

**Jennie,
the Little Deaf Mute.**

“Now for fun!” shouted little Eugene De Marc, as he sprang out of the house.

“Now for fun!” echoed some half a dozen other children, as, running out after him, they followed him down the lawn. They were a merry group, from six to ten years old, and Eugene was the leader of all their sports. They all crossed the lawn, and entered a pretty grove that skirted the road from which it was separated by a thick hedge. This was a nice place for a play-ground, far enough from the house to allow them to be as noisy as they pleased without disturbing the sick lady there, and at the same time it was quite concealed by the hedge from the gaze of the few passers by on the highway.

In this quiet and lovely place they stopped, and Eugene gathered the other children around him. “Now listen,” said he, “I have a most amusing play to propose to you.” “What is it? What is it?” was the eager response from all sides. “You be patient and I’ll tell you. But first,” said he, stopping as if to listen, “I must make a bargain with you. Nothing that we do or say here must be repeated up there,” pointing toward the house.

“well, then, I shall leave you,” said Eliza, a little child of some seven years. “I shall not stay to see or hear anything that I cannot tell my mamma all about.” “well, go then, little dunce,” was the rude reply. “Run quickly, and tell aunt that I am going to do something that must not be told. God, tell on us, and have us punished, then you will be satisfied, and we shall all love you a hundred times as much as we do now. Run, tell-tale, what are you waiting for?” And as Eugene said these words he pushed the child violently out of the circle.

Upon this his little brother Ernest, who was not more than six years old, ran up, and placing himself beside Eliza, as if to protect her, he spoke up bravely: “You are a naughty boy, my brother, but Eliza is a good little girl. She is right to tell everything to her mother, who is so good to us all, and prays so kindly with us every evening.”

“Hold your peace, or I’ll –“ and Eugene made a motion as if he would strike him. Ernest dodged the blow, and taking his little cousin by the hand, they started for the house. The other children, who had taken no part in the affair, now ran after them, to persuade them to remain. Then, whether through fear of punishment, or because he felt that he had done wrong, Eugene took them by the hand and led them back, saying: “There, now, we will dispute no more. That is not pleasant. We will find some pretty play that shall amuse us all. But I am sorry that I cannot tell you the play that I thought of at first. It is very funny, and would have made you laugh as you have not laughed in a long time.”

“What is it? Do tell us!” cried little Leon. “I’d like to laugh like that.” “O, but it is so very funny that it would not be repeated to mamma,” said Eugene, throwing a mocking glance at Ernest and Eliza. “But come, now, each of you shall do just as you

please, and we shall see what will happen. Come this way, all of you and stop here by this rose-bush. Do you see that little round hold that looks as if it were made by a worm? It was not done by a worm at all. It was done by me and Arnold, the young college student that was staying at aunt's when we came. Come, close up now, and see what I shall take out of it."

All the children gathered around Eugene as he put his finger in and drew out the end of a stout cord. "What is that for?" cried the children, all in a breath. "Ah, that is the secret; but I am going to tell you. Now, you Louis and George, you go out into the road on the other side of the hedge." When they came opposite to him, he called out to them to lift a large clod of earth that they would find there beside a stone. "It is done," was the reply. "Now, what do you find there?" he inquired. "A ball of such cord as you were showing us," they replied. "All right; I have hold of the end belonging to it. Now, before we go any further, Leon must go and hide himself behind a tree, and not look at us. Will you, Leon?"

The boy readily consented and when he was gone Eugene continued. "Now you, George, unroll the ball of cord and tie the other end of it to the tree which is across the road. There now, look to it that the cord is well covered up in the sand of the road, or in the grass beside it, so that it cannot be seen. Now you stand below it and call Leon to come to you."

"Leon! Leon! Come here," cried the two boys and the little fellow, who had hidden himself as he was told, and knew nothing of what had been done, came running along at the top of his speed, to answer the call of his brothers. Just before he came to the place where the cord was concealed, Eugene, who was peeping through the hedge, drew up the cord by the end which he held, and the little fellow caught his foot in it and tumbled down. It was a miserable trick, a detestable trick, and might have hurt poor little Leon seriously. But as it was he only bruised his head a little, and he did not complain, for he did not want Eugene to sneer at him and call him a "cry-baby," as he often did to those who were the victims of his malicious tricks.

The other children all laughed heartily; even Ernest and Eliza shared in the mirth, in spite of their dislike to Eugene, and their dread of him.

