

thought; but, after all, all was darkness, and the chance of hell for the world to come was not very frightful to me compared with this world. Before my trial I prayed many a time that I might be hanged, but not sent back to the Penitentiary. But this morning, as I saw my salvation all *finished*—yes, finished by *the Lord Jesus*—as I saw I was justified freely by God's grace through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus, an indescribable peace took hold of me: all was bright. I saw at once I now had the key to the scriptures—the key of heaven itself. The face of God was now visible to me. I could see Him smiling on me, and I shouted to the top of my voice, "This is the true light that cometh from heaven!"

"Ah! talk to me now about *my doing my part*, and I can answer, 'I have been doing that since my mother's womb, and here is the sad end of it!'"

Here I felt in my heart the pang which crossed his own, and I said, "Yes, you have faithfully finished the work the devil gave you to do; but hear the word in John xvii. 4, 'I have glorified thee on the earth: I have finished the work which thou gavest me to do.' Who said that? What work was that which the Father gave Him to do, and which He, in anticipation, says He has finished?"

The pang was gone. His dear face beamed again. The word *finished* was enough to soothe all his sorrows now. It made him laugh with delight every time it was pronounced. We