

were filled with poison—with dark racking venom, diffusing through the depths of your soul the very agonies of hell! This is what I mean by being convicted, as a state of mind beyond being merely convinced. The shafts and the smiting of sin seem really like the piercings of an arrow, as if arrows from the Almighty did really drink up your spirit. If you have experienced this then you can understand what the good news of the Gospel is. A remedy for such pangs must be good news beyond contradiction. Then to know that the blood of Christ can save, is indeed a cordial of life to the fainting soul.

Place a man in this state of cutting, piercing conviction, and let him think there is no remedy, and he sinks under the iron shafts of despair. See his agony. Tell him there can never be any remedy for his guilty soul. You must lie there in your wailing and despair forever. Can any state of mind be more awful?

I remember a case that occurred in Reading, Pa., years ago. There was a man of hard heart and iron frame—a strong, burly man, who had stood up against the revival as if he could shake off all the arrows of the Almighty, even as the Mastodon of which the tradition of the red man says, he shook off all the arrows of the warriors from his brow and felt no harm. So he stood. But he had a praying wife and a praying sister, and they gathered their souls in the might of prayer close about him as a party of men would hem in a wild bull in a net.

Soon it was apparent that an arrow from the quiver of the Almighty had pierced between the joints of his har-

ness and had taken hold of his innermost heart. O was not he in agony then! It was night—dark and intensely cold. It seemed that absolutely he could not live. They sent for me to come and see him. I went.—While sixty rods from his house I heard his screams and wailings of woe. It made me feel awfully solemn—so like the echoes of the pit of hell! I reached the house: there he lay on the floor rolling in his agony and wailing, such as is rarely heard this side the pit of despair. Cold as the weather was, he sweat like rain, every part of his frame being in a most intense perspiration. O his groans! and to see him gnaw his very tongue for pain—this could not but give one some idea of the doom of the damned. O, said I, if this be only conviction, *what is hell?*

He could not bear to hear anything about sin; his conscience was already full of it, and had brought out the awful things of God's law so as to leave nothing more to be done in that direction. I could only put Christ before him, and just hold his mind to the view of Christ alone. This soon brought relief.

But suppose I had nothing else to say but this, "Mr. B., there is no help possible for your case! You can wail on and wail on: no being in the universe can help you?" Need you say to him hell has no fire? Oh, he has fire enough in his burning soul already.—It seems to him that no hell of fire can possibly be worse than this.—C. G. F.

True persevering diligence in spiritual things always begins in self-abasement.

Walking with God teaches us the courtesy and kindness of love.