



**CHARLES DWIGHT ;**

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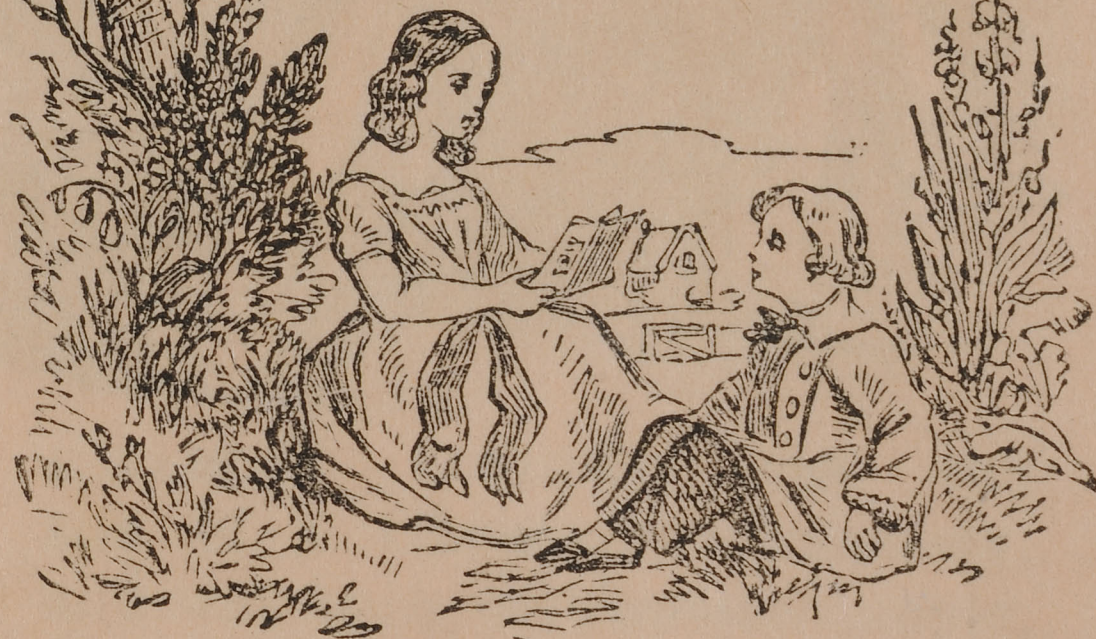
**The Missionary's Son.**

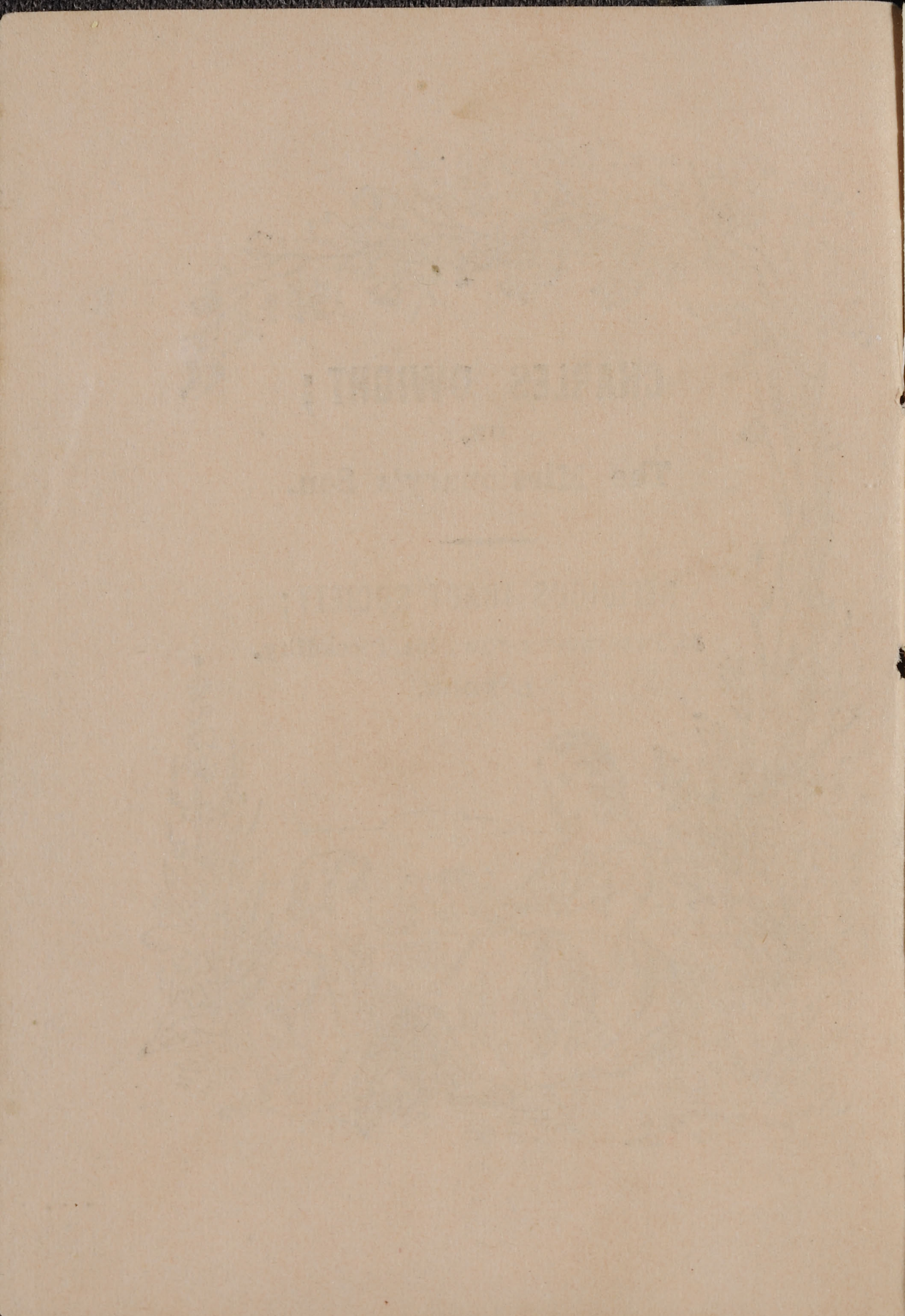
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**RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY ;**

