

hard, stern, hopeless. It was not a face set in death alone, but a face set in hopelessness. "Having no hope, and without God in the world,"—(Ephes. ii. 12). seemed written on every stern, set feature. It was the face of one who had been cut down in a moment, *just as he was*. Not even five minutes to think whether there was hope for him or not. Not a moment to test his belief, or rather want of it. Gone like a flash of lightning. No time to cry, not even a half cry, with the "If thou be" of dying need. I have looked on many faces after death, but never, before or since, on one like that; and one longed to bring everyone who was rejecting Christ to stand for a few minutes beside that trestlebedside.

Years ago, when watching Mount Blanc from behind Geneva as the sun was setting and the pink light alone remained upon the snow-covered height, while all the foreground was steeped in blue haze, one with me exclaimed, "That is a judgment seat." It was one who did not know Christ as a Saviour, but the scene spoke of *power*—the *power* of God. And this still, hard face, spoke of power—the power of Satan, power of death, power of God. He had had power to resist the Saviour's pleadings and the Holy Spirit's strivings, all his days—and he was not a young man—but he had no power to stay the hand which ushered him into eternity unsaved. Man has power to question God's word and God's dealings. The power to use his brains, spending the best part of a lifetime in trying to prove some discrepancy

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