

the spiritual world this law is even more imperative. Set it down as God's infallible truth, that unless you have this new life you are lost; and you cannot impart it to yourself. You may be a constant church-goer, but that has not saved you. Sermons have not saved you; the prayers of friends have not saved you. "There is none other name under heaven whereby we must be saved" but *Jesus Christ*. Signal for Him.

Salvation is a joint process; it is all-omnipotent free grace on the side of Jesus Christ, who died to make an atonement for you; it is all free acceptance of Him and free obedience to Him on your side. If you signal for Him, He will come to your rescue. But He will consent to save you on His own terms. He will not save you and your sins also; they must go overboard. Attempt no compromise. Half-way work makes a half Christian at best, and there is no arithmetic by which two half Christians can make a whole one. To the question, "What must I do to be saved?" Peter gave the prompt answer at the time of Pentecost, "Repent!" That means more than shame or sorrow for your sins; it means a turning from your sins with a full purpose of, and endeavour after, new obedience. This requires more than mere feeling, more than praying. It requires action. At whatever point the Holy Spirit is pressing you, at that point yield. Repentance is only proved by acts.

Paul did not contradict Peter when he answered the same question, "*Trust* in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." Quitting sin and laying hold on Jesus are the two vital parts of the one process of salvation. Faith is an act also. It is the act of submitting your will to Christ's will—of joining your weakness to His strength, your ignorance to His knowledge, your guilty self to His omnipotent love. The joyful alacrity with which the sinking *Spree* threw out its steel cable to be made fast to the rescuing steamer, *Lake Huron*, is a beautiful illustration of the way that you must fasten your soul to the Almighty Redeemer. Henceforth let Him guide you, and be it your constant duty and delight to follow Him whithersoever He leadeth you. When you are fast to Jesus Christ you are safe, but not one instant sooner! Do not let any one beguile you by saying that you are very near to the kingdom. Hundreds may have been very near to Noah's ark, but the thickness of the ark door made all the difference between being safe inside, or drowning in

the deluge. Don't fancy that you are "getting along very well"; you are not really doing anything for your salvation until you cut loose from your sins and make fast to your Saviour. No time is to be lost. One close hour with Jesus Christ is worth years of good sermons and all the inquiry meetings ever held. Methinks that we see the blessed Master bearing down towards some disabled and praying soul, full freighted with precious promises, and holding out the offer of everlasting life. If He is answering the signal, O reader, and if thou art ready to make fast thy soul to Him and to Him only, then this new year will be to thee the beginning of a life worth living. You will begin to be saved—saved from the waste of time and from the dominion of sin, and saved for the purpose of serving Him and blessing thy fellow-creatures. When you reach heaven, the voyage will be over, and you will never need to be saved. But it may startle you even there to see how near you once were to going to the bottom.—*Rev. Theodore L. Cuyler, in New York Evangelist.*

DEATH.

It is not death to die,
To leave this weary road,
And midst the brotherhood on high
To be at home with God.

It is not death to close
The eyes long dimmed with tears,
And wake in glorious repose
To spend eternal years.

It is not death to bear
The wrench that sets us free
From dungeon chain to breathe the air
Of boundless liberty.

It is not death to fling
Aside the sinful dust,
And rise on strong, exultant wing
To live among the just.

Jesus, thou Prince of Life,
Thy chosen cannot die;
Like Thee, they conquer in the strife,
To reign with Thee on high.

WHY HE REFORMED.

THERE was a drunkard in an Arkansas town who became a sober man through a kind Providence granting him what Burns longed for:

"Oh, wad some power the giftie gie us,
To see oursels as ithers see us!"

One day several acquaintances, on asking him to drink, were surprised to hear him say, "You must excuse me, gentlemen, for I can't drink anything." To their question, "What is the matter with you?" he said:

"I'll tell you. The other day I met a party of friends. When I left them I was about half drunk. I would not have stopped at this, but my friends had to hurry away to catch a train.

"To a man of my temperament, to be half drunk is a miserable condition, for the desire for more is so strong that he forgets his self-respect in his efforts to get more to drink.

"Failing at the saloons, I remembered that there was a half-pint of whisky at home, which had been purchased for medicinal purposes.

"Just before reaching the gate I heard voices in the garden, and, looking over the fence, I saw my little son and daughter playing. 'No, you be ma,' said the boy, 'and I'll be pa. Now you sit here an' I'll come in drunk. Wait, now, till I fill my bottle.'

"He took a bottle, ran away, and filled it with water. Pretty soon he returned, and, entering the playhouse, noddled idiotically at his little girl, and sat down without saying anything. Then the girl looked up from her work and said:

"James, why will you do this way?"

"Whizzer way?" he replied.

"Gettin' drunk."

"Who's drunk?"

"You are, an' you promised when the baby died that you wouldn't drink any more. The children are almost ragged an' we haven't anything to eat hardly, but you still throw your money away. Don't you know you are breaking my heart?"

"I hurried away. The acting was too lifelike. I could think of nothing all day but those little children playing in the garden, and I vowed that I would never take another drink, and I will not, so help me, God!"

WHO MADE IT?

SIR ISAAC NEWTON was once examining a new and fine globe, when a gentleman came into his study who did not believe in God, and declared that the world we live in came by chance. He was much pleased with the handsome globe, and asked, "Who made it?" "Nobody," answered Sir Isaac; "it happened here." The gentleman looked up in amazement at the answer, but he soon understood what it meant. Who can say that this beautiful and wonderful world came by chance when he knows that there is not a house, or ship, or picture, or anything in it, but has had a maker?