

**Prayer.**

Come at the morning hour,  
Come, let us kneel and pray;  
Prayer is the Christian's pilgrim-staff  
To walk with God all day.

At noon, beneath the Rock  
Of Ages, rest and pray;  
Sweet is that shelter from the sun  
In weary heat of day.

At evening, in thy home,  
Around its altar pray, pray;  
And finding there the house of God,  
With heaven then close the day.

When midnight veils our eyes,  
Oh, it is sweet to say,  
"I sleep, but my heart waketh, Lord,  
With thee to watch and pray!"

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**Pleasant Hours:**

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Rev. W. H. WITHROW, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 29, 1888.

**NO SALVATION IN OUR OWN  
RIGHTEOUSNESS.**

SEE why it is that you have failed hitherto to find rest. You have been earnest and sincere for a great many years, and you have kept on hearing and reading, and, after a fashion, you have even kept on praying; but all the while you have been on the wrong road. Suppose yonder young man should start with his bicycle to go to Brighton, and he should travel due north; he will never get there. The faster he travels the farther he will go from the place. If you follow after righteousness by the works of the law, the more you do the farther off you will be from the righteousness of God.

O sirs, if you could be saved by your own works, and your proud hopes could be fulfilled, then the death of our Lord would be proved to be a gross mistake. What need of the great sacrifice if you can save yourself? The cross is a superfluity if human merit can suffice. There was no need for the Father to put his Son to grief if, after all, men can work out a righteousness of their own. If works can save you, why did Jesus die? Do you see what you are driving at? Do you mean to trample under foot the blood of Jesus? I beseech you, abhor all notion of self-justification. Dash down the idol which would rival your Lord.

You know that Jesus could save you if you trusted him, but you do not trust him. Oh that this moment you would end this delay! To trust in Jesus is described in Scripture as looking. As

the man bitten by the serpent looked to the serpent of brass hung high upon the pole, and as he looked, healing and life came to him, so if you look to Jesus now you will be saved. I see God's only begotten Son, who has digned to become man for our sakes, and to die in our room and place, and from the cross I entreat him to speak to you. Speak, O my Master! He does speak, and these are his words—"Look unto me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth; for I am God, and there is none else." Look, I pray you! Look and live!—*Spurgeon.*

**A GOOD NOTION.**

A BELIEVER was giving in a prayer-meeting his testimony as to God's grace and goodness, and said:—

"On my way here to-night I met a man who asked me where I was going, I said: 'I am going to prayer-meeting.' He said: 'There are a good many religions, and I think the most of them are delusions; as to the Christian religion, that is only a notion; that is a mere notion, the Christian religion.' I said to him: 'Stranger, you see that tavern over there?' 'Yes,' said he, 'I see it.' 'Do you see me?' 'Yes, of course, I see you.' 'Now the time was, as everybody in this town knows, that if I had a quarter of a dollar in my pocket, I could not pass that tavern without going in and getting a drink; all the people of Jefferson could not keep me out of that place; but God has changed my heart, and the Lord Jesus Christ has destroyed my thirst for strong drink, and there is my whole week's wages, and I have no temptation to go there; and, stranger, if this is a notion, I want to tell you it is a mighty powerful notion; it is a notion that has put clothes on my children's backs, and it is a notion that has put good food on our table, and it is a notion that has filled my mouth with thanksgiving to God. And, stranger, you had better go along with me, you might get religion too; lots of people are getting religion now.'"

**CALIFORNIAN WONDERS.**

THE above and the following picture shows some of the wonders of the Yosemite—the magnificent Bridal Veil Falls and the Big Trees. The Falls leap down in successive cataracts nearly 3,000 feet. The size of the trees can be imagined from the way in which a coach and six drives right through the very heart of the one in our cut.

**REJECTED GRACE.**

A SINNER engrossed in worldly pursuits and pleasures saw in a dream a beautiful vision. Some one stood holding out to him a white robe and crown. Each night the vision came, but seemed farther and farther away. "Who art thou?" he finally asked. "I am the Day of Grace," was the reply. But the sinner did not accept her offers. Finally the vision passed away and was seen no more.

Years passed away. The sinner remained absorbed in his worldly occupations, and thought no more of the marvellous vision. At length he fell sick, and drew near death. As he lay there upon his couch he saw phantoms of the past rise



CALIFORNIA BIG TREE.

before him. Worldly Pleasure passed by. Her gay robes and her mask were torn off, and the sinner saw too late that worldly pleasure was a hollow mockery, and full of villainy. Worldly Gain passed by. His gilded coat was gone, and only dust and ashes remained. Sin passed by, the sinner saw that its only reward was the bitterness of death.

As he lay lamenting his ill-spent life, a fearful apparition with a flaming sword suddenly arose before him, and the longer he looked the more dreadful and threatening did it appear. At last he gasped, "Who art thou, dread spirit?" The apparition made answer, "I was once the Day of Grace, whom thou didst reject. Then I would have delivered thee from worldly pleasure, from worldly gain, and from sin, but thou didst refuse my offers. Now, I am come to abide with thee forever, and I shall torment thee more than all else. Once thou hadst power to reject me; now thou hast none. My name is now Grace Rejected, and with the sword of remorse will I pierce thy conscience through all eternity."

Thus may you learn, O sinner, how terrible it is to reject the proffered salvation. The memory of rejected grace will one day cling to you like the poisoned robe to the limbs of Hercules, and you will finally know, though everlastingly too late, how terrible is the wrath of the Lamb. Then your relations to the Lamb will be changed; your chance for pardon gone, and rejected grace will be your everlasting torment; for by rejecting grace are you brought to perdition. Then repent, while you may, and turn not the Holy Spirit from you; for "His feet departing ne'er return." Open your heart while he knocks, else you may be forever lost.