

riage drew up before a large building. "Will there be ladies present, Judge Burnham."

"No," he said, "it was not a court room, but a public hall. O yes! there would be plenty of ladies; but he should have to leave her, and go to the platform."

There was nothing unusual about this; he had often to go to the platform when there were gatherings for the discussion of public interests.

He seated her, in the closely filled hall, and hurried forward; he was evidently being waited for. He had only time to lay aside his hat, and exchange a few words with a gentleman who stepped toward him, book in hand, and then Ruth watched her husband as he took the book, and came forward to the centre of the platform and began to read.

And this was what he read, —

"There is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.
I do believe, I now believe that Jesus died for me.
That on the cross He shed His blood
From sin to set me free."

Can I tell you anything about it, do you suppose — the tumult of amazement and of joy surging in his wife's soul?

She felt her face grow pale, and then red, under the power of her emotions. She held herself, by