

word for each, and handing them the small hymn-books from which they were to sing!

"Come, for all things are now ready." That was Mr. Wilton's text. How still the mission-room was, and how earnestly all the people listened to the sermon! The clergyman first spoke of the marriage feast in the parable; so carefully spread, so kindly prepared, all ready there—and yet no one would come! There were excuses on all sides, every one was too busy or too idle to attend to the invitation; no one was ready to obey that gracious "Come."

And then Mr. Wilton spoke of Jesus, and how He had made all things ready for us; how pardon is ready and peace is ready; the Father's arms ready to receive us; the Father's love ready to welcome us; a home in heaven ready prepared for us. That, he said, was God's part of the matter.

"And what, my dear friends," he went on, "is *our* part? *Come*; 'come, for all things are now ready.' *Come*; you have only to come and take; you have only to receive this love. *Come*, sin-stained soul; come, weary one; 'come, for all things are now ready.' *Now* ready. There is a great deal in that word '*now*.' It means to-night—this very Sunday; not next year, or next week; not to-morrow, but now—all things are *now* ready. God has done all He can, He can do no more, and He says to you, 'Come!' Will you not come? Are God's good things not worth having? Would you