

The next day the lady said, "Well, nurse, I should like to see another of your jewels; that which you showed me is so beautiful."

So the nurse again opened her Bible, and read—"This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." 1 Tim. i. 15.

From the few words that followed, the lady's heart was opened to feel that she was a sinner, that Christ Jesus was her Saviour; and she soon found rest, peace, and joy in believing and trusting Christ Jesus as her Saviour.

YOUNG MAN, BEWARE.

Oh it is the saddest, the most lamentable and dreadful defeat, when a frank, generous, open-hearted young man permits his high standard of duty to be pulled down and trampled upon by those who trifle with conscience, and sneer at religion and talk of immorality as is it were only a harmless pleasantry. Dear young man, keep your conscience, if you lose everything else. Keep your heart pure, and God will keep you in the dark night of temptation which casts its shadow upon your path, and under the cover of which millions wander and fall to rise no more. Let it be seen and known that you can face the frowns and sneers and seductions of temptation with a look that silences the cavalier and puts the worldling to shame. When asked to go where you cannot go, to do what you cannot do with a good conscience and a pure heart, do not hesitate to look the tempter firmly in the face and say, "I love and fear the great God in heaven, and I am not going to dishonor and

disobey Him for the fear or favor of any man on earth. I love truth and purity, and I am not going to soil my conscience and poison my heart by touching things that defile. I am not going to give myself to indulgences that embitter the best hours of life and make death-beds terrible!"

If every young man could have the faith and the fortitude to say thus, and act upon his words in the face of the hardened and practiced misleaders of the young, it would save many from premature and dishonored graves; it would save some from a wretched and hopeless old age. A single word of decision, a calm, silent look of refusal, an unflinching self-possession in the presence of temptation, is sometimes enough to rout all the forces of the evil one and set the soul free from further solicitation. And the earlier the young man can shake off the touch of the tempter the better.

In the dim light of memory, I see before me an old man with feeble step, tottering to his seat on Sunday. It is the genial days of opening spring. The fields are clothed with new beauty and the forests are musical with the voices of new life. And yet that old man is wrapped in the thick folds of his winter garments. He sits all through the service of the sanctuary with his head covered, for fear that the soft breath of June may breathe on his frame too roughly and send the cold chill of death to freeze the fountain of life. It is a strange and pitiable sight to see that aged invalid shivering beneath his thick robes on a summer's day, listening to that Word which invites the wanderer to return and offers rest to the weary in the heavenly Father's house.