

the marriage—to come to the Lord Jesus. The invitation is given to every description of character ; for, as we sometimes sing :—

‘ Its streams the whole creation reach,
So bounteous is the store :
Enough for all, enough for each,
Enough for evermore.’

“ Oh come ; whatever your engagements, or your social position, or your past history, Come, oh, come to the marriage !

“ Observe, further, the danger lest you reject the invitation.” Then turning to the xiv. Chapter of Luke, to the similar Parable of the Great Supper, on which he gave a running comment, Mr. Varley remarked,—“ Human nature is the same all the world over ; our need is the same ; not baptism, not the sacraments, not anything that man can do for us, but union with Christ. And as ‘ they all began with one consent to make excuse,’ so it is still. Many of you, probably, were among the number who were so deeply impressed by these services a few weeks ago. But some of your friends laughed at you, and many threw temptation in your way, and prevented you, and you are perhaps more indifferent than ever to the matter. One of these had ‘ bought a piece of land ’ and must go and see it—earthly ties—the love of the world—kept him away. Another had ‘ bought five yoke of oxen,’ and must needs go and prove them. How lame an excuse ! As if such a man would make such a purchase without knowing whether they would suit him ! It was still the love of the world, though in a slightly different form ! Oh, let not the world blind you ! How men slight the invitation ! How they ignore God’s claims, and live as they list, and tell us that they are no worse off than others, and will run the risk !

“ Still another had ‘ married a wife ’ and he *could not* come. How full of meaning. Marriage is often a crisis in a man’s life—for weal or for woe ; and this poor man had married an ungodly woman, who hindered rather than helped him on in the way of everlasting life. Like many now, she would sit in her opera cloak and listen to the ‘ Messiah ’ (referring to the performance of that Oratorio, shortly to take place in the newly-opened Theatre) as a piece of amusement, rather than go to God’s house, and listen to the Gospel of Salvation. Oh, to think of it ! That any one should go to enjoy the groans of Jesus, set to music, sung by His enemies ! I wonder that the judgments of God do not descend upon an audience met for such a purpose !”

Then, referring to the labours of Messrs. Moody and Sankey, Mr. Varley proceeded—“ I thank God that Scotland is awake ! Think of the Professors of her Universities sitting at the feet of two simple American Christians, and listening to the word of life from their lips ! Ireland, too, is awaking, and Dublin never before saw such a sight as was lately seen there, when the Exhibition Palace was filled with eager listeners, a large proportion of them Roman Catholics, and when people of all classes, from the peasant to the peer, crowded into the inquirers’ meeting, to learn what they must do to be saved. The power and grace of God as there displayed is truly wonderful ! Manchester also, that stronghold of political excitement and agitation, ‘ Manchester,’ writes a friend of Mr. Varley’s, ‘ is fairly ablaze.’ And so from city to city the glorious work is spreading, and God is using means for carrying it on such as were never used before.” Here Mr. Varley read an extract from a letter just received from his little daughter of nine years old, giving an account of a revival in the Boarding School she is attending in England, where seventeen or eighteen of the girls were brought to Jesus, all of which resulted, under God’s blessing, from her asking some of them to hold a little prayer-meeting together.

Returning again to his text, Mr. Varley continued—“ They who were bidden were not worthy.” ‘ Not worthy ! ’ Why ? Because they *refused* the invitation. That’s all ! Nothing else could exclude them. Nothing else could disqualify them. Oh, young men, come ! Oh, fathers and mothers, come ! The invitation is coming to a close ! Oh, Son of God ! speak through Thy poor child as I speak