

“ AINT IT NICE.”

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“ **A** MECHANIC and his wife had taken a poor sick woman into their house, who had been turned out of house and home, because of her inability to pay rent. I entered the sick room and found lying upon the bed a woman past middle life, far gone with a terrible disease that was literally eating her life away. She was wan and thin; her face was marr'd with pain, and ploughed into deep furrows with suffering. At the time, she was moaning with agony; so that for a while I could not speak to her, but taking her thin hand in mine, I sat by the bedside and waited awhile till she turned her face toward me.

I then said, “ my dear friend, I am sorry to see you so sick and suffering so much.” “ Yes,” said she, “ I am sick, and I am suffering more than I can tell you. Oh the pain is so great, but it won't be for long, I think.” “ And are you at peace with God ? ” I asked. With this, a look of darkness and mental distress worked its way into the face of pain, and turning her distressed eyes away from mine she said in a despairing kind of way, “ No, no, I have not as yet made my peace with God, and I am too sick to do it now; I am in such pain that I cannot even think of it for long at a time. Oh no, I have not made my peace with God.” Then in a few detached sentences, she betrayed the false teaching she had received upon the whole subject of salvation by grace through faith; all of which was so mingled with despair that my heart was greatly moved.

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