

Last Words of Bishop Glossbrenner.

“Say ye to the righteous, that it shall be well with him.” So it was with the devout Bishop Glossbrenner when he had reached the end of his earthly pilgrimage, January 7, 1887. Mr. John Dodds, of Dayton, Ohio, a warm personal friend of the bishop, spent a day or two with him shortly before his death, and found him in a most blessed frame of mind. When the subject of preaching was referred to, he said, “If I could preach again just once more, I would preach Jesus. I would preach from His words to the disciples on the Sea of Galilee, ‘It is I, be not afraid.’” As Mr. Dodds was leaving, he looked back when a few paces from the house, and to his surprise the bishop had gotten out of his bed unassisted and was standing by the door. He was visibly affected, and with hand uplifted and tears running down his cheeks, said, “Tell my brethren it is all right; my home is over there.” To another he said, “My title is clear, but not because I have preached the gospel, but alone by the love and mercy and grace of our Lord Jesus Christ. Rely on nothing but Jesus Christ and an experimental knowledge of acceptance with God through the merits of Jesus.”

In view of his rapidly approaching end, he said to his pastor, “I shall not be here much longer.” When asked about the future his reply was, “Everything is as bright as it can be. What a blessing it is to have a Savior at a time like this.” His last whispered words were, “My Savior.”—*From Life to Life.*

The Glorious Translation of Helen Carpenter.

Helen A. Carpenter was born in Hamlin, N. Y. When but a child she was deeply conscientious, and one of the things she constantly practiced was every Saturday evening to go about the house and gather up all the secular work and reading matter and put it away until Monday, so that the Sabbath might be kept holy. She gave her heart to God at the age of seventeen years, and her entire after life was characterized by unswerving devotion to His cause.

When nineteen, while engaged in teaching school, she took a severe cold, which speedily developed into consumption and terminated her earthly career at the age of twenty years. During her illness she rapidly ripened for heaven, and her young friends who called upon her would afterwards say, "One would not think Helen was going to die; she speaks as if she were going on a most delightful journey!"

About a week before her death her mother, sitting by her couch, became suddenly conscious of a most heavenly influence pervading the entire room, and so powerful was it that she could scarcely refrain from shouting aloud. She wondered if Helen, on whose countenance rested a pleased expression, felt it too.

The next day Helen said, "Ma, you thought I was asleep yesterday while you were sitting by me. I was not; but two angels came into the room, the walls did not hinder their coming.

' My spirit loudly sings,
The holy ones—behold they come,
I hear the noise of wings.'

It was all true, only I did not hear any noise."

A few evenings later her mother, observing her to be unusually restless, placed her hand upon her brow and found it damp with the dew of death. She said to her daughter, "Helen, I think you are very near home. Have you any fear?" "Not a bit," Helen replied; "call the family, that I may bid them good-by."

As they gathered about her she bade each one a loving farewell, telling them she was going to heaven through the blood of the Lamb, enjoining them to meet her there. She then said, "I have been thinking of this verse: 'He that spared not His own Son'—and as her voice began to falter when she got this far her mother repeated it for her. Upon being asked if she would like to have them sing for her she replied, "Sing until I die; sing my soul away!" For some time her sister sang to her the sweet songs of Zion; then, while standing near her, Helen said, "The time seems long, don't it!"

Her sister, Augusta, referring to an absent sister, said, "O, I wish L—— were here. What shall I tell her for you?" "Tell her to trust in the Lord," was her reply.

As her eyes closed in death her sister, Mary, bent over her to catch the last expression, when Helen gave a start of delightful surprise, as though she saw something glorious beyond conception, and then her happy spirit went to be forever with the Lord, but the look of inexpressible delight remained on her lovely countenance.

She was by nature so gentle and retiring that her friends feared that when she came to the "swellings of Jordan" she might have some fear, but the grace of her Heavenly Father enabled her to pass joyously in holy triumph to the skies.

Her sister, Mary E. Carpenter, who afterward went to Monrovia, Africa, as a missionary and died there, said while dying, "Living or dying, it's all right," thus submitting her will to the will of her Heavenly Father, whose wisdom saw it better for her to come to heaven than to labor in Africa.—*Written for this work by L. M. F. Baird, of Alabama, New York.*

**"O Martha, Martha, You Have Sealed My
Everlasting Damnation!"**

Rev. Thomas Graham, the noted revivalist preacher of the Erie Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, relates the following sad experience:

A man who lived in Westmoreland county, Pa., had strong religious feelings and had commenced a religious life. About this time he married a woman who was decidedly irreligious and who opposed him. She forced him to omit family worship; she forced him from his closet and followed him with her opposition until he finally, discouraged, gave it up. The Spirit of God left him. He told Rev. Mr. Potter, a Presbyterian minister that he was lost forever and that he knew the very time and place the Spirit took its final departure; that he was going to hell but cared nothing about it. He lived some ten years after this and then died in the most awful agonies. He asked his wife to give him a glass of water for he would obtain none where he was going. He drank it greedily; then, looking his wife in the face, exclaimed, "O Martha, Martha, you have sealed my everlasting damnation!" and died.

Lucy G. Thurston, the Young Missionary of the Hawaiian Islands.

Lucy Goodale Thurston died on the 24th of Feb., 1841, in the city of New York, at the house of Mr. A. P. Cumings, one of the editors of the *New York Observer*. Her age was seventeen years and ten months.

She was born at Honolulu, April, 1823. Her father and mother were devoted missionaries. Their daughter was taken to heaven a few days after the arrival of the mother and children in this country for a rest. This was the first time the young missionary had ever been in a civilized country.

The night but one before her death, during an interval of comparative ease, she conversed with freedom and composure upon the probable result of her illness. After speaking of the ardent desire she had cherished of being fitted to return to her beloved home, to engage in the instruction of the natives, she said there was but one other trial to her in the thought of dying in her present circumstances. It was that she should not see her father. "But," she added, "in saying this I do not wish to be understood as expressing any opposition to the will of God concerning me." A friend repeated the hymn commencing, "It is the Lord," which appeared to give her great comfort, and she soon after said, "It is all right—all right."

When told that the hour of her departure was approaching, the struggle with her tender affections was evidently great. But it was short. "Mother, do you think I am going to die now?" said she. "Yes, my dear," said her mother, "I think you are going soon."

“Oh, I loved you all too well, too well— I loved him too well.” It was thought she alluded to her absent father. “But you love your Savior, too, Lucy.” “Yes, mother, I do—I do love Him.” “Whom do you love, my dear?” “Jesus Christ. I love Him with all my heart, with all my soul and with all my strength. Mother, I know I love Him—I do—I do.”—*The Missionary's Daughter.*

“Good-by, Good-by. Now I Am Ready, Jesus.”

Through the kindness of Rev. W. N. Hall, of Chicago, we insert this:

About three years ago, while serving as pastor of an Iowa church, there came under my observation a death that was most remarkable as an instance of divine grace, and faith of a true believer.

Mrs. M—— was a young married woman, a member of the Baptist church, but without a pastor at the time. Being the pastor of her husband's family, she requested my ministries in her illness. In my frequent visits I was in every case deeply impressed with her faith, which enabled her to be in the state of religious triumph constantly. Her disease, consumption, and the rapidity of its advance, gave no hope of life beyond a few weeks. Yet death had no terrors for her, viewed from afar or near.

Quite frequently she had smothering spells, from which her friends would fear she would not be able to rally. To allay their fears, in each instance, as soon as possible she would say, “Don't be alarmed; my time to go has not come yet.” On a beautiful Sabbath day the friends who inquired as to her condition were all told, “Hattie is much better to-day; she is unusually

strong and free from any pain." The sun had just reached the meridian, and the family felt pleased with the bettered condition of their loved one. She requested all of them to come into her room. None could guess the reason. Looking upon the circle about her bed she said, "Are you all ready?" The answer was, "Yes, Hattie, we are all ready." Then she nodded to each, saying, "Good-by, good-by." Then with a voice clear and strong said, "Now I am ready, Jesus," and was gone instantly, there being no struggle or other sign of death. It was a case of believing in Jesus and not seeing death; of finding no valley between earth and heaven.

"I Have No Feeling; the Spirit of God Has Left Me."

