

came, and the last meeting was over, and after I had gone home with my host there came a loud ringing at the door, and the lady of the house entered the room, and said, 'Dr. Torrey, there are two young ladies asking to see you.' I went to speak to them, and there was this very young lady, and she said, 'Oh, I don't enjoy the world any more. Ever since you spoke to me, your words have been ringing in my ears, "What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?" And I have brought my friend with me, so that you may tell us what to do to be saved to-night.' God grant that those words may ring in the ears of some of you men and women that are living for this deceitful world, until you cannot rest till you come to the Saviour to-night!

Another man says, 'That is not my difficulty; I am waiting for my friends,'—and I believe that is true of a good many persons in Mildmay Hall to-night. Women are waiting for their husbands, young ladies are waiting for other young ladies, lovers are waiting for their sweethearts, one is waiting for another. What shall I say to the one that stops back? You come to Christ first, and bring your friends along with you. If they love you as much as you do them, if you come to Christ, they will come too. It is better that you should take them to heaven with you than that they should take you to hell with them.

In a certain township a great revival had taken place. One night an invitation was given to inquirers after truth, and a certain lady started for the front, and as she started her husband laid his hand upon her shoulder to prevent her and she yielded. She never took another step to Christ. She drifted away from her convictions, she drifted into scepticism, into blank infidelity. This is how people become sceptic, by resisting the Spirit of God.

When the revival that I have referred to came to that community, all the infidels were greatly stirred up. A revival does always stir up infidels. So they were stirred up, and they said, 'We will send for one of our great infidel lecturers, and he will soon upset the work.' So they sent for Professor J., a friend of Colonel B. Ingersoll's, but it proved to be one of the most blessed things that were ever done, for a great many people who had not been converted at our meetings went and heard him, and they said, 'If that is infidelity, we are not going to have anything to do with it.'

While they were waiting for Professor J. to come, there was a little card-party one Saturday night, and this lady and her friends, were there. One o'clock on Sunday came, and they were still playing cards on the Lord's day. Sabbath-breaking and card-playing go hand-in-hand, you know. About one o'clock, I think it was, in the morning, this woman sprang to her feet, clapped her hand to her head, cried out, 'Oh!' and dropped down dead beside the table. I shall never forget meeting with that man, the first time after that awful day. He had never spoken to me before, but when I happened to walk into the pastor's office that man walked across, held out his hand, and, oh! what a grip of despair he gave my hand, saying he had sent his wife into a Christless eternity. Oh, don't wait for others. Come yourselves and bring them along.

Then someone else says, 'I am waiting for feelings.' I believe that is true of a great many. I believe there are many honest souls that would like to be Christians, but they think they have not got the right kind of feeling. There are two kinds of people waiting for feeling. First, those that are waiting for joy and peace. I said to a young lady once, 'Why are you not a Christian?' She said, 'I have not the right kind of feeling. These people have been talking about the joy and peace they have. I haven't any joy like that, and I cannot come to Christ till I get it.' 'Why,' I said, 'young lady, that joy and peace is the result of coming to Christ. You don't expect the result before you take the step? Suppose I should go to a sick man and say, "What is the matter with you?" "Oh," he says, "it is influenza." "Oh," I say, "I had that six weeks ago, but I took such and such a remedy for it, and I am quite well now." He sends for his man. "Here, John, run right down to the chemist, and get this remedy." He sends the man right off, and as soon as he comes back, he shows it to me and says, "Is that it?" Well, I take my leave, and when I call again I expect to find my friend up and well, but instead of that I find him in bed, and sicker than before, and I say, "I don't understand this; are you any better?" "No; I am worse." "Did you take the medicine?" "No; I did not take it all. You said it made you feel a great deal better, and I tried one dose, and did not feel any better; so I did not take any more." He expects the result of taking the medicine before giving it a fair trial.

