

alism, the most dreary of all *isms*. He had, under the ensnaring influence of a proud intellectualism, entrenched himself behind what he vainly imagined to be the impregnable bulwarks of infidelity. He had tried to erect a platform of his own whereon to meet God; but now he found out his grand mistake. Christ is the *only* platform on which a holy God and a guilty sinner can meet; but he had shut out Christ. He would not have Him. His motto in reference to Christ was, "O, breathe not His name."

What a moment! The poor squire was really miserable. He knew not what to do. There was a link missing, and he knew not where to find it. An object was needed which his infidel system could not supply. A holy God! How could he meet Him? A righteous God! How could he stand before Him? A sin-hating God! How could he ever approach Him? What was to be done? It was indeed a moment of intense interest—a solemn crisis—a season never to be forgotten. He earnestly begged the pastor to *go on, to tell him all, to keep nothing back*. The door of his heart which had, for so long a time, been secured by the strong bolts of infidelity, was now flung open. His conscience was fully reached. The plough had done its work, and the pastor had but to enter with the seed-basket and sow the seeds of a full and free gospel in the deep furrows of a convicted soul. In a word, he preached Christ—that long rejected, much hated name. He shewed the squire that the atoning sacrifice of the Son of God was the only thing that could put away sin, and justify God

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