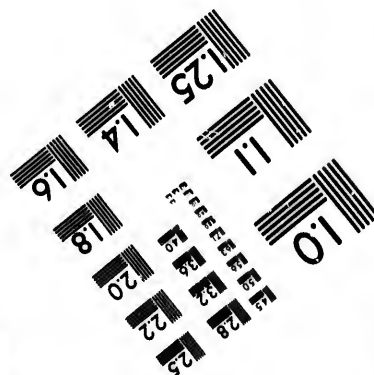
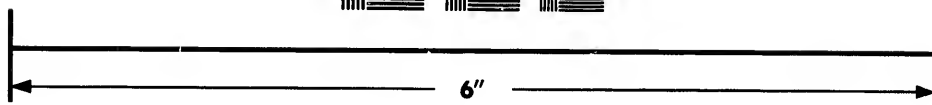


A resolution test chart featuring several groups of horizontal and vertical lines of varying thicknesses. Each group is accompanied by a numerical value indicating the resolution. The values include 1.0, 1.1, 1.25, 1.4, 1.6, 1.8, 2.0, 2.2, 2.5, 2.8, 3.2, 3.6, 4.0, 4.5, 5.0, 5.6, 6.3, 7.1, 8.0, 9.0, 10, 11.2, 12.5, 14, 16, 18, 20, 22.5, 25, 28, 32, 36, 40, 45, 50, 56, 63, 71, 80, 90, 100, 112, 125, 140, 160, 180, 200, 225, 250, 280, 320, 360, 400, 450, 500, 560, 630, 710, 800, 900, 1000, 1120, 1250, 1400, 1600, 1800, 2000, 2250, 2500, 2800, 3200, 3600, 4000, 4500, 5000, 5600, 6300, 7100, 8000, 9000, 10000, 11200, 12500, 14000, 16000, 18000, 20000, 22500, 25000, 28000, 32000, 36000, 40000, 45000, 50000, 56000, 63000, 71000, 80000, 90000, 100000, 112000, 125000, 140000, 160000, 180000, 200000, 225000, 250000, 280000, 320000, 360000, 400000, 450000, 500000, 560000, 630000, 710000, 800000, 900000, 1000000, 1120000, 1250000, 1400000, 1600000, 1800000, 2000000, 2250000, 2500000, 2800000, 3200000, 3600000, 4000000, 4500000, 5000000, 5600000, 6300000, 7100000, 8000000, 9000000, 10000000, 11200000, 12500000, 14000000, 16000000, 18000000, 20000000, 22500000, 25000000, 28000000, 32000000, 36000000, 40000000, 45000000, 50000000, 56000000, 63000000, 71000000, 80000000, 90000000, 100000000, 112000000, 125000000, 140000000, 160000000, 180000000, 200000000, 225000000, 250000000, 280000000, 320000000, 360000000, 400000000, 450000000, 500000000, 560000000, 630000000, 710000000, 800000000, 900000000, 1000000000, 1120000000, 1250000000, 1400000000, 1600000000, 1800000000, 2000000000, 2250000000, 2500000000, 2800000000, 3200000000, 3600000000, 4000000000, 4500000000, 5000000000, 5600000000, 6300000000, 7100000000, 8000000000, 9000000000, 10000000000, 11200000000, 12500000000, 14000000000, 16000000000, 18000000000, 20000000000, 22500000000, 25000000000, 28000000000, 32000000000, 36000000000, 40000000000, 45000000000, 50000000000, 56000000000, 63000000000, 71000000000, 80000000000, 90000000000, 100000000000, 112000000000, 125000000000, 140000000000, 160000000000, 180000000000, 200000000000, 225000000000, 250000000000, 280000000000, 320000000000, 360000000000, 400000000000, 450000000000, 500000000000, 560000000000, 630000000000, 710000000000, 800000000000, 900000000000, 1000000000000, 1120000000000, 1250000000000, 1400000000000, 1600000000000, 1800000000000, 2000000000000, 2250000000000, 2500000000000, 2800000000000, 3200000000000, 3600000000000, 4000000000000, 4500000000000, 5000000000000, 5600000000000, 6300000000000, 7100000000000, 8000000000000, 9000000000000, 10000000000000, 11200000000000, 12500000000000, 14000000000000, 16000000000000, 18000000000000, 20000000000000, 22500000000000, 25000000000000, 28000000000000, 32000000000000, 36000000000000, 40000000000000, 45000000000000, 50000000000000, 56000000000000, 63000000000000, 71000000000000, 80000000000000, 90000000000000, 100000000000000, 112000000000000, 125000000000000, 140000000000000, 160000000000000, 180000000000000, 200000000000000, 225000000000000, 250000000000000, 280000000000000, 320000000000000, 360000000000000, 400000000000000, 450000000000000, 500000000000000, 560000000000000, 630000000000000, 710000000000000, 800000000000000, 900000000000000, 1000000000000000, 1120000000000000, 1250000000000000, 1400000000000000, 1600000000000000, 1800000000000000, 2000000000000000, 2250000000000000, 2500000000000000, 2800000000000000, 3200000000000000, 3600000000000000, 4000000000000000, 4500000000000000, 5000000000000000, 5600000000000000, 6300000000000000, 7100000000000000, 8000000000000000, 9000000000000000, 10000000000000000, 11200000000000000, 12500000000000000, 14000000000000000, 16000000000000000, 18000000000000000, 20000000000000000, 22500000000000000, 25000000000000000, 28000000000000000, 32000000000000000, 36000000000000000, 40000000000000000, 45000000000000000, 50000000000000000, 56000000000000000, 63000000000000000, 71000000000000000, 80000000000000000, 90000000000000000, 100000000000000000, 112000000000000000, 125000000000000000, 140000000000000000, 160000000000000000, 180000000000000000, 200000000000000000, 225000000000000000, 250000000000000000, 280000000000000000, 320000000000000000, 360000000000000000, 400000000000000000,



