Daniel Gordon, Esq


# The Protestant

## AND EVANGELICAL WITNESS.

"PROVE ALL THINGS: HOLD FAST THAT WHICH IS GOOD."—1 Thess., v. 21.

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### The Protestant,

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### The Light in the Window.

"When a boy, twelve years old," says one, "I worked hard to support my mother and two younger brothers, and usually carried my earnings home every evening. One night it was very dark; and having three miles to travel and a heavy bundle to carry, I did not reach home till late. My mother, feeble and weary, had retired, but, quickly aroused when she heard my footsteps, and met me at the door with a warm heart, warmer tears, a kiss, and a 'God bless you, dear! After this, my son, I'll set a light in the window for you.' And true to her word, the light in the window appeared. O, how it cheered my heart, over after!

"Health failing me, I left home—after my brothers could help my mother—and went to sea. When three years from home, and on the Pacific Ocean, my mother died; and just before expiring, she said to those around her, 'Give Edward my dying blessing, for he has been a good boy, and tell him I have gone to heaven, and I will set a light in the window for him to guide his footsteps there.'"

There's a light in the window for thee, dear brother,
There's a light in the window for thee;
Our mother has moved to mansions above—
There's a light in the window for thee.
A mansion in heaven we see,
And a light in the window for thee.

There's a crown, and a robe, and a palm, dear brother,
When your labours have ceased to be,
For Jesus hath gone to prepare you a home,
With a light in the window for thee.
A mansion in heaven we see,
And a light in the window for thee.

O! watch, and be faithful, and pray, dear brother,
All your journey o'er life's troubled sea;
Though afflictions assail you and storms beat severe,
There's a light in the window for thee.
A mansion in heaven we see,
And a light in the window for thee.

Then on, perseveringly on, dear brother,
Till from conflict and suffering free;
Bright angels are beckoning you over the stream—
There's a light in the window for thee.
A mansion in heaven we see,
And a light in the window for thee.

### American Mission at Loodiana.

A meeting—says the Philadelphia *Presbyterian*—was held recently in Upper Queen's Street Hall, London, to receive the. Rev. J. H. Morrison, of the Loodiana Mission, and to express sympathy with the American Missions in the state in which they are at present placed. The Lord Provost presided, and among those present were the Rev. Dr Johnston, Rev. Charles J. Brown, Rev. Thomas Gardner, of Calcutta, Rev. G. D. Cullen, Colonel Davidson, Dr Brown, (late of Bombay,) Dr Coldstream, Mr L. Muir (late of Allahabad,) Mr Risch, of the Medical Service, Bombay, &c. The Rev. Dr Johnston opened the proceedings with prayer.

The Lord Provost said, that he had been invited by Mr Cullen—a gentleman who seemed to devote his whole life to doing good—to take the chair, and he could not decline to do so. He would, however, ask Mr Cullen to make a statement in regard to the object of the meeting, which he would be able to do more precisely than he (the Lord Provost) could.

Mr Cullen said, they were very much gratified to see his Lordship in the chair, and were much indebted to him for the interest which he took in all mission work. Most of them were aware that their friends in America were subject to very sudden fluctuations; and the present state of affairs in America had suddenly dried up the resources of the Loodiana Mission. They must all feel sympathy with their brethren in America: and perhaps at this meeting something might be done to express their sympathy in a substantial form, by relieving the mission. This was the object of their meeting. Mr Cullen then referred to various other occasions in which they had shown their sympathy with their American brethren. Some three years ago, the American missionaries in Burmah were in difficulty, and Macleod Wylie, of Calcutta, corresponded with friends here on the subject; and he (Mr Cullen) had the privilege, in the course of two years, of remitting $1750, which, with the sums collected in India, sustained the mission at a crisis when otherwise they would have severely suffered. There was now an opportunity, in the providence of God, in which they might express their sympathy with their American brethren, and co-operate with them in a common cause. It was especially creditable to their friends across the Atlantic, that they were labouring with such assiduity in British India. An officer had told him that the best missionaries that they had in India were the Jesuits and the American missionaries; and though their friends might not like this conjunction, it said a great deal to his mind. Mr Cullen then read a letter from a gentleman who had resolved to give a quarterly subscription to the Indian fund, and he (Mr Cullen) was glad to say that they had now remitted from Edinburgh a sum of $36,180, stating that, as that fund was now closed, he would give his quarterly subscription to the American missionaries.

