

the person to whom God has assigned it. It will remain undone.

“Forward be our watchword,
Steps and voices joined,
Seek the things before us,
Not a look behind :
Burns the fiery pillar
At our army's head ;
Who shall dream of shrinking,
By our captain led !
Forward through the desert,
Through the toil and fight ;
Canaan lies before us,
Zion beams with light.”

DO YOU EVER THINK ?

What a silly question, you say. Surely I think. All men think. But do you ever think about the eternal future? You must shortly leave this world. Do you ever think of where you will spend eternity? The end of the year is a proper time for you to be reminded of the end of your earthly existence, and to be urged to make the necessary preparations for another state. Are you thinking of these things? I know there are many temptations to defer to some convenient season all serious attention to soul concerns. But is it wise to yield to the tempter? Are you sure of to-morrow? If you were—and of ten thousand to-morrows, is it right for you to give the world the chief place in your affections, to sin against a loving God, to neglect the great salvation? But you are not sure of an hour. “You may die before the needful work is done.” Therefore be persuaded to think and consider your ways, repent of thy sins and be reconciled to God. You have been solemnly warned this year; by the voice of heaven's ambassador, by the volume of inspired truth, by the monitions of conscience, by the bed of sickness, and the approach of death, by the opening grave, and by the Spirit of God. Will all these warnings produce no saving effect? God forbid. There stands the loving Saviour, His arms are open to receive you. The door of mercy is open; enter while you may; it may be shut with the closing year. The gates of the city of refuge stand wide open, and the avenger is on your track. Haste to the only place of safety.

“Come in this moment at his call.
And live for Him who died for all.”

Yield not any longer to the temptation to delay. You will never be better prepared to come to Christ than you are now. It will never be easier, and He will never be more willing to receive you.

Settle the great concern of your eternal destiny. At once come aside from the noise and show, and folly of the world, and deliberately, solemnly, unconditionally, surrender yourself to the Almighty Jehovah. May the end of the year witness the end of your rebellion, and sin, and unbelief!

THE CITY OF REFUGE.

(Written for the NEWFOUNDLAND MONTHLY
MESSENGER.)

Fly! Fly! the avenger is fast on your track,
Gird up your loose robes, and stay not to look back;
Cast aside every hindrance, leave all that is dear,
Press on till the gates of the city you near.

Haste! Haste! 'tis for life! Speed on to the goal,
Let the agony rending your innermost soul
Be as spurs to your sides, and as wings to your feet,
For death will o'ertake should your steps not be fleet.

Six cities of refuge around you all stand,
Each built on a hill, and so placed in the land,
That half a day's journey will take you right in
To the heart of the city you are striving to win.

For many miles round may each city be seen,
Miss it you cannot, for nothing can screen;
Its exalted position attracts every eye,
So that none vainly seeking may lie down to die.

The roads are quite straight, and no hindrance is
found;

No rocks, stones, or roughness, or uneven ground;
Here and there in their length huge stone pillars are
placed,

On which in large characters REFUGE is traced.

You may read as you run, nor pause for a look,
And should any river or swift-flowing brook
Cross your path, you will find that 'tis safely bridged
o'er,

That your time be not hindered in fording to shore.

Its gates stand wide open all day and all night,
And strangers are safe as an Israelite;

Its people bring food to the refugee's hand,
And provide him with all—'tis the law of the land.

See! See! He is off with the speed of a hind,
Which scents the fierce dogs on the soft-breathing
wind;

His eyes full of terror, his breath coming fast,
Can he mount the green hill? Will his strength it
outlast?

Oh! see how the bead-drops roll down his pale face!
How he strains every nerve to increase his swift pace!
He knows the avenger is close on his track,
Though he hears not his steps, and he dares not look
back.

He staggers! he stumbles! his enemy gains!
But he darts on again all regardless of pains.
He has touched the white walls with their refuge
engraved;

He has passed the gate's portals; oh, joy! he is saved!

Oh, sinner! believe there's a refuge for you;
It is found in Christ Jesus, the loving and true;
Cast aside every hindrance, count all things but dross,
And fly! quickly fly! to the foot of His cross.

The way is quite open, and all things made plain;
You have nothing to lose, and all things to gain;
With your guide-post—the Bible—you can't miss the
track.

Press on! ere death's dart strike and hold you quite
back.

Oh, pause not! oh, die not in sight of the goal!
Let repentance and faith be as wings to your soul;
Let your breathings be prayer for forgiveness and trust,
For outside of God's refuge quite perish you must.

The arms of the Saviour are e'er opened wide;
He entreats you to come and find peace at His side.
His wound-marks proclaim Him a refuge engraved.
Go, fly to his bosom! In Him you are saved.

H. D. ISACKE.