

the year, perhaps the last of your months, settle once and forever the momentous question of your soul's salvation?

Do you believe what is written in the word of God? It tells you that you are a sinner and have come short of His glory; it tells you that by the deeds of the law, by anything you could possibly do, you never can be justified; it tells you moreover that God in His love for the world gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should never perish but have everlasting life; and finally it tells of an inheritance in heaven reserved for believers which is undefiled and which fadeth not away.

THE SANDS OF TIME ARE SINKING. You have doubtless heard of those deadly quick-sands upon which the unwary traveller essaying to walk, has found himself sinking. His frantic efforts to extricate himself are unavailing, and as he sinks out of sight in the awful vortex, his shrieks for help are forever hushed in the silence of death; he perishes; a victim of his own folly. A picture of yourself, sinner.

Oh! I beseech you, lay hold of eternal life. Come to the Saviour; whosoever cometh unto Him, He will in no wise cast out, and hereafter, whether here or above, you will remember with the liveliest feelings of joy and thankfulness, the closing days of