

## Conclusion

better Christian than I. He got a big fortune in gold, and then, then—can you blame him?—he remembered that “there was something better than gold.” The miners had no one there to speak to them of God and religion. No one had leisure to get up services on a Sunday, or visit their sick-beds when they were laid up. There was no one to speak to the dying, and try to raise a man’s thoughts to the Saviour who died for him. And Clive had a gift for the work. A man, Webster, told me that when he was once on the very brink of the grave Mr. Forrester spoke, like a man inspired, of the love and the mercy of God, till he was constrained to vow that if he were spared he would lay down all his wealth, and himself too, at the foot of the Cross. Clive was in the same peril also, and he made the same vow. Shortly after they were saved from a horrible death. Can you blame him because he kept his vow?’

She was weeping now, and clung to me for a moment; and then, quite herself, she said bravely, though the tears were streaming down her face faster than she could wipe them off, ‘No, it’s all right—of course. Did he—did he send anything?’

I gave her his letter, and she ran away to peruse it alone.