

honourably in wealth and respect, and look forward to a quiet and happy old age.” “And then?” repeated the old man. “And then,” said the youth, “and then—and then—and then I shall die.” Here his venerable listener lifted up his voice and again asked with solemnity and emphasis, “And *then?*” Whereupon the aspiring student made no answer, but cast down his head, and in silence and thoughtfulness retired. The last “*And then*” had pierced his heart like a sword—had darted like a flash of lightning into his soul, and he could not dislodge the impression. The result was, the entire change of his mind and course of his life. Abandoning the study of law, he expended the remainder of his days in the labours of a minister of Christ.



The spectres of long buried hours  
 Throng round me—thick and fast,  
 The “might have been” of life is lost  
 In the unreturning past.

How surely do these lines apply to a waster of life! Insupportably melancholy would they be if there were not the great Redeemer to look to. But humbled in his retrospect as the spendthrift of life must be,—if he come to Christ all will be well; well for him in eternity, well for ever and ever. Well, according to God; and well according to the thoughts of the renewed hearts of saints. Himself, too, shall be able to say, even in time, “It is well!”