

it, but she gathered up her remaining strength and sang these words :

“ Oh call it not death, it is life begun,
 For the waters are passed, the home is won,
 The ransomed spirit hath reached the shore
 Where they weep, and suffer, and sin no more.
 She is safe in her Father's house above,
 In the place prepared by her Saviour's love,
 To depart from a world of sin and strife
 And to be with Jesus, yes, this is life.”

She stopped, and although death began to cast its shadow o'er her, I was still able to ask her a few questions.

“ You know now that your sins are forgiven ? ”

She made a sign that she did.

“ You are going to be with the Lord ? ”

She responded in the same way.

We prayed the Lord to take to Himself this dear sheep of His flock and thus put an end to her sufferings, according to His good pleasure, and indeed she was taken some minutes after we left. The clay tenement remained, but she herself was absent from the body and present with the Lord.

Dear reader, perhaps you have been until now indifferent as to the grave question of your sins or it may be you have treated it lightly—you also, it may be, are resting upon a vague hope of the goodness of God. You do not realize that if God were to act according to your thoughts of Him, He would cease to be what He is, unchangeable in His righteousness and holiness. True He is love, it is His nature, but