

life praying for me; and I had forgotter till a moment ago, that song recalled it all; I am lost, forever lost."

"Not if that song be true, Will. I had a praying mother myself, once, and God knows I loved her; though I have never sought to follow her counsel."

The young men gazed at each other in blank despair.

"What is there in the name of Jesus to save?"



Rev. W. R. Foote.

As if in answer, the sweet, childish voice reached them still:

Oh, the precious name of Jesus,
How it thrills our souls with joy!
When His loving arms receive us,
And His songs our tongues employ.

The young men walked silently down the street together.

"I can't give drink up now," said Will, as he clasped his hands in mute despair.

"Oh, Will, let us break away from it altogether; it is destroying our lives."

"If I only could, oh, if I only could!"

"If that song be true we need not despair. The dying thief was saved on the cross, and we haven't got that far yet. Come to my room; I've a Bible there in my trunk that mother gave to me."

Together the young men entered the room and bent over the open book which had been sealed to them so long.

"Whosoever will let him come!" "Ho! every one that thirsteth come!" "I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance." What new and wonderful meaning the words held! How they thrilled the hearts of the young men with hope and courage!

"Though your sins be as scarlet, that's me," sobbed Will.

"But read on, read on, he says, 'They shall be as white as snow.' Oh, the beauty of such a religion, which can blot out all the iniquity of the past and preserve us from future evil."

It is three weeks later, and in a quiet and humble home far from the din of the city, a sad-faced mother is performing her usual round of duties.

"It is so long now, since last I heard from Will," she sighed, "and then it was a mere line stating he was well. O God, preserve my boy, and bring him unto Thy Kingdom."

"Good-day, neighbor, here is a letter for you," cried a cheery voice outside.

"From Will," she said, as she seated herself, and with quivering fingers tore the envelope.

"Saved! O God, I thank thee," she cried, a moment later, "and my faith had grown so weak. I shall never doubt again; but rest forever in the fulness of His words."

Little Bessie the saloon keeper's daughter, never knew the wonderful influence exerted by her simple song; but Will and Tom never passed by the attractive room where Brown