

then she said to herself, the heavenly pleasures will be better than these down here, for these fade, but those endure. Before she retired to rest for the night she had decided for Christ.

Reader, God is calling yet. Have you heard the call, and will you refuse? He is stretching out His hand to you; and will you not regard? Alas! alas! if you "set at naught" His counsel, and will none of His reproof, the day will come when He will "laugh at your calamity," and will mock at your fear, when it cometh as desolation, and your destruction as a whirlwind. Ah! then it will be too late. You will call but get no answer; you will seek, but you will not find; and—sad thought—you will be left to eat the fruit of your own way (Prov. i. 24-33.) Oh, hearken now while you may! Listen to His call. Do not be held longer under the dreadful bondage with which Satan binds. Have not these words a voice for you as well as for dear Mary T——?

"God calling yet, I cannot stay,

"My heart I yield without delay,

"Vain world farewell—from thee I part;

"The voice of God has reached my heart."

"HIM THAT COMETH TO ME I WILL IN NO WISE  
CAST OUT."

**A**S one was carefully picking his way along a mountain-side, he was thrilled by his little child crying out behind him, "Take the safe path, papa; I'm coming after you!"