

message telling her where and how I had found the dying one.

The next time I went she received me gladly. "She has been," she exclaimed, "and all is right between us—I knew God sent you."

Her heart seemed open now to listen to the love of God, and the "peace made" by the blood of the cross. She seemed to have a sense of His watching, and His care, in having brought about a reconciliation between the two estranged hearts. He could do the rest. After repeating some scriptures to her, I took out my Testament to read them over to her, when the nurse came quickly up to me saying, "We don't allow any reading here. If you want to read to them there are plenty of books about, Dickens and other stories,"

"Ah! nurse," I said, "my twenty minutes are too precious, it is the Saviour of sinners we want to read about, and if that is forbidden so would other reading be. But I will do nothing against the rules."

I knew this was untrue, as I read freely in the other wards, but I contented myself with repeating the verses over again to the dying one and then asked permission to pray with her, which was refused. I saw the time was up.

"Oh," pleaded the sick woman "you will come again. You wont mind her. She is so cruel to me, and is so constantly the worse for drink. My husband comes here every other day and seems disappointed to find me alive each time."

Cruelty, sin, and unkindness,—hard pillows for a