

On reaching his bedside and informing him who I was and why I had come, he held out his hand, with which he grasped mine firmly, and trying to speak, looked beseechingly into my face, as though he wanted to say, "O sir, what shall I do? Please pray for me."

I spoke to him as best I could, and remembering the Master's own words of comfort and entreaty, urged him to look to Jesus, who had promised to receive "the heavy-laden" and to "give them rest." Then kneeling by his bed, I commended him to God, and promising to call again, I departed.

On Sabbath afternoon I fulfilled my promise. He was evidently much better, though still in a weak and critical condition; I found him able to converse a little, and on inquiry, he told me his history.

He had once been a professor of religion, but was now a miserable backslider. His parents were Methodists and were living in England, from which place he emigrated a short time since and came to Canada. Three months before, he came to St. C——, seeking employment, and here he was, a stranger in a strange land, now unexpectedly at the point of death.

I shall never forget his looks nor his words as he told me his past history, and spoke of his far off home and his present condition.

Such a look of piteous despair and such expressions of sincere repentance quite overcame me.

"O Sir," said he, half-choked with emotion, "*O Sir, it's hard to die without God.*"

"Yes, my dear fellow," I replied; "it's hard to die far away from home and friends, far from mother, father, sisters and brothers, but it is far more hard to die without God."

I then pointed him to Jesus; I spoke of his dying love; I repeated precious words in verse which told of the cleansing blood; and again kneeling by his couch, I prayed, as I wept, that the broken-hearted prodigal might be restored safe and sound.

I have never seen or heard of him since, but his words I shall never forget; and they were so impressive at the time, that I made use of them by way of illustration, the very same evening, in the pulpit.

Dear reader, perhaps you carelessly picked up this magazine, and have doubtless read this simple narrative of fact with deep interest; but how is it with you? Are you *living* without God? If