

to come unto him through Jesus, and promises to pardon, justify, and save every one that comes. Reader, are you a sinner, a very great sinner; and do you question whether a pure and holy God can love such a sinner as you? Why, if you had all the sins of every sinner in the world laid to your charge, if mountains of guilt lay on your conscience, if rivers of spiritual filthiness were running through your soul, and you were to go to God in the name of Jesus, pleading his precious blood, and seeking salvation only through his finished work; God would cheerfully forgive you, the blood of Christ would cleanse you from all sin, and the Holy Spirit would soon sanctify you, and shed abroad the love of God in your heart. God loves sinners! Why, he loves every sinner who believes in Jesus, as he loves Jesus himself! He loves sinners of Adam's race more than he loves angels; some of them fell but he did not give his Son for them; yet he gave him for us. Do not doubt his word, do not question his love, but go to him in prayer, and you will soon prove that no earthly parent ever loved his son, as God loves praying sinners. Call upon him, for he will hear you in love; trust in him, for he will bless you in love; obey him, for it gratifies his love; follow on to know him, and you shall eternally enjoy his love.—James Smith.

#### ASPIRATIONS.

A youth with flashing eye and haughty mien, gazed upon the battle scene. He listened not to the groans of the dying, but, catching the sound of victory, he waved his sword above his head, and said "May mine be a career of military glory—may my name be inscribed on history's page, among those who have conquered; and with no shroud or useless coffin, but with a martial cloak around me, may I, at last lie down in the soldier's grave."

"The glory of the warrior shines dimly when compared with the statesman's," said a young aspirant. "Let me be versed in the affairs of state—let me revel in the halls of nations, and be my voice heard when lords shall listen."

A student, with pale brow and sunken cheek, raised his eye, glowing with ambition's fire, and said—"Though the hill of science is steep and rugged, and thorns and briars are in the way—though pain and weariness he shall find who ascends it, yet I can endure the toil with ease, yea with pleasure, so I but at last in the Temple of Fame."

A maiden, with flushed cheek and sparkling eye, stood before her mirror, and murmured—"They call me beautiful; but I scorn the beauty that is set only in the features. Let me excel in intellectual power—let me be among those who have investigated the fields of thought—let my eye speak a soul pure and noble, and let me be to all a model of true greatness."

A humble cottager, attired in simple white, raised her eyes to heaven, and whispered—

"Father, whatever of earthly good  
Thy sovereign will denies,  
Accepted at thy throne of grace  
Let this petition rise:  
Give me a calm, a thankful heart  
From every murmur free;  
The blessings of thy grace impart,  
And make me like to thee."

Years had passed. The youth who asked for warlike honours had lived threescore years and ten. Fame had blown for him her martial trumpet; and echo, catching the sound, bore it with swiftest wing through the whole earth. But now his form was bent beneath the weight of years—age had snowed his locks with the almond tree's bloom; and weary of life, he laid him down to die. "In early life,"

he said, "I asked to have my name inscribed on the page of history, and thought, could be granted, that I should die in peace. Oh, had I asked to have my name written in the Book of Life, then should I have rested in peace when the days of my pilgrimage had passed away!"

Youth had long faded from the brow of him who sought to be a statesman. Consumption's fire burned on his cheek, and he was fast passing away as he said:—"In life's gay morn, when hope was bright, I asked to sit in the hall of state, and to speak when learned men listened. Often have those halls echoed my voice, and my willing ear has caught the whispered praise. But it avails nought now. Oh! had I asked to learn the laws of Him who governs all, and, at his feet to be taught the way of life, I now would enter that unknown abode with joy."

The pale-browed student raised his hand, palsied by age, and said:—"Through patient toil I reached the temple on the hill. 'Twas well to ask this boon; but far better had I asked also, that, while ascending Science's rugged hill, I might not forget Mount Zion; for then at last might I have reached that temple not made with hands."

Time, too, had breathed on the beautiful maiden. The roseate hue had fled from her cheek, and her eye, now dim and lustreless, was closing in death. "I have been," she said, "in the field of strife, when the contest was mind with mind, and have borne the palm of victory. I asked for this, but had I sought also the power that cometh from above, I might have borne a palm of greater worth, and worn upon my head a crown of glory bright."

Fast gathered the dew of death on the brow of the cottager, and the light of life burned dimly, as she said:—"Father, in early youth I asked that thy grace might guide me over the changeful sea of life. Though dark have been the clouds, and thick the tempest, yet thou hast safely piloted my bark over its raging waves: and now I thank thee, that after so long a storm, thou bring'st me gently into port."

—Burritt's Christian Citizen.

