

"You realize that you have gone astray, but did you ever think that the Lord hath laid upon Him all *your* sin and that He had taken the blame of your wanderings? Your salvation is all His work. "He bare our sins in His own body on the tree, that we being dead to sin should live unto righteousness: by whose stripes ye were healed, for ye were as sheep going astray, but are now returned unto the Shepherd of your souls."

"But I have not returned, because I cannot believe in the right way.

"Oh, Mary, Mary, never mind about believing in the right way; after all, it is not so much *how* we believe as *what* we believe. Suppose two men fall from a steamer, both are struggling in the water, when a life preserver and a walking stick are thrown them. The man who grasps the stick begins to sink. Why? Is it that he does not take hold of it in the right way? No, he does not take hold of the right thing. You are struggling in the waves of sin. Your only hope is trust in the finished work of Christ, and it seems a matter of little consequence *how* you trust, believe or grasp it."

"Then why is it, that when I do believe, I do not feel any happier?"

"I am beginning to doubt that feeling has anything to