

THE DIFFERENCE.

A Hindoo was lying upon his bed, expecting soon to die. He was full of thought where his soul would go after death. He had been wholly given to idolatry, and now he was not happy. A priest came to see him, and the dying man said, "what will become of me?" "O," said the priest, "you will live in another body." "And where shall I go then?" "Into another, and so on through thousands of millions." The thoughts of the dying man darted across all that period, as if it was but an instant, and he cried, "Where shall I go last of all?" The priest could not reply, and the unhappy idolator died with no one near him to answer his anxious question.

A little Burman girl was near dying.—Lifting her dim eyes to a kind lady who was her teacher, she said, "I am dying, but I am not afraid to die; for Christ will call me up to heaven. He has taken away all my sins, and I wish to die now, that I may go and see him. I love Jesus more than any one else." What made the difference between the little Burman girl, and the dying Hindoo? One had heard the Gospel from the lips of the missionaries, and had received it into her heart: the other lived and died an idolator, for none had told him of the "the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom he had sent."

WORDS TO YOUNG MEN.

Young men, our message is to you. Christianity calls forth the love of your deepest heart. It supplies scope for the exercise of all your ardour and energy. It presents you with an object worthy of adoring gratitude and supreme affection. It can can inspire you with the highest hopes and purest joys. It can touch and move the springs of your deepest sympathies. It bids you not to check or destroy that genial flow of feeling which gushes warmly through your youthful soul, but it teaches you to control and regulate it: by giving it an upward and heavenward direction. Search out your dominant passion, and tell us what it is. Is it *Ambition*? Then, let it be the ambition to possess an immoveable throne

and a fadeless crown, which shall abide when the glittering objects that worldly aspirants pursue have faded and for ever disappeared. Is it *Covetousness*? Then covet nothing less than the treasures which cannot fade, the inheritance which corruption can never touch, which the spoiler can never reach, and which death can never alienate. Is it *Love of Fame*? Then, seek the honour of having your name enrolled among the principalities and powers of heaven, and to be a member of God's own aristocracy; for that is a nobility that will abide when the paltry distinctions which now divide society are entirely forgotten and unknown. Is it *Lust of Power*? Covet then the power which prevails with God, and to which even the the Almighty yields, the power which places the resources of the universe at your command, and which cries, "I can do all things through Christ strengthening me."

DROP THE ANCHOR.

A sailor's dying testimony is thus represented by the *S. S. Times*. ;

On his sick-bed he sent for the man of God, under whom he was convicted of sin, through whom he was brought to Christ. The clergyman came. In that interview on being asked how he felt, hereplied:

"O, my brother, the kingdom of God has come with power to my heart!"

He then sank exhausted on his pillow. After a while, on being asked again how he felt, he replied:

"My brother there is land a head,"

He ceased. In a little while the question, "How do you feel now?" was asked.

"I am just rounding the point," he replied, and sank again.

The same question was repeated by the minister, after a solemn silence of some minutes. The old sailor rallied once more, and with light beaming in his whole countenance, he replied:

"O, I'm Just entering into port now." Drop the anchor! drop the anchor! and his spirit entered the haven of rest.

Christ dwells in that heart most eminently that hath emptied itself of itself.