

DEAR reader, you and I must pass out into eternity one day—will you let some passing straw hold you from Christ—can you lay your sins at the feet of any other? Will it comfort you in hell to remember that it was moral beauty you worshipped, gentleness for which you staked your soul? Will it ease your spirit when you see Christ in all His wondrous beauty as God and man, and know *whom* you rejected; *whose* love you cast aside; to see the childish image you clung to, instead of to the divine outstretched arm? He looks upon you *now*, a *risen Man*—the living Jesus—He calls you *now*. And as surely as you read these pages so surely will you one day stand face to face with Him. Will you not accept His love *now*? Will you not shelter beneath His blood and let it make you as safe as He Himself is." "Him that cometh *to Me* I will in *no wise* cast out." He may never call you again. His spirit may never strive with you again. Tomorrow you may be gone. "What shall it profit *you*" if you gain the whole world and lose your own soul."

AN unsaved person is one who is in his sins, in Adam, in the world, out of Christ on the road to the lake of fire, ready for it and deserving it.

A saved person is one who is not in his sins, out of Adam, not of the world, in Christ, on the road to glory, and ready for it, though utterly undeserving of it.

Reader, which are you?