When the laugh was over they all thought the play finished, and that now something new would be started. "O, you are all dunces!" said Eugene; "the sport is but just commenced; what we had was funny enough, but to have real live fun we must trip up somebody that knows nothing at all about it, and if we can do it to someone who is carrying a burden all the better. Arnold and I did a cute thing the other day. I have laughed like a fool ever so many times since, just for thinking of it."

Here Eugene laughed again, and then went on: "We had it all arranged, just as I have shown you, and Arnold and I were out of sight here behind the hedge. Pretty soon there came up a countrywoman, carrying a basket, as it there was something heavy in it. What

A good chance! Wasn't it? She came trudging along, trudging along, without fearing anything. Just when she came opposite us Arnold drew the cord, and trip! Down she went, and all the eggs that were in her basket were broken."

"O what was too bad!" cried several of the children in a breath. "You heartless creature!" said little Ernest. "I do not love you," added Eliza; "and then to see you laugh at the poor woman!"

George and Louis said nothing, as they did not wish to take sides against Eugene; but they could not laugh with him, for they saw how naughty it was. So Eugene, seeing that these two boys did not oppose him, took them aside, and pointing slyly with his finger up the road, he showed them a roughly dressed man, carrying a heavy carpet-bag, and he whispered to them, "That man will surely pass this way, and when we have tripped him up we will run away, and make him think that the other children did it."

"No, Eugene, now don't!" said Louis. He looks like an old man, and walks feebly. See what a load he has too. Perhaps he would hurt himself badly if he fell."

"No," added George, seriously, "it will not answer to do that. God would certainly punish us for such an act."

While they were talking thus, the other four children, guessing the subject of their conversation, started off of their own accord to meet the old man. When they came up to him, they warned him of the danger that awaited him in the little cord stretched across his path.

"Thank you for your good advice, my little friends," said the pleasant old man. "without it I should certainly have caught a fall, for I am quite poorly, and my limbs are feeble. It is as much as I can do to walk upon a level road. But who is it that wishes to do me so much mischief?" The children were all silent.

"Well, you are right," the old man continued, "not to expose him. If he is so bad a child, and wished to do so naughty a thing, there is something you can do for him better than to tell on him." "Yes, sir," replied Eliza, with a wise look, "we can pray for him."

The traveler looked at the little creature fixedly for a moment, and then said: "True, my child; and since you know so well what ought to be done, do you do it? But first, let me ask you, Can you read the Testament?"

"Read it?" inquired the child, "I know it by heart!" "God grand that you may love it with all the heart, as well as know it by heart. There are many children that commit any quantity of verses to memory, but do not treasure up a single word in their hearts. So it happens that they recite the Scripture like a parrot, who repeats all that is said to him without understanding a single idea."

“We are not parrots,” said Ernest, a little sullenly. “That is true, my boy,” replied the old man kindly; “and the same God who takes such care of the birds, that even the smallest does not fall to the ground without his knowledge – this same good Being has given you a mind to know him, and a heart to love him, so that ‘ye are of more value than many sparrows.’”

At this moment Eugene, Louis, and George came up, so that the whole seven children stood around the traveler, who continued speaking to Eliza. “You say, my child, that you pray for this wicked playmate of yours.”

Here Eugene showed that he was the one of whom Eliza had been speaking, for he wandered away a few steps with so sullen an air as to show at once that his conscience troubled him. But the kind old man did not seem to notice it, and continued talking to Eliza.

“In order to have your prayers heard in heaven, my dear child, they must be good and true prayers; for example, they would avail little if they were like those of the Pharisee, who thanked God that he was better than other men, and who proved by this that he was proud, and perhaps farther from God than the very ones with whom he was comparing himself. Ah! I assure you that even the child who thought to do me an injury for his own amusement could come, like the publican, and striking on his breast, say, ‘God be merciful to me a sinner!’ and his prayer would be more acceptable than that of one who should pride himself on being better than others.”

On hearing this Eugene clapped his hands and cried, “Caught, Eliza! That’s good!”

“And you,” said the traveler, turning to Eugene, “do you find nothing to take to yourself in what I have just been saying? Are you not sorry for the evil you sought to do me? For I see plainly that you are the one that devised the mischief.” “Ah,” said Eugene, “I see they have been amusing themselves with telling you stories. Did they not say that I wanted to kill you?”

