

He is thy Lord, and worship thou Him.
Psalm xlv. 11.



A PAINTED MASK.

LOOK now at sin. Pluck off that painted mask, and turn upon her painted face the lamp of God's Word. We start—it reveals a death's head. I stay not to quote texts descriptive of sin.

It is a debt, a burden, a thief, a sickness, a leprosy, a plague, a poison, a serpent, a sting; everything that a man hates it is; a load of curses and calamities beneath whose crushing, most intolerable pressure the whole creation groaneth. Name me the evil that springs not from this root—the crime that I may not lay at its door. Who is the hoary sexton that digs man a grave? Who is the painted temptress that steals his virtue? Who is the murderess that destroys his life? Who is the sorceress that first deceives, and then damns his soul?—Sin.

Who, with icy breath, blights the fair blossoms of youth? Who breaks the hearts of parents? Who brings old men's grey hairs with sorrow to the grave?—Sin.

Who changes gentle children into vipers, tender mothers into monsters, and the fathers into worse than Herods, the murderers of their own innocents?—Sin.

Who casts the apple of discord on household hearths? Who lights the torch of war, and bears it blazing over trembling lands? Who, by division in the Church, rends Christ's seamless robe?—Sin.

Who is this Delilah that sings the Nazarite asleep, and delivers up the strength of God unto the uncircumcised? Who, winning smiles on her face, honeyed flattery on her tongue, stands in the door to offer the sacred rights of hospitality, and when suspicion sleeps, treacherously pierces our temples with a nail? What fair Siren is this, who seated on a rock by the deadly pool, smiles to deceive, sings to lure, kisses to betray, and flings her arm around our neck and leaps with us into perdition?—Sin.

Who turns the soft and gentlest heart to stone? Who hurls reason from her lofty throne, and impels sinners, mad as Gadarene swine, down the precipice, into eternal ruin?—Sin.

Dr. Guthrie.

ST PAUL does not teach like a heathen moralist to put on such a virtue and put off such a vice; but he says, "Put on the Lord Jesus Christ," and this is *at once* to put on all virtue and put off all vice.

EVANGELISTIC SERVICES

FOR

YOUNG MEN ONLY,

EVERY NIGHT AT 8 O'CLOCK,

Commencing **MONDAY, January 14, 1884.**

COME.

If ye love Me, keep My commandments.
John xiv. 15.