

what men are doing, who are habitually putting off till to-morrow, in the concerns of their eternity, that which ought to be done to-day, that which God commands them to do to-day, that which God perpetually warns them they are not sure they shall have another day for its performance.

And indeed there is almost no form of warning, with which God has not beset the sinner, to save him from eternal ruin. The very angels of his providence stand as with drawn swords in his way. The powers of the unseen world bend themselves down upon the soul to turn it from the path of evil into that of good, from the way of death into that of life, from guilt to forgiveness, from hell to Heaven. And it is at a man's own choice whether he will yield himself to these influences, or set himself against them. It sometimes seems as if God did all but force a man into Heaven. And certainly it is an amazing energy of the depraved being, the perverted will, which is exerted in opposition to the whole might of the scheme of Redemption, and all the vast and varied instrumentalities and agencies, by which that scheme is going on, to render it inefficacious, to ward off its powerful application, to render unavailing the whole routine of redeeming mercy. Days, weeks, months, years, and the changing seasons of the year, as well as the providences of life and the words of Jehovah, all have their appropriate and solemn lessons; and yet, the nearer all these lessons draw to their close, the nearer men come to the line beyond which there are to be no more lessons, no more opportunities, no more warnings, no more seasons, no more years, months, weeks, or days of probation, and no more space either for tears or for repentance, the more heedless or hardened and unconscious and insensible they are! And so it goes on till the whole of life is finished, and perhaps just on the verge of eternity the soul awakes with the sad and woful cry, prophetic of an everlasting reality, "The harvest is past, the summer is ended, we are not saved!" And, oh! what bitter, indescribable, inconceivable anguish is that agony of despair, when no more seasons of mercy, no more possibilities of retrieving this ruin, no more opportunities of salvation rise before the soul, but the last is really past, and it is impossible to return, and the seal is closed of everlasting ruin!

Now, all the opportunities of mercy in our lives that ever occur—and they are as constant as the air that we breathe, they are as incessant as the activity of our own existence.—all the opportunities lost are needlessly lost, blamably lost, sinfully lost; and, whether we know them to be the last opportunities or not, makes no difference in our ruin. We know that they may, any of them, be our last, for we know not what shall be on the morrow; but in every case, where unexpectedly they prove to be the last, it is because of men's own dreadful insensibility and carelessness, and so much the more terrible will be men's horror of surprise, when the overwhelming conviction comes upon them too late in eternity. Agrippa did not know, and Felix did not know, when he spake of a more convenient season, that that very season even then passing was the last. And the Athenians did not know, when they told Paul they would hear him again of those matters, that they should never hear him more. They may have intended to hear him again, and with the determination to do right and to be right another time; but that was the decisive time. Oh! if I had known it was the last time! But who can know, until it is too late for ever? Perpetually God tells us that every opportunity may be the last. And there is that thing in those words "too late" which will embody the very essence of eternal wo, if you come to know the dreadfulness of its meaning embodied in your own experience, when this probationary state is ended. O those little words, "TOO LATE!" Of what multitudes of men have they read the final perdition!

HOME IN VIEW.

It is very refreshing to go from place to place, and find the same fruits of faith, love, joy, and

peace. What shall it be, when all the children of God, who in different ages and countries have been scattered abroad, shall be all gathered together, and enter into that glorious and eternal rest provided for them—when there shall not be one trace of sin or sorrow remaining, not one discordant note be heard, nothing to disturb, or deplete, or alleviate the never-ceasing joy! Such is the hope to which God has called us. That day will as surely come as the present day is already arrived. Every moment brings on its approach. While I am writing, and you are reading, we may say, "Now is our full salvation nearer." Many a weary step we have taken since the Lord first gave us to believe in His name; but we shall not have to tread the past way over again; some difficulties yet remain, but we know not how few; perhaps, before we are aware, the Lord may cut short our conflict, and say, "Come up hither." Or at the most it cannot be very long; and He, who has been with us thus far, will be with us to the end. And, when we get safe home, we shall not complain that we have suffered too much by the way. No, when we awake in that glorious world, we shall in an instant be satisfied with His likeness. One sight of Jesus as He is will fill our hearts and dry up all our tears. Let us then resign ourselves into His hands. Let us gird up the loins of our minds, be sober, and hope to the end. Let us, like faithful servants, watch for our Lord's appearance, and pray earnestly that we may be found ready at His coming. We live in a trying time. How many erroneous principles and scandalous practices, abound, how many fair professors miscarry! This should teach us to be jealous of ourselves. We may feel the same root of bitterness in our own hearts; and, if we stand when others fall, we have nothing of our own to boast. But neither need we be distressed and unbelieving. Jesus is able to keep us from falling. Let us be steady in the use of His instituted means, and sincerely desirous to abstain from all appearance of evil. The rest we may confidently leave to Him in whom whosoever trusts shall never be ashamed.—*Rev. J. Newton.*

A LAMB OF CHRIST'S FLOCK.

