

whose look of stern justice terrifies me. I try to escape from His penetrating glance, but Heaven and earth have disappeared and I am left alone. Every moment I expect to hear the awful words, "Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels."

"What makes you fear such a sentence?"

"Well, in the eyes of men my life is deemed irreproachable, and not without reason. I have less to accuse myself of than most of my acquaintances; but in the presence of such dazzling glory—such spotless purity—my very best actions appear black and hideous. I feel guilty and condemned, and long to find some spot where I can hide from His presence."

"Is that what causes the melancholy?"

"I suppose so. I cannot get rid of this terrible vision."

"Ah!" said the doctor, "I'm afraid you have come to the wrong physician."

"Is there no hope for me?" cried the young man. "I walk about in the daytime; I lie down at night, and it comes upon me continually—Eternity; where shall I spend it?" This depression of spirits endangers my reason. Do, Doctor, help me if you can."

"Now, just sit down and be quiet. A few years ago I was an infidel. I did not believe in God and was in the same condition in which you are now. I have by me an old book, which contains a remedy for your disease," said the doctor, as he took down his Bible and turned to the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah, and read:

"Who hath believed our report? and to whom is the arm of the Lord revealed? For He shall grow up before Him as a tender plant, and as a root out of a dry ground; He hath no form nor comeliness; and when we shall see Him, there is no beauty that we should desire Him."

"Of whom do these verses speak?" the Count asked.

"Of the Lord Jesus Christ, whom God sent into the world, that by His death He might make atonement for sin."

"He is despised and rejected of men; a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief: and we hid as it were our faces from Him; He was despised, and we esteemed Him not."

"That is indeed true," asserted the Count.

"But He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities: the chastisement of our peace was upon Him; and with His stripes we are healed."

"All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way; and the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all."

"What does that mean, Doctor?"

"That the Son of God took the sinner's place and bore the punishment due to the sinner."

"Is it possible, Doctor? What divine beauty and simplicity! The guiltless dies for the guilty!"

The doctor read on through the chapter. When he had finished, the young man said: "Do you believe this, that He voluntarily left Heaven, came down to this earth and suffered and died that we might be saved?"

"Yes, I believe it. That brought me out of infidelity, out of darkness into light." And the doctor preached Christ and His salvation to him, with the result that the Count was able to do what the doctor had done—put in "my" for "our" and say:

"He was wounded for *my* transgressions, He was bruised for *my* iniquities; the chastisement of *my* peace was upon Him; and by His stripes *I* am healed."

Some time after his return to France, the young nobleman wrote to Dr. Whinton, in London, telling him that the question of Eternity, and where he should spend it, was settled and troubling him no more. He had found joy and peace in believing.

—D.L. Moody

"Will you tell me what it is?" asked the physician.

"For the last three years these words have haunted me: 'Eternity; present to my mind. The end of all things seems to have come and the Great White Throne is set up. There is One seated on the throne

continually occupied with it."

result of a disordered state of the brain; but yet my mind is dogmas haunts me like a ghost. I try to persuade myself that it is the do not believe in revelation; and yet, I must confess, one of its view as repugnant to common sense as its mysteries are to reason. I was brought up an infidel. The ceremonies of religion are in my Doctor. My father was an infidel, my grandfather was an infidel, and "You are approaching a matter which I hardly like to speak of, subject most frequently occupies your thoughts?"

"The doctor pondered for a few minutes, and then said, "What

"No."

"Have you lost any reputation in your country?"

"Not that I am aware of."

"Have you any enemies?"

unbroken."

"No, Doctor. Peace and love reign in my family, and my circle is

"Some family trouble or bereavement?"

just suited to my tastes and wishes."

"No. I have no great desire for great things. I am in the position

ambition may have something to do with it."

mind. I must know what is troubling you. Perhaps an inordinate

"I know better," replied the doctor. "I must know what is on your

"Oh," said he, "there is nothing particular."

weighing upon your mind?"

mind and said, "What is troubling you? You have something careful examination, saw there was something weighing upon his Having put a number of questions to him, the doctor, after a most

Eternity—Where Shall It Find Me?

"You have something weighing upon your mind?"

When I was in London in 1867, I was told a story which made a very deep impression upon me. A young French nobleman, laboring under an extraordinary depression of spirits, came to consult an eminent physician who devoted himself especially to diseases of the mind. The Count was a man of wealth as well as of rank, and brought with him letters of introduction from the Emperor Napoleon III, who had a great regard for him.

Beloved by his family and esteemed by his friends, his cup seemed to run over. But was he happy? No. For strange as it may appear, a deep gloom hung over his spirits, which neither the charm of a happy family circle nor the important duties of public life could dispel.

His friends became much alarmed on his account and by their advice he consulted various medical men. They recommended change of air and scene, baths, music, amusements and company. He tried all, but in vain.

Just at this juncture an intimate friend advised him to go to England and consult the above mentioned physician. To this he willingly assented, and before many days had passed he was standing before the doctor in his study.

