

fond but foolish friends, flattering the already deceived soul to its eternal ruin; the faithful messenger, if he ventures to say that the loved one is still unsaved, may be considered unkind, uncharitable, unfeeling, if not cruel. This, however, thank God, is not often the case.

Take one case in point: the circumstances are still fresh in my memory, though in giving details I may leave out some words and add others.

A christian friend asked me to visit her sister who was supposed to be dying of consumption, but unconverted. The widowed mother with whom she lived, was also unconverted, but both very self-righteous, very satisfied with themselves. I was well known to them by name, through the sister, and had a hearty welcome. So long as the conversation was somewhat general, we were all happy; but the mother leaving the room gave me an opportunity of speaking plainly to the daughter about the state of her soul. She was, as some would say, quite happy, she was quiet and peaceful. Thank the Lord, I said, dear S., and you know now, do you, that your sins are all forgiven—all washed away by the precious blood of Jesus? You do not doubt that now, do you, dear S.? She was now looking very straight into the fire, and evidently troubled, but did not satisfy me with her answer. In effect, I repeated the same question, looking rather anxiously for an answer. But this was new ground for the young formalist, and I saw she was troubled or nervous at being left alone with me,