

though they are sinners, and have done things worthy of death, not one of them shall ever be cast into hell for his sins who will accept Jesus as his only Saviour, and believe in Him, and rest in His Word. I have no time to say more to you now: others are waiting to see me. Go home, attend to what I have told you, and may God the Holy Spirit bless it for Jesus Christ's sake."

This conversation took place on Sunday evening. On the following Friday, Mr. North was sitting in a friend's drawing-room, when the servant announced that a young man wanted to speak to him. On being shown up stairs, he said, "Do you remember me?" "No." "Do you not remember the young man who on Sunday night asked you to tell him 'why did God permit sin'?" "Yes, perfectly." "Well, sir, I am that young man; and you said that God permitted sin *because He chose it*, and you told me to go home and read the ninth chapter of Romans; and also that *God chose to send Jesus* to die for such sinners as I am; and I did, sir, what you told me, and afterwards I fell down at God's feet and asked Him to forgive my sins, because Jesus died for me, and He did; and now I am happy—oh! so happy sir; and though the devil still comes sometimes to tempt me with my old thoughts, and to ask me what *reason* I have to think God has forgiven me, I have always managed to get him away by telling him that I do not want to judge things by my own *reason*, but by *God's Word*, and that the only reason why I know I am forgiven, is, that *for Christ's sake, God chooses to pardon me.*"