

treated them with contempt. His favourite authors were those who opposed revelation: with the arguments of others he did not trouble himself. Of course he never attended any place of worship.

He was married, and had one child, a girl, whom he desired to train in his own principles, and carefully kept from all religious influence. He was very fond of this child, and allowed her to have considerable influence over him. Her wishes were generally consulted. He could not easily deny her. She got an idea that she should like to go with some of her companions to the Sabbath-school, and mentioned it to her father. He objected, but she was firm, and succeeded in gaining a reluctant consent. To the Sabbath-school she went, nor was any one more regular in attendance than she. Weeks rolled on, and months, and things remained as usual, the child learning religion in a Wesleyan Sabbath-school--the father an infidel. Providence now interfered: the wife, the mother, sickened and died. He wept, his heart bled, (for, though a denier, he had loved his wife most tenderly,) and he knew of no balm to heal his spirit.

On the following Sabbath after the funeral of the mother, the child was at the school, and her teacher kindly strove to impart to her such instructions and consolations as the mournful circumstances demanded. She bent her steps homewards, thinking of her mother, and greatly concerned about her eternal condition. Her little heart beat with intense anxiety as the thought passed through her mind, "I wonder if my mother is in heaven."

In the evening of that day, as she sat by her father, down whose cheeks the big tears often rolled, she looked up in his face, putting her soft little hand in his, and gently said, "Father!"

He awoke as from a reverie, startled by the voice of his child, and by a sullen look seemed to say, "How cruel to disturb my silent grief! Let me

alone; it is better for me to die than to live." But he did not utter a word. "Father!" again said the child, "father, do you think my mother is in heaven?"

O, what words were these, what piercing words! He eyed the flowing locks, the rosy countenance, the tearful eye of her who spake; it was his child, his only child, whom he loved as his own soul; but reply he made none. Again she demanded, "Father, do you think my mother is in heaven?"

He now replied evasively, and strove to divert attention from that to another subject. They retired in thoughtful mood: the child slept, but not so the father. For as he laid him down, strange feelings came over him, and new thoughts filled his bosom. Fain would he have buried his griefs and reflections in slumber, but that was denied.

Of one thing chiefly did he think that night--the query of his child. It was constantly sounding in his ears. He strove to forget it, but in vain. It had reached his soul, he was deeply wounded. He began to yield to conviction. "The Bible may be true," he said: "there may be a heaven, for which I am unprepared; and a hell to which I am hastening." He rose to pray; his infidel heart was broken, and he offered it to God.

In the morning he was an altered man; he took up the long neglected Bible, and began in earnest to seek for mercy. He gave up all evil company, destroyed his vile books, and, being truly penitent, soon obtained a knowledge of salvation by the remission of sins. Now he came every Sabbath to the house of God with his dear little girl, whom he regarded as the instrument of leading him to the Saviour; and having given himself to God, gave himself also to the church by the will of God. From the period when his membership commenced to this day, he had been a most exemplary Christian.

What became of this interesting old