

“NOT SATISFIED.”

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TWO friends some years ago were speaking together of assurance of salvation. One had it; the other had not.

“Then said the one who knew Christ best, you are not satisfied with what He has done, you want Him to die again?”

How strange that you should say that, exclaimed his friend. Only the night before last I had such a strange dream. I dreamt I saw an immense crowd of people all hurrying towards one spot, I followed with them, and bye and bye we came to the foot of a green hill. On the summit stood a cross. When we reached the top I rushed to it, and looking up, I saw Christ hanging there upon it. I fell down and cried, “Oh! why are you here?” I shall never forget the look as hanging there He turned His eyes upon me, and said, “You were not satisfied, so I have come to die again.”

Only a dream—“It is finished,” will never ring out again through heaven, and hell, and earth—God can do nothing more! Christ can do nothing more.—What can *you* do, dear one? *Come, only come.*

*Now* He waits; He waits, and pleads,  
*Now* He meets the deepest needs;  
*Then* alas! too late, too late!  
*Thou* may'st cry, and plead, and wait.