

wickedness—the case of the avowed infidel and the openly profane—and he fixes exclusive attention on him who believes *not*; on the man who is too careless and indifferent either to disbelieve or misbelieve, and he affirms that such an individual is condemned already. In order to preclude the possibility of mistake, we are informed that indifference is real hostility. “He that is not for me,” says Christ, “is against me, and he that gathereth not with me, scattereth abroad.” And when the Son of Man shall sit on the throne of his glory, those who have neglected to live as the members of Christ’s mystical body, as well as those who have persecuted and wasted the Church, shall be condemned to the everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels.

The apostles draw the same portrait of the respectable sinner, and denounce against him the wrath of God as unsparingly as did their divine Master. The testimony of the apostle Paul is explicit:—“Other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ.” The phrase “than that is laid” should be rendered: “beside that which is laid.” The apostle refers to those who build their hopes of eternity on a false foundation altogether, but so near the true one, that the careless observer at a distance is apt to mistake the one for the other. “He who loves not,” and not only he who hates, “the Lord Jesus, let him be anathema” or accursed. The devil works in the children of disobedience as well as in the sons and daughters of transgression. “The Lord Jesus shall be revealed from heaven in flaming fire, taking vengeance on them that know not God, and that obey not the gospel

of our Lord Jesus Christ.” The author of the epistle to the Hebrews assures his converts that there is great danger, lest in a season of peculiar temptation, or in a time of simple inadvertence, they should allow the things which they have heard to slip,—silently to escape as liquid oozing from a leaky vessel; or without observation as the noiseless stream flows past. He asks with peculiar earnestness:—“How shall we escape if we neglect,” not if we despise, “so great salvation?” The Israelites who perished in the wilderness came short of the rest of Canaan by being just a *day too late* in believing the divine testimony. And it is a melancholy fact that many are not far from the kingdom of God who shall never enter it; they are almost saved, and yet die altogether lost.

We have a fine illustration of this solemn truth in Bunyan’s *Pilgrim’s Progress*. Bunyan saw, in his dream, Ignorance ferried over the river of death in Vain Hope’s boat. He went up to the gate of heaven and knocked for admission, but was promptly refused. The two shining ones, who had conducted Christian and Hopeful to the Celestial city were commanded to bind his hands and feet and heave him away. Then they took him up and carried him through the air to the door that Bunyan had previously seen in the side of a hill, and put him in there—through the path that leads down to woe. “Then I saw,” says this inimitable dreamer, “that there was a way to hell, even from the gates of heaven as well as from the city of destruction.” There is a way to hell from the church and the communion table, as well as from the ball room and the theatre.

#### A SONG IN THE NIGHT.

“*Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him.*”—Job.

Yes! it is best,

Though waves of fiery trial o’er us sweep;

And seeking rest,

We’re tossed about upon a restless deep.

Left on the brink  
Of ruin, ’mid wild seas and wilder sky,

We cannot sink;

A presence breathes around us—Christ is nigh

The crested deep  
Is but His pathway; the winds His wings:

He does not sleep,

When cloud-robed night her gloom and terrors brings.

He trod the wave [height,  
When winds descended fierce from Hermon’s

Intent to save [night.

His loved ones in that wild and starless

Still He is nigh;

Though we may see Him not for blinding spray,  
Or tear-dimmed eye;

We feel Him, and in trust pursue our way.

Our hearts are sad,  
And breaking almost, sometimes, but we seek  
No other road;

The spirit fears not, though the flesh is weak.

’Tis best; we know  
’Tis best; we would not even wish to move

One pain, or woe,

Or sorrow from our way. We know ’tis love

That planned the whole;  
And when at last we’ve gained our heavenly  
rest,

From that blest goal

We can look back, and see that all was best.