

## Only One Life.

**R**EMEMBER, dear young reader, that though you may have many years given you, you are in possession of only *one life*. Days and years are the threads that are woven in the web of life, and an ill-spent hour or day, or year in our youth makes an ugly flaw in that web. Life's web, as it is woven, passes into eternity, beyond your reach to alter it.

David's son, the wise King Solomon, got *one* golden opportunity, and he knew its value, and seized it. In a dream by night, the Lord appeared to him, and said, "Ask what I shall give thee," and Solomon at once made choice of "a wise and understanding heart." This so pleased the Lord that He not only granted the King's request, and that too in the fullest measure, but gave in addition, riches and honour, above all other Kings, all his days. Had Solomon chosen some foolish thing, or had he preferred something of little value, what a loser he had been!

Do not forget that this *One Life* which we enjoy is a precious time of choice, and that youth is the golden season of it. Each swiftly flying year warns us that the opportunity is passing. Be wise in seizing it, and so spending it as to receive at the close of life the Master's welcome, "Well done, good and faithful servant."

## Peace Through Blood.

"Peace through the blood of His cross."—Col. i. 20.

**I**F you had been disobedient and naughty to your dear mother, you would feel that there was something between you and her, like a little wall built up between you. Even though you knew she loved you, and went on doing kind things for you as usual, you would not be happy with her; you would keep away from her, and it would be a sorrowful day both for her and for you. For there would be no sweet, bright *peace* between her and you, and no pleasant and untroubled peace in your own heart.

The Lord Jesus knew that it was just like this with us, that there was something between us and God instead of peace, and this something was sin. And

there never could be, or can be any peace with God while there is sin, so of course there never could be any real peace in our hearts. We could never take away this wall of sin; on the contrary, left to ourselves, we only keep building it higher and higher by fresh sins every day. And God has said, that "without shedding of blood there is no remission," that is, no forgiveness, no taking away of sins. Now, what has Jesus Christ done for us? He has made peace through the blood of His cross. He is the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world; and the sin was what hindered peace.

Look at His precious blood shed to take away your sins! Do you see it, do you believe it? Then there is nothing between you and God, for that bleeding Hand has broken down the wall; the blood has made peace, and you may come to your heavenly Father and receive His loving forgiveness, and know that you have peace with God, through Jesus Christ our Lord.

## Try.

**A** GENTLEMAN travelling in the northern part of Ireland, heard the voices of children, and paused to listen.

Finding the sound proceeded from a small building used as a school-house, he drew near; as the door was open, he entered and listened to the words the

boys were spelling. One little fellow stood apart, looking sad and dispirited. "Why does that boy stand there?" asked the gentleman. "Oh! he is good for nothing," replied the teacher. "There's nothing in him. I can make nothing of him. He is the most stupid boy in the school." The gentleman was surprised at this answer. He saw that the teacher was so stern and rough that the younger and more timid were very nearly crushed. He said a few words to them, and then placing his hand on the brow of the little fellow who stood there, he said: "One of these days you may be a fine scholar. Don't give up, but try, my boy, try." The boy's soul was aroused. From that hour he became ambitious to excel. And he did become a fine scholar, a great and good man, beloved and honoured, and the author of a well-known commentary on the Bible. It was Dr. Adam Clarke.

The secret of his success is worth knowing: "Don't give up, but try, my boy."



SOLOMON'S DREAM.—1 Kings iii. 5-9.