

and dead, his horse, having run away and thrown him to the earth.

You may now laugh at death, and mock at sacred things; but the hour is coming when you must die, when it will be your agony to remember these things.

Do you think Cain can forget that he slew his brother Abel? He can't tear it from his memory. Judas—do you think he can ever forget having betrayed his master with a kiss?

Conscience may be silent now. By and by the time will come when you can sleep no longer. The only way of escape from destruction is through Jesus Christ. He is the door. Enter to-night. The door is open wide. Tomorrow you may be in eternity. There will be no invitation there. You have heard the beautiful song to-night

Jesus of Nazareth passeth by. Jesus will not pass you by then There will be no praying mother pleading for you then. There is a deep gulf that will separate you from all hope. There is but one step between you and your salvation. May God help you to take that step.

I remember seeing an oil painting in Paris. There was a paper attached to it. I went up and read it. The words were "Sowing tares." It was a most hideous looking man. He was taking seed out of a bag and scattering it. Around him were all sorts of creeping and crawling reptiles—and in a wood near by were prowling animals of prey.

Men often talk about sowing their wild oats, but remember you must reap a harvest of what you sow, and the reaping time is drawing nigh.

In one of our meetings in Chicago, some years ago, a man rose for prayer I went to him after the meeting was out, and said, Now you are coming out for Christ, are you not? I want to, said the man, but my old companions will laugh at me and I have not got the courage to hold out. I tried to persuade him to take a stand for Jesus that night. I said to him, "Christ has done a great deal for you: you surely ought to have the courage to own him before all men. But that foolish fear of man kept him from the light. The Spirit of God left him. He came no longer to the meetings, and shunned me on all occasions—would go on the other side of the street if he saw me coming. Six months afterwards I got a message from his wife that he was sick and wanted to see me. I went to see him, and as soon as I entered his room he said, "Is there hope for me at the eleventh hour?" I told him Christ was ever ready to receive him day after day, and though it was thought he would die, he finally recovered. When he got well enough to be about, I went to see him again, and said to him, "Now, my friend, you are going to take a stand for Christ."

"Well, I promised, but not just now."

"Why not now?" You know life is uncertain."

"Oh, I have a new lease of life now. I find I can't serve Christ in Chicago. I am going to move to Lake Michigan, settle down there, and live for Christ."

"But, my friend, you can't afford to take the risk of delay."

"Well, I'll take it. I'll take the care of my soul on myself."

One week from that day his wife called on me and urged me to see her husband. He had been taken down again with the same disease.

"Does he want to see me? Did he send you for me?"

"No," said she, "but I want you to see him; he is in the greatest agony, and says his damnation is sealed."

I went to him, but he would not look at me. He turned from me. "How is it with you, my friend?" said I. "Won't you speak to me?"

"Mr. Moody, it's too late, too late. My heart is as hard as that stone. There is no hope, no hope."

I tried to talk with him, and offered to pray with him; but he said, "No, not for me; but pray for my wife and children. There is hope for them; they may be saved."

I prayed for him, but the heavens seemed to be brass. The prayer didn't seem to leave the room. He continually repeated, "The harvest is passed, the summer is ended, and I am not saved." And at last, when he was dying, his wife stooped to listen to his last whispered words. They were, "The harvest is passed, the summer is ended, and I am not saved." Thus he died. He had lived a Christless life, he died a Christless death; he was wrapped in a Christless shroud, enclosed in a Christless coffin, and buried in a Christless grave.

Oh, my friends, don't make light of your eternal salvation. This may be the last time you shall ever have these

gracious offers proclaimed to you. Embrace them now and live. Refuse them and you must perish.

Dr. J. Wheaton Smith made the closing prayer.

FRIDAY NOON.

The Friday noon-day prayer-meeting of each week is devoted to the subject of intemperance. On Friday the 17th, the seats were more than filled back to the canvas; it was necessary to raise the canvas wall. It was affecting in the extreme to see those thousands, most or all of whom were drawn by a personal and sorrowful interest in behalf of some victim of intemperance. After a hymn, Dr. Newton read a statement of the requests for prayer, viz:

Ten requests from fathers for intemperate sons.

Seventeen from mothers for intemperate sons.

Twenty-seven from wives for intemperate husbands.

Eight from sons and daughters for fathers.

One from two sons for a father. Twenty from sisters for brothers.

Twenty-four requests from drinking men for their own reformation.

