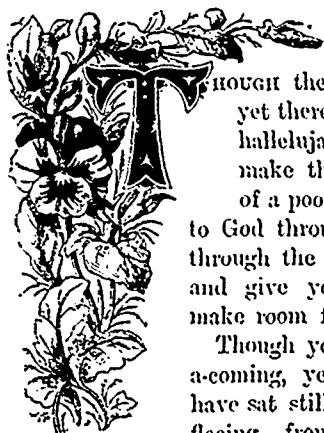


comfort and peace. This is what Mr. Hunter had learned to do.

"I really hardly know how to thank you," said the stranger, when, after a time, he brought back the borrowed money, for which Mr. Hunter refused to accept interest.

"You paid me beforehand, in the sermon you preached to me," he replied, with a smile. "If I have helped you in a little, you have served me in much—it was a word spoken in due season, and worth more than gold."

THERE IS ROOM FOR YOU.



THOUGH there be many in already, yet there is room for you. The hallelujahs of angels will not make the King forget the cries of a poor sinner on earth coming to God through Him. He will look through the crowd about the throne, and give you a healing look, and make room for you.

Though you have been very long a-coming, yet there is room. You have sat still while others have been fleeing from the wrath to come.

Yet there is room.

Though you have sat many calls, and given Christ many refusals, yet there is room. He still says, "Wilt thou be made clean? When shall it be?" Christ stands at the door and knocks, giving you one offer after another.

Though you have been at the door more than once, and yet turned back again, and put an affront on Him by your backsliding, yet there is room. Christ has drawn some half-way to heaven, and they have slipped the cord of love and run away from Him. Yet He says, "I will heal their backsliding; I will love them freely."

It may be you have had days of outward prosperity and neglected Christ in them, and now the case is changed, and the world for which you cared so much cares little for you. Yet there is room for you. He is content to take you when cast off at all hands.

Perhaps you have grown old in sin, and your grey hairs are found in the ways of wickedness, yet there is room for you. He calls even at the eleventh hour. When you were young you delayed till you should come to old age. An unhappy resolution! But will you come now?

Though there be less hope of your case than ever there was, yet there is room. The same grace that reached Paul on his way to Damascus, breathing out rage against Christ and His followers, can reach you in your career, and pluck the prey out of the lion's

mouth. In a word, whatever your case be, yet there is room.

Consider, it is dear-bought room to be thought so lightly of. Had not Christ died, and by His precious blood opened the way to the favour of God which Adam's sin had closed, there had been no more room for fallen men than for fallen angels. How, then, shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation?

Again, consider that there will not always be room. The door will be shut ere long, and then you will call in vain for admission; therefore seek the Lord while He is to be found.

Thomas Boston.

ALL THINGS NEW.

NEW mercies, new blessings, new light on thy way;

New courage, new hope, and new strength for each day;

New notes of thanksgiving, new chords of delight; New praise in the morning, new songs in the night.

New wine in thy chalice, new altars to raise; New fruit for thy Master, new garments of praise; New gifts from His treasures, new smiles from His face;

New streams from the Fountain of infinite grace.

New stars for thy crown, and new tokens of love; New gleams of the glory that waits thee above; New light of His countenance, clear and unpriced! All this be the joy of thy new life in Christ!

DESPAIR IN DEATH.

MARION was the only child of affectionate and pious parents. At a suitable age she was placed at a fashionable boarding-school, to complete her studies in Italian, French, and drawing. Unhappily some of Marion's companions had imbibed soul-destroying unhappy principles of infidelity, and had acquired the habit of deriding the sacred things of the word of God. From this evil companionship she also acquired the same shameless habit and spirit of impiety.

On her return home, her fond parents were greatly distressed at this change in their child, so perilous to her immortal interests. In vain they regretted the costly sacrifice at which she had attained her acquirements. It was with evident reluctance she accompanied them on Sabbath days to Divine worship, and often obstinately declined to go with them at all. Her heart was callous as a rock to the claims of the Gospel, and the society of her Christian family became very distasteful to her.

Marion had received many warnings of the frailty of her existence, having been often on the bed of sickness. Still she was neglectful of the care of her health in the pursuit of the things of the world, and flattered herself in her vain delusions. She knew