

for pardon. They had not looked to be saved by doing as well as they could, or by being no worse than others. They had felt themselves to be sinners, with no help and no hope in themselves, and had fled to Jesus to save them. They looked to be saved because Jesus had died for them, and on that ground alone. Thus they got to heaven. They never could have got there in any other way. Try and remember this; try, both of you, never to forget, from this time, that the way to heaven is to wash your robes and make them white in the blood of the Lamb—that is, go to Christ with all your hearts, seeking pardon through his blood. Treasure this up in your hearts. It is the happiest thing you can think of, that the way to heaven is through the blood of Christ—that his blood has been shed for sinners, and that you have but to wash and be clean. It is freely offered to you, 'without money and without price.' In all your thoughts, in all your prayers, remember this. Cast away all thought of being saved by your own doings, and take Christ for your all in all. Now let us kneel down together." And they knelt down, and the minister prayed that God would teach their hearts by his Spirit, and cause them all to see and know Christ, and bring them, through his precious blood to be happy with him forever. And so he took his leave.

It was plain that no Gospel light had ever before shone into that old man's heart. He had never, up to that moment, seen the way to salvation. Yet he was constant at church as far as age and distance would allow. And seldom in that church was a sermon preached, in which salvation through Christ was not plainly set forth. He was dark in the midst of light.

It is to be feared that there are many such—many who hear the Gospel for years, and yet get no light as to the way of salvation—still dark, though living in midst of light.

Reader, perhaps you are dark too. If so, look well at these blessed words, these words of God; and may they bring light to your soul: "These are they which come out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. Therefore are they before the throne of God."

Here are some, you see, safe and happy forever; how did they reach that blessed place? They washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. They repented, they fled to Christ, they placed all their hope on his precious blood that was shed for sinners. That is the way for you, that is the way for me—the only way. Do not talk about doing your best, or doing nobody any harm, or doing this, or doing that. Do not trust to your church going or your chapel going. All this will never, never

save you. Trust simply in the blood of Christ. Think it not enough to hear of it, or even to understand it. Knowing the way will not take you to heaven; you must walk in the way. Understanding about the blood of Christ will not save you; you must seek it for yourself. Pray that you may know and feel this. Pray that the Holy Spirit may be given you, to teach you. Come now, with all your heart to Jesus Christ. Pray that you may be made clean, forgiven, reconciled, and accepted in him; and then see, oh! see what God has in store for you:

"Therefore are they before the throne of God and serve him day and night in his temple: and he that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them. They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat. For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne, shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters: and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

#### HOW KNOX AND LUTHER PRAYED.

During the troublous times of Scotland when the popish court and aristocracy were arming themselves to suppress the Reformation in that land, and the cause of Protestant Christianity was in eminent peril, late on a certain night, John Knox was seen to leave his study, and to pass from the house down into an enclosure to the rear of it. He was followed by a friend; when after a few moments of silence, his voice was heard as if in prayer. In another moment the accents deepened into intelligible words, and the earnest petition went up from his struggling soul to heaven, "O Lord, give me Scotland, or I die!" Then a pause of hushed stillness, when again the petition broke forth, "O Lord, give me Scotland, or I die!" Once more all was voiceless and noiseless, when with a yet more intense pathos, the thrice repeated intercession struggled forth, "O Lord, give me Scotland, or I die!" And God gave him Scotland, in spite of Mary and her Cardinal Beaton; a land and a Church of noble Christian loyalty to Christ and his crown. How could it be otherwise?

So Luther, when Germany and the Reformation seemed to be lost, and human help was none; this was the prayer which that second Moses went and laid down at the foot of the eternal throne. "O God, Almighty God everlasting! how dreadful is this world! behold how its mouth opens to swallow me up, and how small is my faith in thee! If I am to depend on any strength of the world, all is over. The knell is struck. Sentence is gone forth. O God! O God! O thou my God! help me against all the wisdom of the world. Thou shouldst do this. The work is not mine, but thine. I have no