

[FOR OUR MISSION]

It's Too Late.

By J. W.

A YOUNG man, a relative of an active Christian worker in Toronto, had repeatedly been urged to accept the Lord Jesus Christ as his Saviour, but as repeatedly had spurned the message of Divine love. Deep and still deeper he sank in the pit of sin, giving great grief to his friends, and trouble to those who from time to time interested themselves in his behalf. His whole aim seemed to be that of *enjoying* (1) himself, as he expressed it, and he bitterly resented as an interference any effort made for his true welfare. Time passed away, he removed from one point to another, unable to retain any position. At length the hand of disease was laid upon him, and he was removed to the Hospital. The medical man's verdict was "No hope," and, alas, when kind friends were requested to call upon him, and again speak to him of Jesus, the result of such visits led them also to say, "No hope," as will be seen by the following extract from a letter written by one of his visitors. May the Lord use these solemn lines to arouse some young man now traveling the downward road:—

"I have seen ———, who is lying at the Hospital, and so has one of our members, daily. He is dying of disease of the heart. He refuses to consider the message of God's love, and told me, 'It's too late: as I did not attend to it when in health, I cannot now.' I pressed upon him God's message of mercy, and gave him many of God's promises, but he refuses to speak, or take any apparent interest. I was greatly saddened. I left that promise, 'Him that cometh to Me, I will in no wise cast out.'"

Only 25 years old! yet "too late." The sin of rejection so fully committed that even at that early age he had become hardened against truth and against God. Oh, dear reader, how is it with you? Have you accepted, or are you still rejecting? May the sad words, "Too late," never be wrung from your dying lips.

In a few days that young man passed from earth to meet his Judge. How long will it be ere you shall be called to meet Him? Remember, "He that being often reproved, hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy." Prov. 29: 1. Such an end may be avoided. "NOW is the accepted time; behold, NOW is the day of salvation." 2 Cor. 6: 2.

THERE is now a Baptist church of eighteen members at Nablous, Palestine the ancient Shechem with a congregation of 100, a Sunday school of 140, a day school of 100 Mohammedan girls, a house of worship called 'Zion Upper Chamber Baptist Chapel.'

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Jottings from Jamaica.

Extracts from a letter by W. A. BRIGGS,
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OUR work here is scattered, and somewhat like the early days in the history of Canada. Such a lot of traveling (all on horseback). In one week I traveled about 100 miles visiting the different stations in my district. The services are much longer than in Canada, the regular service lasting from two to three hours, and sometimes even longer. We are kept busy, very seldom a day without a preaching service. The people are only too glad to turn out; and so attentive! Just wonderful how they sit so long and listen with such eager, anxious look. So that although the work here is hard, it is also very pleasant. Dr. Johnston * deserves great credit and praise for the zeal, earnestness and self-sacrifice he has shown in his Master's service out here, and the Lord has rewarded him for it.

Where I have been for about two weeks, we have had some very blessed times in holding Gospel meetings; over 50 professed to be anxious, and desire to become members. Most all show signs of true conversion. The Lord be praised! One dear brother, at the close of one of the meetings, said, "Minister, me tinks dis be jes a beginning." I trust it is so.

The other day I had to get the horse shod. I went to the blacksmith, giving him the shoe, and asked him to put it on. He lifted up the foot and began to scrape, when the horse at once objected, and began to kick. However, after trying a few times he succeeded in getting the hoof ready. He straightened, or fitted the shoe, and proceeded to nail it on, but the horse became very restless, and kicked again. All this time I was cogitating, and taking in the scene. At last I said, "That horse reminds me of some human beings." The blacksmith could not see it, so I said, "Well, this is what I mean. The horse does not know what is good for him. If he were to go on his journey without that shoe, he'd have to stop before he got half way, and the likelihood is, he would be destroyed for life. Just like some men and women. They're going on a journey, but when God wants to prepare them (*i.e.* put the shoes on), like the horse, they kick. They don't know what's good for them, and so they object, and on they go; but one thing is certain, they will never come to the place they desire to reach—Heaven; for before they get half way up the road, they will faint, night overtake them, and they will be LOST." The blacksmith saw it, and I handed him a little Gospel book, and asked him to read it, lifting up my heart in prayer that our Father would bless the little book and the conversation to this poor wandering one, and that he may have his feet "shod with the preparation of the Gospel of peace."

* The founder and present head of the Mission.