

## PREPARE FOR ETERNITY.

ONE beautiful summer morning a young woman, upon whose countenance disease was stamped entered a compartment of a railway carriage in which was an aged lady. The effort which the invalid had made to enter the carriage caused a violent fit of coughing which painfully shook her enfeebled body.

"You are suffering much my friend," said the lady in a tone of compassion—Have you been long ill ?

"Some months, but I am better now than at the beginning of my illness," replied the young woman.

"You will never be better," interrupted the other in a decided tone of voice.

"But my doctor says I will get better."

"Then your doctor has deceived you. My experience tells me that you have not long to live, and for that reason I exhort you to prepare for eternity."

Having spoken thus the lady settled herself in her corner with the air of having fulfilled a duty, and with a smile of satisfaction on her placid countenance.

It was well for the poor invalid that the tender hand of her God and Father sustained her, without that the words spoken with so little grace would have crushed her. A slight color rose to her cheeks as she replied :

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