

# Religious Intelligencer.

BIBLE SOCIETY, MISSIONARY, AND SABBATH SCHOOL ADVOCATE.

McLEOD, Editor.

That God in all things may be glorified through Jesus Christ.—PETER.

TERMS.—ONE DOLLAR A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

OL. III.—NO. 9.

ST. JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 29, 1856.

WHOLE NO. 113

## Church History.

### England's Experience of the Church of Rome.

England has had many mercies, and has enjoyed God's choicest favours. Temporal blessings—largeness of wealth, extent of dominion, length of days—have been bestowed upon her. But, best of all, she has been blessed with the enjoyment of true religion—a spiritual gift which in her early days—then for a season—and in God's good providence once again obtained through the instrumentality of an angel, and actuated by the fear of God, she laboured through evil report and good report, and many of whom counted not their lives dear unto them, in order to hand down a posterity a pure faith and an open Bible. As after all, is England's crowning blessing—the brightest diamond in her brilliant crown—a blessing dearly purchased and all worth preserving at any cost. This blessing was, by God's grace, regained at the time of the Reformation.

The early Christianity of England was wholly independent of the Church of Rome. She was in no way indebted to Rome for the planting of the Christian faith in these islands. The Christian Church existed for several centuries in England, before any pope of Rome thought himself of any concern in our behalf. Augustine, the first apostle sent to the British shores, found a delegated authority repudiated by the existing bishops and clergy and people of the Church of England, when commissioned by Pope Gregory I. to sought to establish the papal dominion in England. This was on the eve of the sixth century, (A. D. 597) and long prior to this period, so early as the third century, during the persecution waged by Maximian Herulius in the west of Europe (A. D. 286), this independent Christian Church of Britain furnished many martyrs to the cause true of religion.

During the seventh and eighth centuries the Papal authority progressed in England, and at length, by the time of the Norman conquest, it had fastened and cemented its hold on the religion and liberties of the kingdom. Our kings yielded allegiance to the pope, and the Church executive was administered by Romish agencies.

The preaching and doctrine of Wickliffe in the fourteenth century, had, to a great degree, opened the minds of the people to the errors which had from time to time been engrafted upon the Church of Rome, in the name of Christianity. England was thus the better prepared for the reception of the Gospel of Christ, when the Reformation in the sixteenth century aroused the world to an examination of the claims and doctrines of the Church of Rome. England cast off her bondage, and resumed her original liberty and independence, together with the pure Gospel of Christ, which it had been her privilege to possess and enjoy in primitive times.

Since then the Church of Rome has fulfilled some important passages in our history. We would therefore do well to take a brief review of "England's Experience of the Church of Rome," more especially since the period of the Reformation.

The circumstances connected with the religious aspect of England were, at the time of the Reformation, of a most intensely interesting kind. Alternating hopes and fears tended to keep all, both Protestants and Romanists, on the tip-toe of suspense. It was a contest, as it were, between truth and error for the occupation of the throne of England. Henry VIII. had been the unconscious instrument in God's hand of working a mighty revolution in the national mind. He was, however, in his own person, vacillating, wavering, doubtful. True, he was strenuously opposed to the temporal power of the Pope, and resisted it to the utmost of his power in his own kingdom, England. But Henry was not the less a Roman Catholic to all that; he was a zealous Romanist at heart, and died a Romanist. With the one hand he resisted Rome temporal, and with the other he embraced Rome spiritual; and thus did his administration wear the aspect of uncertainty and wavering hesitation.

From this, however, the nation was promptly delivered, upon the accession of Edward VI. (A. D. 1547),—a youthful prince, of great promise, and characterized by a warm and devoted attachment to the principles of the Reformation. He wisely and as circumstances demanded, re-established the truth in this country, and to a great extent repaid the mistakes of his Popish forefathers. His reign was but brief. He was, indeed, like the flower of the grass, which in the morning is cut down and withered. At the early age of sixteen, but with fully developed mental powers, he died, bewailed by many, regretted by all, and by none more than by the trial friends of true religion.

