

"But," said the mother (who was standing by at the time), with righteous indignation, "that would be making her *father* the liar."

Now, dear reader, don't you see that this well-meaning young woman was virtually making Christ a liar, saying, "I do believe on the Son of God, but I don't like to say I am saved *lest I should be telling a lie*," when Christ Himself has said, "he that believeth on Me *hath* everlasting life." (John vi. 47.)

But, says another, *How may I be sure that I really do believe*. I have *tried* often to believe, and looked *within* to see if I had got it; but the more I look at my faith the less I seem to have.

Ah, my friend, you are looking in the wrong direction to find *that* out, and your *trying* to believe but plainly shows that you are on the wrong track.

Let me give you another illustration to explain what I want to convey to you.