Mr Morrison then addressed the meeting. He began by expressing his gratitude for the kind reception he had met with in London and Edinburgh. Referring to the present state of affairs in America, he said that the missionaries themselves were not likely to suffer much; but they now appealed to the British public for aid in carrying on the work, in connection particularly with her Majesty's subjects in India. They had commenced their mission in Northern India in 1833, and their staff consisted at first of two missionaries. This mission had now extended from Allahabad to Peshawur, embracing what was called the Allahabad Mission, with five stations, and the Loodiana Mission, with eleven stations—in all, sixteen stations. At these were employed twenty four foreign missionaries, one medical man, and one native ordained minister. At most of these stations they had schools, which were attended by about two thousand scholars. The first effect of the present state of affairs in America could be, that they could not send out the missionaries from America who were in waiting to go. Two or three of their stations had already been given up, and most of the other stations had only one missionary, when most of them would require two, and some large and important stations three or four, to carry on the work effectively. The next thing which would be affected would be their schools. In alluding to the beneficial operation of these schools, he stated that on the day appointed to be observed in India as a day of prayer for the downpouring of the Holy Spirit, between two and three hundred of the children attending these schools had accompanied their masters to the church, to join in the prayers. He also stated that some of the schools under the charge of the American missionaries had been transferred to the Government, and that the moment this had been done the Bible was banished from them. They had also a native press, conducted by natives, and, if this were broken up, it would be a difficult matter to start it again. If they did not receive assistance, the missionaries would probably be reduced to a subsistence allowance, and all their operations brought to a close. As to the means by which this difficulty was to be avoided, he suggested first, that they might aid them by direct contributions. The British Churches might also assist them by increasing their own operations in India; and they might also be aided, by the Christian Vernacular Society taking the department of the work which belong to them. In conclusion, he earnestly asked them to give them their prayers in this solemn crisis of their history.

Mr Muir then moved the following resolution:—"That, while admitting the disinterested and important services rendered by American missions in India, this meeting is concerned to hear that their resources are greatly impaired at the present moment by the condition of public affairs in the United States, and recommend to the friends of missions in this country to make a special subscription on their behalf." In moving the resolution, Mr Muir gave an interesting account of various of the American stations, and bore testimony to the high character and great usefulness of the American missionaries.

Mr Risch, in seconding the motion, referred to the labours of the American missionaries in Armenia and Constantinople, and said that Mr Layard and Sir Henry Rawlinson had borne testimony to the value of these services. In Persia, they had established a mission which had never been done by any English Church or Society yet. He expressed his deep sympathy with his American brethren in their present circumstances.

### Revival Intelligence.

REVIVAL IN JAMAICA.

Several of the *Missionary Magazines* are largely occupied by details of the wonderful work of revival in Jamaica. The following from the *Wesleyan Missionary Notices*, will be found full of interest and encouragement:—

It came upon us suddenly, and swept over the land like a hurricane. But it was spiritual, and not physical. The thorns and briers torn up by it were replaced by fig-trees and myrte-trees. The temples of idolatry (not heathenish, but really idolatrous, nevertheless,) rent and thrown down by it, were rebuilt for the Holy Spirit. In commenting upon it, some said one thing, and some said another. The would-be philosopher called it "hysteria," the common people said it was a "sickness," whilst others, who could not, or would not, judge of the movement, made short work of it by terming it "madness." Well, if a poor soul, convinced, melted, heart-broken on account of sin, is a sickness, this was one; but the cure was near by in "the glorious gospel of the blessed God." And if the outpouring of the Spirit on the day of Pentecost produced madness, as was then said, this, too, was madness. . . . . Almost all parties have been affected in the movement. Some were alarmed and feared; others were excited and awakened; whilst some were saved. It commenced (so far as the general outbreak was concerned) in the mountains of this parish, and it seemed to roll down the sides like our mountain torrents; and then it extended itself along the north and south sides of the island eastward, till it "all the land o'erspread." . . . . . The effects of this outpouring of the Spirit were most marked and manifest. What earnest and powerful prayers God's people offered; The ministers, it was said, never seemed to have preached such sermons before; the preachers themselves felt it was so. It was easy and delightful to sow the seed on ground so well prepared. How easy to pray when heaven seems open to us! How easy to preach when the multitude hear us gladly! But there were other effects. Hundreds have been married who formerly lived in concubinage; the houses of prayer are filled on the Sabbath-day; and our numbers have been greatly increased.

