

her hands and praised the Lord while Sister Taylor was reading, "I go to prepare a place for you," etc. A few hours before she passed away I said, "Sister Haney, do you know Jesus?" and she nodded her head, after she could speak no more. She arranged her temporal matters for her departure, selected the text for her funeral (Rev. 14:13) and asked Bro. D. G. Briggs to preach her funeral sermon. The funeral was held at Greenville, June 2. The Comforter was present to give hope and cheer to sorrowing friends. Sister Haney will not only be missed in our class, but all over the city, and especially in her home by her husband and children.—*Mrs. A. Hoadley.*

Last Hours on Earth of the Noted French Infidel, Voltaire.

When Voltaire felt the stroke that he realized must terminate in death, he was overpowered with remorse. He at once sent for the priest, and wanted to be "reconciled with the church." His infidel flatterers hastened to his chamber to prevent his recantation; but it was only to witness his ignominy and their own. He cursed them to their faces; and, as his distress was increased by their presence, he repeatedly and loudly exclaimed:

"Begone! It is you that have brought me to my present condition. Leave me, I say; begone! What a wretched glory is this which you have produced to me!"

Hoping to allay his anguish by a written recantation, he had it prepared, signed it, and saw it witnessed. But it was all unavailing. For two months he was tortured with such an agony as led him at times to gnash his teeth in impotent rage against God and man.

At other times, in plaintive accents, he would plead, "O Christ! O Lord Jesus!" Then, turning his face, he would cry out, "I must die—abandoned of God and of men!"

As his end drew near, his condition became so frightful that his infidel associates were afraid to approach his bedside. Still they guarded the door, that others may not know how awfully an infidel was compelled to die. Even his nurse repeatedly said, "For all the wealth of Europe she would never see another infidel die." It was a scene of horror that lies beyond all exaggeration. Such is the well-attested end of the one who had a natural sovereignty of intellect, excellent education, great wealth, and much earthly honor. We may all well exclaim with Balaam, "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his." —*The Contrast Between Infidelity and Christianity.*

Dying Words of Samuel Hick.

Many of our readers no doubt have heard of "Sammy Hick, the Village Blacksmith." His eccentricities and devotion to God are widely known, not only in England, his native land, but in other countries as well. His biographer says:

In 1825, Mr. Hick gave up business and devoted the remainder of his days to the work of the Lord. Everywhere he became very popular. In London he drew crowds to hear him, and he was the means of doing much good. In speaking in the pulpit or on the platform, he was loud and vehement; on warming up with his subject he was much given to gesticulation and stamping, making the platform tremble under him; in

fact, on one occasion he stamped the platform down. "Just at the moment of applying his subject," says Rev. J. Everett, "and saying, 'Thus it was that the prophets went,' that part of the platform on which he stood gave way, and he instantly disappeared. Fortunately no injury was done."

And now the time for his dissolution drew near. About a month before he died he told his friends he was "going home." He wished Mr. Dawson to preach his funeral sermon from Isaiah 48: 18; he also desired that his death should be advertised in the Leeds paper, and that a sack of meal should be baked into bread and two cheeses purchased for the use of those who came to witness the interment. "My friends will all come," said he, "there will be a thousand people at my funeral." By Martha's desire, however, Mr. Dawson succeeded in "persuading him off" this baking and cheese purchasing business, especially as his means were small. That dry, hearty humor to which he was so much given showed itself even in his last hours. A friend who prayed with him in his last illness asked the Lord to "make his bed in his affliction." "Yes," responded Sammy, "and shake it well, Lord." Remembering that the stairs were narrow, and the windows of the room small, he said to those about him, "As soon as I die, you must take the body down and lay it out; for you will not be able to get the coffin either down-stairs or out of the windows." Then after singing

I'll praise my Maker while I've breath :
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers.

he said faintly, "I am going, get the sheets ready"; and on Monday, at 11 p. m., Nov. 9th, 1829, in the 71st year of his age, he took his departure. On the following

Sunday he was buried in Aberford Churchyard, and about a thousand persons attended the funeral; many of whom after taking their last look at the coffin, turned away exclaiming, "If ever there was a good man, Sammy Hick was one."—*Life Stories of Remarkable Preachers.*

The Sainted Susanna Wesley.

"The Mother of Methodism" was born in London in 1669, and was the youngest child of Dr. Samuel Annesley, an able and prominent minister, who paid every attention to the education of his favorite daughter. When Susanna was twenty years of age she and her husband, Samuel Wesley, a graduate of Exeter College and a curate in London, began married life on an income of sixty pounds a year. The young husband was a diligent student and devoted to his work; his beautiful wife, a person of fine manners. Had Susanna Wesley not been a person of very strong will, she could not have borne all the trials, privations and hardships incident to her long and toilsome life. Not only did poverty often stare the rapidly increasing family in the face, but in 1702 their home was destroyed by fire and other troubles fast followed. Mr. Wesley, owing debts which he could not pay, was put into prison, where he remained three months before his friends succeeded in releasing him. A still greater calamity was awaiting them. In 1709 Epworth Rectory was burned to the ground, and some of the children narrowly escaped with their lives. Their books, which had been purchased with great self-denial, twenty pounds in money and their clothing were all gone. A month later Mrs.

Wesley's nineteenth and last child was born. The rectory was after a time rebuilt and the scattered family reunited.

Notwithstanding her manifold household duties Mrs. Wesley found time for a vast amount of literary work. Not only did she conduct a household school, which she continued for twenty years, but she prepared three text-books for the religious training of her children.

She also held Sunday evening services in the rectory for her children and servants. Others asked permission to come, and often two hundred were present.

The letters she wrote to her children give some insight into her pure and noble character. When John entered school at London many letters passed between mother and son. She advised him what books to read. "Imitation of Christ" and "Rules for Holy Living and Dying" made lasting impressions upon him. When he was first asked to go to America to preach the gospel he hesitated, wishing to remain near his aged mother. When he consulted her she replied, "Had I twenty sons I should rejoice were they all so employed, though I should never see them again." What must have been her feelings as she witnessed the grand work done by this son before she was called away. "Children, as soon as I am released sing a psalm of praise to God," was her last uttered request. The words of her son Charles, "God buries the workmen, but the work goes on," are true, and though this model mother has long since passed away, the grand work of her sons still goes forward.—*Traits of Character.*

" Oh! I Have Missed It at Last! "

Some time ago, a physician called upon a young man who was ill. He sat for a little while by the bedside, examining his patient, and then he honestly told him the sad intelligence that he had but a very short time to live. The young man was astonished; he did not expect it would come to that so soon. He forgot that death comes "in such an hour as ye think not." At length he looked up into the face of the doctor, and, with a most despairing countenance, repeated the expression, "I have missed it—at last."

"What have you missed?" inquired the tender-hearted, sympathizing physician.

"I have missed it—at last," again he repeated.

"Missed what?"

"Doctor, I have missed the salvation of my soul."

"Oh, say not so—it is not so. Do you remember the thief on the cross?"

"Yes, I remember the thief on the cross. And I remember that he never said to the Holy Ghost, 'Go thy way.' But I did. And now He is saying to me, 'Go your way.'" He lay gasping a while, and looking up with a vacant, starting eye, he said, "I was awakened and was anxious about my soul a little time ago. But I did not want to be saved then. Something seemed to say to me, 'Don't put it off, make sure of salvation.' I said to myself, 'I will postpone it.' I knew I ought not to do it. I knew I was a great sinner, and needed a Savior. I resolved, however, to dismiss the subject for the present. Yet I could not get my own consent to do it until I had promised to take it up again, at a time not remote

and more favorable. I bargained away, resisted and insulted the Holy Spirit. I never thought of coming to this. I meant to have made my salvation sure, and now I have missed it—at last."

"You remember," said the doctor, "that there were some who came at the eleventh hour."

"My eleventh hour," he rejoined, "was when I had that call of the Spirit. I have had none since—shall not have. I am given over to be lost. Oh! I have missed it! I have sold my soul for nothing—a feather—a straw—undone forever!" This was said with such indescribable despondency, that nothing was said in reply. After lying a few moments, he raised his head, and looking all around the room as if for some desired object, he buried his face in the pillow, and again exclaimed in agony and horror, "Oh! I have missed it at last!" and died.