At this period the dark clouds of persecution began once more to overcast the land—gloomy days of tyranny and oppression were appointed to the Church of Christ in this country. Mary, sister of Edward VI., succeeded her brother on the throne; she was a bigot, and came to the throne with the determination rigidly to carry out Romish principles. She accordingly at once reversed the policy of her brother, and addressed herself, in right earnest, to exterminate Protestantism, root and branch. During four years God permitted her to rule, and with a rod of iron she did govern the nation, committed to

her charge. These were the days of Smithfield—the days of martyrdom, when bishops and clergy, mechanics and citizens, counted not their lives dear unto them—when all classes contributed to the number of those who protested even unto death. It is estimated that the victims who were burned or otherwise put to death during the short reign of Queen Mary, amounted to nearly 300. The total number of those who suffered amounted to 400. While Mary was thus making sport of human blood, her husband, Philip II. of Spain, was occupied in the *auto da fe* of the Spanish Inquisition, which he attended in person. Thus are these twin as joint witnesses to prove that persecution is a characteristic of the Church of Rome. The death of Mary (A. D. 1558) relieved the kingdom from oppression. The tyranny at length was overpast, and England escaped as a bird "from the snare of the fowler." Her God was in the midst of her, therefore she was not moved.

Mary was succeeded on the throne by her half-sister Elizabeth. She was a Protestant, vigorous in the execution of her measures, warm in her zeal for the truth, and diligent in the attainment of her purpose. The bishops, exiled by the persecuting Mary, were restored to the gaudy ritual of Rome was once more superseded by a spiritual worship; and the Bible once more established as the guide of the people.

Thus brought upon Elizabeth the malediction of the Pope, Pius V. His bull proclaimed against the Queen, and dated April 25, 1570, is still extant. In it he professed to depose Elizabeth from her dignity, and to absolve all her subjects from their oath of allegiance. It was this same Pope who revived the Inquisition—interfered in the administration of France against the Protestant subjects—wrote letters of congratulation in consequence of the defeat of the Huguenots at the battle of Jarnac, (A. D. 1569),—and like his successor Gregory XIII. on another occasion, caused a medal to be struck in commemoration of the event. Yet this very Pope is now canonized, is now invoked—canonized and invoked, because he was a persecutor! Rome herself bears witness to this fact in the Collect for St. Pius' day—(Brev. Rom. 5th May.) in which the *Saint* is thus spoken of:—"O God, who has designed to elect blessed Pius, the Pontiff, in order to crush (*conterendus*, lit., to the wearing out) the enemies of thy church; grant that we may be defended by his protection!"

Under the wrathful indignation of such did our Queen Elizabeth fall. The decree seems, however, to have fallen rather like a blessing than as a curse on our Queen and country; for from that time has England been gathering strength and increasing the greatness of her glory, so that now she stands as the arbiter of kingdoms—the umpire of the nations of the earth. "Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto thy name give glory, for thy mercy and for thy truth's sake!" England ought to know wherein her strength lies. God forbid she should ever forget herself!

Prosperity seems, indeed, to be the inevitable consequence of the Papal malediction. For example, Lord Burleigh, Elizabeth's prime minister, has left us this encouraging testimony:—"For the comfort," he writes, "of all good subjects against the Pope's bulls, it is manifest to the world, that from the beginning of her Majesty's reign, by God's singular goodness, her kingdom hath enjoyed more universal peace, her people increased in more numbers, in more strength and with greater riches, the earth of her kingdom hath yielded more fruits, and generally all kind of worldly felicity hath more abounded since and during the time of the Pope's bulls, thunders, curses, and maledictions, than in any other long time before, when the Pope's pardons and blessings came yearly into the realm." &c.

The timely interposition of Providence in our behalf may also be marked by another event which signified the memorable reign of Queen Elizabeth—we mean, the attempt of the SPANISH ARMADA to overthrow our nation, (A. D. 1588).

Philip of Spain, who had been married to the persecuting Mary, grieving to see Protestantism once more established in the land, and, moreover, mortified by the rejection of his offer of marriage to Elizabeth, sought the destruction of the protesting nation. All southern Europe was busied in this one exploit,—the preparation of an Armada for the conquest of England. The work was especially encouraged by the reigning Pontiff, Sixtus V., who promised a plenary indulgence to all who would aid in the attempt. Our nation, meanwhile, was unprepared for the conflict. Her armaments and forces were as nothing when compared with those of the enemy. The Armada is equipped, and receives a solemn blessing from the Roman Catholic priesthood of Spain,—by them it is baptized as the "Invincible!" Just then, however, sudden disasters fell heavily upon it. The admiral dies, then the vice-admiral; but their places are soon supplied, and the Armada sets sail, breaching out threatening and slaughter against our religion, our liberties, and our laws. Our God, however, took the matter into His own omnipotent hand, and engulfed their armament like the proud host of Pharaoh. England abode still in her strength,—no harm came nigh unto her island home.