But what is our present state; and what our future prospects? The hurricane has ceased; but the *breath* from the four winds is still with us. Will the people stand the trials of the Christian life? Will they maintain their integrity? Not all. Who thought they would? But suppose we have fifty per cent., which we may hope for, the work of years will have been effected in months. *Letter from the Rev. Thomas Raspass, dated Savannah la-Mar, May* 6, 1861.

### Life's Compensations.

The happiness of this world is not so unequally distributed as many imagine; the rich have not all the privileges, nor the poor all the privations. Thank God, the purest pleasures of life are those which gold cannot buy. The artizan, going from his wearisome labor to his humble home, as he meets the love-lit smile of his wife, and takes his fair and healthy child upon his knee, knows a thrill of sweeter joy than the most lavish expenditure of gold upon costly stimulents, can bring the jaded mind of the epicurean in pleasure. The wildwood flowers and the dewdrops are not bought; the glory of sunset and the magnificence of the full moon are free to all. The blushing cheek and beaming eyes of affection cannot be purchased; virtue and riches receive not their glorious beauty from the hand of Mammon; the intellectually wealthy may well hold in contempt the baser coin of the world.

It is true that the bridegroom working-man, as he bears his bride to their lowly home, longs, with the impulse of affection, to attire her graceful form in the same adornments which her prouder sisters used to heighten their charms; but it is a foolish though generous impulse. If he loves his bride, and she him, they need not covet the situation of those, whose love of rivalry, display, and "pride of place" have most likely driven out simple, heart-felt happiness. The radiant smile of affection, and the clear grace of unsullied virtue, are ornaments above price, and will make the face of a woman beautiful even in its old age.

So the working man father, looking around upon his blooming children, is conscious that their intellect is as keen, their perception as ready, as those of the nabob's upon the next street; and he determines they shall have similar advantages. This is a noble ambition. But, in these days, it is not reason why a man should spend his years in grumbling discontent, because he is not rich. Our system of common schools places education within reach of the humblest.—With mind and ambition, every son and daughter has a fair chance to achieve *respectability* in this country, and it is a false ambition which would seek the power and honor conferred only by money. Yet that son or daughter may have yearnings after the development of peculiar talents or genius; the son may thirst to drink deep of the Picrean spring of classical learning, may have a *gift* for a profession, without which especial calling he has no business to attempt competition in the overburdened ranks of the professions; and the daughter may have visions of beauty, or have dreams of melody, which call for her fingers to accomplish themselves in painting or music.

With health, a moderate industry will bring about all this, and still the soul not fall a victim to the prevailing fever—the terrible-gold fever which scorches the sensibilities, and dries up the springs of humanity in so many hearts.

### Two Errors.

It is an error to suppose that, because we have a correct view of the evil of our hearts, we are under the influences of Divine grace. One may be thankful that he has a knowledge of himself as a sinner, because this knowledge may lead him to the Saviour of sinners; but it is dangerous to conclude that one is renewed and safe merely because he has a view of the depravity of his heart. The Bible is a clear revelation of human character. It teaches the depravity of the heart; and the perusal of the word, and the hearing of it, may give us a clear view of our hearts, even when there is no grace. So, too, our conscience may render us sensible of our guilt, and even cause us to tremble on account of our depravity and consequent exposure, and yet, at the same time, there may be no application to Christ, and no true sorrow for sin. Judas saw his wickedness, but he was a stranger to grace; and just so, the sinner may see his sinfulness, and yet be a sinner still.

Justification is the opposite of condemnation. There is no such thing as being partly justified, and partly condemned. They who are not justified, are under condemnation; and they who are justified, are delivered from condemnation. Justification is an *act* of God's free grace. It is done at once. By it we are forgiven, and accepted as righteous. This is only on the ground of Christ's righteousness. He has suffered and died. He is the only Saviour. Receiving him by faith, we are justified and accepted. They who are thus accepted, are delivered from condemnation, and have a title to everlasting life. It is an error and a delusion to suppose that one can be partly justified. The one who is not fully justified, is not justified at all, and should at once flee to Christ for pardon and eternal life. This is the way to peace; it is the way to heaven. Believe, and be saved!—*Cor. of Phil. Presbyterian.*

### The privilege of Prayer.

In the vestibule of St. Peter's at Rome, is a doorway which is walled up and marked with a cross. It is opened but four times in a century. On Christmas Eve, once in twenty-five years, the Pope approaches it in princely state, with the retinue of cardinals in attendance, and begins the demolition of the door, by striking it three times with a silver hammer. When the passage is opened, the multitude pass through it, and walled away light of the cathedral, and up to the altar, by an avenue which the majority of them never entered thus before, and never will enter thus again.