“No, they did not say that, but you might have done it in your play if they had not warned me what you were doing. I am old, and my limbs are feeble. I might have broken them if I had fallen. Let this be a warning to you, my little friends, that children can do much mischief by inventing dangerous plays. But besides this, amusement of any kind that has for its aim the injury of anybody, or the making them trouble, is a bad thing, and shows a wicked or a very thoughtless heart. So you see God cannot bless children who amuse themselves in that way.”

“So, then, we must understand that we are to ask the good God to play with us,” said Eugene, mockingly. Some of the children laughed at this. “No, do not laugh at the nonsense of your playmate,” said the good old man; “I am sure that a boy who will express himself in that way does not ask God’s blessing on his work any more than his play. But surely is it not very proper that a child should ask God to preserve him from evil while he is at play? Is not that the time of special temptation? When at work you are

under the eye of your parents or teachers. When a bridle is put upon a young horse he is easily restrained by the and that directs him; but when the bridle is removed, the young unbroken horse goes running off like a fool at a venture.

“That is just like the child who does not have the fear of God before his eyes. When he is no longer in the presence of those who have authority over him, he follows the devices of his own foolish heart, and is left exposed to all kinds of wickedness and folly. “Well,” said Eugene, a little tartly, “I think it very silly to be all the time on one’s knees.”

“I think so too,” said Lewis. “But I did not say that was necessary, replied the traveler; “I only said that you ought to play well, and to do that, you must have the desire constantly in your heart to avoid everything displeasing to God. Tell me, my children, do you love your parents?”

“Certainly we do,” was the general reply. “Very well! When you love any one very much, do you think of them once in a while or all the time?” “All the time,” replied several of the children. “And do you try to do what will please or displease them?” “What will please them,” replied George, earnestly.

“You have all answered well. Now let us see whether your actions correspond with your words. You have told me that you are blessed with parents who teach you to read the Scriptures. You know, then, what will give them pleasure. It is obedience, is it not? Well, obedience is giving up your own will for that of the person whom you wish to please, and it is the best proof you can give of your love for that person. He who is bent on doing only his own will, on having his own way, is selfish, and does not know how to love.

“The Lord Jesus Christ said, ‘Ye are my friends if ye do whatsoever I command you;’ or in other words, you shall prove your love to me by your obedience. And what is it that Jesus Christ commands?” “Shall I answer?” inquired Ernest, after a pause. “Certainly. I wish you to do so.” “It would be poor memory that I have if I could not tell, for it was in this morning’s lesson, and my uncle explained it to us by telling of the man who asked the Lord what he must do to have eternal life. And the Saviour replied that he must love God with all his heart, soul, mind, and strength, and his neighbor as himself.”

“And I suppose, my dear, your uncle did not fail to add the words of Jesus Christ: ‘Do this and thou shalt live.’”

“But, sir,” said Gregory, “we are too young to do all that. When we grow up, to be like papa and mamma, we shall be as wise and good as they.” “Too young to do well! And are you too young to do evil? Come, now, answer me truly. You cannot say that you are. You know that in your hearts you love that which is evil more than that which is good. When you do what is good you do it for praise or reward, but not to show your love and obedience to God, unless your hearts are changed by the Holy Spirit.

“You say you are too young to do what Jesus commands. I can tell you a story that will show you that if you pray to God to help you to do right, he will do it. But I am tired of standing here. If it will not weary you to listen to my little story –“

“No! not!” interrupted the children, “we should like to hear it of all things.” “Well, then, come and sit down under the shade of this large tree.” They were soon all seated on the grass around the old man, who leaned back against the tree with his elbow upon his carpet-bag, as if to rest him.

“I am a colporteur,” he commenced, “and I carry Bibles and Testaments for sale. I follow this fatiguing business, partly to gain my bread by it, and partly because God has put it into my heart to give the bread of life to my fellow-creatures, who would die without it.”

“One morning, about a year ago, I was passing through a little village at some distance from here, just as the school children were on their way to school. ‘This is very fortunate,’ I said to myself, looking at the little ones as they passed; ‘perhaps now I may be the means of placing the Testament in their hands, and persuading their teachers to allow them to read it every day in the school.’ The wish changed to a prayer, and I asked the Lord to bless my undertaking.

“My prayer was answered. The teacher received me kindly, and finally purchased thirty Testaments for the use of her pupils. On leaving I prayed the Lord to shed abroad his Holy Spirit upon each one of these little girls, so that, through the reading of these books, they might all become the children of God and disciples of Jesus Christ.”

