

Are you fully ready to enter into the mind of God, to hate sin as he hates it, and to accept His Son as just such a Saviour, and just so *much* a Saviour as He is offered to you ?

Ready now ! Fully ready ? Then "According to your faith it shall be unto you !"

"This is the glorious Gospel Word ;  
Our God His heavens doth bow,  
And cries to each believing soul :  
Jesus saves thee NOW !"

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## OLD MAN—V.

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BY REV. ARTHUR BROWNING.

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THE town of Fort Hope, unlike Rome, was built almost in a day. Gold diggings had been discovered up the Fraser river and down the Fraser river, and so in a bend of the great stream Fort Hope rose, flourished, and decayed, like a great fungus, as it was, fattening on the rottenness from whence it sprung. In its streets miners, boatmen, and gamblers jostled and swore at each other—swore words of terrible welcome when they met—swore at everything and everybody they had cause to mention, and finished off with a string of original oaths that may have been coined by some fallen word painter for the orgies of Pandemonium. Behind Fort Hope the Cascade range of mountains lifted their massive peaks, whilst the river in front of it was lost in a mountain rift, which opened as if on purpose to let it through.

Down these mountain sides, in summer time, danced crystal rivulets, and in the winter time there came crashing down huge avalanches of snow as if a thousand giants were rushing along on a thousand hand-sleighs, and not one of them steel-shod.

The inhabitants of Fort Hope were almost as varied as Jerusalem on the Day of Pentecost, or as San Francisco on every day in the calendar. Now and then a Chinaman would shuffle past, his gait now forward, now backward, oscillating fearfully between two heavy