

man dies, but when he believes, because the debt was all paid over 1800 years ago. Tell the world that it is lost, but that God sent His Son to save it; that the work for our salvation was finished when Jesus died. Oh! that they would believe! If they only could see in Jesus what I see, they could not stay away another moment."

He called the night-guard and said, "Oh, Mr. R., I love you: I do love you so much that I wish I could see you resting in Christ before I die."

"I have determined now to try to be a Christian," answered the guard.

"O no! that will not do! that will not do!" he replied. "God wants none of *your* determination. It is His Son, eternal life, a finished redemption, *He* offers you. Will you not have it? Look at me. Three hours more and I shall hang, and yet I am the happiest man living. What do you think of that? Is there not reality in Christ? Is it not a reality worth having? Look at that man! (he pointed to me) the love of Christ has enabled him to leave the world and be happy in such a place as this. Is there not reality in Christ?"

Thus he pleaded, and after a while he said to me, "Let us pray for Mr. R. Maybe the Lord will shew him what we see."

Often he would take both my hands in his, stoop a little so as to draw his face close to mine, and then would say, "We are two sons of God, two members of the body of Christ,