

of the sick girl, but the time remaining for her was very short. We kneeled down and prayed to the Lord for her, asking earnestly that she might be led to Him while there was time. We then left after beseeching her not to delay casting herself into the arms of the Saviour.

The Sunday following, accompanied by a friend, I went again to see her; when we entered we found the poor girl at the last extremity. "She is departing in peace," the mother told us, and then she recounted what follows:

"When you had left, my daughter began to be very troubled. 'Mother,' she said, 'I have not that forgiveness of my sins, and this gentleman says I cannot go where Jesus is in my sins. I shall then have to go to hell! Oh! I want to pray to the Saviour that I may be forgiven. I want to cast myself into His arms.' And indeed whenever she was not overcome with sleep she kept repeating: 'My Saviour! my sins!'

"Mother, I shall be there," she said, with the confidence that filled the heart of the repentant thief. Sunday morning saw the end of her agony; it was for her a solemn moment. She called her mother, and said smilingly: "Mother, my sins are forgiven, I am going to be with my Saviour."

On finishing the recital the mother was overcome by emotion. All wept before such an exhibition of grace which the young girl only in the family, had up to that time known. Her father showed me the hymn she had just been singing. He wished to read

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