

that whenever a Christian man allows any old sin, or new sin, to come in and spoil the charm of Bible study—the love and tenderness for the Word of God, and for communion with God—that it cuts at once the nerve of your piety, it destroys the charm and trend of your devotions, it disqualifies you for the usefulness and the efficiency that you ought to possess, when you stand before your class as a teacher? Now, if you have lost that desire for the Word of God through neglect, the only way to get it again is to resume—as they did down in our country when they wanted to change their paper money to coin and gold. When they wanted to resume they resumed; they began to use the silver and gold instead of paper. And so, if you have neglected your Bible study, go back again. Do as George Whitefield, when servitor of Christ's College—shut yourself up part of an hour a day, and turn the key, and compel yourself, upon your knees if necessary, to regain the lost love for the Word of God. (Applause.) I believe, with John Wesley, when men take counsel of feeling, that we must needs trample under our feet this delusive doctrine that feeling, and not duty, is to impel us to sacrifice or to the performance of a task. (Applause.) You can compel yourself to love to study the Word of God. If it is a secret sin that comes between you, and if you are as Samson shorn of your strength, why, put aside the sin! Go back to your home; think it all over; test yourself as to whether you love the study of the Word of God, and you can re-kindle it in a very simple way. There is a non-conductor in the way; remove it. There is a fly in the pot; take it out and cast it aside, and then the old current of electricity will lead again from the dynamo of inspiration along your heart, and you will love the Word of God again—you will stand as a workman that needeth not to be ashamed. And then there is not only better Bible study, but better *Bible* study—put emphasis on the second word. It is an age of helps. It is an age of many appliances. I can press a button, and an engine will start to take me along a steel rail to my destination; and there are more genii in the skies above and in the depths beneath than ever charmed my boyhood when we had the thousand and one tales. What a wonderful age it is! Here is the electric lamp of Dr. Schauffler, of Dr. Broadus, of Dr. John Hall, of Bishop Vincent, of Jacobs, and the great Canadian lesson-writers. How they gleam out of the firmament to-night, and light up the printed page of God's Word! What noble helpers there! They are the slaves of the lamp. They burn the midnight oil for many an hour in order that they may give us their help. You need only touch the button and they will come and do all the rest for you, if you will; but take care that you lean not too much on these helpers—that you use not too much these helps. There is a danger there. You may become emasculated as a student of the Word of God, if you incline too long time and too often to the use of helps, that is, to the abuse rather than the wise use of helps. I said this afternoon that, as a