

of God, I can assure you that there is for you a present salvation. Let me conduct you to Him, the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sin of the world, and who has died for you.

"Oh! yes, lead me to Him," he cried giving me his thin hand, wet with tears. "Give me hope, alas! only a little hope, that God will be merciful to me. Pray, Oh! pray for me, and I forgive you willingly."

I knelt and prayed, but my prayers were only groans and cries to God. I could not bear the thought of his dying thus without hope. The thought that this soul would be claimed at my hands, and that I should have been the one to bring him to this, rent my heart. I prayed, implored the Lord for him, with tears. Deeply moved, I prepared to leave, when, to my great joy, in taking leave of me, the poor dying one assured me that now he rested entirely upon Jesus. The short interview beneath the Lord's eye had brought forth its blessed fruits.

The next morning I hastened to the house where I had experienced such intense and sorrowful emotions. But the solemn calm which reigned; the closed shutters; told me beforehand that death had accomplished its work. A servant conducted me to the room where I had been the previous evening. My young friend was there, lifeless, but with an expression of perfect peace on his face. He seemed in a calm sleep, and I could see that at the moment of passing away the peace of God had filled his soul.