

It is when a soul is bowed by God's love and truth to judge himself according to it, that soul-distress necessarily becomes known; for how can any one make the solemn discovery that he is going on to "the wrath to come," and contemplate its everlasting misery and woe, without his whole heart crying out, "What must I do to be saved?"

We have lately read of one who was thus bowed before God by His truth. He says, "I was out that awful night, the fifteenth of December, when the hand of God so visibly rested on the congregation, and when so many souls were given to Christ. I cannot tell you what I felt. I have been in all sorts of danger, by land and by sea, but I never found myself a coward till then. My knees smote together, and I trembled in every limb. It seemed to me as if God had written down in letters of fire all the sins I had ever committed, from my youth up, and had set them in order before my eyes. There they were in all their terrible minuteness. Circumstances which I had forgotten for years came up with all the freshness of yesterday. The mouth of hell seemed to open under the pew in which I sat; and I had no expectation of leaving the place alive. How I reached home I cannot tell, for of that I have no recollection. But this I can testify that day and night the burning thought which racked my brain was 'The wrath to come!' 'The wrath to come!' And yet amidst it all, it was not the fear of hell that frightened me; it was the thought of having so ill-treated so good a God, and

so graciously
at prayer
by adding
well given
your presence
never!
never given
Still all
went on
reason was
came.
cutting
struck me
back my
show me
service of
cutting
right eye
mercy of
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shine, an
enough to
to the feet

Dear r
not high
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Lord Jesu
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