

civilization ; but underneath these splendid robes the ancient self is the same as it was in other ages. In the essential features of his nature man remains unchanged. Sorrow in the nineteenth century is the same as it was at Hebron when Abraham "came to mourn for Sarah, and to weep for her." The pressure of life, with its harassing cares, is as heavy now as when the Psalmist said, "Oh, that I had wings like a dove ! for then would I fly away and be at rest." The prayer of Moses, "I beseech Thee, show me thy glory," is true to our nature ; for we also desire to know God. The Apostle who said, "O wretched man that I am ! who shall deliver me from the body of this death ?" expressed a sense of sin which is felt by our hearts. When we have lowered into the earth the lifeless form of some one we love, we look through our tears into the open grave, and ask with infinite concern, in the words of Job, "If a man die, shall he live again?" Seeing, then that man remains the same, in all the great elements of his nature, notwithstanding the advancement of knowledge and the progress of civilization, it is evident that he needs the gospel now as much as at any former time.

Three things are certain : first, man must have a religion—it is the deepest want of his nature ; second, he cannot discover a satisfying religion for himself, as is provided by the spiritual history of the race ; and, third, therefore we must continue to preach to him the gospel of the grace of God, for that is what he needs.

#### THE UNREST OF THE AGE.

We should take our view of man's nature from the thirsting of Jesus Christ. He speaks of a hunger and thirst of the soul which no earthly good can satisfy, and to those He appealed in his preaching. We also may do the same ; for the hunger and thirst remain. The literature of the age bears testimony to the unrest that exists in the minds of men. In the ablest writings of our

times, both prose and poetry, there is an under-current of sadness, a sobbing sorrow, mournful as the sighs of the captive Hebrews when they wept by the river of Babylon. We have escaped from the Egypt of barbarism into the Canaan of civilization ; but still the old discontent is upon us, and we seek a "better country."

Life at the present time is characterized by intensity. Civilization, instead of claiming our spirits, stimulates them into greater activity. Business, pleasure, the learned profession, literature, and all the arts of life, bear witness to our hurried earnestness. We bend the bow to the breaking point. Our hearts pant because of the rapidity of the race. This intensity of the life has its first and deepest cause in our spiritual wants, in the thirst and hunger of the soul. When evening is come, and the child is tired, he desires this thing, then another, after that some other toy ; and having received them all, he weeps for something else. But it is rest and sleep that he wants rather than the toys for which he shed so many tears. So of men ; there is an inquietude in their minds, the cause of which they do not understand. They suppose that if they could possess riches, or command the pleasures of the world, or obtain the knowledge, the office, the social position, or the frame for which they long, all would be well with them. But they are in error ; for their restlessness has its origin in their spiritual instincts. It is "the peace which passeth the understanding," the rest which is found in God alone, that they need, although they know it not.

Let this encourage the preacher to declare his message of love. Let his preaching be according to the truth, and in the spirit of these words, and he shall not speak in vain : "Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest." It is true, also ! that all will not believe. Like Pilate, some will ask, "What is truth?" and there end the matter. The frivolous Athenians will inquire,