

I want to warn a young man who is a moderate drinker that he stands on dangerous ground.

"Oh, it is sublime to wrestle with an evil desire, this mastery of self by the force of a high resolve and the power of a mighty will; 'I will; I will; by the help of God, I will.' To him that overcometh! the tree of life, safety from the second death, the white stone with the new name, the morning star, the white raiment, a pillar in the temple, a seat on the throne with him in whose name he has conquered. To him that overcometh! Then buckle on the armour, brave heart; stand firm in the fight. Aye, though you fall ten times, get up again, battered, bruised, covered with scars more glorious than were ever borne by earth's greatest warriors, till by-and-bye, standing erect, your armour dented and broken, you shall shout Victory! Victory! as you hang your battered armour on the battlements of heaven, and having fought the good fight, lay your laurels at the feet of him through whom and by whom you stand redeemed forever from the power and dominion of every evil habit."

THOU CANST MAKE ME CLEAN.

"And Jesus put forth his hand and touched him, saying, 'I will; be thou clean.' And immediately his leprosy was cleansed."

How great the man's necessity! How ready the Lord's omnipotent help! They stand over against one another—the deep, abysmal need, the full, wonderful relief!

To-day the Infinite Healer, the Ready Helper, is still with us. Life's procession throngs about him, and life is needy still.

What is it we need? Relief from that burden of pain, anxiety, distress? Christ will give us rest from these! or, if he will that we carry them still, then strength for the bearing; and rest from the burden of sin's defilement he will grant every soul, even as he gave a poor leper rest.

"I heard the voice of Jesus say,

Come unto me and rest;

Lay down, thou weary one, lay down

Thy head upon my breast;

I came to Jesus as I was,

Weary, and worn, and sad;

I found in him a resting place,

And he has made me glad."

WHY NOT "DO THIS IN REMEMBRANCE OF CHRIST?"

I have objections and difficulties.

Whatever these may be, there cannot possibly be good reasons for disobeying Christ's command.

I am not prepared.

Why not? For, unless you are prepared for this, you cannot be prepared for life or death, for judgment or eternity. Without faith in

Christ you are without God and hope in the world.

I do not wish to make a profession.

A profession is, and must necessarily be made, whether you obey or disobey Christ. To remain away from the Lord's Supper is to profess disobedience and unbelief. "He that is not for me is against me."

I am unworthy.

Of what? Is it of being saved? Christ saves sinners. They partake most worthily who feel themselves the most unworthy to partake. They depart richest who come poorest; they obtain most who come to receive all; and they go away full who come empty of themselves and in order to be "filled with all the fullness of God." Beware of judging yourselves unworthy of everlasting life."

I have been a backslider.

Jesus will heal thy backsliding. He who knows and hates all thy sins says, "Come to me."

But I fear I shall fall away.

Jesus, who begins, can perfect his work. "Jesus is able to keep us from falling and to present us faultless before the presence of his glory with exceeding joy," "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.—Norman Macleod.

THE ROCK-WELL NEVER DRIES.

In a village on the Welsh Coast the people are obliged to fetch all their water from a well.

A stranger in the village inquired of a lad, "Is this spring ever dry?"

"Dry? Yes, ma'am; very often in hot weather."

"And where do you go then for water?"

"To the freshet, a little way out of town."

"And if the freshet dries up?"

"Why, then we go to the rock-well, higher up, the best water of all."

"But if the rock-well fails?"

"Why, ma'am, the rock-well never dries up—never. It is always the same, winter and summer."

So, spiritually, every other brook may be dry; every source of earthly comfort fail; but he who looks to the Rock of Ages will find a well of water "springing up into everlasting life."

We should not wait until spring and freshet, brook and wayside stream are dry, but should at once away to the "Rock-well which never fails. There you may sing:

"Well of water, ever springing,

Bread of Life so rich and free,

Untold wealth that never faileth,

My Redeemer is to me."

—The last words of Edward the Confessor were these: "I shall not die, but live; and as I leave the land of the dying, I trust to see the blessings of the Lord in the land of the living." Dying, to the Christian, is simply God's method by which he enters into life eternal.