

tressed. O! that I could but describe her condition to those who were instrumental, in Satan's hand, in placing her there; and not to them only, but also to all who frequent the better apartments of the hospital. Leave that sofa and carpet, and follow me to the garret. Behold that suffering child on her bed of misery. Seventeen summers have scarcely passed over her head; yet she is ruined! body and soul are polluted. She knows her time is short, and yet she has no hope! Her mind is awfully dark; the past is dark; the future is dark; all is dark. Hear that groan. Is it not big with horror? O! where are her murderers? Could they but see and hear for themselves, they might repent. Where are they? you ask. I know not where they are now; but by-and-by they will appear at the bar of God! Reader, take heed to thy steps in such matters.

Such were the feelings, forebodings, and sad condition of poor Adele at this melancholy period of her history. But a brighter day was fast approaching. Yes; that Saviour who laid his glory by; stooped to a poor virgin womb; became a man of sorrows; He is Jesus still; and

"Whom man forsakes. He will not leave;
Ready the outcast to receive."

The good seed which had been sown by those humble, but zealous and devoted followers of their Master, who, from Sabbath to Sabbath, visit these haunts of iniquity, in order to exhort the guilty inmates to flee from the wrath to come, now began to spring up. The Spirit of the Lord used the waters of affliction to soften the fallow ground of the heart, and caused the tender bud of grace to appear. Her language now was, O, that I had been advised by those men who begged of me to give up sin, and go to the asylum. Where are they now? Can they see me no more? Will none who care for my soul be conducted to this wretched room? I must die here. But not so. O, the love of God in Christ Jesus!

That God who extorted the cry for help, also wrought out that deliverance.

Her money being now spent, the mistress of the house approached her in a rage, and ordered her out immediately! This cruel conduct so affected the heart of an old companion in sin, who was present, that she cried out, O, Adele! I will do anything for you! I will dress you; get a cab, and take you to the asylum; but you cannot be admitted if ill; therefore, you must paint, and take some wine. The painting was performed with so much skill, that I had no idea of the imposition till the following morning, when, to my no small astonishment, in place of the clean complexion and ruddy cheek, I discovered a picture of sickness and speedy dissolution! After conversing and praying with Adele, I was much encouraged to believe her a hopeful case. She was really sick of sin, and anxious to escape from the wrath to come. She assured me that she esteemed the hour of her admission into the asylum, the happiest of her life. From that hour she gave herself wholly unto prayer, and the Word of the Lord was sweet unto her taste. Occasionally she would cherish a hope of mercy, but at other times black despair would fill her mind with terror and dismay. On such occasions she would weep bitterly; her whole frame became agitated, even to such a degree as to cause the bed on which she lay to tremble. Thus she continued for some weeks, between hope and despair; but the Spirit of the Lord was at work; salvation was at hand. Whilst an esteemed servant of the Lord bowed before the mercy seat, and uttered strong cries to God on her behalf,

"A ray of heavenly light appeared,
A messenger Divine."

She felt that she could trust in Jesus for a present, future, and everlasting salvation. Her language was, "O Lord, I will praise thee; for, though thou wast angry with me, thine anger is turned away, and thou dost comfort me." From that memorable moment, she delighted to speak about heaven and death; her affections being set on things above, and not on things on the earth. At first, I was slow of heart to believe that this great change was real, but the fruits were so apparent—meekness, patience, gentleness, and a love for prayer and praise—that my unbelief was rebuked: and I dared no more doubt than Thomas, after he had seen the print of the nails in his risen Master's hands.

Some eight or ten days after the burthen of guilt had been removed, she was taken suddenly and dangerously ill. Dr. R., the surgeon

of the asylum, was immediately sent for, and attended, accompanied by a pious friend, who often prayed with and for her. Medicine being administered, some time was spent in prayer; and truly it was a season not soon to be forgotten. It pleased the Lord, however, to lengthen out the feeble thread of life for twelve weeks longer; seven of which she was enabled continually to "rejoice in hope of the glory of God." But he who "goeth about as a roaring lion;" he who is "the accuser of the brethren;" not willing to lose his prey, now made a desperate venture to destroy her peace, make shipwreck of her faith, and so rob her of her God. Being requested to visit her, I soon stood by her bed-side; for some moments she could not speak; she held me by the hand, and wept bitterly; then, with such imploring looks as I can never forget, she exclaimed, "Jesus cannot save me; O, he cannot save such a sinner as I am. He cannot be so good." Then, in the most affecting manner, she began to confess and enumerate her sins. Her anguish was truly bitter. My heart yearned for her deliverance. Looking to Him who is the fountain of wisdom, I endeavoured to break this snare of the enemy, by showing her the sufficiency of the atonement, and the willingness of God, by virtue of that atonement, to save to the uttermost all who come to him through Christ.

After this conflict, she not only continued calmly trusting in Jesus, but almost constantly triumphing in the prospect of death, regarding it as the friend appointed to take down the clay tabernacle, and so release her happy spirit from this scene of sorrow.

While suffering severe pain, if any of her companions would sympathize with her, or try to make her suffering less, she was wont to say, "O, it is nothing, Jesus makes my heart glad; and you know he suffered more for me."

Being requested to tell how she felt in the immediate prospect of death, she replied, "I cannot tell you as I wish, but I will try and make you understand. When I was a little girl, I loved very much to go to balls; and when invited to one, longed very much for the time to come, and could think of nothing else. Well, that is just the way I feel now, only more glad."

At another time, she said, "I feel as if I had been a poor beggar all my life, but now I am so rich, every thing is mine."

Being very happy one day, she requested me to inform her if we would recognise our friends in heaven. On being told that it was generally believed we should, she cried out, with uplifted hands, "O how glad I'll be to see you, and all those kind friends who come to see us here. O, how good is God to bring me here, to be shown the way to heaven."

By day and by night, she frequently wept and prayed aloud for her old companions in sin, wishing that they might see the error of their way, and come to the asylum.

As a proof of her abhorrence of sin at this season, I may remark, that, a few days previous to her death, she sent for me, and humbly, but earnestly requested, that no part of her own clothing might be put on or about her corpse. In answer to my inquiry, "What shall I do with your clothes?" she replied, "Anything you like; burn them if you will; they are all the wages of sin." Having promised to comply with her request, she appeared much pleased. Nor did she fail to remind me of that promise a few hours before her departure.

To those who nursed her, she was both kind and grateful, and has been known to creep out of bed whilst they slept, and adjust their bed clothes, and try to make them comfortable.

The night before her death, Saturday, when about retiring to my own room, I said, "Do you think you will stay with us all night?" She replied, "I should like to remain till to-morrow, and go to heaven on Sunday; but I am very weak." On entering her room on Sabbath morning, she said, "I am here, and Jesus has been here all night, making my heart very glad, and saying, 'Be not afraid; in my Father's house are many mansions.'" Then she repeated several times, with much animation, "Glory, glory, God is love; hallelujah, God is love." She now became extremely weak, and lay motionless for several hours. I thought she would speak no more. About six o'clock in the evening, when seventeen or eighteen of the inmates surrounded her dying bed, she broke forth into exhortation, and with a strong and distinct voice besought them, in the name of the Lord, to return to sin no more, but to seek repentance whilst it might be found. She then added, "I knew the Lord would give me strength to tell you how