

To the suffering and dying she came like an angel of light and love. No wonder they turned "to kiss her shadow as she passed." And "Sister Dora," that "beautiful" revelation of the Good Samaritan, a beautiful and fascinating woman, to whom was opened the path of wedded life and the comforts and pleasures of domestic felicity, chose a lot that brought her hourly in contact with pain and affliction in their most repellent aspect. In 1868 "Sister Dora" one night was sent for by a poor man who was much attached to her, and who was dying of what is known as the black pox. She went at once, and found him almost in the last extremity. All his relations had fled, and a neighbor alone was with him, doing what she could for him. When Sister Dora found that only one small piece of candle was left in the house, she gave the woman some money, begging her to go and find some means of light while she stayed with the man. She sat on by his bed, but the woman never returned—went, no doubt, to some public house and spent the money. After some little while the dying man raised himself up in bed with a last effort, saying, "Sister, kiss me before I die." She took him, all covered as he was with the loathsome disease, into her arms and kissed him, the candle going out almost as she did so, leaving them in total darkness. He implored her not to leave him while he lived, although he might have known that she would never do that. It was then past midnight, and she sat on, for how long she knew not, until he died. Human sympathy—oh! how rich thy blessing! How boundless thy power! The world to-day is dying for the want of it. Faith, love, and sympathy are the forces that beautify the face of the earth and make humanity a poem.—*Irish Ecclesiastical Gazette*.

FOR PARISH AND HOME.

AN INCIDENT IN PAROCHIAL WORK.

I HAD been, for several weeks, visiting a young man stricken down with rapid consumption. We had some very heart to heart talks together, and I believe he died trusting in Jesus. But what about his two sisters, both grown-up girls, who had been nursing him? Were they Christians? In my anxiety about Will, I had forgotten them, and now, driving over to the funeral service, I had just remembered that I had spoken no word to them. There was no

opportunity on that day, so I determined to come over specially in the early part of the week. Having prayed very definitely that I might be given a message, I drove across to their home on Tuesday afternoon. God had made me a means of blessing to the brother; would He not to the sisters also? I was a little disappointed on reaching the farmhouse, to find it empty and the door locked. I thought God was sending me to them that day, but evidently not. What would He have me do? It was in an out-of-the-way part of the parish, and I had no other calls that I could make near at hand. I let my horse have the reins for a while, waiting; waiting to hear what He would say to me. Presently it was all made plain. I had not gone far before I overtook the two girls I had called to see, walking along the road. God had not sent me in vain. I asked them if I might drive them as the day was very hot. They were going down to their grandma's, and would be very glad to be driven. On my endeavoring to turn the conversation on the things of Christ, I found them reticent. It was not God's time after all, then. Asking about the grandmother, I found that she lived outside my parish, about a mile or more farther on, in a direction in which I had not been, and that she was very ill—indeed, not expected to live. Perhaps, after all, it was to her I was being sent that afternoon. But how was I to know? I did not know the people, nor did they know me, for I had only arrived in my parish a very short time before. Was it just the thing for me to go and see sick people who did not know me, and who had not asked me to go? He will decide this for me; and I silently prayed, "Lord, what shall I do? If they ask me to go in, I will go, believing Thou art sending me." Reaching the gate, I found that they quite took it for granted I was going in. He had settled it for me, then, very plainly. Going up to the house, I found it full of people, and, on being shown into the sick room, I saw that there were not many hours left. I spoke to the poor sufferer of Jesus and His love, but there was no response. She was not even conscious of my presence. I waited for a while, but to no purpose. I got up to leave, having to own to some little disappointment. I thought I was sent out with a message that afternoon, yet my message had twice returned to me. Was my afternoon to be fruitless? Ah, well! I am not master; He is Master; I am servant.

As I went from the house over to where my horse was tied, one of the sons of the

dying woman followed me, to loose my horse and open the gate for me, I supposed. Something in his manner, however, made me think that he was thinking of more than the gate, and I willingly entered into conversation with him.

"Some one was telling me about your sermon of last Sunday."

"Yes," I said.

"He said that you preached that a man could know that he was saved, and that God had forgiven him his sins."

"Yes," I said, "I preach that, and I believe that. Don't you believe it, too?"

"Well, I never was taught that. I always held that if a man read his Bible and said his prayers, and went to church, and took Holy Communion, he would be saved when the time came."

"You hope to be saved?"

"Yes, I do," he said.

"And you have been doing all these things?"

"Yes, I have."

"Have you found it satisfactory? Have they brought you peace? Or is there a feeling away down in your heart that there is something still to be done?"

"Ah! that's just it. They have not brought me peace, and I do feel as if there is something more I ought to do. I went to our minister and he told me that that was all there was to do, but that I must do them more carefully. I wish I could think so."

"My dear fellow, your heart conviction is right this time. There is something more to be done. The very fact that you have done all these things, and yet have no peace, proves it. God wants us to have peace, else why does He tell us of 'the peace of God which passeth all understanding'? There is more to do, but, though you cannot do it, thank God, Jesus Christ has done it. You can never be saved by what you do, for, try as you may, you cannot do it all; but you may be saved by depending upon what Jesus has done for you."

I paused a little. It was a new thought to him, one that had evidently never entered his mind before. I waited for God to speak it to him. Then I said: "You may be saved now, if you will give up all else, and rest only on what Jesus has done."

I saw that he was willing. There was no hesitation on that score, for he was most anxious. Oh, that God might enable me to make it plain to him.

We were standing close beside a large barn. "Suppose," I said, "your little