

gone. Perhaps you can make your own applicaion of the story. When God, who cannot lie, tells you that his elect people are no scattered few but a multitude that no man can number; and that since the world began, never one came to him through Christ, and was cast out, surely you will no longer be alarmed by this groundless fear—*What if I am not elected.*

Do as John Bunyan did when assaulted by the same temptation. "Begin at the beginning of Genesis, and read to the end of Revelation, and see if you can find that there was ever one that trusted in the Lord and was confounded." Do as the old woman did, who resolved that if there were only three elect people in the world, she would strive to be one of them. "*Be not afraid*" of election, "only believe."—*Rev. W. J. Patton.*

#### WHAT HAVE I DONE ?

"Last Saturday," Dr. Reed writes on Oct. 16, 1838 "was to me a memorable day. In the morning I was preparing for my first lecture, with something of a heavy heart, because the work must be begun, and my spirit so unprepared. While reading, my eye was struck with that passage, 'No man saith, What have I done?' 'A good text,' I said to myself, 'for my people on some future occasion;' and I noted it down. No sooner was this done, than conscience added, '*A good text for my people!* Alas! it is ever thus—ever losing personal interest in my official duties.' I was touched. I closed my books. I rose, and walked my study. 'What have I done?' I said many times. A sense of my exceeding sinfulness, ingratitude, and unprofitableness,—a sense of the forbearance, pity, and goodness of God, were present to me. My heart was softened, and I wept. I was surprised. A state of perception and feeling which had not been mine for months and years, had come over me. I began to hope that the salvation I had almost despaired of was coming. I seemed on the verge of a better state of life and action. I trembled least anything should prevent. I bolted the door, and cast myself at the mercy-seat, exclaiming, 'I cannot go on without God; I must surmount every obstacle, I must wrestle for the blessing!' I thought—I wept—I offered broken prayer. I placed myself in the hands of God. I submitted to His righteousness, felt I was the very chief of sinners, and confessed that the most extreme state of punishment was my desert.

"I looked to His mercy—His infinite and covenanted mercy, and entreated Him, in mercy, to look down on me. The solemn awe produced by the Divine presence and holiness gave me a yet deeper sense of my vileness; and my heart sank within me almost to despair. 'I see it—I feel it!' I exclaimed; '*I would not be the hateful thing in Thy sight, that sin has made me!—I would not—I would not!* If it be possible—if it be possible—if it be possible,—purify me—save me—bless me!'

"My doubt and fear were met by the suggestion of that passage, 'Is anything too hard for the Lord?' 'No—no!' I was forced to say; 'nothing is too hard for the Lord; if Thou wilt, Thou canst make me whole.' My salvation seemed within the limit of Omnipotence, and nothing more.

"I rose, and restrained myself, lest I should be physically unfit for the duties of the Sabbath; but I could not pursue my studies. I trembled to do anything which might divert my mind, when God seemed so near. I walked my room. I read the Scriptures, to feed thought and prayer; particularly the 32nd of Jeremiah, the 6th of Isaiah, and the 40th Psalm. I omitted my usual walk that morning; I sought only to walk with God. I felt as if the approach of my dearest friend would be interruption; and, happily, I suffered none all that morning. My studies were interrupted; but it was a blessed interruption. My mind remained tearful, though not sorrowful, through that day, the following night, and the Sabbath.

"On the Sabbath night, while awake, admiring thoughts of God, low and penitent thoughts of myself, and breathing desires after the Spirit of God as the Spirit of 'power, love, and of a sound mind,' possessed me. Jealousy of myself disinclined me from any particular resolution; but my feeling was one of hope that God might make this the 'beginning of days' to me. I was ready to say to everything earthly, 'Touch me not—I am God's.'"—*Memoirs of the Life and Philanthropic Labours of Andrew Reed, D.D., with Selections from his Journals.*