

it is said: "Repent and be converted" (Acts. iii: 19). Think again: that is for me! When it says: "Christ died for all—by grace ye are saved—it is the gift of God" (Eph. ii: 4). Think again: it is for me! and accept the offered grace.

Let us remember that whatever our past may have been, the letter of pardon is there sealed with the precious blood of Christ. It is for us to believe that our sins are forgiven, and that we are free indeed.

PEOPLE talk strangely of going to heaven when they die; but what gratification could it afford a man whose enjoyments are of a sensuous or sensual nature—who has no pleasure but in worldly objects? You hope to go to heaven! I hope you will—but unless your heart is sanctified, what were heaven to you? A vacuum, an abhorrent vacuum. The day that took you there would end all enjoyment and throw you, a castaway, on a solitude more lonely than a desert island. Neither angels nor saints would seek your company, nor would you seek theirs. Unable to join in their hallowed employment, to sympathize with or even to understand their holy joys, you would feel more desolate in heaven than in the heart of a great city, amid crowds who spoke a language which you did not understand, aliens in dress and manners, in language, blood, and faith.

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