

were!—"Come unto me all ye that labour, and I will give you rest."—(Matt. xi. 28.) "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."—(John iii. 16.) The old man never rose from that bed again, but we believe he *did* go to Jesus, and that loving Saviour made him so happy that he did not mind the pain, and was not afraid to die. When his spirit passed away from earth, it passed into the presence of the King of Kings and Lord of Lords, to rejoice with Him for ever.

Dear little reader, do you love Jesus? If you do not, oh, begin at once. Do not wait till you grow older—perhaps you may die very soon. If you *do* love Him, just think, "Can I not do something for Him? Can I not go and tell at least *one* person about His love, and say, 'Go to Jesus?'" Oh, try; and when you try, remember to pray that the Holy Spirit may teach you to do it aright, and may bless you the good seed.—*The Churchman's Monthly Penny Magazine.*

#### OUT OF DARKNESS—INTO LIGHT.

When steaming, not long since, through Derbyshire, our train came to a mountain that lay long and lofty right across our track. Clouds hung low on the landscape. It threatened to rain; the prospect was dark and November-ish. As we reached the tunnel, the train rushed in, and went clanking, and roaring, and thundering through the darkness, and the foul, damp air! On and on we went, wondering when we should ever emerge; and at last, after a long subterranean travel, we suddenly broke from the darkness into *overpowering sunlight.*

For, on the eastern side of the mountain, the sky was clear and cloudless. The soft light slumbered sweetly on Derbyshire cottages trellised with woodbines, on green hedge rows of fragrant hawthorn, on gently-swelling hills, and Gothic Churches embowered in their ancient ivy. The transition was sudden, *surprising, glorious!*

Such, thought I to myself, is the regeneration of a sinner's heart. It was, in the first place, under the black cloud of God's righteous condemnation. He flees from this state of guilt; but flies right through a mountain of opposition, straight towards Jesus Christ. For a time, darkness envelopes his pathway. Discouragement gathers over him. But the light is all the brighter, the peace is all the purer, the joy is all the more joyous, when at length the penitent becomes the believer, and issues forth into the glorious assurance of sins forgiven and heaven secured. The very outer world smiles in beauty to a newly converted soul. Like President Edwards, in the hour of his regeneration, he is in love with the very trees that hang over him, and the birds that start up before him, and the modest field-daisy that blossoms at his feet. He is out of sin's darkness; he is in the "marvellous light."

My friend! has *your* heart ever undergone this blessed change? Have you experienced the new birth? Have you ever gone to Christ? If not, then go! Go at once. Seek the new birth. Seek it in faith. Seek until you find. "Ye shall seek Me, and find Me," says the Saviour, "when ye search for me *with all the heart.*" You must make religion your *great business*, your all-absorbing work, until you are on the safe side of that high dark mountain between you and heaven.

You may encounter discouragements. A perfect mountain of doubt may hang before you. Darkness may thicken about you. Passages of Scripture may seem puzzling. A chill, heavy atmosphere of unbelief may oppress you, hard to breathe. Your heart will be terribly *stubborn*, count on that. The arch-enemy will tempt you, annoy you, worry you with all manner of harrassing torments. Foolish companions may sneer at you. Worst of all, your enemies may be they of your own household," and your dearest relatives frown upon your search for a new heart. Your past sins will swell up like a mountain across your way to dishearten. But, my good friend! through all, over all, in spite of all, *press on to Jesus.* As you love your soul, and as you dread an everlasting hell, *Don't give up.* It is dark now, but, to you

"There is a light about to beam,  
There is a fount about to stream,  
There is a warmth about to glow,  
There is a flower about to blow;  
The midnight blackness soon will change  
Into gray.  
Once the welcome light has broken,  
Who shall say  
What the unimagined glories  
Of the day?  
What the evil that shall perish  
In its ray?"