

a dread of death itself and the loathsome grave.

Her face shone as she replied, "Oh! no; I am not afraid, Jesus is now leading me into the river of death. The water is a little cold; but I can bear it, for I am thinking of His love. He will take my hands in one of His almighty hands, and with the other He will hold me. *I know He will not lose me.* For a moment I shall not see the sun, nor hear the voices of those I love; but when He raises me up, I shall hear the Church triumphant singing on the hills of Heaven. Oh! no; I am not afraid. Why should I be afraid?"—*Rev. Hyatt Smith.*

A GUILTY CONSCIENCE.

If a man be sick, wear he never so stately robes, he minds them not; have he never so dainty fare, he relisheth it not; lay him in never so soft a bed, yet he cannot rest; his diseased body feels nothing but the afflicting, peccant humour.

Even so when the remorse of conscience works, all our gifts and parts, be they never so great, appear not; riches, though in great abundance, satisfy not; honours, preferment, though never so eminent, advantage not; though we have them all for the present, yet we have not the use of them; we see, we hear; but we feel nothing but sin, as experience teacheth them that have been distressed in this kind.

SOME DEATHBED WORDS OF A CONVERTED PRIEST OF ROME.

Satan blinded my eyes; but he could not have done that but for my own unbelief—the evil heart of unbelief departing from the living God. . .

Only think! the Lord Jesus would not rest without unworthy me. He bought me with His own blood, and

sought me by His own free Spirit, and sent all these dear ones to help in the search.

I dare not deny His grace. He came into the world to save sinners, *of whom I am chief, chief, chief*; and I can do nothing but just lie down at His feet, and let Him cover me with His blood and load me with His loving gifts. . . .

His love just kills me! Help me to praise Him! My thoughts are all confounded whenever I think of Him.

It's *forgiven sin* that breaks a fellow down. The sense of *unpardoned sin* will bruise and torture, and leave scars on one's heart for life; but to see the Lord Jesus look into my face, to feel His blessed eyes looking into my heart, and hear Him say, "I have died for thee; I have forgiven all thy sins freely and forever." I think even in Heaven I must weep when we sing, "*He was slain for us.*"

NO TIME FOR FAMILY WORKSHIP.

How comes it to pass that prayerless heads of families find time to trade or farm, time to gossip, time to visit friends, time to attend elections, time to frequent the theatre, time to dance, time for a thousand other things, but no time to pray with their families?

We once accosted a busy and prosperous young merchant as to his neglect of this among other duties.

"No time, sir, no time, sir," replied he, in urgent haste.

"Well, my dear young friend, God may give you time by and by."

Only one week after, he was driving rapidly along the street, when the tire of one of the wheels broke. His splendid team, being frightened, became unmanageable and flung him against an iron lamp-post, so that both his legs were broken. His very