

graces of heaven. So that even *without the word they may be won when they behold your chaste conversation coupled with fear, and your meek and quiet spirit which in the sight of God is of great price.* Christ is calling for volunteers; but he offers no earthly rewards, no present compensations, but on the contrary he warns his followers of dangers and self-denials, and says: In the world ye *shall* have tribulation, but be of good cheer, I have overcome the world. At one period of disaster during the struggle for Italian independence, Garibaldi, whose fame has gone over the world issued a proclamation to his straggling, discouraged men in terms like these. "Soldiers, in reward for the love you may shew your country, I offer you hunger and thirst, cold, war and death. Whosoever accepts these terms let him follow me." And what was the consequence? Discouragement? Disbandment? No! not one turned back, but on the contrary every eye sparkled with new feeling, and every heart beat to a braver patriotism. And what was *that* but an echo to those words of the Captain of our salvation ringing along the ages: *Whosoever will be my disciple, let him take up his cross and follow me.*

Now how is it with those 250 volunteers encamped upon the hill? How many have responded to the call of the master? What is the sentiment prevailing in regard to that call on the part of many of those young men. If I were to give expression to it, it would be something like this: "I a Christian? I a disciple of Jesus? Certainly I am not prepared for such a surrender. I should be ashamed to be seen at a Communion Table—to be caught alone in prayer—alone reading the word of God. How would all that affect my companions, and pleasures, and business? What would my associates say! How they would laugh me to scorn! Oh if you only knew the characters with whom I have to associate in the tent—if you only heard their language and knew their ways and felt their power as I do, you would never dream of me taking Christian ground. And yet how glorious you might make your tent by the calm beauty of Christian courage, and the real presence and blessing of Jesus which you might secure! In a deeper sense than even the prophet used them might we use these words: How goodly are thy tents O Jacob, and thy tabernacles O Israel! As the valleys are they spread forth, as gardens by the river side; as the trees of lign aloes

which the Lord hath planted and as cedar trees beside the waters: But you are ashamed of Jesus! Tell me is the sun, shining in his strength, ashamed of his glory, the sea of its abundance, the flower of its fragrance. Tell me, should man be ashamed of his wisdom or woman of her beauty, or the soldier of his standards, or the Englishman of his colors—that old flag that flutters in every breeze, and covers the head of every subject of the Queen, be he black or white, rich or poor? Next Tuesday you will see hundreds walking these streets with orange lilies in their breast and proud devices on their banners, every one rejoicing to be counted a leal and true subject of the realm—and yet how many whose hearts thrill with a strange, sweet emotion to the name of departed hero are dead to the call of Jesus—are cowards and cravens in regard to Him who is the glory of the land and the hope of a world, and who has redeemed you from the most galling bondage, and that not with silver and gold but with His own precious blood as of a Lamb without blemish and without spot! Ashamed of Jesus! Oh tell me is the flower ashamed of the sun where its life is hid—is the infant ashamed of its mother from whose breasts it draws its young life? Ashamed of Jesus—Him who is the glory of the race—whose name should be confessed in every company, gloried in every reproach, and which in the case of every believer is as ointment poured forth! Ashamed of Jesus—ashamed to hear his name? Is that what you say? Then let me remind you of a day when Christ shall be ashamed of you—a day when the coward and the craven that were not able to say *no*—that had not the manhood to stand up against temptation—shall be rolled into oblivion like dirt, swept away like the rubbish into the dunghill. Let me remind you of a day when thousands now full of swagger and swearing shall be weak—when the strong shall be as tow and the maker as a spark and both shall burn together, and none shall quench them—while on the other hand, thousands that meekly bore the cross, in high places and in low—pleased with their lot—pleased with what was pleasing to God—patiently suffering the will of God, and quietly and unostentatiously spending their beautiful life till their work was done—come forth to reap their reward—to be confessed before an assembled universe and invited to sit down with Abraham, Isaac and Jacob in the kingdom of heaven.