

know it. Then some of us began to fall down the steep mountains, and thought we should be dashed to pieces. I know I thought so.—But we caught hold of the bushes to hold ourselves up by them—some bushes would give way, and then we would catch others, and hold on till they gave way, broke, or tore up by the roots, and then we would catch others and others. Don't you remember it, sir?"

"Partly, but go on."

"Well, you said our friends were calling to us as we hung by the bushes on the brink, and we called to one another, '*Hold on, hold on.*' Then you said this cry, '*hold on, hold on,*' might be a very natural one to make, if one should see a poor creature hanging over the edge of a precipice, clinging to a little bush with all his might—if the man didn't see anything else. But you said there was another thing to be seen, which these '*hold on*' people didn't seem to know anything about. You said the Lord Jesus Christ was down at the bottom of the precipice, lifting up both hands to catch us, if we would consent to fall into his arms, and was crying out to us, '*Let go, let go, let go.*' Up above, all around where we were, you said they were crying out, '*Hold on, hold on.*' Down below, you said, Jesus Christ kept crying out, '*Let go, let go,*' and if we only knew who he was, and would let go of the bushes, of the bushes of sin and self-righteousness, and fall into the arms of Christ, we should be saved. And you said we had better stop our noise, and listen, and hear his voice, and take his advice, and '*let go.*'"

"Don't you recollect that sermon, sir?"

"Yes, only you have preached it better than I did."

"Well, when I remembered that sermon last spring, in my dark, backslidden state, I tried to obey it. I let go of everything, and trusted myself to Christ, and in a little while my heart was comforted—my hope came back again. I don't know how I found peace the first time, if that was not the way. I suppose we have to make our choice whether to hold on to something which can't save us, or let go, and *fall into the hands of the Lord.*"

THE FORGIVENESS OF SINS.

Reader! mayhap you are now troubled and worried at heart about your sins: you have not been forgiven; but you would gladly give all the world, if you had it, to know you were really pardoned.

You oftentimes tell God—"I believe in the forgiveness of sins." What is your exact meaning when you tell him that? Here is a scripture which will show you what God means by it—"Ready to forgive." Do you

believe that? do you believe that he is ready now? or do you think that you honour him more when you make him occupy a long time in making up his mind to pardon you? Not long ago the writer was addressing a meeting in a town near London; and after telling them of a little boy who, going home one night from a meeting where he had seen people anxious about their sins, and others getting "peace in believing," said in a tone of great distress—"There's me! home again to-night without Christ!" he warned them that that night they must each take home with them either Jesus or their sins. Two persons present, who had been religiously brought up, were seized with a consuming terror, and got no peace till they found it at the feet of Jesus. Some months later the writer was gladdened to learn that, ever since, they had been happy in Christ, and were consecrating themselves wholly to his service. Later, a clergyman down a long way in the country was awakened into great anxiety—he saw that he had been preaching a Christ whom he did not himself personally know; and he came up to London, hoping to find the Lord there. After a little he left to return home, without having found Christ. But, on his way down in the train, this text came before him—"He was bruised for our iniquities;" and in that word the Lord met him, and he has been ever since a rejoicing Christian. It was just the Ethiopian over over again: he had come up to the capital seeking the Lord, and was returning home without having found him, when suddenly on the way a message came to him by the very same chapter; and he went on his way rejoicing, because the Lord had forgiven him so freely and so immediately all his sins.

And why should you, dear reader, continue in your sins? why not lay them on him, and leave them on him, and from this hour go on your way rejoicing? "Come unto me," Jesus says to you at this moment, "and lay your burden on me, and I will give thee rest." "Oh! the heart," exclaimed an old saint one day "the great heart that Jesus has to do us good!" No way is so open in all the world, as the way for a returning sinner back to him who died for him. Brother, will you come?—*Christ our Life*, by Rev. J. Baillie.

Jesus is called the "arm of the Lord." He is his working arm, his upholding arm, the arm which dispenses all his blessings. How blessed to have this arm to lean upon! still more blessed to know that this arm is beneath us—still more blessed to find his arm around us, clasping us to his bosom, and saying, "This is my beloved, in whom I, too, am well pleased."