

blind woman, shut up in this hot steamy kitchen ; her eyesight gone ; all that was beautiful in nature shut out forever ? One might well have expected naught but murmuring and discontent at her pitiable condition ; but it was far otherwise ; her answer came out of a full heart. " Yes thank God they are "—but was this all ? far from it, for as she replied, from those old sightless eyes, tears of joy were seen to course down her withered cheeks. Yes, reader, tears of joy, as her face lit up with a heavenly smile, she continued to speak of the One whom by grace for years she had known. Ah ! sceptic, scoffer, or infidel, I ask thee what produced those tears ? Why was she so affected ? Why did tears come from those old sightless eyes, as a *stranger* whom she could not see, whose voice she had never before heard, asked these simple questions. The answer is plain, her heart was touched *at once*. She thinks of the Man on the middle tree ; Jesus her Lord, the One who died on Calvary's cross, Jesus, the Son of God ; Jesus, Lord Jesus ; *this, and this alone* solves the difficulty ; this, and this alone is the key to it all. O, poor empty christless professor, thou hast never so shed tears ; thy heart has never so been moved ; and yet thou hast put on the garb of profession. And what of the poor infidel ? or be thou who thou may, Christ is coming, wake up ! wake up ! poor lost one, ere it be too late. And what a heart has the Lord Jesus Christ : large enough to take in all, and by His grace this poor woman found it out, yes, " His blood can make the foulest clean, His blood atones for me."

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