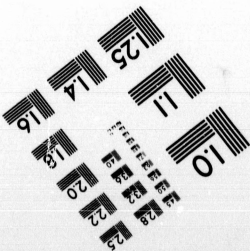
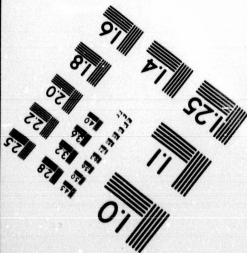
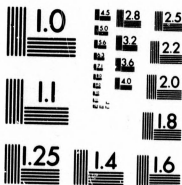


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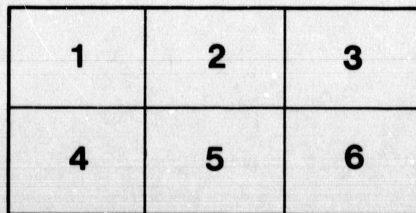
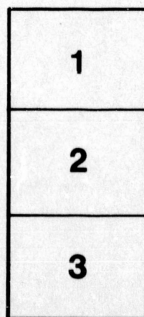
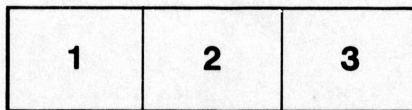
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THE  
GREAT ELECTION

BY

REV. PROFESSOR CAMPBELL, LL.D.

*(Published by request.)*

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GREAT ELECTION

BY  
REV. PROFESSOR CAMPBELL, LL.D.  
*(Published by request.)*



MONTREAL:  
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This discourse was prepared without any view to publication, and was preached to a congregation to whom I had the privilege to minister during the temporary absence of their pastor. Some who heard it, thinking it calculated to do good in awakening thought upon a great subject, have urged its publication, and I willingly place my manuscript in their hands, with the prayer that God's blessing may follow all of His truth that it contains.

JOHN CAMPBELL.

Côte St. Antoine, February, 1894.

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## THE GREAT ELECTION.

*"Now is the judgment of this world."*—  
JOHN XII. 31.

It was an eventful day for Jerusalem—as it yet will be for all the world—when Jesus came down from Olivet amid the waving palm branches of the multitude and the Hosannas of the children whom He loved. He who had raised Lazarus from the dead was, for the moment, the people's idol, and the envious Pharisees, gnashing their teeth at one another in the impotence of their malignity, hissed the railing: "Perceive ye how ye prevail nothing? behold the world is gone after Him!" They saw the royal state, they heard the acclamations; they hated both in their secret souls, and even gathered courage to protest against them to Him whom they honoured, because they only wished, hardly dared hope, for the outcome:

"Ride on, ride on, in majesty,  
In lowly pomp *ride on to die.*"

Was fame, was reputation anything to the Christ? He was a man, and where is the man or woman on this earth to whom the goodwill of his fellows is nothing? As people leave the retirement of home and launch into public life to get themselves a name, so He came to this earth in order to be known. He lived in the eye of the world such a life as might be appreciated by the good, and even by all in whose hearts dwelt a single spark of divine goodness. And, at last, He was lifted up, so that He might draw all men unto Him. He came to His own to be received, although they received Him not. His delights had been from the beginning with the sons of men, in whose mortal dress He talked with Adam, and walked with Enoch, and sat in Abraham's tent, ages before He was born a little child in Bethlehem's stable. Our Celtic and Germanic ancestors gladly died even in the springtide of life, when assured that their fame would survive them and succeeding generations would keep their memory green. So, to win the world's most glorious and lasting fame and the chiefest homage of our humanity, the name of which is Love, Christ gave Himself up to death for us all.

You are a man of note in your own town,

respected and honoured as you deserve to be ; the very dogs know you. But God has given you a heart that is more than town-wide, has enriched your mind with wisdom that may bless a nation, has endowed you with knowledge that is calculated to benefit the world. You chafe within your narrow bounds ; you would be Shelley's sky-lark out in the open of field and sky,

“ Like a poet hidden  
In the depth of thought,  
Singing songs unbidden,  
Till the world is wrought  
To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not.”

You send your winged arrow of truth out into the air, and hear some day that it has fallen, not with wounding, but with blessing, into a friendly heart. Recognition comes ; a foreign stamp is on the letter that makes you glad, a strange language embalms your name in the journal of a distant land. Your heart is all aglow, and you proudly say : “ The world knows me ; I belong to the world at large.” If you are a true man or woman, the mere fame will be little to you, since fame and notoriety are often convertible terms, but you will rejoice because your message has been spread abroad, and the benefit given you to



convey has been appreciated. Such a true man was Jesus Christ.

