

drag me to the bottomless pit. Farewell." That is what you will say, and you will die, and if you are not forgiven will go down to hell. But I beseech you now to come to Christ, that you may live and not die. And there is another man in this congregation who was never worse off in his life than he is now; but God is with him, though it is hard work for him to make both ends meet, and to get along. Before 1860 passes out of time into eternity, the angel of the Lord shall come and summon you hence to the realms of the blest. The Lord will go with thee in the valley, and will never forsake thee. I once said in a certain congregation, "Before this year expires there is a man here who will go home to glory." Three weeks afterwards I was sent for to see a dying man. I found an aged pilgrim of that congregation drawing near his end, who said to me, "Blessed be God, though my strength is gone, yet I am firm upon the rock of Christ." And he died shouting, "Hallelujah! Christ is come, and I must depart." So it is to-night with some old believer here. Before this year is out, he will be in glory, wearing the crown, and waving the palm, and shouting, "Victory! victory! through the blood of the Lamb!"

"Go, and the Lord be with you!" Some of you remember my telling you of the poor little lad, one of twenty who were burned in a coal-pit. The poor boy was so dreadfully burned, that he could hardly be recognized, and as they were bringing him up, his thoughts were turned upon his poor mother; and he kept repeating, "O, my poor mother! what will she do when the Lord has taken me away?" When they reached the top, where the crowd of friends and relations were weeping, and waiting to pick out their husbands or their children, the little lad's mother heard the sound of his voice, and she cried out, "That is my dear lad's voice; where art thou, my dear child?" and she rushed through the crowd to where he was placed. "Mother, what will you do now he asked. "I will trust in God my dear lad.—Dost thou trust in him?" "Yes," he said, "God is on my side; Christ is with me." She kissed him, but the skin of his poor burnt face peeled off upon her lips. "The Lord be with you my boy," said the mother; and the boy replied, "thank God, it is not hell-fire; Christ is with me, and heaven