

how the Pilgrims came to the wicket gate. They were pointed, you remember, by Evangelist to a light and to a gate, and they went that way according to his bidding. I have told you sometimes the story of a young man in Edinburgh, who was very anxious to speak to others about their souls, so he addressed himself one morning to an old Musselburgh fish wife, and he began by saying to her 'here you are with your burden.' 'Ay,' said she. He asked her, 'Did you ever feel a spiritual burden?' 'Yes,' she said, 'resting a bit, 'I felt the spiritual burden years ago, before you were born, and I got rid of it, too. but I did not go the same way to work that Bunyan's pilgrims did.' Our young friend was greatly surprised to hear her say that, and thought she must be under a grievous error, and therefore, begged her to explain. 'No,' said she; 'when I was under concern of soul I heard a true Gospel minister, who bade me look to the Cross of Christ, and there I lost my load of sin. I did not hear one of those milk and water preachers like Bunyan's evangelists.' 'How,' said our young friend, 'do you make that out?' 'Why, that evangelist, when he met the man with the burden on his back, said to him, 'Do you see that wicket gate?' 'No,' said he, 'I don't.' 'Do you see that light?' 'I think I do.' 'Why man,' said she, 'he should not have spoken about wicket gates or lights, but he should have said, 'Do you see Jesus hanging on the Cross? Look to him, and your burden will fall off your shoulder.' He sent that man round the wrong way when he sent him to the wicket gate, and much good he got by it for he was likely to have been choked in the slough of despond before long. I tell you I looked at once to the cross and away went my burden.' 'What,' said this young man, 'did you never see the slough of despond?' 'Ah,' said she, 'many a time,' more than I care to tell. But at the first, I heard the preacher say, 'Look to Christ,' and I looked to Him. I have been through the slough of despond since that let me tell you, sir, it is much easier to go through that slough with your burden off than it is with your burden on.' And so it is. Blessed are they whose eyes are only and altogether on the Crucified. The older I grow the more sure I am of this, that we must have done with self in all forms, and see Jesus only if we would be at peace. Was John Bunyan wrong? Certainly not; he was describing things as they generally are. Was the old woman wrong? No, she was perfectly right: she was describing things as they ought to be, and I wish they always were. Still, experience is not always as it ought to be, and much of the experience of Christians is not Christian experience, It is a fact which I lament, but, nevertheless must admit, that a large number of persons ere they come to the cross and lose their burden, go round about no end of a way, trying this plan and that plan, with but very slender success after all, instead of coming straight-way to Christ just as they are, looking to him and finding light and life at once.—*Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit.*