There were certain Greeks among them that came up to worship at the feast. These were not Greek-speaking Jews or Hellenists, who used the Septuagint in their synagogues, but genuine Greeks from the great Northwest, colonists of the western cities of Asia Minor, or, it may be, natives of that wondrous little land which had known the valour of Leonidas and Miltiades, the wisdom of Socrates, the eloquence of Demosthenes. Who they were we cannot tell. Not Epaenetus nor Stephanas, the first fruits of Achaia to Christ, nor Andronicus and Junia who were Paul's kinsmen and in Christ before him, but Greeks, and nothing more, save that they were Gentile converts to the Jewish faith. They came, representatives of the world's learning and culture, to the humble teacher whose glorious mission was to preach the gospel to the poor, and whom the common people heard gladly. As, from the sunrising, the Persian Magi had come to the cradle with their offerings of gold and frankincense and myrrh, so, into the midst of the multitude, whose inconstant voice was soon to make His sepulchre, came these Greeks

from the sunsetting. They found a disciple with a Greek name, Philip, and told him their desire, and he communicated it to his Greek-named friend Andrew, and they together related to their Lord the simple but courteous request: "Sir, we would see Jesus."

When Jesus heard these words, the effect was marvellous. On many a former occasion, the despised and rejected of men, the man of sorrows, had experienced great upliftings of soul. It was thus when the seventy returned with joy from their mission, when He beheld Satan as lightning fall from heaven, and exclaimed, "I thank Thee, O Father, Lord of Heaven and earth, that Thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent and hast revealed them unto babes." So, now He says: "The hour is come that the Son of man should be glorified;" and then He prays: "Father, glorify Thy name." The prayer of the rapt spirit is speedily answered, and that by a voice, a miraculous voice from out the dumb, blue heavens, a voice the multitude takes for thunder, but which He clearly hears saying: "I have both glorified it, and will glorify it again." Some, with more open ear than the multitude, thought that an angel spake to Him, and for their sake He bore testimony to

the heavenly response. Then Jesus said: "Now is the judgment of this world."

The word judgment used in a religious sense carries the mind almost inevitably to the Last Day and the Great White Throne, when God shall judge the world in righteousness by that man whom He hath ordained. The judge in glory seated is the Divine Elector who chooses to everlasting life, the Sovereign Ruler of the universe, and Absolute Disposer of all events in time and eternity. The judgment day is among the most awe-inspiring of the representations of God, the popular conception of which is founded on truth, but is very far from being all the truth or all true. The absolute sovereignty of God in election, in providence, in calling and in judgment, not simply as a matter of right, but as one of fact, was a doctrine of the Jewish Church, and has been reaffirmed repeatedly from the days of St. Augustine till now. In conformity with such a view, we devoutly read the words, "The Lord reigneth," and sing our hymn, "The Lord is King." In our text the judgment is one present, not future; it is not the judgment of man by God, but the world's judgment between Christ and Antichrist. The statement of Jesus arises

out of the free choice of the Greeks, not unled by the Spirit of God, expressed in the simple and apparently little meaning words : "Sir, we would see Jesus."

We know that all our hairs are numbered and that not a sparrow falls to the ground, without our Father. We believe that all things work together for the good of God's people, and "that, somehow, good will be the final goal of ill," yet, a little while ago, we prayed, and meant what we prayed, "Thy kingdom come." God's kingdom has not come yet, nor is His name hallowed, nor is His will done, as they should be done and hallowed. The moral and the physical order of our world are largely out of harmony with the order of heaven or the kingdom of God, as testify the prophets from Genesis to Revelation, and the whole creation that groans in concert. We who read our Bibles know very well how this evil state of things has come about. It is from no change in the nature of the unchangeable God; it is from no usurpation by an inferior power of the domain of the Almighty. It is the work of democracy, of the electors of our race, to whom God gave dominion absolute and uncontrolled over the earth and all its creatures,

and who handed that earth over to the powers of evil. That God is still present with man, lighting everyone that cometh into the world, restraining the powers of wrath, expostulating with His rebellious children through His inspired messengers, and in Christ offering Himself to their suffrages, is salvation begun. When salvation shall be completed, sin will end, and with sin all physical evil in the realm of the saved. Then, and not till then, will the Kingdom of God have come.

