

On a beautiful day in winter, having some hours at his disposal, which indeed rarely occurred, he went to skate. He had not been long on the ice when a cry of distress fell upon his ear. A young boy had ventured too close to the edge of the ice where it was very thin and it had given way beneath his weight. In a moment our friend was at the place and succeeded at the peril of his own life in saving that of the boy. Drenched to the skin as he was, he however did not think of himself until he had seen the one he had saved in a safe shelter. It was however a fatal circumstance for the young doctor. He took a severe cold which at first seemed only to result in a slight cough but it soon developed into consumption. Very soon fever and weakness put an end to his incessant labours, and confined him to his bed. His doctor was much distressed at the turn the disease had taken and had him come and live near him in order that the best care and attention might not be lacking.

Nothing was left undone to preserve the failing life, but in vain. The descent towards the grave was very rapid. He could not deceive himself as to this; knowing the insidious and fatal character of the disease, he could not mistake his own symptoms. He became much depressed in spirit, and how could it be otherwise, all that the world had presented to him—science and honour—was now lost and valueless. The invisible things which might have rejoiced his heart he was ignorant of, having never sought them. O how unhappy and wretched he felt! and so much the more as his conscience began to awaken.

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