

should be most happy if I could be useful to her, and proceeded to make some enquiries into the state of her soul, and the views she had in the immediate prospect of death. She assured me, she was not afraid to die—it was a debt we must all pay—she had lived long enough in the world, and had found nothing but trouble and disappointment in it—she was not unwilling to leave it—her trust was in Almighty God, &c. Enquiring still further into the ground of her faith and hope in God, she appeared surprised that I should be so exact, and displeased that I could not take it all for granted. But after some hesitation she proceeded to tell me, what she seemed to think I ought to have known, that she was a member of Christ's church; that her parents were Christians, and that they had had her duly baptized; that she had been confirmed, attended the sacraments of the Church, and had always lived a worthy member of the same. She admitted in further conversation that she had done some things wrong, but they were trifling, and God was merciful and her trust was in him. In short, the whole conversation served to convince me of her entire ignorance of Christ as a Saviour, and of herself as lost, helpless, and condemned.

I felt my own situation to be peculiarly trying, I knew not what to do. The attempt to enlighten a mind so totally dark, to instruct one so very ignorant (on this subject, in other respects she appeared intelligent and well informed) seemed, in this last hour of life, entirely hopeless. I feared it would only be giving pain without the possibility of doing any good. And who would be willing to give pain or unnecessary alarm to a fellow-creature in the awful hour of death? Our whole nature shudders at the thought! But then on the other hand, it was awful to think of a soul going into the presence of God, "making such a refuge of lies its trust." Besides, thought I, this work is perfectly possible with God, though quite impossible with man. His Holy Spirit can open these blind eyes, and enlighten this dark heart, even in the hour of death; and no less mighty influence could effect the same work under any circumstances. And it may be that he has designed to make me an

instrument of "plucking this brand from the burning." It is doubtless my duty to *try*. Having arrived at a feeling of certainty with regard to my own duty, I proceeded affectionately, but firmly and freely to point out to her, what I considered to be her lost and miserable condition. I explained the nature of God's holy law, and the guilt of those who have lived in the habitual violation of it. I spoke of his holy nature, and the utter impossibility of his being indifferent to sin or pleased with sinful beings; and mentioned those passages of Scripture which utterly exclude from heaven all beings but holy ones, and assured her from the Scriptures, that without *personal* interest in the Lord Jesus Christ, she could have no part in that holy place.

She made but little reply to these remarks, and what little she did say showed me that she was far from being pleased with them. I proposed prayer, and she gave a reluctant consent. I felt a great relief in "coming boldly to the throne of grace." I now felt myself addressing an unreluctant ear. After earnestly imploring for her the grace of God's Holy Spirit, and commending her to his mercy in Christ Jesus, I arose from my knees, gave her my hand and bade her good night. I felt her hand tremble in mine, and as she feebly said "good night, Sir," there was an evident agitation in her voice. But I knew not whether this agitation arose from rage or from some other emotion.

The next day the state of my dear friend before mentioned, was too alarming to admit of my going from home till evening. But as she grew more easy towards night, I ventured to fulfil an engagement, previously made, in pursuit of my ministerial duties, an engagement that kept me out till a late hour in the evening. During all this time I had heard nothing of poor sick Mrs. G—, but the interest which the visit had excited in my heart for her, was deeper than I commonly felt for an entire stranger. She had scarcely been out of my mind during the day. I had met several Christian friends in the course of the day and evening, and had mentioned her case to them, and we had made her the subject of united prayer. When I arrived at home, I was told that