

"I CAN'T DIE LIKE THIS."

close his long life by "dying like a brick?" No; the language of heart and tongue was: "I can't die like this."

At his request a minister of the gospel was sent for, and when he entered the chamber Clements cried out: "Oh, sir, I am so glad to see you; I was afraid you would not come. Can you forgive me, sir, the many hard things I have often said about you? You know I have mocked you, and called you the 'old Gospel grinder,' and done all I could to hinder your work. Will you forgive me, sir, before I die?"

The visitor at once expressed his forgiveness, and added that God, too, was ready to forgive, if asked from the heart to do so.

"I can't believe it; indeed I can't," sobbed the poor man. "I am like a vessel tossed about on the sea without an anchor." He had been a sailor in younger days, and hence understood well the telling simile of an anchorless ship.

The minister spoke of the gift of Christ and His all-atoning sacrifice; but found that in unfolding the gospel it was necessary to begin at the very beginning; for, like thousands of other professed unbelievers, Clements had rejected the gospel without studying it, and really understood next to nothing of the plan of salvation as therein explained.

Clements listened attentively as his visitor explained how God's holy law had been broken, and how the curse was removed by the death of Christ. But it was long before he was able to grasp the idea that one so long a reviler and despiser of God could at last find forgiveness.

"What good news! if it were only for me," he exclaimed, as the tears coursed down his withered cheeks.

"It is for you; it is such as you that Jesus died to save. Hear His own words: 'I am not come to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance.'"

Faithfully and earnestly did this servant of God preach the gospel to the dying sinner, and eagerly did the poor