

came and told us that the door was already unlocked. All we had to do was to push, and the door would open. We thought ourselves locked out, when there was nothing to hinder us from entering.

In the same way we fail to enter into love and fellowship with God. The door, we think, is locked against us. We try to fit some key of extraordinary faith to open it. We try to get our minds wrought up to some high pitch of feeling. Westy, "I have the wrong key; I must feel more sorry, I must weep more." And all the time the door is ready to open if we but come boldly, with humble earnestness, to the throne of grace. We may enter freely, at once, without having to unlock the door. Christ is the door, and His heart is not shut against us. We must enter without stopping to fit our key of studied faith, for His mercy is not locked up. We must enter boldly, trustingly, not doubting His readiness to receive us "just as we are." He is willing, already, and we must not stop to make Him willing by our prayers or tears.

### THE INDIAN'S CONVERSION.

A poor Indian, who had been a very wicked man, but who had become a Christian, was desired to give some account of his conversion—to tell how it was that he had been led to his hope in Christ. He described in this way, taking his figures from his way of life, as he had been accustomed to chase the deer and the bear over mountains and through morasses. "I was in the mud," said he; "I tried to get out, and I could not. I tried the harder, and the harder I tried the faster I sank. I found I must put forth all my strength; but I went down deeper, and deeper, and deeper. I found I was going all over in the mire; I gave the *death yell*, and found myself in the arms of Jesus."

Very much like this was the experience of David, the Psalmist. He, too, had

sunk down into the horrible pit, and had struggled in the miry clay. And he had cried to God with all the agony of utter helplessness and need, and God heard and helped him. "He inclined unto me, and heard my cry. He brought me up also out of the horrible pit and out of the miry clay." It was not struggling nor climbing that saved the Psalmist, it was the hand of God reached down to him in answer to his earnest prayer. How slow we are in learning that all personal and human expedients to extricate ourselves are vain! but no sooner is this discovery made than the arms of Jesus are open to us. There is but one step out of self into Christ. As soon as, "O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me?" bursts from the convicted and anguished soul, and the eye of faith is fixed upon Christ, the cry of deepest distress is immediately changed into, "Thanks be unto God, through Jesus Christ our Lord" (Rom. vii.).

God has called us to meet His best gift to man—His only-begotten Son—not in a splendid court, but in a manger; in the wilderness; in Gethsemane; before the High Priest, when they spat in His face, and buffeted Him, and smote Him, at the cross, and at the sepulchre. Thus it is that He corrects the pride and ambition of the human heart.

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