

this? Reader, this public confession will be the portion of millions. Take heed lest it be yours. O! think, think, think upon the question, *Do you confess?*

I invite you in my Master's name to *begin the habit of confession without delay.*

Go this very day to the throne of grace, and speak to the great High Priest, the Lord Jesus Christ, about your soul. Pour out your heart before Him. Keep nothing back from Him. Acknowledge your iniquities to Him, and entreat Him to cleanse them away. Say to Him, in David's words, "For Thy name's sake, pardon my iniquity; for it is great." "Hide Thy face from my sins, and blot out my iniquities." Cry to Him as the Publican did in the parable, "God be merciful to me a sinner." (Psal. xxv. 11; li. 9; Luke xviii. 13.)

Arise, dear reader, and call upon God. If Christ had never died for sinners, there might be some excuse for doubting. But Christ having suffered for sin there is nothing to keep you back. Only acknowledge your iniquity, and cast yourself wholly on God's mercy in Christ, and life, eternal life, shall be your own. "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool." (Isai. i. 18.) But, O! reader, begin, begin to confess without delay. This very day *begin to confess your sins.*—*J. C. Ryle.*

THE INFANT IN HEAVEN.

Dr. Chalmers furnishes the following touching expression of his opinion on the subject of infant salvation. It is expressed in strong and beautiful language.

This affords, we think, something more than a dubious glimpse into the question that is often put by a distracted mother when her babe is taken away from her; when all the converse it ever had with the world amounted to the gaze upon it a few months or a few opening smiles which marked the dawn of self-enjoyment; and, ere it had reached, perhaps, the lisp of infancy, it, all unconscious of death, had to wrestle through a period of sickness with its power, and at length be overcome by it.

Oh, it little knew what an interest it had created in that home where it was so passing a visitant, nor, when carried to its earthly grave, what a tide of emotions it would raise among the few acquaintances it left behind! There was no positive unbelief in its bosom; no love at all for the darkness rather than light, nor had it yet fallen into that great condemnation which will attach itself to all who perish, because of unbelief, that their deeds are evil.

When we couple with this the known disposition of our Great Forerunner—the love that He manifested for children on earth; how He suffered them to approach His person, and lavished endearments and kindness upon them in Jerusalem; told the disciples that the presence and company of such as these in Heaven formed one ingredient of the joy that was set before Him—tell us if Christianity does not throw a pleasing radiance around an infant's tomb?—and should any parent who hears us feel softened by the touching remembrance of a light that twinkled a few short months under his roof and at the end of this little period expired, we cannot think we venture too far when we say that he has only to persevere in the faith and in the following of the Gospel, and that very light will again shine upon him in Heaven.

The blossom which withered here upon its stalk has been transplanted there to a place of endurance, and it will then gladden the eye which now weeps out the agony of affection that has been sorely wounded. And, in the name of Him who, if on earth, would have wept with them, do we bid all believers present to sorrow not even as others that have no hope but to take comfort in the thought of that country where is no sorrow and no separation.

And, when a mother meets on high
The babe she lost in infancy,
Hath she not then, for pains and fears,
The days of woe, the watchful night,
For all her sorrow, all her tears,
An over-payment of delight?

THE LIVING FOUNTAIN.—Let all seen enjoyments lead you to the unseen fountain from which they flow.—Never rest upon anything you have without you see God in it; and then be sure you rest not upon the enjoyment, but upon that God who manifests Himself by it, for the enjoyment will quickly be gone, but the fountain will remain—*Halyburton.*