

her to the Saviour, though she mourned very much on account of her loss. She had now but one child left. At length he died also. This stroke laid her low, and brought her to the Saviour. In bitter grief, she cried "It is enough, Lord, it is enough. I humble myself before thee, and give myself up to thee." From this time she placed her entire trust in Christ. At her baptism she wished to be called Naomi; "for," she said, "the Lord has treated me as he did Naomi. I went out full and now I am empty." "It is good for me that I have been afflicted, that I might learn thy statutes."—*Church of Scotland Juvenile.*

NOW.

WHAT is it? That point in duration which links the two eternities; that flitting moment, which, as it emerges into the present, vanishes into the past. A beat of the pulse measures it; a heart-throb—a breath. While one utters the word, it comes—is gone.

What of it? Especially this. It is the accepted time, the day of salvation. As it flies, God waits to be gracious. Listen! Divine love speaks. "Unto you, O men, I call." The great expiation has been made. The fountain is open. That blood is sufficient. Whosoever will may live; from death in sin rise to glory. I am a just God, and yet a Saviour. But delay not. Now,—not to-morrow. Time rushes. Life ebbs. Death hastens. What men are at that last Now they are for ever. Its moral hue colours the illimitable ages.

Will you waste it? What? this breath into which such interests crowd! on which hangs eternity! Waste it? Are you mad? Must truth be unheeded? love rejected? Heaven lost? Waste it? Ease, pleasure, gold, fame,—throw them all away, if need be; not moments. Seize them—hold them? That undying soul is to be saved, if ever, *Now.*—*Juvenile Messenger.*

CONSCIENCE.

BISHOP TAYLOR has this striking image—"Conscience is a clock, which in one man strikes aloud and gives warning; in another the hand points silently to the figure, but strikes not; meantime hours pass away, and death hastens, and after death comes judgement!" There is something unspeakably appalling in this image.