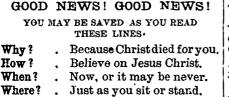
man began to speak to him of the birth of Jesus, (in Matthew), and traced down to the new birth (in John), the master impatiently exclaimed, "That is all right, Sam, but I don't understand this question of 'ELECTION.'" "Jess you stop a minute, massa," said the slave. "Dat subjec of lection is away ober in Romans, and we aint got froo with de Gospels yet." Just so it is, and always has been, with men. Peter speaks of them in his second epistle' iii. 16, when he admits that in Paul's epistles are "some things hard to be understood, which they that are UNLEARNED and UNSTABLE wrest, as they do ALSO THE OTHER SCRIPTURES, unto their own destruction. Note the fact: He says in so many words, that if the hard things were not there it would be all the same. The other scriptures would be perverted and cavilled at, and even rejected.

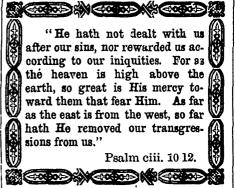
Dear young man, we urge upon you to accept the Gospel invitation. Take God's simple statement, that Jesus died for you, and in due time all necessary truths will be made plain, for "if any man will do His will, he shall know of the doctrine," (John vii. 17), for "God shall reveal even this unto you." Phil. iii, 15. [ED.]



Who? . You, however vile or guilty.

From what? From Hell.

To what?. To endless joy in heaven.



## THE VOYAGE OF LIFE.

Events are flowing **wayes** that onward roll, And Providence the **tide** that doth control; The **ocean**, life; the **bark**, the human soul. The word of God, the **chart** by which we steer; Conscience, **the watch on deck** when danger's near;

The rock traced clearly on the chart is sin; Hope is the anchor, cast the veil within;

- The cable, the sure promises of God;
- The **wake**, the separate path by each that's trod;
- Reason, the rudder; Faith, the magnet true;

And Heaven, the harbour to be kept in view. Jesus as Pilot at the helm doth stand;

The Spirit is the breeze that wafts to land.

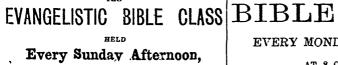
- The sails to catch the breeze, the means of grace;
- The masts, occasions given for their embrace. Our days to number, is the log to heave;
- Our age, the rate of vessel through the wave;

Life's pulse, the line the water's depth to find; The crew, the thoughts and feelings of the mind:

The **freight** of holy tempers, rich supplies Intended for the harbour of the skies; Death, the last **billow**, soon to break on shore;

Eternity, the coast, where time's no more.





AT 3 O'CLOCE, FOR ONE HOUR.

All are invited.

loang Temu.

BIBLE CLASS

EVERY MONDAY EVENING,

AT 8 O'CLOCK,

ALL INVITED.