

man of God felt that he was now in the presence of a hungry, starving soul, and an intelligent, earnest mind; and he began and preached unto him Jesus, in the power and presence of the Holy Spirit. His words were few, but they were chiefly the promises which Jesus makes to every sinner seeking Him. The poor man drank in the words like water. Then the minister kneeled down to pray; and some of those rough men, hearing what was going on, came forward and kneeled with him. He poured forth such a prayer as is not often made, and is never made but is certainly answered.

These interviews were repeated for days. At length the day dawned on this poor man's soul, and abundant evidence was given that the great change had come and a new-born soul had been washed in a Saviour's atoning blood. The peace and joy was full to overflowing in his heart. He expressed a strong desire to live, if it might be the will of God. "I should like to live to tell others how precious Jesus is to all who truly believe in Him. I should like to live to do something for him. I should like to persuade my impenitent friends to come to Him. But if I cannot live, I am happy to die just where I am, and just as I am, in the blessed assurance that I shall go from this cellar to the city of everlasting glory."

Early one morning he expressed great desire to see his clerical friend once more, and requested his wife to go and call him. But while she was gone, the death angel flapped his wings over the place and said, "Come up higher." When the wife returned he was dead. "How did he die?" inquired the clergyman. "O, so happy, sir. He died in my arms. He went away shouting glory to Jesus. He died saying, 'Tell my wife I have gone to be with Jesus in heaven, and she must meet me there.'"

The feet of the passers-by kept up a continuous tramping on the sidewalk, all unconscious how near the angel of death had been to them, and how a sanctified soul had been fitted below the sidewalk for seats in the mansions of the blessed.—*Selected.*



Do you subscribe for the S. S. Advocate?

Song of the Leper.

BY ROBERT EVANS.

Did He die for my sins to atone?
Did He tremble in anguish for me?
Has He trodden the wine press alone,
'Neath the Olives of Gethsemane?
Let my raiment be whiter than snow,
Whiter than snow.

Did He quicken the sepulchred dead,
And is mercy's stained vesture transferred?
Then there's room for a leper indeed,
Might I see Him, oh, might I be heard;
I want raiment that's whiter than snow,
Whiter than snow.

Go and tell it in Sion, nor weep;
Though Damascus and Naaman should scorn,
Let their streams through those proud channels
sweep;
To the Jordan we all must return,
For the raiment that's whiter than snow,
Whiter than snow.

Then I dipped like the leper of old,
For the seventh time just as before:
And the life-giving flood as it roll'd,
Made the leper a leper no more.
For the raiment was whiter than snow,
Whiter than snow.

As I stood, all defiled, in His sight,
'Twas creation repeated again;
Thus Jehovah to chaos: "Be light;"
To the leper, "I will; be thou clean."
"Let his raiment be whiter than snow,
Whiter than snow."

When He spoke the ineffable word,
In an instant created anew,
Then I fell at the feet of my Lord,
Fill'd with glory, and pierced through and
through.
And my raiment was whiter than snow,
Whiter than snow.

One loud anthem, one heavenly acclaim,
On the golden air sweetly shall flow;
Thou art washed in the blood of the Lamb
And thy raiment in heaven shall glow;
For on earth it was whiter than snow,
Whiter than snow.

Hamilton, Ont.