

**"Delivered for our offences,
and was raised again for our
justification."**

Jesus died. That is the paying of the debt, the endurance of the penalty, the death for death.

He rose again. This is God's declaration, that He, the righteous Judge, is satisfied with the payment.

LONDON, ONT.

THE last issue of the London (Ontario) Association Bulletin contains an abstract of a report presented at the Annual Meeting held 16th May. From this abstract we learn, that from '60 the membership has increased to upwards of 200. The meetings have been numerous, and, with few exceptions, large, and attended with great interest. While such results are the cause of much thankfulness and rejoicing, the Committee are not insensible to the increased responsibility thrown upon them, and they are endeavouring to still further extend the field of operations and sphere of usefulness of the Association.

The gospel and song services on Sunday evenings have so grown in interest and numbers, that the capacity of the hall has been occasionally taxed, the building being crowded to the doors, and some even having to go away. For some time past from 600 to 800 enter the building every Sunday night. May they before it is too late enter into that "peace which passeth all understanding."

Reference is also made to the efficient manner in which Bro. Fatt has performed the duties of General Secretary—who, with much business tact and methodical ability, has entered with zeal into the details of the work, thereby gaining the confidence of the Association. By personal contact with the young men he has enabled them to see that they too have a duty to perform in connection with the work, and has thus been the means of stimulating many of them to more zealous work for the Master.

MONEY is used without limit to ruin young men. How insignificant is the sum expended in each community to benefit and save them.

ALCOHOL is the "living" of those who sell it, and the DEATH of those who drink it.

SUNBEAMS.

BIBLE promises are like the beams of the sun, which shine as freely in at the windows of a poor man's cottage as of a rich man's palace.

FORGIVENESS.

The Sandal-tree perfumes, when riven,
The axe that laid it low,
Let man, who hopes to be forgiven
Forgive and bless his foe.—*From the Persian.*

THE DEVIL.

Men don't believe in the Devil now, as their fathers used to do;
They've forced the door of the broadest creed to let his Majesty through.
There isn't a print of his cloven foot, or a fiery dart from his bow
To be found in earth or air, to-day, for the world has voted so.

But who is mixing the fatal draught that palsies heart and brain,
And loads the bier of each passing year with ten hundred thousand slain?
Who blights the bloom of the land to-day with the fiery breath of hell,
If the Devil isn't and never was? Won't somebody rise and tell?

Who dogs the steps of the tolling saint and digs the pit for his feet?
Who sows the tares in the field of time where God has sown his wheat?
The Devil is voted not to be, and of course the thing is true;
But who is doing the kind of work the Devil alone should do?

We are told he does not go about as a roaring lion now,
But who shall we hold responsible for that continual row
To be heard in home, in church, in state, to the earth's remotest bound,
If the Devil by a unanimous vote is nowhere to be found?

Won't somebody step to the front forthwith and make their bow and show
How the frauds and crimes of a single day spring up? We want to know.
The Devil is fairly voted out, and of course the Devil's gone,
But simple people would like to know who carries his business on.—*Exchange.*