

I have long made allowance for the ungodly, even for the mocker and scorner at religion while in health, when the time of testing comes, as come it will, wanting the counsel and prayers of those they may have once slighted, but whom they now regard as the happiest of mortals, and would give a thousand worlds to be as they are.

These were my views and feelings when I entered the sick room of Edmund, for he it was that the old woman had fetched me to see. I was glad this time to find him in a clean, decent place.

"I am fain you are come, John, but you have only come to see a wreck,—a poor skeleton," were Edmund's first words.

"But why are you glad to see me? I fear I can do but little for you now, Edmund."

"But surely I must not die as I am,—unprepared, unprepared; surely not, surely not!"

"But I cannot save you, Edmund, nor all the men in the world; no, nor all the saints and angels in heaven."

"But surely I must be saved, John; what must I do? do tell me!"

"Do you believe you are a sinner Edmund?"

"Yes, I do," was his reply.

"Do you *feel* that you are a sinner?—for there is a vast difference between simply believing it and feeling it."

"Yes, I do John," he replied.

Do you believe that Christ died for you, and that He can save you?"

"Yes, I believe He could; but I don't believe He *over* will."

"Then there is no hope for you. If you don't believe He *will* save you, how can you be saved?"