A number of years ago, in the midst of a powerful revival, the preacher observed a young lady under deep conviction. He was moved by the Spirit of God to urge her to give her heart to God at once. He plead with her and urged her not to grieve the Holy Spirit, but she replied, "Not to-night." As she started for home, the man of God followed her to the door of the church, and urged her again not to leave the church without salvation. Again she replied, "Not to-night." He had a strange feeling in regard to the destiny of this young lady and was strangely moved to follow her out on the street and plead with her not to go home without giving her heart to God, but she again replied, "Some other time, not now." She went home under deep conviction and told her parents what a feeling she had, and how she had been halting between two opinions—that she

had never felt such concern for her soul before and had never realized her danger of being lost at any period during her life so much as she had realized it that night. Her father and mother were unsaved people. Their minds were planted in sin and unbelief and they had no sympathy with their daughter's interest in religion. She asked their opinion about becoming a Christian and uniting with the church. In reply they said, "You are young, and will have plenty of time when you settle down in life to think about your preparation for eternity. Why not enjoy life while you are young and not cut yourself off from society and other young people." With a sad heart she listened to their advice, and the enemy of her soul whispered, "Some other time will do just as well; you will have plenty of time to seek religion when your surroundings are more favorable."

She yielded to the advice of her ungodly parents and the devil and decided to wait awhile. A great struggle had been going on in her mind—Satan struggling with her and showing her the pleasures of sin on one side, and the Spirit of God revealing the Kingdom of Heaven and everlasting life on the other. How sad that she should turn away from the Spirit of God and her prospects of heaven in order to please her ungodly parents and to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season.

The revival meetings closed and her interest in religion was soon gone. In a short time she was taken very sick. After every effort to restore her to health had failed, and she continued to grow worse, and all human effort and hope were at an end, her parents realized that they could only have her with them for a few hours longer, they went to the bedside of their dying daughter and informed her that she had but a

short time to live. They told her that if she wished to be a Christian they were willing, in fact they advised her that it was time now to make preparations for eternity. She looked up at her parents in surprise, her eyes stared and her face was the very picture of despair. She said, "Father and mother, you remember that during the recent revival I was greatly interested in the salvation of my soul. The Spirit of God was striving with me, and I felt my need of God as I had never felt it before. I asked your advice and you discouraged me. You advised me to wait until some other opportunity. I listened to your counsel, and now it is too late. My heart is as hard as stone. I have no feeling. The Spirit of God has left me." Her parents urged her, and to please them she consented to have them send for the minister. He came at once and plead with her and tried to show her that God was a merciful God, but her mind was full of unbelief, and she insisted that she could not repent before she died. She was in great distress of mind and body, and as a last resort she requested that her coffin be sent for. It was brought and placed by the side of her bed. With her own hands she rapped upon the coffin and cried, "Oh, for feeling! Oh, for feeling!" but no feeling came. Then she sent for her shroud, and as she looked upon it and held it up before her she said, as only a dying person could say, "Oh, for feeling! Oh, for feeling!" But her cry was in vain. The presence of a coffin and a shroud could not awaken her slumbering conscience or bring back the Holy Spirit, and she died in despair.

We pray that our readers may take warning by this sad experience, for God says, "My Spirit shall not always strive with man." Therefore, "Seek ye the Lord while He may be found, call ye upon Him while

He is near. Let the wicked forsake his way and the unrighteous man his thoughts; and let him return unto the Lord, and He will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for He will abundantly pardon."—*Editor.*

“Mark the Perfect Man, and Behold the Upright: For the End of That Man is Peace.”

Not long since I stood by the bedside of my class leader, who shortly afterward passed away from earth to receive the reward of the just, and truly his path was like a shining light; and it shone more and more until he crossed the line of worlds. He told us that he had no changes to make, for there was not a thing between him and God. He exhorted us to be faithful, and prayed for an unsaved stranger who was dying with consumption. Although too weak to rise or turn himself he would break forth in song and with joyful countenance join in praises to God and the Lamb.

He made all the arrangements for his funeral, which caused his friends sorrow, but he said, “If I live, well; and if I die it is meet that I should set my house in order.”

A few hours before his death his shouts of joy were heard by the neighbors on the outskirts of the small village where he lived, and the unsaved, wondering at his exceeding joy, beheld the triumph of his soul in the hour of sorest need and the power of God through our Lord Jesus Christ to keep a soul to the end, according to the promise in Mat. 28:20.—*Contributed for this book by E. C. Yerks, of Grand Ledge, Mich.*

**“Not the Shadow of a Doubt; I Have Christ
Within, the Hope of Glory.”**

John P. Finley, my brother, was born in North Carolina, June, 1783. He was in the ministry about fifteen years. He was ordained deacon by Bishop Asbury on the 17th of September, 1815. He received ordination as elder at the hands of Bishop Roberts, July 2, 1820. At the time of his death he was a member of the Kentucky Annual Conference, actively dividing his time and energies between the business of collegiate instruction and the labor of the pulpit. * * *

As a minister, in the pulpit he was able, impressive, and overwhelming. The cross of his redemption was his theme; and in life and death it became to him the “emphasis of every joy.” In all these relations I knew him well, and can, therefore, speak from the confidence of personal knowledge and accredited information. * * *

He died on the 8th of May, 1825, in the forty-second year of his age, and sixteenth of his ministry; and at the same time that this bereaved family wept upon his grave, the sadness of the church told that she had lost one of her brightest ornaments. Just before his triumphant spirit rose to sink and sigh no more, he was asked how he felt, and what were his prospects upon entering the dark valley and shadow of death. He replied, in language worthy of immortality, “Not the shadow of a doubt; I have Christ within, the hope of glory. That comprehends all!” and then, with the protomartyr, he “fell asleep.”—*Autobiography of Rev. James B. Finley.*

Last Words of Edward Gibbon, the Noted Infidel—"All is Dark and Doubtful."

Edward Gibbon, the noted historian and infidel writer was born at Putney, England, 1737. He was expelled from Oxford on account of his having abjured Protestantism. To effect his cure from popery he was sent to Lausanne, in Switzerland, to board in the house of M. Pavilliard, a Calvinist minister, who had the satisfaction of seeing him reconverted to Protestantism, in witness of which he received the sacrament in the church of Lausanne on Christmas, 1754, his belief in popery having lasted not quite eighteen months.—*Schaff's Encyclopedia of Religious Knowledge.*

Bishop J. F. Hurst, in his *History of Rationalism*, says: Gibbon was even more of a Frenchman than Hume. Sundering his relation to Oxford, in his seventeenth year, he embarked upon a course of living and thinking which, whatever advantage it might afford to his purse, was not likely to aid his faith. By a sudden caprice he became a Roman Catholic, and afterwards as unceremoniously denied his adopted creed. * * * In due time he found himself in Paris publishing a book in the French language. He there fell in with the fashionable infidelity, and so far yielded to the flattery of Helvetius and all the frequenters of Holbach's house that he jested at Christianity and assailed its divine character. He has left less on record against Christianity than Hume, but they must be ranked together as the last of the family of English deists.

D. W. Clark, in *Death Bed Scenes*, says: Gibbon, the author of the *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*,

is well known to have been what is termed a philosopher and an infidel. * * * In his memoirs, Gibbon has undesignedly presented a striking view of the cheerless nature of infidelity. Having no hope for eternity, he was eager for the continuation of his present existence. * * * During his short illness, Gibbon never gave the least intimation of a future state of existence.

Rev. E. P. Goodwin, in *Christianity and Infidelity*, says: Gibbon is one of the fairest as he is one of the ablest of infidels; and he has given us an autobiographical account, wherein, amid all the polish and splendor of the rhetoric of which he is such a master, there is not a line or a word that suggests reverence for God; not a word of regard for the welfare of the human race; nothing but the most sordid selfishness, vain glory, desire for admiration, adulation of the great and wealthy, contempt for the poor and supreme devotedness to his own gratification.

He died in London in 1794. His last words were, "All is now lost; finally, irrecoverably lost. All is dark and doubtful."

**"Hallelujah, He Has Come; I Am Going to
Tell All My Friends Good-by."**

Mrs. H. A. Coon, of Marengo, Ill., sends us the following:

My mother died ten years ago, aged eighty-eight years, and had been a Christian since quite young. She was sick only two weeks towards the last. After suffering intensely for ten days, she held up her hands, with the nails showing death marks, and said, "See here, I am going now, glory to God! Yes, Jesus is

coming for me. I shall soon be on the other side." I said to her, "Ma, are you sure the way is all clear? Is everything under the blood?" She immediately replied, "Yes, darling, you will find me in the City of Light as sure as you live." She asked me to read her precious Bible to her, repeating, "In my Father's house are many mansions," etc., and sang,

" I know I am nearing the holy ranks,
Of friends and kindred dear;
For I brush the dew on Jordan's banks,
The crossing must be near."

