

she dreamed that she was falling over a frightful precipice, when she caught hold of a little twig and hung thus suspended over the abyss. There she was crying and imploring help, when a voice came from below which she knew to be the voice of Jesus telling her to let go the twig and He would receive her and save her. "Lord, save me!" she cried, and the voice again responded: "Let go the twig." But she dared not let go and continued to cry: "Lord, save me!" At length He who was below, whose voice she had heard but whom she had not seen, said to her in the most tender and solemn tone, "I cannot save you unless you let go the twig." Then, almost in desperation, she let go, fell into the arms of Jesus, and the joy she experienced wakened her. The lesson which her dream taught her was not lost. She realized that Jesus was worthy of all her confidence, and that not only she had no need of any twig of self-righteousness, but that it was her determination in clinging to this twig that had kept her away from Christ. She gave up all and found Jesus wholly sufficient.

In the hope of soon hearing that you also have renounced every other trust, and that you have cast yourself into the arms of Him who extended them upon the cross for you.

I remain with prayers, Yours etc.

Our God in mercy lingers yet,
 And wilt thou thus His love requite?
 Poor sinner, harden not your heart,
 You may be saved, why not to-night?

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