

John, though he had not attended Protestant worship, was constrained partly through curiosity, and partly through the persuasion of Christian friends, to attend the place of prayer; little thinking or believing that he could be induced to reject old prejudices and accept a new faith.

Everything was novel to him. The mode of conducting worship; the singing; the prayer; the penitent tears. He was entranced; attracted to the spot. He became a constant attendant; and it was not long before he believed with his whole heart, being instructed in the way, and became a converted man. His was a radical change. No one who knew him before could dispute it. He was pointed to as a very decisive example of the power of Divine grace to change a heart of extreme wickedness and of prominent activity in the service of Satan, to one of meekness and Christian obedience. John has witnessed a good confession notwithstanding the burden of human weakness and pro-

phicisms of the ill-wishers of Christianity. He has even been ready and willing to testify to a knowledge of sins forgiven.

Before his conversion he seldom was the possessor of decent clothing to cover his nakedness, for his money went as already described; but afterward his apparel was respectable, and he always had money in his purse. He would often refer in language suggestive, but broken, to the temporal benefits Christianity had conferred upon him. Holding out a well-filled purse, he would say: "See dat, I no used to have so much. See my cloze; I vas once ragged, dirty, most naked. Bless the Lord! I luf Him!" These things being facts to John, and patent to every one who had been cognizant of his former course, were arguments which he never failed to use, he always giving the glory to God for the wonderful change wrought in him by grace through his risen Lord.

J. H. R.

## THE DYING WIFE.

BY H. M. T.

Lay my babe upon my bosom,  
Let me feel her sweet, warm breath;  
A strange chill is passing o'er me,  
And I know that it is death:  
Let me gaze once on the treasure  
Scarcely given, ere I go—  
Feel her rosy, dimpled fingers  
Wandering o'er my cheeks of snow.

I am passing through the waters,  
But the blessed shore appears.  
Kneel beside me, husband dearest,  
Let me kiss away thy tears.  
Wrestle with thy grief as Jacob  
Strove from midnight until day.