

some strange chance, but steadily, surely, incessantly, the whole world of living men and women are passing on to death, sinking into unutterable woe or rising into infinite inconceivable joy; and if we have it in our power to tell them the truths, which, if they believe them, really will make all the difference to them forever, if we find they really will listen, what is there to be compared with the joy of telling these truths? And the people do listen to Whitefield and Wesley. Think what it must be to see ten thousand people before you smitten with a deadly pestilence, and to tell them of the remedy—the immediate remedy, which never failed. Think what it must be to stand before thousands of wretched slaves with the ransom-money for all in your hand, and the title-deeds of an inheritance for each. Think what it must be to see a multitude of haggard, starving men and women before you with the power such as our Lord had of supplying them all with bread here in the wilderness, and to see them one by one pressing to you and taking the bread and eating it, and to see the dull eye brightening, colour returning to the wan cheek, life to the failing limbs. Think what it would be to go to a crowd of destitute orphans and to be able to say to each of them, ‘It is a mistake, you are *not* fatherless. I have a message for every one of you from your own Father, who is waiting to take you to His heart.’ Oh! Kitty, if there is such a message as this to take to all the poor, sorrowing, bewildered, famished, perishing men and women in the world, and if you can get them to listen and believe it, is it any wonder that any man with a heart in him should think it the happiest lot on earth to go and do it, night and day, north and south, in the crowded market-places, and in every neglected corner where there is a human being to listen?”

“I think not, indeed,” I said; “but the difficulty seems to me to get people to believe that they are orphans, and slaves, and perishing.”

“That is what Whitefield and the Wesleys do,” he said. “Or rather they made them understand that the faintness every one feels at times is hunger, and that there is bread; that the cramping constraint, the uneasy pressure we so often feel, are from the fetters of a real bondage, and that they can be struck off; that the bewildered, homeless desolation so many are conscious of is the