Then raising both hands above her head she clapped them together shouting, "Hallelujah, He has come. I am going to tell all my friends good-by." She slept about two hours and was gone.

The Last Hours of John Thornton, the Noted English Saint and Philanthropist.

This man of God went to heaven in the month of November, 1790.

Mr. Thornton was noted both for his piety and his liberality. We are told that he gave away in acts of love and mercy more than one-half million dollars. At his death he was not worth much more than this amount.

Rev. Henry Venn, his life long friend, says: "I have very sensibly felt the loss of my old affectionate friend, John Thornton, after an intimacy of thirty-six years, from his first receiving Christ till he took his departure with a convoy of angels to see Him who so long had been all his salvation and all his desire. Few of the followers of the Lamb, it may be very truly said, have ever done more to feed the hungry, clothe the

naked and help all that suffer adversity and to spread the savor of the knowledge of Christ crucified!"

On visiting the children of Mr. Thornton, he says: "I rejoice I am come to see the children of my dear departed friend, John Thornton, and to hear of his life, acts of love, and death; many particulars of which I could not have heard at home. Some of these I send you now, which I received from the nurse who attended him. She said, 'To see the sons, the day before he died, weeping tears of grief and love, and to hear the dying saint affectionately exhort and press each to hold fast the faith and to lead the life of a Christian, was to the last degree affecting. They asked him whether he was now happy. "Yes," said he, "happy in Jesus; all things are as well as they can be!" And the last words he was able to articulate were, "Precious, precious——" Jesus would have been added, but his breath failed.'"

"O Glory! O Glory!! O Glory!!!"

"Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints!"

Mrs. Susan C. Kirtland, my mother's sister, first saw the light of this world in Gilbert's Mills, Oswego Co., New York, May 18, 1822. She gave her heart to God at an early age, during a revival held in the Free Will Baptist Church near her home, and though her life was one of much privation and disappointment, in the midst of its trials she lived a cheerful, devoted Christian, well described by the motto she so often expressed in words, "It is better to suffer wrong than to do wrong."

She was translated "from glory to glory," April 3, 1864, while visiting at our home in Burr Oak, Michigan, after a very painful illness of only one week.

Even upon that sick-bed she found opportunities to work and speak for Jesus. Though at that time I was less than four years old, I distinctly remember how, while lying upon that bed of suffering, she taught me that beautiful verse, "I love them that love Me; and they that seek Me early shall find Me," carefully explaining the meaning of the words and lovingly pressing home the lesson to my heart.

And we have often heard mother speak of her heavenly conversation during those days when neither of them knew that her death was near.

As soon as it was known that she was dangerously ill, her brother, an able physician, was summoned from a distance, but too late for human power to save. A few hours before her death she knew from mother's manner that something troubled her and asked what was the matter. With much feeling mother said to her, "Susan, we fear your stay with us is very short." Calmly she replied, "Well, if it be so, I don't know when I could have had a better time to leave this stage of action!"

Two of her four children were with her. While they stood weeping by her bedside, she tenderly and earnestly exhorted them to live for God and meet her in heaven, and by them sent loving messages to the absent ones. Then she bade good-by to all the friends who were present. No other preparation was needed. She was ready to go. Nor was she left to journey alone. There was to her no dark valley—no gloom. As the circle of those who loved her so dearly watched around her bed, her face suddenly lighted up with indescribable joy. She had evidently caught sight of things hidden from their eyes. Still looking upward and eagerly raising both hands, she exclaimed in a voice of

holy triumph which no words can describe, "O glory! O glory!! O glory!!!" and was gone, having entered upon the "inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away!"—*Mrs. Etta E. Sadler Shaw.*

Cardinal Borgia—"I Am to Die, Although Entirely Unprepared."

Cæsar Borgia, a natural son of Pope Alexander VI., was a man of such conduct and character that Machiavel has thought fit to propose him, in his famous book called *The Prince*, as an original and pattern to all princes who would act the part of wise and politic tyrants. He was made a cardinal, but as this office imposed some restraints upon him, he soon determined to resign it that he might have the greater scope for practising the excesses to which his natural ambition and cruelty prompted him, for cruel, as well as ambitious, he was in the highest degree. After this he was made Duke of Valentinois by Louis XII. of France. He experienced a variety of fortune, but displayed on every occasion the most consummate dexterity and finesse and seemed prepared for all events. The reflections he made a short time before his death (which happened in the year 1507) show, however, that his policy was confined to the concerns of this life and that he had not acted upon that wise and enlarged view of things which becomes a being destined for immortality. "I had provided," said he, "in the course of my life, for every thing except death, and now, alas! I am to die, although entirely unprepared."—*Power of Religion.*

Last Words of Rev. William Watts—"All is Well ; All is Well."

Rev. E. Ray, of Fredericktown, Missouri, writes as follows:

I was called last Sunday to preach the funeral services of this brother and received this testimony from his wife.

Bro. Watts had preached the gospel for forty-five years as a Methodist preacher in good standing in his church, and died in the faith, April 30, 1898. He was reared in Bollinger county, and at the time of his death was nearly seventy years old, and therefore one of the pioneers in preaching the gospel here in our great state.

I have proclaimed the gospel for nearly thirty years, and during that time have preached many a funeral sermon, but remember none where I have seen such joy as on this occasion. There were many of his friends present to hear the sermon to his memory. As on the Day of Pentecost, the power fell on all of the people present, melting all hearts.

Bro. Watts suffered greatly during the first of his illness, but during his last days on earth, while the outward man grew weaker and perished, the inward man grew stronger day by day. The last day seemed a golden sunset indeed, or rather the Sun of Righteousness arose with healing in His wings, and he passed away in a flood of glory, with peace on earth and good will toward men.

He said to his wife frequently, "I am in a revival of religion." Sister Watts told me that the last day he lived on earth he sang, alone,

"How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord!
Is laid for your faith in His excellent word."

He died at three o'clock in the morning, and shortly before he passed away he said, "All is well, all is well."

As Sister Watts felt very keenly her loss, she said to him, "I want to go with you." "No," he replied, "you must wait." And thus sweetly passed the life away, calm as a May morning, his feet placed firmly on the Rock of Ages. "How firm a foundation."

**"O, I Can See the Angels All in the Room;
Can't You See Them?"**

We are thankful for this glorious experience sent us by Mrs. Anna Crowson, of China Spring, Texas. She says:

My sainted mother's death was one of triumph and great victory. She was a great worker in the vineyard of the Lord. She was a woman of great faith and made the Bible her constant study. Some years before her death she found that she could be established in the faith, and went to God in earnest prayer, making an entire consecration, and by faith was enabled to take Christ as a complete Savior. She knew the blood of Jesus cleansed her from all sin. From that time she lived in an ocean of God's love and was kept from all sin by the power of God through faith.

It was mother's custom to always attend church, and one Sabbath morning while preparing for the same she took a chill and was obliged to go to bed. She said from that time on until her death that she knew she was going to die. She remarked to her eldest daughter, "I have been looking for something to happen for a long time to bring father back to Jesus, but thought

He was going to take Samuel" (their eldest boy). It seemed that the Lord had revealed to her that she must die, as it was the only means that would cause father to come back to the fold.

Among others, she exhorted my father to give his heart to God and said, "I am going to heaven, meet me there." He had great faith in her prayers, and he begged her to pray for God to spare her life, saying, "I cannot live without you and raise the children alone!" But with a heavenly smile upon her face and with faith unwavering she said, "God will take care of you and my children; weep not for me, I am going to glory! Husband, never touch liquor any more!" He promised her he would not. She exhorted us all to meet her in heaven. Then she shouted aloud and praised God and said, "Oh, I can see the angels all in the room. Can't you see them?" Then, at her request, we sang, "I saw a wayworn traveller," and, "Oh come, angel band," and she joined with us, and while singing the last song her spirit went home to God.

From the time of mother's death our father kept his vow. He erected a family altar and taught us six children, by example and precept, to trust in our mother's God and meet her in heaven. He was a devoted Christian from that time on. Every night and morning he would take us to God in prayer around the family altar, and five years after mother's death he too died in the triumphs of faith and went to heaven.

