction and crime, they might have been saved in their youth. O, that God might wake up his people and help them to rescue the perishing before they become guilty of some great crime, is our prayer.—*Editor.*

John Knox, Scotland's Great Reformer.

This great reformer was noted for his faith and prayer. The name of John Knox is widely known throughout Christendom. He lived in the days of Queen Mary of Scotland, and she once stated that she feared the prayers of Knox more than all the armies of Scotland.

The Roman Catholic Church, with all its corruption and degra-tion, had great power and influence in the British Isles. The Queen of England, and many of the high officials in church and state, were nothing but tools in the hands of the pope in persecuting and destroying the Protestants. In the jails and prisons, as well as at the stake, God's devoted children suffered beyond description. The whole land was a scene of desolation. Many were burned alive for their faith and devotion to the Protestant religion. The great heart of John Knox was deeply moved. Night and day he cried to God to save Scotland.

At one time Knox was so greatly burdened for Scotland that he retired for secret prayer, but was soon discovered by some of his friends, by his groans. They heard him groan out, "Give me Scotland or I die!" Then after a few moments they heard him repeat these same words, "Give me Scotland or I die!" They heard him breath out the longings of his soul until he found relief. God gave him Scotland.

He died in 1572, in the sixty-seventh year of his age. After commending the care of his church to Christ, he said, "I now commend my soul into Thy hands." A few moments after, he exclaimed, "Now it is come!" Who will doubt but what God sent a convoy of angels to carry him to Abraham's bosom?

The Earl of Morton pronounced at his grave, in the presence of many of the nobles of Scotland, these words, "There lies he who never feared the face of man."

**"May God Almighty Bless Thee, My Beloved
Sons and Brothers in Christ."**

Two brothers and their father were beheaded in the year 1524 for preaching the gospel in Germany.

On the scaffold one of the sons said, "Father, farewell, my beloved father. Henceforth thou art my father no longer, and I am no longer thy son, but we are brothers still in Christ our Lord, for whose sake we are doomed to suffer death. Fear nothing." "Amen!" answered the old man, "and may God Almighty bless thee, my beloved sons and brothers in Christ." And all three knelt down in Christ's name, and their heads were severed from their bodies.

**"I Shall Soon be a Dead Man, and My Soul
Will Be in Hell."**

A minister, while travelling one day, was overtaken by a thunderstorm and took refuge in what was called a tavern. His attention was soon directed towards a man who seemed to be trying to entertain himself and others by using profanity in its lowest degree. He claimed to be an atheist, and blasphemed the name of God with unusual recklessness.

Finally, while the storm was raging wildly, he said to those around him, "There is no God, and to prove to you that I am right about it, I will go out there

on that little hill and dare Him to strike me with His lightning." To the horror of that little company he went, and looking up toward heaven, his lips moved, and he brought his fists together with the appearance of doing what he said he would, though his voice could not be heard above the roar of the storm. In a short time he came back, saying as he did so, "You can see for yourselves that there is no God. If there were, He would have killed me while daring Him to do so." But God moves in a mysterious way, and his awful sin did not go long unpunished.

He took a chair and was quiet for some time. He had uttered his last oath, and when he again spoke it was in subdued tones, as follows, "There is a God, and He is going to teach me that He can take my life with a smaller instrument than a shaft of lightning. Soon after I came in here, a little insect lit upon my hand and stung it. It commenced to pain me and soon affected my arm and is fast doing its fatal work. The pain is almost unendurable, and I shall soon be a dead man, and my soul will be in hell. Yes, there is a God."

And so he died, in awful agony of body and mind, and his soul passed into the great beyond.

"Surely the fool hath said in his heart, 'There is no God.'—*Reported for this book by Mary E. Jenks, of McBain, Michigan*

"This is Hell Enough! The Devils Are Dragging Me Down."

There was a young man in Georgia who was constantly warned by his parents and others to turn from his wickedness, profanity and gambling, but he would

not take their advice, and became a miserable wreck of humanity.

He was taken ill, and during his sickness he would exclaim, "Oh, drive these devils away with their chains, they will drag my soul down to hell before I die! Oh, brother and sister, take warning! Don't come to this hell. This is hell enough! The devils are dragging me down!" And as he cried mightily, "Don't come to this hell of woe, this hell, this hell!" his soul departed to everlasting ruin and perdition.

Young people, take warning from this awful experience and repent before it is too late.—*Written for this work by N. M. Nelms. of Kopperl, Texas.*

The Sainted A. J. Gordon's Last Word Was, "Victory!"

One of the most noted and devoted Baptist preachers of this country was Rev. Adoniram Judson Gordon, for many years pastor of Clarendon Street Baptist Church, Boston. He was a noted author as well as preacher. He went to heaven Feb. 2, 1895. "A short time before his death," says the memorial number of *The Watchword*, "he called his wife to his side and said, 'If anything should happen, do not have a quartette choir; I have selected four hymns I want to have sung. Write them down: "Abide With Me," "The Sands of Time are Sinking," "Lord if He Sleep He Shall do Well," "My Jesus I Love Thee."' He was assured that his wishes should be regarded, and the subject was dropped.

"Friday morning such a decided change for the worse was evident that a consultation was called, with the result that, though the patient's condition was

pronounced dangerous, it was not hopeless. With the utmost devotion did these two physicians watch every symptom during the day, visiting him four times together that they might mark and check a relapse, or hasten any signs of recovery. At 5 P. M. the doctor sat by him, and speaking with a cheery voice to rouse him said, 'Doctor, have you a good word for us to-night?' and with a clear, full voice he answered, 'Victory!' This was his last audible utterance. Between nine and ten in the evening the nurse motioned to his wife that she was wanted, and bending to listen, he whispered, 'Maria, pray;' and as she led in prayer, he followed in a whisper, sentence by sentence, and at the close tried to utter a petition for himself. But his strength was not sufficient to articulate.

"A tearful group of friends were tarrying in the parlors of Carey Home; and beloved deacons waited with the members of the family to watch the ebbing tide of mortal life.

"Five minutes after midnight on the morning of February 2 he fell asleep in Jesus. 'And while he blessed them he was parted from them and taken up into heaven.'"

"Oh, Do You Hear The Music?"

May Wilcox, of Marengo, Illinois, when twenty-one years of age, was taken from earth to heaven.

She was a worker in the vineyard of the Lord—a self-sacrificing, devoted Christian. Shortly after her conversion she was called of God to work for souls. She gave her life "for others' sake," to gather jewels for her Master, and proved faithful in declaring the truths of God's Word; thorough in altar work, efficient

in calling among the people, and a worthy example as a child of God.

"While fighting in ardor in mid-day of life,
The Master in mercy then ended earth's strife;
She said, in much wonder, 'I've only begun;'
He smiled back in answer, 'Come, faithful, well done.'
She looked for white harvest, the sheaves yet unbound;
She reached forth to gather. He gave her the crown."

