

thought of remaining in your present condition. To-day, as in my previous letter, I address you seriously in the words of the angel to Lot, "Escape for thy life; look not behind thee, neither stay thou in all the plain; escape to the mountain, lest thou be consumed." You reason, instead of simply accepting what God presents to you.

"Is it not useless," you say, "to try and believe by myself?" It is certain that if you only make an effort to believe you will hardly succeed. But if it were the case of a relative or a friend, in whom you have confidence, would you merely make an effort to believe them? No; it is only necessary that they tell you a thing, for you to have faith in it. But, alas! when it is God, who—so often repeated—gives you the same assurance, addresses the same invitations to you, you speak of trying to believe—Him, the God of truth, who cannot lie. What a sad state to be in!

You add, "Ought I not rather to ask God to open my heart to receive the gospel, and to hope that He who has shown me a little of my culpability will make His word living and efficacious for my soul?" Be the thought far from me to turn you aside from asking God anything you feel the need of. The merciful ways of God are diverse, and I understand how one may be attracted, little by little, until the light, in its full brilliancy, makes Christ appear so attractive and His blood so precious that the heart can no longer doubt. As to myself, I was praying when my soul received the truth and was set free.

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