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Calendar.

CALENDAR WITH LESSONS.

	MORNING.	EVENING.
1	John 1	Tim 1
2	John 2	Titus 2
3	John 3	Phil 1
4	John 4	1 Cor 1
5	John 5	2 Cor 1
6	John 6	Gal 1
7	John 7	1 Tim 1
8	John 8	2 Tim 1
9	John 9	Titus 2
10	John 10	Phil 2
11	John 11	1 Cor 2
12	John 12	2 Cor 2
13	John 13	Gal 2
14	John 14	1 Tim 2
15	John 15	2 Tim 2
16	John 16	Titus 3
17	John 17	Phil 3
18	John 18	1 Cor 3
19	John 19	2 Cor 3
20	John 20	Gal 3
21	John 21	1 Tim 3
22	John 22	2 Tim 3
23	John 23	Titus 4
24	John 24	Phil 4
25	John 25	1 Cor 4
26	John 26	2 Cor 4
27	John 27	Gal 4
28	John 28	1 Tim 4
29	John 29	2 Tim 4
30	John 30	Titus 5
31	John 31	Phil 5

Poetry.

"ABIDE WITH US FOR IT IS EVENING."

The rest of an Indian march we are told by those who observe that unhappy people, is marked by scenes of great distress. The sick and the weary, if they cannot keep up with the camp, are deserted, and often towards night-fall, when the fainting limbs refuse any longer to discharge their office, piteous cries will arise from those left behind to die. "Abide with us—just a little while, the night draws nigh, it is true, but a little rest will soon restore our strength.—Abide with us and abandon us not to the horrors of starvation in this extreme extremity."—Man's ear turns to the call, but not so that of the LORD OUR SAVIOUR. Once it was addressed to them in person. His disciples were faint and desolate. It was the evening of the day, and to them it seemed like unto the evening of their lives. It was then that he appeared to them in person as he always will to his people who call. They said "Abide with us: for it is towards evening, and the day is far spent. And he went in to eat with them, he took bread, and blessed it, and gave, and gave it them." And so it is that my Blessed Lord appears to me in person, and communes with me, when in sickness or sorrow, I call upon Him to leave me not in my desolation. And when friends at the last hour leave me, and the shades of night grow thick, then I know He cometh.

Tarry with me, O, my Saviour!
For the day is passing by:
See! the shades of evening gather,
And the night is drawing nigh!
Tarry with me! tarry with me!
Pass me not unheeded by!

Many friends were gathered round me,
In the bright days of the past;
But the grave has closed above them,
And I linger here the last;
I am lonely; tarry with me
Till the dreary night is past.

Dimm'd for me is earthly beauty;
Yet the spirit's eye would fain
Rest upon thy lovely features.
Shall I seek, Dear Lord in vain?
Tarry with me, O, my Saviour!
Let me see thy smile again!

Dull my ear to earth-born music,
Speak thou, Lord, in words of cheer;
Feeble, tottering my footsteps,
Stabs my heart with sudden fear:
Cast thine arms, dear Lord, around me,
Let me feel Thy presence near.

Faithful memory paints before me
Every deed and thought of sin:
Open thou the blood-filled fountain,
Cleanse my guilty soul within.
Tarry, thou forgiving Saviour!
Wash me wholly from my sin!

Deeper, deeper grow the shadows,
Paler now the glowing West:
Swift the night of death advances;
Shall it be the night of rest?
Tarry with me, O, my Saviour!
Lay my head upon thy breast!

Feeble, trembling, fainting, dying,
Lord, I cast myself on thee.
Tarry with me through the darkness?
While I sleep still watch by me,
Till the morning, then awake me,
Dearest Lord, to dwell with thee."

PROSPERITY UNFAVORABLE TO RELIGION—
They who live soft and warm in a rich estate
often come to heat themselves at the altar.

Religious Miscellany.

HE LINGERED.

GEN. XIX. 10.

Who is this man that lingered?—Lot, the nephew of faithful Abraham. And when did he linger?—The very morning Sodom was to be destroyed. And where did he linger?—Within the walls of Sodom itself. And before whom did he linger?—Under the eyes of the two angels, who were sent to bring him out of the city.

Reader, the words are solemn, and full of food for thought I trust they will make you think. Who knows but they are the very words your soul requires? The voice of the Lord Jesus commands you to "remember Lot's wife." (Luke xvii. 32.) The voice of one of his ministers invites you this Lent season to remember Lot.

1. What was Lot?

This is a most important point. If I leave it unnoticed, I shall perhaps miss that class of professing Christians I want especially to benefit. You would perhaps say, after reading this paper, "Ah! Lot was a poor, dark creature,—an unconverted man,—a child of this world;—no wonder he lingered."

But mark now what I say. "Lot was nothing of the kind. Lot was a true believer,—a real child of God,—a justified soul,—a righteous man.

Has any one of you grace in his heart?—So also had Lot.

Has any one of you a hope of Salvation?—So also had Lot.

Is any one of you a new creature?—So also was Lot.

Is any one of you a traveller in the narrow way which leads unto life?—So also was Lot.

