

Souls that Sleep.

EVANGELISTIC ADDRESS BY REV. JOHN MCNEILL.

"Awake! Arise!" based on the text: "Awake thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light."—Eph. v. 14.

"Awake thou that sleepest." We have this in substance and in different forms elsewhere, but in actual form here. Luther said, you remember, that certain texts were little Bibles. I think this is one: at any rate, this is a text which is a little sermon. "Awake thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light."

REMEMBER THE TEXT.

You may forget what I say, but I want you to remember the text. There is the sinner described; there is the sinner addressed; there is the sinner pointed to the Saviour. What more would you have? "Awake, thou that sleepest." See how our life away from Christ, the life of unbelief, the life of worldliness, the life of sin that you are living, is described here as a life of sleep. The Bible often changes its figures. The man who is not converted, the soul here who is not walking in the light of Christ's grace is asleep; you are like one who at twelve o'clock in the day is still soundly snoring on his bed. It is not a complimentary description, is it? The Bible never was complimentary to a sinner; the Bible always speaks the plain, bare truth. That is why folks don't like the Bible and don't like the preacher. And I can imagine a man saying, "Oh, this is overdone; we must draw the line at this."

THE BIBLE AS A FOUNDATION.

But it is on the Bible—I stand on the Bible every time, and the Bible said it all to me first. I kicked against it just like my neighbors, but found it true, and I am not going to let you off. Not only does the Bible back me up, but my own experience does, and plenty of people also, who first of all were ruffled by God's word and irritated; but by and by they found out that the Bible was a faithful friend. Because the Bible loved it dared their rebuke and it told them the truth. You say to me: "If you only knew the people who know me; they would tell you that I am rather wide-awake." Well, I have not denied it; in the affairs of the world, I believe, you are very wide-awake. If there was anything to be got by it, you are on the right road shift to make overtime. I believe you are all agog, you would turn night into day, and make Sunday into Saturday if it got you something as regards this present world.

You remember the story of the man who went to sleep, and when he awakened up the generations meanwhile had passed away. He came to the village and noticed how everything around him was mildewed and rusty, and nobody knew him. The only place where he felt familiar was in the graveyard, where the names of the headstones were the names of the people he had known before he fell on his sleep.

AFTER THE AWAKENING.

Now every unconverted man will, after his awakening up, admit that he was sound asleep, and that the realities of life had never dawned upon him. Thus the texts holds true, "Awake thou that sleepest." Suffer my blunt speech. If you want to arouse a man you have got to arouse him; you will never rouse a heavy sleeper, like some of you, by standing up and washing your hands in invisible soap and water and whispering polite nothings. I am not here to say hard things about your natural condition, simply for the sake of saying them, or simply to show that I have the best of the argument according to the Bible, or that I have the whip by the handle, and will make you feel the supple end of it.

I am speaking in the rousing way I am doing because I am right. I will go bail for it that you come to me tomorrow night if you take Christ tonight you will say! "Preacher you were right. My past unconverted life was just as good as sleep, a dream, unreal, and I only woke up the realities of existence, to the realities of time and eternity some time between eight and nine o'clock last night."

BELIEVE IN ETERNITY.

Let me come to you and be the means of awakening you to concern about conversion, about your own personal interest in Christ, to personal concern about things which await you in eternity, which is always coming nearer. Believe in eternity, believe in God, believe in Christ, take the Bible view of things in regard to yourself and in regard to sin, and the Saviour and eternity, and the blessings which come through faith in him.

Drive out Dyspepsia or it will drive out thee, Use K. D. C.

"Awake! thou that sleepest" to reality, to consciousness, to dim understanding at least of existence, as represented by the eternal word of the eternal God. "Awake! thou that sleepest," and thank God that the message is so plain—a trumpet call, something rolling, resounding and no mistake about it. It is no world for sleeping in, this. But, oh, outside of Christ dare you rest? I once caught a man lying asleep—a drunken sleep—between the four-foot, as it is called of the railway, and the midnight express coming thundering down the bank.

WAIL OF THE UNCONVERTED.

