

answered, "Yes, He is." Then a few words of prayer and we parted, to meet in the home of the blessed.

But some one may ask, "Did Dr. Harry have no regrets for the careless and comparatively useless life he had led? Did he only accept Christ and trust Him as a kind of fire-escape to climb into Heaven? Was there no genuine sorrow over a mis-spent life?" His sorrow seemed to be all after his conversion, and God only knows how deep it was. He never realized the wretchedness of the life he had lived till the light of Christ's salvation shone into his soul. A ministerial friend of mine, who was also a friend of the doctor, not Mr. Stodard, visited him soon after his return to Norland. "Oh, Mr. Brown," said the doctor, "I am now just creeping into Heaven without any hope of a reward. Mine has been a wasted life." "You must not look at it in that way, doctor," said my friend. "As you lie here and suffer and your neighbors and friends come to see you, you can tell them what great things the Lord has done for you. No one knows what good you may yet do." How well he tried to do this may be judged by the fact that he refused to take any opiates during the day lest his judgment might be clouded when talking to his friends who called to see him. If we, too, so repent, we shall not perish, but have everlasting life.

He returned home from the hospital to *die*, most people would say; I say, to *live* in the highest sense. All who visited him during those weary months of waiting and suffering in Norland were astonished at his child-like faith and patience, and could testify that