Reader, you need not miss your salvation, for you may have it now. What you have read is a true story. How earnestly it says to you, "NOW is the accepted time!"

"To-day, if ye will hear His voice, harden not your hearts" (Heb. 3: 7, 8).—*The Fire Brand*.

"Victory! Triumph! Triumph!" Were the Sainted John S. Inskips's Last Words.

This great evangelist of full salvation was greatly used in bringing Christians from a life of wandering in the wilderness of doubts and fears to the promised land of perfect rest. For many years he was at the head of the great holiness movement in this country. His biographer says: "The agents whom God employs for

special work, are marked men—men who seem, by special enduement, to be leaders; and who at once, by their superior adaptation, command public attention and take their place, by general consent, in the front ranks. Such a character was Rev. John S. Inskip."

He was a great sufferer for many weeks before he died. On one occasion Mrs. Inskip said: "My dear, religion was good when you were turned from your father's home; it was good in the midst of labor, trials and misrepresentations; it has been good in the midst of great battles, and when the glorious victory came; does it now hold in the midst of this great suffering?" He pressed her hand, and with uplifted eyes, and a hallowed smile, responded, "Yes, oh yes! I am unspeakably happy." This was followed by "Glory! glory!" During his sickness he requested many of his friends to sing and pray with him. He was always cheerful and his face radiant with smiles and bright with the light of God. His biographer says:

The last song sung, on the day of his departure, was, "The sweet by-and-by." While singing that beautiful and appropriate hymn, the dying man pressed his loving wife to his breast, and then, taking her hands in his, raised them up together, and with a countenance beaming with celestial delight, shouted, "Victory! Triumph! Triumph!" These were his last words on earth.

He ceased to breathe at 4 p. m., March 7, 1884. But so peacefully and imperceptibly did he pass away, that those who watched by him could scarcely perceive the moment when he ceased to live. On that day the Christian warrior, the powerful preacher, the tender husband, the world-renowned evangelist, was gathered to his fathers, and rested from his toil.

“ The battle's fought, the victory's won,
And thou art crowned at last.”

The intelligence of his death spread throughout all the land with great rapidity, and though not unexpected, it produced a profound impression upon all. Letters of Christian sympathy for the afflicted widow came pouring in from all parts of the country. The general feeling was, that a great and useful man had fallen—one whose place in the holiness movement of the country could not easily be filled.—*Life of John S. Inskip.*

Wonderful Courage of the Martyr Philip, Bishop of Heraclea.

Philip, bishop of Heraclea, in Asia Minor, who lived in the third century, had in almost every act of his life shown himself to be a good Christian.

An officer, named Aristomachus, being sent to shut up the Christian church in Heraclea, Philip told him that the shutting up of buildings made by hands could not destroy Christianity; for the true faith dwelt not in the places where God is adored, but in the hearts of His people.

Being denied entrance to the church in which he used to preach, Philip took up his station at the door, and there exhorted the people to patience, perseverance and godliness. For this he was seized and carried before the governor, who severely reprovved him, and then said: “Bring all the vessels used in your worship, and the Scriptures which you read and teach the people, and surrender them to me, before you are forced to do so by tortures.” Philip listened unmoved to this harsh command, and then replied: “If you take any

pleasure in seeing us suffer, we are prepared for the worst you can do. This infirm body is in your power; use it as you please. The vessels you demand shall be delivered up, for God is not honored by gold and silver, but by faith in His name. As to the sacred books, it is neither proper for me to part with them, nor for you to receive them." This answer so much enraged the governor, that he ordered the venerable bishop to be put to the torture.

The crowd then ran to the place where the Scriptures and the church plate were kept. They broke down the doors, stole the plate, and burned the books; after this they wrecked the church.

When Philip was taken to the market-place, he was ordered to sacrifice to the Roman gods. In answer to this command, he made a spirited address on the real nature of the Deity; and said that it appeared that the heathens worshipped that which might lawfully be trodden under foot, and made gods of such things as Providence had designed for their common use.

Philip was then dragged by the mob through the streets, severely scourged, and brought again to the governor; who charged him with obstinate rashness, in continuing disobedient to the emperor's command. To this he boldly replied that he thought it wise to prefer heaven to earth, and to obey God rather than man. The governor then sentenced him to be burned, which was done accordingly, and he expired singing praises to God in the midst of the fire.—*Foxe's Book of Martyrs*

“I Can See the Old Devil Here on the Bed With Me.”

There lived at one time in our neighborhood a man whom we will call Mr. B——: He was intelligent, lively, a good conversationalist, and had many friends. But Mr. B—— loved tobacco and strong drink, and was not friendly to Christianity. He would not attend church and would laugh and make fun of religion, and some of his neighbors he would call Deacon so-and-so for fun.

But Mr. B—— was growing old. His head was frosted over with many winters and he had long since passed his three score and ten years.

At the close of a wintry day, in a blinding snow-storm, a neighbor called at our home saying Mr. B—— wished to see my husband. Knowing Mr. B—— was ill, my husband was soon on his way. On entering the sick room, he asked what he wished of him. He replied, “O, I want you to pray for me.” “Shall I not read a chapter from the Bible to you first?” was asked. He assented. The chapter selected was the fifth of St. John. While reading, Mr. B—— would say, “I can see the old devil here on the bed with me, and he takes everything away from me as fast as you read it to me, and there are little ones on each side of me.” After reading, prayer was offered for him, and he was told to pray for himself. He said: “I have prayed for two days and nights and can get no answer. I can shed tears over a corpse, but over this Jesus I cannot shed a tear. It is too late, too late! Twenty-five years ago, at a camp-meeting held near my home,

was the time that I had ought to have given my heart to Jesus. Oh!" he cried, "see the steam coming up! See the river rising higher and higher! Soon it will be over me and I will be gone."

The room was filled with companions of other days; not a word was spoken by them. Fear seemed to have taken hold of them; and some said after that, "I never believed in a hell before, but I do now. O, how terrible!"

Mr. B—— lived but a short time after this and then died as he had lived, a stranger to Jesus, with no interest in His cleansing blood.—*E. A. Rowes.*

"God Has Called Me to Come Up Higher."

Mrs. Gafford was dying, away from father, mother, brothers and sisters. Not one of her relatives knew of her illness. She mentioned this fact to me, and requested me to tell her people how kind her husband's family had been to her, and that she had had everything that could be done for her.

Mrs. Gafford was a noted teacher, and was a graduate from the Normal College, South Nashville. She had been married but two months before her death occurred, which was on the same day that her marriage took place. Mr. Gafford's youngest brother came for me, saying, "Sister Chloe says she is dying and wants to see you." As I entered the room, she said, "Mrs. Moore, God has called me to come home. I have had a happy, beautiful home on this earth, but God has one for me that will last forever." When Bro. Harrel came, she said, "Bro. Harrel, God has called me to come up higher. He says my life's work is done." Bro. Harrel

said, "We need you so much here, I am going to ask God to spare you to us." Mrs. Gafford replied, "The Lord's will be done." Bro. Harrel then read to her from the Bible. She commented on each passage, saying, "The Lord has been all this to me." As he read "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee," she said, "Bro. Harrel, death is the deep waters, God is with me." Then, putting her arms around her mother-in-law's neck, she said, "God has sent me here to die to win you to heaven." She then began to sing "The Unclouded Day" and "Home, Sweet Home"; and soon after left us to live with God. As Mr. Gafford, her husband's father, had died several years before, they did not know each other on this earth, but I am sure that they have met up yonder.—Prepared for this book by Mrs. T. C. Moore, White's Bend, Tenn.

Carrie Carmen's Vision of the Holy City.

