

God's great goodness she had been restored, and now she was as healthy and blooming as ever.

"Ah, yes," said Mr. Henry. "Poor Mary! I thought we should have lost her; and I do not know what we should have done if we had."

"Everything, I know," said Mr. Johnson, "was done that could be done to promote her recovery. It was in your power, through God's goodness, to procure the best advice; and nothing was wanting in the way of gentle, careful nursing. Still, all would have been in vain without God's blessing. It was really He who gave her back to you. It was a great mercy, and don't you think you owe Him much for that?"

Mr. Henry made no reply, but his eyes filled with tears. He remembered, though Mr. Johnson did not know it, how in that very room in which they were sitting he had poured out his earnest cry that He would spare his child; and how he had vowed, if God would only do so, that he would serve Him as he had not served Him hitherto.

"Then," said Mr. Johnson, "whilst Mary was restored, all the rest were spared. The disease was infectious, but you took all precautions, and it spread no farther. Mrs. Henry was greatly harassed by her long watching, and I know you were afraid about her, but she is quite recruited, and in good health. Is it not a great mercy that through the whole year your circle has been unbroken, and that your home has been such a happy one? How many homes, as bright and happy as yours, have been completely broken up during the bygone year! You and I, whose homes still remain to us, owe God a large debt of gratitude for that great blessing."

"You are right, sir," said Mr. Henry. "One is strangely forgetful of these things, however."

"When we talk about mercies," said Mr. Johnson, "it is difficult to know where to stop. I might recount a great many things which are present and earthly, every one of which has come from God, for which we ought to be deeply thankful. But, after all, by far the most precious blessings God has given us relate to our immortal souls and to eternity. Ah, Mr. Henry, how I wish you were a Christian!"

"A Christian! Mr. Johnson," said Mr. Henry, somewhat offended; "am I not a Christian? I am neither an infidel nor a heathen."

"Forgive me, Mr. Henry," said Mr. Johnson; "I had no wish to offend you. I will tell you what I mean by a Christian; and then you shall tell me whether you are a Christian or not. I mean not just one who admits that the Bible is true, and assents to the great facts of Christianity, and attends a place of Christian worship—I mean a sincere and lowly follower of the Lord Jesus Christ—