The Protestant

AND EVANGELICAL WITNESS.

"PROVE ALL THINGS: HOLD FAST THAT WHICH IS GOOD."—1 Thess, v. 21.

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The Protestant,

AND EVANGELICAL WITNESS,

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LINES.

I love to think of Jesus,
The precious Lamb of God,
Who came for my salvation
Down from His bright abode;
Who saw my cruel bondage,
And come to set me free;
Died for the chief of sinners;
Yes! Jesus died for me.

I love to look to Jesus,
My advocate and friend,
Who stoops with sweet compassion
My pleadings to attend.
He who hath borne each sorrow
That overwhelms the heart,
Still shares in all my trials
A brother's tender part.

I love to walk with Jesus,
To feel that by my side,
Unseen, the great Redeemer
My feeble steps doth guide.
'Tis sweet, in every sorrow,—
In life's in death's alarms,—
To lean upon His bosom,
To rest within His arms.

I long to be with Jesus
Eternally above;
To taste in all its fullness
The riches of His love:
To be forever near Him,
The source of all my bliss;
To grow forever like Him,
To see Him as He is.

If even here so precious,
Though dimly seen, His grace,
How sweet the full disclosure,
Beholding face to face.
'Tis but a little longer,
And faith hath its reward,
To gaze upon its Author,—
Forever with the Lord.

A glorious home awaits us,
A peril in every stone,
Bright is the golden pavement,
Radiant the great white throne.
But chief of all its glories,
Is He the great "I Am,"
Its Builder and its Maker,
The light thereof,—the Lamb.

From the New York Observer.

Using up a Pastor's Time.

BY THE REV. NICHOLAS MURRAY, D.D.

People generally have no idea of mental labor. They know it takes some time to make a pair of shoes, or a hat, or a coat, or a table, or to plow a field, or to build a shed, but they have no idea of the time or labor it requires to prepare a good sermon. As it may be preached in forty or fifty minutes, they suppose it may be prepared in twice that time. When told that some sermons have taken their authors a week, and even a month, to write them, they seem amazed! They think a minister has but little to do who prepares only two sermons a week, and preaches them on Sunday! And they have no sympathy with the minister who says, "I am not prepared," when called to preach on a sudden emergency. They know all about physical labor, but nothing about mental. They know something about raising a heavy weight, but they know nothing about the construction of an argument, or the refutation of a popular and plausible error, or the placing of a controverted truth in a light which convinces all. In fine, the multitude have no conception of mental labor; and hence people are so reckless as to the squandering of the time of their minister!

There are men of peculiar mental habits who can write a sermon in a very short time, having previously well digested the matter of it. Such a one is the Rev. Dr. ——, one of the best and most popular preachers of the Church. But ordinarily to write one good sermon a week, and meet faithfully his other duties, fills up the time of a pastor; to write two, if they are worth hearing or worthy of himself, fills it to an overflow. And yet there are those who are never satisfied unless they are frequently visited, and who consider the minister as wasting his time when not abroad among his people.

No minister can satisfy the desire for family visitation. Some are satisfied with a visit once a year, but some require one weekly. There is less piety than vanity in this. The wish to be considered intimate with the minister, and to have more of his regard and confidence than others. And some ministers are seduced into those frequent visitations by the adulation with which they are greeted, as flies are attracted by the blaze of a candle. They should be esteemed highly in love for their work's sake, but regard for their work should prevent abstracting their time from it. And a minister, like a physician in a large practice, should be required to visit his people only when there is a call for it.

"Why do you not come to our store and read the paper in the morning, as did our old minister?" said a merchant to his newly settled pastor. "Because that was not inserted in my call, and I have other duties in the morning," was the sensible reply. The old minister wasted his time, and wore himself out as a preacher.

"I thought you were never coming to see us again," said a pleasant lady to her minister, as he called one afternoon. "How long since I have been here?" he asked. "Why, not for a month," she replied. "And suppose," said he, "I were to visit each of my three hundred families once a month, that would make thirty-six hundred visits a year, and would you kill me by asking me to make as many?" "Oh no," she replied, "I would only have you visit us once a month, as you know we are special friends. Once a week or once a day would not be too often for us." And there are a great many such frivolous people connected with every congregation, who are never satisfied with their minister unless he is what they call "sociable," but which really means idle; and the thirst of such, like every vitiated appetite, increases with the supply.

