

if she thought of what purpose God had in sending her that touch of illness, her face changed instantly to a deep frown and rising she said with dignity : "Miss H—, *if* you and I are to be friends you must stop talking in that manner." I too, arose, feeling it to be a solemn moment, and with earnestness pressed on her to consider her lost condition before God ; adding, that I must speak of Christ; that through His blood I had forgiveness of sins, and that I could form no friendship where I could not speak freely of Him. I forbear to write what she said in reply, suffice it to say that all the deep hatred of the natural heart towards God flowed freely from her lips ; and with an aching and saddened heart I took my departure.

We retired to bed as usual that night, but what words could depict my horror when that poor lady's husband came in the middle of the night and implored my mother to come to his house at once, for, added he, "my wife is dead." Yes, the sad news was but too true. That poor soul was suddenly summoned into God's presence, there to answer for her rejection of His salvation. "How shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation." (Heb. ii. 3). She complained in the middle of the night of not feeling well, got out of bed, and without a word fell lifeless on the floor, where my mother found her when she hurried in.

Reader, this is a true story, not written to excite a passing emotion, and then be tossed aside and forgotten, but that it may through God's mercy have a voice for YOUR heart and conscience. Do not let this little paper out of your hand I beseech you without