

FAITHFUL WORDS FOR OLD AND YOUNG VOLUME 19

by H.F. Witherby

A collection of articles and writings by H.F. Witherby from Faithful Words for Old and Young Volume 19, covering various biblical topics and Christian teaching.

111 Chapters

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Faithful Words for Old and Young Volume 19

Introductory Remarks

WE place in your hands, dear reader, a fresh volume of your old friend, FAITHFUL WORDS. Many contributors have aided in its production, and we believe we can assure you that all that is now in your hand is perfectly true. We begin each, volume with this assurance, considering it of the first importance, for we hold that it is a grievous wrong to conceive a tale and call upon the imagination for what purports to be an account of God's wonderful way of dealing with a human being.

We have had this year many encouraging words from various friends who circulate our Magazine, and many proofs that it has been used for its great aim, in bringing the good news of salvation to those who know it not, and the gospel of peace to such as are still seeking to fit themselves for God's favor by their own efforts.

Our voice reaches over a large area, for we have a goodly company or readers in Australia, New Zealand, Canada and the States. We could, however, wish that some of our friends in England might be led into a little more zeal to increase our circulation. We have no doubt that the best way to do so is to induce individuals to take in one copy a month for themselves. This is preferable to free distribution. Two copies per month will be sent to any address post free by our publisher, if they cannot be obtained through the local bookseller; but it is invariably better, if possible, to order through a local bookseller.

Again, we commend to such of our readers as are conveniently able so to do to avail themselves of the advantage of the halfpenny book post. Will such as have the privilege of a gospel ministry and worship try to conceive the misery of the barrenness of many a village and hamlet in our own land, and will they not purpose, by God's help, to use the grand advantage of our postal system for sending forth the water of life into these barren places? What would our noble forefathers have done, who strove against Romish influences, who fought the battle for the open Bible in our land, and who conquered through God's help, had this country possessed its present postal advantages in their day? Let not their zeal, fellow Christian, cry out against our indifference! Do not we see continually, victories of Romish teaching around us, and do not we see the power of infidelity urging on its awful way? Let us be up and doing, and spend and be spent in the circulation of the truth of the gospel.

We thank our many contributors for their papers, those who circulate our Magazine for their help, and our readers for their interest. May God multiply His blessings upon each and all!

A Gathered Flower

THE rain was steadily coming down from a leaden sky, pouring on as it had done all the afternoon. A knock was heard at the door, followed by the voice of a little girl, saying, "If you please, my mother sent me to ask if Mrs. B. would go with her to visit a sick person."

Now it so happened that Mrs. B. was sitting at that time, very contentedly in her cozy sitting-room, with a good fire, and plenty of needlework before her. Casting her eyes on the uninviting street, and contemplating the dismal state of the weather, so highly suggestive of neuralgia, it is to be feared she thought more of her own comfort than of the requirements of the unknown sick person, as she addressed the young messenger.

"Do you know whom your mother wishes to visit?"

"Mother did not say," replied the child.

"Well, give her my love, and tell her that some other time I will accompany her, but I do not think I can go this afternoon."

After the departure of the little girl, the conscience of Mrs. B. began to trouble her, saying, "Well, you are selfish! Because it is an uninviting afternoon, that poor soul may perish for lack of knowledge, so far as you are concerned. God, in His infinite mercy, has revealed to you His way of salvation. You can read His Holy Word, when you choose, and so draw water from the wells of salvation; yet you know that surrounding your dwelling, and within a stone's throw of churches and chapels, are hundreds of grown-up people who have never learned to read, and you are too lazy to go out of your way ever so little to help them; yet for your sake the Master you profess to serve endured hunger, pain and cold, and at last died an ignominious and painful death."

"Yes," answered self-love, "but I have so much to do, and there are others who are not so busy, and who could do that work better than myself. Why did not Mrs. T. go by herself to visit this sick person? She is quite able to point any one to the sinner's Friend."

And so excuses multiplied, until at last Mrs. B. grew thoroughly ashamed of herself, as she ought to have been from the first. Then the still, small voice of the Spirit spoke to her heart of the privilege of those who are permitted to do the least possible thing in the name and for the sake of the dear Master. So, seeking forgiveness for such slowness and indifference, the idle Christian promised that, if permitted to live until the morning, she would accompany her more zealous friend to the bedside of the suffering one.

Accordingly the morrow found the two friends in the sick room of a beautiful, young girl, who for three weeks had been battling with a fatal disease. They gazed upon the bright eyes and flushed cheeks of the invalid of nineteen summers, of whom the doctor gave but little hope of recovery. She appeared, indeed, to be just on the borders of the eternal world. The Holy Spirit had evidently been working upon the mind of Sarah, for she had discovered that a merely moral life was not sufficient to give peace in a dying hour. She had been a good daughter and sister, a regular

attendant at her parish church, and a constant Sunday-school attendant; yet, when Mrs. B. took her hand and inquired, "Are you saved" poor Sarah gazed upon her with flushed, eager face, and eyes from which her soul seemed looking out, as she answered, "No, but I want to be."

"Do you know that you are a sinner?"

"Oh! yes," replied the girl, "and I know that I am not fit to die."

"Then," replied her visitor, "you are just the person the Lord Jesus came to save, for He came not to call the righteous but sinners to repentance. They that are whole need not a physician, but they that are sick. Listen to what God says in His Holy Book, and remember the words are those of Jesus Himself. 'Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out.' (John 6:37.) And 'He is the propitiation for our sins; and not for ours only, but also for the whole world.' 'The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth from all sin.' Dear girl, you may rest all your happiness for an endless eternity upon these Scriptures, for, whatever your sins may be, the blood of Christ is sufficient to atone for them. The word says, 'cleanseth from all sin.'"

Although the poor girl listened eagerly to the truths of salvation, she did not at that time appear able to rest her soul upon the blessed words of Scripture. To all that was said, she replied, "I'll try." Ah how little do young people know how hard it may become to believe the plainest promises of God's word, especially if left until sickness and impending death fill the heart with sore trouble!

During the momentary absence of her mother, the anxious daughter entreated, "Do talk to my mother, and be sure to come again." The mother was asked if she was a believer: but, alas! neither father nor mother, nor indeed any of the family, knew anything of the saving grace of God.

Upon one of the subsequent visits of the friends, Sarah said she did believe, but wanted to feel assurance as to her safety. Mrs. B. told her not to trust in any feelings, but to simply believe the record that God has given of His Son.

"Listen to the very words of the Saviour Himself, in the last verse of the third chapter of the Gospel of John: 'He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life.' Do you hear these words?" continued Mrs. B.; "they are words of Him who cannot lie. You may believe them, for He can never deceive. He is 'the same yesterday, and today, and forever.' You believe the words of Jesus; well then, you have everlasting life—no waiting to have it—no, you have it now—'hath everlasting life.'"

"Yes," replied the invalid, "but fears come to me sometimes that after all I am not saved."

"Those doubts are suggested by Satan," said Mrs. B.; "he wants to worry you."

"Oh, yes!" agreed the other visitor, "Satan will try all sorts of devices to drive you from your place of safety in Christ. But if the devil says you are too great a sinner to be saved, tell him that the blood of Jesus cleanses from all sin—nothing can be more than all."

The sick girl listened eagerly to these precious Bible words, and was enabled gradually to trust fully in the Saviour. She professed to be resting upon the Rock of eternal ages for safety, and to be relying alone upon the finished work of Christ for redemption. She seemed ever eager for prayer, and earnestly joined in the petitions with which every visit closed, upon one occasion telling her visitors that almost all her time was spent in prayer when alone.

After this, for some time Sarah appeared to rally a little, but never sufficiently to leave her bed; it was only one of the deceitful changes of the complaint. Mrs. B., having been prevented from calling upon the invalid for some weeks, was rather surprised to learn from her friend, Mrs. T., that the young and lovely Sarah had passed away, and had gone to that land from whence no traveler returns. Once more, in company, they went to pay a visit of condolence to the bereaved family, and also to learn some particulars of their young friend's death.

What a scene of sorrow met the eyes of the two friends! The mother and father of the departed, with the mother of her affianced husband, and her brothers, all bathed in tears, for,

“When blooming youth is snatched away,

By death's resistless hand,

Our hearts the mournful tribute pay

Which pity must demand.”

And yet surely we had no need to pity the dear girl who was gone home. For Sarah, death was swallowed up in victory, and, as the two Christians sat listening to the mother's affecting account of her daughter's happy death, in their hearts they were echoing the words of one of old: “To die is gain.”

The night before Sarah died, her bedroom was filled with weeping relatives, and among them the young man, who was so soon to have been her husband. She asked someone to pray, but all were overcome by feelings too strong for words. The dying girl lay with eyes fixed upon the ceiling of the room, a seraphic smile on her face.

“Oh! look, how beautiful!” she exclaimed. “What is beautiful?” inquired her mother. Sarah, still smiling, pointed upwards, saying joyfully, “Oh! the gates ajar! I wish you could only see.” She still continued gazing upwards, and, waving her right hand, murmured, “Beautiful, beautiful” These were nearly her last words.

And so faded one of nature's fairest flowers. She is gone to the land where the flowers freshen, nevermore to fade.

A few short months ago, and Sarah was a blooming young woman, looking forward to years of life and health, and preparing for a happy marriage. Little would one have thought at the beginning of the year that, in the beautiful summer time, this lovely flower would be taken to the heavenly garden.

Some eyes, younger than those of Sarah, may rest upon this page. Dear young friend, let me ask, if death were to stare you in the face, would you be afraid, and say, as she did, “I am not saved, but I want to be”? Then let me beg of you to seek the Saviour at once, ere it be too late.

Oh! if you could but know the agony of having any doubt as to your salvation, when you stand as it were on the edge of the river of death. If you could have seen the eager eyes and earnest face of poor Sarah, on the first visit of those Christian friends, you would never leave a matter of such overwhelming importance until the time when it is all you can do to bear pain, and weakness, and then death. You cannot be even sure that you will be in possession of your reason, nor that the

Spirit of God will plead with you then. Let me entreat you, for the sake of your soul, which must live forever, to “seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness.” “Now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation.” RHODA.

Not Cast Out

A LADY of talent and education, possessing a loving husband, and a happy home, passed as a Christian whilst all went well. But when trial came, and she was called upon to part with her dearest treasure, her pious husband (who commended her to the Lord with his latest breath), she rebelled against the will of God, and finally denied His very existence, and became an advocate of infidelity.

What of her dying husband's prayers on her behalf? Are they to remain unanswered?

Time passed on, until one day she was induced to enter the place where a faithful evangelist was delivering his Master's message: "Ye must be born again." The Holy Spirit used his powerful appeals to awaken the conscience so long dead, and she sobbed like a child.

Christian friends pointed her to Jesus, but in vain. She only answered with the bitter cry. "It is too late." The preacher came, and assured her of Christ's willingness to save, but this seemed only to increase her agony. "That is not for me," she exclaimed; "I have committed the unpardonable sin; I have grieved the Holy Spirit, and I am lost forever."

Vainly her friends assured her that such was not the case, as her very tears testified. She told the story of her rebellion and unbelief, and seemed unable to credit that there could be salvation for her.

It was growing late, and we were utterly at a loss how to proceed, as she could not be left thus. Lifting his heart in prayer, the preacher said, "Are you wishing to come to Jesus, just as you are?"

"I would do anything, give up anything, even life itself; to know my sins forgiven, but it cannot be," she answered sorrowfully.

"You believe that I am willing to help you do you not?"

"Oh, yes; I do."

"And yet you have never seen me before! Will you not then believe your Saviour, who died for you, when He says, 'Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out'?"

"But I do not, cannot love Him," she sobbed. "My heart is full of tenderness and sympathy for every living thing; I could not bear to see a little bird suffer pain, yet when I hear of the sufferings of Jesus on the cross, my heart feels hard as a stone. Is not that a proof that I am lost, that I have sinned away the day of grace?"

"Ah! now I see your mistake," the preacher replied. "You want to feel before you believe; you must not look at your love to God, but at His love for you. 'He loved me, and gave Himself for me.' Grasp that; never mind about your love for Him, only think of His love to you."

But the unhappy lady could only moan■

"It is not for me, I am lost."

"Thank God for that!" answered the evangelist. "Jesus Himself says He came on purpose to seek and to save that which was lost, and, therefore, to seek and to save you, just as you are, lost, and in danger of eternal condemnation. He says, He will in no wise cast you out. Does He mean what He says, or is He telling you a lie?"

"Oh, no! He cannot lie," she said; "if He be God at all, He must be the God of truth. I do come to Him as lost. Does He indeed say He will not cast me out?"

"He says, 'Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out.' In no wise ■ no matter what the past has been ■ 'in no wise cast out,'" urged the preacher.

"Thank God for that!" she at length exclaimed. Then He does not cast me out; and I will trust Him, and love Him, and serve Him too." Her tears were dried, and she went on her way rejoicing, to prove, by a life consecrated to Christ, that "He is able to save to the uttermost." A. B. Y.

Oh, Open That Gate!

THE following narrative of the death-bed of a hardened sinner, the facts of which I can vouch for, awakes many sad and painful reflections. Some fully intend to get to heaven, and yet, after all, miss it by a minute. I was standing one day watching the passengers going on board a steamer; some came early, some late; at last the signal-whistle sounded, the bridge was taken in, and off the steamer started. Just as she steamed away a gentleman ran up, panting; he could nearly touch the steamer with his outstretched hand, but he was too late, though only by a minute! So it is with many sinners today; they mean to be Christians someday, and yet they put it off till they are lost; "almost persuaded," but lost. As the Spanish proverb has it, they live on the road of By-and-by, which leads to the town of Never.

The man of whom I write was a soldier, and one who professedly cared neither for God nor devil, nor believed in either heaven or hell. Like the generality of infidels, G. was a very amoral man, and openly made a mockery of religion, as he called it; he persistently refused any Christian advice, living only for time, and laughed at the thought of eternity.

At last consumption, the result of his dissolute life, laid its hand on him, and we found him in hospital, dying. As is common with that fatal disease, he would not believe he was near his end, and still maintained his enmity against God; and very painful it was to me to hear some of my fellow-soldiers, who had visited G. in hospital, laughingly saying that G. meant to die as he had lived. He would not see a minister, or let anyone speak to him on religious topics, and when one would go to his bedside, to entreat him to think of the suture, he mockingly, and with assumed bravado, would turn round to the patient in the next bed—an equally hardened sinner—and pet him a shilling that he would be in hell first.

But this, beloved reader, was only whilst G. would not believe the hand of death was so near. At last he became so much worse that he entreated the military surgeon to allow an eminent civil doctor of the town to see him, saying that Doctor M. would soon put him right, and ease him of the heavy choking weight on his chest. The surgeon acceded to his request, and Doctor M. came. Poor G. eagerly opened his shirt, to make bare his chest for the doctor's inspection; but he only looked sadly at him, saying, "Ah, poor G., I can do nothing for you; I must tell you that you are very near death, and cannot possibly live many hours."

G. was appalled, and a look of indescribable horror came over his face, as he thus abruptly faced the gaunt monster, death. The news was too much for him; he cried out, "Then I am lost! I am lost!"

He sent for his poor wife, from whom he had separated, and begged her forgiveness; then he called for a minister, as he said, to make his peace with God, but before he arrived G. was delirious. His horror was intense; he repeatedly threw up his hands, crying, "Oh! open that gate! open that gate!" and, with that awful look on his face, and that unanswered prayer on his lips, he passed away.

The gate had been closed, and he was too late! As I gazed on his dead face that horrorstricken look remained. I instinctively turned to Matt. 25:11, 12, and read, "Afterward came also the other virgins, saying, Lord, Lord, open to us. But He answered and said, Verily, I say unto you, I know you not."

Dear reader, God says, "Now is the accepted time," and He tells you that you are an object of His love, as expressed in that beautiful verse, John 3:16. Come to Jesus, and have that rest which He alone can give, Matt. 11:28. Let not the ungodly keep you away from God, for though they may dare to live without Christ, yet they dare not face death without Him; and in a dying hour God may say to you, as He did to G., "Because I have called, and ye refused; I have stretched Out My hand, and no man regarded; but ye have set at naught all My counsel, and would none of My reproof; I also will laugh at your calamity; I will mock when your fear cometh." (Prov. 1:24-26.) If this were your death-bed experience, you also would know the terrors of a closed gate, and cry with the lost, "The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved." (Jer. 8:20.) But, beloved reader, we hope better things of you, and that you will not neglect this great salvation, but will receive the gift of God, which is eternal life, through Jesus Christ our Lord. "Prepare to meet thy God." J. H.

He Can't Touch One of My Ten Toes

MY old friend, Mrs. Smith, for many years lived in a back room at Hoxton. It was a cheerless place, and bare, so far as furniture was concerned, and as she was over eighty years of age, and almost bed-ridden, she could do but little towards keeping it tidy. But though her home was in this condition, it was far otherwise with her heart. She was loyal to the Lord, and her confidence was in Him.

On visiting her, one day, she told me that some friend had called upon her, and with a mistaken view of consoling and comforting her, had given her the following words: "The devil goeth about like a roaring lion, seeking whom he will devour." Old Mrs. Smith said sharply, "Oh, my friend, that's not in Scripture!"

He was rather staggered, knowing that she had an intimate knowledge of the Word of God.

"I will tell you what is in the Scripture, said she, "'The devil, as a roaring lion, walketh about seeking whom he may devour' (1 Pet. 5:8), and he mayn't devour me, if he will, for he's chained, and can't touch me. I've seen him come to the foot of this bed, and try to get at me, but I have told him that he could not get near enough to touch one of my ten toes, for I am in the Lord's keeping."

Such was this dear saint's confidence in the personal presence and keeping power of the Lord Jesus Christ. Is this confidence yours, my friend? His own words are, "They shall never perish, neither shall any one pluck them out of My hand." (John 10:28.) P.

Gleams of New Testament Light From the Old Testament

THE two Testaments are so interwoven that he, who would separate them, does but attempt the destruction of both. Moses and the prophets spoke of Jesus; and Jesus quoted Moses and the prophets. The stories of Genesis sparkle in the epistles, as they illustrate God's wonderful ways. The pattern wrought in the book would be utterly distorted were the Old Testament to be hidden; and if the Old Testament is not divinely true, the New, which quotes from it, is not reliable.

To all who have ears to hear, the Bible is the word of God, and those who will not hear it in this world must be judged by the Word in the next. We do not argue in favor of the truth of the Bible. We would not even compromise the painting of a master by trying to prove it to be what it evidently is—but we would point out beauties in it, to such as have eyes to see them. And in a kindred spirit we would address our reader to some of the New Testament gleams of light that shine from the Old.

1. ■ DARKNESS AND LIGHT.

We open the sacred volume and read, "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth." Now the word of God is not a book of geology, nor of the heavens above us; it is a revelation for our souls. When was this beginning is not discovered to us, but it is sufficient for us, who inhabit this earth, to be aware, that it is not now as it was when God at first created it. Further—though how and why we are not informed—this earth (not the heavens) became desolate and void, and darkness was upon the face of the deep.

A mighty change overtook this earth—desolation, emptiness, darkness, characterized its state. In the New Testament darkness is constantly used as a figure. The Lord often spoke of man's state by nature as darkness. From heaven He commissioned His servant to turn men by the Word "from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God." Satan and his rule are figured by darkness. The "power of darkness" describes the awful circle in which the unsaved live, while "outer dark ness" figures the immeasurable distance from God where Satan and his shall at length find themselves. There was actual darkness upon the face of the deep, and it in some way seems to be associated with the enemy.

Upon the face of the waters—over the earth, desolate and void, and swathed in gloom—the Spirit of God moved. He was solicitous for it! This is more than geologists can tell us. They, with hammer and chisel, may dig out of the rocks forms of former life on the earth God the Spirit tells us of Himself brooding over the earth, with its death, desolation, and darkness!

And such has been His way with the inhabitants of this earth these many ages. Such, too, has it been with ourselves; for when we were in the darkness of sin, and dark in our souls, and under the power of darkness, God the Spirit was yearning over us. God Himself is the Creator; He also occupies Himself with His creation, fallen and ruined though it be.

The doctrine, that one living organism of its own force arises out of another and prior organism, is infidelity as to God, the Creator, shaped into a form of science. God works and creates by His word. In His ways with us, His beginning will ever be found in the three opening words of the third verse of His Book, "And God said■." God speaking and life ensuing, and matter evolving that which was not, out of itself; are principles which can never be brought into agreement. "By faith we understand that the worlds were framed by the word of God, so that things which are seen were not made of things which do appear." (Heb. 11:3.) "God said" lies at the beginning of our faith. We can no more evolve goodness, holiness, divine life out of our old, sinful, fallen selves, than can rocks evolve natural life out of themselves. The creature cannot create. The living God gives life. By His word we live.

The first word of God over the darkness-covered earth was, "Let there be light!"■ "He spake, and it was done"■ "and there was light." Continually, in the New Testament, both God and the Lord Jesus are spoken of as Light, while the people of God are called the children of light, and the promise is held out to all who follow Christ that they shall have the light of life; while of the home above it is said, "There shall be no night there."

Paul, speaking of Christ in glory at God's right hand, says, "God, who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, hath shined in our hearts, to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ." (2 Cor. 4:6.)

The new creation, like the old, commences with, "And God said, Let there be light!" Paul, when describing the work of God in our hearts, illustrates the truth he teaches by God's work in the desolate and empty earth, as it lay swathed in darkness! No one who is the subject of God's own powerful word■no one whose heart, once dark, is now illumined with the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ, can fail to recognize the same mighty Speaker in Gen. 1:3, and in 2 Cor. 4:6. The voice is the same, the ways of the Speaker are the same, it is God who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, who has shined in our hearts. God's first work with the individual soul, in the darkness of sin, and under the authority of the prince of darkness, is the same as His first work with this earth, under the darkness that was upon the face of its deep; and this work is to bring in light.

Light is His creation. Without it we know neither what sin is, nor what God's glory is in the face of His Son, who died for our sins. Without God-given-light, man remains in his old, dead, dark state, ignorant in heart of God. Satan would keep the light out of men's hearts if he could. "If our gospel be hid, it is hid to them that are lost; in whom the god of this world hath blinded the minds of them which believe not, lest the light of the glorious gospel of Christ, who is the image of God, should shine unto them." But when God speaks it is done! In the heart of the believer the light shines, and gives him the knowledge which no science can teach, even that of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ.

His glory as Creator is apparent in the dust at our feet, and in the flowers of the field, upon which we tread, but we need light to perceive what the microscope discerns in the dust and in the flower. His glory in His new creation, in His wonderful work of raising His Son, who died, from the dead, and setting Him on high in the glory; needs light in the heart, if it should be known!

Darkness and light are apparent through the Book of God; and in His first words at the fashioning of this earth, is discovered His first work in us, in whose hearts lies the knowledge of His glory in the face of Jesus Christ.

Three Appearings of Christ

THE PAST.

1. Once in the end of the world heath He appeared to put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself.—Heb. 9:26.

He has thus appeared, and He has done the mighty work for which He came from heaven to this earth. He will never thus appear again. The cross is eternal in its issues. What He has done can never be added to nor taken from. By the sacrifice of Himself He has accomplished this most mighty work, and for His people sin is put away, and it will be put away from the earth by virtue of that sacrifice, and then the Father's will shall be done on earth, as it is in heaven.

THE PRESENT.

2. For Christ is not entered into the holy places Made with hands, which are the figures of the true; but into heaven itself, now to appear in the presence of God for us. ■5:24.

Risen from the dead, having put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself, Jesus, the High Priest, has altered into the holiest by His own blood, and now appears in the heavens, the Man Christ Jesus, in the presence of God for His people, for whose sins He died. He lives to die no more, and He Himself, once the Sacrifice on earth, is now the Priest on high for His people. He appeared on earth to die for us; having died, He appears in God's presence to live for us. He abides there our Priest.

3. THE FUTURE.

To them that look for Him. He shall appear the second time without sin unto salvation. ■ vs. 28.

On the great day of atonement, the High Priest of Israel took the blood of the sacrifice into the holiest of all ■ God accepted the atoning blood, and Israel was free. The proof to the people that all was well, was the fact that their high priest lived. And when he came out of the tabernacle, they saw in him salvation. He had made atonement, and, having made it, and it having been accepted, he appeared before them, a witness to salvation.

How graciously will the type be fulfilled! For the heavens, which now hide Him from our eyes, will presently open, and Jesus will come forth to bring His people into the full blessing of His accomplished work. He is coming to bring about the lengths and breadths of salvation ■ salvation from death, from the power of Satan, from this earth and its trials and its tears ■ salvation absolute and complete!

Christ has put away our sins by the sacrifice of Himself.

Christ lives in. God's presence for us, and bears us up through this life journey.

Christ will come and take us home forever.

Chapter 1 Revocation of the Edict of Nantes

“NOT many wise men after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble, are called,” and he, of whom we would now write, was truly one of those whom the wise of this world would despise for any great work that was in question. And yet Jacques Roger, the uneducated son of a humble artisan, was, in the purposes of God, to do great service for Him in an evil day, and eventually to have the honor of sealing with his blood many years of testimony to the preciousness of Christ.

In the year 1675, in the little village of Boissières, on the outskirts of the town of Nimes, in the South of France, Jacques first saw the cloy. Of his parents but little is known, beyond the fact that they obtained a modest living by manufacturing stockings, and that they brought up their son to the same lowly trade. However, though poor in this world, ‘they were rich in faith, and while unable to give their child much education, they gave him that which the Holy Ghost entitles “the beginning of wisdom,” bringing him up in the fear of the Lord. Under the roof of his godly parents, the young Jacques learned his first lessons in unflinching uprightness, in stern self-denial, and in the steadfast courage for God, which characterized him throughout his devoted life.

The lad had but attained his tenth year when, at the revocation of the edict of Nantes, the storm of persecution, that had been so long threatening God’s people in France, burst in its full fury. For a whole century it had been partially restrained by the celebrated edict, granted by Henri IV., the once Protestant king of France.

If never a decided Christian, Henri was at any rate a decided Protestant at his accession, as his noble answer to his Roman Catholic lords fully proves, on their declaration that they would not own their allegiance to him until he had professed their creed. With his brilliant crown thus in jeopardy, he boldly replied, “From whom could you expect such a change of faith but from him who has none? Would it be more agreeable to you to have a godless king? Could you trust in the good faith of an atheist? And, in the day of battle, could you follow confidently the banner of a perjured man and an apostate?” Yet, but four short years later, to keep his earthly crown, he sacrificed a heavenly one, and openly apostatized from the simple faith of his childhood. In spite of this sinful act, he seems to have remained, in some measure, in heart a Protestant; for, after having done violence to his own conscience, he granted to his former co-religionists, in this Edict, full liberty to worship God according to theirs, and thus became an instrument for good, in the hands of the Lord for His sorely tried saints.

This Magna Charta of Protestantism in France, which took its name from the town of Nantes, where it was signed in 1598, was styled “perpetual and irrevocable”■alas! for the fallibility of all human institutions! By this edict, the king allowed the public exercise of the reformed faith in his kingdom, granting the Protestants similar religious and secular privileges to those enjoyed by his Roman Catholic subjects. The Huguenot noblemen were permitted to have worship performed in their own castles, and gentlemen of a lesser rank to admit thirty persons to their family worship. Protestant pastors were by its provision paid by the Government, a sum of 495,000 francs being appropriated to that purpose. Their poor were allowed to share in the public alms; their children

had admission to the schools, and their sick to the hospitals; their literature was admitted in certain towns. Four Protestant colleges were established, and a church synod was allowed to be held once in three years.

To protect Protestant interests, courts were instituted, composed of an equal number of Protestants and Roman Catholics; all offices of State, even seats in Parliament, were opened to the Reformed; two hundred towns were given to them as a surety of the king's good faith, some of which proved places of refuge in the terribly troublous times that, but too soon, manifested how little weight the magnanimous charter of Henri IV. had with his successors.

Through God's mercy, twelve years of tranquility followed the promulgation of this edict—a blessed lull in the terrible storm of persecution, that for long had raged so fiercely. It brought peace at length between the two contending parties, gave Henri IV. undisturbed possession of his throne, and a time of prosperity to France, such as she had not known for very long.

But “another king arose, who knew not Joseph.” The assassin's knife cut prematurely short the brilliant reign of Henri IV., and his son, still a little child, ascended the throne. Louis XIII., under the influence of his wicked mother, Marie de Medici, niece to the pope, was not likely to grow up to be anything but an enemy of the people of God. Thus did Henri, by his ungodly marriage, open again the flood-gates of persecution upon those whom he had made some effort to protect by his laws, after he had deserted them in his person.

The edict of Nantes was still supposed to be law, but a stealthy, underhand system of oppression became the order of the day. Though the word “revocation” was not yet pronounced, the liberal clauses were one by one annulled; each right was in turn contested, and then taken away, till but the skeleton of the charter, that had once given such joy to the hearts of the Huguenots, remained. Driven to despair, the Protestants seized their swords, and civil and religious warfare desolated France for the rest of the reign of Louis XIII., until death carried him off in mid-career.

No better times, alas! for the Huguenots dawned with the accession of his successor, Louis XIV., miscalled “the Great” by his nation, but whose actions will be judged in a very different light from the Great White Throne hereafter. In his very early childhood he came to the crown; and was from the first completely under the power of the priests, by whom he was trained to look upon the Huguenots as the enemies of both church and state. When, in mature years, he took up the reins of government, he treated them with the utmost severity, and their condition rapidly became worse and worse. Louis' confirmed idea was that Protestantism weakened 'his kingdom, and must at any cost be rooted out. To do this effectually, he saw that the revocation of the edict of Nantes was inevitable; towards this end he aimed throughout his long reign; and, until his plan was ripe for execution, he used every means in his power to crush the unfortunate Huguenots, his hatred to then finding abundant expression. Dragoons were sent among the most determined of them in the south of France, and pious families had the grief of having these licentious and wicket men billeted in numbers at their houses, with liberty to go to any excesses, short of killing their victims, until their so-called conversion had been obtained.

“They gave the reins to their passions,” writes an eye-witness ■ “devastation, pillage, torture; there was nothing they recoiled at.” The Protestants fled for safety to the woods, to the caves, and to the mountains. Many lost their reason, witnessing horrors too terrible to relate; others kissed a crucifix,

and were thereon counted by Rome among the number of her converts. One hundred thousand of the flower of, French industry made their escape to other countries, whom they enriched by their talents, their native land suffering it proportion by their loss, for the Protestant of France were renowned for their superiority in all branches both of trade and agriculture. They bore the palm over every other nation in the manufacture of silks and velvets, by the originality and beauty of their designs; their paper mills were unequalled in Europe; they especially excelled in the art of bookbinding which art, by the flight of the Huguenots, was lost to France, and has never been fully regained. They worked skillfully, too, in iron; and surpassed all others both in making famous weapons of war and the more peaceful implements of husbandry. What folly, to say the least of it, to compel such a people to forsake the country which they would have enriched by their energy and talents, and ennobled by their faith and courage—courage which the persecuting monarch, who had driven them from his shores, frequently proved very formidable, when meeting in the battle field splendid regiments of French refugees formed in foreign lands!

French Roman Catholic historians admit that wounded pride in the monarch was the petty motive for the revocation, more than zeal for his own church, and that this was the most fatal act of his reign. They own that the Protestants, amounting at that time to about a million and a half in number, were a peaceable, quiet people, living in all submission to the powers that be, and distinguished in an evil generation, by the purity of their lives and their unceasing industry. They allow that Louis XIV. had ever felt hatred in his heart for these, the most docile of his subjects, as he could not brook that any should dare to differ from him on religious matters.

The revocation swept away from the unhappy Protestants the few remaining privileges of the gracious charter granted them by Henri IV. At one cruel blow they saw themselves deprived of all their rights, both as Christians and as citizens, even of the means of gaining a livelihood. All exercise of their worship became illegal, their churches were condemned to be pulled down, their schools were closed, their marriages were to be solemnized only in Roman Catholic churches, and their infants to be baptized by the priests. Stringent orders were issued that all Protestant pastors were to quit France within a fortnight, while, at the same time, emigration was strictly forbidden to their flocks, under penalty of the galleys and confiscation of their goods.

On the 22nd October, 1685, the fatal Act was registered. That very day a large Protestant church, in the neighborhood of Paris, which held fourteen thousand persons, was razed to the ground. Two Government officials struck the first blows, and then the mob rushed in, and in five days completed the work of destruction. A cross, twenty feet high, was triumphantly erected where the colossal edifice had stood. This was the signal to destroy nearly every French Protestant temple in the land, eight hundred of which were soon laid in ruins. With breaking hearts, the poor Huguenots saw all they most valued taken from them—not a right of conscience, not a safeguard left—flung beyond the pale of law, even beyond that of humanity. They were completely overwhelmed; only those who had truly living faith could still look up to God, and realize Himself their stronghold in the day of trouble.

Thus, amid scenes of horror, passed the childhood of Jacques; scenes fitted to burn into his inmost soul resistance to the false church, which exhibited such fiendish ingenuity in seeking to force back into her fold those who followed a purer faith.

The Huguenot family, gathering daily round the treasured Bible, and drinking in the solemn exhortations of the sacred volume, learned to endure hardness as good soldiers of Jesus Christ; to lose their life in this world that they might find it in the world to come; to take joyfully the spoiling of their goods, knowing that they had in heaven a better and more endearing substance. The example of faith and courage displayed by numbers, who at this time suffered martyrdom for Christ, braced the young Christian to endure in his turn for the Lord's sake.

The New Year

THERE is ever a pleasure in greeting one another at the beginning of a new year, and especially when we are young; and the friends who conduct FAITHFUL WORDS greet their readers with hearty wishes for a Happy New Year!

What the new year will bring to us of pleasure or of pain, of realization or of disappointment, none of us can tell, but we do know that all things work together for good to those who love God. Pain and disappointment, as well as pleasure and realized hopes, all work together for good, and very often the bitter is better in the end than the sweet.

Too easy success in school often ends in disappointment in later years, for our young friend, reasoning by his easily-gained prizes, thinks more highly of himself than he ought to think, and has to take a place in the class where he may learn his deficiency in perseverance; and the same principle holds good as to Christian things. Let these failures of last year only make you more careful this, and its successes lead you to greater perseverance!

We would give you this threefold motto for the new year: Be watchful; be prayerful; be brave. Keep good watch over yourself first. A good soldier will have his garments, his weapons, and the inside of his knapsack all ready at every moment for the colonel's eye. Keep a good watch over yourself in every day's duties. 'Nothing is too small to be done to the Lord.

Next, do not let two hours of the day pass without some word of prayer to God. In school-time, in play-time, you can lift up your heart and seek and find strength from God for the moment. If you wait till the end of the day to pray you surely forget to speak to the Lord about a great many things as to which you need His strength. If you are in such a hurry to dress in the morning that you have not time for prayer, you will begin the day badly, and you will find it no easy matter to go on well after a bad beginning.

Lastly, be brave! How brave boys are in the games! How little do they care for their hurts! Oh, be brave, dear Christian boys, for Christ! Boys and girls who love Jesus, do not be ashamed of Him. Be natural and what you are; never try to be what you are not; but do not be ashamed of your Saviour; do not flinch from confessing His name.

Once again we wish you a happy new year, every one of you ■ a bright and joyous new year!

A Child's Trust

THE summer sun was shining brightly, the birds were singing sweetly, and everything seemed speaking of God's care, as two little girls trod lightly the well-known road to their Sunday School. A pretty picture they made, in their cool print dresses, with such sweet, happy little faces and dark curling hair. They had not far to go, so the school door was soon reached, and the children seated in their classes.

Nellie, the youngest, was very fond of her teacher, and listened eagerly to every word that was said. The lesson was about answers to prayer. "Dear children," the teacher said, "God wants His little ones to come to Him, with all their little troubles and trials. He will not send any one of you away, no, not one of you, and not any of your troubles are too small for Jesus. Do you want anything? Just go to Jesus in the same way as you would go to your mother. If you were hungry, and said, 'Mother, please may I have some bread and butter,' perhaps she might say, 'In a few minutes we shall be having tea, so you must wait a while, darling,' but she would give you what you wanted in due time. Now, God sometimes, as it were, says to His dear children, 'You must wait a little while, it is better for you.' But He always answers prayer, and does it in the very best way."

As little Nellie's large dark eyes were fixed upon her teacher, in simple faith, she believed God, and she felt that Jesus was her loving Friend.

A few weeks glided by, bright happy weeks to the sweet trusting child, and then she was suddenly called to the death bed of her loving mother. Poor mother! she gazed very sadly at her dear little ones, so soon to be motherless. "Good-bye, my own darlings, I am going to God," she said, and then she prayed: "Oh, my God, take care of my children when I am gone."

After that, she turned to the weeping children, and said to them, "Take care of your father, my darlings, when I am gone. Always have the house tidy, and his meals ready, when he returns from work."

"Yes, dearest mother," sobbed the children, "but, oh! do stay with us. What shall we do without you?"

"God will be a Father to you, and a mother also," she said. Poor thing! too well she knew their earthly father was fast losing all love for home through drink.

In less than a week after this, two little figures, clad in black, with a tall man, bowed down with grief, followed all that remained of the dear wife and mother to its last resting-place in the quiet country churchyard, and then they went back to their lonely home.

The children tried hard to fill their mother's place. The poor little things did miss her so deeply! Perhaps Julia felt it most, for she was the eldest. Nellie was only eight years old, and she would go to Jesus, and there pour out her grief and sorrow, "for He loves to hear me pray," said the child.

The bright summer days had passed; chill winter was creeping on. The father was rarely at home. Most of his time was spent at the "Crown" inn, and his money too, yet he always expected his tea at night, while the poor children might go hungry to bed.

At last there came a day when the cupboard was empty, and the children had no means to fill it again. "How shall we get father some tea?" asked Julia. "Let us go to Aunt Fanny," Nellie replied. So away they trotted up the street. "Poor little things!" the neighbors said, and shook their heads as they passed. But Nellie did not feel poor, for she was thinking of Jesus.

"Aunt Fanny, we have nothing to eat," were the words that wrung the heart of their poor but kind-hearted, aunt. It was often as much as she could do to find food and clothing for her own little ones—she would go without her-self that they might have enough—and the tears filled her eyes as she listened to the children. Then Nellie said, "Don't you think, if we asked God, He would send something for us?"

"I daresay He would, dear," the aunt said but to her, God seemed a very long way off though her little niece's words recalled other days—happy days when she had prayed to the Saviour—but that was long ago. So they all knelt down, and little Nellie began to pray: "O God our Father, we are all so hungry, and the cupboard is empty, and there is nothing for father's, tea; please send us something before he comes home, for Jesus Christ's sake Amen." Then, one by one, the others prayed also, sobbing and crying between the words. But the Heavenly Father looked down tended; upon them; He heard and answered their prayers, as you will see.

They all arose, and the aunt kissed the children, drying her eyes as she did so, and with the words, "God bless you," they returned to their lonely home; yet they did not feel alone, for Jesus was with them.

In a house near the cottage, that afternoon, all was warm and bright, and there was plenty there. In her beautiful room a lady sat thinking, or, was it God who was speaking to her? She arose and dressed for a walk. Then, going to the kitchen, she returned with a basket laden with good things, and walked down the street. This lady was not in the habit of taking things to the poor, and we cannot explain how it was she thought of these little children; but she went to the house where they were, for God had sent her to answer Nellie's prayer.

Was little Nellie surprised to see a well-filled table that night, do you think? Ah, no! She knew God would answer prayer.

Several years have passed since this occurred. I will only add that Nellie is now a young woman. She is very much loved, and is still marked by her simple faith and trust in God. The dying mother's prayer is answered: God has been to her both Father and mother. A. P.

The House Kept by God

“EXCEPT the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it; except the Lord keep the city, the watchman waketh but in vain.” (Psa. 127:1)

“Whenever I hear that Psalm read, I always think of the first night I came to your mother,” said an old servant, as the now almost grown-up children followed her into the kitchen, after morning reading.

“How is that?” asked one.

“Tell us about it!” exclaimed another.

“Well,” she answered; “it was just bedtime, and the master called me, saying, ‘Come, Ann, and I will show you how to lock up.’ I quickly took my candle, and went round with him from door to door. When we came to the last, he said, ‘This house has bolts and bars, and we fasten them; but the Scripture says, “Except the Lord keep the city, the watchman waketh but in vain” (Psa. 127); so, except the Lord guard this house we shall not be safe.”

How comforting it is to timid, nervous children to know that God will guard His own, and also that the darkness and the light are both alike to Him! You remember the Bible says He never slumbers nor sleeps, so, you see, if you wake up at night, and find all dark, or if you are lying awake racked with pain, and feel lonely because everyone else is asleep, just remember God is not asleep, and He sees you.

This reminds me of one of our favorite Bible stories, one which tells how God preserved a certain people from the danger which was all around, when neither bolts nor bars could have saved them. I believe you know which one I mean.

On that dreadful night when the destroying angel went through Egypt, how safe were those Israelites! Still they were only passed over because of the blood, which God had ordered to be placed on the door-posts and lintels; the blood was their safety, not bolts nor bars.

Now this should make us think of those who will be safe from coming judgment, because they are sheltered by the precious blood of Jesus.

Whenever I think of that Egyptian scene, I imagine how anxious the first-born boys would feel; too anxious about their safety to be able to go on with their play, or work, till they knew God’s word had been obeyed. And you, dear children, are you too anxious about your soul’s salvation to be able to go on with your play? Or have you, by taking Christ as your Saviour, escaped the judgment that God says is coming on all those who obey not the gospel? “Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners”■this is gospel, or good new indeed. N.

Our Opening Word

WITH the beginning of a new year, we would earnestly appeal to our Christian readers to bestir themselves afresh in the work of the gospel. We must be aggressive. Merely to defend what we have, is, in the end, to suffer loss. The enemy, moves forward. With restless zeal Rome works on, and with untiring energy infidelity pursues its course. Captives are being continually made, who become soldiers for their cause. The true Christian should not be outrun by the foes of "the faith once delivered to the saints," nor allow his zeal to pale before their intensity.

Our day is essentially one of opportunity for spreading the gospel. The century is notable for open doors, both in heathen lands and Christendom. Let us avail ourselves of our privilege, ever remembering that the Lord, who walks in the midst of the candlesticks, while He opens and no man shuts, also shuts and no man opens, and that when He gives the word, the doors of opportunity, now wide open, will be closed.

What can we do? In former years, before the art of printing was known, during seasons of earnestness, the gospel was distributed by word of mouth. In rhymes, in sermons, by repetition of texts or passages of Scripture, the truth was spread over the land. In our day advantages are multiplied a thousand-fold. The printing press and the post are at our service.

Each of us, who is a servant of Christ, could do something with these means. What a great result might be affected by the use of the halfpenny post once a week with a halfpenny enclosure! Let us suppose five thousand of our readers so engaged, each one with a list of names of acquaintances or friends to whom the message is to be sent. Let the list be made out, shall we say, from the names of people met with last year, those of whom a little is known in different parts of the country; persons at whose houses a visit was made, or who were sick, or bereaved ■ persons whom we desire to introduce to the sinner's Friend. Oh, how we should like to be of use to them in eternal things! Have we our list complete? Are there fifty names on it? If five thousand volunteers would send a little gospel book once a week to one person, one quarter of a million souls would be addressed by this means during the year.

The time, the prayer, the care, the cost of this little service you will not grudge, dear Christian reader; it means but a very little of your time, and but one penny of your money a week. Who will respond and join in this undertaking?

Our readers may know certain districts, in town and country, notorious for evil living. One of these messengers entering such a locality might win a soul for Christ, who might, in his turn, become a warrior for Him. There are other spots where Rome is taking root. Let us be up and doing; let good Christian papers that exalt Christ, be addressed to such places, where Rome debases Him. Again, there are towns famed for their infidelity. Be aggressive, dear fellow-Christian. We appeal for helpers; we would impress our friends with the consideration that many hands, by doing a little each, can do much together. There are a few generous and large-hearted Christians who give largely, and distribute the gospel widely; we appeal to the vast number who can do but little. It

would be a cheer to many an invalid to have a list of names of persons for whom to pray and to labor.

A further consideration we bring before our Christian friends. In the labor of love be disinterested. Much work, nominally for Christ, is too often soiled by our serving ourselves. Let there be no name but Christ's, no cause but Christ's, no object but His glory. Work for eternity, and look at time in the light of eternity. Beware of the smoke and noise of so-called Christian work; seek for penetrating power from God. There are too often mountains of labor for little results—the mountains being for time; that which produces the result being for Christ and eternity. If we were nearer the Master, we should be better servants, more used, more useful.

Again, a great part of Christian England needs Christianizing. Where congregations assemble to be entertained there is a sore need for Christian truth. The Christian faith makes believers bright and glad, but it does not teach Christians to turn churches and chapels into concert halls, or schoolrooms into theaters. It does not teach men to serve God and mammon. No, fellow Christian, let the dead bury their dead, but let us proclaim Jesus Christ, and Him crucified.

We need to lift up the standard of divine truth; to speak out boldly of the immortality of man's soul; of judgment being final, and the state of man, after the judgment, everlasting; of God's righteousness, and the atoning blood of His Son; of Christ's coming, and of heaven, and of hell. The door of opportunity is open; let us this year, with purpose of heart, enter afresh upon the glorious work of the gospel.

Work

ALL Christian work should be carried on in the view of the judgment-seat of Christ, who will reward His servants, or otherwise, according as each one has served Him. Work may be zealously performed which will not meet with Christ's approval, and which will therefore count for nothing in the great day. Paul shows us how he had his eye upon that "day." Let us take him for an example. We may know what will meet with Christ's approval by reading His word, so that none of us can plead ignorance of His wishes. Christian workers, compare the word of God with the prevalent ideas of Christian work; it will be a helpful yet humbling service to your soul.

The Deserter

ON a dark, gloomy day, towards the close of 1877, a pale young man might be seen writing wearily at his desk in a London office. The thick fog had penetrated within, and only by the help of gaslight was work possible. However, with its aid, the row of clerks toiled diligently on in dreary silence, until the one next to our friend, suddenly throwing down his pen, drew to his side and whispered, "I say, Joe, chuck us a half-a-crown; I'm hard up for one."

"A half-a-crown, indeed!" exclaimed Joe. "You know I've none to spare; you must go elsewhere for that."

"Not so fast," retorted the other, drawing still closer, until he could almost hiss in Joe's ear, "I know your secret, young man; it's worth your while to buy me off, before I hand you over to the police."

Joe's pale cheeks became ashen, as he endeavored to reply calmly, "You know nothing of me. What secret have I got?"

"Well, I should just like to know what business one of Her Majesty's soldiers has in this office?"

"I am not a soldier now," returned Joe confusedly; "my regiment was sent on foreign service while I lay ill. It was no fault of mine that I got left behind."

"No, no, no, that won't do, you can't deceive me. You're nothing but a DESERTER, a craven, cowardly deserter," answered the other tauntingly; "and I'll take good care to let everyone know, if you don't make it worth my while to keep silence."

"No more of this; here's your half-a-crown," and the now trembling Joe threw the coin to his tormentor, who, with a fiendish laugh, pocketed it, and resumed his pen. Joe took up his, too, but the words swam before his eyes, as, with throbbing head and beating heart, he vainly strove to continue his task. The word "Deserter," seemed to burn into his very soul, as the humiliating consequences of his dishonorable act pressed upon him. Alas for poor Joe! He was proving that "the way of transgressors is hard." At that moment, he would gladly have exchanged his position of comparative ease and quiet with any of his former comrades. The cannon's mouth, on the battle-field, seemed now less terrible to urn than the constant dread of the policeman's land on his shoulder, or the taunts and threats of his fellow-clerk. From that time his life was one of utter misery.

And now, my reader, before I tell you anything more of Joe's history, let me say a few words to yourself; and explain my motive for recounting his story. It is because I fear that you, too, are a deserter, and of a worse kind than Joe, and that your experiences may be much as his.

"A deserter!" you exclaim; "indeed I am not■I am not even a soldier."

Not so quickly, my friend, let me explain my meaning, and prove to you that your case is worse than Joe's; he had only left the forces of an earthly sovereign, while you have deserted the ranks of the King of kings, who made you for Himself; and enrolled you in His service. Like the prodigal

son, you have used the good gifts of your Creator to take you away from Him, and now, in the far country, my hope is to bring you to yourself; to awaken you to the bitter consequences of your terrible position, as a lost sinner before God.

If Joe's life had become full of forebodings and of well-grounded fears, as he dreaded the policeman's clutch at every turn, is not yours infinitely more so—a very hell upon earth (if you allow yourself to think of it), while the judgment of God is hanging over your head, and may fall upon you at any moment?

Let us take another glimpse at Joe as he walks through the London streets, rather more than nine years later. His figure is slightly bent, not with age, for he is still a young man, put with the heavy burden of sin whose consequences he daily reaps, and which has made him prematurely old. A few silvery threads may be already seen amid his dark hair; the pale face, has become paler; the brow is more contracted, and the whole bearing is that of a man whose life is one of anxious care and dread.

He enters a post office, and, while waiting until one of the busy officials is at liberty to attend to him, stands leaning wearily against the wall, gazingly vacantly before him.

What is it that suddenly catches his eye, and transforms his whole appearance? His head is drawn up, his eyes flash, and then he reels forward, and catches hold of the counter for support. What can be the cause? It is but a large placard on the wall, which arrests his gaze, that the many others present have looked at idly or not looked at, at all. Why does it affect Joe so keenly? Let us study it. The first words, in large letters, are—

BY THE QUEEN.

A PROCLAMATION.

For extending Pardons to Soldiers who may have deserted from our Land Forces.

Ah! we do not wonder now why the sight of such an announcement should alter Joe's whole bearing, nor why, when he could sufficiently rally from its first effects, he should draw nearer to it, and, with eyes nearly darting out of his head, should devour its contents.

Has there yet, dear friend, come the moment in your life, when God's offer of forgiveness has thus affected you—when you have no longer cast listless glances at His word of grace, as the idle passer-by, whom it concerned not? Has it become of vital importance, to you, as to Joe at this moment, to grasp what has been written about the pardon extended to the deserter?

Joe's heart beats so loudly that he can almost hear it, as he reads that the Queen, to mark the completion of the fiftieth year of her reign, extends her most gracious pardon to all her soldiers, who may have deserted before the issue of this royal proclamation, and who should report themselves within two months. That in so doing they should be released, and discharged from all prosecutions, imprisonments; and penalties. That all men, who had been in a state of desertion for a period exceeding five years, would not be called to rejoin for service, but would be granted protecting certificates or they're so reporting themselves.

A list of addresses of commanding officers, to whom deserters were to write, followed, and the proclamation concluded with the words: ■ And we do hereby make further declaration that every offender herein referred to, who shall not avail himself of the pardon we, now graciously offer, shall be held amenable to all pains and penalties provided under the Army Act, &c. Given at our Court at Windsor, the 17th day of June, 1887, in the fiftieth year of our reign.

With a hand that shook so that he could hardly guide the pencil, Joe made a barely legible entry in his memorandum book of the address of the officer, to whom he should report himself; and then, slouching his hat down over his eyes, he left the post office, without the stamps he had come to procure.

“It is all very well,” soliloquized he, as he wended his way back to his lodgings, “but it’s far too good news to be true. No doubt it applies to less aggravated cases; Her Majesty’s pardon would never be extended to a wretch like me, who deserted in a moment of dire necessity. No, no, having escaped all these years, I won’t put my head into the lion’s mouth; I know better! But I need not trouble myself about it at present, at any rate, for there are yet seven weeks before me, and it’s best never to do anything in a hurry. I won’t worry myself about it now.”

Thus Joe reasoned, and so he passed six miserable weeks of delay.

Are you, likewise, my reader, putting off seeking the forgiveness of your sins, thinking there is yet time enough before you? Or is the enemy of souls whispering to you that God’s mercy cannot be for such as you? And thus your life is passing in uncertainty and fear, when a full, free, and present salvation might be yours.

As Joe tossed restlessly, night after night, on his sleepless bed, he vainly tried to put from him the tempting offer of a free pardon. The thought would come back again and again, and he knew that precious time was slipping away, and that now very soon it would be too late.

“But it’s no use; I can’t believe that it’s true,” murmured he sadly. “What if it ended in my ruin?”

At last came a night on which affairs reached their climax; it was the very worst Joe had spent—not a wink of sleep refreshed his fevered brain. Towards morning he started up saying, “I must do something, if it’s only to satisfy myself that it’s all a hoax.”

He took out an envelope, and having carefully directed it, according to the address which he had taken down at the post office, he proceeded to write the commanding officer an elaborate explanation, as to his regiment having been ordered abroad while he was ill. That he had known nothing of it until too late to rejoin, and so on, proving that not a shadow of blame attached to him for his apparent desertion, though he now applied for the Queen’s protecting certificate.

This letter was written and re-written, until Joe thought it so perfect that it could not fail to bring the desired pardon.

Having posted it, he walked to his office with a mind more at ease than it had been for many years.

Joe awaited the reply with feverish impatience, and when it came at length, he opened it with a beating heart, eagerly read its contents, and then his head sank between his hands on the table in despair.

A few curt lines told him that the commanding officer had nothing to do with his case; his business was solely with deserters.

May not many of our readers be making a similar mistake to poor Joe's, in approaching God with excuses for self, instead of making a clean breast of it? As I write, the words of a dying young woman come to my mind, who, on being spoken to of the One, who laid down His life for sinners, replied, "I never thought I was a sinner!" Alas! the Saviour has no more business with such, than the commanding officer had with Joe. There must be a full confession of sin, if there is to be a full pardon. Can you not, dear friend, sufficiently trust the grace of Him who died for you, as to own your utter failure, while seeking His forgiveness?

Hour after hour passed away, and Joe still sat with bowed head, fighting a desperate conflict with unbelief. On the one hand, he saw the risk of frankly reporting his own desertion, and on the other, the consequences that might yet follow discovery, if he decided upon not doing so. Whatever his decision, there seemed, to his doubting heart, nothing but danger ahead.

At length, springing up, he exclaimed, "I'll do it! The die is cast! I'll trust Her Majesty's proclamation; and, if she won't pardon me, it's all up."

The first pale beams of the morning light were piercing through the dust-stained windows of Joe's room, and he again took up his writing materials. This time his letter was short and to the point ■ a simple confession of his desertion from Her Majesty's forces, ten years previously, on his regiment being ordered abroad. Without venturing to read over what he had written, he closed the envelope, hurriedly seized his hat, and, rushing out into the street, dropped his missive into the first letter-box. Then, returning to his room, he threw himself on his bed, and slept soundly and peacefully for some hours, as he had not done for six weeks, and, to his dismay, awoke to find he would be late at his office.

The hours dragged their weary length along, while Joe, sick at heart, waited a second time for a reply to his letter. When, at length, one bearing the mark, "On Her Majesty's Service," was placed in his hand, he felt almost faint. A cold perspiration broke out on his forehead, and he sank into a chair, before he dare venture to tear open the envelope, which would decide his fate.

"Of course my application is refused, and I am a ruined man! What a fool I was to betray myself," he muttered, as with trembling hands, he opened the letter. He could hardly believe his eyes, when he saw a certificate for a full pardon, drawn out in Her Majesty's name, and signed by the officer in command. Yes; he was pardoned! And how much that signified to the deserter, none could understand, who did not know how the consequences of that sin of his had marred all the happiness of his youth, and had filled his life with corroding care.

Joe placed the precious document in his bosom, and, with a light step, head erect, and a beaming expression of happiness on his face, which already made him look ten years younger, proceeded to the office.

"Joe's had some stroke of good luck, and no mistake," thought his tormentor, who, during those long years, had made a rich harvest for himself by preying on the fears of the poor deserter. "Now's my time," and, drawing nearer to him, as he had so often done, he whispered, "Come, Joe, another half-a-crown; I've not had one lately, and you know it's worth your while to go on buying

my silence.”

“No more half-a-crowns you’ll get from me,” retorted Joe firmly; “you’ve had your last, my man.”

“There are two words to that,” returned the other menacingly. “I’ll give you up to the police like a shot, if you refuse me.”

Joe’s only reply was to draw out triumphantly Her Majesty’s certificate, and to place it open on the desk.

“Oh! Ah! what is this?” exclaimed the baffled persecutor ruefully. “Why, you’re pardoned, Joe!”

“Yes,” replied Joe, his eyes flashing brightly; “I have Queen Victoria’s own gracious word for it that I am pardoned, and never again can the crime of desertion be laid at my door. You are free to blazon the sorrowful past to the whole world; it cannot hurt me now, and will only add to the praise of the clemency of her who has forgiven me.”

Yes! Joe was pardoned by the free grace of another. The dreaded terrors of the law could not touch him more. How is it to be with you, my reader? Will you avail yourself of the infinitely more gracious offer of forgiveness, which is so freely made to you? Once given, that pardon is for all eternity—how priceless its worth! “The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin”—on the spot, and forever.

Let me solemnly press on you once more the important lesson, that I am most anxious you should draw from this story.

Mark that, by the terms of Her Majesty’s proclamation, only those who reported themselves as deserters were eligible for protecting certificates; and, in the more important question of eternal pardon, only those, who own themselves sinners, can put in a claim for divine forgiveness.

Are you ready to humble yourself to do this? Have you so far come to yourself as to say, with the prodigal, “Father, I have sinned”? Remember the terrible alternative is to suffer the full penalty of God’s wrath, even as the offender, who would not avail himself of the Queen’s proclamation, would be amenable to all the pains and penalties, from which it was meant to free him.

“How shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation?” D. & A. C.

How Is a Man Justified?

SOME time ago a Protestant French pastor heard that an Englishman had come to his neighborhood, and was preaching that men were justified by faith in Christ Jesus. The pastor knew not that he himself was lost ■ dead ■ and could do nothing for God. While owning that Christ had died to save, he yet held that that alone was not enough, but that he must, by his own good works, complete his salvation, and, such being the case, he opposed the truth the stranger preached with all the energy he possessed.

Blind, blind, as only a dead man could be! And, reader, if you believe that you are “dead in trespasses and sins,” what can you do to merit God’s forgiveness? Do you say, “I trust in the mercy of the Almighty”? Remember God says, “Without shedding of blood there is no remission.” Do you then think to obtain salvation without that precious blood ■ without Christ, of whom it is written, “There is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved? Neither is there salvation in any other?” Christ Jesus alone can save. He did not do half the work, and leave the rest for you to do: He did it all ■ once and forever.

The French pastor of whom we speak, eventually went to visit the evangelist, and heard from his lips the story of God’s free grace. At first he resisted every argument of our English friend, who, feeling that the word of God was the only weapon to use with such an opponent, pressed on his consideration these three words, “It is finished.” Do you know whose words they are, reader? ■ words of Him who “spake as never man spake” ■ the words of One who was truly God over all, and yet the Man of Sorrows for our sakes. If He says, “It is finished,” who are we to say, “It is not”?

Thank God, as the pastor pondered over these three precious words, he saw how utterly needless it was to add anything to a finished work. Exclaiming, “It is too good to be true,” all his opposition vanished, and the light of God’s grace shone in on his soul. He went home to tear up the sermon he had written for the next day, and took these words for the text of a very different one ■ “What must I do to be saved? Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.” T.

Saved by Example

I OFTEN heard my dear old father say, the example of consistent Christianity, in an ordinary working-day life, does many a glorious service for God, unknown to the humble individual used as His means. Certain it is that I felt, my faithful little sister-in-law was mysteriously influencing my life, although I did not know she was praying for my conversion, as she could never muster courage to speak to me. Even in the busy excitement of the life of a London public-house manager, I saw and envied the happiness in what seemed to me a dull and tame routine of existence in my sister-in-law's very humble sphere. There was a charm in her contentment, while her joyful smiles and laughter were not like the false merriment I was accustomed to witness.

Business took me from London, and I suddenly determined to gain my livelihood in a less pernicious and degrading trade than that of a publican, and returned to town a total abstainer. Although during the twenty years I had kept a public-house, I had not been an unbeliever, still I had never surrendered myself to Christ, but, thank God, I could see even then, that public-house life and Christianity could not be reconciled. I did not know when returning to London that my heart was being prepared for the seed, that has since blossomed forth in the flowers of salvation.

My sister-in-law at last plucked up courage, and asked me to accompany her to a never-to-be-equalled mission hall! Would I go and hear her hero among the City missionaries, John F.? She told me afterward that she never thought I would consent. But I said "Yes," and, thank God, I went.

So the late worldly manager of some of London's dazzling and popular gin palaces, entered the little dull, dingy-looking mission hall in Kingsland!

There was nothing to arouse the natural feelings in the service, but the Lord Jesus won me by the simplicity and grandeur of His truth!

He spoke through His servant, in tones so beseechingly kind, and so convincing, that away went the influence of twenty years of soul-polluting associations, and in less than an hour I was on the Lord's side. Ever since I have had Him near to me, in daily toil, and happy leisure, and His love has driven from my heart the old love of the world. I have testified for Him publicly in the open-air meetings, and I have had more joy in one day of His presence than I ever knew in the forty years of my life without Him. God has found me employment in an honest business, where the Lord's day can be used to His glory, and where, by His grace, I can live soberly and godly.

I trust these few words of gratefully-given testimony may fall into the hands of some who, as I once was, are now engaged in the drink traffic. Cannot God's wondrous mercy send it as a message to another manager's heart?

Will not you, who are now doing Satan's work, helping souls down to hell through drunkenness, make a clean break with it all yourself, take Christ for your Saviour, and in your turn also become a soul-winner? C.

An Important Word

“WHAT knowest thou, O wife, whether thou shalt save thy husband? or, how knowest thou, O man, whether thou shalt save thy wife?” “Not seeking mine own profit, but the profit of many, that they may be saved.” (1 Cor. 7:16; 10:33.)

Gleams of New Testament Light From the Old Testament.

2. The Sabbath

THE Bible is the voice of God to us, and the sounds of that voice, heard in its earliest pages, proclaim again, at the close of the volume, the unchangeableness of divine purpose.