"I thought you had entirely forgotten me," said a lady afflicted with chronic disease to her pastor as he entered her room. "How long since I have been here?" he asked, "I have been counting the days and it is now nearly three weeks," she replied. "One of the elders, and only one of the deacons, have been here in the meantime," she continued; "I like them very much, but they are not my minister." She was very truly pious, and thought of her minister very much in the way that Dr. Lowth thought of the bishop to whom he thus dedicated his work on Daniel: "To the Most Reverend Father in God, William, Lord Archbishop of Canterbury, Primate of all England, and Metropolitan, and one of his Majesty's Honorable Privy Council," and to whom he says, "This might afford me a proper occasion to draw a parallel between his (Daniel's) and your grace's accomplishments." But that was no reason why she should tax minister, elders, and deacons to gratify her thirst for visitation. Indeed, such a thirst seems to be a part of the disease of some nervous people, who imagine they should be the chief objects of a minister's solicitude, as they are of their own, and who would squander the time of a pastor to gratify their selfish longings.

"Why, I have not seen you for a long while," said a parishioner to his pastor, as he called to see him, placing a drawling emphasis on the word "long," so as to run it into two or three years. "I have been thinking," said the pastor, "how long it is since you have called on me. I have been here ten years; how often have you been to see me?" "Indeed," said he, "I have never called, but I will soon." "When you think the time too long since you have seen me," said the pastor, "just call at my house; I will always be glad to see you, and will be always ready to show myself without charge."

Incidents like these, sometimes very amusing, and sometimes not a little annoying, are to be found in the experience of every pastor. There are many who place no more value on his time than they do on that of a chambermaid. They must be visited daily when sick; they must swell the pomp of funerals—three, four, or more—at any hour of the day; they must ride miles to the cemetery; they must render respectable lectures and evening parties by their presence; they must attend school examinations, and be directors in all kinds of associations for moral and benevolent purposes. And by some they are expected to be members of clamorous conventions of all kinds of reforms; and if they decline, they are denounced by reverend agents and secretaries, who take to these reforms for a living, as other people do to peddle razor-strops or patent medicines, as dumb dogs that cannot bark. Indeed, if pastors should yield to all the demands made on their time by unreasonable people, they would have no time for the great work of the ministry. Merchants, and bankers, and lawyers, and mechanics have their daily hours for business; none think of interrupting them during those hours; if any do, they are told to call again. And why should not ministers be left to their regular hours, and to the full improvement of their time? Why should parish loungers come to their study in the morning at nine o'clock, and, as they are going away at twelve, apologize for the intrusion by saying, "I hope I have not interrupted you?"

Parishes and people should place a right estimate upon the time of a pastor. He has to study much; to give himself to reading; to write much; to visit the sick and the afflicted; to call upon strangers; to preach three or four times a week; to direct the inquiring, to counsel in cases of difficulty; to take his part in the management of local and national institutions, all which require a kind of ubiquity in a man, who can be only in one place at a time. A man so occupied with important duties should not be asked to give an hour but for its worth. Ask him for his money, or for his books, or for his sermons, but do not ask him to squander his precious time. "I am sorry to have kept you waiting these fifteen minutes," said a merchant to a minister as he stepped into his carriage, in which he had left him; "but in those minutes I have transacted business to the amount of seventy-five thousand dollars." In the hour filched from the pastor, and for no purpose, he might have saved a soul. It requires time to do any thing well; and if a people desire a pastor to be a workman of whom they need not to be ashamed, they must spare his time. If he does not improve it himself they should kindly request him to do so. An idle minister can never be other than a poor pastor and preacher. Idleness in the ministry should be treated as an immorality. An idle mind is the devil's workshop, irrespective of positions, professions, and trades. For reasons already given in these pages, it is emphatically so in the ministry. But when a congregation has a pastor disposed to make the best possible use of his time, they should encourage and enable him so to do, and be as sparing of it as he himself desires to be; and when he is in want of books, to make the best possible use of it, they should be promptly and generously supplied. "Send for what books you want, and have them charged to me, and make the best use of them," said a wealthy parishioner to a young minister of talent and industry on his settlement. That one act made him a benefactor of the world, as it enabled that young minister to enter on a course of study whose results are known and read of all men.

