

[ORIGINAL.]

Is Your Name There?

By Rev. Dyson Hague.



I SHALL never forget a scene that I witnessed when a young man at college. It was on the day of the examination returns, when the names of all those who had succeeded were recorded, and the lists were hung up on the board. I was standing in the hall with a number of young fellows, my fellow students, chatting and laughing, when my eye caught sight of a young man who had just entered the door. He was rather a hard working man, in poor circumstances, dependant in great measure on his own exertions. There was an anxious look in his eye, and I knew the cause. He had come to find out whether he had passed or not. The moment he came within the hall he glanced quickly around, and saw at once the board with the lists. He walked up to it rapidly, ran his eye up and down the names, as he looked I saw that there came over him a cloud of darkness and sorrow. His countenance fell. His face darkened. He was completely overwhelmed. If it had not been for the presence of the other men I believe he would have broken out into uncontrollable sobbing, so terrible was the disappointment and bitterness of soul.

HIS NAME WAS NOT THERE !!

No. He was not through. The names only of the successful ones were recorded.

I have before me another scene. The hall is a more spacious one than the hall of my college, and there stand within it many men. A great, white throne is erected and upon it sits the Judge of all mankind. The books are opened which contain the record of the deeds of all men. Beside this lies another book which contains no record of deeds but simply a list of names. And from that mighty multitude a young man steps forth, and begs permission to scan the list. It is given, and anxiously he reads down the names. There are names of men of all nations and kindreds, and tongues, and tribes, barbarian and civilized, bond and free. He reads unweariedly. He has almost finished, and still he has not found *his* name. His soul sinks within him—but still there is hope. There are a few names more perhaps his name is among them. Slowly, surely, intently he reads, his very being inflamed with anxiety. The 10th name from the last! It is not his. The 9th, the 8th, the 7th, the 6th. Still not his. The 5th, the 4th. He can read no further. It is too terrible. But he

must read on. The 3rd. It is his own!! Joy fills his heart. No. He has made a mistake. It is his brother's name, so like his own. The 2nd to last, not his. Bracing his soul he reads the last. *It is not his.*

HIS NAME IS NOT THERE !!

O God, he cries, I am undone. And forthwith he is cast without.

Reader, this is no fiction. God's Word which cannot be broken says, only they shall enter into heaven, whose names are written in the Lamb's Book of Life.

IS YOUR NAME WRITTEN THERE ?

Have you been enrolled on the list of the redeemed?

God loves you. He is not willing that you should perish. He longs to save you from sin and its punishment. Jesus Christ died for you. He was wounded for your transgressions; He was bruised for your iniquities; the strokes that should fall on you fell on Him. He died to save you. Will you not be saved?

The angel is now standing, pen in hand, waiting to record your name in the Book of Life. Shall He put your name down?

Dare you say, 'no, no,—

I DON'T WANT IT THERE.

Believe in Jesus, yield your heart to Jesus, Come to Jesus and *now*, yes *now*, your name will be written in the Lamb's Book of Life. Rev. 3 : 20; Matt. 11 : 28; Rev. 20 : 12; Rev. 21-27; Phil. 4 : 3; John 3 : 36; John 5 : 24.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

THE International Y. M. C. A. Committee, (New York) has received an appeal for recognition and sympathy from an Association organized in Jaffna College, Ceylon. It is the first association of Christian Students in heathen lands to enter the list.

DR. CUYLER accords to the Baptists "the book which next to God's own book has had more readers than any in the English tongue," meaning the "Pilgrim's Progress," and the preacher who has reached more hearers than any man since the Apostles, in the person of Spurgeon.

MANY will hear with deep regret of the bereavement which has come to the sweet singer of the Presbyterian Church, Dr. Horatius Bonar, by the death of his wife, who entered into rest on the 3rd ult., after a short and sudden illness. Mrs. Bonar was sister to Mary Lundie Duncan, the memoir of whom has been a source of spiritual blessing to so many.