When Carrie Carmen, with whom the author was personally acquainted, as pastor, came to the "river's margin," perfectly conscious, she gazed upward, and exclaimed, "Beautiful! beautiful! beautiful!" One asked, "What is so beautiful?" "Oh, they are so beautiful." "What do you see?" "Angels; and they are so beautiful." "How do they look?" "Oh, I can't tell you, they are so beautiful." "Have they wings?" "Yes; and hark! hark! they sing the sweetest of anything I ever heard." "Do you see Christ?" "No; but I see the Holy City that was measured with the reed whose length and breadth and height are equal, and whose top reaches to the skies; and it is so beautiful I

can't tell you how splendid it is." Then she repeated the verse beginning

" Through the valley of the shadow I must go."

She then spoke of the loneliness of her husband, and prayed that he might have grace to bear his bereavement, and that strength might be given him to go out and labor for souls. (They were expecting soon to enter the ministry.) She also prayed for her parents, asking that they might make an unbroken band in the beautiful city. She closed her eyes and rested a moment, and then looked up with beaming eyes and said: "I see Christ, and oh, He is so beautiful." Her husband asked again, "How does He look?" "I can't tell you; but He is so much more beautiful than all the rest." Again she said, "I see the Holy City." Then, gazing a moment, she said, "So many!" "What do you see, of which there are so many?" "People." "How many are there?" "A great many; more than I can count." "Any you know?" "Yes, a great many." "Who?" "Uncle George and a lot more. They are calling me. They are beckoning to me." "Is there any river there?" "No; I don't see any." Her husband then said, "Carrie, do you want to go and leave me?" "No; not until it is the Lord's will that I should go. I would like to stay and live for you and God's work. His will be done." Presently she lifted her eyes and said, "Oh, carry me off from this bed." Her husband said, "She wants to be removed from the bed." But his father said, "She is talking with the angels." When asked if she were, she replied, "Yes." She then thanked the doctor for his kindness to her, and asked him to meet her in heaven. She closed her eyes, and seemed to be rapidly sinking away. Her husband kissed her and said, "Carrie, can't you kiss me?" She

opened her eyes and kissed him, and said: "Yes; I can come back to kiss you. I was part way over." She said but little more, but prayed for herself and for her friends. Frequently she would gaze upward and smile, as though the sights were very beautiful."—*Christ Crowned Within*.

The Awful End of a Backslider.

The following is a short account of the life and death of William Pope, of Bolton, in Lancashire. He was at one time a member of the Methodist Society, and was a saved and happy man. His wife, a devoted saint, died triumphantly. After her death his zeal for religion declined, and by associating with back-slidden professors he entered the path of ruin. His companions even professed to believe in the redemption of devils. William became an admirer of their scheme, a frequenter with them of the public-house, and in time a common drunkard.

He finally became a disciple of Thomas Paine, and associated himself with a number of deistical persons at Bolton, who assembled together on Sundays to confirm each other in their infidelity. They amused themselves with throwing the Word of God on the floor, kicking it around the room, and treading it under their feet. God laid His hand on this man's body, and he was seized with consumption.

Mr. Rhodes was requested to visit William Pope. He says: "When I first saw him he said to me, 'Last night I believe I was in hell, and felt the horrors and torment of the damned; but God has brought me back again, and given me a little longer respite. The gloom

of guilty terror does not sit so heavy upon me as it did, and I have something like a faint hope that, after all I have done, God may yet save me.' After exhorting him to repentance and confidence in the Almighty Saviour, I prayed with him and left him. In the evening he sent for me again. I found him in the utmost distress, overwhelmed with bitter anguish and despair. I endeavored to encourage him. I spoke of the infinite merit of the great Redeemer, and mentioned several cases in which God had saved the greatest sinners, but he answered, 'No case of any that has been mentioned is comparable to mine. I have no contrition; I cannot repent. God will damn me! I know the day of grace is lost. God has said of such as are in my case, "I will laugh at your calamity, and mock when your fear cometh."' I said, 'Have you ever known anything of the mercy and love of God?' 'Oh, yes,' he replied; 'many years ago I truly repented and sought the Lord and found peace and happiness.' I prayed with him after exhorting him to seek the Lord, and had great hopes of his salvation; he appeared much affected, and begged I would represent his case in our Society and pray for him. I did so that evening, and many hearty petitions were put up for him."

Mr. Barraclough gives the following account of what he witnessed. He says: "I went to see William Pope, and as soon as he saw me he exclaimed, 'You are come to see one who is damned forever!' I answered, 'I hope not; Christ can save the chief of sinners.' He replied, 'I have denied Him, I have denied Him; therefore hath He cast me off forever! I know the day of grace is past, gone—gone, never more to return!' I entreated him not to be too hasty, and to pray. He answered, 'I cannot pray; my heart is quite hardened.

I have no desire to receive any blessing at the hand of God,' and then cried out, 'Oh, the hell, the torment, the fire that I feel within me! Oh, eternity! eternity! To dwell forever with devils and damned spirits in the burning lake must be my portion, and that justly!' On Thursday I found him groaning under the weight of the displeasure of God. His eyes rolled to and fro; he lifted up his hands, and with vehemence cried out, 'Oh, the burning flame, the hell, the pain I feel! I have done, done the deed, the horrible, damnable deed!' I prayed with him, and while I was praying he said with inexpressible rage, 'I will not have salvation at the hand of God! No, no! I will not ask it of Him!' After a short pause, he cried out, 'Oh, how I long to be in the bottomless pit—in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone!' The day following I saw him again. I said, 'William, your pain is inexpressible.' He groaned, and with a loud voice cried out, 'Eternity will explain my torments. I tell you again, I am damned. I will not have salvation.' He called me to him as if to speak to me, but as soon as I came within his reach he struck me on the head with all his might, and gnashing his teeth, cried out, 'God will not hear your prayers.' At another time he said, 'I have crucified the Son of God afresh, and counted the blood of the covenant an unholy thing! Oh, that wicked and horrible deed of blaspheming against the Holy Ghost! which I know I have committed!' He was often heard to exclaim, 'I want nothing but hell! Come, O devil, and take me!' At another time he said, 'Oh, what a terrible thing it is! Once I might, and would not: now I would and must not.' He declared that he was best satisfied when cursing. The day he died, when Mr. Rhodes visited him, and asked the privilege to pray once more with

him, he cried out with great strength, considering his weakness, 'No!' and passed away in the evening without God."

Backslider, do you know you are in danger of the fires of hell? Do you know you are fast approaching the

" Line by us unseen
That crosses every path,
That marks the boundary between
God's mercy and His wrath?"

You are, and unless you turn quickly, you with William Pope will be writhing in hell through all eternity. God says, "The backslider in heart shall be filled with his own ways." But He says again, "Return, ye backsliding children, and I will heal your backslidings." Oh, come back and be healed before God shall say of you, "He is joined to his idols, let him alone."—*Remarkable Narratives.*

The Advice of Ethan Allen, the Noted Infidel, to His Dying Daughter

Though the following biographic note may be familiar to some, it may yet be useful to many. Ethan Allen was a professed infidel. He wrote a book against the divinity of our blessed Lord. His wife was a Christian, earnest, cheerful and devoted. She died early, leaving an only daughter behind, who became the idol of her father. She was a fragile, sensitive child, and entwined herself about the rugged nature of her sire, as the vine entwines itself about the knotty and gnarled limbs of the oak. Consumption marked this fair girl for its own; and she wasted away day by day, until even the grasshopper became a burden.

One day her father came into her room and sat down by her bedside. He took her wan, ethereal hand in his. Looking her father squarely in the face, she said:

“My dear father, I’m going to die.” “Oh! no, my child! Oh! no. The spring is coming and with the birds and breezes and the bloom, your pale cheeks will blush with health.” “No; the doctor was here to-day. I felt I was nearing the grave, and I asked him to tell me plainly what I had to expect. I told him that it was a great thing to exchange worlds; that I did not wish to be deceived about myself, and if I was going to die I had some preparations I wanted to make. He told me my disease was beyond human skill; that a few more suns would rise and set, and then I would be borne to my burial. You will bury me, father, by the side of my mother, for that was her dying request. But, father, you and mother did not agree on religion. Mother often spoke to me of the blessed Savior who died for us all. She used to pray for both you and me, that the Savior might be our friend, and that we might all see Him as our Savior, when He sits enthroned in His glory. I don’t feel that I can go alone through the dark valley of the shadow of death. Now, tell me, father, whom shall I follow, you or mother? Shall I reject Christ, as you have taught me, or shall I accept Him, as He was my mother’s friend in the hour of her great sorrow?”

