

"TO-MORROW."

"GO thy way for this time; when I have a convenient season, I will call for thee." So said Felix to Paul the prisoner, and Felix trembled, for his conscience told him he could not face the judgment to come. Dear reader are you like Felix? Have you trembled as he did, and, like him, banished your fears for a more convenient season? Let me tell you of a man I knew who was very much like Felix. His fond wife was like Paul; she often besought him to turn now to Jesus the Saviour, but there was always something in the way—business to-day, pleasure to-morrow; it was always, "I pray thee have me excused." Years passed by, and at length the wife was called away by death. Before his wife departed she laid upon her sister a most solemn charge that she would take up the cause of her husband and plead with him to enter in at the narrow gate. Faithful to her charge, the sister of the departed wife oftentimes besought him to come to Jesus. She reminded him of her who was gone, and her words of exhortation. "Oh," said he, "I will come to Jesus, but not to-day—to-day I am very busy; there are certain things which really must be attended to, after those are done I will come." "Boast not thyself of to-morrow." To-morrow he was laid on his sick-bed—the bed of death. The doctor was speedily called, and when he reached the bed-side his grave countenance told the solemn fact.