

many hearts at the same time. But Christ nowhere bids you wait for other people to move or be moved. The same truths, the same Divine power, that moved a whole congregation or community are within your reach at this moment. The question of your soul's salvation is to be settled between you and your Saviour. He led a man out of the crowd once when He was about to confer a blessing upon him. The "inquiry meeting" you need most is an honest hour with Jesus. Christ is as close to you now, and as thoroughly within your reach, as He would be if a hundred sinners around you were all praying for mercy; or a whole assembly were melted under the preaching of a Moody or a Whitefield. Waiting for a Revival is

ONLY AN EXCUSE

for hardening the heart. To revive is to live again; what you need is *life* from the death of sin in its first experience. You will get it as soon as you obey Christ's command to "rise, take up your bed, and walk."

It is of no matter to any of you who are lying on the mattress of delay that some other people have been led to Christ by a "powerful sermon," or a "special providence," or by any particular agency. No one else is a model; and nobody's particular experience is a mould for you to shape your conversion in. The lesson of that scene at Bethesda, yes, and of every true conversion that ever happened, is to *obey Jesus*.

WAITING IS DISOBEDIENCE.

Waiting increases the difficulty, and decreases the probability of your spiritual cure. Death is moving towards you; and will not wait for you one minute to do what Jesus bids you do at once. No pastor, no friend, no revival, no sermon, no inquiry-meeting, can save you. Jesus can. Whatever He directs you to do as He speaks to your conscience, do it.

NOW IS THE ACCEPTED TIME;
take up your bed, and walk!

The plumage of the eagle serves it both for ornament and flight; strip it of that and you leave it helpless and deformed as a reptile of the dust; what the wings are to the eagle, prayer is to the Christian; take this from him and he falls to the ground, unadorned and unsupported

THE CHRIST VISITOR.

It was a brisk, clear evening in the latter part of December when Mr. Absum returned from his counting-house to the comforts of a bright coal fire and warm arm-chair in his parlor at home. He changed his heavy boots for slippers, drew around him the folds of his evening-gown, and then, lounging back in his chair, looked up to the ceiling and about with an air of satisfaction. Still there was a cloud on his brow. What could be the matter with Mr. Absum? To tell the truth he had that afternoon received in his counting-room the agent of one of the principal charities of the day, and had been warmly urged to double his last year's subscription, and the urging had been pressed by statements and arguments to which he did not know well how to reply. "People think," soliloquized he, "that I am made of money, I believe; this is the fourth object this year for which I have been requested to double my subscription, and this year has been one of heavy family expenses—building and fitting up this house—carpets, curtains, no end to new things to be bought—I really do not see how I am to give a penny more in charity. Then there are the bills for the girls and the boys; they all say they must have twice as much as before we came into this new house;—wonder if I did right in building it." And Mr. Absum glanced up and down the ceiling, and around on the costly furniture, and looked into the fire in silence. He was tired, harassed, and drowsy; his head began to swim and his eyes closed—he was asleep. In his sleep he thought he heard a tap at the door; he opened it, and there stood a plain, poor-looking man, who, in a voice singularly low and sweet, asked for a few moments' conversation with him. Mr. Absum asked him into the parlor and drew him a chair near the fire. The stranger looked attentively around, and then, turning to Mr. Absum, presented him with a paper.

"It is your last year's subscription to missions," said he; "you know all of the wants of that cause that can be told you. I called to see if you had anything more to add to it."

This was said in the same low and quiet voice as before; but, for some reason unaccountable to himself, Mr. Absum was more embarrassed by the plain, poor, unpretending man than he had been in the pres-