

## The Judgment-Seat of Christ.

*Every eye shall see him.* Rev. i. 7. *No escape!*

**INFIDEL!** What have you to say to this solemn,—this awful scene? You will be sure to be *there*. In vain may you try to avert your eye from his awful frown.—You will be compelled to look upon him whom you have pierced with your sins; and whatever may have been your scoffs and sneers, these will all forsake you on that awful day. In vain will you call upon the rocks and the hills to fall upon you, for, against your will, and in spite of all your struggles, you will be irresistibly hurried forward into the lake of endless fire. But stay, is there *no escape*? Yes; blessed be God,—there is a way,—and only *ONE*,—the LORD JESUS CHRIST. Harden not your heart, but seek him *to-day*,—this very hour. Let not the sun go down till you have sought the mercy of an offended God. He will not cast you out, for he is infinitely more willing to pardon than you are to cry for mercy.

**PROFESSOR!** How will *you* approach this awful bar,—“The judgment-seat of Christ?” Unless your heart be *sanctified*, you will fare no better than the *Infidel*. See to it that you have not deceived yourselves by a *form* of godliness, without having experienced a *change of heart*. Without *holiness* no man shall enter the kingdom of God.

**BACKSLIDER!**—Oh, stop! stop!—Not a step further, but repent, and fall instantly on your face before *Him* who mercifully remembers that you are but dust, and who kindly waits to receive you, with a gracious,—a forgiving smile.

**TREMBLING SAINT!** Cast away your fears. Remember him who for your encouragement, hath declared, that none shall pluck you out of his hands; that having *begun* the good work within you, will finish it in glory.

**SANCTIFIED BELIEVER!** Your work is done;—finished. You may now with rapture sing, ‘Come Lord Jesus, come.’

Your salvation is not only nearer than when you first believed, but the glorious work is done; you will now hear those heavenly words,—“Come ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for *you* from the foundation of the world; enter ye into the joy of your Lord.

But oh, the *Infidel*! will he not listen? Oh, turn ye! turn ye!—why will ye die?—[Sinner’s Friend.

## UNLOOKED FOR BLESSING.

Called, in the providence of God, in the summer season, for six successive summers, to be in a small village on the banks of the Hudson, I met weekly, Sabbath after Sabbath night, with a little company, never more than seven, met to pray for the salvation of souls. For seven long years, there was but one addition to that church. The Gospel seemed to be faithfully preached. They were discouraged, despairing, giving up. I returned to the city in October. At the last prayer-meeting which I attended in the village, there was one came whom I had not seen there before; there were eight, I think, that evening. About a week afterwards, the oldest elder in the church came down and said he was going to sell his place and move away; he could not live in that neighbourhood any longer; he thought he was no use there. Three weeks after, however, he came into my office in Wall Street, the tears rolling down his cheeks. I saw that something great was the matter with him. As soon as I was at leisure, he came to me and said, “Brother, would you believe it! the heavens are opened; the shower is descending; our prayers, continued for seven long years, are at last heard. The young girl who came into the prayer-meeting the last Sabbath you were with us, is converted to God. She has gone out into the highways and hedges; she has brought in one and another. We have now eighteen under deep conviction of sin; and it was my privilege to stand up in our little congregation of about one hundred, and count over thirty souls hopefully converted to God.—*Rev. R. Wells.*