Imagine that the way to the Throne of Grace were like the *Porta Santa*, inaccessible, save once in a quarter of a century, on the twenty-fifth of December, and then only with august solemnities, conducted by great dignitaries in a holy city. Conceive that it were now ten years since you or I, or any other sinner, had been *permitted* to pray; and that fifteen years must drag themselves away, before we could venture again to approach God; and that, at the most, we could not hope to pray more than two or three times in a lifetime! With what solicitude should we wait for the coming of that *Holy Day!* We should lay our plans of life, select our homes, choose our professions form our friendships, with reference to a *pilgrimage* in that twenty-fifth year. We should reckon time by the openings of that Sacred Door, as epochs. No other one thought would engross so much of our lives, or kindle our sensibilities so intensely as the thought of prayer. It would be of more significance to us than the thought of death is now. Fear would grow to horror at the idea of dying before that year of Jubilee. No other question would give us such tremors or anxiety as these would excite:—"How many years now to *the* time of prayer? How many days? Shall we live to see it? Who can tell?

Yet, on that great day, amidst an innumerable throng, in a courtly presence, within sight and hearing of stately rites, *what would prayer be worth to us?* Who would value it in the comparison with those still moments, that

—"secret silence of the mind"

in which we now can "find God," *every* day, and *every* where? That day would be more the day of judgment to us, than like the sweet minutes of converse with "our Father," which we may now have every hour. We should appreciate this privilege of *hourly* prayer, if it were once taken from us. Should we not?

"Still with Thee, O my God,
I would desire to be;
By day, by night, at home, abroad,
I would be still with thee!

With Thee amid the crowd
That throng the busy mart—
To hear Thy voice, 'mid clamor loud,
*Speak softly to my heart.*"

—*The Still Hour.*

### A Formalist.

Some time ago, writes a Christian minister, I was called to visit a poor man on his death-bed who had long been in the habit of attending the house of God with regularity, and apparently with great attention. I found him very near his end. Disease had reduced his strength, and emaciated his once athletic frame. I entered without delay on the great object of my visit.

"How long, my friend, have you been in the habit of attending the worship of God?" "Thirty years, sir." "And have you ever felt the reality and importance of religion, on the services of which you have attended?" With a look which seemed to indicate the feelings of despair, he answered in a tone of the utmost earnestness, "No!" "What! can it indeed be possible that you have been favoured with the devotional services and the holy instructions of God's house for thirty years, and never have felt that religion was true or necessary?" "Ah! sir, mine has been a sad life, and one of my greatest sins has been my neglect of the service of God. I will give you my history:—

"My father and mother were free from the grosser vices of the world, and regularly attended their church. When I was apprenticed, far from home, they charged me never to neglect a place of worship, and I have kept the promise I made them, that I never would: but I now find that all my outward attendance on the public duties of religion has done me no good."

"How so?"

"Oh! sir, I supposed that I had nothing more to do than to present myself before God, and appear in the act of worship. I never felt that I was a sinner, and that the curse of God rested upon me; that therefore I ought to humble myself before him, and seek for his mercy through our Lord Jesus Christ; but now I feel I am going to die, and I am sure that such a religion as this cannot take me to heaven. My conscience does not reproach me with neglecting my duties to my fellowcreatures; but, oh! I have sinned against God. I forgot, what I now feel, that He looks at the state of the heart, and that we cannot worship Him if that is not engaged. I have no hope! I have no hope!" "But there is hope in Jesus," said I, "for the very vilest of sinners." "But, sir, I have insulted God by solemn mockery. I have professed to hear his Word, but I know nothing of it; I professed to pray, but never did so in reality. My neighbours, I dare say, took me for a Christian, but the great Searcher of hearts knows I have been a hypocrite. Sir, I have no hope of happiness after death."

Truly the case was an awful one, but I felt it to be my duty to direct the sufferer at once to Him who has promised to cast out none who come to him; his reply was indeed emphatic, "Sir, I have despised his counsel, and would none of his reproof. I must be lost!" "Yet still, 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.'" "I have heard that passage of Scripture," said he, "repeated scores of times, but it does not now belong to me; God will not always be trifled with; I have abused every opportunity of obtaining salvation for thirty years, and now He has left me to take the consequences of my sins."