At the close of a series of meetings in Bradford, Illinois, she went to her home to recruit for the next battle, but it seemed that her battles were then to end.

Being taken with typhoid fever, she lingered in its heat and suffering a little over a month, then Jesus came and took her to Himself. Once during her sickness, when unconscious to those around her, her mother came in; but she failed to recognize anyone. Her mother said, "May, do you know Jesus?" She replied, "Jesus? O, yes, I know Jesus." The mentioning of His name brought consciousness to her. She well knew that name.

Shortly before she passed away she called all of her loved ones (who were then outside of the ark of safety) and tried to exhort them to prepare to meet their God; but, her tongue being swollen, she could not make them understand. But the Lord enabled her to tell of the glories that filled her soul in that wonderful hour. She threw up her arms—the unsaved ones standing around her bed saw the light that came from heaven into that little room—they felt its divine influence as May said, "Oh! do you hear the music?" Her soul then took its flight—she continued to hear the music on the other side of the River. Thus ended the career of one triumphant in life and death.—*Writ.en for this work by Sadie A. Cryer, of Rockford, Ill.*

Triumphant Death of Margarettta Kloppstock.

Kloppstock, the great German poet, author of the well-known epic poem, "The Messiah," was born in 1724, and died in 1803. His wife, Margarettta, was a devoted Christian. In her last moments, being told that God would help her, she replied, "Into heaven!" The last words she whispered were, "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin! O, sweet words of eternal life!"

"O, Lord, My Strength and My Redeemer."

Mrs. Wm. Barnes' conversion was brought about shortly after the death of her little girl. She lives in Buffalo, N. Y. Before her daughter died she was not a Christian, but since the death of her little girl, four years ago, she has been leading a godly life and traveling in the way to heaven.

The following is recorded as related by Mrs. Barnes:

My little daughter May, when but eight years old, was taken ill with scarlet fever, and died four days later. During her short sickness she was such a patient little sufferer, and when asked if she was suffering, she would say there didn't anything hurt her, but she did not want to stay with us any longer—she wanted to go to heaven, and kept repeating this all through the long night. Not long after this she repeated the Lord's prayer, and then thanked us for all that we had done for her, and told us not to worry about her. Then she looked up and said, "I thank Thee, dear Jesus. Dear Jesus, I thank Thee," and then sang some beautiful songs

Just before she died she raised her eyes toward heaven and said, "O Lord, my strength and my Redeemer." Then, with a peaceful look on her face, she raised herself, and with a glad expression she said "Oh," and saw something which our eyes could not see, and thus passed away.

She had a Bible and three other books given her for constant attendance at her Sunday-school, where she had been a scholar for four years.

Dear reader, I think this message is for you just as much as it is for me. The Bible says, "A little child shall lead them."—*Written for this work by Kate H. Booth, of Buffalo, N. Y.*

Merritt Caldwell's Last Words—"Jesus Lives, I Shall Live Also."

This great and good man, principal of Wesleyan Academy, Maine, and vice-president of Dickison College, Pennsylvania, was a distinguished advocate of total abstinence and a gifted writer. He was born in 1806, died in 1848.

Shortly before his death he said to his wife, "You will not, I am sure, lie down upon your bed and weep when I am gone. You will not mourn for me when God has been so good to me. When you visit my grave, do not come in the shade of the evening, nor in the dark of night; these are no times to visit the grave of a Christian; but come in the morning, in the bright sunshine, and when the birds are singing." His last expressions were, "Glory to Jesus! He is my trust; He is my strength! Jesus lives; I shall live also!"

**“Good-By! We Will Soon Meet Again ; Christ
Lights the Way!”**

Our readers have noticed the great contrast between the last words of the saved and the unsaved. We herewith give a striking example:

Edward Adams, the noted actor's last words were, “Good-by Mary; good-by forever.” What a contrast with one of the martyrs who, while going to the stake, said to his wife, “Good-by, Mary, till morning.” The next morning, while she was being put into a sack, to be thrown into a pond, she handed her babe to a kind neighbor and said, “Good-by, children; good-by, friends; I go to my husband. We will soon meet again. Christ lights the way.”—*L. B. Balliett, M.D.*

**“Hark! Hear That Music! They Don't Have
Such Music As That On Earth.”**

Rev. Hiram Case, of Frankford, N. Y., was translated to heaven in the year 1878.

A few weeks before his death he said, “It seemed as if I were stepping into a very cold stream, which sent a shiver through my entire being, but which was gone in the twinkling of an eye, and the place was lit up with a glory that far outshone the noonday sun. What I saw and felt was unutterable. Tongue is too short and words too lame to express what I saw and felt of the presence of the Lord with me.”

He had some relatives who were Advents, and he said he wished they could only know how he felt when

he thought he was dying. They would never again think that their spirits would sleep in the grave until the resurrection, but would know beyond a doubt that immediately after the spirit had left the body it was with the redeemed host in a conscious existence in the presence of the Great Redeemer of men. He talked freely about dying, saying that, while it was hard to part with his wife and little ones, the Lord knew what was best, and would take him while he was ready. At another time he heard "the heavenly music. He said, "Hark! Hear that music! They don't have such music as that on earth."

During these last days he desired that each of his children might have a Bible bought, and following are the texts of scripture he wrote with trembling hand, one for each child:

"My son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou not."
"Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor thy years draw nigh, when thou shalt say, I find no pleasure in them." "For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

The presence of the Lord was with him during all these trying days, and when the power of speech and sight was gone, by the pressure of the hand and the farewell kiss he gave us the token that "All is well."—
Written for this work by his wife, Mrs. Gertrude M. Case, of Clyde, N. Y.

John Randolph's Last Words—"Remorse! Remorse! Remorse!"

This great American statesman was born at Cawsons, Va., in 1773. He descended from a wealthy family, a lawyer by profession, and in 1799 was elected to Congress. He was the Democratic leader of the House of Representatives, but quarreled with Jefferson. In 1825 he was chosen United States Senator from Virginia, and in 1830 was appointed United States Minister to Russia.

He died at Philadelphia in 1833. As the doctor and servant were sitting by his bedside, the dying statesman turned toward them and exclaimed, "Remorse! remorse! remorse!—you don't know what it means! But," Randolph added, "I cast myself on the Lord Jesus Christ for mercy."

"Praise Him, You All Praise Him."

Through the influence of room-mates and associates, while attending boarding school, Ethel had been influenced to believe that making a public confession of the Lord Jesus Christ, and receiving baptism by immersion was all the preparation needful to insure her soul endless joy when life on earth was over.

For years Ethel's Christian mother had endeavored to impress upon her daughter's mind the importance of being born, not of water, but of the Holy Spirit. With resolute tenacity Ethel clung to the doctrine of "Water Salvation," which she had so deeply imbibed from her companions while away at school. Notwithstanding all

discouragements, Ethel's mother knew from past experience that God was faithful in his promises of divine truth, so by persistent faith and daily prayer she called upon Him at the Throne of Grace to show Ethel the error of resting upon ordinances for spiritual safety, when the blood of Christ, and a saving faith in its atoning merits alone, could secure to her soul eternal life and a home in heaven.

