

lasting doors " To Christ the Intercessor, touched with the feeling of our infirmities, knowing our frame, remembering that we are dust. To Christ, the patient, gentle, loving Friend, bearing with our waywardness and wilfulness, pleading for us, teaching us line upon line, drawing us with the cords of divine love, strengthening us with the Spirit in the inner man, guiding us with his counsel, opening to us the kingdom of heaven, receiving us into glory, that where He is we also may be for ever.

Cling to Him! The world with artful enticements would allure us away; the flesh would tempt us into the paths of sinful pleasure, or forbidden indulgence; the devil would loosen our hold and urge us, either to self-righteousness, or to despair. *Cling to Him!* A thousand influences would carry the soul to other hopes and other confidence. *Cling to Him!* The tempest of God's wrath will one day sweep over the world, and that "man" alone, who was God as well as man, can be "a hiding-place from the storm, a covert from the tempest." *Cling to Him* with no half-hearted love, no cold adoration, no dwarfed or stunted devotedness. *Cling to Him* in the toil of the six days, and in the rest of the seventh—amid the busy scenes of the world, and in the calm retirement of the closet—in the hours of strength, activity, and health, and in the gathering shadows of pain, weakness, and suffering—amid the full glow of life, and in the lonely pathway of the valley of death.

And go on with the work, the work of feeding Christ's lambs, and leading little wanderers to the still waters, and the green pastures—the work compared with which the noblest earthly pursuits are folly—the work which deserves and demands our highest efforts, our greatest self-denial, our truest devotedness—the work which angels may envy—the work which will survive all time, and bear its fruit throughout eternity. It is a work of toil and fatigue, a work to try the strength of mind and body, and put to the test the energies and endurance of new-born faith. It is a work on which the Saviour's loving eye rests in joy and triumph, and which He gave in charge to the repentant Peter, as a pledge of forgiveness, and a test of faithfulness; a work which that gracious Saviour declares to be done unto himself! Shall we not go on with the work?

Yes, dear friends: cling to Christ and go on with the work. Cling to Christ, that you may know *his* love; go on with the work, that you may show *yours*. Cling to Christ, there is the source of life; go on with the work, there is the *proof* of life. Cling to Christ, that your faith fail not; go on with the work, that you lose not your reward. Cling to Christ, lest you be disheartened; go on with the work, lest you be disowned.

Cling to Christ, and go on with the work. Both alike are duties, both alike are privileges, both alike are the sunshine of the heart, and they blend together in the light that streams from yonder everlasting hills upon the path of human life.—*Church of England Sunday-school Quarterly.*

Fragment Basket.

NOTICE TO QUIT.—When any one is required to quit a lodging, or a dwelling house, a notice is usually given; this notice is for a week, a month, a quarter, or a year, as the case may be, but a day's notice would certainly be considered short. I have just heard, however, of a more sudden notice than even that of a day.

Often and often have I seen a portly-looking man, full of life and health, drive past my door on his way to the city, in whose merchandise he was largely interested, but a day or two ago, I heard that he had received a certain notice to quit his worldly calling. He was taken ill, and in three hours hurried off into an eternal world.

Think of this for a moment! Three hours notice to quit, not a room, a lodging, a house, a street, a neighbourhood, a country, but the world! Whatever may be the state of your health, your notice to quit may be equally sudden.—*Old Humphrey.*