

also, you would not leave me; because I spoke to you for your good, I have dealt so easy with you, and spoken so often that I know not what to say now.' She came and sat by me, and wept bitterly, and said: 'Oh! I will try, but it is so *hard to resist desire*.' After a little reasoning, I read and prayed with her." This was the way in which she was lifted out of "the depth into which she had fallen;" and had there been no "Bible Women," we fear we should never have seen her more, unless it had been to avoid, her as a "lost one." Then a little kindness won her to the Mothers' Meeting again. Her self abasement was painful to witness. But we seldom saw a more attentive listener, and we now believe her to be a truly humble christian; delighting in her Bible as her best friend; raising her voice in hymns, as she joins in the worship, with an earnestness pleasant to witness; and looking to her Saviour *alone* for strength. We have known her under temptation, resist the tempter, and seen with *what abhorrence* she looks back on the sin she has forsaken. She labours under disease brought on by that sin, "strong drink;" and we found lately that she had been actually at times feeling want of food, and so ill clothed. But though suffering from cold, she never resorted to the "cup to drown the pangs of cold and hunger." On finding it out by questioning her, we said, "Why did you not tell us?" her answer was; "Oh you have all done so much for me, I had not the *face* to tell you." In alluding once to her fall, she said; "I feel quite a different person now; everything *seems so changed*; I did not *like* the taste; I did not want the drink; I *hated it*; I knew it was depriving me of all my happiness, and I felt it was my *worst enemy*. I cried all night, to think how I had disgraced myself, and yet I *drank it, I could not help it*;" and turning round with a look of horror, "I believe if the devil *can* get into anything *he was there*." We said, "resist the devil, and he will flee from you, draw nigh unto God, and he will draw nigh unto you." "Yes *that is my only hope and I trust I shall be kept*." She has, to us, a peculiarly sweet smile, and a gleam of happiness often passes over her face, as the love of Jesus to lost sinners is spoken of, that makes us rejoice over her with joy and trembling as she sits "clothed and in her right mind;" trembling, we say, because so many whom we have watched and hoped over, have fallen. But our trust is in God.

The following are from Eliza's journal:

Called at ———, she was out; her husband lay on an untidy bed under the influence of liquor, and the youngest boy was then crying because his *mother* was so. I spoke and prayed with him. The house was in a shameful state; and I am informed that she is not a day sober, and that she said one day that she would sell the hair of her head for liquor. I