

As I stood looking at him I thought what an awful thing sin is, which could thus transform man made in the image of God, into the poor helpless creature before me, upon whom death (the wages of sin) was now closing its icy hand. I also thought of the grace of God who could allow His well beloved Son to go down into death for such, that they might escape the death that never dies, and be made fit for God's presence: companions for His Son and fellow heirs with Him in all His glory as Man. Sad to say there was no such hope for the dying man. A neighbor woman who was fanning him with a fan made from a heavy piece of brown paper fastened to a lath in order to help him get his breath, when asked if he was prepared to die, said, "I'm afraid not sir, *His has been a wasted life.*" Finding he was quite deaf there appeared nothing to do but lift my heart in prayer for his soul which was so soon to be in the presence of the Lord. As I stood thus crying to the Lord for mercy upon him, I thought that if the poor sinner seeking pleasure in his sins and being lulled into quietness of conscience by the *deceitfulness of sin* could see this poor man who had been cheated by the enemy of souls, now in the grasp of the cruel monster both body and soul, so far as could be known, it would surely be enough to warn him to escape while yet there was opportunity.

As I was still praying to the Lord for mercy, and that some way might be opened to get the gospel before him the word came to me "according to your faith be it unto you." I went over to him and cried