Men and women, you are sinners. Christ is a Saviour. God offers him to you. Take him, and it is done, feeling or no feeling. Will you take him to-night? There is not one of you that has given a good reason for not coming. Every year that has gone, and brought you one year nearer eternity, is a reason for taking Christ to-night. Every saved friend you have got, is a reason for coming to Christ to-night, that you may spend eternity with them in heaven. Every unsaved friend you have is a reason for coming to Christ to-night, that you may bring him to him. Every thorn that pierced the Saviour's brow, every nail that was driven into his hands and feet, every lash that was laid upon his back, when he was wounded for your transgressions, when the chastisement of your peace was laid upon him, is a reason for accepting Jesus Christ to-night. Will you do it? Oh, there is awful risk in delay. An old author illustrates this by a striking story. He tells us that a man who was crossing the ocean, as he leaned over the rail of the vessel, noticed a man who was tossing something in the air, which, as it fell, sparkled with singular brightness, while he watched it eagerly, and caught it as it fell. Again the man threw it up into the air, and again it threw out its sparkling light, and he watched it, and caught it as it fell. The onlooker came up to him, laid his hand on his shoulder, and spoke to him. 'May I ask what that is that you are tossing up so carelessly?' 'Yes; it is a diamond.' 'Is it of much value?' 'Oh, of very great value. See the size of it, its fire, its purity; in fact, all I have in the world is in that diamond. I am going to a new country to seek my fortune. I have sold everything I had to put it into that diamond, to have it in port-

able shape.' 'But is it not a risk to toss it up so carelessly?' 'No risk at all. 'But there may come a last time.' 'Oh, no danger at all.' Again he throws it up, and again, and again; and once more he throws it up, and it flashes and blazes, and looks like a burning glow as it falls through the sunlight. He watches it so eagerly, but it falls too far out. He reaches over the rail, but he cannot reach far enough, and there is a little splash in the ocean. For a moment he stands aghast, and then he cries out, 'Lost! lost! all I have is lost!'

You say, 'No one would be so great a fool as that; that story is not true!' That story is true! And that man is here to-night. You are that man; that ocean is eternity; that vessel life; that diamond your soul, of such priceless value that Jesus put great enough value upon to die for it, and you have been trifling with it, and I come to-night and say to you, 'My friend, what is that in your hand?' 'My soul.' 'Is it worth much?' 'Worth more than the whole round earth; for what shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?' 'But don't you think you are taking an awful risk?' 'Oh, no,' you say; 'I have been doing this for the last five years, ten, fifteen, twenty years.' 'Yes; but you may do it once too much.' 'Oh, no, no'; and to-night, once more, you throw it up—once too much to save it! Plash, and you try to look after it, not in the impenetrable depths of the blue ocean, but in the unfathomable depths of the bottomless pit, and you cry, 'Lost! Lost! My soul is lost!' You will cry it some day! Come to-night before it is too late, and put your soul where it will be everlastingly safe, in the keeping of God.

Have a Family Altar.

Let it be a cheerful place, the brightest room in your house. Do not wear your children's knees out with long prayers. Have the whole exercise spirited. If you have a melodeon, or an organ, or a piano in the house, have it open. Then lead in prayers. If you cannot make a prayer of your own, take Matthew Henry's prayers, or that Episcopal prayer-book. None better than that. Kneel down with your little ones morning and night, and commend them to God. Do you think they will ever get over it? Never! After you are under the sod many years, there will be some powerful temptation around that son, but the memory of father and mother at morning and evening prayers will have its effect upon him; it will bring him back from the path of sin and death. Are your children safe for heaven? You can tell better than anyone else. I put to you the question, 'Are your children safe for heaven?' I heard of a mother who, when the house was afire, in the excitement of the occasion, got out a great many of the valuable things—many choice articles of furniture—but did not think to ask until too late, 'Is my child safe?' It was too late then! The flames had consumed the poor child! Oh! my dear friend, when sea and land shall burn in the final conflagration, will your children be safe?—Dr. Talmage.

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