

“LET US ALONE.”

SOME time ago while travelling from L— to G— a fellow passenger with whom I was seated, seemed rather concerned about a certain change of cars which would take place at the next station, which we were fast approaching, saying “I will ask the conductor about it, and you do the same, for its best to be *positive* about these things. I want to be *sure* about it.” Readily I assented to his proposal, adding that while many were concerned and anxious about having temporal things resting on a solid basis they seemed quite unconcerned and careless as to whether their soul’s eternal welfare were resting on the Rock of Ages, the finished work of Christ, or whether with the mass they were fast rushing on to that awful “lake of fire.” I then asked him if he had eternal life, *God’s free offer* to each, to *all* the guilty sons of Adam’s race. (Rom. vi, 23). If he knew this precious Saviour, whom by God’s grace (and this alone) I found so precious to my own soul, while out of the abundance of the heart my mouth was speaking.

I don’t know that I shall ever forget his look ; so full of utter contempt, nor yet shall I ever be able to erase from my memory, his reply; as in a cold, repulsive manner he said, while apparently measuring each word before he spoke, with marked precision.

“Such subjects should not be spoken of in public and I wish to *be let alone.*” Previous to this however we had conversed of things in general, but when the

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