I endeavoured, with the utmost simplicity and affection, to place before him the way of salvation, through the Lord Jesus Christ; with what effect must remain for the disclosure of the last great day, as certainly little could be inferred from anything which took place, during his short continuance in the present world, after the conversation the substance of which I have recorded.

### Treasury.

#### "I will make Darkness Light before Thee."

This light is often thrown across our path in very unexpected seasons. "At evening time," the prophet says, "it shall be light;" at evening time, when appearances and experience would say, No light can come. And so we find it. Dark afflictions are often rolled away in a moment, while we are saying, No relief shall break in upon them; we see their end and design; the Lord discovers to us why he has sent them. The same with divine truths and doctrines. We cannot understand them, they appear so mysterious; or we cannot bring our minds to receive them, they appear so hard, so opposed to our reason or else to some parts of God's faithful Word: but we hear a sermon, or we read a book, or some passage of Scripture is brought with power to our minds, and the mysterious doctrine, the hard saying, is understood and received at once. We see its meaning, we discern its truth. Instead of stumbling at it as we used to do, wishing it out of our way, we rejoice in it. The crooked thing is become straight, the dark thing is become light. Think of our Lord's disciples. Amidst how much darkness did they begin their course! how perplexed they were when he talked to them of the mysteries of his kingdom! When he spoke to them for instance of his approaching sufferings or the spiritual nature of his kingdom, they could hardly understand the plainest things he said. If ever men were spiritually blind, they were the men; and worse than blind—much that our Lord said offended them. And for three long years he suffered this to go on. But at last the darkness became light. In one week or little more after their Master had left them, these men were glorying in the truths at which they had before wondered. Everything had become plain to them. They were travelling along the way to heaven with light above and light within them, the rejoicing preachers of their Master's cross, that very cross of which for years they could scarcely bear to hear him speak. Here surely is comfort for you, brethren, who are mourning over your ignorance; and here is comfort for you who are battling with your prejudices. Ignorance and prejudice are nothing to the Lord. A few beams of his light let in upon them end them at once. And this light, this scripture says, you shall have. O seek it, hope for and expect it. It may be twilight with you now, or even midnight; but tarry thou the Lord's leisure, the promise says—It shall eventually be day and a bright one. "The path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day."

### Little Kindnesses.

Little acts of kindness, gentle words, loving smiles—they strew the path of life with flowers; the sun seems to shine brighter for them, and the green earth to look greener; and he who bade us "love one another" looks with favour upon the gentle and kind-hearted, and he pronounced the meek blessed.

To draw up the arm-chair and get the slippers for father, to watch if any little service can be rendered to mother, to help brother or assist sister, how pleasant it makes home!

A little boy has a hard lesson given him at school, and his teacher asks him if he thinks he can get it; for a moment the little fellow hangs down his head, but the next he looks brightly up; "I can get my sister to help me," he says. That is right, sister, help little brother; and you are binding a tie round his heart that may save him in many an hour of dark temptation.

"I don't know how to do this sum, but brother will show me," says another little one.

"Sister, I've dropped a stitch in my knitting; I tried to pick it up, but it has run down, and I can't fix it."

The little girl's face is flushed, and she anxiously watches her sister while she replaces the "naughty stitch."

"Oh, I am so glad!" she says, as she receives it again from the hands of her sister all nicely arranged, "you are a good girl, Mary."

"Bring it to me sooner next time, and then it won't get so bad," says the gentle voice of Mary, as the little one bounds away with a light heart to finish her task.

If Mary had not helped her, she would have lost her walk in the garden. Surely it is better to do as Mary did than to say, "Oh go away, and don't trouble me," or to scold the little one all the time you are doing the trifling favour.

Brother! sister! love one another; bear with one another. If one offend, forgive and love him still; and whatever may be the faults of others, we must remember that, in the sight of God, we have faults as great and perhaps greater than theirs.

Be kind to the little ones; they will be often fretful and wayward. Be patient with them and amuse them. How often is a whole family of little ones restored to good humour by an elder member proposing some new play, and assisting in it; or gathering them round her while she relates some pleasant story.