A perfect work is necessarily a finished one and of the work of creation it is recorded: "Thus the heavens and the earth were finished and all the host of them. And on the seventh day God ended His work which He had made and He rested on the seventh day from all His work which He had made. And God blessed the seventh day, and sanctified it: because that in it He had rested from all His work which God created and made." The glory of the Creator would be sullied in our souls, were we to tolerate the notion that He did not finish what He commenced when He said, "Let there be light." Incomplete work denies rest to the worker; but the work being ended for "God saw everything that He had made, and, behold, it was very good" He rested.

The Sabbath then received God's blessing; it was constituted a holy day, because upon it God had rested from His work, whether of creating-of calling out of nothing matter into existence, or of making of forming out of matter new forms of life.

The seventh day stands connected with this earth, and the great purpose of God in sanctifying it will never be set aside. For the time being, that rest is broken, and hence the rest of God is still future (see Heb. 4); but "His rest" shall be established, and in it His people will rejoice.

During the long centuries, that spread over the period of time covered by the record of the Book of Genesis, the Sabbath is not mentioned (save as we have said), for, instead of rest, sin reigned on the earth! Sin had destroyed the creation—Sabbath, and the earth has had none since.

In due time God began to work to bring to Himself one nation from among the varied peoples of the earth. He separated Israel to Himself through the blood of the Paschal Lamb, and gave them the Sabbath day. "Remember," He said, "that thou wast a servant in the land of Egypt, and that the Lord thy God brought thee out thence through a mighty hand and by a stretched out arm: therefore the Lord thy God commanded thee to keep the Sabbath day." (Deut. 5:15.) Unless there be holiness there cannot be rest in God's presence. He makes the rest, let it ever be remembered, and His people enter into the rest He has made.

We know, too well, the story of Israel's departure from God, how they broke His Sabbaths, and fell to the level of the heathen. Then the solemn word of Lev. 26:33-35, was put into effect: Israel was carried away from the land into captivity, and the land kept Sabbath "For as long as she lay desolate she kept Sabbath, to fulfill threescore and ten years." (2 Chron. 36:21.)

At the end of these seventy years, a remnant of the people returned to the land, and that remnant became once more the nation. But their sin exceeded every previous sin, in that they slew the Lord of Glory, and now the Jews are scattered over the face of the earth. Where has the Sabbath been kept in the land of Canaan all these long years? The blood of Jesus is upon the guilty people and upon their children!

Let us observe the ways of Jesus in relation to the Sabbath when He was on the earth. The outward observance of a day dedicated to Jehovah could not satisfy Him, unless the heart were right in His sight. Pride filled the Pharisee's heart, while the garments of superior religiousness hung around his shoulders. The Pharisee observed the Sabbath, but rejected God's Son, the Lord of the Sabbath. Jesus made the day of rest His great day of healing and of doing good, and He answered the objectors, "My Father worketh hitherto, and I work." (John 5:7.) As God looked down upon the varied work of the creation, He could say, "Behold, it is very good," and He could rest in His finished work; but as His Son Looked upon the people dwelling in the little-spot on earth where Jehovah's Name was recognized, He saw the poor, the sick, and the possessed of demons, and His heart yearned over the victims of sin and misery. In this world there was no rest for Him.

The fact that the body of Jesus lay in the grave during the Sabbath day is of solemn significance. Let us place together the words, "And God blessed the seventh day, and sanctified it; because that in it He had rested from all His work which God created and made," and the record of the body of Jesus being taken down from the cross, so that it "should not remain upon the cross on the Sabbath day" (John 19:31), and then of that sacred body being buried in the "garden" (vs. 41), and keeping Sabbath there!

Our hearts cannot but be stirred with most solemn thoughts, as we consider that the day, which should be the holy day for all creation, was the witness of man's greatest sin. That sacred body bore upon it, in the silence of the grave, the marks of the cross, of man's most awful enmity against God. With what feelings must the holy angels have regarded the mystery of the grave of Jesus? How did God regard that most solemn Sabbath day? Vain was Israel's worship, false the praise-song, and the Temple service—the Son of God had been slain, and the grave bore within it on that holy day the precious burden of His body.

The Jew may keep his seventh day in his unbelief and rejection of Christ, but the Christian observes "the first day of the week," and, indeed, for faith, the end of the week is sup planted by the beginning! We are looking to Christ to bring in the rest and the blessing on the earth. We are looking on to another Sabbath to be introduced, by the finished work of Jesus on the cross.

When we turn to the book of Revelation its recurring testimony of time and events divided into sevens, recalls us to the unchanging purpose of God respecting the Sabbath day. God never changes. He never varies His purpose. True, sin destroyed His first Sabbath, and, as if to end all hopes of man ever entering into true rest by his own strength, the Lord spent the Sabbath in the sepulcher! But there shall be an eternal Sabbath-keeping for all who are redeemed to God by the blood of the Lamb—for all who are separated to God by the atoning sacrifice of Jesus.

A nobler Sabbath than even that first Sabbath day God sanctified, is before us. That first and only perfect Sabbath, which the earth has seen, is a figure of that which is to come, when God shall rest in His love, and rejoice over His own with singing. For "God shall wipe all tears from their eyes, and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain, for the former things are passed away." Then shall the saints be like Christ, as He is, resplendent and glorious, and shall stand before their God in His love, holy, and without blame.

"To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the tree of life, which is in the midst of the paradise of God." (Rev. 2:7.)

“There remaineth therefore a Sabbath rest for the people of God.” (Heb. 4:9, R.V.)

God's Word Abides Forever

THE fashion of the world passes away, but eternal realities abide unmoved and immovable. Like restless waves surging around iron rocks, human thought beats itself against the word of God, but to be dashed backwards upon itself, for the word of the Lord endureth forever! Yes, dear reader, forever! Oh! be not deceived by the set of the tide of human thought. Heaven is an immovable reality; hell is an immovable reality. The immortality of your soul is an immovable reality. Humble yourself before the eternal God, and inquire where your never-dying soul will spend eternity.

The pure in heart shall see God; the holy shall dwell with Him. God can never look upon sin. He can never be other than Light. If unsaved, if in your sins, be not deceived, there is no hope for heaven for any whose sins are not washed away in the blood of God's Son.

Tears cannot wash away your sins, but "the blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleanseth us from all sin." For you, as you are, there is salvation and peace. God is waiting to be gracious to you. While it is today will you not hear His voice and live?

The Infidel's Child

I HAD long wanted to speak about Jesus to a little girl, who lived near my cottage. I knew her father was an infidel, and that for six years some Christians had been praying for his conversion. When I saw his child my heart was sad, fearing she was growing up without any knowledge of God.

One bright morning, a few days ago, the little girl was playing out of doors, quite alone, so I thought this was my opportunity for the long-wished-for talk. I quickly put on my bonnet, and went out to her, and asked kindly, "Would you like to come with me, dear, and pick some pretty flowers in this field?"

"Oh! yes, that I should," she answered brightly. "I shall be so pleased to get some."

We were soon both of us busy filling our hands with the pretty wild flowers in the field—big white daisies and bright king-cups, ragged-robin and quaking grass, and sweet purple and white clover.

"Do you know, my dear," I asked, "that this field is a bit of God's great flower-garden, and that in the love of His heart He made these sweet blossoms to give us pleasure?"

"Oh! yes," she answered, "I know He made them all, and made us too, and everything in this world. There are many people who won't believe it, but they will have to see it is true someday, will they not?" she added, looking up earnestly into my face.

"Indeed they will," I answered gravely, "and it will be a terrible moment for those who do not know Jesus as their Saviour. Dear child, do you believe on God's Son, the Lord Jesus Christ?"

"Oh, yes," she replied, "I do believe that He died for our sins, and if we do confess and own them to Jesus, and tell Him we are sorry for them, He will rejoice over us, won't He? It is so strange that people try to keep their sins secret from Him, for they will all come out at the judgment day, for Jesus knows everything about us. We ought to try and please Him for dying for us, shouldn't we?"

"Yes, indeed, we should, my child," I answered, my heart full of joy to see that truly my Saviour was her Saviour, too. "You and I love Jesus, do we not, though we have not seen Him?"

"Yes; there is a text in the Bible I like so much: it is this—'Blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed.' When Jesus was on earth there were some people who would not believe on Him, although they did see Him; but now we believe on Him without seeing Him."

This simple confession of faith from the child of an infidel greatly surprised me, and I asked her where she had learned and read the Bible. She told me that it was at the school she attended.

Oh, what joy to know that God had let His light shine into this dear child's heart, and to hear how freely and confidently she spoke of what she really knew of Jesus! She also said, "You know Jesus is alive on the throne of God today, and He will come again to this world, won't He?" What joy it was to me to see the reality with which the little girl spoke!

What a blessing this dear little lamb of Christ may be in this sinful world!

Every time I have since seen her, she has run to me joyfully, wanting to go and pick flowers and have another talk. Yes, heart is linked with heart in those that love the blessed name of Jesus; ah! yes, my heart was drawn to her as soon as she began to tell out all she knew of that blessed Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ.

Dear children, do you know Him? If you do, tell others of His love. Should you not know that precious and blessed Saviour, Jesus, oh I come now, just as you are; come straight to Him, in all your sins, all your wickedness, and He will receive you. I pray you do not try to hide your sins from Jesus, but tell Him everything, and His forgiving mercy will flow like a stream. He cannot save you unless you come, and those who come to Him He will in no wise cast out. It was for sinners Christ died, not the righteous. Sinners, Jesus calls. Oh! won't you come?

'Cause He Loved Me Best

AT the close of a children's service in South London recently, many stayed behind to speak to me about the Lord Jesus. Among these was a bright, intelligent boy, with his little sister. The boy had, in simple words, confessed his faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, and afterward stated that his little sister Daisy wished to speak to me.

"Do you love Jesus, Daisy?" I asked; and, as she said, "Yes," I inquired, "And why do you love the Lord?"

She seemed unwilling to answer for a moment, but, being bidden by her brother, "Daisy, speak up," she said, "Cause He loved me best."

What a simple answer! Oh, that each of our young readers could say the same!

There were other dear children at the same meeting, who confessed to knowing Jesus as their Saviour, and, in answer to the question why, they answered, "Because He died for us."

Their bright, happy faces told out better than words could speak, the truth of their statement.

My dear young readers, I want each of your hearts for Jesus, so that you may be able to say, "He loved me, and gave Himself for me." (Gal. 2:20.) Have you never thought of that dreadful cross, where He was bearing the judgment of God against your sins? Well may we say■

"Oh, what a Saviour is Jesus the Lord!"

May you, dear little reader, know in the days of your youth, the Lord Jesus Christ as your own precious Saviour, and may this be your heartfelt prayer■

"Lord, in my childhood and my youth

Be thou my heart's delight;

Oh, guide me in Thy precious truth,

And keep me day and night."

And then your happy future is this■of being with Jesus, of being like Him, and seeing Him as He is.

S.E.B.

Ruth, the Faithful Heart

RUTH, the Moabitess, is a Bible character, who stands before us as a pattern of filial faithfulness. The first commandment with promise (Eph. 6:2) had a bright fulfillment in her case; Naomi found in Ruth, her daughter-in-law, one who truly honored her, and it went well with Ruth for her mother-in-law's sake. Ruth cast in her lot with Naomi; she would not be separated from her, come what might. In answer to Naomi's generous appeal that she should return to Moab, to her own people, Ruth said, "Intreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee: for whither thou goest, I will go; and when thou lodgest, I will lodge: thy people shall be my people; and thy God my God: where thou diest, will I die, and there will I be buried: the Lord do so to me, and more also, if ought but death part thee and me." (Ruth 1:16,17.)

God blesses the child who honors his parents. Naomi's heart was broken; and, in the time of sorrow, a child will be a parent's sweetest sympathizer: certainly no more tender heart will be found for the widow than the widow's child. As Naomi returned, after ten years' absence, to Bethlehem, and the people saw her and Ruth, the mother and her daughter-in-law both widows, all the city was moved about them, and they said, "Is this Naomi?"

She had borne the title "Beautiful," but that name no longer suited her. She said unto them, "Call me not Naomi, call me Mara: for the Almighty hath dealt very bitterly with me. I went out full, and the Lord hath brought me home again empty... So Naomi returned, and Ruth, the Moabitess, her daughter-in-law, with her... and they came to Bethlehem in the beginning of barley harvest."

Yes, though they knew it not, it was the beginning of harvest. She returned home empty, but it was to be for her indeed a time of harvest. Ruth would have missed this had she failed in her devotion to Naomi. Love had joined her to her mother-in-law, and her sorrows and her poverty, but the Lord had provided for the faithful hearted Ruth an excellent reward. She had come to the land of Israel to trust Jehovah, which trust is never disappointed. "The Lord recompense thy work, and a full reward be given thee of the Lord God of Israel, under whose wings thou art come to trust."

We see Ruth going forth to glean in the fields, hoping for favor, and, shortly after, we find her gleaning among the sheaves, handfuls let fall of purpose for her. This is God's way for those who put their trust in Him.

As Ruth went forth to glean, "her hap was to light on a part of the field belonging unto Boaz, who was of the kindred of Elimelech," Naomi's husband. When we direct our steps according to God's word, He, in His providence, makes us light on the best part of the field; and thus it was that Ruth received her favorable gleanings of the harvest, and, not only so, but in the end she became the wife of Boaz, and her name stands amongst those of the most honored women of the Bible.

The Story of Jacques Roger

Chapter 2.

Twelve Years of Exile.

THE command of Louis XIV. that the Protestants should not quit France, proved a fruitless one. A steady stream of these persecuted people, which all efforts of the government were ineffectual to check, poured out daily from her coasts. Night and day, at every point, guards were on the watch to capture the fugitives, who, through God's mercy, constantly evaded their vigilance. By various disguises, they baffled the enemy. Some assumed the pilgrim garb; others appeared as servants in livery, or in soldiers' uniforms; others as sportsmen, carrying guns on their shoulders; some drove cattle along the road; and high-born, delicately nurtured ladies clothed in rags, begged for coppers as they passed onwards; others, who had never before walked a mile on foot, now, attired in peasants' costumes, would trundle wheelbarrows, or carry heavy burdens on their backs, as they journeyed hundreds of miles to the land of their deliverance.

So, through untold dangers and difficulties the undaunted Protestants contrived to make their escape into countries, where they could again worship God according to their conscience. Among the number of fugitives, at the age of one and twenty, was Jacques Roger. Tearing himself away from his loved family, who were unable or unwilling to brave the manifold dangers of such a journey, the young man turned his back on the home of his childhood, and sought refuge in a foreign land. Flight, for those who were poor, was encompassed with far more perils, than for those whose wealth enabled them at times to procure some little alleviations for the hardships of the way, and who, often at enormous prices, hired guides to lead them to the frontier. In the darkness of the night, the poor would set forth on unknown roads, wending their way by by-paths and dangerous mountain tracks; at sunrise hiding themselves in some cave, or in the depths of some forest, until the darkness of the night again favored their progress. Thus, through snow, frost, wind, and rain, wintry tempests often howling round them, the way-worn travelers pressed forward in the sheltering darkness, terror of their pitiless foes urging on their weary steps.

Happily for Jacques his journey, though replete with danger, was comparatively a short one, Languedoc not being far from the borders of France. By night-journeys he made his way as rapidly as possible to the nearest frontier, and joyfully found his "own company" in Switzerland. Thus, God, "who worketh all things after the counsel of His own will," detached this young man from his family, and placed him amongst Christians, who, by their more perfect knowledge of the Word, and by the example of their piety and zeal, greatly built him up in his holy faith, and so aided in preparing him for the life-work that lay before him.

The twelve years which Roger spent among the Christians of Switzerland and Germany, like the forty years of probation passed by Moses on the back side of the desert, were eminently qualified to arouse in him a deep sense of the low estate of the Church of God in his beloved country, and to fire him with intense longing to spend his life in self-sacrificing devotion to the Saviour.

No doubt a season of training, it may be of longer or of shorter duration, must thus be gone through by each servant of God, before the more active and public service is entered upon. A most important period in the life of such, and yet possibly not fully recognized at the time, is the season of sitting at the feet of Jesus, before testifying in the world of the Saviour's redeeming power, just as with the one who was delivered from the legion of devils, or a three year's in Arabia, as in the case of Paul, before the full preaching of the faith that once he destroyed. The Master, who knows to what work He will put each one that willingly offers himself to serve, makes no mistakes in preparing His instruments. Blessed it is, when, like Jacques Roger, His people yield to the molding of His hand, and can then be brought forth as "vessels meet for the Master's use," "workmen that need not be ashamed."

During Roger's long years of exile, he never lost sight of his poor, suffering brethren in France. His thoughts were ever with them, and over and over again he lived in memory through the sorrowful scenes he had witnessed in his youth, until it became his one desire to find himself once more in the battle-field, sharing the afflictions of the people of God, and seeking in his more matured Christianity to raise their spiritual tone. What could be done to rescue them from merging into the false religion around them, and to restore Protestantism in France? Over this question he pondered deeply, and at length concluded that this purpose would be affected by organizing synods, and consistories, and thus establishing the systematized order, which he saw with admiration in the churches of Germany and Switzerland. How far the conclusion he arrived at was of God, is more than doubtful; but He, who saw the true desire of His servant for His glory, surely valued the zeal and devotion which prompted him.

With these projects in his mind, he consulted his revered friend, the pious Pictet of Geneva, who greatly encouraged him to return to his native land, whither he believed the voice of God was calling him. But 'ere recounting Jacques Roger's labors for Christ in France, we will glance rapidly over the history of the church in that country during the twelve years of his absence.

The blow, which had finally deprived the Protestants of all their religious privilege's, at first completely stunned them, and for some months after the revocation of the edict of Nantes they seemed utterly paralyzed. Their pastors exiled, their temples gone, themselves under the utmost ban of the law, they felt, in the depth of their misery, that all possibility of meeting together for worship was at an end. But the first shock over, by slow degrees their courage revived, and they began to strengthen themselves in the Lord their God. In little knots of ten or twelve they crept together again, and, fearing discovery, chose the most solitary places they could find. On some desolate moor, or lonely mountain side, in a deserted quarry, deep cavern, or thick forest, these persecuted Christians would assemble to worship God, and to remember the Lord's death in the breaking of bread. These gatherings were held at irregular intervals, the better to baffle discovery. The evening before the meetings, notice as to the locality and hour was secretly sent round to all the Protestants in the neighborhood. They were generally held at night, for greater safety, the young men of the congregation lighting up the scene with lanterns, which they would suspend from the boughs of the trees, when the meeting took place in a wood. Sentinels were stationed on the hill tops around, to signal any approach of the enemy, and on the first alarm the assembly would rapidly and noiselessly disperse in various directions.

How simple and how intensely real such worship must have been, the Holy Spirit their Leader, the starry vault of heaven the only temple, and the worshippers having ever the thought that there was but one step between themselves and entrance there! How far more sublime was such worship than that of more prosperous days, when they were patronized by the world, and possessed the grandeur of consecrated edifices. They were now cast completely on the Lord, and, from necessity, driven to meet, as the early Christians did, simply in His name, and in the power of the Holy Ghost. Though apparently begun in such weakness the “Church of the Desert,” as it was called from the desert places in which it was first gathered, was really stronger in the Lord, and more according to His mind, in these times of evident weakness, than when, in later years, the little assemblies of a dozen people grew to hundreds or even thousands, and a systematized church order was in full operation.

Church discipline was rigorously enforced in these early days, the purity of the Lord’s table being zealously guarded. No one was allowed to take the Lord’s supper who had not been previously carefully examined by the elders as to his faith and walk. If the examination proved satisfactory, a little leaden medal was given to the applicant, on one side of which was stamped an open Bible, bearing the text, “Fear not, little flock”; on the other, a shepherd feeding his sheep. Others had a communion cup on one side, and a cross on the other, signifying the persecution they must expect in the path of discipleship. These tokens each communicant placed on the table before partaking of the bread and wine. Any who, in a weak moment, had, from terror of Rome, so far yielded as to attend the mass, were kept outside until their repentance was fully proved, though they might with tears implore to be allowed to take their place at the table.

So many precautions were taken to evade discovery, and, so much mystery surrounded these gatherings, that naturally the first one mentioned in history is the first that was surprised by the enemy. Towards the end of the year 1686, the authorities were warned that the Protestants assembled nightly to read the Bible, to sing and to pray. The armed troops swept down upon them, and several arrests were made; some of the captives were immediately executed, others sent to the galleys for life; even the Roman Catholics of the neighborhood were severely treated, for not having prevented the meetings, or given notice of them.

A touching instance of filial devotion is told of this time. A youth, hearing that his aged father was condemned to the galleys for life threw himself at the feet of the magistrate, imploring to be allowed to take his place. To test his resolution the magistrate replied that his father was condemned to death, to which the son nobly answered that he was none the less ready to suffer in his place. Even the hard-hearted authorities were so moved by this example of filial piety, that they commuted the terrible punishment of the galleys to that of service in the king’s army.

Two years later, the courage of the Reformed had much increased, and full daylight found in Poitou, bands of from five hundred to fifteen hundred, assembling for field-preaching. Words would fail to describe the joy and emotion of the Huguenots at again thus openly gathering together—the eagerness with which all availed themselves of the opportunity — the avidity with which they drank in the divine truths brought before them. “One sees these poor people coming together in crowds,” writes an eye-witness; “women bring their little children; the doors of all their houses are shut, and none remain at home.”

Of course these large assemblies could no longer court the same privacy as the smaller ones had done. The enemy would frequently surprise them, and fire on them, "as on a flight of pigeons." No resistance was offered, the people being wholly unarmed; vast numbers were therefore easily massacred; sometimes from three to four hundred old people, women and children, would be left dead on the spot.

It is awful to read, that commonly, in passing through the wood's where these preaching's were held, dead bodies would be seen strewing the ground at every few paces while corpses hung from the trees, under which but shortly before had risen glad songs of praise to God. The preachers, regarded by the Roman Catholics as the ringleaders of the movement, would be captured and led away to trial, quickly followed by martyrdom at the stake, or the living death of the galleys. Any women who were made prisoners were also treated with cruel severity; they were generally condemned to be flogged, and branded with the fleur-de-lis, and were frequently thrown into prison, to languish there for many years. The most painful trial to the hearts of the Christian parents of the upper ranks was the seizure of their children, to be placed in convents under the instruction of the Jesuits, where they were carefully taught in all the heresies of Rome, which the parents were opposing with their life-blood. This Satanic device succeeded where all others failed, and ultimately brought back to Rome most of the aristocratic Huguenot families of France.

Persecution, however, could no longer discourage the noble "Church of the Desert." Bravely she held her ground, and pressed undauntedly forward. The very day following the most barbarous executions, the faithful would again meet in large numbers, bold in their confidence in their God. He, who often uses the weak things of the world to confound the mighty, used these simple peasants, strong in faith, and bent on obeying Him rather than man, to frustrate the designs of the most powerful monarch of the day.

Louis the Great, whose authority in his kingdom none other dare question, now found his most stringent laws determinedly disregarded and boldly infringed upon, and himself set at naught in his old age, by the very subjects whom he had proved in his younger days to be the most submissive.

To give in detail each event of these years would be but to needlessly repeat the same story of cruelty and bloodshed, which at length led to the outbreak, known as the war of the Camisards. This, the last armed struggle of the Huguenots for their religion in France, was a rising among the peasantry of Vivarais and Languedoc, led on by some dauntless spirits of their own class, whom they considered as prophets. Driven desperate by cruelty and oppression, stung to the quick by injustice and barbarity, this naturally peaceful people rose in a mass of about ten thousand, and formed themselves into irregular troops against the army of the king. They knew nothing of war, were wholly unprovided with arms, excepting those that they seized from the enemy. They had, however, the great advantage of being thoroughly acquainted with the mountain fastnesses of their own country, and were thus able to prove themselves very formidable to the regular troops, who were often double their number, making terrible havoc among them.

There are passages in this guerilla warfare which read more like pages from a romance than the usual prose of history.

Begun professedly in the Lord's sacred name, this was in reality a fight for liberty more than for Christianity, and, during the four years in which the war raged fiercely, the holy Name by which the

rebels were called, was much dishonored, and their own stained by acts of violence and bloodshed. It is a relief to find that those, who had taken the lead for God among the people, stood aloof from this remarkable movement.

At this distance of time, and in the calm of the peaceful days in which, through God's great mercy, our lot is cast, it is not difficult for the Christian to see how great was the failure of the Huguenots at the epoch of which we write. And yet, while in the light of Scripture we cannot but condemn this recourse to arms of those who were called to suffer in fellowship with Him, whose kingdom is not of this world, we can pass judgment but very humbly on men who had for long endured so patiently, and whose hearts had been made sore by outrages on their wives and helpless little ones. If not spiritual, it was at least natural that the strong arms, made stronger by love for suffering ones, and by passionate opposition to the unjust and cruel rule to which they had for many years submitted, now grasped the sword, the club, the home-made weapon of war, and rushed madly upon the enemy.

"They that take the sword shall perish by the sword" is the solemn warning of Scripture, and the Protestants proved, as ever we must do, that God is true to His word. Although by the fury of this onslaught they gained some amelioration of their temporal condition from the intimidated Government, yet the poor "Church of the Desert" suffered much spiritually by this unholy movement. In sympathy with the Camisard leaders, fanatic preachers arose, many of them young girls, styling themselves prophetesses, who spurred on the warriors in wild, prophetic language, borrowed from those Scriptures which, in another dispensation, encouraged the earthly people of God to fight for God-given land against nations whom He would judge. The Christians, thus taken off Christian ground by their very teachers, deteriorated rapidly in spiritual tone and power, and the more willingly gave hearing to those who, far from feeding their souls, simply fostered their passions, by inciting them to still further rebellion against the powers that, though acting so wickedly, yet were ordained of God.

The Bargeman and the Bread of Life

A COAL barge had reached its destination, and the men were not sorry, for, whatever may be said in favor of a life on the ocean wave, a barge is so limited in its accommodation, that bargemen are glad to moor in the river with the prospect of soon going to their homes. They were sitting by the little cabin, at their meal, when a stranger stepped on board.

“Men,” said he, “I bring you news of One who fed five thousand with five loaves.”

They were a little startled, but, as the subject seemed seasonable, they listened, while their visitor told of Him who is the Bread from heaven, the Bread of God which giveth life unto the world, and who said, “I am the living bread which came down from heaven: if any man eat of this bread, he shall live forever: and the bread that I will give is My flesh, which I will give for the life of the world.”

“It is an important matter, friends, for the Lord says, Except ye eat the flesh of the Son of man, and drink His blood, ye have no life in you.” (John 6:51, 53.)

Not perceiving the spiritual application of the story of Christ feeding the multitude, one of the men said he wished He would do it now; but he was so far interested in the message of life and satisfaction through Christ as to “I add never heard the like.”

“That is your own fault, my friend,” said the visitor to the bargee, upon which the mar responded—

“Governor, come to my house, and my old woman will brew yer a cup of tea.”

The invitation was accepted, and, in honor of the guest, a special spread was made, in eluding that luxury of the class■winkles. As they sat round the table the bargeman said “Now, governor, let’s have some more of that you gave us this morning.”

Then followed in Scripture language, a clear statement of God’s salvation set forth as a gift “For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.” (John 3:16.) Here was God’s gift of His Son, for lost and ruined man.

But, more, the Son of God had also given Himself for us that He might redeem us from all iniquity. (Titus 2:14.) He gave Himself a ransom for all (1 Tim. 2:6); and He surrendered Himself to the cruelty and hatred of man, for He said, “I gave My back to the smiters, and My cheeks to them that plucked off the hair.” (Isa. 1:6.) The speaker could add of Jesus, “Who loved me, and gave Himself for me” (Gal. 2:20); and, thus told his hearers how that Jesus had died for him, and put away his sins by the sacrifice of Himself.

Then came the application to the bargeman and his wife. “If God has given His Son for sinners, and the Son has given His life for sinners, why should not they be saved, sinners as they own themselves to be?”

Our friend of the water-life had never thought himself a sinner, until now that the Spirit of God began to open his eyes. A sinner, indeed! He had always esteemed himself as good as other folks, and a deal better than some; but in the light of truth, he saw he was guilty, and needed a Saviour.

By way of illustration, the visitor supposed they had a debt owing, and were unable to give anything toward its payment, when a friend coming along bestows all that was needed; so that the person to whom the money was due gives in exchange a full receipt.

“Now,” said he, “suppose the friend who paid the debt brought that full receipt to you; ill you would have to do would be to receive it—the giving would have been his part, the receiving would be your part. God has given Jesus, and Jesus has given Himself to pay your sin-debt; therefore it is paid, and God now offers the receipt to every sinner who longs to be free. Will you accept it?”

“I’ll have it if the old woman will.”

“Then get on your knees and tell the Lord so.”

All three accordingly knelt, the bargeman feeling that he was a sinner, and that Jesus was the Saviour he needed. The Spirit of God had wrought the same conviction in the heart of his wife, so that they were both prepared for the simple prayer that followed. The visitor just told the Lord that they were three unworthy sinners, but that He gave His Son to die for such sinners, and that they believed that He died for them, therefore as His death was for sin, He died for their sin, to pay their debt, and that now they accepted the receipt with hearty thanks.

It was wonderfully plain, God had said, and they believed His word: God offered, and they received His gift.

They were hungry: here was bread, bread provided, bread for them. As they listened to the prayer that seemed to talk with God, they felt it was a reality, and just what they required. The words brought them face to face with a Person, who loved them, and had suffered in their stead.

Two hearts that evening said “Amen,” to the divine plan of salvation, and the bargeman and his wife were saved.

Since then they both have made a public profession of their faith, and are still walking in the path of peace. W. L.

By Grace Through Faith

IT was while living in ■ that I was brought to know the blessed reality of being saved by grace through faith.

I had been married about nine months, and, up till the autumn of 1884, my life had been One of carelessness, as to all that was good. Yea, I had oftentimes too plainly shown the bitter enmity of my heart towards the Lord Jesus Christ, and those who sought to live for Him. My wife had become as thoughtless as myself.

But we began to tire of this style of life, and decided that it would be more respectable to go to some place of worship. We tried many places, and at last settled down as regular attendants at a chapel, where in a few weeks we made ourselves quite comfortable amongst the members. My staunch teetotalism fitted in with the views of some, and, to secure my influence in the temperance cause, things which were of far greater importance were allowed to remain in the background. But though the members of that chapel did not deal faithfully with me, God proved Himself to be superior to all, and He brought me to know and to enjoy something far better than teetotalism.

It was one Lord's Day evening that the work began. The service was an ordinary one. The preacher taking for his text, the first verse of the sixth chapter of Esther: "On that night could not the king sleep, and he commanded to bring the book of records of the chronicles; and they were read before the king." The preacher dwelt much upon the happiness of those who could lie down to sleep with the sweet assurance that, whether they saw another day or not, they were sure of happiness with Christ. As he went on, I felt that, in spite of all I had attained to, by way of improvement, I had no part in this assurance, and I felt sad at this reflection, for I had hitherto counted myself as good as any. Then the preacher spoke of the awful condition of those who lay down to sleep unsaved, and I felt sure that such was my state, and that every night I lay down, it was with the guilt of a life of evil resting on my soul, for which if called to account, I should be condemned to eternal perdition. I remember nothing more of the sermon. All I could think of, was the sins I had committed. I felt that I was too bad for forgiveness. Hell seemed to be on every side of me, and underneath too, and no escape! Oh! the agony of mind I endured! Dear reader, have you ever felt the utter hopelessness of being in your sins before God, and no Saviour to flee to? I knew nothing of grace, and therefore could not believe that God would do anything with me, until He shut me up in hell. Oh! the darkness of the natural mind!

I was aroused from this reverie by the singing of a hymn. But I could not join in it, for my heart ached, and the burden was heavy upon my soul. I turned to my wife, to tell her that I intended going to speak to the preacher after the service was over, and, to my surprise, I found that she was in tears. The same arrow that had pierced my heart had pierced hers.

I went to the minister, but he seemed unable to help me, and all he said only confused me. He told me to believe, but how could I believe what I had not heard? He had preached of the happiness of God's people and of the sad condition of the lost sinner, but had not shown the way of salvation:

how God had come down to man, how He had been glorified in the work of Christ, and how He justifies freely by His grace all who believe in Him.

My wife and I went home under deep conviction. We decided to lead different lives for the future. We felt we ought to have family worship, so we searched out an old book of prayers, and I read them morning and night. But this gave us no rest, and the words did not half express what we felt to be the need of our souls. We therefore abandoned the book, and read the word of God instead. Gradually, as we read page after page of the sacred volume, the light began to dawn upon us.

We were led to hope that we might be forgiven, for the Bible proved God to be a very different Being from what we had imagined. The sweet story of the Samaritan woman drew our hearts to confide in His blessed Son, who could so gladly endure the weariness of His journey in order that He might bring life, light, and joy to a poor sinful heart. And very soon it was our great joy to know that He had come down here for the very purpose of saving us. Oh! what brightness there now seemed about everything! I could not keep from singing, for I was so happy. Nothing that we had done was our ground of hope, but what the Son of God had done, was the foundation of our hope and joy. "The Son of God, loved me, and gave Himself for me."

And now having found such happiness in Jesus' love, we were anxious for the salvation of a dear relation, who lived with us. For, though she was most strict in the observance of her religious duties, we felt sure that she was not saved. We continued to pray for her, and this is how the Lord answered our prayers.

We had moved from I —, and were living at H —, where the curate was a truly godly man, and through his preaching our dear aunt was brought to see that it was not by her works that she could be saved, but by grace through faith. God shewed her that salvation is a free gift; He offered it to her, and she took it, to is praise, and to her blessing.

Now, dear reader, what is your state before God? Are you as I was before God awakened me to a sense of my danger? If so, let me tell you that though you may go on in carelessness, yet you need forgiveness and eternal life. He is waiting to be gracious. Think what a solemn thing it is that God is offering free and full salvation to all, and yet such a hell-deserving sinner as you are, can go on in indifference. Oh! where will you spend eternity? Think of the pain which the holy Son of God endured on account of sin, and still you go on delighting in it.

Are you anxious? Let me pray you to look to Jesus. In Him you will learn what are God's thoughts concerning you. You may, from a wrong impression, fear to approach God, but if you look unto Jesus, every fear will vanish. He has a smile for you, a loving invitation, and a hearty welcome. Just look away from self and sin, and you will find the Lord Jesus to be altogether lovely.

But if, my reader, you know Jesus as your Saviour, I would say to you, "Oh, magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt His name together." G. G.

Christ or the World

ENQUIRING after one who, some months ago, had seemed very anxious as to his soul's salvation, but who had not accepted the Saviour, my friends replied, "Poor man, he is dead."

I asked if they had any hope for him. They could not tell; apparently as he had lived so he died. My thoughts reverted sadly to the first night I had met him. His daughter had been saved a few evenings previously, and he on the night I saw him came to hear the word of God. I particularly noticed the gray-headed old man sitting in front of me, for all through the meeting he appeared deeply affected. At the close, when such as were desirous to be saved were asked to remain, he kept his seat.

I held his hand in mine and pleaded with him, and then for some time continued in silent prayer for him. At last, with deep emotion, he muttered, "I must come to it."

Knowing his position as the landlord of a public-house, and that withal he was fond of sitting and drinking with his customers, I said at once, "Ah! Mr. —, I know what you are doing."

"What am I doing?" he answered abruptly.

"You have your public-house and your besetting sin in one hand, and Christ Jesus in the other. Now, as you say, 'I must come to it,' what are you going to do? It comes to this, Christ or the world? Oh, Mr.—, God grant that as you have said, 'It must come to it,' so it may be true, and that you will give up all, let go everything, and look only to Jesus. Overboard with everything, and accept Christ!"

I shall never forget that scene! The old man arose, and, brushing his tears away, left the room.

I was afterward told that he could not sleep that night, and at the hour of midnight requested his daughter to read the word of God to him, so exceedingly was he troubled; yet he soon forgot, or apparently forgot, his deep concern for eternal things, and he is now in eternity. T. H.

A Very Present Help in Time of Trouble

“THE Lord did indeed stand by me, as really as you are at this moment” were among the first words I heard, as I entered the sick room of a suffering child of God, living in my neighborhood. This dear Christian lady and her husband, I had often heard about, as most earnest servants of God, and had longed to make their acquaintance, without well knowing how to do so, for they led very busy lives, both in the Lord’s work and in their own walk of life.

Time went on, and I heard that Mrs. was ill, and might have to undergo a surgical operation. On hearing this, I wondered if it was the Lord’s opportunity for my getting to know her.

Three passages were given to me for her, I most plainly felt, and I put them down at once, and having written them out, posted them in time for her to receive just before the doctor arrived.

Mrs. did not then know from whence they came, but these words of God came with power, at a moment of much need, for she was expecting the two operating surgeons at any moment. She had been going through much exercise of mind, as to having anything to produce unconsciousness during the operation, and had asked the Lord to be very definitely and distinctly with her, and that she might be enabled to bear a clear testimony before the doctors (both unconverted) as to the Lord’s mighty power and faithfulness to His promise.

On the doctor’s arrival he began to prepare to administer chloroform, but Mrs. so decidedly refused, that he became very angry, and said, he neither could nor would operate if she did not submit, his time being too precious for such trifling.

Mrs. replied, “I am quite ready, doctor, and will not inconvenience you in any way.”

He asked her reason, but would hardly allow her to speak because of his anger. At last she had the opportunity of saying

“Why, doctor, if I had asked an earthly friend to be with me, to comfort and soothe, and I were deliberately to take something to make me insensible to her presence, what would she think? Then how could I treat my blessed Lord and Master, Jesus Christ, in such a way? I asked Him to be with me during the operation, and He has given me a certain knowledge that He will, and I know He will, so how could I take anything which would make me miss His holy presence; I could not do it, sir. Please to go on; I shall not be any trouble to you, for He has said, ‘I will never leave thee nor forsake thee.’ So that I may boldly say the Lord is my Helper, and I will not fear what man shall do unto me. I depend on every word my Master says.”

After more very strong language the doctor yielded but insisted on using a local application to deaden pain.

This dear child of God was kept in “perfect peace” as she watched the knife doing its work, and knew the Lord’s own presence with her, more distinctly than words could tell.

When it was over the doctors were too much astounded to say a word more, and evidently were solemnized, when, in answer to an inquiry from them, Mrs.■ said, “The Lord Jesus was as near and clearly with me, sir, as you were in bodily presence, and I am at perfect peace, and have very little pain.”

I could but think of Moses, whose face shone with heavenly light, as I looked upon dear Mrs.■ “so safe, so calm, so satisfied,” was what her countenance expressed.

Dear fellow Christians, what cannot our gracious Lord do for, and be to the feeblest of His saints, if only we will “yield ourselves to God as those that are alive from the dead”?

I called to inquire after the invalid in a day or two, and was asked if I could help to find who had sent those texts, and on my owning to it, was invited to go up and see her. Thus a true friendship in the Lord commenced, and many a sweet lesson has been learned by me from the faith and patience of Mrs.■ and her husband. M. A. C.

Extracts From Letters Written on the Dying Couch

"I THINK I am learning more and more of the reality of having to do with God. It is in the wilderness we learn the resources of our God, as well as what our own poor hearts are, and it is only when we know rightly what we are, that we can learn what God is for us; and I am sure it is a wondrously blessed thing to be in God's school, learning there, whatever the cost to nature.

"Oh, to come to Paul's experience, 'to me to live is Christ.' This is what I covet! I am sure when we reach eternity we shall wonder how we could have been so much occupied on earth with the things that are 'passing away,' 'that perish with the using,' and so little with those things which are abiding, and which have eternal results.

"May we each, dearest M., at this commencement of another year, gird up afresh the loins of our mind to run with patience the race that is set before us, 'looking unto Jesus.' I do not mean making resolutions as to doing better in our Christian course, that always fails, and leaves us farther off and farther behind than ever. Without Him we can do nothing! It is simple looking to Jesus we want; clinging to Him; going to Him straight with everything; sitting at His feet, finding our only resting-place there; delighting in His perfections; reposing in His deep, tender, unutterable love—love which went out after us when we were enemies, love which was satisfied with nothing less than bringing us from death and ruin and degradation to the Father's house, to the Father's table; not servants, but children, 'and if children, then heirs, heirs of God, joint heirs with Christ.' And what does this mean?

"How many things combine to say 'The coming of the Lord draweth nigh'; one seems to be constantly reminded of it on all hands! Would that saints everywhere were ready; would that we were all more earnest in seeking to gather in souls to Jesus while the day of grace lingers on, as well as, with girded loins, to follow diligently in the footprints of Him, who in all things left us an example that we should follow in His steps.

"I am glad that you are more willing to wait for the Lord. For my own part, though the thought of seeing our precious Lord Jesus nearly breaks me down in an ecstasy of delight, I do so feel the privilege of doing anything for Him here, and the blessedness of bowing down to the good, and perfect, and loving will of God our Father, that I was thinking only a few days ago, I cannot even say I am in a strait, for I have nothing to choose. It is so blessed to have everything arranged for us by infinite love, is it not—to have nothing to do but to rest in that love, and daily to be learning more of its heights and depths? Oh, the marvelous grace of our God!... How bright, how lovely will be the mansions of the Father's house after such a place of sojourn as this! I am sure the Lord gives special comfort under special trials. None but Himself knows what our daily trials are, but it is enough that He knows."

Gleams of New Testament Light From the Old Testament.

3. Christ and the Church

TO such as profess to believe that what the Lord Jesus said is true, and yet are inclined to toy with evolutionism, and its ideas as to the origin of the human species, we commend these words of His: "Have ye not read, that He which made them at the beginning, made them male and female, and said, For this cause shall a man leave father and mother, and shall cleave to his wife: and they twain shall be one flesh?" (Matt. 19:4-5, and see Gen. 2:24.) The lowly Man, who thus spake of the beginning, and of the creation of man, was none less than the Creator, for by Him, "all things were made; and without Him was not anything made that was made." (John 1:3.)

We turn from the inspired gospels to the inspired epistles. Jesus had died and risen again, since His words recorded by Matthew were uttered. He was no longer the lowly Man on earth, but the exalted Man in glory. Speaking of Him, the Christ on high, and His church, Paul writes, "No man ever yet hated his own flesh; but nourisheth and cherisheth it, even as the Lord the church; for we are members of His body, of His flesh, and of His bones. For this cause shall a man leave his father and mother, and shall be joined unto his wife, and they two shall be one flesh. This is a great mystery; but I speak concerning Christ and the church." (Eph. 5:29-32.)

Let us look for a moment at this great but unveiled mystery, Christ and the church, as it shines out upon us in the book of Genesis. Man was made a perfect being by God, perfect in form and in wisdom, with the creation on the earth as his dominion. Of this creation God constituted him the head. All cattle, and fowl of the air, and every beast of the field he named, such was his wisdom. But in that creation there was none with intelligence or affection, who could be a help meet for its head; "for Adam there was not found an help meet for him," and such being the case, "the Lord God caused a deep sleep to fall upon Adam, and he slept; and He took one of his ribs, and closed up the flesh instead thereof; and the rib, which the Lord God had taken from man, made He a woman, and brought her unto the man. And Adam said, 'This is now bone of my bones, and flesh of my flesh.'"

The Scripture shows us the man and the woman supreme over all living things on the earth (Gen. 1:28.), in the Sabbath of the creation, enjoying all that the Lord God had made, and God Himself resting in His own Sabbath. (2:3.)

As we consider God's creation, and His purpose in it, we find from the epistle to the Ephesians the "great mystery concerning Christ and the church" shining before us. Christ is "the beginning of the creation of God" (Rev. 3:14), and of Him Adam is a type "the figure of Him that was to come." (Rom. 5:14.) Christ, "the second man," "the last Adam," (1 Cor. 15) is now presented to our faith, no longer the humbled Man on earth, but the exalted Man in glory, supreme not only in this creation, but in the creation of God, enthroned "far above all principality, and power, and might, and dominion, and every name that is named, not only in this world, but also in that which is to come." (Eph. 1:21.)

As the eternal Son, equal with God, all things are His, for He made them, but His present exaltation on high as Man, refers to His humbling Himself to the creature's place on earth, to His death of shame, and to His being raised up from the dead. The "deep sleep" of death fell on the Son of man, and He died. Such was the purpose of God; and from Him risen out of death, opens out the new creation, of which He is the beginning, while those who are His are a new creation in Him.

It is a vain hope and a fruitless task to seek a restoration of man to his state prior to the fall; the Christian's hopes spring up out of Christ's death, and are secured in Christ Himself risen from the dead. We have new life through His death; we have life together with Him risen from the dead. Had the deep sleep of death not fallen on Jesus, we must have remained dead in trespasses and sins. "But God, who is rich in mercy, for His great love wherewith He loved us, even when we were dead in sins, hath quickened us together with Christ" (chs. 2:4, 5). The same working of God's mighty power which He wrought in Christ when He raises Him from the dead, has been exercised toward us in giving us life with Christ in the power of His resurrection. The Word became incarnate, in order that He might die, and that, rising again, He might connect redeemed man with Himself. (John 12:24.)

"The Church, which is His body" (Eph. 1:22), is composed of His people, who are "members of His body, of His flesh, and His bones," connected with Him, yes, united to Him by the Holy Ghost. This, the apostle tells us, is a "great mystery," "the mystery which from the beginning, of the world hath been hid in God who created all things by Jesus Christ" (3:9). In the, light of such a Scripture, showing us God's secrets, the Christian can afford to cast contempt on the fashionable ignorance, which sees but myth in the early part of the divine word. God's secret, shadowed by the picture of Genesis in Adam's deep sleep, and in Eve being formed from him, and given to him as a helpmeet, was that through the death of His Son, Christ should have a church to be His forever, which should be "the fullness of Him that filleth all in all." The facts of Genesis are often pictures containing God's secrets, which the New Testament reveals. The mysteries are now laid open, and we perceive in the ancient pictures the manifold wisdom of God.

Adam and Eve enjoyed Paradise together. He was head, and we may say, having her, was head over all to her; she was bone of his bone, flesh of his flesh, and was his complement, his fullness; and to them the dominion was given. The church will be glorified together with Christ, and will share His honors and reign with Him, and will be His fullness. Herein is grace and glory, the consideration of which is overwhelming. For what are we by nature? Sinners dead in trespasses and sins, nevertheless God has made our portion not simply everlasting felicity, nor even glory with Christ, but that the church should be His fullness!

In His own glory, Christ will ever fill all in all; He is but shadowed by Adam, and that only so far as the finite can figure the infinite; Adam could not fill all things, he was but a creature. Christ fills all in all, for He is divine, and whether angels or men, He fills out of His fullness all their needs. Adam was head of the creation, but Christ is never called head of the new creation, He is the beginning of the creation of God, His glory is that of the Creator. He is the beginning in His own right and glory.

If the Christian would know the greatness of God's power, he must dwell upon Christ's resurrection and his own part with Christ risen; if he would find the true sphere of glory, he must look for it in the

heavenly places in Christ Jesus; and the more such considerations fill his soul, the more glorious will the truth of God become to him, and the more insignificant, present infidelity.

The truths we have thus touched upon teach us how absolutely secure are the saints of God. What can express their oneness with Christ more marvelously than these words, "We are members of His body, of His flesh, and His bones"? We owe our all to God and His grace. No works of ours could have put us in Christ, or produced oneness with Him. Further, such is the oneness of Christ and His people that they are spoken of as one. "For as the body is one, and hath many members...so also is Christ"■or the Christ. (1 Cor. 12:12) "Is Christ"■or the Christ■ "divided?" (ch. 1:13.)

Testing Questions

How do I live as a Christian? How is my heart occupied through the day? Is it busy with the world and with folly, or is it busy with God's interests on the earth, and with the things of Jesus Christ?

Dear, fellow Christians, our practical lives are the outcome of the state of our hearts, and where our treasure is, there will our hearts be also.

The Story of Jacques Roger.

Chapter 3.

Roger's First Visit to Dauphine.

IN the year 1708, Jacques Roger returned to France, and commenced his labors in the Master's service in Dauphine.

This province had peculiar attractions for him, having from the very first ever gladly welcomed any who preached the pure faith.

The largest and most flourishing assemblies of France were to be found there, before the revocation of the edict of Nantes. It needs not therefore to be said that Dauphine had become a special target for the adversaries of the truth, and that that district gives a long page to the martyrology of those times. Many of the most marked men among the Protestants suffered violent and terrible deaths, whilst others were sent to the galleys of the king.

Those who know not what this latter implies may think that it was a far more merciful punishment than the former; it was, in reality, in most cases, a worse fate, being a more lingering death. Commonly the journey to Marseilles alone, where the most important galleys were stationed, carried off three-fourths of the unhappy captives, through the terrible hardships they had to undergo on the way.

One who accomplished this frightful journey writes: "They chained us by the neck in couples, with a thick chain, three feet long, in the middle of which was a round ring. After having thus chained us, they placed us all in file, couple behind couple, and then they passed a long and thick chain through all these rings, so that we were thus all chained together. One chain made a very long file, for we were about four hundred." So the weary troop moved on, each wretched man carrying a burden of fifty pounds weight of chains, often on bleeding, fractured limbs, until death would mercifully end the sufferings of many, and deliver them from a further life of torture.

The writer continues to describe one of their halting places: "It is a large dungeon, or rather spacious cellar, furnished with huge beams of oak, placed at the distance of about three feet apart. To these beams thick iron chains are attached, one and a half feet in length, and two feet apart, and at the end of these chains is an iron collar. When the wretched galley-slaves arrive in this dungeon, they are made to lie half down, so that their heads may rest upon the beam; then this collar is put round their necks, closed, and riveted on an anvil with heavy blows of a hammer.

These chains being two feet apart, and the beams generally about forty feet long, twenty men are chained to them in file. This cellar, which is round, is so large that in this way they can chain up as many as five hundred.

“There is nothing so dreadful as to behold the attitude and posture of these wretches there chained. They cannot lie down at full length, the beam upon which their heads is fixed being too high; neither can they sit, not stand upright, the beam being too low.

I cannot better describe the posture of such a man than by saying he is half lying, half sitting-part of his body being on the stones or flooring, the other part upon this beam The three days and three nights, which we were obliged to pass in this cruel situation, so racked our bodies and all our limbs, that we could not longer have survived it—especially our poor old men, who cried on every moment that they were dying, and that they had no more strength to endure this horrible anguish.”

To those who survived this terrible journey a life, or more frequently a death, of slow torture began. Each poor victim was chained for both day and night, to a bench of a galley which he was condemned to row as long as his strength held out; when it failed, and he sank from exhaustion, he would be cruelly punished with the bastinado. Many a saint of God, whose physical force could bear this rigorous treatment, toiled on through long years, scorched by heat or frozen by cold drenched with rain or snow, barely clothed and but scantily nourished by the detestable food, which the stomach often refused to digest.

The few who were robust enough to live through these manifold trials, and who a length were liberated, and allowed to return to home and friends, would, in most cases, do so as mere bloodless skeletons, often so shattered in mind that they were but harmless, light-brained men, utterly incapable of again facing the battle of life. Most of them would soon after sink into their graves, through inability to again assimilate wholesome food; liberty thus carrying off those whom captivity had spared.

While the church of Rome displayed this diabolical ingeniousness in torturing the men of God, the Christian women were not treated with much more leniency by her. Although exempt from the galleys, death in many cruel forms, or imprisonment, was freely dealt out to any who fell into her clutches. Seeking strength from God in their weakness, these heroic women bravely laid down their lives for the Lord, refusing to abjure the faith they held so dear—“not accepting deliverance, that they might obtain a better resurrection.” We cannot refrain from mentioning one of these by name, Louise Moulin de Beaufort. Condemned to be hung before the door of her own house, for having there assembled herself with the people of God, she entreated, as a great favor, to be allowed once more to suckle the infant at her breast. This being granted her, the young mother tenderly nursed her babe for the last time; then, committing it to God, she calmly mounted the scaffold, and died triumphantly, praising Him with her last breath.

But the Christians of France though persecuted, were not conquered, though cast down, were not destroyed, and all the darts of the enemy were blunted by the shield of faith.

Harrowing tales of martyrdom, and also sorrowful rumors of the deep spiritual need of the devoted people of Dauphine, reaching the ears of Roger in his exile, alike served to arouse in his heart an intense desire to share their sufferings, and to pasteurize their souls, and decided him in his choice of that province for his field of labor.

He was well alive to the danger he thus ran, to the prospect of a life of persecution, suffering and trial; to the probability of a violent death at the hands of those who hated Christ. But he had fully counted the cost, and, in the strength of the Lord, was ready to go forward, not holding his life dear unto himself. Love to the One who had laid down His life for him, a sinner, filled his soul; he gloried in the cross of Christ, and esteemed it his highest privilege to bear it after Him who, for the joy that was set before Him, endured the cross, despising the shame. That cross had a mighty attractive power for Roger, causing him to count but loss all the earthly things that might have been a gain to him, and to present his body a living sacrifice unto God. Does he now regret it?

At the time that Jacques turned his steps again towards his native land, the outbreak of the Camisards had been just repressed by the iron hand of a relentless government, which had, by fire and sword, reduced fair valleys and smiling plains into one vast, howling wilderness. It was very painful to him to see such havoc made in his loved country; but more depressing still to his spirit, was the low estate of the church, which forced itself increasingly upon him, as he traveled through Dauphine, seeking out those who professed the reformed faith. Where he had formerly known of flourishing assemblies, there now remained but little better than a disorganized rabble. The Protestants still gathered together in considerable numbers; they had not fallen into the snare of the Camisard rebellion; but for lack of true pastors, as sheep having no shepherd, had become an easy prey to the false teachers who followed in its train. Devoid of true piety, these yet maintained a hold on the people by an assumption of superiority, and by high-sounding Biblical language. Foremost among them, he found a band of seven or eight women, who assumed a lofty and prophetic style of speech, and claimed to be prophetesses of the Lord, around whom, famishing souls, hungering for the word of God, assembled in masses. Two men, pretending to be prophets, named Bosmand and Jolicur, actively supported these women, with a view to attaining their own ends, as political agitators, through their influence. Jolicur had some years before tried to arouse in Dauphine, a movement similar to that of the Camisards in Languedoc, and was even now secretly in correspondence with their chiefs, and presiding at species of councils of war.

It is easy to conceive that Jacques' arrival on the scene was anything but welcome to these leaders. He openly expressed his desire to re-establish order and godly discipline in the assemblies, and his sobriety of thought and action was utterly at variance with their wild excitement. "I wisdom dwell with prudence;" and this Roger, by the grace of God, showed in his dealings with these fanatical or false teachers. While he sought to neutralize their influence over the people of God, by insisting that the Scriptures should have paramount authority, and that all claims to prophesy should be tested by, "Thus saith the Lord," at the same time he praised the zeal of any whom he believed to be truly seeking to serve Christ. But, although thus walking in wisdom and in grace, Roger found it hard to make headway against the tide that had set in so strongly in favor of the high-flown preaching of the prophets. A few sober-minded, aged saints, however, who remembered brighter days in bygone times, welcomed him, and gladly received his godly ministry. Having learned from God not to despise the day of small things, he rejoiced in having gained, even so far, a hearing, and took courage.

A danger from another source was now added to that of false brethren. The hatred of the Roman Catholics slumbered not, although at this time they thought to serve their ends by cunning rather than by open attack. A Jesuit, pretending to be a Protestant preacher, convoked a great conference, to which he invited all the other preachers in Dauphine, hoping thus to entrap them,

and so to cause their death or imprisonment. Thus the great enemy of souls, not daring to advance at that moment with the roar of the lion against the people of God, sought to entangle them by appearing as an angel of light. This subtle design was mercifully unmasked in time to put Jacques Roger and many others on their guard, so that they absented themselves from the proposed conference. But alas! the alarm was given too late to prevent eighty of the preachers from falling into the snare. These were arrested, and imprisoned in the terrible tower of Crest, where already many of the Lord's people were languishing in fetters.

Thus, amid manifold dangers and trials, both from within and from without, Roger began his ministry. Many of those, for whom he longed to spend himself, looked askance at him, questioning whether he also was not a wolf in sheep's clothing; these were perilous times, and a stranger could not be received without caution. So doors were shut against him by some who yet yearned for spiritual help. But the faithful workman was not easily discouraged; believing that the Lord was with him, he toiled patiently on in any little corner of the great harvest field where the Master gave him the joy of laboring for Him. To the five or six assemblies, who ventured to receive him in the name of the Lord, he soon commended himself as a minister of God, "in much patience, by the word of truth, and by the power of God."

Thus passed Roger's first twelve months in France. Then awoke a great longing in his heart to visit his home, and to see the beloved parents, of whom he had had but scant tidings in the long years of his exile. Many a danger he had to encounter in making his way from Dauphine, to Languedoc, but, impelled by filial affection, he pressed on. The hope of soon embracing his loved ones beat high in his heart as he neared his destination, when, to his dismay, on approaching Nimes, he found further progress impossible, every road and path way being strongly guarded by detachments of soldiers. The restless Camisards, had again made a disturbance in the neighborhood which had led to this renewed display of armed power on the side of the government.

Not only did Roger now find his purpose hopelessly frustrated, but also himself in terrible peril. He had evidently aroused the suspicions of the enemy, by whom he was surrounded, and his liberty, perhaps his life hung in the balance. No way of escape was possible. Acting on the impulse of the moment, he rapidly took a step which secured his safety, but which does not commend itself to our minds as being of God. He felt that not a minute was to be lost, and in his dilemma, quick as thought, adopted the only solution that presented itself—the Protestant preacher joins the ranks of the enemy, enrolling himself as a volunteer in the army of him who was styled "le vainqueur de l'hérésie!" This audacious step but partially served his purpose. With lurking suspicions as to the true character of his volunteer, the commanding officer put him under arrest, until he could be brought before the Duke of Roquelaure, governor of Languedoc.

Roger was closely questioned by the duke as to his reasons for being so long in foreign lands, and as to the motive for his return to France. It was well for him that the governor had heard no rumors of his work in Dauphine, which would have at once utterly condemned him. As it was, Roger simply acknowledged that he had been some little time at Geneva, and was able to avoid giving any further account of himself or his doings. The duke, but ill-satisfied with the result of the cross-examination, sent the new recruit away to a regiment in the Ile-de-France.

The months that followed were months of much trial and much annoyance to Jacques, reaping among ungodly comrades, in a position that was utterly distasteful to him, the fruits of his hasty step. After a while his regiment was removed to Savoy, and finding himself once more in the vicinity of his old haunts, he managed to affect his escape, and hastened back to the loved scene of his labors.

The Lost Child

“THE Son of man is come to seek and to save that which is lost.”

What an easy text for you to read, dear little children, is it not? All words of one syllable! And easy to understand, too, because you all know what it is to seek everywhere for something you have lost, don't you? Oh, dear! what tiring work it is, hunting in every corner for some little thing that has got out of its own place, and cannot be found! How one does wish the thimble, or the pair of scissors, or the glove, or the bit of money that one is looking for, could just call out, “Here I Am!” and then all the trouble would soon be over. But it cannot, so we have to “seek diligently” until we find it.

Now, this text tells us about Jesus, the Son of God and the Son of man, seeking that which is lost. Perhaps some of you dear children are thinking that it must be to seek something worth a great deal, that God's Son has come all the way down from heaven■ something very beautiful and very good. Well, what Jesus is seeking He does think worth a great deal, though not at all good, quite the contrary; He is looking for lost souls, that means lost men and women, and little lost children. They have grieved and pained Him all they can, and yet His heart is so full of love for them that He cannot bear them to be lost forever; therefore He goes after them and takes oh! so much trouble, seeking even one little lost child, and is so glad when He has found it. Just think, if one of your brothers or sisters were lost, how you would feel about it; that will help you to understand how the Good Shepherd, Jesus Christ, feels when He goes after one of His stray lambs.

Last summer, a family of tiny children went to the seaside with their mother and grandmother. It is such fun to play on the sands with spades and buckets, is it not? I daresay nearly all of you have been to the seaside, and have built sand-castles and picked up shell and seaweed, and paddled barefoot in the water; and you, who have not been, have often heard all about it, and can guess how wild and full of fun children get there, and how difficult it is sometimes to keep them in order.

Well, Harold, Katie and tiny Lucy, each had a bucket and spade, and they enjoyed themselves as much as any other children, while mother, with baby on her lap, sat on the sands with grandmother, watching the play. So passed a happy week; but, alas! a sad day was to come.

Harold loved the games on the sands, and was always in a hurry to run off there as soon as he had swallowed his food, and in his haste, he sometimes forgot to do what mother bid him. He was only six years old, but quite old enough to know how to obey, was he not? This afternoon that I am telling you about, he was as usual in a great hurry to start for the sands, and was not at all pleased when mother having dressed wee Lucy, told him to take care of her outside the house, while she got the others ready. Now Harold never liked waiting, and mother seemed a long time coming, and he got more and more impatient, at last he thought Lucy might just as well stay there by herself until the others joined her, while he amused himself on the sands. So off he ran, and never looked back, nor found out that his little sister was toddling after him, as fast as her very short legs could carry her.

On he ran, and soon turned one corner and then another, making his way to the great sea beach, where the pretty shells lay, and the little crabs crawled about so funnily. But Lucy did not know the road so well, and, when she lost sight of Harold, she soon went wrong, trotting on, down one street and up another, every step taking the poor wee thing further out of the right way.

When mother and grandmother came out presently with Katie and baby, they were very vexed to find that Harold had not done as he was told. They hurried down to the sands, and there they soon found him at play, but no little Lucy was with him! Now do you think mother said, "Ah, well, we have two boys and a girl left, that is quite enough"? Oh, no! you all know mother's love better than that, don't you? And Jesus' love for His little stray lambs is far greater than even mother's love, so that though He may have ninety-nine sheep left, He will still go after that one which is lost until he finds it.

