

like him and his companions, allowed yourself to become so absorbed in the pursuit of worldly projects that you have given no thought to the future? that you did not for a moment consider in what direction you were drifting? that you thought not of God? that you put no trust in him? that your salvation was a matter of indifference to you? that you had no love for Christ—no gratitude—no faith—no love—no desire to do his will—to be with him for ever and ever? How is it with you now? Are you trifling close to some rapids which may carry you away to destruction? If you are, awake ere it be too late.

Perhaps, as you read the above account, you have felt a thrilling interest in the fate of young Ebert. Surely you would have felt it had you witnessed the scene, and you would have used every exertion to save him; and yet, have you not often seen your fellow-creatures hurrying on to a destruction far more terrible—the destruction of their souls? What efforts have you made to save them? What efforts are you making? What, none? Is not the immortal soul of infinitely more value than the mortal body? "What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" Look around you—thousands upon thousands are drifting to destruction. Endeavour to arrest all you can in their course. You would risk your life to save that of a fellow-creature. Will you draw back when that fellow-creature's soul is in peril? As you hope to have peace at the last, use every exertion—employ all means public and private by which sinners may be turned from their evil ways, and be brought to trust in Christ.

If you have no desire to save the souls of others, tremble for the safety of your own. There is not a surer sign that a man is not right towards God than when he has no care for the souls of others. It is a right question to ask, Who among that vast crowd thought of young Ebert's soul? Interested by his youth, his strength, his courage, valuing their own lives, it was in the preservation of his mortal life alone that great mass were occupied. Strange, senseless being that man is! What a high

value does he place on the perishing body, and how utterly does he disregard the immortal soul!

HEAVEN AT LAST.

"Denique Cœlum."—Old Motto.

Angel-voices sweetly singing,
Echoes through the blue dome ringing,
News of wondrous gladness bringing;
Ah, 'tis heaven at last!

Now, beneath us all the grieving,
All the wounded spirit's heaving,
All the woe of hopes deceiving;
Ah, 'tis heaven at last!

Sin for ever left behind us,
Earthly visions cease to blind us,
Fleshly fetters cease to bind us;
Ah, 'tis heaven at last!

On the jasper threshold standing,
Like a pilgrim safely landing,
See, the strange bright scene expanding!
Ah, 'tis heaven at last!

What a city! what a glory!
Far beyond the brightest story
Of the ages old and hoary;
Ah, 'tis heaven at last!

Softest voices, silver-pealing,
Freshest fragrance, spirit-healing,
Happy hymns around us stealing;
Ah, 'tis heaven at last!

Gone the vanity and folly,
Gone the dark and melancholy,
Come the joyous and the holy;
Ah, 'tis heaven at last!

Not a broken blossom yonder,
Not a link can snap asunder,
Stay'd the tempest, sheathed the thunder;
Ah, 'tis heaven at last!

Not a tear-drop ever falleth,
Not a pleasure ever palleth,
Song to song for ever calleth;
Ah, 'tis heaven at last!

Christ himself the living splendour,
Christ the sunlight mild and tender;
Praises to the Lamb we render;
Ah, 'tis heaven at last!

Now at length the veil is rended,
Now the pilgrimage is ended,
And the saints their thrones ascended;
Ah, 'tis heaven at last!

Broken death's dread bands that bound us,
Life and victory around us;
Christ, the King, himself hath crown'd us;
Ah, 'tis heaven at last!

—Bonar.