

nearer. A rope was uncoiled. "Seize the rope!" shouted the boat's crew. An eager hand caught it. The stout craft shot rapidly off, and the rescued boat was drawn from the hurrying current.

Sinner, you, too, are drifting swiftly and surely down a subtle current. A noble craft comes to your rescue. A rope is flung out to you. It is Jesus, the great Redeemer. Seize that rope, and escape the destruction which awaits you.

A PARABLE.

"The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved."—Jer. viii. 20.

It was spring. A little seed lay in the warm ground. In the air above, the birds sang their spring songs. The green grass began to clothe the earth with its spring raiment. It was the time of nature's great revival.

To the little seed God sent messengers. His sun with gentle warmth irradiated it, saying, "Burst into life, little seed, burst into life." His warm rains fell upon its hiding-place, saying, "Burst into life, little seed, burst into life."

"To-morrow," said the seed; "to-morrow."

To-morrow came. And again the warm sun renewed its kindly message, and the spring rain its invitation unto life, and again the seed replied, "to-morrow."

So passed May. Every day brought a new invitation. Every day was marked by new delay.

June came and went. July. The rain no longer fell. The sun still shone, but upon an earth hard and dry by reason of the summer heat.

Then at length the seed awoke from its inaction. "Now," it said, "I will begin to live. Now I will bring forth germ, stalks, leaf, blossom."

But now no rain fell to supply its thirst. No sun tenderly warmed it into life. The life-giving period had passed, and the little seed had died, murmuring sadly, "Too late! too late!"

To you, dear reader, God's invitations come as oft-repeated as the rain drops in the spring showers. Upon your heart the radiance of a Saviour's love shines, inviting to eternal life. To minister, to friend, to Saviour, and to God, your answer is ever the same—"To-morrow, to-morrow."

But it will not be always spring. God's Spirit shall not always strive with man. The heart long shone on by God's love, but never answering it with upspringing life, grows hard and dry. And the soul which often says "To-morrow," at length cries sadly, "Too late! too late!"—*British Messenger*.

EFFECTS OF FAITH.

If I look into the gospel-glass, my looking is a figure of my faith; for unless I look, I can neither see Christ nor myself. When I look, what do I see? Christ crucified, and God in Christ reconciling the world unto himself. My eyes, my soul, are fascinated with wonder and solemn delight. My heart melts, my eyes overflow, my head is as water, while I look on Him whom I have pierced. The burthen of guilt gently unlooses and rolls into his quiet sepulchre, and the peace of God calms all the tumult of my breast. For a season I am so engaged in the contemplation of the heavenly vision, that I have no leisure to consider myself; but at length I catch a glimpse of my own countenance and image. I recognise the same features, but how wonderfully they are changed; what a spirit is lighted up in these faded eyes! Peace is enthroned on the brow so lately wrinkled by care—celestial splendours play upon my temple—all my gaping wounds are healed, and not a scar is left behind. My tattered, filthy rags are exchanged for a robe made white in the blood of the Lamb. Immortal vigour braces every nerve—I tread on air—and Abba Father bursts spontaneously from my loving heart.—*Melville Horne*.