Ordinarily, the mornings of every day should be left undisturbed to the pastor. Calls, funerals, all parochial duties, should be in the afternoon. There should be a common law, admitting of necessary exceptions, on this matter. Some pastors lock themselves up in the morning; some see those who call with pen in hand or behind their ear; some hang a card on their door, with the sentence on it, "Be short!" for the admonition of intruders; but we like the honest plan of Dr. Green, who admitted every body that called, never asked them to sit down, asked them what they wanted, and, the moment the business was ended, gently waved his hand toward the door, saying, "I am just now occupied." This we consider an example worthy of imitation. If a people will not duly regard the time of pastors, they should take its protection into their own hands. This may not satisfy the persons that like their minister to be "sociable;" that is, to spend his afternoons in visiting and tea drinking; but its benefits will be apparent to all in his preparations for the pulpit, and in the masculine energy with which he performs his duties. There cannot be a doubt but that the want of emphasis in the ministry of many rural parishes is owing to the way in which the people fritter away the time of their pastors for no purpose, or drive them from their studies by their penuriousness to supplement an inadequate salary by some worldly employment.

The work of the ministry is a great work, and difficult in its performance, and diligence in its prosecution should be in the proportion of its greatness and difficulty. If parishes knew what is for their own interest, they would not squander the time of their pastors. They would prefer good sermons to social visits. The people that want a parish gossip should hire one for the purpose, and relieve the minister from the endless task.

Fall of the Papacy.

The following letter, from the pen of "an old warrior for the truth," will, we are confident, be read with interest:—

TO THE EDITOR OF THE BELFAST NEWS-LETTER.

Sir,—As your paper is based on genuine Protestant principle, without being the peculiar organ of any one party, and as it stands distinguished for its advocacy of true religion and the spread of the Redeemer's Kingdom, you will permit me, on the present occasion, to present your readers with a few thoughts that have left a deep conviction on my own mind, and caused me to be on the look-out for final events in relation to Central Italy, and the fate of the Papacy.

