

"Why, I never gave it a thought," I laughed. "I knew he never meant it."

"No, he didn't," she said. "He always had a temper, but it was over as quick as it came. Come up with me."

She led me to a pleasant room where, propped up on pillows, lay Amos Wilton, reading the paper. He certainly looked a sick man. But he threw down the paper, pulled off his glasses, and stretched out his hand in welcome, while a friendly smile played on his face.

"You're welcome, stranger," he said. "This time I am glad to see the Papist parson!"

"And I am glad to see you, but not as a sick man. I hope it won't be long, however, until you are up and about."

"Take a seat, Sir. Martha, get a chair, and don't be all day about it."

The obedient wife obeyed orders, and then left the room.

Amos continued: "I don't know about being up and about. There's more the matter with my soul than with my body. Somehow, since I sent my daughter, Rachael, out into the world, because she intended to worship God the way she felt bound, I haven't had an hour's peace. That girl has some of her old dad's make-up in her, and it occurs to me very often that if she didn't think she was right she would never have acted the way she did. And if it's right for her, why it's right for me, and that's all about it. I have been wanting right along to talk religion with some one that knew all about it, and they sent for the Reverend Jones, but he didn't get on to the tack I needed. So I let him know it. Then you came into my mind, and I kept a wishing and a wishing you'd come along, and here you are!"

"And I am delighted that the Lord sent me when you wanted me," I said, heartily, "and I think I can satisfy you in all your questions."

And then this simple-hearted, but tempered man began to ask about the faith of Christ. He listened wonderingly to the plain, clear truths of religion. I sat with him a long time patiently answering all his objections. Finally I asked him if he would read the little book I drew out of my pocket, a small catechism, and I promised that I would come back soon again. He consented readily, and when I arose to go he called his wife to show me out. His face was full of grateful feeling when I said good-bye.

"I told his wife I thought he would get better, and she seemed greatly consoled. I promised to return in a few days, and left the house wondering at the ways of God. I saw the touch of grace in the man's heart, and it had so transformed him that I could only wonder and praise the Lord."

"It seems to me there is not much more to be said. Old Amos Wilton plunged into the instructions the way he did everything. He made his wife and sons listen to that catechism. After my visits he would repeat all

I had told him, and in course of time, his mind being easier and the burden of his perplexities relieved, he became better."

At last the day arrived when I told him I would baptise him, and by this time I had included wife and sons in the instructions. He was able to ride to the church, and Rachael was there, to be present—all tears and joy—at the baptism of father, mother, and two brothers. Although they were Baptists they had never been baptised.

Happiness beamed from Rachael's tearful eyes. She could not contain her gratitude to God, and indeed it was as much as I could do to keep back the tears of joy that persisted in coming to my own eyes.

Rachael went home with them, and it was the talk of the neighborhood for many days—how the Wilton family all "went over to Rome." But in the hearts of the new converts there was that peace which the world cannot give, that surpasses all the good things of this world. May God give them all the grace of perseverance!—*The Missionary*.

SYMPATHY.

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