

## " COMME ON MEURT."



**D**O you repent, my son?" The clergyman bent earnestly over the form of the dying man. "Do you truly repent, and desire to be at peace with God?"

The form of the man on the bed moved a little, and his eyes opened. He spoke with difficulty. "I do not know why you have come to me, nor who has sent you. I wish not to be troubled. I desire to die alone."

The clergyman's face did not relax in its seriousness, nor did he turn away. "Let me pray for your repentance. Let me ask God's blessing on your soul before it passes over the river," said he, in reply, putting his hand on the hand of the dying man. Again the man answered: "If so be there is a God, I, myself, shall stand before Him ere an hour be gone. I can plead my own cause, and beg His forgiveness. He will judge as pleases Him. Leave me to die alone."

"And do you not," said the clergyman, "fear to die thus, alone, without repentance, without prayer?" The man on the bed turned towards him somewhat impatiently. "I fear nothing. I was