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**I Wish I was a Christian.**

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This wish has been expressed a thousand times, and with the greatest apparent sincerity, by persons living without God in the world. Sometimes it falls from the lips of those who have no present concern about salvation, but oftener from the lips of persons under awakening.

“Do you think you are a Christian?”  
“I am sorry to say that I do not; but I wish I was; I want to be, and I know I must be, or I cannot be saved.”  
Well, dear reader, if you wish to be, what hinders? The Saviour invites and stands with open arms ready to receive you; “the Spirit and the Bride say come, and partake of the waters of life freely.”

How can you say, that you wish you was a Christian? What are you doing, what means are you using, what steps are you taking to become one? What a wish is that, which prompts not to striving “to enter in at the strait gate? You deceive yourself. You wish, no doubt, to be saved, when you give the subject a moment’s thought; but you do not wish to be a *Christian*. That is, you have no wish or desire for

spiritual enjoyments. You see no form or comeliness in the Savior, why you should desire him; but the language of your carnal heart is, “depart from me, I desire not the knowledge of thy ways.” How then can you say, I wish I was a Christian? What is such a wish good for?

But perhaps you are not as stupid as you once was. Perhaps you are under real concern for your soul. Perhaps the Spirit of God is now striving with you, and you think that if you sincerely wished for anything in the world, it is that you were a Christian. Well then, if you are sincere, why do you not give your heart to God at once? Then you would be a Christian—“an heir of God and a joint heir with Christ, to an eternal inheritance.”

An illustration or two, I hope, will convince you, how the matter stands with you. Here is a poor man, who says he wishes he was rich, and the way is clearly pointed out to him, step by step, how he may acquire an independent fortune. Instead of grinding up his loins to the work, after a few faint endeavors he says, it can never be, and so he sits down and takes it out in wishing he was rich. Or he takes some of the steps prescribed, and ex-