

last. Satan reigns within the palace, and the best Friend is thrust out. An evil nature draws men farther and farther from holiness, and purity, and peace. So there needs a great change. You must turn over a new leaf. You must forsake the far country, and come back to your Father's House. You must leave the broad way, and enter by the strait gate.

**You can never be saved unless you are converted.**

"Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish." "Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God" (John iii. 3). "If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature; old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new" (2 Cor. v. 17.) You need the new creating power of the Holy Ghost. You need a new heart and a right spirit; and you cannot bring that about, for it is the work of the Holy Spirit to regenerate and renew the soul, but it is your part to accept Christ, and to come humbly to His footstool. Tarry not as you are. Wait not till you are better.

**COME TO JESUS.  
JUST AS YOU ARE.**

Confess your sin and neglect, and receive Him by faith as your only hope and Saviour. All you want, He can give you. "Sight, riches, healing of the mind," pardon for the past, the grace of His Spirit to subdue the evil, and to fashion you in His likeness—all this He will give you if you come to Him. You will then know the reality of the great change to which I have referred. "As many as received Him, to them gave He power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on His name: which were born, not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of

the will of man, but of God" (John i. 12, 13).

Holy Ghost, the Infinite!  
Shine upon our nature's night,  
With Thy blessed inward light,  
Comforte · Divine!

**A DRAPED LOCOMOTIVE.**

"**A**O me," the sad passenger said, "there is something inexpressibly mournful in a draped locomotive; and especially so, when it is draped in mourning for a dead engineer. The president of a railway company stands a long way from the engine, and when he dies the engine mourns as we sorrow for a rich uncle whom we never saw and who left us nothing. But the man who was a part of the engine's life, who spurred her up the long, steep, climbing mountain grades, and coaxed her around dizzy curves, and sent her down the long level stretches with the flight of an arrow, who knew how to humor all her caprices, and coaxed and petted and urged her through blinding storms and rayless night, and blistering heat, and stinging cold, until engine and engineer seemed to be body and soul of one existence,—then when this man at last gets his final orders and crosses the dark river alone, with only the fadeless target-lights of sure eternal promise gleaming brightly on the other side; and when there is a new man on the right hand side and a new face looks out of the engineer's window, then I think I can see a profound and sincere sorrow in the panting spirit of power, standing in the station, draped with fluttering sable emblems of its woe, waiting for the caressing touches of the dead hands that it will never feel again. And engineers tell me that for days and days the engine is fretful under the new hands; it is restless and moody