other things,] as was Zacharias. Oh, Lord, cast out the "dumb spirit," and make the tongue of the stammerer speak plainly!

The man at Bethesda had a pretty good excuse for not being healed before. *That* pool had virtue enough to heal only one at a time. When one was healed, its power was exhausted. Not so with the "fountain opened for sin and uncleanness." Though ten thousand should "step down before" us, we can follow, and be healed all the same. Still it is in an important sense true that every man has his opportunities, which, if unimproved, pass away, and the angel returns not again to "trouble the pool."

What is to be done with the "multitude of impotent folk" who, fill our "porches" to overflowing, and hang like a dead weight on the neck of the church's activities? There's only one hope for them: peradventure *Jesus* may pass by that way. Brother, has he been *invited* lately to come your way! Has the pleading cry reached his ear—"Come down e'er my child—my husband—my neighbor—die!" We've tried a good many other plans. We've thrust them into the pool, (the church,) hoping that would heal them; we've given them the sacraments, hoping to exorcise the evil spirit out of them. With what effect! They're as impotent as ever. What can we do more? Cry to Jesus: O Lord, come and heal, for thou alone hast the power!

When Jesus came by and saw the man, the work of healing was soon accomplished. It needed but a word: "Wilt thou be made whole?" "Yes, Lord." "*Rise!*" And in a moment the work was done. The man was healed, and departed to his home.

Reader! "I have a message from God unto *thee*." "*Wilt* thou be made whole?" Are you conscious of your need, and do you ardently desire the boon? "Wilt thou be made *whole?*"—completely, entirely, forever whole? "Yes," you say, "but it will take a long time for that." Not if Jesus does it. Holiness, like pardon, is not wages to be earned, nor a reward to be merited; but *a gift* to be received by faith. Put yourself fully into the hands of the Great Physician; trust his love and power, believe His word, and thou shalt be made whole.

Do not fear the frown of the world. When a blind man comes against you in the street you are not angry at him; you say, He is blind, poor man, or he would not have hurt me. So you may say of the poor worldlings when they speak evil of Christians—they are blind.—*M'Cheyne.*

A SUCCESSFUL SEEKING.

"Ye shall seek Me, and find Me, when ye shall search for Me with all your heart." (Jer. xxix. 13.)

A FARMER, who had long neglected the house of God, and indulged in the use of profane language, one day lost a bank-note in his barn. He searched for it in vain. At length he said, "That note is in the barn, and I will search for it until I find it." Accordingly he went to the barn, and carefully moved the hay and straw, hour after hour, till he found the note. A few weeks before this he had been awakened to a sense of his need of a Saviour, and had earnestly sought to live a better life. His anxiety increased. A short time after he lost the note, he sat by the fire musing on the state of his soul, when he turned to his wife, and asked, "What must one do to become a Christian?" "You must seek for it," she replied "as you sought for the bank-note." It was "a word fitly spoken." He followed the direction; and, through the mercy of Christ, he found the "pearl of great price," and rejoiced in the hope of the glory of God.

THE SINNER'S FRIEND.

You were sick the other day. The physician looked very grave, and whispered something to your wife. She did not tell you what it was; but your life trembled in the scale, and it is a wonder you are here to-night. Shall I tell you why you are here? Do you see that tree yonder? It has been standing in its place for many yaars, but it has never yielded any fruit, and several times the master of the garden has said: "Cut it down." The other day the woodman came with the axe: he felt its edge: is was sharp and keen enough, and he began to cut, and the chips were flying, and he made a deep gash. But the gardener came by,—one who had watched over the tree, and had hope of it even yet,—and he said: "Spare it—spare it yet a little longer; the wound thou hast made may heal; and I will dig about it, and dung it, and if it bring forth fruit, well. Spare it another year, and if not, then cut it down." That tree is yourself. The woodman is Death. That chopping at the trunk was your sickness. Jesus is he who spared you. You had not been here to-night—you had been there in hell among damned spirits, howling in unutterable woe—if it had not been that the Friend of sinners had spared your life.