At an early period of my life, I read everything that came in my way in the shape of prophecy. I found, in the course of time, so many contradictions and mistakes of various writers that I gave up that subject, in despair of coming to any satisfactory conclusion. Thus, Christopher Love, one of the Westminster divines, fixed the commencement of the Millenium in 1806, and it turned out then that Napoleon I. was rising into his greatest glory. Mr. Wesley, in his notes on Revelation, following Bergelius, fixed its commencement in 1836. Many others have been equally mistaken. In 1848, my attention was first directed to Fleming's little book, called "The Rise and Fall of Papacy." He was minister of the Scotch Kirk, in London, and wrote in 1701. Two or three things struck me in reading that production—an extraordinary knowledge of history, condensed into small compass; the extreme modesty of his comments, in which everything in relation to futurity is thrown out in the form of conjectures; and the certain fulfilment of his remarks in relation to the years 1794 and 1848. Fleming's theory in explaining the Book of Revelation is, that the Papacy arose under the sounding of the seven trumpets, and is to fall under the pouring out of the seven vials. The first vial was poured out in 1517, when the doctrines of the Reformers fell as "a noisome sore on the men that had the mark of the beast and worshipped his image." The second was poured out on the sea, in 1566, when war began between the King of Spain and the States of the Netherlands. Under this vial, in 1588, the vast Armada was lost, and the Spaniards began to decline in power, being the chief maritime nation at that time. In the year 1617, the third vial was poured out on the rivers and fountains of waters indicating the territories of the Papacy. The fourth vial was poured out on the sun, in 1794, and is explained as relating to the house of Bourbon, and agree exactly with the first French revolution. Here we find one of the most remarkable periods in history, pointed out 93 years before the event, as Fleming wrote in 1701. The fifth vial is poured out on "the seat of the beast; and his kingdom was full of darkness, and they gnawed their tongues for pain," blasphemed, and repented not. According to Fleming, the *seat* of the beast is the see of Rome; the kingdom of the Pope is to be darkened and confused, but not overturned. This was fulfilled in 1848. In the latter end of the year, Pio Nono fled, in the guise of a lacquey, to Gaeta. How did this great, but modest, writer come to this date? In the Scriptures we read of periods variously expressed, but all meaning the same time. Thus, the time, times, and half-time, the three times and a-half, forty-and-two months of 30 prophetic days each, and 1,260 prophetic days or years all mean the same time. The true Church flees into the wilderness 1,260 years, the two witnesses are said to prophecy 1,260 years, the Gentiles are to tread down the Holy City or Church of God 1,260 years, and the Romish beast is to continue forty-two months, or 1,260 years. The great point is to fix the date of the 1,260 years, inasmuch as the Papacy is to continue for that time, and then begin to dissolve like snow in Spring, or, as the Apostle Paul expresses it, consumed by the breath of His mouth or the preaching of His Gospel, and be destroyed by the brightness of His coming in the power of His Spirit, to save and convert sinners. Christ comes at the present time in Ireland, and all must see His hand. The Papacy is more afraid of the revival than they were of the famine; and well they may, for when the priests begin to be "struck," Protestants must be called in to assist their hearers in praying for them. But what is Fleming's data? He fixes, as hundreds of writers have done, on the noted period in 606, when Boniface III. proclaimed himself universal Bishop. He had good reason for doing so, for Gregory the Great, who preceded him, declared that whosoever would do so is Antichrist. All Popes are infallible; Gregory the Great was, therefore, infallible, and hence Fleming had cause, as well as ourselves, to believe him. He, therefore, dates the reign of Antichrist from 606, and by adding 1,260 years to this, his reign will terminate in 1866. Fleming, however, reminds his readers of the difference between the prophetic and the natural year. The prophetic year consists of 360 days, the natural year, of 365 days, some hours and minutes. The 1,260 years multiplied by the difference makes 18 years, and these taken from 1866 give 1848—the year in which Pio Nono went off in the habiliments of a servant, as already noticed. Fleming, then, has been correct in two cases—in 1794 and in 1848. To me, however, it would seem, that the spirit of prophecy relates to both periods, and intends some extraordinary accomplishment at the date of the prophetic and of the natural year. The one is the forerunner of the other. The prophetic time gives an instance and example of what is to be completed when the natural period arrives. Thus Pio Nono ran away in 1848; but in 1866 he will not only go off, but never more return. There may be inaccuracies in our chronology, and hence the latter event may take place a little sooner or later. Paul Cullen's Ultramontane pastoral may find fault with Britain for driving his master away at present, and depriving him of half his territory; but after a little he will get his eyes opened, and discover that the wisdom and providence of God planned the period in which the man of sin must resign in favour of civil and religious liberty, and cease to be a temporal ruler. When this takes place, away goes the claim to universal monarchy, the grasp at ascendancy must loose its hold, Rome will cease to be the centre of unity. Infallibility, driven from the seven hills of Rome, will begin to stagger on the plain; the Pope will be a mere bishop; one bishop will be considered as good as another; Cullen and MacHale will each set up for himself; Popes will multiply—one will contend with the other; the infallible rule of Scripture must come in to judge of the difference; sensible Romanists will discover the delusion practised upon them; priests themselves will rally round the Divine Word as the grand centre of unity in the faith; and the whole system will crumble down into the right of private judgment, free inquiry, rational investigation, and the sovereign authority of the Word of God. Thus Babylon the Great shall fall, the world shall become free, the Gospel shall spread, and the spiritual reign of the Redeemer shall be ushered in.

My next letter will show the calculations of Faber, amounting to the same conclusion, but founded on principles totally different.—I am, &c.,

Daniel Macafee.

Treasury.

Who shall Dwell with the Devouring Fire?

"The sinners in Zion are afraid; fearfulness hath surprised the hypocrites; who among us shall dwell with the devouring fire? who among us shall dwell with everlasting burnings?—Isaiah xxxiii. 14.

There is a day coming when sinners shall be afraid, and when terrors shall overtake them as a flood. They are not afraid just now; they eat and drink and make merry, as if they had no eternity to prepare for, no danger to alarm them. But it shall soon be different. What is now far off shall then be near, and sinners shall realize too late the horrors of that wrath from which they refused to flee. In the agonies of despair, when the flames are kindling round them, they will burst forth in such bitter outcries as these, "Who among us shall dwell with the devouring fire? who among us shall dwell with the everlasting burnings?" O that shriek of agony! O that awful outcry of surprise and despair! Careless sinner! that cry shall soon be yours; these words shall soon be the very language in which your wretched soul shall give vent to its hopeless anguish when it sees itself shut in within the flaming walls, and feels damnation sure! O, then, flee from the wrath to come! Make haste to escape from the devouring fire!

