

the preaching less frequently, the intervals between his doing so getting longer and longer, till at last he seldom saw him, still when he did come he usually wept under the effect of the Word. This went on for over a year, and I heard that he had gone back to many if not all of his bad habits. One day I was walking down the principal street of the town, and I saw P., who had not been at the gospel meetings for some time. He was in a vehicle waiting for a man who had gone into a garden close by to get some vegetables. I walked up to him and said, "Well P., how is it with you?" He replied that he was very well. I said, "But how about your soul P?" "Oh, I'm all right, sir, I believe; I believe."

"Ah, P.," I said, "the proof of the pudding is in the eating,' and a man that is truly a believer in the Lord Jesus Christ doesn't go on living in sin." He hung his head at that, and just then the man he was waiting for, came out with the vegetables. I then said: "Well, P., good day, but remember 'the wages of sin is death.'" I never saw him again, as on the following day he dropped down dead in the same street, barely a hundred yards from the place I saw him last.

And, now, dear unconverted reader, what about yourself? Has God never reproved you in any way—never spoken to your conscience? Very possibly you have not given outward signs of it, as P. did, of the conscience being reached, but you know that God has knocked at the door of your conscience. Remember "all things are naked and opened unto the