

it—at least such a sermon as the old divines, Wesley or Whitefield, addressed to their astonished hearers. Fashion changes in preaching as in everything else. The truth may be the same, but modes of application are different from what they used to be. The steam that pushes the ship across the sea is the same power that once hissed in the kettle, but now newly applied. It is an age of revived and ambitious science. Men are not quite so sure about God as they were once. The snake is again abroad. It whispers in the ears of the Adams and Eves to-day that the bottomless gulf is not a reality. We preach on peace rather than on penalty; too much limp and lavender, and not a fearful looking for of judgment. Do away with this, and we shall not be apt to wrestle all night in prayer, deny every worldly lust, or choose the church before the clubhouse. Preachers used to lay time alongside of eternity and work out the equation.

Still, I think that the old divines made a wrong use of the text. Christ is speaking mainly of a present judgment and the loss of one's peace of mind, honor, manhood and standing with God, rather than of the future loss of one's soul. His disciples were shocked to hear the Master tell of His speedy death. Peter rebuked Him. Christ was young. Life was sweet. The hills were green, and the warm breeze blew soft from Galilee. Peter urges Him not to go to Jerusalem. Christ tells him, and tells us, that the whole world, with its ease, its honor, and its wealth, is nothing in comparison with a noble character. In this sense, the text is a great comfort to one who is trying to carry a heart-jog to a good purpose, and travel steadfastly on to his Jerusalem here below.

Brother-men, you are, each one of you, a bit of the universe. Your identity is secure. You are shadowed and watched at every step. There's a work for you above-ground until you are put under-ground. You have a Jerusalem and a cross in it as truly as had

Christ. We are apt to be self-indulgent. The world blinds us. We lose our souls. Let us see: That house of yours is not you, and that bank-book is not a part of you. Robbed of your purse, you lose trash; but character lies down with you, and rises up with you in the morning. Peter tried to push the Master aside from His purpose, but our Lord rebuked him and set His face forward. A grateful world praises Him. But how does all this bear on our plodding lives? Let me tell you. Just come down from His high level to our common work. There was Simon the tanner. Every time he went to his vat, if he was making good leather, he was journeying toward his Jerusalem. If he made poor leather he lost *one* soul, anyhow. Matthew, the tax-gatherer, if he honestly collected and paid over his money, made sure of his Jerusalem. Paul made good, honest tents, I am sure. He was a rich man's son, for only such would have had the chance of the instruction he had of Gamaliel, or held a hired house of his own and paid for it, and would have taken folks with him when he travelled. But when he worked, he did nothing of a shabby and careless kind. He saved his soul. Samson broke down. He was a Hercules in strength and a Spartan in daring, but Delilah turned him aside. Jonah *almost* lost his soul. He didn't believe that Ninevites had any rights that God was bound to respect. It took three days' sleep in the belly of a monstrous fish to bring him to his right mind.

What does it profit to gain the things that are temporal at the expense of a right life, peace with God, and the hope of glory? Tell me, Lot, "pitching your tent toward Sodom!" Tell me, Erasmus, Cardinal Wolsey, Benedict Arnold! Better be an Abraham, a Luther, a Cromwell, or a Washington. Many things are worse than death: to lose a good name, to forfeit honor, to part with purity of heart. Do right! If you don't get fame you may have a smooth pillow o' nights. What matters it whether you dined off of five courses to-day or not? Do not ask of one who