

they make the Christian so like the worldling, that nobody could tell which is which. Now, tie the scarlet line up. I would do so even as to *what pictures* I would hang up in my house. I am oftensad to see, especially in the houses of the poor, Roman Catholic pictures exhibited on the walls, because they happen to be rather pretty and very cheap. Popish publishers have very cleverly managed to get up pictures of the Virgin, and the lying fable of her assumption to heaven, and all sorts of legends of saints and saintesses; and being brightly coloured and sold very much under price, these vile things have been introduced into thousands of houses. I have seen, to my horror, a picture of God the Father represented as an old man—a conception almost too hideous to mention; yet the picture is hung up in the cottages of England; whereas the Lord has declared that we should make no image of him, or represent him in any way; and the attempt is blasphemous. If you have a bad picture, no matter how good a work of art it is, burn it! And if you have a bad book, no matter how much it may be worth, do not sell it for somebody else to read; tear it in pieces.*

Let the Christian hang up the scarlet line, and make certain that nobody shall be debauched in mind or body by anything that he tolerates in his house. I may seem to be too severe; but if my Master were to speak out of heaven, he would not rebuke that as a sin on my part; far rather would he say that we need to be much more

precise and decided in regard to evil things.

Well, you shall do what you please, you have your own liberty; but as for me and my house, we will serve the Lord, and the blood-red line shall be in my window. My father's father—do I not remember how, when I was a child, I used to hear his prayers for my father and for me. Well do I remember my father's conversion in answer to my grandfather's prayers. And my father, can I ever forget how he wrestled for us at the mercy-seat; and God forbid it should happen, that in my son's house in years to come there should be no altar to my God. I would sooner be without a tent for myself than an altar for the Lord. Wherever we are we must hang up the scarlet line. We cannot expect a blessing if it be not so. Of course, I am not speaking to those who are not fathers or heads of households. If they are servants they cannot help what is done in the house. If they are underlings who have not the power, they cannot arrange as they would; but I am speaking to those who fear the Lord, and can do it. Do, beloved, dedicate your house to God from the garret to the cellar. Let there be nothing even in the cellar which you would be ashamed for Jesus Christ to see. Let there be nothing about the house but what shall be so ordered that if your Lord should come, you could open your door and say, "Come and welcome, Master, there is nothing here that thy servant desires to conceal."

Believe in Jesus, O ye who know him not; and ye who know him, practise what you know; and God bless you. Amen and amen.

* Our readers may recollect that in the *Christian Monthly* we called attention to these Popish pictures, and showed the danger of them to the young.—Ed.