

was read to her, and the poor creature seemed to devour the word, and exclaimed, "Read more, read more!" The second, third, fourth, and fifth were read before she would consent to a pause. Almost from the very first she seemed to find peace and joy in believing in Jesus, who gave His life for the remission of sins. In a few days she passed away—a ransomed soul.

"For 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 3:16).

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THE night of the Christian is illumined by the love of Jesus, and is terminated by a morning that has no evening, "for there shall be no night there." Oh, think of that scene, that happy scene, "the city had no need of the sun, for the glory of God did lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof, and there shall be no night there." Eternal and unfading glory.

Listen, "the morning cometh, and also the NIGHT." Oh, what a night, Christless soul! You go into eternity without Christ, and what is it? All night! all night! No morning to that awful night, and for a few passing hours of pleasure will you risk that fearful night?

Unsaved one, the night has not yet come, though near. Jesus calls yet in tenderest love, "Come unto Me."