

thinking about himself and trying to discover what there had been in him to merit such favor, of which the commissioner had spoken. In vain the chaplain repeated to him: "*It is you ROBERT, whose name has been called.*" This third appeal had to reach his ears before the import of the words began to be apprehended, then rising slowly, and advancing with trembling he grasped the paper, examined it, returned to his place, then burying his face in his hands began sobbing.

When the governor of the prison gave the signal for the prisoners to file out, Robert took his place according to custom in the long sad line of convicts. "JOHNSON!" cried out the chaplain again, "*Go out, you are free.*" Then, and only then the poor man fully comprehended the good news of his deliverance which he had long given up hopes of. HE WAS FREE.

Is not this history an illustration of the way we receive the warnings and promises of God? How often, instead of applying these things to ourselves we apply them to others, to our friends and acquaintances and to all the world, apparently without even thinking that they concern ourselves! If Jesus came as a propitiation for all, let us not forget that we are of that number, and that to know there is a pardon for us there must be a personal response to the appeal. When God says: "There is none good, no not one" (Rom. iii: 10). Think; yes that is me! When