Sinners of every class, especially *sinners in Zion*, to whom these words are spoken, listen to these warning words! You are sinners in Zion, not sinners among the heathen; yet this only makes your case more awful, and your doom more inevitable You profess to be Christians, but have never been born again. You do many things like God's people,—pray, read, hear, speak, observe ordinances, yet still one thing is lacking. You are not born again! Surely, then, it is time to search yourselves. It is time to be alarmed. The Judge is at the door. Your hypocrisy will not serve you then. You will be detected and unveiled, and all your hollow pretensions to religion laid bare. The day of his coming will be a terrible one to you. He comes with his fan in his hand, thoroughly to purge his floor, gathering the wheat into his garner, and burning up the chaff with unquenchable fire. He comes with his sieve to sift you, and can you stand his sifting? He comes with his touch-stone to try and to detect you. He comes with his balances to weigh you, to see what is the real value of all your professions,—whether after all you may be found wanting. He comes with his lighted candles to search you in every part. He comes with his flaming eye to penetrate at one glance your inmost soul, and to discover all its hidden abominations. With such a prospect before you, would it not be wise to take immediate alarm, and inquire whether all be well with your souls, lest you perish at the rebuke of Him who is a consuming fire.

Why should wrath be your portion? It was the portion of Jesus once, just that it might never be yours. The pains of hell took hold on him, just that they might never take hold of you. He was forsaken of the Father that you might not be forsaken. If we refuse to take Jesus as our Substitute, then we must bear that wrath in our own persons,—the fire which otherwise would have passed over us, will descend with devouring fierceness on our heads. We must either take refuge under the wing of the Substitute, or bear the wrath eternally ourselves. Which is the wiser, safer way for a helpless sinner? Which, O reader? which?

"Change Carriages."

Riding one day from the Waterloo station to Kingston-on-Thames, on the train stopping at Wimbledon, the porter called out, "*Change here for Croydon!*" upon which there arose a bustle and confusion, as the passengers eagerly left the carriages to take their seats in those which were to carry them to the destined station. As soon as our train moved onward, my thoughts began to move likewise; I thought, how many are there who will one day have to change carriages, or else lose heaven. There I see a venerable-looking gentleman, comfortably seated in a carriage called, "*Self-righteousness.*" He imagines it will carry him across the river of death, and put him down just inside the city of Paradise; but, alas! how deceived is he; for instead of reaching heaven, he is travelling to hell. He must *change carriages*, for none other carriage save that which is called "Christ's Righteousness" goes all the way to that city which hath for its maker God.

What a goodly crowd there are in that train called "*Ordinances;*" let me look in the carriages. There is one called, "*Regular attendance at church on Sunday;*" it is a first-class carriage. How nicely the seat are cushioned; what beautiful easy springs it has. "Guard, where is that train going?" "To *Respectable city*, sir." "But those nicely-dressed people expect they are going to the city called Salvation." "This train is not going there, sir; they will have to *change carriages*. *Broken Heart* train is the one they must ride in." 'Tis not a regular attendance at church or chapel, dear reader, that will save you; 'tis a heart broken by a sense of sin, and healed by Jesus.

But let us look in the second-class carriage; it is called, "*Baptism and the Lord's Supper.*" How many are there here who are travelling in the wrong carriage; for they imagine they are right for heaven, because they have attended to the outward sign, whereas they must *change carriages*; for outward signs, without inward grace, are in themselves useless! Ah, ye poor misguided travellers, *change carriages*; get in that one called, "Repentance and Faith," or else at your journey's end you will find yourselves lost.

"This way, sir; this way for third-class passengers; there, that's the carriage, sir, it says on it, '*Forms and ceremonies.*'" "Is it going to heaven, guard?" "No, sir; it goes no further than the river called Death." "How am I to get across the river?" "You must *change carriages*; get in one on the other line called, '*The Narrow Way to Life Eternal;*' our company has no connection with that." Ah, my friends, if you remain in that carriage of "*Formality*," or that one of "*Good Works*," you will surely reach the city of Destruction. Oh, be persuaded to *change carriages*.

"*Excursion train!* this way for the excursion train!" "Where to?" "To hell, sir, unless they change carriages." Yes, ye giddy men and women, seated so comfortably in the carriage of *Carelessness*, ye are on your way to hell. There is no escape unless you repent of your sins, and believe in the Lord Jesus Christ; then you shall be saved. "The blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleanseth us from all sin."

