

hearer of his, but whose change of residence had induced him to attend a church more in his vicinity. Sir George — accosted Dr. Perry, and in the course of conversation, told him how very unwell and poorly he felt, and that he was on the eve of departure to the Continent, in the hope that the change and baths, he should there procure, might be beneficial to him. Dr. Perry knew Sir George to be a man of fashion and of the world, and, as it was believed hostile to religion. He had, besides, ceased to be even an occasional sinner in his church, and was not all responsibility for his soul lifted from him? So Satan whispered; but the command. “Be instant in season, and out of season,” came powerfully to his mind, and, with a silent cry for help to the unseen, but present God, he, after kindly and politely expressing the hope that the means might be blessed to restore his weak body, spoke to him of a still longer journey they must both, ere long, take,—and, in a few earnest and affectionate words, pressed home upon him the solemn necessity of being prepared for the summons, when it should come, and of the vast and tremendously solemn results, which depended upon our state when death came. Sir George made no reply, and shortly afterwards the two gentlemen parted, and Dr. Perry had the impression that his words had fallen upon rocky ground, and that possibly his noble friend was offended at his words; but he had the sweet feeling that he had obeyed his heavenly Father’s precept, and he went on his way quiet and peaceful.

We pass over the few months which intervened between the incidents of this day, which happened in the early autumn, and ask our reader to follow Dr. Perry and his family to a lovely Highland district, the beauty and seclusion of which offered a delicious retreat to the somewhat overtaxed frame of the town minister.

Several weeks had been spent in the enjoyment of this summer residence, when one morning, among the letters which were brought for Dr. Perry, there was one, on the envelope of which “immediate” was marked. Hastily breaking the seal, Dr. Perry read a letter from Lady —, stating that her husband, Sir George, had returned to town, as she feared, only to die, and that it was at his urgent request that she now wrote, begging Dr. Perry to come to him without delay. That afternoon, the mail coach stopped at the sweet little cottage by the river side, and Dr. Perry, mounting on the top, was soon whirling down the glen, on his way to the railway station. It was late in the evening ere he reached his own home, and on entering he found, a note from Lady —, entreating him not to delay coming that night to Sir George, who longed for his arrival with eager impatience. Dr. Perry hastened to obey the summons. As he entered the sick man’s room, a smile of satisfaction overspread Sir George’s face, such as those around him had not seen for long before. After exchanging a few words, Sir George asked his wife and all his attendants to leave the apartment; and then spoke as follows to Dr. Perry:—

“Sir, I am a dying man; the doctors have told me so, and I feel persuaded of it myself;” “and,” he added gloomily, “I have nothing but a fearful future before me, and, soldier as I am, I cannot face it. Many a fire of cannonade have I stood and never flinched, but I cannot look beyond death, without anguish and fear.”

“Eternity must make any man shrink, who plunges headlong into it, without a Saviour and God to lead him gently by the hand and land him upon its shoreless banks. But there is such a Saviour, and He proclaims Himself to be the way, and the truth, and the life; and none who come unto the Father through Him shall be cast out, but shall be saved and blessed both for time and eternity.”

“A Saviour,” muttered Sir George, musingly.

“Yes, Jesus the God-man, the day’s-man between the holy and offended God and us offending sinners.”

“Ah!” said Sir George, bitterly, “I have denied Him all my life, and it is not to be expected that he will take any notice of me, in my extremity.”

“Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool, in the peace-speaking blood of Emmanuel.”

“Ah!” said Sir George, “if any one had ever spoken to me about these things, how different I might have been! but,” he added earnestly, “Dr. Perry, you are