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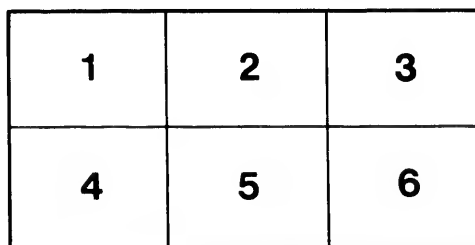
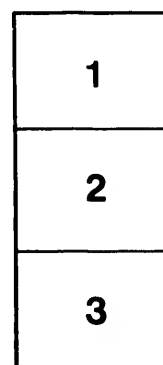
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SERMON.

"Whosoever therefore shall be ashamed of me, and of my words, in this adulterous and sinful generation, of him also shall the Son of Man be ashamed, when He cometh in the glory of His Father, with the holy angels."—Mark viii. 38.

It is not the words or the doctrines, but the practice of those doctrines that Christ taught, that men are ashamed of. I have no doubt that even the enemies of Christ, in listening to the glorious truths which fell from his lips, were often filled with admiration, and retired, saying, We have heard strange things to-day. How admirable those lessons of heavenly wisdom! how powerful his teaching and far-reaching the application! how simple and yet how sublime his utterances! how unlike the poor, weak and watery effusions of the Scribes and Pharisees, who merely repeat what they hear! And indeed, when one thinks of the beauty of His life, and the method of His teaching; when we call to remembrance how that whenever and wheresoever he appeared, He scattered around Him the glories of His divinity and held up the great ideas of God and the Gospel in the sweetest pictures, which even the foolish could comprehend, we do not wonder that the common people heard Him gladly; that even His enemies, that had intended to lay hands upon Him, retired, saying, "Never man spake like this man!" and that now and then a voice should be heard from the crowd, saying in a rapture, Blessed is the womb that bare thee, and the paps which gave thee suck. But what did Christ say in reply to that rapture? *Yea rather, blessed are they that hear the word of God, and keep it.*

Men are not ashamed of the Gospel so long as it is presented to them as a picture is presented. They will look at it, admire it, and say it is glorious; but when they are called upon to espouse it, to take it up and give expression to it in their life, and be witnesses for Christ in the world, they shrink back in shame. There is not a word that He has spoken, however excellent in itself, that man is not ashamed of in this respect—that he is not ready to trample under his feet in way of neglect. He has not the courage, the metal

and the manhood to come forward and say: These words of God are true and righteous, and these words shall be the guide of my life, and the rejoicing of my heart.

