

by that free sort of talk, and thought him a very fine fellow.

*Jem.* Aye, they never guessed he had a master all the while, poor chap, and a very hard one.

*George.* I know what you mean. Yes, he did seem to serve the Devil. Well, poor lad, we must try and forget that now he's gone. I never like to hear anyone speak bad of a dead person.

*Jem.* No, but all the same, George, I don't think we are meant to forget such matters. Surely they are warnings we ought to heed.

*George.* How did he die, Jem? Was he insensible after the accident?

*Jem.* No; he had his senses to the last. His brother has written the whole account to me. He just said, 'I'm done for,' when they got him out; and he kept on saying that all the while.

*George.* They took him to the hospital of course?

*Jem.* No, he was too bad. They got him into a hut near by, and sent for the doctor. His hurts were dreadful, they said; but he seemed to feel no pain in his body. It was all in his mind. He spoke out then like he always used to do, 'Mates,' he said, 'if I'd only another week—only a day—to mend my ways.'

*George.* Was there no one to say a good word then to the poor fellow?

*Jem.* Yes, a lady chanced to be at hand, and she did what she could for him body and soul. 'I've been a sinner all my life,' he says to her. 'The Lord died on the Cross for sinners,' says she; 'think of that.' 'I've scorned Him and mocked Him. He won't save me now,' he said then. 'He'll save all that come to Him,' says she. 'How can I come? There's no time,' says he. And then he started the old cry, 'I'm done for.'

*George.* Poor lad! he'd left it till too late.

*Jem.* John Adams has written it all down for me. He and I used to be friends, and I tried to get hold of Lewis, but couldn't. It was a wild sort of place where the accident took place. For a long time only Mrs. Apsley from the Hall was with him. She

was passing in her pony-carriage, and got out, while she sent the groom on to the town to fetch the doctor.

*George.* She seems to have had her wits about her.

*Jem.* She's a very good lady, John said. She prayed hard for Lewis, his mates said, and asked them to help her.

*George.* Did the poor chap say no word at the last?

*Jem.* He got hold of her hands when she stopped praying for a moment and said, 'Go on, go on; don't stop.' That was all. The men said it was a dreadful sight to see his anxious face up to the last minute.

*George.* Well! that's a good text they've chosen for the card. No one need despair that thinks of the penitent thief. That story gives comfort to a many.

*Jem.* To too many, I'm afraid. I'm not thinking now of this poor lad. We're not called to judge him before the time. No sinner's case is too bad for the Saviour, and at least poor Adams did not die a hardened sinner.

*George.* Well, Jem, if he might take comfort from the penitent thief, who else may not?

*Jem.* You and I, lad, and a lot more. Many people lead easy, God-forgetting lives because they choose to think that God is so merciful He will forgive them their sins at the last moment.

*George.* Aye. I've heard them scores of times saying that they can always do like the thief on the Cross, then.

*Jem.* But can they, George?

*George.* Well, unless they are killed suddenly, right off, as doesn't often happen. I suppose they'd have time to say 'Lord, have mercy.'

*Jem.* And they think then they are doing as the poor thief did, with hope of the same reward?

*George.* Yes.

*Jem.* George, have you ever thought what the dying robber really did in that dreadful moment?

*George.* Prayed to God, Jem.

*Jem.* Prayed to God, yes. But to God on the Cross, dying as a man, as a con-