

Not One alone who feels for all,
 But knows the wondrous art
 Of meeting all the sympathies
 Of every aching heart.

I WAS finishing some work on Saturday night when a man came in, he was the husband of a woman whose mother was a fortune teller. The poor old woman was dying, she had laid about a week apparently unconscious and they thought she could neither see nor hear. They came for me, and after looking to the Lord to guide I and a brother went; we knelt by her side, and I repeated that beautiful hymn, "There is a fountain filled with blood
 Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
 And sinners plunged beneath that flood, lose all their guilty stains.
 The dying thief rejoiced to see that fountain in his day."

I stopped for a moment, and she spoke, to the surprise of all, repeating the last two lines. "And there may I though vile as he, wash all my sins away."

She said no more, but the agony and terror were gone; a settled peace had taken possession of her heart; she lay three days perfectly at rest, and then fell asleep, cannot we say in Jesus?

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