

the promise. It is deeply affecting to contemplate the soul of man struggling amid the storms of life to reach upward towards God, the source of its strength. How much more so to contemplate the struggles of His soul, who, single-handed and alone, had to grapple with all our foes, and to stand beneath all our accumulated sorrows. And yet our Saviour failed not: no, He prayed "*more fervently*." The storm was loud, but His voice was louder than the storm; His anguish was great, but His prayers were greater. Oh, reader, what an example to thee amid the battle of life, the temptations of Satan, the sophistries of reason, the mysteries of providence, and the dark shadows of the grave, to pray on and on, and still more fervently; the darker the night, the heavier the cross! This will help us to stand in the trying day, to hope against hope, to battle with all our foes; and however rudely the winds of trial, and temptations, and affliction may blow, will keep us from making shipwreck of faith amid the storms of life.

IT IS PLEASANT FLOATING.

Several years since, three young men, bathing one sunny day in a beautiful river, allowed themselves to float downward toward a waterfall, some distance below. At length two of them made for the shore, and to their alarm found that the current was stronger than they had supposed. They immediately hailed the other, and urged him also to seek the shore. But he smiled at their fears, and floated on. "It is pleasant floating!" he said, and seemed to enjoy it much. Soon several persons were gathered on the bank of the river, and, alarmed for his safety, they cried out in deep earnestness, "Make for the shore, make for the shore, or you will certainly go over!" But he still floated on, laughing at their fears. Soon he saw his danger, and exerted his utmost energies to gain the bank. But alas! it was too late! The current was too strong. He cried for help, but no help could reach him. His mind was filled with anguish, and just as he reached the fearful precipice, he threw himself up with arms extended, gave an unearthly shriek, and then was plunged into the boiling abyss below. How striking an illustration of the conduct and final ruin of thousands of immortal souls, who are float-

ing pleasantly and thoughtlessly on the stream of life towards the gulf of despair! They are warned and entreated with tears, by alarmed and faithful friends. Christians urge them, Christian ministers warn them, but all in vain! They float on, mocking the fears of those who love them most, till too late they awake to their danger, and see just beneath them the gulf of eternal ruin!

Reader, it may be that this is *your* case. You have been warned you have been entreated, but hitherto you have been warned and entreated in vain. The year began, and you were floating towards destruction: the year has closed, and still you are floating on to your eternal doom. How near you may be to the brink of the precipice, neither you nor I can tell. Make for the shore! make for the shore! Before it is too late seize the hand of the Saviour stretched out to save you! It will be too late *sometime*. It may be *too late soon*! Thank God, it is not too late now!—*The Appeal*.

NO MIDDLE PLACE.

There are many persons who, if asked, will candidly acknowledge that they know they are not fit to go to heaven; conscience tells that they are not "meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints." Yet if you ask them if they expect to go to hell, they will immediately reply, we hope not. Now this is very strange. What are we to say of such people? they, by their own confession look for some middle place. They are not fit for heaven, and they hope they will not go to hell. Why, the fact is, they have not thought about it. They have a dreamy, sleepy idea of some other world, but it is neither of the two other worlds mentioned in the Bible. It is a world of their own fancy, a middle place, and those who reach it are free from the torments of hell, and yet never enjoy the happiness of heaven.—Oh! what a spirit of delusion! What a device of Satan!

"He that is not with me," says Christ, "is against me."

"He that believeth shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned" (Mark xvi. 16).