

who needed salvation ; it was only for those who needed it that a ransom was offered.

Now if we would have an assurance of salvation, we need but ask, are we among the sort of people invited ? Do we feel that we are sinners ; are we weary with the heavy burden of sin ; do we hunger and thirst after righteousness ? Then are the benefits of the sacrifice ours. If we have not this sense of sin and want, then have we no part or lot in the matter. No one can be saved who does not realize the want of salvation. But those who have this want are called of God ; for them Christ died.

And yet what of those who feel their need of a Saviour—who have reached that state in which they are simply helpless, and without hope of ever reaching heaven ? Everything seems to bar up the way to God ; there is no light, no bright future. An offended God and well-merited punishment is all that stands before them. They long with an irrepressible longing for reconciliation with their Father. As returning prodigals they would be glad of but one small glance of love that might cheer their deep sad hearts. But it is "guilty, guilty, guilty," that rings in their ears. It is a broken law that gives strength to the sharp sting of conscience with which the soul is wounded. It is a sense of estrangement from God that makes the soul aware of the awful gloom of the dark night of sin. How dare