

The writer of this portion (now gray-headed—a monument of the LOVE of God)—was as far off from salvation as the vilest of the vile,—but, before he takes his final leave of this world, he now for the last time, (as a redeemed sinner,) earnestly entreats,—implores, and exhorts his fellow-sinners to turn to the Lord, and seek him while he *may* be found. Think of the LOVE of God. Will you despise such a love as *this*? Love,—to save your soul!

Oh, if you reject this offered mercy—eternal misery (instead of eternal life) must inevitably be your certain doom,—not a ray of love (now offered) to soften the awful endless gloom of a hell—made more painful by the bitter reflection—that you *might* have been saved—but WOULD NOT. The Lord *help* you to believe. Amen.

“O taste and see that the Lord is good.” Psalm xxxiv. 8:

The LOVE of God, in Christ Jesus, secures redemption to ALL who come in his blessed Name.

COME;—come;—come and be saved.—*Sinner's Friend.*

#### “Whence Came They?”

See these pure white clouds that stretch, in ranks like rolling waves, across the canopy of heaven, in the still, deep noon of a summer day. Row after row they lie in the light, opening their bosoms to the blaze of a noonday sun; and they are all fair; they are “without spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing.” Who are these that stand, as it were, around the throne of God, in white clothing: and whence came they? These are they that have come from various places on the surface of the earth and sea. Some have come from the briny ocean, and some from miry land; some from yellow, overflowing rivers, and some from cool crystal springs; some from stagnant pools in lonely deserts, and some from the slimy bed of the Thames or Clyde, where living creatures can scarcely breathe upon their banks. All are alike welcome to these heavens, and all in their resurrection state equally pure. May I, spiritually distant and unclean—may I rise, like those snow-white clouds, from earth to heaven, and take my place without challenge among the stainless witnesses who stand round the Redeemer's throne? I may,—not because my stains are few, but because the blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleanseth from all sin. I may,—not because my sins are small, but because my Saviour is great.

#### True Happiness.

BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.

From the grand tranquility that reigns on every side I turn my thoughts to those whirlpools of excitement where men strive for honour, and know not what is honourable; for wealth, and do not know true riches; for pleasure, and are ignorant of the first elements of pleasure. There comes to me a sad sense of the turmoil of men fiercely bent upon happiness, who will never know it. They are starving amidst unexampled abundance. In their Father's house is bread enough and to spare, and a divine wine that breathes odour, without intoxication, upon the soul. Why should they be furrowed with care, and my unwrinkled heart be purpled over with blooming joy? Are we not made alike?—Have they not every one of the faculties that I have? Every sense that rings to the strokes of joy with me, they have even as I have. But having eyes, they will not see; ears, they will not hear; and a heart, they will not understand. As the old prophet touched his servant's eyes, and he beheld the mountains filled with the angels and chariots of God, and feared no more; so, methinks, if I could but bring the eager thousands forth who pant and strive for joy, only for joy, and unseal their eyes, they should behold and know assuredly that happiness was not in all the places where they delve and vex themselves. In the presence of these heavenly hours, riches, touched with the finger of God, would say, “Joy is not in me.” Fame would say, “It is not in me.” Passion, hoarse from toils of grossness, would say, “It is not in me.” And, amidst their confessions, a voice should come down through the clear air from heaven and the very bosom of Christ, saying, “Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.”

Christians are not only called upon to live as becometh the Gospel; but so as to adorn it and set it off to advantage.