Let me tell you a word of a gentle lamb, whom Jesus gathered, and whom I saw on her way from grace to glory. She was early brought to Christ, and early taken to be with Him where He is. She told her companions that she generally fell asleep on these words, "His left hand is under my head, and His right hand doth embrace me," and sometimes on these, "Underneath are the everlasting arms." She said she did not know how it was, but somehow she felt that Christ was always near her. Another time she said, "I think it's the best way to make myself as loathsome as I can before Him, and then to look to Jesus."

When seized with her last illness, and told that the doctors thought she would not live long, she looked quite composed, and said, "I am very happy at that." She said that she could not love Jesus enough here, that she would like to be with Him, and then she would love Him as she ought. To her tender, watchful relative she said, "I wonder at your looking so grave. I am surprised at it, for I think I am the happiest person in the house. I have every temporal comfort, and then I am going to Jesus."

After a companion had been with her, she said, "Margaret quite entered into my happiness; she did not look grave, but smiled; that shows how much she loves me."

When sitting one evening, her head resting on a pillow, she was asked, "Is there anything the matter, my darling?"

"Oh," she said, "I am only weak, I am quite happy. Jesus has said, 'Thou art Mine.'"

Another day, when near her last, one said to her, "Have you been praying much to-day?"

"Yes," she replied, "and I have been trying to praise too."

"And what have you been praising for?"

"I praise God," she said, "for all the comforts

I have. I praise Him for many kind friends. You know He is the foundation of all; and I praise Him for taking a sinner to glory."—*M. Cheyne.*

WEEPING MOTHER.

WEEPING mother, have you really lost your son? Is he not still your son? Is he not your son in Heaven? God lost not His dear Son when He gave Him up for us all; He gave Him up that He might receive Him for ever. So your jewel has been taken but to be purified, and brightened, and reset in your crown, never more to be removed. Is that a cause of grief? He is now in God's family in Heaven. Would you call him thence? Do you grieve that he is happy? O, let it not be. What sweet comfort was afforded in his death! And what an honour to have a son in the court of Heaven! He was your dear son, true; but God loved him also, and has provided for him better than you can. Is your best earthly treasure too valuable to be given cheerfully to the Saviour when He asks it? What has He not done for you? Dry, then, your tears. Look up and say, and feel, "Even so, Father; not my will but Thine be done." You may yet rejoice with your son among the glorified at God's right hand. Will you weep then? Weep not now. Mothers, weep not; grieve not for your children, even for a dear son dead in the Lord. "He that believeth on Me shall never die." *Christian Treasury.*

INDUCTION AT NORVALTOWN.

The Presbytery of Montreal met, according to appointment, at Norvaltown, County of Beauharnois, on Thursday, the 30th of June, for the induction of the Rev. A. H. Milligan, lately Minister at Wick, Scotland. The call having been previously accepted and moderated in, the Rev. Robert McGill, of St. Paul's, Montreal, presided and preached from Ps. cxxii. 6. "Pray for the peace of Jerusalem; they shall prosper that love thee." The sermon being concluded, and answers being given to the Formula, as also the assent to the Act of Spiritual Independence, the Moderator declared Mr. Milligan Minister of the church and congregation of Norvaltown, in connection with the Church of Scotland. The Moderator, and brethren of the Presbytery present, gave the newly inducted Minister the right hand of fellowship. Dr. Mathieson addressed Mr. Milligan in appropriate terms, and the Moderator the people on their duties to him who had been that day appointed to the spiritual rule over them. The names of Donald Alexander Livingston, Esq., Surgeon, and Mr. Adam Rae, having been submitted to the Presbytery as fit and proper persons for the office of Elders, and the nomination being sustained, they were ordained as Elders, thereby constituting with the Minister the Kirk-Session. At the dismissal of the congregation, which fully occupied the church, Mr. Milligan and the newly appointed Elders were cordially welcomed with a hearty shake of the hand.

Not two years have elapsed since this congregation was formed; and scarcely did the Presbytery expect to meet such a numerous assemblage. The village of Norvaltown, from which the church is distant about a mile and a-half, lies in the midst of a fertile and beautifully situated