

One day the wife of the principal doctor, and two intimate friends of the sick man, were about his bed seeking to render him any little attention which their love could suggest, when suddenly he was seized with a violent trembling and cried out: "I am shivering!" "Are you cold?" the professor's wife anxiously asked; "I will go quickly and get you a cup of tea." "No, no I am not cold," he replied, but some minutes afterwards he cried out again, with a look of agony upon his countenance. "I am shivering!" "You see," said the nurse, "that you are cold," I will go and get you some hot water. The sick man assured her that he was not cold. A third time he repeated, in a tone which struck terror into those surrounding him: "I am shivering."

It suddenly occurred to the wife of the professor that there might be a moral rather than a physical reason for the shivering, and she asked him with solicitude; "Dear sir, what is the cause of this?"

"*It is death, and what follows,*" was the reply of the young man, before whose soul had arisen the thought of eternity and the fear of the judgment of God. The poor woman did not know the name of the Lord Jesus, and did not know, in the embarrassing position the answer to her question had placed her, what consolation to offer to the dying man, knowing well that in such a case her own words would not suffice. But God in His mercy put it into her heart to take up a new testament; to open it, regardless of the place, and to read to the