The Atheist, Hobbes—"I Am About to Take a Leap in the Dark."

Thomas Hobbes was born at Malmesbury, in Wiltshire, England, April 5, 1588; died at Hardwick Hall, in Devonshire, December 4, 1679. He was educated at Magdalen Hall, Oxford, and spent the first part of his life, up to 1637, as tutor in various noble families, often travelling on the Continent with his pupils, and the last, after 1637, in a comprehensive and vigorous literary activity, first in Paris (1641-52), then in London, or in the country with the Hardwick family. * * * The philosophical standpoint of Hobbes may be described as an application to the study of man of the method and principles of the study of nature; and the results of this process were a psychology and a morals utterly antagonistic, not only to Christianity, but to religion in general. On account of the merely preliminary stage which the science of nature had reached in the time of Hobbes, his conception is premature; but he carried it out with great vigor; and it happens, not unfrequently, that the materialistic psychology and utilitarian morals of to-day return to his writings and adopt some modification of his paradoxes.—*Encyclopædia Britannica*.

We take the following from *Guide to the Oracles*: When the atheist, Hobbes, drew near to death, he declared, "I am about to take a leap in the dark," and the last sensible words that he uttered were, "I shall be glad to find a hole to creep out of the world at."

“Oh! Seek to Serve God and to Find the Gate of Heaven.”

A mother who denied Christ and sneered at religion came to her dying bed. Looking up from her restless pillow on the group of weeping sons and daughters gathered at her bedside, she said, “My children, I have been leading you on the wrong road all of your lives. I now find the broad road leads on to destruction; I did not believe it before. Oh! seek to serve God and to find the gate of heaven, though you may never meet your mother there.” So, in clouds and darkness, set her sun of life.—*Sent us by Dr. L. B. Balliett, of Allentown, Penn.*

“Why, Heaven Has Come Down to Earth. I See the Angels. They Are Flying Through the House.”

“Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints.” Co-worker with Dr. Redfield and the glorious little band of early Free Methodists, was the Rev. William Kendall. The closing scenes of his life were so blessed that we give them a place here:

He revived on Sabbath, and was very happy, his face radiant with glory. He said, “This is the most blessed Sabbath I ever knew.” The next day he had a severe conflict with Satan, but gained a glorious victory. He said, “Jesus, the mighty Conqueror, reigns!” The next day he exclaimed, “Why, heaven has come down to earth. I see the angels. They are flying through the house!” After a little sleep, on waking, he ex-

claimed, "I have seen the King in his beauty—King of glory; have slept in His palace! I was intimate with the angels—O so intimate with the angels!" For a while he was delirious. Again he had a conflict with the powers of darkness, but quickly triumphed, and exclaimed with a smile, "I can grapple with the grim monster, death." On the Sabbath he was thought to be dying. His wife had her ear to his lips, as he lay gazing upward and waving his arms, as though fluttering to be gone, and heard him breathe, "Hail! hail! all hail!" "What do you see?" He replied, "I see light! light! light! I see—" and, pausing in silence a while, he suddenly broke out in a clear, though somewhat faltering tone:

" Hallelujah to the Lamb who hath purchased our pardon!
We'll praise Him again when we pass over Jordan."

One asked, "Is all well?" He replied, with ineffable sweetness, three times, "All is Well!"

The chill of death came on soon, and pointed to his speedy relief. Once more he revived and sang very sweetly:

" O how happy are they, who their Savior obey."

Then—

" My soul's full of glory, inspiring my tongue;
Could I meet with the angels, I'd sing them a song," etc.

A few more struggles of nature, and the silver cord loosened, and the warrior fell to rise immortal, February 1, 1858.—*Wayside Sketches*

"I Am Going to Hell!"

A preacher in the west sends us the sad account of his grandfather's death. He says:

"The last words of my grandfather, Mr. S—. He had been sick for a long time and had always been

an unsaved man. He spent three years on the plains with the noted Indian scout, Kit Karson.

“During the last three months of his life, he would often send for me to talk with him on the subject of religion, but when pressed to seek the Lord at once, he would say, ‘I have got along so long, I think I will wait a while longer.’

“He died July 3, 1883. Almost (if not) the last words he uttered were these: ‘I am going to hell.’ Awfully sad. Fearfully true.”

How sad that many put off the most important duty of this life until it is too late, forever too late.

Hugh Latimer’s Last Words Were: “O Father of Heaven, Receive My Soul.”

Hugh Latimer, one of the most influential preachers, heroic martyrs and foremost leaders of the English reformation, was born at Thurcaston, Leicestershire, in 1490 or 1491, died at the stake in Oxford, October 16, 1555. We take the following from *Life Stories of Remarkable Preachers*:

Under the reign of Mary, Latimer, was committed to the Tower as a “seditious fellow.” To the Tower Ridley and Cranmer were also sent; and in March of that year all three were brought before the Queen’s commissioners at Oxford, condemned for heresy, and sent back into confinement. Eighteen months later Latimer and Ridley were brought down to Oxford to be burned. When stripped for execution Latimer had on a new long shroud. They embraced each other at the stake and knelt and prayed and kissed the stake. There stood this withered old man, quite erect and perfectly happy, with a bag of powder tied around his neck. Just as

the fire to consume them was lighted, Latimer addressed his fellow-sufferer in the memorable words, "Be of good comfort, Brother Ridley, and play the man; we shall light such a candle in England to-day as will never go out!" As the flames leaped up he cried vehemently, "O Father of heaven, receive my soul!" He seemed to embrace the flames. Having stroked his face, he bathed his hands in the fire and quickly died.

The amount paid by Queen Mary for lighting that fire was £1 5s. 2d. To popery that fire was the costliest ever kindled. To England, thank God, it was the light of religious liberty, the candle of the réformation, which popes, priests and devils have never been able to blow out, and never will.

"I Am Lost. I Have Sold My Soul to the Devil for Dress."

Through the kindness of L. B. Balliett, M. D., of Allentown, Penn., we furnish our readers with this sad experience:

A missionary of New York City relates the sad experience of a dying woman, the wife of a wealthy man, who, when told by her physician that she could not live an hour longer, exclaimed with great consternation, "If I cannot live an hour longer I am lost. I have sold my soul to the devil for dress! Pray for me, oh pray for me! All who can pray, do pray!" Uttering these words the damp of death came over her and her voice was silenced forever.

"And be not conformed to this world; but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind, that ye may prove what is that good, and acceptable, and perfect will of God." (Rom. 12:2.)

“Come On, I Am Ready to Go.”

In the year 1847, during a powerful revival, my sister, Filura Clark, then nineteen years of age, and myself, two years younger, were saved and found great peace with God. What happy times we had together, living for the Lord, while other young people went after the things of the world! Her loving instruction and devotion to God were not fully comprehended until after she was gone.

My dear sister was taken very ill and only lived a few days. O, how hard it was to part with her! It seemed as though my heart would break, the blow was so great; but; oh! what a blessed, happy death was hers. It was not death to her; she did not think of death, but heaven and eternal life with Jesus was all her theme as the moments sped along.

She called us one by one to her bedside, took our hands and bade us good-by, and begged us all to meet her in heaven.

After she had bidden her relatives farewell, she said to her physician, “Now, doctor, you come.” And she bade him good-by and requested him to meet her in heaven. He was overcome by the affecting scene.

As we stood by her bedside weeping she said to us, “Don’t weep for me. Jesus is with me, I will not have to go alone!” After she had finished speaking, she looked up as though she saw someone waiting for her, and said, “Come on, I am ready to go.” She wanted to go; her work on earth was done.

Her death had a wonderful influence in the community, especially upon the young people. Many turned to the Lord and said, “Let me die such a death

as hers." And what a blessing her death has been to me in my past life! How it has strengthened me and helped me to live according to the blessed truths of the Bible! When trials and temptations have arisen, her dying testimony has been the means of bringing my soul nearer to the Lord than it ever had been before. Praise the Lord!—*Written for this book by Mrs. Wealthy L. Harter, Fort Wayne, Ind.*

**“O, It Is Too Late Now ; There is No Hope
For Me !”**

Some years ago I was laboring as an evangelist in the town of M——, and during the meetings there was much conviction by the power of the Holy Ghost. Among others that were wrought upon was a young girl of about seventeen years. All through the meetings the Holy Ghost strove with her, and I talked with her at different times, but she resisted. The last evening of the services I went to her side. Again she stood weeping and trembling. I urged her to seek God. She said, “O, I cannot, I cannot!” I replied, “Yes, leave your young friends and come.” She still said, “O, I cannot, I cannot!” Afterward she said that the young people would have laughed at her had she gone. She left the house in this condition, went to her boarding place (she was boarding and attending school) and made the remark that she did not come to M—— to get religion, she came to get an education. She could attend to religion afterward at any time.

