

## HOW A DYING MAN FOUND PEACE.

ONE damp November evening some two years ago, a young man far gone in consumption came and asked me to go and see a friend of his who was very ill. He told me he had just come from seeing him, and that he had tried to speak to him of his soul's salvation, but that he coughed so much he had to stop; but he promised to send him a friend who would tell him of this great salvation, which one might know was theirs by faith in the Lord Jesus Christ.

The following Sunday I accordingly made my way to his house, looking to the Lord to give me the word that might meet the need of his soul. I found him ill at ease and anxious about himself, for his daughter had just returned from the doctor who said he could not live six months. I put before him the solemnity of meeting God in one's sins, to which he agreed, and pointed out to him, that there was nothing before such a one but death and judgment. I then told him of God's provision for the sinner; how that there was no need that we should meet Him in our sins, because that He Himself had provided a way in which we could come to Him without fear—explaining that the death of the Lord Jesus Christ had met all God's claims against those who simply believed on Him.

On leaving I promised to visit him again, which I did on one of the following Sundays.