

he said, "Do try and come if you can, for his one cry is to see his prodigal child before he dies." I thought my heart must break. Presently my captain came in and asked the cause of my grief. After reading the letter she said, "Do you think it is God's will you should go?" I replied, "Have I not prayed for three years that He would let me see my dear old father and mother before they died? and now I am no nearer going than I was when first I came to him a poor drunkard," for the whole of my wealth at that time was six or seven pence. She said, "Let us tell the Lord all about it," and, kneeling for a few minutes, we laid the matter before God; rising to my feet the grief had passed, and peace, born of the belief that all would be well, filled my heart. Christian friends soon heard about the matter, and a few offered to pay my passage if I would promise to return to Australia. Miss Freeman immediately offered part of her passage money, which had