

"I have chosen the way of truth."

Psalm cxix. 30.

a letter to J. W. The young man took the packet, and hurriedly tore off the cover, in the hope that it might perhaps enclose a money remittance,—that was the one thing which would have made *news from home* welcome to him. There was nothing inside, however, but a plain, closely-written sheet of paper. With a muttered imprecation he replaced it in the envelope, and *unread*, thrust it into his box.

One year later the young soldier lay in the barrack hospital—dying. A lingering but fatal disorder was burning in his veins, a disorder aggravated, if not induced by intemperance and vice. Tossing painfully upon his cot, he cast about for something with which to beguile the long, weary hours of loneliness. Suddenly he remembered his letter. Yes, that would do; he could read it now, it would help to keep him thinking. So the letter from home which had lain quietly at the bottom of the soldier's box ever since the morning of its arrival in Ceylon, was now brought out by the comrade who did duty as nurse, and read aloud to the sick man. It read as follows:—

"My Dear Son,—I want to buy *your* liberty from the service you are in. I have purchased an estate in—, and every comfort is provided for you; and to shorten my story, I say, Come home—oh, come home! and mother says so to. I have authorised Captain—, of the good barque W—, to give you a first-class berth in his ship. It is now lying at Colombo, and the price of your perfect freedom, with every requisite, is with him. Make no delay, but come. All send their love, and say, Come!"

Such was the letter which had so long lain *unread, unthought* of

"Never shall I forget that *neglected letter*," says the narrator of these incidents, who was none other than the hospital attendant above alluded to, "never shall I forget the neglecter's agony and despair, as he now listened to his father's message, which, from his own, wilful misconduct, he had received TOO LATE."

God is sending a message to each one of us to-day, and it is this, "Come, for all things are now ready." How have we received this invitation?

A glorious inheritance is waiting for us, provided before the foundations of the world; purchased with the blood of God's own Son; and all these things are *now ready*. "How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation?"

THE ANNUAL MEETING

OF THE

ASSOCIATION

Will (D. V.) be held

IN THE MEMBERS' PARLOR,

On the evening of

Tuesday, October 2nd,

At 8 o'clock, to receive the annual reports of Board of Directors and Committees, and for the transaction of other business.

A full attendance of members is desired.

S. H. BLAKE,

President.

ALF. SANDHAM,

Gen. Sec.

YOUNG MEN'S

BIBLE CLASS

Every Monday Evening,

AT 8 O'CLOCK.

ALL INVITED.

"He hath delivered my soul in peace."

Psalm lv. 18.