

people rose to their feet and made for the open door. I came down the gallery stairs and slowly made my way down the hall, but when about half-way down, some one with a peculiarly strong voice began to plead, and the words, "Sinner, where will you spend your eternity?" came pealing down with such force that they fastened themselves upon my heart. Turning to look at the speaker I saw a delicate girl standing on the platform, and for a moment felt she must be speaking to me. I moved once more towards the door, and again I heard the same words, "Where will you spend eternity—where?" Why, there was but one place for the drunkard, one place for the suicide, and even then I was on my way to put an end to the life which God had given. Trembling like an aspen leaf, I sank into the first seat, utterly wretched, but listening to every word spoken by this earnest Christian girl. What was that she said? "Whosoever will may come and partake of the