

"What do you say?" inquired the attentive and kind-hearted physician.

"I have missed it, after all," said the young man.

"What have you missed?" inquired the doctor, looking down into his troubled face.

"I have missed it at last!" said the young man despairingly.

"What have you missed?" again the physician inquired.

"What have I missed! Doctor, I have missed securing my salvation!"

"How so?"

"How so! O, it is a sad story!" said the youth. "I was awakened not long ago. My conscience told me what a wretched, wicked sinner I had been. The Holy Spirit was striving with me. When I was in deep distress for my soul, I resolved to dismiss the subject of religion from my thoughts. I was urged to make sure of the day of grace, by repentance and faith in Christ. I begged to postpone the subject for a little time. I had to promise myself, however, that I would take it up again, when it would be a more favourable time to attend to it. I had to promise myself that I would at some future time, not very remote, be a Christian, and 'make my calling and my election sure.' But now I have missed it. This is my sad story."

"It is not too late even now," said the doctor.

"Doctor, you know not what you say. I tell you I have missed it at last."

"Remember the thief on the cross!" "Yes, I remember him. It was not too late for him. He never said, 'Go Thy way for this time,' to the Holy Spirit. But I did—I did! and now he tells me, *I may go my way.*"

"How does he tell you?" was the surprised inquiry.

"He tells me—I feel it *here!*" laying his hand upon his heart.

"But some are heard at the eleventh hour."

"I know it. But my eleventh hour was when I had *that* call! It was the last."

"Not the last. You are called now."

"Doctor," said the young man, the dark shadows gathering upon his face, and unutterable, indescribable hopelessness settling down upon his features—"Doctor"—and there was a pause; then he said slowly, and with great emphasis, "I've missed it at last."

This was said with such a tone and expression of despondence as no language can describe. He looked all round the room, as if earnestly yet vainly seeking for some desired object; then burying his face in his pillow, exclaimed, in an agony which rang with a groan through all the house—"Oh, I have missed it!"

So he died. "Now," continued the speaker, "I know that there are some awakened young men in this room. I know the Holy Spirit of God is striving with some souls here. He is urging to repentance, to faith in Christ—to 'making your calling and election sure.' Sin not against the Holy Spirit—sin not against the voice of conscience—sin not against the offer of eternal life—lest finally you be compelled to exclaim, in flat despair, as did the young man who died last night, 'I have missed it at last!'"

It was a young man who was speaking. His appeal seemed to reach many a heart. There was a moment of solemn stillness, and then arose the voice of earnest prayer, that no awakened sinner present might procrastinate a single moment, and thus misimprove the golden opportunity to make his peace with God.—*Examiner.*

THE FRIAR'S SERMON.

Once in the city of Rome, giving a gentleman of the place an account of a sermon I had heard a Friar preach in the Colosseum, I said that though many things in it pleased me, one did not: he never gave the people to understand that they might go for absolution direct to God without the offices of a priest. That intelligent and noble man leaned across the table, and, with an eager look, said, "Do you believe that a man *can* obtain absolution without the intermediation of a priest?" Of course, I replied that our view of the place and work of the minister of the