In the words of our blessed Saviour there is presented to our view a world that judges. What is a world that judges? It is one to which are given both the right and ability to judge or choose. It is a republic or an elective monarchy, to use the language of political science. Its judgment is an election; its individual judges are the free and independent electors who make choice of their own rulers, in accordance with the majority of suffrages. Sacred history sanctions by more than one example this democratic choice. Our first parents in the days of the world's infancy were offered their choice between life and death. Joshua said to Israel: "Choose ye this day whom ye will serve." Elijah came unto all the people of a later Israel, and said: "How

long halt ye between two opinions? If the Lord be God, follow Him; but if Baal, then follow him." And the people answered him not a word. But the people did answer with a shout that filled hell with glee and darkened the face of heaven, when Pilate called for their election. "Not this man, but Barabbas!" was their cry; and Barabbas, a robber and a murderer, was the type of the prince of this world, the ruler of its darkness, the spirit that now works in the children of disobedience, the free choice of the world's majority.

In civic and national government, elections come on at certain periods or at certain grave crises, and long agitations generally lead up to them. A corrupt government has imposed upon the electors burdens grievous to be borne, has defrauded them of their rights, has disgraced them before the world. Tired of the yoke, disgusted with evil rule, the better minded and more hopeful voters make choice of candidates who will oppose corruption and promise better measures of government. Something of this kind we have recently seen. Why should it not be universal and reach to the ends of the earth? Why should it not rise above mere external reforms and matters of expenditure into the great sphere of man's

spiritual, moral and physical well-being? Why should its conflict be limited to flesh and blood, when the arch transgressors are principalities and powers, the rulers of the darkness of this world, spirits of wickedness in high places? If the Jews had known who Jesus was, they would not have crucified the Lord of Glory. Did this sin-stricken, long suffering world only know what great things depend upon the election of Christ, its unanimous cry would be, "Thy Kingdom come!" But it takes a long time to educate the people, so that they may reject the evil and choose the good; long and wise agitation to arouse slaves from their lethargy, and get the word out of them that Israel denied to Elijah. Yet, thank God, the world is learning. It had begun to learn with these Greeks, Representatives of the Gentile world that lay groaning in the hopelessness and under the corruptions of Paganism, they had already come half way to the faith of Moses and the Prophets, and now desired to go all the way to Christ. They were a self-appointed deputation from the great western world of their day, saying to the Son of the Father: "You are our choice." They were the grain of mustard seed, of which that Christ had

spoken, yet to be a tree on whose branches the birds of Paradise should sing; the little leaven, that the Church Bride took and hid in three measures of meal, yet to pervade the whole great baking of the marriage supper's bread; the little circle of the child-thrown pebble that, because it was cast into the ocean, goes on growing, even through storm and tempest, till it shall touch the farthest shore; the quiet voice that shall never cease till it fill all earth with prayer and all heaven with praise. Therefore Jesus said: "Now is the judgment of this world."

The new choice of this world means the overthrow of the old government. Hence it is that our Lord immediately adds the words to which creeds and theological systems have paid little or no attention, and which many who call themselves theologians and believers in Christ sneer at or explain away, "Now shall the prince of this world be cast out." He is our ruler, under the restraining hand of the one God, and yet neither the world nor the Church knows it or appears to want to know it. They call him original sin, abstract evil, a necessity of evolution, God's providence, natural law; and are ignorant of the fact that it was he himself, the father of lies, who told



them these falsehoods in their hearts before they spoke them forth in partly meaningless and wholly God-dishonouring words. It is not an uncommon feature of modern literature, that authors, aspiring more towards originality than truth, whitewash the characters of men in the past, notorious for their weakness or their crimes. Christ never belittled the Evil One, who contended with Him from the beginning of His ministry till His death ; who robbed Him of one disciple and tempted Him through another ; concerning whom He said : " I will forewarn you whom ye shall fear." His disciples, Paul and Peter, John, Jude, and even James, do not belittle the great adversary of the human race. Michael the archangel contended with him, St. Anthony wrestled with his temptations, and Martin Luther expended his inkhorn on the fiend ; but the world is like Southey, who could never think of the devil without laughing, because, like some of the minor plague spots of the world, he disguises himself as a mountebank ; but he is a mountebank with a dagger that surely kills. The Church and the world have whitewashed Satan, who is a harmless personality compared with those who oppose their theological or philosophical preconceptions ;

and, like a poet not deficient in earnest thought, "they whistle the devil to make them sport, for they know that sin is vain." Sin and Satan are vain. That is true to Godward. Their adverse waves may beat upon God's throne only to increase its effulgence; but those waves bear upon their crested tops the suffering bodies, the lost souls of our brethren and God's wayward children. Peter knew him well, and said: "Your adversary, the devil, as a roaring lion, walketh about, seeking whom he may devour, whom resist, steadfast in the faith." What has theology done to resist the devil? Little or nothing. The Church of England, and even the Church of Rome, to its credit, renounces him and all his works. The Lord Jesus Christ, who knew, called him the prince of this world, and we thank God that He said: "Now shall the prince of this world be cast out."

