

A city missionary in London was called to an old building where a woman lay dying in the last stages of a terrible disease. The room was cold and she had nowhere to lie but on the floor. When the missionary asked if there was anything he could do, she replied, "I have all I really need; I have Jesus Christ." Deeply moved, the missionary went home and penned these words: In the heart of London City, Mid the dwellings of the poor, These bright and golden words were uttered, "I have Christ. What want I more?" Spoken by a lonely woman dying on a garret floor, Having not one earthly comfort, "I have Christ. What want I more?"