

## MARY ANN.

I HAD been describing heaven to her, and referring to its song of redemption: "Who loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood."

"Others will be in heaven," said she, "but I shall be cast out! From the distant region of my doom, I shall behold my companions by the river of life; happy, happy beings; perhaps I shall hear their song; but no such home *for me!*"

"How came they there?" said I. "They were not saved by their goodness. They were no better than you. Jesus Christ saved them by His blood, and He offers to save you."

"He passes *me* by, sir; He called them and they obeyed the call in due time; but He does not call *me!*"

"*He does, He does.* He calls you *now*, 'Come unto ME.'"

"If He does, sir, I have no heart to hear Him, My day is past! my day is past! I shall be cast off as I deserve! Oh, I wish I had never been born!"

"Your day is *not* past. 'Now is the day of salvation.'"

Her only answer was tears and groans. Such was her melancholy condition, as she declined more and more. Her strength was now almost gone. She evidently had but a few weeks to live, if indeed a few days even remained to be measured by the falling sands of her life.

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