There was an honest heart beneath that rough exterior. Though tears nearly choked his utterance, the old soldier said:

“My child, cling to your mother’s Savior; she was right. I’ll try to follow you to that blessed abode.”

A serene smile overspread the face of the dying girl, and who can doubt there is an unbroken family in heaven?

“Ma, I Shall Be the First of Our Family Over Yonder.”

Asa Hart Alling, eldest son of Rev. J. H. and Jennie E. Alling, of Rock River Conference, was born Dec. 20, 1866, in Newark, Kendall County, Ill.; and died in Chicago, April 19, 1881. He was converted and united with the church at Morris when eleven. His conversion was clear and well defined, and his Christian life eminently satisfactory. He was regularly present at worship, and frequently took part. He would invariably close his prayer by asking the Lord to keep him “from bad boys.” He assisted cheerfully in the fulfillment of his own prayer, and made choice of the more noble youths of his own age. And while most boys were devoting their spare time to fun and rude sport, he was applying himself to works of benevolence and humanity, and numbers of aged and infirm people living near Simpson church will bear record of the good deeds by his youthful hands. In the public school he took high rank, and led his classmates. For his years he was well advanced. Friday, April 15, he complained of being ill, but insisted upon going to school. He returned in distress, took to his bed, and did not leave it. He was smitten with cerebro-spinal meningitis, and was at times in agony. Through it all he proved himself a hero and a Christian conqueror. He realized that his sickness would terminate fatally, and talked about death with composure. He put his arms about his mother’s neck, and gently drawing her face close to his own, said, “Ma, I shall be the first of our family over yonder, but I will stand on the shore and wait for you

all to come." He requested his mother to sing for him, "Pull for the shore." She being completely overcome with grief could not sing. He said, "Never mind, ma; you will sing it after I am gone, won't you?" To a Christian lady who came to see him, he said, "You sing for me. Sing 'Hold the fort!'" She sang it. "Now sing 'Hallelujah! 'tis done.'" He fully realized that the work of his salvation was done, and he was holding the fort till he should be called up higher. He bestowed his treasures upon his brother and sisters. He gave his Bible to his brother Treat; and as he did so said to his father, "Pa, tell aunty, who gave me this Bible, that I died a Christian." His last hours of consciousness were rapidly closing. He remarked, "Ma, I shall not live till morning; I am so tired, and will go to sleep. If I do not wake up, good-by; good-by all." A short time afterward he fell asleep. He was not, for God had taken him. He had reached the shores of eternal life for which he had pulled so earnestly and with success. His funeral was attended by a large concourse of people, who thronged the church. The services were conducted by several of the Chicago pastors, and were very impressive and instructive. We all felt as if we had lost a treasure, and heaven had gained a jewel.—*G. R. Vanhorne.*

"Take Them Away—Take Them Away."

"Some years ago a neighboring family, consisting of father, mother, and five or six children that God had entrusted to their care, were all seemingly without a thought of eternity—all for the world and the things of the world. But soon the dark shadows began to gather.

The father was taken sick. He grew worse and worse and soon it was said that he was seriously ill. In a few short days the message came to me saying, "Come quick, Mr. S. is dying." I went immediately to his bedside, and found him talking and trying to draw back from some apparition that he evidently saw, saying, "Take them away! Take them away!" It seemed to be the demons or the wicked spirits tormenting him while yet alive."

The above was recently sent us for publication by Mrs. M. E. Holland, Bentonville, Ark. May God help all our readers, if not already free from evil spirits, to call on God to take them away at once—not wait until they are called to die. The time to get rid of the devil is when he first makes his appearance, or when the soul becomes conscious of his presence. May God help our readers to realize that "The Lord knoweth how to deliver the godly out of temptation." "Now all these things happened unto them for ensamples: and they are written for our admonition, upon whom the ends of the world are come. Wherefore let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall. There hath no temptation taken you but such as is common to man: but God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able; but will with the temptation also make a way of escape, that ye may be able to bear it. Wherefore, my dearly beloved, flee from idolatry. I speak as to wise men; judge ye what I say" (1 Cor. 10: 11-15.

A Dying Man's Regrets.

A minister once said to a dying man, "If God should restore you to health, think you that you would alter your course of life?" He answered: "I call heaven and earth to witness, I would labor for holiness as I shall soon labor for life. As for riches and pleasure and the applause of men, I account them as dross. Oh! if the righteous Judge would but reprieve and spare me a little longer, in what spirit would I spend the remainder of my days! I would know no other business, aim at no other end, than perfecting myself in holiness. Whatever contributed to that—every means of grace, every opportunity of spiritual improvement, should be dearer to me than thousands of gold and silver. But, alas! why do I amuse myself with fond imaginations? The best resolutions are now insignificant, because they are too late."

Such was the language of deep concern uttered by one who was beginning to look at these things in the light of the eternal world, which, after all, is the true light. Here we stand on the little molehills of sublunary life, where we cannot get a clear view of that other world; but, oh! what must it be to stand on the top of the dark mountain of death, and take an outlook upon our surroundings, knowing that from the top of that mountain, if angel pinions do not lift us to the skies, we must take a leap into the blackness of darkness!

Reader, when your soul shall pass into eternity, is it an angel or a fiend that shall greet you on your entrance there? If you want a well-grounded hope of heaven, live for it! *live for it!*—*The Manna.*

The Translation of the Sainted Frances E. Willard.

Early on February 17, the last day God let us have her with us, she remembered it was time for her "letter from home," as she loved to call our official paper, *The Union Signal*, and sweetly said, "Please let me sit up and let me have our beautiful *Signal*." She was soon laid back upon her pillows, when, taking Dr. Hills' hand in hers, she spoke tender, appreciative words about her friend and physician, of which the last were these, "I say, God bless him; I shall remember his loving kindness through all eternity."

A little later Mrs. Hoffman, National Recording Secretary of our society, entered the room for a moment. Miss Willard seemed to be unconscious, but as Mrs. Hoffman quietly took her hand she looked up and said, "Why, that's Clara; good Clara; Clara, I've crept in with mother, and it's the same beautiful world and the same people, remember that—it's *just the same*."

"Has my cable come?" she soon asked; "Oh, how I want it to come": and when, a few moments later, a message of tenderest solicitude and love was received from dear Lady Henry, I placed it in her hand. "Read it, oh read it quickly—what does it say?" were her eager questions, and as I read the precious words I heard her voice, "Oh, how sweet, oh, how lovely, good—good!"

Quietly as a babe in its mother's arms she now fell asleep, and though we knew it not "the dew of eternity was soon to fall upon her forehead." "She had come to the borderland of this closely curtailed world!"

Only once again did she speak to us, when about noon the little thin, white hand—that active, eloquent hand—was raised in an effort to point upward, and we listened for the last time on earth to the voice that to thousands has surpassed all others in its marvellous sweetness and magnetic power. It was like the lovely and pathetic strain from an Æolian harp on which heavenly zephyrs were breathing, and she must even then have caught some glimpse of those other worlds for which she longed as she said, in tones of utmost content, “How beautiful it is to be with God.”

As twilight fell, hope died in our yearning hearts, for we saw that the full glory of another life was soon to break o’er our loved one’s “earthly horizon.” Kneeling about her bed, with the faithful nurses who had come to love their patient as a sister, we silently watched while the life immortal, the life more abundant, came in its fulness to this inclusive soul, whose wish, cherished from her youth, that she might go, not like a peasant to a palace, but as a child to her Father’s home, was about to be fulfilled. A few friends who had come to the hotel to make inquiries joined the silent and grief-stricken group. Slowly the hours passed with no recognition of the loved ones about her. There came an intent upward gaze of the heavenly blue eyes, a few tired sighs, and at the “noon hour” of the night Frances Willard was

“ Born into beauty
And born into bloom,
Victor immortal
O’er death and the tomb.”

