

unite with us, and that those who had been confirmed in former years might revive the resolutions of their own day of dedication, and seek fresh grace to go on.

"I had spoken the last words of warning and encouragement, and gone into the vestry, when a woman came hastily in and said, '*Sir, I cannot stand out any longer. Will you let me be confirmed to-morrow?*' I knew her, and her character. She was a woman of strong passions and determined will. She had resisted deep convictions which had been working within her for some time. Her wish had been, '*Let me repent, but not not.*' She could, however, no longer fight off the decision. It was made. Her will was overcome, the citadel won, and she surrendered. It had cost her no little struggle to ask what she had asked, and, knowing this, I would not refuse because she had come late, even at the last hour: so, after speaking with her, I told her that I would give her the card to go with the other candidates. She went, and was confirmed.

"Hers had been no sudden whim, no hasty impulse. The strong feelings that almost overcame her were not the result of a storm and thunder-shower of emotion, but the bursting up of a stream of deep, and strong, and at last irresistible convictions, which had been for a long time working their way amidst many a hard stone and rough rock that crossed their course.

"Her Christian career, after this, was such as one would be sure her career would be if once she became a real Christian. She never did anything by halves. It was not in her nature to do so. She was no double-minded person in her reli-

gious duties; but firm and determined, she worked her way onward and upward. She had not, as it appeared afterwards, long to live. Fatal disease began to set in. She came to church as long as she could come; but at last she was confined to the house first, then to her room, then to her bed.

"I have her now before me the last time I ever saw her alive. I have the room before me—small, yet very neat; the bed, with its dark-green hangings, its clean covering, and its dying tenant.

"She was so near to death, that the very air, if roughly put into motion, seemed enough to put out the feeble, flickering flame that just gimmered in the socket. As I entered the room, she put up her hand for me to move gently round the bed. I did so. After a few words I opened my Bible, and read to her the latter verse of John. xvii., showing her how the Saviour had prayed for His Apostles first, and then how He had prayed the same for all 'those who should believe in Him through their word;' how He asked that they might all behold His glory, 'the glory which He had with the Father before the world was.' How he said, 'the glory which Thou hast given Me I have given them.' Her bright eyes, made more bright and full by the influence of the insidious disease that had been breaking down her frame, till it was all but broken up, were fixed full on me, as I read God's Book, and Christ's words out of God's Book. '*Will you get me my large Bible?*' she said, in a low, faint whisper. I got it. '*Will you open it at these words?*' I did so, turning it at the same time round towards her, though I think that