One day, after much earnest wrestling in prayer, her mother was comforted by receiving the assurance of the Holy Spirit that God would be gracious and eventually turn Ethel from the error of building on a foundation of sand.

Not long after this, although but twenty-two years of life had passed over her head, Ethel came to know that she stood with the billows of death rolling very near her feet. It was then that she began to realize the fact that water baptism would not avail to rescue her soul from the perils of sin and the coming judgment. "Man's extremity is ever God's opportunity," and now the Holy Spirit began to convince her that she had need, not only to repent and call upon the Lord, but to believe in Him as a personal Savior. The conflict of her soul with doubts and fears was short but severe. Faith at length triumphed.

Only five days before her departure from earth, after lying speechless for hours, in the throes of dissolution, her mother, who was near her couch, heard Ethel say, with great effort, "Whosoever—will—may come." Just then the saving power of the Holy Ghost fell upon her heart, and as a bright smile overspread her beautiful face, she exclaimed, "Praise Him, you all praise Him." Those were Ethel's last words on earth.—*Written for this work by Mrs. V. E. Markin, of Litchfield, Ky.*

Rev. Robert Hall's Last Words—"Come, Lord Jesus, Come."

Rev. Robert Hall, one of the most eloquent of modern preachers, was born in Arnsby, Leicestershire, England, May 2, 1764; died at Bristol, Feb. 21, 1831.

In 1790 he accepted a call to the Baptist church at Cambridge. Here he remained for fifteen years, increasing in influence and reputation, and was recognized as one of the foremost preachers of his day.

In 1806 he removed to Leicester, where he labored for twenty years, when, at the call of the Broad Street Baptist Church, he returned to Bristol to finish his ministry. He did much to liberalize the opinions of his generation. His fame, great while he lived, has become a cherished tradition among English-speaking Christians, and his works are among the classics of the modern pulpit.

When he came to die he was fully prepared. In his last moments he exclaimed, "It is death, it is death, it is death! O, the sufferings of this body!" His wife inquired whether he was comfortable in mind. "Very comfortable, very comfortable. Come, Lord Jesus, come!" were his last words.

"I Am Getting In Sight of the City. My Hope is Full."

Daniel Wilmot was born in Prospect, Conn., Aug. 13, 1816, being eighty-two years old when he died; was married Jan. 7, 1839, and lived almost fifty-nine years with our now widowed sister. * * *

Brother Wilmot did not grow old on the inside—always keeping in touch with domestic interests and public events, growing old gracefully. It was blessed to behold such joy and victory as he uniformly had. At one of the Thursday night meetings held in his home, which he invariably attended, and only four weeks ago, his cup of rejoicing overflowed. With beaming face and transfigured countenance he poured forth a glowing testimony, saying, among other things, "I am 'most home. Glory to God! I am getting in sight of the city My hope is full, oh, glorious hope of immortality! The Lord saves me—saves me fully. No doubt, no fear disturbs my soul. Praise the Lord! oh, praise the Lord!" And after he resumed his seat he continued amid the tears of some and the shouts of others, to praise God. Had it been a conference love feast or camp-meeting scene the rejoicing in God could not have been greater. The benediction of that hour, the sight of that face and sound of that voice that night I shall carry with me as one of the richest experiences of my life. In his frequent paroxysms of pain he was patient and unmurmuring. As his strength declined and his pain increased, he would pray and ask his companion to pray the Lord to take him home, the day before his departure. * * *

Sister Thompson read from *The Christian Witness*, a paper he loved for its soul food. Saying, "I am tired," and asking, "Is my bed ready?" he was helped to bed. But he was not to sleep in that bed again. Jesus was about to rest the tired saint within the tender pressure of his everlasting arms. Pain laid hold on him again, and for the last time, thank God! While remedies were being prepared to relieve him he grew faint from nausea, the heart began to slow its beating, he sank

into unconsciousness and soon was "absent from the body and present with the Lord." Truly the saints die well.—*Geo. W. Anderson, in Christian Witness, of October 27, 1898.*

"Emptied of Self; Filled With Christ; Close to God; No Fear."

My dear brother, Charles G. Jones, was a very unselfish man. In whatever enterprise he embarked, it was not so much to benefit himself as to help others.

He early felt the power of religion, and I remember his saying to me, when I was speaking to him of its claims, "Yes, I believe man should be pure—pure as water." He felt a deep sense of his responsibility to God, and would say, "I must give an account; I must give an account." His heart went out toward the needy, and a favorite maxim of his was, "Never turn away thy face from the poor man, and the Lord will not turn His face from thee."

For two years and upwards, before his death, he was a great sufferer. In his last letter to me he spoke of his faith in God for all things, and said, "Having therefore obtained help from God, we continue unto this day."

About four months later, on the sixth of January, 1898, at his residence, No. 8 Windsor avenue, Montreal, Canada, he passed from earth to heaven. His last words were, "Emptied of self; filled with Christ; close to God; no fear."—*Written for this work by W. D. Jones, of Chicago, Ill.*

**Sir John Mason—“Were I To Live Again, I
Would Change the Whole Life I Have
Lived in the Palace For An Hour’s
Enjoyment of God in the Chapel.”**

A strong testimony to the importance of religion is given by Sir John Mason, who, though but sixty-three at his death, had flourished in the reigns of four sovereigns (Henry VIII., Edward VI., Mary, and Elizabeth), had been privy-counsellor to them all, and an attentive observer of the various revolutions and vicissitudes of those times. Toward his latter end, being on his death-bed, he spoke thus to those about him: “I have lived to see five sovereigns, and have been privy-counsellor to four of them. I have seen the most remarkable things in foreign parts, and have been present at most state transactions for the last thirty years; and I have learned from the experience of so many years that seriousness is the greatest wisdom, temperance the best physic, and a good conscience the best estate. And were I to live again, I would change the court for a cloister, my privy-counsellor’s bustle for hermit’s retirement, and the whole life I have lived in the palace for an hour’s enjoyment of God in the chapel. All things now forsake me, except my God, my duty and my prayers.” * * *

From the regret expressed by Sir John Mason, it appears that his error consisted, not in having served his king and country, in the eminent stations in which he had been placed; but in having suffered his mind to be so much occupied with business as to make him neglect, in some degree, the proper seasons of religious retirement, and the prime duties which he owed to his Creator.—*Power of Religion.*

Mrs. Etta Katrina Yankle—"Praise the Lord!"

This saint of God went to heaven Dec. 9, 1887, in the fifty-third year of her age.

We were well acquainted with Sister Yankle. The Lord greatly used her in a great revival we held near her home, New Haven, Michigan, in the winter of 1885. Several of her children, and more than one hundred of her neighbors, were soundly converted to God in that revival, and as many more were reclaimed from a backslidden state and filled with the Spirit of God during the meetings.

