

"He was quite happy," his mother said to me, staying her great anguish for a moment. "One could scarcely say that it was death. He begged me to tell you that he was happy in seeing the approach of his departure, having the certainty of the forgiveness of his sins, and that all anguish had gone out of his heart. He will see you again in heaven. But pray for me, for I am now childless."

I prayed with her, and when I looked for the last time on the remains of my young friend, instead of the terrible words: "You have been my destroyer," I seemed to hear: "You have brought me salvation."

Dear readers, in placing before you this account I cannot but plead with you the merciful ways of God. He had compassion on this poor young man, drawn into sin and reduced to despair. He brought him salvation through the means of one, who, without knowing it, in his godless days, had done him much harm. Divine grace foiled the devices of Satan, as it is written, "Mercy rejoiceth against judgment." (Jas. ii. 13.) Where are you as to this? Have you ceased to seek satisfaction in the ways of the world and its corrupting amusements? Or perhaps you flatter yourselves with the hope that there will be time later to think of your salvation. Will you wait for that, like the sick one, for a dying bed? Fatal illusion, produced by Satan himself! If the young man was saved on his death-bed, that is no reason why you should be drawn

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