

hammers of his two assistants. I tried to speak to him of eternal realities, and sometimes managed to put a "*Herald of Mercy*" and other religious papers into his hand. I saw he tried to evade me, and I used all the caution I could in avoiding anything that might prejudice his mind, and so hinder me from getting access to his soul.

At length he ceased to be seen at the door, and the lady of the landed proprietor called and asked me to go and see him.—I found the way open, I suspect chiefly through her influence, and continued to visit him regularly, reading the Scriptures, and setting before him man's lost and undone condition, and the glorious way of deliverance opened up for poor sinners, through the incarnation and obedience unto death of the Eternal Son of God, dwelling on His glorious resurrection and intercession at the Father's right hand and His promise of the Holy Spirit to enlighten poor sinners in the way of life eternal.

He was rapidly getting worse, yet still clinging to the vain hope of life, in connexion with changes of remedies prescribed by his medical attendant. I endeavoured kindly, but faithfully, to correct his error in regard to this natural, but in his case, foolish and groundless confidence, and succeeded, in connexion with the earnest and urgent appeals to his understanding and conscience, in awakening a more than ordinary attention to the message of Divine love. He asked several important questions concerning essential truths before I left, and after prayer I departed full of hope in regard to the progress made with him. Full of anxiety, I called next Lord's day on my way to my field of labour. He was weaker, but quite able to converse. I took out my Bible. Ah, said he, "dinna read the day for my head's no able to staid it!"

Feeling, however, as Philip Henry says, that "when we are about to speak to God in prayer, we should be content to let God also speak to us by His word," I replied, "I'll read a few verses very so'ly beside you." "Ah, well, you may, but DINNA EXPLAIN, for my head will not bear it!" I said, "my expositions are intended to bring peace and consolation to your mind in the solemn condition in which you are placed, and nothing but God's word can now give you true consolation," He seem-

ed to wish no farther converse on such subjects, and, with a heavy heart, I read a few passages, which he appeared to listen to, just because he was obliged to hear them. I went to a throne of grace filled by the freezing words, DINNA EXPLAIN! Indeed they are ringing in my ears still!

Next time I called, his wife refused to let me see him, and in a few days I heard of his death. I tried to speak to a poor lame daughter, one day lately, about sin and salvation, and saw clearly that the girl's mind was prejudiced against me, no doubt through her hardened mother.

Sad case! yet how true a picture of many of Scotland's families, notwithstanding all that Christian philanthropy is doing to carry the truth to every corner of the land. And so will it be "until the Spirit be poured upon us from on high, and the wilderness become a fruitful field, and the fruitful field be counted for a forest, then judgment shall dwell in the wilderness, and righteousness remain in the fruitful field. And the work of righteousness shall be peace, and the effect of righteousness quietness and assurance for ever."—Isa. xxxii. 15, 16, 17.

Reader, are you trifling away your day of merciful visitation? If so, beware lest you too give utterance to the fearful words when the messenger of God presses home the truth upon your conscience on a death-bed, and, like the ostrich driven to desperation by the sight of her pursuers, bury your face in the very act of dying, crying like the poor blacksmith, "DINNA EXPLAIN!" Remember eternity will explain it whether you will or not.—*Herald of Mercy.*

"HIS BLOOD."

No minister of the present age presses home to the conscience and the heart the essential truths of Christianity with more directness and power than Krummacher. Read the following on the Blood of CHRIST:—

"What avails the blood of Christ? It avails, what mountains of good works, heaped up by us—what columns of the incense of prayer, curling up from our lips toward heaven—and what streams of tears of penitence gushing from our eyelids, never could avail. The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin."