

Addresses were exchanged, and we parted, we trust not forever; for our hope is, that the grace of God, which has wrought so wonderfully in multitudes of others, will also do its blessed work in this man, who seemed to be by nature a noble specimen of England's sons, though at that moment in such a sad plight.

That the words addressed to him in the subjoined letter may also be helpful to some other needy soul as well, is the prayer of the writer.

My Dear Mr.-----:

You will doubtless remember meeting my wife and myself on the stage coach in——, a few weeks ago,—a meeting which, to the eye of man, might seem only casual; but which, I cannot doubt, was ordered in the wise and good providence of God.

I will not attempt to recall to your mind much that took place in that coach, the memory of which could only be painful to you; but I would like to recall a little of the conversation that passed between ourselves, only with the desire of turning it to account for blessing which reaches far beyond the present life.

My wife and I both deeply sympathized with you in the trying circumstances of that unhappy hour. We saw what we believed to be a naturally noble soul passing through a deep struggle, as the result of sin which has brought into this world unhappiness, misery and ruin. As the result of sin brought into this world by the first

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