Sister Yankle for many years lived a very devoted Christian life. She was not in words only, but in deed, a "mother in Israel." Many are the souls she has led to Christ, and larger still is the number whom she has helped and encouraged and cared for as a mother a child. Among all our acquaintance we know but few to whom so high praise could justly be given. As wife, and mother, and friend she filled nobly, grandly, the place God had given her.

Soon after her death, her daughter, the wife of Rev. John Kirn, wrote us as follows:

"I know that God doeth all things well. I am glad that my heart says, the Lord's will be done. Mother said after brother Freddie's death; 'The Lord never makes any mistakes.' I feel the same now. I cannot understand why the Lord took mother home, when it seems that we needed her so much; but He knows best. Her work is done. It would have done you good to have seen her in her sickness, she was so patient—never murmured nor complained, but was praising God

all the time. When those who came in spoke of her being so sick, and suffering so much, she always replied that she was resting in Jesus' arms, and that she believed the Lord would heal her, but if not, she was ready to go; and would praise the Lord so that the unsaved could hardly bear it. She was not able to talk much. Her last words were, 'Praise the Lord!' She tried to say more, but could not. The funeral sermon was preached to a large congregation, in the power of the Spirit."

May God raise up more such devoted women, is our prayer.—*Editor.*

Victorious Death of Jane, the Protestant Queen of Navarre.

This excellent queen was the daughter of Henry II., King of Navarre, and of Margaret of Orleans, sister of Francis I., King of France. She was born in the year 1528.

From her childhood she was carefully educated in the Protestant religion, to which she steadfastly adhered all her days. Bishop Burnet says of her: "That she both received the Reformation, and brought her subjects to it; that she not only reformed her court, but the whole principality, to such a degree that the Golden Age seemed to have returned under her; or rather, Christianity appeared again with its primitive purity and lustre."

This illustrious queen, being invited to attend the nuptials of her son and the King of France's sister, fell a victim to the cruel machinations of the French court against the Protestant religion. The religious fortitude

and genuine piety with which she was endued did not, however, desert her in this great conflict, and at the approach of death.

To some that were about her, near the conclusion of her time, she said, "I receive all this as from the hand of God, my most merciful Father; nor have I, during my extremity, feared to die, much less murmured against God for inflicting this chastisement upon me; knowing that whatsoever He does with me, He so orders it that, in the end, it shall turn to my everlasting good."

When she saw her ladies and women weeping about her bed, she blamed them, saying, "Weep not for me, I pray you. God, by this sickness, calls me hence to enjoy a better life; and now I shall enter into the desired haven, towards which this frail vessel of mine has been a long time steering."

She expressed some concern for her children, as they would be deprived of her in their tender years, but added, "I doubt not that God Himself will be their father and protector, as He has ever been mine in my greatest afflictions. I therefore commit them wholly to His government and fatherly care. I believe that Christ is my only Mediator and Savior; and I look for salvation from no other. O my God! in Thy good time, deliver me from the troubles of this present life, that I may attain to the felicity which Thou hast promised to bestow upon me."—*Power of Religion.*

“I'm Going Up in the Chariot So Early in the Morning.”

Mrs. Harriet McManamey went home on the 18th of February, 1887. Though suffering to the last, she passed away quietly to her home in the paradise of God. She had been converted twelve years before, and was a member of the Wesleyan Methodist Church and a devout Christian and an earnest worker both in the church and Sabbath school. About three years previous to her death she entered into the experience of perfect love through the instruction and labors of Bro. S. B. Shaw. As she listened to his radical teaching on holiness, conviction seized her heart anew. She believed it and entered in—came through into the promised land shouting and praising God. Her class-meeting testimony was never complete without some allusion to her experience of heart purity. How and when she obtained it she wanted all to know. She was a lover of singing, and the *Spiritual Hymns* was a favorite with her. Her breathing was very short, but on one occasion when all was silent she broke out and sang,

“I'm going up in the chariot
So early in the morning.”

All through she clapped her hands as if in a camp-meeting. The *Holiness Record* was a welcome visitor to her household. She read the January number all through and asked about the February number. Her family and friends do not weep as those who have no hope, but joyously await the call of the Master when the reunion will take place never to be broken.—*Mrs. L. G. Whitney, Hemlock, Mich.*

Sir Philip Sidney—"I Would Not Change My Joy For the Empire of the World."

Sir Philip Sidney was born in Kent, in the year 1554. He possessed shining talents, was well educated, and at the early age of twenty-one was sent by Queen Elizabeth, as her ambassador, to the Emperor of Germany. He is described by the writers of that age as the finest model of an accomplished gentleman that could be formed, even in imagination. An amiable disposition, elegant erudition, and polite conversation, rendered him the ornament and delight of the English court. Lord Brooke so highly valued his friendship, that he directed to be inserted as part of his epitaph, "Here lies Sir Philip Sidney's friend." His fame was so widely spread, that if he had chosen it, he might have obtained the crown of Poland.

But the glory of this Marcellus of the English nation was of short duration. He was wounded at the battle of Zutphen, and carried to Arnheim, where, after languishing about three weeks, he died, in the thirty-second year of his age. * * *

After he had received the fatal wound, and was brought into a tent, he piously raised his eyes towards heaven, and acknowledged the hand of God in this event. He confessed himself to be a sinner, and returned thanks to God that "He had not struck him with death at once, but gave him space to seek repentance and reconciliation."

Compared with his present views of religion, his former virtues seemed to be nothing. When it was observed to him that good men, in the time of great

affliction, found comfort and support in the recollection of those parts of their lives in which they had glorified God, he humbly replied, "It is not so with me. I have no comfort that way. All things in my former life have been vain."

On being asked whether he did not desire life merely to have it in his power to glorify God, he answered, "I have vowed my life unto God, and if He cut me off, and suffer me to live no longer, I shall glorify Him, and give up myself to His service."

The nearer death approached, the more his consolation and hopes increased. A short time before his dissolution, he lifted up his eyes and hands, and uttered these words, "I would not change my joy for the empire of the world."

His advice and observations, on taking the last leave of his deeply afflicted brother, are worthy of remembrance. They appear to have been expressed with great seriousness and composure. "Love my memory; cherish my friends. Their fidelity to me may assure you that they are honest. But, above all, govern your wills and affections, by the will and word of your Creator. In me behold the end of the world and all its vanities."—*Power of Religion.*

"I See Angels Clapping Their Hands Around the Great White Throne."

