

abandoning the iniquitous selfishness of the age, let us haste to the blood of sprinkling, to be washed thoroughly from our sins, and consecrate ourselves anew and entirely to him who hath redeemed us—let us meditate upon the iniquity of the world, and the lukewarmness of the church, till we be duly affected with the alarming fact that they are destroying souls and dishonouring God; and with trembling hearts and weeping eyes we enter into the very holiest, by earnest and importunate prayer, and plead before the Shekinah with wrestling earnestness, crying “Deliver us from blood-guiltiness, O God of our salvation! —“Awake, awake, O arm of the Lord, as in ancient times, and in generations of old, and send out thy light and thy truth”—until the Lord open the windows of Heaven and pour down blessings till there be no room to contain them.

My brethren! all time and all worlds arouse us to action. The lost, the misspent of the forgotten past, the misery and thoughtlessness of the rapid present, and the thickening horrors of the coming future, call loudly for exertion. The spiritual desolation and expanding wretchedness of the unconverted millions of our perishing world, stretch forth their hands in growing agony for the bread of life—the redeemed before the throne, the rejoicing angels in heaven, and Father, Son and Holy Ghost, all urge us by their increasing glory to send out that word by which heirs of immortality are born of God into the kingdom of his Son, and joy transmitted through all ranks and principalities in the heavenly kingdom—and the lost in hell send up their imploring groans, entreating us to preach the gospel to the living—the prisoners of hope, lest they should go to that place of torment, and add to their crowding sorrows.

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