

can, and the Lord will help me." I have promised to go and stay with him when his end draws nigh. He says he knows "Old Sam"—as he calls the Devil—"will be with him when he dies;" but I tell him the Lord is stronger than the Devil, and he can give him abundant entry into rest. Bless God, as a poor man I know what it is to have God with me. I have been in the coal-pit when the fire-damp has come, and my fellow-workmen have been killed around me, and I have heard the cry along the gloomy passages of the mine—"The Lord save me! the Lord be merciful to me, a sinner!" But none of these things moved Richard Weaver, because he could smile at death, and could rely on the promises of the Lord, and say, "God is my keeper, and, if I die, heaven is my home." We have got an antagonist to fight with, but we will go at him right and left; we will dip our hands and feet and faces in the blood of Christ, and we will dip our swords in it too, and the more we dip it into that blood the better it will cut, and the more execution it will perform. It is an invention of Jehovah. Bless God, that through the blood of Christ the worst of sinners can be saved; that blood can defeat Satan; the power of the Gospel can make men in this London cry, "What must I do to be saved?" And the blood of Christ can make them shout, "Victory! I am saved!"

"Go, and the Lord be with you!" Eternity is drawing near, and I take this prayer and commend it to each one here to-night. There are some here who, it may be, will be dead before this year is out. There is a man here who is not a believer. He had been poor, and has known what it is to be in want; but now the Lord has blessed him and his family with prosperity; but I tell him if he is unconverted, before this year has passed he may be taken away, and, if he die unpardoned, damnation shall be his doom. When you are lying on your death-bed, your children will come round you and say farewell to you; and you will cry, "Wife, can't you save me? children, pray for your wicked father; he is dying, and devils are in his room; they are hovering over the bed, O, children, pray for me! Fetch the Sunday-school teacher, that he may pray for me. I am dying, and God is not with me; hell is about to open to receive me, devils are waiting to

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