Eva Greening, who was nine years old, passed from the terrestrial to the celestial state at half past four o'clock January 4, 1887. She realized that she must die, about two o'clock on the day previous, without anyone telling her. She commenced clapping her hands and

shouting praises to God. She sang several hymns; not remembering words to one or two, she made words so appropriate that I knew her mind was wonderfully illuminated by the Holy Ghost. She said she was so happy, and so glad papa and mamma had trained her to be a Christian. Mr. and Mrs. Steele and daughters (her grandparents and aunts) came in. She called them one at a time to her bedside and asked and pled with them to be true Christians and meet her in heaven. She asked Mr. Steele to send for her uncle, Willie Steele, who lives in Los Angeles. Willie came on the first train. She called him to her bedside and asked him to quit sinning and come to Jesus and be a good man and meet her in heaven. We sent for our little girl, who was at Mr. Butler's, and when she came Eva called her and told her she was almost home, to be a good girl, live a Christian and meet her in heaven. A lady whom Eva loved came in. She had on jewelry. Eva admonished her to put off her jewelry and put on white robes (meaning robes of righteousness) and prepare to meet her around the great white throne. We had taught Eva that wearing jewelry was positively forbidden in God's word, and that such personal adornment was an evidence of pride and vanity, and that money so expended ought to be used to spread the gospel and to relieve the poor. We sang several hymns for her, such as I knew she loved. We could not find one we wanted to sing, and although she was getting so weak she could hardly speak, she told us the words so that we could find it. While she was lying perfectly still and calm, she said, "I see stars." Mr. Steele asked her what they looked like. She said, "Bright lights, the stars of God. I see an angel." Mr. Steele asked how he looked. She said, "He has on white robes." She

again said, "I see angels clapping their hands around the great white throne." A few minutes before she died, when she could not speak, I asked if she saw me. She shook her head. I asked if she saw Jesus. She nodded that she did. There were members of several different denominations, which are not in sympathy with holiness people, in the room, who expressed themselves as not doubting the soundness of Eva's mind and the truth of her statements. Eva had been a true Christian most of the time for more than two years. As she swept through the gates she left a stream of living light that will shine down through future ages with brilliancy and effect, to an extent that will never be known until the final harvest. For more than a year before, at our family devotions, morning and evening, after I led in prayer, Eva would pray, and continued to pray aloud at our worship until the day before her death. In speaking of heaven when dying, she said nothing but holiness can carry us through. I never before understood the comforting influence of the Holy Ghost while passing through the shadow of death. Indeed, while Eva was dying, it was manifested to us that death was only a shadow that she was passing through. Although our home is left so desolate, and when I go home at noon and night I no longer receive the happy greeting I always received, yet the Holy Ghost comforts us. Myself and wife willingly submit to the wisdom of God, knowing that He knows best and that everything works together for good to them that love Him.—*By her father, E. G. Greening, Downey, Los Angeles, Cal.*

“ I Have Tasted More Satisfaction In My Solitude In One Day Than In All The Triumphs Of My Former Reign.”

Charles V., Emperor of Germany, King of Spain, and Lord of the Netherlands, was born at Ghent in the year 1500.

He is said to have fought sixty battles, in most of which he was victorious; to have obtained six triumphs, conquered four kingdoms, and to have added eight principalities to his dominions—an almost unparalleled instance of worldly prosperity, and the greatness of human glory.

But all these fruits of his ambition, and all the honors that attended him, could not yield true and solid satisfaction. Reflecting on the evils and miseries which he occasioned, and convinced of the emptiness of earthly magnificence, he became disgusted with all the splendor that surrounded him, and thought it his duty to withdraw from it, and spend the rest of his days in religious retirement. Accordingly, he voluntarily resigned all his dominions to his brother and son, and after taking an affectionate and last farewell of the latter, and of a numerous retinue of princes and nobility that respectfully attended him, he repaired to his chosen retreat. It was situated in Spain, in a vale of no great extent, watered by a small brook, and surrounded with rising grounds covered with lofty trees.

A deep sense of his frail condition and great imperfections appears to have impressed his mind, in this extraordinary resolution, and through the remainder of his life. As soon as he landed in Spain, he fell

prostrate on the ground, and considering himself now as dead to the world, he kissed the earth, and said, "Naked came I out of my mother's womb, and naked I now return to thee, thou common mother of mankind."

In this humble retreat he spent his time in religious exercises and innocent employments; and buried here, in solitude and silence, his grandeur, his ambition, together with all those vast projects which, for nearly half a century, had alarmed and agitated Europe, and filled every kingdom in it, by turns, with the terror of his arms, and the dread of being subjected to his power. Far from taking any part in the political transactions of the world, he restrained his curiosity even from any inquiry concerning them; and seemed to view the busy scene he had abandoned, with an elevation and indifference of mind which arose from a thorough experience of its vanity, as well as from the pleasing reflection of having disengaged himself from its cares and temptations.

Here he enjoyed more solid happiness than all his grandeur had ever yielded him, as a full proof of which he has left this short but comprehensive testimony: "I have tasted more satisfaction in my solitude in one day than in all the triumphs of my former reign. The sincere study, profession and practice of the Christian religion have in them such joys and sweetness as are seldom found in courts and grandeur."—*Power of Religion.*

Bishop Hanby—"I Am In The Midst of Glory!"

Bishop Hanby was a devoted preacher of the United Brethren Church.—*Editor.*

Awhile before he died the bishop was observed, by his daughter who sat near his couch, to be weeping. "What is it, father?" was the tender inquiry. "Oh, I am so happy," was the reply. "My long, toilsome journey is nearly ended; my life work is joyfully over; half of my children are already safe in heaven, and I am just as sure the rest will be. Half are safe at home, and all the rest are on the way. Mother is there (referring to his wife), and in a little while I shall be there, too. These lines are in my mind constantly:

The Lord my Shepherd is,
I shall be well supplied;
Since He is mine, and I am His,
What can I want beside? "

After he had descended into the river, he shouted back, "I'm in the midst of glory!"—*From Life to Life.*

An Awful Judgment on a Young Man.

The following incident from the pen of Sister M. A. Sparling, Claremont, N. H., is an illustration of the words of Holy Writ, that "the wicked is ruined in the work of his own hands." She writes:

While reading *Echo From the Border Land*, something said, "You have an echo from the 'lower region.'" If it were Father's will, I'd love to stand up in your congregation and deliver the message I can now only write.

A few years ago I was at a camp-meeting in Rockingham, Vt., and a gang of rowdies got together to set

a time to break up the whole meeting. They lived eight miles away. So on Thursday evening they came to the ground to accomplish their fiendish work and "have their fun," as they told some of their friends. Their plan was to lay trails of powder into every tent, and under the beds, and when the town clock struck twelve all were to touch fire to the powder and run to a distance and see the frightened women and children run and scream. At ten a distant thunder was heard, and while they were waiting for the hour to start the fire God sent one of the most terrific thunder and hail storms I ever witnessed. It had been a hot day and these young men had no overcoats to put on, and as their last resort, after seeing their powder all wet and their plans defeated, they were compelled to ride back to their homes, eight miles, all drenched with rain and chilled through. The ringleader had to be carried into the house, benumbed. His mother tried for hours to get him warm. Then came a burning fever. And then he called his dear mother and told her what he had done, saying, "Mother, I've got to die! Do pray! Do pray! What shall I do? O, how can I die?" She said, "I never prayed." "Then call father," cried the dying man. He could not pray. Then he cried, "What shall I do? O, how can I die?" Then he would clutch his hands and wring them in agony, crying, "I can't die so! I can't die so! Mother, mother, do pray! do pray!"

