

YOUR DYING HOUR.

"I have just been to the funeral of a very dear friend," said I to a merry *lacking* man, whilst waiting for the train. "And it is no small comfort, when a friend departs, to know with absolute certainty, that that friend is gone to be with Christ, which is far better."

"I should think," said he, "there are very few that die who have that certainty. At least not many would like to chance it, if it were put to them to-day; I mean, if the question was put, Are you so sure of heaven, that you do not mind dying to-day?" I replied, "I fear even amongst those who profess to be Christians, too few would stand that test. But it was very different with my departed friend. She had only been ill a few days and on the day before her death, knowing there was no human possibility of recovering, she calmly said, 'I would not exchange places with the Queen.' Not the shadow of a doubt passed over her happy soul. She rested not in anything she had done, but in the finished work of Christ Jesus, the Son of God. Precious Jesus! thy blood and righteousness never fail in the hour of death. Nothing can be so certain as that which God hath said, 'that whosoever believeth on Him, shall not perish, but have everlasting life.'"

"Well," said he, "it is a happy thing when a person has such confidence; but I fear there are very few who have the happiness to enjoy it. Man is so given to sin, he has such strong inclinations to sin."

"Very true," I replied. "But you have not yet sinned beyond the grace of God. God is the God of ALL grace, and that grace is seen on the cross surpassing all your sins. Who can tell the value of the blood of Jesus as God sees it? I myself am the chief of sinners; I have not one particle of worthiness. But I tell you, if we are all killed before we reach home, I have no fear or question whatever about my salvation. It was eternally settled by the death of Jesus."

"Ah!" he said, "It seems to me a poor thing to hang one's salvation on."

"What is? Is Christ a poor thing to trust? Is God's word a poor thing to trust?"

"Oh! no, I mean it is a poor thing to hang on faith. To think that if you have faith you will be saved, let you sin and do as you like."

"Ah! my dear sir, but the man that has real faith in Christ does not want to sin. He hates it, and longs for and delights in holiness; and he is the only one that gets delivered from sin. But now you try, from this day, in your way, never to sin again."

"I have tried," said he, "many a time; still I sin in thought, word, and deed. But I think I now see that to believe in Christ is the only way to get both saved, and get out of sinning."

"Reader, what as to your dying hour? You cannot help the thought crossing your mind at times, can you now? Your dying

hour may be very near—yes, very near! are you prepared for *that hour*? What you are going on carelessly in sin? Well, you tremble at the thought of *your hour*. Are you trusting in forms and monies of human religion? Ah! these utterly fail you in *your dying hour*.

But mark the blessed condition of a saved sinner: "Therefore, being justified by faith, we have peace with God through Lord Jesus Christ." Is this your condition? Are you justified? Have you peace with God? Then, my reader, if you should be asleep before Jesus comes again, yours will be a **HAPPY DYING HOUR.**

THE RIGHT KIND OF PREACHING.—Gilly related the following anecdote, which was told by a well known Irish character, Thaddeus Conolly, who used to spend much of his time in wandering through Ireland, instructing the lower classes in their native language. "I went," said he, "one Sunday into a church, to which a new incumbent had been lately appointed. The congregation did not exceed half a dozen, but the preacher delivered himself with as much energy and affection as if he were addressing a crowded audience. After the service, I expressed to the clergyman my wonder that he should preach so fervently to such a small number of people. 'Were there but one,' said the rector, 'my anxiety for his improvement would make me equally energetic.'" The following year Conolly went into the same church, the congregation was multiplied twenty-fold: the third year he found the church full!—*Christian Times.*

THE LORD'S DAY.—Stations on the line of your journey are not your journey's end, each one brings you nearer. Such are the Lord's days.

A heaven is not a home, but it is a place of quiet and rest, where rough waves may stay. Such is "the Lord's day."

A garden is a piece of common land, yet it has ceased to be common land. It is an effort to gain a paradise. Such is "the Lord's day."

A bud is not a flower, but it is a promise of a flower. Such is "the Lord's day."

NOTICE.—We are requested to remind our readers that the Synod meets on the Tuesday of this month, in St. James' Church, Charlottetown, at half past seven in the evening. Members will be informed where they are to stay when they arrive.