

as she had acted in this manner all hope of salvation was lost for her, seeing she had neglected the day of grace and that now the Lord would have nothing more to say to her—She believed the lie of the enemy and from that moment a sombre sadness took possession of her soul, and she was filled with anguish at the thought that she was irrecoverably lost.

Deeply interested in what I heard, I asked; "Where does this person live?"

"At No. 23———Street."

"Is she deaf?"

"Yes, but why do you ask me that?"

"It is very remarkable," I said, "but it must be the very person I am now on my way to visit professionally. Her mistress asked me last evening to come."

"May the Lord give you a word for this poor troubled heart," said my friend as he left me, and I continued my way to visit my patient.

After having disposed of the subject of her bodily ailments, and as she was leaving the room, I recalled her and said, "Jane (that was her name), you are certainly very deaf but I do not think you are so much so as not to be able to hear the voice of Jesus. Have you ever heard His voice?"

Her head fell upon her breast and her look, always sad, as it usually is with deaf people, became still more so, but she remained silent.

"You surely cannot say that you have come to your present age without the Lord having spoken to you of his love, or called you to Himself."

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