

## "THE REAL SAVIOUR AND THE REAL SINNER."

"Tell me, Jenny," said a minister, in attending to one of his people in a time of great awakening in his congregation, "Tell me, what led you to such a deep sense of sin?" The poor woman was in the greatest distress of mind, earnestly seeking salvation, "O sir," said she "it was yon that Mr. M.D. told us the other night, about his visiting the garden of Gethsemane, when he was at Jerusalem, and standing in the very place where Jesus was in an agony, and sweat as it were great drops of blood falling down to the ground."

The minister did not know what to make of this, and feared that it was a mere burst of feeling, arising from her emotional nature having been touched by the notice of Gethsemane. "But Jenny," said he to prove her, "what had that to do with you? How did that make you feel your sins?" "Ah sir!" said she, "I then saw that Jesus was a *real Saviour*. I thought before that He was only a story in a book. But when I saw that He was a *real Saviour*, I saw that I was a *real sinner*."

It is one of the most interesting studies in these days to consider the Lord's doings, —how He works, what means He uses, what word to send home a sense of sin to the heart. This woman had often heard of Gethsemane, and of the Lord Jesus before, but it was all to her a mere "story in a book." It did not come home to her heart as real. But hearing the minister tell that he had been at the very place where Jesus suffered the agony and bloody sweat, all its reality flashes before her mind by the power of the Spirit. These sufferings of Jesus were no mere *story*,—Jesus was a *real Saviour*. But, ah! if Jesus was a *real Saviour*, then she is a *real sinner*.—and she awakes to her great need, and cries for mercy.

Reader blessed be God, there is a *real Saviour* for your need and mine. Your sin is a reality. Men treat it so lightly—make such a mock of it, that it is quite disregarded. They put it away into the darkness, and think there is an end of it.—Ah! it will rise in all its odiousness, and

confront them at God's bar. No, my reader, you must see yourself as a *real sinner*, and you must come to this *real Saviour* whose blood cleanses us from all sin.

## PURITY OF CHARACTER.

Over the beauty of the plum and the apricot, there grows a bloom and beauty more exquisite than the fruit itself—a soft, delicate plush that overspreads its blushing cheek. Now, if you strike your hand over that, and it is once gone, and it is gone forever; for it never grows but once. Take the flower that hangs in the morning, impregnated with dew, arrayed as no queenly woman ever was arrayed with jewels.—Once shake it, so that the beads roll off, and you may sprinkle water over it as carefully as you please, yet it never can be made again what it was when the dew fell silently upon it from heaven! On a frosty morning, you may see the panes of glass covered with landscapes—mountains, lakes, trees, blended in a beautiful, fantastic picture. Now, lay your hand upon the glass, and by the scratch of your finger or by the warmth of your palm, all the delicate tracery will be obliterated! So there is in youth a beauty and purity of character, which when once touched and defiled, can never be restored; a fringe more delicate than frost-work, and which, when torn and broken, will never be reembroidered. A man who has spotted and soiled his moral garments, in youth, though he may seek to make them white again, can never wholly do it, even were he to wash them with his tears. When a young man leaves his father's house, with the blessing of his mother's tears still wet upon his forehead, if he once loses that early purity of character, it is a loss that he can never make whole again. Such is the consequence of crime. Its effects cannot be eradicated; it can only be forgiven. It is a stain of blood that we can never make white, and which can be washed away only in the blood of Christ, that "cleanseth from all sin!"—[Beecher.

When a man comes to the Bible as a child, he will find wonders in it to make him marvellous.—[Dr. Gordon.