

convenient season might never, never come—that the Spirit does not always strive with the children of men. But the Lord was graciously mindful of me, and troubled my soul that it could not rest. I saw and felt my lost condition and danger without Christ. Upon one side I beheld a bleeding, crucified Redeemer, entreating me but to look to him and be saved. I heard his dying groans, every one of which should have pierced my soul asunder. I saw the thorny crown plaited upon his brow. All this, I said, was suffered for me. Upon the other hand, I felt what a doom would be mine if I rejected Christ after he had thus striven with me; the horrors of a lost soul seemed to rise before me—lost, and that for ever.

Yet in view of all this I did not feel quite willing to renounce a certain feeling within me. Renounce what? The dominion which sin had gained over me. How difficult this seemed to me, and yet how simple it was! I was commanded to look to Christ and be saved. This act of faith was the first step to be taken in a Christian life, for faith has been beautifully expressed “as the looking of the heart to Christ.”

But this did not seem sufficient to save me; my heart said to me, “Pray; you know this to be a duty, perform it that other duties may be