

O! reader be not deceived, God's word cannot fail, Christ is the ark of safety, why not enter in and be safe. Scoffers have arisen saying "where is the promise of His coming."—but scripture told us there would be such and their words whatever may be their position can neither retard nor advance that wonderful day when the Lord Jesus with "all His holy angels," "with ten thousands of His saints," will come with "a great shout" to the air—the atmosphere of this planet—where He will meet His redeemed, His blood bought saints who have been, if dead, raised up, if living, changed amid the acclamations of all the heavenly hosts, who will be the enraptured spectators of a scene, waited for and longed for indeed by His own, but waited for as well by the Great Author of it all, not only since the cross, not only since creation,—“their names were written in the book of life of the slain Lamb from the foundation of the world,”—but from all eternity that glorious day has been in contemplation. Dear reader do you realise that this may be all lost to you, that while many who are near and dear to you shall be in that bright glory you may yourself never see it, or if at all seen from the ghastly and dreadful surroundings of a place of torment, but seen to intensify the awful remorse you will feel as you remember that in times and ways and means without number the realities of these things were pressed upon you only to receive from you a momentary thought, less indeed than you would bestow on the commonest circumstance of life. What infatuation is it that wraps you thus in its