

am?" Floods of tears coursed down his cheeks, and in his agony of repentance he vowed he would use his life worthily for the future. The darkness of sin was wiped away by his deepening contrition, and the Sacred Heart of Christ washed with the Precious Blood his repentent soul. He alone knows why He gave that grace to this wretched creature. The poor human being that meant to fling life away now clung to it, and he crept to the creek that gurgled by, bathed his sores, and drank of the water, and then lay on the grass, weak yet perfectly conscious, the long night through. At dawn he made his way to a house and paid for a drink of milk. His sores were dressed, and he went to another town. His money was not gone, so he obtained medical treatment in the hospital, and gradually recovered sufficient strength to go about. His life was changed indeed. He made his peace with God, and began to work anew. The scars left by the acid are still sore on his face and hands, but he is a new man in spirit. Reader, he still lives, for this is a true story. He has written to the MISSIONARY and told this chapter of his life. Blame him not; give him your pity and your prayers. We are all human, and very weak. We need the protecting hand of God forever round our ways, "Lest we forget," and stray away! If we call out to Him in our hours of peril, although our sins are red as scarlet, one tear of repentance from our heart, one cry of deep soulfelt sorrow will bring Him to us, as the shepherd goes to the lost sheep, pushing aside the briars and thorns, and lifting the wanderer to his breast. Blessed be the love of our Redeemer for only His love can work the miracle of conversion.

*The Missionary.*

