

A SHINING LIGHT.

“A happy fellow,” the world would have called him!—young, strong, active, with good continuous work in a watch factory. Always ready for a carousal with his mates; ever with the jest and oath upon his lips. Never a thought to cloud his days, or harass his nights; “Let us eat and drink for to-morrow is not,” his life seemed to say * * * but: * * * *
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A chamber of peace, and a face of joy—stricken down by rheumatic fever, his lungs became affected; and he lay in the last stage of consumption, the constant hemorrhage making him too weak even to leave his bed. But no oaths are on his lips; no jest and song, and thoughts of carousal. He thinks of his mates, but how? “When I was converted,” he said “I asked that I might be allowed to witness, where I had so often blasphemed His precious name among my associates, who knew my former life so well. Instead of that, God has fixed me to this bed of sickness; it is like the watchmaking; each piece is finished in a separate room, and then, when all is ready, they are put together and make a perfect whole. He trains us each separately, in the darkness; but by-and-by, we shall be a perfect whole. *His workmanship.*”

He had been sent to the home for dying at B—some time before I met him; and while there, spoke to another sick one who was indeed settled in the “far