“And what came of it all?” inquired Eugene, who was listening with the deepest attention.

“One of these little girls became all that I had asked for her in my prayer,” replied the old man devoutly. “*One* of them!” exclaimed Lewis. “That is not much, I am sure.” “Our Lord thinks it is, for he says, ‘there is great joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth; and in another place he gives us to understand that all the treasures, and grandeur, and glory of the world cannot compare in value with a single soul. The world and all that is in it will pass away, but the soul will live forever after death, either in happiness or misery.’”

“What can we do so as not to be afraid of death?” inquired Eugene, with much seriousness.

“Listen to my story, and it will tell you that better than all my explanations and directions.

“Two days ago I returned to the village where I had sold the thirty Testaments to the school-mistress. I was anxious to hear some account of the matter, and find out what the result had been. “I rapped at the door of the school-house, but it was opened by a young

woman that I had not seen before. I asked after the teacher of a year ago, and she told me that she was now teaching a school in her native village some distance away. I then asked the young woman if there were thirty Testaments still in the class. “ ‘Why do you ask that?’ she inquired. “ ‘Because it was I who sold them,’ was my reply.

“ ‘But you were paid for them, and I can prove it,’ she replied earnestly.’ “Ah, but it is not the money that I am seeking; I wish to know something that interests me much more, and that is, whether they are still used by the class.” “ ‘No, sir,’ replied the teacher, rather dryly; ‘I do not allow my scholars to read what they cannot understand. They are quite too small and too ignorant to comprehend the New Testament.’”

“ ‘Really you surprise me. I have seen children as small and as ignorant as these read the New Testament with profit and pleasure. “ ‘That is possible, sir, but it is not my custom.’ “ ‘Then these books are of no use?’ “ ‘None at all. They are all lying upon the shelf where I found them. Wait, I said all, but I mistake. There is one lacking.’

“ ‘May I ask what has become of that one?’ “ ‘There was a little girl who wished to purchase it for her own use. But pardon me, sir, I cannot leave my pupils any longer. If you wish to find out more about it, you can call at the little cottage you see down there at the left. That is where little Jennie lives, the child for whom the Testament was purchased.’

“The house was indeed a *little* cottage, as the school-teacher had called it, but it was a charming one, quite surrounded with trees and flowers. “At one end of the beautiful garden that extended along in front of the house, I saw a little arbor covered by a grape-vine, whose thrifty branches completely shut out the rays of the sun. As soon as I entered the garden I saw, under this arbor, a charming little girl, some ten or twelve years old. I directed my steps toward her at once, hoping it might prove to be the little Jennie whom I was seeking. I asked her if that was her name. Her countenance was intelligent, but she looked at me with a fixedness that showed that she did not understand me. I repeated my question, but there was the same silence, and then I saw that the child was deaf. I raised my voice, and she seemed to hear the sound, and putting her hand to her mount, she gave me to understand by signs that she could not speak. ‘Poor child!’ I exclaimed, ‘deaf and dumb! What a trial?’

“ ‘She is not so unhappy as you seem to think,’ said a man who came out of the cottage at that moment. ‘The good Lord comforts her so tenderly that there is no room for complaint.’ “ ‘The Lord be praised, then,’ I replied, ‘for in truth her afflictions have made me very sorrowful. Will you please to tell me how it happened?’

“ ‘With all my heart,’ replied the good man, ‘but walk into the house, and rest and refresh yourself, and we will converse at leisure.’ I readily accepted this cordial invitation, and the little girl followed us into the house. The room into which I was shown pleased me very much by its simplicity and the good taste of its arrangements. The furniture was of unpainted whitewood, but so clean that it was really a pleasure to

look at it. The mistress of the cottage, a pleasant, tidy-looking woman, placed some bread and cheese and a pitcher of milk before us on a little table.

“ ‘You wished to know,’ said the man, after a pause, ‘how our daughter met with so great a misfortune. Ah, well! It is a sad story, but you shall hear it. ‘Tis only very lately that it has all come upon us. Ten months ago our Jennie had never known a day’s sickness. Everyone remarked her health, her vigor, and her gracefulness. But at about that time a serious epidemic visited the neighborhood, a nervous fever they called it. Our little darling soon took it. She was brought home one day from school in a raging fever, and when we sent for the doctor, he said that she had the epidemic in its worst form, and that her case would require the most careful treatment. We followed all his directions with the utmost care; but in spite of all our attention, she grew worse and worse every day. This saddened us so greatly that, though we did not wish to frighten the child, we could not restrain our tears as we stood around her little cot. She saw it all, the dear little creature, but instead of fearing to die, would you know what she said?’

