

from dying: for you will have a good home to go to when you leave this world of trial.

But it is an awful thing to speak of "going home to God" whilst you are unconverted and unholy. Into the New Jerusalem "there shall in no wise enter any thing that defileth, neither whatsoever worketh abomination, or maketh a lie." Have you thought of this? Heaven is a holy place. It is happy, because it is holy and full of love. You must be pardoned, washed, and sanctified before you can rightly speak about dying as "going home."

WHAT SAYS THE SIGN-POST ?

WE had been trudging along for several miles without meeting with anybody on the road, and we began to be afraid that after all we were perhaps in the wrong way, and pleasant as the walk was in the fresh country air, it would be rather disappointing to have to retrace our steps. Soon, however, we saw something in the distance which gladdened our eyes—the well-known sight of a post, rather the worse for wear, and with two wooden hands outstretched to guide poor wayfarers along their journey. We quickened our pace, reached the corner where it stood at the meeting of two cross-roads, and found to our great joy that we were all right.

We are all trudging on the road of life, and it is a safe and wise thing for us to stop for a moment, and looking up at the sign-post of the Word of God, see whether we are in the right or wrong way. Walk on we must, for we are getting older every day, whether we like it or not; but it is our own fault if we are going along the wrong road. We ought to be all of us walking homewards, and sad will it be if, when we look up at the directing fingers of the post, we find that our toilsome journey has been hitherto in the wrong direction, and we are every hour only increasing the distance between ourselves and happiness and rest.

What a weary way some of us have travelled! The colour of our hair has changed to snowy whiteness; many lines of care are written upon our brows; and our step is slower and not so full of spring as it used to be. We are getting just a bit tired of the journey, and shall not be sorry to exchange the toilsome walking for the home of welcome and repose. Oh! happy are we if the way gets brighter as we go along, and if yonder, perhaps not so far away, we see the gates of that blessed city where the angels wait to welcome the children of heaven.

But let us look at the post again. Here is a finger pointing down, and underneath are the warning words, "Love not the world, neither the things of the world," but, alas! from appearances we should say that most people walk this way. The path is crowded, and the faces of the travellers are anxious and full of care. It goes down-hill too, and the bottom of the road is lost in darkness. Are we going that way?

Are we living to get money, to make friends, to please ourselves without any regard to pleasing God? Then are we in this wrong way which leadeth to destruction.

Here is another finger pointing to another broad path, which is called the way of wicked forgetfulness, and beneath we read the text, "The wicked shall be turned into hell, and all the nations that forget God."

If you speak to any of the wayfarers on this road, they will tell you that they do not wish to do anything wrong, that they are very good-natured; but the fact is they do not care to think about religion. What a many people there are who carelessly forget all about God, and will not trouble themselves with any thought of eternity, and meeting Him before whom they must one day stand to give an account!

The Bible tells us "Remember now thy Creator," and we had better forget everything else—food, home, business—everything sooner than forget our God. Think how ungrateful it is not to remember One who is so generous in His gifts to us, and is constantly blessing us. An hour is coming nearer and nearer every day we live, when we shall lie upon our death-bed, and then what will it profit us if we have all sorts of knowledge stored in our memory and know nothing of God? Let us, then, confess our sins and seek His pardon who gave His only begotten Son to die for us.

Another road, however, is pointed out to us, and this is called the Way of Life, and they that walk therein are blessed, for the Lord is with them, and they never, therefore, can feel lonely or afraid. This is the King's highway of holiness and peace, where sin comes not, and wherein David walked, and saw behind him the beautiful attendants, and exclaimed, "Surely goodness and mercy have followed me all the days of my life, and I shall dwell in the house of the Lord for ever." Yes, at the end of that road is the house of the great King, who is ever receiving with glad welcome the weary travellers home.

Dear reader, are you on this road? Is the Lord your Guide and Keeper? and have you committed yourself to Him, body, soul, and spirit, so that, life's journey over, you may finish your course with joy? The voice of the Lord is heard calling to you, "This is the way, walk ye in it." Let your answer be prompt and thankful: "By Thy grace we will."

Jose Page.

THE OPPORTUNE DISCOVERY.

IN a small island on the east coast of Jutland, there lived, in the beginning of the present century, a minister of Christ, who bore part in the extreme poverty of his parishioners with a most submissive spirit. Between the years 1816 and 1820 the distress of the islanders was so great that they found themselves disabled from contributing to their pastor's support, and he was often reduced to the greatest straits.