#### SETTLING ACCOUNTS!

A scoffer was once introduced to a minister in the following manner:—"This is Mr. A—, an acquaintance of mine, and I am sorry to add, though young and healthy, he never attends public worship." "I am almost tempted to hope," replied the minister, "that you are bearing false witness against your neighbour." "By no means," said the infidel, "he speaks the truth about me, for I always spend my Sundays in settling accounts." "You will find, sir," replied the minister, "that the DAY OF JUDGMENT WILL BE SPENT IN PRECISELY THE SAME MANNER!" Will my friend permit me to invite his attention to this subject for one minute.

THERE WILL BE A JUDGMENT! We feel it. Whenever we think of our sins, it is with reticence to some future scene. Conscience seems ever impelling us onward to the day of final trial! Reason acknowledges it. There are many wrong acts of a man in this world, which human law does not reach, and for which conscience is not much troubled. Am I an ungrateful man? Have you heaped favours upon me? saved my credit—my property—my life, and do I requite you with coldness or abuse? Where is justice? "After death, the judgment!" The Bible assures us that such a day will come. "For God shall bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing, whether it be good, or whether it be evil." "We must all appear before the judgment seat of Christ." "Because he hath appointed a day in which he will judge the world in righteousness, by that man whom he hath ordained, whereof he hath given assurance unto all men, in that he hath raised him from the dead." By these assurances, God asserts his claim to the preservation of law, and shows that men are not to think Him less wise in his administration, than they are in theirs.

That judgment will be a time for settling accounts! "Give an account of thy stewardship," will be the stern command. The minister of the gospel and the hearer, the believer and the infidel, the parent and the child, the teacher and the learner, the master, and the servant, the old and the young, the king and the peasant, the sailor and the landsman, the profane, the intemperate, the licentious, all must be judged! Those who are found faithful to God, and trusting gratefully in Christ, and obedient even unto death, shall be acquitted, and received into heaven; "but there shall in no wise enter into it any thing that defileth, neither whatsoever worketh abomination or maketh a lie."

I wish you to realize the presence of the judgment! I would have you imagine, what must soon be true, that the time that shall intervene between the present moment and that solemn day, is now annihilated! That the trumpet is blown, the dead are raised, and you are there! before the great white throne! where the judge sits, and where the books are opened! The excitements of eternity are upon you! the beings of eternity encompass you! The dreadful novelties of eternity meet you every where! The ages of eternity roll up in awful, boundless prospective before you! What will you do? Will you plead innocence? But your own heart condemns you, and there is one greater than your heart and knoweth all things. Will you plead ignorance? The light of nature, conscience, and the bible are against you. "Ye knew your duty but ye did it not." "If I had not spoken unto the man," said Christ, with regard to the Jews, "they had not sinned, but now they have to cloak for their sin." Christ has spoken to you. You are not ignorant. Will you plead want of time? But what have you done with the opportunities—the Sabbaths of ten, twenty, fifty years! You have found time to sin! You have had time to seek the world, and to indulge in pleasures! Ah, you have killed time, and, by a double stroke, the soul has fallen too!

Will you plead inability? But that is your sin. "It is accepted according to that a man hath, and not according to that he hath not." Such is the rule not only of benevolence, but of every moral action. There can be but one law for the obligation of a creature of God. And think you he would command you to love him, without giving you the power! Can he who "is love," be such a tyrant as to impose upon you an impossibility? When the man with the withered hand was commanded to stretch it forth, he might have pleaded inability, and remained in his misery for life. But he made no excuse. He felt his want, stretched forth his hand, and it was made whole.

Will you bribe the judge? What can you offer to the proprietor of all things? "No man can by any means redeem his brother." You have not the power to bribe, and God can be affected by no motive. The cattle upon a thousand hills are his; and if he needed anything, he would not ask sinful worms like you and me.

Will you hide? "Whither shall I go from thy spirit? or whither shall I flee from thy presence? If I ascend up into heaven, thou art there; if I make my bed in hell, behold thou art there; if I say, surely the darkness shall cover me, even the night shall be light about me. Yea, the darkness hideth not from thee; but the night shall as the day: the darkness and the light are both alike to thee." Thus does the Psalmist express the sense of God's everlasting notice. Says Jehovah of the wicked—"Though they dig into hell, thence shall my hand take them; though they climb up to heaven, thence will I bring them down! And though they hide themselves in the top of Carmel, I will search and take them out thence. And though they be hid from my sight in the bottom of the sea, thence will I command the serpent, and he shall bite them." Will you contend with God? "Woe unto him that striveth with his maker." "Who would set the briars and thorns before me in battle? I would go through them, I would burn them together."