

Teach them the sweetness, the ineffable delight of communion with God. Ask God's help upon this course, and you will see the result you claim to desire."—*Christian Union*.

HOW IT WAS BLOTTED OUT.

The following letter was originally read in the Fulton street daily prayer-meeting of New York city :—

My Dear Brother,—You know that for many years I had been a follower of strange gods, and a lover of this world and its vanities.

I was self-righteous, and thought I had religion enough of my own that was better than the Bible. I did not believe in the devil or hell. I believed that as God had created man, he was bound to save him. I knew I did not serve him, did not know him, did not obey him. Prayer was forgotten, church was neglected, and worldly morality was the tree which brought forth its own deceptive fruit.

As time rolled on, God blessed me with children. As my boy grew up, our mutual love for him made us anxious about his welfare and future career. His mind turned over the little he had learned about God; and his nightly prayers had been taught by us, from habit and superstition, more than from any conscientious feelings. His questions often puzzled me; and the sweet and earnest manner in which he inquired of his poor, sinful father to know more about his Heavenly Father, and that "happy land, far, far away," of which his nurse had taught him, proved to me that God had given me a great blessing in the child.

A greater distrust in myself, and a greater sense of my inability to assure my boy of the truth of the faith contained in the simple little prayers I had learned from my mother, with my brothers and sisters, gradually began to come over me, and made me often reflect. Still, I never went to church; had not even a Bible in the house. What was I to teach my boy, Christ and him crucified, or the doctrines I had tried to believe? Blessed be God, he in his sovereign will chose for me!

One of his little friends died, then another, then his uncle. All these made an impression on the boy. He rebelled against it; wanted to know "why God had done it? It was hard that God should just go and take his friends; he wished he would not do it?" I, of course, had to explain the best way I could.

One evening he was lying on the bed, partly undressed, myself and my wife being seated by the fire. She had been telling me that T— had not been a good boy that day. She had been telling what he had been doing, and had reproved him for it. All was quiet when suddenly he broke out in a loud crying and sobbing, which surprised us. I went to him, and asked him what was the matter?

"I don't want it there, father; I don't want it there," said the child.

"What, my child, what is it?"

"Why, father, I don't want the angels to write down in God's book all the bad things I have done to day. I don't want it there. I wish it could be wiped out." And his distress increased. What could I do? I did not believe; but yet I had been taught the way. I had to console him, so I said: