

presence of books and friends, made all cheerful and happy, with the cheerless solitude of the poor woman alone here from morning till night, and from night till morning, only as one or another called out of kindness to keep her from suffering, his heart filled again with sadness and sympathy.

Seating himself on the stool at the side of the poor woman's cot, he began speaking to her in words of sympathy and condolence:—

"It must be hard for you, Nancy, to be shut up here alone so many days and weeks?"

"O no, thank God, massa judge, the good Lord keeps me from feelin bad. I'se happy now as ever I was in all my days."

"But, Nancy, lying here from morning till night and from night till morning all alone, and racked with pain, dependent upon others for everything, do you not get tired and down-hearted, and think your lot a hard one to bear?"

"Well, I'se 'pendent on others, dat's sure, 'deed I is, an I was allers used to have something to give to de poor, and to de missionary, too, an to de minister, but den I'se no poorer dan my good Lord was when he was here in de worl, and I'se nebber suffer half so much yet as he suffer for me on de cross. I'se very happy when I tink of dese tings."

"But, Nancy, you are all alone here?"

"Yes, massa, I'se all alone, dat's true, but den Jesus is here, too, all de time. I'm nebber alone, no how, and he's good company."

"But, Nancy, how do you feel when you think about death? What if you should die here all alone some night?"

"Oh, massa judge, I spect to! I spect nothing else but jes to go off all alone here some night as you say, or some day. But it's all one, night or day, to poor Nancy, and den, massa, I spect I'll not go all alone arter all; for Jesus says in de blessed book, I'll come and take you to myself, dat where I am, dare you may be also; an I believe him. I'se not afraid to die alone."

"But, Nancy, sometimes when I think of dying I am filled with trouble. I think how bad I am, what a sinner, and how unfit for heaven; and I think now what if I should die suddenly just as I am, what would become of me? Are

you not afraid to die, and go into the presence of a holy God?"

"Oh no, massa, 'deed I'se not."

"Why not, Nancy?"

"O massa, I was 'fraid very much. When I was fust injer, I see I mus die, an I thought how can such a sinner as I is ebber go into such a holy place as de new Jerusalem is? An I was miseble; oh, I was miseble, deed, sure! But den by and by, after a while, I jis thought I mus trus myself to de blessed Jesus to make me ready for de kingdom jis as I did to forgib all my sins. An so I foun res for my poor soul in Jesus, an sen dat time I feel somehow all better; I know now he will make me all ready pure an white for de new Jerusalem above. An now I love to think about de time when I shall come to 'pear befo' the Father's throne, wid Him in glory, all starry spangly white."

For a moment the judge sat in silence admiring the power of grace. Not yet himself deeply affected by the light reflected from this star in disguise. A little pressure more was required—another chafing question—to bring out the ray destined to pierce his own soul.

"Well, Nancy, one thing more let me ask you; Do you never complain?"

"Complain! Oh now, massa judge, complain, do you say, massa? Why, massa? Who should such a one as I is complain ob! The good Lor, he knows bes what's bes for poor Nancy. *His will be done!*"

Nancy said this in tones of the deepest sincerity. And a little more. There was just a shade of wonder at the question, as much as to say, "What! you an officer in the church, and a man of education, a judge, and yet think that a poor creature like me might complain of the dealings of a merciful God and Saviour like mine!"

The arrow took effect. The judge bowed his head in silence a moment, and then arose and bade Nancy good-bye, without the word of consolation and prayer which he fully purposed when he went into the cabin.

All the way home he kept saying to himself, "Well, I never yet said, 'His will be done' in that way. I never felt it. Alone, poor, helpless, bedrid, dependent, miserable in body, and yet happy as an angel! Ah! there is a power there I never felt. But I must