

THE WOMAN WITH THE CANCER.



SCRIPTURE Reader in the South of London had frequently called at a house in a particular street, which, notwithstanding, he could not succeed in entering. Each time he could get no further than the doorstep. No sooner was he recognised than he was curtly informed that "No religion was wanted in that house," was told to go, and the door slammed in his face. But "My thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways My ways, saith the Lord." "He shall open, and none shall shut; and He shall shut, and none shall open."

One afternoon when the Reader was passing on the opposite side of the street he was looking up at a window of this very house, when his eye caught sight of a foot resting apparently on a couch. The thought instantly occurred to him that some one was ill. Lifting up his heart in prayer to God to open a way of access for him, he determined to call. When he did so he was met, in response to his inquiry, with the assurance that "No one was ill there, and they could do without religion if there were." And with the few closing words, "We shall not let you visit here," the door was shut upon him.

With a heavy heart he left the house, but he could not shake off the feeling of responsibility, and resolved to try again. After earnest prayers to God for strength and boldness in His cause he allowed an hour to pass away, and then went back to the house. The door was this time opened by a boy.

The Reader asked if any one was ill upstairs, when the lad's reply was, "Yes."

He thanked him, entered the house, and walked as quickly as possible along the passage and up the stairs. Half way up he met a young person coming down. He told her he was the Scripture Reader, and had come to see the sick person in the front room.

"There is no one sick there," she said; "but my mother lives in the back room, and she is dangerously ill. Come up, she will be so pleased to see you."

When he first entered the room he thought the figure before him was a corpse. Gently introducing himself, he asked what was the matter.

She replied in a feeble tone, "I am dying of cancer. I have prayed for days to God to send some one to visit me." In answer to the Reader's questions she said:—"I can't say I am saved. Sometimes I feel I am a sinner. I know I cannot put away my sins, and I am very miserable."

Taking out his Bible he read the first chapter of the Prophet Isaiah, dwelling specially on those parts which speak of us as we are in the sight of God, "people laden with iniquity, a seed of evildoers."

After prayer she entreated him to come again next day, which he did.

When next he entered the room she said, "I have been thinking ever since about what you read and said to me yesterday, especially about what you said about being worse than the beasts." "The ox knoweth his owner, and the ass his master's crib; but Israel doth not know, My people doth not consider."

On this occasion he read the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah, dwelling on the sixth verse. "And the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all." Again she urged him to come again next day.

This time the Reader found her very miserable and greatly suffering both in mind and body. She was much troubled on account of her sins, so he read the fifteenth chapter of St. Luke, dwelling on "the Prodigal Son" going back to his father just as he was, together with his father's reception and forgiveness of him. This chapter was blessed by the Holy Spirit to her soul. She went to God with all her sins, and believing "the record that God gave of His Son," she found peace with Him through our Lord Jesus Christ.

But her reception of spiritual blessing cost her much temporal trouble. "Because I allowed and wished you to visit me," she told the Reader, "the landlord has given me notice to be out of the house without delay, or he will take all the remaining furniture to pay the rent. Amidst all, I thank God for the great blessing you have been to my soul. How wonderful it seems you should have seen my foot at the window that afternoon! The lady in the front room asked me to come and sit with her, to look into the street for a little change. I was only there a very short time, and was never in her room before or since." She thanked the Reader over and over again, and begged him to visit her where she purposed going.

The landlord said, when he gave them notice, that "if ever he met with that young man that got into his house he would insult him, if ever he was insulted in his life!" But what saith God's Word? "Call unto Me, and I will answer thee"; and what say His servants? "In God I have put my trust; I will not fear what flesh can do unto me."

It only remains to be added that the landlord carried out his cruel threat, and ejected this dying woman from his house. She was removed to the care of some friends residing at Clapton, where she died shortly afterwards, full of peace and joy in her Saviour.

SAVING FOR CHRIST.



A poor servant girl came to me with two six-pences, wishing to give one to the Bible Society and the other to the Church Missionary Society, and to continue that sum every month.

On my remonstrating in consideration of her slender wages, she promptly replied: "Oh, I can afford it now, for since I have seen the evil of sin, I have seen the evil of finery; I can easily save that sum now, and what I save by Christ I ought to save for Christ."

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