

## ROCK OF AGES.

STRONG and well, earning good weekly wages for his wife and children—one day; lying crushed and mangled, scarcely able to speak or to bear his wife passing the damp sponge across his poor face, only waiting the few hours that must pass before his soul quitted the agonized, bruised frame—the next!—An evening or two before, two young railway porters were listening to the precious gospel of salvation—one accepted Christ, the other lingered. Soon afterward a sudden rush, some fatal mistake, and the one who had cast himself and his sins upon the great Heart that still throbs as tenderly over us as when He wept over the city, saying, “If thou hadst known in this thy day the things that belong to thy peace,” passed into eternity knowing the joy of sins forgiven, and peace made; the other carried home crushed, and broken, to lie in agony for some little time, watched and tended by those who could scarcely alleviate his sufferings. Cannot we see God’s long-suffering love in sparing him who was slow of heart “to believe?” One thing alone he asked for, one thing alone he seemed to want—some one to sing “Rock of Ages” to him. We went and sang in the little cottage room where he lay motionless, some thought unconscious; but after the hymn I stepped to the bedside and spoke to him. The tears were coming fast and thick from the closed eyes, and coursing down the dying face, and though he could

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