She retired for the night, but was taken violently ill and continued to grow worse for one week, and then passed into eternity. She said to those of her young

associates who came to see her, "Oh! I ought to have sought the Lord in that meeting." I was with her the last day and before she died I tried to point her to the Lamb of God, but her agonizing reply again and again was (calling me by name), "It is too late now. O, it is too late now! There is no help for me!" and so passed into eternity.—*Written for this book by Julia E. Strail, Portlandville, N. Y.*

**Cardinal Mazarine—"Oh! My Poor Soul! What
Will Become of Thee? Whither Wilt
Thou Go?"**

Julius Mazarine, a famous cardinal, and prime minister of France, was born in the kingdom of Naples in the year 1602. The greatness of his abilities was conspicuous, even in his early years; and he had the advantage of being instructed by a very able tutor. He studied the interests of the various states in Italy, and of the kingdoms of France and Spain, and became profoundly skilled in politics. It was through the influence of Cardinal Richelieu that he was introduced into the French cabinet. That cardinal made him one of the executors of his will, and during the minority of Louis XIV. he had the charge of public affairs. His high station and great abilities excited the envy of the nobility of France, and this occasioned a civil war that continued several years. Mazarine was at last forced to retire; a price was set on his head, and even his fine library was sold. But this disgrace did not long continue. Mazarine returned to the court with more honor than he had ever enjoyed, and conducted the affairs of the kingdom with so much ability and success

that he obtained the French king's most unreserved confidence. He possessed, in an eminent degree, the power of discovering the dispositions and views of men, and of assuming a character adapted to circumstances.

He was a man of great ambition, and pursued with ardor the chase of worldly honors. But, a short time before his death, he perceived the vanity of his pursuit, and lamented the misapplication of his time and talents. He was greatly affected with the prospect of his dissolution and the uncertainty of his future condition. This made him cry out, "Oh, my poor soul! what will become of thee? Whither wilt thou go?"

To the queen dowager of France, who came to visit him in his illness, and who had been his friend at court, he expressed himself in these terms: "Madam, your favors have undone me. Were I to live again I would be a capuchin rather than a courtier."—*Power of Religion.*

"When the Roll is Called Up Yonder, I'll Be There; Yes, and Brother, Too."

While Mrs. Anna Rounds lay on her death-bed (as was supposed) in Indianapolis, Indiana, she was greatly burdened for the conversion of her brother, John W. Jenkins, who lived at Gano, Illinois. He had been the subject of her prayers for many years, and she could not die without seeing him saved. The doctor gave her no hope of her recovery, but she prayed fervently to God to spare her life, so that she might go and see her brother and deliver her last message before she died. She began at once to improve, and was soon on her way to her brother's house. As soon as she reached the place she sent for us, as pastor of the Methodist Church,

to call at her room. We hurried to the place and found her on her dying bed. She told us of her desire to see her brother converted, and how God had answered her prayer in enabling her to come to him. After prayer with her we went into the next room and spoke a few words to her brother, and urged him to take the advice of his dying sister and meet her in heaven. He was overcome with emotion, and got down on his knees and plead with God for mercy. He soon found deliverance. He was made a new creature in Christ. With a joyful heart he went to the room where his sister was dying, and said, "God bless you, sister Anna, your prayers have been answered. I am a child of God. You are now going away from me and I will meet you in heaven." Then kneeling by the side of his sister, he thanked God for all of His mercies, and prayed for the departing loved one. Death had laid his cold hand upon her, and she was rapidly passing away. Her face was lit up with a heavenly brightness, and she joined with her brother and friends and sang:

"When the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there."

Adding, as they sang, "Yes, and brother, too, will be there." The burden of her heart had rolled away—she felt that her work was done, and, looking into the face of God a few moments after, she was translated to heaven.—*Written for this book by Rev. Clifton P. Pledger, Chicago, Ill.*

A few weeks ago we preached for Bro. Pledger at Kensington M. E. Church, where Bro. Jenkins has been an active member for some time. We referred to the above touching incident, and mentioned how Bro. Jenkins had been saved through the influence of his dying sister. His heart was melted, and when we gave the invitation to come to the altar for the fulness of God,

he, among others, came forward, and wrestled with God until he was baptized with the Holy Ghost, and shouted for joy.—*Editor.*

“Jesus, Have Mercy on Father,” Was Little Mary’s Dying Prayer.

In a shanty on First Avenue, New York City, little Mary B— lay dying. Suddenly she turned toward her mother and said, “Mother, I am dying, but I am not afraid.” “Not afraid to die?” said her unchristian mother. “Oh, it is awful to die!” Little Mary replied, “Not when you have Jesus with you, mother. O mother, you must love my Savior!” plead this little angel.

At the bedside, on bended knees, was the drunken father. On his head rested the hand of his little daughter, as she repeated three times, at intervals, “Jesus, have mercy on father.”

Shortly afterwards she was numbered with the angel choir in heaven, and three months after her death both of her parents were converted, and from that time led Christian lives.—*Written for this book by Rev. L. B. Balliett, M.D., of Allentown, Penn.*

“My God, My God, My Doom is Sealed! I Am Lost, Lost, Lost! I Am Going to Hell!”

Through the kindness of Rev. N. L. Stambaugh, of Fort Wayne, Indiana, we furnish our readers with the following sad experience:

In the year 1886, while the writer was at Crawfordsville, Indiana, working in revival meetings, there was a

certain young man present at the meetings who was under deep conviction. He would sit in his seat and tremble, while tears would roll down his cheeks. I plead with him night after night, but he would not yield. One evening (the last night that he was there) I plead with him more earnestly than on previous occasions, for somehow I was impressed with the feeling that something would happen to this young man if he did not repent that evening; but still he would not yield to my entreaties. I went home with the solemnity of death resting upon me.

Next morning at about three o'clock there was a loud rap at my door. I went to the door, and there stood a young man before me, who requested me to go over to such a street and such a number as quickly as possible, as there was a young man there dying who wanted to see me.

I hastened as quickly as possible to the address given, and there I found the same young man that I had plead with the evening before, dying.

He looked at me, and said, "Oh, if I had just settled it last evening. Oh, if I would only have yielded—if only I would have got saved." I said to him, "There may be hope for you yet." He began to shake his head and say, "No, no; I am suffering too much pain now to pray." I tried to point him to the Savior, but it was of no avail. In a few minutes he began to cry out, "My God, my God, my doom is sealed! I am lost, lost, lost!! I am going to hell!!!" and then drew his last breath. That awful scene I can never forget.

John Oxtoby's Wonderful Revelation and Unspeakable Joy At Death.

This holy and powerful man of God was born in Yorkshire, England, in 1762. He was soundly converted to God in 1804 after having spent many years of his life in sin. He soon commenced to preach the gospel as a Methodist preacher and wherever he went the revival flame was kindled, and thousands of precious souls were converted to God.

His biographer, Harvey Leigh, thus depicts the character of this holy man:

“His most usual theme in the pulpit was faith. He had such a faculty of accommodating and reducing his expressions, relative to this important grace, to the apprehension of the lowest capacity, that every one was enabled to profit considerably under him if at all attentive to him.

“But that which gave lasting effect to all his labors in the Lord's vineyard was the uncommon power of the Spirit which attended his word. Seldom or never did he open his mouth either in preaching, praying or personal conversation, but such an unction attended his words that those addressed by him usually felt its force. Not unfrequently have numbers fallen under his preaching and prayers, and apparently under the most striking apprehensions of their sin and danger, they have cried out for mercy. Others who have with great difficulty escaped home have been obliged to send for him or others to pray for them before they dared attempt to sleep; and, strange as it may seem, some have fallen down on their way home, and others at

their work, from the effects of his preaching and prayers.

