

am about to die, and I know not where I am going. Oh, the blackness of the darkness! Can no one teach me what I can do to be saved?"

Blank despair was pictured on her countenance. Misery overshadowed the circle. They were overtaken by a real danger. Death was in their midst. Eternity was looming before them. They knew not how to answer the agonizing appeal of an immortal soul, awakened to a sense of sin—to a dread of appearing before God—to the terrors of hell.

Alice was attended by a little maid, who was in the habit of frequenting a meeting held in a barn in the village where prayer and praise were offered up in simplicity, and where they sang the old hymns—

"There is a fountain filled with blood,  
Drawn from Immanuel's veins  
And sinners plunged beneath that flood,  
Lose all their guilty stains."

and

"I lay my sins on Jesus,  
The spotless Lamb of God;  
He bears them all and frees us  
From the accursed load:"

and where she heard words which reminded her of the good old pastor.

She longed to tell her mistress that she might "wash and be clean," but felt diffident. At last she took courage, and just as the Israelitish captive said unto Naaman's wife. "Would God my lord were with the prophet that is in Samaria, for he would recover him of his leprosy," she told her mistress,