

expressing their growing conviction of his danger—it was clear that he was wholly ignorant of it. He received me quite cheerfully, began to talk on some matter of news which he had previously seen in the paper, and I had a little difficulty in bringing him to let me read as usual. Then it was, that after the reading, instead of the usual comment, I turned to the subject of his disorder, and expressed my serious concern in respect of it. He replied, saying he hoped soon to be all right, and when I again spoke gravely, he only met it with another decided expression as to his speedy recovery.

It was then, after inward prayer, that I said I was sorry to have to give him my very decided opposite conviction; that I feared not only that his disorder was most serious, but that it was to be fatal.

Never can that next moment fade from my memory. The unhappy man started up from his recumbent position as though a bullet had passed through his body, and with a countenance of the most intense surprise and horror exclaimed, 'Good God! what do you say? You don't mean I am going to die?' His frightful emotion almost took away from me the power of utterance, but I managed to say that I was delivering the opinion, the positive opinion, of the medical men, and that I was doing it at their request. The face which had been ashy white now turned almost purple; he stared at me with an eye wild with terror, and then the muscles of the face gradually relapsed, and with an expression of anguish not to be described, he burst like a child into convulsive sobbing and tears. I knelt down and prayed, but he little heeded; he wept incessantly.

'Oh!' said he, as I rose up, 'what must I do? what must I do? I have never thought of dying! Are you sure? is it not a mistake? Can't the doctors do aught for me? won't they try?'

I endeavoured to soothe him; spoke of the common lot; of the better world; of the mercy of God and the redemption in Christ Jesus, and the all-sufficient efficacy of His blood, and I was hoping that, at last, he was going to receive these important truths into his heart, when he suddenly broke out, as though the thought just struck him, 'What is to become of what I have saved? what must I do? I've lived for it! It was all I cared for! I have been getting it and saving it all my life, and now what is to become of it? *I don't know what to do with it! Oh, Mr. — what must I do with my money?*'

Yes, reader, this foolish, miserable man, had saved ten thousand pounds, and now he would have been happier if he had not possessed as many farthings. He had not a single near relative, nor any one that he really cared for in the world; he had refused to help the poor and the needy; he had been deaf to the appeals of religion; he had lived for money, and for money only, and this was the end!

Within about a week after this the housekeeper, going into his room at seven in the morning (he would not allow anyone to sit up with him), found him cold and dead. He had passed away, with no one nigh to soothe his parting spirit or to close his eyes.

I had visited him in the meanwhile; he was more attentive, but his will-making and the disposal of his money were sorely in the way, and it was difficult to keep his mind close to religious subjects, all the more so because the insidious character of his disorder partly blinded him as to the imminence of his danger. It was one of those cases