

FREELY.

By H. W. T.

LONDON:
G. MORRISH, 20, PATERNOSTER SQUARE.

Price One Half-Penny.

LITTLE BOOK SERIES.

The Wilderness, the Land and the Sea. By W. T. T. - - -	each 1d.
Reality. " - - -	" 1d.
Lukewarmness. " - - -	" 1d.
Sin and Sins. By C. W. - - -	" ½d.
Feet Washing. " - - -	" ½d.
Sin in the Flesh and sin on the Conscience. By C. H. M. - - -	" ½d.
Behold He Cometh. - - -	" ½d.
On Marriage. By H. B. - - -	" 1d.
Peace with God, have you got it? -	" 1d.
The Inexcusableness of Infidelity. By H. H. S. - - - -	" 1d.
The Unreasonableness of Rationalism. By H. H. S. - - - -	" 1d.
Personal Intercourse with the Lord Jesus. By H. H. S. - - -	" 1d.
So much the more as ye see the day approaching. - - - -	" ½d.
The Sanctuary and the Sea. - - -	" ½d.
The Coming of the Comforter. By G. V. W. - - - -	" 1d.
The Judgment of Solomon. - - -	½d.
In Christ and Christ in us. - - -	" ½d.

G. Morrish, 20, Paternoster Square.

“ F R E E L Y : ”

A Message from a Death-bed.

RATHER more than two years ago, I was staying for a few days in the town of Carlow, telling people the word of God's grace.

After one of the meetings, a lady asked me to visit a lad, of about my own age, who was dying in the work-house infirmary.

I accordingly went, and found him in a room by himself, evidently dying of consumption. The nurse, as she left me, told me he could not live more than a few weeks, and that the doctor did not wish visitors to remain long, as fatigue would hasten his end.

He beckoned me to draw my chair

close up to his bedside, and, though he could scarcely speak louder than a whisper, what he said drew forth my hearty praise to God.

After a few words of conversation as to how he felt that morning, I asked if he knew whether his sins were forgiven; upon which his pale, worn face at once brightened up, and beamed with heavenly joy, as he told me that he blessed God that he ever came into that workhouse; for, from the first, when he came in, six weeks previous, a lady (the same that mentioned him to me) had visited him. She had told him about Jesus, the sinner's Saviour and the sinner's Friend.

“Ah!” said he, “if Jesus had not been the Saviour of the chief of sinners, He never would have saved me. I had no friend on earth. My mother died when I was only four or five years old; then there was no one left to teach me

and train me right, so that, from my very youth, I have had none but evil companions, who sought only to make me more surely a child of the devil than themselves. From the time my father died — eighteen months ago—I have lived a course of unchecked sin and profligacy. I stopped short of nothing my heart desired. And here I am as the result; for God has laid His hand on my body, and I am dying. What little money my father left me at his death (for we once had respectable means) was very soon spent—drink and sin ran away with it all; and *then I was friendless*, and many a night I had to sleep on the door-step. I was soon made aware that I was in consumption, and six weeks ago I was brought here to the infirmary. When it was ascertained how serious my case was, I was very much afraid to die. The terrible prospect of meeting

God in my sins—yes, steeped in iniquity as I was—glared before my mind as an awful reality, and I could get no relief of peace day or night, until that lady came and told me what Christ had suffered on the cross for sinners such as me—even for the vilest—so that *I* might be pardoned, and go to heaven.”

Here I interrupted him, by asking him if he were sure that what the Lord Jesus suffered was *quite* sufficient. “Oh, yes,” he said (as he looked me well in the face, almost wondering at such a question), “Oh, yes! He has done the work perfectly, and He has done it all. He has done what I never could do—He has perfectly and for ever put away my sins, and satisfied God. If *I* had to do anything now, as I lie on a death-bed, what could I do to help even to save myself?” “Then you can die quite happy now?” I said; “and you

have no *fear* in the prospect of meeting God now ?”

“No ; no fear now,” he replied. “The doctor told me yesterday I could not possibly live more than three weeks longer. But I would not mind if it were only three hours longer, for it is all bright before me, though I have nothing to trust in of myself, for it is all darkness and sin as I look back on my past life. Here I am, dying, at the age of nineteen, in the workhouse infirmary ; ~~but~~ I would not change places, for I know I am going home. I have but one regret ; my life has been wasted in sin, instead of being spent for Jesus, who, I now know, loved me, and gave Himself for me. I would like to tell everybody I am acquainted with a verse in the book of Revelation which I have found such rest in.” .

He then took my Bible, and, turning

over the leaves to Revelation xxi., read verse 6, repeating the latter part over a second time. "I will give unto him that is athirst of the fountain of the water of life freely." His thin, bony finger rested for a few moments on the word "freely." "Tell them," said he, "when you speak to sinners, that it is freely—freely—freely. It is the message from the death-bed of one who, though a great sinner himself, has proved the truth of it."

As we parted, expecting next to meet, not in "the deep darkness of earth's darkest place, but in Christ's dazzling light," when He comes to claim His own, he left these words lingering on my ears: "I am Alpha and Omega, the first and the last, the beginning and the end. I will give unto him that is athirst of the fountain of the water of life FREELY."

Young man or young woman, though you may have broken a mother's heart, and sorely tried, to the last extremity, a loving father's kindness, so that you are left friendless and forlorn in this cold world, as you read this paper, know that there is yet *One* who loves you still, and who is waiting to be gracious to you. It is Jesus—Jesus—Jesus, the Saviour and Friend of sinners!

Thousands just as bad as you, like this young man in Carlow infirmary, have proved the truth of Jesus' word—
 “I will give unto him that is athirst of the fountain of the water of life
 FREELY.”

H. W. T.