And now, dear reader, let me address thee personally on this all-important matter. On which *line* art *thou* journeying? In which *carriage* art *thou* seated? There are but two lines, and one of them you must journey on. The one called, "*The Broad Line*," leading to destruction; it is a "*through line*" to hell; no passenger remaining thereon can escape—lost, *lost*, for ever lost must be his doom. This line is *apparently* a pleasant one: it seemeth right unto man, but the end thereof is destruction. Sin has its *fancied* enjoyments; but who would feel safe, however pleasant the road might be, if he was being hurried onward to a precipice over which he was to be cast. Yet thus it is with all those who are on "*The Broad Line*;" for them hell is open, and into it they must be cast. There is much *companionship* to be found on this line; many have taken tickets, and are now bound for the same destination; but what pleasure can there be in the society of the many, if a pit is yawning for all. Yet this is the condition of those who are still carelessly riding in the carriages of sin, on the broad line of destruction. O ye heedless travellers, be ye warned; *change carriages* I beseech you. Speed your way across yonder to that other line called, "*The Narrow Line*," but which runneth to life eternal; it is a "*through line*" to the city of *Salvation*. Go, *repent* of your sinfulness in riding on the broad line so long. Ask for a ticket called, "*Faith;*" with that in your hand enter the carriage called "Promise," and you are safe. No fear of collision or mishap; you are safe for heaven and happiness.

All who are travelling to destruction are wilfully doing so; they are each and all responsible for their journey; they have voluntarily entered the carriage knowing that its destination is death. "The wages *of sin is* death." All who are journeying to life, eternal life, are doing so by the pure, free, unmerited mercy of God as displayed in Christ Jesus. "The gift *of God is* eternal life."

Dropping the figure, let me now write plainly. Men, brethren, and fathers, ye are all sinners; ye have fallen in Adam, your first parent, and do inherit his nature. Ye have sinned actually in your daily life and conversation. God's holy word declares, "The wicked shall be turned into hell, and all the nations that forget God;" therefore I ask you to consider *where* you are; *what* you are; *what* you are *doing*; and *where you* are going. Put not these questions off, but seek truthfully in the light of Scripture to reply to them. If your reply should cause you uneasiness and disquietude, then let me tell you, that though you are a sinner actually and by nature, yet that Jesus is the Saviour of all who believe. If you believe, Christ died for you and you shall never die; Christ was punished for you, and you shall never be punished. "Believe on the Lord Jesus, and thou shalt be saved." Jesus says: "Him that cometh to me, I will in no wise cast out." "Look unto me, and be ye saved, all ye ends of the earth." "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." "The blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanseth us from all sin." "Whosoever will, let him take of the water of life freely." "Ho, every one that thirsteth, COME!"

Jesus says, "Come unto Me."

But what is it to go to Christ? How are we to yield obedience to his call, "Come unto me?" I think we may best learn this by looking back to the days when he was still on the earth. Many came to him then. A leper came to him and kneeled down, and besought him, saying, "Lord, if Thou wilt, Thou canst make me clean." Two blind men came to Him, and said, "Thou Son of David, have mercy on us." A woman with an issue of blood came and said, "If I may but touch His garment I shall be whole." The disciples in the storm came and woke Him, saying, "Lord, save us, we perish." Christ is with us now as truly as he was with them. He can hear—He can see the desires of our heart. Go to Him—pour out your heart to him. Say to Him, "I am a sinner, O cleanse me; the struggle is sore, O help me; I am in trouble, O comfort me; I am unhappy, O give me rest." You need bring no offering—no price is asked. Christ asks you only to come to him. Remember his kindness—how he never sent away any that came. Remember he is as true as he is kind. He would not invite you, were he not desirous you should come. Remember he shed his blood that he might be able to invite you, to pardon you, to receive you to himself."

We would see Jesus.

Eighteen hundred years ago, when this earth was consecrated by the footsteps of the Saviour, there came to Philip, one of his disciples, a few men preferring their simple request, "Sir, we would see Jesus."

Greece, their beautiful land, still lay shrouded in the dark night of idolatry, but they, worshippers of the true God, had come up to Jerusalem for the grand ceremonies of the law. They had heard of the wonderful Being who had caused "the blind to see, the lame to walk, and the deaf to hear," and