Oh! how ashamed and how unhappy Harold was, when he found out what sad consequences had come of his disobedience, for he tenderly loved his little sister, although he had deserted her so naughtily. He and Katie both cried bitterly as they ran along by the side of their mother, who hurried here and there, asking all she met if they had seen the lost child. Granny went in another direction, vainly inquiring after her, but no one knew anything of poor little Lucy.

Oh! how glad they would have been if they could have heard her call out, "Granny! mammy! here I am!" but no cry did they hear. And I am sure this is just how Jesus longs to hear some of you call out, "Lord, save me," and, oh! how quickly then He would find you and save you.

Two very long hours passed away in fruitless search for Lucy, hours that seemed longer to the unhappy seekers than a whole day. Poor mother's heart was sick and heavy as she went back to the house, hoping to hear her child had come home, and then hurried again to the beach, vainly searching among the merry groups of children for her tiny Lucy. Oh! what would father say when he heard what had happened? How they all wished he was there to help them, and to tell them what to do—the strong, young father, who had stayed at his daily toil, while he sent them to enjoy this holiday, which now seemed ending so terribly.

And now what do you guess suddenly changed all the tears into smiles? Ah! I see you know. Yes, it was little Lucy, in the arms of a stranger, who had picked her up, and was now carrying her to the police station, hoping her parents would go there to inquire after her. What delight all the little family were in, as they each in turn hugged, and kissed, and laughed over the little one that had been lost and now was found!

Now this is just a faint picture of the dear Saviour's joy, when He finds a poor lost sinner—one for whom He has bled and died on Calvary's cross, and whom He has long sought.

Dear children, will you give Jesus the joy of finding you? Will you call out to Him to save you? Do you know that you are lost, and that you need Him to seek you and to find you? How gladly He would pick up His little stray lamb, and lay it on His shoulders rejoicing! How happy you would be, too, if you were found by Him, the tender Shepherd, and could sing from your heart: ■

"I was lost, a little lamb,

Out of Jesus' fold,

Faint with hunger and with fear,
In the dark and cold.
Jesus missed me, though a lamb,
Little, lone, and weak,
And He could not rest for love,
He the lost must seek.
“Now I’m safe, a little lamb,
Safe in Jesus’ fold,
Jesus found and brought me in
From the dark and cold.
Is He glad, and am not I ■
I, who went astray,
Glad that He has brought me back
To the heavenly way?”
D. & A. C.

Happy Day

AS I toiled at my daily work, in the noisy whirl of machinery, one hot August day, through my heart rang the words of my little daughter Nellie, "Sing 'Happy day! happy day!'"

That morning she had come as usual to our room for a little fun, and had found her mother singing something in which she could not join. She said, "Sing 'Happy day,' mammy, sing Happy day." Nellie is not quite three years old, but she has learned to sing, "Happy day, when Jesus washed my sins away."

Perhaps some of you, dear children, may say, "We also often sing Happy day." But stay; do you mean what you sing? Remember it is when Jesus has washed your sins away that the happy day begins. Have you, dear children, had your sins washed away? All who go to heaven, whether young or old, are made whiter than snow, and unless you are washed in the precious blood of Jesus, which cleanseth from all sin, you will never enter those pearly gates, nor swell the song of the ransomed in glory. Do not think, dear little ones, that by saying your prayers morning and evening, attending the Sunday school regularly (good as these things are in their places), you will save your souls. No, no; there must be a coming to Jesus, and a confessing one's sins to God, as David says he did, in Psa. 32:5. Then we shall receive the forgiveness which he speaks of in this verse. Let me tell you that, when you have come thus to the Saviour, you will have the witness within that you are a child of God, for "He that believed) on the Son of God has the witness in himself." (1 John 5:10) Let me advise you not to rest satisfied until you know you are a child of God.

A young friend of mine was very anxious to find Jesus as his Saviour. I had spoken to him several times about the way of salvation, and had quoted many passages of Scripture to him, but still he seemed in doubt and fear. However, one day, he looked very bright and happy, so I said to him, "John, when were you saved?"

"Oh!" he replied, "it was on that Sunday evening, when we sang 'Happy day, when Jesus washed my sins away' at the enquirers' meeting." Since then, whenever we sing that hymn his face always brightens up at the sweet remembrance which it brings to his mind.

You see, dear children, the joy of the one, who knows his sins are washed away, is not only on that first "happy day," but goes on through time and eternity.

Thus, amid the rattle of the machines, and in the stifling heat of that August day, my heart kept tune to the sweet song my baby girl raised before I left home:

"O happy day, that fixed my choice

On Thee, my Saviour and my God!

Well may this glowing heart rejoice,

And tell its raptures all abroad!"

And now let me ask you, in conclusion, shall my Saviour be your Saviour too? I may never meet you on earth, but I should like to meet you in heaven, and that cannot be, unless you trust in Him now, and know for certain that His precious blood has cleansed you from your sins, and made you fit for the inheritance of the saints in light. Jesus invites you. He says, "Come." Will you go to Him now, and say from your heart, "Jesus, I trust Thee to save my soul; I trust Thee now"? if this be true, you will gladly sing with us "Happy day, when Jesus washed my sins away." J.M.

A Call to Christian Workers

THERE are some lessons for us all to be learned from the call of God to Ezekiel, the prophet.

In Ezekiel's days, Israel was in rebellion against Jehovah. They cared not, nay, they often refused, to hear His word—and especially when that word spoke to them of their sins, and of God's judgment against their sin. Let us observe, then, the first great element in Ezekiel's commission. It is this, the proclamation of the authority of God's word, "I do send thee unto them; and thou shalt say unto them THUS SAITH THE LORD" ■(ch. 2:4). Never was there a greater need that God's servants should go to men in Christendom with this message, "Thus saith the Lord," than now. For in Christendom, as in Israel of old, men are rebellious and stiff-hearted; they refuse the authority of Scriptures and to listen to God's word. Let then our testimony begin and end with "Thus saith the Lord." Let us use the actual words of Scripture, the "Thus saith the Lord" which never varies, and can never be altered, the everlasting word of God.

A second great principle was this: He was to make the word of God which he spake HIS OWN EXPERIMENTAL portion. Jehovah said to him, "Be not thou rebellious like that rebellious house" — who would not receive the word of God, the "Thus saith the Lord" — "open thy mouth, and eat that I give thee."

"And when I looked, behold, a hand was sent unto me; and, lo, a roll of a book was therein; and He spread it before me; and it was written within and without: and there was written therein lamentations, and mourning, and woe" (vers. 8-10). Now the testimony of God's word against sin is most bitter. The Scriptures speak of the "great white throne," of the "day of judgment," of "everlasting punishment," of "hell fire," and hence most terrible are its lamentations, and its mourning, and its woe. Be not rebellious, fellow Christians, like the rebellious in Christendom of this day; "eat that thou findest," make it your own, let it be spiritually part of your very self; "eat this roll," feed upon the truths of the Bible, "and go speak unto" your fellow men.

"Then," said the prophet, "did I eat it; and it was in my mouth as honey for sweetness." Yes, the bitter things of God's word are sweet in the mouth of the true servant of God. Bitter indeed are lies! Oh! how bitter in the day of judgment will be the present false testimony of so-called Christian men, who say, "Peace, peace," when there is no peace! Eat the roll■make the word of God your own spiritual food■ and then "go speak" to whomsoever you may be sent.

These principles apply as much to the Sunday-school class as to the pulpit■as much to the whisper at the bedside as to the call to the crowded congregation. "Receive" the truth "in thine heart" (chapter 3:10), and so go forth to testify for the Lord.

Thank God; It Is Wonderful

IT was a terribly wet night; the rain was pouring, down in torrents, and the wind was howling all around the little cottage, where a family was gathered together for prayer and praise, before retiring to rest.

If it had been daylight, you could not have helped noticing how prettily this dwelling was situated, surrounded with hills and woods of fine old trees, rich with varied tints of autumn foliage. The garden in which the cottage stood, was as neat and pretty as skill and care could make it; for John■, who occupied it, was always noted for thoroughness in everything he undertook, and, beside this, he had an especial taste for gardening.

Now, we often find that when the parents are thorough in everything, showing that they bring Christ into their everyday life, doing all things as unto, the Lord, the children are almost sure to be found following in then parents' footsteps. When a child sees that the mother considers it wrong in the sight of God to be untidy, slovenly or careless, either in her person or in her house, and that she believes that "all things" are to "be done decently and in order," even in a small rural cottage, the children cannot help getting into her ways. They soon find out that there is a place for, everything, and everything ought by a tidy person, to be kept in its place. And so it was, in this house. The parents were loving to their children, but strict in teaching them that everything that is worth doing at all is worth doing, well.

This principle was ever was applied to family, worship. It was delightful at any time to hear this godly family; singing praises, for their rich voices, sustained by grateful hearts, enthusiastically poured forth sweet melodies of thankfulness, and trustfulness to the good Lord above, for all His mercies. And yet, or this particular evening, it did not require very close observation to notice that there was a plaintive note in, the singing, and that the whole family seemed to have a sorrowful expression their faces. What was it? What could make this godly, bright, and loving family so downcast? It was very evident that it was no uncommon sort of trial to affect them all so keenly. But they have by this time finished their hymn, and are kneeling in prayer. Listen to the father, as he pours forth his heart to his Heavenly Father above.

"Our Father in heaven, we kneel before Thee in humility and prayer. We thank Thee for the great privilege of being able to pour out our hearts before Thee. We thank Thee for sending Thy dear Son Jesus to die for us, to wash away our sins. And we thank Thee for Thy gracious promise: 'Trust in the Lord, and do good; so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed. Delight thyself also in the Lord; and He shall give thee the desires of thine heart.' And now, Lord, we bring our case before Thee. Thou knowest our sorrow■Thou knowest, Lord, that Thy servant has not had any work for weeks past, and that we know not how to get bread. O Lord, Thou knowest also that we have had nothing to eat since mid-day, and we have nothing for the morning. Lord, Thou hast been very gracious and merciful to us in the past, and hast blessed us far more than we deserved, for we are poor sinful creatures; but, Lord, do look upon us in mercy now, and send food for the dear children and for us. Lord, we know Thou canst do it. Give us now grace to trust Thee

to help us, and give us grace to serve and love Thee more, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen."

As the father rose from prayer, one could observe the tears flowing down that manly face. Kissing his children, he bade them go straight off to sleep, for the good Lord would be sure to answer his prayer in one way or another, because he had proved' again and again that He was a prayer-hearing and a prayer-answering God. Presently the parents retired to rest, and, although hungry, soon fell into a sound slumber, "for so He giveth His beloved sleep."

Now, dear reader, you may wonder what occupation John usually followed, and how it was that he had fallen into such straitened circumstances. Some years ago, before machinery had been brought to such a state of perfection as we see it now, hand-loom weaving was very common. In some districts especially, you might walk along the streets of towns, and hear from morning to night, the click, click, of the weaver's shuttle, as it shot from one side of the frame to another.

Silks, worsteds, and other fabrics, were woven in these frames, or looms, into shawls and the like, and the work was certainly very durable, and often very beautiful indeed. But since the introduction of machinery, worked by steam power, the hand-loom weaving has been almost entirely superseded, because the steam-looms can do the work so much quicker and cheaper. Well, to make the story short, John was living just at the time when the steam looms were being introduced, and, when the keen competition of the factory was beginning to make hand work scarce. He had his loom upstairs, and right diligently and skillfully he worked when he could get anything to do, but, try as he would, he found it a great difficulty. Still he had never been reduced to such an extent as now, and it was a great trial to him to see his beloved wife and family wanting the common necessities of life.

Rising next morning, John and his wife poured forth their praise to God, for giving them such refreshing sleep in the midst of adversity. Presently the children came downstairs, but not with gloomy faces, for they said to one another, "Didn't father pray for food last night, and didn't he tell Jesus that we were hungry, and didn't he say he was sure God would answer his prayer, and send us something?"

When they arrived in the kitchen, the father said, "Let us have our family worship as usual," and in a few moments the sweet voices blended in singing:

"God moves in a mysterious way

His wonders to perform;

He plants His footsteps in the sea,

And rides upon the storm.

"Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take,

The clouds ye so much dread

Are big with mercy, and shall break

With blessings on your head."

This hymn seemed to cheer and encourage them all wonderfully, and John said to his wife, "Now, Mary, let's have breakfast set on the table."

She said sorrowfully, "But we haven't any." "Never mind," he said; "put all the things on the table, and let us be ready. Let us look as if we expected the Lord to send us something."

So the breakfast things were set, and the children were brought to the table to breakfast, and grace was said, but still there was nothing to eat! And John said, as they sat round the table, "The Lord cannot fail of His promise, so we will just sit at the table and wait."

How wonderful the Lord is in His ways; and how infinite are the means at His command! They had not sat long before they heard the sound of wheels, and then a vehicle stopped at their door. Who could it be at that early time of day? And such a loud knock, too, as if someone was in a hurry.

When the door was opened, the gentleman who was there said, "I've brought you a sack of flour, and a side of bacon, and some sugar and tea, and a lot of things, and I hope you will make good use of them."

"But, sir," said John; "how did you know we were badly off, and in need of help. I thought no one knew, for I am sure I have never told anyone!"

"Know? how did I know? Why, I knew you had not had much work lately, but that was not the sole reason that led me to bring you the things; the fact is, when I was going to bed last night I began thinking about you and your family, and I said to myself, 'I am sure they must be badly off, for I know he has not had much coming in lately.' Well, I went to bed, and all night I was so restless I didn't know what to do with myself, something kept saying, 'Take something to poor John, he's starving.' I tried to get the thought out of my mind, and go to sleep, but I couldn't; so I got up quite early, and went to the store, and brought these things for you. And now tell me, are you not badly off?"

"Well," said John; "it is wonderful," and he related to his kind friend all about their being short the day before, about their prayer, their refreshing sleep, their sitting at the breakfast table, waiting, and then he burst out, saying, with tears of joy: "Thank the Lord, and you sir; it's wonderful!" And all through his breakfast, which was soon prepared, he had to keep stopping, to say, "Thank God; it's wonderful."

And so God blessed the faith of His humble servant, and provided for him, and answered his prayer, in a way in which he never expected.

Now, dear friend, do you know the God who says, "Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and He will sustain thee"? Do you trust and rest in the Lord, who can take the burden of sin from your heart, and give you peace, joy, and rest? In your difficulties, have you the true Friend, who sticketh closer than a brother, the One to whom you may always go with confidence, feeling sure of receiving comfort, consolation and help? Or are you still living as a stranger to God and unreconciled to Him, without hope, and without the true rest which Jesus alone can give to the soul, through His death on behalf of poor sinners? If you are not God's child, kneel before Him, and tell Him all about your sins, your fears, and your doubts, and tell Him you want His salvation. Then you will be led by Him to believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and you shall be saved. But if you are God's child, pray for grace to understand more of His will, and for simple, childlike trust, so that you may love Him

more, and serve Him better. R.M.

The Happy Blind Man

SHALL I tell you about one of the happiest men I ever knew?

He did not live in a grand house, or ride in a fine carriage, or have servants to whom he said, Do this, or that—no, he was a poor man, living in an obscure street, and for a great part of his life, blind with both eyes.

In my early childhood, he was a teacher in the Sunday school of which my father was superintendent. At that time, Joseph Gill was an intelligent working man. While yet comparatively young he had suffered a great deal with neuralgia in his head, which at last fixed itself in his eyes, and eventually he became quite blind. Still he delighted to be present in the Sunday school, to which he was often led by a little child, and his coming was a signal of joy to all the scholars.

During many years of his life he was a constant teacher in the infant school, and how pleased were the little ones, as Joseph Gill stood up and gave them one of his interesting Bible lessons, or taught them to sing some sweet hymn about Jesus, or made them repeat the simple words of a hymn after him, one of his especial favorites being, “Jesus loves me; this I know, for the Bible tells me so!” All loved the blind man, and as for him, he loved all who loved God, of whatever denomination they might be.

At many a house where Jesus was honored and served, Joseph Gill was often a guest. With stick in hand he would feel his way along the curb-stone, and at last grew such an adept at finding his way about, that it was no uncommon thing to meet him alone in a crowded thoroughfare, with but his stick to guide him.

This good man was well known in the populous neighborhood in which he resided, about four miles from Dudley, Staffordshire.

After he lost his sight he was unable to carry on his usual occupation, but as he had a very energetic wife, she earned a living for them both. Our friend had, therefore, considerable spare time, which he loved to spend in the company of the servants of his Master.

Joseph Gill's custom was to call at a Christian's house, spend an hour, and then ask one of the inmates to kindly help him to his next calling place, which would probably be to the house of a Christian of another denomination, but it was all one to Joseph, provided the conversation was about Christ.

The blind man was very fond of religious poetry, and I have read to our friend by the hour together, and when asked if he were tired of it, he would reply, “No, go on; I cannot have too much of that sort.”

How we missed his cheerful company when at last the Lord called him from the darkened path on earth, to the full glory and splendor of paradise.

Having not received a visit from him for some time, and being told he was ill, I went to see him, but how changed the face of our dear friend! Although very weak and looking sadly emaciated, with his accustomed unselfishness he insisted upon rising from the couch upon which he reclined, that I might sit down upon a comfortable seat. It was evident that his pilgrimage was nearly over. My friend begged me to pay him another visit, whirl through personal affliction was not so soon as it might have been. This time Joseph Gill was in bed; I found him more changed than before, and, upon entering the room, perceived that the mysterious seal of death was even then upon the suffering saint. The dying man spoke with great difficulty, but at once recognized my voice, and told me how soon all his trials would now be over, and he at home forever.

We read a short description of heaven in the Revelation of John, when he turned towards me, and taking hold of my hand exclaimed, "I shall soon see your dear mother there!"

"And all those of whom you thought so much on earth," I replied.

"Yes," he gasped; "but Jesus is all my hope." And after a pause he added, "It is a solemn thing to be like me." Having prayer at his request, he shook hands with me, murmuring faintly, "God bless you, we shall meet in heaven," and so we parted.

The words Joseph Gill spoke for Jesus and the good seed which he scattered will never be lost. In many a heart the refrain of the songs he taught are still heard, and the seed of the kingdom will spring up and bring forth fruit to the honor of Christ, so that "he being dead yet speaketh."

Oh, that we may all learn from the useful and happy life of this devoted servant of God, that the favor of God can make His people happy under all circumstances, and enable them to serve Him under all difficulties. RHODA.

My Beautiful Home

ABOUT eleven years ago, I was on the broad way that leadeth to destruction. Like most people who are going downward to eternal misery and woe, I was utterly unconcerned about my soul's salvation. I scarcely ever thought of the future to which I was wending my way; if ever I did, Satan would whisper, "There is time enough for you to think of those things when you are older," and for a while he was successful with his lie.

I had been taught to say my prayers, morning and evening, so that I thought it my duty to do so, though I could not have explained why. I well remember, on several occasions, when I knelt down to pray in the quiet of my own bedroom, after having indulged to a greater excess of worldliness than usual, hearing, as it were, a voice to my conscience, which made me feel uneasy and unhappy. But I heeded it not. Still God, in His long-suffering and mercy, bore with my indifference. The seeking Saviour never gives up searching for His lost sheep, and when He hath found it He layeth it on His shoulders rejoicing. Thus it was in my case; gently and long did He plead with my soul, pleading louder and sweeter until I said, "Blessed Saviour, come in."

One of the ways in which the Saviour knocked loudly at my heart's dark door was at the death of my little brother, which led me to think more seriously of the great future than ever I had done before. But Satan, who is ever ready to lull souls who are anxious, lest they should believe and be saved, succeeded in choking the good impression by the fascinating pleasures of sin. His success was only temporary, which you will see, as I proceed to relate the remarkable way by which the Lord brought me to Himself.

At the time of which I write, we were living in the town of B■. My father was then working in a machine shop in the city of C■, As he had obtained a situation for me there I had to leave the place where I was surrounded by relatives and friends, and go and settle down in that city among strangers.

This I hesitated to do; C—had very little attraction for me. However, I decided to go on the following Saturday. I had not been in the city many hours, before my father conducted me to an open-air meeting. Scarcely had we taken our stand to listen, when the little company commenced to sing a hymn, which began thus: ■

"I've left the land of death and sin,

The way which many travel in,

And if you ask my reason why,

I'm going to seek a Home on High."

Chorus:

"My Beautiful Home! My Beautiful Home!

The land where the glorified ever shall roam,

Where all is peaceful, bright and fair,

My Home is there! My Home is there!"

The Spirit of the living God began to work within me. I thought to myself as I stood there "Oh! if I could only say from my heart that I was going to that Beautiful Home of which they are singing!" When the evangelist gave out the verse which reads thus:

"Say, sinner, will you go with me,

And seek that land of liberty?

Oh! do not stay, but tell me why

You will not seek that Home on High?"

I felt it was a question I longed to answer, but knew not how. I was under deep conviction for a fortnight, during which time the Holy Spirit revealed to me my wretched state as a guilty sinner, in the sight of a Holy God. My sins became such a burden, I sighed for deliverance; but pride of heart kept me from disclosing my state of soul to any human being. God, who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, had shone into my heart, and in that light my lost condition was made manifest. I saw myself as I had never done before, a sinner in my sins; my misery became too great to bear. I sought the quiet of my bedroom, and there I poured out my soul before God. I cried to Him for peace and deliverance; God heard and answered my prayer, for, then and there, "from my heart the burden rolled away. Happy day!"

And it has been a happy day ever since. It must be so, for "the path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day." (Prov. 4:18.) "Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace." (Prov. 3:17.) It is nearly eleven years since I started for that Beautiful Home, and by God's grace I mean to go on and on till traveling days are done.

It may be, dear reader, that you have not started yet; then God grant that you may start now. Jesus said, "I am the way, the truth, and the life." (John 14:6.) Oh! embrace this opportunity, you may not have a better! "Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation." (2 Cor. 6:2.) J. M.

Not of Works

FROM a child I was under strict ritualistic teaching, and for years I was in agony of mind about my soul's eternal welfare, and sought to find rest of heart and ease of conscience in my own endeavors after good works. But the more I strove, the further I seemed from that rest of soul for which I so much longed, and my anxiety and misery increased.

While in this great agony of soul, the Lord led me one Sunday evening to a service in the small town of B■, in which I at present reside. During the service, I felt that the minister had that rest of soul, which I was so earnestly seeking, and I resolved, by God's grace, that I would continue to attend his ministry until I also possessed it.

Though I seemed to be nearing the light, yet I was still greatly in the dark as to how I was to be saved, and my distress only increased. The following Sunday evening, when the minister gave out his text■ "By grace are ye saved through faith.... not of works, lest any man should boast" (Eph. 8:9), I realized that that was just the word I needed. The Lord brought me to great contrition, and when I left the meeting I went home and cried to Him to save me.

For nearly three weeks I prayed in agony of soul, but would not accept the pardon a loving Saviour was so freely offering me, until, one afternoon, kneeling at His feet, the burden of my heart rolled away; I believed God's own word, and I knew I was saved. And now I rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory, being fully persuaded that God will keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day.

M.

Gleams of New Testament Light From the Old Testament.

4. The Sacrifice on the Altar

MODERN infidelity may well wish to blot out the book of Genesis from the Holy Scriptures, for by so doing the earliest revealed testimonies to the sacrifice on the altar would be removed. Thus also the enemy would be able to drive into silence the witness of Abel's faith, by which "he being dead yet speaketh. (Heb. 11:4.) Further, "the blood," "that speaketh better things than that of Abel" (12:24), would lose the witness accorded to its saving character by the contrasted cry for vengeance, which that of the first martyr lifted up to heaven. The blood of Jesus speaks peace for guilty sinners on earth, the blood of Abel called to heaven for judgment on the murderer Cain.

Almost the earliest testimony of Genesis directs us to the atoning sacrifice of Christ while warning us against approaching God as sinners save in God's appointed way. "By faith Abel offered unto God a more excellent sacrifice than Cain," ■for Abel brought the slain lamb to God, ■while "Cain brought of the fruit of the ground an offering unto the Lord." Of the ground God had said, "Cursed is the ground for thy sake," hence Cain's offering was the result of the cultivation of the soil cursed by God for Adam's sin! A tribute to God of what human skill could affect with that which He had laid under the sentence of judgment! Consequently, a daring impiety and a deliberate denial of man's sin, witnesses to by the earth laid under the divine curse because of human disobedience.

Abel "brought of the firstlings of his flock and of the fat thereof," and he did so "by faith." Faith is not human imagination, but obedience to divine revelation. God had clothed Adam and Eve "with coats of skins," covering their nakedness with the beauty and the glory of creatures that had suffered death. Though not told in so many words how God first instituted the altar for man's benefit, and how He first commanded the sacrifice upon it, we are told that, "by faith Abel offered unto God," and hence we know, that he obeyed the definite word of God. Our faith, let us remember, relates to what God is, and what He says. God communicates His mind to us by His word; we believe Him by being obedient to that word.

Jude, in speaking of "the common salvation," exhorts believers to "earnestly contend for the faith which was once delivered unto the saints;" "for," says he, "there are certain men crept in unawares, who were before of old ordained to this condemnation," who "speak evil of those things which they know not." "Woe! unto them," he continues, "for they have gone in the way of Cain." (vv. 3-11)

These wolves in sheep's clothing know not the preciousness of the atoning blood of Christ. They do not believe God's testimony relating to the sacrifice of God's Lamb, and Cain-like, in defiance of the sacrifice on the altar, they bring to Him offerings of their own pleasure ■fruits of their own evil natures, which evil nature is forever laid under condemnation by the death of Christ. Such religion is the way of Cain ■it is hateful to God. To these men God's revelation as to the atonement of Christ is distasteful; both the religious magazine and the pulpit, witness to "their hard speeches" which they "have uttered against Him." There can be no union between the religions of Cain and Abel ■between that of offering unto God according to our own notions, and that of faith and obedience to His word; and in the end the way of Cain will be the persecution of the children of

faith and absolute departure from God. The real spirit of modern infidelity and its source are made manifest by its hatred against the witness of the Scriptures to the sacrifice on the altar, and to this all Christians should be alive, and, in loyalty to God, they should shun every pulpit and periodical that makes light of the atonement of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

The witness of blood runs through all the Bible. Redemption through the slain sacrifice on the altar is taught alike in Genesis and Revelation, and the suffering confessors of the truth on earth sing in heaven the praises of the blood of Jesus. By the blood of the lamb. Israel was delivered from Egypt's slavery; by the sacrifice on the altar whosoever would do so of the people of Israel, could approach God and be at rest before Him; by the sacrificial blood brought into the Holiest of All, and sprinkled upon and before the mercy-seat, the high priest of Israel effected atonement for the sins of the whole nation. Further, after the land of promise had been reached and the Temple was built, the king and all the people sacrificed sheep and oxen before the ark, which was then brought to its place in the house of God. Its wanderings over rest being attained, its staves were drawn out and the temple was filled with praise and glory. On this occasion, as the song of the trumpeters and singers arose as one, to make one sound in praising and thanking Jehovah, "the house was filled with a cloud, even the house of Jehovah; so that the priests could not stand to minister by reason of the cloud: for the glory of Jehovah filled the house of God." (2 Chron. 5:13,14.) The chain from the altar to the glory is present to the eye of faith in the Old Testament, as it is in the New.

Each gospel tells us of the cross of Jesus, and by so doing, bears witness to the Old Testament truths of the sacrifice on the altar "Ought not Christ to have suffered these things and to enter into His glory?" May we devoutly attend the Lord's teaching, as "beginning at Moses and all the prophets, He expounded unto them in all the scriptures the things concerning Himself." (Luke 24:26, 27.)

The epistle which so marvelously teaches the gospel of God, addresses the sinner in his sins to Jesus Christ, as a mercy seat on high, set forth by God through faith in the sacrificial blood, to declare Divine righteousness, both in forgiving the sins that were committed before Christ's death, by believer of olden days, and in justifying every sinner who believes in Jesus in our own times. (Rom. 3:24-26.) God now reveals His righteousness through the blood, which His Son, now exalted in heaven, shed on earth for guilty sinners. The blood of the sacrifice on the altar and Jesus who shed it, a mercy seat in the presence of God in heaven, are the clear shining of the light of the New Testament through the figures of the Old.

Do we ponder over the Epistle to the Hebrews, with what glory are the types of Leviticus resplendent there! In our Ritualistic day this epistle should be largely studied by the devout Christian, who would discover more and more preciousness in the blood of Christ, and who by such discovery would remove further and further from the dishonor done to Christ's sacrifice by Romish doctrine. Do we view the varied "burnt offerings and offerings for sin" (Heb. 10:8) under the law, all their typical meaning is concentrated as it were, in these words, "the offering of the body of Jesus Christ once for all." (ver. 10.) They all point to the sacrifice of Christ, while their very inherent weaknesses address us by contrast, to the perfections of His one offering of Himself.

We open the last book of the Bible; we see a door opened in heaven, and we enter in to hear the songs of glory and to behold the radiant multitudes on high. The theme of praise is God and the Lamb; the keynote to the songs is Jesus' love and His redeeming blood, wherewith He has loosed

His people from their sins. These glimpses into the eternity of bliss fill the heart with anticipation of the glory that follows the sacrifice on the altar, and the fruits of the atonement of our Lord. The curse is removed, sorrow and sighing have fled away, death is no more, and the throne of God and the Lamb prevail in absolute peace and perfect joy forever.

As we consider these glad scenes let us once more look around and observe what is developing in Christendom. Infidelity is pouring scorn upon the sacrifice of the Lamb of God. Ritualism is substituting for the sacrifice on the altar its bloodless sacrifice of the mass.

Reader, the word of God is everlasting, and He has said of the dwelling-place of His people in glory, "There shall in no wise enter into it anything that defileth, neither whatsoever worketh abomination, or maketh a lie: but they which are written in the Lamb's book of life." (Rev. 21:27.)

Where Is Your Name Written?

IT was a charming winter's morning, the roads were hard and dry, the frosty air brought the color to our cheeks, and the untrodden snow sounded crisp under our feet a little menu, whom we will call Eva, was my companion.

We took our walk along a country road, where the unmelted snow became cleaner as we got away from the town. When Eva had run on a good way ahead of me, I halted before a lovely bank of the purest snow. It looked tempting, and my umbrella was soon at work making holes and figures.

At last I wrote my name in large round letters; very beautifully it stood out from that depth of snow; you could have read it from the middle of the road.

But I have been along that way many times since and have never seen my name.

"Oh!" you will say, "of course not, the snow has melted." Just so, and my name has melted too. I have also often seen children write their names in the sand, and very soon, as you know, the waves have washed them quite away.

But now let me ask you, where is your name written?

In Jer. 17:13 we read of those who had forsaken God, and they were to be written in the earth.

When Jesus was here, He told His disciples not to rejoice at the great things they had been doing, but to rejoice because their names were written in heaven.

Now we know that God is going to burn the earth up, so it is of no use to have our names written there. But have you had yours written in heaven?

In Phil. 4:3 we read of the "Book of Life," and in Rev. 20:15 it says, that "Whosoever was not found written in the book of life was cast into the lake of fire." So you see how careful we ought to be to have our names written there.

It is God who writes these names. He writes the name of any child who believes in His dear Son Jesus.

Some child may say, "Oh, but many children have the same name as I, and mine is the same as father's."

Quite true. I know two girls called Annie Harvey and two boys named John Brown. Still God knows each one separately, for "He numbers the hair of our heads," don't you think He knows every child's face? Never fear, God will make no mistake. He won't let some other person into heaven instead of you, nor will He allow you to go there instead of someone else.

It is the names of those who have eternal life that are written in the book of life, and Jesus said, that "Whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

(John 3:15, 16.) N.

Jesus for Me! Jesus for Me!

SOME time ago I wrote to one of the scholars in our Sunday-school, on whose earnest face, for some time, I had noticed a look of unhappiness. I could not but feel that she was in trouble about the question of her soul's salvation. I told her of the Saviour's love, and begged her not to trust to any fitness on her part.

"All the fitness He requireth,
Is to feel your need of Him."

Nearly two years passed before an answer came. It arrived a few weeks ago: "You must feel that it was wrong of me not taking any notice of your letter before but I was still in darkness, but now I trust can say the words you quote in your letter■"

'Jesus, my Saviour, Thou art mine,
The Father's gift of love divine,
All Thou hast done, and all Thou art,
Are now the portion of my heart.'

Please will you write some texts out for me to study through the week? "Oh, it is,

'Jesus for me, Jesus for me!'"

The look of unrest has now left the face of my little friend, and, instead, the joy of God's salvation rests on it. Do you, dear little render, know Jesus? You may know about Him, but do you know Him as your own precious Saviour? Can you say, "Jesus for me"? If not, let me entreat you to seek Him now in the days of your youth. He has said, I love them that love Me; and those that seek Me early shall find Me." (Prov. 8:17.)

Hiding the Leaven

OUR Lord compares the kingdom of heaven to “leaven which a woman took, and hid in three measures of meal, till the whole was leavened” (Matt. 13:33; see also Luke 13:21). The duty of bread making in primitive times fell upon the woman, and was performed either by the mistress of the house or a female servant. Three measures of meal, or flour, was an ordinary amount of a day’s baking, and the size of the oven commonly used was suited to bake this quantity. A lump of old dough in a high state of fermentation was the leaven commonly employed, which would be placed in the vessel containing the kneaded meal, and left there for some hours, probably during the night, until the whole was leavened and in a fit state to be rolled out into cakes, or loaves for baking. This would be the usual course, day by day, in the household.

The Lord uses very simple things of daily life to illustrate the great matters of spiritual mysteries, and by regarding His illustrations naturally, we are often helped in obtaining the spiritual meaning conveyed. We cannot take the illustration of a simple thing too simply, whether it is borrowed from the flowers of the field, the birds of the air, or the habits of Palestine.

Leaven is really corruption. Yet bread baked without it, is insipid to the taste. Leaven was strictly forbidden in all offerings made by fire to the Lord, for corruption cannot be offered to Him, and in such offerings as figure the excellence of Christ His Son, the offering of corruption would be but to offer God a corrupt figure of Him who is holy and undefiled. In keeping the feast of the Passover, Israel were commanded to search their houses for leaven and to remove it, under penalty of death, for corruption was not to be allowed a place in those homes, which owed their security to the blood of the lamb. God will have no leaven offered to Him, though bread without leaven be insipid to man’s palate.

The heathen, as well as God’s people, understood the significance of leaven, for in some cases, at least, the priest of their gods was not allowed to touch it, and one of them thus explains its character: “Leaven itself is born from corruption, and corrupts the mass with which it is mixed.”

When the flour is mingled with water and kneaded into dough, a little leaven very soon leavens the whole lump, especially if the mass be exposed to some degree of heat. The Epistles teach us of this “secretly penetrative and diffusive power” of leaven, by using it as a figure of the corrupting influence of evil conduct, or evil teaching (1 Cor. 5:6; Gal. 5:9).

The parable of the Lord before us is one of seven relating to the mysteries of the kingdom. “Why,” inquired His disciples, “speakest Thou unto them in parables?”

“He answered and said unto them, Because it is given unto you to know the mysteries of the kingdom of heaven, but unto them it is not given.” (Matt. 13:10, 9)

And further He did so, “that it might be fulfilled which was spoken by the prophet, saying, I will open my mouth in parables; I will utter things which have been kept secret from the foundation of the world” (vers. 34., 35).

The kingdom of heaven and of God will be established in power in due season, when the King, now despised and rejected of men, comes out from heaven and subdues all nations by His strength, and in the meantime the secrets concerning it are being gradually worked out as this age rolls by. We shall only understand what is progressing around us as we read the Scriptures. Those who form their estimate of the world's progress by the world's standard entirely mistake God's estimate of the world's development.

In our own times, the leaven of unbelief in the inspiration of the Scriptures, and in the atoning blood of Christ, is rapidly corrupting the faith of Christendom. In former year; persecution has wrenched the Bible out of the hands of those who loved it; in our own times, a secret power is penetrating churches and chapels and corrupting whole companies of Christians with infidelity as to the very truth of the Scriptures. In former times Satan said, as it were, "You shall not have God's word," now he says, "It is not God's won that you have." The leaven is working rapidly.

Many passages of Scripture, which, some thirty years ago, seemed far off from us in their application, now are present at our very doors, for "evil men and seducers wax worse, deceiving, and being deceived." What then is the devout believer in the Scriptures to do? The passage, from which we have just quoted, stating the spread of the poison, gives the antidote, "Continue thou in the things which thou hast learned and hast been assured of knowing of whom thou hast learned them And that from a child thou hast known the holy Scriptures, which are able to make thee wise unto salvation through faith which is in Christ Jesus. All scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness: that the man of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works." (2 Tim. 3:14-17.)

First, we are to abide in the things we have learned. New light, and development of truth are not consistent with the fact that the true light now shines, and that the truth is in our hands. Abide, continue in the truths of the Scriptures. Here positive good is put before us to enable us to refuse the evil.

Next, we are to remember that all scripture is given by inspiration of God, and, being divinely inspired, it cannot be altered or varied.

Further, we are told the Scriptures are sufficient in themselves, both to make thy man of God complete, or perfect, and also to render him fully equipped for every good work Both as regards himself and his service for God the Scriptures are sufficient.

May our readers each one choose the good and refuse the evil.

The Story of Jacques Roger.

Chapter 4

Mission to Berne.

WITH great joy Jacques Roger's friends welcomed his return to Dauphiné, at the close of his military career. Many of the Protestants, who had before looked but coldly on him, now seeing his continued zeal for God, laid aside their prejudices, and received him with open arms. The fanatical prophets, Bosméand and Jolicœur, however, still opposed to the utmost his teaching, and tried to frustrate his efforts to re-establish order in the assemblies. In the midst of his difficulties God, "who

comforteth those that are cast down," comforted His faithful servant■this was at the close of the year 1709■by giving him the sympathy and companionship of a true yoke fellow, Martel, the only preacher who had, like himself, opposed the fanatics. A zealous Protestant also, named Pierre Meffre, much encouraged Roger at this time, by introducing him to other assemblies, whom he had not yet visited; and he had the satisfaction of seeing many gathering soberly around him to hear the Word of God, and also of seeing the false teachers increasingly lose their hold upon the people.

Full of unwearying energy in the service he had taken up, Roger in the following year set forth to visit the province of Dauphine in its full extent. The tour which he proposed was no easy matter, in days when traveling was a very different thing from what it is now. It also involved pastoral visits to about eighty thousand people, for most of the Protestants of France had now congregated together in that district. Roger, however, habitually looked to Him who is above all difficulties, and with the joy of the Lord for His strength, set forth on his long and tedious circuit.

Truly, God had well fitted His servant physically for the arduous work to which He had called him. Endowed with an iron constitution, Jacques' strong, broad-built frame seemed to defy fatigue. He was of middle height, rather inclined to embonpoint, and, like Paul, there was not much to commend the preacher in outward appearance. His features were too strongly marked to have anything of beauty in them, and his face was surmounted by the unbecoming peruke of the period; but every feature and movement betokened unmistakable energy of character, and the whole impress and bearing of his form were those of one who had a determined purpose, from which neither man nor devil could turn him. With staff in hand, he would walk from daybreak to nightfall through the sultry heat of summer without any apparent distress, eagerly pressing forward to arrive in time for some night meeting, where his presence was expected. We can picture him, as we write, journeying over rugged paths, dressed, from time to time, in different disguises, sometimes on foot, sometimes on horseback, the ample folds of his cloak, concealing the lower part of his face, the better to avoid recognition; and too pre-occupied with his mission to give more than a passing glance at the natural beauties of the scenes through which he hastened.

Roger, having pushed his way as far as Mens, in the Upper Dauphine, lingered there some little while, great numbers being eager to hear the Word of God. The reformed faith had taken deep root in these mountain districts, and more than one bold soldier of Jesus Christ had gone forth from this secluded spot to stand in the forefront of the battle.

Here also Roger found the great adversary of the truth at work seeking to distract souls from occupation with Christ and His service. An adventurer, named Chapon, sought to incite the people to rebellion against their persecuting sovereign, Louis XIV., and the Duke of Savoy■at this time at war with the King of France■seeing in the proposed movement an opening to annoy the enemy in his own dominions, and perhaps to oblige him to withdraw his troops from the frontier, secretly supplied Chapon with sums of money to further his cause.

Roger was greatly grieved to find many of the Protestants, of whom he had hoped better things, led astray by this turbulent agitator, and earnestly pleaded with them to withdraw from such an unchristian like course. Through God's mercy, he succeeded so well in opening their eyes to the evil they were drifting into, that Chapon soon found himself without followers. Greatly mortified by his failure, he decamped, carrying off with him a large sum of money with which the too credulous

Huguenots had entrusted him.

Roger, being left in undisturbed possession of the field, with deep thankfulness of heart, devoted himself to the preaching of the Word, and rejoiced to see ever-increasing numbers coming under the sound of the gospel. But meetings, numbering between four and five thousand people, could not well be hid in a corner. The attention of the ever-vigilant Papists was attracted; troops were sent up to surprise and disperse them, and the preacher escaped by little short of a miracle. The door being closed against him, Roger thought it advisable to return to the Lower Dauphine.

The extreme inclemency of the weather added much to the difficulties of this journey. We find him for a whole night pressing forward under torrents of rain, which soaked him to the skin; on another occasion in danger of being drowned when fording a swollen river; and, again, escaping pursuit from a band of soldiers.

Arrived at the termination of his journey, Roger was comforted to find that the zeal of the faithful had increased in his absence but he had soon to realize that the hatred of his enemies had also strengthened with time. As in the days of Paul, emissaries of Satan were found with zeal enough for him whom they served, to bind themselves under a great curse that they would slay the ambassador of God. Two bigoted Roman Catholics took a solemn oath to capture this modern apostle of Christ, either dead or alive. For four months they dogged his steps, but the Lord proved Himself Roger's shield and buckler, his refuge and fortress, and preserved him for future years of service. One morning his enemies actually surprised him in his retreat, and yet, through God's gracious care, he was able to affect his escape in perfect safety; though within easy reach of their firearms.

Thus passed days and weeks of constant danger, but Roger calmly pursued his course, living each day as if it had been his last, for he felt that there was but a step between him and death; and he was blessed with the assurance that he was treading the path that the Saviour had marked out for him.

A number of Protestants at this time, pressed beyond endurance by the renewed enforcing of the most cruel edicts of the government, fled the country—rich and poor, physician, lawyer, merchant, artizan, and laborer alike forsook their native land, each cherishing the hope of again returning in more peaceful days. Alas! how vain a hope for many!

Under these painful circumstances, those who remained in France, turned their eyes towards the Protestant Governments of Europe, thinking that, after God, through them alone help could be obtained.

It seemed an auspicious moment, when a treaty of peace was being drawn up between Louis XIV, and the Protestant powers, and the persecuted Huguenots hoped to prevail on their co-religionists to insert in this treaty a clause, ensuring liberty of conscience.

To this end, towards the close of the year 1711, the Protestants of Dauphine sent Roger, as their deputy, to Berne, to request the lords of that city to plead their cause at the Protestant courts. He was glad to seize the opportunity, as he passed through Geneva, of again seeing his valued old friend, Pictet, and of renewing for a short time his former happy intercourse with him. Pictet was not at all sanguine as to the result of the journey to Berne, and did his best to persuade Roger to

abandon his purpose, and to return to his labors in France, in which he had ever taken a profound interest. But Jacques Roger was not of a disposition to easily give up any project which he had undertaken, and also felt himself in honor bound to fulfill his mission.

Arrived at Berne, he sought out the French colony, consisting of some two hundred families, who had taken refuge there at the revocation of the edict of Nantes. Having explained the purport of his visit to the pastors and elders of the church, they obtained for him an audience with the lords of Berne. These, in their turn, gave him a gracious reception, and promised to use such influence as they had, with the Protestant churches of Germany, to induce them simultaneously with those of Switzerland, to plead the cause of their, persecuted brethren in France.

Roger in thus seeking the patronage and protection of the governments of this world, forgot that the church has at all times suffered much spiritual damage, when she has had the support of that world, which, whatever religion it may profess, is nevertheless rejecting Christ.

Well satisfied with the result of his mission, Roger wrote to that effect to his friends in Dauphine, adding that the lords of Berne had regretted that the honorable gentlemen who had sent him as their representative had not signed the letters accrediting him as their envoy. This remonstrance quickly brought a letter to the consistory of Berne, in which Roger is thus introduced: "Allow us, sirs, to take the liberty of commending to you le sieur Roger, whose piety is so commendable, and whose ardent zeal has produced most excellent fruits, worthy of all praise."

Jacques Roger spent a happy and profitable winter among the many Christians at Berne—a quiet breathing time in his life of incessant toil and continual danger. Never forgetful of the dear suffering people in France, he took advantage of his sojourn among Swiss brethren to seek to draw the Christians of both nations into closer intercourse with one another. For their mutual comfort and edification, he established a regular epistolary correspondence between them, and found men of God, even as far distant as England, willing to join in this labor of love. The continual exchange of letters led to most blessed results in leading souls into closer fellowship with the Lord, and with one another; it served also to prove to Christians, at a distance, that the reformed faith still had a vigorous hold on the soil of France, and that all the Protestants there had not been "converted," as the Roman Catholic Church basely asserted.

With the opening spring, the mountain passes and rough roads became again practicable for the sturdy traveler, and Roger proposed setting forth on his return journey. Many at Berne, however, who had learned to love and value him during his stay among them, earnestly sought to dissuade him, fearing for the safety of their friend in the very disturbed state of France. While Roger so far yielded to their in-treaties as to delay his start, civil war broke on in Switzerland, and he found all his sympathies and interests, for the time being, engrossed by his co-religionists there in their struggle for liberty.

This sorrowful war was provoked by the Abbot of St. Gall, who, taking a leaf from the book of Louis XIV., and reckoning on his support, manifested intentions of seriously infringing on the religious freedom of the Protestants of Tockenbourg, who were under his sway.

The injustice and violence of his actions threw the cantons who professed the reformed faith, into a state of great agitation. From all the principal towns came earnest expostulations in favor of the oppressed people, and when, at length, they rose in rebellion, Berne and Zurich hastened to make

corn mon cause with them, while the five Roman Catholic cantons quickly sided with the persecuting Abbot of St. Gall.

And now our brave Huguenot preacher again comes on the scenes in an anomalous, warlike character. It is difficult to reconcile his action at this crisis with his former anxiety to hold fast the Christians in France from taking arms against those who oppressed them. Perhaps on this occasion a sense of gratitude to the country which had so generously sheltered the Huguenots in their flight, over powered other considerations, and blinded him to a more spiritual perception. However that may be, Roger, seeing how great an advantage the aid of the French refugees would be to their Swiss brethren in this emergency, not only encouraged them to offer their services to the Protestant army, but himself accompanied them to the scene of action as chaplain.

“The refugees paid nobly with their blood for the hospitality they had received,” writes an historian, “and their heroic courage helped not a little to the happy issue of the battle of Villermergen, which obliged the five cantons to sign the peace of Arace.”

At the close of the campaign, the French pastors conducted Roger before their excellencies of Berne, who, in many courteous terms, expressed their appreciation of his conduct. Then, before the consistory, he was asked, “What are your intentions as to the future?” “I desire to continue my studies, with the view of becoming a minister,” replied Roger, “as my friends dissuade me from returning to France at present.”

He was told that their excellencies wished to provide for him in temporal things, but that there were two objections to his ordination; firstly, that according to their ecclesiastical rules none could receive the imposition of hands who were unacquainted with the original languages in which the Holy Scriptures were written; and secondly, they feared that if they ordained a minister for France, they would draw upon themselves the opprobrium of their formidable neighbor.

Roger replied with dignity, “I do not desire that on my account established order should be broken, nor do I wish that the honored republic, from whom I have received so much favor, should bring any reproach upon herself for my sake.”

The timidity of the lords of Berne as to France seemed to be without much foundation, for, at this period, the great king, humbled and conquered, was obliged to submit to the terms imposed on him by the Protestant allied nations, and to sign, in the following year, the treaty of Utrecht. This was precisely the moment for them to press for the religious liberty of the persecuted Huguenots, as Roger and others had implored. But, alas! the poor down-trodden Christians of France had to prove how vain is the trust in princes! Any remonstrance that was made as to the cruelties shown them, was given in so tardy and timid a manner as to pass unheeded, and persecution held on its relentless course.

“After Many Days.”

IT was a busy scene, one autumn morning, some few years ago, on board H.M. troopship Crocodile, as she lay alongside the quay, with hundreds of soldiers on board, just before starting for India.

In spite of the excitement and bustle, inevitable attendants on such a scene, a hearty reception was accorded to some ladies, who, with the earnest prayer that they might indeed prove messages of life to many, had come on board to distribute books and papers amongst the men.

“Something to read” was not to be despised; and as the books were handed round, many an opportunity was offered for a little talk with one and another; just a few brief words, they must needs be, but with God’s blessing they might prove “words of life.” More than one bright face spoke of the peace and joy which Christ alone can give. While eagerly taking the offered paper, one added to his “Thank you, miss,” the earnest appeal, “if you have any to spare, I could give them to my comrades on the voyage,” Another said, “There are a lot of men down here, miss, and they haven’t had any yet, shall I show you the way down?”

Down accordingly the ladies went, among a still denser crowd of men, and here, too, hands were eagerly stretched out on every side to take the offered papers, and again earnest words were spoken telling of a loving Saviour, of “a Friend that sticketh closer than a brother,” One whom they would sorely need in their uncertain future.

“Now, miss,” said a bright-looking young soldier, “it’s not the least use your talking to me, it’s only like water on a cabbage leaf; it will all roll off.” In spite of this unpromising beginning, a long and very interesting talk followed, in the course of which, Thompson let slip the fact that he had run away from home some years before.

“And have you written to your people since?” inquired Miss S.

“No, that I haven’t, and don’t mean to,” was the decided reply.

“But what made you run away, did they treat you badly at home?”

“No, they were too good for me.”

“Oh, I understand,” replied the lady, “you wanted just to get away and ‘see life,’ didn’t you?”

“Yes,” said Thompson with a bitter laugh, “and I’ve seen rather too much of it; a fellow does sometimes in the Army.”

“And have you never even written to your mother all this long time? Oh, what must it be to her never to hear from her boy!”

“No,” he said determinedly, “and I never will till I am out of the Service.”

Seeing that his mind was resolutely made up on this point, Miss S. tried to reach his heart by again telling him of God's great and unwearied love, but apparently all was to no purpose. He listened, and listened attentively, but made no response.

"Are you fond of reading?" she asked, presently.

"That depends what kind it is," he said with a smile, for well he knew "what kind" his new friend would send him.

"Well, if you will give me your name and number I will send some books to meet the ship at Malta, and that will give you something interesting to read for the rest of the way."

He turned and looked her full in the face, and one could read the thought that flashed through his mind, "If I give my name and number, will this lady try to trace me, and find out my parents, to let them know something about me?" But, apparently satisfied that she was to be trusted, he said, very quietly, "If you will lend me your pencil, miss, I'll write it down for you."

After a few more words, Miss S. said, "Now tell me, did you ever meet a man in the Service who had given his heart to the Lord Jesus, and was really serving Him?"

"No," he replied, with an amused laugh; "I should think not, and I don't believe there is one!"

Miss S. had noticed an earnest Christian sergeant on board, whose bronzed face and war medals told of active service abroad, and who would, therefore, be likely to influence a young soldier, so, asking Thompson to wait a few minutes, she went in search of him.

"Sergeant," she said, as she made her way to where he was standing, "I have been speaking to a young man over there, who doesn't believe there is a Christian man in the Army! Will you come and talk to him?"

"Indeed, I will," he joyfully responded and in a short time he and Thompson were in deep conversation, while Miss S., after bidding them good-bye, went off to distribute the remainder of her books before going on shore.

As she was leaving the ship, the thought struck her, "Why did I not give Thompson a Testament? ■he might have read it," so she turned back, but could not see him anywhere.

"Well, at any rate, he shall have one if it is possible to manage it," she said to herself as she walked down the gangway, and in a few minutes she wrapped up the Testament and directed it to him, first, however, carefully marking the fifteenth chapter of Luke, from the eleventh verse, while she inwardly prayed God to make it a message to Thompson. She also wrote a short note, asking him to read the Testament daily. Then, returning to the ship, she asked one of the petty officers to deliver the little packet as soon as possible, which he kindly promised to do.

Some two months after, the Indian mail brought Miss S. a grateful letter from Thompson, thanking her for the Testament, and saying, "I will not make you any promise about reading it, as I should not like to make a promise I might break; but this I do promise, I will always keep it. It is a strange thing that you marked the fifteenth of Luke, for I have only been in a chapel six or seven times the last seven or eight years, and it has always been the same old text: 'I will arise, and go to my Father.' It has drummed into my ears many a time since; there must be something in it, it seems

such a curious coincidence.”

This letter Miss S. answered, urging upon Thompson the necessity of coming to the Saviour, and putting before him again God’s way of salvation, but although he replied at once, he made no reference to anything she had said.

Again she wrote, but there was no reply. Several times she wrote and sent books, but no notice was taken. Still she often pleaded with God for his salvation, and often asked especially, that God would bring him back to his mother.

After a lapse of about three years, she was greatly surprised at receiving a letter from Thompson, dating from a country town in England, saying he had been invalided from the Service. To this letter, she replied at once, and shortly after heard again; still there was evidently no change in him. Pressure of work obliged her to put aside this last note for a time, and while waiting to answer it, she received a letter from a perfect stranger, written at the request of Thompson’s relatives, telling her of his death, but adding, “he died, I am thankful to say, happy in Christ... at his home.”

That one sentence just brought the long looked-for answer to prayer, for it told that he had been brought to Christ and restored to his earthly home. The letter went on to say his mother lived a short time after his return; and, oh! what joy it must have been to her heart to see her boy once more.

Further correspondence followed, in the course of which Miss S. learned that after Thompson’s return home, he was frequently visited by an earnest Christian. To her and others he often spoke of the letters and books he had been in the habit of receiving. One letter especially seems to have made a deep impression on his mind. It only contained the words, “Be sure your sin will find you out”; but they were God’s words, written with earnest prayer, and evidently they were often in his thoughts.

One day the Christian referred to received a brief note from Thompson, saying, “I shall be glad to see you again, as soon as you can make it convenient.” So she went at once, and was grieved to find him much worse. He begged her to pray with him, saying he longed to be saved, and adding, that he was thankful God had shown him he was just trifling with his salvation.

It was in his mother’s home, while on his knees, that Thompson yielded to the Saviour, and cried out, “It is done! Christ has saved me, the precious blood is applied; bless His Name.”

The remaining weeks of his life were marked by an eager desire for the salvation of those about him, and God so blessed his efforts, that he was the means of leading four souls to his newly-found Saviour.

And now we feel we cannot do better than close this brief story in Thompson’s own words, spoken to his chosen friend and companion shortly before his death. “I am going to be ‘with Christ, which is far better’; won’t you trust Him too?” M. T. S.

My Conversion; or, Because God Says so

MY parents were children of God, and were anxious that my brothers and sisters, together with myself, should be brought to know the Lord Jesus Christ as our Saviour. They insisted on our going to the Sunday school, and also to hear the Word of God preached. The preaching on one Sunday night I well remember. When it was over the preacher went to the door, and spoke to the people as they passed out; presently he took my sister aside and spoke to her. I saw the tears flow, indeed I believe my sister was converted that night. In anger I said, "If that's the way he goes on making people cry, he is not going to speak to me," and, crossing over the room, I went out by another door.

I lived on without God, getting further and further away from Him after this, but at length the Holy Spirit arrested me, showing me that I was a lost, hell-deserving sinner. He also showed me that I could not get salvation by my own works.

I was miserable, and continued in this state for some time, praying God to save me before it was too late, for I knew that if I died in my sins my portion would be outer darkness forever and ever. I knew if the Lord should come, and with His voice wake the dead and call the living, and take them to His home, that my parents would go with Him and that I should be left behind. Though the Word told me that Christ came to seek and to save the lost, I could not make Him my own. Prayers and works were of no avail, and my misery increased, until God in His grace showed me what does avail.

One Saturday morning, while getting my breakfast, I was reading in a monthly periodical a piece entitled, "Because God says so." The story was about an old lady questioning a gentleman as to how she was to know she had eternal life. The gentleman told her to believe she had it, and on this ground, "because God says so." Those few words were used to the deliverance of the old lady from her doubts and fears, and, looking into self as I read it, God used it to my deliverance also. I knew I had eternal life, "because God says so." How well I remember that morning, I could have danced for joy. I took God at His word, and knew I was saved there and then.

Now I can look forward to the coming of Christ with joy instead of fear. I know that I am a child of God, and that my Father has reserved for me a mansion in heaven. The Lord Jesus said, "In My Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you, and I will come again and receive you unto Myself, that where I am there ye may be also." Thanks be to God, they are preparing, and blessed truth to know that where Christ is, that is the place where we shall dwell. He will not send an angel to fetch us, but will come for us in His own blessed person, and throughout the endless ages of eternity we shall be with Him and like Him.

"With Thee in garments white,

Lord Jesus, we shall walk,

And spotless in that heavenly light

Of all Thy sufferings talk.”

And now, dear unsaved reader, ask yourself this question, “Where shall I spend eternity?” Where? Where? If God were to stop your heart beating at this moment where would your soul go that must live on throughout the endless ages of eternity? Reader, it is a solemn reality. When your feet touch the cold, dark waters of death, and your soul is on the verge of eternal burnings, you will shake like a leaf in an eastern gale. The moment your soul leaves your body its eternity will begin. What will be the remorse of those who are lost as they recall opportunities rejected, and pleadings spurned! Oh! shelter yourself under the precious blood of Christ while it is yet today. “To-day if ye will hear His voice, harden not your hearts.” (Heb. 3:15.) “He, that being often reproveth hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy.” (Prov. 29:1)

Take God at His word, believe it, “because God says so.” If you spurn the offer, your portion must be weeping and wailing throughout eternity. Eternity! Where shall I spend eternity? C. S.

A Letter From Australia

IN the year 1872 I was crying to God to I save an ungodly brother of mine. He had been a great trial to my dear Christian father, who often gave him a word of warning. At last my brother was determined he would have his own way, and left his father's house for Australia.

Several years passed away, and then I wrote to my brother, entreating him to come to Jesus. I enclosed a hymn leaflet, every verse ending with these words: "For you I am praying, I am praying for you." After three months I received an answer from my brother, desiring me never to write to him again, un less I could do so without alluding to religion, or that sort of thing; he was very angry with me.

I took him at his word, and decided that I would not write again, but would pray more for him. I also asked some Christians to carry him to God in prayer. About three months after this sad letter, came the postman and handed me in another foreign letter, to my great surprise. And more surprised still was I as I commenced reading the letter, which ran thus: "My dear sister, you shall be the first to whom I will tell the good news that I am rejoicing in the joyousness of Jesus. Oh! dear sister, your letter made me wretched, but mine will make you glad; for I have peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ. After your letter came, I went more into sin than ever I had done, till one night I felt very ill, and then made up my mind if I got better I would go to chapel some Sunday. After I recovered I went, but it only made me feel more wretched. I was glad when the service was over. I felt there was no mercy for me. Then I was very ill again, and could not work.

Oh! what a wretched time this was! I again thought if I got better I would go to chapel. God, in His love, raised me up again, and I carried out my good resolution. I thought the preacher knew all about me, for every word he said was just for me; I could not rise from my seat; there I sat while the people all went out. I could not go; I sat and cried.

A good man came to me, and asked if I was saved; I told him no, neither could I ever be. Several of God's people knelt down, and prayed for me, but this did me no good.

At last I left. But I felt I could not go home; I walked about to a very late hour, praying to God to pardon my many sins, and to let me know it. And as I was walking and praying, these words came to me as if someone spoke to me: 'This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.' I saw it, and went home rejoicing, dear sister.

"I at once went out and told others what the Lord had done for my soul; yes! the very street knew I was a saved man; to God be all the praise!"

I would add a word to any of my Christian readers: oh! be faithful with your unconverted relations! Never mind making them angry. The word will be a savor of life unto life or of death unto death to them. We can sometimes reach our friends better by letter than by speaking to them; but let us write God's word and not our own. His words may have a lodging-place in their consciences long before it is made manifest to us, as was the case with my brother. Often those who seem to reject

the name of Jesus, want Him in their hearts. F. T.

Gleams of New Testament Light From the Old Testament.

5. The Testimony of the Flood

WHEN the world was young, God allowed man to follow his own way, and this course culminated in his entering into alliance with Satan. Then the earth became corrupt before God, and it was filled with violence. Whereupon God said, "The end of all flesh is come before Me; for the earth is filled with violence through them; and, behold, I will destroy them with the earth." The unrestrained will of man inevitably issues in oppression and violence, and man, casting off the fear of God and His laws, falls into the arms of Satan, to become more corrupt than his own unaided imagination could render him. In our own day we have seen in Christendom how men, who have cast off the fear of God, can fill their land with violence. We have seen in Paris the masses rise up in the name of liberty to burn, to destroy, to slay; and in heathendom we see what corruption ensues when men place themselves under the influence of demons; thus we cannot be ignorant as to what the soil of the human heart is, and as to what man will do when left to himself or when associated with Satan.

As God looked down on men in those bygone days, He said, "Behold, I will destroy them with the earth." Then came the waters of divine judgment, "And all flesh died.... all that was in the dry land, died." (Gen. 7:21,22.)

Thus perished earth's first population-swept away by divine judgment on account of man's violence and the corruption wherewith Satan had corrupted the human race.

