

Only a child's "pretend preaching." But how quickly the young heart had learned the right to claim that wondrous love. Reader, do you know it?—God loves *you*. You, infidel perhaps, hating Christ's name, and spending all your intellect to prove His word a myth. You, drunkard, trying to deaden your sorrows by drink. You, half wild with despair, not knowing where to turn except to death, and afraid of that. Dear ones, it is not such as Joseph, Daniel, and David that God is thinking of when He tells us by the Holy Spirit, that "Christ died for the ungodly," and "While we were yet sinners Christ died for us." Although we know all whom Scripture speaks of were sinners. But it does not say, "God loved those who were striving to follow Him"—but "the world." The same world that closed around the cross, after crying, "Away with Him." "Away with Him."

The world that to-day denies and blasphemes His precious name. All day long while the heart, is a (perhaps, alas! willing) receptacle of Satan's thoughts and ways, God's love is brooding over you. He sent His blessed One to call "*sinners* to repentance." Not "the righteous." No! Thank God. For then none would have been saved. But sinners, He came "to *seek*, and to *save*."

Oh! that every thing might echo this as you go along, and that you might be forced almost, to accept that love, and hide yourself under the precious blood once shed while still He "waits to be gracious," to the world He died for.