In thus speaking, Christ told of a future that is still a future; the prince is not cast out. The world's judgment has been given, the judgment of thinking men, of the world's best and wisest; but this judgment has been in great part inoperative. The mob rules, the majority keeps the prince in power. Viewed as a whole, the world groans under the same

tyranny as that which oppressed it in the days of the Son of Man. Yet in outward authority, the power of the Evil One has suffered diminution. Despotism in very many lands has given place to free institutions, not always successful, but useful as educational factors. Barbarism is rare ; slavery is almost abolished ; persecution is weak ; intemperance and similar evils are unfashionable. Science has in many cases proved itself religion's true handmaid in relieving human suffering and in ministering to human comfort. Christian activity has reached every land, and works of benevolence are the glory of the age. The clear-eyed observer sees no room for pessimism. Since sin entered the world, no former days have been better than these. The judgment of these Greeks has not been all inoperative. Like the sword and brand of Hercules, it has cut off many a head of the Hydra and seared the necks from which some sprang ; but many have grown again in different forms, and, though contracted, the monster's life is as active as ever.

The prince reigns, we know full well, for sin, sorrow and death reign. The works of the devil, which Christ came to destroy, are manifest in every life, in every land. The

world has been judging, is judging now, but without intelligence, and thus without hope, so far as this side of eternity is concerned. There are many who say in their hearts : " Not this man, but Barabbas." Few would sell their souls to the Evil One, or desire his companionship, when revealed in all his hideous moral and physical deformity. He knows this well, and the serpent is too subtle thus to manifest himself. It is an angel of light that the eyes blinded by the God of this world behold. And yet I do not know, I am loth to think it, that there are worldly shrewd men so short-sighted as to be ready to fall down and worship him, in whatever guise he might choose to appear, if he would only give them a portion of the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them. These are the selfish, who have never risen in thought to the more enlightened plane of self-love, whose selfishness is the germ out of which robbery and murder and other deadly blossoms expand. As the pleasure-loving nobles of France, when the claims of Henry of Navarre were discussed, cried, " Give us anarchy and all sorts of evils rather than a Huguenot king," so the friends of Barabbas, void of public spirit, blind to future destiny, in the

true spirit of beasts that perish, crave a ruler who will indulge them in lusts and angry passions, and in the acquisition of ill-gotten gain. These are the pillars of Satan's throne; and yet in times past such men's hearts have been changed and their vote has been gained for the King of Kings.

Compared with the Barabbas men, who draw iniquity with cords of vanity, and sin as it were with a cart rope, they are many who shout ostentatiously: "We have no king but Caesar." What did the Jew care for Caesar? Did he love him? I trow not. But Caesar was the visible one in power, he was strong; it had become a habit to respect him and pay him tribute. Such are the moralists who corrupt the world by saying "Whatever is is right." It is false: whatever is is more wrong than right. They urge submission to the fixed laws of nature, a nature red in tooth and claw, careless, remorseless, a nature of bitter cold and scorching heat, dealing death in windy tempests on land and sea, scattering disease abroad in the air we breathe and the water we drink, with pain and oft with agony severing the bonds between soul and body of more than thirty millions of God's children in a single year. It is Caesar, you

say, just as the Mahomedan says Kismet, It is fate. Yes, it is Caesar, but his name is Nero, and his victims are martyrs whose blood will yet be required. Is a murder any less a murder because you cannot see the hand that inflicts it? It is the work of Barabbas all the same. Christ submitted to no laws of nature; His submission was to His Father's will and to sinful man. He cast the devils out; He rebuked the winds and waves, and they obeyed him; He healed those whom Satan had stricken with disease; He snatched the dead from the grasp of him that has the power of death, that last enemy. He even told His disciples that they, participating in His sovereignty over the Caesar of the natural world, should go unharmed from fire and poison and venomous beasts. Men are content to go on calmly living under the sway of this persecuting Caesar, without hope in this life; and the habit of expediency thus formed follows them into all their activities, so that we have a half-hearted world, a world that has not learned to breast the blows of circumstance and grapple with its evil star. Such are they in Church and State and busy world who say: "We have no king but Caesar."

