

" Mercy ! Yes, there's mercy for those who cease to sin ;
Repent ! Yes, I repented when baby ceased to live,
Could I undo the fearful work
My own heart's blood I'd give.
Horrors ! Hear it wailing !
In Hell it calls !
I dare not die—help me !
Save me !—Darkness falls."

I read of Christ's forgiveness of repented sin :
Alas ! Was it *too late* those blessed words to hear ?
But they seemed to soothe the feverish, wandering brain,
For she became quieter and talked of parents dear—
Of country home, and childhood—
Innocent days
Before betrayer's footstep
Had crossed her guileless ways.

Next day the bed was empty where the poor sufferer lay ;
Nurse said " she died so peaceful, happy at the last—
She seemed to think she was home again
And all her troubles past."
Home ! God grant she was
By Him forgiven ;
Deeply she repented—
Home is Heaven !

