

"WHY AM I SO SAD?"

IT may be that some of the readers of these pages have often asked themselves the question, "Why am I so sad?" So long as they are busily occupied with the daily avocations of life, there is little time for serious reflection or soul-anxiety; but quiet moments do occur, or the stillness of the night-watches steal upon them, and then the perturbed conscience manifests itself, and solemn thoughts of death, judgment, and a never-ending eternity, produce many a sigh, and the deeply felt utterance of the heart is, "Why am I so sad?"

After all, death and judgment are dread realities to every reflecting mind; for it is written that "every one of us shall give account of himself to God." How, then, can any right-minded souls who have not peace with God be otherwise than sad, when they consider in how brief a period of time this brittle thread of life may snap, and land them for ever in eternity? Nor will false religiousness suffice to permanently console such perturbed consciences; for their minds being occupied as to how matters stand between them and God, nothing can really give them peace but the certain assurance that every question about sins has been set right between their souls and God. That many do go on year after year *trying by their own efforts* to find rest for their burdened consciences is, alas! most true; but never finding it either in the way of works, or in keeping