

lence, which is as fatal to the soul of man as bodily indolence is to the temporal prospects. I don't know anything much more humiliating to a youth than to say of him, he is an indolent fellow; indolent in school, indolent in business, indolent at home, indolent abroad. Such a charge ought to cover a man with shame. And if, in the common concerns of ordinary life, the charge of indolence be so humiliating to a man, ought it not to be equally so to a Christian? I do not charge any of you with this state. That be far from me. But to those who are distrustful of themselves I say that you, my friends, lay yourselves open to the charge. I bid you put away distrust. Break out from your nervousness. Don't hide the one talent God has bestowed. Come forth from your hiding-place. Let the light God has given you shine. How strange—is it not?—that while we resent all depreciation of our *natural* powers—of our mental powers—we should yet consent to undervalue our spiritual abilities? Brethren, believe me, this is a temptation of the evil one—so subtle that a large number of timid souls are willing to listen to it. But, how can you believe that God has sent you into the world with nothing to do for Him? I believe that in the whole realm of evidence there is nothing so conclusive of being under the influence of the Holy Spirit as the inability to be quiet so long as we see that there is work to be done for the Master. People will be found ready to remind me we are not saved by works. That I grant. If there were no Christ in existence, and no Atonement under the shelter of which we lived, all our work could not win salvation. If I had no Redeemer to offer my fellow men, why preach? If I had no Gospel—no good news—why disturb the air with perpetual babblements? No man *can* work without hope, without faith. And the ground of hope and faith is Christ's declaration, "My Father worketh hitherto, and I work." The man who has a restless disposition to

work for Christ has the best evidence that the Christian world can furnish of being a partaker in the blessings of Christ's resurrection. No amount of human effort can bring Christ down from above, or raise Him from the dead. But I will tell you what Christian effort does. It clears the *brain* of doubts. It has a marvellous power in that direction. It acts like bodily exercise. Nothing like vigorous movement to dispel a fit of despondency. I pity those poor souls whose lives are not full of employment. How they can be well in health or happy in mind I know not. And as with the body, so with the soul. The Do-nothings are the Know-nothings. He that doeth the will of God shall know of the doctrine. It is the only way to know. It is God's way. Then, again, Christian effort purifies the *affections*. You know the difference between a running stream and a stagnant pool. That is the difference between the state of the affections when exercised on a worthy object, and when unmoved to holy effort. Now, I press upon the distrustful—upon those who think too little of their abilities—upon the humble souls that bewail their nakedness and poverty—upon such as, having one talent only, have felt, "There is no place of activity for me in the Christian Church," the necessity of moving out of a position so false. In Christ's name I do it. Look at this man who digged in the earth and hid his lord's money! How neglect of duty obscured his perceptions. "I knew thee, that thou wert a hard man—reaping where thou hast not sown, and gathering where thou hast not straved; and I was afraid, and went and hid thy talent in the earth." *I was afraid!*—There was the interest from his banking account. *I was afraid!*—There was the state of his soul consequent on idleness. "I was afraid!" That state of soul corresponds to paralysis of body. And how many of our friends never make one step of progress for this very reason?—"I was afraid!" If this man had used