

"Are you the one they were seeking in the snow?" asked Mr. Stanhope.

"Yes, sir, I am that man, and I was out in it many hours. I can never tell any one, sir, how I felt that night. It seemed to me that all the stories I had heard read by Minnie here would come up before me as the snow was beating in my face, and one in particular, where Jesus stilled the tempest with His one word; and by-and-by I began to pray, 'Master, still this tempest! Master, still this tempest!' until it seemed to me that I had repeated it over and over a great many times. Then I said, 'If God takes me out of this I'll be a better man.' Well, you see, sir, God did take me out of it, and not only that, but saved my wife and child. Now, I want to do something, just as I said, only it seems to me that I am too low down like for Christ to care for."

"He came to die for you, William," said Mr. Stanhope, "and He wants you to believe in Him and love Him."

"If I thought that, sir, I'd do it," said William, bringing his hand down heavily on his knee.

"He came to seek and to save that which was lost, and He came out into the storm to