

"I CAME TO JESUS AS I WAS."

"I CANNOT believe what I cannot understand."

And he was passing out of the world of reason and sense. Day by day his feet were drawing nearer to the bourne where God's thoughts, not man's, should be everything. What could his prayerful mother do but pray? what could his preaching father do but tell out the love of God to a sinful world, and leave his loved one to Him? He had wandered far in the world of science. Nature had opened her treasures to him, and his strong intellect had eagerly accepted and delighted in her gifts. Astronomy had filled his mind with wonder and delight; the laws of nature had been weighed and pondered over—the marvels of her wealth, whether of rock, or sea, or sky, whether bird, or bush, or tree, had been poured out at his feet, and yet when we met him he stood facing death alone,—*One* unknown, amid all his loved and loving ones, and he "*could not believe unless he could understand.*"

It was summertime. A Cape summer when the hot sun beat fiercely down on the dusty roads, and nature often seemed too parched to utter a sound; when the trees seemed too lazy to wave under the blue sky, and many looked longingly up at the deep ravine shadows of Table Mountain, and longed to be sitting within their cool shelter.

Nothing seemed to help him. One after another spoke with him, but he could not believe what his