

THREE PAGES OF MY LIFE.

An old man relates the following :

IN my childhood I witnessed a scene I shall never forget. A man had been tied up to a post and there received the lash for some offence, I do not know what. Did any one offer to receive in his place the lacerations which justice inflicted? NO, NOT ONE. He had himself to bear his merited punishment."

"Later when I was pursuing my studies at the university, I was present at another spectacle which made a profound impression upon me; a man, condemned to death, was brought out for execution. His hands were tied behind his back and his agonized features had already the palor of death. Thousands of curious people lined the streets to see the culprit carried by, all were silent as he passed. Did any one come forward to die in his place? NO NOT ONE, and the sentence being irrevocable, he had to bear the punishment of his crime."

"But there was another day which left upon my life a still deeper impression. This time it was not human but divine righteousness that was in question—The culprit was there, ruined, broken, condemned by the law of God as well as by the natural conscience—There was no room for subterfuge! no plea of extenuating circumstances could be set up! no excuse admitted! And this culprit, this sinner, was MYSELF! I was lost, I

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