A third class of electors is in the Church, the Jeremiahs who sigh and cry over present evils that would be unbearable were it not for hope. Their song is:

“Tell me, my secret soul,  
O tell me, Hope and Faith,  
Is there no resting place  
From sorrow, sin and death?  
Is there no refuge calm  
Where mortals may be blest,  
Where grief may find a balm  
And weariness a rest?”

Faith, hope and love, best boons to mortals given, wave their bright wings, and whisper: “Yes, in Heaven!” That is what the secret soul told the victim of persecution in ancient days; what it told the negro slave till a few years ago; what it tells the sufferer from Oriental misgovernment to-day. Keep your good hope of heaven by all means; but is the prince to have his own way here while you are hoping? The weak, almost hopeless, socialists revolt against Russia's tyranny. They judge the evil government, they condemn it, they fight against it, while the Church, groaning under a tyranny beyond the power of man to exercise, under cruelties beyond his ingenuity to devise and inflict, simply turns its eyes upward and waits for Heaven! Truly, in many respects, Christ

has come in vain ; and His religion, meant to deliver the whole man, body as well as soul, has been turned into psychology and moral philosophy.

Listen to the joyful news : " Now shall the prince of this world be cast out." Christ beheld him as lightning fall from heaven. The prophecy is true ; but mark this, it follows upon the judgment of this world. He can only fall by the power that raised him and made him prince. That power is the world's vote, the world's vote for Christ. Some generation is yet to arise, more thoughtful, more regardful of its best interests, more public-spirited, more hopeful, filled with a truer knowledge of what God is and of a larger faith in Him, a brave generation not afraid to face the powers of evil in all their living individuality and potentiality, and that generation is going to gain the plebiscite of the entire earth for Jesus Christ. Then shall Satan be cast out, and He shall come whose right it is to reign. Not by any *coup de main* from Heaven shall deliverance come to sluggards and cowards, but by the active reception of the everlasting gospel carried by the Church's strong angels to the ends of the earth. When is this valiant generation to



come? With what measure of shame and confusion of face shall we behold it, having so little part and lot in the momentous matter?

The saints shall judge the world, and evil angels first of all. It has taken a long time, this evolution of even a saint into a judge. He can carp at and criticize the sayings and doings of his fellow-judges, but he is too small a creature to judge the unseen world of evil. After the experience of six thousand years of oppression, and after nigh on two thousand years learning in Christ's school, it is high time that he possessed his soul of the evidence and showed himself a man in decision. Therefore we must agitate and bring conviction home. Read your papers, consult history, look round about you, recall your home memories. Spiritual wickedness and moral evil you are hearing of continually, and know all about them. While, far from neglecting these, we want a gospel that a child can understand, an election platform on which the most unenlightened savage can give an intelligent vote. You blame a corporation for a level crossing and open gate where a man was killed. What shall be done to the unseen corporation, beyond man's present

power to control, that swept thousands to their death on the high seas, and will do so again and again? Fierce was the indignation during the American war against a medical man, who was supposed to have shipped infected clothing to crowded ports in the Northern States. But where is the indignation against the fiendish ingenuity and diabolical power that takes some harmless creation of God, and, transmuting it into a germ of death, therewith pollutes the atmosphere and defies the activity of science to check its career of massacre? A brute of a human being ill-treats a child, and all hands are raised in horror, but in your own saddened homes you have seen little ones tortured for days and dying in agony, and, may God forgive you, you have said: "The Lord's will be done!" Jesus Christ never used such language in face of human suffering and death, and the petition of the Lord's Prayer, "Thy will be done on earth as it is in Heaven," means nothing of the kind, for sickness and death do not pertain to heaven.

