

faction in Christ? Have you yet learned the blessedness of God's forgiveness? Perhaps you are an anxious soul? Is it so? Likely you began this year, careless about your soul, but God's Spirit has wrought in you, and now you have a desire to be saved. If so, do not procrastinate. God always blesses earnestness.

Let not this year of grace 1900 close and find you still an undecided soul. Turn to Jesus now. Come to Him as you are. Believe His love. Trust His precious blood. Pillow your soul on His bosom of changeless love. He will not cast you out. None are too bad, too vile, too far off for Jesus to save. You trust Him. He will save you.

Are you "wretched" or "full"?

May God's blessing so fill you that you will have to go and tell others what the Lord has done for your soul.
—W. T. P. W.

A REFUGE.

Christ is the believer's Refuge in time of affliction. This world is a world of sorrow and suffering. What ills and woes we are called to endure. How often are we made to drink the cup of bitter anguish. What tender ties are sundered. What pangs of bereavement are felt. How the sensibilities of our nature are shocked and tortured. How many days and nights are spent in pain. Who indeed is a stranger to the couch of suffering? Who has not lost dear friends? Whose heart has not often bled with inward sorrow, and sighed over the wreck of its losses?

Let wasting disease lay its hand on you; let riches make to themselves

wings and fly away; or let death enter your family circle and snatch away the desire of your eyes, and where will your smitten heart find consolation? The world has suddenly lost all its charms. Its glitter and fascination are gone, its voice is hushed, its wonted business and pleasure are a weariness, and you turn from it all in disgust and anguish to seek relief elsewhere, or to weep life away in sadness and darkness.

Now Jesus Christ is available to us in just such an hour. When the heart is filled with sorrow, and the soul is made to lick the dust in the extremity of its humiliation and weakness, and the world turns its back upon us, pitiless and helpless, there is a Friend who sticketh closer than a brother—one born for adversity.—Jesus, full of compassion and sympathy, proffers the "covert" of His wings. Spreading them out over us He bids us take shelter from the storm. Amidst the darkness and fury of the tempest, we hear His commanding voice, saying, "Call upon me in the day of trouble; I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me."

Christ is an ample shield, and a blessed deliverer in the day of affliction. He has consolations sufficient to meet the extremest case. There is no human experience so dark that He cannot cause the light to shine upon it; there is no bereavement so sore that He cannot soothe and heal under it; there is no burden so heavy that He cannot give strength to bear it; no loss so great that He cannot make it good. "He sent from above, He took me, He drew me out of many waters." O precious experience! Courage afflicted one.