The testimony of the flood declares God's judgment against sin, and therefore it is not acceptable to modern notions. Moreover, that past judgment witnesses to another that is coming, and this again is but an additional reason why the infidelity of our day should scorn its story. As we open the New Testament, we hear the Lord Jesus Christ saying, "As the days of Noe were, so shall also the coming of the Son of man be. For as in the days that were before the flood they were eating and drinking, marrying and giving in marriage, until the day that Noe entered into the ark, and knew not until the flood came, and took them all away; so shall also the coming of the Son of man be." (Matt. 24:37-39.) "They knew not"! But Noah had been preparing the ark for the saving of his house for more than a century. "They knew not," though he had preached righteousness and consequently judgment. Ah! how deaf is the infidel heart of man to the preaching of righteousness! Tell men that God is their universal Father, and that He will never condemn the sinner, or punish sin, and the preacher will be popular, but let him, Noah-like, be "a preacher of righteousness" (2 Pet. 2:5), and he will be called a narrow-minded unchristian character! "They knew not," for they were "disobedient," and would not know. No, "they knew not until the flood came," until it was too late, until they were forced to believe, and so shall it be at the coming of the Son of man.

The old world went on undisturbed on its course all the "while the ark was a preparing," using the time of "the long-suffering of God" but to eat and to drink in, to marry in, and to be given in marriage, to live as though this short sinful day was to last forever, and as though the construction of the ark and the lips of the preacher were alike vanity. And "so shall also the coming of the Son of man be."

“Few, that is, eight souls, were saved by water” in Noah’s day, and the great mass of mankind will remain in ignorance of the coming of the Son of man until the heavens shall be opened and He shall come with clouds, and then “every eye shall see Him, and they also which pierced Him: and all kindreds of the earth shall wail because of Him.” (Rev. 1:7.), The flood testifies of divine judgment against sin, and of man’s disobedience added to his sin. Sinners we all are, but when the word of righteousness has reached us, we are personally responsible to God as to how we treat His message. The spirits of the disobedient of Noah’s day are now in prison awaiting the judgment that ensues after death, and surely so will it be with all who in this our day die rejecting God’s testimony concerning His judgment against sin executed on Calvary against His Son, who was then made sin for us.

“They knew not” may well be said of thousands in Christendom. “For this they willingly are ignorant of; that by the word of God the heavens were of old, and the earth standing out of the water and in the water; whereby the world that then was, being overflowed with water, perished; but the heavens and the earth, which are now, by the same word are kept in store, reserved unto fire against the day of judgment and perdition of ungodly men.” (2 Peter 3:5-7.)

Noah, by his acts, “condemned the world, and became heir of the righteousness which is by faith” (Heb. 11:7). God’s people are now “looking for the... coming of the day of God”; they are looking for His own vindication of His righteousness by His mighty arm of judgment; but more, they are looking for the calm beyond the storm, for the abiding and unbroken blessing which He shall bring in; they are looking “for new heavens and’ a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness.” (2 Peter 3:13.)

The testimony of the flood abides, written not merely on the face of this earth, but on thy eternal pages of God’s Book in both Testaments.

Extracts From Letter Written on the Dying Couch

DURING the spring of 1880 Mrs. G. could not write much, but kind friends wrote for her to those dearest to her. She was unable to sit up, but, as her weakness and suffering increased, her joy in the Lord abounded, so that those near her thought she must be very near home. She needed not comfort from them as one of them, expressed it, but she, through grace, comforted those who were in trouble with the comfort wherewith she herself was "comforted of God." A friend, writing of her says, "She lay there a perfect wreck, in dreadful suffering of body, but, when able to speak talking only of the goodness of her God and Father, and of the preciousness of Christ."

As her disease progressed, Mrs. G. became anxious to see her only sister, who was in England, and waited in the calm assurance that the Lord would give them the joy of meeting once more on earth, while, as to the other beloved sister, who was in a far-off land, she knew she should greet her in the resurrection body at the coming of the Lord.

Towards the end of May, the Lord gave the long-desired meeting, and the sisters could talk to each other of the past, and anticipate together the blessed future. The dear invalid said she had been reviewing the past. She could not speak of herself, but of the Lord she could say with all her heart, "He hath done all things well." She was perfectly satisfied, and could praise Him for all. She spoke with solemn joy of her expected departure, though feeling deeply the prospect of her dear husband's loneliness and sorrow; and, although longing to be with the Lord, she was willing to stay for his sake, and also for any service the Lord might give her.

As the summer advanced, it was evident that the end was not so near as had been anticipated, though her sufferings were such as deeply to affect those who witnessed them. She could take no nourishment without its producing the most exquisite pain, so that she dreaded to take anything, though greatly feeling the need of it yet she did not murmur. The Lord in His great grace enabled her to say, "Thy will be done."

Towards the end of June her sister returned home. The sorrow of the parting was mitigated by the assurance that in "a little while they would meet in the presence of the Lord to sing the never-ending song of praise," Unto Him who loves us, and has washed us from our sins in His own blood "in that bright home of glory where" they shall hunger no more, neither thirst anymore, "where" God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain."

We will now present what Mrs. G. says of herself and of her Lord in letters to her friend D., whose affectionate inquiries after her health and comfort induced her to reply though with great pain to herself.

After speaking of great weakness and suffering, she says, "But it is only for 'a little while,' and then no more pain, no more weakness, no long nights of weariness. All will be passed, and I shall be with Him 'whom not having seen we love,' and with Him forever. Dearest D., for years back, through grace, I have taken God at His word believed that He meant what He said in the gospel

of His grace, and He gave to me eternal life, made me His own■and I know that for me to be absent from the body will be to be present with the Lord, He sustains, and will sustain unto the end. Blessed be His name! And now I say farewell. There is the same Saviour for you as for me; the same God and Father, if you are only willing to bow to God's word without reserve. Depend not on the prayers or letters of those who love you. I fear this is a snare to your soul. You must have to do with the Lord Jesus Christ personally and alone. I think God will remove all your props, one after another, if you continue to lean upon them. You must betake yourself: to Christ; none other can help you. I have always striven to lead you alone to Him. Now my work is done, and my rest is near. Farewell, dearest. Yours in faithful love."

In another letter, after making a brief reference to the "poor body, worn down and exhausted," to the impossibility of taking the smallest nourishment without suffering intense pain, and to having lain day and night upon her side for many months, she adds "So much for present sufferings; my prospects are bright with eternal glory; Jesus Himself is with me, so I am almost always full of joy and praise-never unhappy nor depressed. I am just waiting for the word, 'Come up higher, and then my spirit with a bound will burst its encumbering clay,' and I shall be forever with the Lord, whom having not seen I love, and in whom I rejoice with inv unspeakable and full of glory. His love is my precious treasure, His word my unailing support.... Farewell, dear; I commend you to God my God, and to the word of His grace, to the truth of which I set my seal. Not one of His words fail to those who believe in Him

Appropriating and Expecting

WHEN we read God's word we should appropriate, take to ourselves and for ourselves, the words we read. Too many read whole chapters of the Bible without appropriating a single sentence, the result of which is, they do not receive blessing from God it is written, "Ye must be born again," yet scores of unconverted persons read the solemn truth without being affected by it. Did such take to themselves the words, they would seek for mercy. "We have peace with God," stands before us in the familiar fifth chapter of the Epistle to the Romans, yet numbers of converted persons who read these words are still without peace with God. If there were a taking to ourselves of the words how different would it be!

Again, we often fail to receive a blessing when reading the Scriptures from lack of expectation. Whether expectation can be separated from faith is very doubtful. But certain it is there is too little expectation when reading the promises of God. "Ask and ye shall have," says our Lord, but if the asking is merely a form of words, it lacks essence, for in ordinary life, we ask that we may have, and expect to obtain. Faith connects the soul with God, and when He answers the question of the anxious enquirer, "What must I do to be saved?" with "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved," the really expectant heart takes the word to itself. There is a great danger of reading the word of God, as if it were not final, as if something more had to be said, with a spirit that almost whispers, "Is that all?" Let us stir up our hearts to an expectant spirit, for if our faith has not expectation in it, we may wisely inquire whether we believe or whether we merely say we believe.

The Magnet and the Nails

SOME few weeks ago I had the pleasure of Listening to an instructive address delivered in our Sunday school by one who is a great lover of little children, and I am sure a short account of it will prove both interesting and profitable to the young readers of FAITHFUL WORDS.

The speaker brought with him a brown paper parcel, on which all eyes were fixed. On its being opened, it was proved to contain a powerful magnet and several nails of different sizes.

These were carefully spread out upon a table in the midst of the children, who were seated in rows on either side of it. A verse of a hymn having been sung, the speaker asked a boy to read from Eccl. 12:1, these words: "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them."

It so happened that the lad who sat next to me read the words. How it rejoiced my heart as he did so, to know that he had already given his heart to the Lord! And all the more, because he is my own precious little son in the faith. In that very same room, within four yards of the place where he was standing up and reading the verse, he had, about sixteen months before, found joy and peace in believing, while kneeling at my side.

The more firmly to impress the verse upon the memories of all present, the speaker bade the children repeat it together, and, after various attempts, they performed the task to his satisfaction.

The speaker, now holding up the magnet, and pointing to the nails, said they must be understood as representing little children, older boys and girls, and men and women.

He bade them notice some very tiny and bright nails, which he had laid in order on the table. These, said he, resembled those children who in infancy gave their hearts to Jesus, and were very bright and happy.

"You can tell them," he said, looking upon his hearers round, "by their bright and happy faces."

Just behind me sat two dear little girls, whose little faces beamed in the sunshine of Jesus' love, Whose they are, and Whom they desire to serve.

He passed the magnet over these tiny nails, and in a moment each one leaped up to it. And how they clung to it! Just so, he said, are little children that believe, attracted by the power of love to Jesus, to Himself. They are ready at any moment to spring up into His strong and loving arms; and how they cling to Him!

He then applied the magnet to some larger nails, and the bright ones amongst them clung so tightly to it, that it required a violent jerk to throw them off. "The dear lads and lasses, who are growing up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, have certainly grown older and stronger since they first came to Jesus," continued the speaker, "yet there is the same attractive power in His love affecting them as at the first. They are bright in His love; and how they cling to Him!"

The magnet was then passed over some rusty nails of about the same size as the others, but it had very little power over them.

These rusty nails, the children were told were like those youths and maidens who, for getting their Creator, were growing each day older in sin and more hardened in heart, and having less and less desire to come to Jesus.

Some large, stout, straight, and bright nails were next tested, and, in a moment, all could see how powerful was the magnet's influence over every one of them. The parable was that these resembled believers of mature age, who had been converted in their youth—that just as these nails were fit to be employed in all cases where large, stout, straight, and bright nails were required, ever so “full-grown” believers prove to have become, through grace, strong in the Lord upright in walk and conduct, and fit for His service, and that they, as well as the smallest, are attracted to Christ.

Then the speaker held up two big, rusty; crooked nails of about the same size, and the dear children laughed aloud as he called one a man, and the other his wife. These made no response to the magnet. They are, said he, like people who, in their youth, refused knowledge, and who grow perverse and stubborn in their willful way, and just as the magnet had scarcely any perceptible influence over them, so the story of Jesus and His love has little or no attraction for sinners of ripen years.

He next held up a very long nail, and bade all the children notice that its head or face was quite as bright as were those of the tiniest nails they had before seen. So, he said, the aged believer, who had sought and found peace in believing in his youth, is no less bright and joyous in old age while he clings to Christ. The Scriptures say, “The path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day.”

Last of all he held up some very long, very rusty, and very crooked nails; and these were greeted with a general outburst of loud laughter. But the speaker's words became very solemn. He said the crooked, rusty nails made him think of men and women, advanced in years, who had forgotten then Creator in their youth, who had lived all then lifetime afar off from God, by sin and by wicked works, and who, now that their evil days had come, cared not even to hear of Jesus and the story of His love. He pressed the magnet against these old, crooked and rusty nails, but it had no perceptible attraction over them at any point. He could but think, as he did so, of a wretched old drunkard, known in his village as “Old Uncle Joe.” This hardened sinner had no desire to hear of Jesus, no hope in this world, no longing to live a better life, no hope for the next, but his one absorbing desire was to satisfy his craving for strong drink.

This solemn warning of the consequences of going on in sin, and its hardening results, formed a suitable end to the lesson on the magnet and the nails. I trust that that Sunday afternoon's lesson, so aptly illustrated, will not be forgotten by any of the dear children who were privileged to hear it; and may God grant to every youthful reader of FAITHFUL WORDS, obedience to His Word, which solemnly charges each one “Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them.” A. J.

'Cause We're Thirsty

PASSING a drinking fountain, the other evening, which was about four feet from the ground, I noticed two very little ragged boys standing by, who, when they saw me approaching, came running, and said, "Master, master, gi'e us a drink of water." This I did very gladly, and then asked them why it was they were drinking water on such a cold, wet evening.

"'Cause we're thirsty," said they.

Their answer set me thinking why so many children have never been to Jesus for the living water■

"I heard the voice of Jesus say,

'Behold, I freely give

The living water■thirsty one,

Stoop down, and drink, and live.'"

Then the answer came, those children are not thirsty, they have not felt their need of Jesus, who gave the living water, of which whoever drinks shall never thirst again.

Oh, dear young reader, as you read this page may you be led to feel your need, because you will never find satisfaction in the world; though you may drink of its pleasures, it will only be to thirst again. Jesus says, "I will give unto him that is athirst of the fountain of the water of life freely." (Rev. 21:6.)

"Jesus, the water of life will give,

Freely, freely, freely;

Jesus, the water of life will give,

Freely to those who trust Him."

S.E.B.

An Unwilling Servant

JONAH was an unwilling servant of God. First, he fled as far towards Tarshish as he could from the presence of the Lord, on receiving the commission to “go to Nineveh,” and to “cry against it”; next, he was angry when, having, by divine constraint, delivered his message, Nineveh repented and was spared the impending judgment.

He knew that God was good, and hence he did not care to go to Nineveh to proclaim divine wrath against it, for he tells us how he had said, “I pray Thee, O Lord, was not this my saying, when I was yet in my country?... I knew that Thou art a gracious. God, and merciful, slow to anger, and of great kindness, and repentest Thee of the evil” (ch. 4:2). He was convinced that God would accept the repentance of Nineveh and spare it, and that, consequently, his testimony would not be fulfilled. His own glory was much upon his heart, hence, when “God saw their works, that they turned from their evil way; and God repented of the evil that He had said that He would do unto them,” he was “displeased exceedingly,” and “very angry.”

Yet what honor God placed upon the testimony of Jonah, for Nineveh was spared through his preaching to it that which God had bidden him. The testimony was honored, but the prophet was made little of—at least in his own eyes.

Having delivered his message, we observe him sitting under the booth he had made, opposite Nineveh, “till he might see what would become of the city,” and vexed and indignant because God was good and spared it.

Since Jonah writes his own history, and tells us his faults openly, we may safely accept that, in the end, he accepted the gracious will of God. Hence, as we read the history of Jonah, we feel that the lesson for us rather respects the prophet than his prophecy.

If God sends us on an errand, let us seek grace to be brave enough to accomplish it, and not, like Jonah, to flee from the presence of the Lord; and more, let us seek grace also to be humble enough to let go our own thoughts about ourselves, as sent by God, and to be merely servants upholding God’s character. It is really of no importance what people may say of us; the important matter is the message of God, and its reception or rejection. Too many of God’s servants resemble Jonah in thinking almost more of themselves than of the message they have to carry. Their dignity seems of greater concern to them than the dignity of the message of God. The apostle could say, “We are fools for Christ’s sake” (1 Cor. 4:10), and certainly, when the word of God, with which we are entrusted, prevails in our souls, we shall not care for our personal honor and glory.

Further, let us consider God’s ways with us. Has He withered our gourd? Have we been exposed to an “east wind”? Let us examine ourselves as servants of God, and remember His dealings with us. There are special dealings of God with His servants, and which relate to our service, or our behavior in our service, and we should be careful to observe these things.

Moreover, if the sense of our dignity has introduced itself into our service, let us, like Jonah, confess our folly, and humble ourselves under the gracious hand of God.

The Story of Jacques Roger.

Chapter 5

Roger's Ordination, and Return to Dauphine.

THE Protestants of Dauphine, in their love for Roger, united with those of Switzerland in seeking to dissuade him from returning to face the dangers again which must beset his footsteps in unhappy France. Thinking that it might be of God that he should be thus given leisure to improve his very defective education, he yielded to their solicitations and remained at Berne, availing himself of the scholarly resources of that town, and taking also lessons in theology. To obtain ordination was still an absorbing desire in his heart, having the conviction that, were he duly accredited by man, he could, on his return among them, the better serve his beloved Dauphinois, who, meanwhile, with much sorrow of heart, he was leaving to brave the storm alone.

It seems to us incomprehensible that one; who for three years had been owned of God as a faithful minister of Christ, should now so strongly crave authority from his fellow men as needful for success in his labor, and that he should not the rather feel that the Master's sanction was all-sufficient and the Master's mandate all-powerful, who had said to those whom He sends forth, "I have chosen you and ordained you, that ye should go and bring forth fruit, and that your fruit should remain." But Roger, in singleness of heart, acted up to the light he had, and we cannot but admire the burning desire to serve his brethren to the utmost of his power, which made him now so persistent in attaining this end.

After nearly two years of study, Roger, feeling that he had gained all he was likely to do at Berne, resolved to quit that city and to revisit his former friends in Wurtemberg, hoping that this visit might result in his obtaining the long-sought imposition of hands. Arrived at Stuttgart, he there received permission to preach a sermon on a text selected by the elders of the church.

Having acquitted himself to their satisfaction, he next took courage to present himself at a synod of the French churches at Wirchen, where he successfully passed an examination, and obtained the sanction of this ecclesiastical body to preach in their churches in Germany. It was here that Jacques Roger had the joy of commencing a friendship with a young Huguenot refugee named Jean Villevegre, a friendship which resulted later in his attracting him to Dauphine, to become his faithful and zealous fellow worker. Villevegre had already spent twelve years in exile, gaining a humble livelihood by carding wool. His heart rejoiced over the tidings Roger gave him of his beloved countrymen, of their faith and their constancy, amid much suffering, and he soon went on to share the desire of his new friend to devote his life to serving them in the Lord.

Roger now preached another trial-sermon before a fresh synod. But much as the ecclesiastical authorities might appreciate his sermon and value the high testimonials which he presented as to his piety, they could not get over the unpalatable fact that this aspirant to clerical dignities was but a humble manufacturer of stockings, and knew naught of the dead languages. Details of these proceedings before the synod coming to the ears of the Prince, he at once sent peremptory orders forbidding Roger to preside at any public worship under pain of incurring his grave displeasure; for

his highness could not brook the thought of so illiterate a man being admitted among his clergy. Surely all this worldly-wise opposition should have opened, the eyes of our simple-hearted, pious Jacques to the fact that he was seeking a position from which the Lord would hold him back? Might he not have comforted himself, when thus despised and refused by man, with the thought that "God hath chosen the foolish things of the world, to confound the wise; and God hath chosen the weak things of the world, to confound the things that are mighty; and base things of the world, things which are despised, hath God chosen," and that thus whom the Master first sent forth as His ambassadors were also unlearned and ignorant men, but endued with power from on high?

The difficulties in his path, however, but spurred him on to greater effort to obtain what he deemed could alone constitute him a minister. He now begged the French pastors to present a petition in his favor to the supreme court of justice, and this, after a delay of four months, resulted in permission being given him to preach in all the churches, excepting in that of the proud ducal city of Stuttgart. Greatly delighted with so gracious a concession, the zealous preacher lost no time in availing himself of it, and for nearly a year preached Christ continually in the pulpits thus opened to him.

And now Roger was at length to attain the great desire of his heart, and to receive that ordination at the hands of man which he had so determinately sought. The French church at Mariendorf, being at that time without a minister, and fully appreciating the piety and zeal of Jacques Roger, addressed a call to him to become their pastor. This was a church of no little importance, as the Landgrave of Hesse Cassel had, prior to the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, offered an asylum to the persecuted Huguenots, nearly three thousand of whom had accepted his hospitality, and had come to enrich his domains. The Landgrave's chaplain had heard him preach in Wurtemberg, and pressed him much to accept so flattering an offer, assuring him of the goodwill of the Prince. Finally, on his accepting the vacant post, a few of the Protestant pastors assembled, and, commending him to God, laid their hands upon him, thus formally ordaining him a minister of the gospel.

But an important drama was now being played out in France, which was to change the current of Jacques Roger's life, and lead the steps of the new pastor into other paths than he had anticipated. The longest reign recorded in this world's history is drawing to a close. For seventy-two years one, who had determinately fought against God, had sat upon the throne of France. But now grim death enters the magnificent palace of Versailles, and lays his icy hand on the willful monarch. Of what avail at such a supreme moment is it for the greatest potentate to set up his will against that of GOD? "There is no man that hath power over the spirit to retain the spirit in the day of death, and there is no discharge in that war."

The great Louis lies helplessly on his dying bed, reaping on earth the consequences of what he had sown. The brilliant sun of his reign sinks under a heavy cloud: the results of his many victories are swept away; his children have preceded him to the tomb; the reins of government, which he had held so vigorously, must pass into the puny hand of his infant great-grandchild; his kingdom is ruined by his own folly; his very subjects curse him for having plunged them into millions of debt for wars, undertaken for the sole object of his own aggrandizement.

But had all this been otherwise, and had fortune smiled on the despotic conqueror to the end, that solemn record of God would still remain, "What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole

world, and lose his own soul?"

Horrors of remorse, for deeds of tyranny and blood, shed an increasing gloom over the ever-deepening darkness of the aged King's last hours. Vainly, with fast-failing voice, he seeks, like Pilate of old, to assert himself innocent of the blood of many just persons whom he has slain. He appeals to the cardinals who stand by his bed to answer for him at the judgment day if he has, in religious zeal, pushed matters too far, declaring the responsibility to be theirs, he having blindly followed their guidance. Alas! alas in that dread day none will be able to throw upon others the burden of his sins; each will have to give an account to God of the things done in his body; those sinful men will most surely have enough to answer for in their share of his guilt, and will be found speechless when the terrible record of all the blood of the martyrs, caused to be shed by Louis, will be brought out in the light of the Great White Throne.

Thus died one who had made many nations to tremble. Louis the Great sank into a dishonored grave, followed by the execrations of his subjects—the mob, with hootings, groans and hisses, casting mud and stones at his coffin, as the funeral cortege passed from the gorgeous palace of Versailles to the silent tomb at St. Denis.

"Surely the death of the persecutor will bring peace to the sorely tormented Huguenots—a blissful calm after the long storm, in the which willing ears may drink in the loving counsels of the pastors, who had been for so long driven from their flocks"! Thus reasoned Roger, and with all his faithful love to his brethren in France stirred into renewed vigor, he pined to be again amongst them. Still he felt much delicacy in so quickly abandoning his new post. How could he satisfactorily explain to the church at Mariendorf his sudden change of purpose?

The newly-elected pastor took up his pen, and in courteous terms wrote an apology to his intended flock, praying to be released from, his pledged word. He pleaded with them that they should not take it amiss that he should prefer preaching "sous la croix" to taking the easy path, opened to him by the vocation, which they had addressed to him. He added that while he trusted they would not be long left without a pastor, there was no hope of others being found ready and willing to go to preach among the persecuted churches of the desert; he therefore begged their forgiveness for his desertion.

This explanation was accepted graciously; the Landgrave, moreover, who most certainly would have shown serious annoyance had Roger thrown over the church at Mariendorf for any other reason, approved of his determination to return to his own country, saying, "Since it is to succor the faithful under the cross, I esteem him the more." Thus did the Lord remove every hindrance out of the path of His beloved servant, and again guided his steps to that field of labor for which He had so especially fitted him. Through the good hand of his God upon him, Jacques Roger, in the autumn of 1715, returned to Dauphine to definitely take up work there, in his newly acquired dignity of ordained minister of the gospel. His first care was to seek out those whose deputy he had been to Berne. Having fully recounted all the details of his expedition, and given the affectionate greetings of the refugee ministers, he proceeded to plainly express the displeasure he had felt at their pressing his prolonged stay in Switzerland and Germany. But upon their earnest assurance that they had but done so in their love to him, fearing he would fall a prey to the enemy, Roger could but restore the old friends to his full confidence and affection.

With much joy, the new pastor discovered that, during his absence, others had been raised up to testify for the Lord in Dauphine, and to these he now gladly gave the right hand of fellowship. Along with his former comrade Meffre were now Pierre Chabrires, better known by the name of Brunel; Corteiz (whose real name was Pierre Corriere), Roussire, and Montbonnoux, who were all now holding meetings among the persecuted Protestants, and seeking to strengthen them in the Lord.

Corteiz had, as early as the year 1709, when still in his youth, distinguished himself in Languedoc by his undaunted courage for Christ. He had bravely sought to encourage those who groaned beneath the yoke of Rome; for three years he had toiled indefatigably in that province; then he writes, "I fell ill added to the grief and trouble, I had day by day, in seeing my dear brethren carried captive before my eyes, I had also to endure the bad food on which I subsisted, the damp of the earth on which I slept, the cold of the night air—all combining to chill my blood and to weaken my stomach, so that I became feeble and was wasting away." Obligated to leave the country, he retired for a time to Geneva, but shortly returned to France. Of his stay in Switzerland he says, "God made fresh troubles to arise for me, so that my sorrows became more than I could bear. I saw in this the hand of Providence, over-ruling all things, so as to guide for my return to France, which happily, I did." From that time he continues to hold meetings wherever the way opened, and put himself into communication with the few other preachers of Christ in Languedoc and Dauphine, striving with all his powers to raise Protestantism from the abyss into which it had fallen. Well established in the faith and pressed by the power and light of the Holy Spirit, he endured hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ, giving great joy to the hearts of the faithful, and much chagrin to the false prophets, whom he flattered not at all.

Rouviere, yet younger, showed equal resolution of character and strength of purpose. But it pleased the Master to test this young disciple in suffering rather than in service. Four years more of active labor were granted him, then he was arrested and brought before the Governor of Montpellier. He boldly replied to his interrogatories that he was "a child of God and a preacher of the gospel of Christ." Such an avowal was not likely to conduce to any leniency of action towards the prisoner, and he was condemned to the cruel galleys. Thus was he given to know more fully fellowship with Christ's sufferings. In company with other Christian victims, he was marched off behind a troop of infantry, in the terrible order already described. But, though heavy iron collars bowed their necks and massive chains made their weary feet to drag heavily yet their noble souls were unfettered, and, in the joy of the Lord, as His freemen, they dared to bare their brave heads and sing triumphantly as they walked along■

"Jamais ne cesserai,

De magnifier le Seigneur."

So true is it, as our Lord has said, "Your joy no man taketh from you." Through mercy Rouviere eventually regained his liberty, and returned, as very few galley slaves did, with unparalyzed heart and brain, to resume with undaunted courage his labors in the church of God. The early life of Montbonnoux had been full of stirring incident. He had served as brigadier under the celebrated Camisard leader Cavalier, whom he succeeded in command, thus becoming the last of the Camisard chiefs. At this time all the strength and determination of his character were thrown into the rebel cause. He expressed his firm resolution never to lay down his arms until it should please

the Lord to give deliverance to His oppressed people. Not finding the cause sustained as it had been, and unable eventually to hold out any longer, he abandoned his position of rebel-chief, doubting it to be of God.

With increased intelligence as to the mind of the Lord, he now took up with equal and more laudable zeal that of preacher, and proved himself to be not only brave but prudent. The courageous spirit of Montbonnoux communicated itself to others, and his brave words, to one who lamented that all the pastors were either dead or had given up, passed into a proverb among the Christians in France: "God will provide," he answered, "and were I to hear no preaching for the next ten years, I feel that, with the help of God, I have courage to overcome all the devices of the enemies of the gospel."

Among this noble band Roger delighted to find like-minded fellow workers, and in the companionship of these brethren, he proved how graciously God can set the solitary in families. Amid the manifold dangers of that day, these Christian men drew very closely together in love and in fellowship, wasting none of their energies infighting one another, as alas! saints of God are liable to do in more peaceful times.

How God Brought Me in

I CAN thank God for having given me Christian parents, who sought, by His help, to direct my steps to the road that leads to eternal life, “for wide is the gate, and broad is the way, that leadeth to destruction, and many there be which go in thereat.”

In early childhood I loved to hear my dear mother sing the hymns that she heard sung when at Rowland Hill’s chapel. Especially do I remember that one■

“Not all the blood of beasts,
On Jewish altars slain,
Can give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away its stain,”

which she would frequently sing in the evening after I was gone to bed. I would lie, and listen, and think over the sweet words until I fell asleep.

My mother ever taught me to have a great respect for the Lord’s Day, and would not let me buy sweets on the way to Sunday school, Of course, childlike, I wished to have sweets on Sunday, and my mother always told me I must get them on Saturday night.

My youthful days were passed away from home, among tempters and temptations, for I was apprenticed in London. But, thank God, I was kept from gross sins, in answer, feel sure, to the fervent prayers of my parents. And here I would say, if you are Christians, fathers and mothers, pray on for your children; and you will know by and by what snares and temptations your prayers have kept them from.

Although thus outwardly moral, I knew that I was not right with God; I was not at peace with Him, not reconciled, not converted. And the more my efforts at turning over new leaves, the less I found myself getting better. I used to read my Bible and say prayers pretty regularly; but for all this I knew I was unsaved, though should not have liked anyone else to have said so, in my pride maintaining to others that I was as good anybody else.

The summer of 1861 found me, a youth, on a holiday, at a watering-place on the south coast, with one or two friends.

I was taken up with boating, and, being fond of a sail, was often on board a certain yacht, which went out twice a day, “weather permitting.” I had a conscience about Sunday, and would not go out on that day for anything, remembering always my Christian mother’s teaching, so on Sundays I made a habit of going to chapel, morning and evening, taking a quiet walk in the afternoon.

One Sunday, after chapel in the evening, about eight o’clock, I saw on the beach a few persons standing in a group. The place was stirred that day, for there had been a terrible accident—the

Clayton tunnel disaster. People did not yet know the details, but they had heard that many were suddenly sent into eternity; and railway accidents on Sundays seem to have a greater effect on people's minds than at other times. I went to see what was going on, and found it was a religious meeting, so stood a little way off; not wishing to be spoken to, but still wanting, out of curiosity, to hear.

Perhaps, dear reader, you have been in a similar position, when the Spirit of God led you to hearken to the preached word, but you determined not to come to too close quarters with the preacher, or to allow anyone to say to you, "Are you saved?"

This would have been too straight a question for me, and one I did not want to answer. If I had said "No;" it would have been going further than I liked to own, for I was hoping it would be all right by and by, if I did not do anything very bad. If I had answered, "Yes," that would have been untrue, for I knew that I was not saved. Therefore I made up my mind not to talk about it at all, and kept at a respectful distance.

It was August, and very fine weather, and the preaching went on till late. As it grew dusk, I, with others, drew a little nearer, and presently there was quite a good company standing close up to the preacher. I had the thought, "This is pleasant," and felt it was good to be there. I don't know why, but I seemed to think that I was doing something that God would appreciate in helping with the singing! I thought we were having a good meeting, though I do not now remember subject or text. The deaths of many in the town were alluded to, and it seemed very solemn. After the addresses that well-known hymn was given out■

"There is a fountain filled with blood
Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains."

Then came the chorus■

"I do believe, I will believe
That Jesus died for me,
That on the cross He shed His blood,
From sin to set me free."

My heart was too full, and I felt I could not sing that.

The hymn continued■

"The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away."

Feeling how utterly unable I was to say this, the tears rushed to my eyes. I quickly wiped them away, fearing observation; for, at that time, I thought it was unmanly to shed a tear.

Then came that burst of song again■

“I do believe, I will believe,”

and I could not help myself—the great drops, one by one, ran down my cheeks I slunk away, but as I went, the hymn seemed to be following me.

I took the nearest way to the side of a boat, called the “Skylark,” and there, in the shade of its hulk, my heart beating so fast, I looked up to God, and poured out a prayer that I might be able to say those words truly to Him, that it might be real with me to say, “I do believe that Jesus died for me, that on the cross He shed His blood from sin to set me free.”

I walked back up the deserted beach, and returned to my friends, but kept my feelings to myself. God in His mercy followed me, and, after many deep exercises of soul, made known to me, in His grace, that Jesus had died for me, that Christ was my Saviour, and I rested on His work, finished nearly nineteen hundred years ago on Calvary’s cross.

Thank God, I have been able to say for now nearly thirty years, “He loved me, and gave Himself for me.” I found it was not by my good works, or by anything that I could do, but entirely by the favor of God.

Dear reader, are you willing to let God have His way with you? He sent His own Son, the Just, to die for us, the unjust. Only think of it, the best One in heaven for the worst one on earth! Give up looking for something in yourself, and look to Him, a Saviour that just suits a lost sinner. I can now, with many others, say that■

“On the cross He shed His blood,

From sin to set me free.”

Dear reader, can you really say as much before God? If not, seek His presence now, do not wait till you go to your chamber, but now, as you read this, speak to God. God is ever ready to hear and answer prayer. You may be the child of Christian parents, and many prayers may have ascended to the Throne of Grace for you. Do seek the Saviour now and decide for eternity. Perhaps you never had Christian parents to pray for you, and to guide you, as others may have had; if so, I would still urge you to come to the Saviour, as you are, in all your guilt, and find, as I did, through mercy, that He is a true and loving Saviour, and One whom you can trust, whether in life or in death. J. P.

Old Hannah

“AND even to your old age I am He; and even to hoar hairs will I carry you: I have made, and I will bear; even I will carry, and will deliver you.” (Isa. 46:4.) Would the reader like to witness a bright example of how grace sustains the believer, when the strength and vigor of youth have given place to the weakness and infirmities of old age? Then come with me, and I will introduce you to old Hannah.

She lives in the first of a row of old-fashioned almshouses. We prefer to call in the evening, when Hannah will be found quite alone. As the curtain is only partially drawn across the tiny old-fashioned window, we will take a peep before entering the house. By the flickering fire-light from the tiny grate we can just discern a small, round table, standing near the hearth, in the poorly furnished room. Upon the table lies a large-print Testament.

There is also a candlestick, holding an unlighted half-penny candle. But where is Hannah? Look again, and you will see a little crouching figure, kneeling between the chair and the fire. That is Hannah. We open the door without knocking, with a cheery “Good evening.”

“Oh! this is my friend, come to see me,” says Hannah, as she slowly rises. She can add no more now, because the inrushing of the night air, as we opened her door, has brought on a violent fit of coughing.

Meanwhile we draw up our chairs to the round table, upon which we lay our Bibles, for she will probably wish to hear several chapters before we leave.

As soon as she has finished coughing, Hannah reaches forward, and taking the candle from the candlestick, seeks to light it in true primitive fashion, by placing the wick against the burning coals. But her handshakes so much, that she only succeeds in melting the grease; so gently taking the candle from her, we light it and put it back in the candlestick.

After inquiring as to her welfare and state of health, we open the Bible, and select some suitable portion to read, whilst Hannah, leaning forward in her chair, with both elbows resting upon the round table, and her two small wrinkled hands supporting her head, eagerly listens to the word of God.

As we seek to point out the force and beauty of some passage, for her special benefit, she now and again repeats her favorite expression, “There now, isn’t that nice?” for Hannah has a keen relish for choice morsels, and she will reflect upon what she has heard after we have left her.

It may be, that the portion read has recalled to her some of her early experiences, when she was still young, both in years and in faith. And as she tells her story, in her plain, unvarnished, simple way, a stranger perceives how bright and lively is that faith, which has strengthened with her years. Who would have thought that that little, feeble and withered frame contained a heart so happy and joyful? But Hannah delights to testify that the God of her youth is the God of her old age, and that He, who saved her from her sins, becomes more and more precious to her as her

years increase.

Old and feeble as she had become, it is still her delight to serve her only Master and Lord. She is the peacemaker of the little community wherein she resides, and her heart is still young, yearning after those who have not peace with God.

Each almshouse has two occupants, and Hannah's companion is older than herself, but much more vigorous. Since they have been living together, the Lord has used the old Christian as His chosen instrument, in blessing to her companion's soul. The very aged woman who will presently come in is Hannah's own daughter in the faith, the child of her old age. How Hannah's heart rejoices, as she thanks God for His saving grace, and for this great mercy!

As thy years increase, dear child of God, art thou inclined to pray with the Psalmist, "Cast me not off in the time of old age; forsake me not when my strength faileth"? Remember, He who loves His own who are in the world, loves them unto the end. He will not fail nor forsake thee, He will be with thee in thy troubles. "Wait on the Lord, and He will strengthen thy heart." A. J.

“Bett Parsons.”

WHO is Jesus Christ, and what did He do? “so asked Henry Parsons of a comrade, who, like himself; was in trouble through misconduct.

Henry was a private in H.M. 52nd Regiment of Foot, a noted character, often in disgrace, and, although he had seen some fourteen or fifteen years in the service, did not possess one single mark of distinction. On this occasion he was a prisoner in confinement, awaiting a court martial.

The name of Jesus reached his ears in a remarkable way. A party of soldiers, belonging to his regiment, were picking up grass underneath the windows of his cell, and in their conversation used the precious Name of Jesus profanely. However, that precious Name is ever powerful, even when spoken by those who know Him not. Henry’s attention having been drawn to the Name which his comrades were thus using, he asked the question, “Who is this Jesus Christ, and what did He do?”

His companion, though an ungodly man like himself, told him what he had heard about this Jesus; how the Bible said He died for sinners in order to save them from going to hell, and that heaps of people believed in Him, and made a lot of Him. Henry said no more about the matter at that time, but the name of Jesus sank into his heart, to bring forth fruit later to the glory of God.

A few days after this, Henry’s regiment was ordered to Malta, and he went with it, under arrest, to undergo his punishment in a strange land. But the precious saving name of Jesus had been fixed in his heart, and when the longed-for day of freedom at last arrived, instead of going with his old companions to the canteen, Henry preferred taking a solitary walk, to seek out “The Soldiers’ and Sailors’ Institute.” Here henceforth he might be constantly seen among those who listened to the preaching about this same Jesus.

Henry now began to be much laughed at by his old companions; it was soon all over the regiment that old “Bett Parsons,” as he was called, had “turned religious;” but it moved him not; his words were few, though his ways told out much.

There was now one great drawback to Henry’s advance in the knowledge of Christ, which he felt very much; he could not read, and the Bible was to him a closed book. However, he determined to learn, and went to school with the young soldiers when he could, and in a few months, to his great joy, he could spell out of the Bible that name he found so sweet, the name of Jesus.

The marked change in his conduct was apparent to all. In the barrack-room, or on duty, his ways were entirely changed; he became a marked man, and anyone found in his company was taunted with, “Oh! so-and-so is turning religious!”

Henry grew brighter every day; he was often to be seen when off duty, instead of going to sleep, as was his former custom, with Bible under his arm, going up on the flat roofs of the barracks to spell out what texts he could. On one occasion, he asked the writer to accompany him, and to read to him. Although he disliked the undertaking, being then an ungodly man, and also because of the jeers which would be the sure result of being seen with “Bett,” yet he went with him, and read what

he wished. Before he left the dear fellow knelt down, and asked the Lord to “save this young man’s soul.” Thank the Lord; that prayer was answered soon afterward. How wonderful are the ways of God in grace!

A few weeks after this, Henry caught the fever, and was called home, but the testimony of his life yet speaketh. In him was seen what the grace of God can do in a slave of sin, by making known the value of the “name” and “work” of Jesus.

And now, dear reader, do you know “this Jesus, and what He has done”? Perhaps you have been favored beyond Henry Parsons, having heard of Him at the Sunday-school, or at your mother’s knee, and you may be able to read about Him in the Bible for yourself; if so, what do you think of Him? Have you found in Him the resting-place for your conscience and heart? Do you see in Him God’s gift to you? Yes, to you. You, dear reader, are going on to eternity, how soon you may be there the Lord only knows. Oh! if called away today where would you spend your eternity? Jesus has died for you, and you need not perish, though you be as deep-dyed in sin as was Henry. Whosoever you are you need “this Jesus.” Oh! if hitherto a stranger to Him, trust in Him today; believe in Him that sent Him, and everlasting life shall be yours. J. T.

“Not Tonight”

ONE Sunday evening, not long ago, in a coast town, two seafaring men were present at a meeting in which salvation was preached and offered' in Jesus' name. Both of them were afterward personally conversed with, and were entreated to seek the Lord while He might be found. Both listened, but only one of them attended to the things spoken. One was wise and the other was foolish. The one who was wise, received Christ; the other, who was foolish, went away rejecting Him, saying, “Not tonight.”

Many have said and done the same thing, and to their everlasting shame and contempt. What thoughts passed through the mind of this man as he left the meeting no one can say; nor whether he slept comfortably that night after his willful refusal to receive Christ as his Saviour.

A few days afterward, he was the worse for drink, and it was his last day in this world. In his drunken state he fell into the sea and was drowned. Where do you think his soul will be? Where do you think yours will be, if this night your soul shall be required of you?

J. C.

How Shall You Escape?

IT is now nearly two years since the Lord showed me myself. About that time God was working mightily in my home, saving several of my brothers and sisters, and seeing them rejoicing in the Saviour they had found, made me long to know the blessed peace and joy that they possessed.

There was a mission being held in the church, which I attended, and there I heard the glad tidings of salvation to lost sinners proclaimed. The preacher spoke from those words in Heb. 2. "How shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation?" and asked us how we thought we were going to escape, if we went on neglecting such salvation. "How shall you escape?" again he said. These words sank deep into my heart; I shall never forget how I trembled when he uttered them, for it made me wonder how I should escape.

After the meeting was over, I returned home, feeling very miserable on account of my sins, and went to my room and knelt down by the side of my bed, and tried to pray. But I felt I could not, for the burden of sin was so great, and Satan tried to delude me by telling me that I was as good as others, and that if I kept on trying I should get to heaven at last. This did not satisfy the longing I had within. I had been under conviction of sin for about a week, when I heard that grand and glorious verse, John 3:16, "God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him, should not perish, but have everlasting life." Oh, how I received those words of life! They seemed to come straight from God to my sin-sick soul.

I was going out at the close of the meeting, when a young man at the door asked me if I were saved. I felt I could not answer him, although I knew not why. I went home, and again at my bedside poured out my heart to God. Then the burden rolled away forever, as our blessed Lord showed me that coming to Him I must put all thoughts of self away, and trust entirely to Him. All that night I could hardly sleep, I was so overwhelmed with the new-found joy I had in believing.

Shortly afterward Satan seemed to whisper to me, "You are not saved after all." This made me very unhappy, and I began to wonder if I really was saved. Then the Spirit of God led me to that verse, John 5:13, "These things have I written unto you that believe on the name of the Son of God; that ye may know that ye have eternal life." These blessed words removed all doubts and fears, and gave me full assurance. Now I can rejoice, knowing that my blessed Saviour has saved my never-dying soul. In a little while I shall dwell with Him in glory, where all sorrow and suffering shall be done away with; but during this little while He has left me down here, my desire is to work for Him, and to tell of His love, and willingness to save all who come to Him.

Oh, dear reader, if you would be saved, it must be by the precious blood of Christ, that flowed on Calvary! Can you go on unheeding the blessed Saviour who has done so much for sinners? Oh, come and trust Him, and may the Saviour that I have found be your Saviour too! I can say from experience that I knew no true joy until I was saved, and belonged to the Lord. His people rejoice in Him now, and also in knowing that they shall dwell with Him through the unending ages of eternity. W. M.

6. The Path of the Just

AS the Christian reader glances down the chapters of Genesis, which embrace the period of time from the fall to the flood, he will find every now and again a few words telling of the faith and walk of the holy men of old there mentioned. Such as cast doubt upon the early chapters of the first book of the Bible will be hardly interested in the record, but to the Christian it affords very deep satisfaction. With these testimonies before him, the believer feels that he is with his "own company" (Acts 4:23), and rejoice: that the same spirit which actuates God's people of today actuated them in the early days of the world. Faith in God and walking with God are no myths, but realities in and of believing men.

The record of the past, opening up the age of progress before the flood, tells us, "there began men to call upon the name of the Lord" (ch. 4:26). In the midst of the ungodly world there were some separated it spirit from it, who praised Jehovah and looked to Him for help. God records that upon the earth, built upon and adorned, and charmed with music by the offspring of him who had gone "out from the presence of Jehovah," the children of faith lifted up their voices to Him Little, it is true, is said in Scripture of the time before the flood, but enough to show us that then, as now, the children of faith and the children of the world existing side by side on the earth, were each pursuing a different course and had hopes differing entirely one from the other.

Genuine faith in God connects the soul with God in daily life, and "without faith it is impossible to please Him" (Heb. 11:6), and faith evidences its genuineness by the fruit of holiness. "Enoch walked with God" (Gen. 5:22) are the shining words in which the Scriptures give the life of faith as expressed in him. And if we look down the story of the ages till the time of Christianity be reached, the Bible still gives the record of the life of faith in walking with God. For the six thousand years of the world's history there have been men, in but not of the world, who have walked with God, and the shining light of the path of the just is to be traced in every book of the Bible, however dark the record of such books may be of the course of this world.

"Noah walked with God" (Gen. 6:9), and, both to Enoch and to Noah, God opened His mind. These men of faith, each testified against the evil of their day. Noah was "a preacher of righteousness," and Enoch's very testimony is handed down to us. "Behold," he cried, "the Lord cometh with ten thousands of His saints, to execute judgment upon all, and to convince all that are ungodly among them of all their ungodly deeds which they have ungodly committed, and of all their hard speeches which ungodly sinners have spoken against Him." (Jude 14,15.) The recurrence of "ungodly" in Enoch's testimony is most remarkable—ungodly persons, whose ungodly deeds were ungodly committed, and who uttered their ungodly speeches against God! Such is the description of the eye-witness to the violence and corruption of the world before the flood.

How like is the world of today growing to the world of those old times! And how carefully does the Spirit of God interweave the testimonies of the record of the earliest times with the prophetic word respecting the last time, and urge upon us the warning, saying; "But, beloved, remember ye the

words which were spoken before of the apostles of our Lord Jesus Christ; how that they told you there should be mockers in the last time, who should walk after their own ungodly lusts” (vers. 17,18). And again, “Knowing this first, that there shall come in the last days scoffers, walking after their own lusts”■men willingly ignorant “that by the word of God the heavens were of old, and the earth standing out of the water and in the water: whereby the world that then was, being overflowed with water, perished.” (See 2 Peter 3:3-7.) The very rise of infidelity in its peculiar nineteenth-century form, denying the Old Testament Scriptures, is like the flight of the stormy petrels before the coming tempest.

Another principle lies before us in these early chapters of the book of God■the men of faith obeyed God. Of Noah it is said, “according to all that God commanded him, so did he.” Four times is this said of him. Herein lies the secret of walking with God. Real holiness results from genuine obedience to the Word of God. “How to walk and please God” (1 Thess. 4:1) is one great burden of Christian doctrine. How much perplexity might many of God’s people avoid by following the injunctions of the Scriptures Before the flood swept away the ungodly, Enoch received the word of God as to himself, and “By faith Enoch was translated that he should not see death,”■“He was not, for God took him”; “and was not found, because God had translated him: for before his translation he had this testimony, that he pleased God. But without faith it is impossible to please God” (Heb. 11:5, 6).

The Christian very well knows that faith in God is the root of all his fruitfulness, and while meditating upon what the early chapters of Genesis tell of the saints of old, he sees working in them the selfsame principles of godliness, which he desires may bear their abundance in himself. The same grace of God, which wrought for and in these men of the earth’s first age, works for and in ourselves of its last days!

Infidelity may look with cold contempt upon testimonies to faith in God, obedience to His word, and walking with God, and pleasing Him, and calling upon His Name, for these things pertain to the spiritual world, to the inner life, to what God begets in those who are born again. But to the believer such matters are of more worth than all the science and all the glory of the world, and most assuredly, in the eye of God, these are jewels of the highest price.

The Story of Jacques Roger.

Chapters 6.

Meeting of Roger and Court.

NOW that Jacques Roger no longer stood alone in his labors for Christ in Dauphine, he turned with renewed courage to his original purpose of restoring church order in the scattered and somewhat disorderly assemblies of the Protestants of France. Louis XIV., who had caused a bronze statue to be erected, and many medals to be struck, to commemorate the abolition of Protestantism in his kingdom, was laid low by the Hand of God, and the same God was strengthening the hearts of His servants, to seek the revival from its enfeebled state of the faith which this once mighty monarch had sought to destroy.

Although the spirit of persecution was in no wise buried with the king, who had been its willing and active agent, as Roger had hoped when he returned from Germany, still he and the whole-hearted

men, his companions, dared to meet together. And in spite of numberless difficulties and dangers, they conferred as to the re-establishment of consistories and the holding of synods, so as to unite again, upon a church basis, the dispersed Protestants of France.

Many were the hours spent in prayerful waiting upon God, for wisdom, grace, and courage, by this noble band, and we can surely see it as an answer to such prayer, that a worker of a very superior stamp was now brought into association with them. This was Antoine Court, who, later earned from the French Reformed, the title of "Restorer of Protestantism."

It was evidently the guiding hand of God that, at this juncture, directed Roger's steps into Languedoc, in order that his path in life might cross that of Court. Seven years previously, as already recounted, Roger had set off to visit the home of his childhood, and had been frustrated in his purpose. Now, in the spring of 1716, he again pined for a sight of his loved family, and finding Brunel nothing loth to revisit former scenes of his labors for the Lord, they started in company.

Many perilous adventures befell them on their way, but God's protecting care was over them. On one occasion, while they sat at dinner in a roadside inn, a Roman Catholic, suspecting them to be Huguenots, gave the alarm to the priest, who forthwith dispatched his servant to act as a spy upon them. The manner of the woman aroused Roger's fears, and he immediately signed to his companion that they must fly. They accomplished their departure but in the nick of time—only a few minutes later and the house was surrounded by fifty armed men, to find their prey had escaped.

Without further misadventure, Roger and Brunel pushed on until they reached Lagorce. Here, in the inn, they were accosted by a soldier, who sought to enter into conversation with them. With difficulty they suppressed any expression of alarm, and endeavored to answer him coolly, as he explained that he had been sent at the head of a detachment of troops to arrest any suspicious-looking strangers.

At Vallon our poor travelers were dismayed at finding the streets filled with soldiery. Brunel visibly paled with fear, but his stout-hearted companion reassured him, and encouraged him to step out more boldly and with greater sang-froid. On entering a tavern Brunel was recognized by the landlord, who, happily, was friendly towards the proscribed Huguenots.

Drawing them aside, he said in an undertone, "You reckless fellows! Why do you expose yourselves to such dangers? I should be indeed grieved if any harm came to you under my roof; but had you turned into the opposite room, where there are a lot of officers, you would most certainly have been arrested."

However, they had not altogether escaped observation, but trusting to audacity to do what prudence could no longer effect, they boldly made their way through the troops; who offered no opposition. This was by no means the last danger they ran, but, determined not to be baffled, they pursued their hazardous journey, and at length reached Nimes.

Here Brunel, to his great delight, fell in, again with his former fellow-worker, Antoine Court, of whom he had often spoken to Roger in the warmest terms of affection and esteem. Though still very young, Antoine was already a marked man for God. Exhibiting an energy, zeal, and wisdom far beyond his years, he had, though unknown, become well-known in the service of his Master.

The world, who hated him, as it has ever hated his Lord, had honored the young disciple by putting a heavy price upon his head; so anxious were the enemies of Christ to close forever those bold lips, which so unflinchingly proclaimed the preciousness of that faith which they sought to destroy.

Two years previous to Roger's return from Germany, the youthful Court had been Brunel's companion in various preaching expeditions, the last a rapid tour through Dauphiné. With knapsack on back, they had passed on foot from village to village, strengthening those who yet dared to profess the reformed faith. In constant danger of being betrayed by spies, or seized, by a savage soldiery, with unabated steadfastness the two had pursued their way, until at Marseilles they parted company.

Brunel passed on to other towns, while Antoine remained for some months, engrossed in a new field of labor, peculiarly attractive to his brave and tender heart. With marvelous daring, he pushed his way on board the royal galleys, where a hundred and fifty of his brethren were suffering for Christ. On these horrible floating prisons, in full view of what such a testimony might cost him, this dauntless young Christian, not counting his life dear unto himself, had ventured to gather the forlorn and pitiable sufferers together, and to cheer their fainting spirits by systematically holding services among them, in which afresh he brought before them the Saviour's unfailling love.

Such tales of Antoine's fearless faithfulness to Christ had already delighted the ears of Roger, and it was, as no stranger, that with deep emotion he now grasped the hand of his young brother in the Lord. No petty jealousy as to his own ministerial dignity crept into Roger's true heart, to chill the warm interest with which he listened, while the unordained preacher, with all the enthusiasm of his years, poured forth the story of the stirring incidents connected with his past labors for the Lord; and told of his ardent aspirations as to the future.

To Roger's intense joy, he recognized a kindred spirit, with kindred hopes, and similar projects. His heart went forth in truest love to the youthful preacher, as he spread before him the very plans that had been so long his own, as to the restoration of order in the Church of the Desert. He recounted the details of the synod he had convoked the previous year in Languedoc, and laid before Roger the rules he had there proposed as needful for discipline in the assemblies, beseeching him to adopt the same in Dauphine.

Roger needed no persuading, for Court's suggestions fell in exactly with his own thoughts of long-standing. He in his turn proceeded to tell his new-found friend his schemes for raising the tone of the demoralized churches of that province, and related the history of his past efforts towards re-organization.

Sweet as were these hours, spent in close brotherly intercourse and fellowship, both servants of Christ were too true as to their service to prolong the sweetness. Antoine hurried forward to further labors, while Roger hastened to pay his long-deferred visit to his family at Boissières.

Alas! the blast of persecution had not spared the old homestead, nor the humble family of the lowly artizan. Roger finding but few remaining of those whom he had loved in the days of his youth, turned away, sad at heart, feeling more than ever a stranger and a pilgrim, with no continuing city. Again he sought his interests and his joys, where he had long found them, among his suffering fellow-Christians in Dauphine.

But we will turn aside for a moment to give a few details as to the previous history of Antoine Court, who occupied, at that day, the most prominent place in the Church of the Desert.

His godly parents had consecrated him to the service of the Lord even before his birth, although in doing so they were well aware how much of cross-bearing it would entail, for their little Antoine first saw the light in the time of the hottest persecution. At four years of age he lost his father, but still had the blessing of a brave, steadfast mother, who courageously held to the faith in a day of sore difficulty. Very early in life the child was called to take his own stand on the Lord's side. He was but ten years of age when, having learned all that could be taught in the village school, the question arose whether he should be placed at a Jesuit College, where he could only be received on the condition that he attended mass. The lad decided the matter at once for himself. Though thirsting for knowledge, he declared that he preferred being ignorant all his life to purchasing it at such a price.

Child though he was, he simply abhorred the mass as a symbol of popery, and his up-right mind recoiled from appearing to countenance it. His earliest memories were of scenes of horror caused by Roman Catholic persecution, and it was no marvel that his hatred of that false and cruel religion strengthened with his growth. Even at the village school, thy little Huguenot had had to prove for himself how bitter was the opposition to the faith in which he had been brought up. He had to bear constant taunts and jeers, and stones were thrown at him as he passed down the street. Once four of his schoolfellows seized him, and by force tried to drag him to the, Roman Catholic church. Some of his friends fearing he would be hurt, advised him to yield but the indignant lad, with the strength of resolution which characterized him through life, made so good a fight that his tormentors fled.

The one great longing of the boy's heart was to possess an entire copy of the Word of God—a rare thing in those days, when nearly all had been seized upon and burned. A few leaves had been rescued from the flames by the Court family, and had been carefully sewn together, and preserved as their dearest treasure. These Antoine would pore over; reading and re-reading them, until the divine words burned into his very soul.

Up to this time Madame Court had refrained from further compromising her child by taking him to the assemblies in the desert. However, he was not slow to notice that she often went out at nights, and, concluding that she was attending those nocturnal meetings, of which he had heard whispers, he, unobserved by her, one night followed her steps. They had gone some miles before she discovered he was behind her, and then she rebuked him severely.

"I have followed you, mother," he answered, firmly, "and you must let me do so. I know you are going to pray to God, and would you wish to refuse me doing so too?"

The tears rushed to the fond mother's eyes, as she put before her boy the terrible consequences of taking the path he was so eager to enter. Then, finding nothing would deter him, added that she feared he would drop from fatigue before they could reach the meeting place. But Antoine, overjoyed at having got his mother's permission, walked bravely on, and, when fairly tired out, some good-natured men of the party bore him by turns on their shoulders until they reached the rendezvous.

From that night the lad's future was determined. He had deliberately thrown in his lot with the persecuted people of God, and cost what it might, his resolution was taken to endure to the end. He henceforth regularly attended the secret meetings, and shortly began to be used of the Lord in them, first as only a reader of the Scriptures, but soon as a speaker. The boy-preacher was eagerly welcomed in those days of the prophetesses, when ministry was so scarce that the faithful heard but little beyond the wild exhortations of young girls, who claimed to have prophetic power. Readily the child was believed to be one of the "inspired" like them, as his burning words vibrated through the souls of his rough auditors.

When Antoine had attained his seventeenth year, he was invited by Brunel to join him in the evangelistic tours already mentioned. The resolution of her only son to devote his 'life to the ministry of the gospel gave Madame Court much anxiety, and caused her many tears, for she well knew such a calling must bring danger, suffering, and perhaps death to her loved child. Antoine, feeling he could meet her objections better in public than with her pleading words falling on his ear in private took advantage of preaching in her presence to speak on the text: "He that loveth father or mother more than Me, is not worthy of Me." This sermon deeply impressed her, and revived her drooping courage. "From that moment," writes Court, "she considered me only as a sacrifice that she had consecrated to God, and bowed, as another Abraham, to the divine will."

The great blessing given to Antoine's service encouraged him to work beyond his strength, and after two years of incessant labors, his health giving way, he had to take an enforced rest. Laid aside in a quiet village, with a suffering body, but an ever-energetic mind, he sought to employ hours of inaction by striving to solve a problem which had for long perplexed him—how to restore Protestantism, once God's powerful influence for the truth in France, but now reduced to the last extremity through Roman Catholic persecution on the one hand, and through Camisard so-called inspiration on the other. To realize this, the fond dream of his childhood, he now spent many hours in thought, and in prayer to God to reveal His mind and His way to him.

It was a strange coincidence that at the same time that Court, in a little obscure village, in France, was planning the restoration of the church in that country, another saint of God, quite unknown to him, was meditating on the same subject in Wurtemberg through long days of exile. Antoine acted before Roger, and so was the executor of their joint project.

The very month that the king, le vainqueur de l'herésie, was laid in the grave, a youth of nineteen convoked the first synod, laying again the foundations of that church which the great monarch had made it the aim of his long reign to destroy. "This project," writes an historian of the time, "which required the wisdom of an old man, was conceived by a child."

At the gray dawning of the morning, in a deserted quarry, came together in solemn conclave that memorable synod. It consisted but of nine persons, none of whom were ordained—the preachers, Court, Arnaud, Durand, and Rouvière; the prophets, Hue and Vesson, with three others who had not taken up the ministry. After earnest prayer, Antoine opened out his plan of operations.

He advised the establishment of elders, who would undertake the convoking of assemblies, with the choice of their locality, the care of the poor, and the enforcing of godly discipline. He strongly condemned the dishonorable and dangerous practice of preachers using for their own needs sums collected for the poor, counseling its abolition. But the point he most pressed was the last—the

extinction of fanaticism. He prohibited frenzies and ecstasies in the assemblies, and ordained that for the future the Bible, as the only rule of faith, should take the place of this imaginary inspiration of the Spirit. Women were commanded to keep silence in the churches, according to the teaching of Paul.

Seated in a circle, on the large stones of the quarry, the other members of the synod, in deferential silence, listened in profound admiration to the wise counsels of the youthful speaker. Enthusiastically they accepted all the propositions of him whom they had begun by choosing as "moderator," and adopted them all without a question.

Having now attained the wish of his heart, in establishing the assemblies on a church basis, Court proceeded to make another tour through Languedoc, the late theater of the Camisard war, to which province he and his companions confined their ministry. His greatest difficulty ever was in having fellow-workers, who though devoted men, were unequal to himself. The old Camisards especially (Montbonnoux included), would brook no control, and it required all his marvelous firmness to keep them in the right path.

Arnaud and Corteiz were his most valued helpers. The former soon perished on the scaffold, but the latter was spared to be his true yoke-fellow through many years of dangerous labors. Court writes of this time: "What was most essential was lacking, namely, preachers one alone of all who then existed could second me, and he did so effectually. His name was Corteiz. He was not present at the first synod that I convoked, being then abroad. At his return, he not only approved of what I had done, but also entered into all the views that I proposed for the future, and did all that was in his power to ensure success."

The Children's Party

IT was the evening of a children's party, and after having taken tea with them, I retired to my own room, to give them more freedom to enjoy themselves. The house was a wide, broad, rambling one, where they could have hide and seek, and run from room to room and from passage to passage. I daresay the game was of this kind, when one of the little girls slipped into my room to hide, not knowing I was there.

She was a tiny, delicate girl, scarcely able to enjoy a game, or a romp, for she had fallen while at school as a child, and injured her spine permanently.

I invited her in, for she was about to retire. She was a great favorite with us all, and she willingly came to me, and sat on my knee while I chatted with her. I advised her not to join such a game with strong boys and girls, and said she might just stay with me till their game was over.

Then we chatted away for a little time, and as I sat and looked at the weak girl, and thought how there was little or no hope that she would live for more than a few years, I felt anxious about her soul, and longed to have a word with her about Jesus. "How old are you, Bella?" I asked. "Just thirteen!" she replied. "Indeed," I said, "are you really so old as that?"

Then I added, "Thirteen was to me a very eventful age, for do you know it was just when I was thirteen years old that I gave my heart to Jesus?"

She looked up sweetly into my face, and I added, "Perhaps you have already long ago given Him your heart?" "No," she said in a whisper, "I have not done so yet!"

