

away? Many have done so, and bitterly lamented their folly when, alas! too late. There are millions who quite intended to be Christians at some "more convenient season," but cheated by the glittering ball of riches, fame, or pleasure, they have lost the crown of eternal glory. Oh, be not thus deceived! "*Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation*" (2 Cor. vi. 2). McCheyne used to seal his letters with the emblem of a setting sun, and over it this motto: "The night cometh." Soon, dear reader, your sun may set. Soon your opportunities to receive the Gospel may have fled for ever. Oh, then, decide for Jesus now. *Trust Him* as your only Saviour. "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved;" receiving the more than golden blessings of the Gospel—eternal life and joy. Delay not a single hour! You have no time to lose.

"Like the rivers, time is gliding;
Brightest hours have no abiding;
Use the golden moments well.
Life is wasting, Death is hasting;
Death consigns to heaven or hell."

DISPLAY AT FUNERALS.

The effect of this excessive display operates most injuriously on those whose humble circumstances should forbid its indulgence. Regarding this extravagance in others as an evidence of affection, or as the proper proof of social distinction, they are led into silly imitations, which not infrequently end in hopelessly impoverishing them. Wives have been known to exhaust the meagre savings of a family on a husband's funeral, and the few hundred dollars, painfully secured by a life insurance policy, have been as foolishly buried in the grave. For the satisfaction derived from the approval of the thoughtless and vain, children in this manner have been deprived of their little patrimony, and have been compelled to face life in most disadvantageous circumstances. We recall a case where the mother of a poor youth who had died in poverty carried her post-mortem vanity even beyond the grave, and refused to permit the friends who had to provide the funeral expenses of her son to clothe his inanimate form in a second-hand suit, because, as she stated, "Samuel was always a good boy, and in the resurrection ought to be dressed as respectably as any one." Nothing, therefore, would satisfy her but a brand new suit of clothes. We may smile a ghastly smile at her ignorance, but the absurdity of her pride is only a little more conspicuous than that of her aristocratic neighbours.—*Boston Watchman*.

"THE BIBLE FIRST, PAPA."

About forty years ago—an American clergyman tells—a now famous engineer was seated by his fireside. Near him, playing on the floor, was his only child, a fine little boy of rare intelligence and gentleness. It was early. The day's work had not yet begun; and the father took up the daily paper to read. The child, climbing on his knee, and snatching at the paper, exclaimed, "No, no, papa! the Bible first! the Bible first, papa!"—a recollection of his departed mother's deathbed. It was a fresh confirmation of the olden Divine promise, "Out of the mouth of babes . . . hast thou ordained strength." (Psa. viii. 2.) The child-hand was stronger than the man's. The child-words were, under God, the turning point (it is believed) of the father's life. He there and then resolved that, by Divine help, the Bible should be "first," before any business or pleasure. Very