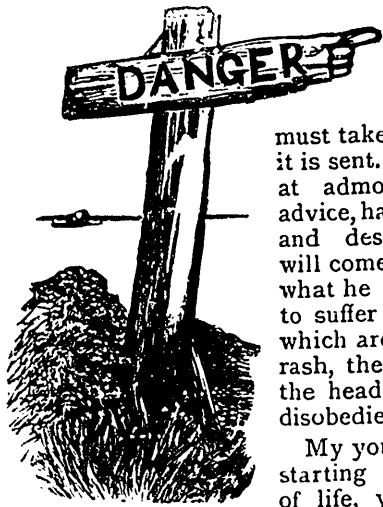


all I promised about the BAG, the BOTTLE and the BOOK, and I want you to ask God that you may learn a helpful lesson from it all.

Learn, firstly, to get rid of your *sin* in the only way; cast away forever for the sake of Jesus, and washed away in His all-atoning blood. Learn, too, to know that God is a loving tender Father, feeling for your sorrows, treasuring up your tears, afflicted in all your affliction.

Learn, lastly, to watch your thoughts, and to remember that God reads them. Then our talk will not have been in vain, and God will have made it a blessing.—*Selected.*

Be Warned.



HE who will not take counsel when it is given, must take trouble when it is sent. He who mocks at admonition, rejects advice, hates instruction, and despises reproof, will come at last to reap what he has sown, and to suffer those sorrows which are the lot of the rash, the inexperienced, the headstrong, and the disobedient.

My young friend, just starting on the voyage of life, you must take your choice. Will you take the way of sin and darkness, and "mourn at the last, when thy flesh and thy body are consumed, and say, How have I hated instruction, and my heart despised reproof; and have not obeyed the voice of my teachers, nor inclined my ear to them that instructed me!" (Prov. v. 11-13); or will you heed the voice of Wisdom, which crieth in the streets, obey the commands of God, follow the teachings of His Word, and prove by glad experience that Wisdom's "ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace?" "Turn you at My reproof," says God; "behold, I will pour out My Spirit upon you. Whoso hearkeneth unto Me shall dwell safely, and shall be quiet from fear of evil" (Prov. i. 23, 33).

Dear reader, because there is wrath BEWARE lest he take thee away with *his* stroke: then a great ransom cannot deliver thee. Job xxxvi. 19.

We may choose to serve, but we may not serve as we choose.

"Now."

THREE little letters form the word, Of import vast and great; A solemn word, on which oft hangs Man's everlasting state.

That word is "Now;" a little word, Yet spoken by the Lord; Recurring oft—again, again Throughout the written Word.

Now is the Lord's accepted time, *Now* is salvation's day, *Now* whosoever will may come, *Now* Christ's the Life, the Way.

Now pardon's offered full and free— *Now* heaven is opened wide, *Now* peace is offered through the blood, *Now* for the Lord hath died.

Now glory's brightness woos the soul, *Now* love's full power is known, *Now* God proclaims a full release, *Now*, from His glorious throne.

Oh, word of import vast and great; Yet ah, how quickly gone! A breath a moment then, alas! "Now's" blessings all have flown!

Oh, sinner, heed the call of God, And "now" in meekness bow; The words of Christ are true indeed, And He will bless thee "NOW."

The Bible.

AN organist sits at his instrument to perform a fugue of one of the masters. With a clear, resonant solo stop open, he gives out the theme. He adds a stop, and the theme, with increased tone, is repeated. So gradually he plays on till with the full power of his instrument he is stirring every heart with the magnificence of the composition. Every stop is speaking, one answering another, but in all the mass of sound you still can hear the simple melody that began the movement, only made grander and nobler as it is thus interblended and interfused with variations of its own self.

It is just so with the Bible. It began its strain with the simple announcement in the garden—offering a Saviour as soon as there was sin—the promise that the woman's seed should bruise the serpent's head. The strain has gone on gathering melody with the ages. Each book of revelation, like each stop in the organ, gives a new tone to the old harmony, and the completed Bible, like the full organ, plays the grand symphony of redemption.—*Illus. Chris. Weekly.*