Such were some of the scenes of persecution enacted in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. At last, after a lengthened and useful administration, she died (A. D. 1603), and was succeeded on the throne of England by James I. James united in his own person the two great nations of England and Scotland. His accession to the throne of England revived the hopes of the Romish party; his birth, (being the son of Mary, Queen of Scots, a devoted Romanist,) his education and his principles, all alike tended to foster and encourage such hopes. Their anticipations, however, were disappointed, whereupon their indignation is once more aroused. A conspiracy of a very formidable nature, quickly conceived, and no sooner conceived than designed in all its parts, is planned for the utter overthrow of the King, Lords, and Commons, the three great estates of England. We allude to the GUNPOWDER TREASON, (A. D. 1605), now commemorated on each 5th of November.

The historian Hume, an impartial narrator, or at least one who cannot be accused of partiality on account of any religious prejudices, designates this passage of our history as "an event, one of the most memorable which history has conveyed to posterity, and containing at once a singular proof both of the strength and weakness of the human mind,—its widest departure from morals, and its most steady attachment to religious prejudices." "Tis the Gunpowder Treason of which I speak,—a fact as certain as it appears incredible."

This treasonable plot was not one of those sudden mistakes into which a Church or a community may be suddenly surprised. It was not an impromptu ecstasy, or a mere momentary paroxysm of persecution on the part of the Church of Rome, but the result of a year and a half of deliberate conspiracy,—a conspiracy revealed neither by the treachery of any associate, nor yet by the repentance of any accomplices, but by the merciful providence of God, and in the eleventh hour, and on the very eve of its accomplishment, disclosed and thus defeated.

That act of perfidy and wrong has never been forgotten in England, and until Rome repents it never shall be wiped out of remembrance. And, indeed, Rome has not repented,—by her own principles she cannot recall the spirit of persecution which breathes its deadly inspiration throughout the decrees of her Popes and the writings of her canonized saints.

We need not stay here to review the perilsous times of Charles I., characterized as they were by all the warring policy of that undecided monarch. Nor shall we here follow the results of the Protectorate, when Cromwell restored the might of Britain, and by a decided policy guarded, though with a rough hand, the religion of the Reformation. We might, indeed, ponder awhile the decline of the Stuart dynasty, and the accession of William, Prince of Orange, to the throne of James II., who forfeited his Crown because, through the influence of the Church of Rome, he had suffered the kingdom to decline. But suffice it now to say, that with the house of Brunswick Protestantism was restored and guaranteed as the religion of England. Since then our land has been the glory of all lands. What nation has added to its power so great an extent of dominion,—what people has so prospered in the world as England? In proportion to England's faithfulness Rome declined, and in proportion to the decline of Romish influence England prospered.

The Church of Rome now makes another attempt to introduce and establish her system in these lands. Will not "England's experience" of the past suffice to repel the very thought? or has England forgotten the testimony of history, and have three hundred years sufficed to blot out the memory of former times, and belie the witness of martyrs and confessors? If England would know what the power of Romanism is, let her review her own experience. If Englishmen are disposed to give another trial to the spiritual domination of Rome, let them first recall to mind the history of their land, and the reminiscences of days gone by,—and think again, before they yield one jot or tittle back to the Mistress that oftentimes threatened to blot out the very existence of our nation from the earth! History emboldens us thus to speak.

In fine, if England, irrespective of her own past experience, would know what other lands can tell of that same power that spreads its influences and its agencies through out this country,—let her look to Spain and Switzerland, to Sardinia and Piedmont, yes, even to Rome itself; and from those lands, long accustomed to the spiritual power of Romanism, let us learn a lesson, that we take not on us the yoke which they are not able to bear. God forbid that we should assume the bondage which Popish nations are now casting from them, or in any wise submit ourselves to an authority which they repudiate. Let England value her experience, already dearly purchased, or else she shall have yet to purchase it again, at perhaps a more costly price.

HEARING THE GOSPEL.—Beware of the critical hearing of sermons preached by good men. It is as awful thing to be balancing the merits of the preacher, rather than the demerits of yourself. Consider every opportunity of hearing the truth, as a message sent you from heaven. For all the sermons that you hear, you are soon to give account.

