

promises of ultimate success, which are to attend our zealous services for His glory, who has called us hitherto,—and in Christian love to every true disciple of Jesus—without distinguishing his party by its particular name—let us ever labour on, in the advancement of that cause to which we are all so much devoted,—working in harmony with God's true servants wherever they may be found,—and proclaiming, by the glorious Gospel of peace—salvation to every true believer in the only eternal Son of God. AMEN.

Have your Tickets ready.

THE train by which I was travelling, one cold afternoon, was brought rather unexpectedly to a standstill by the side of a very narrow platform, a short distance from the station. Our anxiety was soon relieved by one of the railway servants, who said, as he passed the door of our compartment, "Have your tickets ready."

"Hallo!" said my fellow-passenger to himself, who appeared rather annoyed, "What do they mean by this dodge?"

I said: "I am told that a great many persons have travelled by this line without first paying their fare, and I suppose this unexpected 'Have your tickets ready' is a check on such dishonest persons."

He was buttoned up closely, and comfortably seated in the warmest corner of the carriage, having no particular wish, I daresay, to be disturbed, till he got to the end of his journey. I had my return ticket in my pocket, and, while feeling for it, some such thoughts as these passed through my mind: Perhaps I have lost it, for it is small, and I have not looked at it once to-day. Well, if I have, I can tell them at which station I took it in the morning, and I can satisfy the guard when I get there. But suppose he refuses to take my word, and—here it is, all right. I have it: and, in another second or two, the railway official was partly in the carriage with his usual "Shew your tickets here, if you please!" "London," cried my fellow-passenger, as he held his ticket nearly two yards from the man's eyes, and his voice and gestures shewed that he was evidently very angry with that man for doing his duty. "All right, sir," he said, and closed the door again, apparently not at all ruffled in temper by the unpoliteness of my fellow-passenger. "Well done," I said to myself, as he walked away; "if you were not wiser than this gentleman, you would, perhaps, have returned a sharp answer which might in the end have cost you your situation." My friend, "have your ticket ready." "Why, of course," say you, "I should never think of travelling without a ticket, when, besides all the exposure, it might cost me pounds instead of shillings, if I were caught at it." Well, 'tis certainly very foolish, as well as dishonest, to make

the attempt, yet the "Public Notices" at nearly every railway station are constantly reminding us that it is often done. Most of those who "try it on" are, according to the old saying, "A penny wise and a pound foolish;" for they are sure to get, sooner or later, into the hands of justice, when they have to pay smartly for it. "Ah, well, I am all right. I shall never think of travelling without my ticket." I am not quite sure about that. *Perhaps you are travelling without one now:* for you are on the way to another world, and those who travel without a ticket will come badly off, for to such the Judge will say, "I never knew you; depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels." "Never fear, I am all right, I am doing all I can towards it, and nobody can do more than that; I always go to my place of worship, I pay every one as I go, I say my prayers and read my Bible, and, as we have a good deal of suffering here, let's hope it will all be the better for us hereafter." If this is your ticket, my friend, it may pass you very well on the rail of time, but it will not pass you at heaven's door. It is true, "Old False Hope," the ferryman, has waited for many, and given them a tolerably smooth passage over the river Death in his boat, but there must be a landing on the other side, you know; and if you have not got the right ticket, then it will most certainly be too late to secure it. *Nothing but Christ and His Righteousness will pass you there.* There is no time to lose; time, death and judgment all appeal to you, and say—"Have your ticket ready?"

"All right," says the young lover of this present world; "We read in the Bible that 'there is a time for everything,' and I'll attend to these things in time."

Yes, my young friend, there is a time, too, for the train to stop, when you will be told to show your ticket. *It may be to-morrow.* Yes, *this day* you may be told to show your ticket, and what will you do if you have not got one? A man whom I have often warned believed he should be "all right in the end." A short time before he died, he said to me, "Don't talk to me—don't read to me. It is no use to pray for me. There is no mercy for me. *I have put it off too long.* It is now too late;" and he shortly after died without hope. I was one day standing by the side of a dear little girl, as she lay dying with typhus fever. She was unconscious, but I thought it a fitting opportunity to speak to the parents on the importance of being ready themselves. They were, at the time, quite well, and they thought there would be plenty of time to see about that by-and-by. I went in, just after the funeral, to speak a word of comfort to them in their sorrow. As soon as I entered the room, I saw the wife throwing herself about in the most frantic manner. When she saw me, she gave a most piercing shriek, "My husband, my poor husband." I turned