

question by reading the first chapter of John's epistle. The poor creature seemed to devour his words, and when he stopped she cried :

“Read me more of it, more.”

He read her the second chapter, and hearing a slight noise he turned his head and saw that the brutal man had followed him into his mother's room, and although his face was partly turned away the visitor perceived great tears rolling down his cheeks. It was only after reading the third, then the fourth, and then the fifth chapter, that the poor old woman would allow him to stop, but she would not let him leave without a promise that he would return the following day.

From that time until she died, six weeks after, he did not fail in coming daily to read the word of God to her, and it was a happiness to see that from the first readings she appeared to have found peace in Christ. At each of these visits the aforetime terrible man followed him into his mother's room and there listened in silence, but not without interest to the word. At length the old woman died, and the day of her burial, while they filled up the grave where they had just placed her mortal remains, her son turned to the one who had visited them with so much solicitude and motioning him to come, to him said :

“Sir, I have been thinking, that there is nothing in the world I so much desire as to consecrate my life henceforth to speaking to others of the blood which cleanseth from all sin.”

Dear reader, the Lord Jesus Christ has satisfied, blessed be His name, all the claims which a righteous