

out procrastination—come!" At that moment the hand of Omnipotence opened the heart of—,and threw its interior—till now dark and cold—open to the light and warmth of the Sun of righteousness. She was poor in circumstances and low in station—but she soon became distinguished for her sanctity, fidelity and zeal. Her mistress, displeased with her "enthusiasm," insisted on her going to a place of worship where Christ was not preached—she meekly but steadfastly refused, and the mistress, sensible of her value, desisted from her urgency, and retained her in her household. She subsequently gave her hand to a pious youth on condition that she should still attend at the birth-place of her soul. There, in answer to her fervent prayers, and by the blessing of God on the simple exhibition of the truth as it is in Jesus—her father, and then her mother were convinced and saved. There, month after month, they united in shewing forth the dying love of their Redeemer. They still inhabit the deep vale of poverty, and are noticed by few—by fewer still appreciated; but they walk with God—they live by faith—the peace of God rules in their hearts—and when communing with each other on the ways of God—the retrospections of their gratitude often rest upon that precious moment—when the first, and she the youngest of their number, felt the *gentle force of Almighty love* opening her heart to the enlightening, enlivening beams of the Sun of righteousness.

The conversion of a sinner even at the *eleventh* hour of the day of salvation, is a just cause of devout thanksgiving to the God of grace, the more so that such instances are rare indeed—so rare as barely to prevent despair on the part of those who seek to the last, to save a soul from death and hide a multitude of sins. But how much more intense the gratitude awakened in every enlightened mind by the spiritual renovation of one just entering into life, the heart as yet unhardened by the deceitfulness of sin—the conscience unseared by habitual transgression, unburdened by the terrible retrospect of talents prostituted, time mispent, and injury incalculable inflicted upon others by the influence of unholy example. Nor is this all, the youthful disciple of the Lord Jesus Christ, becomes, if spared, through the whole of after life the source of blessing to all around. The atnos-

phere of domestic and social life is thus impregnated with the refreshing fragrance of piety,—a "living epistle" is thus placed before relatives and friends, to arrest their attention, excite their curiosity, and impress their minds with the beauty and value of true and undefiled religion. If, in any circumstances, the conversion of a sinner gives joy to Angels; how intense must be the delight with which they contemplate the youthful heart opening to receive the truth, to imbibe the spirit of holiness, to become at once the subject and the source of sacred influence. The mind of the writer here turns involuntarily to a lovely child who, in her fifteenth year, experienced this glorious change. She was, as a child, as a sister,—all that could be wished. In disposition mild, in manners gentle, modest, affectionate and kind. But "she lacked one thing," and her parents could not be satisfied with any thing short of the dedication of her heart to God. Prayer was offered to God continually on her behalf—and prayer was heard. Dr. L. an eminent and useful minister of Christ was preaching on a public Missionary occasion in the town in which they lived—and, at the earnest solicitation of his brethren, delivered an address to the youth of several congregations. H. was one of his numerous hearers. With great plainness of speech and a pathos all his own, he besought them to remember that each of them was either "in Christ or out of Christ," an inmate or an outcast from the household of God,—and entreated them now, in the days of their youth, to choose the better part, to repent, to believe, to obey, and to be happy. She was deeply affected. She became unusually thoughtful, and seemed for several weeks, to be the subject of an inward struggle. The work of grace was begun. *The Lord had opened her heart.* One memorable evening, she unexpectedly threw her arms around the neck of her beloved mother, and bursting into tears, asked her kind parent to retire and converse with her. What was the joy of the latter to hear from the lips of this dear child the acknowledgment of her sinfulness—the confession of her faith in Christ. The tears she shed were those of gratitude and joy.

"Mamma," she said, "I wish to be in Christ; I love him who so loved me as to give himself for me; I desire to confess him before men. I am no longer afraid or ashamed to take up