

afternoon. Said Mr. Finney: "Deacon, I have a retainer from the Lord Almighty, and cannot attend to your case." The deacon went out instantly and withdrew his suit.

A great religious movement in the place and in the surrounding country followed this conversation; and Mr. James Finney was at once drawn into religious labour, visiting from house to house by day, and holding meetings at night wherever the people chose to gather. He put himself under the care of the presbytery as a candidate for the ministry, and was ordained in 1824 as an evangelist.

SPASMODIC RELIGION.

This kind of religion that alternates between the house-top and the cellar—now elated and now discouraged—is not in harmony with the heavenly arrangement,—“Abide in the vine”—not be alternately in and out; but “abide” in Christ. This seeking God’s blessing when we are destitute of it, is all right; but it is far better to keep it when we get it, than to get it several times a year. It is God’s will that the Spirit should dwell in us, instead of merely paying us an occasional visit. Then the Spirit will ever be present to indite our petitions, and prayer will thus secure us the everyday presence of this Divine influence to help us on our homeward journey. If God’s peace is good at all, it is good all the while. Why not have it, not as a transient blessing, but that which gets into the heart and lives there?

The way to have this abiding favor and peace deep down in the heart, is to seek to be washed from every sin and impurity, and then walk in the King’s highway of holiness continually! “Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled.” Holiness makes steadfast. The spasmodic professor neglects holiness, trifles with sin, for-

gets to watch and pray, is led away by passion, taken captive by Satan, and so is cast down continually. Walking with God in daily obedience and communion, the true Christian avoids such evils, and secures abiding peace.—*Selected.*

SLEEPING CHURCHES.

Mr. Moody related the following in a sermon preached in London:

“There was a little story going the round of the American press that made a great impression upon me as a father. A father took his little child out into the field on Sabbath, and he lay down under a beautiful shady tree, it being a hot day. The little child ran about gathering wild flowers and the little blades of grass, and coming to its father and saying, ‘Pretty! pretty!’ At last the father fell asleep, and while he was sleeping, the little child wandered away. When he awoke, his first thought was, Where is my child? He looked all around, but he could not see him. He shouted at the top of his voice, and all he heard was the echo of his own voice. Running to a little hill, he looked around and shouted again, but all he heard was the echo of his own voice. No response! Then going to a precipice at some distance, he looked down, and there, upon the rocks and briars, he saw the mangled form of his loved child. He rushed to the spot, took up the lifeless corpse, and hugged it to his bosom, and accused himself of being the murderer of his own child. While he was sleeping, his child had wandered over the precipice. I thought, as I heard that, what a picture of the church of God! How many fathers and mothers, how many Christian men are sleeping now, while their children wander over the terrible precipice, right into the bottomless pit of hell. Father, where is your boy to-night? It may be just out here in some public house; it may be reel-