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Description

It is related of a dying infidel watchmaker in the Midlands that, during his last twenty-four hours, he repeated over and over again these words, "I'm going, I don't know where!"

The language of his life - time had been, "I'm going, I don't care where." But, now that the weight of death's icy hand was upon him, an his hardened carelessness and bravery forsook him; and had you investigated what was wrapped up in that dying cry, "I'm going, I don't know where," there is little doubt you would have found that it meant this, "I'm going, utterly overwhelmed with the question, Where?" Who has not heard the excited cry of

14 pages – Pamphlet – Author: G. Cutting