

A GODLESS OLD MAN.

There is hardly a sadder spectacle on earth than that furnished by a godless and graceless old man, who has lived in a Christian land perhaps threequarters of a century, and all of whose days have been spent without any effort to lay up for himself a treasure in heaven. His childhood and youth were thus spent; his manhood and middle age were thus spent; and now there he is, in old age, with life on earth almost gone, on the very margin of the grave, with eternity just before him, and with not the first thing yet done in the way of preparing to meet God in judgment.

Death frowns upon him. He finds no pleasure in looking over the past, none in the present, and none in the future. Meditation brings him no joy. Memory and conscience affords him no comfort. He is without the blessing of Christian hope when he most needs it. The disabilities and pains of his body makes life a burden to him. The activities of business that once employed his thoughts he can no longer bear. He must, from sheer necessity, lay down the earthly tasks of life. In a short time he will be dead; and he knows it.

The Bible is no source of comfort to him. He is not sufficiently familiar with it to be comforted by it, and not in a moral condition to receive its comforts or be entitled to them. Alas! for that man, there are no prospects before him that sweetly invite his thoughts to the spirit world. The simple truth is, he has laid up for himself no treasures in heaven. This one thing he has not done. Many things he has done, but this, never. He may leave thousands to his children, but there are no thousands for him in the skies.

His whole record on earth is wrong, fundamentally and awfully wrong. And now, there he is, at last, in his feebleness and decay—near the end of a wasted and misspent existence on earth—a sore affliction to him and a solemn warning to every passer-by.

Who will envy him his lot? Who shall imitate his example? His life in this world, as to the great purpose for which it was given, is simply a prodigious failure. It ends without hope here, and in eternal darkness hereafter.—*Wesleyan Watchman*.

"MY GOD! GIVE ME SOMETHING TO HOLD ON TO."

This was the dying utterance of a druggist in Washington City a few weeks since. He had taken an overdose of aconite through mistake, and the physicians around him were trying to counteract the deadly poison by every available antidote. But all their efforts proved in vain; and as the tide of life was ebbing rapidly out, in the frenzy of despair, he exclaimed, "My God! give me something to hold on to." How suggestive this exclamation. How important in a dying hour to have something to hold on to. When we are beyond the help of all human agency, when those who are nearest and dearest to us have done all in their power and have failed, how necessary is it then to have something on which we can lay hold, something that will avail in a dying hour, something that will bring victory over death and the grave, something that will enable us to exclaim, "O death, where is thy sting, O grave, where is thy victory."

Thanks be to God, there is something on which a Christian can lay hold, something that can comfort and cheer him in life, something that can sustain him in the hour of death—it is the cross of Christ. The faith that can look up and say—

"Simply to Thy cross I cling,"

need not fear the terrors of death, for "death is swallowed up in victory," and he can exclaim, "Thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

Reader, how is it with you? On what are you now laying hold? On your morality? That will not avail in the dying hour, "Except ye repent ye shall all likewise perish." On the mercy of God? Remember that "Out of Christ, God is a consuming fire." Flee to the cross for refuge, and look alone for salvation, to the redemption purchased by the blood of Christ. Learn a lesson from the fate of the unfortunate druggist. "Be ye also ready, for in an hour when ye think not, the Son of man cometh."—*Central Presbyterian*.

Whatsoever work or knowledge does not lead us to know Christ, will prove worthless to our souls and perish. There is no knowledge like knowing the Crucified.