

scrapings of the barrel? God asks your life while the bloom is on it; will you wait to give it Him till it is a poor, withered, shrivelled thing? He seeks you in your youth, in the very heyday of your life and vigour: will you seek Him only when, bankrupt of days and strength, you are scarce able to crawl back to His feet? "Are you afraid to die?" said a sick-visitor to a man as he lay on his death-bed. "No," said the dying man, "I am not *afraid*; I am *ashamed* to die: God has done so much for me, and I have done nothing for Him." Christ seeks your soul; He seeks your life: will you give Him both?

THE END