“Thus, while he had no superior mental capabilities for the pulpit, he was attended with the most powerful influences of the Holy Spirit; and this made him, in the absence of other qualifications, an able minister of the New Testament. But, while he did not shine in the things to which we have referred, he did excel in the strength and constancy of his faith, which was singularly strong. Perhaps in this he was second to none. He was a genuine son of Abraham; for he did not stagger at the promises, but credited them with a confidence unshaken, and which gave glory to God.

“John Oxtoby is now regarded as one of the great men of Methodism. During the whole of the affliction which hastened his death he had the most glorious displays of the divine favor; he received such a baptism of the Holy Ghost that his soul was filled with peace and joy unutterable. Amidst the sinkings of mortality, the sorrowing of his friends and his near approach to eternity, he possessed the most steady and serene confidence, and approached the vale of death as if

“Prayer was all his business.
And all his pleasure, praise.”

A little while before his departure he mentioned the names of several persons with whom he had been familiarly acquainted and said, “Tell them that strong as my faith has been, and great as have been my comforts while among them during the years of my life, yet all the former manifestations which I have had are nothing compared with those which I now feel.”

To his sister he said, “O, what have I beheld! Such a sight as I cannot possibly describe. There were three shining forms stood beside me, whose garments

were so bright, and whose countenances were so glorious, that I never saw anything to compare with them before." His dying prayer was, "Lord, save souls; do not let them perish." Shortly after, he shouted in holy triumph, "Glory, glory, glory!" and immediately soared on high, November 29, 1829.—*Shining Lights.*

No Happiness in the Mohammedan Religion; Caliph Abd-er-Rhaman Is Witness.

This great caliph, the third of his name, who was distinguished for his patronage of learning and the arts, and who raised the Moslem empire in Spain to its highest point, was born in 888 and died in 961.

The testimony of this ungodly successor of Mohammed at the end of his career shows how neither the possessions of earth nor the teachings of the Mohammedan religion had power to satisfy a human soul. His words were: "Fifty years have passed since first I was caliph. Riches, honors, pleasures, I have enjoyed all. In this long period of seeming happiness I have numbered the days on which I have been happy. They amount to fourteen."

**"Oh, He is Coming, He is Coming! Jesus,
Come and Take Me Now!"**

Sister Nannie Belle Gilkey was born in Pennsylvania, Sept. 21, 1877, and died at Harvey, Illinois, July 18, 1897.

She was one of God's own afflicted children, who

suffered for some time with that dread disease, consumption. During the intense suffering which she passed through toward the close of her life she manifested a sweet spirit of patience. Her circumstances being so adverse, much grace was needed, and she proved the truthfulness of the promise, "As the day, so shalt thy strength be."

When Jesus came for Nannie he found her waiting and willing to go with Him. For three days before her death she knew that her time in this world was short. During the day that she died she was very happy, singing several times in the afternoon,

"Anywhere with Jesus I can safely go,"

and

"I am so happy in Jesus,
From sin and from sorrow so free."

Once she said, "Jesus is so near. Do you not feel that He is near, mamma?"

At times her suffering was intense. She said, "O, what shall I do!" and when told to look to Jesus, He was the only one who could help her, she looked up and said, "Yes, Lord!" And Jesus came so near that she exclaimed, "O, He is coming, He is coming! O, Jesus, come and take me now—I am ready." A few minutes before she left us she waved her hand and said, "Good-by all," and she went to be forever with the Lord.
—*Written for this work by Sadie A. Cryer, of Rockford, Ill.*

Last Words of the Venerable Bede.

This eminent saint of God was born in 674. He was noted as a theologian and historian. He furnished an early political and ecclesiastical history of England, of great value. In St. Paul's Church is to be seen a chair which belonged to him. He was buried there in

the year of our Lord 735, in the sixty-first year of his age.

The evening of his death he spent in finishing the translation, into the Saxon from the Latin, of the Gospel of St. John.

The last words he uttered before he expired were, "Glory be to the Father, to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost."

"I Am As Much Lost As Though I Were in Hell."

Through the kindness of Mrs. H. A. Coon, we publish the following:

Mother Hart and I were sent for to visit this neighbor. We found him in terrible distress of soul, pacing the floor and groaning. I said to him, "Mr. C——, we have come to help you, if that is your desire." He replied, "I know it; you are all right, but it is too late. I attended your meetings two years ago. The Spirit said to me, 'Hurry! Go to the altar! Plead with God for mercy!' I could scarcely sit on the seat. I had been a class leader in the east. I came to Marengo—have been under deep conviction, but would not yield. The Spirit left me, and I am as much lost as though I were in hell already. I feel the fire is kindled here (striking upon his breast). It is too late; I am going to hell, and my sons with me." He lived two weeks. It was a place of darkness and devils until he died.

Pointing Above, Jerry McAuley Said, "It is All Right!"

Many of our readers have no doubt heard of Jerry McAuley and his rescue mission work in the great city of New York. He was a brand plucked from the burning.

He was born in Ireland, and came to New York when thirteen years old, where for a number of years he was by profession a "river thief," stealing goods from vessels by night; and plunging into sin of every form without restraint. He grew up to be a prize fighter and highway robber. In the midst of his crimes he was arrested, convicted, and sent to states prison, where after a few years he was powerfully converted to God, and commenced to preach Christianity to the other prisoners. Through his instrumentality many were converted. After serving out half of his time he was pardoned out of prison, and continued his work for God in the slums of New York. Thousands of criminals have been saved through his influence, and some have become evangelistic workers.

We are personally acquainted with his successor, Col. C. H. Haddley, now in charge of the great McAuley Mission in New York, where a successful work is being accomplished. Bro. Haddley was as low down in sin as McAuley, and is one of his converts.

McAuley died in New York, Sept. 18, 1884. Just before being transferred to heaven, arousing himself, he pointed above and said, "It is all right," then sank back and died.

“I Hear the Angels Singing Around My Bed!”

Through the kindness of Julia E. Strail, of Portlandville, N. Y., we furnish our readers with the following:

In the spring of 1895, in the town of Worcester, N. Y., an aged lady left the shores of time. She had suffered much during a long illness, but she proved the grace of God sufficient, and was kept by the power of God from complaining.

During the last three days of her life, while suffering untold distress and pain, she exhorted those of her children and neighbors who came to her bedside to prepare to meet their God. When they wept, she said to them, “O do not weep, this suffering will soon be over! I hear the angels singing around my bed! This poor body will soon be at rest!” and so she passed into the rest that remains for the people of God.

Bishop Bedell's Last Words Were—“I Have Kept the Faith.”

History tells us that Bishop William Bedell was one of the best Prelates that ever adorned the English Church.

He was born at Black, Notley, Essex, in 1570. In 1604 he accompanied Sir Henry Watton as his chaplain to Venice. While residing here he translated the English book of *Common Prayer* into Italian.

In 1627 he was elected Provost of Trinity College,

Dublin, and at the end of two years he was promoted to the united Bishoprics of Killmore and Ardagh. The translation of the old testament into Irish was accomplished under his direction. (The new had already been translated.)

When he came to die in 1642 he said, "I have finished my ministry and life together; I have kept the faith, 'and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day.'"

**"Go On, Angels, I Am Coming. Go On,
Angels, I Am Coming."**

Through the kindness of Rev. N. L. Stambaugh, of Fort Wayne, Indiana, we furnish our readers with this triumphant translation:

In the year 1895, while I was traveling a circuit at Elkhart, Ind., in September, Anthony Foster Herman, one of my members, also class leader, aged eighteen years, was taken ill with typhoid fever. His illness was of short duration, but his suffering during that time was untold. He was never heard to murmur nor complain. After one of his paroxysms of pain he exclaimed. "O God, Thou hast suffered more than this for me, I'll gladly suffer all for Thee."

The writer had the privilege of standing by his side the last night, and until his death. I said to him, "Bro. Foster, how is it with your soul?" He answered, "Bro. Stambaugh, there isn't a cloud or trial to mar my peace with God. All is well." As the end was drawing near he called for a glass of spring water, and after drinking it he said, "That is good, but I have better water than that—the water of everlasting life is springing up in my soul."

A few minutes later his face lit up with glory; then he looked at me and said, "Bro. Stambaugh, do you know what I was thinking about?" "No. What is it, Bro. Foster?" He replied, "This house that I live in (at the same time raising up his hands and pointing to his body) is almost gone; it is just about ready to fall to pieces," then added, "but Glory to God, (with a voice with the ring of heaven in it) I see the new house, the mansion, and oh, how beautiful! Just see what a glorious mansion! Oh, I am so anxious to go. Yes, they are getting ready to come to me—I am going shortly." A little later he threw up his hand, waved it, and said, "Go on angels, I am coming! Go on angels, I am coming!" and took the wings of the morning and flew away to be with Jesus.

