

SLAVERY TO THE APPETITES.

John B. Gough gave recently the following illustration of absolute bondage to intoxicating drink:—

A graduate of one of the universities of Great Britain came to me shaking and trembling. He said he had "come to see me as he would go to a physician."

I said, "You must stop drinking."—"I can't."

"You will die."—"I am afraid I shall."

"Give it up."—"I can't."

My wife and two gentlemen were present. I said, "What good does the drink do you?"

"No good."

"Why do you drink?"—"I must have it." Thinking that, being an educated man, he might give me some ideas, I asked him, "Will you tell me how you feel before you begin to drink, and afterward?"

I shall never forget it! He stood up and said, "All I can say is, I must have it."

"Why?"—"I feel as if there were insects in my veins! O, it is horrible, horrible! I touch my coat, I touch my hands, and I jump! O, I shall go mad—mad—mad! If I could not get it, without having a sound tooth torn out of my jaws, bring the instrument, and wrench it out; I must have the drink, you see—so I get it. And then I stand still, that I may not disturb its effect. That's what I want—I want relief; and I feel it. Quick, quick, hot it sends the blood through my veins the insects are gone, and I begin to perspire. Yes, I am better, better, better! its what I want—it's coming—it's coming—it has come to me—relief—like a flash of summer lightning, and it has gone, and I get another."

"Then," I said, "you will die."—"I am afraid I shall! can you help me?"

"Not unless you stop drinking."—"I can't die; I haven't offered a prayer to God for sixteen years."

"You must give it up."—"I can't."

I said, "God will help you."—"No, He won't."

"I will," said I; "my wife and I will take care of you four days, if you will. I have just four days to spare for you."

We took him, though we could get no promise from him. We nursed him night and day. The third afternoon, he sat with me, his hand in mine, and I spoke to him of God, and Christ and eternity. He said, "I am a man of some common sense, I believe; and I am very well aware I can never be happy in another world."

He then went out, and cut his throat from ear to ear. O, my friends, shall we not try to save our fellow-men from such a fate?

COME TO JESUS.

FOR PEACE OF CONSCIENCE.

"There is no peace, saith my God, to the wicked." Some sinners seem to be at peace, but it is only by refusing to think. They will not consider. But such thoughtlessness is not worthy to be called *peace*. It is like a man in a sinking ship who will not examine what is the danger; or like a tradesman who fancies all is not going on well, but who will not look into his accounts lest his mind should be disturbed. So the sinner fancies something is wrong, and fearing to be made unhappy, he banishes reflection about God and his soul.—Yet every sinner thinks sometimes, and then he must be wretched. When death visits a neighbor's house, or enters his own, or threatens himself, and at many other times, the thought will come, "God is angry; my soul is in danger; I am not fit to die." And how must such a thought damp his pleasure, and disturb his repose!

No, you cannot be at peace until you have obtained pardon. You may try all the pleasures of the world in turn; you may seek to drown thought by plunging deeper and deeper into sin, but you cannot be *happy*. But when we come to Jesus, all our sins are at once forgiven. We still think of them with sorrow, but we need no more think of them with terror. God says to us, "Your sins and your iniquities will I remember no more." He blots out "all trespasses." He "casts them behind his back, into the depths of the sea." They will not be mentioned at the judgment-day. "He will abundantly pardon." He now regards us with love. We need not be afraid of him. He invites us to trust him as a kind friend. Instead of hiding from him, as Adam did, we may hide in him, as David did, saying "Thou art my hiding-place." O what a happy change! I am a sinner still, but a sinner pardoned, reconciled, saved. And whatever dreadful things conscience may tell me, Jesus says, "Thy sins are forgiven thee; go in peace." "Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you." "Being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ." Poor sinner, you and peace have long been strangers. Worldly pleasure is not peace; and nothing can give it while you and God are enemies, and your sins hang heavily on your soul. Come then to Jesus. He both makes and gives peace. Seek pardon through him, and you will soon know what is meant by "the peace of God which passeth all understanding."

See Isa. 55: 7; 57: 21; Micah 7: 18, 19; John 14: 27; Rom. 5: 1; 8: 31-34; Phil. 4: 7.