

one so vile. But when I told you of my sins, you told me of a Saviour who died even for the chief of sinners, and I now see that all my troubles were sent in mercy to my soul; for if God had pleased, He might long ago have cut me off and cast me into hell; but He has spared me. I can trust in Jesus now, and I do hope I shall praise Him throughout eternity." "Have faith in God," trembling soul; believe the record He hath given of His Son; go to Jesus like the poor leper, and you too shall be made whole.

One to whom instruction was useful, after he had lived for years in a backsliding state, said, "Before you came to see me, I was the most miserable of all men. I have frequently taken the newspaper and read it all day on Sundays; but my conscience reproached me, and the agony of my mind was often dreadful. I can only describe the feeling of my soul as being like sharp knives continually running into my body. Truly," he continued, "the Lord hath done great things for me; and if one ransomed sinner sings a louder song of praise than another in heaven, it ought to be I, who will have had most forgiven."

Careless soul, "have faith in God." He desires your happiness. He tells you, in mercy to your soul, that "the wages of sin is death;" that except you repent you must perish. He stretches out His hand to you. He remonstrates with you in your folly, and says, "Turn ye, turn ye; for why will ye die?" He invites you: "Come now, and let us reason together saith the Lord: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow." Oh, turn not a deaf ear to His warnings, His remonstrances, His invitations, lest the sentence should go forth, "Thy soul is required of thee."

Carrie Felton, a gay and thoughtless girl, a lover of pleasure more than a lover of God, on a Saturday was quite well, and her last act that night was to prepare a very gay dress in order to go to the tea-gardens on the following day. At six o'clock on Sunday morning she was taken ill with brain-fever, and died in less than forty-eight hours. Little did she think that the dress prepared for pleasure was so soon to be laid aside for the shroud; and the tea-gardens give place to the grave.

Richard Wells made no secret of his infidel principles. He made a jest of sacred things, and religious persons were, in his estimation, either fools or hypocrites. He was frequently reasoned with; but he answered with ridicule, not argument. This was while he was in perfect health; but from this state he was suddenly called to lie on a dying bed. He quarrelled with a grown-up son, and blows followed words. The father was much injured internally in the scuffle; he was conveyed to his bed, and shortly after mortification of the injured part ensued. On being visited, he, with an agonised countenance, said—

"Oh, sir, though I have often spoken against the Bible, I find I never believed what I said. Is there mercy for such a wretch as I have been?"

The way of salvation was pointed out to him, and he was directed to Jesus as able to save to the

uttermost all who come unto God by Him. But, alas! Death was even now grasping his prey. His eyes became glassy and heavy, stupor followed, and in a short time he entered the eternal world.

Contrast this death with that of a devoted servant of God, the Rev. W. Leechman, who, when on his dying bed, thus addressed one who visited him: "You see the situation I am in. I have not many days to live. I am glad you have the opportunity of witnessing the tranquillity of my last moments; but it is not tranquillity alone; it is joy and triumph, it is complete exultation. And whence does this exultation spring? From that book" (pointing to a Bible), "from that book—too much neglected, indeed, but which contains invaluable treasures; treasures of joy and rejoicing; for it makes us certain that this mortal shall put on immortality."

In conclusion, reader, whatever may be your name, character, or circumstances, may the Lord the Spirit work faith in your heart. May that precious grace which works by love and purifies the heart, cheer you in life, and illumine the valley of the shadow of death.

MR. WESLEY AND MR. SIMEON.

THE following conversation between Mr. Wesley and Mr. Simeon is related by Dr. Dealtry in his sermon on the occasion of the death of the latter:—

"Pray, sir, do you feel yourself a depraved creature, so depraved that you would never have thought of turning to God, if God had not first put it into your heart?"

"Yes," said the veteran Wesley, "I do, indeed."

"And do you utterly despair of recommending yourself to God by anything that you can do, and look for salvation solely through the blood and righteousness of Christ?"

"Yes, solely through Christ."

"But, sir, supposing you were first saved by Christ, are you not somehow or other to save yourself afterwards by your own works?"

"No; I must be saved by Christ from first to last."

"Allowing, then, that you were first turned by the grace of God, are you not in some way or other to keep yourself by your own power?"

"No."

"What, then, are you to be upheld every hour and every moment by God, as much as an infant in its mother's arms?"

"Yes, altogether."

"And is all your hope in the grace and mercy of God to preserve you unto His heavenly kingdom?"

"Yes, I have no hope but in Him."

"Then, sir, with your leave, I will put up my dagger again; for this is all my Calvinism; this is my election, my justification by faith, my final perseverance; it is, in substance, all that I hold, and as I hold it."