

A DELIVERED SOUL.

PICTURE to yourself a pretty village in the very centre of England: its thatched roofed cottages grouped on the side of a hill; its paths bordered with sweet brier, and honey-suckle; a rippling brook coursing through a little valley, under a canopy of spreading beech and oaks.

I was a visitor in this village at my brothers, who had recently been appointed rector of the parish, and on my first walk out with him I could not but express my admiration of the charming picture.

"To judge by appearances," said my brother, "it is an ideal village, and these thatched roofs appear to cover only happy people, but misery and sorrow are concealed under these, as well as elsewhere. In order to convince you, you have only to enter the first house you reach on your road; this, for instance, on our right—There lives in this house a woman who is the picture of despair; the neighbors look upon her as insane; she believes she is lost; and all my efforts to bring before her the consolation of religion have so far been fruitless."

My brother thereupon opened the gate of the little garden, and left me to enter the house alone, as he went on to pay a visit elsewhere.

I felt that God only could avail for such a case, and I lifted up my heart to Him, praying that He might give me a message from Himself, for this agonised soul.