

chase, and then leisurely walked up the approach to the station. I entered the waiting-room, and under the impression that there was still at least a minute till the time of starting, I turned to the time bill on the wall for some information which I wanted. Everything in the waiting-room and the station was unusually quiet, and tended to confirm the impression that there was still time enough. But mine was mistaken confidence, for in an instant the door was closed and—I missed the train. I well remember that the sting of disappointment was not so much the fact that I missed the train, or that I was so nearly catching it, but the reflection that I was in time enough if I had not lingered so carelessly on the way. And who can portray the stinging remorse of the lost, from this land of Bibles and gospel light, remembering through an unending eternity how they frittered away the time when they might have been saved—till it was too late?

Dear reader, if still unsaved, let me plead with you to delay no longer. Remember, your soul is of priceless value, and you need to be washed in the blood of Christ. The door of salvation has been wide open these many years, but none can say how soon it may be closed. Depend upon it, we have reached the Saturday evening of this world's history, and the Bridegroom is at hand. God is calling, the Spirit is striving, Christ is waiting, preachers are warning, friends are praying, and conscience is echoing. What if after all you should find yourself among the lost, outside—and forever? God help you to come to Christ, and to come just now.—*Sci.*

SET APART FOREVER.

Miss Havergal wrote the following golden sentences: "I know that whatsoever God doeth, it shall be forever. For the Lord is our keeper, and he is the almighty and the everlasting God, with whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning. He will never change His mind about keeping us, and no man is able to pluck us out of His hand. He that keepeth us will not slumber. Once having undertaken His vineyard, He will keep it night and day till all the days and nights are over and we know the full meaning of the salvation ready to be revealed in the last time, unto which we are kept by His power. And then, for ever with Him,

passing from the gracious keeping by faith for this little while to the glorious keeping in His presence for all eternity. Forever fulfilling the object for which He formed us and chose us, we showing forth His praise and He showing the exceeding riches of His grace in his kindness toward us in the ages to come. He for us and we for Him forever. O how little we can grasp this! Yet this is the fruition of being kept for Jésus.

"Set apart to love Him,
And His love to know,
Not to waste affection
On a passing show;
Called to give Him life and heart,
Called to pour the hidden treasure
That none other claims to measure,
Into His beloved hand thrice blessed set apart.

"Set apart forever
For Himself alone!
Now we see our calling
Gloriously shown,
Owning with no secret dread,
This our holy separation,
Now the crown of consecration
Of the Lord our God shall rest upon our willing head."

THE ELEVENTH HOUR.

"The thief on the cross was saved at the eleventh hour, you know." This is often said to us by those who are "putting off." It is quite true that one thief was saved at the eleventh hour; but it is equally true that the other thief was lost at the same hour. People do not take account of this. But even keeping the lost thief out of sight, we see nothing in the case of the one who was saved to encourage delay. He was *late* certainly; but there is no evidence to show that he had ever *put off* salvation. On the other hand, the probability is, from the circumstances of his wild life, that he never before had the *chance* of rejecting Christ. That marks a mighty difference between him and so many in our very midst who are from day to day shutting the Son of God out of their hearts.

A correspondent of the *Religious Herald* says: "I once saw a card having on one side the picture of a robber pointing a pistol at the head of a traveller, and saying, 'Your money or your life!' On the other side was the picture of a barker handing a glass of liquor to a young man, and saying, 'Your money and your life.' At the top of the card was written, 'Which is the worse?'"