

her cause for her, and how completely He had made peace for her; and how utterly useless and unnecessary any thing would be that we might attempt to do to this end.

Her eyes closed with my last words; the tears trickled into, and down the deep furrows of her pain-worn face; a sweet restful smile came about her lips, and laying herself down, she said again, and again, "Aint it nice! Oh, aint it nice, that the Son of God should come into this world, and die, to make peace for the likes of me? Aint it nice? Oh, aint it nice?"

I arose softly, and left her with a new found Saviour and peace.

As I went away from that house, my own eyes were full of tears; but my heart was full of joy and peace; and I was saying to myself as I have hundreds of times since, Aint it nice! Oh, aint it nice? that the Son of God should come into the world and die to make peace for the likes of me, simple and unworthy me! Aint it nice?

A PRECIOUS DEATH.

A LITTLE boy in the neighborhood of London, England, recently died. He was only twelve years old, but had by God's grace, learnt that Jesus Christ was *his* Saviour, and that God had cast all his sins into the depths of the sea. Just previous to the moment of his death he exclaimed, "O, precious Jesus!" and having thus cried he fell asleep in Jesus.

And now dear reader, young or old, have you learnt that Jesus is *precious*? Well! He is precious to him that *believeth*. Do you *believe* that He died on the cross for *you* and that He there blotted out all *your* sins by the sacrifice of Himself? If so you too can *now* exclaim "O precious Jesus."