The father went for a Baptist deacon, but before he arrived the young man was past help, and with distorted eyes, hands uplifted over his head, and writhing in agony, he died raving; and among his last words were: "I'm going to hell; I'm lost, lost, lost! I can't die so! I can't, I can't! Mother, 'tis awful to go to hell this way!"—*The Revivalist*.

“How Beautiful Everything Appears.”

Bro. Samuel G. Bingaman, of Williams, Oregon, sends us this touching experience. He says:

When I was a soldier in Memphis, Missouri, a comrade said to me, “I wish you would go over to that house yonder and stay with them to-night, for they are in a terrible condition there.”

About dark I went over, and found things in a terrible state. The house was dilapidated—almost ready to fall down, and the cellar was full of muddy water. I ascended an old pair of stairs on the outside of the house, and entered a small room—the house of affliction, the drunkard’s home. It contained no furniture, not even chairs or bedsteads, nothing but an old trunk, on which an elderly lady sat, and held in her arms a little child, almost dead, while on the floor lay another that had died but a few minutes before, and a third one was very low. The lady then pointed to an old pile of dirty bed quilts on the floor in one corner of the room, saying, “There lies the mother, and we don’t think that she will live until morning; and worse than all this (we thought, What can be worse?), we are looking for the father to come home to-night, drunk.”

About midnight he came; but that awful scene of the dead and dying did not affect the poor drunkard’s heart. He drew out his bottle of whiskey and begged me to drink with him:

But there was one of that family who was deeply penitent, and earnestly desired to “flee from the wrath to come”—it was the broken-hearted mother. At her request I often visited her, and talked to her of the Savior, and sang to her of heaven.

One day, while calling to see her, I found her cold, and sinking fast. Death was folding her in his cold embrace. But just as those dark billows of death were rolling over her, they were suddenly turned to bright dashing waves of glory. She looked up and said, "How beautiful everything appears." A lady who was present at her dying bedside said to her, "I do not see anything beautiful." "No," replied the dying woman, "there is nothing in this house but dirt and rags, but I see things beautiful and lovely." Her face then lit up with a happy look, and with a smile upon her countenance, her spirit took its flight to bright mansions of bliss. As I stood and looked upon her lifeless form, with the peaceful expression on her face, I thought, surely death to the child of God is but the gate of heaven.

Last Words of Jesse Appleton, D.D.—“Glory to God in the Highest!”

This saint of God was a prominent educator, and for some time president of Bowdoin College. Dr. Appleton was also a noted Congregationalist preacher and theologian.

He was born in 1772 and died in 1819. His last words were: "Glory to God in the highest; the whole earth shall be filled with His glory."

Rev. Jesse Lee — “Glory! Glóry! Glory! Hallelujah! Jesus Reigns!”

This apostle of New England Methodism was born in Virginia in 1758, and was powerfully converted and joined the church in 1773. He was a Holy Ghost preacher.

and a great revivalist. Much of his time was spent in traveling and preaching from the year 1787 to 1800.

He was three times chaplain of the United States House of Representatives, and also wrote a history of American Methodism.

He died in 1816, in the fifty-eighth year of his age. As the time of his departure drew near, he suddenly, in a rapture, exclaimed, "Glory! Glory! Glory! Hallelujah! Jesus reigns!"

"I Have Been in Such a Beautiful Place, And Have Seen the Redeemed Ones."

Mrs. J. Ransom, of Lawrence, Michigan, with whom we are well acquainted, sends us this touching experience:

Hannah was the wife of a Methodist minister. She was much beloved by all who knew her. Her whole soul was engaged in the work of the Lord, but consumption laid its withering hand upon her, and she went home to die. She was very triumphant as she drew near to the river. Her spirit seemed to have taken its flight, and they were about to close her eyes, when she aroused with a heavenly light on her face and said, "I have been in such a beautiful place, and saw the redeemed ones." Her mother said, "Did you know them?" She replied, "Some I knew, and some I did not." Her husband asked, "Did you see our baby?" (a little one who had died a short time before.) She said, "Yes, I saw my baby." And after talking for some time in the same rapturous strain, the glad spirit soared away to join the happy throng.

Gideon Ouseley—"The Spirit of God Sustains Me."

The life of this remarkable Irish preacher, who spent most of his long life traveling through Ireland on horseback, and preaching to the humble poor from his saddle, was written by the Rev. William Arthur, author of *The Tongue of Fire*. The Lord saved Ouseley from a life of sin and dissipation, and made him a power for good, and many were turned from the evil of their ways through his influence.

The village of Dunmore, in the county of Galway, in the province of Connaught, Ireland, was Gideon Ouseley's birthplace. He was born on the 24th of February, 1762. We quote the following from *Life Stories of Remarkable Preachers*, by Rev. J. Vaughan:

In the latter part of his life Gideon Ouseley did more good by his publications than by his preaching. No man was better qualified to grapple with the errors of popery than he, and this he did right manfully. His principal work, which was written in a clear and popular style, was his *Old Christianity*, which did a vast amount of good. Some of his tracts, too, were scattered broadcast over the country. This man of God, who, on account of his preaching so frequently from the saddle, was called by many a "Cavalry preacher," had faithfully served his God as a Mission rider and preacher on Irish soil for forty years, when, on coming to Dublin at the close of his seventy-seventh year, he became too weak to leave his lodgings. His faithful Harriet was soon at his bedside. It soon became evident that his work was done. Being asked what he thought of the gospel which he had

preached for so many years, he replied, "Oh, it is light, and life, and peace." The last words he uttered were, "I have no fear of death—the Spirit of God sustains me—God's Spirit is my support." About mid-day on the 13th of May, 1839, he entered into that rest that remaineth for the people of God. Fourteen years afterwards his gentle and loving wife followed him to the land of life and glory.

Dying Without God.

A youth at one of the large iron works in Sheffield was some time ago accidentally thrown on to a red hot armor plate. When he was rolled off by his fellow-workmen, it was doubtful if he could live, as nearly all one side of him was burned to the bone. His workmates cried, "Send for the doctor," but the poor suffering youth cried, "Never mind sending for the doctor; is there anyone here can tell me how to get saved? My soul has been neglected, and I'm dying without God. Who can help me?"

Although there were three hundred men around him, there was no one who could tell him the way of salvation. After twenty minutes of untold agony he died as he had lived.

The man who saw this accident, and heard the cries of the dying youth, was a wretched backslider, and when I asked him how he felt about the matter, he said, "I have heard his cries ever since, and wished I could have stooped down and pointed him to Jesus, but my life closed my lips."

