

He said it and shall he not make it good?" Believe in God and say as Job says: "Though He slay me, yet will I trust Him." Some men talk as if it were a great misfortune that they do not believe. They seem to look upon it as a kind of infirmity, and think they ought to be sympathized with and pitied. But bear in mind that it is the most damning sin in the world. When He the Holy Ghost is come, He will reprove the world of sin, because they believe not on Me." That is the sin of the very root of sin; and the fruit is bad, for the tree is bad. May God open our eyes to see that He is true, and may we be led to put our fullest trust in Christ.

But you say, "I do not know what it is to believe." That is another excuse. Well, let me put it differently. Suppose I say trust Him—just take Him at His Word. Believe that He really invites you—that He wants you to come. If you do not know what it is to believe, will you not just trust God?

But here is another one who says, "I would like to come very much, but I am afraid I would not hold out." Now, I have had a rule for a number of years that has been a great help to me—never to cross a mountain until you come to it. You trust Christ to save you now. The devil throws a little straw across your path, and then tries to magnify it and makes you think it is a great mountain. Never mind the mountains; trust Him to-night to save you. If He can save you to-night, He can keep you to-morrow. When you have sat down at the banquet and had one good feast—when you have had one interview with Christ, you will not want to leave Him. I accepted this invitation twenty years ago, and I never wanted to go back. I have not had to keep myself all these years. I would have been back in twenty-four hours if I had. But thank God, we do not have to keep ourselves. The Lord is my keeper, my shepherd, I shall not want. He keeps us. It takes the same grace to keep us that it does to save us. And God has told us that "My grace is sufficient for you."

But some people are not at all afraid of falling away. They are sure that God is quite able to save them, and quite strong enough to keep them. But when you ask them if they are Christians, they say, "Well, you know, I would like to be, but I have no time." If I were to go to

the door to-night, and take you by the hand and say, "My friend, why not accept of the invitation to-night?" some of you would say, "Please just excuse me now. I have really no time. I have got some very pressing business to attend to to-morrow morning, and I have to go home as fast as possible to get my night's rest. You must excuse me." And the mothers would say, "We have to run home and put the children to bed; you must excuse me for this time. So thousands and thousands say they have no time to be religious. But, my friends what have you done with all the time that God has given you? What have you been doing all these months and years that have rolled away since He gave you birth? Is it true that you have no time? What did you do with the 365 days of last year? Had you no time during all these twelve months to seek the kingdom of God? You spend twenty years getting an education to enable you to earn a living for this poor frail body, so soon to be eaten up of worms. You spend seven or eight years in learning a trade, that you may earn your daily bread; and yet you have not five minutes to accept of this invitation of Christ's! My friend, bear in mind you have yet to find time to die; to stand in the presence of the Judge. And when He calls you to stand before that bar, will you dare to tell Him that you had no time to prepare for the marriage supper of His Son? You have no time? Take time! Let everything else be laid aside until you have accepted this invitation.

PECULIAR CUSTOMS.

Travelling in Syria, the natives will tell you how Mr. H. H. Jessup, in his early days in the country, sat down to eat a Syrian repast. He saw a large flat thing beside his plate, which he took to be a napkin of a peculiar texture. So he spread this out on his lap, and later called for some bread. It turned out that he had the bread in his lap.

The late Mr. Dale used to tell of a certain Mount Lebanon colporteur, who came to a bigoted village where the inhabitants refused to buy a single Bible. He then attempted to give some away. This failed. Finally, in half despair, "with more shrewdness than piety," he managed to put the Bibles where they could be stolen, and before the next morning every book was gone.—*Christian at Work.*