

brands from the burning, but the general rule, we know, is, that if a man does not deny himself in the present, he comes to a bad future. And many do deny themselves, merely for the things of time and sense, that they may have a good provision for their old age, something to leave to their families, but have no higher motive than this—and suppose they gain the whole world, what then, when it comes to the end?

I was told a story which illustrates this; may God bless it to you. A young man was exceedingly anxious to go into the law, and his uncle, upon whom he was dependant, would not allow him, but insisted on his going into some other profession. At length his uncle was prevailed upon to let the young man have his desire; and he ran to his aged grandfather, who had always been kind to him, to tell him—"O, grandfather!" he said, "I am so glad to tell you, my uncle has given me leave to go to the bar!" "Well," said his grandfather, "and what then?" "What then, grandfather! why, I am determined to be so attentive and diligent—to work hard and deny myself every day—and I am sure to succeed, for I will try so hard." "Well, dear boy, and what then?" "Then I shall be called to the bar; I shall get briefs; I shall make a large fortune, and all the people will be talking about me." "And what then?" "Then, when I have made enough, I will retire, and buy a beautiful place with fine grounds all round it, and perhaps become member for the county. Look at Sergeant So-and-so, what he is now, and he only began as a diligent little boy." "And what then?" asked the grandfather. "Then I shall marry, grandfather—make myself happy in a nice house, with my dear wife and all the little children." "And what then?" "What then, grandfather! why, then I shall be old." "Yes, and what then?" "Then I shall die, grandfather." "Yes, dear boy, AND WHAT THEN?"

Get what you will in this world, it cannot satisfy you; it is but the husks that the swine eat, and cannot satisfy an immortal soul. You know how Alexander, after conquering the whole known world, sat down and wept because he had no more worlds to conquer, and finally killed himself with drink. Take heed you must to your ways, if you would prosper in this

world—if you would not become a disgrace to the earth, a curse to your father and mother, and all connected with you. You cannot indulge your present inclinations as they come into your heart. But the Bible does not merely say you are to cleanse your way by taking heed thereto, but by taking heed thereto ACCORDING TO HIS WORD. That makes all the difference—whether you take heed according to the wisdom of your own hearts, or "ACCORDING TO GOD'S WORD." Often I have looked at a beautiful villa, with a nice lawn before it, plate-glass in the windows, and carriage and servants at the door; and I have been told that they belong to a man that has made his fortune in the city by diligent attention to business. And then I have seen the owner led out—an old and infirm man—to take an airing in his carriage; and I have thought to myself, if he was not a Christian, O, if that man had only given one-half of the care to lay up treasure in heaven that he has given to lay up treasure on earth, he would not, peradventure, be one jot less rich—for God is teaching the world more and more the value of Christian men; and if a man is known to be a Christian, in addition to being a well-educated and clever man, his credit will be all the higher. I however thought, there is that man; he has got all that he could wish; he started in youth with the object of making his fortune, and he has made it; the god that he worshipped has done all for him that it can; and what can it do for him, as he sits in his easy chair, looking out through his plate-glass windows upon the lawn? The only thought he can have is—Then art my god, and how soon I must leave thee. But if you begin with the right foundation, put Jesus Christ under all, and cleanse your ways ACCORDING TO GOD'S WORD, then, if you prosper in the world, you shall say to me, as a dear old aunt said to me—she was about ninety years of age, and had been a servant of Christ since she was eighteen. I visited the dear old lady about two years ago, and, leaning on my arm in her beautiful little cottage lawn, she turned to me and said, with tears in her eyes—"I have all this, Brownlow, and Jesus Christ." She was happy indeed; she had all she wanted, and knew that when her earthly tabernacle was dissolved, she would have a better and an eternal home in the heavens.