

Addressing him, I said, "John, I have been watching for your soul for two years, and now I want you to become a Christian TO-DAY!"

We sat down, and I again told him, as I had done several times a year before, the story of the cross, solemnly pressing the gospel of salvation home upon his heart. He listened respectfully, saying but little; but when we were about to part, and I asked him if he would not kneel while I asked God's blessing upon him, he replied with characteristic frankness—

"Well, I am much obliged by your kind interest in me; but, to be honest with you, I am really not now interested. I have sometimes felt these things deeply at meetings; but I have no interest in the subject now: I feel nothing."

He however consented to kneel, and a friend joining us, we bowed before God. The prayer ascended, that as Jesus, in the days of His flesh, had looked upon the faith of those who broke through all obstacles to place their beloved sick before Him, and had said, "Son, thy sins be forgiven thee!" so now He would look upon the poor sin-sick soul whom we had brought to His feet, and in mercy make him whole.

It was a bold request, but God honors our petitions when we ask great things. Almost immediately the man broke down, weeping and pleading for mercy.

His wife, who seeing me in conversation with her husband, had followed us as we turned aside for prayer, now stood behind us. Soon after our prayer had been answered in his conversion, she received, as he rose from his knees, her now Christian husband with a joy better conceived of than described. As he left, he exclaimed, "I am a new creature in Christ Jesus!"

I suppose that hardly ten minutes had elapsed between the time of his expression of entire want of interest and feeling, and his confession of Christ as his Saviour.

I learned afterwards that besides his wife's prayers during probably thirty years of his conversion, some of his fellow-workmen had selected him as apparently the most unlikely to become a Christian among several hundred who worked together. I also found that a wife of a fellow-workman, a mother in Israel, had been awakened about twelve o'clock the night before, and had found herself so praying in the Spirit for this man that she could not go to sleep again.

When he came among some of his Christian workmen, and told what God had so marvellously done for his soul, their joy was unbounded. More than anything I have ever seen, its expression made me understand how David must have felt when he danced before the ark. They embraced one another, and wept and laughed for joy, as they welcomed the poor sinner so suddenly snatched from the snares of the fowler.