

How is it that ye have no faith ?  
Mark iv. 40.

EVANGELISTIC  
**BIBLE CLASS**

Every SUNDAY, at 3 p.m.

Conducted by MR. H. B. GORDON,

Chairman of Devotional Committee.

**ALL INVITED.**

ONE of the ablest and most useful Christians in a neighbouring large city said, in answer to the question, "What was it that led you to become a Christian?" "A half-pound pressure on my coat-button for five minutes." By this he referred to a fact that after consulting his lawyer who was a Christian man, upon some matters of business, the lawyer gently laid hold on his coat-button, and kindly asked him about his soul and, commended Christ to him. The seasonable word was used of the Holy Ghost to awaken his soul to its need of Salvation. Have you no such opportunity?

To BE nameless in worthy deeds exceeds an infamous history. The Canaanitish woman lives more happily without a name than Herodias with one; and who would not rather have been the penitent thief than Pilate?—*Sir Thomas Browne.*

YOUNG MEN'S  
**BIBLE CLASS**

Every MONDAY Evening,

AT 8 O'CLOCK,

A MESS OF POTTAGE.

**I**T was a small price that Esau took for his title to the inheritance, and his right as Isaac's first-born son. One savory meal, one hour's gratification of appetite; a peice of bread, and a few beans or lentiles; a brief refreshment, longed for, enjoyed, and gone,—and for this he sold his birthright, and lost his heritage.

But foolish as men may count this ancient sensualist, who gave his inheritance for a dinner, the pottage business is by no means obsolete,—nay, it seems to flourish greatly in modern days. And the trade in birthrights is also extensive and active.

Manhood, honesty, nobility, purity of soul; fellowship with God and with his kings and priests whom he has already anointed and whom he soon will crown; the heavenly hope, the eternal inheritance, the joys unspeakable, and the bliss immeasurable,—all these things are the birthrights they barter away, the treasures which they squander, the priceless gifts wasted by foolish hands.

And what messes of pottage Satan furnishes, savory and smoking hot, to tempt the appetites of gluttonous fools! To one he gives wealth, gilt playthings, toys and trinkets. To another he flings the sop of luxury, and bids him eat and drink and riot on. Here, for a moment's sensual pleasure, a man perils his all: there, for an hour of wild exhilaration, another drains the cup that biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder. Here, for the vile embrace of one whose painted cheek has forgot to blush, the fool sells his birthright, and takes disease into his body, rottenness into his bones, remorse into his heart, and wins death for his doom, and perdition for his portion.

In an hour the pleasure is past. In a day all has faded away, and loathing comes to take the place of lust. But in that short hour, innocence, purity, peace and honor,—all are gone. Tears

According to your faith be it unto you.  
Matt. ix. 29.