John Donne, a Famous British Poet and Preacher.

John Donne, D. D., a famous British poet and preacher, was born in 1573.

For several years he was secretary to Sir Thomas Egerton, and in later years he was ordained as a preacher of the Gospel. Immediately after ordination he was appointed royal chaplain, and in 1620 Dean of St. Pauls. In 1630 he preached his last sermon, which was afterwards published under the title of *Death's Duel*.

He died March 31, 1631. Although he was the author of many books, and a great theologian, and noted for his piety, yet when he came to die he said, "I repent of all my life except that part of it which I have spent in communion with God, and in doing good."

Cardinal Beaufort—"Will Not My Riches Save Me? Alas! There is No Bribing Death."

Henry Beaufort, Cardinal and Bishop of Winchester, was born about 1370. He was a half-brother to King Henry IV. He was educated in England and Germany, and in 1404 became Bishop of Winchester. He was present at the Council of Constance, and voted for the election of Pope Martin V., by whom he was subsequently made a cardinal. In 1431 Beaufort conducted the young king, Henry VI., to France, to be crowned in Paris as King of France and England. Here he also endeavored, but vainly, to reconcile the Duke of Bedford, Regent of France, with the offended Duke of Burgundy.

He died at Winchester in 1447. His memory is stained by his suspected participation in the murder of the Earl of Gloucester and of the Maid of Orleans.

His last words were: "And must I then die? Will not my riches save me? I could purchase the kingdom, if that would prolong my life. Alas! there is no bribing death!"

The Earl of Rochester—"I Shall Now Die; But O, What Unspeakable Glories Do I See!"

The Earl of Rochester (John Wilmot), a noted courtier and versifier, was born in 1647. His wit and love of pleasure made him the favorite of a dissolute court, but his nature before he died was greatly changed; he was born again, and made a new creature in Christ.

He died in 1680, only thirty-three years of age. As he neared the shores of eternity he said, "I shall now die, but O, what unspeakable glories do I see; what joy beyond thought or expression am I sensible of; I am assured of God's mercy to me through Jesus Christ; O, how I long to die and be with my Savior!"

Awful Calamity That Befell a Young Lady Who Offered a Mock Prayer.

Rev. Thomas Graham, the noted revivalist preacher of the Erie Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, relates the following sad experience:

When stationed in Fredonia, a girl who lived about three miles from that place, toward Sheridan, and had been awakened at a meeting held in the village by me, but who refused to seek religion, went to a ball on Wednesday, being the evening following, and, being bantered about her religious feelings, to prove to the contrary, took a cloak, and throwing it down in the middle of the floor called it her "mourner's bench," then, taking the hand of a young man, kneeled down by it and offered a mock prayer. That very moment she was struck crazy. Her friends got her into a sleigh and hurried home with her. A physician was sent for immediately, but it was of no use. She died, crazy, on Friday evening, about the same hour of the day. She had not one lucid moment until she died. It was emphatically her "mourner's bench." Her lifeless remains were carried to the grave the following Sunday in Fredonia, followed by her friends, who would not be comforted.

**Jeremiah Everts—"O, Wonderful! Wonderful!
Glory! Jesus Reigneth!"**

This American author and editor was corresponding secretary of the American Board of Commissioners for foreign missions.

He was born in Vermont in 1781, and died in Charleston, South Carolina, in 1831, at the age of fifty years. In his last moments he exclaimed, "O, wonderful! wonderful! wonderful! Glory that cannot be comprehended! Wonderful glory! I will praise Him! I will praise Him! Wonderful glory! Jesus reigneth!"

"If This is Death, Let Me Always Be Dying."

Mrs. H. A. Coon, of Marengo, Ill., sends us the following:

Mrs. Eliza Lamphare, my eldest sister, died thirty-one years ago, leaving her baby girl to me. She suffered twenty-five years with rheumatic consumption. She was converted in our home fifteen years before her death. On the day of her death, before she passed away, she said to her family, "I am going to heaven!" She sent for her pastor and neighbors and told them of her joy at the thought of so soon seeing Jesus. She said, "If this is death, let me always be dying." And, although she had not had her voice for six weeks, sweetly sang,

"What's this that steals, that steals upon my frame,
Is it death—is it death?"

And, coming to the verse,

"Bright angels ere from glory come,
 They're round my bed, they're in my room;
 They wait to waft my spirit home,
 All is well!"

she exhorted all to be faithful and meet her in heaven. She sent messages of love to me, committing her little one to my trust. With her face lighted up with a heavenly radiance, she waved her hands and shouted, "Victory, and glory," until her spirit had departed.

"Jesus Hears Me! Why, the Angels Are Around Me!"

A great many readers have but very little conception of true prayer. They excuse themselves when invited to pray in public by saying, "I am not gifted in that way; I am not educated." They regard the opinions of men and the face of clay more than they do the will of God. They fail to realize that true prayer is the desire of the heart, uttered or unexpressed.

We have a beautiful example in a dying young man: He was so concerned about his relation to God that he lost sight of his surroundings and the people who stood by him. "I cannot make a very smooth prayer," he said, "but Jesus hears me. Why, the angels are around me; if you could see them as I do you would be glad, too. Jesus hears me." When God lends a listening ear and regards our cry, every voice should be hushed and every excuse banished. Nothing should interrupt or hinder our communion with God; and if we abandon ourselves to His will, He will see that our fellowship and prayer is unhindered, for "the effectual, fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much."

Rev. David Nelson—“My Master Calls, I Am Going Home; It Is Well.”

This noted Presbyterian clergyman was born near Jonesborough, Tennessee, Sept. 24, 1793.

In 1810 he graduated at Washington College, Virginia, and for some years practiced medicine, and was surgeon in the United States army, during which time he became an infidel; but in the providence of God he was brought under conviction and saved from a refuge of lies. He was made a new creature in Christ, and licensed to preach in the spring of 1825.

After working for the Lord for five years in Tennessee and Kentucky, he went to Missouri and established Marion College, and was its first president, filling that position for six years.

In 1836 he opened a training school for missionaries, and wrote that widely circulated book, *Cause and Cure of Infidelity*.

He died in 1844. His last words were, “My Master calls, I am going home. It is well.”

“My Peace is Made With God! I Am Filled With Love!”

My dear father, William H. Whitford, was taken with a severe hemorrhage of the lungs on April 9, 1898, from which he gradually failed in strength, and died a few days after. He was a devoted Christian, and as long as he was able to speak he would say, “Praise the Lord! Praise the Lord!”

Father suffered from a complication of diseases which often caused him severe pain, and when suffering he would often go to God in prayer and secure relief and get richly blessed in his soul. One morning his face was lit up with a holy light as he shouted, "Hallelujah! Glory to God!" Sister Palmer, who was in the next room, said that she, too, felt the power of the Holy Spirit and shouted. Oh, how the Spirit would come upon us. Indeed it was a heavenly place. The gloom was all taken away. It did not seem like dying.

Although father was in his eighty-second year when he died, his mind was very clear all the time, and he would think of everything needful to be done. His only desire to live was to help me, as we lived alone. He gave that to the Lord. He talked about his funeral very calmly, and selected the text, Psalms 37:37, and desired that the old hymns be sung, mentioning this one, "And must this body die." I asked him if he wanted flowers, to which he replied, "Oh, no. I want it very plain, clothed in righteousness." He sang with us a short time before he died, and oh, how his face lit up with joy while singing.

"Hallelujah! Glory to God!" he shouted, and then clapped his hands and said, "If I could only get up, I feel I could leap and shout for joy. Peace, peace; my peace is made with God. I am filled with His love. Jesus alone heaves in sight." It seemed as though he had a view of heaven. His last words were, "O, bless the Lord! Praise the Lord!" and thus he went sweetly to sleep, safe in the arms of Jesus.—*Written for this book by his daughter, Mrs. S. A. Slade, of Portland, New York.*

**“Oh God, If There Be a God, Save My Soul,
If I Have a Soul.”**

Bro. R. Thomas, of Orleans, Nebraska, sends us the following for our book:

When father moved to Iowa in 1863, it was our privilege to settle near a well-to-do family, the father of which was an infidel. There were several sons in the family, and all save one were irreligious. The one who professed religion was a Universalist preacher. In fact the family were surrounded by every influence that would make infidel belief satisfactory, if it could be so, but such was not the case. No doubt many reminiscences of interest could be given, but suffice it to say that the day-star of this intelligent, well-to-do farmer set in the dark, and his last words were this short prayer, “Oh God, if there be a God, save my soul, if I have a soul.”

