

clearly revealed to you." I entered my little room, resolved to make one earnest attempt for the forgiveness of my sins. If I was not to be saved I would perish at the foot of the cross.

I tried to pray. My sins rose like mountains before me. All of the invitations I had slighted seemed to make my condemnation greater; I recalled vividly the earnest entreaties of our faithful pastor to the young of his flock. The prayers and remonstrances of my sainted mother stood out in bold relief.

Alas! thought I, after all these neglected opportunities will the Lord be gracious unto me? after all my enmity to him will he hear me in the day of my sore distress?

Half of that long night I spent upon my knees. At times I could not articulate a single word, but I doubt not every sob of my bursting heart found acceptance with my Almighty Father. That night I found peace and pardon, and then I was filled with amazement that I had so long neglected the Son of God. I would not barter the preciousness of that one hour, in which I realized that God had pardoned me, for all the world—no, nor for millions upon millions of such worlds as this. It was an hour of blissful joy, the remembrance of which sends a thrill of delight through my soul.