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## I DID JUST AS YOU TOLD ME.



[T was a touching sight that met me as I entered one morning a sick-room in S—. A young woman lay there, her pale, thin face drawn into sharp lines by suffering, and wearing an expression of the most hopeless misery. The shadow of death seemed to be darkened over her countenance, without one ray of hope and peace to brighten the gloom.

“O Miss,” said the mother, getting up and coming to my side as I entered the room, “my poor child’s dying! The doctor says he can do nothing more for her. I don’t think she ever did any body any harm in her life,

and yet she seems as frightened to die as if she had been a bad liver; but may be you can cheer her up a bit."

The sick girl moaned wearily as her mother spoke, and as I turned toward the bed she looked at me with an eager, wistful look that went to my very heart.

"What must I do?" she said in a low, gasping voice; "I'm going to die, and what'll become of my poor soul? O, if I'd only thought about it sooner!"

"Mary," I replied, "you can only do one thing."

She looked at me eagerly, but did not speak, and I went on. "Your past life, with all its neglect of God, is before him, and if there were no one to undertake your case you must perish everlastingly. Just like a man who has a heavy bill against him at a store; if he has not a penny to pay it with, of course he must be sued and disgraced as an insolvent. But if a kind friend were to come forward and pay the debt, then the creditor would be satisfied. Now, Mary, think of the love of

God the Father, which could stoop to pity poor lost sinners such as we ; and to save us spared not his only Son, but delivered him up for us all. Do you think that all this love could have been in vain, and such a precious sacrifice go to waste ? No, it is not in vain. Christ is able to save to the uttermost all who come to God by him. He will forgive you your sins, and give you a new heart, and make you fit for heaven, because Jesus Christ has bought all these blessings for you."

"And do you think God will pardon me ?" she inquired anxiously.

"I am sure he will, Mary, because he has promised ; but you must believe, for it would only mock God if you asked him to save you for Christ's sake, and all the time did not feel convinced that he would keep his word."

"I would like to know exactly what he says about it in the Bible," she murmured.

So I read to her the following passages: "He was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities." "The Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all." "God so

loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life. For God sent not his Son into the world to condemn the world, but that the world through him might be saved. He that believeth on him is not condemned." "The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin."

As I ceased speaking, Mary looked up with a face on which the light of hope was beginning to dawn, and whispered, "I will ask."

I feared to weary her; and so, commending her to God in brief prayer, I bade her "Good-bye," never expecting to see her again on earth. But next morning I was told that Mary Cass was a little better and wishing to see me. When I entered her room I was amazed at the change in her countenance. All the anxiety and gloom of the previous day had gone, and the brightness of a great joy was there instead. "I am so happy!" was her greeting as I went to her bedside; "my heart is as light as a feather."

“And what has made it so light, Mary?” I asked, anxious to know if she was resting on a right foundation.

“Because all my sins are gone,” she answered, with a look of surprise at my inquiry. “The blood of Jesus Christ has cleansed them all away. I did just as you told me. I asked God for Christ’s sake to pardon me, and he has given me his Holy Spirit to enable me to believe. I now know that if he had sent Jesus on purpose to save me, and had promised for his sake to pardon me as soon as I asked, he’d never go back from his word. And he hasn’t!” she continued with triumphant joy. “I haven’t a bit of fear about dying now, for I know my blessed Saviour will take care of my soul; but I’d like better to live a bit longer just to show how different I’ll be now his blessed Spirit has changed my heart and made me love him so much.”

God gave Mary her desire. To the surprise of every one she recovered from that very day, and for several years she proved by her consistent, devoted life how differently

they act whose hearts are changed by the love of Jesus. As a wife and mother she continually sought to glorify him, and in more than one instance she was the means of leading other poor sinners to trust in him and love him too. .

One day, soon after the conversation I have named, I found Mary looking very sorrowful, and on inquiring the cause she burst into tears and said,

“I’m so disappointed about mother! You know she was in the room when you told me how to get my sins pardoned, and, of course, I thought she’d have come to the Saviour too; and when I asked her to-day, she said she’d never given it a thought; she was troubled enough about me, she said, when I was likely to die and seemed so unhappy about it, but her time hadn’t come yet, and she was quite comfortable. I can’t understand it,” Mary went on, “for I’m sure to have one’s sins pardoned makes one a deal happier for life, let alone when one comes to die.”

A few years more and death came to Mary Cass; this time in reality, but not this time as an enemy. She was not frightened now. Jesus her Saviour had made her ready. She had passed from the darkness of sin and fear into the light of God's smile on earth; and now, we trust, she stands in the eternal light of his presence in heaven.

Dear reader, her example appeals to you. Mary Cass had—though living an outwardly moral and respectable life—been ignorant about the way of salvation through Christ until the time of her illness, but as soon as she was taught the truth she immediately obeyed it. "I did just as you told me," was her own account of the matter. Now contrast this with the conduct of her mother. Mary's mother trifled with her opportunity and lost it. As far as I know she never came to the Saviour, and died, I fear, with the fearful guilt of unpardoned sin upon her soul. Let not her case be yours! You have had call upon call, and now I give you another invitation of the Saviour himself: "Come unto me, all ye that



labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." O listen to it, and give him the joy of hearing you say, "I did just as you told me."



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