I. Take for instance, the word which Christ has spoken in regard to self denial: *Whosoever shall be my disciple, must deny himself, and take up his cross and follow me* This act of self-denial—self-denial in regard to besetting sin, is the necessary qualification to enter the kingdom, the first step in the divine life; but this involves a style of courage for which the world is not prepared. There are thousands qualified to make a dash upon the enemy and "take the guns" from the jaws of death, that have no power to break the chain that binds them to the devil—thousands that could bravely withstand a bayonet charge, that could not for one moment withstand the banter and the boast of gay and godless associates. There is a courage and an honour pertaining to high principle which is not for one moment to be compared to the common coarse courage of the field. It is the courage of the young man who knows how to "stand up for Jesus," when there are few or none to keep him in countenance; the courage of the youths in Babylon, who, when threatened with the burning fiery furnace, by the greatest monarch in the world, replied with the courage of the soldier and the courtesy of the gentleman: "O Nebuchadnezzar, we are not careful to answer thee in this matter. If it be so, our God whom we serve, is able to deliver us from the burning fiery furnace, and he will deliver us out of thine hand, O King; but if not, be it known unto thee, O King, that we will not serve thy gods, nor worship the golden image which thou hast set up."

Here is one, who from conscientious convictions has espoused the principle of Total Abstinence. He has been invited to spend the evening with friends gathered from different parts of the country. The grave and the

gay are there. The youth and beauty of the neighborhood are assembled to do honor to the occasion. The table is loaded with abundance, and everything that can minister to the happiness of the guests is procured.—The hours pass on, and mirth and song abound. Many a fine sentiment is expressed, and many a loving glance is exchanged. At length wine is brought in, and the dangerous cup is handed round. He soon finds out that his principle is to be tested—in short, that he is alone in his profession of total abstinence. The grave minister, to whom he is accustomed to look up for instruction and example, partakes; the gay lady, whom he admires, partakes; the companions that sit by his side partake—all partake. What is he to do? He feels that many eyes are upon him, feels the blood mounting to his cheek when the cup comes near, and for the moment wishes that he were a thousand miles away. What does he do? Yield to the soft temptation of that delicious hour? No! That is what some of you would do. Ashamed of your principles, you would trample them beneath your feet. But he is made of nobler stuff. He has learned to say no, and that, not with the curse and the blasphemy of a loud talker, but with the quiet assurance of one who feels that he has communion with Heaven; and so, when the cup is presented, and the cup is declined, there may be those to sneer, and there may be those to admire; but whether or no, he knows that the smile of God is upon him, and when he retires to his closet that night and bends the knee in prayer, angels and better than angels come to minister unto him.

This is one form of self-denial to which a man may be called, concerning which many are ashamed; and the same is true of every other form of self-denial which I might name—that very duty on which Christ insists as the terms of discipleship. Men are pleased with the Gospel as they are pleased with a picture; but when called upon to espouse it—to deny themselves and follow Christ—they shrink back and say, That involves too much courage—exposes to too much scorn. I am not prepared for such a surrender, I could not bear the laugh and the language of my companions. I am pleased to hear the Gospel eloquently expounded—its grand truths held up in all their majesty and beauty; but I would be covered with shame were I to attempt to carry out a single one of them in my life among men. Is that what you say? Then

hear the words of the Lord Jesus: "Whosoever is ashamed of me and my words in this wicked and adulterous generation, of him shall the Son of Man be ashamed when he cometh in the glory of his Father with the holy angels."

