

I will not follow you, I will not tell of quenchless flames; I will not talk of miseries for the body, and tortures for the spirit. But hell is terrible; damnation is doleful. Oh, escape! escape! Escape, lest haply, being where you are, you should have to learn what the horrors of eternity must mean, in the gulf of everlasting perdition.

III. DELIVERANCE PROCLAIMED.

"You have condemned us all," cries one. Yes, but not I—God has done it. Are you condemned? Do you feel you are so? Come, again, let me take thee by the hand, my brother. We will have a sweet word before we are done. Do you feel you are condemned? Do you say, "O God, I confess thou wouldst be just, if thou shouldst do all this to me?" Dost thou feel thou canst never be saved by thine own works, but that thou art utterly condemned through sin? Dost thou hate sin? Dost thou sincerely repent? Then, let me tell thee how thou mayest escape.

Men and brethren: Jesus Christ, of the seed of David, was crucified, dead and buried; he is now risen, and he sitteth on the right hand of God, where he also maketh intercession for us. He came into this world to save sinners, by his death.—He saw that poor sinners were cursed: he took the curse on his own shoulders, and he delivered us from it. Now, if God has cursed Christ for any man, he will not curse that man again. You ask me then, "Was Christ cursed for me?" Answer me this question, and I will tell you—Has the Spirit taught you that you are accursed? Has he made you feel the bitterness of sin? Has he made you cry in faith, "Lord, have mercy on me, a sinner?"—Then, my dear friend, Christ was cursed for you; and you are not cursed. "Oh!" says one, "If I could but think he was cursed for me." Do you see him bleeding on the tree? Look unto him, poor sinner. Look no longer at thyself, nor at thy sin; look unto him, and be saved. All he asks thee to do is to look, and even that he will help thee to do. Come to him, trust him, believe on him. God the Holy Spirit has taught you that you are a condemned sinner. Now, I beseech you, hear this word and believe it: "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance that Christ

Jesus came into the world to *save sinners*." Oh, sinner, believe and be saved.—*Spurgeon*.

"BEING LET GO."

"And being *let go*, they went to *their own company*."—Acts iv. 23. This simple statement presents a beautiful example of the instincts and tendencies of human nature. We always find that when a man is released from some special engagement—set free from some special demand upon him—in a word, when he is "let go," he will, probably, seek the company of those who is most congenial to his tastes. When parade is over, the soldiers betake themselves to their various associates and pursuits. When a school breaks up, the pupils do the same. When the warehouse and the counting-house is closed, the young men betake themselves, some to the religious assembly, some to the reading-room, some, alas! to the tavern, the theatre, or the gambling-house. "Being let go," they are almost sure to go to "their own company." It is when a man is fully at leisure that you see what his bent and tendencies really are. When he gets free from present claims, you will be able to judge of the pursuits of his heart's selection. Two men may be seen standing behind the same counter, from eight in the morning till six in the evening; but mark them when the clock strikes six—observe them when "let go," you will find one making his way to the tap room, and the other homewards, or to some place of instruction. Thus it is always. "Being let go," we soon find out "our own company."

Reader, how do you act when "let go?" What company do you seek? Do you betake yourself to those who, like the assembly in Acts iv., occupying themselves in holy worship, prayer, and praise? Or do you own as your companions the giddy and the thoughtless, the profane and the immoral, the scoffers and the sceptics? Search and see. Just ask yourself, when next you take your seat in company, "Would I, at this moment, like to hear 'the voice of the archangel and the trump of God'?" Where, in such a case, would your 'own company' be?—*Family Treasury*.