

God is not well pleased with this shrinking plea of the over-modest disciple who says, "Not for me." He has opened the new and living way by the blood of the covenant through the rent veil into the most holy place, and exhorts us in the language of the apostle, "Let us enter in boldly." And it is not modesty, but unbelief, which puts in this shrinking plea.

"Not for me!" Why not? Why, this is the very plea that the unconverted, in their utter unbelief of the freeness of God's grace and mercy, urge when pressed to fly to Christ for salvation—"Not for me." And yet we who have tasted and felt the love of the Lord know how foolish their plea is. We know that the invitation is unto "all the ends of the earth," and to "whosoever will." And surely salvation is no more free in the first draught of the waters of life than in the second and deeper. Christ is no more freely offered in the faith of his atonement than in the assurance of his personal presence and sanctifying power. He has not given himself to us in half of his offices freely, then to withhold himself from us in the other half. If we are content to take him as a half-way Saviour—a deliverer from condemnation merely—but refuse to look to him as a present Saviour from sin, it is our own fault. He is a full Saviour; and to all who trust him he gives full salvation. To all and to each.

"But this is not like conversion," says an objector. "It is a special matter designed and bestowed upon special instruments of God called to special responsibilities. Luther was a great man, called of God for a great work. Baxter also—Wesley and D'Aubigne. And these great men were endowed with great faith. I am not like one of these. It would be presumption in me to expect any such measure of faith."

To answer, and silence this plea is very easy,—but to do away with the unbelief that utters it is another matter. How do you know, beloved disciple of Jesus, that the Lord is not calling *you* to be a special instrument specially endowed for great and good things? Has God revealed to you his plans? Can you say certainly that God has not great things in store for you. Luther, a poor monk, buried up in a convent, without a dollar in the world, or a friend to lean upon, or so much as a Bible of his own to read, might have taken up your plea perhaps with quite as much shew of reason as you—and yet suppose he had? and had persisted in it, and refused to press for the fulness of salvation? Ah! then he might have remained a monk for ever, and the honor and glory of the Reformer would have crowned other instruments. So with you. You may shut yourself out from great light and love and usefulness—you may let another take *your* crown—but it will be your own fault, through an evil heart of unbelief, if you do. And tell me now,—upon your own admission, that this second conversion is a power of distinguished usefulness to him who secures it, are you not taking too much on yourself in rejecting it? Certainly it does make useful as well as happy Christians, and refusing to press for it is no slight matter. You had better weigh it well.

WILLIAM CARVOSSO

Was left an orphan at ten, and bound prentice to a farmer. His father was a sailor, impressed and compelled to serve on a British man-of-war, and his days were ended at last in the Greenwich Hospital. His mother gave him some instruction in the—to him—difficult art of reading, when a child, but of writing he knew nothing until he was sixty-five years old. In his youth he was inducted into the mysteries of cock-fighting, wrestling, card-playing, and other like things.

At twenty-one years of age it pleased God to arrest him and bring him to Christ. His sister, just then newly converted, was the means of this. His