

for Thee ! For three hours did Thy Father hide his face from Thee, for our sins ; and if the short embrace of death, for three hours, was so awful that thy soul cried out in agony, ' Oh, my Father, if it be possible let this cup pass from me,' what must it be for eternity ! Slight not, then, the invitation, I beseech you, for ' he that being often reproved hardeneth his neck shall suddenly be cut off, and that without remedy.' Your Father in heaven has done all He can do to prevent your going down to death. He has made death *very hard*. He has placed the Cross in the centre of your path ! Will you rush past it ? Will you perish moral suicides ? Oh, would that I could, like Eleazar, take the bracelets of my Master, and place them on your arms—that I could woo you to Him !

"The feast is about to begin. Don't say 'I am not invited,' or, 'I have no dress,' or, 'I have been among the guests, and have gone away from it,' or, 'I have sinned too much to be forgiven.' There is one here to-night, who, but a day or two ago thought thus himself, but is now rejoicing in restoration to the favour of God. Oh, poor intemperate one, come ! And you, poor, self-righteous one, who are fashioning a robe for yourself in the loom of your own endeavours, in which to appear at the wedding feast. Don't, I beseech you, don't reject the robe God has provided. Hear what he says by the mouth of the prophet Zephaniah, chap. i, 7 :—'The day of the Lord is at hand, for the Lord hath prepared a sacrifice, he hath bid his guests. And it shall come to pass in the day of the Lord's sacrifice, that I will punish the princes, and the king's children, and *all such as are clothed in strange apparel*.' Oh, remember this ! The word I have read to you is not mine, but His !

Then, glancing for a moment, at the refuges of lies, behind which men attempt to hide themselves, and addressing himself to any who might belong to the school of 'advanced thought,' Mr. Varley said, "neither Mill, nor Huxley, nor Tyndall, has a word of four letters in all their writings that touches the future life. On that they can give no light : all is dark, dark !"

As to the significance of the wedding-garment, Mr. Varley thought John Wesley had presented it in as clear and concise a manner as any, when he described it as 'Christ's righteousness imputed to us, and implanted *in us*.' "God has made over to you all he beauty and the grace of Christ," he said—quoting from the xiv. Psalm, "the kings daughter is all glorious within,"—as descriptive of her internal purity. And again, quoting II Corinthians, iii, 8, "We all, with open face, beholding as in a glass—a mirror—the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image, from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord," he remarked, "In this Word is hidden the beauty and the glory of Christ, and when I look into the mirror, the Spirit of God takes of Christ's beauty and glory, and infuses it into me. Oh, look into the mirror !"

"He saw there a man who had not on a wedding-garment." He instantly detected him. He was not lost in the multitude. "And he saith unto him, friend,"—"friend !" He was an invited guest, but one despising God's dress, destitute of God's apparel. Oh, sinner, what earthly loom can give thee the dress thou needest for that heavenly company ? Go, take your place at the table of the Emperor of Russia—what right hast thou there ? And has God no right to say who shall be at his supper ?

"And he was speechless." According to some, he ought to have had a long oration ready, charging the king with gross injustice and partiality. But no ! He was without excuse. Well, then, 'take him away, bind him hand and foot.' He came in freely ; yes, but he has abused his liberty. Hands and feet have transgressed God's commands ; and having refused his mercy, he must be cast 'into outer darkness,' for ever excluded from the glories and blessedness of heaven ! Are you wise to act thus ?

"Is there a liquor-seller here ? Is there a distiller ? Oh, dear friends, better cut off your right hand, or pluck out your right eye, than make or sell the soul-destroying poison. Thank God, he had no complicity in such a horrible business ! Is there a young man here, fritting away his life in the lap of lust, as Samson did