

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.'" "Jes' 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.]

GOOD NEWS! GOOD NEWS!

YOU MAY BE SAVED AS YOU READ
THESE LINES.

- Why? . Because Christ died for you.
- How? . Believe on Jesus Christ.
- When? . Now, or it may be never.
- Where? . Just as you sit or stand.
- Who? . You, however vile or guilty.
- From what? From Hell.
- To what? . To endless joy in heaven.

Remember

THE

EVANGELISTIC BIBLE CLASS

HELD

Every Sunday Afternoon,

AT 3 O'CLOCK, FOR ONE HOUR.

All are invited.

"He hath not dealt with us after our sins, nor rewarded us according to our iniquities. For as the heaven is high above the earth, so great is His mercy toward them that fear Him. As far as the east is from the west, so far hath He removed our transgressions from us."

Psalm ciii. 10 12.

THE VOYAGE OF LIFE.

Events are flowing waves 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.

YOUNG MEN'S

BIBLE CLASS

EVERY MONDAY EVENING,

AT 8 O'CLOCK,

ALL INVITED.