

little hopes of his recovery. Let us look at another character: behold the affected infidel; though he knows little or nothing, perhaps has never read the Bible in his life, he is too wise in his own counsel to listen to its sacred truths, and dares to despise that book which Milton and Newton, and Locke and Sir M. Hale, and the greatest and wisest of men have revered as divine; he scorns instruction, but what is his condition; is it one of peace and safety? oh no. God will bring him unto judgment; he cannot live always nor always sit in the scorner's chair; he cannot jest at religion; he may now laugh at its solemn truths, but laughter will not turn death and hell away. What is his peace and support? let those who have been like him declare. Another, who scorned the Bible, was found in the possession of his mental faculties, but much agitated and alarmed by a sense of his great sinfulness and approaching misery. About six months before the time at which I saw him, he was deprived of his wife by death; to drown sorrow and trouble of mind, he frequently went to a "public house," but he soon found that "evil communications corrupt good manners." These men were infidels, and it was not long till they had their new associate as bad as themselves; they got him to imitate their example in abandoning the profession and casting off the restraints of religion. On Sunday morning they met to encourage each other in all manner of wickedness, and at one of those meetings, according to their previous agreement, they together committed their Bibles to the flames, and vowed never again to enter a place of religious worship. All this, said the wretched man, was well enough while I was in health and could keep off death; but sickness came upon him and forced him to reflect on his guilt, and danger excited him to the utmost horror and alarm, and despair had taken full possession of his mind. When I spoke to him of mercy and pardon through Christ, he hastily cried out, "what is the use of talking to me about mercy; when entreated again and again to "behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sins of the world," he said, "I tell you it is no use now, too late." In reply to my exhortations to pray, he said "O, I would pray once, but now I cannot pray," and after a pause, "I cannot pray." These expressions were often repeated. Two men having come into the room where he was, spoke to him in a blustering manner, by which they hoped to rouse his spirits; he raised himself on his bed and