

SINS OF OMISSION.

Few men ever lived a life so busy and so devoted to God as Usher, Archbishop of Armagh. His learning, habits of business, station, friends all contributed to keep his hands full every moment; and then his was a soul that seemed continually to hear a voice saying, "Redeem the time, for the days are evil." Early, too, did he begin, for at ten years of age he was hopefully converted by a sermon preached on Rom. xii. 1, "I beseech you, therefore, by the mercies of God that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice." He was a painstaking, laborious preacher of the Word for fifty-five years. Yet hear him on his death-bed! How he clings to Christ's righteousness alone, and sees in himself, even after such a life, only sin and want. The last words he was heard to utter were about one o'clock in the afternoon, and these were uttered in a loud voice—"Lord, in special forgive me my sins of omission."

It was omission, says his biographer, he begged forgiveness for with his most fervent last breath. He who was never known to waste an hour, but who employed the shred ends of his life for his great Lord and Master. The very day he took his last sickness he rose up from writing one of his great works and went out to visit a sick woman, to whom he spoke so fitly and so fully that you would have taken him to have spoken with heaven before he came there. Yet this man was oppressed with a sense of his omissions.

Reader, what think you of yourself—your undone duties, your unimproved hours, times of prayer omitted, your shirking from unpleasant work and putting it on others, your being content to sit under your own vine and fig tree without using all efforts for the souls of others? O sins of omission! "Lord, in special forgive me my sins of omission!" *Words to Winners of Souls.*

THE DYING MINISTER'S WISH.

A saint who has passed to his heavenly home used to say he would drop a tear on entering heaven, because he was parting with that friend repentance. "There is another reason, I think, why we may all drop a tear as we find that the hour of our salvation is coming nearer," said Rev. Dr. Donald McLeod at a recent meeting. "I remember, as a young minister, sitting at the bedside of one of the most faithful pastors in our church in Scotland. As the time of his departure

was drawing very near, he said to me, 'Oh that I could yet do something more.' A wife about to become a widow, and several children, were standing around the death-bed as calm as I am now. It was not the fear of parting with them that troubled the departing saint, for he had committed them to the Father of the fatherless and the Husband of the widow. He said to them, 'I know God will never let you want.' The fear that was still clinging to him and preventing, as it were, the glad spirit from soaring away as upon eagle's wings into the presence of his King, was this—he had not done enough. 'Oh that I could do something more before I see Him face to face.' Do you feel that you could do more, pray more, or give more, and are tempted not to do it? Look at it again in the light of Gethsemane and Calvary. How the treasure and pleasures of earth pale, like the rushlight before the glorious noontide sun, as we think of the appeal of the great Apostle, who himself had sacrificed all for Christ: 'Ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, who, though he was rich, yet for your sakes he became poor, that ye through his poverty might be rich.'

RIGHT WORDS.

One is tempted to ask, "How is backbone to be formed in the rising generation of Christians if every thing about the religious life is made so pleasant and easy? If sermons must be so light or so short as hardly to involve any effort of attention on the part of the hearer, and the rest of the service is to be a bright little concert? And if the other hours of the day given us to be spent at the gates of heaven are to be merely enlivened with 'Sunday talk?' We are in great danger of degenerating into molluscous Christians. Christian preachers and writers ought, I think, to be continually reminding their people of the place of self denial in the Christian life. If we let down the tone of the church in this respect, it may please God to give her a new chapter of the discipline of persecution, for that has been the great means usually employed for teaching her that "the cross" has to be borne in another sense than as an ornament on a lady's bosom—"If any man will come after me let him take up his cross daily and follow me."—*Ar. W. G. Blackie.*