

ASSURANCE.

THE door was shut and the shutters were up! Could I be too late? Had I missed, through tarrying, ministering to one whom He was seeking—the dying girl I had been asked to see? I went to a neighbor and enquired of her if E—— J——— was still living.

“Oh, yes. Just step through the shop [a baker’s shop] and tap at the inner door.”

I did so, and the lame mother opened the door and drew me in. E——— was lying on the little couch, looking very near death, with an eager, anxious expression in her brilliant eyes. I spoke more to the mother than to her, just a few words on the love of Christ, and then I touched on assurance.

“Ah!” said the mother, as the dying girl burst into tears, “that’s what is fretting her. She keeps saying if she only *knew* she was saved. And only this morning the minister’s left for a month’s holiday, and she said just before you came in, ma’am, “Now, mother, I shall have no one to help me.”

So I told her how I had been sitting, anxious to finish some work in hand; but could not rest, feeling constrained to go to her. This seemed to strike her as a proof of God’s love and care.

Then I pointed her to the word of God: “In whom we *have* redemption through His blood, the forgiveness of sins, according to the riches of His grace.” (Ephes. i., 7).

“But ye *are* washed, but ye *are* sanctified, but ye *are* justified.” (I. Cor. vi., 11).

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