## Religious Selections.

### A story of the Bible in France.

Two or three years back some worthy peasants, becoming embarrassed in their affairs, were under the necessity of parting with their seven children; and they got those who were of sufficient age into service with the neighbouring farmers. Their greatest difficulty was in finding a suitable place for their youngest daughter, a girl of about ten years of age. At length, however, the heads of a respectable family, the heads of which were looking out for such an assistant in their household concerns. A few days before the girl left the parental roof, one of her corporeal friends called at the house and was particularly struck with the seriousness with which she listened to what he said about the Scriptures. At her pressing entreaties the father was prevailed upon to buy a New Testament for her. She took it with her on going to her new abode, with the avowed determination of making a daily use of it. She learnt that she must entreat the Lord for faith to believe in his word. She therefore prayed night and morning before beginning to read her book; nothing could withdraw her from this practice. To accomplish this, she was obliged to sit up later and get up earlier than the rest of the family; she had to bear the jokes of her fellow servants, older than herself. But nothing deterred her; and the Lord soon granted her all the blessings with which such perseverance is invariably attended. She became a decided Christian. Her employers were, at first, struck with her good behaviour; no fault had they to find with the manner in which she performed the duties assigned to her. One thing alone displeased her mistress; she had declared that, from motives of conscience, no one could make her attend mass. The lady spoke of the matter to her husband, who, in his devotion, consulted his confessor on the subject.—A Jesuit of great renown. A few days afterwards, the abbe in question, who was the religious director of persons only of the first rank, deigned to converse with the little maid. On learning that it was the reading of the New Testament which had plunged her into what she styled the most detestable heresy, he tried at first words of kindness, but, finding them useless, he proceeded to the most terrible threats, with a view of inducing the little girl to deliver her book into his hands. But it was all labour lost; and the priest, after more than an hour's contest, went away, vanquished by the firmness of the little maid. He then, it seems, ordered the master and mistress to take the poisonous book from one who had already made so bad a use of it. The little girl watched with greater care than ever over her treasure, which it was now sought to deprive her of. As her New Testament was one of the smallest size, it was easy for her always to have it about with her without it being seen. At night, her precious book was placed under her pillow; but her great care was to learn, every day, by heart, a number of passages, so that if the attempt to deprive her of the Word of God were successful, she might still possess a source of edification. It was well for her that she did this; for being betrayed by a fellow-servant, her mistress, once in laying hold of the New Testament, which, the next day, was forwarded, in triumph, to the Jesuit, to be, by him, committed to the flames. The sorrow of the little girl was intense, and it was only assuaged by a repetition of the consoling passages which she was able to recall to memory. It seemed to her, when repeating them to herself, evening and morning, at her devotions, that these passages affected her much more than when she had read them from her book. In the meanwhile, in whose service she was; upon the family in whose service she was; pecuniary losses, and the death of beloved offspring, plunged the master and mistress of our young friend into mourning and tears. The afflicted ones, in the first instance, had recourse to their confessor; numerous masses were said, and an abundance of candles burnt; but, alas! their sorrow remained as deep as ever, and consolation they found not. The little servant did not look on with a dry eye; her heart sympathized with their affliction; she implored, on behalf of her employers, that comfort which proceeds alone from the Supreme Comforter. One evening, when she thought herself secure from any disturbance, she, on her bended knees, in her little chamber, offered up one of those petitions, which are the genuine effusions of the soul in behalf of those who were in sorrow and in tears. Her mistress, who happened to pass the room, on hearing this supplicating voice, stopped, and drawing near the door, was deeply affected at hearing the prayer which was being offered up for herself and her husband. She related to him what had occurred, and the next morning both of them stationed themselves, as listeners, at the door of their little maid's room, who, being accustomed to pray aloud, commenced the same petitions as they had the preceding evening. Both went away deeply and seriously impressed, and with the desire of again hearing similar prayers. This desire led them, on different evenings, to the same place, and when their little maid expressed herself thus, "Thou hast said, Lord," followed by a passage, "Thou hast promised, O God," again followed by another passage, these declarations of Scripture were the portions of the prayer which seemed to do them the most good; and they felt an ardent wish

