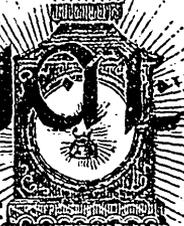




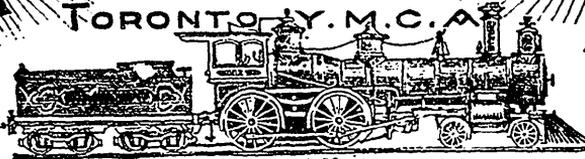
THY
WORD
IS A
LAMP UNTO
MY FEET.

OUR SPECIAL

PUBLISHED BY THE
RAILWAY COMMITTEE
OF THE
TORONTO Y. M. C. A.



TRY
WORD
IS A
LIGHT UNTO
MY PATH.



G. SANDHAM, DEL. SC.

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“To him that worketh
NOT,
But believeth on
HIM
That justifieth the
UNGODLY,
His faith is counted for
righteousness.”

Romans iv. 5.

BEAR IT IN MIND,

THAT the Railway Reading Rooms on Queen Street West, No. 1020, directly opposite the new factory, just east of the railway crossing, is open from 8 in the morning till 10 at night, and is

FREE TO ALL.

Call and see them, and do not leave without going up stairs to see parlor, bath room, etc., etc. There is hardly any desirable paper, or magazine of interest, the latest copies of which are not on file. Very convenient for any who are waiting for street cars. “A refreshing picture of cosy comfort.”—*Evening News*.

THE WAGES OF SIN IS DEATH.

THE GAME IS NOT WORTH THE
CANDLE.

PLEASURE WON BY SIN IS PEACE LOST.

IT is not only a *crime* that men commit when they do wrong but a *blunder*. “The game is not worth the candle” Sin is like a great forest-tree that we sometimes see standing up green in its leafy beauty, and spreading a broad shadow over half a field; but when we get round on the other side, there is a great dark hollow in the *very heart of it*, and corruption is at work there. Sin is like the magician’s rod we read about in old books. There it lies, and if tempted by its glitter, or fascinated by the power that it proffers you, you take it in your hand, the thing starts into a serpent with erected crest and sparkling eye, and plunges its quick barb into the hand that holds it, and sends poison through all the veins. Do not touch it my brother! Every sin buys pleasure at the price of peace.—*Selected*.

Elijah is always waiting for Ahab, when he comes to take possession of Naboth’s vineyard.