

trast. I had not then, nor have I yet, anything of which I can boast ; but I do believe that a love and constant regard for the Sabbath, has saved me from those snares into which many of my early acquaintances have fallen. After Edmund came out of prison, he was comparatively steady for many years. He kept away from thieves, but still most of his Sundays were spent in the public-house. I had often invited him to attend some place of worship, and never again to touch one drop of drink. Again and again he promised to turn over a new leaf, but he did not. An old proverb says, that "the way to hell is paved with good intentions." Good resolutions, made in our own strength, are as weak as a straw.

Another message came,—this time brought by an old woman. She informed me that she had a man staying at her house dying of consumption,—that he kept calling out,—"Will some one go and fetch John Ashworth? I am sure he will come if you tell him how ill I am. Do go and fetch him!"

We need not be surprised, when death stares the wicked man in the face, that he should be anxious for the company of praying men. When sickness lays a man on his bed, and, in the quiet hours memory begins to travel back, and the black way-marks of life rise up to the vision,—when conscience can no longer be smothered, and the soul begins to realize and shudder at his gloomy prospects, one that knew something of this tells us that,—

"The soul that broods o'er guilty woes,  
Is like the scorpion girt by fire ;  
So writhes the mind remorse has riven ;  
Undone for earth, unfit for heaven ;  
Darkness above, despair beneath ;  
Within it fire, around it death."