

## AN OLD MAN'S CONVERSION.

A RICH villager; respected in his locality, industrious, prudent, and wise in a worldly way, had never had an opportunity of hearing the gospel of the grace of God preached, or if he had ever heard it, he had closed his heart to the reception of it. He was not, however, an irreligious man or a declared infidel. No, he had, like the most of those who made up the population of his village, a traditional religion which permitted him to serve at the same time two different and opposed masters—God and Mammon. This religion, which at the bottom was after all no religion, left him in the most profound ignorance of his true moral state, and deprived him of the real knowledge of the Saviour God revealed in the scriptures. Of what value then had it been to him? Absolutely none except to conceal his real condition before God, like a brilliant coat of varnish over a worm-eaten piece of furniture. Thus his life passed up to the time when a painful illness arrested the routine of his daily labors.

This illness, from which he never recovered, did not at first keep him in the house but allowed him to be still occupied, though painfully, with the work of his fields, but his powers were failing, he felt that his course of life on the earth was drawing to a close, and this thought, added to the consciousness of the incurable character of his disease made him sad and thoughtful.

The end of the year was approaching, cold weather had come, and snow covered the ground. Nature,