

## THE WHOLE HEART.

BY REV. T. L. OUYLER.

A FEW years ago a distinguished American naturalist was discovered by one of our vessels wandering alone on the silent shores of the Pacific Ocean. He was strolling by the water side on a sharp search for specimens of natural history for the cabinet of Harvard University. Five thousand long miles separated him from his comfortable Boston home. But what were privations, or loneliness, or scanty fare, or the absence of loved faces to him? Was not his whole soul embarked in the search for rare flowers, such as flame on Californian plains, and for the cunning shells that the Pacific waves cast up on the pebbly strand? His *heart* was invested in the enterprise: he was a self-devoted missionary of science.

This was the secret of Newton's imperial success. He gave his days and nights to physical science. And when his magnificent discoveries had been achieved, and the heavens had yielded their hidden secrets to his telescope—when the solid globe had been weighed by him as in a balance—then the genius of truth crowned his honoured head with the benediction—"Thou hast sought me, and found me, for thou didst search for me with *all the heart*."

Show me the effective Christian, too, and I will show you a man whose whole heart is in love with Jesus. The will to serve God (implanted by the converting Spirit) is at no loss to find ten thousand ways to do it. He is "always abounding in the work of the Lord." On the Sabbath he always manages to get to church, however fiercely the sun streams down its fire, or however violently the rain-cloud pours its deluge upon the pavements. His heart so aches for the poor waifs gathered into his mission-school class, that a headache is no hindrance to him. When the Wednesday night comes, it finds him weary with a long day's work; but the bell rings for the weekly lecture, and a *heart-bell* within responds to the welcome music. He says, "I cannot afford to miss my soul's food to-night;" no more can his pastor afford to have him absent. It is soon the night for the prayer-gathering. He will be missed if he takes counsel with tired limbs or sleepy eyes.

His soul will miss the meeting too, and be the leaner for the loss. So he fires up the engine once more, and with a wide-awake heart in a weary body, he sallies off to the prayer-circle. The neighbour who dropped in to go over the news, or to inquire about stocks, or to take a game of chess, does not detain him. His *heart* is with Jesus and the disciples in the prayer-meeting already, and his body "follows suit." Does a lover ever find the night too cold, too stormy, or too dark for him to venture off to find her "in whom his soul delighteth?"

Such service of Christ is downright enjoyment. It is a daily luxury. It is none the less enjoyable because it entails some hardships and self-denial—because it sometimes sends a head-wind of unpopularity into his face—because it requires him to wear an old coat the longer, in order to have a few extra shillings for a work of charity—or because it involves some sacrifice of money-getting or of social comfort. He turns work into play. His soul lives in a constant sunshine; and the bad digestion of a spiritual dyspeptic he knows no more of than of the plague or the Jewish leprosy. But take the *heart* out of a man's religion, and it becomes the most pitiable penance and the dreariest of drudgeries.

Perhaps too, we may find in this very spot the reason why so many awakened and once anxious sinners have never yet found the Saviour. They only sought the infinite blessing with but a fraction of the heart. God was in earnest when he invited them; they were not. The Spirit of grace was in earnest when he strove with them; they were not. A fragment of the heart, a few hours of the Sabbath, an occasional fitful thought, they were willing to give to Christ, if he would ensure them a safe escape from perdition. But the very least and lowest terms which the blessed Saviour could offer them were—"Ye shall seek me and find me, when ye search for me with *all your heart*."

Unconverted reader! does not this touch the very "sore spot" with you? Is not this your very sin and danger? You ask everything from God; you will not give everything to him. Just as surely as the day of judgment comes and finds you hopeless and Christless, you will take up a bitter lamentation in words like these—"I am