Six from young men who were trying to resist temptation.

One for a lady of influence and wealth who is addicted to intemperance.

One for a father 70 years old, for a brother and a brother-in-law, all intemperate.

Ten for men once professing Christians, now addicted to drink.

One for two brothers who are keeping drinking saloons.

Twenty from widows for their sons.

One from a wife in Maryland, for her husband and her son.

One from Lancaster, for a brother. Six for men keeping saloons.

One for a nephew.

Prayer was offered. The 18th hymn was sung:

Rescue the perishing, Care for the dying, Snatch them in pity from sin and the grave;

Weep o'er the erring one, Lift up the fallen, Tell them of Jesus the mighty to save,

Chorus—Rescue the perishing, Care for the dying; Jesus is merciful, Jesus will save.

Mr. Moody said:

I want to call your attention to-day, to the subject of the new birth. A great many people are trying to reform themselves; they are signing pledges and breaking them. But I find no Scripture for a man reforming himself in the flesh. There must be a new impulse, a new principle. Now let us read Gen. vi. 5; Psa. xiv. 2; Isa. i. 5 and xl. 6.

God never mends or improves a thing. He makes it new. Let me read John iii. 9: "That which is born of the flesh is flesh; and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit." When a man is born again, he receives a new impulse. God gives him victory over his appetites. It don't do a man any good to tell him that he ought to do better. He knows that. There ain't a drunkard in Philadelphia that don't know that it is wrong, and that he ought to leave off. But men are lost, guilty, alienated by nature; that's what man is. Look at Rom. viii. 7: "Because the carnal mind is enmity against God: for it is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be." This nature cannot be changed, improved, mended. The quicker men learn that, the better for them. But God takes away the thirst. I have no desire for drink. I would just as soon go out into the street and eat mud, as to go into a saloon and drink. I have got something better.

You say you want the stimulus. You can get a better stimulus than rum.

[Mr. Moody read 2 Peter i. 4: "Whereby are given unto us exceeding great and precious promises, &c."

Mr. Moody said:

I got a letter to-day from a man who says, "I am sixty years old. I began to drink when I was three years old, and have always had an appetite for drink. I could not break off; I tried, and tried, and tried, but it was of no use. At last I cried to God and I found relief. For three years, I have had no desire." Think of that! God has taken away the thirst. If there is here a poor drunkard, lift up your head, you may be free.

He then offered prayer. Hymn 70 was sung:

How solemn are the words, And yet to faith how plain, Which Jesus uttered while on earth—"Ye must be born again!"

A brother said:

There ought to be prompt action for the drunkard; no drunkard can inherit

the kingdom of God; there should be prompt action for the rum-seller; prompt action for those not yet ruined, but on the way to ruin.

Dr. Hatfield prayed for intemperate men and women; the broken-hearted fathers, and mothers, and wives, and children, and the rum-sellers.

Mr. Sankey said:

"Looking unto Jesus." A man who had been a drunkard was able, by looking unto Jesus, to pass by all the saloons without going in.

Hymn 89 was sung:

Yield not to temptation, For yielding is sin, Easy victory will help you Some other to win; Fight manfully onward, Dark passions subdue, Look ever to Jesus, He'll carry you through.

CHORUS.

Ask the Saviour to help you, Comfort, strengthen, and keep you; He is willing to aid you, He will carry you through.

A brother prayed, thanking the Lord that there is hope for the drunkard.

A minister said:

There came to my house one morning a man, degraded and ragged. I recognized him as an early playmate. He did not recognize me. He asked for food. I took him to the dining-room, and set food before him. He ate like a famished tiger. I told him who I was. I said to him, "You need not tell me where you are. I see it all. There is hope if you will look to Christ." I prayed with him; then I gave him a little money. I said, "You need a little help. You can use this to get rum, and you can go on and be lost. Or you can use this in getting employment; and you can look to Christ and be saved." Not long after, I saw him hastening toward the bank, just before three P. M., holding a bank-book. I saw that he had got employment and was trusted. He is to-day a new creature in Christ, and one of the most respectable men in town.

SUNDAY EVENING.