"Well, Bella," I asked, "would you believe me if I said that I was sorry that I ever gave my heart to Jesus?" "No," she replied, "I am sure you never regretted doing so." "But don't you think, Bella, that I would have been wiser to wait, and after I had grown up given Him my heart?"

"No, I suppose the sooner the better," said the girl." Do you really think so? "I asked." Do you think it a wise thing to give one's heart to Jesus, and that as soon as possible, and that one never, never regrets such a step?" "Yes," she said, "I do." "Then, Bella," I asked again, "would you believe me when I tell you that it was the happiest day in all my life, that I never knew what it was to be happy until then, and that I have been very, very, very happy ever since, and that now knowing Jesus as my own beloved Saviour, who died for me on Calvary, and who loves me still, just as well as ever He did, although He is now on the throne, and possesses all power in heaven and on earth, would you believe that now, if I had a thousand hearts, I would gladly give Him them all?" "Yes," said the little girl, as she heaved a long, deep drawn sigh, that spoke to me of a secret longing to be happy, and perhaps a secret unhappiness and dread, deep down in that heart.

"Well, Bella," I said, "Jesus came to my heart and knocked, and said, 'My son, give Me thine heart;' and for a time, a long, long time, I said, 'No, Jesus, I want to enjoy the world and myself for a while, I don't want you yet.' But friends around me died, and I grew sick, and I feared that I too might die unsaved, without Christ; and Jesus came again, and said, 'My son, give Me thine heart,'

and then I said, 'Take my heart, Lord, and keep it forever.'" Then turning to the dear child, I said, "Bella, Jesus has often come to your heart, and said, 'My daughter, give Me thine heart;' and maybe you have put Him oft again and again, and now He comes once more tonight and knocks, and says, 'Let Me in;' and one day you may be knocking at Jesus' door at heaven's gate, and saying, 'Let me in, Jesus;' and if you do not let Him in, you cannot expect Him to let you in then, for He will have to say, I never knew you.'" "But," I continued, as I saw the tears in the eyes of my little friend, "if you take in Jesus now, He will take you then, into His Father's home." A little more was said, but the end was that Bella and I knelt down, after I had locked my door, and there and then, with tears partly of sorrow and partly of joy, did she give herself up to Jesus, and asked Him to come into her sinful heart and wash it, and make it white as snow by His precious blood.

I knew, I felt that it was a real transaction, that God had brought her into my room, and that that night He was rejoicing over another lost lamb folded in the Shepherd Saviour's arms, and I thanked Him for having thus drawn to Himself this dear child.

Putting my arms round her as she rose from her knees, I said, "Bella, Jesus has been holding out His arms for you a long time, and now you have come to them, and He just folds them round you like this;" and I said, "His are the everlasting arms, and nothing shall ever separate you from His bosom or His love, and no one, neither man, nor angel, nor devil will be able to pluck you from Him." I opened the door, and she went quietly away to wash a face stained with crying, but bright with the new light of life, and to join the others, who had scarcely missed her. That evening I walked home with her, and had the opportunity of opening up to her more of the love of Jesus, and of what she had in Him.

Only a few years passed away, during which we met almost weekly, and Bella kept on, as she had begun, loving the Lord. Many a time I knew by the warm pressure of her hand, when there was no opportunity to speak, that she meant "We love Jesus," and many a talk we had of His goodness and grace. Only a few years, as I have said, and I had a message one Lord's day from her mother that she was dying apparently, and I went to see, as I thought, the last of dear Bella on earth. I passed up the well-known staircase and into the room where I had often visited her. I saw in the adjacent room the father and the mother. She came with me, while he turned his face away towards the fire to hide the tears that coursed down his wrinkled cheeks.

The sisters and brothers stood looking out at the windows of the room where Bella lay, and they scarcely dared turn to me as I shook hands with them. They all were weeping, for all thought the end was at hand. I went along with the mother to the little couch, which had been drawn up to the side of the fire in a corner of the room.

Her mother said, "She will know you, but she is not able to turn or to speak to you."

The dear girl lay with her face towards the wall, and I bent over her to catch one more glimpse of the big blue eyes as they turned up towards me, and I lifted the Testament which lay on the pillow, it was my own, but hers while she lived and could use it, and opening it, my eye instantly fell on John 14. "Let not your heart be troubled." I read the words, and asked, "Is there anything troubling your heart?"

She smiled and whispered, "No."

“Are you safe in the arms of Jesus?” I asked.

Again a bright beaming smile, and “Yes, safe in His arms.”

I wanted no more, and bade her not attempt to speak while I read a little in the midst of the family, and knelt to pray, not so much for the dear dying one as for the others, that they might be saved and blessed.

Bella lived on a little longer than was expected, and then passed sweetly away to be with the Lord.
J. S.

Little Curly

LITTLE Curly was four years of age, and a very intelligent child she was, with golden curls all over her head, and large blue eyes, which often opened very wide when she was surprised. And she was very much surprised one day, when Miss Norten—a young lady, who was staying with her mother—asked her if she had ever heard of the loving Saviour, who died for sinners old and young. The dear child did not know who Jesus was, for her mother had not taught her even to say a prayer when she went to bed.

Miss Norten was astonished at the child's ignorance, and taking her upon her knee said, "Why, Curly darling, I teach little boys every Sunday about Jesus, and that beautiful home He has gone to prepare for little children who love Him."

"Oh!" said Curly, "I thought you taught your little boys their letters, for I learn my letters at school."

"No, darling," replied Miss Norten, "on Sunday I teach them of Jesus, who came down from heaven, and who died to was away our sins. He says to all little children 'Come unto Me,' and He will forgive you every naughty thing you have done, and by-and-by take you to that beautiful home, beyond the bright blue sky, for He lives up there."

"Oh, up there in the blue sky, I can't see Him," exclaimed the child, eagerly gazing through the window. "Did you come down from the blue sky to tell me of Jesus? Do you live up there, when you're at home? Mother said you came by train; she did not say you came down from the blue sky!"

"No, Curly darling, I did not come down from the sky, but God must have sent me, I think, to tell you of His Son Jesus, and His love. So you must listen to me. One day, a very long time ago, God sent His Son down from heaven to this earth. His Son came into this world to seek and to save sinners. His name was called Jesus, because He saves His people from their sins. Jesus, who was once a little child, like you, grew up to be a man, going about doing good, healing all the poor, sick people, and blessing little children, and doing all sorts of loving things. But men did not love Him, and one day they nailed Him to a cross, and there He died. But now He lives in heaven, and everyone, great or small, who trusts Him, has his sins forgiven. But, if people do not love and trust Him, He cannot take them to His beautiful home, for no one may enter that holy and beautiful place where Jesus lives who is sinful and wicked. All who trust Him He forgives every naughty thing they ever did, and by and by takes them to His home to be forever with Him."

"But shall I die if I love Jesus?" said Curly.

"No, darling. We love Him because He first loved us, and when we love Him, we try to please Him by doing good, and by obeying His words," answered Miss Norten.

"Oh! then I should like to love Him and trust Him," said Curly, "and if I do die He will take me up in the bright blue sky, and I will tell mother and Teddy of Him, too, and they will love Him, to come to that beautiful home with me, won't they? And will you tell them all about it, Miss Norten?"

That night, for the first time, Curly was taught to pray to God. She could not understand at first what Miss Norten meant when she asked her to kneel before she got into bed, but on being told that God could hear her, she willingly repeated the infant petition.

The blessed Jesus loves little children, and we do not doubt that He sent the message about Himself to this little child, who had never even heard of Him, nor been taught to pray to God. "He shall feed His flock like a Shepherd; He shall gather the lambs with His arm, and carry them in His bosom."

(Isa. 40:2) H.D.

A Few Words on Faith

True faith is tried faith, and without works faith is dead (James 2:26). The faith of a child is tested and proved, as well as that of a grown-up person; only God tried the weak gently and the strong severely. The trial of our faith is much more precious than of gold, which perishes. This is subjected to the heat of the furnace, but our faith is tried by the things of every day, and often by the heat of affliction, so that it might be found unto praise and honor and glory at the appearing of Jesus Christ (1 Peter 1:7). What a light does this cast upon the trials and difficulties which all who love Christ must needs undergo!

True faith moves the whole being. God spoke to Abraham: he believed God, and believing, became a pilgrim and a stranger on earth, and a looker for a city which has foundations, and whose builder and maker is God. God gave David the promise of the throne, and though pursued by Saul, and at times despairing of his life, still David believed God, and was more than conqueror. God told Paul that he and those with him in the ship should be saved and those with him in the ship should be saved out of the storm; Paul believed God, and not one of those was lost for whom he trusted the divine word. The word of God has much greater influence over some Christians than others. Why? Some believe God, others hardly do so. We are not now speaking of salvation, but of practical daily life.

Faith overcomes difficulties ■ nay, impossibilities! ■ as the overthrow of Jericho, and the triumphs of Gideon and of Samson show, and as the records of earnest, believing men of our own times prove. The giants amongst believers are the men of faith, strong in faith, made strong by it, for God's work and glory!

Deliverance to the Captives

A LITTLE more than one hundred and twenty years ago, a French woman sat bending over a letter she was writing, as best she could, in a dark, strange-looking room.

This room was round, with stone walls, and with neither windows nor fireplace. A fire burned there sometimes in the cold weather but it was lighted in the middle of the stone floor, and the smoke, if it found its way on at all, had to ascend through a hole in the roof into an upper chamber, exactly like the lower one, except that the hole in the floor occupied the place of the fire in the room below. The upper room had a hole in the roof open to the sky, through which the smoke sometimes escaped, and through which till rain and wind poured in at all seasons.

Round these rooms, beds were placed for the fourteen inhabitants—all old women, or women who looked old from suffering and sorrow.

Marie Durand, who was endeavoring to write a letter, was at this time about fifty-three years old. She had spent thirty-eight years of her life in this dark dungeon. Some of her companions had been there longer. One of them had never seen the outside world since she was eight years old.

What had the child done that she should be condemned to spend her life in prison, with no hope of ever again looking upon the sunny hills and the blue sea outside? She had gone with her mother to hear the forbidden preaching, the preaching of the Gospel of Christ in the mountains of the Desert.

“The Desert:” so were the mountains of the Cevennes called by the witnesses for Christ, who, during the last century, lived literally in deserts and mountains, and in dens and caves of the earth; hunted, tortured, massacred, imprisoned whenever the Jesuit agents could find them. Pierre Durand Marie’s brother, had been caught on his way to baptize a child, and hanged forthwith. Marie had been seized at the age of fifteen and never again had she breathed the fresh air or seen one of the old faces of her childhood.

At any moment she might have gone forth free—so might any of these prisoners. They had but to say they abjured the faith of their Huguenot fathers—that was all—they had but to do what thousands of our English women are doing today, to kneel down and worship the consecrated host, then the prison doors would be opened to them, and they might go where they would. But year after year passed by; some of them left their dungeon, but it was to go to Christ in Paradise; the rest remained, and prayed together, and praised the Lord that they were counted worthy to suffer for His sake.

Marie, and the rest of them, had been often ill, no wonder. Marie had gone without a dress, or apron, or shoes, that her fellow-prisoners might have some little extra comforts, and she was writing to her old pastor, Paul Rabaut, whose life had been spent in preaching in the mountain fastnesses, and who was always in danger of his life, and always a helper of his suffering brothers and sisters in the faith. But long, long years had passed before Paul Rabaut could do more than

pray for the imprisoned women of the Tour de Constance.

When Paul Rabaut received this letter, which Marie wrote in the dim light of her dungeon, he resolved to leave no stone unturned, if by the help of God, he could gain freedom for these saints of His. The time had come when his prayers were to be answered.

The Irish Governor of Languedoc, Lord Thomond, one of the followers of the exiled Stuart princes, had been a bitter and tyrannical persecutor of the Protestants. In the year 1763, he was succeeded in his government by the Prince de Beauvan. The prince was nominally a Catholic, but he was not only an enlightened man of noble character, but a man who had the fear of God before his eyes.

“These Protestants,” he said, “are good and loyal Frenchmen, whose only crime is that they desire to serve God according to their conscience”; and he forthwith gave orders that they should hold their meetings for worship without molestation. The Protestants met in multitudes in the mountain glen, the voice of their singing resounded far and wide, and with tears of joy and thankfulness they listened to the gospel preaching which, but for their faith and faithfulness would have been silenced in France long ago.

Paul Rabaut betook himself to the prince, and after many entreaties persuaded him to go in person to visit the Tour de Constance. His nephew, the Chevalier De Boufflers, who went with him, describes the scene. “Fourteen women,” he wrote, “were pining in this tower deprived of light and air. The governor whose noble countenance was but the expression of the beauty of the great soul within could scarcely refrain from weeping, and for the first time, doubtless, these poor women saw the marks of compassion in a human face. I can see them now, when he suddenly appeared amongst them, falling at his feet which they watered with their tears, endeavoring to speak, but only able to weep and sob. There taking courage by the kind words they heard at last they related the sufferings of the long years of their captivity. The youngest of these martyrs was more than fifty years old...she was eight when she had entered the gates of this gloomy tower. The prince hesitated not a moment, he ordered the chains of the captives to be loosed, and told them all to go forth free.”

He was threatened with the anger of the king, on account of this act, which went beyond the range of the authority granted to him, and was told that he would now probably be deposed from his post.

“The king has the power to remove me from my post,” he replied, “but he has no the power to prevent me from performing my duties according to my conscience and my honor.”

It was a joyful yet a sad sight to see this band of prisoners go forth. For nearly all of them there was no home, no family to welcome them. Marie Durand dragged herself feebly to the old house of her childhood. There stood the chestnut trees■she knew them each one in the old familiar place■but the home? It was a solitary ruin, enough remaining to shelter her from the weather, that was all! There she spent the rest of her days, provided for by a small pension, sent to her from Holland, which she shared with an old Protestant, just released from the galleys, and died thanking and praising God.

A hundred years passed away. They had been years of liberty from the dungeons and the gallows, and the bayonets of the century before. But a tyrant more cruel than Louis XIV. or Louis XV, had not forgotten the Protestants of the Cevennes. The "prince of this world," who had failed to stifle the blessed gospel by persecution and torture, and death, had other ways and means more dangerous, because less visible and less terrible to flesh and blood. And this time it seemed as if he had triumphed marvelously, for the grandchildren of the martyrs, still called Protestants, had become those who had a name to live and were dead, their valleys were as the valley of Ezekiel—the valley of dry bones—they were imprisoned in strong dungeons, darker than the Tour de Constance, the dungeons of infidelity and rationalism.

"I go from village to village on my donkey," an evangelist said to me eight years since, "in each there is a rationalist pastor, and a dead, unbelieving flock, and except when an evangelist comes amongst them, the gospel for which their fathers died is a sound which never reaches their ears."

But there were some even in Sardis who had not defiled their garments, and in one of these little towns of the Cevennes there were a few who met to pray to the Lord that He would breathe the breath of life into these lost, dead souls around them.

One Sunday, six years ago, one of these praying believers, the pastor of the town, was preaching to the lifeless congregation who lay so heavily on his heart. As he preached, a man stood up and said: "Pray for me—pray for me, I am a lost sinner." And another and another followed, till the church resounded with the agonizing prayers of awakened souls. Thirteen that day found peace in believing in Jesus.

And from that little town the tide of living water has flowed across the whole breadth of Southern France, and beyond the borders into the Swiss valleys, and thousands have passed forth, free men and women, from the dark dungeons in which Satan held them captive—from the dungeons of unbelief, and death, and condemnation, into the liberty of the glory of the children of God.

Only two days since, I read a letter from some of these delivered captives, who had gone to preach the blessed gospel in the dark villages of Algeria, and who can now tell of the mighty works of God, the signs which have followed them that believe.

And in the villages of the Cevennes the great work is carried on by the power of the Spirit, the wind of God that bloweth where it listeth, breathing into the slain that they may live. Only a week or two since one of the pastors stood at the foot of the pulpit stairs in his large church, and said, "I am not going up into this pulpit, I wish to kneel down amongst you all, and pray that the Lord may save you. It is salvation that is needed. Let any here who are already saved cry to the Lord for the salvation of the rest."

Then the voice of the pastor, and of the believing amongst his people, arose in fervent prayer to God, and there arose also the sound of the bitter weeping of those who longed for the conversion of their brethren, and of those who now, for the first time, knew themselves to be lost sinners.

In the town where this awakening began six years ago, one woman looked on with scorn and bitterness. She was a washerwoman, who was persuaded to go to the gospel meetings, but who only listened to mock and scoff. One lady in particular spoke often to this woman, but her heart seemed to be as hard as a millstone, and as one and another around her were turned to the Lord,

she called them fools and hypocrites. Last April the lady who cared for her soul, received the following letter from this prisoner of Satan: ■

“Madame, ■ I want to thank you from the bottom of my heart that you have led me to Jesus. You have been His angel, sent to break the chains with which I was bound.

I had gone to church for many years, and I was always in the habit of reading the Bible with pleasure, and the sermons of the pastor used sometimes to make me feel serious. But the chains were always there, holding me fast. I had not Jesus in my heart. I was not saved, as you said to us when we were coming home from one of those blessed meetings. I was always hearing after that, the words sounding in my ears, Have you Jesus for your own? “Are you saved?”

“I went to bed that night, but I had to get up again very quickly. I knelt down there and then, and I said, ‘O my God, O Lord, I will stay here on my knees till Thou sayest to me as Thou saidst to the paralytic man, “Rise up!”’

“But Satan was there busy with all his wiles, and he said to me, ‘Go to bed! tomorrow you can read your Bible, and He will come to you.’

“ ‘But it is now,’ I said, ‘before the day dawns, that I want Jesus.’

“And so I remained kneeling there till two o’clock in the morning; then Satan came back and said to me, ‘You see how late it is. He will not come. Go to bed.’

“But I remained there nailed to the ground on my knees, and I answered, ‘It is now that I want Jesus, not tomorrow.’ And then I said to Him, ‘Lord Jesus, come quickly!’

“And behold, all in a moment I was filled with joy-transported with a joy I cannot describe. Something mysterious had happened to me, which words cannot tell. My heavy burden was gone.

“Then Jesus Himself said to me, ‘Go and rest.’

“Lord, I thank Thee that Thou didst send Thine angel to lead me to Thee! Guide me now in my house and family by Thy wise counsels in all my dealings with my husband and children. Do this for me in the name of Jesus.

“Madame, receive the loving affection of your humble and devoted servant.

MARIE L—.”

Will those who read this true story, and who are themselves saved, pray that this glorious work of the Spirit of God may deepen and widen, and that the towns and villages of France still lying in darkness and in the shadow of death, may hear the voice of the Son of God, for those who hear shall live? F. B.

Two Solemn Deathbeds

TWO cousins, both bearing the name of Joseph, were left fatherless at a very early age. Their mothers were Christians.

Joseph R■'s mother used to gather her seven children around her every Lord's day evening, to teach them, and to hear them repeat the ten commandments and the catechism, closing with the hymn, "The light of Sabbath eve is fading fast away." There was in her teaching a mixture of law and grace.

These weekly gatherings were very distasteful to the children, for they were afraid of God, and had hard thoughts of Him, thinking that to obtain salvation, they had to keep the commandments, and, of course, they found themselves unable to do so. The gospel tells us of God's love and grace. Through the work of the Lord Jesus Christ, God can freely forgive the sinner; can give to him eternal life, and make him His own child. (Rom. 3:24-25; 6:23; Gal. 3:26.)

Joseph was the youngest member of this family, and as time passed on, religious teaching became more and more wearisome to him. He could not be induced to enter a church or chapel, and went on carelessly till the age of eighteen. He was then seized with typhus fever, in so severe a form as to leave him, after six days, in a dying condition.

On the morning of the day on which he died, his youngest sister, on entering his room, was struck with the great change that had come over him. She saw that he was dying. The nurse was sitting with him, but his mother had gone to breakfast. His sister was not a Christian, but her heart was tender; and hurrying downstairs, she cried, "Oh! mother, Joe is dying; and you have not said one word to him about his soul!"

The mother instantly returned with her to his bedside. He was apparently unconscious.

His mother whispered, "The blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleanseth us from all sin." (1 John 1:7.) The sister was surprised to hear Joe repeat the words after his mother.

Immediately, fearful convulsions set in, and during the slight intervals between the fits, poor Joe's agony of soul was dreadful. He would cry out, "I have been such a wicked boy, mother!" and would be off in another fit. On returning to consciousness, this was still his cry; and all day long he kept on in this manner, until about five in the evening, when he cried, "Oh, mother! oh! Etta! the gates are open! Carry me through! Quick! Quick!" The fits were now so frequent and so strong that there was scarcely time between them to speak one word to him. Then, in an easier moment, he repeated: ■

"Jesus, Lover of my soul,

Let me to Thy bosom fly,

While the raging billows roll,

While the tempest still is high.
Hide me, oh! my Saviour, hide,
Till the, storm of life is past,
Safe into the haven guide,
Oh receive my soul at last."

Rarely, perhaps, have the words of the last line, "Oh! receive my soul at last," been uttered with such intense earnestness, as they were then uttered by poor Joe. It was, indeed, a cry of anguish and longing from the depths of his soul. The young fellow was face to face with eternity, and he wanted that Saviour, whom he had slighted in life, to receive his soul now. Was he saved? One cannot speak with certainty.

After battling with death for about two hours, Joe was gone, so there was no life to testify to the reality of his change of heart. But if Joe really "called upon the name of the Lord," and came as a poor undone sinner to Jesus, then he was assuredly saved, for it is written, "Whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved." (Rom. 10:13.) Jesus Himself has said, "Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out." (John 6:37.) But oh! what an awful risk was his!

Let none of my readers think that he can come to Christ when he likes, and that there will be time to find Him on a death-bed, for death sometimes comes very suddenly. The six days granted to Joe are not granted to all, and what I have to relate of his cousin will show the truth of this.

The mother of the second Joseph of our narrative, although a Christian, had not obeyed God's word concerning ungodly alliances, for her second marriage was with an unconverted man. He was not kind to Joseph, who, in consequence, left his mother's roof.

Joe was an ungodly young man, desiring to see something of the world, and to be his own master. Alas! there are many such, and they think not that they are the slaves of Satan.

Soon after the death of his cousin, Joe met with an accident, and was taken to St. George's Hospital. His mother was sent for, and proceeded quickly there, to receive the awful intelligence that nothing could be done for her son—he was dying! The poor mother went to his bedside, and tried to tell him gently of his danger, and of the love of Jesus, but there was no response in Joseph's heart.

His mother, knowing he was unsaved, in the anguish of her heart, told him plainly that he was dying. He sprang up instantly from the bed, and shouted out, "I won't die! I can't die! I'm not fit to die!" and fell back dead.

So died Joseph Pθ, at the age of twenty-one. No ray of hope here. Notwithstanding God's love and God's great provision for sinners in giving His only begotten Son to die in their stead; notwithstanding the fact of an open Bible, with the way of salvation clearly revealed therein, ■salvation through simple trust in the accomplished work of the Lord Jesus Christ■Joseph died without Christ■without hope.

His poor mother was heart-broken. Wherever she went, whatever she did, her dying son was always before her. She fancied she could still hear his groans, and his last bitter cry—and in about five weeks death came to her also.

Oh! my dear reader, let me ask you to profit by this terrible story. Do, I pray you, think of eternity. You may be older than either of these young men, and your days are swiftly speeding on, like the grains of sand running in an hour glass. How mad to risk your eternal welfare for anything this world can offer! Nothing can really satisfy but Christ, and if you accept Him, as your Saviour, you will find that He gives not only salvation, but joy that can never be found in the world.

To the Christian mother who may read the account of these two sad death-beds, I would say, seek grace and wisdom from God to win your children to the Saviour while they are yet young. Let the story of His love and of His finished work be very tenderly dwelt on, and let the need of the little ones of such a Saviour be faithfully pressed. God will own your efforts, and will bless and save your children; thus you will never have to taste the bitterness of the sorrow, experienced by the two unhappy mothers of my story. W. W. H.

Do You Know the Lord Jesus Personally?

IN the town of H■ six godless young men were sitting smoking and playing cards, when one of them said, “I went to T■ yesterday to see my brother, and, after talking to me awhile, he told me he was saved, and then he asked me if I believed in the Lord Jesus. So says I, ‘Oh, yes, I believes all that.’ But then he went on, ‘Do you know Him personally?’ Now, mates, I can’t make out no how what he meant.”

One of the six, familiarly known as Joe, replied, “Why, that’s what them folk in Quay Street says, that they are saved. What do you say to going and hearing the preaching down there tomorrow?”

Tomorrow came, and the two friends went off with their, dogs for a Sunday morning stroll, but the words repeated lightly enough the night before, “Do you know the Lord Jesus personally?” kept coming back to Joe’s mind, and so, instead of the usual style of conversation, they began discussing the characters and ways of those who said they were saved—Satan’s usual wile to oppose the work of the Spirit. That evening the two men found their way down to the Quay, where the Mission Room is, and spent the time till the door was opened in heaving bricks to try their strength!

The speaker took for his subject that night “Eternal life,” and the two, who had gone in merely to see what was going on, were arrested by God’s Spirit, and said to each other, “Mr.■ could never stand up and speak in that way unless he was quite sure what he said was true.”

That night they were both saved, and their translation from Satan’s kingdom to that of God’s dear Son, was so apparent to all their boon companions, that the card-playing parties were broken up, and these two, who were the dread of their wives and friends on a fair-day, are now “living epistles,” known and read of all in H—. They have so consistently testified for Christ for more than two years, that now another of the six is saved also, and will with them by and by cast his crown at the Saviour’s feet.

In man’s estimation, three of the most unlikely subjects in H■ have been converted. That question faithfully put, “Do you know the Lord Jesus personally?” has resulted in the salvation of three souls. What an encouragement to God’s people to speak even one sentence the Master! S.

Gleams of New Testament Light From the Old Testament.

7. Walking by Faith

AFTER the flood, God set His bow in the cloud for His eye to gaze upon, and said, "I will look upon it, that I may remember the everlasting covenant between God and every living creature of all flesh that is upon the earth." The earth now abides under this covenant, the rainbow arching the storm-cloud, and the blacker the storm the brighter the promise written over it. This promise to the earth and its inhabitants is based upon sacrifice, for "the Lord smelled a savor of rest" (Gen. 8:21 ■margin) arising from Noah's altar, upon which this His covenant was made.

But though the earth might henceforth bear her fruit, man's heart remained unchanged. The judgment of the flood did not amend human nature, nor teach succeeding generations the folly of sin. Presently men combined together to build up a great name for themselves by the means of a tower whose top should reach to heaven, thus asserting human greatness in defiance of God.

In Adam's days, the Lord came down to Eden to see the man whom He had made, and He found him departed from Himself, hiding amongst the trees of paradise; and the Lord God cast man out of paradise to labor and die on the earth, and thus has it been with each individual born on the earth since man's fall ■the earth is not his home. In the days after the flood, the Lord came down to see the city and the tower which the children of men builded; and He confounded their common speech, and divided their one language, and scattered them abroad upon the face of all the earth. From that day to the present, the various families of the earth have been divided and scattered from each other. But it is in every man's heart to form himself a home here! Who does not fondly seek to do so, and who does not become in the end disappointed and heartbroken, as death and sorrow enter his doors? Also, the great men of the world have sought in succeeding centuries to establish a kingdom on the earth, and to build up upon it a central name and power, but their kingdoms are either destroyed or are growing up like forest trees, to decay and perish.

In our own time, there is a great revival of the spirit which led to the building of Babel; there is a mighty effort for combination, proceeding amongst the masses of men, which, slowly but surely, gains ground. The cry for union is heard even amongst such as are scattered from each other by interests as well as by language. The end will surely be a vast union and combination in defiance of God and with the purpose to exalt man, but as it was with Babel of old, so will it be with the Babylon yet to arise, divine judgment will fall upon it. The Babel of Genesis and the Babylon of Revelation are alike in purpose, in rebellion against God, and in their eventual destruction.

Let us, in the light of the aspirations of our own times, consider the men of the olden days. The spirit of the city and of the tower were filling their hearts, and as we picture the past, a light sheds itself upon the thoughts and till course of the father of the faithful. He lived outside the spirit of that day, of its growing kingdoms, its grand desires for human greatness, and of its idolatry, for he "looked for a city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God." (Heb. 11:10.) Abraham's mind, as that of the believer's today, was filled through faith with a greater conception than that of the world. Everlasting stability, everlasting rest, both the work of God for man were before his eyes. To him "the God of glory appeared" (Acts 7:2), and when a sight by faith of the

God of glory is before the soul of a saint, the glory of this world dissolves into vanity.

We greatly err if we regard the things of God as on a level with those of the world. "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him"■they are beyond and above all human powers of conception■ "but God hath revealed them unto us by His Spirit." (1 Cor. 2:9, 10.) The God of glory, by His promises to the father of the faithful, filled Abraham with hope, and made him a pilgrim and a stranger on earth. And such still is the way of God with His people, for as their hearts are filled with heavenly things by the Spirit, so are they practically "partakers of the heavenly calling" (Heb. 3:1), and strangers and pilgrims here. All God's people are actually partakers of the heavenly calling, but to be heavenly, according to our calling, we need to have our souls filled with heavenly things, which the revelation of God has unveiled.

Our lives are formed by our hope, and our hope is the result of our faith in God's word. No man becomes a child of faith save by faith, and to try to become strangers and pilgrims here, without having our hearts filled with the glory of divine things, is but a vain attempt. Even in earthly things a man is a pilgrim and a stranger in foreign lands by reason of his home, and the stronger his desire to reach home, and the greater his love for home, the more verily is he a pilgrim and a stranger in the foreign land. And as the "city which hath foundations," as "the Father's house," yes, that special Place there prepared by the loving hand of Jesus Himself, are present to our hearts, so do our lives assume the pilgrim and stranger character.

God shows us in the combined uprising of the world after the flood, man determined on establishing his glory and his name on the earth. He also shows His hidden answer to this, even in the heavenly city which hath foundations, and in His glory revealed to the child of faith.

There is certainly a lesson to be learned from the way God is acting in our own times amongst His people. Every day has its own peculiar spiritual difficulties, and God has His way of guiding His people in their day of difficulty. He is now leading the thoughts, and hearts too, of many to the coming of His Son from heaven. Glory thus beams before them, and with this heavenly brightness present to the eye, the world fades into its true character.

We may well seek for grace to pursue the pilgrim path trodden by Abraham of old, for he, when "called to go out into a place which he should after receive for an inheritance, obeyed; and he went out, not knowing whither he went." (Heb. 11:8.) None the less distinctly than was he, are we called to our heavenly home; it is for us each one to obey God's word. God calls, let us obey, and may it be recorded of us, they "went out, not knowing whither they went." Such a record of a life is worthy indeed■He followed at the bidding of God's word, and left consequences with Him.

Obtaining Peace

“BEING justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ.” (Rom. V. 1.) We are justified by God upon our believing Himself. Here is a divine action, which is everlasting. True, we may not realize that we are justified, neither could we know that such was the case unless God told us so in His word; but if we take simply, and believe it, that we are justified by God, the consequence in our souls will be peace with God. We look through a telescope, and see a star which our unaided vision could not discern, but the telescope enables us to say without doubt that a star shines yonder! So as we fix our gaze on these words, “Being justified,” we can say with certainty, “we have peace with God.”

Jesus Called a Little Child Unto Him

OUR little Freddy had been ill for many months, and the doctor said there was no hope for him, unless he went into the hospital.

We were so anxious that he should get better, that we consented to part with him for a few weeks, and then he came home to die. They could do him no good—he had lived eight years of suffering, and now nothing more could be done for him. Freddy was always bright and happy, never murmuring at his lot, although he could not play ab out as other children did. He was called the sunshine of our home, and while he was able to walk, would always come to meet us when we returned home. If any one of us was crying, he would come and put his arms around our neck and cry too; if we were very happy about anything, in spite of his great suffering, he was happy too.

But at last the day had come, and Freddy had to go. On the same morning that he died, mother said to him, “Do you know you are soon going to be with Jesus?” He quietly answered, “Yes,” and from that time patiently waited for His call, and when it came his answer was, “Here, here I am; oh, come, Jesus, take me,” and with these words on his lips, and a happy smile on his face, he passed away to join the happy ones, where “Around the throne of God in heaven, Thousands of children stand.”

Dear children who read this true tale about my dear little brother, I would ask you to live so that you may be ready, as Freddy was, to answer to the call when Jesus comes.

“I would tell the little ones

Of Jesus and His love;

I know that Jesus wants them

In His happy home above.”

E.W.■d.

One Taken and the Other Left

LIKE many others, I was going on the broad road which leads to destruction, not heeding nor taking any notice of what God says in His Word as to salvation. All of our family went to church, and, though I often had serious thoughts about God, I used to pass them off by thinking that all must die and be in the grave till the last day, and then that all will be judged, when the good will go to heaven, and the bad to hell. The good, I thought, were those who attended church, and did not swear, or do evil things, and my heart would reason, "God is very good, and merciful, and will let all in when He hears them ask Him, and He would not be so hard-hearted as to turn and shut the door on me." I had never heard nor read that the Lord Jesus Christ is coming again, and so I used to try and content myself with such foolish thoughts.

One day a neighbor asked me to go to Sunday School with her, and after promising several Sundays, I made up my mind to go. All seemed very nice, I thought, till the third Sunday came, when we read, "There shall be two grinding at a mill, one shall be taken and the other left."

I felt very anxious to understand what that meant. When we were going home, I heard the teacher say to some in the class, "Is it Christ for me?" and all seemed to answer "Yes."

I was greatly afraid lest I should be asked, indeed, quite dreaded it, as I knew I had never been to Christ and confessed my sins, but all at once the teacher came, and taking hold of my hand, said "Is it 'Christ for me' with you?" I knew it was not, and so did not reply.

My teacher then spoke to me about the Lord Jesus Christ coming again, which troubled me greatly; and presently another of the teachers came to me and began talking to me, and then quoted the Scripture we had been reading, "One shall be taken and the other left."

There were several standing round, and he asked them if when the Lord came they would, go? They all said, "Yes," and he said I shall go, and looking towards me, inquired, "What will become of you?"

These words made such an impression on my mind, that I could do nothing but think of them all the way home. "What will become of you? what will become of you?" kept ringing in my ears. I pictured myself in the school, and Jesus Christ come, and all gone with Him but me. All the class gone, and the teacher, too, and myself left. I thought it would be better if one or two were left with me, but they all seemed to say, "Yes, they should go when He came."

On reaching my home, I went upstairs alone, and at first I declared I would never go to the school again. "That is how I expected it would be," said I. "Why can't they let me alone?" Surely it was Satan putting thoughts into my mind! But all at once, I thought if the Lord Jesus were to come that night, I should be left, and then what would this world's pleasure be worth?

Like most young people, I was fond of worldly pleasures, but I longed not to miss everlasting joy. The conflict went on as I thought, "I shall not enjoy myself, or be able to go to places of worldly amusement," and in the midst of my distress I knelt down before the Lord, and poured out my

wants and thoughts to Him. I told Him I was a sinner, and craved for the unspeakable joy that God gives to all who truly repent, and, thank the Lord, He gave it to me, and I have lived rejoicing ever since.

I have my trials, but the Lord has always been sufficient for me; I have never wanted the worldly amusements I used so to enjoy since that happy day; no, the Sunday School and the Gospel Service have been my greatest "place of amusement" ever since.

I have written these simple lines for young persons like myself, thinking that the account of what passed in my mind and heart may be of some service to them. May every young reader of these lines find in the Lord Jesus as precious a Saviour and as dear a Friend as I have done. J. M.

Not Rich Toward God

“WHAT shall I do?” thought the rich man within himself, whose wealth was so great that he was perplexed where to put his goods. So he sat and pondered the matter over. Blessed he was, in earthly possessions, by the God of Israel to such an extent that, alas, as it is with too many, he left God out of his thoughts, and busied himself solely with his goods!

While he was thinking over the affairs of his life, God was pondering over his ways, and reckoning up his thoughts. He was not a bad man, he was not a flagrant sinner; he was merely occupied with his riches, and the ease of this life. It was but foresight to plan thus, “I will pull down my barns, and build greater; and there will I bestow all my fruits and my goods.” Thousands have done as he purposed to do. Thousands at this moment so thoroughly occupy themselves with things of time that they are blind to those of eternity. Very few, comparatively speaking, are occupied with the immense realities of a life to come. It might be thought, judging by the ways of men, that there was no future for them beyond this life no eternity for them to exist in forever!

Having made his plans, the rich man added, “I will say to my soul, Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years; take thine ease, eat, drink, and be merry.” No more, care for the head which perishes, no more anxiety; all is well, all is peace, thought he; and then on his well-devised plans he went easily to sleep.

This is an everyday story. All over the world the details of it are being worked out. Life and its treasures, life and its ease, the hope of the soul. Eternity not even thought of! God not considered—His word, His warnings, His entreaties, out of sight and out of mind. Oh! what madness is this. Yet for the most part the world is smitten of this disease. Reader, how is it with you? Have you ever spent one hour alone in the light of eternity pondering over your future, and saying, “What shall I do?” When a man’s wealth or health is in question he is personal enough, but when the question is a man’s soul, alas, how he shirks it, or leaves it open!

Listen to the solemn answer of God to this man’s thoughts■ “But God said unto him, Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee: then whose shall those things be, which thou hast provided?” And when the night fell the rich man’s soul passed away from its dream-land into the reality of eternity.

“So is he that layeth up treasure for himself, and is not rich toward God.”

The Story of Jacques Roger

Chapter 7. Wiles of the Devil

THE return journey of Roger and Brunel was accomplished in safety, though not without many hair-breadth escapes. In Vivarais the companions separated, and it was when left alone that Roger encountered the greatest peril of this very perilous journey. On the banks of the Rhone he had to wait half-an-hour for the ferry, amid troops who had a full description of his person, with strict orders to arrest him. But God's protecting hand was again over His servant, and He, as it were, blinded the eyes of the generally quick-sighted foe, so that Roger moved among them unobserved, and unmolested went on his way.

The return of Corteiz from Switzerland (where he had been spending some months with the loved wife, whom he dared not bring from her native land) greatly strengthened Roger in his purpose to convoke a synod in Dauphine, as he and Court had already planned. This was now done, and was held on the 22nd of August, 1716, seven preachers and a few others being present. The various propositions, that Court had made in Languedoc, were urged upon the Protestants of Dauphine, and some fresh clauses were added to further ensure holiness and order in the assemblies. Those who sinned were to be rebuked before all, after the first, second, and third admonition, administered in private, had been disregarded. Roger and his colleagues, on this occasion, laid great stress on the immense importance of family worship, which they exhorted heads of households to hold three times a day.

At all times, the household recognition of God is of the utmost consequence, and ever calculated to bring blessing most surely where it is observed, yet there were at this epoch, reasons which rendered it of peculiar value. Public worship was then rare, and the attendance at it most hazardous. The poor, who had but life and liberty to forfeit, willingly put both in jeopardy, and crowded round the proscribed preachers, proving that then, as ever, "to the poor is the gospel preached." But the wealthier middle-classes, who had more to lose, rarely ventured to attend the meetings in the desert. The family altar was thus, in many instances, the only one raised by them to the God in whom they believed.

A special clause against fanaticism was added, because of the great scandals caused thereby, and again the paramount authority of the Word of God was strongly urged as the only and all-sufficient rule for the Church of God at all times.

Having remembered together the Lord's death in the breaking of bread, the synod broke up, each one returning to his labors strengthened and refreshed. Roger, taking Rouviere as his companion, proceeded to Saint Croix, near Die, where he convened one of his usual open-air preachings. The Protestants, assembling in goodly numbers, were discovered by the Prior of the town, who made a sudden descent upon the congregation, accompanied by a dozen of his most bigoted parishioners. Roger was in full view when the enemy appeared, standing under a wide spreading tree, which sheltered his uncovered head from the rays of the burning sun, and was with much earnestness preaching Christ to his hearers. The armed band paused within earshot, hesitating as to what should be the next step; then the Prior's servant raised his firelock, and coolly took aim at

the preacher. But his master, evidently somewhat touched by the words he had heard, stopped the murderous action, saying, "It seems to me that he is not bringing out his point badly."

Roger had 'caught sight of the raised weapon, and was now fully aroused to the danger he and his audience were in. With great presence of mind, he hastily rallied the stronger men present to make an appearance of resistance to the foe, and, having placed the women and children in the back-ground under the care of the others, he advanced boldly on the Roman Catholics.

The Prior and his men, startled at this unexpected move, took fright, and, although the advancing force was wholly unarmed, they turned and fled before them, never pausing until they had fairly made good their retreat, and had barricaded themselves in their houses, in deadly fear of pursuit from the Protestants.

Roger continued his labors in that neighborhood, passing on to Chatillon. He found this district in as troubled a state as it had been on his visit six years previously. Meffre had been holding meetings, and had thus provoked the Papists to renewed hostilities. Roger, to his sorrow, found his poor fellow-Christians enduring the intense trial of a fresh dragoonade, having a company of grenadiers billeted on them. The terror and misery caused in Christian families by the presence of vile and brutal men, sent among them with unlimited license to torment the godly, peaceful households, of which they were the unwelcome guests, may be more easily imagined than described. We will give but one instance of the diabolical ingenuity with which these emissaries of Rome sought the conversion of the heretics. It was not an infrequent custom with them to fasten a poor young Huguenot mother to the foot of the great wooden bed of her room, and placing in front of her, beyond her reach, her wailing, hungry infant, let her thus watch its painful, lingering death, from which alone denial of the faith she held dear could rescue it. Scenes such as these were being enacted at Châtillon, and Roger was powerless to help the sufferers; with sore hearts he and Rouviere passed on.

All through the night the two companions continued their journey, heavy rain soaking them to the skin. At length, having put the River Drome between themselves and the vigilant soldiery, they ventured to enter an inn, hoping to get some refreshment in peace. However, they came here upon an ill-looking cavalier, who was in the act of closely questioning the host as to their friend Meffre. They learned, on his departure, that this man had caused much trouble to the Huguenots in the neighborhood, and that he was now at the head of a detachment of soldiers, proceeding to the not-far-distant valley of Bourdeaux to seek out Meffre. In hot haste they set off to warn him of his danger, and arrived in time to put him on his guard, and to affect his escape. The malice of the enemy vented itself in destroying his house.

Towards the end of October, in the vicinity of Valence, Roger, with heartfelt thankfulness, again met Jean Villeveyre, the friend of his exile, whom he had entreated to leave Wurtemberg to come and share his labors in Dauphine. He could not have joined Roger at a more opportune moment, for three of his beloved band of helpers, Corteiz, Rouviere, and Montbonnoux, had just left him to definitely take up work in Languedoc with Antoine Court, who sorely stood in need of fellow-laborers.

It was at this juncture that Roger received a visit from a youth, who was, during a short and devoted life, to do great work for God, in the neighboring province of Vivarais. Pierre Durand was

at this time only sixteen years of age, but his faith had been already tried in the fire, and, through God's grace, trial had stablished, strengthened, and so settled him, that, though but a boy in years, he was already a man in Christian experience, faith, and courage. Born in the hamlet of Bouschet, on the 12th of September, 1700, Pierre was baptized by the priest in the parish church of Pranles, from which it is supposed that his parents, at the time of his birth, must have been among the number of those who, for expediency, professed conversion to Romanism. The child attended the Roman Catholic services until he was about twelve or thirteen years of age, when he declared himself boldly on the Lord's side, and enthusiastically identified himself with the suffering people of God. Although still finding a home under the paternal roof, the lad wandered far and wide over the province of Vivarais, alone or in company with an older preacher, ministering Christ to the scattered and terrified Protestants. We have already found him at Court's first synod, and his signature may yet be seen on the time-worn document drawn up on that occasion.

Etienne Durand, who occupied an honorable position in the law, had other views for his intellectual and gifted son than to sacrifice him to the life of an itinerant preacher, and had destined him to the bar. However, all ambitious plans for the youth's future, were one day brought to an abrupt end. A meeting at his father's house was surprised by a troop of dragoons, and the young Durand was accused of having presided at it. A scene of violence in dispersing the assembly ensued, and Pierre, being aware that the authorities were bent on his capture, preserved his freedom by flight. Meditating to take refuge in Switzerland, he now sought out Roger, hoping to obtain from him letters of commendation to the Swiss Christians. Brunel accompanied the youth, and, in an isolated house in the country, the interview took place.

Roger was ever quick to discern, and lovingly to acknowledge, all that was of God in another, and he fully appreciated the precious gifts of the Spirit, which he saw in this youthful follower of Christ. He earnestly pressed on him to devote himself to the ministry of the gospel in unhappy France. Pierre willingly fell in with his advice, and agreed to study theology under his direction, with a view to being ordained. From this period, he frequently accompanied Roger in his tours, in the position of pupil as well as helper.

It is of deepest interest and of greatest encouragement to the young Christians of the present day, who desire to serve the Lord, to note the extreme youth of many, who in the perilous times of which we are writing, took a prominent place in the forefront of the battle, having given themselves up in living sacrifice to Christ. While many older Christian men, seeing but too plainly the danger to which public testimony for Christ must expose them, cautiously stood aloof, some who were still but children in years, filled with the unquestioning love of new-born souls, with all the impetuosity of youth, rushed boldly forward. Counting not their lives dear unto themselves, they willingly gave their best days in glad service to Him who had, with His life-blood, purchased them for His own, and, often early won the crown of martyrdom.

Though our young believers may not now be called to die for Christ, yet each one is as surely called to live for Him as were those of whom we write. And they may have the happy confidence that, however feeble and insignificant they may feel themselves to be, if with love to the Master, they have turned to Him, saying, "Here am I; send me," they will most certainly be used by Him. The Lord Jesus ever loves to win a young heart to Himself, and to attract by His beauty from the vain allurements of this world, when opening at its fairest.

Pierre Durand, after a while, returned to labor in Vivarais, and from thence was several times used of God to put Roger on the alert against the crafty attempts of the traitor Lapire, who did not weary in his efforts to injure the Huguenot workers. He had, alas! succeeded in capturing two of them, but he could not rest so long as Roger escaped his snares. He took up his post at Chabeuil, which he found a good central position for keeping an eye on the surrounding district, and soon heard, with satisfaction, of the arrival of Villeveyre, and, with still greater, that he accompanied Roger.

A young girl, who knew where they were lodging, led him to them. With intense cunning, he feigned extreme sorrow as to his past conduct, and, with his face bathed in tears, implored the forgiveness of the pastor, beseeching to be allowed to remain with him, so that he might profit by his ministry, and thus become thoroughly clear as to the errors of Rome, before he embraced Protestantism.

Roger looked the traitor straight in the face, to show him that he saw through his artful scheme. Then he sought to awaken some feelings of remorse in the poor, hardened conscience, reminding him of the sure judgment of God if he did not turn from his evil ways. In spite of Lapire's tears and continued entreaties, Roger then dismissed him, and warned the Protestants of the neighborhood to beware of his subtle advances.

The devil, having failed in the wiles of the serpent to entrap the preachers, now advanced upon them with the roar of the lion. On Lapire's returning defeated to his instigators, they resolved to have recourse to violence, and petitioned Count Méclavid, governor of the province, to take up the matter. He, nothing loth to renew the persecutions, sent in January, 1717, a dragoonade, to be billeted on the unfortunate Protestants of Valence, Die, and Bourdeaux. The savage soldiery scoured the entire neighborhood, hoping to frighten the preachers into flying the country, while the wretched Lapire was ever on the alert at the frontier to arrest them. Happily not one of them dreamed of deserting his post in this hour of danger, and thus, through their faithfulness to Christ, all escaped this ambush of the enemy.

The position of the proscribed preachers, however, became more and more precarious, for the poor frightened Protestants very frequently dared no longer shelter them, and, many a night, when the enemy was on their track, the doors of friendly houses would, through timidity, be closed against them. The intrepid Roger, never at a loss in a dilemma, adopted the bold measure of following up the enemy—pausing when the troops paused, advancing when they advanced,—thus keeping ever in the rear of the soldiery, who imagined they were on his pursuit. Thus, with Villeveyre, his faithful companion, he once passed three weeks in the depths of a forest in the middle of winter, the cold rain falling ceaselessly upon them, numbing their limbs. Being without warm clothing, worn with fatigue and hunger, ever their brave hearts were at length ready to faint within them. “We must own,” exclaimed Villeveyre, “that our situation is truly a melancholy one!” Then they would turn to God in prayer, and revive their drooping courage by reading together the precious promises as to the bright eternity that awaited them, in view of which the trials of the moment could be counted as light afflictions.

Count Méclavid had given strict orders that the dragoonade should not be withdrawn until the reformed had promised to abandon the assemblies in the desert, and also to give up to justice any of their preachers whom they might discover. One church alone had the boldness to hold out, though knowing well that all belonging to it thereby ran the risk of imprisonment. Happily they were

treated with unusual leniency. The cowardice of the others, in yielding to the tremendous pressure put upon them, caused much grief to their spiritual leaders, who for love of their souls had shown themselves so ready to lay down their own necks. Seeing the backsliding of many, who they hoped had been won to Christ, they felt as if they had toiled in vain, and spent their strength for naught. For the time being their labors for the Lord were closed. It was impossible to call any more meetings, and all seemed, humanly speaking, over. They could but commit themselves and their work to the God who is an ever-present help in time of trouble.

In answer to their fervent prayers, the troops were at length withdrawn, and with their departure the courage of the unhappy Protestants revived. Roger and his colleagues re-visited those that had not yet bowed the knee to Baal, and, where feasible, held a few small gatherings, so that little by little the state of things improved. Still, however, there remained many difficulties, requiring much divine wisdom to surmount.

These continued dangers so discouraged Martel that, for a season, he sought safety across the frontier. Meffre also now caused great trouble to those who loved him in Christ. Up to this time he had been much used as an evangelist; the adversary of souls, seeing that personal peril did not affect him, tried another wile, and gained the victory over him by self-indulgence in strong drink. After many fruitless remonstrances, with deep sorrow of heart, Roger and the elders were obliged to put him away from the position among them that he had worthily filled for several years. Truly grievous it is when of any follower of Christ it must be said, he "hath forsaken Me, having loved this present world," and the defection of one of his first fellow-laborers for the Lord in Dauphine added greatly to the heavy burdens that already lay on the faithful Roger's heart. Only Villeveyre was left, and he had not yet begun to preach, though very helpful in teaching the children, leading the singing, and reading the Scriptures in the assemblies.

It was therefore a great cheer to Roger when Brunel and Durand occasionally crossed the Rhone to enjoy the fellowship of their brethren in Dauphine, and to seek counsel of the sober-minded, prudent pastor, whose mature wisdom they readily acknowledged. Their visits were necessarily few and far between, the Lord's work on the other side of the river claiming all their time. The preaching, therefore, in Dauphine fell entirely upon Roger, who, with indefatigable activity, toiled on, seeking to make up, by increased zeal, for the lack of helpers.

A Silent Prayer

THE March wind, cold and strong, howled around a large country mansion, tearing from the trees the early spring shoots and scattering them on the broad avenues. But it gained no entrance into the house, where all was warmth, and light, and comfort, with the heavy curtains drawn closely, and the great fires burning brightly. There was a happy stir, too, about the long corridors, and in the beautiful reception rooms, smiling faces, merry laughter, and pleasant chat. Most certainly the bleak March wind had no admittance; it was rather summer sunshine and gladness, for the peace of God reigned there, and the blessing of God rested there.

A young couple, high-born, as the world has it (one of them indeed of a royal family), but both still higher born in the records of heaven, being of the royal family of God, were about to be married; and many were the joyful preparations for the important ceremony of the next day, and many the noble guests that had assembled to do honor to the bridal pair and to wish them joy.

But not among the titled guests in the brilliant reception rooms, does the scene of our story lie. You must come with me, my reader, to a humbler part of the house. In the pleasant and spacious pantry are groups of menservants, the valets of the guests, chatting with the footmen of the household, as together they busy themselves in preparations for the large dinner party of that evening. Of course, the coming wedding is a prominent topic of conversation, and remarks on the bride and bridegroom are freely passed. Their appearance, their position in the world, their prospects, and finally their religion, are fully discussed. On most of these subjects the men are pretty well of one mind, but the last point leads to a lively controversy.

While some speak highly of the unworldly, unselfish ways of the young pair, others laugh at their folly in giving up this world's advantages, and sneer at the Christianity, which professedly prompts them to such self-sacrifice.

"For my part," exclaims one, "I don't believe in what they call Christianity. I have known infidels behave far more nobly, uprightly, and generously than so-called Christians; and I have known lots of folk who say they are Christians, and yet are selfish, dishonest and mean."

"It may be so, Henry," answers a tall young man, who stands cleaning a handsome piece of plate, "but the Christians, who behave badly, do so because they have too little of Christ about them, and the infidels who behave well do so in spite of their infidelity. Your argument proves nothing."

"Oh, oh! I suppose you are a Christian, William, as you take up the cause so warmly!" returns Henry sneeringly. "I have not had the pleasure of your acquaintance till now, so you must excuse my asking the question."

"Yes, through God's grace, I am a Christian," answers William, gravely.

"Then I tell you again, young man, I don't think much of you Christians, and I maintain that a person who is high-principled and moral can behave just as well as one that has got, what you would call the grace of God. I go farther; I say I am fair sick of Christians, with their cant about

holiness, and at the same time their low, bad ways, giving the lie to all they profess.”

William answered indignantly, and the controversy of morality as against Christ waxed hot, all present joining in on one side or the other, most of them laughing loudly at the warmth of the two champions.

I said “all” join in, but no, look at that young man with the grave, gentle face who has taken no part in the argument, and yet his stirred expression tells how deeply he is feeling it. Thomas is a Christian, and has from his early boyhood made no secret that he belongs to the Lord Jesus, and that Christ is precious to him. But sadly realizing the truth of the scoffer’s taunts, and feeling deeply how grievously the people of God misrepresent their Lord in ways and words, Thomas has made no effort to answer him. He turns away from the excited speakers, and bending his head low over the piece of plate he holds in his hand, closes his eyes, and in earnest, silent prayer lifts his heart to God on behalf of the poor young fellow thus stumbled by the inconsistent ways of Christians. He pleads with the Saviour to reveal Himself to him in all His matchless beauty, that he may see Him as He is, “the altogether lovely One,” and not only in the blurred image too often presented by His followers.

Henry marked the attitude of Thomas; he watched his lips as they moved, and though he heard no words, he felt sure that he was praying for him, and this conviction strangely upset him, in a way that William’s arguments had failed to do. He faltered in his harangue, hesitated, then abruptly changed the subject, and sought in the occupation of the moment to shake off the uncomfortable impression made by that silent prayer.

As the evening wore on, many a glance did Henry steal at the peaceful face of the one who had troubled him by his appeal to God on his account, but not a word passed between them, and the incident left little impression on the mind of Thomas.

Not so, however, was it with Henry. When at length he could retire into the stillness of his own room, the scene in the pantry returned vividly to his mind. Again he heard the loud, applauding laughter of those whom he was leading on to scoff at Christianity; again he saw the grave, sad face, the closed eyes and the moving lips of him who had prayed for him. And then before his eyes came up another face, the sweet face of her who had for years prayed for him, that mother—his pious, widowed mother, who, for oh! so long, had pleaded the Saviour’s claims with him, and whose heart he had made to ache sorely by his worldliness, indifference, and folly. In vain Henry tried now to silence that loving voice, and to turn from those tender eyes, that looked entreatingly into his.

He threw himself on his bed, and sought forgetfulness in sleep; but no sleep came to him. The Holy Spirit strove mightily with him, and, for the first time in his life, Henry found himself in the presence of a holy God, a convicted sinner, and trembled as the filthy rags of his self-righteousness, morality, and self-complacency fell from him.

He could bear it no longer. Flinging himself from his bed, on his knees, with bitter tears and humblest confession, Henry sought his mother’s God, through his mother’s Saviour; and He, who has promised in no wise to cast out the sinner who comes to Him, received him as he was, whispering to his troubled soul, “Son, thy sins be forgiven thee.”

Morning dawned bright and clear—brighter and clearer it seemed to Henry in his newfound happiness than any other morning that had ever dawned. As soon as he could, he hurried off to the villa, where he knew that Thomas lived. A ring at the door brought the latter from his work, and he felt no little surprise on opening it, to find himself face to face with the scoffer of the previous evening.

Henry, almost speechless with emotion, held out his hand and grasped that of Thomas with intense energy, then, in a broken voice and eyes brimming over with joyful tears, begged that he might come in and speak with him.

Thomas, seeing how overcome the young man was, quickly led the way to his own quiet, pantry, and closed the door upon them. With deepest interest he listened, while Henry related the marvelous story of all he had suffered in the past night, and of the joy and peace he had now found in the Saviour.

Most sweet it was to Thomas to hear how the Lord had used him, all unwittingly, to waken this poor prodigal to arise and go to the Father.

They knelt, and praised, and prayed together, each in turn blessing the Saviour for the riches of His mercy and grace. Very unwillingly, they brought their joyous interview to an end, and returned to the business of the day.

That evening's post carried a long letter to the praying mother a letter in which her loved and only son gave a most clear testimony to the saving power of Jesus, who had sought and found him. Her heart sang for joy as she read it, and her soul overflowed in praise for answered prayer in her boy's conversion.

Many happy hours of sweetest Christian fellowship have Henry and Thomas enjoyed together since then, each encouraging the other in more whole-hearted devotion to the One who has redeemed them to Himself at such a cost. Their one theme together is ever "the Master," whom both desire to serve with all their power while they wait for His return from heaven. D. & A. C.

Not Now: The Devil's Gospel

SOME time ago I was talking to a very shrewd, hard-headed farmer in the north of Ireland. Our conversation turned upon God's way of saving sinners, and, amongst other Scriptures which I quoted to show the perfect freeness of God's grace, was that in the tenth chapter of Romans, "For whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved" (vs. 13). It was indeed a shock to hear him answer, "That is the sort of gospel I like. I mean to call on God when I am on my deathbed, and I have His own word for it that I shall be saved."

The case of this farmer is by no means a solitary one, as those who speak to people about salvation can testify. Man insults God, and rejects His present offer of mercy, and gives as his reason for doing so the very freeness of the gospel. Could anything reveal more clearly the utter badness of the heart of man? But because man thus abuses God's grace, are we, therefore, to deny it, or tone it down? Far be the thought! On the contrary, we need to declare all the more clearly and earnestly "God's easy, artless, unencumbered plan" for saving the ungodly; but along with this declaration there should also be that of the awful consequences of neglecting this "great salvation." Those are solemn words in the first chapter of Proverbs, "Because I have called, and ye refused; I have stretched out My hand, and no man regarded; but ye have set at naught all My counsel, and would none of My reproof; I also will laugh at your calamity; I will mock when your fear cometh... Then shall they call upon Me, but I will not answer; they shall seek Me early, but shall not find Me" (vers. 24-28).

The following solemn incident, narrated by a minister of the gospel, may speak more loudly than any mere arguments to the conscience of some procrastinator: ■

"I went, some years ago, to visit one of my own hearers, who was so far gone that his physician pronounced him to be beyond recovery. On offering my hand he shook his venerable head, covered with the silvery hairs of age, and said, with a tremulous voice, 'It is too late now, sir.' I endeavored to shake his confidence in the impossibility of his salvation, by arguments drawn from the design of our Lord's mission and death, and from His power and willingness to save the chief of sinners. He listened with profound attention to all I said, but to every argument he replied, 'It is too late now, sir; I have loved my money, and neglected my soul. Yes, sir, it is too late now.' I varied my method of appeal, and multiplied my arguments of encouragement, but the monotonous reply came with still stronger force of utterance, 'It is too late now, sir.' I proposed praying with him. He objected, saying, 'It is too late now, sir.' After a kind and lengthened remonstrance, he consented. We knelt together at the throne of grace, and when we arose, he said, with a look and with an accent I shall never forget, 'It is too late now, sir.'

"With this horrifying sentence vibrating in my ear, I descended from his bedroom and walked away, sighing as I walked, occasionally turning as I passed onwards to look on the dwelling in which still lived a sinner, who could only utter one sentence, and that one sentence proclaiming his fixed belief that it was too late for him to hope for his salvation. He survived this heart-rending interview only a few hours, and then expired—

Without one cheerful beam of hope,

Or spark of glimmering day.”

Dear reader, if you have, up to the present, been one of the numerous class of persons who believe that they can be saved just when they like, let the above true, and by no means rare incident, induce you to flee at once to Christ, who is waiting to receive you. Think of the dreadful alternative.

“Say, O sinner, who dwellest at rest and secure,

And fearest no evils to come,

Can thy spirit its wafflings of sorrow endure,

Or bear the impenitent’s doom?”

D. W.

What I Lost and What I Found

WE often meet with people who say they have plenty of time to think about their souls when they get old, or upon their dying beds. Now, though I believe that while there is life, there is hope, and while there is hope, there is room for prayer, still, from my experience, I cannot have much faith in death-bed repentance.

When I was about nineteen years old, I got a situation on the railway; I had been there only eight days, when I was knocked down by a train: it passed over me, completely severing my right arm and left hand, and causing other slight injuries. My mates picked me up, and took me to the hospital, where I was kindly and skillfully treated.

My friends, and a great many who saw me, thought that my end on earth had come, and that I was on my dying bed. Although I was sensible, and had lived a careless and sinful life, I had no anxious thought about my eternal welfare, and no desire to pray. If I had died then, I must have been lost.

But although I had been so near death, and had been so mercifully restored, I continued to live in sin, and never went to any place of worship, nor did I read God's Word. I came to London, and on Sunday afternoons used to go for a walk in the park. One Sunday I was in the park as usual, when I was attracted by some sweet singing.

After the singing was ended, a man began to speak to the large crowd of people, and he took these words for his text: "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life." He explained the words in a simple and plain way, such as I had never heard before, and I could see then and there, my eyes being opened, that he who forsakes his sins, and believes on Jesus with the heart, has everlasting life, now, in this present time—yes, has it, not hopes to have it, and has it now, and not when he dies. A present salvation is promised to those who put their trust in Jesus.