**56, Paternoster-row ; 164, Piccadilly,**

**LONDON.**





CHARLES DWIGHT;  
OR, THE MISSIONARY'S SON.



CHARLES DWIGHT was the son of a Christian missionary, and was born in Constantinople, February 16th, 1837 When he

was only four months old, he lost his mother by the plague. She was a good mother, and desired above all things for her children that they might become the disciples of Christ.

Charles, though a pleasant child, needed a new heart, as all children do, however lovely they may be. While yet young, he was made to feel this. When he was about seven years old a child of a mission family died. This led him to think of death. A sermon which he now heard made him pray very much for his sins to be forgiven. The Holy Spirit was striving with him. He soon yielded to His power, and put his trust in the Saviour. He now entered upon

a new life. Prayer was his delight. The Bible was a precious book. He aimed to do right and to make everybody happy.

Charles's companions could not help loving him, for he was always kind in his ways. Some of these, like himself, were pious youths. They never came together to spend any time in each other's society without praying before they parted. As one of these loved friends was about to leave on one occasion, Charles said, "Let us not part till we have prayed together;" so they went into a room by themselves, and he read a chapter in the Bible, and they knelt down and prayed.

That very night—it was Saturday, February 5th, 1853—

he was seized with a headache. The most skilful aid was called in, but it could not help him. His pains at times were very great, but he never lost his patience, nor his sweet hope in God. A part of the time his mind wandered, and then he kept talking, now in English, now in Greek, now in French, now in Turkish,—but it was about Christ and his cause. Once, when a dear friend who was sitting by him asked him if he felt ready for whatever might be the result of his sickness, he said, “My head is in such pain that I cannot collect my thoughts; but sometimes I am able to do so, and then my mind is in perfect peace. But if I had not

been led to make my peace with God before this disease came upon me, I am sure I never could have done it now."

At another time, in reply to a question from his father, he said with great feeling, "I cannot yet say that I *want* to die now; but I desire the will of the Lord to be done. If He wills that I die now, *I am ready*."

But why, do you suppose, did he not *want* to die then? It was not because it is so happy to live. His life was indeed a happy one, but he knew it is far better to be with Christ. The reason why he seems to have wished to live rather than to die, was, that he might do good. His heart was set on being a mis-

sionary. He hoped soon to visit his father's country for his education, and then to return, and preach the gospel. It was this that seemed to him even more desirable than to go at once and be with Christ.

Prayer was very sweet to him. Once, after his father had prayed with him, he said, "It is such a comfort to have you pray with me!" He also prayed himself. He asked of God that all the members of the church might "lead holy lives," and that those who are in their sins, and the children, might be converted. He ended as follows:—"O Lord, thou knowest how much greater than our words are our desires and necessities; and do thou



hear us and bless us as thou seest we need, for the sake of Jesus Christ, to whom be glory for ever. Amen."

He also found great comfort in the Bible. As his father repeated passages to him, such as "In my Father's house are many mansions," "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners," he would say, "Oh, how sweet! how precious!"

