

## THE ELEVENTH HOUR.

IT was the day for visiting the workhouse infirmary at R—. I felt strangely disinclined to go, and after putting on my things I took them off again, then again put them on. It was a hot summer's day, and Satan kept whispering that there was no one needing a visit that special afternoon. Aye, he is ever the father of lies, and well for us who know the Shepherd's voice and can discern that of the destroyer of lives and the enemy of Him who came as He said "Not to destroy men's lives but to save them." (Luke 9, 56.)

I went. The old man at the entrance as usual looked at my basket and said in his gruff, kind way, "Don't show me what's in it," and as usual I went through the wards I generally visited; but there seemed no special need, no special one for whom the Shepherd would leave the ninety and nine that day, when suddenly, passing the door of a ward I had never entered, seized with an impulse as direct and swift as a flash of lightning, I turned the handle and stood in the doorway. On a small, narrow bed, opposite the door, lay a woman, whose matted hair lay around the dark, parched face, the great black eyes looked into mine. But oh! dear friends, have you ever seen a dying face saturated with despair? Have you ever looked