

Seating himself beside him he mournfully enquired, "How is it with you, Brooks?" and to his unutterable surprise was answered, "HAPPY, HAPPY, OH SO HAPPY!" and this was said with unmistakable earnestness, while he stretched out his wasted hand to grasp that of his friend. "I am so glad to see you," he went on; "I am so happy; all is changed; I HAVE FOUND JESUS." "What! are you indeed saved for all eternity?" questioned his astonished friend, "just at the last hour! and you who have lived so long without Christ! you who have lived a godless life! is it indeed so that your sins are forgiven?" So, seeking by every method to test the foundation of Brooks' joy he laid the long roll of his life's sins before him, unfolding his godless ways, his prayerlessness, his hatred for Christians, and his contempt of the name of Jesus, but to each charge poor Brooks while pleading guilty would only whisper—"He could not lie. He does say, 'Only believe;' 'I will in no wise cast out.' Yes, there is mercy for me, even for me." Reader hast thou like precious faith?

It was a remarkable instance of divine grace to this poor man, who so heartily disliked tracts, that a tract should have been used in his blessing. Oftentimes in his work at "case" he was obliged to pick up the lead types one by one which spell the name J-E-S-U-S, and thus had been forced through his unwilling fingers, letter by letter, such words as these, "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief."