

But I have a brother whom I loved as my own soul. My soul went after him. My treasure was too great to be hoarded. I wrote to him, and told him that I had been blind, but now I saw. I told him of that Man that is called Jesus, of the work which He finished on the cross, and of the wonderful results of simply believing on Him. He replied "that he was in great distress sometimes, and did not know whom to believe. One said. Do this; another said, Do that; and all seemed earnest. It was very puzzling." I blessed God for this, for it showed that the Holy Ghost was dealing with his soul.

One day he wrote, "All you tell me is true. I have compared it with the word. One thing only I cannot understand. You say, 'it is useless to try to better that which cannot be bettered,' and add, 'That which is born of the flesh is flesh.' Surely you do not mean to say we must not strive to improve ourselves, else how could the Lord have said, 'Except your righteousness exceed that of the Scribes and Pharisees, you shall in no case enter into the kingdom of heaven?'"

I prayed to the Lord that He would guide me in my answer, and thought of the joy of being made the instrument in bringing my dear brother to Jesus. I then replied, "Yes, that is just what I meant to say. I meant that it is needless, and even folly, to strive to better what cannot be bettered. 'Ye must be BORN AGAIN.' We are completely lost, without hope, desperately wicked. Nor does the Lord anywhere promise, as so many pretend, the strength