

you, only turn to him." His reply was, "Go to hell!" I said, "I am not bound there; but you come to the Lord, and he will bless you." He said, "I will come when I have a mind to." "God will not have you when you have a mind to come to him." In a few days I was called out of my house to go and see this poor man, who was said to be dying. A voice seemed to say to me, "It is too late! it is too late!" There were policemen round the house, and a number of the neighbours and people round there. "Oh," they cried, "it is indeed a fearful sight!" I went up stairs and the words "Too late! too late!" kept ringing in my ears. The wife met me and said, "O Richard, do pray for my poor husband!" I went up to him, and saw him lying there with his face as black as my hat; he put out his hand, and said, "It is too late! I am damned!" and he died.

I tell you unbelievers that death will make believers of you, when he comes to cut you down. I beseech you to-night, as we may never meet again, to turn to the Lord. I say to you, as that little girl I told you of did to her parents, "Father, will you meet me in heaven? Mother, will you meet me in heaven? I ask you, in the sight of God to-night while you stand upon the brink of hell—I ask you on my bended knees, will you meet me in heaven? Have you any desire to turn to God? There are souls perishing on the brink of hell to-night, but the blood of Christ can save them. The same blood that found out Richard Weaver, the same arm that took him in, can pardon, and can save you. The same angels which rejoiced over me, can and will rejoice over you. Will you come? May the Lord be with you, and bless you, and enable you to come.

THE END.