

the day that face of despair seemed before me; those great black eyes seemed yearning all their cry of need; but the heart of God was open. "He willeth not the death of a sinner" The Saviour who said, "Ye will not come unto Me that ye might have life," was gazing down upon that narrow bed, and I strove to leave her with Him, although no one might read His precious word to her, or plead with her for the peace of sins forgiven.

A week passed, and I returned, and went again to the Infirmary. The narrow bed was empty. No long black hair, dark and matted, lay upon the pillow, no great black eyes met mine. She was gone. But when? How? Dear ones, don't leave your peace till a death bed. There is no limit to God's love, and no limit to His grace; but there is joy and rejoicing in a life spent for Him. Crowns, and sheaves, and glad harvest songs, and His rewards, His, "Well done."

The nurse came up to me and apologized for what she had done and said. "She was sorry to have hindered me." "But she was very happy," she said, pointing to the empty bed. "She said she knew the blood of Christ cleansed her from her sins, and kept talking of you." The nurse, I found, was unconverted, and I felt thankful for her softened manner, and above all for what she told me. The Lord had sought, the Lord had found. She had entered in, covered and cleansed by the blood of the atonement, and He was victorious in another trophy of His grace; another proof of the "travail of His soul."

Reader, does He see the "fruit of the travail of His

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