

"Now, apply that to your soul's relation to Jesus. You find it difficult to believe in Him: *make a few inquiries*. Go and ask that poor penitent woman who bathed His feet with her tears: poor sorrowful hearted sinner, surely thou hast trusted Jesus: didst thou find him trustworthy? I think you will get the answer: I came to Him with a heart heavy with woe, and wearied with guilt, and I heard Him say, 'Thy sins which are many are all forgiven thee.'

"Go to that robber who is hanging over eternity, the darkness of death and hell ready to swallow him up. Ask him, What do you think or know about Jesus? He would reply, 'I was a poor sinner trembling on the brink of doom—but another step between me and hell. Jesus Christ stretched out His own hands, and put them between me and hell, and said, 'This day shalt thou be with Me in Paradise.'

"Finally, let us go to Him whose witness *must* be true; 'for if we receive the witness of men, the witness of God is Greater.' What is the witness of God concerning His Son? As I make my appeal to "the King Eternal, Immortal, Invisible," I seem to get from the throne the answer, 'Sinner, I trusted My Son Jesus to save the world; you may trust Him safely to save your soul.'"—*The Rev. W. Hay Aitken.*

THE THEATRE.

Every popular amusement which bids for the support of God's people must submit to this test: Wherever a Christian cannot take Christ and a clean conscience with him, he has no right to go. The theatre, in these days, asks for the suffrages and support of church-members; but its advocates always present to us, in argument, an ideal play-house, whose actors are virtuous people, whose dramas conform to Christian morality, and which rigidly excludes every kind of sensual temptation. Such a Puritanic theatre would be entitled, at least, to respectful treatment from the Church; but every person of common-sense knows that the actual average American theatre is no more like the ideal play-house than the average pope is like St. Peter, or the average politician is like Abraham Lincoln. A puritanic theatre would become bankrupt in a twelvemonth. The great mass of those who frequent the average play-house go there for strong passionai excitments. They go for the very object which makes it dangerous to a servant of Jesus Christ. I do not affirm that every popular play is immoral, and every attendant is on a scent for sensualities; but the theatre is a concrete institution; it must be judged in the gross, and to a tremendous extent it is only a gilded nastiness. It unsexes womanhood by putting her publicly in male attire—too often in almost no attire at all. One of the most eminent living actresses declares that she only enters the theatre to enact her part, and has but little association with her own profession. A converted actor once pointed me to a play-house in which he used to perform, and said, "Behind those curtains lies Sodom!" We pastors know too well that when our young members form an appetite for the stage, they generally lose their appetite for Christ's service. Can we handle pitch without being defiled? Wherefore let us come out and be separate from this unclean institution; for Christ hath no concord with Belial.—*Dr. Cuyler.*