

so gracious a Saviour. Last Sunday week as I was at prayer, it seemed to me as if some one standing by addressed me by name, and said, 'you may as well give over praying, for God will never answer your prayers.' I rose and said, 'no, never! no, never! now that I have once learnt to pray, I'll never give over praying, if I die upon my knees.' Still all was dark and I could see no hope. Things went on from bad to worse, and I began to fear that my reason would give way. But at length deliverance came. Last Thursday evening as I was reading about cutting off a right hand and plucking out a right eye, it struck me that there must be something which held back my soul from God, and so I entreated him to show me what it was, and to dispose my mind to any service or any sacrifice He might require, even to the cutting off of a right hand, or the plucking out of a right eye, when all at once I had such a view of the mercy of God in Christ Jesus, that the whole mountain of my guilt melted away like snow in the sunshine, and I arose from my knees with a heart large enough to lay hold of the whole world, and bring it to the feet of Christ.

Dear reader, what say you to these things? Is it not high time to be aroused to the heartfelt consideration of the safety of your own soul? Lovingly we would ask you, are you sheltered by faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, who died to save sinners from the coming wrath? Why not? Is not God worthy to be believed, His word to be credited, the atoning work of His beloved Son to be trusted? Flee then,