

letter has been such a help, has passed through the same troubles—with him I can now say: "It is only when I can—in spite of my doubts—look to Jesus that I find rest." Even now I feel myself hardly saved, but when I look to Jesus I *cannot* doubt. Pray for me, in order that I may rest upon what God says, because He says it and not because I feel it. Ask that my eyes may be unchangeably fixed upon Jesus. My faith is very feeble and my unbelief very great.

Since my deliverance I have read and re-read your first letter, and I am astonished that I did not see and understand, as I do now, what you said.

My sister is always very happy. She does not appear to be troubled by a single doubt. In thanking you for your letter she wishes to be remembered to you.

I remain yours, &c.,

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Oh, how many a poor professor's candle is blown out and never lighted again! I see that ordinary profession, and to be ranked amongst the children of God, and to have a name among men, is now thought good enough to carry professors to heaven but certainly a name is but a name, and will never bide a blast of God's storm. I counsel you not to give your soul rest, nor your eyes sleep, till ye have gotten something that will bide the fire, and stand out the storm.