On the platform were several of the eminent Centennial visitors, among them President Grant, Secretary Robeson, Postmaster-General Jewell; also ex-Secretary Borle, Governor Hart-rant, Col. Scott, and ex-Governor Bigler. This concourse suggested a fear lest the success of Messrs. Moody and Sankey by their chief obstacle. It is hard for a man to preserve his simplicity and directness with the President of the United States and half of his cabinet at his elbow. There is a dreadful temptation to a man (without of course, varying from the truth) to betray a consciousness of the presence of these visitors. Bishop Simpson, in his prayer, seemed to be oppressed with the President and Cabinet. It was a Bishop praying in the presence of the President and Cabinet. In his prayer for the President, he prayed that he might be enabled to administer the government aright, and all that; but how heartily would every Christian heart have united in the prayers that he, as a poor, helpless sinner, might be brought to the foot of the cross, and might embrace Christ as the Saviour of sinners.

Mr. Moody got through with his sermon better than we expected; though the sermon had not the brevity and point that he usually has. It was about forty-five minutes long, and was divided into nine heads; the impression was not distinct and sharp. He did not betray any consciousness of the officials. But how we did long to hear him say: "The day is coming when each of you who hear me will stand before God, not as President, Secretary, high official or wealthy citizen, but as an individual soul. All earthly honour and possession will have passed away. The one great question will be: Have you, as a penitent sinner, sought for pardon through the blood of Christ? If not, your hopes, your trust, your greatness shall shrivel to ashes; while you in vain will call on the rocks and hills to hide you from the face of him that sitteth upon the throne, and from the wrath of the Lamb."

THE ENQUIRY MEETING.

The two large rooms on either side of the building are used for enquirers. Each of them is about the size of an ordinary lecture-room. The rooms are plain and bare in the extreme. The wood-work is not painted; the only furniture is the unpainted chairs used in the audience-room, which cost 28 cents each. These are arranged about the room in groups of two, three, and four. It is not any appeal to the senses or the imagination that impresses one. And yet no thoughtful Christian

can enter the room without a feeling of deep solemnity. He realizes that here is a place where souls are fixing their eternal destiny—are choosing between heaven and hell. And this feeling of solemnity is deeper if he enter the room as a Christian worker, for the purpose of guiding the enquirers. He feels like a physician who is standing amid the sick, and who knows that the issue of life or death will turn in no small degree on his care, skill and fidelity. But for the promised help of God, the pressure would be un-supportable. And yet, weighty as is the responsibility one cannot shrink from it if he would; the duty is imperative, and the privilege is abounding—the privilege of doing good, of pointing the anxious to Christ. And the benefit to one's self, the deepened sense of the need of Divine guidance, the craving for the Divine nearness, the enforced study of the Scriptures, the greater definiteness given to one's prayers—all these are blessings which cannot be estimated.

We will suppose that Mr. Moody has given his invitation, and that the enquirers, accompanied not seldom by Christian friends, have entered the enquiry room. As you follow them, you meet at the door an usher, who, if you are unknown to him, asks you some questions. Strange as it may seem, some persons come in from simple curiosity, or from mere levity, some wish to chat with Mr. Moody and Mr. Sankey, or some acquaintance. Not seldom it is necessary to ask these persons to withdraw. Mr. Moody and Mr. Cree are moving about rapidly, organizing the work. Mr. Moody recognizing you, says: "Please to step this way." Here is a plainly rather poorly dressed man, of middle age, you sit down by him. As soon as he speaks you see he is a Scotchman. You soon see he has been drinking. You say so to him. He says, "Yes; I have been a drinking man. It is a great grief to my wife. I am a baker by trade, and I am out of employment; but a Quaker gentleman has offered me employment if I will quit drinking." You urge him to seek Christ, by whom alone he can be free, and you pray with him. As he was brought up in the Scotch Presbyterian church, you give his name to Dr. Wylie, of the Scotch Church.

Here is a man, well dressed and intelligent. You sit down beside him, and ask him as to his state. He says, "I have a praying mother. I am under no excitement; but I feel my need of something. I have nothing to hold on by. I feel myself drifting toward skepticism. I came in hoping that some one would give me some good advice." You read to him Christ's words, "If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink." He says, "That is just my case." After conversing with him, you kneel to pray. With a little hesitation, he kneels too. After prayer, you ask his address. But on going to the place you find no such number, only a vacant lot. His name is not in the Directory. You can only carry his case to the throne of God, pleading for the help of the omnipotent Spirit.

Here is a group of three; one is a man perhaps 30 years of age. He says, in answer to your enquiry: "I am not a very bad man; but I don't want to die without being saved." You put before him his sinfulness in living without any love to God or to Christ. He seems somewhat impressed but not deeply.

