

guide us into the truth. We hold fast the truth; we guard the Bible and it is our safe-guard. The path of duty and of safety is plain. Let us open our minds, our consciences, our hearts to its influences, and rejoice in God manifested and revealed to us—a Father—a Redeemer—a Comforter.

NELSON'S WATCHWORD.

“A word spoken in due season, how good is it.” Thus “good” were the well-known winged words of the illustrious English Admiral on the memorable day of Trafalgar: “England expects every man this day to do his duty.” They ran like an electric current through the hearts of these gallant tars. Each felt as if the spirit of their leader were inspired within his own bosom, and, as if on his own individual exertions, the fortunes of the day depended. Each fought, realizing “England’s eyes are on one,” and filled with the patriotic determination not to disappoint the expectations of his country. The Captain of Salvation has issued a kindred watchword, and well would it be if all who had properly enlisted beneath his blood-sprinkled banner of love, caught its inspiration. “He hath sat down on the right hand of the Majesty on high, from henceforth EXPECTING till his enemies be made his footstool.” The field of conflict, from His lofty elevation, He is ever intently eying. The forces fronting each other upon it, are spread out before Him. In the darkest hours He never doubts the issue. Even when the armies of the aliens seem getting the advantage, He strengthens the weak hands and confirms the feeble knees of the sacramental host with the hope of their ultimate and utter overthrow—never desponding, ever “EXPECTING.” But while thus certain of final victory, He expects every one of His followers to “do his duty.”

What would you think of an army where the fighting was confined solely to the officers? No great battle was ever won thus. Nor will the Prince of this world be cast out, and its usurped territory be conquered for Him whose right it is to reign over it, till every one who has taken truly the Sacrament (which means literally the Oath of Allegiance to the Great Captain) comes up, shoulder to shoulder, hand joining in hand, to the help of the Lord—to the help of the Lord against the mighty. None must plead to be excused. Yet has it not been too common to evade this imperative draft. “I pray thee have me excused”—because, forsooth, I labour under some supposed disqualification—because I have a family to look after—because I have my own business to attend to—or because I give money to provide a proxy. O, this proxy system has been a sad source of weakness to the army of the Lord. It is not allowed in other matters. The Gospel all through has in it the element of intense personality. It deals with every one to whom it comes individually. Another cannot repent, believe, love, for you. You must do it for yourself. “Repent EVERY ONE of you.” “He that believeth, shall be saved: he that believeth not shall be damned.” Dost thou believe on the Son of God? “Lovest thou me?”

You cannot die by proxy. “There is no discharge in that war.” There can be no exemption, no desertions, no pleading, or buying ourselves off. To this universal conscription no successful resistance can be offered. You