

to save and to bring them home to Himself. Lost, lost, lost! Lost to true self, lost to true happiness, lost to Heaven, lost to God! O the untold peril of a wandering soul—lost, lost—out upon the dark storm-swept seas of sin, in the night of prejudice and pride and passion; starless, black, and hopeless! No human heart can estimate the peril, no human hand can rescue from it. No help, no hope, no haven! But stay. The Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost. He *is* come. Do you ask, as the Jews of old, ‘Who is this Son of man?’ He is the incarnate God, the Substitute, the Saviour—‘able to save to the uttermost all those that come unto God by Him.’ Able to save! Willing to save! Come to save! Thank God, thank God. Aye, and to the uttermost! No doubt of it, for He is God. The infinite possibilities of Godhood are in Him, the infinite merit of the High and Holy One is in His Atonement. He is come to save that which was lost. Beloved, were our friends who went out to seek their lost ones a few days ago, content with merely an effort, a single effort to reach those whom they sought? You know they were not. What cared they for trouble or toil? They searched diligently again and again. They called, if so be their voices might be heard by those astray. And Christ is come and is calling. Hark! He is here—in this church—at this moment. He is come to seek and to save the lost. Do ye not hear Him? Hist! Listen to the voice that was hushed in death at Calvary. He is calling His lost ones in this congregation. Do ye not hear Him, I say again, calling, calling now? Ah, yes, beloved, you hear Him some of you; I see it in your faces, I hear it in your quick-drawn breath. Will ye not listen? Will ye not come to Him? Will ye not be saved? Will ye not? O will ye not?” The preacher stopped, with hands outstretched, the tears coursing down his cheeks as he looked out over the people. The deepest silence prevailed, and an awe, as from a conviction of the unseen presence of the Saviour, rested upon the congregation. There was a pause; then a pew-door opened, and quietly, with head bowed down, Henry Burton, one of the rescued men, stepped down the aisle, and knelt at the communion-rail. In a moment he was followed by Richard Tuffin; and then another and another went forward, until the little rail was well-nigh filled. As Uncle Tommy saw his son go forward, his shout of “Glory be to