

Lady Huntingdon, caught from her lips the words that *Jesus came to seek and save that which was lost*, and in these words received Jesus by faith—and next morning was dead—already washed white and made pure in the blood of the Lamb, and presented faultless by the hand of Him whom he had so lately received as the seeker and Saviour of the lost. Sometimes the interval after the conviction may be only a moment before conversion, but a whole lifetime may be spent after conversion before learning that faith is the victory that overcometh; and at last, after terrible struggles and fears, like those of that wonderful man, Dr. Payson, he may in the evening-hour of life learn the great secret of the gospel as the way of salvation from sin, and have a peaceful—yea, a gorgeous—sunset of it.

So, also, these several periods may each be separated from every other and from everything else, so as to be clearly and distinctly described as stages of experience, or they may be so associated with other and peculiar circumstances of individual life as to be regarded by themselves and others as special incidents of their own peculiar lot in the world.

As for example, the case of

A NEW ENGLAND LADY IN THE WEST.

Before becoming the bride of the man of her choice, she had espoused the Bridegroom of the church. Indeed, in giving to him her heart with her hand, she gave him clearly to understand that it was a heart in which Jesus was enthroned. This he liked well—for he too had settled the great question of life first of all, long before becoming engrossed with the questions and cares of a settlement in the world.

So as they journeyed westward through the then dense forests of the new country, they had the company of Him who had proclaimed himself to Jacob at Bethel, and promised him never to leave him or forsake him until he should have done all that he had told him of. And when they threw up their log-cabin, in the unbroken wilderness, and kindled their first fire on the hearth, and prepared their first repast in their new forest home, and sat down for the first time to their table spread in the wilderness for them, the cheerful blaze in the heart toward God was brighter than the fire on the hearth, and they had meat to eat which was unseen on the table—their cabin and table, and all, like themselves to each other, were regarded as God's gifts, and held by them as God's stewards.

But days of darkness came. Children were born to them and given to the Lord from their birth—but it was hard for them, the mother especially, to lay them in the grave. The death of their first-born, with its multiplied sorrows, and the long weary watchings, induced a low long-running fever, from which, after many months, she recovered, but always bore the marks of it in two ways: first, in a weakened body weighed down with infirmity, and second, in a strengthened heart borne up by a trust and a peace never felt before.

Her murmurings and rebellions in the days of her trial had brought up to the surface all the deep sediment of sin, and startled her at the sight of herself, and her sickness had called up the judgment as at hand, and her own heart had condemned her as unfit and unready to meet the welcome of her Judge. She was afraid to die, but her struggles to prepare were as vain as any attempt could have been to remove mountains, until at last in sheer despair she cast the whole care of her sins—the cure of her sins, as well as their pardon—upon Christ, and was at peace. While at the same time she cast all her cares for her own health and the safety of her husband and children, and indeed every thing else, on the Lord: and when at last she rose from that