

though I had come on purpose to talk with her about her soul.

After shifting the subject a little, I again returned to the important question of our sins, and asked her if she did not think this was the first great question to be settled between us and God—the forgiveness of sins? That this subject brought before us so many other subjects that I should be delighted to talk to her about, such as the cross, the love of Jesus that brought Him down to die for us, and the power of His blood; but no, she gave me to understand that she did not wish to converse on these subjects, and wished her mother would come in. I assured her that I was only speaking in the truest love for her soul, for we were all alike guilty before God, and unless our sins are all forgiven through faith in the blood of Christ, we could not possibly enter heaven; that one single sin would be enough to shut her out of heaven and to shut her up in hell for ever, and nothing but the blood of Christ could cleanse them all away. Here I was interrupted with a loud scream for her mother. The mother came in at once; the daughter, in a whining voice, calling out, “I don’t want Mr. —to speak to me in this way, I wish he would not speak to me any more, he makes me so unhappy.” By this time the mother had her arms around her neck, soothing and patting her peevish child; but her words of consolation are never to be forgotten by me: “You should not be unhappy, my dear, you know you were so happy yesterday when Mr. H. called and read a chapter and prayed