

CONVERSION OF DR. JUDSON.

One evening a young man stopped his horse at a country inn in America, and asked for a bed for the night. As the landlord lighted him up stairs to his room he said—

“I am very sorry, sir, that I am obliged to put you into this room. I am afraid you'll not sleep over-sound, for there's a young man in the next room that's very ill—indeed, I may say dying.”

The traveller told him that he did not care where he slept; that he was sorry for the sick man, but lying in the next room would make no difference to him.

He went to bed, but he could not sleep. The partition between his room and the sick-chamber was thin, and he could hear what was passing there—the groans of the dying man, and the movements of those who were watching him. But it was not these sounds which disturbed him. He thought of what the landlord had said: that the stranger was probably dying, and that he was a *young* man too. He could not get his thoughts away from that sick-bed. He wondered if the stranger was prepared to die! Then he checked himself for such folly, as he thought it, for he was an infidel, though brought up by a praying father and mother.

He felt ashamed of himself for thinking so much about a dying stranger. “Why should I trouble myself about him?” he said to himself, “as if people were not always dying. How my college companions would ridicule me if they knew my weakness! What would E—— say to such childishness?”

But, do what he would, he could not drive away these fancies. Again, and again such thoughts would come into his mind as “I wonder if he is a Christian;” or, “Perhaps he is an infidel, and has got a mother somewhere that is praying for him.”

At last, morning came. As soon as he had arisen he inquired of the landlord how his sick guest was.

“He is dead,” was the answer.

“Dead!” exclaimed the young man.

“Yes, he is gone, poor fellow. The doctor said he would probably not live till morning.”

“Do you know who he was?”

“Oh yes; he was from Providence College—a very fine fellow, his name was E——.”

The young man started; the sound of that name seemed to stun him. Then it was E—— that was dead!—his most intimate friend at college—he who had taught him to be an unbeliever, and to despise the Bible!

He went on his journey, but one single thought filled his mind, and the words, dead! lost! lost! were ever ringing in his ears.

His journey was intended to be one of pleasure, but he could not enjoy it now; so he turned his horse's head, and returned home, a different man from what he was when he left it. He earnestly sought the God of his father and mother—and He was found of him.

The young man's name was Judson. You know the story of his after-life; how he became a devoted missionary of Christ in Burmah, where he laboured many years, and was honoured by his Divine Master in being the means of bringing many a heathen Burman into His kingdom.—*Missionary Newspaper.*

PRIESTS IN PARIS.

In the year 1790, it was computed that there were 5,000 Catholic ecclesiastics in Paris. According to the increase of the population of the city from that day to the present, the number of Catholic priests should now be 10,000, whereas the total number at the present time is only 800!—*Exchange.*

THE WAY TO EMINENCE.

That which other folks can do,
Why, with patience, may not you?

Long ago a little boy was entered at Harrow school. He was put into a class beyond his years, and where all the scholars had the advantage of previous instruction, denied to him. His master chid him for his dullness, and all his efforts then