

JESUS SAITH: COME UNTO ME

For Pardon . . .	Ephesians i. 5-7.
For Comfort . . .	Isaiah lxi. 2, 3.
For Health . . .	Matt. viii. 16, 17.
For Strength . . .	Phil. iv. 13.
For Holiness . . .	John xv. 4, 5.
For Peace . . .	John xiv. 27.
For Joy . . .	John xv. 10, 11.
For Rest . . .	Matt. xi. 28.
For Happiness . . .	Prov. xiii. 17, 18.
For Eternal Life . . .	John vi. 47.

"WHAT SHALL A MAN GIVE IN EXCHANGE FOR HIS SOUL?"

YOUR SOUL! How meaningless the words sound on your ears, and yet how full of meaning they are! Full of meaning to God, full of meaning to Satan, and yet no meaning to you who are the most concerned in the matter!

YOUR SOUL! Can you be at peace, and it not saved? Can you rest, and its interests unattended to?

**WHAT MADNESS!
TO BE GOING TO
ETERNITY
WITH AN
UNSAVED SOUL.**

THE LOVE OF CHRIST CONSTRAINETH US.

NOTHING is difficult to love: it will make a man cross his own inclinations to pleasure them whom he loves.—*Tillotson*

1630-94.

"Being born again, not of corruptible seed, but of incorruptible, by the word of God, which liveth and abideth for ever."

—1 Peter i. 23.

"IS IT I?"

IN one of those financial convulsions which so often sweep over the land, you have lost your all. Dig you cannot, for there is none to hire you. To beg is useless, for there is none to give you. Famine, gaunt and inexorable, stares you in the face. In the hour of your utmost need, an old friend meets you, and looking pitifully into your dim eye; lays his hand on your shoulder and says, "Come home with me to dinner." You go with him to a splendid mansion. You enter a large and richly furnished dining hall. You see before you a long table loaded with food in every variety, from the plainest to the most luxurious. At the lower end, where you stand, the dishes are all simple, nutritious, solid, precisely such as your famishing state demands. And every dish is open, showing its contents at a glance. But farther on, toward the head of the board, there are dishes of a more complicated character, reserved for a later stage of the feast. These, however, are covered. Your host bids you welcome, and presses you most affectionately to sit down at once and satisfy your hunger. But, instead of thankfully accepting his offer, you look along the table, and ask, "What is under the covers yonder?" Your friend replies that these dishes are not suited to your present necessities, that they belong to the dessert, and that when the proper time comes he will take the covers off. And again he urges you to partake of his bounty. But you draw yourself up haughtily, draw your ragged garments about you, and exclaim, "I'll not sit down to a table of mysteries," walk out into the cold, dark street, amid the howling storm, to die of starvation. (Selected.)

Does not the foregoing, picture the act of a fool, a madman. And yet it is the act of many in the present day. They will not sit down and enjoy the Gospel feast—partake of the *milk* of the word, simply because they can't see into all that is covered up in the strong *meats*. They will not accept *pardon* because they do not see into *sanctification*. In other words they are like the southern planter who became anxious about his soul, and spake upon the subject to a godly slave owned by him. When the