—*The Beautiful Life of Frances E. Willard.*

**“It is Easier to Get Into Hell Than It Will
Be to Get Out.”**

In the village of Montgomery, Mich., in the spring of 1884, an infidel, husband of a spiritualist, was stricken down with disease. He had such a hatred for the cause of Christ that he had requested previous to his death that his body should not be carried to a church for funeral services, or any pastor be called upon to officiate. As he was nearing the shores of eternity, he turned his face toward the wall and began to talk of his future prospects. His wife saw that he was troubled in spirit and endeavored to comfort and console him by telling him not to be afraid; that his spirit would return to her and they would commune together then as now. But this gave him no comfort in this awful hour. With a look of despair, he said, “I see a great high wall rising around me, and am finding out at last, when it is too late, that it is easier to get into hell than it will be to get out,” and in a few moments his spirit had departed from this world to receive its reward. My sister-in-law was present at the time and heard the conversation.—*Written for this book by Rev. W. C. Muffit, Cleveland, Ohio.*

**The Beloved Physician Walter C. Palmer’s
Sunlit Journey to Heaven.**

His biographer, Rev. George Hughes, says: At 5.15 p. m., July 20, 1883, his ransomed spirit entered the triumphal chariot and, under a bright angelic

escort, sped away to the world of light and blessedness. There was no dark river to cross—no stormy billows to intercept his progress. It was a translation from the terrestrial to the celestial—the work of a moment, but covered with eternal resplendency. Heaven's pearly gates were surely opened wide to admit this battle-scarred veteran, laden with the spoils and honors of a thousand battles. The light of a conqueror was in his eye. His countenance was radiant. His language was triumphant. The angelic escort was near. The expanded vision was rapturously fixed on immortal objects and scenes. The ear was saluted with the songs of angels and redeemed spirits. The blood-washed soul was filled with high expectancy. Every avenue of the inner being was swept with rapture. Hallelujahs burst momentarily from his lips. The aspects of such a departure were gorgeous indeed—no other word will express it. The splendors of the eternal state were gathered to a focus, and burned intensely around the couch of the Christian warrior as he breathed his earthly farewell. Such a departure was the allotment of the beloved physician. The place designated was wondrously attractive. A few steps only from his cottage-home, the grand old ocean was ceaselessly rolling his billows upon the strand, making solemn music, offering a deep-toned anthem of praise to the Creator. The clear blue heavens above were resplendent. The sun was declining, but glorious in his decline. * * *

But the moral surroundings of the period set for this departure were still more gorgeous. Not far away was the hallowed grove, the place of holy song and Gospel ministration, where multitudes congregated. And there, too, the "Janes Tabernacle," where such indescribable triumphs had been won. "The voice of

salvation and rejoicing was in the tabernacles of the righteous." Even now we seem to hear the forest resounding with prayer and praise. Surely holy angels must have delighted to hover o'er the scene, glad to join the hallowed songs.

And what is that we see? In yonder cottage there is one newly born into the kingdom of heaven. The first song of the new life is breaking upon the ears of surrounding friends, Hallelujahs rule the hour.

In a little tent there is a child of God who has just entered "Beulah Land!" He is inhaling its pure atmosphere. The fragrance of the land delights him. He is basking in the meridian rays of the "Sun of righteousness." What a heavenly glow there is upon his countenance! How the Beulah-notes burst from his lips!

Hark! yonder is the shout of victory! What does it mean? Ah, one of God's dear saints has been sorely buffeted of Satan; but

" Strong in the strength which God supplies
Through His eternal Son,"

she has just said, authoritatively, in overcoming faith, "Get thee behind me, Satan!" And, lo! the enemy is discomfited—he flies ingloriously from the field! Jesus, in the person of His tempted one, has driven the arch-foe to his native hell.

And so we might go on in this field survey. At each step new wonders would rise upon our view. Heaven and earth were surely keeping jubilee in the sacred inclosure.

Can we conceive of a grander spot, in either hemisphere, from which a good man might make his transition from world to world? Nay! Is it not written, "My times are in Thy hand"? And are not the places, too, at the Divine disposal? Did not Jehovah conduct

His servant of old to the Mount of transition, and Himself perform the funeral-rites and interment? And so secure, so hidden from the rude gaze of men the entombment, that the ages have not discovered the burial-place.

Is it too much to think that the God of glory put forth His hand to designate the place, so full of natural and moral attractions, for the departure of His honored servant, Dr. Palmer? And then what a quiet hour—just as the sun was declining and the soft evening shades were being stretched forth! What an evening, after such a day!

All day long the beloved one had been quietly reclining upon his couch. The tokens of his convalescence were cheering. A new light had been given to his languid eye. A radiant smile illumined his whole countenance. Inspiring words dropped from his lips. Loving friends, who had kept sleepless vigils around him, rejoiced with great joy.

The day had been a festive one. The table of the Lord had been spread before him, and he had feasted upon its dainties. At the foot of his couch had been suspended "The Silent Comforter"—silent, yet voiceful, telling of the riches of the kingdom of heaven. It was open at the passage for the day, reading thus:

"But now thus saith the Lord that created thee, O Jacob, and He that formed thee, O Israel, Fear not: for I have redeemed thee, I have called thee by thy name; thou art mine.

"When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee: and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee: when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned; neither shall the flame kindle upon thee

“For I am the Lord thy God, the Holy One of Israel, thy Savior” (Isaiah 43: 1-3).

What beautiful words—beautiful words of life! His eye and his heart drank in the Father’s message—a message of perfected redemption—of joyous adoption into the royal family, and the conferment of a royal name—of defense against destroying forces, the overflowing waters and the consuming flame—of exalted spiritual relationship, “I am thy God, thy Savior.” O, wondrous message spoken by Isaiah’s fire-touched lips! Well might that prostrate one rise into new life as he gazed upon the glittering pages. Indeed, he had during the weeks of his suffering taken refuge in the precious Word, so that the wicked one had not dared to approach him!

About two weeks before his release from earth, Mrs. Palmer said to him, “My dear, Satan has not troubled you much of late.” Raising his arm, with emphatic voice he exclaimed, “No! he has not been allowed to come near me!”

So now, he was sweetly reposing in the Divine Word as opened to his view on the page of the “Silent Comforter.”

So strong was the doctor’s returning pulse that those who were performing tender ministries were encouraged to have him attired and seated in an easy chair where he could look upon the ocean and be invigorated by its breezes. Indeed, he walked out and took his seat on the upper piazza. The beloved of his life was by his side, and in a letter written to a friend subsequent to the departure of her dear husband, beautifully describes what transpired at this particular juncture:

“About three in the afternoon, he walked out on

the second-story balcony, sat there a half-hour or more, and seemed unusually joyous. He talked of the beautiful landscape before him, and the grand old ocean. Seeing our dear friend Mr. Thornley, who had so kindly relieved us of the care of the morning meetings, come out of his cottage on the opposite side of the park, in front of our summer cottage, our loved one waved his hand again and again, with smiles of affectionate recognition. He then went into the room and wrote a business letter to his son-in-law, Joseph F. Knapp, and read it to me in a strong voice, and conversed freely.

"About five o'clock he proposed lying down to rest. His head had scarcely reached the pillow, when I was startled by seeing those large blue eyes open wide, as if piercing the heavens. Two or three struggles, as if for breath, followed. "Raise me higher," he said, as I put my arm about him, holding him up. A moment's calm ensued. I said, "Precious darling, it's passing over." The dear one, putting his finger on his own pulse, looking so sweetly, said in a low tone, "Not yet"—and almost in the same breath, in a clear, strong voice, said, "I fear no evil, for Thou art with me." After a moment's pause, he continued, "I have redeemed thee; thou art mine. When thou pass—" Here his loved voice failed. The precious spirit was released to join the glorified above."

"Good-By! I Am Going to Rest."

Through the kindness of T. L. Adams, of Magdalena, New Mexico, we furnish our readers with this incident: In the year 188-, in Milan, Tenn., Ella

Bledsoe, daughter of Dr. Bledsoe, lay dying from a painful, wasting flux. Being near neighbors, Ella and my sister had been together much of the time, and from close association had learned to love each other very tenderly.

