

especially in this Gospel land, where he is exalted to heaven with privilege, where the Gospel is proclaimed faithfully from Sunday to Sunday, yea, from day to day, and one might say, from hour to hour. Through the length and breadth of this great city, the Gospel has been proclaimed as faithfully, and perhaps more faithfully, than in any other city in the world. London, I say, is exalted to heaven with privileges, and it is a sad thing, indeed, that a man should go to hell from London, for then he goes down in the full blaze of the Gospel. He goes down from a Gospel land. He goes down to hell from a land where he has heard the glorious tidings of Christ and Him crucified. Yes; you say it is very sad to see a child like that swept away, or to see a little child lose its sight. You say it is very sad to see a man lose his wealth and become poor. It is very sad to see a man lose his reputation. But, my friends, bear in mind there is hope. A man can come to Christ if he has lost his reputation and his character. Christ will "receive" men who have not got any reputation; Christ will receive men who have not got any character; and they may have a seat in the kingdom of God. But, if a man dies without God, then there is no hope. You go to the grave and weep over it, and when the morning of the resurrection shall come, that man will rise to everlasting shame and contempt. The star of Bethlehem will not shine over that grave. Oh, my friends, let us wake up, and let us haste to the rescue. Let us, as fathers and mothers, see that our children are brought into the Ark, that they are saved, that they are gathered early into the fold of Christ.

THE POOR DRUNKARD.

I was over in this country in 1872. About that time there was a young man who had come from the country to London. He was the only son of a widow. He was her prop and her stay; her hope and her comfort. Oh, how that widow loved that boy! How her prayers went up for him! When he came to this city his employer invited him to the theatre, and invited him to drink. I have met that mother since I have been on this trip, and she told me that the employer discharged that young man after he became a drunkard; that he refused to have him in his employ; that her son came home, and died a poor drunkard. That mother is now weeping over that boy, and she mourns as a mother without hope, because it is said that no drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of God. Now, that is terrible. How many mothers have sons in London hastening to ruin! God wants you and me to go and tell them the glad tidings, to invite them to the Gospel feast. And there is not a man in all London so far gone but that Christ will save him. If we will just go and labour for them and pray for them, God will give us the privilege of winning many of them into His kingdom.

"SAVED!"

A few years ago—I think it was only two years this month—a vessel of the White Star Line went to pieces on a rock off the coast of Newfoundland, and 500 men went down to a watery grave. There was a young man of great promise, having a large business in Detroit, who was on board that vessel, and soon after she went down there came a despatch to Detroit to his wife and partner to say that he was lost. The business was suspended, and that young wife was thrown into deep mourning. Her heart was just broken, and the mother's heart was bleeding that her boy had gone down, as they supposed. But in a few hours there came another despatch over the wires, "Saved!" with his name signed to it. They felt so grateful that they had the despatch framed and put up in his office, and there it is. If you go into that man's office now to do business with him, you may see that despatch, "Saved!" Now, let the news flash over the wires to heaven to-night, sinner, that you want to be saved. You can be saved, if you will. God is able to save. God is willing to save. God is waiting to save. Now, this night, make up your mind that you will be saved. Make up your mind that you will press into the kingdom. God invites you to come. He invites you to come just as you are. "Him that cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out."