

whom Thou hast sent." The wrath of God abode upon him ! Without Jesus he was lost, lost for ever. Without Jesus, hell would be his endless portion, and he did not know Jesus. Death now stared him in the face, not only as that terrible strength which severs man from his fellows, separates husband from wife, and father from child, and closes the door for ever upon the world and all that is in it, but as somewhat far more awful, even that which seals the sinner's doom, and brings him into the prison of lost spirits to await the judgment ; for " it is appointed unto men once to die, but after this the judgment."

He took out the tract which had been placed in his hand, and began to read it. He read it, and read it again, until he could read it no longer, and then he asked his wife to read it to him. It was about the end of a miser who died with a purse of gold clutched in her withered hand, with gold, gold, gold, upon her lips. Poor Brooks saw himself also dying, with world, world, world, upon his lips. The awful realities of death, judgment, and hell stared him full in the face, and the dying man beheld himself to his terror stepping into death, awaiting the judgment, and doomed to hell-fire. The Spirit of God had made him conscious that " he that believeth not the Son shall not see life, but the wrath of God abideth on him."

After some time of deep anxiety about his soul, the Lord spoke peace to him. One evening at half-past eight o'clock, he said to his wife, " some one is now praying for me I am sure, I feel it." Then he