

see him. She was told that he resided too far off to be sent for at that time of night, and was advised to go and get someone else. But some time after midnight, she came again, saying that her husband had insisted on her doing so, and after describing a terrible death-bed scene, she added—“*The death-rattle is in his throat, but he dare not die as he is.*”

“If that is the case,” was the reply “it is *too late*—too late to fetch any one to him, especially from such a distance”

As on each occasion of calling she had forgotten in her distress to say whence she came, while the house-keeper aroused from his bed in the dead of the night, forgot to enquire, some weeks passed away before the writer knew who it was that had sent such urgent messages. But, one day, wishing to learn how the infidel was, and whether he had yet seen the folly and wickedness of his *pretended* disbelief of the authenticity of the scriptures, he called at his house. On knocking at the door, it was opened by a woman in a widow's cap, whom at a glance the writer knew as the wife of the infidel. He was dead! It was he that in his dying agony had sent for the writer, because in his inmost soul he knew the bible to be God's holy word, and vainly hoped that something could be done or said that would save him from “the judgment to come,” just as the poor benighted Romanist sends for the priest to administer “extreme unction” in his last moments. And now the true ground of his infidelity came out. The poor widow had a sad tale to tell of long years of cruel neglect