“ ‘Dear papa and mamma, do not mourn so. It is true that I am very sick, and I may die, but I am not afraid. I love the Lord Jesus Christ, and he has promised me that I shall go to heaven.’”

“ ‘Her mother wept much at hearing these words, and I, who supposed it was a feverish fancy, restrained my grief, and said to her pleasantly: ‘My dear Jennie, you should not have such gloomy thoughts. You will be better soon. It is I, your father, that speaks to you.’

“ ‘No, papa,’ she replied feebly, ‘what I am talking about does not give me gloomy thoughts. Indeed, the Lord Jesus Christ has so spoken to me as to make my heart very light and happy.’” ‘Well, my darling, it’s a beautiful dream that you have had.’

“ ‘Nay, papa, it’s not a dream. I read the words of Jesus in school. I have prayed much to him, and I feel just as if I had heard a voice in my heart saying, Since you love the Saviour, he will take you to heaven to be with him forever.’”

“ ‘When Jennie spoke of the school, of the words of the Lord, and of the voice in her heart, I could have smiled had I not seen that she was so very ill; and so, not to oppose her I replied, “Very well, my child, it is all right. We will talk about it another time.’ She kept growing worse, and soon the doctor told us that there was no hope. O sir! what tears we shed then, over the couch of our little one, and she, poor patient child, would look at us so tenderly as almost to break our hearts, and then putting her little hands together, she would appear to be praying.

“ ‘The fever ran for twenty-one days, days that seemed to us like so many months, for time drags wearily when we are looking upon the sufferings of those we love. One day, we then supposed it would be her last, she made a sign for me to approach her bedside, and putting my ear close to her mouth, I heard her say, very slowly, and with great difficulty, ‘I know,’ and then she looked upward. Since then,’ and the father’s eyes filled

with tears, 'she had never spoken a word. She recovered as you see. Her life was spared but she is deaf and dumb.'"

" 'It is a great affliction that has come upon you, my good people,' I replied, 'and I assure you of my deepest sympathy; but in the commencement you spoke of consolation. What do you mean by that?'

" 'I will tell you,' replied the mother. 'By degrees, as Jennie recovered, she seemed to have a strange cheerfulness. She often went through with some motions and signs that I could not well understand. If she had only been able to write her wishes it would have been a great satisfaction to her and to us. But you see that all her fingers are drawn up to that she cannot hold anything at all in them. Ah! it was a horrible disease. She often drew my attention to an old book of stories that we have, and I thought that perhaps she wanted to read in it; but as often as it was placed before her she shook her head.'

"Here the father took up the narrative, as if it was something that he understood better than she. 'It was I,' said he, 'who at last found out what our dear little one wanted. The idea of a book pursued me wherever I went. It was clear that she wanted a book, but what book? I stepped into the school one day, and asked the teacher if she had any book of amusing stories that she sometimes read to the pupils; but she replied, 'No.' Then I wished to know if there was any other book in which Jennie took a special interest.

"At first she said no, but then recollecting herself, she said, 'Wait; yes-yes, there is one that she was very fond of reading, the New Testament.' 'Indeed! Did she understand it?'" 'She appeared to, for often, when the others were at play, she would retire by herself and read the gospels.'" 'Have you any of these books at present, madam?' 'I have several.' 'Would you sell me one?' I asked. 'Certainly, with pleasure.'

" 'When I had made the purchase, I hastened home, thinking all the way that perhaps I had been imprudent in purchasing the book before I knew whether it was the one that Jennie wanted. But when her eyes fell upon it she almost raised herself up in bed, in spite of her great feebleness, and clasped her hands for very joy, while her face shone like the sun. It was a beautiful sight I assure you.'

"The mother here resumed the story and said: 'From that moment she began to improve, till health and happiness are quite restored to her. And what is still more singular, and a thing that perhaps my husband would hardly be willing to acknowledge to you, Jennie, deaf and dumb as she is, has become our teacher. She finds such beautiful passages in her book for us to read! You may think it very strange, but it is the truth, that these passages now interest us as much as they do Jennie.'