Do not think this is only my private opinion,—a mere arbitrary fancy of my own,—a notion unsupported by scripture. Do not suppose I want you to believe it, merely because I say it. The Holy Ghost has placed the matter beyond controversy, by calling him "just," and "righteous," (2 Peter ii. 7, 8.) and has given us evidence of the grace that was in him.

One evidence is that he lived in a wicked place, "seeing and hearing" evil all around him, (2 Peter ii. 8.) and yet was not wicked himself. Now to be a Daniel in Babylon, an Obadiah in Ahab's house, an Abijah in Jeroboam's family, a saint in Nero's court, and a righteous man in Sodom, a man must have the grace of God.

Another evidence is, that he "vexed his soul with the unlawful deeds" he beheld around him (2 Peter ii. 8.) He was wounded, grieved, pained, and hurt at the sight of sin. This was feeling like holy David, who says, "I beheld the transgressors, and was grieved because they kept not thy word." "Rivers of waters run down my eyes, because they kept not thy law." (Psalm cxix, 136, 154.) Nothing will account for this but the grace of God.

Another evidence is, that he "vexed his soul from day to day" with the unlawful deeds he saw. (2 Peter ii. 8.) He did not at length become cool and lukewarm about sin, as many do. Familiarity and habit did not take off the fine edge of his feelings, as too often is the case. Many a man is shocked and startled at the first sight of wickedness, and yet becomes at last so accustomed to see it, that he views it with comparative unconcern. This is especially the case with those who live in great cities. But it was not so with Lot. And this is a great mark of the reality of his grace.

Such an one was Lot,—a just and righteous man, a man sealed and stamped as an heir of heaven by the Holy Ghost Himself.

Reader, before you pass on, remember that a true Christian may have many a blemish, many a defect, many an infirmity, and yet be a true Christian nevertheless. You do not despise gold because it is mixed with much dross. You must not undervalue grace, because it is accompanied by much corruption. Read on, and you will find that Lot paid dearly for his lingering. But do not forget as you read, that Lot was a child of God.

11. Let us pass on to a second thing—
What does the text already quoted, tell us about Lot's behaviour?

The words are wonderful and astounding, "He lingered;" and the more you consider the time and circumstances, the more wonderful you will think them.

Lot knew the awful condition of the city in which he stood; "the cry" of its abomination had "waxed great before the Lord;" (Gen. xix, 13.) and yet he lingered.

Lot knew the fearful judgement coming down on all within its walls: the angels had said plainly, "The Lord hath sent us to destroy it;" (Gen. xix, 13.) and yet he lingered.

Lot knew that God was a God who always kept His word, and if he said a thing would surely do it. He could hardly be Abraham's nephew, and live long with him, and not be aware of this. Yet he lingered.

Lot believed there was danger, for he went to his sons-in-law, and warned them to flee; "Up," he said, "Get you out of this place; for the Lord will destroy this city." (Gen. xix. 14.) And yet he lingered.

Lot saw the angels of God standing by, waiting for him and his family to go forth. And yet he lingered.

Lot heard the voices of those ministers of wrath ringing in his ears to hasten him, "Arise, lest thou be consumed in the iniquity of the city." (Gen. xix. 14.)—And yet he lingered.

He was slow when he should have been quick,—backward when he should have been forward,—trifling when he should have been hastening,—loitering when he should have been hurrying,—cold when he should have been hot. It is passing strange! It seems almost incredible! It appears too wonderful to be true. But the Spirit writes it down for our learning. And so it was.

And yet, reader, there are many of the Lord Jesus Christ's people very like Lot.

Mark well what I say. I repeat it, that there may be no mistake about my meaning. I have shown you that Lot lingered,—I say that there are many Christian men and Christian women in this day very like Lot.

There are many real children of God, who appear to know far more than they live up to, and see far more than they practice, and yet continue in this state for many years. Wonderful they go as far as they do, and yet go no further!

They hold the Head, even Christ, and love the truth. They like sound preaching, and assent to every article of Gospel doctrine, when they hear it. But still there is an indescribable something which is not satisfactory about them. They are constantly doing things which disappoint the expectations of their ministers, and of more advanced Christian friends. Marvellous that they should think as they do, and yet stand still.

They believe in heaven, and yet seem faintly to long for it;—and in hell, and yet seem little to fear it. They love the Lord Jesus, but the work they do for Him is small. They hate the devil, but they often appear to tempt him to come to them. They know the time is short, but they live as if it were long.—They know they have a battle to fight, yet a man might think they were at peace. They know they have a race to run, yet they often look like people sitting still. They know that the Judge is at the door, and there is wrath to come, and yet they appear half asleep. Astonishing they should be what they are, and yet be nothing more!

And what shall we say of these people? They often puzzle godly friends and relations. They often cause great anxiety. They often give rise to great doubts and searchings of heart. But they may be classed under one sweeping description: they are all brethren and sisters of Lot. *They linger.*

These are they who get the notion into their minds that it is impossible for all believers to be very holy and very spiritual. They allow that eminent holiness is a beautiful thing. They like to read about it in books, and even to see it occasionally in others. But they do not think that all are meant to aim at so high a standard. At any rate they seem to make up their minds it is beyond their reach.