Bring the matter home. In ancient Persian days the tyrant Zohak ruled the people of Iran with a rod of iron, after they had accepted him as their king. The hideous

serpents, which had risen from his shoulders by the kiss of Eblis, threatened his brain, and would only be quieted by the presentation to their fangs of two warm human heads a day. Quietly at first, and afterwards more publicly, the subjects of the tyrant were kidnapped, and their yet palpitating brains given to the reptiles. Soon there was but one household in which there was not at least one vacant place, and still the besotted people endured the tyranny. Rejoicing in his immunity, Gavah, the smith, went to the palace on matters of business. In the dim courtyard he stumbled over two headless trunks; he bent down and recognized them, they were the bodies of his young sons. Back to the forge he went, with tears in his eyes and fierce resolution in his heart. High on a pole he reared his leather apron, and round it as a rallying point called his bereaved fellow-subjects to arms. As all had suffered from Zohak's barbarous cruelty, all joined in the hoarse cry, "Down with the tyrant!" and, an irresistible army, they hurled him from his throne. Press it home, I say again. Where, throughout the wide earth, is there a home that, in some form or another, has not suffered from the tyrant's power? The evil and the bit-

terness of many forms of sin to which he tempts the soul thousands may be slow to understand, but all can understand and appreciate his scourge of disease, his stroke of death. On the other hand stands the Prince of Life; ask the world's vote for Him.

"We would see Jesus" is the judgment of this world. Soon after, our Lord said: "A little while, and ye shall not see me; and again a little while, and ye shall see me." The world wants to see its Saviour; the gospel-taught world believes that it shall see Him. The world does not appreciate all the beauties of His holy character, does not understand the mystery of redemption through His blood, but still it wants to see Him. There are the hungering and thirsting, not yet after righteousness, but for daily food, that would gladly hail Him who fed the thousands of Jews and Gentiles from a lad's little store of loaves and fishes. There are those lunatic and sore vexed in our asylums, waiting for Him who casts out devils by His word of power. There are palsied, impotent, bowed down, and lame, whom more than four are eager to carry into the presence of the Son of man, who can forgive sins and bid them take up their beds and walk beside. There are nineteenth century centurions who

would come to Him for their servants, and many a blind Bartimaeus longing for open eyes, and lepers who say: "Thou canst make us clean." Oh yes, and rulers of the synagogue there are whose little daughters have just breathed their last, and widows with sad eyes whose only sons are being carried forth on the bier, and modern sisters of Lazarus that say: "Lord, if Thou hadst been here, our brother had not died."

"O world, so full of doleful noises ;  
O men, with wailing in your voices ;"

their cry fills the earth, and strives to rend the heavens. It is all one cry, and that cry is the judgment of this world: "We would see Jesus!" And you shall see Him, for He is coming the second time without sin unto salvation. Even so, Lord Jesus, come quickly, we pray; but this saint's call must be the world's call or judgment to bring about the second advent.

Now is the judgment of this world, said Jesus. Now? Would God it were! Then there should be bread enough in our Father's house, and to spare. Then all struggles between capital and labour would cease; the soldier would beat his sword into a ploughshare, the lawyer burn his briefs, the doctor cast physic

to the dogs, and the minister's commission to teach his fellows to know the Lord be replaced by one more necessary to the new order of things. The tears would be wiped away from all faces ; there would be no more crying nor any pain, nor would any of the world's inhabitants be able to say "I am sick." No tempest would devastate the land, nor storm wind sweep the sea. None should hurt or destroy in all God's holy mountain. And, better than all, there should be no more curse, curse of the soil or curse of the climate, curse of vegetable or animal nature, curse of man or curse of devil. This, and more than tongue can tell or imagination paint, will be true even of this earth when we can truly say : "Now is the judgment of this world to see Jesus."

Judges of this world, voters for Christ, what is your ballot? It is no voice, no pledge, no card ; it is yourself, your life, your activities for Christ. "Choose this day," cried Garibaldi and the patriot king to the heirs of the Romans of old, "choose between Austrian domination and a united Italy." They responded with a hundred thousand throats : "Long live Italia ! O Garibaldi, O patriot king, we come !" Then they donned the red shirt of war, and, rifle in hand, fell in for the life

and death struggle that ended in liberty. So must we clothe ourselves in the red raiment of self-sacrifice, and swell the armies of the warrior electors, whose mission is to set the crown of victory on Jesus' brows, and whose patient valour shall yet wrest this once fair world from its tyrant prince. Like the Christ, we must be lifted up in the eyes of others, for, only as we are lifted up, can we draw recruits from the ends of the earth who shall follow in the train of His blood-red banner; lifted up by labour, lifted up by sacrifice, lifted up by hatred and contumely and persecution from without, but, above all, lifted up by Christ-like character as those who love their fellow-men.

How long our election contest may last, who, save God, in heaven or on earth, can tell? Let us toil and agitate in hope. It may be that you and I even in this life will be of the great multitude, whose voice shall be as of many waters and mighty thunderings, to cry, "Alleluia, for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth!"

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