to become more intimately acquainted with them. This led them to inquire of the young girl who it was that had taught her the things which she mentioned in her prayer. "Who?" replied she, "the New Testament which you caused Father C.—(the Jesuit) to take away from me." From that moment the employers and their little servant had frequent conversations respecting the New Testament. The former evinced an increasing pleasure at listening to the recital of passages by the latter, by means of which God wrought a work of grace in their afflicted souls. Matters were progressing thus, when one day some person rang the door bell, and on the young servant going to answer it, whom does she behold?—a dealer of the same description as the one who had supplied her with her New Testament. On seeing him, she uttered an exclamation of joy, so loud that her master ran to the spot, and, on being informed of the state of matters, he asked the colporteur to step into his room, and his wife having been called in also, a lengthened conversation ensued, which ended in the purchase of a Bible for the use of the master and mistress, and of a New Testament, in 32mo., which they presented to the little girl. I will only add, that at the present time, the master and mistress and the little servant maid, are true and zealous disciples of the Bible, who have gathered around them several individuals, of some of whom it may be said that they are very near to the kingdom of heaven,—a matter which deeply affects the Jesuit. "It would be shameful," he long continued to say to his former flock, "for your little servant to gain the victory; for ignorance to show itself more powerful than science; for darkness to prevail over light." "No, no," was the reply "this little girl is but a feeble instrument. What has wrought a change in us, and what has enlightened us, is the Word of God,—the candle which you place under a bushel—against which you can accomplish nothing." —Letter of M. De Pressense in Correspondence of British and Foreign Bible Society.

### It is the Last time.

Hear you that voice? It is the voice of God by an inspired apostle. The last,—oh, how precious is the last time, and yet how rarely suspected to be the last, when it actually arrives! With many, the present is literally the last time. From sixty to eighty thousand immortal souls will be summoned to the bar of God within the next twenty-four hours. And they expect it? Are they aware that it is with them the last time? A few may realise it; but the great multitude, whose next step will be into the grave, have hardly a suspicion of it. How is it, reader, with thee?

Man of business, thou art "careful and troubled about many things,"—thy farm, thy merchandise, thy bank, thy policies of insurance, thy thousand handed machinery, thy professional calls,—some one of these engrosses all thy thoughts, and puts far off the great work of repentance. And yet it may be the last time with thee. That bargain which thou hast just closed, that entry which thou art making in thy ledger, that ship which thou hast just freighted, that sum of money which this morning came into thy hands, that patient whom thou hast just visited, that cause which thou hast just argued with so much ability,—may be the last. Think of it, oh think of it, and do not let the cares of this world, the deceitfulness of riches," cheat thee out of "durable riches and righteousness."

Votary of ambition, while thousands have been disappointed, thou hast, perhaps, been steadily advancing towards the bright summit of thy wishes. Thou art now receiving the greetings and inhaling the incense of popular favour, utterly regardless of that "honour which cometh from God only." But it may be the last time. Death may be at the door. He may come in the very next moment, and with his cold hand strip off thy robes of office, and lay thy body and thine honours in the dust. And oh, the soul that never dies, where will that be? on which side of the great gulf? Think of Herod, "arrayed in his royal apparel," at Cesarea. It was the last time he ever put it on. See him enthroned in all the pomp and pride of majesty. It was the last time he ever sat upon the throne. Hear him address the admiring throng. It was his last oration. Listen to the impious shouts of the multitude: "It is the voice of a god, and not of a man." It was the last shout he ever heard for "the angel of the Lord smote him, because he gave not God the glory."

Child of pleasure, art thou adorning thyself for the theatre, the card-party, or the ball-room? Call in all the helps of taste and fashion, adjust every article of thy dress, and every lock of thy hair, as if thy life depended upon the nodding of a plume, or the colour of a ribbon. Deck thyself with jewels, and display all thy charms, for it may be the last time. Drink deep of the cup of pleasure,—drain it while it is yet in thy hand, for it may never be handed to thee again. But stay,—is it wise, is it safe? Should this be the last time with thee,—should it be the last night of thine ap- pearance with the giddy throng, what will become of thine immortal soul? Can it solace itself in the world to come with the pleasures and flatteries of this? Oh, no, no, no. But whether this should prove the last night of thy going out or not, the last will certainly come, and come soon. And then death will deal roughly with thy toilet and thy wardrobe. Methinks, I behold thee summoned as in a

moment to the bar of God, and that I hear the Judge demand of thee, "Where wast thou when that fever, or consumption, seized thee which, so unexpectedly brought thee hither to thy door? How hast thou spent the last few weeks of thy life?" Oh, I seem to see thee then but not to hear thy answer. For what canst thou say? No sounds escape thy lips but the wailings of despair, as thou goest away into the blackness of darkness for ever.