Does your life tell sinners that you are saved, or does it close your lips, when those around hear your talk and witness your actions?—*William Baugh.*

The Lord Gave Her Strength to Praise Him to the Last.

While we were holding revival meetings at Miller's Landing, Missouri, over twenty years ago, a very sick woman living in the village desired to see us. We called at her home, and found her on her death-bed. She had heard of the revival meetings, and how God had opened the windows of heaven and poured out a great blessing on the community. A number had already been gloriously saved. The Lord used the influence of this revival to awaken in her heart a great desire for a deeper and richer experience. We were greatly blessed in praying and singing with her, and we remember well how she shouted and praised the Lord and clapped her hands for joy while we sang,

" My heavenly home is bright and fair:
No pain, nor death can enter there:
Its glitt'ring towers the sun outshine:
That heav'nly mansion shall be mine."

She was so greatly blessed of God that she praised the Lord night and day. She died in a few days praising God with almost every breath. We preached her funeral sermon to a large congregation of sympathizing friends. We were impressed with the fact that she was unable to talk above a whisper on other subjects, yet while she was under the influence of the Holy Spirit she could shout and praise the Lord with a loud and strong voice. The Lord gave her strength to praise Him to the last, and she had a triumphant entrance into the courts of glory.

We are thankful for the privilege of witnessing such a triumphant death, and pray that our readers

may so live that God can bless them in prosperity, in affliction, and under all circumstances and give them an abundant entrance into that city not made with hands, eternal in the heavens, is our prayer.—*Editor.*

“He Is Come! My Beloved Is Mine and I Am His Forever!”

“The life of Thomas Walsh,” says Dr. Southey, might almost convince a Catholic that saints were to be found in other communions as well as in the Church of Rome.” Walsh became a great biblical scholar; he was an Irishman. He mastered the native Irish that he might preach in it, but Latin, Greek and Hebrew became familiar to him; and of the Hebrew, especially, it is said that he studied so deeply that his memory was an entire concordance of the whole Bible. His soul was as a flame of fire, but it burnt out the body quickly. John Wesley says of him, “I do not remember ever to have known a man who, in so few years as he remained upon earth, was the instrument of converting so many sinners.” He became mighty in his influence over the Roman Catholics. The priests said that “Walsh had died some years ago, and that he who went about preaching on mountains and highways, in meadows, private houses, prisons and ships, was a devil who had assumed his shape.” This was the only way in which they could account for the extraordinary influence he possessed. His labors were greatly divided between Ireland and London; but everywhere he bore down all before him by a kind of absorbed ecstasy of ardent faith. But he died at the age of twenty-seven. While lying on his death-bed he was oppressed with a sense of despair, even of his salvation. The sufferings of his mind on this account

were protracted and intense. At last he broke out in an exclamation, "He is come! He is come! My Beloved is mine, and I am His forever!" and so he fell back and died.

Thomas Walsh is a great name still in the recollection of the lay preachers of early Methodism.—*The Great Revival.*

Mother's Last Words—"I Am Going To Leave You; I Am Going to Heaven Now; Good-by."

Some of the experiences of this book are very touching, but the experience of my own precious, sainted mother, Joanna M. Shaw, is so closely related to my own that my heart is greatly moved whenever I think of her life and death. She was born in Ohio, Dec. 28, 1835; died in Lake Co., Indiana, near Crown Point, March 11, 1867.

Her father's family, including eight children, moved to Lake County, Indiana, in the spring of 1845.

"During the winter of 1847 Rev. H. B. Ball, of the Methodist Church, held a revival meeting in the community in the new log church, when many were converted, and one night during this revival meeting," writes her brother, Rev. R. H. Sanders, of Laport, Indiana, "after listening to a sermon preached from the text, 'One sinner destroyeth much good' (Eccl. 9: 8), and while they were singing,

"There is a spot to me more dear
Than native vale or mountain,
A spot for which affection's tear
Springs grateful from its fountain.
'Tis not where kindred souls abound,
Though that is almost heaven;
But where I first my Savior found,
And felt my sins forgiven!"

I knelt at the old-fashioned mourner's bench. Your mother knelt by my side, and together we sought and found the Savior. After that we often sang,

'My brethren, I have found
A land that doth abound
With food as sweet as manna,' etc.

I feel she is still singing it above, and I below. While I write, her spirit seems very near me; and I can almost hear her as then, singing,

'My soul doth long to go
Where it shall fully know
The beauties of my Savior,' etc.

Your mother's was a very clear conversion, as well as my own. I do not think she ever doubted it. Her life was a very exemplary one; she seemed to possess her soul in patience, having abiding faith in God, from whom she also received great consolation. Knowing her life as I did, I do not wonder that, though death came suddenly and apparently without warning, it found her ready. As nearly as I can remember, the circumstances as related by your father to me are about these:

"She had been suffering for a few days with a cold, but nothing serious was anticipated. She arose in the morning, but soon complained of dizziness and either fell, or was about to fall, when your father helped her to the bed, where for a few minutes she remained unconscious, or apparently so. Then, reviving, she opened her eyes and said to him, "I am going to heaven. Bring up the children in the fear of the Lord, and meet me there. And now, good-by," when she again became unconscious, and her spirit fled to be with Jesus; and yet, as I verily believe, to linger near and woo us heavenward."

Uncle is a member of the Northwest Indiana Con-

ference of the M. E. Church, and has preached the gospel for nearly forty years. A great many have been saved through his influence. He was in his fourteenth year, and mother in her twelfth, when they were made new creatures in Christ.

She was married when quite young, and I was the first-born of her five children. My earliest recollection of my mother was when she knelt by my little trundle bed at night, and taught me to say,

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to take."

The first seed of divine truth was planted in my heart at that time. How well do I remember the heart stings and the dark cloud that came over our humble little country home, the morning that mother left us. We all wept as though our hearts would break. How the cross words and unkind actions that I had given her haunted me night and day until her prayers were answered. And how I cried to mother's God for mercy; and my sins against mother and God were forever swept away by the blood of Christ.

Words can never describe my thankfulness for being able to say that I never saw my mother angry or out of patience. I often saw her in tears, weeping over my disobedience, and other sins of the family. I have often knelt by her grave and wept for joy while thanking God for her holy life and example. Often in revival meetings I have been melted to tears while relating her dying words and how her godly influence led to my salvation. The value and influence of her Christian life will never be known until we meet in heaven.—
Editor.

John Arthur Lyth—"I shall soon be with Jesus. Perhaps I am too anxious. Can this be death? Why, it's better than living! Tell them I die happy in Jesus."

Bishop Pierce—"Rest, happiness and peace forever."

Baron Bunsen—"With all feebleness and imperfection, I have ever lived, striven after and willed the best and noblest only. But the best and highest is to have known Jesus Christ. It is sweet to die."

Rev. John Warburton—"O! What a blaze and a shout there will be when old John gets to heaven."