Ella had now been ill for about nine days. Her Christian father had heretofore kept her under the influence of opiates to ease her pain, but not willing that she should pass out of this world stupified by these drugs, he had ceased to administer them.

When sister Dorrie and I heard that Ella was dying we at once prayed to God that she might not pass away without leaving a dying testimony. She was a Christian, a member of the C. P. Church, as was also her father. We hastened to her bedside and found her tossing from side to side on her dying couch in the painful agonies of the "last enemy."

My sister approached her, and sitting on the side of the bed, she took one of her hands in her own, and said, "Ella, are you afraid to die?" It seemed for a moment all that life offers to a young girl rushed in before her youthful gaze, and she replied, "I hate to die." Then turning, like Hezekiah, with her face to the wall for a few moments, doubtless in communion with her Heavenly Father, she turned back and said to sister, "Good-by; I am going to rest," and extending her hand to me she said, "Good-by. Meet me at rest."

She then called her family up to her bedside, one by one, and kissed them and bade them "good-by," requesting and exhorting them to meet her

"Where the weary are at rest."

This was an affecting scene, one that impressed all that were present with the reality of the joys of the Christian religion, and that when all things around us

fade away, this religion enables us to rejoice even in the face of death. Thank God! "The wicked is driven away in his wickedness: but the righteous hath hope in his death" (Prov. 14: 32). "For we know, that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens" (2 Cor. 5: 1). "And I heard a voice from heaven, saying unto me, Write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth; Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them" (Rev. 14: 13).

**"The Fiends, They Come; Oh! Save Me! They
Drag Me Down! Lost, Lost, Lost!"**

The following incident is concerning a young lady, who, under deep conviction for sin, left a revival meeting to attend a dance which had been gotten up by a party of ungodly men, for the purpose of breaking up the meeting. She caught a severe cold at the dance and was soon on her death bed. In conversation with a minister, she said, "Mr. Rice, my mind was never clearer. I tell you all to-day that I do not wish to be a Christian. Don't want to go to heaven—would not if I could. I would rather go to hell than heaven, they need not keep the gates closed." "But you don't want to go to hell, do you Jennie?" was asked. She replied, "No, Mr. Rice. O, that I had never been born. I am suffering now the agonies of the lost. If I could but get away from God; but no, I must always see Him and be looked upon by Him. How I hate Him—I cannot help it. I drove His Spirit from my heart when He would have filled it with His love; and now I am left to

my own evil nature—given over to the devil for my eternal destruction. My agony is inexpressible! How will I endure the endless ages of eternity? O, that dreadful, unlimited, unfathomable eternity."

When asked by Mr. Rice how she got into that despairing mood, she replied, "It was that fatal Friday evening last winter when I deliberately stayed away from the meeting to attend the dance. I felt so sad, for my heart was tender—I could scarcely keep from weeping. I felt provoked to think that my last dance, as I felt it to be for some cause, should be spoiled. I endured it until I became angry, then with all my might I drove the influence of the Spirit away from me, and it was then that I had the feeling that He had left me forever. I knew that I had done something terrible, but it was done. From that time I have had no desire to be a Christian, but have been sinking down into deeper darkness and more bitter despair. And now all around, and above and beneath me are impenetrable clouds of darkness. O, the terrible gloom; when will it cease?" She then sank away and lay like one dead a short time. But she raised her hand slightly, her lips quivering as if in the agonies of death, her eyes opened with a fixed and awful stare, and then gave such a despairing groan that sent the chill blood to every heart. "Oh, what horror," whispered the sufferer. Then turning to Mr. Rice, she said, "Go home now and return this evening. I don't want you to pray for me. I don't want to be tormented with the sound of prayer." About four o'clock she inquired the time, and upon being told exclaimed, "O, how slowly the hours wear away. This day seems an age to me. O, how will I endure eternity?" In about an hour she said, "How slowly the time drags. Why may I not cease to be?" About seven

P. M. she sent for Mr. Rice. As he approached her bed Jennie said to him, "I want you to preach at my funeral. Warn all of my young friends against the ball-room. Remember everything I have said and use it." He replied, "How can I do this? Jennie, how I do wish you were a good Christian, and had a hope of eternal life." "Now, Mr. Rice, I don't want to hear anything about that. I do not want to be tormented with the thought. I am utterly hopeless: my time is growing short; *my fate is eternally fixed!* I die without hope because I insulted the Holy Spirit so bitterly. He has justly left me alone to go down to eternal night. He could not have borne with me any longer and followed farther and retained His divine honor and dignity. I wait but a few moments, and as much as I dread it, I must quit these mortal shores. I would delay, I would linger—but no! The fiends, they come; O save me! They drag me down! Lost! lost! lost!" she whispered as she struggled in the agonies of death. A moment more and she rallied and with glazed eyes she looked upon her weeping friends for the last time, then the lids sank partly down and pressed out a remaining tear as she whispered, "Bind me, ye chains of darkness! Oh! that I might cease to be, but still exist. The worm that never dies, the second death." The spirit fled, and Jennie Gordon lay a lifeless form of clay.—*The Unequal Yoke, by J. H. Miller.*

**"Oh, Papa, What a Sweet Sight! The Golden
Gates Are Opened."**

Through the kindness of L. B. Balliett, M. D., we furnish our readers with this touching incident: Lillian

Lee, aged ten, when dying spoke to her father thus: "Oh! papa, what a sweet sight! The golden gates are opened and crowds of children come pouring out. Oh! such crowds. And they ran up to me and began to kiss me and call me by a new name. I can't remember what it was." She lay and looked upwards, her eyes dreaming. Her voice died into a whisper as she said, "Yes, yes, I come, I come!"

"I Am Going to Die. Glory Be to God and the Lamb Forever."

These were the last words of the sainted Ann Cutler, one of Mr. Wesley's workers in whom he had great confidence. She was converted under Rev. Wm. Bramwell, who wrote the following account:

Ann Cutler was born near Preston, in Lancashire, in the year 1759. Till she was about twenty-six years of age, though she was very strict in her morals and serious in her deportment, yet she never understood the method of salvation by Jesus Christ till the Methodist local preachers visited that neighborhood. After hearing one of them she was convinced of sin, and from that time gave all diligence to obtain mercy. In a short time she received pardon, and her serious deportment evinced the blessing she enjoyed. It was not long before she had a clearer sight into her own heart; and, though she retained her confidence of pardon, she was yet made deeply sensible of the need of perfect love. In hearing the doctrine of sanctification, and believing that the blessing is to be received through faith, she expected instantaneous deliverance, and prayed for the power to believe. Her confidence increased until she

could say, "Jesus, thou wilt cleanse me from all unrighteousness!"

In the same year of her finding mercy (1785) the Lord said, "I will; be thou clean." She found a sinking into humility, love and dependence upon God. At this time her language was, "Jesus, Thou knowest I love Thee with all my heart. I would rather die than grieve Thy Spirit. O! I cannot express how much I love Jesus!" After this change something remarkable appeared in her countenance—a smile of sweet composure. It was noticed by many as a reflection of the divine nature, and it increased to the time of her death. In a few months she felt a great desire for the salvation of sinners, and often wept much in private; and, at the same time, was drawn out to plead with God for the world in general. She would frequently say, "I think I must pray. I cannot be happy unless I cry for sinners. I do not want any praise. I want nothing but souls to be brought to God. I am reproached by most. I cannot do it to be seen or heard of men. I see the world going to destruction; and I am burdened till I pour out my soul to God for them."

Her great devotion to God is shown in the following account of her sickness and death by Mrs. Highfield:

I will endeavor to give you a few particulars relative to the death of Ann Cutler. I would have done it sooner had not the affliction of my family prevented. While she was with us, it seemed to be her daily custom to dedicate herself, body and soul, to God.

She came to Macclesfield, very poorly of a cold, on the fifteenth of December. Being our preaching night, she had an earnest desire to have a prayer-meeting; but I told her on account of preaching being so late as eight

o'clock, and the classes having to meet after, it would not be convenient. But she was very importunate, and said she could not be happy without one; adding, "I shall not be long here, and I would buy up every opportunity of doing something for God, for time is short." Knowing she had an uncommon talent for pleading for such souls as were coming to God, we got a few together, to whom she was made a blessing.

