

"Sir," he said, "I will not trifle with you, you have but a few hours at most to live." "What!" cried the dying man, "I dare not die—I cannot die!" "Sir," replied the Christian doctor, "I pray you do not spend the short period of your life that remains in useless remorse; turn now to Jesus; believe in Him now; come now just as you are with all your delays, and you shall be saved now." "No, no," said the wretched man in agony, "No, I cannot die—I am not ready to die to-day." "I beseech you," said the doctor, "to look away from yourself, forget the past, turn to God now—you have but a moment left, Oh, do not waste the last opportunity which God in His mercy gives you. All was vain; every effort, every entreaty to lead this man to look to Jesus and live was fruitless. His voice grew fainter, and feebler; the burning fever that had so suddenly laid him low overcame him; the trifler with God's love and with his own precious soul was dead. He died saying, "Too late—not ready." Unsaved reader take warning from this sad story. Come just as you are to Jesus. Do not trifle with your precious soul.

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Oh, most wretched and foolish sinner, thou who tremblest before the face of an angry man that is ignorant in all things! What wilt thou be able to answer unto God, who knoweth all thy sins, and searcheth the lowest depths of the evil that is in thee? Why lookest thou not forward, and prepare thyself for the day of His righteous judgment, in which one man cannot possibly be excused or defended by another, but every one will have to answer for himself.