I have told you, reader, what I lost through the railway accident, and I have told you what I have found by God's grace in Christ.

I will now speak of a young man, about my own age, and who also worked on the railway. S. J. had a great many Christian friends, who often spoke to him about his soul, but he used to say he was going to enjoy himself, and there would be plenty of time for him to think about religion when he got older. Thus he continued his sinful course.

One day, when at work as usual with his mates on the railway, he, too, met with a very serious accident. His mates took him into a building close by, while another one ran for a doctor. Poor S. J. felt his end was near. He looked at his mates, and begged them to pray for him; they looked at one another, and not one of them knew how, and not one of them could point him to the Lamb of God who taketh away the sin of the world. Feeling very grieved for poor S., one of them ran for a Christian lady who lived close by, and asked her to come and pray with his mate who was dying. As soon as the lady reached the young man's side, he said, 'It is too late, I am lost,' and expired.

When I remember my own indifference as I lay on what I thought was the bed of death, and as I think of poor S. J.'s sad end, I have not much faith in death-bed repentance.

You, dear reader, may not be suddenly called hence, as was this young man, but you must stand before the judgment seat of Christ. Imagine it for a moment, if you can, and, with the picture before your mind, ask yourself, "How will it be with me then?" How is it with you now? Have you felt yourself to be a lost and guilty sinner? Have you fled to Jesus as your only hope for time and for eternity? If not, you will be unable to do so then.

O unconcerned reader, God has had long patience with you, and you have not given heed. His patience may soon be exhausted, and turned into wrath. In that solemn hour what will you do? Will pleasure be pleasure then? Will the world's gay glitter bewilder you then? Have you made up your mind to sleep on, and to take your rest? To love darkness now, is to dwell in darkness forever. Is there nothing terrible in everlasting punishment? Is there nothing sweet in the light of heaven, or the glory which God hath prepared for those that love Him. Is there nothing desirable in the joy of the Lord, the peace that passeth understanding? Is guilt better than pardon? Is death better than life?

Dear reader, trifle not with your Maker; the door of mercy is still open, and again God is asking you to enter in; be persuaded, the fountain for sin is open, and Jesus waits to welcome you. He asks no price, no gift, no preparation; come just as you are, in all your sin, no matter how guilty you are, or how far you have strayed, or how long you have slighted Him, only come.

"The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin," He says, Come, and each sorrow of His says, Come. "Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool;" and Jesus says, "Him that cometh to Me, I will in no wise cast out."

Do not rely on the witness of another, but search for yourself, and see that these things are so. "O taste and see that the Lord is good: blessed is the man that trusteth in Him."

I have written this with my artificial hand, for, as I have said, I have lost my hands, but I have found life and peace in Jesus; and may you also, dear reader, find the Saviour; for He gives perfect peace and perfect joy, as I rejoice to testify. S. S.

Missing a Train to Make a Start for Heaven

AS Mr. L. W., an evangelist, was one day traveling from Leominster to Hereford several old farmers, who were in the same carriage with him, were complaining of the bad times. One said he did not see how it was possible to carry on, unless the landlord reduced the rent, for he had kept three calves, and had just taken them to market, and had been obliged to sell them for less than they cost him. "Gentlemen, excuse me," exclaimed a young man who was present, "I have lost more than a thousand pounds, and am tired of farming in his country, so I am going to Australia."

This statement elicited a general chorus of contrary opinions and remonstrances. "There is a black crow everywhere," said one; another remarked that those who could not do well in England were likely to turn out failures in other countries. At this the intended emigrant looked rather depressed, having got the worst of the argument. At this juncture Mr. W. put his hand upon his shoulder, saying earnestly, "It is far better to be sure of going to heaven."

"Ah! it is sir," replied a farmer fervently. "There is no sorrow there; here is plenty of disappointment and trial."

Mr. W. entered into conversation with the young man, who paid marked attention to what he said, and upon getting out at the station he exclaimed, "Well! I'll miss a train to know how to make a start for heaven." So they walked up and down the platform together, and the evangelist explained to the earnest enquirer the way of salvation through "repentance towards God, and faith toward our Lord Jesus Christ." As they were looking together at the third chapter of John's Gospel, the eyes of the young man glistened, and he cried out eagerly, "I see it all! Jesus has died for me, a sinner, and I must trust Him. Yes," continued he, "and I do trust Him, and whether the journey to heaven be short or long, I take Him as my Saviour and Guide."

How the heart of the faithful servant of God rejoiced as he bade good-bye to the young man who had found Jesus, and who, on his journey to a distant land, had for his Friend Him that "sticketh closer than a brother."

Dear reader, young or old, if you do not "see it all," without one moment's delay, as you sit, or stand, or walk, or lie, come at once to Jesus, for He waits to save you. "As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of man be lifted up: that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have eternal life." It was while reading this fourteenth verse of the third chapter of John's Gospel that this young man exclaimed, "I see it all!" May the Holy Spirit lead you to see it too. R. C. C.

Gleams of New Testament Light From the Old Testament.

8. God, the God of Resurrection

THE record of Abraham's offering up of Isaac contains in it an allegory of the sacrifice of our Lord on Calvary, while the special blessing given to Abraham upon his act of obedience indicates the blessings which ensue upon our Lord's resurrection.

Isaac, we know, was the willing subject in his father's hands, and, as they ascended the mount, "they went both of them together," for he figured our Lord, who was the obedient and the voluntary Sacrifice, and whose every act was done in union and communion with God the Father. The promises of God to Abraham were bound up in Isaac—in none other was it possible that they should be fulfilled, for "it was said, In Isaac shall thy seed be called." When the hour of testing came Abraham believed God, and trusted Him in His power, which is beyond death, "accounting that God was able to raise him up, even from the dead; from whence also he received him in a figure." (Heb. 11:18, 19.)

Thus shines a light to us, from the earliest days, on faith in God as the God of resurrection. And when "the angel of the Lord called unto Abraham out of heaven the second time," on that great day of faith, it was to bless him beyond all former blessings, and all these blessings were bound up in Isaac, whom he had received back, as it were, in resurrection. "In blessing I will bless thee, and in multiplying I will multiply thy seed as the stars of the heaven, and as the sand which is upon the sea shore; and thy seed shall possess the gate of his enemies; and in thy seed shall all the nations of the earth be blessed." (Gen. 22:15-18.)

The stars of heaven lead up our eyes above this earth, and we have presented a heavenly people shining before our gaze. The sand upon the sea shore directs our attention downwards, and we behold an earthly people in their unnumbered hosts. How brightly is thus before us the countless number of those whose favors are all secured in their Lord risen from the dead!

The gate of his enemies possessed, teaches of the stronghold won and kept—of victory maintained. He has vanquished death, and taken the power from him, who, by the fear of death, once held thousands in bondage (Heb. 15). "Peace unto you," were His words of victorious greeting on the resurrection day, as He showed unto His disciples His hands and His side. (John 20:19, 20.) "Fear not... I am He that liveth, and was dead; and, behold, I am alive for evermore, Amen; and have the keys of hell and of death"■of hades and of death■(Rev. 1:17, 18), are His words to us from heaven, where He now is. Our hopes are built upon His resurrection, or rather, should we say, our hopes are built upon Christ, who is risen from the dead. "If Christ be not raised, your faith is vain; ye are yet in your sins." (1 Cor. 15:17.)

Skepticism does not entertain the thought of resurrection■death is the boundary of its ideas, but Christianity is built up on the foundation of Christ risen from among the dead. Our Isaac, our Laughter, is known to us as alive to die no more, and remembered in His death once undergone on our behalf.

In the flood the same great truth of life out of death is apparent. The flood fell upon the old world, and the new arose out of that death. God peopled the new world with life which He had brought through death. "Saved by water," saved by the very water which was destruction to the unbelievers, Noah and his company found at length their resting-place on the solid earth risen up out of the flood ■ "the like figure whereunto even baptism doth also now save us.... by the resurrection of Jesus Christ, who is gone into heaven, and is on the right hand of God." (1 Peter 3:21, 22.)

In the book of Genesis are recorded the beginnings of God's ways with man, and in that book we find the same principles which in the New Testament we learn, of the end of His ways with men ■ "The law made nothing perfect" (Heb. 7:19); "It was added because of transgressions, till the Seed should come to whom the promise was made" (Gal. 3:19), and we shall not find God's ways of grace with man in the law, but rather before or after it. The truth of resurrection is of moral necessity after the law, for the law slays its disobedient hearers, but God, who raises the dead, and who has raised His Son from among the dead, gives life in the power of Christ's resurrection to all who believe.

Abraham knew in himself what it was to trust in God, who raises the dead. God promised him a son contrary to nature, and he believed in God ■ "He considered not his own body now dead, when he was above an hundred years old" (Rom. 4:19), but believing, he gave glory to God, and what God promised, God performed. Now so it is this day. God is the God of resurrection; He brings in life where nature is powerless. To begin with, He gives the sinner life, who is dead in his trespasses and sins, and then He teaches him, in the daily life on earth, that He is the God of resurrection. So long as we strive to do and to accomplish, we deny by our efforts that spirituality ■ we have no strength ■ that we are dead. But we cease to strive, and we believe God, and, lo, we partake of the power God loves to give!

Over and over again are God's people allowed to come to a point in their experiences when the case is utterly hopeless, and at such times, as a rule, the light arises! It is at these crises of our history that we give up trying, and, instead, cast ourselves in our weakness on God, and such a state being before God, He comes in, in His grace, with His delivering power. And then it is that we learn, in our degree, what the father of the faithful learned, when he trusted in God who raises the dead.

Sissie and the Beads

SISSIE had five brothers, but no sisters, for as she used to say, "You all dot a sister 'cept me." This little girl was accustomed to visit an aunt, and upon one of these visits she beheld a number of beautiful beads.

"Oh! how petty; what butiful tings," cried Sissie, clapping her hands.

"Yes," said her aunt smiling, "which should you like best, dear?"

"Me lite this," said the child, holding up coral necklace, and trying to fasten it round her neck.

"Very well, Sissie, you remind me before you go home and you shall have it."

Sissie cast longing eyes upon the treasures as her aunt closed the box and led her from the room, for never before had she seen such lovey blue, and white, and red necklaces, or such beads, having all the colors of the rainbow.

When the day came for the child to return though she had a very distinct recollection of the promise, she was too shy to remind he aunt of it. However, on her arrival at home, the little girl lost no time in imparting the wonderful information about the beads to her mother adding, "But I did not lite to 'mind her, so we tome home widout my petty beads."

Now, Sissie's father lived in a large old fashioned house, which had very large cellars under it. One of these was reached by a flight of steps from the garden. Its folding doors could be thrown open at pleasure, and upon rainy days it was a favorite play place of the children; besides, hay and straw were kept there, and it was great fun to jump from one truss of hay to another.

One morning Sissie awoke with a very pleased expression of countenance, and very bright hopes indeed, and as she was being dressed, she frequently said to her nurse, "Oh! Mary, do be tick, I want to do." The kind nurse humored her pet, and as soon as the finishing strokes were put to the child's hair, the little feet tripped lightly downstairs, and soon began a vigorous knocking at the cellar door. Mary followed, wondering what the child meant, for she appeared to be in a very fever of impatience. An elder brother, who had heard the kicks, hastened to open the door for his little sister. In the play-cellar Sissie ran, with eager eyes and face all radiant with anticipated pleasure, when suddenly, after a dismayed glance around, she threw herself upon the floor in a perfect passion of sobs.

No one could guess what the distress was about until her father came, when the little girl cried, "Oh! papa, what did you do it for? You might have let me have some."

"Hush, my child," replied her father; "come to me, and tell father all about it."

In short, jerky sentences, interrupted by sobs, she said: "Why, pa, you 'member in the night, when that man brought that tart load of beads for me, and you opened the doors, and told the man to upset them in the cellar, didn't you tell me I should have them all in the morning, and now you's

took 'em all away?"

"There are no beads in the cellar, Sissie. You must have been dreaming," said Mr. C., as he turned away to see after the realities of the day's business.

But who can describe the child's disappointment. Nurse stroked her hair, telling her "she had only dreamed it," but this brought no consolation to the child, for she was very young, and did not in the least understand what a dream meant.

"Mamma," said she, confidingly, "I know papa would not tell a story if he 'membered, but indeed he did tell the man to empty the beads in the cellar, and now he has had all looked away, but he's fordot."

"Sissie, darling," said her mother, "did Sissie see the cart load of beads?"

"Tourse I did, ma," replied Sissie, sitting up, and her eyes sparkling at the recollection, "butiful they was, all sorts, and such a lot for my dolly and for you."

"Listen, Sissie," said the mother; "my darling has been dreaming."

"What is dreaming, mamma, and how has I done it?"

"I cannot make you know yet, but you have done it, because you thought there were beads in the cellar, but really there were none.'

"Oh, mamma, won't you 'lieve me? I not fought it; I seed the beads wid my very owr eyes."

As long as memory lasts Sissie will never forget the bitter disappointment of that morning. Her little playmates were to be made happy out of her abundant stores, and nurse and dolly, too, were to be supplied, while SOME of the very best were to be for dear mamma.

But everybody assured her it was only a dream! One thing is certain. She so truly believe that her eyes did really see the "petty tings,' that sometimes after a visit from her aunt, or a present from a friend, Sissie would soberly enquire, "Mamma, did Aunt Mary really give me my new dolly, or is it a dream?" and would often startle a visitor by asking, "Are you really come, or is it a dream?"

More than thirty years have passed away, and Sissie is a woman, who has had many heavy losses, but never does she remember more genuine disappointment in not finding what this world promises to give, than in her grief over, her dream. Indeed, many a daydream has Sissie since had, which has proved as unsubstantial and deceptive as the "cart-load of beads." For she spent several years chasing shadows, till God, by His Holy Spirit, awoke her out of her sleep. Now she knows what real joy is.

Dear young girls, do you not know there is a difference between the ideal and the real, the false and the true. If you are following in your affections the empty glitter of earthly amusement, applause or gain, although you may scornfully smile at the simplicity of little Sissie, yet, after all, you are doing a much more foolish thing than she did; you are dreaming a dream which will end in bitter disappointment. If you imagine earth can make an immortal spirit satisfied, that is only a dream.

Dream not there is a long life for you, for it may be even now that the fiat is passed, "This year thou shalt die." Are you ready for the realities of eternity?

It may be, eyes are upon this page which once wept on account of sin, but which have been lulled into sleep. The unreal seems real to you now, dear young friend, and the things of eternity are hidden from sight. Oh, what a dreadful time it will be when the poor deluded soul wakes up to the truth, that the sought-for treasures are like those of Sissie's dream—nowhere!

If I have said Sissie has learned the vanity of earth's pleasures, I must also say she has proved the reality of the love and power of Jesus. In varied trials, and during many years, has she found in Him a perfect Friend and Saviour.

Ask yourself, my young reader, upon what are you resting your soul for eternity. Is it upon some vision, some fellow-creature, yourself, your doings, or upon some creed, however orthodox? To rest on these will end in despair. Such hopes will prove as vain as did the expected treasure of little Sissie. But the Bible is real, the word of Jesus is true, Christ is a glorious reality. There is no disappointment in Him. He ever fulfills His word. Faithful is He that promised, who will also do it. Oh! try Him for your Saviour. Go to Him, though you have lived for the world up till this hour. Confess your sins ■ "His blood cleanseth us from all sin." Trust His word ■ "Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out," ■ and you shall prove in having Christ that you have everlasting life and everlasting joy.

May each one who reads this possess a living Saviour. RHODA.

The Tribute Money

IN the time of our Lord on earth a custom prevailed, which had grown up in Judaea after the captivity. Every adult Jew was required to give a defined sum for the service of the Temple. The amount was half a shekel, representing a present value of rather above a shilling of our money; but as the precious metals are now of far less worth than was the case eighteen hundred years ago, the half shekel tribute was really a heavy burden upon poor people. God had ordained a system of tithes for the support of the religious service in Israel, and this would fall upon all according to their respective prosperity. The annual toll of a given sum on everyone alike for the support of annual worship was not of Scripture origin. We remember the ransom-money of the half shekel paid by each Israelite which was devoted to the service of the tabernacle (Ex. 30:11-16), which had in it this great lesson, that, whether rich or poor, every man needs one and the same ransom paid for his soul-another principle altogether from that bound up in the custom of paying by a fixed rate for the maintenance of the temple of Jehovah.

This Temple tribute was regarded as a proper tax by the orthodox Jews. The Sadducees had tried to hinder it, but in vain, and probably to this fact, may be attributed Peter's answer to the question of the receivers of the toll, when they inquired of him, "Doth not your Master pay tribute?" He was ever eager for the honor of his Master, and his ready "Yes," would lead to the belief in the receivers of the money, that, without doubt, the preservation of the Temple, its services, and its wealth was a matter dear to the feelings of Jesus of Nazareth. But a greater than the Temple, and glories more exalted than even Solomon's Temple had ever known, had but a few days previously been shining before Peter's eyes. On the mount of transfiguration he had seen Jesus, had heard the excellent voice from heaven out of the glory-cloud, and had beheld Moses and Elias glorified in that glory with the Lord! Should the King of kings give tribute? Should He who is greater than all the Temples Israel ever saw, Jehovah-Jesus, contribute to the Temple's support?

Doth not your Master—who is the King of kings—give tribute? would have been a strange question to put; but the receivers of the toll knew not the glory or the Person of the Lord, and Peter in his zeal seems to have forgotten it.

On Peter coming into the house, the Lord spoke before Peter could narrate what he had said, "What thinkest thou, Simon? of whom do the kings of the earth take custom (or tribute)? of their own children, or of strangers?"

"Peter saith unto Him, Of strangers?"

"Jesus saith unto him, 'Then are the children free?'"

The sons of the king do not pay tribute, by virtue of their relation to the king, and in this liberty are the sons of God placed.

But what the Lord could not do as a matter of constraint, He could do in grace! And commanding creation, as it were, to render tribute to Him, He bade Peter, "Lest we should offend them," go to

the lake, cast an hook, and take up the fish that came up first. Someone had let fall a shekel into the lake, and a fish had seen it shining in the water, and had seized it, and in that fish's mouth was found the money necessary to pay the tribute for two persons. "That take," said the Lord, "and give unto them for Me and thee."

The almighty power of the Lord and His perfect grace stand here before us. In grace He linked Peter with Himself ■ "for Me and thee" ■ and yet in so doing wrought with wisdom and with power, which none other than He could do.

On another occasion the Pharisees and the Herodians (that is, the religious party and the court party of Judaea, as we might say ■ the church and the world) joined hands to catch Him in His words. The upholders of the Temple of God and the chiefs of Herod's palace made a union to overthrow Christ; so, commencing with flattery, they asked their catch question, "Is it lawful to give tribute to Caesar or not? Shall we give, or shall we not give?" Over and over again the Lord answered questions to meet the state of soul of those who put them. He knew their hypocrisy, and said, "Why tempt ye Me? Bring Me a penny, that I may see it." This was not a coin devoted to Temple use, as was a Jewish shekel, but a coin current in Judea, then under Roman sway.

"And they brought it. And He saith unto them, Whose is this image and superscription? And they said unto Him, Cæsar's. And Jesus answering, said unto them, Render to Caesar the things that are Caesar's; and to God, the things that are God's."

His words cut asunder their union. He never did and never will tolerate the combination of the church and the world, and all kinds of such union are really but dishonor to God and denial of the truth of His word.

The Story of Jacques Roger.

Chapter 8.

Church Order and Fanaticism.

WE have seen how the fair hopes of the Protestants, on the opening of another reign, had been doomed to disappointment. Excepting in name, the feeble, sickly, little Louis XV., raised to the throne at five years of age, necessarily for very long had nothing to do with the government of his wide dominions, as Philip, Duke of Orleans, who had been appointed Regent, held the reins. The Huguenots had hailed the coming into power of one who was considered a humane and enlightened prince, as the day-star of their deliverance. At first it seemed as if that expectation might be realized, for the duke saw plainly the enormity of the error of the Edict of Nantes, and deplored that such a fatal political mistake had caused the emigration of the flower of the sons of France; he had even thought to repair the cruel injustice by recalling the fugitives.

Had the Regent been possessed of as much energy as of humanity, he might have carried his point; but, being of a weak character, he was easily dissuaded by his counselors, who nipped in the bud all his wise projects of toleration and pacification, representing what tremendous agitation must result in the kingdom, from the triumphal return of five hundred thousand Protestants.

It was but too soon apparent that the oppressed people of God in France had nothing to hope for from one who had not sufficient strength of purpose to carry out his own convictions. Having failed

in his merciful intentions as to the reformed, the Regent became engrossed in other important affairs of state, and thought no more of them. But others in the kingdom were far from sharing his indifference. Those who had for many years made it the object of their existence to stamp out Protestantism in France were still in power, and had no idea of losing the fruit of their persistent labors by a change of government; the old state of things, they determined, must still go on, and persecution to the bitter end continue to be the order of the day.

To the immense relief, however, of the Protants of Languedoc, the ferocious Bâville, in the year 1718, was recalled to Paris. For thirty-three years he had despotically ruled as intendant in that province, and during all that time had not left it for one single day. The awful story of the daily executions, with which in utter sang-froid he carried out his system of government, is too terrible for our pages. The wheel, the scaffold, the fiery pile, were of every-day occurrence, he himself being frequently present to gloat his eyes on the tortures inflicted on his helpless victims. A French historian writes of him, "The gift of serenity in blood was never, perhaps, carried so far." It is said that during the term of his administrative career he caused twelve thousand Cevenois to be put to death.

This long list of martyrology was closed by the execution of the promising young preacher, Etienne Arnaud, who was captured when returning from a meeting which he had held at Alais. On the 22nd January, 1718, he was hung in that town before an immense crowd, giving bright testimony for Christ to the end. Thus perished the first of the little band, who had gathered together at that memorable synod which laid again the foundations of the church in France.

Antoine Court felt this loss keenly, but was much comforted at this crisis by the coming of Corteiz, who willingly joined him in an effort to break fresh ground in districts where no gospel testimony had been given for very many years.

An unexpected perplexity soon brought their tour to an abrupt end. Being both unordained preachers, the right of their mission was contested by those to whom they would minister. When challenged as to their credentials, Corteiz produced some old papers, given him by some refugee pastors; but Antoine stopped him, pointing to the Bible, as his authority, then, thinking better to satisfy the objectors: told them of the permission granted him by the synod. The renown, however, of this small, but important synod had not reached those outlying regions, and the preachers were scornfully rejected, and sent about their business. As they pursued the mountain path, they talked over Roger's oft-repeated advice, that one of them should undertake the perilous journey to Geneva to seek ordination, and decided that Corteiz, who could be the most easily spared of the two, should start as soon as feasible, and that Court should proceed thither on his return.

Arrived in safety at the end of his desperate journey, Corteiz's troubles rather began than ended. Geneva, in dread of attracting the wrath of France, dared not ordain a pastor to labor in that country, and sent the candidate on to Zurich. Here all the objections that had been formerly made to Roger's ordination again arose, and with more apparent reason, for Corteiz had had far less education, being unable even to write his own language correctly, having to request, when his letters were sent about, that the spelling might be first corrected. But compensated by the eloquence of his sermons for what was lacking in learning, he at length succeeded in overcoming all scruples, and, having obtained the wished for ordination, returned in triumph to France, after a five months' absence.

Court then asked permission from the synod to go in his turn, but was met with endless objections: it was too late in the season, there were a thousand perils to encounter, what would become of the church if this expedition were to cost him his life? Then a bright thought struck them. Cortez should perform the ceremony! An old Christian, named Colom, was appointed to assist him in examining the young preacher, who, from his superior standpoint, had no difficulty in acquitting himself with honor.

In the dead of an autumnal night (November 21st, 1718) the ordination took place, in the presence of all the Protestants of the neighborhood, who, with tears and cries of joy, welcomed among them the duly appointed pastors, feeling that at length their proscribed religion was rising from the depths of ruin into which it had fallen.

The principal aim in restoring an ordained ministry was effectually to silence the fanatical teachers, who still held great sway over the Protestants. Fanaticism had taken deep root in the early days after the revocation, when those who were considered to be inspired of the Holy Spirit had traveled the length and breadth of the country, stirring up their co-religionists, and re-animating their flagging courage.

This mysterious movement was begun by young children, under ten years of age, principally little girls, who wandered from hamlet to village, singing hymns, repeating Psalms, making sorrowful predictions, or giving rousing exhortations, generally in terms adopted from the Apocalypse or the prophets. "The Inspired," as they were soon entitled, were subject to singular agitations; they would roll on the ground in convulsions, or fall into ecstasies, and give way to every species of religious frenzy.

There was in those days no attempt at deception, indeed, the childish years of the juvenile prophets and prophetesses precluded all thought of attempt at imposture. It is, therefore, difficult to give a clear explanation of the mystery. The only solution, that offers itself, is, that it was the natural result of intense mental pressure on nerves, strained to the utmost tension by the terrible scenes, through which the poor little creatures were passing. After attending weird midnight meetings, awful stories of torture and death being recounted by the parents with bated breath, on the homeward way, it is no wonder that with overburdened hearts and reeling brains they would have frightful nightmares, in which they received imaginary revelations. These, in wild excitement, they would relate on the morrow to their companions, who became quickly infected with the same spirit, until the band of the Inspired numbered some thousands.

Their ardent appeals had doubtless SOME good result, in a time when the faith of the reformed was rapidly dying out under the horrors of persecution, combined with the entire lack of spiritual teaching.

The tender years of the little prophets and prophetesses were no safeguard against the attacks of the Papists, and shortly the prison! were so full of children that there was no room for graver offenders, and B β ville flattered himself that he had completely crushed the movement.

In the year 1700, however, occurred a revival of fanaticism, the childish Inspired being replaced by people of mature years, mostly men, whose influence was no less widespread, and far more disastrous to the cause of Christ. Prophecy now took a warlike turn, and instead of pointing the faithful to hope in God, spurred them on to take up arms against the oppressor, which culminated,

as we have seen, in Languedoc and Vivarais, in the Camisard rebellion. After four years' struggle, this insurrection met its death blow by the desertion of its most brilliant leader, Cavalier, who entered into treaty with the enemy. The other chiefs either come to violent deaths, or fled the country; the Camisard bands, being utterly routed, dispersed.

Now came the third phase of "The Inspired," and the one with which we cannot but feel, in its first workings, the most sympathy. When despair had laid its chilling hand on the heart of the strongest, when no man was found to gather together the smoldering embers of what had once been a beacon-fire for God, a few noble women came heroically forward, full of faith, devotion and self-sacrifice, bent on arresting the dissolution of true Christianity in their native land. In the desert they rallied together any of their own sex, who, in this desperate crisis, yet dared to come out to hear of Christ. In tender, loving tones and with many tears, they sought to bring their auditors back to repentance and to the early faith of their fathers. As the assemblies increased in size, and gradually included men, the prophetesses adopted a more stimulating language to arouse their crushed spirits and drooping courage; but they still maintained a different style from their predecessors, being more affectionate, more natural, more soul-stirring.

It has often been remarked that, in times of extreme weakness and failure, God makes special use of women, and no doubt it was His hand that now brought these to the front. We should have honored them the more had they retired again into privacy on the accomplishment of the service to which they were called. But, intoxicated by their very success, they maintained the place of leadership, and, falling under the influence of the old Camisards, they drifted from the testimony of Christ to preaching revolt. We have seen how deeply tried Roger was with this state of things on his first return to France, and how great a hindrance he found some of these very prophetesses who had done good service for the Lord, though most of the originators of the movement were now languishing in prisons, paying the penalty of their fearlessness.

To silence the Inspired had been the main point of the propositions drawn up at the first synod. Unfortunately, two of the former prophets, Huc and Vesson, who had signed that document, were the first to violate it. They became the leaders of that party which they had pledged themselves to combat, and now headed a formidable sect in opposition to the pastors, who thus sadly experienced the trial of false brethren within, added to the many perils from without.

To counterbalance the disappointment caused by the desertion of these two men, through whose influence with their former associates much had been hoped, Roger had the joy of welcoming Martel back to France, to stand again by him in the gospel, and also of receiving Villeveyre as a proponent! ■i.e., a candidate for the ministry.

Together they took up the Lord's work in the neighborhood of Bourdeaux, where for six months they labored with much encouragement, the people assembling in numbers of from four to five thousand, and as often in broad daylight as at night.

In spite of frequent warnings from the preachers as to the risk of publicity, the Huguenots seemed to delight in throwing off the veil of secrecy, that had so long enveloped them. Clement Marot's psalms of praise sounded loudly and cheerily across the hills, down the village streets, and through the workshops. Not only did the bolder among the reformed openly announce that they were going to the preaching, but the more timid waxed bold, and made no secret of accompanying

them. Roman Catholics, falling in with the now popular movement, would present themselves also in the congregation, alas, many of them proving themselves to be but wolves in sheep's clothing, ready to denounce to the authorities the peaceful company they treacherously moved among. As a natural consequence the old story of persecution was repeated. The priests represented to the government that the Protestant assemblies were but a hot-bed of revolt, and that on the pretext of religion, the Huguenot preachers were stirring up the people to rebellion. They asserted that an enormous amount of fire-arms and gunpowder had been sent into the Valley of Bourdeaux, and that the peasants were arming themselves vigorously, in preparation for an outbreak.

A regiment was immediately dispatched to quell the supposed insurrection. It arrived at Bordeaux on January 13th, 1719, in a dense fog, which providentially favored the escape of those who were most compromised. Roger and his co-workers were happily at the opposite end of the valley, and, being early warned of the arrival of the troops, fled to the mountains. Not daring to take the well-known pass, which they had no doubt was in the hands of the enemy, they pushed their way through impracticable defiles up to their knees in snow. Fully expecting to be pursued, as they had been eighteen months before, they very rarely ventured to seek shelter under any friendly roof. They wandered about the snow-clad mountains, braving the wintry storms, during the whole of the three weeks the troops held possession of the valley, and thought themselves fortunate if able occasionally to secure a night's rest in some cave or den of the earth.

The regiment on arriving at the Valley of Bourdeaux advanced upon the village in hostile array, prepared to fire a discharge of musketry on the peaceful inhabitants. Only a few unsuspecting peasants appeared, who, to their surprise, kindly offered them the hospitality of their houses.

Such conduct would have disarmed any but the savage soldiery of that day, who seemed incapable of any gentler feeling. They rapidly devastated the smiling valley, treating it as a conquered country, and threatened a general massacre, according to Count Mtdavid's order, meanwhile inflicting every possible outrage on the unfortunate peasantry.

The colonel of the battalion, happily, was of a more humane turn of mind, and, touched by the submission of the unhappy Huguenots, represented to the court that the king had no more faithful subjects than they. The merciless reply to this appeal was an order to destroy seventy-two houses in the valley. But the colonel, who seems to have taken the law into his own hands, reduced the number to eight, which he demolished one Sunday, the Protestants themselves being compelled to assist under penalty of the scaffold.

The preachers hailed the departure of the troops with joy, and hurried back to the scene of devastation to console the sufferers with the comfort, wherewith they were themselves comforted, of God.

Found of One Who Sought Him Not

SOME years ago, I was conducting gospel services in a village in the North of England.

As my custom was, I started visiting house after house, inviting the people to the services, and at the same time speaking a few words at each street corner. Now there was in that village a pious man with a bad wife, who was constantly objecting to her husband being, as she called, religious; she took every opportunity to hinder him in his spiritual progress. At times she was even violent, yet the husband took it all very quietly, commending her often to God in prayer. The answer to his prayers was apparently a long time coming, but God was not unmindful of them, and at last sent me to this particular village.

The first night the preaching-house was so filled that the Town Hall was taken for the following Sunday, and many souls were saved each night. To God be the glory!

Poor George, seeing how graciously God was working, and that some of the worst characters in the place were amongst the saved, told me about his wife, asking me to speak to her I said that I was sure to see her, as, during the course of my meetings, if possible, I would visit every street and house. When he went home, the first Sunday night, he told his wife about the preaching, and the souls that were saved, and entreated her to come to the Town Hall on the following Sunday. She got angry, and said, "No, indeed! I will not go to hear anyone preach."

"Well," replied the husband, "if you will not go to hear this preacher, he is sure to come and see you, for he is going round from house to house in the afternoons, speaking to the people, and therefore you will have to hear him."

At this her anger increased, and she shouted out, "Look here, George, you tell him from me, that if he comes near me I'll poker him!"

Poor George was terribly alarmed, for he knew his wife was quite capable of carrying out her threat. He consulted a few Christian friends on the matter, and they persuaded him not to tell me anything about it, but to leave it all with God, feeling sure that if He guided me to that house, He would certainly look after me, and give me a word for this poor misguided woman.

I well remember the Sunday afternoon in question. It was a cold winter's day, and sleet was falling. Though delicate at the time, I felt the open-air preaching and visiting so essential to bring blessing to the meeting in the evening, that I was determined to go out, and did so. After singing a short verse of a hymn at each street corner, and repeating a few words of Scripture, and giving an invitation to the preaching at night, I slowly passed down the street, speaking a word at each house on the way. At last I came to the street this woman lived in. During the singing of the verse of the hymn, the various doors opened, and she, though so full of hatred, yet felt curious just to see what this soldier-preacher was like, and, with her baby in her arms, she also stood at her door. I delivered my short address, and came slowly down the street; thank God, not knowing of the poker application which threatened me. As I went I prayed, and when coming to this woman, being

very fond of children, kissed her baby, saying that I had two little ones at home myself. While thus speaking, I noticed that the woman looked very pitifully at me. Then she said, "You look very ill and tired, sir."

"Yes," I replied, "my business is important, and probably my time on this earth is short, and I feel that sleet or snow must not stand in the way of my entreating poor sinners to be reconciled to God."

"Dear me!" she said; "won't you just step in, and let me make you a nice cup of tea? See, the kettle is boiling."

"Yes, indeed, I will, thank you," I answered, "for I feel quite tired and cold."

So instead of the poker, I got the cup of tea, thank God and on I went to invite others.

Now when the husband came home from Sunday school, his wife was very quiet, and he, poor man, was also quiet, wondering if I had called, and what kind of a reception I had met with.

The silence was broken by her looking up and saying, "George, I have been thinking that after all I should like to go and hear this soldier preach."

With joy he replied, "Certainly, my dear; you go tonight, and I will mind the children."

"But no," she objected; "if I went now after what I said, they would get a policeman to put me out."

"Oh! no," he replied, "they will not; do go."

But she could not be persuaded to go that night. However, the following Sunday night she was there, and during the preaching was deeply convicted of sin. At the after-meeting, while I was passing down the seats, a woman whom I asked if she was saved, replied, "Yes, but my friend here is not." I looked, and there saw a woman weeping bitterly, whom I recognized as the one who had given me the cup of tea. As I spoke to her, and pointed her to Christ, the tears came thick and fast, and she called aloud to God for mercy. Thank God, that night she went home rejoicing in Christ, and the following Sunday was amongst the band of workers who helped me in the work.

At the close of another happy service, where many more sinners were saved through the precious blood of Jesus, this woman insisted on about twenty-two of us going to her humble home to supper. It was a joy to all hearts to see her placing on the supper-table every eatable she possessed, and frequently ejaculating praises to God for having saved her soul. One of the Christians present turned to me, and said, "Well, John, this is better than the poker, is it not?" I looked up surprised, as I knew nothing about the poker. The poor woman burst into tears, and caught hold of me with both her hands, exclaiming, "O! sir, will you forgive me for saying that?"

All present felt that here was a case as stated in Romans 10:20, "I was found of them that sought me not; I was made manifest unto them that asked not after me." We arose, and sang:

"Glory, honor, praise and power

Be unto the Lamb forever! Jesus

Christ is our Redeemer!

Hallelujah! Praise ye the Lord.”

If anyone interested in gospel-work reads this, let us entreat you not to neglect house to house visitation, and to remember that if ever we need prayer, it is when presenting Christ to the poor and needy. Therefore, as we go, let every step be a step of prayer, and of unbounded faith in God, and in His power, through Jesus Christ our Lord. J. H.

A Poor Sinner

THE following narrative of the peaceful and joyful departure of one, whom the Lord redeemed, is sent forth with earnest desire and prayer, that He may be pleased to use it for the establishing of some of His, who may be in health, and for the comfort and cheer of some whom He may have been pleased to lay down in sickness. It may be also that, by comparison with their own state, some who are yet unsaved, may be led to “turn to the Lord.” The subject of this narrative, Mrs. T—, resided in a town in one of the British colonies, and for the last few years of her life was in a rather delicate state of health. Her removal from England to that part of the world—the climate being much drier and clearer than that of the old country—seemed for a time to be used to stay the progress of the disease from which she was suffering, consumption, and as she appeared better, much hope was entertained by herself and her friends that she would entirely recover. This, however, was not the will of the Lord concerning her, and in the summer of the year 1885, she was laid low with a severe illness. From her bed of suffering, He took her into the light of His presence, where “there is no sorrow or crying, neither shall there be any more pain.” She calmly fell asleep in Jesus, first giving a clear testimony to the love and grace of Him, who, some years previously, had called her from “death unto life.”

On the last Wednesday afternoon of her illness, her husband was informed by the doctor, that she could live but a short time; he immediately hastened to her side, and then began the difficulty of breaking the matter to her. The agony of the separation was only known to themselves, and to the One who is “touched with the feeling of our infirmities.”

While her husband was waiting for the opportunity of gently telling her the doctor’s opinion, she suddenly said to him, “Do you think I shall get over this?” “My dear, I am afraid not,” was the reply. Nothing more was said, but both husband and wife poured out their supplications to the Father, for grace and strength, to undergo the great trial.

About ten o’clock the same night, she grew rapidly worse, and seemed to be sinking, when suddenly she said to her husband, “I should like to see the Lord more clearly.” Immediately after saying this, her breathing became more and more difficult, and she appeared to be on the point of departure. She was then raised in bed, and while in that position, it pleased the Lord to reveal Himself to her gaze, in a way unspeakably precious, and she broke out in praise in the following words, “O! my blessed Lord, I could not see Thee, but now I can see Thee! I can see Him at the right hand of God. Oh! what a sight! Do you think I would stop down here? Oh! no. Oh! how beautiful! I can see the Lord Jesus Christ, who died for me, a poor sinner.”

While giving this testimony to His beauty, she was gazing fixedly towards one corner of the room, looking into a scene altogether hidden from our sight. We, who were at her bedside, were to be left a little longer in this world, while she was blessed with a sight of the glory before she entered it. Her thoughts then seemed to draw to her near relatives, who were unsaved, and she said, mentioning their names “Tell them what they are losing.”

After saying this, she looked away from that place where the Lord had so wonderfully appeared to her, and, gazing round the room, said "This is a dirty place. Oh, how dirty everything looks!" And no wonder, after the sight she had seen. "I shall soon be back with the Lord to fetch you all. What a day that will be. My precious Lord, I can laugh now"; and, dying as she was, she laughed with joy.

Afterward, she said, "Give much love to my sister, and tell her to devote her life to the Lord no one would be one hour out of communion with Him who had seen what I have seen." Her three children were then brought in, and she bid them good-bye as though she was going away for a little while, and soon afterward fell asleep.

Such was the departure to be with Christ, "which is far better," of one of the Lord's blood-bought ones, and thus does grace attract to that One, who "loves above all others," and whose love to all who trust in Him is "stronger than death."

And now a word to the reader of this, who may be unsaved. Unsaved! What a heartbreaking cry will be yours if you are taken as you are from this world! "The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and I am not saved."

You cannot say, "I am too great a sinner," because He has saved the chief of sinners; "Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief;" were the words written through the Holy Spirit, by Paul, the Apostle. You surely cannot doubt the love of Him who willingly laid down His life for sinners, who "endured the cross, despising the shame." Do not think that the subject of this narrative was better in any way than yourself or others; she was only, as she expressed it, "a poor sinner,"

To those who belong to the Lord, who know that in Him they have redemption through His blood, even the forgiveness of sins, the record given shows the meaning of scripture, that death is ours. Does the dread of death ever enter into your soul, especially when someone near and dear to you is called away? Perhaps you deem it a natural fear, which everyone has, more or less. That may be true, but making due allowance for the weakness of nature, is not the grace of God above nature, and if it is the will of God to put you to sleep in Jesus, will He not give you grace sufficient to go through all you may have to bear? It was so with our sister, Mrs. T■; she had all the grace ministered to her at the moment, which carried her far above all the feelings of nature; she could willingly give up her children when the Lord said "Come"; she could willingly part from her husband when she knew the Lord wanted her, and she had an utter distaste for earth after she had seen the beauty of the Lord's face. Remember God's word, that HE "hath abolished death, and brought life and immortality to light through the gospel"; and again, "that through death He might destroy him that had the power of death, that is the devil; and deliver them who through fear of death were all their lifetime subject to bondage." Do not doubt, do not fear, but sing, "Thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

Again, death you may never have to meet We may, before to-morrow's dawn, even before you have finished reading this, be called to prove the precious promise of 1 Thessalonians 4:17, and be caught up to meet the Lord in the air. This is our hope, not death.

"Our loved ones before, Lord,

Their troubles are o'er, Lord,
We'll meet them once more at Thy coming again;
The blood was the sign, Lord,
That marked them as Thine, Lord,
And brightly they'll shine at Thy coming again."

J. T.

The “Me” Done It!

WHAT grace and wisdom are needed, when paying visits to the sick, so that the right word may be spoken. Especially when addressing the unconverted, a place should be taken side by side with them, in a spirit of humility and tender sympathy. We, who are Christians, and seek thus to serve the Lord, should remember, that once we were “without Christ in the world,” quite as far off from God as any other poor sinner to whom we may speak, and that we owe all that we have, and all that we are, to sovereign mercy, which has called us out and blessed us. The following little incident will illustrate this.

During the summer, a lady who was staying in a country town, used to purchase fruit and vegetables at a shop, the owner of which was always glad to have an opportunity of talking a little, if a customer would stay to hear her. One day, this woman told her of a Christian, who had recently left the town. “I shall never forget him,” said she, “for he was the means of saving my husband, who was ill for seventeen weeks. During that time, Mr. W. came very often to see him. Once when he was explaining to my poor husband about sin, he says to him, ‘We are all sinners, you and me,’” and, added the woman, “the ‘me’ done it. If he had said you are a sinner, my husband would not have listened to him, he would not even have let him bide in his room!”

The poor invalid evidently had a proud, unbroken spirit, but the good Christian visitor humbly took his place with him, as by nature a sinner, only with this difference■that one was a sinner unsaved, and the other was a sinner saved by grace. “The ‘me’ done it.”

H.L.T.

He Hath Done All Things Well

“HE hath done all things well: He maketh both the deaf to hear, and the dumb to speak.” (Mark 7:37.) So spake the multitude of Jesus. They had brought to him a deaf man, who had an impediment in his speech.

The Lord took the man aside, and we see Him and the man alone. He put His hand upon him as He had been desired, then looked up to heaven and sighed, and speaking to the afflicted man, said to him, “Be opened”— And in a moment “his ears were opened, and the string of his tongue was loosed, and he spake plain.”

How many of God’s own people are tongue-tied! They do not, they cannot utter the praise of God. They do not really believe that they are children of God; they dare not say, “We have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ”; they are not “giving thanks unto the Father, who hath made us meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light.”

If the Spirit of the Lord was found in His people, who can and do “speak plain,” and they took aside from the multitude the poor stammers, and looking up to heaven, grieved that a child of God should not know and rejoice in the love of the Father, surely, more often, there would be deliverance. Only His finger can unstop the deaf ear, only His touch can loose the tied tongue, He, and He alone, has the power to deliver; but where His people have His sympathies, where they feel for souls in His affections, and, in measure as He did, sigh because God is not glorified, His power through them flows out by the Holy Ghost.” His ears were opened.” “Faith cometh by hearing. “Yet how many hear but a sound, or hear not at all when the words of love are uttered in their presence!” He that heareth...and believeth...hath.”

As you listen with the outward ear to the words of Jesus and of His God, do you indeed hear in your spirit, troubled soul? Are you not often deaf spiritually to the words of God? Hence it is, you do not speak plain. Hence it is, your testimony to the efficacy, as applied to your own case, of His all-cleansing blood is so confused. “The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin. “Do you hear the word ALL?” His ears were opened.” God frees the tongue by making His word enter the ear.

Now his tongue is unloosed, now the former stammerer not only dares to say, “My sins are forgiven,” but “He loved me, and gave Himself for me.” Such a testimony carries with it its own great force. A witness to the power and the love of Jesus fills those around with wonder; they give the Lord the glory, exclaiming, “He hath done all things well!”

Gleams of New Testament Light From the Old Testament.

9. God's Faithfulness; Our Failures

IN the chapter, which illustrates to us by many examples, the life of faith, Jacob's name appears connected with the tent and the staff. (Heb. 11:9, 21) "Dwelling in tabernacles," worshipping, leaning "upon the top of his staff;" may appear trifles to those who are unacquainted with God's thoughts respecting His people, but whether in the Old Testament or in the New, the testimony of a life, which is one of a pilgrim character, is precious to God. And He loves to dwell upon these incidents in the lives of His people, which are the outcome of faith in Himself. "By faith" there was this "dwelling in tabernacles;" "by faith" the top of the staff was leaned upon; so the Scripture teaches us, and without faith it is impossible to please God. God communicates His mind to us; we believe His word, and by faith we so act as to please God.

The dwelling in tabernacles was the mode of life common to Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. "By faith" he (Abraham) sojourned in the land of promise, as in a strange country; dwelling in tabernacles with Isaac and Jacob, the heirs with him of the same promise." They could not build in the land of promise, but waited till the promised land should be in their possession; the tent, therefore, characterized their mode of life. Isaac and Jacob followed the habit of their parent, Abraham, whose faith had led him out of his father's house. The definite promise of God to these men of faith made them dwellers in tents, and gave them to hope in God throughout their lives.

As years passed by, their descendants found themselves in Egypt, and became bondsmen there, until God redeemed them and made them once more dwellers in tents, and pilgrims through the wilderness to the promised land. They were called out of Egypt to Canaan, out of the land of bondage to the tent and to God's protection, that they might learn to hope in God, and to wait for the fulfillment of His word.

Christians are now addressed as "holy brethren, partakers of the heavenly calling," and the spirit of the dweller in the tent should characterize us! If we settle down into the order and ideas of the world we shall become bondsmen of it. It is our common portion to dwell in tabernacles, speaking spiritually, but this can never be done in a true and practical way, save "by faith."

We said the tent and the staff are connected with Jacob's name in the roll of the names recorded in Hebrews 11. The tent is more general in its application than the staff. Jacob with Isaac followed his father Abraham's mode of life: the staff is individual. Each traveler has his own staff; we may share our tent with others!

In a peculiar way the staff is connected with Jacob, even as the rod is with Moses; the spear with Joshua; the harp with David; the crown with Solomon. The rod speaks of delivering power; the spear, of victory, and of defeat; the harp, of joy and sadness; the crown, of glory; and in each lies a record of God's faithfulness, and His people's faith or failure, and in the staff, these things are vividly before us.

Joshua's spear was his own, and so was David's harp his own. Each believer has his own battle to fight, and his own songs to sing, and in the same way the staff has an individuality about it, and it

embodies the idea of a history—the history of a walk! When Jacob, in his old age, appeared before Pharaoh, and spoke of the days of his “pilgrimage,” saying, “Few and evil have the days of the years of my life been,” he summed up the story of “a hundred and thirty years” (Gen. 47:9), viewed from the standpoint of his failures!

And when, just before he ended his pilgrimage, “leaning on the top of his staff,” “he worshipped,” and said, “God, before whom my fathers Abraham and Isaac did walk, the God which fed me all my life long unto this day, the Angel which redeemed me from all evil” (Gen. 48:15,16) he rejoiced in God’s faithfulness. God’s faithfulness—their failures! how these fill our hearts as we review the past.

Shall not the staff utter its voice to us? What thoughts must have arisen in Jacob, as, leaning upon it, he worshipped God! His life is a record of God’s faithfulness to him, “With my staff,” he said, he had crossed the Jordan. As he slept on his stony pillow, a lonely pilgrim, a stranger in a strange land; God had opened heaven above, and had promised him blessing on blessing. The memory of those early days, and of that then received grace, filled his soul as he worshipped leaning on the top of his staff.

And, as he leaned, worshipping, his own fears also rose up in his mind, and that prayer he had prayed in the night of his distress, “With my staff I passed over this Jordan, and now I am become two bands. Deliver me, I pray thee.” (Gen. 32:10, 11) But more than his fears, faint-heartedness and failure, the sight of the Angel shone again before his soul—the Angel who had redeemed him “out of all his troubles”—for on that night of fear he had learned to cling to the Mighty One! This lesson he had been taught by the power of the Angel’s touch, which dried up his strength. His wrestling was over, his strength was gone, and Jacob, a lamed man, cast himself into the Stranger’s arms for strength, and so became Israel! Jacob, “the supplanter,” received the name of Israel, “a prince with God.”

The staff has a history to tell, the history of our life, which may be summed up thus—a record of God’s faithfulness and our failures.

The History and Conversion of a Buddhist Priest

JUST fifty years ago, Chang-chih-pen was born in the village of Sang-o, twelve miles to the west of the city of Ta-ning, in the province of Shan-si, North China. His father was a small farmer, and he sold also a little merchandise in the village, which, in those days, was in a more flourishing condition than it is at present.

Chang's father and mother had several children, who died young, and this led them to set apart their boy, Chang-chih-pen, for a Buddhist priest. Soon after his birth, they took him to the temple, where they formally dedicated him to the service of the gods. The child was taken back to his home, where he grew up with the other children of the village, till he was ten years old, the age at which he was to be devoted to the temple. He was then given over to the charge of an old priest, of whom he still speaks highly, but, though he was treated kindly by his guardian, he much desired to return to his home. His parents, however, dared not encourage him, fearing that if they allowed their boy to leave the temple, he might sicken and die, as had done his brothers and sisters.

The novices were placed under the care of a teacher; they were taught to read and write, and were educated for their future life. After spending some eight years in the temple, the boy's parents, who were growing old, and had no other children to provide and care for them, thought they might be able to redeem their son; so they proceeded to the temple, and by casting lots, sought to know the mind of the gods. But the lot was against them, and they returned to their home with heavy hearts. Not long after this, a party of theatricals came to Sang-o, and according to the custom, put up in the temple. This was an evil day for Chang, for they brought with them the opium, now so commonly smoked everywhere in China, and through them he learned opium-smoking, and continued to do so till his conversion, four or five years ago.

The old priest, who used to teach Chang, and the other boys of the temple, told them, that not one of the three religions of China—Confucianism, Buddhism, or Tauism, was the true religion; but that another religion was to come to China which would save men. Whether the old man had any light from God, as to this truth, it is impossible to say; but his teaching made a very great impression on the youthful Chang, who would frequently wonder what this religion could be, that saved men! For our reader must know, that the three religions of China do not any of them profess to save.

Chang became a man of great influence in his district. When thirty years of age he was appointed to oversee all the district—about fifty men in all. Any charges of crime brought against these men were judged by him, and he also punished them. This was an unsought position of authority, and, at first, Chang wisely refused the honor; but the civil magistrate of the country would receive no refusal, and, on a certain day, sent his official sedan chair to convey the chosen man to his presence. When Chang arrived he found a large assembly waiting to welcome him. The mandarin made a brief speech, and formally appointed Chang to his new office.

The two following days were spent by Chang in feasting. A feast was prepared in a temple opposite the city, where the civil magistrate resided, and two hundred invited guests were

entertained. Like honors were shown to him when he returned to Sang-o.

It must be understood that, according to Chinese custom, the whole expense of these banquets falls upon the person honored, which somewhat takes the gilt off.

Chang bore a good name, and people came from far and near to worship the idols in his temple, and to be cured by him of various diseases. During his stay in the temple where he was originally taken, he had learned something of Chinese medicine, but got better results by the employment of incantations. He believes now, that at the time Satan gave him power to work miracles in healing.

A common method of deception is as follows: The sick person, or someone on his behalf; goes to the priest, and states his case. Incense is offered before a certain idol, supposed to possess the power of healing diseases. Prostrations are made before the idol, whilst candles are burning on either side of a jar of incense on the altar, and the answer is sought in the following manner.

Meanwhile, the priest, with rosary on his hand, sits at a table close by with a number of little pieces of paper rolled up carefully, upon which are written various prescriptions. Each paper is numbered. In a bamboo vase are a number of small rods, just long enough to project an inch or two above the top of the vase. Each stick is also numbered.

The devotee, having already consulted the idol, comes to the table, shakes the wooden vase vigorously, generally with both hands, and draws out at random one of the rods, and hands it to the priest, who examines the number written on the stick, and finds the corresponding number among his prescription papers. This is considered by the priest and people alike to be the reply of the idol, and whether the medicine thus ordered be a drastic purge or an opiate it matters not. The medicine is purchased, and the unfortunate patient swallows it.

Of course, an offering in money is made to the idol before operations are commenced. This, doubtless from the priest's point of view, is of great importance.

While still a heathen, but a searcher after what he knew not, Chang had a revelation, or a vision, and he thus describes it. At the time he was very ill, and thought he must die, and he began to wonder how he could ever get to heaven. Then he heard a voice, which said that the true light would come from the West to lighten men, and that when it came they would be able to walk the right road.

Two months after this, he was looking over some old religious books in another temple, when his eye caught the title of one he had never seen before; it was called a book of the "Happy Sound," or "Good News," written by a man called "Mark." Chang thought to himself, can this be what I have really been seeking for all these years? Is there light and guidance for me in this "Happy Sound?" Is the happiness I have sought to be found in this book? And he read its story, telling of Jesus the Son of God, with intense interest.

Before the discovery of the Gospel by Mark, God had in various ways been preparing the way for the entrance of His own word into Chang's heart. Shortly before he found it, his faith in his idols had been shaken. During the famine, he had noticed that, not only were the common people carried off by starvation, but, that the priests also died the same death, and he reasoned that if the idols could not save their priests, they must be of little power.

It was at this time, also, that his father and mother died, leaving the little farm without an occupant. Chang was convinced that the idols could neither help him through the famine, nor satisfy his craving for soul-happiness, and he resolved forthwith to forsake the temple, and return to the home of his father. Here he began to live a new life, by looking to the true God to bless him. He was very ignorant of God, but still he had learned from the Gospel of Mark of the living, of the true God.

One day when in Ta-ning, in the third moon of the fifth year of the Emperor Kuang-hsü, he heard that a foreigner was passing through the city, and was anxious to see him and to obtain more information about the new religion of the West. But Chang was doing some work for a friend at the time, who would not hear of his leaving it, and thus he missed the pleasure of seeing the foreigner. However, he sent his servant to try and get a book from him, and the servant returned with a copy of the Gospel according to Matthew, bearing upon it the Ping-yang Fu stamp. Chang took the book back to his native village, and there he and his friend Chu, a schoolmaster, who had himself some time before become possessed of a Gospel by Mark, studied together the book.

In the course of the next two years his friend Chu had occasion to visit the city of Ping-yang Fu, and there he found a missionary, who explained to him the contents of the books he had been studying. Chu at once received the gospel of our salvation, and returned to Sang-o to communicate to Chang the further light he had obtained. They commenced the worship of the true God in their village, and soon others were added to their number.

At this time Chang, the ex-priest of Buddha, was still an opium-smoker, but was anxious to give up the habit. As he was smoking as much as a third of an ounce of crude opium per day, considerable fears were entertained by his friends when he resolved to discontinue the drug at once, which he determined to do at any cost. In a day or two he grew very ill, could neither eat nor sleep, and thought he was going to die. "But," said he, "better die than go back to the opium."

His friend Chu, the schoolmaster, was deeply concerned for Chang, and continued much in prayer that the Lord would give deliverance, and, above all, enable him to close his ears to the entreaties of the rest of his friends, who implored him to go back to the pipe, and not suffer himself to die in so foolish a fashion.

For seven weary days and nights Chang endured those intense cravings and pains, which can be known only by those who thus attempt to cure themselves of the habit at once. During those seven days Chang could neither eat nor sleep, but still his trust was in God.

At last the answer came. The pains left, and the cravings ceased. Since that time he has often been tempted by his old friends to smoke opium, but he has always emphatically refused, and his prayer that the desire for the pipe should be kept from him has been abundantly answered up till now.

In the spring of 1885, Chu and Chang were baptized, along with others, in Ping-yang Fu a city four- or five-days' journey from their native village of Sang-o. When they returned home, they found that in their absence the enemy had been roused, and persecution had broken out. Some of their followers had been set upon, and one of them, a farmer named Feng, narrowly escaped being beaten by the angry villagers. Hearing of this, Chang went out to comfort his neighbor. This greatly displeased the persecuting villagers, and the house was again surrounded, and loud

threats were made to pull down the house if the doors were not opened.

Towards the early morning most of the people retired, and our friends were able to make their escape.

The villagers now trumped up a false charge against the farmer Feng, and laid it before the magistrate, who sent men to apprehend him. Chang was returning from a neighboring village, when he met the officers on their way to take his friend a prisoner. He ascertained their business, and let them pass without showing concern; but hired a boy, who was working in a field hard by, to run with all speed into the village, and warn the farmer. This was successfully done, and the officers had to return to the magistrate with the report that the man had escaped.

The officers were sent back to apprehend the boy, but were intercepted by Chang, who confessed that he had employed the boy, and gave up himself to them, as being alone responsible for the escape of the wrongly accused man.

Chang returned to Ta-ning under the custody of the officers, and was taken to the magistrate, and claimed his right to lay the whole matter before his excellency, the ruler of the province. At this the magistrate was very angry, and, to get out of his difficulty, said, "I don't want to see this man; let him go, but bring the farmer."

When the literati of the city found that Chang, the ex-priest, had been discharged, they were enraged, and sent a deputation to the magistrate, protesting that if Chang were let off in this manner the whole of the district west of the city would follow him in his new religion. At this, the magistrate got alarmed, and straightway ordered Chang to be brought before him again. A false charge was now brought against him, which could not be proved, but the magistrate gave orders for him to be beaten with three hundred stripes.

Chang refused to submit to this punishment, and demanded to know wherein he had offended, which so increased the anger of the magistrate, that he not only repeated the order, but stood by to see that the whole of the stripes were duly administered, and afterward committed Chang to prison. Whilst being led away he fainted, and many thought he had died.

One of his relatives said, "Take my advice, have nothing more to do with the foreign doctrine, for you see what you get by it!" But Chang's reply was, that he must obey God rather than men, and his firmness was such that no one dared advise him to forsake Christ again.

After being shut up in a filthy room for thirty-nine days, a punishment greater than the beating, Feng-wu-tai, the farmer, who had made his escape, obtained the assistance of the missionary at Ping-yang, and matters having been again put before the magistrate, an order was given for Chang's liberty.

Both Chang and Chu, the schoolmaster, have lived down much of the persecution of their neighbors, and are being used of God in bringing souls into the kingdom, and there is a church of forty members in their district.

It is very gratifying to know that many of those who applied to the priest of Sang-O in his unregenerate days, have since learned from him to put their trust in the Great Physician. Of the fifty priests over whom Chang presided, all have deserted the ranks of the priesthood, except two.

When Mr. Key, the missionary, now living in the neighborhood, first visited the city of Ta-ning, he was taken to a temple just outside the city; and upon entering the priest's room, he was astonished to find the walls ornamented with large gospel tracts and text cards. He learned that when people came to worship the idols, the priest, Chang, preached the gospel to them.

It is through much tribulation, that these men enter the kingdom. Chu, the schoolmaster, has twice been beaten, and this last year he was not allowed to go in for his literary examination, which, to a Confucian scholar, is the utmost disgrace. P.

Oh, to Be With Jesus!

THE snow was drifting heavily as I took my way to a cottage which lay on a much-exposed hilltop. I had often been there, spending a spare hour by the bedside of the eldest daughter, Mary, who was fast following her brother to the grave, or I should rather say, to be together with the Lord. I should not have gone on such an evening, but had an idea that there would be very few more opportunities of seeing one whom I knew the Lord loved, and whom I could not but love myself. In Mary's sweet, patient spirit one could not fail to see the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, and to magnify the Lord for His goodness to her.

Strange it was that out of a household, where there seemed to be no care for the things of the Lord, He had been pleased to call one after another of the dear children to follow Him, and then to leave earthly joy for the heavenly home. The father I had rarely seen, for he studiously avoided meeting me, and hearing much of his tendency to infidelity I had called on his children at hours when he would in all probability be absent, dreading, for the sake of the dying ones, any disputation with him.

Johnnie had gone to be with the Lord a year or two before, and Mary was now following fast. Indeed, her life had been lengthened beyond our expectation; perhaps the peace of her soul, the great peace which God had given her, was the cause. The cottage reached, I was warmly welcomed by Mary's mother, who had a name to live, but, as I came to know afterward, was dead, and who confessed to me, sometime after, that she put on the appearance of being pleased to see me so that I might take her for a Christian, and leave her alone.

I passed into the warm, cheery room, where all was clean and shining to perfection, for the mother had been one of the best of servants, and her daughters were looked upon in the neighborhood as well brought up and cared for.

I sat for a little while at the bright fire before going near the bedside of the dying girl. Upon her bed lay the Bible, which we had often read, together, and the little hymn book which I had given her. They were well thumbed and pencil marked. I knew all Mary's favorite hymns, and had marked them in my own hymn book. One great favorite that she had often read to me began: ■

“Ah I shall soon be dying,
Time swiftly glides away;
But on my Lord relying,
I hail the happy day.”

Was it not strange that such a hymn should delight one, who had, as we say, everything to live for? She had been a bright, bonnie lassie, admired and loved by all around her, and if life had attractions for any one, it must have had for her. But to speak to her now of any of these things, was only to grieve her; doubtless it had cost her 'ere they were wrenched out of her heart, and

Christ exalted as the treasure, the only treasure.

