

if you were to send a few words to the *Christian* on this little matter, they would be an instrument for good among many, many Sabbath-school teachers and others."

Why not? Well may we add, why should not this idea be the seed-thought of a mighty harvest, which shall wave for ever? Why should it not be adopted all over the land? Why not, when souls are perishing; when time is hastening; when the Holy Spirit is striving; when the door of mercy is open; and when Jesus is able, even unto the uttermost, to save? Why not immediately? for hours are golden, and even minutes precious, in 1872.

"Like the rivers, time is gliding;  
Precious hours have no abiding;  
Use the golden moments well."

UTIN THOMAS.

Trinity Parsonage, Wandsworth-road.

### AN OPEN DOOR.

The Church that hath an ear to hear, let it hear what its Lord, holding in His hand the key of Heaven's Kingdom, said unto the feeble but faithful church in Philadelphia: "*Behold, I have set before thee an open door;*" and by its merits made it a promise and prophecy of triumphs, glory, and joys awaiting itself. The liberty is granted it, however little, in its lack of the assurance of knowledge and of faith, it may think so, of breaking forth on the right hand and on the left, and lengthening cords that never shall be broken, and strengthening stakes that none can remove. Its Redeemer, giving it an ample heritage in His covenanted domains, will be unto it a place of broad rivers and streams; its fruit shall shake like Lebanon. Its ability for achievement will be even the omnipotence and ardour of its Divine Head, if it is imbued, as it may be, with abundance of His grace. And then, a vine of God's husbanding, it shall make every tree of the garden a trellis, and cover itself with clusters full of everlasting gladness to God and to saints. If it has not large prosperity in the rapid growth of its members, in strong and lovely graces, and in numerous and continuous conversions of the ungodly, it can only be because there is somewhere in it very grave fault. There is before it an open door into grand and holy templehood to God. Let it discern and use its priceless privilege.

I see in statistics thousands of Christian bands distributed among the cities and hamlets of a favoured country. Above them reigns the glorious and gracious Sun of Righteousness. To their very lips spring fountains of refreshing from the Holy Spirit. But most of them seem like trees standing in some Siberian desert. Something is dwarfing them. What is it? Not coolness in the heart nor weakness in the arm of the Prince of Life. Not anything necessarily unfavourable in outward circumstances. But their own indifference and unbelief, mutually perpetuating each other. To see the justness of this conclusion, you have only to mark how, and learn why, a goodly number are ever flourishing, for you will find that these earnestly seek and humbly but confidently expect so to do. Surely we may discover, in the blessings poured so richly on some, what would be universally received, were the right means to gain them properly employed. I am persuaded that there is nothing in all our Gospel truer than this.