II. Another of the words of the Lord Jesus of which men are ashamed, is that bearing upon the duty of *filial reverence—the duty you owe to your father and mother*. No age, no rank, can claim exemption from this duty. Joseph, when ripe in years, the head of a family, the first lord in Egypt, bowed before his father's feet, and was not ashamed to introduce him to the greatest sovereign of the world—distasteful though the shepherd life was to the Egyptians. Solomon, in the glory of his crown, forgot not the respect due to his mother; and the crown upon Solomon's head and the chain of gold upon Joseph's neck, were not so graceful as was this ornament of filial reverence, which in the sight of God is of great price. This duty was one of the teachings of Christ, one of the words which He impressed upon man by his own beautiful example.—Amid all the fine assemblage of graces with which He was adorned, none shone out with greater splendor than his tender regard for his mother. She was poor, ignorant, and rash, and certainly far from being perfect. But He was not ashamed of his mother. He did not scorn her presence, pass her by on the street unnoticed and unhonored, grieve her spirit by unkindness, or neglect her in her affliction.—There is but one passage bearing upon his boyhood in all the Scriptures, and from that passage we gather how tenderly He discharged his duty to her, and to him who stood in the relation of an earthly father. He had been employed during the day in the temple. He had been encountering some of the great doctors of the law, both hearing them and answering questions. But now the sun was setting, and the multitude were hastening home, and there were many to speak about the strange youth that had confounded the doctors, and to wonder at the gracious words which proceeded out of his mouth. But what of the lad himself? Is He proud of his knowledge—inflated with his success, and far beyond the subjection of a son? No! To an anxious mother who had missed him, and who had sought him sorrowing, He hastened; and it is beautifully added, that He went down and was subject to his parents. I think I see him at the close of a busy day, turning away from the narrow

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streets of that town and the coarse delights of men, to make his home brighter by his presence, and his mother's heart happier by his love. He was not ashamed to meet his mother and acknowledge his mother. He loved and respected her through his life, and provided for her in death. When He hung upon the cross, bearing a world's woe upon his head, his eye rested upon her; and I think he drew a ray of comfort from her love, under which his childhood expanded like a blossom—under which He grew up in favor with God and man. And before he gave up the ghost, He turned to her and the beloved disciple once more, and He said unto her, "Woman, behold thy son!" That is, look to me no more in the flesh as your son, look to John—and from that hour this disciple took her to his own home.

In short, Christ was not ashamed of his mother. Solomon, Joseph—no really great or good man that I ever knew, or ever read of, was ashamed of his father and mother; but sought to honor them and cherish them, and be a source of sweetest consolation to them. But how is it with many young men of this place? Hear how they speak of their father and mother! See how they treat them!—They have the smile, and the welcome, and the ready hand for the stranger and the neighbour; but when a poor father or mother would seek their services or attentions, they are too often met with the repulse and the reproof, and galling words which drop like hot coals of juniper into the soul. Terrible is the wound and heavy that heart that is smitten and smitten by the cold cruel hand of an ingrate. A young couple land upon these shores. They, with their two boys, have come seeking to secure for themselves a home and a competence in this new country. They have to fell the first tree, and have to struggle hard for a living for years. But they struggle not without hope, and sometimes black with smoke and dirt, they sit down together weary with the toil, and John says: "When these two boys have grown up a little, and are able to take them an axe upon their shoulder and work with me, how nicely we shall get on." Years pass, and the boys grow and are able to wield the axe; but they have learned to drink, to curse, and sometimes, heated with the drink, and full of big talk, they come home and curse their father and mother, now old and weak—curse them to the face, and make them tremble. Then the mother says, "Oh, John, we thought when the boys would

be grown up and strong, they would be such a comfort to us, but we were never so happy as when they were little children about our knees." This is an extreme case, and I have no right to suppose it has a parallel in the life of any one that I now see before me; but I have the right to ask the question, How do you treat your father and mother? What do you think of the fifth commandment? You are ashamed of it—ashamed of this word of the Lord Jesus? Then hear what he says: "Whosoever shall be ashamed of me and of my words in this adulterous and sinful generation, of him shall the Son of Man be ashamed before his Father and the holy angels."

III. Another of the words of the Lord Jesus has a reference to purity—purity in word and thought and purpose. In fact, there is no one subject on which Christ has spoken so emphatically and earnestly, and yet there is no one subject on which men have thrown so much scorn. There are young persons who have grown up under the kindly influences of a Christian home, but who, upon being sent into the world, shaken like untimely fruit from the parental bough, find themselves suddenly thrown into temptation and ready to be swept away by the tide. They are confronted with vice, and are actually ashamed of their purity—ashamed of being considered green—ashamed of their ignorance of the world's ways and wickedness; and they come in time to listen with something like admiration to the boast and the bluster of some dashing spirit that has seen what he calls life; that helps himself from his master's till—that runs a fast horse on Sunday and reads immoral books, and frequents the saloon and the card-tables and the gambling halls that are to be found in every town; and so they begin to feel ashamed that *they* have not seen life—that *they* have not been in places where he has been, and seen what he has seen! One would suppose that it is the tainted that should be ashamed; for certainly there is a great difference between one who has kept his garments unspeckled from the world, and one that is corrupted—degraded in his tastes—infected to the very marrow of his bones. Higher than the mountain stands above the mole-hill and dust heaps at its feet, is the one who has retained his innoency, over the one who has wallowed in all manner of corruption, and whose tongue runs nimble on all manner of wickedness. One would suppose that it would be such wriggling

