

for the dying. If I come to see you, I must preach Christ and him crucified. So saying, with painful emotions I bade him adieu. On retiring, his mother requested me to pray with the family and the friends who were present in the adjoining room, to which I readily assented. And when she had set his door wide open, we lifted up our souls in earnest supplication to that God who heareth and answereth prayer. It was a moment of indescribable solemnity. A son—a brother—a beloved and admired friend, was about to take his flight to the world of spirits, unreconciled to God, at enmity with Jesus Christ, accounting even his precious saving blood as an unholy and a hateful thing. We earnestly besought the Lord to have mercy on his soul—to scatter the delusions of Satan—to subdue his enmity—to give him light, and to give him life. After prayer I took my leave of the family and deeply afflicted parents, promising soon to return, for I was still unwilling to give him over as lost, whilst any portion of his day of grace appeared to remain. Returning home, I pondered upon all that had past. I felt exceedingly pained and disappointed at what I had witnessed, and said to myself, “O who hath believed our report, and to whom is the arm of the Lord revealed? Is the Lord’s arm shortened that it cannot save, or his ear heavy that it cannot hear?”

A little after sun-down the same day I was surprised at the reception of a note from a member of the family, requesting my immediate attendance. I readily obeyed the call. David was very desirous of seeing me, and in a few minutes I was there. When I came in, his father said, “David has been exceedingly distressed since you were here. I perceived during the day, that he rolled and tossed from side to side, groaning as if in the greatest anguish, and I said to him, David, what is the matter? ‘O,’ said he, ‘I have no pain of body, but I have such awful distress and agony of soul.’ Was this distress occasioned by the conversation this morning? ‘O, yes,’ said he; ‘I once thought I could die in peace, but now I find I cannot.’” To his mother he afterwards said, “O what a poor profligate I have been! Can you not pray for me, mother? Will you not pray for me?” He also requested me to send for you, which we immediately did. When I entered his room, he looked up in my face and said, “I have been deeply distressed since you were here this morning.” What has given you so much trouble? I affectionately enquired. “O,” said he, “that question respecting the Saviour.” Then you began to lose confidence in the opinions you have embraced? “Yes,” he replied, “they bring no comfort to the soul; they do not sustain me. A Saviour is necessary. Is there salvation for me?” I answered in the affirmative, and began at once to present the fullness and the freeness of the Gospel offer, and to exhibit the ability and willingness of our Lord Jesus Christ to save sinners, even the chief. For this purpose I recited many passages of Scripture, such as, Ho! every one that thirsteth—Come and let us reason together—Let the wicked forsake his way—He that believeth shall be saved—Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved. In order to give him a view of the nature of Christ’s substitution in the room and stead of sinners—the only means by which

we can be delivered from the burden and condemnation of sin, I read and expounded, as far as time would permit, the 53d. of Isaiah, and also the fifth chapter of Paul’s Epistle to the Romans. He listened attentively to all that was said. Like the new-born babe, he seemed to desire the sincere milk of the word, to be entirely subdued and humbled in spirit; and when I concluded, he said with emphasis, “These are comforting truths.” But will you believe them? I inquired. “O yes, I will try to believe them.” I then asked if I should pray with him. “Most certainly,” he replied, “I should be glad to have you do so.” We then united in prayer around his dying bed with feelings widely different from those we had experienced in the morning. We thanked the Lord for his mercy and compassion to the children of men. We earnestly besought him that the good work, which we trusted was begun, might be carried on to perfection; that the youth before us might be made a rich trophy of God’s grace. At the close of the prayer he said aloud, “Amen, so let it be.” When I came again on the following morning, as he had desired me to do, the family told me he had requested his sister to be called before day to read the Scriptures for him, and that he himself had engaged in prayer. To my inquiries respecting the state of his mind, he said, “There is one thought that particularly troubles me. I have rejected Christ—I fear Christ will reject me.” I continued, as I had done the preceding evening, to present Christ in all his fullness—his willingness and his sufficiency to save. I read and remarked upon several passages of Scripture. He seemed to catch every word with eagerness. He complained of no weakness—no fatigue. He did not seem to droop or grow weary. The infirmities of the body appeared to be forgotten in his eagerness to gain the bread of life for his soul. When I had concluded he said, “I have endeavoured to cast myself entirely on the mercy of God, as manifested in Jesus Christ. I can trust to no other.” After prayer to the throne of grace, which he closed as before, by saying Amen, I left him.

The next time I came to see him, he said, “I am like Saul of Tarsus. The scales have fallen from my eyes; I can now understand by experience what that conversion means; I can now see what before was involved in darkness. I feel that Jesus Christ is precious. How could I have died with my former views, and without an interest in Christ? It is painful to think of.” He seemed now to regard the principles of infidelity with the deepest abhorrence, and to look with wonder and gratitude at the fearful gulf from which he had escaped. I enquired if his former views had ever given him peace or comfort. He replied, “Not any. I have tried hard to extract comfort from them, but I could never obtain it.” He then related to me a long conversation which he had held that morning with a neighbour, for whom he had sent, and who had for some time past entertained similar views with himself. “I told him,” said he, “that the philosophy we had been cherishing could not sustain the soul; it could not stand the test of death. I have had to abandon it, and if ever you die happy, you must abandon it also.” I observed to him that there were a great

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