

The officer's increasing illness admonished them that it was urgently necessary his attention should be directed to what concerned his condition hereafter. It was proposed that a minister should be called in. He readily assented on one condition, namely, that the party introduced to him should be "a man who really believed his religion himself, and was in earnest about it;" the invalid giving, as a reason, "You know, J—, there are many of these men whose hearts are not in the matter, and I would rather not have any of that sort coming to me,—they could do me no good."

An honest man of God came, upon request. The elder brother, during the interview, proposed some questions, such as would be suggested by a mind verging towards scepticism. When the minister retired, the officer expressed regret that those topics had been mentioned, as they were likely to disturb his mind, which, he said, had been for some time made up on the truths of Christianity. His observations showed an advance in knowledge and faith much beyond what the elder brother had been aware of.

Some weeks after, the elder brother, not apprehending any immediate change in the patient, walked down to the shore for the purpose of bathing. Before leaving the house, when passing the invalid's room door, he had looked in, and thought he was going to sleep. Descending among the rocks at the beach, he observed a piece of paper lying, as if dropped there by some stroller like himself. He picked it up and found it to be the religious tract, No. 129, *The Sinner directed to the Saviour*; extracted from the writings of the Rev. John Flavel. He did not stay to read it then, but put it into his pocket with the intention of looking at it afterwards.

As he was returning to his lodgings he was met by the physician, hastening to convey the melancholy tidings that his brother had suddenly expired. The glance he took at the bed before coming out had told him truly, that his brother was going to sleep; but it was a sleep from which there will be no awaking upon earth till the resurrection at the last day. Happily it was with him going to "sleep in Jesus." On again reaching the house, the gentleman found only his brother's remains, waiting to be laid in their final resting-place; the spirit, there was good reason to hope, was "absent from the body," and "present with the Lord."

Necessary arrangements now occupied him, yet not so completely as to exclude reflection upon what had occurred in its bearing on his own soul's salvation. The tract he had picked up among the rocks at the very hour in which his brother was departing, was now read. It supplied to him the instruction that met his case. "The excellency of the knowledge of Christ," was one thing he needed to inspire him with hope and peace. He read; he understood; he believed. The truth contained in the tract, by God's grace, became in his heart life from the dead.

He returned to Ireland, leaving behind him the remains of his beloved brother, yet comforted in the assurance that he had laid aside the earthly house of this tabernacle, that he might be