

betrayed for a good man some would even dare to die; but God commendeth his love towards us, in that while we were yet sinners Christ died for us." Or again in Philip. ii. 5-8; or in 1 Tim. i. 15; or in Heb. i. 1, 2. I have heard a story of a gentleman examining a large congregation of children in the Scriptures, and he asked them, "Are we not all sinners?" and all answered "Yes;" "then," said he, "must we not all go to hell?" and there was a complete silence; three times he repeated the question, and then from the backs of the crowd of children came a voice, the voice of a little girl,—"Christ did." That's the Gospel—very simple and perfectly true, accept that truth for yourself—and though you may have come into this theatre a foul and black sinner, you may go out a rejoicing saint of God. But how do I know this to be true? I will tell you. When I have gone to a strange town or district, I have often examined what is called a guide-book; I have found it stated there for instance that in Birmingham they make guns and iron manufactures; that a village is so many miles off; and I have tramped the miles one by one by myself, and found that the guide-book was true; and so when I found that all the statements which I tried in that guide-book were true, I concluded that other things which I had no need to try were true also. So when I find the Bible telling me that drunkards and gluttons will come to poverty, and you as well as I have seen that to be true dozens of times over; when I read in the prophets, that the daughters of Israel will have "baldness instead of beauty," and in my walk through Petticoat Lane over in Whitechapel, I find that it is even so; and when I have tried many blessed things in the Book, and have found them to be all true, I believe it to be a true book, altogether true. Ah! you may believe it, and the way of life is simple and easy; easy for you, sinner, you have only to come and accept it; but it wasn't easy for Jesus, it was a sore and weary way he had to travel to get it for us. None need despair or fear to come. I remember a miserable and degraded man, he belonged to a drunken land of Ethiopian serenaders, and walking along on the outskirts of Manchester, he and his companion heard a man preaching on the other side of a hedge, and he said,

"I say, old black devil, let's go over and hear what this man is saying;" but he wouldn't, so he went alone, and he heard the man, (it was Richard Weaver) cry out, "is there any man here that has got a mother in heaven, and wants to go and meet her there," and the filthy, black-faced man cried out, "Yes, my mother is in heaven, and I'd like to go there too;" and he believed and went home to his miserable home, and laid his banjo on the ground, and jumped upon till he had smashed it quite; and oh! how pleased his wife was to hear he was going to work steadily; and he got some old shoes and cobbled them up and sold them; and then he got more; and now he has plenty to do, and three men working under him. He wasn't cast out, nor will you be unless you reject the message of salvation. Why, there was once a time when 3000 men, red-handed with the blood of the Lord Jesus, whom they had just murdered in Jerusalem, came together, and, under conviction of sin, called out, "What shall we do?" and they heard of the way, and they didn't refuse the mercy offered. Do you want this forgiveness? You may have it, as I have had it, as sinful companions of my own have had it, and as multitudes in all ages have had it.

Source of my life's refreshing springs,

Whose presence in my heart sustains me,

Thy love appoints me pleasant things—

Thy mercy orders all that pains me.

If loving hearts were never lonely,

If all they wished might always be,

Accepting what they look for only,

They might be glad, but not in Thee.

Well may Thine own beloved, who see

In all their lot, their Father's pleasure,

Bear loss of all they love, save Thee,

Their living, everlasting treasure.

Well may the happy children cease

From restless wishes prone to sin,

And in Thine own exceeding peace,

Yield to thy daily discipline.

We need as much the cross we bear,

As air we breathe, as light we see;

It draws us to Thy side in prayer—

It binds us to our strength in Thee.

A. L. WARREN.