

into eyes which say "No hope! no hope!"? If you have you know what I read as I walked up to her bedside, and said "I am afraid you are very ill." "I am dying," she answered.

Speaking a few words to her I found one great burden lay on her heart. She had a sister living in R—, and the dying woman's children—children of a drunkard parent—deceived her and on that account for years she had not taken any notice of the poor thing before me.

I promised to go and see her and tell her of the sufferer's state, and then I spoke of Christ. "I don't know," she said, "I have been very wicked, but I believe God sent you."

"But how do you know that I will go and see your sister? How do you know that I will keep my word, I am a perfect stranger to you."

"I know you will," she returned, "I know God sent you."

"Then if you can trust a perfect stranger, cannot you trust the Son of God who spent so many years on earth, healing the sick, cleansing even the leper, and raising the dead, and at last offering Himself upon the cruel cross, 'the just for the unjust,' a propitiation for sinners. 'The Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world.' Is it hard to trust Him, isn't He worthy of it?"

She listened, but no gleam of hope shone in the great black eyes, she only repeated that God had sent me, and that she could trust me.

I went to the sister and finding her out left a