

trifling object connected with this life, some present gain, holds the heart. The cry of danger has been heard again and again, perhaps, and the awful danger even seen and felt, and the heart has been touched again and again by the gracious entreaties of a Savior-God; but the blinding spell over the soul, and the delusive dream of "time enough yet," have proved too much, and the awful risk is taken. "One dance more," and then—ah! yes, and then what? A fleeting moment's pleasure, or what is *called* pleasure, and then the soul goes out into an eternal night of darkness and woe.

Oh! unsaved soul, flee from the coming wrath! Wait not a moment! Linger not in all the plain! Flee to Christ for refuge. You will find Him "a shelter in the time of storm." His blood has been shed for sinners, and all who believe in Him are sheltered by that blood. Jehovah has said "when I see the blood, I will pass over you." Blessed assurance. Is it yours reader? Have you come to Jesus, and His sheltering blood? "Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out" (Ex. xii. 13; John vi. 37). Once more let me beseech you, repeat not the folly of the Moscow dancers, nor of those all around you, who, heedless of the gospel call, are moment by moment neglecting God's great salvation" (Heb. ii. 3). Wait not for to-morrow; you may never see it. Wait not for the next hour; you may be in eternity. Seize the present moment, God's "now," for "behold, *now* is the accepted time; behold, *now* is the day of salvation" (2 Cor. vi. 2).