Such is thy state, oh unconverted soul. Awake and listen and you will hear the far-off sound of the judgment which is coming. Get out from between the rail. Get out; shift your body. Get yourself clear. I awakened that man, didn't I? How could I pass him? And didn't I wake him rather roughly? Wouldn't I have been a fool if I had sat down and said polite things to him?

"This is no time to trifle; Life is brief and sin is here; Courage is like the falling of a leaf, The dropping of a tear. This is no place to dream away the hours, And all shall be earnest in a world like ours."

"Awake thou that sleepest and" what, "and arise from the dead." What does that mean. First of all "awake" that's the first thing. Then the second thing is, of course, "get up, arise from the dead," for every man who awakens is not a man who is up, is he? "Oh, no, no, no! Some of us make a big difference between awakening and getting up. It is not so hard to awaken some of you, but oh, it is a job to get you over on your feet. You will awaken and you will get on your elbow, and you will crack away with anybody for an hour like a pop-gun, you will talk and talk, and drink a cup of coffee in your bed—oh, how you like it!—yes anything to postpone the actual having to get up and put on your clothes and go back again to the old treadmill of world's work. Oh, some of us don't know how lazy we can be, for we have never been tried."

SHOULD FACE THE DUTY.

I awaken sometimes, I don't know whether it is the same with you? I take these homely illustrations that cause a smile, because they are true. Now, I have awakened and got up, this was the fatal spring. I fell over again and dreamed that I was up.

Haven't you done that? I dreamed that I was up and dressed, and then afterward woke up with a start and an awful disappointment, to find that it was all to do yet. I'm afraid there are a lot of people that way in religion. They only think.

Come, wake up, man, arise, take the step forward and outward away from sleep, away from your past, and be able to say: "I'm up, bless God, I'm up, I know that I'm up, and I know that I have left my bed by the very shivers that are going through me in the cold." Spring to your feet like a man; it is high time—it is almost past time. "What meanest thou, oh sleeper? Arise and call upon thy God." "Arise from the dead." There is the truth, too, to describe what is round about you and the state you are in. Who would sleep in a grave yard? Who would live among bones and decay? And that where you are living, unconverted sinner.

There is a time, I know not when, A point, I know not where, That marks the destiny of men For glory or despair.

Don't live among the dying and rotten, Live! Oh come! Arise!

THE SAVIOUR WILL GIVE LIGHT.

"Christ shall give thee light." A great offer for you, and the great danger to warn you from, the awful danger of passing away in your sleep as we read of people doing every day, passing away in their sleep. God save us! There may be numbers of people who spiritually pass away in their sleep and have never woken. They died as they lived! A man is not comfortable when he awakens. He awakens with his face to Sinai, and there sweep through his soul these considerations: "God is holy, God is my law giver; I have broken his laws; I was made by him and am accountable to him, and my life has been a transgression, a trampling under foot of his commandments and his grace and mercy." Steady your nerve a minute; you may take a wrong step now; and as you have obeyed the rest of the text will you obey this: "Christ shall give thee light." First of all, you are sleeping in the midst of your danger and distress; then when you are awakened to it all, "Christ shall give thee light." Do you ask "Where is he?" He is beside you, he has come in; he is the brave fireman; he has come into your burning building and has

Try K. D. C. while cholera threatens.

wanted to fill his arms with you. It is like this. In Edinburgh one night—and if any of you know Edinburgh you know the Register house and you know the very high block of buildings behind the Register house—I think in West Register street yonder, just straight from the postoffice there stands a very high towering building. Some friends of mine lived in one of the "flats," as they are called. A fire broke out in the night. The people heard the noise, they heard the crackling, they heard the shouts, and they awakened the sleepers. They awoke, though alas, alas! They afterward went wrong. They arose, gathered themselves together, they came down stairs till they came to the passage that leads out into the street. They were almost safe, but in that entry they were met by a blinding rush of smoke, and in the terror and alarm of the moment, instead of going straight out through the smoke they turned into a door that was standing deceptively open—a door into a chamber—and before they could recover from their mistake they were suffocated. For want of light they perished in the smoke and darkness. So need perish none who come to Christ. He is thy light.