Rev. Jordan Antle—"The chariot has come, and I am ready to step in."

Miss A. Rose Stubes—"Jesus! Jesus! O, what would I do without Him now! Almost home, home; my mansion is all ready."

Francis Quarles—"What I cannot utter with my mouth, accept, Lord, from my heart and soul."

General George Washington—"It is well."

Rev. Philip Heck—"Oh! how beautiful. The opening heavens around me shine."

Jacob Boehme—"Now I go home into paradise."

Rev. Norman McLevee—"I am strong in Him."

Miss Martha McCrackin—"How bright the room; how full of angels!"

John Down—"Though I see death approaching, I fear him not."

Johann Von Goethe—"More light."

Mrs. D. A. Shellenberger—"I know that my Redeemer liveth."

Benjamin Abbott—"Glory to God, I see the heavens open before me."

Rev. Francis Brazee—"They sing! The angels sing!"

Rev. Thomas H. Stockton—"I shall receive the crown of glory."

Rev. Alfred Croll—"Is this dying? Is this dying? No, it is sweet living."

Rev. William Stephenson—"Do you see that bright light? Do you see those angels?"

Rev. John Bailey—"What shall I say? Christ is altogether lovely; His glorious angels are come for me."

Rev. John Doel—"I am not afraid to look death in the face."

Peter Weylin—"I go to my God and Savior."

Rev. W. C. Romine—"The blood! the blood! it cleanseth me. Glory, hallelujah! Amen."

Thomas Scott—"I have done with darkness forever."

Mrs. Hannah Wood—"I shall see Him as He is; I shall be forever near Him, and behold His face; my eyes shall behold Him; I shall see Him for myself and not another, blessed be God!"

Rev. John Carter—"I am packed up and ready to go. I am waiting for the Lord to call me."

John Bunyan—"We shall meet ere long to sing the new song, and remain happy forever in a world without end."

John Claude—"Our Lord Jesus Christ is my only righteousness."

William Burkitt—"Come, Lord Jesus."

Rev. Solomon Bigham—"I am sure of heaven, and will not have to wait long till I get there."

Jacob Eigheninger—"I see Jesus."

Rev. George W. Vandeventer—"I will soon be gone, but do not weep for me. I am going home to glory."

Talleyrand Perigord, a French statesman—"I am suffering the pangs of the damned."

Rev. Samuel Cook—"I have no desire to recover—would rather depart and be with Christ."

Emanuel Swedenborg—"It is well, I thank you. God bless you."

Rev. S. A. Lovelace—"I am ready and willing to go, for I have fought a good fight. I have finished my course."

Rev. C. R. Kessler—"What a blessed Sabbath has dawned on me."

Rev. Jacob Doerksen—"It is not death to leave this world, and then with the brotherhood on high be at home with God."

Helena Frederick—"Oh! how beautiful."

Anna Askew—"Into Thy hands I commend my spirit, Lord Jesus."

Hugh Grotius—"Alas! I have spent my life in laboriously doing nothing. I would give all my learning and honor for the plain integrity of John Urick." (Urick was a poor but very pious man.)

Mother Margaret Prior—"Eternity rolls up before me like a sea of glory, and so near. Oh! that blessed company of redeemed sinners, and the glorious Jesus! What a Savior; and He is mine. Oh! what a speck of time is the longest life to prepare for that blessed world."

Rev. Jeremiah S. Schindel—"It is all right, my daughter."

Benjamin T. Hunter—"Brother, tell my dear wife to prepare herself to meet me in heaven, and the and the rest of the family also!"

Rev. P. Corl—"Oh, I see such a fullness in Christ as I never saw before. Tell the people I am trusting in a full salvation."

Lizzie W. O'Niel—"The Lord is good. I am going home to him."

Mrs. Aaron Smith—"I am happy, very happy."

Rev. David S. Montgomery—"I am on the border-land. All is well, all is well. Is this death? If this be death, then it is pleasant to die."

John Evens—"Oh, glorious hope!"

Mrs. Cicely Ormes, martyr—"Welcome, thou cross of Christ!" After the fire was kindled, she said, "My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit doth rejoice in God my Savior."

Thomas Hudson, martyr—When the flames were rising about him, he slipped from under the chain which held his body to the stake, and, falling on his knees amidst the burning pile, his spirit wrestled with God. The martyr arose and exclaimed, "Now, I thank God, I am strong, and care not what man can do to me!"

President Robert Simpson—"I shall go to the gates of heaven as the poor, wretched, ruined Robert Simpson, saved by sovereign grace. When I begin to tell my tale, all of the harps of heaven will be silent, all the angels will be as still as statues; I am sure they will. I am going home. Pray for me."

Rev. Samuel Bibbins—"The storm of life has

at length blown over. The last tornado has passed by. The victory is gained and heaven is mine. Sweet heaven of rest—it is mine. Then I shall see the martyrs, the apostles and confessors, and, best and most of all, then I shall see Jesus!"

Governor John Brooks, LL. D.—"O, what a ground of hope there is in that saying of an apostle, that God is in Christ, reconciling the guilty world to Himself; not imputing their trespasses unto them! In God I have placed my eternal all, and into His hands I commit my spirit!"

Rev. McLaren—"I am gathering together all my papers, all my sermons, all my good deeds, all my ill deeds, and I am going to throw them all overboard and swim to glory on the free plank of grace."

Rev. W. Romaine—"Holy! Holy! Holy! Lord God Almighty! Glory be to Thee on high for such peace on earth and good will to men."

Richard Baxter—"I have pain, there is no arguing against sense, but I have peace."

Rev. Q. Dickens—"My soul now enjoys such sweet communion with Him that I would not give it for the whole world. Glory to Jesus!"

Rev. Christian T. Swartz—"I commend my spirit into Thy hands. Cleanse and adorn it with the righteousness of my Redeemer, and receive me into the arms of Thy love and mercy."

Christopher Waid, martyr—"Show some good token upon me; O Lord, that they who hate me may see it and be ashamed, because Thou, Lord, hast helped me and comforted me." The fire being kindled, he cried often, "Lord Jesus, receive my soul." His hands were

raised above his head and remained in that position when he was dead.

Rev. Samuel Pierce—"Yes, I taste its sweetness and enjoy its fulness, with all the gloom of a death-bed before me, and far rather would I be the poor, emaciated creature that I am, than to be an emperor, with every earthly good about him, but without a God."

Rev. S. B. Bangs—"The sun is setting, mine is rising. I go from this bed to a crown. Farewell."

Shoeblick Jim—"The next time I sing will be when Jesus folds me in His arms."

Griffith Jones—"O, how wonderful is the love of God to me. Blessed be God! His comforts fill my soul!"

Rev. James Harvey—"O, welcome, welcome death! The conflict is over."

Mrs. Dr. L. Ranney—"It is all light now. The dread of suffering is gone. My blessed Savior has given me the victory. I am ready and waiting to go. I leave you all!"