

Whatever point we touch sheds confirmation on the Book that gives a light to every age. "It gives but borrows none." It must be the wisdom of Omniscience behind it; the mind that knows the end from the beginning.

### *ALBERT IS DYING.*

In the Summer of 1863, on a Sabbath morning, when residing in the country near the Nanticoke river, I attended a small church located in the same neighborhood. The inclemency of the day prevented the minister from filling the appointment, and only a few persons were present. We were discussing the propriety of quietly dispersing, when we discovered about a dozen persons, mostly young men, passing by the church. They carried a jug of liquor, and were on their way to a place where they were accustomed to meet together to drink and to gamble, in open violation of the Lord's day.

Among them was Albert Evans, an agreeable young man, about twenty years of age. He was considered moral in comparison with those whom he met every day when retailing spirituous liquors in his father's grocery, but evil associates were leading him farther and yet farther astray. Nothing but an Omnipotent arm could now check him in his downward career of wickedness.

It was proposed by one of the party at the church that we should hold a prayer-meeting and implore God to convert this band of Sabbath-breakers in the midst of their wickedness. We did so, and then returned to our respective homes.

On that evening I fell asleep thinking of these godless men, who had doubtless spent that sacred day of rest engaging in a bacchanalian revel, and about midnight I was aroused by some one knocking at the door.

"Albert is dying!" were the first words that fell on my ear. "Albert is dying," repeated the messenger; "he has sent for you. Make haste."

Thus the wicked are often overtaken in their wickedness. Sooner or later every one must endure the penalty. "How hard is the way of the transgressor."

I hastened to the residence of this young man, and the moment I entered the room he raised himself on his elbow and exclaimed in the deepest agony, "Oh! I am dying; pray for me: I am a lost sinner!"

The unbelieving father was pacing to and fro across the room wringing his hands in speechless grief; the mother sat at the bedside unable to