

dress, when many were moving about and conversing freely on the concerns of the soul—a poor emaciated-looking woman came up to me with a sheet of hymns in her hand, and placing her finger on the words, "Jesus is mine." said, with much feeling, "I could not sing these words last evening, but, oh, thank the Lord, I can sing them to-night." "Thank the Lord indeed, my dear woman," "and are you happy now?" "O yes," she said, "but I was so unhappy last night," and went on explaining her feelings and experience in something like the following words:

"When we all stood up to sing that hymn, 'Jesus is mine,' something said to me, You can't sing that, Jesus is not yours. And there I stood trembling with fear, and could not sing a word. And when I saw you all so happy, my heart was like to break. I did not know what to do; and after I went home I could do nothing but cry; I could not sleep; and I prayed, and prayed, that the Lord would save my soul, and give me faith to say 'Jesus is mine.' And the Lord had mercy on me, for He did answer my prayer, and I could say before I fell asleep, 'Jesus is mine,' and I am quite happy now."

"I am delighted to hear what you say; you ought to be the happiest woman on earth, what a noble prize you have found! But do you remember how you came to be sure of Jesus being yours?"

"Well, it came before my mind that Jesus had died for me as well as for the others, and I should believe that and put my trust in Him, for He will never cast me off; and I did feel I could trust in Jesus, and that I could love Him for having died for me a great sinner; and I should like to sing that hymn to-night if you will give it out."

It was not difficult to see that all was real, and that the Holy Spirit had been

her teacher. I mentioned the circumstances, and we sung the hymn with great joy of heart, the woman joining with us. Those who are familiar with such scenes know the peculiar joy which such an instance of grace produces. It is a sweet foretaste of heaven. Having ascertained how she came to the meetings, we parted never again to meet in this world. Soon after this she was called home.

I learnt from the sister who got her to come to the meetings, that she was in bad health. But rest was near. Her illness increased. She was then told at the hospital, that she must undergo an operation as the only hope of recovery but the surgeon was afraid that she was too weak to survive it. After consulting the kind friend who had brought her to the meetings, she consented to submit to the operation. She said she was not afraid to die, and that if it were the Lord's will to take her home she was happy to go. Her friend accompanied her to the operating room, but a scene occurred seldom witnessed in that frightful place. When fixed in the right position for the operation, her mind seems to have turned to Jesus. In place of thinking of the terrors of the knife—and full of terrors it must be to a woman's heart—she commenced singing her favourite hymn:

"Now I have found a Friend,  
Jesus is mine;  
His love will never end,  
Jesus is mine;  
Though earthly joys decrease,  
Though human friendships cease,  
Now I have lasting peace,  
Jesus is mine."

We must leave the reader to imagine the effect of such an unusual occurrence in an operating room, especially if the students were present. The operation was performed, but the patient sank