

his wife came up and visited the dying prodigal, and were rejoiced to find that though the earthly house was falling to pieces, the spiritual life was being renewed day by day. When first seen in the gaol and spoken to, he came under deep conviction of sin, often weeping bitterly; but not till he had been some weeks in the hospital did light and the assurance of salvation break in upon his soul. It came about in a very simple manner, showing how "one soweth and another reapeth." A singularly gracious and winning Christian officer, Capt. Robertson, was spending the winter at the Windsor Hotel; he was asked to visit the rapidly sinking consumptive. On a Friday the first letter was received from his old mother in Minnesota, and taken up to the hospital, but the change in his expressive face, since last seen, was most striking; joy and peace had taken the place of depression and hopelessness; before even his mother's letter could be named, he exclaimed, "What a boss gentleman that was you sent me on Wednesday; why, he made salvation so clear and simple by the assurance that 'the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin;' *al/*, mind you; I saw it, accepted it, and am saved." He lived a month afterwards, but his confidence, joy and peace never wavered; the past seemed indeed to be blotted out in the confident anticipation of the glory that was to be revealed. He was buried beside his own people. A representation of the congregation with whom he worshipped as a child and lad, met us at the station with white flowers to be laid on the wanderer's coffin, while his old pastor at the church, in a touching address dwelt upon his wasted life, and described his dying testimony to God's sovereign grace which he had heard from his lips in the Montreal General Hospital.

Two young gentlemen were regularly visited in the private wards of the Notre Dame Hospital (those at the General Hospital being full), and one young man who died there, was buried in the Y. M. C. A. lot in Mount Royal Cemetery. Two other young men who died in the General Hospital, were also buried alongside of him. One of them, a clerk in the audit office of the Grand Trunk, whose only relative, a sister, thus left absolutely alone in the world, wrote most gratefully of the care and sympathy extended to her one brother.

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