Perhaps for a time she may have wished to live for Him, but that wish had been sacrificed to His sweet will, and Mary was now almost will-less, except that she longed to be with Him, whom she loved dearly. Even this had been a trouble to her. She had asked me, "Is it wrong to desire to be with my Saviour?" and I had tried to calm her troubled heart by saying, "Don't you think He longs for you to be with Him, for He said, 'Father, I will that they also whom Thou hast given Me be with Me where I am,' and He exercises patience until He can have the desire of His heart? Do you think," I asked, "that the Lord likes to see you suffering day by day? If it were not for some great purpose, He would snatch you into His bosom at once, but it is fruit to God, while you suffer and confess Him. By and by, He will say, 'Well done, dear child!' and then no more suffering or tears, but a long sweet rest on His bosom." But I could never write the conversations we had about the Lord, His sufferings, and His glory; these were a never-failing theme.

This evening when I went to Mary's bedside she was lying almost on her back, her eyes closed, as if in sleep, but a word or two made her open them, and she looked up with a smile. I knew, at any rate, that I was welcomed, as the big, speaking eyes turned on me.

She was dying, evidently. I could see the change had come; it might be hours, or it might only be minutes, and the dear one would take her flight to the Paradise of God.

I spoke a few words; and the thought overpowered me, that I should see her no more on the earth, and that our communion and friendship in the Lord were to be broken off for a time.

Her lips moved, and I bent down to hear what she was saying: "Pray."

"Yes, Mary," I said, "I will, but what for?" "That I may be with Him tonight. Ask Him to take me home now."

I did so, saying, "Come, Lord Jesus, come now, and take Thy loved one home."

I rose from my knees, and took her hand again. The lips moved, and I listened: "Oh to be with Jesus! oh to be at rest!"

We stood for a few moments in silence, then her mother burst into tears, and cried, "She's gone, my Mary, my darling." Yes, she was gone, her last prayer was answered.

She was with Jesus; she was at rest. J. S,

The Story of Jacques Roger

Chapter 9

Apology of the Pastors of the Desert.

AN extraordinary circumstance, in the spring of 1719, enabled the Reformed to prove their loyalty to their monarch. An alliance had been lately formed, between England, Holland and France, to oppose the King of Spain, who was aiming at universal dominion. Cardinal Alberoni, the Spanish Minister of State, strove to make a diversion from his own country by inciting an insurrection in France, and to this end, made advances towards the Huguenots, to whom he promised his full support, if they would revolt.

Alarming tidings reached Paris that the Protestants had flown to arms, at the instigation of Spain. The Duke of Orleans was greatly dismayed at this report. Another Camisard rising would, he knew, be ruinous at this stage of affairs, obliging him to send part of his forces to Languedoc, just when he needed all to make a bold front against the Spanish foe. He feared that such a rebellion might take some years to suppress, as in the preceding reign, and what policy to adopt, so as to check it at the outset, he knew not.

In this dilemma, the Regent conceived the astounding idea of appealing for support in his authority to some of the very Protestant pastors, whom France was still systematically seeking to exterminate.

Pictet and Basnage, two celebrated pastors in different foreign lands, received each a special embassy from the French court, imploring them so to work on the consciences of their co-religionists in France, as to induce them to submit to government.

Benedict Pictet we have already mentioned as Roger's wise counselor in the days of his youth. Notwithstanding the opposition of the Papists, his writings had spread into France, where they had been much used of God, his theology being drawn direct from the Bible, and from the knowledge of the Person of the living Son of God. Of rare gifts and true piety, he was well calculated to bias the minds of others for good, and his influence with the Reformed in general was well-known.

Jacques Basnage was a yet more renowned man, though of a different type—of greater grasp of intellect, but not of so much spirituality his influence was far more extended, embracing nations rather than individuals. Voltaire sap of him, "He was more fit to be a minister of state than a minister of a parish."

The two pastors, in answer to the Regent's appeal, wrote at once authoritatively to the Huguenots. Evidently the government considered the letter of the politician, Basnage, as the more weighty, for they had it published immediately, and distributed broadcast throughout the land. The greater part of the counsels therein contained were excellent; but the writer, in his position of ease and power, hardly realized what his brethren "sous la croix" were either doing or suffering, though he expressed much sympathy for them. He evidently thought it the bounden duty of all the pastors to quit France in obedience to the word of the king, as commanded at the revocation, and even hinted that those who were still there were acting in insubordination.

The preachers, who had nobly rejected all the tempting overtures of Spain, were deeply pained at this unexpected blow from such a quarter. Antoine Court was deputed to pen an answer in the name of all. In this document they thoroughly repudiate all connection with the Camisards, adding that they were not animated by the spirit of revolt, but by the spirit of peace. We give it in part: ■

"In the Desert, 30th July, 1719.

"We are obliged to acknowledge that our sins are the cause of all our misfortunes; but we do not know whether it was an absolute decree from God or a permission (which in certain cases does not justify our conduct) that all the pastors should abandon their flocks. We believe that many have wept between the porch and the altar, and that their vows and their sighs have mounted up to heaven. But after what Jesus Christ has said on the duty of a good shepherd, ought not many (God forbid that we should speak of all) to have shed, not their tears only, but their blood for their

sheep? We are determined, by the grace of our Lord, until our latest breath to render unto Caesar the things that are Cēsar's, and unto God the things that are God's. Our assemblies are not tumultuous; none carry arms■they are strictly forbidden, not only under penalty of being guilty of human high treason, but of divine. The glory of God should be the one object of all, and the love of our Saviour the motive power of all that we say or do.

“Being in this land deprived of ministry, if God had not raised up some persons to revive the faith of the people, and to reanimate their zeal, it is certain that all the inhabitants of the country, and the greater part of those of the towns, would have fallen into such gross ignorance that no doubt they would have become like those among whom superstition reigns supreme. God, notwithstanding our sins, would not utterly forsake us. After having removed His candlestick into other lands, He has breathed in our country on some smoking brands for the consolation of many.

“We will not attempt to refute the objections of such who, in approving the zeal of those who announce the gospel, yet disapprove of holding assemblies. We do not know how these gentlemen would manage the matter. Let us suppose for a moment that five or six shepherds have thirty or forty thousand sheep dispersed over a vast region. Would it be possible for those shepherds to feed so many sheep, if they did not gather them into little flocks so as to give them what is needful for their nourishment? We do not deny the fact that this should be done with the greatest possible prudence, and in places the most sheltered from the fury of the persecutors; indeed, we act so thoroughly upon it, that for one assembly that is discovered, a hundred take place, without the knowledge of our enemies. It is true that some houses and barns have been razed to the ground; some persons have been condemned to the galleys; many have been put in prison; very few have suffered death. But is it to be ignored that there is ever a cross attached to the profession of the gospel? And let it be taken into account that thousands and thousands of people are edified who are yet exempt from these trials.

“Before concluding our letter, we protest again to all those whom it may concern, and we take heaven and earth to witness that we desire to render to our prince all that is his due, but we do not feel ourselves free to neglect, for even a short time, our salvation, nor that of our brethren. It is vain to allege to us the state of affairs in the kingdom. We must at all times serve God and obey His laws, were but thirty days interruption commanded, as in the days of Daniel.”

Thus touchingly does this brave band apologize for holding for God a position that brought them into jeopardy every hour.

Ere Basnage had received this answer, feeling himself unable, in his far-off land of exile, to further take up the matter, he pointed out to the government one who could do so■the young pastor, Antoine Court. A special deputation was at once sent to the outlawed preacher, who had for long been hunted as a partridge on the mountains, and whose whereabouts would not now have been discovered without the information given by Basnage.

At the beginning of August, to Court's great astonishment, the royal messenger appeared, and transmitted to him a packet enclosing Pictet's letter, exhorting to fidelity to the crown, which the government strongly advised.

Court assured the deputy of the loyalty of himself and his fellow pastors, and of the devotion of all the Protestants to the king, declaring that long ago they had rejected all Alberoni's advances.

The Regent, with assumed gratitude, which but badly disguised the jealousy he felt of Court's influence, offered him a large pension, with permission to leave France, carrying his possessions with him. At the sametime he offered Basnage the restitution of all his goods, with leave to return to his native country. These favors were alike rejected. The aged pastor preferred remaining in exile with the flock of his adoption, and the young one chose rather to suffer affliction with the people of God, esteeming the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures of Egypt.

As the wonderful tidings of these negotiations with government spread through France, the hearts of the long down-trodden Protestants beat high with renewed hope. Hardly could they realize that such news could be true. Alas! they were again to prove how vain is the trust in princes.

As months passed by Spain was conquered, and the threatened danger averted. The Government having, therefore, nothing to fear from the Huguenots, made no amelioration in their condition.

The sorely-disappointed pastors continued toiling patiently on, thanking God when, at rare intervals, a fresh worker was added to their little band. Thus, in the following year, Roger welcomed gladly a new traveling pupil—Paul Faure, who, at the age of fifteen, left home and friends to consecrate his life to the ministry of the gospel—his fearless young spirit in no wise discouraged by fresh instances of persecution.

The ever-recurring trouble of marriages solemnized in the desert much exercised Roger's mind. He who, for the Lord's sake and the gospel's, had denied himself the joy of wife and family, did not seek to induce others to take a similar path, but pressed upon them the importance of not marring their testimony, by professing to abjure their faith, so as to obtain the sanction of the Church of Rome to their marriages. In earlier times the Protestants had been married by their own pastors; but, being deprived at the revocation of all their rights, this had become unlawful. Protestantism, from henceforth, had no legal existence in France: the reformed, by royal decree, had been converted to Roman Catholicism, and now, as good Catholics, they could only marry according to the laws of Church and State. All other marriage was null and void, and the offspring consequently illegitimate. The priests, ere they consented to marry the Huguenots, extorted from them a solemn and detailed abjuration of their faith, in which they renounced their baptism, declared they considered their parents to be damned, vowed to attend mass, and never again to return to their own assemblies, even if the free exercise of their religion were to be allowed by the king. After having obtained this abjuration, the priests would still defer the ceremony from six months to a year, to fully test the sincerity of the applicants. The Protestants were thus either compelled to perjure themselves or to marry in the desert, in defiance of the law, and so become outcasts of society. Many a true heart chose the latter alternative, and suffered the bitter consequences.

Roger, seeing the frightful evils resulting from this law, ventured to write on the subject to the Governor of Crest, and this letter was forwarded to the Court at Versailles.

The only apparent result of this effort was to draw increased attention to himself, the enemy making renewed efforts for his capture. Fontanieu, the intendant of Grenoble, reported him to be "one of the most celebrated of all the preachers," and offered a heavy reward to any who would discover his retreat. Some Protestants were found base enough to consent to betray their pastor on his return to Dauphine, for he was supposed to be still lingering in Vivarais, whither he was known to have turned his steps after the disastrous events of the valley of Bourdeaux. Counting on

his continued absence, Fontanieu appealed for further troops to be sent into Dauphine, hoping that the increased danger would deter Roger from entering the province, and that, deprived of the pastor's care, an easy victory would be gained over his flock. "We may thus reckon," he added, "on the whole of Dauphine being tranquillized. Apparently Jacques has not returned, perhaps, having had warning of all the precautions that have been taken to track him."

However, notwithstanding all the intendant's watchfulness, "Jacques" (Roger's nom de guerre) was actually again in his old scenes of labor. He had, indeed, on leaving Bourdeaux, spent a long time in Vivarais, making the most of this opportunity to strengthen the hands of the brave and youthful Durand, who took the lead for God in patient labor in that province.

The Rabbi's Son

THE learned Rabbi H., living on the border of France, was one day carefully turning over the leaves of his Hebrew Bible. He was looking for a passage to be learned and recited by his little son, whom we will call David.

David was now just turned twelve. As soon as his thirteenth birthday should come, he must be confirmed, as are all the Jewish boys at that age. On that occasion he would have to repeat in the synagogue a passage from the law or the prophets. David was an intelligent boy, and his father considered him quite capable of reciting several chapters correctly. But it was necessary that he should begin to learn them at once, so as to go over them frequently during the coming year.

The Rabbi decided at last upon a passage—the first few chapters of Leviticus. He called in his son, and gave him his task.

This part of the Bible was new to David. He therefore bestowed more pains upon it, so as to master the unfamiliar words. As he read and re-read them, he remarked that all the sacrifices described in these chapters were to be offered by the commandment of God, and that they were to be offered in order to make atonement for sin. He read again and again, “The priest shall make atonement for his or their sin, and it shall be forgiven.” David was perplexed. All this was new to him, and very hard to understand. He knew that he was a sinner, but no sacrifice had ever been offered for his sins, as far as he knew.

One evening, as he sat with his father, he suddenly said, “Father, why are there no sacrifices now?”

“They cannot be offered now,” his father said. “God commanded that they should be offered in His holy temple at Jerusalem. And now the holy city is in the hands of the Gentiles, and the holy temple is destroyed, and the city is profaned, and we are exiled from our land.”

“How then,” said David, “can our sins be atoned for? How can we be forgiven if we have no sacrifices?”

“God is merciful and gracious,” said his father, “and if we pray earnestly to Him for forgiveness, and repent and amend our ways, we may trust to Him to pardon our sins.”

“But, father,” replied David, “was not God always merciful and gracious? And did not the people who offered sacrifices at Jerusalem pray to Him just as we do? And did they not repent and amend their ways, when they knew they had done wrong? If so, why did not God forgive them as He forgives us? Why need they have had sacrifices besides? What were the sacrifices for?”

Rabbi H. gave a short answer to this question. He said, “David, it is your bedtime—good-night.” He said this in such a decided way that David saw it was no use to ask any further questions. He also saw that, for some reason or other, his questions were very unwelcome. He determined to ask his father no more. But he was from that time restless and unhappy. What were the sacrifices for? If

they had anything to do with the putting away of sin, was it really true that his sins could be put away without them?

However, he said nothing, but learned his chapters, and on his thirteenth birthday he repeated them well and correctly, and was praised and congratulated for his performance. Soon after this birthday celebration, David made the acquaintance of a Christian schoolmaster, who was a kind and friendly man. He thought he might tell him of his perplexity, for he had never ceased to think of the mysterious sacrifices. The schoolmaster listened kindly, but he seems to have been a man of few words. He gave David two books. One was a volume written two hundred years ago by Jean de Labadie. It was called "Treatise on the Truth of the Christian Religion;" the other was "Keith on the Prophecies," translated into French.

David read these books eagerly. They did not explain his difficulties, but they filled him with astonishment. It seemed to him when he read them, that perhaps after all Jesus, whom the Christians worshipped, Jesus of Nazareth, was the Messiah promised to his people Israel. Could it be true? He dared not ask the question of anyone.

Just after reading these works, he was one day alone in his father's library. He noticed amongst the piles of books, a small brown volume that he had never seen before. He opened it, and saw these words before his eyes, "For if the blood of bulls and of goats, and the ashes of an heifer sprinkling the unclean, sanctifieth to the purifying of the flesh, how much more shall the blood of Christ, who through the eternal Spirit offered Himself without spot to God, purge your conscience from dead works, to serve the living God?" He read on. He read that Christ was once offered to bear the sins of many—that, whilst it was not possible for the blood of bulls and goats to put away sins, "this man," Christ Jesus, "after He had offered one sacrifice for sins" (even His own body) "forever, sat down on the right hand of God." And all this David saw was written to the Hebrews, to him therefore; he had a right to read it. He took the little book to his room, and began at the beginning: "The book of the generation of Jesus Christ, the Son of David, the Son of Abraham."

He read on, straight on, and would have read it to the end, but a day or two afterward his father observed, "There was a little book on my table, which is missing. Have you seen it, David? A little brown book."

"I have it in my room," David answered, and he brought it sorrowfully back.

"Why did you take it?" asked the Rabbi, fixing his eyes upon him sternly; "it is a detestable book."

"I did not know it was detestable," replied David. "I never imagined that any book found in my father's library could be detestable."

The Rabbi only answered, "I forbid you to take it, or read it." David was silent. He felt that he must read that book. He, therefore, went to his friend, the schoolmaster, and asked him where he could get a New Testament. The schoolmaster gave him one, and told him that he did well in reading it, for it was the Word of God.

David read on, and when he had finished it, he was firmly and fully convinced that Jesus, the despised Jesus of Nazareth, was not only the Messiah of Israel, but God Himself, the Lord, Jehovah. He knew also, now that he had read of the death of Jesus, why there were no more sacrifices for sin; he knew that there could be no more.

All was now plain to David as the sun in the noonday sky—all was plain to him—and yet, such was his heart, such were your hearts and mine, he hated Christ the more.

For he said to himself, “If He is God, I must submit myself to Him. I must own Him, and obey Him, and worship Him, and bear His reproach, and be hated and despised.” And David laid aside his Testament, and determined to cast away the thought of Christ, and if he could not alter the fact that He was God Himself; he would at least, if possible, forget Him.

But it was not possible. “Christ,” he said, when he related to me his history, “was always there. He would not leave me. He haunted me. I was angry, enraged with myself, because I had read that book, and had taken such trouble to find out the terrible truth, that made me miserable.”

As David grew older he gave himself up to the business and the pleasures of the world, and resolved to allow himself no time to think of aught besides. But still, in the theater or the music hall, it was always the same, it was as though Christ was forever at his side, always, and everywhere, Christ. He spent most of his leisure time in Paris, for the sake of the amusements, which he hoped, as many others hope, would be to him as the chloroform to dull the ceaseless torment. But all was in vain.

One day, in Paris, he passed a chapel, the door of which stood open. He does not know why he went in, but he did so, just as the sermon began. It was the chapel of a Protestant pastor, M. de L. The sermon was about peace. “There are some of you,” the preacher said, “who know all that I could tell you of Christ, and His great salvation; but you have no peace nor rest. Do you know why? It is because you refuse your hearts to Him. You know Him, and you reject Him.” David left the chapel more miserable than before. It was not M. de L. who had preached, but a stranger. Whoever it was, he had seemed to David to know him to the depths of his heart, and to have spoken only to him.

But, strange to say, when soon afterward he had to pass near the chapel, he felt an irresistible impulse to go in again. He fought with this impulse, and stood in the street, unable to go further.

He then remarked that it was not yet quite the time for service, and he also observed a man who looked like a verger, who stood at the door giving tracts to the passersby. David looked at this man with a sudden feeling of glee. “He is a poor man, no doubt uneducated,” he said to himself. “I should be sorry to have an argument with the pastor, but I could convince that man that Christianity is a lie.”

And, in the face of his own certainty of the truth of the Gospel, he went up to the man, and took him to task for his belief in Christ. Little was said in reply, and David brought forth a host of what he considered would be, to so ignorant a person, unanswerable arguments. The man looked steadfastly in his face, and said, “Young man, you are nearer to being a Christian than you like to think, you know it is true.”

David turned away, for he felt that God had spoken. But he still felt compelled to go to that chapel.

The next time M. de L. himself preached the sermon. David could hold out no longer. He was conquered. In the deepest penitence he gave himself up, heart and soul, to Jesus, his God and Saviour, and heard Him say, “Thy sins are forgiven thee, go in peace.” He determined to go and tell M. de L. that he was now a believer in Jesus, and to ask him to baptize him.

It so happened that M. de L. had been lately taken in more than once by persons pretending to be converted Jews. He looked at David very suspiciously, and spoke so coldly, and was so stiff and distant, that he dared not proceed to the subject of his baptism, and went away discouraged. He determined to go back to Alsace, whence he had come, and ask a pastor there, whom he knew by name, to baptize him.

This pastor received him cordially, and seemed to be a kind and friendly man. But when David told him he was converted, and desired to be baptized, the pastor looked at him in dismay. "You don't mean," he said, "to ruin your prospects in life, and displease your family, and bring the house about your ears! No, indeed! be as good as you like, but for your own sake I advise you to remain a Jew. I will not baptize you, I assure you."

David was utterly confounded. "This is what it is to be a Christian!" he said. "I at least consider that Christ is worth all I can give up for Him. No, sir, I would not be baptized by you."

The pastor told him he had a friend in Strasburg, also a pastor. "You may go to him," he said; "perhaps that will suit you."

David betook himself to Strasburg. This second pastor also received him cordially. Yes, he was quite ready to baptize him. "But I ought to tell you," he added, "that I do not believe Jesus is God. You are welcome to your own opinions, but they are not mine."

Let us try to realize what this first experience of Christendom must have been to David. "Do you think," he said, "I would be baptized by a man who denies my God and Saviour? No, I at least am a Christian, if I can find none besides."

As David went away in grief and astonishment, he met in the street his old friend, the schoolmaster. To him he related his history and his manifold disappointments. "I know of a godly old pastor," said the schoolmaster, "and will give you his address. I advise you to go to him. He is a Lutheran."

David went at once to the Lutheran pastor's house. The venerable old man listened to his story, and having understood thus much, that David was a converted Jew, and desired baptism, he said to him, "Do you believe in the sacraments of the church? in the efficacy of baptism, and the Lord's supper?"

"Sir," replied David, once more lost in amazement, "I believe in Jesus. Why do you ask me whether I believe in sacraments? You never asked me whether I had been saved by the blood of Jesus. Would you be satisfied with my believing this or that about outward ordinances?"

The old man hid his face in his hands, and wept bitterly. "My son," he said, "you have taught me a lesson. Yes; I ought to have said, 'Do you believe in Jesus as your own Saviour; has He saved you?' And I ought to have been satisfied with that. Let us pray together, and ask the Lord to forgive me."

So together they knelt and prayed, and the old man said, "Are you willing that I should baptize you, in spite of my having so stumbled you?"

David said yes, for he felt sure that the old man, despite his formalism, was a true believer in Jesus. "But you understand," he said; "that I do not wish to be baptized into the Lutheran Church, for I own but the one Church of God. There is only one, and I can own no other."

"You are right," said the old man. So David was baptized, and has now for eight years been a faithful and earnest preacher of the Gospel of Christ.

Some years after he went back for a visit to Strasburg. The good old Lutheran pastor was dead, and was succeeded by his son, who welcomed David as a Lutheran, "for," he said, "you were baptized, you know, into our church."

"I am not a Lutheran," replied David, "I am a Christian." Whereupon the young pastor was grieved and displeased. "Do you know that it is schism," he said, "to leave the church?"

"If I had left the one true Church of God," said David, "I could imagine your making lamentations over me, but since I have never left it, and by God's grace never will, you have nothing to lament over."

And now let me ask for the prayers of God's children for a blessing on the work for which He has called out His servant, the work of carrying the Gospel to the dark towns and villages of Roman Catholic and, alas! Protestant France, "spots as dark," said David, "as the heart of Africa, where God is utterly forgotten. Little did I know, when I became a Christian, what is the Christianity of Christendom, but God be praised that He is raising up in this country of France (where so many thousands have died for Him, in this land of martyrs) witnesses for Christ in these last days, to preach Him far and wide, and to show that the Gospel is a living power, the power of God to salvation to everyone who believeth." F.B.

The Prodigal's Return

IT was summer time. The sun shone 1 brilliantly day after day upon the bell-shaped tents, occupied by the militia, who were up for their yearly training on the beautiful downs of M■. A very pretty sight it was to look upon; yet one felt sadly that among that vast number of men were many who knew not the Saviour, and the hearts of a few noble workers for the Master yearned to win some precious souls to Him. Permission having been granted them by the commanding officer to use the temperance tent, meetings were, at once commenced, which were greatly blessed to the salvation of souls. One evening, when the tent was crowded with eager listeners, the hymn was sung■

“In the land of strangers,

Whither thou art gone,

Hear a far voice calling,

‘My son! My son!’”

An address on the fifteenth chapter of Luke followed, in which was tenderly depicted the Father waiting with outstretched arms, ready to welcome the prodigal home.

The earnestness of the speaker touched some hearts, and amongst others that of Robert W. He could hold out no longer, and the pent-up tears burst forth, showing very plainly that a tender chord had been touched. One of the Christians present went and spoke to him about his soul. Robert said, “I have not only wandered from God, but have been a wanderer from my earthly home for many years. My father and mother know nothing of my whereabouts, and tonight I feel miserable.”

The glorious truth was then put before him that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, and he was assured that none need perish, for Christ had died.

The evening gun fired, and the workers left the camp, feeling glad that the words spoken had taken root in at least one heart. The work begun in Robert's soul was continued, and finally resulted in a blessed deliverance. The prodigal found a loving welcome home from his heavenly Father, as had been assured to him, and of this he testified the next evening to those who had been the means of leading him to the Saviour. He was now able to sing with joy■

“The wanderer no more will roam,

The lost one to the fold has come,

The prodigal is welcomed home,

O Lamb of God in Thee.”

During the remainder of the camping season, Robert proved by his life that he had experienced a change of heart. Two days before leaving he said to the writer, "Thank God I am now on the road for heaven, and as soon as I leave here I am going to my parents." What joy was created in that earthly home, as well as the great joy of the angels in heaven over the prodigal returning!

Such is the simple story of one, who proved that God was able to save to the uttermost all who come unto Him by faith. Reader, are you a prodigal? Are you still wandering away from the Father in sin and misery? Jesus waits to welcome you. Oh! come home! come home! J. H.

Extracts From Letters Written on the Dying Couch.

"THANKS for all you tell me. I never tire of any details," Mrs. G. wrote, replying to one who feared she was wearying her. "The more I can be occupied outside myself the better; and although I cannot write about them, I deeply sympathize, and in my hours of wakefulness it comforts me to pour out all before the Lord. I can no longer dress myself; but come down every day for a few hours. I sometimes lie and think of the city wherein there is no night, in all the details of its attractive loveliness. Sometimes I remind the Lord that He promised to make all my bed in my sickness, and has told me that the everlasting arms are beneath me, and that He Himself is my refuge. Then faith instantly takes up the strain, and tells Him that not one word has failed or shall fail to the end; and of course praise flows forth, and the dark, wearisome night is almost the portal of the Father's house.

"On Sunday Miss— came to see me; I spoke of the rest of heaven. She thought it happier to contemplate the variety of work one might expect to find there, but the music and the song seemed uppermost in her mind.

'Don't you anticipate it?' she said. 'It will be passing sweet,' I replied, but does not so much occupy my thoughts.' What is your thought, then?' she said. 'Going straight to the feet of Jesus,' I replied, and sitting down there to gaze upon Him forever.' Ah, yes! they shall see His face."

Again to the same she writes: "The Lord's love is wonderful, so I can now say my light affliction, which endureth but a moment! I want you to bless and praise with me. He makes all my bed in my sickness, and fills me with joy unspeakable and full of glory."

Towards the end of the month she wrote to her two sisters conjointly, seemingly her farewell letter, which was received in England.

"My own darling sisters—I must try once more while in the body, to speak a few words to you. My sufferings and weakness increase now very sensibly day by day. It was hard work yesterday when I was removed to my couch, and today it cannot be attempted. The least nourishment I take produces pain which lasts till I am obliged to take something else—yet I only take liquids—and the wasting nature of the disease increases.

"Well, dear ones, it will soon be all past. There is no more pain in the home—the blessed home, to which I am fast going. The Lord has fixed the time, and I would not hasten His time, no, not an hour. His precious, blessed loving will be done. Amen and Amen.

"My dearest E. will, perhaps, remember how months ago I spoke of that passage, 'the things which are not seen.' Well, it seems to me the Lord has been teaching me the meaning of it, and thus

blessedly making room for Himself and His own joy. It is wonderful the joy He gives, 'unspeakable and full of glory,' so that the indescribable weakness, the poor failing limbs no longer able to bear the emaciated body, make me almost shout with delight as I see how the earthly house is being dissolved. It is all Himself now■there seems no room left for self■hence the deep, deep joy; I must speak of Him, I must tell of His love■His sovereign love■must speak of His faithful word. Yet I cannot speak of lying on the bosom of Jesus as some saints can. Sometimes I find myself nestling there, but down I slip instantly to His dear feet, and lie there to worship and adore. Is not this being in spirit already in the glory? You see I tell out my feelings without reserve because I am so near eternity.

"I fear you will be getting anxious about me, yet I have not felt equal to writing all this time. I am unable to swallow even a soaked crumb of biscuit or bread, yet often there is the longing and intense craving for food."

After a few more details she continues, "Well, darling, this is one phase of my existence—I know you wish to have such details. This is the daily dying side, the other side is feeding on the Bread of Life, learning the treasure I have in the blessed Son of God. I only live as occupied with Him, all other ties seem to hold but loosely. My soul follows hard after Him, His right hand upholds me. Every evening when I have taken my cup of tea, and daylight has faded away, I nestle down on my pillows, and remain alone with Him who is the chiefest among ten thousand and the altogether lovely. Then, indeed, I live! I am occupied with Him, engrossed, ravished, satisfied! His precious word, His smile, Himself, makes my heaven, and I only await His call, 'Come up hither,' and my spirit with one bound shall be 'absent from the body, present with the Lord.' Unless, indeed, He shall come Himself to bear us all away, while yet this poor frail body holds on."

Gleams of New Testament Light From the Old Testament.

10. The Son of Promise

THE birth of Isaac was surrounded with divine interpositions. God would not allow that the seed He had promised to Abraham should come to him in the ordinary way of nature, and to this both the record of the Old Testament and the teaching of the New testify.

“Sarah laughed within herself” as she stood in the tent door, and overheard the Lord say to Abraham, “Sarah, thy wife, shall have a son.” It was an unbelieving laugh, supported by unbelieving reasoning. (Gen. 18:12.) Being exposed by the Lord, she tried to escape owning her unbelief, but this He would not allow, saying, “Nay; but thou didst laugh.” Probably no one heard the laugh but God, and how often are God’s people like Sarah, and measure God’s word by their own resources, instead of believing that He promises blessing according to His own will; and “is there anything too hard for the Lord?” But they laugh in their hearts, and reason out their unbelief to their own satisfaction.

Sarah did not forget her unbelief, for when her son was born to her as the Lord had promised, she said, “God hath made me to laugh, so that all that hear will laugh with me.” She recognized His grace in turning her ridicule into the exultant joy of realization, and the secret folly of her heart into such an open confession to God’s power and faithfulness, that all that heard should laugh with her. Such is God’s grace to us. So the promised son was called Laughter■Isaac.

Faith in God’s word is regarded as a silly thing by modern religious wisdom, but in the fulfillment of that word even the world will have to own the faithfulness of God. When the day of realization comes, the evidence that God is true will be before men’s eyes. At the longest, at the end of a lifetime it will be found that God is true.

With her own son in the tent, the son of divine promise, Sarah, with right instincts, determined that he should have his proper place, which was, and could but be, not the first, but the only place as son. When Isaac was weaned, and thus, as it were, entered into a distinct and individual position in the house, being no longer a babe in his mother’s bosom, Abraham made a great feast. Due honors were paid to the son■ the heir. All eyes were to be fixed henceforth on him; in him the glory of Abraham, his father, was to express itself. And then it was that the son of the bondwoman began to mock! He laughed at the son of promise. Ishmael had hitherto been Abraham’s hope, but now, Isaac being no more a babe in arms, called out his jealous rivalry.

This, Sarah would have none of. There should be no rival son in her tent. None should make light of her Isaac; he was all to her, and should be all. “Cast out this bondwoman and her son,” she cried, “for the son of this bondwoman shall not be heir with my son; even with Isaac.” And she was right, neither was there any denying of her. She was peremptory. It had to be done. Further, God declared she was right■ “in all that Sarah had said unto thee, hearken unto her voice; for in Isaac shall thy seed be called.”

Ah! would that there was like decision for Christ, The Seed; would that the instincts the affections of God’s people were as true to Him as were those of Sarah to her son of promise. Christ alone no

rival, no sharer a His honor; Christ alone! He is supreme—in all things give Him the pre-eminence. How would such a spirit relieve our weighted Christianity from its burden of legality, ritualism, and the family of the bondwoman, and rid the tent of their mocking and their ridicule as we make our feast in the honor of our Isaac, our Laughter, our Jesus! How would such a spirit empty our hearts of the rivals of the Lord and fill our souls with His glory! How would the legal spirit flee were Christ's place truly regarded. Christians, what are own spiritual instincts for Christ?

“Tell me, ye that desire to be under the law, do ye not hear the law? For it is written, that Abraham had two sons, the one by a bond maid, the other by a freewoman. But he who was of the bondwoman was born after the flesh; but he of the freewoman was by promise. Which things are an allegory..... Now we, brethren, as Isaac was, are the children of promise. But as then he that was born after the flesh, persecuted him that was born after the Spirit, even so it is now. Nevertheless, what saith the Scripture? Cast out the bondwoman and her son; for the son of the bondwoman shall not be heir with the son of the freewoman. So then, brethren, we are not children of the bondwoman, but of the free. Stand fast therefore, in the liberty wherewith Christ hath made us free, and be not entangled again with the yoke of bondage.” (See Gal. 4:19■5:6.)

Cast out legal efforts, cast out every idea that makes little of Christ; and all that makes anything of self good or bad, does but mock at Christ. Away with these Ishmaels, let Isaac have his place, which is the sole place. There never can be terms between Christ and the law, the Spirit and the flesh, grace and works, faith and doings. Out, all these contrary things must go from the heart. And if they are banished from the hearts, they will be ousted from the tents of God's people. There will be no temporizing with the spirit of ritualism, which is a denial of Christ's supremacy, and a substitution of priests and sacrifices for His priesthood, His sacrifice; no temporizing with sensuous worship, which is but the effort of man to produce goodness pleasing to God out of what pleases our own eyes, ears, and senses, and which thereby leaves Christ out, and mocks at His place, which never can be a divided, but is the sole and only place.

May we all have the true spiritual instincts, and though we may, like Sarah, have been slow of heart to believe, let us now, since we know Christ, be jealous for His honor, as was she for that of Isaac.

A Solemn Warning

LITTLE George M. was twelve years of age, and being of an amiable disposition, and ever full of fun and glee, he became a favorite in the Sunday school. His teacher loved George, whose winsome manner and open countenance were very taking, and as the little boy listened Sunday after Sunday to the word of truth, which she taught, he seemed much impressed with the solemnity of its meaning. But soon, alas! the fear of the end of sinners, and the sense of the need of salvation, were forgotten, for George was but a wayside hearer.

One Sunday, as tickets for a children's tea meeting were being given out, George said to his teacher, "Do I deserve to have one, for I do not want one unless I deserve it?"

His teacher told him the ticket was a gift, and was not granted because he deserved it. "And by this," she added, "you may learn of the gift of God, eternal life, given to all who receive Christ, who died for sinners and rose again."

Georgie, we need not say, took the ticket as a gift, for he was glad to go to the Sunday school treat; but would he care to have the gift of God—eternal life?

"No, another day,"

he murmured. Thus weeks and months passed away, and still he remained indifferent to the call of God.

About this time a great many children at the Sunday school where he went confessed Christ, and among them were two of George's companions. These boys persuaded him to accompany them to the week-night Bible-class, but, sad to say, he only went to mock.

On the following Sunday he came to school, and it seemed that the Spirit of God was striving with him, for his attention was marked, and he joined in singing the last hymn, heard the closing prayer, and with a thoughtful countenance walked with his companions to listen to some open-air preaching.

However, while the servant of God was speaking, George stood mocking and throwing dust in the air, upon which the preacher turned towards him, and pointing with his finger, said, "If that boy knew he might be a corpse this day week, he would not mock at God's message now." Upon hearing these words the guilty boy walked away, but that was the last invitation to salvation he ever heard.

On the following Sunday his seat was vacant. His teacher called at his house after school was over to inquire for him, but it was TOO LATE, for at the very time the school doors were closed that Sunday afternoon, George had then passed into eternity. On the Friday previous to his death he had taken cold, inflammation had set in, he had become unconscious, and remained so until he died.

Dear boys, do not put off your solemn feelings about eternity until to-morrow, for tomorrow it may be TOO LATE. "Now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation."

H. D.

Only Trust

ONE day I saw a little girl of twelve years lying in one of the beds of a hospital, and I asked her, "Do you love the Lord Jesus?"

"No," she said, "but I want to very much."

"Why?" I inquired, and her reply was ■

"Because I am a sinner. I have tried to be good, but I do want to come to Him, and to love Him."

"Well, dear," I said, "think for a few moments of these two verses: 'God hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all,' and 'His own self bare our sins in His own body on the tree.' Now, if God laid your sins on the Lord Jesus, and He bore them, where are they?"

"Well," she said, very slowly, "if God put them on Jesus, and He bore them, I can't beat them too."

"No, dear," I answered, "but let us look at it like this. God hated sin. He could not look upon it, and must punish it, but the Lord Jesus loved little Emily, and bore her sins and her punishment instead of her, upon the cross."

She looked up so brightly, and said, "Is that what trust or believe means? Then I do trust, and will give Him my heart now, and try to be good."

"But you must leave off trying to be good, and only believe or trust the Lord, and He will give you power to be good after you have truly trusted Him."

She waited a moment before speaking, and then said, "Is that really all? I want Him to take my heart now. I do trust Him."

I think little Emily, then and there, really put her trust in the Lord Jesus, her Saviour; and to you, dear children, who feel your need of the Saviour, I would say, come to Him, as Emily did, in all your sins, for He will save you. Take your place before God as a sinner, and ask Him to show you the Lord Jesus on the cross bearing our sins. "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life." (John 3:36.) The Lord Jesus shed His precious blood for sinners, and all who trust Him have their sins washed away, and are made whiter than the snow. K. A. A.

Letters From My Young Friends

THE following extracts from letters may prove of interest to the dear young readers of FAITHFUL WORDS, being written by three young people who have found out for themselves what a Saviour Jesus is:■

One says, "I can say I am saved, because I know Jesus took my sins to the cross, and bore them in my stead, and all I have to do is to rest upon the finished work.

"Please ask God to make me faithful, and to be watching for Jesus to come again."

"I am very happy, trusting in the finished work of Christ," says another." I have been living and working for Jesus since last June, and am so pleased to reply to your letter.

" 'For I was lost and vile, indeed,

To sin a willing prey,

Till God in mercy interposed,

And turned my night to day.'"

"And what a sweet thing to know that we are safe in the Everlasting Arms, simply waiting for Him to come and take us to be with Himself above, and to be like Himself."

"The Lord in His love called me from darkness to light, first by showing me my sinfulness, and then by revealing Himself as my Saviour," is the testimony of a third.

"Oh, I do trust that He will keep me sitting at His feet, and following in His footsteps. This is my desire."

"Naught, naught I count as pleasure,

Compared, O Christ, with Thee;

Thy sorrows without measure,

Earn'd peace and joy for me."

"I can find no word better to express what I feel."

May each dear young reader re-echo these words, and be able to say, "Jesus is mine."

S. E. B.

The Pharisee and the Publican

A MAN may be very religious, and still be far away from the truth; nay, he may make the Bible his peculiar study, and religion his chief interest, and yet be an entire stranger to God. So it was with the Pharisee of old, of whom the Lord spake, who went up into the temple to pray. The religion of the Temple was the true religion—the Pharisee was separated from the mass of men to the service of true religion, and yet he was destitute of the knowledge of God! It is a most solemn consideration, that we may be perfectly orthodox in our creed, and most exact in our attendance on religious service, and still be utterly ignorant of God—unsaved, and afar from God in spirit.

The Lord thus describes the Pharisee and his prayer: He “stood and prayed thus with himself, ‘God, I thank Thee that I am not as other men are, extortioners, unjust, adulterers, or even as this Publican. I fast twice in the week, I give tithes of all that I possess—’” he divided his prayer into two parts; he thanked God for what he was not, and for what he was. Full of himself, he forgot that God abhors pride, and that “the high and lofty One, that inhabiteth eternity, whose Name is Holy,” saith: “I dwell in the high and holy place, with him also that is of a contrite and humble spirit, to revive the spirit of the humble, and to revive the heart of the contrite ones.” (Isa. 57:15.)

Pride, and religious pride particularly, is hateful to God. And the boast of being better or wiser than others, because we know truths of the Bible which others do not, is a most dangerous sin. It is this point that the Spirit of God enlarges upon when proving to the Jew his guilt, as we read in Rom. 2:17-23, and it is the same kind of spirit, that the Gentiles, who now have the word of God, are warned against in the same epistle, chs. 11, vss. 18-25. The Jews have been cut off, and the Gentiles will be. A boastfulness in the knowledge of the truth, a state of mind that denies the practical living out of the truth, must end in the judgment at God’s hands.

Unless our knowledge of the truth of God makes us humble it is but head knowledge. “Knowledge puffeth up,” wrote the apostle to the believers of Corinth; but knowledge of God never puffs up, for if we know God we can but bow our heads before Him: He is the high and lofty One who inhabits eternity, and who and what are we but dust and ashes?

We feel sorry at heart for the Pharisee, of whom the meek and lowly Jesus speaks, and for all who resemble him. How sad to be a frequenter of God’s house, to be devoted to God’s service, and yet to have no sense of sin, no feeling of the holiness of God, and even to use the advantages of possessing God’s word and of worshipping before Him as a platform for exalting self in God’s presence! How sad to be a professing Christian, and to use the advantages and privileges of Christianity as an occasion for boasting that we are advanced and improved, and are unlike “this publican,” this neighbor of ours!

Christian friend, let us beware of religious pride—it is a quicksand, where many a nobly-furnished ship is swallowed up! Let us esteem others better than ourselves. Grant that we do know more of the Bible than others; grant that in our favored day of gospel truth we know much that was unknown when the Bible was little read in our land—still, “If any man think that he knoweth anything,

he knoweth nothing yet as he ought to know. But if any man love God, the same is known of Him.” (1 Cor. 8:2, 3.)

We will only consider the Pharisee in order to warn our own souls from the danger which was his ruin. He prayed with himself! He was his own idol—self, not God, filled his soul. Nevertheless, he had time in the midst of his prayer to cast a glance at the publican, who stood afar off, and who would not so much as lift up his eyes unto heaven, but smote upon his breast, saying, “God be merciful to me a sinner,” or the sinner! And most glad he was he was not “even as, this publican.”

But how did God regard the publican? “A broken and contrite heart Thou, O Lord, wilt not despise!” God beheld him with compassion, and extended towards him His mercy.

God ever shows favor towards such as own before Him that they are what they really are. “I tell you,” says our Lord, “this man went down to his house justified rather than the other: for everyone that exalteth himself shall be abased; and he that humbleth himself shall be exalted.”

Pride and self-righteousness keep the heart filled with self, and bar it up against God. The proud God beholds from afar off, and none who is proud shall ever dwell in his pride before God. Let us never forget that man’s pride, as his unbelief, must end with this life; in the future there will be no room for it. Man will have discovered what he really is, and very much of what God is, when this short career is over. Let us bow our hearts and minds before God as we consider who He is!

The Story of Jacques Roger.

Chapters 10

More Persecution.

THROUGH the sunny provinces, in which had passed the stirring scenes we have described, the bright days of the early summer of 1720 were again causing smiling valleys and swelling hills to clap their hands in gladness. Then, over the fair country, silently and insidiously arose a cloud; at first as but a man’s hand in size, but gradually spreading in awful blackness, carrying desolation, death, and despair throughout the land. One of those unaccountable epidemics, to which is given the general name of “plague,” burst forth, and no skill of man, or power of earthly potentate, was of any avail to check its onward course.

And now, while the workshops were deserted, and noisy looms stood silent, above the constant rumble of the dead-cart with its ghastly burden, above the wail of sorrow in the emptied homes, the voice of God spoke solemnly to many a soul. Even the most hardened conscience saw in the pestilence; which was stalking through the land, the heavy hand of divine judgment. The banished pastors at La Haye proclaimed boldly that this was the cup of His wrath, poured in vengeance upon the very scenes where the blood of His martyrs had been so abundantly shed, and sought to stir up their co-religionists to greater piety, imploring them to humble themselves before God, and to intercede with Him that this awful visitation might be removed from their suffering country.

While the horror-stricken oppressors checked the ardor of their persecution, and cried out for the mercy which they had ever refused to grant to others, the persecuted ones raised their drooping heads, realizing afresh the blessed truth that “the Lord reigneth.” A revival spread through the churches, the assemblies of the Desert being more numerously attended than they had ever been,

avored now by the withdrawal of the troops through fear of infection. The young and frivolous turned from their vain pursuits and pleasures to seek the Lord, while yet He might be found. The rich, who had hitherto feared to identify themselves with the despised Reformed, now, fairly frightened out of their lukewarmness, eagerly associated themselves with those who, when all others trembled, were able in this time of trouble to offer sacrifices of joy, and to raise the song of praise.

Those unhappy Protestants, who, to escape the fury of the Papists, had in past days made abjuration, felt very especially that the chastening hand of the Lord was upon them, and the horrors of their awakened conscience gave them no respite. Whichever way they turned they saw, as it were, the sword of the avenging angel hanging over them, and, with loud cries and bitter tears, they owned their sin in denying the faith. Among these sadly troubled ones were some young girls of the town of Meyrueis. Broken-hearted and terrified, they felt that a public confession of their sin, in abjuring Christ, could alone meet their sense of its heinousness, or expiate their cowardice. Thus, impelled by remorse, they appeared on the 17th of July at an assembly in the Desert. Before the vast concourse of people they fell to the earth, with bitter weeping and loud sobs. All were deeply moved at the sight of their distress, and entreated them to rise.

“Ah! leave us to weep on,” they answered in saddest accents; “our sin has been great, our repentance also should be great; we have not yet shed tears enough.”

Thus, through those days of death and sorrow, were souls led into light and peace and everlasting life; God out of the eater bringing forth meat.

As death continued each day to carry off its hundreds of victims, and it became increasingly impossible for the authorities at Alais to find men enough for the arduous and dangerous work of burying the dead, they condemned their Protestant prisoners to this service. The unhappy captives, weakened by imprisonment in foul dungeons, fell ready victims to the contagion. Sad was it to see the dying burying the dead, and quickly following them to the rudely dug grave. Thus did death’s kindly hand throw open the prison doors, strike off the iron fetters, and loosen the freed spirit to soar above to that land, “where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest, where the prisoners rest together, and hear not the voice of the oppressor.”

The pastors, for whom death had no terror, having faced it for years in every form, were indefatigable in their labors among the dying and the sorrow-stricken survivors, and for a reward of their self-denying toil, they had the joy of seeing, as Court expresses it, “a spiritual resurrection, as though fresh blood flowed in the veins of the Protestants, and a new spirit animated them. Satan as lightning falling from heaven!” He further writes to his anxious mother, trembling for his safety, “He who believes not in Jesus Christ, who repents not of his sins, and does not apply to his own need the merits of the cross of the Redeemer, must fear death; but as for me, Christ is my gain, whether in life or in death. Let him be alarmed who will in this trying time, let the worldling be full of fear at the approach of death or of the plague, for me I am a stranger to such feelings, save in a salutary manner.”

Towards the close of the year Antoine Court went to Geneva, to plead the cause of the churches “sous la croix” with their Swiss brethren, and to take tidings of the Lord’s work in France to Pictet, from whom he reckoned on receiving the help of wise counsel. The aged pastor welcomed him

most lovingly, and thus commenced a very warm attachment and close intercourse, which was cut but too short by the death of the venerable saint in the summer of 1724.

Court had intended restricting his stay in Geneva to a month or six weeks, but his return to France was rendered impossible by the strict quarantine in which the still-infected provinces were held, every road and path being vigilantly guarded. During his compulsory stay in Switzerland, he comforted himself with the thought that he was serving his brethren better, by interesting foreign powers in their favor, than if he had been in their midst; thus he lingered on till the summer of 1722. He writes to his colleague, Roger, "I have been busily engaged trying to root out of the minds of an infinity of people the false idea that they have formed of the Protestants, and have tried to make them see them from a true point of view." He further sent the cheering news that he had fully succeeded in arousing true sympathy for the Protestants of France in distant lands, and that for the future the Church of the Desert could reckon on friends and defenders. During Court's long absence Roger felt much the increased burden of that which came upon him daily—the care of all the churches. Many times he performed the perilous journey into Languedoc, to give the weight of his presence to various synods and conferences, and to impart brotherly counsel and support to Corteiz, while deprived of his fellow-pastor.

This year brought important changes to the French government. On the 22nd of January and at the age of thirteen, Louis XV. was declared by parliament to have attained his majority. The death of the Regent, shortly afterward, brought fresh calamities to the Protestants. The Duke of Bourbon came into power, being appointed Prime Minister by the feeble young king, who still reigned but in name. The Duke was in every respect inferior to Philip of Orleans. He is described as having a hideous face, and blind with one eye, his character being as revolting as his appearance, brutal and ferocious, defective in intelligence, and intensely frivolous. In opposition to the house of Orleans he declared his intention of carrying out the exterminating policy of Louis XIV. towards the Huguenots.

His first action was to promote to the rank of marshal all the generals of the dragoonades; thus, Count Medavid, reckoning from the recent massacres in Dauphine, along with other cruel persecutors, stepped into a place of higher power. No doubt should have remained in the minds of the Protestants as to what course the new government would take towards themselves.

The Duke of Bourbon was entirely under the influence of two bigoted prelates, Fleury, bishop of Frejus, and Lavergne de Tressan, bishop of Nantes, whose one ambition was to become cardinals. To obtain favor with the Pope, they determined to vigorously renew the persecutions; the unfortunate Huguenots were ever the victims selected by ambitious French prelates to be sacrificed at the shrine of Rome, the sacerdotal purple, in which they were arrayed, being ever dyed with their blood. The court, as usual, was willing enough to second the bishops; the utter incapacity of the Duke of Bourbon, combined with his natural ferocity, made him their ready tool. The atrocious Bavielle was deputed to write in one edict the substance of the innumerable decrees of the past reign. No task would have been found more congenial to the cruel nature of the old man, who revived the experiences of his long and frightful career, to fire a parting shot at those whom all his genius had failed to conquer. As he completed the last bloody pages of his awful work, death carried him off to answer for his long catalog of crimes at the judgment seat above.

The young king unquestioningly signed this barbarous edict. We can but give a very brief summary of its eighteen articles. It commenced as follows: ■

“Of all the great designs of the late king, our honored lord and great-grandfather, there is none that we have more at heart to execute than that which he conceived as to the entire extinction of heresy in his dominion, to which he applied himself indefatigably to the last moment of his life. With a view to upholding a work so worthy of his zeal and of his piety, our first care on attaining our majority, has been to have laid before us those edicts the execution of which has been delayed especially in those provinces lately afflicted with the contagion.

“We perceive that the principal abuses, which demand a prompt remedy, concern illicit assemblies, the education of children, the obligation of public functionaries to profess the Catholic religion, the penalties against the relapsed, and the solemnization of marriages. Upon these points we here declare our intentions very distinctly.”

Then is given a detailed statement as to various infringements of the command that the Roman Catholic religion should be the only one professed in the kingdom, and the punishment attached to such infringement. All preachers, who had convoked assemblies, or had performed any pastoral office, to be put to death; all men, who attended such assemblies, to be sent to the galleys for life; the women who did so, to have their heads shaved, and to suffer perpetual imprisonment; the same penalties were awarded to men and women who sheltered the preachers, or who did not denounce them to the authorities, on knowing where they sojourned; the confiscation of all their goods was to follow the execution of such sentences. Parents, who did not have their infants baptized within twenty-four hours of their birth, to be fined to the utmost extent of their means, and to be liable to greater penalties according to the gravity of the case; doctors, midwives, servants, or relatives, who did not announce a birth to the priests, to suffer the same penalty. Those who were found guilty of sending their children abroad for education, to be fined to the same degree, but the sum never to be lower than 6000 francs a year, and this sum to be paid each year that such child remained in a foreign country.

Parents to send their children to the parish school, and to the catechizing; masters and mistresses of schools to take the pupils to mass every day; monthly reports to be given of any absentees, and the parents or guardians to be proceeded against. The sick or dying, who refused the sacraments, if they recovered, to be banished for life; if they died, all their goods confiscated, and their dead bodies to be dragged through the streets on a hurdle. No public office whatever or profession to be occupied without a certificate of catholicity. No marriage to be accounted legal, except that of the Catholic Church, under pain of incurring severe penalties, as already ordained. Parents not to consent to the marriage of their children abroad, under pain of galleys for life to the man, and perpetual banishment to the woman, with confiscation of all goods.

“Given at Versailles, the 14th of May, the year of grace 1724, and the ninth of our reign. Signed, Louis.”

Like a thunderbolt in their midst fell this new edict, just as the Huguenots were rejoicing that the restoration of Protestantism in France was an accomplished fact, and were feeding themselves with the fancy that the young king, in honor of attaining his majority, would certainly issue an act of toleration in their favor. The merry sunshine of the month of May seemed to foster these bright

hopes and cheerful anticipations of a time of peace, when, suddenly, this frightful declaration was proclaimed through village, hamlet, and town of the peaceful provinces. In every public place the hateful document was affixed, and around it in consternation gathered groups of Protestants, at first almost stupefied by the heaviness of the blow. Then, as they grasped the full extent of the abyss thus opening at their feet, the terrified women hurried home, clasping their little ones to their breasts, to seek in fervent prayer the protection of God, while the husbands and fathers in hot indignation resolved on revolt. It was evident that their submission and loyalty to their sovereign were in no way appreciated, that all their proved faithfulness only encouraged the Government to take harsher measures against them, nothing therefore remained but to try once more what fire and sword could effect■they would fly to arms.

A Word to My Fellow Soldiers

A SOLDIER I would be, and a soldier I became, and having enlisted, my whole heart was bent on soldiering.

I well remember the time when I was ordered to India, when a Christian friend came up, offering to purchase me out of the army. I declined his kind offer, for I like the idea of going abroad, so I said, I preferred taking my chance.

Two days afterward we sailed, and, after most enjoyable and prosperous voyage, duly arrived at our destination. Shortly afterwards being promoted sergeant, I could have my fling, and took every advantage of the position. As you well know, men, some people give soldiers a bad name, and I do not altogether wonder at it, for too many of us—myself among the number—have, like the prodigal wasted our substance in riotous living. How much better it had been for me, when a young sergeant, if I had remembered the words “Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth, and walk in the ways of thine heart, and in the sight of thine eyes, but know thou, that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment.”

Perhaps in no other sphere of life as amongst soldiers and sailors do we find suffered to pass unheeded, so many and such repeated warnings as to the uncertainty of life. In India especially, it is no uncommon thing to find that your most intimate comrade with whom but a moment ago you were conversing, has been carried into hospital, and the very next thing you hear is that he is dead! Funerals are of frequent occurrence and surely each one should, speak loudly to the survivors, “Prepare to meet thy God.” But you know how it is, comrades; time wears off such impressions, and soon we forget all about the dear fellow whose vacant place is quickly filled. When the Afghan war broke out my battery was ordered to the front, and the monotonous daily routine of Indian barrack life gave place to bustle and commotion, and the wildest excitement at the thought of winning for ourselves name and glory. Perhaps, men most of you will remember that on the conclusion of peace between us and the Afghans, in May, 1879, Sir Louis Cavagnari was sent as the British Envoy to the city of Kabul; also that he was foully murdered in cold blood, in September of the same year. This occasioned the renewal of hostilities, and an army, under General Roberts, was speedily dispatched across the Shutargardan Pass, (eleven thousand feet high) into Afghanistan, through the Logar Valley, to avenge the death of our envoy.

The whole of the little army being assembled, we marched on Kabul, which city is six days distant from the foot of the Shutargardan Pass. On October 6th 1879, we encountered the Afghan Army at Charasiab, before Kabul, they being posted on the heights which surround that city. Having defeated them, we forced our way into Kabul, which we occupied October 7th, 1879.

This day will ever be a memorable one to me, because on it I was very near losing my life. Having become separated from my battery, and whilst seeking the shortest route to rejoin it, I found I had to cross a water-course. I urged my over-tired horse to jump it, but, owing to its width, he failed to clear it, and rolling back we, both fell into the gully, he falling upon me. A Highlander, seeing the

predicament, hurried to my assistance, and helped me up, thus saving me from death by drowning. "Oh that men would praise the Lord for His goodness, and for His wonderful works to the children of men!" But I did not then know Him who had in the riches of His goodness, both preserved my life in the battle, and also from a watery grave. Do listen now, every man, of you, to His words, and "Acquaint now thyself with Him, and be at peace; thereby good shall come unto thee."

On October 7th and 8th our cavalry brigade pursued the Afghan army, and completely dispersed it. Quiet was pretty well maintained from that time until December, on the ninth day of which month a brigade was ordered out. The environs of Kabul were now the scene of several operations, which continued until December 13th, when there was a serious engagement.

In the thick of the fight, with brave fellows lying killed or wounded on all sides, very solemn and serious thoughts crowded into my mind. Above the sound of voices which shouted for the mastery, louder than the shrill blast of trumpets and the ceaseless thunder of artillery, more terrible even than the shrieks of the wounded and dying, constantly there sounded in my ears one word, "Eternity!" I repeatedly sought to drive it away, yet would it ever return, repeating itself with truly awful distinctness, "Eternity! eternity"

As I looked around for a moment upon the blanched faces of the dead and the dying, I wondered where their souls had gone, or would go; then the thought returned, with a force perfectly irresistible, "If you are called away, where will you spend eternity?" I tell you, my dear comrades, it was not death I feared. I could have rushed to the cannon's mouth, and faced instant death, but I knew that the word of God states that after death comes the judgment. It was this judgment I feared, realizing that I was not prepared to meet my God.

After the battle had ceased for the day, I tried to forget the warning voice. How we that had come out of the fight scatheless congratulated one another But not one did I see go down upon his knees to thank God for our preservation.

When the morrow came the fighting was renewed, and again many a brave comrade was stricken down, and He, who so mercifully preserved me, again spoke to my soul.

We had to retire into our cantonments, being invested by an Afghan army, numbering many thousands. This state of things continued until December 24th when we beat off the enemy.

On December 25th what a sight met our gaze! We had ourselves been for days standing at the very gate of hell, and in the jaws of death, but now we found the Afghan dead and wounded lying about in all directions, many wounded having succumbed to the severe frost. Where had the souls of these poor Moslems gone? Oh! where? The horror of the thought became intensified as I thought once more of our comrades who had fallen. Should I ever meet them again, and where? Oh, men, all of you, do let me beg of you to seek the Lord while He may be found, and to call upon Him while He is near, for "he that believeth not the Son shall not see life, but the wrath of God abideth on him."

On many occasions during this campaign the deadly bullet was turned aside. Once, while sitting on my horse, the enemy being quite close to us, a bullet flattened itself on the spare wheel immediately in front of me, and fell to the ground. Surely, comrades, this and many other narrow

escapes, which could be related, were not by accident, but through the direct intervention of God, my life was preserved as by miracle.

But even a greater deliverance did I afterwards experience. After the Afghan campaign was closed, we were ordered down to India. The exposure and excitement I had endured brought on a serious illness on my reaching India, and it lasted for some months after my return to England, but my life was spared.

On a Sunday night, a very short time after my recovery, I entered a little mission hall, muttering to myself as I did so, "I'll just drop in here and pass away an hour or so." I was utterly miserable, discontented, and dissatisfied with myself and all around. Then I heard again that night the voice which had spoken to my soul as we fought before Kabul. Then it searched me with terrible effect. Now it attracted me by its very sweetness and gentleness. But it was the same voice, men, indeed the very same. "Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that heareth My word, and believeth on Him that sent Me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation, but is passed from death unto life." It was a man who preached the word, but the message came from heaven to me that night, from One whose

"Errand to the world was love, Love to a wretch like me."

As I listened to His words of love, my past history stood out in all its terrible blackness. "The dead shall hear the voice of the Son of God, and they that hear shall live." And I, though "dead in trespasses and sins," was privileged, that night, to hear in my inmost soul the voice of the Son of God, and I, hearing it lived. At His own hands, and from none other, I received the gift of God, which is eternal life. And the joy that followed is "unspeakable and full of glory."

Look here, comrades, these stripes and these bars were honestly won; I would not forfeit any of them for a trifle. But much more, very, very much more, do I value my portion in Christ. I would not be without it, men, for all that this world holds dear.

My desire for you, one and all, is that you have the same blissful portion. If you seek Christ, He will be found of you. He has promised it, and He will perform it. Enlist this moment in His service, and you will never have cause to repent having so done.

"The Lord my banner," may this be the one object before every one of you. God grant that all of you, by believing, may become good soldiers of the Lord Jesus Christ. G. T.

The Daisy in a Dark Hour

ALBERT B. had been married but a few years, when ill-health compelled him to leave his happy and beautiful cottage, with the young partner of his life. After some years of fruitless health-seeking, they were staying at a hydropathic establishment. The last day of their sojourn arrived, and they were returning from the physician's house. They dared not look each other in the face, knowing well that grief was too plainly and sternly looking from their eyes; and so they left the physician's door without a word and with averted looks, fearing lest the least sight of each other's grief should cause the pent of tears to start forth.

Poor hearts they would have comforted each other, but could not. The young wife now thought of their early and more prosperous days, of the sweet, bright home which they had been compelled through the ill-health of her husband to forsake, and of the sources of help which they then had, now closed, as it seemed, forever. And what could they do? Her husband's only chance of restoration was to stay where they were for at least two years, but with their now limited means this was utterly impossible, and the poor wife's heart was very sad, too sad for even tears.

That which made the disappointment the more bitter was, that they had been encouraged to hope, that a few months' stay might possibly restore the long-lost health. The physician's words now, however, robbed them of all hope, and overwhelmed them with grief.

As they slowly and silently wended their sorrowful way, their little girl, of about three and a half years of age, suddenly spied a daisy, on a sloping bank, half hidden in the snow, for it was a cold December day. With great surprise and delight she called the attention of her sad and desponding mother to it, who looked at this little flower, and the care with which it had been shielded through the wintry storm suggested to her mind the all-sufficiency of God her Father. She felt, "If indeed God cares for this little daisy, and preserves it, and makes it flourish without human aid in the midst of this winter of death, will He not preserve us and help us, even in this great winter of our present desolation, still to rejoice and to glorify His name?" Thus, with her eyes brightened, and her poor heart cheered, she dared again to look at her husband's face, wan and depressed as it was. And when he said, half pettishly and despondingly, "I think it very cruel of the doctor to tell us what he has, knowing as he does our circumstances," she replied, "Well, dear, but you know our loving Father in heaven is all-sufficient, and is above all means, and can, if it be His will, as easily restore you without them as with them. We have done all in our power, and must now trust Him, and leave ourselves in His hands."

