

searching question which God put to the first sinner—"Where art thou?" And He had evidently whispered to this poor soul, the sad word "*Lost.*" For weeks she had striven to do the best she could and at last the truth of her lost and helpless condition was being fully realized. Never shall we forget the heart-rending words so broken with sobs—"Oh, *what* shall I do? What *shall* I do? What more *can* I do?"

"Suppose, dear girl, you give up trying and begin trusting. It says somewhere—'*Believe* on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved.'

"But I *do* believe, I always *did* believe."

"Perhaps you do not believe in the right way; what you want is *saving* faith."

"Well, how can I get saving faith?"

"Ask God to give it to you."

"How shall I know that the faith He gives is *saving* faith?"

"I think you will feel very much happier."

A new hope came into the poor broken spirit as they knelt together to pray for "the right kind of faith," and as they separated she went on her way wondering if she "felt any happier," while our young worker rejoiced in the vain thought that she had helped to lead a sinner to Jesus.