

There is Time Enough then, although the Time is Short. Think! There are nearly two months of Sabbath-time in every year; a whole year of Sabbath-time every seven years; at least seven complete years of Sabbath-time in every ordinary life. If every year had two complete months given you, with nothing else to think of from morning till night, than the worth of your soul and the provision God has made for it, if you had a whole year in every seven for the same purpose, could you think there was not time? Well, you have really better than that; for you have all that time, and you have it spread over the length of your life at fitting intervals. Has not the Lord left you without excuse? Will not your Sabbaths be swift witnesses against you? Think how many hours and minutes in these Sabbaths, and between them, were sufficient at least to begin the work, and secure its being completed. For, after all, Christ has finished the work. We have only to let him make that work ours. Will you accept what he has wrought? Your work is to believe in His. Your work is to rest in His, and let His work now be done in you. This must be done now. The Gospel is the mighty power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth; but there is no Might where there is no Faith. Many a sinner like you has escaped from hell, *by running the moment he was roused.* Many a sinner like you is now in heaven, *who looked to Christ when he was told.* Why will you die? Why? Will you put your real reason in words? Will you look at it seriously? Will you kneel before God, and look at it under his eye? Will you leave it there, to be preserved for the Judgment?—*Wynd Tracks.*

Time is going—time is going,
Like a stream that's ever flowing;
Am I sowing?—am I sowing?
Will the crop be worth the mowing?
When the mowing—when the mowing
Shall declare what's been the sowing!
Oh, the tears all overflowing,
If good fruit has not been growing!

Life is flying—life is flying,
All creation groaning, crying;
Am I sighing—am I trying
That my death may be no dying?
When the dying—when the dying
Makes an end of all the trying!
Oh, the sighing and the crying,
Is to Christ there's been no flying!

THE BANK OF FAITH.

BY THE REV. JOHN TODD, D. D.

When a merchant wants to draw money from the bank, he knows he must first put in as much as he draws out. The bank does not aid him, however much he may need, beyond what has been put in. But there is one bank from which we may draw, though we have put nothing in it. I call it the bank of faith; and I will explain just what I mean.

Some years ago an old man died, and at his funeral a great multitude were gathered—some to weep, some to look at his face once more, some to tell of his great skill as a physician, and all to speak a kind word about him. More than five thousand blind people—mostly poor people—had been restored to sight by his skill and care! He lived and died a poor man, for he lived only to do good. When a young man, he used to go to God in prayer for direction, for guidance, and for aid. At the time when he made up his mind that he must study and go to the University, in order to prepare himself to be useful, he knew not where to go, or how to get the money to pay the expenses. So he went to God. A friend asked him where he intended to go. He replied, "I don't know." "Oh," said she, "our neighbour Mr. T. is going to Strasburg; go with him!" A few minutes later, and Mr. T. entered the room, and was greatly pleased to have young Stilling—for that was his name—go with him. "I wonder," said Stilling, "from what quarter my heavenly Father will provide me with money?"

Forty-six dollars was all he could raise.— Meeting with unexpected delays when he got to Frankfort, still three days from Strasburg, he had but a single dollar left. He said nothing to any one, but went to his Bank of Faith, *i. e.* he went to God in prayer. He then went out to walk the streets, praying as he walked. Soon he met a merchant from the place of his own residence.

"Why, Stilling, what brought you here?"
"I am going to Strasburg to study medicine."

"Where do you get your money to study with?"

"I have a rich Father in Heaven."

"How much money have you now on hand?"

"One dollar, sir."

"So! Well I am one of your Father's stewards," and handed him thirty-three dollars. With tears in his eyes Stilling says, "I am now rich enough; I want no more."

A while after, his thirty-three dollars were again reduced to one. Again he laid his case before his Father in earnest prayer. One morning, his room-mate, Mr. T., said to him