

Oh, the unutterable joy of that hour, as she looked up into the starry heavens and thought of the angels about the throne, she would not have changed places with one of them. They could not win souls, they could not "preach the gospel to the poor, nor heal the broken-hearted."

Once she used to sing :

"I want to be an angel
And with the angels stand."

Now she could thank God that she was still in the flesh, and had the unspeakable privilege of labouring together with Him for the salvation of the lost.

Not many days had passed, however, when her *convert* returned looking the picture of misery. She had not yet received the 'the right kind of faith,' poor girl, nor did she 'feel any happier.'

What was to be done? The cry went up from the depths of her heart—"Lord, save her; if I could carry her into the kingdom I would, but I can do nothing—oh do a thorough work in her soul for Jesus' sake." Suddenly the Spirit seemed to bring to remembrance the text : "All we like sheep have gone astray, we have turned every one to his own way, but the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all."