

I told them again of that marvellous grace of God. This time not only did they listen with deep attention, but with bowed and covered heads, some bitterly weeping. In the evening of the same day I was called to an outer apartment to see an Indian, named Moses, his wife and child, who had just arrived and was desirous to see me. (They had been in a starving condition during the previous winter and the woman had, with her own hands, killed four of her children and she and the family had eaten them.) I went to see them and said to Moses: The Lord has sent me from Ottawa to see you. Yes, he said, and the Lord has sent me here to "hear words." I then told him of that "Grace of God" sent to meet us in our lost condition, and that with faith in the Lord Jesus He would not suffer us to be tempted above that we are able; but will with the temptation also make a way of escape. This appeared to move him very much, but apparently not so much his wife. Nine years after that I visited Matagama again, and hearing that Moses' wife was in the vicinity, I went to see her, and walking into her poor camp with an interpreter, we sat down and looked at her. The interpreter said: "Who is this?" She said: "I know; the one who spoke 'words' to us." I said: "Where is Moses?" She answered: "He is dead." "Did he remember the 'words'?" "He always remembered the words you said and was happy to die." "And you remembered the 'words'?" "Yes, and believed them too." With a few comforting words I left her, wondering at the Grace of God.

D
and
rest
ous
not
dem
may
was
bloo
read
ified
unbe
whic

"
she
"
thin

Mar
Eacl
Ever
"Tis
But
That

Mar
Lool
Ever
"Tis
And
Who