

I am the Living Bread which came down from Heaven.

John vi. 51.

THE DAY'S RECKONING.



DURING a visit to Stockholm, some years ago, I was much struck by one of the regulations at the large hotel where I stayed. Each night the visitor, when he retires to his bedroom, finds, inside the door, hanging on a nail, a piece of paper with the various items of expense through the day. All is clearly stated, so that there may be no mistake when the bill is finally settled. It seemed to me a novel plan, and not at all a bad one. Possibly, now and then, a visitor might not be aware of the large expenditure he was incurring, and so might reduce it in time before the season for payment arrived.

But there may be an excellent lesson learnt from this custom, which may be useful for all. Let us think of the debt which, day by day, men incur by their sins and shortcomings. As we retire to rest, it were well for each one quietly to ponder the doings of the day. What have been my thoughts, my mo-

tives, my principles of action? Let the Christian thus consider his ways.

But there is a solemn lesson for the unsaved. It may be, you never think of your sins, or care to seek pardon through Christ. The whole debt of a lifetime lies at your door. Oh! think of it. Who shall count the wrong thoughts, and words, and actions, of a single day? Then remember the days, the weeks, and years you have lived, and each one bears its witness against you. Remember also that one single sin merits death and condemnation, for "The wages of sin is death." "Who-so shall keep the whole law, and yet offend in one point, is guilty of all."

Will you not think of your present position in God's sight? Will you not acknowledge your sin, and come humbly to the Saviour? How shall you stand before the great white throne, when the books will be opened, and the quick and dead be judged for all their sins?

Therefore, let the great matter of salvation be settled now, before it is too late. Seek pardon through the finished work of Christ.

"If Col. Ingersoll were to lose his eyes, would he seek refuge in the Voltaire Blind Asylum? If Mr. Charles Bradlaugh were to become insane, would he be sent to the Tom Paine Insane Asylum? If Mr. G. C. Miln were to be struck with an incurable disease, would he resort to the Hulme Hospital? If any uncared for vicious child belonging to a Free-Thinker were to be found at large, would it be sent to the D. M. Bennett Society for the Suppression of Vice? There are no such institutions? No? Well, friends, continue to abuse Christianity, and when you or your friends become blind, or lame, or sick, or deaf, or insane, or intemperate, then send them to some good *Christian* institution. They will be taken care of free of cost, and no reproaches thrown in."—*Christian at Work.*

I am the Way, and the Truth, and the Life: no man cometh unto the Father, but by Me.—John xiv. 6.