**Thomas Halyburton—“My Peace Hath Been
Like a River!”**

This noted Scotch Presbyterian minister was born in 1674. He studied at Rotterdam, then at Perth and Edinburgh, and in 1692 entered the University of St. Andrews. In 1700 he was ordained in the parish of Ceres, and in 1710 he was appointed to a Professorship of Theology in St. Andrews.

He was author of several works, including *Natural Religion Insufficient and Revelation Necessary to Man's Happiness*, *The Great Concern of Salvation*, and others.

These works, especially the autobiographic memoir of the *Holy Halyburton*, were formerly very popular in Scotland, and still are greatly relished by persons of serious disposition.

He died in 1712. His last words were, "My peace hath been like a river." He had promised some friends that when he was so far gone that he could speak no more, he would give a sign of triumph, and accordingly, when the powers of speech were gone, he lifted and clapped his hands, then expired.

"Madge is Dead and David is Crazy."

In the spring of 1891, while Rev. C. B. Ebey was holding a meeting at Colgrove, California, two young ladies and their brother, who had been regular attendants at the meeting, were brought under deep conviction, but would not yield to the Spirit. The youngest was a bright, healthy young girl of fourteen years, named Madge.

One day Bro. Ebey said to her, "Madge, I believe this meeting is being held for you." She felt that she ought to give her heart to God, and decided to do so, but was persuaded by her brother David not to for awhile longer. Her brother dearly loved her, and knew if she got saved that it would end their worldly pleasures together, so he persuaded her to wait a few years, and then they would both get saved. The meeting closed, and they had both said to the Spirit, "Wait until a more convenient season."

A few weeks afterwards Bro. Ebey received word that Madge was dead, and was asked to come to her home immediately. He went as quickly as he could. The mother met him at the door. and said, "Bro. Ebey,

you have come to a sad home. Madge is dead, and David is crazy." When the doctor had said that Madge could not live, David went in by her bedside, knelt down, and commenced to pray as only a sinner could pray, for God to save his sister. He urged Madge to pray, but she was too sick to make any effort, and she died without leaving any evidence of salvation. The strain was so much for the young man when he realized that his sister was dying unsaved, and that he was the cause of it, that his reason gave way.—*Written for this work by Rev. F. A. Ames.*

"I Am Going Home As Fast As I Can."

An aged Christian, Mr. Mead, when crossing over to heaven, was asked how he did? He answered, "I am going home as fast as I can, as every honest man should do when his day's work is over, and I bless God that I have a home to go to."

Hulda A. Rees—"All Bright and Glorious Ahead."

This holy woman of God was a successful evangelist of the Society of Friends. She was born Oct. 15, 1855. She went to heaven June 3, 1898. Her devoted husband, Seth C. Rees, is also a successful minister in the same church, and author of that excellent book, *The Ideal Pentecostal Church*.

We take the following from her published biography, entitled *Hulda, the Pentecostal Prophetess*, written by her son. He says:

"We saw from a distance the end approaching, but

we could not fully realize the truth. It did not seem like 'the valley of the shadow.' We had read of the triumph of the saints when approaching the River, but surely this excelled anything of which we had ever heard. Such sweet resignation to all God's will, such divine unction in prayer, such holy tenderness in exhortation and admonition, such victory and gladness in the furnace of pain and agony!—these luminous beacons did much to dispel the gloom and lighten the shades of the nearing evening.

"Many visitors came to see her—some from considerable distance—and whenever her strength permitted it she always had them admitted to her room. Her words were ever full of cheer and eternal hope. On one occasion, when a minister called whom she had known for years, she said to him with the greatest exultation, "The glory holds!" Yes, thank God, it did hold. The gospel she had preached to so many thousands with emphasis and assurance was found true and unshakable in this time of earnest testing. One day her husband said to her:

"My dear, is it all true that we have preached?"

"Yes, yes; we have not put it strong enough! It is all true, and more!"

At another time she said: 'If the Lord takes me, it will be from the evil to come. Perhaps he sees something coming to me from which He wishes to protect me by taking me to Himself.'

"In one of her prayers she said: 'Thou hast put, O Lord, a great laugh in my heart. Glory! Glory be to Thy Name forever! No evil can come to me! All is turned to blessing!' * * *

"One afternoon the family were all gathered about her, when her face suddenly lighted up as if a candle

were burning beneath the transparent skin. With the brightest, sweetest smile, and a far-away look as if she were gazing off in the distance, she said in a soft, reflective tone, 'I didn't know it was so beautiful.' After a moment or so she exclaimed rapturously, 'Can it be that the glory of the Lord is risen upon me?'

"Thus this daughter of the Most High drew near to her exit from this world. It was indeed to her, as she said, 'all bright and glorious ahead.'

"The night before she ascended she attempted to sing:

'Fear not, I am with thee:
Oh, be not dismayed,
For I am thy God,
I will still give thee aid.'

But she could only whisper the words. Her husband read the entire hymn to her.

"In the evening of Friday, June 3, as the darkness was deepening about us, we watched her slip quietly away. There was no struggle. She passed away from us as calmly as a child falling asleep. We knew that she was with the Lord, both hers and ours."

Joseph Allen, D. D.—"O, How Sweet Will Heaven Be."

This famous English divine, author of *Alarm to the Unconverted*, was born in 1633; died in 1668. Although he died at the age of thirty-five, his influence for good was great. He lived a devoted life, and as the sun was setting, and he came to the end of life's journey, he exclaimed, "O, how sweet will heaven be! O, what a blessed day will the day of resurrection be! Methinks I see it by faith!"

“Lord, Have Mercy On My Soul!”

While laboring in Canada on my first charge, two young men attended the meeting. They were bent on breaking up the service. I was visiting a family where one of them boarded. He was sullen and morose. He did not kneel when we prayed, nor pay any attention to our questions in regard to his soul. It was not long after this when both the young men were engaged in the brick-yard. It was the first day with one. The brick-yard caved in, and the friend whom we had warned was instantly killed. His companion lived long enough to groan out, “Lord, have mercy upon my soul! Lord, have mercy upon my soul!” Without leaving any evidence behind of having obtained his request, he was called to stand before his Maker. I attended the double funeral; a sad occasion it was. One of the mothers, who had opposed her son joining the Salvation Army, thinking it would be a disgrace to her, threw herself upon the casket and said, “Lord, have mercy on his soul!” But her interest in his soul came too late. It is a warning to all mothers who oppose their children in obeying their convictions of duty.—*Written for this work by Kate H. Booth, of Buffalo, N. Y.*

“Nothing Remains But the Bridge of the Savior.”

Byron Bunson, one of the most distinguished statesmen and scholars of Germany, was born in 1791 at Korbach, in the principality of Wualdeck.

In 1841 he was sent on a special mission to London

to negotiate for the erection of an Anglo-Prussian Bishopric in Jerusalem, and was shortly afterward appointed ambassador at the English court. He is known in literature by his *Constitution of the Church of the Future*, *Christianity and Mankind*, *God in History*, and many other works. He was a great statesman and philosopher.

He died at Bonn, in Germany, in 1860. On his death-bed he cried out, "All bridges that one builds through life fail at such a time as this, and nothing remains but the bridge of the Savior!"

"It is Bright Over the River, Oh, So Bright Over There."

Some years ago I was called to the bedside of an aged lady, familiarly known as Grandma Shears, to witness her departure from this life. We watched at her bedside all night, and sang many cheering songs to her, as

'O, think of the home over there,"

and others. As her mental powers gradually gave way, her children greatly feared that she would not be able to tell us of the rapture in passing over the River of Jordan, washed in the blood of the Lamb; but I said to them that God would clear her mental skies and let her tell us all about it; and He did. For an hour she lay calmly, saying "It is bright over the river; oh, so bright over there," and she passed sweetly to the land of flowers.—*Written for this work by Rev. E. Ray, of Fredericktown, Mo.*