

“ Oh, God, it is all right. I am a sinner. I am glad there is One who is mightier than I am, and has conquered me, a rebel, and brought me to His feet. Oh, how much it took to bring me down. It is all right; I yield; do with what seems good. For the blessed Jesus' sake, have mercy on a poor desolate, lost, miserable sinner. Please do not let me suffer so forever. Save me from myself. Oh, my wife! my wife! my children! I never prayed with them. I might have ruined them if they had lived. God! Thou hast snatched them away from their wicked father; and now, oh, if God means to save the father too—what a God He must be, and!”

Here he fell into uncontrollable sobbing, and buried his face in the side of the downy bed.

After a while I ventured to follow him in prayer, commending him to the Infinite Friend and Saviour of sinners, leading him in my supplications to the Lamb of God which taketh away the sins of the world.

I shall always believe that, in that moment, he was reconciled to God through the death of His Son. On that spot where his wife ascended to glory, he found eternal life, so that I said with myself, “ How dreadful is this place! This is none other than the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven.”

“ Mr. M.,” said he, “ I shall sleep here to-night. I have always been afraid to come into the room. Now I should love to spend my days and nights here. Oh, what a God He is. Do you think he can forgive and forget all my wicked words against Him? When He has been trying to do the very best thing for me, what a shame I should be treating Him so. How is that He spares men to act as I do? Oh if I don't spend my life better in making people love Him? How came He to send you to me in the park? You must have had a revelation. It could not have been an accident. Let me see that card-case again. The little key fitted the lock on my heart, and you got into it. How old was she? Do tell me all about her.”

We were summoned down to his tea-table, though I had already taken tea before leaving hemo. The table was beautifully and richly spread.

“ These initials on this china have an interesting tale, I suppose, to you.” said I.

“ Mr M.,” said he, “ I am in a new world. Everything is changed. When I took up these sugar-tongs, and saw these embossed initials of my wife's name, a pang went through me; but it was followed, for the first time, by a feeling of peace, and even of joy. I have something to live for now. God is better than family, heaven is more than earth; to do good is all that life is worth. Do help me, and set me at work. Have you not some poor people that I can visit? If any of them are in trouble, let me know it. Excuse me, you asked me about the china,—I hardly think of anything that belongs to this world.— Yes it came from Hamburg,—a wedding present from her mother; but how it has lost its value to me in a day. How little she cares for it. What are all these treasures worth? I have property, you know, but it could not give health nor save life. My house is full of valuable things, and now I should be willing to give them all away, and be a missionary, if I were fit.— Do tell me everything about that little key. I suspect, by your carrying it with you, it has had some great effect upon your feeling. Now I think of it, I know the undertaker has one that belongs to me. Yes, it was locked, I am sure,” said he with thoughtful inclination of his face; “ the coffin was locked before I came out of the tomb, I remember, I heard the little click. I must go to-night,—no, I will go to-morrow and get that key.”

“ Do so,” said I. “ You will find it to be the richest, and most useful treasure, next to the Bible, which ever came into your hands.” And after much conversation I bade him good-night.

“ God bless you my dear sir,” said he. “ Do not regret leaving me alone now; the house seems full of God. You have done good to one miserable sinner; keep on and God help you to bless many like me.”

What a walk was that to my house! I took the little key and bathed it with kisses and tears. Dear little Agnes, you have done great good already by your death.— “ O Lord, our Lord, how excellent is Thy name in all the earth, who hast set Thy glory above the heavens. Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings hast Thou ordained strength because of Thine enemies, that Thou mightiest still the enemy and the avenger.”—AGNES, AND THE LITTLE KEY.