

"Jack?" and he would start and say, "Yes, me Jack." Then he would rise and see multitudes standing together, and God sitting on a cloud with a large book in his hand—he called it "Bible book,"—and would beckon him to stand before Him, while He opened the book, and looked at the top of the page till He came to the name of John B——.

In that page, he said, God had written all his "bads"—every sin he had ever done; and the page was full. So God would look, and strive to read it, and hold it to the sun for light, but it was all, "No, no, nothing, none;" for when he had first given his heart to Jesus Christ, he had taken the book out of God's hand, and found that page, and pulling from His hand something which filled up the hole made by the nail, had allowed the wound to bleed, and passed his hand down the page, so that God could see none of Jack's bads, only Jesus Christ's blood. Nothing being thus found against him, God would shut

the book, and then he would remain standing before Him till the Lord Jesus came, and said to God, "My Jack," would put His arms round him, and bid him stand with the angels till the rest were judged.

And is it not written, "The iniquity of Israel shall be sought for, and there shall be none; and the sins of Judah, and they shall not be found?" And again, "I, even I, am he who blot out thy transgressions!" How could the plan of a sinner's salvation be set forth more clearly than in this thought of poor Jack's?

During his last illness he frequently recurred to this idea, and would say to his friends with a look of infinite satisfaction, "Good red hand!" His view of Christ's all-sufficiency was realizing, and it was quite evident that the gospel was his sole and solid support. Truly "He giveth power to the faint; and to them that have no might He increaseth strength."

Christian Miscellany.

HOW AN OLD DEIST WAS CONVERTED.

Some time ago, it was the lot of a Christian minister to preach in a beautiful little chapel not far distant from one of the largest cities in the world. There were so few persons present that every thing particular would of course attract the minister's eye. As he looked round upon the empty pews, thinking of the painful circumstances of the small flock, he saw an elderly man enter, on whose face deep thoughtfulness seemed imprinted. The old man knelt down solemnly. Into every part of the service he entered with evident fervour. He heard the sermon as if it had been a message from God to him. It was evident that he could say, "I have loved the habitation of thy house, and the place where thine honour dwelleth."

All present were attentive, but there was a particularity about him which could not escape notice. The service over, the minister asked of his host who the old man was, and if he could tell him anything of his history. In reply, the following narrative was given to him.

Only a few years previously, that old man bitterly hated and despised Christianity. He was an avowed deist; and his time, money, and worldly influence were employed in the cause he had espoused. Being a man of considerable powers, he was a sort of champion, a leader among his companions, and had thus obtained an unenviable dignity. He rarely read the Bible, and never but with a view to cavil. It was a settled point with him that the Scriptures were not divine: and therefore he