A few days before her death, she often said, "Jesus is about to take me home. I think I shall soon have done with this body of clay; and O how happy shall I then be when I cast my crown before Him, lost in wonder, love and praise!"

About three o'clock on Monday morning (the day of her death) she began to ascribe glory to the ever-blessed Trinity, and continued saying, "Glory be to the Father, glory be to the Son, and glory be to the Holy Ghost," for a considerable time. About seven o'clock the doctor, with those about her, thought she was just gone; but, to our great surprise she continued in this state till between ten and eleven o'clock in the forenoon. She then lifted herself up and looked about her, and spoke just so as to be heard, and was very sensible; she seemed perfectly composed, but her strength nearly gone. About three o'clock she looked at her friends and said, "I am going to die"; and added, "Glory be to God and the Lamb forever!" These were her last words. Soon afterwards the spirit left this vale of misery. So died our dear and much-valued friend, Ann Cutler.

“ I Have Treated Christ Like a Dog All My Life and He Will Not Help Me Now.”

About twenty years ago, when we were holding revival meetings at G——, Mr. B——, a well-to-do farmer living near the town, was in the last stages of consumption. He was a wicked man; all of his life having been spent in laying up treasures on earth. At the time we visited him, he was about sixty years old. The pastor of the Methodist church, whom we were assisting, had not as yet called on him because he was so ungodly. The pastor said to me one day, “I am waiting until Mr. B—— is near his end, hoping he will then allow me to talk to him about his soul.”

Several days before Mr. B——'s death, in company with the pastor of the Methodist church, we visited this man and talked with him about his moral condition. His mind was very dark and full of unbelief. We talked earnestly with him about the saving of his soul, but left him without receiving much encouragement.

In a day or two we called on him again and found him more willing to converse, but he still seemed to be far away from God. We plead with him and urged him to call on God to have mercy on him for Jesus' sake.

“I cannot! I have never spoken the name of Jesus, only when using it in profanity, and I have used it that way all of these years. *I have treated Christ like a dog all of my life and He will not hear me now.* I would give all I am worth if I could only feel as you say you feel.” was his reply.

We told him that God was no respecter of persons, that He never turned any away that came to Him for pardon.

He continued, "*I cannot get any feeling. What can I do? My heart is so hard.*"

Our heart ached for him. He was afraid to die without faith in God, but he seemed to have no ability to repent.

Before we left the town, he went to meet his God, so far as we know, unprepared, as he gave no evidence of salvation. He had treasures on earth; but, alas, that did not avail him anything when he came to face eternity.

Reader, how are you treating the Christ on whom you must depend if you are ever saved? God grant that your experience may not be like his.—*Editor.*

“Jesus Will Take Care of Me.”

These were the last words uttered by Ella Gilkey, as she passed away from earth to live with Him who said, “Suffer little children, and forbid them not, to come unto me; for of such is the kingdom of heaven.”

In the winter of 1860-61 I was holding a series of meetings in Watertown, Mass., during which a large number found Jesus precious—many believing they found Him in my room; thus rendering that room ever memorable and dear to me.

Among those who there gave themselves to the Savior was Ella. Coming in one morning, with tears on her face, she said, “Mr. Earle, I came up here to give my heart to Jesus. I feel that I am a great sinner. Will you pray for me?” I replied, “I will pray for you,

Ella, and I can pray in faith if you see that you are a sinner; for Jesus died for sinners."

After pointing out the way of salvation I asked her if she would kneel down by my side and pray for herself, and, as far as she knew, give herself to Jesus, to be His forever.

She said, "I will; for I am a great sinner."

Could one so young, and kind to everybody, be a great sinner? Yes, because she had rejected the Savior until she was twelve years old; and when the Holy Spirit had knocked at the door of her heart, she had said, "No, not yet. Go Thy way for this time."

We kneeled down, and after I had prayed, she said, "Jesus, take me just as I am. I give myself to Thee forever. I will love and serve Thee all my life."

The door of her heart was now open and Jesus entered and took possession. The tears were gone from her face, which was now covered with smiles.

And I believe holy angels in that room witnessed the transfer of her heart to Jesus, and then went back to heaven to join in songs of thanksgiving; for "joy shall be in heaven over one sinner that repenteth."

Ella then went down stairs, her face beaming with joy as she thought of her new relation to Jesus, and said to her mother, "I have given myself to Jesus, and He has received me. O, I am so happy!"

Little did we think that in a few days she would be walking the "golden streets" with the blood-washed throng.

Like the Redeemer, who, when at her age, said to His mother, "Wist ye not that I must be about My Father's business?" she seemed to long to be doing good.

" 'What can I do for Christ,' she said,
 'Who gave His life to ransom me?
 I'll take my cross, and by Him led,
 His humble, faithful child will be.' "

Among other subjects of prayer there was one which particularly weighed upon her heart; it was for the conversion of an older brother. One day, after earnestly praying that this dear brother might be led to accept the Savior, she said to her mother, "O, I think he will be a Christian!" At another time she said, "I would be willing to die if it would bring him to Jesus."

Could she speak from her bright home above, I believe she would say to this brother, and to all who are delaying,

" 'Delay not, delay not : why longer abuse
 The love and compassion of Jesus, thy God?
 A fountain is opened ; how canst thou refuse
 To wash and be cleansed in His pardoning blood? "

Anxious to obey her Savior in all things, she obtained permission from her parents to present herself to the church for baptism; and, in the absence of a pastor, I baptized her, with several others, a few weeks after her conversion.

The next Tuesday after her baptism she was present at our evening meeting and gave her last public testimony for Jesus. When an opportunity was given for any one to speak, Ella arose, and, turning to the congregation, said, in a clear, earnest tone, "If there are any here who have not given their hearts to Jesus, do it now."

As I sat in my room at her father's that night, after meeting, I heard her voice mingling with his, in songs of praise, until near the midnight hour. Less than three days after this, Ella was called away from us, to sing in heaven the song of Moses and the Lamb.

As death drew near, she said to her parents, "I am going home," and commenced singing her favorite hymn,

"O, happy day, that fixed my choice
On Thee, my Savior, and my God ;
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad."

"Yes," she whispered, "it was a happy day." Then putting her arm around her father's neck, whose heart seemed almost broken, she said, "Don't care for me, father; Jesus will take care of me."

These were her last conscious words; the smile of affection lingered a little longer on her face, the look of love in her eyes, and its pressure in her hand, and then her spirit took its flight, mid angel guards and guides, leaving behind her the clearest evidence of love to Jesus, and a worthy example of fidelity to Him, though she had followed Him but one short month.

On the first Sabbath of February I gave the hand of fellowship to a large number of new members, and Ella would have been with them had she lived. It so happened that near the place where she would have stood there was a vacant spot. I directed the attention of the large assembly to that opening and asked, "Where is Ella to-day?" For a moment all was still, and the entire congregation appeared to be bathed in tears, when I said, "Jesus seems to say, 'I have given Ella the hand of fellowship up here.'"

A few days after her death, her parents, in looking over her portfolio, found she had written, unknown to any one, in the middle of a blank book, as if intended only for God's eye, the following deed, which shows her depth of purpose and complete dedication to Christ:

"December 21, 1860.—This day I have given my heart to the Savior, and have resolved to do just what

He tells me to do, and to take up my cross daily and follow Him—my eyes to weep over sinners, and my mouth to speak forth His praise and to lead sinners to Christ.—Ella J. Gilkey.”

And in the vestry of the church at Watertown these words, printed in large type, and handsomely framed, now hang upon the wall, where all who enter may read them; so that, in the hours of Sabbath school and in the prayer meeting and social gathering, Ella, though in heaven, still speaks, and continues her work for Jesus.—*Bringing in Sheaves.*

A Dying Girl's Request.