" 'Yes, say it!' I cried, 'speak out boldly, and acknowledge that the New Testament is to you the word of God, and that he in his kindness has used your little daughter as his messenger. You can freely speak of it to me; and so far from ridiculing, I will join with you in praising the Lord for his goodness to you. And allow me, withal, to rejoice and praise God that I was the means, in his hands, of bringing to the school the book that has

made you so happy.’ Then I detailed to the man and his wife all the circumstances of the sale that I had made the year previous.

“During the whole of this conversation Jennie kept her eye fixed upon us, trying to ascertain from the expression of our countenances the subject of our conversation. She finally guessed we were talking about her, and, doubtless for the purpose of finding out whether I was a Bible Christian, like her father, and mother, and herself, she took up the Testament, and placing one of her little crooked fingers upon the last part of the thirty-fifth verse of the ninth chapter of John, she placed it before me. I read, ‘Dost thou believe on the Son of God?’

“I turned over a leaf, and pointed out to her in reply the words of Martha, the sister of Lazarus: ‘Yea, Lord, I believe that thou art the Christ, the Son of God, which should come into the world.’ The dear child looked at me a moment with an expression of love that went straight to my heart. To complete her joy, and show her that, like herself, I fully trusted her Saviour, I made her read the words of our Lord in John 3:36: ‘He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life.’

“We thus conversed together by different passages of Scripture for some time, and the texts selected by the little deaf mute showed that she was indeed taught of the Holy Spirit. She was a beautiful exemplification of the words of our Lord: ‘I thank thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, because thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes.’”

Eugene drew a long sigh. ‘O how much I would like to resemble her!’ he said, as if thinking aloud. ‘It is the Lord who has given you that wish my child,’ said the colporteur. ‘Do not rest there, but ask him to help you to turn that wish into action. I assure you he is as willing to give the Holy Spirit to you as to little Jennie; for it is plainly written in the word of God, ‘Ask and ye shall receive, that your joy may be full.’

“There was one more interesting incident connected with the dear girl,” continued the old man, who seemed to take great pleasure in talking of little Jennie; “she evidently wished to tell me something, but what it was I could not understand. She first opened the testament at the third chapter of Luke, and pointed to the fourth verse: ‘As it is written in the book of the words of Esaias the prophet.’ She would let me read no further, but struck her finger repeatedly on the words, the *prophet Esaias*.

“After some moments the thought struck me that she wanted to know where that was; she could not find it in her Testament. I comprehended the difficulty. She had found that she had not all the sacred writings. I would have gladly given her a Bible, but, unfortunately, I had none with me. I had sold the last.

“I returned home the next day and made my arrangements to take her a Bible, as soon as possible, and I am now on my way to carry it. I shall take great delight in putting into her hand the whole word of God, and she will doubtless feel as David did when he said:

‘I rejoice at thy word as one that findeth great spoil.’” Just here the story of the traveler was interrupted by the lively ringing of a bell.

“O, is it possible!” cried the children, “That is the dinner bell, and we shall be obliged to go.” They took an affectionate leave of the good old man, and one might hope, to see them slowly and thoughtfully wending their way up the avenue, that the story of Jennie, the little deaf mute, had made some good impressions on their hearts.

On Eugene, at least, the effect was marked. He loitered behind the others, and when they had gone some distance, he returned, to the interesting traveler on whom, at first, he had thought to play such a trick, and putting out his hand he said, earnestly, “I beg your pardon, sir, for what I was going to do to you. It was very wicked in me. I feel it now, and will never do it again to you or anybody else.”

The old man pressed his hand tenderly and replied: “My dear boy, I forgive you freely. I see that the story of the little deaf mute has softened your heart, but do not content yourself with this passing thought of repentance. Pray the Lord to give reality to the good resolutions that I am persuaded you have been making, and strength against all childish thoughtlessness. But do not depend upon yourself to become better. The Lord Jesus Christ says to you, as he says to all, ‘Without me ye can do nothing;’ that is, nothing good.

“One word more ere we part. If up to this present time you have been without the Lord Jesus Christ, know that it is your own fault, and not because the Lord has not been nigh unto you. Yes, and when you think of it, I am sure you will be able to recall many times when the Lord has knocked at the door of your heart, and you have refused to open unto him. Now, refuse no longer and you will soon have the great happiness of one who feels the Holy Spirit working in his heart, purifying and sanctifying, and making it always happy. Ah, it is when one is so blessed that he can repeat the words of Paul as fully expressing his own feelings: ‘I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me.’”

The End.