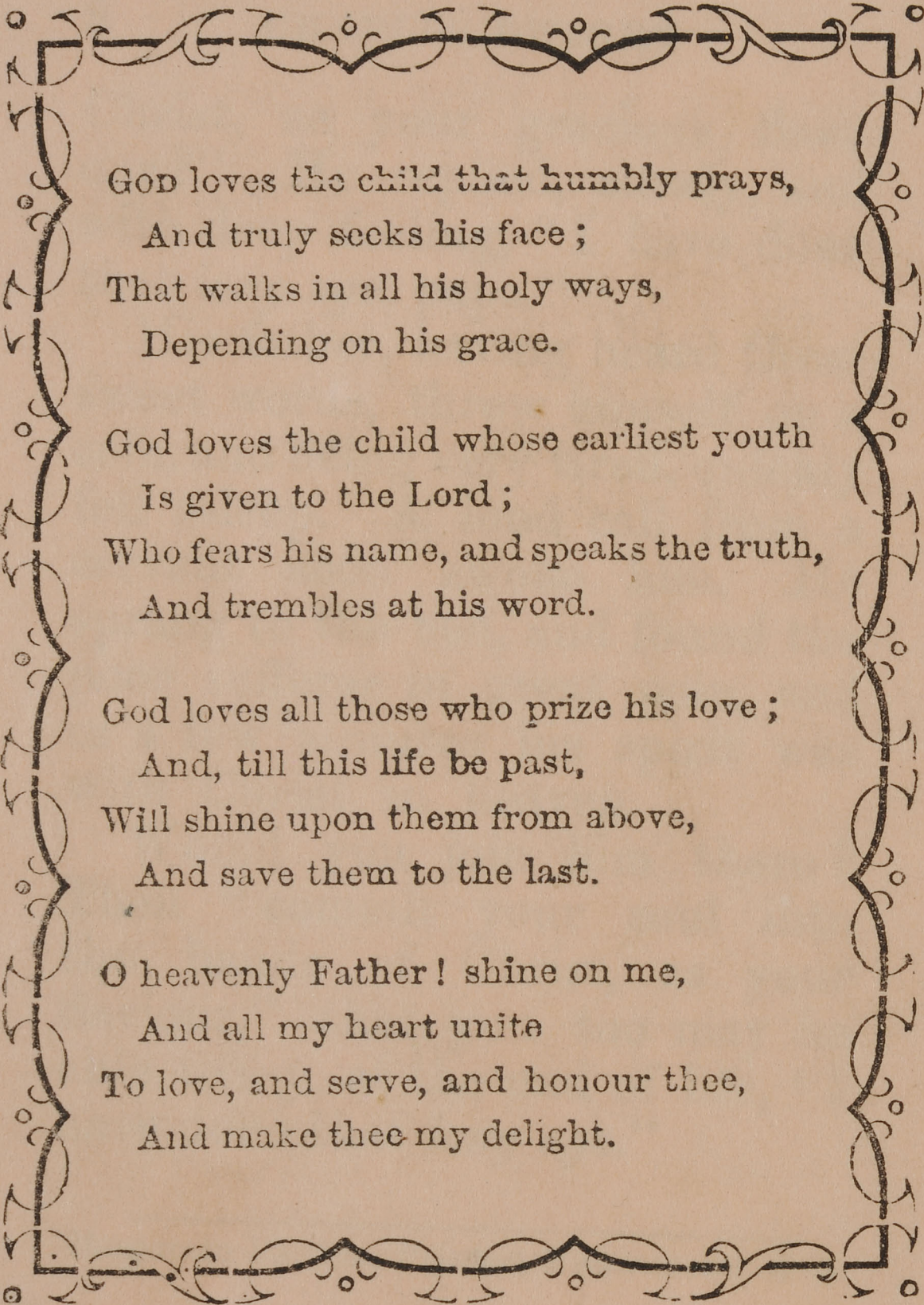
For twelve days he had been getting worse, and it was now plain that the conflict was nearly over. A little before the end, his father bent over him, and said, "Charles, can you now commit your soul into the hands of

Christ, as your gracious Saviour?" He replied, slowly, and with deep feeling, "I have done that *long ago*, papa."

His father, having heard these sweet words, threw himself on a sofa, and being very tired, quickly fell asleep. A loud call from a servant soon awoke him. He sprang to the bed, and found the poor sufferer in great pain, and in a few minutes his spirit was with Christ in heaven.

Would you join him there? Then "commit your soul into the hands of Christ, as your Saviour," that you too may be able to say, at the end of life, "I have done that *long ago*."

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God loves the child that humbly prays,  
And truly seeks his face ;  
That walks in all his holy ways,  
Depending on his grace.

God loves the child whose earliest youth  
Is given to the Lord ;  
Who fears his name, and speaks the truth,  
And trembles at his word.

God loves all those who prize his love ;  
And, till this life be past,  
Will shine upon them from above,  
And save them to the last.

O heavenly Father ! shine on me,  
And all my heart unite  
To love, and serve, and honour thee,  
And make thee my delight.