

Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved.—Acts xvi. 31.

The Invitation.

"COME UNTO ME."—Matt. vi. 28.



HAT kind, sweet words! Jesus says them to you.

"How am I to know?" Well, they are for every one that is heavy laden, or wearied. Do not you know what it is to be weary and tired sometimes? Perhaps you know what it is to feel almost tired of trying to be good—wearied with wishing you could be better. So, you see, it is to you that He says "Come!"

And if you have not yet come, you are heavy laden too, even if you do not feel it; because the burden of sin is heavy enough to sink you down into hell, unless Jesus takes it from you. So it is to you that He says "Come!"

And lest you should think He says it to grown-up people only, He said, "Suffer the little children to come unto Me." Are you a little child? Then it is to you that He says "Come!"

"If He were here, and if I could see Him, I should like to come." He

is here, as really and truly as you are. Suppose your mother and you were in a dark room together, and she said, "Come to me!" you would not stop to say, "I would come if I could see you." You would say, "I am coming mother!" and you would soon feel your way across the room, and be safe by her side. Not seeing her would not make any difference.

Jesus calls you now, this very hour. Now, will you not say, "I am coming Lord Jesus!" and ask Him to stretch out His hand and help you to come, and draw you quite close to Himself?

Yes, to *Himself*, who loved you and gave Himself for you, who has waited so patiently for you, who calls you because He wants you to come and be His own little lamb, and be taken up in

His arms and blessed. Will you keep Him waiting any longer? Will you not "Come?"

"Will you not come to Him for life?

Why will ye die, oh why?

He gave His life for you, for you!

The gift is free, the word is true!

Will ye not come? "Oh why will ye die?"

—F. R. Havergal.

A Little Girl Silencing a Priest.

A LITTLE girl was reading her Bible, when a priest entered the room and wanted to know what she was reading. When he knew it was the Bible he said, "I am sorry you are in a Bible school." "Why?" asked the little

girl. "Because they are leading you to perdition," he replied. "The Bible is God's Word," the child said, "and I love it dearly. It tells me all about the love of Jesus, and all he has suffered for me. He loves me too much to send me to perdition for reading His Word. Would a man send his son to prison because he listens to what he said to him?" The priest could not answer, so left

the girl to read her Bible in peace.

Small Things.

A TOMS make worlds. Drops make oceans. Sands make shores. Farthings make fortunes. Units make millions. Moments make ages. Hours make eternity.

Such is the greatness of little things. Do not neglect them. Little words and little deeds, may cause deep, and rich, and lasting blessings. Who will despise small things so long as God clothes the lilies, feeds the ravens, counts the sparrows, and numbers the very hairs of our heads?

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