

Your sins and iniquities will I remember no more.
Hebrews viii. 12.

FOUR
OF THE
DEVIL'S SERVANTS.

"THERE IS NO DANGER."

THAT IS ONE.

"ONLY THIS ONCE."

THAT IS ANOTHER.

"Everybody Does So."

THAT IS THE THIRD.

"BY AND BY."

THE FOURTH.

WHICH SERVANT IS YOUR MASTER?

BETWEEN TWO VERSES.

"When he came to himself, he said, I will arise and go to my father, and will say unto him, Father, I have sinned, * * make me as one of thy hired servants."—Luke xv. 18, 19.

Will He receive me?—me, a wand'rer wild,
Who long have strayed in sinful blindness,
Unworthy to be called His child?

Will He show me loving kindness?
In far land from want I perish,
Away from home and friendly care;
With none to love me, none to cherish.
I will return with humble prayer.
Will he receive me?

Will he receive me? Sure he is good;
E'en hired servants still supplying
With bounteous care their daily food,
While here his son with hunger's dying.
I will return, with deep repenting
I'll serve Him, as His humble slave;
I will return, perhaps relenting,
His mercy may the sinner save.
Will he receive me?

"And he arose and came to his father. But when he was yet a great way off, his father saw him and had compassion, and ran and fell on his neck and kissed him.—Luke xv. 20.

EVANGELISTIC
BIBLE CLASS,

HELD

EVERY SUNDAY AFTERNOON

AT 3 O'CLOCK.

All Welcome.

THERE are many finger-posts nowadays labelled "To heaven." But remember that God has set up *His* finger-post—THE CROSS, and you can only get to heaven *that* way.

A CANDLE wakes some, as well as a noise. The eye of the Lord works on His children, as well as His hand. A godly man is as impressed with "thou God seest me," as with "the Lord strikes me."—*Selected.*

THE BOTTOM OF THE BARREL.

DURING the recent war in America a poor woman, whose husband had been drafted into the Confederate army, was left in want, with four little children dependant upon her.

Among these was one child whose simple trust in a heavenly Father's care seemed never to fail. All through the time, the little voice was always ready with words of infantile comfort. As the "barrel of meal wasted," the mother's heart would fail; but the child noticed that the store was no sooner exhausted than it was replenished again. One day he sat and thought over this, until a thought seemed to flash through his mind, and he exclaimed, "*Mother, I think God hears when we scrape the bottom of the barrel.*"

In everything ye are enriched by Him.
1 Corinthians i. 5.