

"THAT'S JUST HOW I AM BOUND BY MY SINS."

Bill Blake was anything but a loveable man. Hasty and quarrelsome in his temper, he was the terror of the little square in which he lived. He poached, he drank; and, being a big, strong man, he had it all his own way as far as mere physical strength was concerned. The missionary was afraid to visit him lest he should raise a riot. But one day this taunt was as a stone cast at the missionary,—"Oh, you are afraid to visit Bill Blake." So he resolved that he would now do so.

Bill was rather peaceable that day, and listened to the missionary's kind inquiries after his family, and so on. Presently he said, "I suppose you are come to try and convert me?"

"I see," said the missionary, "you have some idea of the purpose of my visit."

"Well," he said, "I'll show you a trick."

"Jim," said he to his little boy, "go upstairs and fetch me down those new ropes."

The boy went.

Meanwhile the missionary wondered, while Bill kept repeating that he would show him a trick. What could it be? Did he mean violence? Soon the boy came back; and, amid silence, the father bound him hard and fast to the arm-chair.

"Now," said he to the missionary, "can that little un get away anyhow?"

"No," said the missionary.

"Well, *that's just how I am bound by my sins*; I can't get away, no more than this little un; they are round and round me. But look here," he said, pulling out a knife and cutting the ropes, "the little un's free now, isn't he?"

"Yes."

"Well, but you can't set me free that way. So it's no good wasting words on me. I know all you can say; but you can't cut the bonds of sin that bind me."

"Stop a moment," said the missionary. "Suppose the boy pushed away your hand, and would not let you cut the ropes, who would be to blame then?"

"Why, the boy, to be sure."

"Well, now, I can't cut your ropes; but Christ can, and has sent His Holy Spirit to do so; but if you push Him away, who is to blame? Christ came to cut the cords. He is able, is willing, is ready to set you free. He can cut you loose from your

sins, and enable you to overcome them, and to win the victory. But if you won't let Him, won't listen to him, who's to blame?"

Bill had never thought of it in this way, and God blessed that thought to the saving of his soul.

Reader, perhaps sin has such a hold of you that you feel bound, and quite helpless. But, thank God, you are not hopeless. Helpless you *are*; but it was just the helpless and lost that Christ came to save, "to set at liberty them that are bound." It is a battle to give up sin; but you have not the battle to fight alone. Christ has won it already. He will give you *His* strength, if you simply cast yourself into His care just as you are. He will cut the cords of sin for you, and bind you to Himself with the joyful cords of everlasting love.

"Behold the Man!" "Christ Jesus our Saviour." Reader! "Wilt thou go with this man?" God the Father asks thee—God the Spirit asks thee—God the Son asks thee. What answer dost thou give now to my Lord the King?—*Rev. Wm. Mitchell.*

WHAT DRUNKENNESS WILL DO FOR YOU.

If you wish to be always thirsty, be a drunkard; the oftener you drink, the oftener you will want to.

If you wish to prevent your friends from raising you in the world, be a drunkard, and that will defeat all their efforts.

If you would effectually counteract your attempts to do well, be a drunkard, and you will not be disappointed.

If you wish to repel the endeavors of the whole human race to raise you to character, credit, and prosperity, be a drunkard, and you will most assuredly triumph.

If you are determined to be poor, be a drunkard, and you will be ragged and penniless to your heart's content.

If you wish to starve your family, be a drunkard, and then you will consume the means of their support.

If you would be imposed upon by knaves, be a drunkard, for that will make their task easy.

If you wish to be robbed, be a drunkard, and the thief will do it with greater safety.