

wicked men put spikes in him and fastened him to the cross." "Do you think the Lord Jesus Christ is able to save you?" "Yes, for he died for all the world." "Do you think he is *willing* to save you?" "Yes; for he has said, He will cast out none that come to him." "Do you then believe in Christ Jesus?" "Yes." After some farther conversation, reading to him some portions of Scripture, and marking others to be read to him, I engaged in prayer and left him.

Next day I visited him again. The violence of his disorder had much increased; he had spent a very restless night; a burning fever seemed to parch up the blood in his veins; whilst the occasional delirium, the glassy look of his eyes, and the catching with his hands at what was within his reach, seemed evident tokens of approaching dissolution. Soon after I entered, his mother said, "Robert, do you know who that is?" "Yes, it is ———." I then asked, "Robert, do you remember my coming to see you yesterday?" "Yes." "And what did I talk to you about?" "Christ." "Do you love to hear about Christ?" "Yes." "Why?" "Because he is the Saviour." "What do you want him to do for you?" "To take me to the good place." "Perhaps," said I, "you are only anxious to escape hell, whilst there are some sins which you would like to hold fast." "O no," he replied, "Is it your sincere desire to be made entirely free from all sin?" "Yes, that is my desire."

Perceiving that he tossed from side to side every few moments, I remarked, "You are in great pain." "Yes." "Do you feel willing that the Lord should do with you just as he pleases?" "Yes." "It is well," I added, "to be resigned to the will of the Lord: he will do what is *best*." "Yes," he replied, "the Lord will do what is right." "Tell me now,

Robert, whether would you have your pain and sickness go away and get well again, and live in the world,—or die and go to be with Jesus Christ?" "I would rather die and go to be with Christ." "Why?" "Cause it would be *a' weel, for aye*." This he spoke with great emphasis.

I commenced singing the Hymn "There is a fountain filled with blood," when he immediately joined in singing, and his whole soul seemed engaged whilst we went through the two first verses. I was too much affected to sing more; but repeated the remaining part of the Hymn, also that other beautiful Hymn, "Hark my soul it is the Lord," great part of which he strived to repeat after me.

Mingled emotions of wonder, gratitude, and praise filled my heart at this moment. "Here is a child eleven years of age knows he is a sinner, and that hell is the desert of sin:—believes there is a heaven, and desires to be there,—and believes also that Jesus Christ is the way; and such is the strength of his hope, that he is raised superior to pain and fear of death, and his soul rejoices in the great salvation. Truly this must be the teaching of the Holy Spirit: 'Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings thou hast perfected praise.'" I talked a little more with him, prayed, and rose to go. Taking him by the hand I said, "Robert, I do not expect to see you again in this world; where do you wish we shall meet again?" "In heaven," he replied. "Yes, the Lord grant we may meet there. Farewell, Robert, farewell." "Farewell, and thank you, Sir." I advanced to the door; his mother had just taken him in her arms for the purpose of changing his position to afford him some temporary relief, when he turned his head round to take a *last look*; and as I was outside the door, and just about to pass from his sight, he once more said, "Good b'ye, and thank you, Sir."