

**His heart was not perfect with the Lord.**

I Kings xi. 4.

they pass along, say, "if thou be the Son of God, come down from the cross, and we will believe on thee." Now the line crosses the red river that gushes from the Saviour's heart, but the humbug railway company have built the bridge walls so high that the passengers only get a glance; and the train whirls on at such rapid speed that only a few get a full view of the stream; and should they feel weary and dirty with the long and tedious journey, and express a desire to be washed, they are called cowardly travellers, laughed at from all parts of the train, and on they go.

**"ALL RIGHT BEHIND"**

shouts the guard. Born of good parents; brought up in good society; very respectable; always paid your way; not much dirt; not to-night; not now; further on.

**"ALL RIGHT FORWARD,"**

says the driver. "All right forward," shouts conductor. When you have had a little more of the world, a little more pleasure, a little more life. All right forward; we know where we are, we know where we are bound; bye and bye we shall stop the train, but not yet. We see the

**CAUTION LIGHT,**

Green signal; but keep the train on the move. I am surrounded with business; no time for religion just yet; keep the train moving. But there's the

**RED LIGHT.**

Danger! danger!! danger!!! Thank God many have listened to the warning, and changed their trains; but oh what a crowd call us "fools," "fanatics," "wild enthusiasts;" laugh at our earnestness, stamp on our efforts, until they have grieved the spirit of God, and find the

**LINE CLEAR.**

The green lights of caution and the red lights of danger are all passed; and the

white light is hoisted. Line clear, conscience seared, Spirit taken his flight; "he is joined to his idols, let him alone." See, they are in

**THE LAST TUNNEL,**

The last steep deep incline. Down they go; down from praying parents and sabbath schools, down from churches. They go down shrieking, "The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and I am not saved." Hark, the death rattle is in the throat, the eye is sunken, cheeks blanched; they are dying! dying without God! dying without hope! "Send for the doctor! Stop the train; its the down line! stop the train!" "Too late," says the doctor! "too late," shouts the conductor! "too late," shouts the driver! "we are in the tunnel!"

**"SHOW YOUR TICKETS!"**

"Tickets ready; all tickets." "Where for?" "All right; keep your seats." Breaks are all off, steam on, carriage doors all locked, luggage all lost.

**DEATH JUNCTION.**

Signal to the left, turn the points;

**IN THEY GO: IT'S THE TERMINUS!**

ETERNAL RUIN. No hope can ever come

**"NO RETURNS,"**

Cries the driver; "no returns," shouts the conductor; "no returns," cries the inhabitants.

**"NO RETURN TICKETS ISSUED"**

Is written on the walls, on the lakes, on the furnace, on the crowd, on everything, everywhere.

**"Their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched,"**

"And the smoke of their torment ascendeth up for

**EVER AND EVER."**

—Selected.

**I will heal their backsliding.**

Hosea xiv. 4.