

lessons at that time. It is thirty-eight years, I think, since I had the talk with you at Clach an Tuire Fearnan, when I asked you what you intended to be. At that time you seemed undecided. Both of us have learned many lessons since, and regarding this dear Jesus, I must now say to you in all sincerity that the great proof to me, believing all the good old book says about Him, that he is Divine, is that I realize his promise fulfilled to myself of the sending of the Comforter, the Holy Spirit, promised to the disciples as a guide, counsellor, and never-failing friend. I have been brought to believe in Jesus and love him. Through sorrow and anguish I have passed. For eight long years I seemed in the dark; at fifteen I joined the church and loved to do her work. After many years, it came home to me that I was the vilest sinner that ever lived. I abandoned church-going altogether for a time, as I saw myself too bad to go to church, and then I became more miserable. I could take pleasure in nothing. I often wished I had been deaf and dumb, after being a professed follower of Jesus and now a deserter. For three nights at a time often, I never slept; often prayed the most of the night, promising God I would go back to the church-life, but could not get courage enough to go. I thought I was forever shut out of Heaven's home, and could not bear to hear my dear children sing those hymns I had taught them, as I thought in the great Eternity I could not be with the ransomed throng to sing the songs of Zion I had loved so well. I often knelt while the church bell rang, and the children had all gone to church at my request, and asked the Lord to take them if he could not take me. Oh, the anguish of those times! But God's good time came, and one evening about eleven o'clock at night, weary and worn and sad, I had laid down to rest for about thirty minutes. I awoke, and such a sense of peace came into my soul, which I could not describe to mortal. I got up next morning, weak in body, took up the daily round again; took up my place in the dear old deserted pew. Jesus seems so near, so real, so powerful as I think of Him as our Advocate at the Father's right hand—