

my eyes and given me to see that I was lost, and how He had saved me. As I said that, the gentleman cried out, "Bless the Lord."

Then my heart was filled with joy. I had felt that I ought to praise the Lord, but I had never been able to find anyone to join me in it. This gentleman gave me a book in which I read the history of someone who had passed through the same experience which I had. I then learned that I was not the only one who had had such exercises of soul.

After that, a friend took me with him to a prayer-meeting. I there recounted the goodness of the Lord to me, and as soon as I had finished, there was a concert of voices saying, "Bless the Lord!" and I felt that it was exactly what I had needed, the company of Christians who could praise the Lord.

And now I give thanks to God in that He has saved me, and not only so but that He has accorded me the grace, when I am out of work, of speaking of the Saviour to other poor sinners.

Such is the history, my dear reader, of one who, like many others, glide tranquilly along to a lake of fire, satisfied with themselves, and deceiving themselves. It is the case of thousands of people; perhaps it is yours? Do you know what it is to see yourself lost? Are you conscious of the happiness of being saved? Are you one, or the other? In hell all are lost; the doleful mourning of those who have neglected mercy, ascends from the abyss as they cry, "Has mercy forever ended?" And the echo, sad and solemn, responds, "Forever!" In heaven all are