

that is able to exhibit grace to the undeserving. It is only the holy heart of God that can feel kindness for the vile, and the hateful, and the base, and the selfish, and the ungodly. Side by side with infinite righteousness, and love of truth, and equity, there is that singular love to the undeserving creature which we call *grace*, and which so moves his heart toward them while He hates their sin. It was on this that David's eye was resting when he said, "Let me fall into the hand of the Lord; for great are his mercies"—"very great."—2 Sam. xxiv. 14.

That peculiar feature of the Divine character may well attract the sinner's eye, and draw forth the sinner's hope. For that singular love which constitutes the *graciousness* of the Divine character led our God to send his only begotten Son, that on Him, as Substitute, might be laid the sins which the Holy One abhorred, and thereby the objects of his grace be freed from the accursed thing. Who that knows anything of this working of grace would not say, "*Let me fall into the hand of the Lord!*" It shines forth in its noon-day brightness at the Cross. Look at it there and say, "*Let me fall now into the hand of the Lord!*"

Fellow-sinner, you must deal with God directly and personally; not afar off, and not by means of ordinances and forms. You must "*fall into the hand of the Lord.*" The more direct your dealing with God the better; the less mixture of man the better. Go boldly to God in Christ, to God at the Cross in Christ, to God in the mercy-seat, to God who holds out the golden sceptre, to God who points you to the cleansing blood. Do not trust to the prayers of others; go yourself, and go at once. If you have got a true view of the heart of God, of his great mercies, of his provided atonement, you will now arise and say, "*Let me fall into the hand of the Lord!*" And why? Because "Great are his mercies" through the blood of Jesus. "Mercy (as Bunyan says) nigh thee; everlasting mercy upon thee! Long-lived mercy, for it will live longer than thy sorrow, longer than thy persecutors! Mercy from everlasting, to contrive thy salvation, and to everlasting, to weaken out all thy adversaries. What can death or hell do to him that hath this mercy of God upon him?" Let my soul fall into this sea of mercy.

WILLIAM TENNENT.

Once on a favourable occasion, an intimate friend of Mr. Tennent earnestly pressed him for a minute account of what his views and apprehensions were, while he lay in his extraordinary state of suspended animation. He discovered great reluctance to enter into any explanation of his perceptions and feelings at this time; but being importunately urged to do it, he at length consented, and proceeded with a solemnity not to be described:

"While I was conversing with my brother," said he, "on the state of my soul, and the fears I had entertained for my future welfare, I found myself in an instant in another state of existence, under the direction of a superior Being, who ordered me to follow him. I was accordingly wafted along, I know not how, till I beheld at a distance an ineffable glory, the impression of which on my mind it is impossible to communicate to mortal man. I immediately reflected on my happy change, and thought—Well, blessed be God! I am safe at last, notwithstanding all my fears. I saw an innumerable host of happy beings surrounding the inexpressible glory, in acts of adoration and joyous worship; but I did not see any bodily shape or representation in the glorious appearance. I heard things unutterable. I heard their songs and hallelujahs of thanksgiving and praise and unspeakable rapture. I felt joy unutterable and full of glory. I then applied to my conductor, and requested leave to join the happy throng; on which he tapped me on the shoulder and said, 'You must return to the earth.' This seemed like a sword through my heart. In an instant I recollected to have seen my brother standing before me, disputing with the doctor."

The successor of Mr. Tennent in the congregation of Monmouth, in a free and feeling conversation with him, while travelling together from Monmouth to Princeton, observed to Mr. Tennent, "Sir, you seem to be one indeed raised from the dead, and may tell us what it is to die, what you were sensible of while in that state." He replied in the following words: "As to dying—I found my fever increase, and I became weaker and weaker, until at once I found myself in heaven, as I thought. I saw no shape as to the Deity, but glory all unutter-