

HE HAD NO SONG.

SEVERAL years ago, while passing out of meeting one evening, a lady asked me to go with her and see her husband, who was quite sick. On the way, she told me he was anxious about his soul, knowing he would soon have to die. When I entered the room, I found him seated in an easy chair, as he could not lie down without coughing. After a few words about his bodily sufferings, I asked him about his soul—did he think his sufferings would end when his body yielded and death came.

“Well,” he said, “I think my chances for getting to heaven are pretty good.”

“Do you believe heaven is a reality?” I asked.

He said, “Yes.”

“Is it true there is a hell?”

He replied, “Yes, I believe it.”

“And you have an immortal soul that will soon be in one or the other of these places forever.”

“Yes,” he said, earnestly.

“You just now said you thought your chances for heaven were pretty good; you believe heaven is a reality, and hell is a reality, and your precious immortal soul will soon be happy in heaven for ever. You must have some reason for it. Would you tell me what it is?”

His voice was weak, and I waited for his answer as it came slowly: “Well, I’ve always been kind to my wife and children, and I have not intentionally wronged my fellow-men.”