

ment, from God into hell), can hardly be rendered so vivid as to produce more than an evanescent fear and a momentary restraint. Yet the cause of this grievous and perilous inconsistency does not lie deep; it is on the very surface. The careless, unawakened sinner is unmoved with the sense of his danger, because he is spiritually asleep. Immersed in the things of this life, and unable, from the carnality of his mind, to comprehend the things of the Spirit of God, he cannot be permanently or savingly impressed by them. For, whatever may be the professed belief of an unawakened sinner; with whatever fluency he may discourse on the articles of his creed,—they never come really and distinctly into contact with his mind; they are never interwoven with his habitual associations and prevailing affections: the things that are seen absorb him wholly. He may be fitly compared to a person in a room engaged and pleased with the objects within, but forgetful of the scene without; and if, for a moment, he views it through the window and admires it, he is immediately attracted by the nearer objects and becomes as indifferent to the out-door realities, grander and more glorious though they be, as if they had no existence. Thus, present things are all in all to the unawakened sinner: and though he may know something of the objects in the world of faith from the hasty glances taken of them, they are, to him, immersed in the pursuit and enjoyment of things visible, as the merest shadows and nonentities. In reference to things invisible and eternal he is asleep.

Now it is an observed fact respecting every organ and faculty of man that when it is not exercised it suffers *enfeeblement, decay, and even obliteration*. Were a limb not exercised, it would soon shrink and become powerless. Were the eye not exercised, the power of vision would soon be weakened, if not destroyed. So also with the faculties of the soul, whether moral or intellectual. They become enfeebled or vigorous according as they are cultivated. And what is man with his religious and moral powers uncultivated? a man with a slumbering, dead conscience? a man who cannot or will not discern between right and wrong in conduct; who beholds good and evil with equal indifference; who has not within him any power restraining from sin or impelling to righteousness! And this happening to him through his own fault! Does not such a one merit the heaviest condemnation for permitting *conscience*, the noblest faculty of his nature, *to die out of him*? And the same may be said of every spiritual affection by which we are qualified to call upon God. These affections, for want of culture and exercise, may sink into slumbering unconsciousness or even be utterly extinguished. How many there are to whom this has happened: men without God in the world. Men who could not truly call upon the name of God were heaven offered in reward for the deed: men, who perhaps, never once in their lifetime vividly felt that they owed any homage or obedience to the Creator! If it be assumed that the chief end of man is to glorify God, how comes it that such labour under a defect of nature which disqualifies them to fulfil that end? Because conscience is asleep, the pious affections have never been awakened.

their powers have never been exercised in the contemplation or worship of God; they have sunk into a state in which they ceased to be what God formed them to be. Their connection with the Creator is destroyed in one of its noblest links, that of a humble, habitual, grateful dependence upon him, for life and breath and all things. The man then, who spends a day without calling upon God fails on that day to answer the purpose for which his Creator formed him. If weeks be added to days, and years to weeks, how much must this individual's guilt be aggravated! What great difference will an angel see between the more polished sinner who refuses to call upon God amidst the luxurious refinements of a palace, and he who is guilty of the same crime in the mire of the streets or in the abominations of the hovel? Something different these objects are in their external appearance. The one is sin in *brocade*; it may hide its grossness, but cannot destroy its venom: the other is sin in *rags*, rendering it more conspicuous and offensive only to the eye of man. But sinners of every degree are identical in their godless nature: and they will be identical in their mournful destiny.

The Believer's Plea.

(Christ died for our sins.—1 Cor. xv. 3)

Enough! My Lord has died—
Has shed His blood for me;
My fears and doubts are laid aside,
I seek no other plea.

Justice! I see thee rise—
Stern Justice! here am I;
I calmly view thine awful eyes,
Nor dread thy coming night.

What would'st thou have of me?
Speak! It is true, I know,
That once a debt I owed to thee,
But now no longer owe.

Behold! I'm not alone,
The Surety at my side
Is standing. God is now at one
With me; for Jesus died.

Rememberest thou that day,
Thy sword was bathed in blood,
While for the sins of men He lay
Beneath thy angry rod.

Would'st thou again demand
A price already paid?
In Christ my Lord, complete, I stand,
When in thy balance weighed.

We meet in friendship now:
No longer at thy feet,
A trembling culprit, low I bow,
Thy dreadful stroke to meet.

For Christ my Lord has died—
Has borne the curse for me;
My every doubt is satisfied,
I seek no other plea.

C. I. C.