

out hope," his case is at once appalling and discouraging. None but God can save him.

Dr. Spencer, in his "Pastor's Sketches," relates the case of a minister, who thus writes:—"You say I am always happy, but you know little about me. I am not accustomed to obtrude my griefs upon others for awakening a painful and useless sympathy; and I have sadly learnt that there may be griefs utterly beyond their powers to understand, and which, therefore, their sympathies cannot reach. But I have seasons (and they are not unfrequent), when my soul is cast down within me. I am sure I can sympathize with any and every trouble of your darkest hour. \* \*

"I could see no light. I was no christian! The Bible was a sealed book to me, Christ was as a fiction, and salvation as a dream. Prayer was not so much of a mockery as a *lie*, for I felt that I did not believe what my lips uttered, when they said they called upon God. I did not believe in God. I was a dark sceptic. I could realize nothing but my own wretchedness, and in the depth of that wretchedness, I cursed the day in which I was born. I could realize nothing, rest on nothing, believe in nothing. I would preach like an apostle, and go home in despair. I tried every device, but no relief came. I often thought myself like the man of gloom, who applied in his despair to some friend, and his friend said to him, 'divert your thoughts, take exercise, amusement, go to hear ('arlini play,' (a famous harlequin, attracting crowds at the time). 'Alas, sir,' said he in despair, 'I am Carlini myself!' And so was I. I went home in despair, weeping along the street as I went."

The Lord, in his infinite pity and grace, "brought up this man out of the horrible pit, and out of the miry clay, and set his feet upon a rock." And in his happier moments, while he records the riches of grace, he says:—"Never can I recollect those dark trials without being overcome with emotion. I wish I could forget them. But they are burnt upon my memory, and I have not been able to write this without many tears. God grant you may not be able to understand me now, or at any time hereafter. But if you ever should come into such depths, I know but of one way to get out—FAITH, FAITH, FAITH. You must not *try* to get out. You must let GOD TAKE you out. Reason with such feelings?—reason with a whirlwind as soon, with a tempest, with the maddened ocean. You *cannot* reason with them. They will take you up, and dash you about like the veriest mite in the universe. *Look*, do nothing but look."

It is hardly possible to contemplate a sight more distressful, more appalling, more fit for agony and tears, than an impenitent sinner, who has made up his mind to this deliberate conclusion, "There is no hope; no, for I have loved strangers, and after them will I go."

"Farewell hope, and with hope, farewell fear;  
Farewell remorse, all good to me is lost;  
Evil, be thou my good."

Mental suffering, resulting from sin, is found everywhere. But, whether despair of divine mercy arise from the charges of an ever faithful conscience, or a long course of iniquity, or mistaken views of the atonement, neither Christ, nor heaven, nor hope—no, not even the woes of the wicked, will suffer any man to perish without calling upon him to