

I CAME WHEN I WAS IN HEALTH.

IN a certain village a young man was dying. I was called to visit him, and on entering the room where he was lying I saw at a glance that his moments were numbered.

The serene expression on his face which denoted perfect peace did not leave any doubt as to his sentiments, as the moment approached when he would launch upon the shoreless ocean of eternity. He belonged to Christ. I spoke to him of the happiness of knowing the grace, and the infinite love of God revealed in the gift of His well beloved Son; of the marvellous redemption accomplished upon the cross, and of the importance of possessing a perfect assurance of salvation.

He turned his eyes towards me, and in broken accents replied: "Yes, the Lord be praised * * * I came to Him * * * when I was in health."

Seeing that he wished to say something more, but that it pained him to speak, I replied; "You desire to say that when one is upon a sick bed there would be many things to think about, if one had not come before, and that then there would be little strength to do it."

"Yes," said he.

I came to see him again some days later but he had lost consciousness. The only words I could distinguish were: "Lord * * * Jesus * * * Lord."

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