

murderers, and idolaters, and whosoever loveth and maketh a lie.” “Now it is the Lord Jesus,” he added, “who says all this, and not I.”

“I see you are right,” replied the woman, in a tone more and more subdued; “I’m no less a sinner than you said I was. But what is to become of me?” “There’s nothing for you but to go to Jesus.” “But will He take such a wretch as me? Oh! I am a great sinner. And oh, Jamie!” she added, turning to her husband, in evident concern, “you’re no better than me; I doubt we’ll both be cast down into hell.” “It really doesn’t look well,” said the husband, shaking his head significantly, as if himself beginning to be alarmed also.

“But, Sir, do you think,” asked the woman, “that Jesus would take *such* sinners?” “Yes,” said the missionary, opening his Bible, “it is written in this book, ‘Whosoever confesseth and forsaketh his sins, *shall* find mercy.’ Have you a Bible in the house?” “Oh! no; we have none.” “Do you ever go to church?” “Never; I haven’t had my foot within a Church-door for sixteen years, till last night that I heard you; but I’ll come and hear you again. Have you any other meetings?” He told her he had four meetings during the week, and where she might find them each night.

From that day the woman gave up her fortune-telling. Along with her husband she attended every meeting. They got a Bible, and read it and prayed over it. A great change came over their whole life. The husband lived for some years, giving marked evidence of his interest in Christ. “Oh! had you not come to my house that day with my wife,” he used often to say to the missionary, “and had she not gone to that meeting where she thought you exposed her so much, I’m sure we should both have gone down into hell, for oh! we lived a sad life of sin; but since that, we have had great peace and comfort, even when we had little to eat, for that little had God’s blessing with it.” He died in the faith of the Lord Jesus. “The woman died on 23d September 1847,” says Mr. Paterson, “a manifest trophy of sovereign grace.”—*Missionary of Kilmany.*

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“HEART-DEEP WORDS.”

A woman and her husband came together one night to his meeting. His text was, “Come now, and let us reason together; though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool.” The woman was brought under great concern. “I felt myself,” she afterwards told him, “a lost and undone sinner; and I thought there was no help for me.” “For weeks,” he says, “she cried for mercy to pardon and for grace to help her; but she remained in great distress, her soul finding no relief.” On the husband the word had a different effect. He went away from the meeting in a great rage, and never again returned whilst his wife lived. The woman was never absent. One night the missionary spoke on these words,—“Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.” The light broke in upon her soul. She saw that the blood of Christ cleanseth from all sin. She believed; and she found peace. She lived, after this, for five years, a marked trophy of free grace.

Her deathbed was a scene of calm triumph. “Do you find Christ near to you?” said he to her one day. “Oh yes,” she replied, “Christ is in me, the hope of glory. He is precious to my soul. My Beloved is mine, and I am His. The Lord is my shepherd; I will never want any good thing. In a little, I’ll be in my Father’s house, to be for ever with my Father, and with Jesus my dear Saviour.” And taking the missionary very earnestly by the hand, she added, “Oh, pray much for my dear husband; after I am away, be sure to visit him; it may be the Lord will yet turn his heart; you see mine was just as hard as his, and by His Word and Spirit He broke my heart, and put life into my dead soul. Be sure and visit my husband.”

The request was not forgotten. Once every week, Mr. Paterson visited him; but, for a long while, without any apparent result. At length, one day, as he went in, he found him with the Bible before him, and the tears trickling down.