

a ministry as powerful, as victorious, as theirs. It is not the cold marble of the statue that we are to make our model, however perfect in its symmetry and polish; it is the breathing form of man, the living person. The marble is but the cold outline, the material resemblance, incapable of reproducing itself, or imprinting its lineaments on surrounding objects, or transfusing any secret qualities and virtues into the most ravished beholder.

"If this be true of the servants, much more is it of the Master. If the study of their characters be so profitable, much more must be the contemplation of his. If personal contact with them be so fitted to mould us into their likeness, how much more must personal contact and communion with him be fitted to fashion us anew after his resemblance? And being thus transformed into the Master's likeness, how certain to be blest in our labors, to be successful in our ministry!

"In these troublous times, and with the prospect of confusion and harassment before us, it is hard to maintain this intercourse. Nay, it seems impossible. Time and solitude are a-wanting. Nevertheless it must be so. In the case of the apostles it was so, in spite of all their endless tribulations and tossings. In the case of our own fathers it was so, in spite of their multiplied labors and hardships. It *must* be so with us; and, doubtless, it will be so. The tumult of the storm will make the solitude of the closet doubly welcome. Man's wrath and enmity will render doubly precious the love and friendship of the Saviour. Then there shall be in the world a ministry of power, and times of refreshing from the presence of the Lord, — a precious earnest of THE TIMES OF REFRESHING at his appearing and his kingdom."

I can say, as did the Rev. John Brown, on his death-bed, to his sons in the ministry: "Whenever the Lord has led me out to be most diligent in this way, he has poured most comfort into my heart, and given me my reward in my bosom." "O labor, labor to win souls to Christ," was his language in the same conversation; adding the words of his Lord: "Work while it is day, for the night cometh when no man can work." This is your "harvest-time," my brother. The fields around you are "white already "

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