

their peculiar application to him, and suggested merely by the topic of the day, came closely home to his own case, for the disease under which he appeared to be sinking had repeatedly assailed him before, and been progressively prostrating his constitution. On my speaking to him again, he appeared to be in great alarm—death seemed to be indeed to him the king of terrors; with violent emotion he started up in his bed, tossed the bed clothes from him and in an extremity of agony called upon God to have mercy upon his soul, I tried to lead his mind to Christ as a giver of peace to the guilty conscience, and read to him such parts of the word of God as seemed adapted to excite in him confidence towards God, as waiting to be gracious, even to the chief of sinners. All, however, appeared to give him no comfort—his anguish of soul was unabated, and the same intense and passionate exclamations for mercy, continued at intervals to burst from him. I was oppressed under a sense of my own powerlessness and inability to help him, and felt the full force of the truth that it requires a power more than that of man to convey real peace to the troubled conscience. After praying with him I left him, but was gone scarcely half an hour when I received a message to return. On doing so, I found him in the same state as before, or, if possible, still more alarmed. The brother who had formerly interrupted me in speaking, now asked me to stop with them over night. I conversed with the sufferer as before, and read to him from the scriptures, but all in vain, for his soul refused to be comforted. After I had been some time with him he entreated me not to leave him till I had brought him into a better state. I told him that I could not help him, but that he must look to God who was willing as well as mighty to save. I was obliged to leave him in the evening, but promised to call in the morning—he then said, that he should never see the morning, upon which, I told him I did not think him quite so far gone as that, but hoped he might yet live to obtain lasting peace, and comfort to his soul. It struck me that the prospect of continued life thus in some degree held out to him, did more to soothe his mind than any thing else I had addressed to him, I visited him several times afterwards during the few days I remained in the neighbourhood, but he continued in the same state as when I first saw him. I have not heard of him since. This melancholy case affords a practical comment on the impressive language of wisdom in Prov. I. 24—31. "Because I have called and ye refused; I have stretched out my hand and no man regarded. But ye have set at nought all my counsel and would none of my reproof—I also will laugh at your calamity, I will mock when your fear cometh. When your fear cometh as desolation, and your destruction cometh as a whirlwind, when distress and anguish cometh upon you. Then shall they call upon me, but I will not answer; they shall seek me early, but they shall not find me. For that they hated knowledge and did not choose the fear of the Lord, they would none of my counsel, they despised all my reproof, therefore shall they eat of the fruit of their own way, and be filled with their own devices."