worms that would be ashamed, and run into their holes and hide themselves; but no: it is the unsullied that are ashamed. It is the innocent that blush, and shrink and feel small, not because evil is attractive, but because they have come to look upon evil as the accompaniment of manhood, and something dashing and daring and grand. Therefore they must drink, not because they love drink; and swear, not because they like to swear; but because they like to be considered manly and brave, and hate to be considered what is *green*. I know not what fascination it is that makes young men admire such scoundrelism. I know not how they become inoculated with evil; but I know that a large proportion of young men on entering upon the world get bewildered, and infected with the desire of being anything but pure and truthful and honorable in their walk and intercourse among men. They become ashamed of even the good that is in them. They hush voices that would lead them to glory—memories that ever and anon speak to them of better and brighter things, and before they know what they are about, they are in the rapids, and no power on earth can save them. If there be any young man here to-day, who is tempted to despise the simplicity and innocence of his early life—tempted to listen to the voice of the seducer, and ashamed to walk with unspotted garments in the world—let me remind him of a day when honour and purity shall be in the ascendant; when the vile and the vicious shall hide their heads and call upon the mountains to cover them from the face of the Lamb; and when Christ shall be ashamed of them before His Father and the holy angels. You say you admire manliness, and that is your excuse for following it, even when overshadowed with vice? Well, take that same quality which you so much admire, and the bluster and bravado of a rough life, and see what it would become amid the fairer lights of piety and principle! See how it shines in the life of a Hedley Vicars, who at first was the butt and sneer of his messmates; but who in the end, commanded the homage of his regiment, and the admiration of the world. And what shall I say more of a Hammond, and a Havelock, and a Washington, and an Orr, and thousands more whose noble forms shine afar, and whose shadows still linger upon our path? Those men made themselves felt in the camp and in the field. They maintained their purity and their principles in the midst of prevailing in-

iquity. They covered their heads with the laurels of victory, but still more with the lustre of their Christian principles; and so, when the name of the wicked shall rot, theirs shall be had in everlasting remembrance; and shine on and on, like the great bright stars which no envenomed tongue can reach, and no smoke can darken.—But you are ashamed to do what is right—to follow manhood in its nobler form—to live up to your convictions! You are ashamed to say *no* to the tempter! If a number could gather round you and hold you up, you could do it, but you have not the courage to stand alone—you are not made of that kind of stuff, and so, when temptation comes, you softly yield and follow the great "unwashed multitude" to do evil. Begone, and learn to be men! You are ashamed of purity! You are ashamed of Christ! Hear then, what Christ says concerning you: "Whosoever shall be ashamed of me and of my words in this adulterous and sinful generation, of him, also, shall the Son of Man be ashamed when he cometh in the glory of His Father with the holy angels."

IV. Another of the words of the Lord Jesus has reference to confessing Him before men—in other words making a public profession of your faith in Him as your Saviour. Christ is calling for volunteers to enter into that great army that is gathering in the good and the great of every age, and that is marching on to Emmanuel's land. He has made an offer to you, and if you will not accept you will soon be swept aside like fuel for the burning, and other men and better men will take your place in the ranks of that procession, the van of which has long ago entered into glory and the rear of which is now swelling up in these last days. Christ is calling for volunteers, and to one He says: My son, you are wanted here. Do duty for me in that house where you live, where no bible is ever opened and no prayer is ever heard. Seek to deliver those that are drawn unto death, not by the loudness of your Church profession, but by the calm lustre of your Church love, not by telling them what Christianity is but rather by *showing* them what Christianity is. And to another He says: Stand you at that bench, my son, and bear witness for me—witness for the principles of purity and honor and truth, and though you may not be able to speak to those coarse carnal men, with whom you are surrounded—men that would only laugh you to scorn—yet you can always shine and hold forth the mirror of a life, bright with the

