

there is nothing which causes me so much distress now as to think of those seventeen years—some of the very best portion of my life—which I devoted to sin and to the world." And yet, with such facts before you, attested by the experience of every Christian that ever lived—facts which proclaim to you that "the Christian alone is the highest style of man;" that true manhood and real pleasure can only be realised by the soul that is reconciled unto God by faith in Jesus Christ—will you still shut your ears to the appeals of conscience and the Gospel, and to the beseeching voice of your Heavenly Father as he beseeches you to be reconciled unto himself?

To all these appeals you have been saying hitherto, "there is time enough yet; go thy way for this time; when I have a convenient season I will call for thee." Young friends, beware, lest *your* convenient season should never come. The only convenient season which God has given you is *now*, and your life is in his hands. God's accepted time and day of salvation is *now*. Only trifle a little longer with that, and your *now* may be turned into *never*; your salvation may be an eternal impossibility. Take heed lest, when you least expect it, you should wake up to the awful fact—"it is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God." *Beware how you treat Jesus Christ.*"—*Christian Times*.

OUR FRAGMENT BASKET.

He that preaches well in the pulpit but lives disorderly out of it, is like a young scribbler; what he writes fair with his hand, his sleeve comes after and blots.—*Thomas Adams*.

Every good heart is in some measure scrupulous, and finds more safety in fear than in presumption. I had rather have a servant that will ask his direction twice, than one that runs of his own head without an errand.—*Ibid*.

He that hath a good horse can go faster up a hill than down a hill. He that hath a good faith doth as quickly ascend the Mount Zion, as the wicked descend to the valley of Hinnom. If men would as strongly erect themselves upwards, as they direct their courses downwards, they might go to heaven with less trouble than they do go to hell.—*Ibid*.

TIME.—Time is like a creditor who allows an ample space to make up accounts, but is inexorable at last. It is like a verb that can only be used in the present tense. If well employed it gives that health and vigour to the soul, which rest and retirement afford to the body. It never sits heavily on us, but when it is badly employed. It is a grateful friend—use it well, and it never fails to make a suitable requital.