Brothers! sisters! never be unkind to one another, never be ashamed to help one another; never be ashamed to help any one; and you will find that though it is pleasant to receive favours, yet it is more blessed to give than to receive.—*Sunday-School Advocate.*

### No Middle Place.

There are many persons who, if asked, will candidly acknowledge that they know they are not fit to go to heaven; conscience tells that they are not "meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints." Yet if you ask them if they expect to go to hell, they will immediately reply, We hope not. Now this is very strange. What are we to say to such people? they, by their own confession, look for some middle place. They are not fit for heaven, and they will not go to hell. Why, the fact is, they have not thought about it. They have a dreamy, sleepy idea of some other world, but it is neither of the two other worlds mentioned in the Bible. It is a world of their own fancy a middle place, and those who reach it are free from the torments of hell, and yet never enjoy the happiness of heaven. Oh! what a spirit of delusion! What a device of Satan!

"He that is not with me," says Christ, "is against me."

"He that believeth shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned" (Mark xvi. 16.)

### Heavenly Conversation.

O! what description is the conversation of heaven? Hark! is that holy angel relating a tale of slander? That group of heavenly messengers, almost lost to our view in etherial brightness, are they busied in whisperings, and backbitings, and revilings? Those out-spread celestial wings, returning from their earthward mission, are they gladly bearing the tidings that a saint has fallen, or that a sinner is confirmed in his iniquity? Oh no! The joy of heaven is over the sinner that repenteth, and over the backslider reclaimed.

That council of the hosts of heaven with attention riveted on earth, are they watching for the faults and failings of its inhabitants? Are they busied in whispering in heaven? No; they are bending all their faculties to understand the manifold wisdom of God made visible in his church.

Christian brethren and sisters! are we indulging, either from malice or idleness, in talebearing, in calumny, in evil reports? Then our conversation is not heavenly. It cannot be admitted there, for its holy gates exclude all that loveth or maketh a lie (Rev. xxi. 27.) The talebearer and the slanderer are classed with the liar and the murderer (Prov. vi. 19, 17; Rom. i. 29, 30.)

If our conversation be indeed heavenly, it will resemble in its measure that of the spirits of the just made perfect. Thoughts and words of malice, of covetousness, of envy, of selfishness, are for ever banished from their pure intercourse; and the deeds and the purpose of the Lamb that was slain and hath redeemed them by his blood, furnished an untiring theme for their unwearying tongues.

Christian brethren, let our conversation be thus heavenly.—*Anon.*

### Which Side of the Slough?

When Christian, in the *Pilgrim's Progress*, fleeing from the wrath to come, set out from the City of Destruction on his way to the Wicket-gate, and was joined by his neighbour Pliable, you remember they had not gone very far together, before, they both fell into the Slough of Despond. There, therefore, they both wallowed for a time, and poor Christian, by reason of the burden upon his back, began to sink deeply in the mire, nevertheless his struggles were still toward the side of the slough nearest to the Wicket-gate, whilst Pliable, after a flounder or two, got out of the mire on that side nearest to his own house, and then away he went, and Christian saw him no more.

In this Slough of Despond, almost all who are awakened to anxiety about their soul's salvation have to flounder for a time; neither is it any wonder it should be so. When a sinner leaves his sin and danger, whilst yet his knowledge of God's salvation is very imperfect, it is the most natural thing in the world that he should be filled with doubts and fears. Besides, conviction of sin is not conversion, and it does not follow as a matter of course, that all who are anxious about their soul shall be saved. It all depends on *which side of the slough* the soul escapes. Towards the Wicket-gate, like Christian, and God's word is, "Believe on the Lord Jesus and thou *shalt* be saved"—towards the city of Destruction, like Pliable, and it is, "He that believeth not shall be damned."

Many souls in this land have been, and still are, brought into deep spiritual trouble and anxiety. What must I do to be saved?—How shall I, a vile sinner, be just with God? are questions which deeply agitate and disturb the mind which knows not yet how to answer them. Dear reader, is this your case? Are you filled with uneasiness and distress about your soul, so that you seem to be sinking in the mire of the Slough of Despond, like Christian and Pliable? O beware of seeking merely deliverance from your *trouble*. O see to it, that your struggles be *toward Christ*, and not merely to get back to peace and security again. Beware of getting out on the wrong side of the slough. You will be strongly tempted sometimes to seek peace on any terms, for the anguish of a wounded spirit who can bear? But let your hands still be stretched out towards Christ Jesus, and towards him only; wait patiently for him, and he will take you from the fearful pit and the miry clay, and set your feet on a rock and establish your goings—"'for the eyes of the Lord are upon them that *hope in his mercy*, to deliver their soul from death,' and the ground is good once you are got in at the gate."

But do you say you have been in trouble, but are now at peace? On which side of the slough have you escaped?—into Christ or back to the world again? If into Christ, you will be as anxious to *get on* in the way