

my true state in the sight of God. I had learned that I was a sinner, and that I was lost. The real state of my soul was laid bare before me, and I had learned this, that to the eye of God my nature was as bad as that of the worst criminal who had ever existed.

My fellow-workmen ridiculed me; they believed me out of my senses. Ah! those five long months! I was nearly in despair. I had not a friend in the world who was able to give me relief.

How ardently I longed for salvation; for that which could deliver me from the wrath to come! At last, one morning, I opened my bible, and casting myself on my knees, from the depths of my soul I cried to God in the words of Psalm lxxix., which had fallen under my eyes, "Save me, O God; for the waters are come in unto my soul. . . . O God, thou knowest my foolishness; and my sins are not hid from thee. . . I am in trouble; hear me speedily. Draw nigh unto my soul, and redeem it."

I cast myself upon God, for there was nothing but His mercy that could aid me; then I went to my work, looking to, and crying to Him to respond to my prayers.

Whilst I was at my work, and looking to God, suddenly a sweet and holy assurance of the love of a pardoning God, filled my soul. It was like the dew of heaven, and my heart overflowed with joy. It was as if heaven itself had descended upon me. I was so happy that I dropped my tools, and rushing into the workshop, I cried: "The Lord has saved my soul!"

It was as though a thunderbolt had fallen into the