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PREACH THE GOSPEL



TO EVERY CREATURE



THE SEED IS THE WORD

BE NOT WEARY  
IN WELL DOING.

WE SHALL REAP



GATHER THEM IN

### An Encouragement to Workers.



IN our last issue we referred to the Christ-like work performed by Hospital Visitors. In that article the case of a young stranger was mentioned. We have just received from the Lady Visitor who sat by his dying bed, a full account of the closing scene. We trust it may serve to cheer the hearts and strengthen the faith of those who labor amid much to discourage.

"This young man had been in the Hospital several weeks and from the first was a great sufferer. He was very sad and lonely, and gratefully accepted any little kindness shown him. It was soon evident that he had not put his trust in his Saviour. Indeed, when asked, after many times of careful instruction and earnest entreaty, "If he did not *want* to love the Saviour?" he answered "No." The Visitor was much grieved by this, as the young man's hold on life was very frail; but earnest prayer was daily continued for him morning and evening, and the answer came. The Sunday before he died, the Visitor rejoiced greatly in finding that the poor lonely one had opened his heart to receive his Saviour; and altho' the light was not yet bright, it was shining in.

Another Sunday came, his last on earth, and the Visitor was beside him. His life was ebbing fast away, and there was great anxiety to know if all was surely well with him, so at intervals the questions asked were clearly answered, "Do you love the Saviour, and fully trust in Him for salvation?" "Yes, I hope so," was the reply. "But do you not *know*?" Without hesitation he said, "Yes, I *know*." "Are you not happy when you think you will see Him soon?" "Yes," he answered, his pale face brightening with a happy smile. All the afternoon he listened gladly to words of cheer and comfort from the Bible, responding distinctly to any question, and looking up with intelligence when he did not speak. The end drew very nigh, and the hours of pain were numbered. The Visitor, still watching, asked, "Is it all right, James?" "All right," came clearly in reply; then later once more he said, "All right," and then, as tho' he wished to emphasize it, he repeated, "*all right*." Later, after a time of silence, with wonderful strength and clearness, came the words, "*My Saviour*." There was a hush in the ward, and soon the evening sun rested on the peaceful face of the sufferer, whose soul, saved by