An evangelist said: “A little girl of eight years was sent on an errand by her parents. While on her way she was attracted by the singing of a gospel meeting in the open air, and drew near. The conductor of the meeting was so struck with the child's earnestness that he spoke to her and told her about Jesus. She being the child of Roman Catholics, did not know much about Him, but the gentleman told her of His love to her. On returning home, her father asked her what had detained her. She told him, and he cruelly beat her, forbidding her to go to any such meeting again. About a fortnight afterward she was sent on another errand, but she was so taken up with what she had previously heard about Jesus that she forgot all about her message. She saw the same gentleman, who again told her more about the Savior. On her return home she again told her father, as before, where she had been, and that she had not brought what she had been sent for, but that she had brought Jesus. Her

father was enraged, and kicked the poor little creature until the blood came. She never recovered from this brutal treatment. Just before she breathed her last she called to her mother and said, 'Mother, I have been praying to Jesus to save you and father.' Then pointing to her little dress she said, 'Mother, cut me a bit out of the blood-stained piece of my dress.' The mother, wondering, did so. 'Now,' said the dying child, 'Christ shed His blood for my sake, and I am going to take this to Jesus to show Him that I shed my blood for His sake.' Thus she died, holding firmly the piece of her dress stained with her own blood. The testimony of that dear child was the means of leading both father and mother to Christ."

Queen Elizabeth's Last Words—"All My Possessions For a Moment of Time."

Queen Elizabeth ascended the English throne at the age of twenty-five, and remained in power for forty-five years. She was a Protestant, but was far from being a true Christian in her life. She persecuted the Puritans for many years and her cruelty was manifested all through her public life. She died in 1603, seventy years old. Her last words were, "All my possessions for a moment of time."

We take the following from Schaff's Encyclopedia: With Elizabeth, Protestantism was restored, and—in spite of occasional resistance from within, the Spanish Armada and papal deposition from without (1570)—became the permanent religion of the large majority in the land. Two periods stand out in the history of the church under Elizabeth. In the early part of the reign

the divorce of the National Church from the Roman Catholic see was consummated; in the latter part its position was clearly stated in regard to Puritanism, which demanded recognition, if not supremacy, within its pale. The queen was no zealous reformer, but directed the affairs of the church with the keen sagacity of a statesmanship which placed national unity and the peace of the realm above every other consideration. In the first year of her reign the Acts of Supremacy and Uniformity were passed. By the former, all allegiance to foreign prince or prelate was forbidden; by the latter, the use of the liturgy enforced. The royal title of "Defender of the Faith and Supreme Head of the Church" was retained, with the slight alteration of "Head" to "Governor." But the passage was struck out of the Litany which read, "From the tyranny of the Bishop of Rome and all his detestible enormities, good Lord deliver us." The queen retained, against the protest of bishops, an altar, crucifix, and lighted candles in her own chapel, disapproved of the marriage of the clergy, interrupted the preacher who spoke disparagingly of the sign of the cross, and imperiously forced her wishes upon unwilling prelates.

Dying Testimony and Vision of Miss Lila Homer.

We are indebted to her pastor, Rev. B. C. Matthews, for this sketch:

Miss Lila Homer, a member of the Methodist Church at Dardanelle, Arkansas, died in the Lord at her home, October 3rd, 1895. She had just entered her twenty-fifth year March 19th, 1895.

She was converted at the early age of ten years. Just before her death she had a glimpse of the invisible world. Knowing that she was the Lord's handmaiden, and that her disease would allow her to be rational to the end, I thought she might be able to see the angels and tell us something of what she saw, so I said, "Lila, when the angels come for you, let us know." In a short while she whispered to her sister, "Tell Bro. Matthews to come closer," and then said, "Bro. Matthews, I saw some angels but they were so far away that I could not recognize anyone." I asked her if they had wings, to which she replied, "They had no wings, but were all arrayed in white and looked just like people." After a while she said, "I saw a great host of angels, but there were more babies than any others. I saw grandpa and ma Homer and Aunt Joe." In a short while she turned to her sister, Miss Jodie, and said, "O, Joe, tell Emma Lawrence that Daisy Conger is the sweetest angel." Miss Joe then asked her if Daisy looked bright and happy, to which she replied, "O, yes, so bright and happy. Tell the Conger girls to be good and meet Daisy." On Thursday morning, just before she fell asleep, she said to her mother, "I won't get to go to the Sulphur Springs, mamma, but I will go to an everlasting spring, where flowers never wither." In reply to this her mother said, "Lila, I can't go with you." "No, mamma," she said, "but you can come, and I will be waiting for you all." She talked to each member of the family separately and sent a message by them to her absent brother. After thanking her friends for their kindness, she quietly breathed her last.

piteously into his face. "I don't feel a bit different after all you have done."

"But you ought to feel different," replied the priest angrily. "You must trust the church; and I tell you, in her name, that you are now a saved man."

"Well, sir," persisted John, "yet men that are saved, and are ready for heaven, feel happy, and I don't. There was a man that Sergeant Morris talked to in this ward. He died the other day, and he was so happy! He said he saw angels coming to take him away, and he wasn't afraid to die; and I thought you'd make me feel like that; but I'm quite frightened."

Strange language for a priest to hear, and most unwelcome. Straightening himself to his fullest height, he stood over the bed, and extending his hand in a threatening manner toward the dying man, he exclaimed, "I give you this warning, John Cassidy, that if you listen to that heretic sergeant you will be damned."

John quailed for a moment before the fearful words; and then as the weight of unforgiven sin pressed upon his heart, and he felt that the priest had no power—as he once believed—to cleanse it away, he cried out in the bitterness of his soul, "I can not be worse than I am, sir; that's certain; so please go away, and let me take my chance!" And as the priest seemed still inclined to linger, and to remonstrate, he raised himself partly on his pillow, and with strange energy persisted, "Don't stay any longer, sir! I haven't many minutes left, and I can't afford to lose any of them in arguing; so have pity on a dying man and go at once."

The priest merely said on leaving the room, "John Cassidy, I warn you! You are forsaking your own mercy."

John was almost exhausted by the agitation and disappointment of the interview; but as he lay quite still, too weak for words, the sergeant came and sat by his bedside, and read to him such passages as the following:

“There is one mediator between God and man, the man Christ Jesus.” “Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world!” “By Him all that believe are freely justified from all things.” “Neither is there salvation in any other; for there is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved.” “The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin.”

The sergeant added no words of his own, but sat by the dying man, silently praying that the utterance of this Divine Word might give light to lighten the darkness of that departing soul. In a little while, a low murmur caused him to bend his ear close to the lips of his dying comrade; and he caught the words as they came in faint, gasping utterance, “No other name! It was a mistake—to think any priest could get me to heaven—but Jesus Christ can—and I think he will—I’m happy—I am not frightened now—good-by, Morris—tell—all the poor fellows—about—the blood—cleanseth.” No more words, only a shiver and sigh, and then a look of calm on the tired, worn face; and Sergeant Morris gently closed the eyes of the dead soldier, murmuring as he did so, “Thanks be unto God, Who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.”
—*Christian Family Almanac for 1874.*

“I Am In the Flames—Pull Me Out, Pull Me Out!”

Mr. W——, the subject of this narrative, died in J——, New York, about the year 1883, at the age of seventy-four. He was an avowed infidel. He was a good neighbor in some respects, yet he was very wicked and made a scoff of Christianity. About seven years previous to his death he passed through a revival. The Spirit strove with him, but he resisted to the last.

One Sabbath after this, Mr. N ——, who relates this sketch, was on his way to church and passed Mr. W——'s house, who was standing by the gate. He said, “Come with me to church, Mr. W——.” The infidel, holding out his hand, replied, “Show me a hair on the palm of my hand and I will show you a Christian.” During his last sickness, Mr. N—— called on him often and sat up with him several nights, and was with him when he died. The infidel was conscious of his near approaching end and of the terrors of his lost condition. He said once to Mr. N——, who, as a local worker, held meetings in school houses around, “Warn the world not to live as I have lived, and escape my woe.” At another time when visited by a doctor, he was groaning and making demonstrations of great agony. The doctor said, “Why do you groan, your disease is not painful?” “O, doctor,” said he, “it is not the body but the soul that troubles me.” On the evening of his death, Mr. N—— came at ten o'clock. A friend of his was there also. As he entered the room he felt that it was filled with an awful presence—