By his side is a lad of fourteen, perhaps, who seems quite ignorant, and answers, "Yes," or "No," but says little out of his own head. You cannot make much out of him.

The third is a lad of sixteen (say). He seems deeply anxious. He says, "I have often tried to be good, to be a Christian; but before I knew it, I would begin to swear. Then I would ask God to forgive me. But I suppose I did not do it the right way." You urge him to believe in Christ. He says: "I would be glad to, if I knew how." You try to make it plain to him, and long for the Spirit's help. How wonderful it is that believing in Christ, which is so simple to him who has done so, is so hard, so mysterious to all beside. You pray with him; he prays for himself; you get his address, and learn what church he prefers, with a view to seeing that he is visited and prayed with.

The next case is that of a man of middle age. He seems deeply in earnest, wants to be a Christian; but "he has no feeling"—the old snare. You try to show him that no one is to wait for feeling, that he can acquire no fitness by continuing to reject Christ, and that is only by embracing Christ

that he can have suitable feeling. You urge him at once to believe, and pray with him, he joining in the prayer.

The next case is a backslider, who has known the love of Christ, but has become a blasphemer, the associate of gamblers (perhaps a gambler himself). He says that he knows what he has to do, that he desires to do it, and does not know why he delays. You read to him Psalm li., the prayer of a penitent backslider, and urge him to make that his prayer. You pray with him, and he prays too. He has already been visited by a Methodist pastor.

Off in a corner, you see a Christian lady talking earnestly and tenderly to a group of boys twelve or fourteen years old. In another spot a brother is conversing with two Chinese; and you lift your heart to God, asking that their minds and hearts may be opened to the Spirit.

You see Mr. Stuart talking with a man and his wife. This couple came into the room convicted, and enquiring. Some one talked with them, but did not pray with them, and left his work undone. Mr. Stuart found them, and now they are both rejoicing in Christ.

Here is a lad, a member of the Tenth (Baptist) Sunday-school who has accepted Christ since he came into the room.

In the above, the experience of several evenings is thrown together.

The Christian Messenger.

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A HAPPY NEW YEAR TO ALL.

Whilst the close of the Old Year may be better suited for a review of the past, the commencement of a New Year is more adapted for a prospective view of life, and a contemplation of what we may anticipate, and what course we may resolve upon in the outlook. Knowledge derived from past experience should be applied to correct errors and, if possible, prevent a recurrence of what may have caused sorrow to ourselves or others. Years, however, do not always give wisdom, nor does the endurance of suffering always lead the sufferers to change a course which they know has brought them into such condition. Some peoples' experience is but a long series of mistakes, and a jumble of evil consequences arising therefrom, so that however long continued, they learn nothing from it. So many influences surround us, and so much of evil is within us, that though convinced of what is the best course to pursue, we are often induced to prefer one that is more congenial and seems to promise what is nearly as good. Thus in the pursuit of happiness we take a by-path rather than the straight and narrow way. Rather than endure the yoke that is easy, or take upon their shoulders 'the burden that is light' many people endeavour to persuade themselves that they are under no obligation to serve the Lord Jesus if they make no profession of such service. This is a grand mistake. The greatest profligate ought to be as holy as the holiest. The greatest liar ought to be as true as the truest, and the greatest drunkard ought to be as sober as the soberest. Although our lives may have been shaped to a large extent by the circumstances of our birth and training, yet these do not alter the eternal principles of right and wrong—or change the demands of God's holy and righteous law.

This year of our Lord, 1876, comes to us as no previous year has done. Whatever of good has been enjoyed in former years, our continuance in life and reception of blessing through the year 1875, constitutes a louder call for consecration to the service of the Most High, than any to which we may have heretofore listened. In the performance of our duties as citizens and individual members of the commonwealth we may choose for ourselves what position we will occupy and receive the reward or otherwise for service rendered. If we join the ranks of the disorderly or rise in rebellion to constituted authority we must pay the penalty. It is the same, but in a much higher sense, in our relation to the Most High. When we think of Him to whom belongs all dominion and power, in earth and in Heaven, and the relation in which we stand to Him, we must feel that a rejection of Him and his service is casting away from us all possible good, and choosing of evil both in this world and that which is to come, if such folly has characterized the years already past and gone, a very brief contemplation of the future will shew us that the years to come cannot be as those which have preceded.