

often read it before; but now the declaration, "There is none righteous—no not one," was strangely solemn to me. I read on: "Therefore by the deeds of the law there shall be no flesh justified in His sight; for by the law is the knowledge of sin. . . . Therefore we conclude that a man is justified by faith without the deeds of the law." And as I read, the Holy Ghost opened my blinded heart, and I beheld it all. Then and there, in that log cabin, I got what Cornelius got when Peter told him that remission of sins was by believing in Jesus. (Acts x., 43). But, oh, the shameful pride of the natural heart! I felt like breaking forth in "Glory! glory! to the Son, who has met all the requirements of justice against me, and has given me eternal life by simply believing that 'it is finished!'" Yet I stifled it. What! I, who had been a church member for years, and a good one too, I, acknowledge that I was then only brought to the knowledge of the truth! It was too humiliating; it is not so now. Jesus, the mighty Saviour, is also a sweet and meek teacher; and when we get acquainted with Him we learn the sweetness of hiding our poor mean self, and showing Him only.

And you dear reader, where are you? Are you praying, too? Are you seeking after the commandments to do them? Are you proposing to make Jesus your model before you know Him as your Saviour, your peace, your righteousness, your sanctification your all! You may try and try again; but at last you will look back and say with me, "What a bottomless pit this doing is!"