

she replied. "It may be that He will give me peace at the moment of my death. He has His own time."

"Let us see in the word what is His time," I replied as I opened my bible. "I do not ask you to believe my word, but God's. Do you believe that all He has said is true?"

"Yes."

"Very well, God says in II Cor. vi. 2, '*Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation.*' You see the time indicated by God is *now*."

"Yes," said she hesitatingly.

I continued; "It is God who has sent me to you this afternoon, and the message I bring is from Him; will you not believe it?"

The expression on my poor friend's face, showed the terrible struggle going on in her soul. Satan was using every means to retain his victim, while I was lifting up my heart to the Lord that He would accomplish His work of deliverance in her.

We were both so deeply interested in the conversation, that we had not noticed how rapidly the hours had passed, until the shades of evening warned me that it was time to return home; but I felt I could not do so, until this poor soul had found peace. I again implored her to come to Jesus without delay, and to accept the grace He had obtained for her.

After a short silence she said, slowly and seriously; "If you have been sent by God, and your message is from Him, His time has evidently come."

"Then you *now* accept Jesus as your Saviour?"

"Yes," she said, with emotion. We kneeled down