

tudes and trial, until the present time? Did not my provocations induce my dear Heavenly Father to cast me away, saying: "*I have done with him!*" when the horse I drove in a vehicle suddenly wheeled round and backed me into the Caledonian Canal, but I almost heard a voice crying "*stop! give him one chance more!*" wherefrom instantly a man working on the bank sprang forward, caught and pulled the bridle, and with a liberal supply of the lash, the horse, writhing and twisting like a serpent, dragged me out again! Again, one wintry dark night, a mile from Kessock Ferry, on my way homeward, might I not have heard the same voice crying "*Have him now! Satan—he is incorrigible!*" when the horse instantly bolted and galloped off towards the ferry, but—*stop, one chance more!* the animal halted within an inch of the water, at the top of the stone pier, six feet deep! And finally, travelling where a five feet stone dyke lined one side of the road, an old woman wheeling a hand barrow passed by, the horse looked, snorted and leaped on the opposite dyke, smashing gig and harness, and I myself *escaping scathless!* Might I not for the third time have heard the same fatherly cry "*stop!*" These are the *three narrow escapes from death, judgment and eternity!* Am I to proceed further to provoke God? Who knows but the *fourth* renunciation may be the *last*, and that my doom will be finally sealed. "*Behold, now is the accepted time. Behold, now is the day of salvation.*" In Christ Jesus I am *invaluable*. Lord, work in me both to will and to do of Thy good pleasure. Let no separation take place between the *dust* of my body and my *spirit* until I proclaim Thy loving kindness and tender mercies, and the glorious truth, that Thou hast no pleasure in the death of the wicked, but that he should repent and return unto Thee and live! "*Let the wicked forsake*

his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts, and let him return unto the Lord, and He will have mercy upon him and to our God, for He will abundantly pardon." Isa. lv. 7.

INVERNESS.

J. C.

THE END-YEAR.

Bishop Ellicott expressed the deep-seated conviction of many hearts when he said at the meeting of the Church Missionary Society:

"It may be that a dim feeling now pervades this great assembly, that there are many signs upon the earth—signs in the stirring of human hearts, signs in the politic aspects of the times—that 'the Lord delayeth not His coming.' Let no one dare, in regard to these things, to make idle forecasts.

"The statesman would, if we consulted him, tell us perhaps, that in the movements of the chief nations of Europe, in the stirrings among ancient peoples, in the awakening of the dreaming and listless Oriental to a new life, there appeared to be something which could not easily be explained, and in which we could recognize the momentarily drawing nearer of the Master. And, again, if we went to the religious man, he would tell us with animated face that in the daily offering up of the petition that his Master's 'kingdom' might 'come,' he felt that that petition was nearer and nearer to being granted. This, my friends, is, I venture to think, a true view; and if we fully realized it in connection with Missionary work, we should then go forth more revived for every Christian effort, more resolved to do and dare. Mothers would then be more ready to give up their children for the cause which has been so eloquently pleaded for to-day: we, who are God's ministers, should devote fresher and more stirring energies to Christian work; and all Christian