Miserable slave of appetite, where wast thou on the last Sabbath? In whose temple didst thou worship? On whose altar didst thou pour out thy libations? The odour of what incense went up to heaven from that altar? Thy companions—who were they? The song, too,—was it the song of Zion, or of the drunkard? What if it had been thy last Sabbath upon earth, as it was of many who spent it like thee? What if those three bosom companions, horrid oaths, gross obscenity and strong drink, had strangled thee to death? What would have been thy condition now? Where would have been that soul which was formed for a blissful immortality,—where? In the holy city, in the new Jerusalem, or without, where are "dogs, sorcerers, whoremongers, and murderers, and idolaters, and whosoever loveth and maketh a lie?"

Where art thou in the habit of spending thine evenings, and thy money, and sacrificing thy health, and thine honour, and thy morals, and turning all thy domestic affections into gall and wormwood? What if the last night of thy carousals had been thy last on earth? Pause, pause, I beseech you. It may be with you the last time.

Fearless unbeliever, art thou making a mock at sin, and pouring out thine impious rabalry upon the Holy Bible, and lying in wait to catch the innocent? It may be the last time. The arrow which is to strike thee dead may have already left the string. While the impious sneer is on thy lip, "the Lord may consume thee with the Spirit of his mouth." And then, be assured, thy doubts will all vanish. The truth of the Scriptures will flash upon thy soul like lightning. An atheist, or sceptic, thou canst not remain another moment. With devils, thou shalt "believe and tremble." The undying worm will gnaw thy now seared conscience for ever and ever. And canst thou, wilt thou, "mock on?"—wouldst thou, knowing it to be the last time? Ah, why those secret misgivings? Why that unconscious flush, that terror which thy tongue scornfully denies? The last time will certainly and soon come. The last profane jest will have passed thy lips. Thy last bitter sneer will have been stifled into a cold marble horror. But thy last wail, alas, alas! that will never have been heard.

Hardened, stupid sinner, methinks I hear the accents fall on thy dull ear, it is the last time. And wilt thou not rouse thyself up to instant thought and effort? As well mightest thou think of sleeping in a den of enraged scorpions, with a thousand fangs in thy flesh, as of remaining stupid one moment after death. And how canst thou still hum over the fatal lullaby, "Yet a little sleep, a little slumber, a little folding of the hands to sleep." Perhaps thou hast just returned from the house of God, where the ambassador of Christ, be- sought thee to be reconciled, and offered thee pardon through his blood. And didst thou heed the appeal? Oh, no; thy thoughts were far away, or perhaps, thou wast slumbering at the very gate of heaven. And it may have been the last opportunity in the house of prayer. With what feelings do those who went down to death, stupid and hardened as thou art, now look back upon their last Sabbath, their last sermon, their last sleep under the thunders of Sinai or the moving accents of Calvary?

Thoughtful sinner, has the Lord Jesus Christ come into the place where thou art, upon the chariot of salvation? It may be the last time. It is highly probable thou wilt never witness his triumphs again. Before another season of refreshing, thou mayest hear thy eternal doom. Wilt thou not, then, while he is passing by, wilt thou not cry unto him, "Jesus, thou son of David, have mercy on me?" Devout friends, it may be, are praying for thee, and exhorting thee to seek the Lord while he may be found. And it may be the last time. While they are yet speaking, death may call and drown all other voices in a moment.

Awakened sinner, is the Spirit of God actually striving with thee? Oh, what a perilous crisis, what a moment pregnant with all the joys or woes of eternal ages! The Holy Ghost striving with thy rebellious heart, to bring thee to Christ and to heaven. It may be his last call. It probably will be, if resisted now. And why wilt thou not embrace it at once? What hinders? What does God require? "My son, give me thine heart." What does he require, but repentance, and faith, and love, and new obedience. Yield him these this moment, I entreat thee. Do you reply, "I would yield, but I cannot; my heart refuses." But what is this obstinate heart, that thy wicked self? Do you say, "No, conscience will not bear yet out in that. Trying? how? In whose strength? Trying to do what? To make myself worthy of the divine favour. That is impossible. To get ready to yield up thy soul to Christ? That is not what he requires. He comes to the point at once. He insists upon instant submission. 'God now commandeth all men everywhere to repent.' 'If any man thirst,' says the Saviour, 'let him come unto me, and drink.' 'Today while it is called so—