

TO-MORROW MAY BE TOO LATE.

Jesus Christ has many ways of knocking at our door by His providence. When He sends sickness to take away our health, disappointment to take away our prospects, misfortune to take away our means, bereavement to take away our friends—in all these events He says, "I stand at the door, and knock." By whatever shows the vanity of earthly things, by whatever demonstrates the uncertainty of human life—how soon this world may be turned into a broken cistern, how soon this green gourd may wither and die—each ruined house, decayed fortune, bed of sickness, passing funeral, open grave—in short, by everything which declares

SALVATION TO BE THE ONE THING NEEDFUL, Jesus says, "Behold, I stand at the door, and knock."

It is vain, it is false, to say that we have got no warning. Yon coffin warns you, yon sick-bed warns you, yon grave warns you. You have not only been warned, but I know more. I take on me to say, that there is not a man but has heard the knocking, and that so distinctly, that he has, over, and over, and over again, resolved to rise and open. But, alas! how has it been with him as with a drowsy man, he would wait for a few minutes before he rose, and then he falls asleep again. A succeeding stroke of Providence wakens him again, and then he sleeps again. And thus men go on, oscillating between heaven and hell, alternately waking and sleeping; and so they sleep away the day of grace, and, alas! the only opportunity they shall ever have of being saved.

Believe me, it is a dangerous thing to lie down when you are once awakened. When a conviction comes, as a man determined to rise, spring to your feet at once. Take the tide when it flows; by this hour perhaps it ebbs; it may be a back-going tide; and unless you launch your bark on the water now, you may never sail for heaven.

IT WILL BE TOO LATE TO-MORROW.

To-morrow, all may be gone—Christ gone, the Spirit gone, grace gone, the world itself gone—and nothing left to a poor sinner but this lamentable cry, "Ye have taken away my gods, and what have I more?"—*Rev. Dr. Guthrie.*

He who runs from God in the morning, will scarcely find Him the rest of the day.

ARE THE FIRES OUT.

Fire takes long to die out. You can never tell from what heap of cold gray ashes a flame may start up, to begin or to renew a conflagration. Many of the most destructive fires have taken their origin from inflammable material left too near some heap of seemingly dead ashes; and often when the wearied firemen have left the steaming ruins behind them, they are recalled because the flame has started anew from some rubbish heap where all was supposed to be extinguished. Yes, fire takes long to die out. You may think you are safe from the fire of this or that temptation, because the dead gray ashes have shown no sign of life. But take care that you do not bring inflammable materials too near them. A gust of passion, a breeze of memory, a wind of ambition, may blow the dying ashes into a live coal, and the live coal may carry the fire to the things which are your best and dearest. A little forgetfulness, a little heedlessness—and next you may hear the roar of a flame which your own unaided effort will not extinguish. What is the preventive? Only the most constant watchfulness, only the most earnest care. These half-dead ashes are dangerous, chiefly because you see no danger in them. Be on your guard against them—carefully, prayerfully—and they will indeed have for you no peril.—*Free Church Monthly.*

LORD, IS IT I?

In one of the great temples in Japan the devotion of the worshippers consists in running around the sacred building one hundred times, and dropping a piece of wood into a box at each round, when, the wearisome exertion being ended, the worshipper goes home tired, and very happy at the thought of having done his god such worthy service! Are there not some Christians whose activity is very similar to this, and of about as much value? They are ever on the street, running to all sorts of meetings, and ever bustling and hurrying from place to place. They feel and talk as if they were rendering most valuable service, and solace themselves in their weariness with the comfort that they are doing great good and will have rich reward. Yet really they are, accomplishing nothing. Their exhausting labor is really only running round and round the temple; no cause is advanced by it; God's name is not honored it it.—*Scl.*