

first Sunday in Heaven. to have slighted my last Sunday on earth.—
F. R. Havergal.

HOSPITAL CHRISTIANS.

Not hospitable Christians, who are usually a very good sort of people. But hospital Christians, who are about good for nothing. They are sick; other people see it, and are sorry for them, but they do not themselves realize their pitiable condition.

The worst of it is that they are self-made invalids. Good people often suffer bodily disease by the visitation of God; but these dyspeptic Christians are sick by the visitation of their own sins. Observe that they are not false professors who never had any piety to lose. They are Christians—not fully alive, and not perfectly dead. Over the door of the hospital ward in which they are wasting their lives is the inscription—"Backslider." How can a church-member be healthy who never works for Christ? How can his digestion be good when he rarely touches his Bible, and crams himself with nothing but secular newspapers and peppery works of fiction? How can a man's faith be strong when he rarely enters his closet? How can his pulse of benevolent sympathy beat warmly while he is squandering hundreds on his luxuries and begrudging an occasional dollar to the Lord? If the eyes of these dyspeptic and diseased professors happen to light upon this paragraph, let me say to them: Friends! you are sick by your own fault, and you must be restored by your own efforts. Christ is your own physician, but you must use the reme-

dies he enjoins. At present you are about useless to your pastor, to your church, and your Master; if you die as you are, you will be ashamed to ask a place in heaven. You must get well. But how?

1. You need a change of diet. Instead of a surfeit of newspapers and novels, and other spiced condiments, give your starved soul large daily rations of the Bread of Life. When a colporteur asked a rough backwoodsman if he had a Bible in his house, the man rummaged on an upper shelf of a cupboard until he found a few torn leaves of a Testament. "I declare, stranger!" said he, "I do need some more Bible; I did not know we was so near out!" What this illiterate frontiersman put so roughly, is literally true of too many Christian professors. They are sadly "out of Bible," and not only of that, but of all sound devotional reading, which can elevate and invigorate the soul. Nothing will give tone and sinew to your enfeebled piety like a thorough study of God's Word. All strong Christians are large and hungry feeders on the Bible. Good biographies also are bracing.

2. You need a better atmosphere. Several fever patients were once cured by simply carrying them out of the fetid atmosphere of a quarantine building, and laying them in the pure open air. You have breathed quite too long the unwholesome atmosphere of Christless resorts. The ball-room and other haunts of evening dissipation are as unfavorable to a Christian's health as the heated air of Mammon's crowded marts. One of the most godly merchants I am acquainted with, says that he never dares to trust himself in the hot