

"IS IT I?"

In ancient times, some Egyptian soldiers had taken possession of a province belonging to the Roman empire. An ambassador was sent from Rome to the king of Egypt, to require their immediate removal. The king hesitated, and attempted to put off the demand; when the Roman drew a ring around him on the sand where they were standing, and sternly told him that if he crossed that line without first commanding the removal of his troops, he should thereby declare himself the enemy of the Roman people.

Are there not many of our readers who may well by this story be warned of their own danger? Sinners by nature and by actual transgression, we are all "guilty before God" (Rom. iii. 19); and "the wages of sin is death" (Rom. vi. 23). Christ has died, the Just for the unjust, that he might bring us to God. 1 Peter iii. 18.) All who have received and rested upon him alone for salvation are saved; all who have not up to this hour are lost,—rebels alike against the law and the love of God.

Young reader, are you yet among the rebels? Year after year, month after month, every sermon you have heard, every scripture, every tract you have read, has been a messenger from the King, beseeching you, in Christ's stead, to be reconciled to God (2 Cor. v. 20)., Are you yet unreconciled? Then does not this word, with the offer of salvation which it brings, draw as it were, a line of love across the broad road down which you are walking? It says, "To-day if you will hear his voice, harden not your heart" (Heb. iii. 15). And you cannot cross that line, you cannot put off the ambassador, who cannot refuse that offer, without once more declaring yourself an enemy, and trampling the blood of Christ under foot. What shall the end be? Will you not think of it?

IT IS YOUR TONGUE.

It is *your* tongue; it belongs to you, and is the only one for which you are responsible. Your neighbours' tongues may need care also, but that is their business; this is yours. See that it is properly attended to. Watch your tongue. It need watching. "It is an unruly evil"—watch it. It "is a fire"—watch it. It is a helm which guides the vessel; let the helmsman keep wide awake.

It can bless or it can curse; it can poi-

son or heal; it can pierce hearts or blight hopes; it can sow discord and separate chief friends. Watch that tongue!

No one but you can take care of that tongue. You are its own ruler. Your neighbours may hate it, or fear it, or wish that they could bridle it, but they cannot do it. You have the power—watch that tongue.

That tongue has already got you into trouble; it may do it again. It is "set on fire of hell." It burns up peace blessing, reputation and hope. It causes sad days, weary nights, tearful eyes, and heavy hearts. "For he that will love life and see good days, let him refrain his tongue from evil, that they speak no guile." Watch that tongue.

It is the glory of man. It distinguishes him from brutes. It was bought with blood by the son of God. He claims it as His. It should speak His praise; mis-employed, it may degrade yourself and those around you. You are charged to attend to attend to it. Watch that tongue. The Lord watches that tongue, "There is not a word in my tongue, but lo, O Lord, thou knowest it altogether." For every idle word we must give account in the day of day of judgement. What will be the record of that tongue then? Watch that tongue.—*Watch Tower*

VANITY OF WORLDLY PLEASURE.

I have run the silly rounds of pleasure, and have done with them all. I have enjoyed all the pleasures of the world; I appraise them at their real worth, which, indeed, is very low. Those who have only seen their outsides always overrate them; but I have been behind the scenes; I have seen all the coarse pulleys and dirty ropes which move the gaudy machines; and I have also seen and smelled the tallow candles which illuminate the whole decoration, the astonishment and admiration of the ignorant audience. When I reflect on what I have seen, what I have heard, and what I have done, I can hardly persuade myself that all that frivolous hurry and bustle of pleasure in the world had any reality; but I look upon all that is past as one of those romantic dreams which opium commonly occasions: and I do by no means desire to repeat the nauseous pose.—*Lord Chesterfield.*