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ANOTHER LILY GATHERED,

BEING A NARRATIVE OF THE CONVERSION & DEATH OF JAMES LAING.

"My beloved is gone into his garden--to gather lilies."--Song vi. 2.

(Continued from page 72.)

From that day it was a pleasant duty, indeed, to visit the cottage of this youthful inquirer. Many a happy hour have I spent beneath that humble roof. Instead of dropping passing remarks, I used generally to open up a passage of the word, that he might grow in knowledge. I fear that, in general, we are not sufficiently careful in *regularly instructing* the sick and dying. A pious expression and a fervent prayer are not enough to feed the soul that is passing through the dark valley. Surely if sound and spiritual nourishment is needed by the soul at any time, it is in such an hour when Satan uses all his arts to disturb and destroy.

One Thursday afternoon I spoke to him on Matt. xxiii. 37. "How often would I have gathered your children." He was in great darkness that day, and weeping bitterly, said, "I fear I have never been gathered to Christ; but if I have never been gathered, O that I were gathered to Christ *now!*" After I was