

"Arise, call upon thy God."

Jonah i. 6.

reply. "Why don't you try it?" said a fourth. "Well," said the one spoken to, "there's plenty of time yet." And thus the time passed on.

It was nearly eleven o'clock, when an old couple from the poorhouse came up to the office. The notice on the office-door caught the old man's eyes. "Why, wife," said the old man, "that's his lordship's signature. Thank God we can die free from debt." And they both started for the door of the office.

Within the office they found the Lord of the Manor and his steward. The old man laid his statement on the table, saying, "There, my lord, are my debts. I have no property, but live in the poorhouse. But it matters little if I can but die free from debt."

"Why should I pay your debts?" asked his lordship.

"I do not know, except that you say you will; and I know your signature, and believe your promise."

"That is enough," said his lordship. And by his direction the steward made up the account of all the old man's debts, and drew a cheque for the amount, which he handed to his lordship, and he signed it and passed it to the old man, who warmly thanked his benefactor, and then started for the door, saying, "I must go and tell my neighbors."

"No," said his lordship, "you must not tell them; they must trust my word for themselves, as you have done."

And so the old couple were shown into another room, to wait till twelve, while his lordship, being satisfied that their poverty was their misfortune and not their fault, ordered the lease of a nice little place to be made out to them for life, and added this to the cheque he had given them.

The hour of twelve drew near. Men looked at each other, but did not go in. At last the hour rang out from the church clock; and with the last stroke from the bell the door opened, and the old man and his wife came out.

"How is it, how is it?" cried the people; "have you got the money?"

The old man showed them his cheque. "Good," they said, "as the solid gold."

At the same moment his lordship came out, and as he entered his carriage there was a rush of the crowd to it, each one pressing forward with his statement, and crying, "My lord, will you not pay my debts?" "Here is my account." "Will you examine my statement?"

"Friends," was the reply, "it is after twelve o'clock. *The hour is past. It is too late!*" And the nobleman drove away.

You wonder at the hesitation of the people in availing themselves of the nobleman's proffered kindness. But are you clear that with like opportunity you would have acted differently? Are you yourself not debtor beyond any sum owing by the most impoverished of these tenants? And has there been no offer made that another should undertake to discharge your greater debt?

Delay not beyond the appointed hour. "Now is the accepted time," and "now is the day of salvation!" "Strive to enter in at the strait gate: for many, I say unto you, will seek to enter in and shall not be able, when once the master of the house is risen up, and hath shut to the door!" "Because strait is the gate, and narrow is the way, which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it."

YOUNG MEN'S BIBLE CLASS

Every Monday Evening,

AT 8 O'CLOCK.

ALL INVITED.

Buy the truth and sell it not.

Prov. xxiii. 23.