

I prayed with the dear child, and left her with my heart full of praise, and in admiration of the wonderful ways of the Lord, who saves the weakest and most wretched child.

I went twice after to see Polly, I read to her passages which speak of the Lord Jesus who loved her, and I prayed with her. At each visit I found her weaker in body, but strong in the faith.

"When I go to heaven," she said, "I will say: I am Polly Moran, whom Jesus died to save, and they will let me right in, won't they?"

Oh! dear young reader, that you might have poor Polly's simple faith! "Being justified by faith, we have peace with God." Jesus died to save you, you also. He loves you. He was delivered up for you, and all that He asks is that you repent of your sins and believe in Him.

When I came again to see Polly, the neighbor Mrs. N. said: "Polly is dead; her last words were: Tell the lady that Jesus came for me; her head then dropped upon her bed, and she was gone."

What a glorious change. She had left her miserable bed of rags and her sufferings; she had left her abject poverty for the infinite riches of Christ; from grief and misery to endless joy and happiness, in the presence of Him who loved her and died to save her.