

cate lack of character. I read noble traits there, but I felt that they had been dwarfed by evil influences. His brow was large and intellectual, his mouth firm and beautiful, save for a cynical expression which I thought habitual rather than natural. What had first attracted my attention, however, was an eager unrest in his fine brown eyes. I said to myself 'He has drained the world's cup to the dregs, and concludes there is not any good thing left, while involuntarily the good in his nature is seeking and still hoping for something real and true.'

My thoughts were interrupted by his saying eagerly, 'For God's sake, madam, if you have any pity—' I turned in the direction of his glance, and found a woman at my side in convulsions. My heart was at once aroused to the fullest sympathy. I supported the poor sufferer as best I could, while the gentleman stopped the car and himself assisted in carrying her to a drug store, in the ante-room of which was fortunately a comfortable lounge. In our efforts to revive her I unfastened her dress. As I did so a well worn purse fell out. I immediately searched its contents for some clue to a name, but in vain. There were a few silver pieces and a slip of paper, on which was written in a cramped hand these words: 'The Blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin.' The poor woman, conscious, though unable to speak, smiled as her eyes fell upon the paper, and reached out her trembling hand to receive it.

When she was at last able to give us her address we hired a cab and took her home. On our way thither she gave us a sketch of her history. It was the old story of poverty, distress and widowhood. Her heart had been full of rebellion for the heavy sorrows laid upon her until one day she had strayed into 'a Moody Meeting,' where she heard the words which had carried such a blessing to her soul. 'I would not remain long,' she recounted. 'I had dropped in partly to rest, partly from curiosity; but as I left the building Mr. Moody uttered that sentence. It clung to me all the way home, and I did not rest until I had written it on that bit of paper. I read it over and over again until I knew it was true—true that I was a sinner, and true that Jesus could wash me clean—even me. I had no one to teach me what to do, only the Spirit led me. Since then my life does not seem so hard. I am a seamstress; had been down town to take home my work and receive the miserable pittance for my labor. Years ago I was subjected to these bad spells. I suppose

my sewing late at night has brought them back. It will go hard with my little ones when I can no longer work, but if the Lord Jesus is able to cleanse my sin he is able to care for them. That little slip of paper is my best treasure.

'I will give you gold for it,' said the strange gentleman, drawing a piece of money from his pocket. For a moment a vision of the comforts it would buy must have flashed through her mind, but remarking his sceptical look her faith stood the test. 'You would tempt me, sir. No, I will not sell God's best blessing to me.'

Do not refuse him,' I said. 'It may do for him what it has done for you.'

In an instant her features lighted up. 'O, take it, sir,' she urged, 'without the gold. God's grace is 'without money, without price,' and may He bless it for your happiness and good.' He took it from her hand and dropped it carelessly into his vest pocket. All through he had shown the forethought and tenderness of a woman, but now his face settled back to the old expression.

We found the home of our charge to be poor and bare enough, though neat in the extreme. After a few kind words the gentleman left us, and after his departure we found on the table a twenty-dollar gold piece.

I afterward secured plain sewing for the woman from private individuals, which paid her better with just half the toil. Her health improved, and in time she was enabled to move to a better locality. I interested friends in her behalf, and fitted her children out for school. So her prospects brightened.

Two years had passed, and one morning as I was walking down Broadway I saw a gentleman descending the steps of the Astor House and watching me intently. He hesitated a moment, then hastened toward me with outstretched hand. Somewhat embarrassed I said, 'Your face sir, is familiar, but I cannot name you.'

'Did we not together act the part of 'good Samaritan' toward a poor creature in distress?'

Then of course, I knew him and said so.

'You will please pardon my taking advantage of that chance meeting to address you now, but I am interested to know the fate of that person we befriended. I left home that night for my home in the far West, and this is my first return to New York. I can tell my meeting you to day a most happy coincidence.'

I told him, of course, all the above facts regarding the woman, and he seemed much gratified.