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graces of heaven. So that even *without the word they may be won when they behold your chaste conversation coupled with fear, and your meek and quiet spirit which in the sight of God is of great price.* Christ is calling for volunteers; but he offers no earthly rewards, no present compensations, but on the contrary he warns his followers of dangers and self-denials, and says: In the world ye *shall* have tribulation, but be of good cheer, I have overcome the world. At one period of disaster during the struggle for Italian independence, Garibaldi, whose fame has gone over the world issued a proclamation to his straggling, discouraged men in terms like these. "Soldiers, in reward for the love you may shew your country, I offer you hunger and thirst, cold, war and death. Whosoever accepts these terms let him follow me." And what was the consequence? Discouragement? Disbandment? No! not one turned back, but on the contrary every eye sparkled with new feeling, and every heart beat to a braver patriotism. And what was *that* but an echo to those words of the Captain of our salvation ringing along the ages: *Whosoever will be my disciple, let him take up his cross and follow me.*

Now how is it with those 250 volunteers encamped upon the hill? How many have responded to the call of the master? What is the sentiment prevailing in regard to that call on the part of many of those young men. If I were to give expression to it, it would be something like this: "I a Christian? I a disciple of Jesus? Certainly I am not prepared for such a surrender. I should be ashamed to be seen at a Communion Table—to be caught alone in prayer—alone reading the word of God. How would all that affect my companions, and pleasures, and business? What would my associates say! How they would laugh me to scorn! Oh if you only knew the characters with whom I have to associate in the tent—if you only heard their language and knew their ways and felt their power as I do, you would never dream of me taking Christian ground. And yet how glorious you might make your tent by the calm beauty of Christian courage, and the real presence and blessing of Jesus which you might secure! In a deeper sense than even the prophet used them might we use these words: How goodly are thy tents O Jacob, and thy tabernacles O Israel! As the valleys are they spread forth, as gardens by the river side; as the trees of lign aloes

which the Lord hath planted and as cedar trees beside the waters: But you are ashamed of Jesus! Tell me is the sun, shining in his strength, ashamed of his glory, the sea of its abundance, the flower of its fragrance. Tell me, should man be ashamed of his wisdom or woman of her beauty, or the soldier of his standards, or the Englishman of his colors—that old flag that flutters in every breeze, and covers the head of every subject of the Queen, be he black or white, rich or poor? Next Tuesday you will see hundreds walking these streets with orange lilies in their breast and proud devices on their banners, every one rejoicing to be counted a leal and true subject of the realm—and yet how many whose hearts thrill with a strange, sweet emotion to the name of departed hero are dead to the call of Jesus—are cowards and cravens in regard to Him who is the glory of the land and the hope of a world, and who has redeemed you from the most galling bondage, and that not with silver and gold but with His own precious blood as of a Lamb without blemish and without spot! Ashamed of Jesus! Oh tell me is the flower ashamed of the sun where its life is hid—is the infant ashamed of its mother from whose breasts it draws its young life? Ashamed of Jesus—Him who is the glory of the race—whose name should be confessed in every company, gloried in every reproach, and which in the case of every believer is as ointment poured forth! Ashamed of Jesus—ashamed to hear his name? Is that what you say? Then let me remind you of a day when Christ shall be ashamed of you—a day when the coward and the craven that were not able to say *no*—that had not the manhood to stand up against temptation—shall be rolled into oblivion like dirt, swept away like the rubbish into the dunghill. Let me remind you of a day when thousands now full of swagger and swearing shall be weak—when the strong shall be as tow and the maker as a spark and both shall burn together, and none shall quench them—while on the other hand, thousands that meekly bore the cross, in high places and in low—pleased with their lot—pleased with what was pleasing to God—patiently suffering the will of God, and quietly and unostentatiously spending their beautiful life till their work was done—come forth to reap their reward—to be confessed before an assembled universe and invited to sit down with Abraham, Isaac and Jacob in the kingdom of heaven.