"I heard the voice of Jesus say: 'I am this dark world's Light; Look unto me, thy morn shall rise And all thy day be bright.' I looked to Jesus, and I found In him my star, my sun; In that Light of Life I'll walk Till travelling days be done." Amos.

The Old Friendships.

Hold on to them. The passing years enrich them. Time mellow and ripens them. The trifling asperities that once mingled with them have fallen out and passed away. The chaff is gone. The golden grain remains. How tender and sweet are the bonds of those long ago ties. The new wine is good, but the old is better, and sparkles with new life as we come on to the last of the feast. The winding paths to the old schoolhouse that stood in the distant woods, and the songs of the birds that greeted the ears and warmed the hearts that passed that way in the years gone, are living realities. They come in upon your thought and memory like distant music floating over the sea of the past. The boys and girls with whom you tramped and frolicked have scattered. Some of them sleep in the old cemetery, but their faces, voices and friendships live in memory. Others have scattered to distant States and Territories, and across the seas. They are dignified fathers and mothers, with whitened locks, but they live in your remembrance, the same boys and girls. We were all occasional fools, saying and doing things that proved our youthfulness. But they were carried long ago to Him who has blotted them out, and says they are cast behind His back into the depths of the sea; who says they shall not be found or mentioned, and that He will remember them no more forever.

There came a time, then, when your faces were turned from these early friendships, when the paths began to diverge. A new purpose had entered the life, and the dream of school-boy days began to take real shape. The academy or college began to rise before you, not so distant as in other days. It was moving towards you, or you towards the college. The day of departure from home, and all that lay round about it, came. Have you ever been there, reader? Well, you know about it. It was a day when you grew very small, and, for the moment, were a child again. That little scene when you stepped into the new world, away from the sweet home shelter, is not forgotten. It is a treasured memory. Now came the new acquaintances, soon to ripen into lifelong attachments. You remember the dignified, but cordial, professors who took you by the hand and welcomed you to college life and work. They did not look you over as the artist looked at his block of marble and saw the angel emerging under the chipping of his chisel. The professors knew students too well to suspect the indwelling of any angelic possibilities. They saw, instead, the flesh and blood realities of a possible Christian manhood. They saw the possibility of making out of the raw material a contribution to State and Church, and welcomed the country boys as so much material upon which to operate the educator's genius. They were new friends, needing only to be known to be appreciated and loved. They took time and made opportunity to know the young men entrusted to them. Their friendship was of the genuine sort, that enriched those who came near enough and were worthy to share it.

As this crude material gathered in the class room, in the campus, the social circle and the new church life, new friendships were formed. They were not always absolutely free from

K. D. C. Cures Dyspepsia and makes thee cholera proof

the petty ambitions and rivalries of college life. Some of them were made up of pure Christian confidence and affection, and have lived and grown without jar or mar through all the years. And whatever of small rivalry marred any of those relations, has long since passed away. Only the true and better remains now as we pull our little craft against the current. You are running over the names of the old class-mates as they sat together five or six years in the recitation-room. But your friendships were not bounded by class ties. There were friends and brethren in all the classes going before and coming after you. The whole fraternity of the college was a personal possession, not an enemy among them all. You sit down and read the old catalogue. Each name has an unwritten volume lying about it. It would be a real pleasure, although almost too personal, to tell some of the good things about these fellows. But as you think them over, the boys march in review before you. You laugh at their wit as they round up after dinner, on the college steps, for an hour of mirth and good fellowship. You bow with them again in that little prayer circle that never ceased to plead with God, and talk with fellow-students, until the Spirit was poured out and great spiritual blessings pervaded the College. This man and that was born at such a time, and came into the inner circle of the Christian brotherhood.

Then came the seminary days, with closer ties of friendship—the ties that bind brethren of the family of God in one. Think of the brethren of those days, now in their appointed lot hammering that old adamantine depravity of ruined human nature, and pouring out the gospel balm upon wounded souls. The teachers have crossed over, fellow-students have followed on.

