

GOD LOVES YOU.

AT the close of a gospel address I went up and spoke to a young man who I thought seemed to be impressed by the Word ; but I soon found out that he had not heard a word, for he was deaf and dumb. However, I was not hindered by that difficulty ; for, knowing a little of their language, I just told him the words at the head of this paper—“ *God loves you.*”

He looked at me with a vacant stare, and shaking his head, he replied in the same manner :

“ No, no , I don't believe it ; I know He hates me.”

“ However can you say so ?” I asked.

“ I went to —— Church, and the Rev. —— was to give an address, which was interpreted to us, and he told us that ‘ God would for ever cast us into hell if we did not live holy lives, and keep His holy commandments :’ and ever since I heard that I have not opened a bible, I was so afraid, and of course I never went to that church again.”

“ What did you come here for ? you could not hear anything ?”

“ I don't know why I came.”

“ Shall I tell you ?” I asked.

“ If you know you can.”

“ Well, dear fellow, you were drawn by an unseen influence, that you might *know* that ‘ *God loves you.*’”

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