

ed. If in one moment he has only *begun* the work, then life lies before him for its accomplishment. And what is done there, let me still say, is what may be just as well done here, in this hour of calm meditation. Would that it were done. And I trust that it is done in such hours as these.

“Nay, but” — some one may say — and if you, my brethren, will excuse the freedom, I will meet the objection — for the objection is not personal but applies to a class — “nay, but you are not the preachers to do it. Your preaching is too rational to work up to the necessary conviction and distress; you do not alarm them enough to set them to work; you may interest your hearers, but you will never convert them.” God forbid that this should be true! *Is* it so, my friends? *Must* it needs be so? When I tell you and show you, that on an inward, regenerating, purifying work in your souls, all your welfare — Oh! an infinite welfare, depends; are there no secret resolves, no solemn purposes, no humble prayers, in your hearts? Are there no beginnings nor goings on of this great work in you? In those vast and vital concerns of religion, that go down to the foundations of your welfare, that touch the silent depths of your being, must there be a noise and a tumult and an agitating occasion and a visible sympathy — things upon the surface — to stir those depths within you? God forbid that this should be true!

But I must look a little more seriously and deliberately at this objection. It is an objection, however inapplicable, which is too often made to be passed over without some formal notice. It is the objection of late, I think, most in vogue — for the doctrinal questions seems to have passed by. It is constantly said, you know, of the