

loved me and gave Himself for me." It is now some years since I found my precious Saviour, and although my trials have seemed sometimes as though they would overwhelm me, I have never doubted from the moment that I first believed in Jesus, but have thanked God on my dear husband's grave, for taking him (oh it, is only for a short time), and giving me the rich gift of His Son. My Jesus is no far-away God to me, but a very near and present help; I trust Him for all things and He never fails me. Should there be some who read this who have not as yet known the precious Saviour, I do most earnestly and prayerfully implore you to seek Him with your whole heart. In looking back I see I never knew what real happiness was; there was always a want the Saviour alone can fill. And, dear unsaved reader, down deep in your heart there is the same aching want. Oh, I beseech you, receive that One who is able to satisfy and fill up your life. He the "I Am," who heard the groanings and knew the sorrows of the Israelites, has come and died upon Calvary's cross for you. He offers to save you; then pause and think *what* must be the eternity that awaits you if you reject Him. You will be lost—*lost*—LOST! not because of your sins, but because you deliberately put from you God's Christ. (John iii. 19.) You *cannot* be saved, you cannot be made fit for the presence of God in any other way than by taking Jesus as your *Substitute*. By reason of sin you are "*condemned already*." As you enter on the duties of the day; as you go to your worldly amusements; as you lay your head on your pillow to rest; as you read this, remember you are "*condemned already*." God has said so. Oh! that He may awaken you to a knowledge of this. Oh listen to God's Word—"The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin. Do not then harden your heart against such love as His; take this precious Saviour, and the moment you do so His glorious, beautiful life is yours, and He will be henceforth the strength of your life, and your heart will be tuned to sing—

"I've found the Pearl of Greatest Price;  
My heart doth sing for joy—  
And sing I must for Christ is mine;  
Christ shall my song employ."

Should this fall into the hands of any of Israel, whom I love, oh, let me ask you, have you ever seriously thought whether that despised Nazarine may not after all be your looked-for Mes-