

friends of truth, holiness, and good works. The heathen raged. Opposers waxed valiant. Their fires were kindled, their swords were un-sheathed, their prisons and dungeons were prepared, their wild beasts were let loose, their tortures were skilfully planned—for what?—for nothing more or less than the suppression of Christian zeal. Were opposers successful? Ask history, ask sacred or profane history. The zeal of primitive Christians stanchcd or vanquished?—! Never. It made everything bow before it. It was warmer than fire; it had an edge keener than the sword; it converted prisons into churches and filled dark dungeons with the light of heaven; it triumphed triumphantly over all obstacles, and came out of every contact brighter, stronger, nobler than before.

But the times are changed. Modern christianity passes current without zeal. To “do his will,” in these days of favour, is to think of it sometimes, and occasionally, at special seasons, pray that it may be done! Right views, correct principles, good motives, pious framers, devout feelings, orthodox sighs, and words of a certain mould are now the safeguards of the way to glory. To stand up with Jesus and bear his cross, to enter his vineyard and take our hands with us and work, to resist temptation and rebuke sin after the Master’s model, to follow him step by step and act by act so far as human ability reaches, are not now among the approved customs. There are old style fashions! The new style is cheaper, prettier, and more easily worn. The garments of these eighteen-century-ago christians were homely and uncouth; the spirit of the age demands something more tasty and neat! Anciently it was honorable to belong to a hard working class, who imitated with untiring ardour the example of him who became famous among men for “doing good;” but in these days of new discoveries and patent improvements it seems that a way has been found to *feel* good and *be* good without *doing* good. The times, then, religiously, are changed—the people—the manners—the habits are changed, and Christian zeal is missing.

Indifference is the sin of the age. Those who profess christianity walk as though, like Gallio, they cared for none of these things.” It would seem as though Christ and Belial have been so well mixed in the vision of the great mass, that they have Christian hearts and worldly hands, and minds that are little concerned either about what the heart feels or the hand does. There is however a class that arouse at certain seasons, and appear to possess and exercise the true zeal; but its short life soon proves it is not genuine. It flashes and sparkles and flames as though the