

upon such things for so long a time as my companion had, still I felt how important it was to have the assurance of salvation in this life. The period of youthful dreams had passed. The romance of youth had been succeeded by the realities of life; its struggles; its battles; its temptations; its falls and its remorse. My heart was surfeited and withered, and the passing years had only served to aggravate the unhappy state of my troubled conscience.

What could be done? Was it necessary to bear till the end of life this crushing burden; to drag forever this heavy ball and chain; and what would the end be? Death—the bar of God—the judgment—the condemnation, such as that of the man in the painting whose look of desperation had pierced me through and through. I remembered the scriptures which said: “But the fearful and unbelieving, and the abominable and murderers, and whoremongers and sorcerers and idolaters, and all liars, shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone” (Rev. xxi: 8).

It seemed to me that I had been born for a better fate than that. I needed pardon of my sins, but I knew not how to get it. A deliverance was necessary, but who could point out the way? Was it at all possible? And where could it be found?

We lingered a little longer before the picture and then we separated.