And we are to the margin come. While tenting and waiting, it is proposed to keep the colors flying and the battle waging.

There have been revivals of religion in your church life, reconstruction and rebuilding of that which was ready to decay, out of which labor have grown new and tried fellowships. These are the bonds that span earth and reach to the heavens; ties that neither time nor eternity will dissolve. They anchor themselves in Christ, who is the "head over all, blessed forever more," in whom all the redeemed are one. The old friendships will be ever new in him—the Friend that sticketh closer than a brother. Let us keep the fires lighted, till the morning breaks and all things become new.—Journal and Messenger.

Love's Satellites.

The beloved and saintly Fletcher, after defining Christian perfection as "the maturity of holiness which established believers attain" and "the cluster and maturity of the graces which compose the Christian character," adds: "In other words, Christian perfection is a spiritual constellation made up of these gracious stars, perfect humility, perfect reverence, perfect faith, perfect humility, perfect meekness, perfect self-denial, perfect resignation, and, above all, perfect love. And as this last star is always accompanied by the others, as Jupiter by his satellites, of love, in the sense that they are inseparable from it. They are, strictly speaking, parts or manifestations of it, separable in thought only, for convenience of consideration, very much as the one great ocean has placed upon it different names where it washes different shores.

It is important to hold this fact firmly because there are those at the present day who are disposed to affirm that love may be perfect while these various qualities or manifestations of love are evidently imperfect. They will exhibit discontent with their station, or pride of opinion, or irritability of manner, yet claim to feel nothing but love, and declare, because of that assumed feeling, that, in spite of the outward signs, they are perfected in love. To which it may be replied that the outward manifestation is, under the circumstances, more likely to be a correct index of the real inward disposition than their crude diagnosis of what they call their heart. If the love which they would fain have us believe entirely fills them does not show itself in active exercise when the conditions calling for it arise, then we must be excused from supposing that such love, in its perfection, exists within.

John Wesley had trouble with many such deceived people in his day. He says of them that "they are undeniably wanting in resignation, since they do not see the hand of God in whatever comes and cheerfully embrace it; they do not in everything

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give thanks and rejoice evermore; they are not always happy; they sometimes complain and say this or that is hard; they are wanting in gentleness, do not take it well if they are reproved, and speak sharply or roughly when they reprove others; they are wanting in a nice regard to truth, simplicity and godly sincerity; wanting in composure, evenness of temper and quietness of spirit, their mind is not well-balanced; wanting in humility, since they think they have what they really have not; wanting in fidelity and meekness and temperance, not steadily using that kind and degree of food which they know or might know would most conduce to the health and vigor of their body." He says of all such: They have not what I call Christian perfection; if others will call it so, they may." Hence he certainly would not have admitted that any person could have perfect love who was at all lacking in these accompanying qualities, for he always defined perfection as nothing more nor less than perfect love.

Just so far as perfect love does not show itself on suitable occasions, we are abundantly warranted in inferring that it does not exist, but something else exists of an inferior nature which is trying to pass itself off for the genuine article. The claim that perfect love fills the heart, however little it may appear in the life and in the practical manifestation of these various virtues, is a monstrous delusion fraught with great harm, and close akin to that Antinomianism which claims that its standing in Christ is all right whatever may be its conduct.

It is also strikingly similar to the outrageous fanaticism of those faith-healers who teach that the cure is complete while the symptoms all remain unchanged. They tell their deluded votaries to "simply ignore the symptoms, claiming the reality at the back of and below all symptoms, counting them only so many infirmities, and steadily believing that the life of Jesus is there just the same working out the great restoration." Is not this precisely the way that certain modern teachers of perfect love press their disciples on to believing and professing that the heart is cleansed, though the symptoms as shown in the tongue and temper of daily life do not seem to be much different? We believe that this kind of instruction is doing great harm in certain quarters and bringing into reproach an important doctrine of Methodism which ought not to be thus befouled.—Zions Herald.

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