

All was real in those eyes turned towards Heaven ; in those clasped hands ; and the joyous tone of that sweet voice of the young sick girl.

In listening to her, it seemed that a dagger was piercing my heart. I felt humiliated, and ill at ease, in her presence ; and my conscience condemned me. But who can describe my embarrassment, when suddenly the door opened, and her brother entered the room.

What should I do ? A terrible struggle was raging within me ; the clever and admired actor had become as confused as a scholar taken in a flagrant offence. The severe look of the preacher, who had not failed to notice my embarrassment, was fixed upon me. My hesitation was soon terminated. I frankly confessed for what purpose I had come, and how the short conversation I had had with his sister had opened my eyes to the outrageous character of my procedure. There followed a long and serious conversation between me and this man of God, whose character I had so misapprehended ; they were solemn moments, and the remembrance of them remains ineffably engraven on my mind ; the turning point of a complete change in my life.

I had entered that house a proud man, indifferent to the things of God, and with perverted thoughts ; I left it humiliated, repentant, and ardently desiring to know that which illuminated with such intense happiness the face of the young invalid. Ah ! how marvellous are God's ways of grace !

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