

external tyranny, a tyranny that may repress civil, social, religious, individual, and personal liberty, which may follow you into your very home to lay its hateful restrictions on the most sacred relations and the most private actions of your life—there may still be a shrine to which freedom can fly, a sanctuary where no tyrants emissary can ever follow you, in the unchecked movement of the soul to God, in the activities of the spirit that despises the outward oppression; in the very act of submitting to it there may be that in you in virtue of which you can still assert. "Bind me as you may outwardly, I still am free." But what if the master be one who has come into that very sanctuary—that you have introduced into your home, into your conscience, into your very soul? There is no place to which you can fly, no place sacred from the hateful intrusion, no place where you are safe from the inroad of foul thoughts, evil recollections, licentious impulses, to which your culpable and enervated will cannot choose but yield. Oh! surely, my brethren, if we be given up to the power of a master that never quits us, whose will we know to be a base one, against whom in our better moments we struggle, yet struggle in vain; if this be our condition, it is bondage,—of such an one it may truly, emphatically be said "He is a slave."

SELECTIONS.

What a valiant leader is to an army, when his very presence inspires them with valour, when his wisdom and tact conduct them to certain victory, and when his influence over them nerves and strengthens them in the day of battle—all that, and more, was Jesus Christ to his disciples. What the shepherd is to the sheep, the sheep being foolish, and the shepherd alone wise; the sheep being defenceless, and the shepherd strong to

protect them; the sheep being without power to provide for themselves in a degree, and the shepherd able to give them all they require; all that was Jesus Christ to his people. You see Socrates in the midst of his pupils, and you observe at once that the great philosopher is the factotum of his school; but still some follower of Socrates may improve upon what he teaches. Now, when you see Jesus, you observe at once that all his disciples are but as little children compared with their Master, and that the school would cease at once if the great Teacher were gone. He is not only the Founder but the Finisher of our system. Jesus is to them not only the doctor but the doctrine; "He is the way, and the truth, and the life." The disciple of Christ feels Jesus to be inexpressibly precious. He does not know how many uses Christ can be put to, but this he knows—Christ is all in all to him. As the Orientals say of the palm tree, that every fragment of it is of use, and there is scarcely any domestic arrangement into which the palm tree in some form or other does not enter, even so Jesus Christ is good for everything to his people, and there is nothing that they have to do or feel or know, that is good or excellent, but Jesus Christ enters into it. What would that little company of disciples have been as they went through the streets of Jerusalem without their Lord? Conceive him absent and no other Paraclete to fill his place, and you see no longer a powerful band of teachers equipped to revolutionise the world, but a company of fishermen, without intelligence and without influence, a band which in a short time will melt under the influence of unbelief and cowardice. *Spurgeon.*

Mr. Moody, in one of his Chicago meetings, asked all to rise who would promise not to offer strong drink to callers on New Year's day. Nearly all the congregation stood up.