

She made no reply, but her face betrayed the anxiety of her soul.

I continued: "When we go on the railway we do not trouble ourselves as to whether we are dressed in such or such a way, but whether we have got a ticket which entitles us to the journey—what is it that gives you the right to enter heaven? Who will introduce you there?"

Still no answer, except a sign which seemed to express a doubt. What a grief it was to see this poor young girl so near her death and resting like many another on the goodness of God, whilst the great question of her sins was not disposed of in such a manner as to enable her to meet a righteous and holy God! We lifted up our hearts to the Lord in supplication that He would take away this illusion and lighten her by His Holy Spirit. Opening then the New Testament, I read to her from the seventh chapter of Luke the simple and marvellous history of the sinner coming to Jesus in the house of Simon the Pharisee.

"You see," I said to the sick girl, "how the Lord Jesus, when He was on the earth was in relationship with two classes of people. On one side was the Pharisee who believed he could make himself acceptable to God by his religion and his good conduct. He flattered himself with the thought that God would receive him because he had done no evil. The poor woman on the contrary was known as a sinner and could not deceive herself as to the judgment which she deserved. She came weeping to

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