

third of our race die before they are two years old, and more than half before they reach the age of five years. Five millions of precious babes, it is reckoned, die every year. If then all these are saved, we have more than half of the human family saved in infancy and early childhood. And now if to these we add the number of adults who since Adam have been saved, and the numbers that are yet to be redeemed when the fulness of the Gentiles shall come in,—when Israel shall be restored,—when Satan shall be bound, and millennial peace and prosperity shall reign,—when the whole earth shall become the garden of the Lord and a nursery for heaven, what a flood of light does such a consideration throw on those delightful promises which speak of the countless multitudes that shall at last be redeemed. Great, terribly great, as the number of the lost is, how inconceivably greater the number of the saved. It must surely be gratifying to every Christian heart to think that from the very beginning Christ has had the majority of our race. At no era has the Prince of Darkness been able to boast of the victory. And as the years roll on this shall be more and more the case. In all things Christ shall have the pre-eminence. "He shall see of the travail of his soul and shall be satisfied." But in order to this the "little ones" must be saved.

These, then, my friends, are some reasons why I believe that all children dying in infancy are saved. That each of these reasons is conclusive in itself, or even that all of them taken together amount to a mathematical demonstration, I do not pretend. Still I think I have said enough to satisfy the sorrowing hearts of bereaved parents that to our "little ones" death is gain. In my own mind there is not the "shadow of a doubt" on the subject. If others cannot enjoy the same confidence I am sorry for them. Years ago the subject of infant salvation ceased to be to me one of mere speculative importance, and became one of the most intensely absorbing interest. As loved one after loved one has been taken away, the interest has increased, until now the conviction is strong as life itself that it is not the will of my Father in heaven that one of these "little ones" should perish.

Bereaved parents, I speak as one of yourselves. Have you been tried,—sorely tried? So have I. I know what it is to sit day by day and night by night beside the couch of a dying child, to witness the pangs that shake the feeble frame, to listen to the shortening and struggling breath, to see the cherub eye grow dim in death, the countenance changing, the body sinking, the soul departing; to feel a weight of heart-grief which, though felt, cannot be described; to

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