

blessed us with two dear little children, and He who gave them me only knows the agony of mind I endured in the thought, "How shall I teach these little ones what I do not believe myself?" for I had made up my mind, simply out of love to my husband, that they should be brought up in their father's faith.

Although I attended God's house regularly, my heart was in no way changed, and I never thought of Jesus as my Saviour. After my second child was born, I became earnestly impressed with a desire to become a Christian. My prayer at that time always was—"O God! if it be right, let me believe." I could not see that it was honoring the Father to honor the Son; and although I really wanted to be a Christian, I did not seek God with my whole heart; my husband and my children were all that I desired.

And now there came a time of trial that I must pass over as quickly as possible. By an accident my beloved husband was taken from me in a few days. So terribly sudden was the blow that I could hardly realize that he had gone for ever; and, oh, what a gulf separated us!—it seemed to me impassible. I knew he had died in the faith of Jesus, and I—I was as far off being a Christian as the first day I met him. I was very bitter and hard in my grief, and felt that God had dealt cruelly in crushing me so, taking all the youth and brightness out of my life. It seemed impossible to live, and I felt nothing but the desire to be with my loved one again. Many a day I have laid on his grave in the damp, and prayed that God would take me; but God "while I was yet a long way off," took compassion, and raised up dear friends who showed me that only *in one way* could I ever hope to see my husband again. The desire to be a Christian now became so intense as to become a part of my life. No half-heartedness about it. I began to seek the Lord with all my might. "When ye seek Me with your whole heart, ye shall find Me," is a promise I have proved.

One day I was reading the old, old story, when something whispered to my soul, "He suffered all this for you," and the truth seemed to burst upon me like a flash of lightning. I had found the Saviour *my* Saviour, and such a flood of love as came into my heart for Him I cannot describe. I went into my room and on my knees I sobbed aloud, not for sorrow this time, but for joy. Words fail me in attempting to tell you half my Saviour is to me. He is indeed my all; and I can say—"The life which I now live in the flesh, I live by the faith of the Son of God, who