

The YEARS of the wicked shall be shortened.
Proverbs x. 27.

STOP THE CLOCK.

IN one of the eastern counties of England there lived a man of sceptical opinions and ungodly life. He was a clever workman, a man of considerable natural ability and general information, but he was blind to Divine things. Religion was in his view a mere delusion, imposing upon the weak and ignorant credulity of women and children; a mere superstition, which it was the interest of priests to maintain, but which all sensible men were bound to oppose.

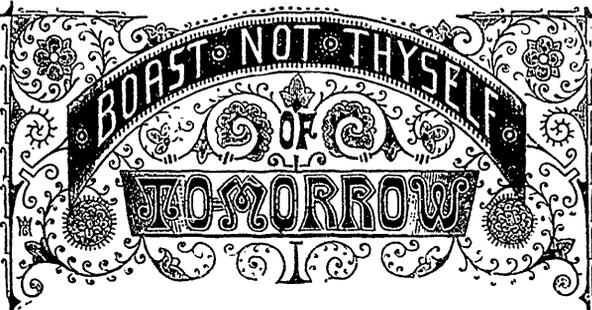
At length he is laid on a sick bed, which proved to be his bed of death. Anxious to know how long he had to live, he asked the medical man, who told him that he

could not hold out very long. He then insisted on a more definite reply, upon which the doctor, pointing to a clock which stood in the room, said, "I do not think there is any probability of your being alive when that clock strikes twelve." The man has then but a few hours at most to live; he lies there watching the clock, conscious that his life is ebbing away, but giving no sign of altered feeling. The time mentioned by the doctor had now very nearly

arrived, when the man suddenly starts up in convulsive, expiring energy, and crying out, "Stop the clock! stop the clock!" falls back a corpse. The clock stopped not in answer to his vain appeal, and if it had, he would have been nothing profited; for the last moment of life had come, and he is summoned from time to eternity, from a world where hope lingers to the last, to a world where hope never enters.

Reader, what will be your feelings when you know that the narrow remnant of your life is being measured out by minutes and seconds rather than by weeks and months and years.

Remember the good news is sounding in your ears. The Gospel of the grace of God is still preached to you. The Lord Jesus Christ is



Hasten, sinner to be wise!
Stay not for the morrow's sun;
Wisdom, if you still despise,
Harder is it to be won.

Hasten mercy to implore!
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest thy season should be o'er,
Ere this ev'ning's stage be run.

Hasten, sinner, to return!
Stay not for the morrow's sun.
Lest thy lamp should fail to burn
Ere salvation's work is done.

Hasten, sinner, to be blest!
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest perdition thee arrest
Ere the morrow is begun.

NOW IS THE ACCEPTED TIME ;
To-day is the day of Salvation.

"able also to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by Him" The word is always, the word is everywhere the same, "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." "The word is nigh thee, even in thy mouth, and in thy heart: that is, the word of faith which we preach; that if thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised Him from the dead, thou shalt be saved. For

Lord, let it alone this YEAR also.
Luke xiii. 8.