These wise and trustful words were blessed to restore the husband's peace. He did not, however, recover from the disease, but lingered under its influence for some years. His mind was so richly sustained by his Saviour that just before he died he said, "I have been seven years dying, but they have been the happiest of my life, and I owe it all to the blessed gospel of Christ."

Believer, has some great sorrow overtaken thee—some trying dispensation, stripping thee of much which thine heart has held dear, and leaving thee poor in circumstances, and all but helpless?

“Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust His promised grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.”

Remember thy faith has to do with One of whom it is written that He “is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think.” To His feeblest child He says, whatever the circumstances and trials may be, “Ask of Me great and mighty things, and things thou knowest not of,” and He “will bring the blind by a way they knew not; I will lead them in paths that they have not known: I will make darkness light before them, and crooked things straight.”

In relation to over-carefulness, dear reader, hear His voice to thee through the Son of His love, “Consider,” He says, “the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin: and yet I say unto you, that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these. Wherefore, if God so clothe the grass of the field, which today is, and tomorrow is cast into the oven, shall He not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith?”

However tried, therefore, dwell not upon thy sorrow, nor look to thine own wisdom and resources, but to the love and faithfulness of Him who can, if He will, restore what thou hast lost—turn thy very adversity to blessing, and enrich thy spirit. W. P. B.

My Conversion

I WISH to give an account of God's great goodness and patience in seeking out a lost sheep, which had strayed very far from Him, trusting that it may be used to bring some soul out of darkness into light.

I was brought up by one, who was half Roman Catholic and half Protestant, and was taught to repeat frequently a short prayer to the Virgin Mary, which I do not now remember. However, I have not forgotten the children's hymn, "Gentle Jesus, meek and mild," which I also repeated, and of which I am still very fond.

My earliest recollections are of seasons of spiritual darkness and misery, followed by attempts at reformation. As a little girl I went to Sunday school and to church, but I am afraid my pleasure in going to the school was that I might join in the treat, and to church, in order to show off a new frock! Though I thus learned something of religion, I do not remember having God's wonderful plan of salvation clearly explained to me.

When about twelve or thirteen years old we left the neighborhood in which we then lived, and very soon I gave up going to church, and, by degrees, I became an infidel—not openly, because I did not wish to hurt anyone's feelings, but I went so far as to doubt the existence of God, and of course did not believe the Bible.

About three years since, I was staying in a little village, and, for the sake of appearances, attended the church service, and heard a sermon on "Faith." I listened attentively, because I maintained it was impossible to have faith in things not seen, and was curious to hear how the clergyman would bring out his point. He took up that question, and said, he "knew how very difficult it was to have faith, but that we should pray that it might be given." I pondered over his words on the way home, and looking at the trees, and flowers, and grass, became convinced that there must be a great Creator, and decided that I would pray for faith, and, if God heard prayer, surely He would give it.

As time went on, my belief in God strengthened, but I was afraid to read the Bible. On my return from the country I continued to go to church, and one Sunday, the clergyman, having asked for the names of the candidates for confirmation, my father sent in mine, and I had to join the classes. This was another link in the chain of God's purpose of blessing for my soul, for we were told to pray for the enlightenment of the Holy Spirit, and I did so, though not knowing in the least what I meant. How many of the people, who stand up Sunday after Sunday, and say, "I believe in the Holy Ghost," know what they mean?

I grew worse spiritually after the confirmation; I tried to be good, but the more I tried, the worse I got, until I found that without God's grace I should be ever utterly bad. I know now that that was just what God was bringing me to, so that, I might realize that I was a lost sinner.

About this time, I attended some educational lectures with a friend, who was a Christian, though she had never spoken to me of salvation. I said to her that it was very wrong of people to be

confident, for no one could know he was saved until after death. My friend saw that I was in darkness, but said little except that she would pray for me. I was rather surprised at this answer, for I could not see what need there was to pray for me, nor, indeed, what her prayer could do for me. Very soon after, a dear friend came to stay with me for a day or two. She had just been to a conference for Christians, about which she was most enthusiastic, and spoke of the rich blessing God had given there. I could not understand her at all, and felt sadly that her joy was that of which I knew nothing. The next day, when alone in my room, thinking over her words, I received myself from God the favor of salvation. It is simply impossible to describe my joy; all I know is that there seemed to be an invisible presence with me. "The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth: so is every one that is born of the Spirit."

When the Holy Spirit came to me I was like the blind man who said, "Whereas I was blind, now I see." When I told my experience to the friend, whose joy in the Lord had aroused me, she was full of praise to God, and said she had been praying earnestly for me.

The first thing I did was to read my Bible, which I had not opened for three years. How splendid it was to read it in the new-given light! I had not had a great conviction of sin beforehand, but I had long felt that I was a sinner, and now, when I read of the great sufferings of my dear Saviour, I felt how utterly unworthy I was of such love. I used to think it would be impossible to love Christ better than my father, but I know better now, and my one wish is to please and serve Him.

Up to this time I had been very fond of worldly pleasures; now I am so happy that I have no wish for anything of the kind—in fact, my delight is to hear of Christ and to work for Him. Of course, I told all my friends what great things the Lord had done for me; some rejoiced and others could not understand. F. M.

The Father's Care

A GENTLEMAN, residing in the town of M■, about the year 1878, was laid on a bed of sickness for about eighteen months. He had been a man of business, but through his illness and the depression of trade at that time, he was compelled to retire into private life. He was not only a believer on the Lord Jesus Christ, but also a faithful servant of His. His wife, who was also a believer, and whose faith was to be commended, had to take the duty of nurse, while having the responsibility of a large family. Through this time of trouble and anxiety, no one expected to see this servant of the Lord live, and many were the deliverances in the trial, that I could relate. Amongst them, the following may prove to be an encouragement to some fainting child of God.

The wife was seated one day by the bedside of her afflicted husband, discussing how they were going to get bread for the next day, for they had no flour in the house. They were both praying to God, with tearful eyes, yet with faith that their heavenly Father would provide for their necessities. While they were thus together, a knock was heard at the door, which was answered by a daughter, who found a parcel laid on the doorstep. It had been placed there by a boy, who could not say where it was from. The parcel contained two stones of flour. They then thanked God for His great deliverance.

Christian reader, hold firmly to God's word, for He has said, "I will never leave thee, I will never forsake thee." W. V.

Gleams of New Testament Light From the Old Testament.

11. The Living God, and the Things to Come

“THE Sadducees, who say that there is no resurrection,” came to Jesus, asking Him what they thought was a difficult question, as to the condition of man in the resurrection state. They based their perplexity, as infidelity is wont to do, on the circumstances of life known on earth, and on ignorance or forgetfulness of the fact, that God is not limited to the state of things existing on earth for the display of His power. They conceived their ideas from their earth-born reason, God’s power was not taken into account by their thoughts.

“Ye do err, not knowing the Scriptures, nor the power of God,” replied the Lord, and He showed that men when raised from death, will be no longer as they are now in their condition of life, but “as the angels of God in heaven.’ “But as touching the resurrection of the dead, “He taught,” have ye not read that which was spoken unto you by God, saying, I am the God of Abraham, and the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob? God is not the God of the dead, but of the living.” (Matt. 22:23-33.)

It is but poor wisdom to apply to the future state, conditions which govern the present state of man, and to argue that the future must be a repetition of the present, or, Sadducee-like, because the present is what it is, and because the future is unseen, to deny what the Scriptures teach concerning it. The believer in the Almighty God, has wisdom not so to reason, and believing, the Scriptures he has the record of what God will do in the ages to come.

Death is the boundary of the island of man’s infidelity, beyond it is the ocean of the unseen, and faith has eyes to look out beyond the boundary, and to gaze on “the things to come.’

It lives, as it were, in hopes and expectations of what will be when this life is past.

The holy men of old looked beyond death, and trusted the living God for the fulfillment of His word as they departed hence. There is a bright cluster of such incidents of faith recorded in Heb. 11:17-22, in which faith is seen triumphant in circumstances akin to death, and in death itself. Resurrection is there presented to us, and the God of resurrection is brought before us through the faith of Abraham, for he knew God as the living God, and His power as “able to raise up even from the dead.” Then, through Isaac, Jacob, and Joseph, faith is seen engaging itself, through the power of God’s promises in things yet to be made good to God’s people.

Let us single out the instance of Joseph. We do not forget his position in Egypt; his greatness and his glory there. “When he died,” he, “by faith, made mention of the departing of the children of Israel, and gave commandment concerning his bones.” “God will surely visit you” (Gen. 50:25), was his death-bed utterance, for he believed the word of God. His heart was far away from Egypt, and centered in Canaan, the land of God’s promise! The living God and the things to come filled his mind. Nor was Joseph strong only in the faith that God would fulfill His word for His people, but he was personally interested in the fulfillment of that word. “Carry up my bones hence,” he said. Had he been like the Sadducees, who said there is no resurrection, Joseph would have been indifferent to his burying-place, but his spirit was like that of Jacob, his father, who had said to him: “Lo, I die: in my grave which I have digged for me in the land of Canaan, there shalt thou bury me.”

The land of Canaan was to these men the place where hope centered; it was precious to them because of the promises of God; they looked onward to the day when it should be peopled by their descendants. Hence in this their home on earth they desired to be buried.

Surely the unbelief of the Sadducees was a miserable thing—they said there is no resurrection! They knew not the Scriptures, which teach the resurrection, and which show the faith of God's people in their regard of it; they knew not the power of God in fulfilling His own word. In our day there is much infidelity existent. It is popular to be infidel and yet to be professedly religious; it is popular not to know the Scriptures, nor the power of God, and to reason on the unseen from the standpoint of the seen, and to suppose that God is unable to fulfill His word. This may be called advanced thought, and the result of living in our enlightened age, but we should say that Joseph, though he lived in the early days of the world's history, had the true light in his soul, and was immeasurably in advance of the ignorance of unbelief.

God will fulfill His word, and prove Himself to be the God of all who put their trust in Him. For us it is not the land of Canaan which is our hope, but the Father's house above. And as Joseph could, when dying, hope in that which was beyond death, so can and does the Christian look for the things to come, which are his assured portion. The simplest believer has this privilege. Faith gives to him a nobler outlook than the highest peak of human intellect can afford. The intellect cannot extend its gaze beyond the domain of human knowledge; faith sees the things which are revealed by God to His people.

The things which are not seen are eternal; these are ours. Glory with Christ in heaven. Likeness to Christ in His glory as the Man risen from among the dead. The rest, the peace, the joy of being at home with the Lord are things to come, assured to us by the living God. As it was with the holy men of olden days when their faith looked beyond death and lived in the strength of God's word, so may it be with us. May our future engage our hearts, and by faith may we rejoice in our God, who is the living God; the God of resurrection.

Consider Him

THE sky of Palestine, we know, is far clearer than our own: the starry worlds above appear to be suspended in the heavens—some nearer, some more distant from the earth than others—while the milky way shines again with its soft, clear light. If the innumerable could be numbered, the stars as seen there seem capable of being counted, so vividly do they shine. As David looked up to those heavens he exclaimed, “When I consider Thy heavens, the work of Thy fingers, the moon and the stars, which Thou hast ordained; what is man, that Thou art mindful of him?”

Let us for a moment consider together with David, and then turn to a word which speaks of our Jehovah-Jesus: “By Him were all things created...all things were created by Him, and for Him.” (Col. 1:16.) The great Creator has been mindful of us. He is our Redeemer; Jehovah-Jesus is our Saviour, our Shepherd, and our Friend.

It is well that His majesty and glory should engage our hearts, especially when our own anxieties and fears threaten to cast us down. Our Saviour, who is God over all blessed forever, is He who holds us in safety in the hollow of His hand. Further, it is well that His glory should be before us in the presence of the irreverence and unbelief of our times. There can be no true prosperity of soul where reverence of Christ is lacking, and real reverence flows out from the faith of who our Lord is.

Be of Good Courage

THE word of exhortation to God's people to be of good courage runs all through the Bible. He who undertakes to fight for God must do so with a brave spirit, or he will certainly be defeated. The secret of courage lies in the sense that God is with us, and this sense flows out from obeying God's word.

A work is given to every Christian to do for Christ. It must be undertaken and pursued with courage. Faint hearts win no fights. Successful workers for God are men and women who believe God has sent them to accomplish an end for Him on the earth.

Has God given us a work to do? Then go forward and do it in His strength! Be strong in the Lord, and in the power of His might. On your knees you may plead and pour out your fears, but before the foe fear should have no place.

The Story of Jacques Roger.

Chapter 11 Life of the Preachers After the Edict of 1724

A LONG with the appalling news of the murderous edict, reports of the revolutionary projects of the exasperated Huguenots reached the ears of the pastors, and this was quickly followed by the sad tidings of the death of their beloved aged friend, Benedict Pictet. Well for them that, when their hearts were overwhelmed, they could look to the Rock that was higher than they—a shelter, and a strong tower from the enemy. On their bereavement, Court thus expresses his feelings, which were also those of Roger: “You could not have made use of a more crushing announcement than that of the death of the illustrious Pictet, of this incomparable man, so tender and so good, who had so much kindness for me as to place me as it were among his children. Oh! what a blow, my dear friends; what a fatal blow!”

The excited state of the reformed demanded the immediate action of the pastors. Quickly they traveled through the provinces, exhorting their flocks to patience and submission, and to faith in God, who would not fail them in their new ordeal. Some softening of the cruel decree was sought for by various appeals to the friends they had lately made among the foreign powers—the courts of England, Holland, and Prussia. A propositant, of the name of Gaubert, even ventured to address Louis XV. “Sire,” he wrote, “for the love of Him who placed the scepter in your hands, and who let you happily ascend this august throne in order to dispense justice to the people whom He has confided to your prudent care, and who are your children and your subjects, have compassion on those poor innocents who are oppressed without cause, and grant that no further violence be done to their conscience. From your goodness and kindness, they look for some softening of their misfortunes.”

But appeals, expostulations, and entreaties, were alike unavailing. Nothing shook the determination of the courtiers and priests at Versailles, who had originated the barbarous proclamation. It remained in all its pitiless severity, to dishonor the opening years of the reign of Louis XV., a monstrous legislation, truly, that aimed at nothing less than the extermination of the reformed in his kingdom. Its eighteen articles were so incoherent and iniquitous, that in their full rigor, their execution was impossible.

Baville, in his eagerness to annihilate Protestants and Protestantism, had outwitted himself, by drawing up an edict, which, if carried out in all its details, must have made every prison of France to overflow, and have caused the galleons to be glutted with the thousands of galley-slaves that would have been drafted on to them.

That these decrees fell through to some extent was, doubtless, greatly due to the fact that the Roman Catholic clergy of the provinces recoiled before the violence that they must have inevitably done to their own consciences, by wittingly admitting to the sacraments but badly dissembled heretics. It is but just to add that the heroism of the persecuted, in the patience of divine strength, baffled the cunning and violence of the enemy, whose shafts fell powerless before the authority of their faith, so that the long series of barbarities which followed did not bring the result which the church of Rome had anticipated. Again the “great sight,” which Moses turned aside to contemplate

in a bygone age, was seen; “behold, the bush burned with fire, and the bush was riot consumed.”

No tangible help came from the Protestant powers in response to the appeals of the Huguenots. But little importance seemed to be attached by them to an edict, which was to cause so much blood and so many tears to flow among those whom they had pledged themselves to befriend. A few dry letters of sympathy came from Geneva, making the preachers realize the more fully that Pictet’s fatherly heart no longer beat there; some equally profitless ones from Berlin, advising them to give up holding assemblies in the desert; and fervent appeals from the refugee pastors at La Haye, exhorting the Protestants as a body to abandon France, likening her to Babylon, and quoting, “Come out of her, my people, that ye be not partakers of her sins, and that ye receive not of her plagues.”

This last suggestion coming from Christians whom all respected, met with the most serious consideration at the Synod, which was immediately convoked for the purpose of conferring as to how the Protestants should act in this dire emergency. The alternatives proposed were revolt or dissimulation of their faith, and on each there was long and earnest deliberation. General emigration, to countries where they could freely worship, for a while met with the most favor, and seemed imminent, as the pastors firmly negative the other propositions. But God overruled that this should not be carried into effect, for He yet purposed to preserve a testimony for the truth in France, and designed that it should but revive with fresh vigor from the fiery piles and bloody scaffolds of the young king.

After continued and prayerful consultation, another alternative was suggested, which commended itself to the minds of the most godly, namely, to remain in the country, to boldly confess their faith, and to trust God for patience and courage to suffer the consequences. It was decided that the preachers should exhort the people to this end, and especially to beseech them that all envy, hatred, and malice might be laid aside, that sectarian parties should break up, and all together make common cause, standing shoulder to shoulder for Christ. Having further appointed a day for a general fast and humiliation on account of the “torrent of vices, which were a shame to the reformation,” the synod dispersed.

A few months of calm followed the promulgation of the edict; but the preachers knew full well that it was but the calm before the storm, which must inevitably burst upon their devoted heads; indeed Roger very quickly experienced the first heavy drops from the threatening cloud. The authorities at Grenoble, who had so strenuously endeavored to capture him in the valley of Bordeaux, now redoubled their efforts, obtaining from government a corps of fourteen hundred men to pursue him. The pastor, being warned of their intentions, ceased holding meetings for a time, and kept in concealment. Having no distinct orders from headquarters, the troops remained inactive, so that this attempt, as previous ones had done, resulted in failure.

The other preachers were also in great danger. A description of Court’s person was in the hands of the police, and had been widely circulated to facilitate his arrest; it ran as follows: ■ “Height 5.ft. 4, pretty well made; wearing generally a short perruque; a little marked with small pox; broad face; aquiline nose; black eyes. He ordinarily wears either gold or silver buttons on his clothes, which are without braid. He always wears a hat bound with ribbon, carries a sword as well as a cane.’ A thousand francs had been previously put on his head, but it had now risen in value to a thousand crowns, and a few years later this sum was again doubled. Corterey, whom they honor by

designating as” the most dangerous of all, “was priced at two thousand francs, and he was thus described: ■” Height little above the middle; face long and thin; large mouth; aquiline nose; dark chestnut hair; gentle expression.”

A sum of a thousand francs was placed also on the heads of Durand, Rouviere, Montbonnoux, and Gaubert. Thus was it sought to excite the cupidity of the poor peasantry, and it is much to their credit that the preachers were not immediately betrayed to the enemy for love of filthy lucre. Spies, however, were by no means lacking, and day by day the government received offers from worthless characters, who were but too anxious to earn the wages of iniquity by selling the lives of those of whom the world was not worthy.

In face of these new and pressing dangers, when residence of even a few days in any locality might prove fatal, it became a rule that preachers should be ever on the wing, and a life of incessant hardships and weary wanderings began. Pilgrim-missionaries from necessity, the preachers constantly moved on, carrying the glad tidings of the grace of God far and wide, to mountain hamlet and sheltered valley, which the gospel story had not reached, ere these now “scattered abroad, went everywhere preaching the word.” The dusty highroads of the plains, glistening in the brilliant sunshine like long bands of white ribbon, leading through pleasant vineyards and olive groves, would be avoided as too frequented, the evangelists feeling more secure when wending their way over dangerous mountain tracks, where the roar of the torrent and of the falling cascade was heard, and but few fellow travelers were encountered. Disguised in the coarse homespun garments of mountaineers, staff in hand, they would tramp on unnoticed, thankful when occasionally a Huguenot peasant would give them a lift on his mule or rough pony. Roger’s robust frame defied fatigue, and this mode of life, which others, many years his junior, found so exhausting, was no effort to him. At fifty years of age he far surpassed his younger companions in strength and muscular endurance, so that it was said of him that “he could do his hundred miles a day without being tired!”

Very different was the experience of others of a delicate organization, though of an equal resolution. Thus when Court was reduced with fever, and still determined to continue his itinerant ministry, he walked on until his feeble limbs refused to carry him further, and he was obliged to procure two men to bear him forward. On another occasion he writes: “My traveling companion, the brother Rouviere, has been laid up in a village fifty days through illness... He has now rejoined me, but is still very ill, though he walks a little.” Gaubert says of himself: ■ “As I am always in poor health, I can hardly walk, and people are disobliging. Those who have good mounts are not wanting in good reasons for not lending them.”

Through wind and rain, heat and cold, on pressed the persistent missionaries, thankful if, at the end of a long day’s toil, they could obtain the rare luxury of a bed. Most frequently, like Jacob, when the sun went down, they found but a stone for a pillow, under the starry vault of heaven.

But there were localities of special peril, where such unguarded resting-places would be unsafe. In these districts, caves known only to the Huguenots, offered at least secure covert ■ dens in which wild beasts alone could be supposed to hide in We read of one in a cliff overhanging a broad and rapid river, with a very narrow inlet, difficult to detect, so concealed was it by boughs of trees and underwood. This entrance could be only gained by sliding full ten feet down the surface of the rock. This cave communicated with one below, and from the lower cavern was an outlet which, in

case of discovery, might be used by the refugees without fear of further pursuit, seeing that it involved a plunge into the dark flowing stream, and a swim for life.

Sometimes a stranger, in apparent kindness, would offer the shelter of his roof; but, knowing the strong temptation to treachery, through the high rewards set on their heads, the wary wanderers would not venture to accept the much needed hospitality. Far otherwise was an invitation treated when made by true hearted Protestants, who gloried in welcoming the banished preachers to their homes. Undeterred by fear of the terrible galleys for life, which might be their fate if their guests were discovered, they gladly threw open their doors at the first knock, and vied with each other in proving their courage, and in showing affection to their pastors. What joy in the Christian household, when gathered round the blazing hearth on a winter's night, with doors securely fastened, in the company of one of these men of God Often they would sit on into the small hours of the night, listening to thrilling tales of hairbreadth escapes, of to details of the Lord's work, and the gracious encouragement given at the last held meetings.

Naturally at this crisis, assemblies were of less frequent occurrence, and were gathered how and when possible, according to the movements of the troops. It was very encouraging to the preachers to find that tribulation and persecution but increased their influence over the minds of the Protestants, who flocked whenever possible with greater eagerness than ever around those whom they could but regard as martyrs to the truth.

Anxious and trying as were years of homeless wanderings to these men, who, for Christ's sake, were as vagabonds on the earth, we cannot but feel that those among them who had taken to themselves wives, had greatly enhanced their trials and anxieties. Of necessity all home links had to be broken for those who persisted in preaching the gospel in France, as it was impossible for women and children to share their vagrant, fugitive life.

Corteiz, as we have seen, had married some years previously in Switzerland, and had never dared to remove his wife from her native land, where she lived in constant apprehension as to her husband's fate, ever dreading to receive tidings of his martyrdom. That this separation was equally painful to the loving heart of the hardy mountaineer is evident by his letters "to my Isabeau," which give us glimpses of the inner life of the inflexible Huguenot, while treading with such brave cheerfulness his lonely path. The writing is uncouth and straggling, the orthography faulty, but they breathe forth depths of exquisite tenderness for the wife and children whom, at a distance, he still sought to cherish and comfort.

Antoine Court had, two years 'ere this, on his return from Geneva, married at Uzes, a young girl of much piety, Etiennette Pages by name, but whom he calls "Rachel." She was already well known among God's people for her devotedness to Christ, and this was her chief attraction in the young man's eyes. Though doubtless the companionship of so true a helpmeet, who gladly shared his labors, was a great solace to him while it could be enjoyed, yet, in the present emergency, which imperatively demanded separation from wife and babe, the very possession of such treasures greatly deepened the trials of an already troublous life.

The Yoke

“TRUE yokefellow”! So did the apostle Paul describe one who was a co-worker with him. A higher commendation it is hardly possible to conceive, for Paul was a worker for God of the most earnest and self-sacrificing order, and the man who stands before us in the New Testament as the pattern for us to follow. A true yoke-fellow with such a servant of the Master must have had a spirit and an obedience to Christ like the apostle.

The yoke, as our picture shows, renders it necessary that one will and one spirit should govern the two, who are under it. There would be no effective work performed by the oxen if one were to pull one way and the other another! In the case of the oxen, the mind and will of the man who guides enforces obedience, but in our case we know full well that our own will too often asserts itself so that our labor goes for nothing.

Our Lord says to us, “Take My yoke upon you, and learn of Me.” What is His yoke? Obedience to His Father, we may surely say! All His course on earth was perfect submission to, and perfect carrying out of; the Father’s will. He came not to do His own will, but the will of Him who sent Him. And in this obedience our Lord, as a Man, found rest and peace. And now He bids us take His yoke upon us, and to learn of Him, and tells us: that in so doing we shall find rest to our souls Rest to the soul, then; follows taking Christ’s yoke upon us, and learning of Him, even as rest from the burden of sin follows coming to Him, and heavy laden as we are, when needing pardon and peace.

Everyone, who has really come to Jesus, has been received by Him, and all such may have rest of soul. But there is a condition attached to the obtaining of rest of soul, and that is, taking the yoke upon us. This rest is consequent on our obedience to the Lord and His Father. If Christ’s yoke is upon us, we shall walk where He would have us, and do the things which please Him. Our will and our mind will be under His.

When we see the oxen under the yoke we know they are there by constraint, but the Lord says to us, “Take My yoke upon you.’ We are called to surrender ourselves to the position of subjection to Him and when this surrendering of ourselves to Him is not made, rest of soul is lacking.

“My yoke is easy,” says the Lord. It is gentle, it is good, as all who wear it prove, for the more truly a Christian is subject to Christ, the more truly peaceful and happy he is. And what is a greater blessing on this earth for a Christian than having rest to his soul? A calm and holy peace, a satisfied and restful state, is a treasure indeed, beyond all price.

“My burden is light,” adds our Lord. Heavy was the burden of our sins which He took away; light is the burden of obedience His love lays upon us. He bore our burden on the cross, and when so doing was forsaken of God; He bids us take His burden on us to find in so doing His most gracious presence and companionship.

Perhaps we should have spoken of the true yoke-fellow of the apostle after speaking of the taking upon us of Christ's yoke, for this is at the foundation of all our practical life, and working for God should follow upon rest of soul. Indeed, our work will be, at the best, but mistaken service, if our souls are not at rest.

The yoke implies walking together and working together; what force then lies in the solemn exhortation; "Be ye not unequally yoked together with unbelievers!" Such a condition is utterly false to Christianity. In the old days God would not allow an ox and an ass to be yoked together in the plow; He regarded it as unseemly. Alas, for the unseemly sight of Christians and the world walking together in Christian things! The end ever is that the strong world drags over the weak Christian to its side! So is it in working together—the world will gain its way and the simplicity of Christian purpose will be pushed out. Indeed, we see the effect of the unequal yoke on every side in Christendom, for in various parts of the field the world has it all its own way; the name of Christian is kept, but the spirit of the Christian is not to be seen. The unequal yoke is one great cause of the worldliness of Christian communities.

Our readers, we feel assured, desire to walk with Christ, to work for Christ; let it then be remembered that two cannot walk together unless they be agreed. Christ will never agree with the world, and, if we would take His yoke upon us, we must not be unequally yoked together with unbelievers.

The Glowworm

As I sit before the window, there shines far away down in the valley a little light in a cottage. The night is dark, and this little light looks almost as bright as the solitary star which beams above in the heavens. This light in the cottage window reminds me of an incident I heard told the, other day.

Two friends were taking a stroll one dark evening near the sea-shore in Scotland, and as they turned a corner, one of them exclaimed, "Surely yonder light is some lamp placed on the hillside to guide a boat to shore, let us go and see!"

On they went, but saw no cottage, so they searched for the light, and presently what they had taken to be a lamp, appeared at their feet; it was a glow-worm. A lovely little light it gave out from its lamp, which, as you know, it carries in its tail.

"You have splendid glow-worms in Scotland," said my friend to his companion, "brighter than those we are accustomed to in England," as they stooped to admire the little creature which had led them to think a lamp was shining on the hillside.

How simply the glow-worm gives out its light; it shines because it is its nature to do so. And, dear young friends, we too should be glow-worms for Christ, and should, without effort, give forth light for Him. The Lord Jesus tells us that His disciples "are the light of the world" (Matt. 5:14), and shows us that as a candle is lighted to give light, His disciples should so let their light shine before men that they may see their good works and glorify their Father who is in heaven. A lighted candle hidden from sight is of no practical use, it is lighted in order to give light.

Now thus it is with the Christian; God has made him to be a light in the world, in order that he may shine for Christ and for God the Father. There is a very beautiful verse in Philippians, which says, "Ye shine as lights in the world, holding forth the word of life" (chs. 2:15, 16). What an honor to be such a light as this in the world!

The glow-worm shines naturally, and we need to be very simple in our Christian faith if we would shine for Christ. The best time to shine, is always, and the best way to shine, is to be in some degree like Christ.

Last Words of a Child

EDITH was the daughter of Welsh parents. Her mother was a devoted Christian, and as such sought to train her child for God.

Edith, who was never strong, was affectionate and amiable, and those who knew her best loved her most. She attended her Sunday school until within a week of her departure to be with Christ, which is far better.

The mother watched by her darling as she lay with a happy smile upon her face, gazing upwards.

“She can evidently see something more than we can,” said a friend who stood by the bedside. At length the dear child uttered one sentence, the last she ever spoke on earth, and they are words we would like to spread the wide world over:” Jesus paid it all!” And straightway she went to behold the King in His beauty, and the land that is very far off.

Edith was only a little girl of nine years of age, and in this world was of very small account, but she knew the blessed truth, that “Jesus paid it all.” The eyes of many dear children will fall upon this page. Do you know for yourselves the truth that dear Edith uttered? “All have sinned, and come short of the glory of God,” and this “all” includes you! Are you aware that you have incurred a debt you can never repay, for you have nothing, and can do nothing to pay the holy God? You have sinned against God many times. Now God is just, and can in no wise clear the guilty. He has said, “The soul that sinneth it shall die.” But He sent His own dear Son to die instead of us. He bore our sins, He suffered on the cross, that we may not suffer eternally. He paid all the debt we owe to God, and of the work of our salvation, He said, “It is finished.”

God is just, and since His Son has borne our sins on the cross, who believe on His Name, He will never punish us. “Jesus paid it all,” and our debt is paid! God has forgiven us who trust in Jesus. Praise the Lord, “Jesus paid it all!”

RHODA.

Choose Ye!

EVERYONE, young or old, must at one point in his life choose for himself whether he will be for God or for the world!

Sometimes the choice is made very early. An aged Christian, whose life was spent in God's service, died the other day when he was a little child of four years of age, he had thrown himself upon the floor, and sobbed out to God that he would be His! Many times very young children have felt their need of Jesus and have come to Him for His salvation, and remember, dear children, that there is only one way of salvation, and that that way is the same for young and for old.

Another aged Christian was telling us how that, at seventeen years of age, she had decided for Christ, and how that God had been with her all through her long life. "Ye must be born again," she said, was the Scripture of all others she would impress upon the young.

"Choose ye!" For it is impossible to belong to both God and the world, and, as there is only one way of salvation for all, so have all their world! Little children can be selfish and unkind quite as easily as grown up people, and they can show the happy life of the true Christian in their way, as clearly as old people do in theirs.

"Choose ye!" How glad was the aged man, of whom we have spoken, that he came to God his Father when he was but a little child. We have never heard of any one regretting that he came to Jesus too soon. May each of you choose for yourselves without delay, and may your lives show that you are His. In Christian things the first step is usually the most difficult to take, for when there has been decision to be firm and true the battle is won; therefore the importance of the exhortation "Choose ye."

The Finished Picture

“I HAVE been seeking salvation for twenty-five years, and I have not found it yet,” so said a working man to a Christian friend. Now seeking is very well; but he who seeks with blinded eyes may seek forever without finding, especially if he seek in the wrong place. Who digs for coals in his back yard, or waits for diamonds to roll down the stack pipe? This seeker after salvation, earnest as he was, had been seeking in the wrong place, and with darkened eyes. “And there are so many difficulties in the Bible,” he added.

“Yes,” replied his friend, “difficulties which an archbishop cannot explain, but the gospel of our salvation is simple. God made man, man sinned against God, and so deserved punishment, but God loved man, and sent His Son, who became Man, that He might suffer for sin and bear its punishment in man’s stead. And now, since God’s Son has borne the punishment, due to sin, God can righteously forgive sinful man and still be just.”

“I have been to services over and over again, and I’m not saved,” sighed the seeker, who hardly heard what had been said to him.

“Very likely. But God does not say going to services will save us, we are saved through believing in Christ. Now, I cannot explain all your difficulties, but this I can explain; at the transfiguration of the Lord, the Father said, ‘This is My beloved Son: hear Him.’ (Mark 9:7); so that we are to attend to His words. Let us turn over to John 5:24.” The chapter being found, my friend said, “Will you read it?”

“He that heareth My word” ■ “Stop, a moment. Who did we see was the speaker at the transfiguration?”

“God the Father.” “Right, and who is the speaker here?” “Christ.” “Yes, and what does He say?”

“Verily, verily I say unto you, he that heareth My word, and believeth on Him that sent Me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation; but is passed from death unto life.” (John 5:24.)

“Then all depends upon hearing Christ’s word, and believing on the Father who sent Him?”

“It looks like it,” was the reply.

“Then will you hear? and do you believe?”

In answer to this question, like many another seeker, our friend once more wandered from the Scriptures, and so missed the point.

“My wife was a believer,” said he. “I left her well one morning; when I came home she opened the door, and then fell dead at my feet,” and then the tears came as he told the sad story, “She was a believer, and thank God is now with Christ.”

“You want to go where she is, do not you?”

“That I do,” said he.

“She found peace through believing the Lord Jesus, who died for her, and so must you.”

But the appeals were in vain; the dear workman could not see it. A fortnight after my Christian brother called upon him again, and asked him how he was getting on.

“Trying to make my peace with God,” was the benighted reply.

“Give it up, man; give it up!” cried the Christian. “The peace has been made, peace by the blood of Christ, which was shed on the cross. He said, ‘It is finished,’ and how can you try to make it in the face of His finished work? You have a picture on your wall there, which is complete. If your neighbor, the shoemaker, came along with his knife, and made for scraping off a bit of the paint, and then your neighbor, the whitewasher; brought his brush to put some color on—fancy such a scene! You would not allow such things in earthly matters. Now, Christ says of His work, ‘It is finished.’ What you have to do is to admire it, not to try to add to it.”

Still, the man could not perceive the truth. Nor can any do so, until the Holy Spirit gives the light. So he was left to think the matter over.

When he was next visited, there was evidently a great change.

“How now?” said my friend.

By way of reply the good man struck up a hymn, learned when a boy: ■

“Not all the blood of beas’s

On Jewish altars slain,

Could give the guilty conscience peace,

Or wash away the stain;

But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,

Takes all my guilt away.”

“Stop! stop I my friend; you sang that big word ALL? all my guilt away. Are your sins, then, all gone?”

“Yes, sir, all gone.”

“How?”

As his best answer he continued his song: ■

“But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,

Takes all my guilt away:

A Sacrifice of nobler Name,

And richer blood than they.

Believing I rejoice

To see the curse remove,

And bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,

And sing His bleeding love.”

For twenty-five years he had sought salvation, but not in the right way!

Have you found salvation in Christ, and through Him alone? W. L.

How a Young Man Found Salvation

IT was thirty years ago, last December, and the storm was raging with wildest fury outside, just as it rages now and beats on the window pane, making the long, tall plumes of the poplars howl and shake in the gale. Tonight it is only rain with the wind, that night it was a storm of fine hail and snow.

It was warm and bright in the office, where we were busy working at our desks and tables, but it was Thursday evening, and I was accustomed to give an address every Thursday evening about eight o'clock, at a roadside school nearly three miles distant. My office companions knew this, and had often helped me to finish my work so that I might be away in time, while my master had gladly given me permission to go away before the office was closed.

Feeling that it was about time to get ready, I laid aside my work, and was about to put on my plaid, when a young, raw lad, whom we had but lately got in to help with some writing, looked me straight in the face, and said "Mr. S., you are never going to B■ tonight."

"Yes, John," I. said, "if it please God, I mean to be there."

"It's impossible, I tell you; you can't do it," was the response." I know that road, and tonight it can't be done; at least," he added, "you can't do it."

He spoke emphatically, earnestly, and I felt he meant it; indeed, he realized what I did not dream of. Three miles of a road unprotected by hill, tree, house, or wall■skirting the ocean and meeting the storm all the way. I know now how foolish I was, not even to think of the storm, when I said, "I mean to try."

Perhaps it was because I had been much in prayer about the meeting that afternoon, and my heart had been drawn out to contemplate the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, that I felt as if God were really giving me a message, and even already my mind was full of such words as, "He, everyone that thirsteth, come ye to the waters," "If any man thirst, let him come unto Me, and drink," and, "Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely."

"You'll be smothered in the snow," was the last kind suggestion of my young stalwart friend, as he held his pen and compressed his lips as firmly. "Well," he said, "if I can't dissuade you from going, I'll go with you." The pen was laid down, and the young man rose to his full height of something more than six feet, and putting on a long, white woolen scarf, and buttoning his jacket tightly round his body, with cap in hand, was ready.

In two minutes we were out of the town and on the road, and then I began to feel that he was the wiser of the two.

Still I pushed on, unwilling to return or to give it up. Silently, holding our teeth fast clenched together, we fought our way on. For a time, I kept side by side with my comrade, but gradually I found myself just a step or two behind him, and even this was a slight and agreeable shelter. He

met the blast in all its force as it broke on him 'ere it reached me, but this was not enough, and I shall never forget how, at length, I pleaded for a rest.

"No," he said, "if we stop, it will cost us our lives; cover your head with your plaid, and give me your hand." I did so, and found it a pleasant relief, and on went the tall, big-boned, poorly-clad fellow, pulling me after him, until we had reached the shelter of the hill and had passed out of danger, and could stop to rest.

I little dreamed that the stalwart lad who so boldly met the blast for me that night, and saved my life, was to be for many after year a highland minister, trudging across the mountains and the moors, and through the forest of his wide-spread parishes, to carry the news of redeeming love to those who dwelt in darkness. Nor did I dream that he who held my hand, and pulled me on, was to be the father and helper of many a preacher in coming years.

As I thanked him for his company and help, I rejoiced to find that he meant to be a hearer, and also to see me safe home again Inwardly I blessed God, and if ever a grateful and earnest prayer rose from my heart it was for him.

The schoolroom was situated under the hill, and the few houses around it were sheltered from the fury of the gale, so that we found we had not come to speak to an empty building. During the hour of preaching I could see the eyes of my young friend steadily fixed on me, the same compressed lips which I had noticed before, and an expression full of deep earnestness.

I pressed the cry of Isa. 55, God in grace offering to every thirsty one, and to every needy one, living water, and, later on, God, through His Son, saying, "If any man thirst, let him come unto Me, and drink," and then the last invitation coming from the throne, "Let him that is athirst come; and whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely."

The meeting over, and a cup of tea, which a kind friend had provided, having been right gladly received, my young friend and I betook ourselves to the road, but the wind was now behind us, and we got comfortably along.

Glad of the opportunity, I followed up the subject, and spoke of God's grace and love to me, how truly I had once felt my need, and sought the Lord, and had found in my own experience that this living water is a reality. My friend maintained a dead silence, and in the darkness I could not tell how my words were received. Thinking I might be wearying him, I asked, "Would you like me to change the conversation?" Then, for the first time, he stopped, and stretching out his long, bony arms and laying a hand on each of my shoulders, he said, looking me straight in the face, "I charge you to tell me all you know about it, for oh, I want a drink."

Thus encouraged, I continued, but as we parted, he seemed as much in the dark as ever, and we arranged to meet on the following morning at daybreak.

Arriving at his house somewhat too early, I could see through the uncurtained window my young friend lighting the fire for his old mother then he sat down on one side of it and laid the family Bible upon his knees, read a portion and quietly knelt to pray. I slipped away unperceived, but cheered, feeling he was one of the right sort, and saying to myself, "God knows whom He has chosen."

We met and conversed for an hour at least; his chief difficulty was, the need of repentance, faith, and good works, before one could hope to be accepted of God. He admitted that he had been seeking by prayer, by reading and reformation, to get right with God for a long time; for he said, "My highest ambition is to be a preacher, but I know I must be born again first. I won't be a hypocrite; you have it now, I admit. I must get what you have got."

Then I said, "My dear brother, if you want what I have got, and in the way I got it, I tell you that all the time I spent reading about it seemed lost, for I became more confused, and trying to reform seemed hopeless, for I grew worse every day, and more dissatisfied with myself. I could not pray, my sins seemed to rise before me in a hopeless mass, and an open hell lay before me; there seemed no escape for me, no hope unless the Lord Jesus would take pity on me.

"In this condition a thought passed through my mind: 'Oh, if I had been on earth when Jesus was here, I would have gone any distance to ask Him to have mercy on me.' And then I thought of the blind beggar at the roadside who could not see Jesus, but who cried to an unseen one, and shutting my eyes and falling on my knees, I pleaded, 'O Lord, have mercy on me.' I was about to add, 'If I perish, I will perish at Thy feet,' for I had no faith to believe I should there and then obtain mercy; but before I could say this, the Lord had saved me, the burden was gone, my conscience was purged, and my heart was full of love to Him whom I now knew as my Saviour. Two minutes before, all was like the gloom of hell, now all was of mercy, and all was of grace, so that I could say, All honor to the Lord, none to me."

John thanked me for the trouble I had taken about his soul, and said he had gleams of light and began to see the way, and he asked me to pray for him, that he might be saved and come to the knowledge of truth.

The following day, he could speak definitely of having also obtained mercy, and before a month had passed, he was preaching at the schoolroom, of the Lord who had found him of the Lord whose he is and whom he still serves. J. S.

Confession Unto Salvation

ONCE, at a gospel meeting, several lads bore testimony to the fact that Jesus had saved them, and that through His word they had obtained the assurance of salvation. Not one of them would be more than sixteen years of age, yet each one was able to state very definitely and distinctly what the Lord had done for his soul. They had been rough, careless boys previous to their conversion, but through the godly example and influence of a lady, whose Bible-class they had been induced to attend, and through other holy influences which were brought to bear upon them, a change, such as only the Spirit of God can bring about, had been wrought in them.

At the meeting referred to, there was present a man in the employ of this same lady; he was the father of a young family, a church-member, a quiet, unassuming, and on the whole a decent sort of man, but a total stranger to grace. The lad's confession of Christ annoyed him. He did not believe it could be real. He could not see how anyone could know anything about being saved in this life, especially boys! He did not conceal his annoyance and displeasure, as he considered there was a great deal of presumption in speaking so surely as they had done.

I was equally frank with him, and told him that if he believed the Scriptures, as he professed to do, and accepted what they said, he would soon find out that we could know we have salvation; then I referred him to John 5:24, where Jesus says: "Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that heareth My word, and believeth on Him that sent Me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation; but is passed from death unto life."

He still asserted that he did not see how anyone could know that he was saved; for he himself believed, had always believed, and yet could not venture to say he was saved.

I pointed out that, on the authority of Jesus, everyone who believes has everlasting life, and would never come into condemnation. But he could not see this, so I turned to John 5:10, and read, "He that believeth not God hath made Him a liar." This text, on his own confession, fairly aroused him, and from that moment he found no peace, until he trusted in Jesus, which he very soon after did.

Nearly ten years passed away, and for the last eight of these I had not seen him, until the other day, when I stepped out of a train at a railway station, and he came forward and made himself known to me. He said that for several years past he had been publicly bearing testimony to what Jesus had done for him and of what He was doing for him from day to day. With evident gladness he added that his wife was now saved, and also some of his children. So here we leave him, praying God to speed him in doing what he once condemned in others, publicly bearing testimony to the possession and assurance of salvation.

Is the friend who reads this displeased when he hears anyone say, "I know whom I have believed"? Do you well to be angry, my friend? Do you never speak about things you possess? Have you a house? Do you never point it out, and say, "That is my house"? Can there be any presumption in your saying so? Have you a garden? Is it wrong for you to say so? Have you a wife? Have you children? Do you ever introduce them to friends, and say, "This is my wife, and

these are my children”? Have you not a perfect right to do so? Can anyone blame you?

Now turn from things earthly to things spiritual. Jesus says, “Out of the abundance, of the heart the mouth speaketh.” How then can souls who have been saved, and hearts that have been filled with His grace, keep the mouth from speaking? You speak often about your house, your garden, your wife, you children. Should you get angry when others speak about what they possess, when that possession is salvation?

Now make careful inquiry within yourself about this matter, and do not rest short of the knowledge of salvation that will make you “spring up,” when occasion demands it, and say, “I am the Lord’s.” When Jesus went into a house at Capernæum, “it was noised that He was in the house,” and it is the same still. His presence in any man’s heart is sure to reveal itself, so if it is not known to anyone that you belong to Christ, let this appeal come home to you. J. C.

A Servant of Truth

SEEK to be a servant of truth. Do not say more than is just of the wrongs of others, and say nothing of what you are uncertain. This simple principle, if carried out, would save much injury being done, and much misery being caused. There are numbers of people suffering bitterly because they have been slandered and maligned by people, who should, each and all, be servants of truth.

Closing Words

ONCE more the closing pages of another volume remind us of a year passing away and address our thoughts to that which live: and abides for ever—even the Word of God. Earthly things have in them the elements of change, corruption, or death; God's Word endures everlastingly. It is a very great thing fellow Christian, to have for our own that which cannot change, which cannot know corruption, which cannot either wither or die; and we have this in the Word of our God.

The Christian can look at the closing year, and earth's changing scenes, yes, at death itself, from a standpoint outside them all, for he is born again by the Word of God, and the unseen and the eternal are his, brought home to him by that Word.

Let man, filled with the wisdom of the day, say what he please, let his modern thought, or advanced notions assert themselves as they list, the enduring, the unchangeable, the everlasting, belong to the humble believer of the Word of God.

We trust the few gleams of light from the Old Testament to which our reader's attention has been directed, may suggest to him to search the Scriptures more and more. The books of Moses abound with gracious illustrations of New Testament truths. When we read God's Word devoutly and humbly it becomes food to the soul. God may not see fit that we should understand all at once the meaning of His Word, but He will ever by His Spirit comfort and strengthen the humble and prayerful heart by its perusal.

The apostle prayed that the spirit of wisdom and revelation in the knowledge of the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ might be given to those he addressed, that the eyes of their hearts might be enlightened (see Eph. 1:15-23); and such desires should fill our souls when reading the sacred Word. It is not to be mastered like human knowledge, or learned as science; the Scriptures of God are only to be understood as we are taught of God by His Spirit.

When speaking of the Scriptures, the apostle whom we have quoted, adds, "As new-born babes, desire the sincere milk of the word, that ye may grow thereby; if so be ye have tasted that the Lord is gracious." (1 Peter 2:2, 3.) The only way to get on, and to become strong in the things of God, is by feeding on His word. A healthy child has a good appetite, and a healthy state of soul is betokened by a good desire after the truth of the Scriptures.

Our closing words to each Christian reader, are—Make much of the Scriptures.

The Story of Jacques Roger.

Chapter 12.

The First National Synod.

IN 1725 Roger wrote to Court on a long cherished scheme, as to uniting more closely in fellowship and in discipline the Protestant churches of France. He suggested that the pastors of Languedoc should send a deputy to the approaching synod in Dauphine, with a written summary of all their

regulations. It was expected that Durand would attend from Vivarais, and Roger's hope was that from henceforth these three provinces, acting as one body, would better uphold each other. Court received this letter with much joy, for, seeing, as he did, the breakers ahead, he recognized the importance of strengthening the links which bound the people of God together, and the value of corporate action. His anxiety, too, as to his friend's safety, was greatly relieved at the sight of his handwriting, knowing the imminent danger in which he stood.

On the 21st June was held in Dauphine the synod which was to attain this object. Durand represented the assemblies of Vivarais, and Rouviere came as deputy from Languedoc, bearing a document which contained the regulations adopted at a synod in that province on the 1st of May. Roger, as moderator, proposed the adoption of the articles of which the sister churches invited their acceptance, and suggested that they should affix their signatures, in order to establish with them a perfect union. He assured them that this deference to Languedoc did not admit any avowal of inferiority from Dauphine and Vivarais, nor did it imply that Languedoc, in submitting these rules for their acceptance, sought to claim dominion over them. Court was careful to allay any fears on this point. "We are not friends enough of the proud and blind Vatican," he wrote, "to adopt its maxims, nor to imitate its conduct."

After fervent prayer for the guidance of the Holy Spirit, each article was carefully discussed by the synod. The principal clauses were as follows: ■To mutually help each other in the supply of pastors, preachers, or necessary funds. A deputy to be appointed to plead the cause of the Church of the Desert in the courts of the Protestant powers■a gentleman of the name of Duplan having been proposed for this post. A systematic tax to be levied on the churches for the support of their ministers. Protestants who sought sanction to their marriages, or baptism for their children in the Romish Church, to be publicly rebuked and put out of communion, until they had shown themselves truly repentant. Any of the faithful, who, through their own imprudence, were arrested in either going to or coming from the assemblies, should be declared unworthy of succor. Those, on the contrary, who acted prudently, and still had fallen into the hands of the enemy, should be taken under the protection of the church, and should be supported, both themselves and their families, if in want.

The newly made alliance among the churches worked most amicably for some little while, until unpleasant rumors as to Duplan arose, who had been appointed by the synods to plead the cause of Protestantism at the courts of friendly potentates, and had taken up his residence in Geneva. So far as his mission was concerned, he had been successful in obtaining some help for his co-religionists; but reports were now circulated as to his manifesting anew that sympathy with the Inspired, which he had been known to hold in past times. The pastors, of all things, dreaded the revival of fanaticism, which had already cost them so dear, but Roger, firmly believing the rumor to be a calumny, warmly, in a letter to the churches, took up Duplan's defense, seeing that if it were allowed to spread further it must compromise greatly the deputation.

This appeal had the desired result; but it was ultimately made evident that the reports as to Duplan were not without foundation, and serious remonstrances were addressed to him. Court, who had ever been, his true friend, wrote to him faithfully on the subject, but he took the kindly-meant letter amiss, and recriminated by accusing Court of wasting time with his wife and at the chase.

Somewhat in the spirit of the Apostle Paul, driven by the fault-finding Corinthians to boast of his labors, Court proceeded to give a recital calculated, indeed, to put to shame and silence his detractors, who perhaps knew but little what toils and perils, fatigue of body, soul and spirit were implied in the briefly-told tale of his journeyings and ministry among his widely scattered flock.

He concludes with the words, "In the space of thirty days I have presided over thirty-two assemblies; I have administered the sacraments at the peril of my life; I have traveled over one hundred miles of mountainous country; this is how I waste my time at the chase or with my dear Rachel"

The synod of June, 1725, was but the preliminary to a national synod, which was held in a solitary valley of Vivarais, in the month of May in the following year, and was considered by the Reformed as the greatest triumph they had yet achieved, none such having been held in France for nearly seventy years. That the pastors attached immense importance to it, is evident from the fact that for the first time they made a united effort to be all present, braving the many dangers of the way, and running the terrible risk of a surprise from the enemy, and of a capture en masse, that must have brought sudden destruction upon the work of the restoration of Protestantism, which this assembly was meant to culminate. Unlike those of past days, the present national synod could boast neither of large numbers nor of illustrious names, neither of eminent theologians nor of high-born nobles and courtiers. The pastors still numbered but three, uncultured men, though well proved in the service of Christ. Around them were grouped eight proposants and thirty-six elders. Roger, by common consent, as the eldest pastor of the desert, was called upon to preside; next to him came Antoine Court, who was considered the soul of the re-organization, of which Roger and Corteiz were the active agents. The latter has been well named the Farel of the eighteenth century, equaling him in intrepidity and courage, and in that burning eloquence which ever captivates the masses.

Before the dispersion of this synod, the pastors, with much joy, added one of their beloved colleagues to their little band. Roger had ever held Durand in warmest affection and admiration, and had for long regretted that he had not formally received the imposition of hands, a regret echoed by the Vivarais Reformed, among whom he had faithfully toiled from boyhood.

His ordination had, however, been deferred to the present occasion. It took place on the evening of the 17th of May, as the closing scene of the first national synod, in the presence of a great concourse of people, who flocked from many miles around to witness so unusual an event, and one of such peculiar interest to the Protestants of Vivarais. From a roughly constructed wooden pulpit, Roger addressed the throng; in stirring accents, he set forth the privileges as well as the danger of bearing the Cross of Christ, appealing especially to his young friend as to the necessity of a close walk with God, if he would be faithful to the solemn charge he was about to undertake.

After the preaching, Durand, on his knees before God, solemnly vowed to teach only what was contained in the Holy Scriptures, to exhort the people to obedience to God and to submission to the king and to those in authority.

The Protestants dispersed at the close of this conference with hearts full of praise to God, that the church of the reformed faith was again established in their land. They were in no small degree elated, for in this, the first national synod, they recognized that they had regained their lost position

in France, and had triumphed over the enemy, in spite of all the efforts put forth for their destruction. Their constancy and steadfast faith seemed now recompensed.

The goal that Roger and Court had set before themselves for long years, and in persistent courage had sought to attain, was gained, and the dream of their youthful days realized; the Protestant Church of France, though still in its infancy, was now an accomplished fact.

Washing the Feet

To wash the feet of those who visit one's house is an Eastern custom. In our country, where habits of life are so different from those of the Bible lands, we merely accept the meaning of the act, and seek to apply its significance to our souls.

Unshod feet, the shoes taken off, implies reverence to the person before whom the inferior may stand, and the washing of the feet is a mark of courtesy and kindness, and also a witness that the dust contracted by one's steps is removed.

"Thou gavest Me no water for My feet" (Luke 7:44), said our gracious Lord to the Pharisee who had invited Him to be his guest! Simon, the host, had neglected the first courtesy to his Guest, and his lack of attention to Jesus was inscribed not only on the Lord's heart, but is written in the word of God. Let us take heed how we treat our Master!

The priests who entered Jehovah's house—the tabernacle of the wilderness—were constrained to wash their feet before so doing. No dust of the way was permissible upon the feet of those who entered the holy precincts of God's dwelling. Holiness becomes God's house forever, and we cannot dwell in truth in His presence with unconfessed sin upon our souls—the washing of our feet is requisite.

Christians well know that communion with each other in the things of God is impossible if they have ill-feelings towards one another, and the Lord has bidden us observe His holy example in the washing of His disciples' feet. He was the Host; they were assembled around Him at the Passover feast when He laid aside His garments, took water, and washed their feet. He humbled Himself to the servant's place, for He is so great that He is lowly of heart, and so full of grace that He loves to serve. Then, having fulfilled His service, He took again His garments, and sat down with His disciples, and taught them to do to one another as He had done to them.

Now, as we are actuated by His spirit, and are followers of Him, indeed, we, too, shall be able to do, in our measure, what He did on that occasion. Washing the feet does not signify finding of fault, but the removal of that which is evil, and the Lord lays the burden of this removal upon those who humble themselves after His example to serve their fellow disciples.

True greatness can afford to stoop, while pride ever holds up its head, and pride is a sign of littleness. Happy are those Christian who are like Christ!

Confessing Christ

FIRST and foremost, when anyone, old or young, is converted to God, he is bound by the most sacred obligations, to confess his Saviour and his Lord. How this confession shall be made must depend upon surrounding circumstances, but Scripture teaches that confession should be by word of mouth ■ “if thou shalt confess with thy mouth” (Rom. 10:9). A very few humble words suffice to make clear to worldly associates that the speaker is a Christian! Young people, especially, have but to say a word or two, or, indeed, to abstain from entering into much of what is said, to be recognized as “religious”! aware what a powerful influence is produced by a bold confession of Christ before men, so we do not enlarge upon this. The battle is won, we may say, when the colors are boldly unfurled. Never should the Christian forget that his Lord and Master looks to him to make open confession of His Name, and also that it will be owned and honored in the coming day. “I say unto you, Whosoever shall confess Me before men, him shall the Son of Man also confess before the angels of God.” (Lake 12:8.)

When once we have stood out on the Lord’s side a number of our fears and difficulties vanish, but, for all that, we must not consider that the mere confession of our being Christians is everything! We must not rest satisfied in having taken the first step. There is a need in our lives of everyday confession of Christ. Some can recall the first great step they took when they openly declared they were Christians, and then other great steps which followed this confession, such as giving up outward worldly things, gaities, follies, and the like. Each such step was a practical confession of Christ, who is Lord and Master of His people. No man can serve God and mammon; we cannot follow the Lord Jesus and the world, hence every faithful step may be regarded as a practical confession of Christ’s Name.

Now where this avowal has taken place, there is still more necessary. Suppose one converted who is naturally selfish, and whom we will supposed to have owned that Christ is his Saviour. A very good confession by him to Christ would be unselfish living. It is good and right to own the Lord Jesus as one’s Saviour from judgment to come, and to speak well of His Name in saving sinners, but beyond this we are called to live in the power of His might, so that our life shall witness to His Name. Suppose an impatient and ill-tempered person converted. What a gracious witness to who our Saviour is, would be Christian patience and gentleness in such a believer. How readily would the family circle perceive the change, and understand what it means in such a case!

Unless life-confession accompany lip-confession the result in those around us will be very feeble. Frequently the world regards the expression of the assurance of salvation as spiritual pride, and faith in God’s plain word as fanaticism, but even the world honors “fanatics” who are truthful, upright, honest, kind, and good, and who live this life in the power of Christ.

A rough man, whose home had been a miserable one, became converted. “Have you told your wife that you are now a Christian?” he was asked. His reply was, “I let her find it out!” His was life-confession, at which the once ill-used wife was astonished.

Some of our readers have been converted for years, and they are known in their several circles as active, professing Christians, and, it may be, as people zealous for Christian truth in this infidel day. Now, as a daily confession to Christ is required of the old as well as the young Christian in Christ-like behavior, holiness, and love, in words and ways, all may well inquire how the Lord's test, "by their fruits ye shall know them," works out in their case.

Christians would do well to examine themselves as to the character of their life-confession to Christ. A walk like Christ's walk is what should be sought after. Meekness, lowliness, bowels of mercies, kindness, a tender heart, an unselfish life, love and truth should be exhibited. Such a life confesses Christ very graciously before men, and, seeing such works, they glorify our Father who is in heaven, for it is the power of God in us which enables us to live like Christ!

Lighting the Lamps

ONE hot summer evening the dark clouds and, presently, the vivid flashes of lightning disclosed the approaching storm. Soon the thunder crashed overhead, and the forked lightning blazed forth with awful brilliancy.

Mrs. H. was standing by the bedside of her little five-year-old boy, who was watching the lightning play around his bed.

As flash after flash flew past her the child's mother grew fearful, when her little son turned his large blue eyes upon her and said, "Isn't it bright, mother? is God lighting the lamps?"

The mother's heart was touched at the childish question, and all fear forsook her; she felt that God who allows the storm is greater than it. Her child's trust had rebuked her fears. H. D.

A Tale of a Storm

WE were boys together—David and I—living in the same seaport town. My father was a merchant, his was a doctor—a fine handsome man, who rode one of the best horses I had ever seen. Everyone used to admire him and his horse as he rode about visiting his patients.

A dangerous epidemic broke out, and the doctor had more than enough to do. After he had cared for a number of patients, he took infection, and although his young wife and their servant—a faithful girl—nursed him, he succumbed and died.

So terrified were the folks of the town that no one was found equal to the task of measuring his body for the coffin, or of placing it there; but laying the coffin down at the door, they left the wife and nurse to attend to these sad duties. The doctor's house for a time was dreaded as a plague spot—few daring even to approach the door.

David was left fatherless, and his mother poor. He and I, like boys at a seaport, were fond of boats and ships, a great amusement being to climb the masts, and our best friends being the captains of some of the traders and whalers.

David knew that it would go hard with his mother, and that the education he had hoped for was now impossible, so bracing himself up, he declared that he would go to sea, and be able to help his mother with the education of his brothers and sisters. His uncle's ship was chosen as the one in which he should sail, and we parted.

At the end of long voyages he came to visit us. Once the vessel came into a port where I was living, when I had several pleasant hours on board with him, and he spent the evenings when ashore with me. I had found the Lord then, and felt it to be my duty to speak to David of my decision for Christ, and he, with tears of joy, told me how that he too had sought and found the Saviour. His experience seemed very interesting to me. I could never forget it. It was one terrible night at sea, he said, the ship rolling amidst waves that every few minutes threatened to swallow it up; occasionally the deck was swept by a breaker, and it was with considerable difficulty that even the best sailors could save themselves from being washed overboard.

The captain in a commanding tone, ordered David below to stow away some things that would be rolling about. Down into the darkness, through a hatch below the level of the wild waves, he went, and as he did so, he imagined that his uncle believed the ship would founder, and that he had better be below when it went down. A heavy lurch just then rolled him over in the darkness, and he felt as if the ship would never right herself. A terrible feeling that he would be drowned like a rat, along with the rats about him, came over him; he thought of his mother, left without husband or son, to fight the battle of life alone; then there came the thought of his father in heaven, and a fear that he would not see him or be with him; and the fear brought before his mind's vision all his sins. They seemed hopelessly many and great. Then his mother's teaching and her many entreaties to seek the Lord, came to his help. Falling on his knees in that dark chamber, with a broken, contrite, spirit, and a strange sense that, even there, God would hear him, he cried for mercy.

“O God, forgive me for Christ’s sake,” was whispered amid the din of waves, and cracking, creaking timbers and sails, and rolling cargo unheard by any living soul, but heard by the Lord of glory, and speedily answered, for scarcely had the words been uttered, or rather muttered, than the dear fellow felt as if the light and joy of heaven had flooded that darkness, and it seemed that the Lord was there. His work done, he went again on deck, and felt a new boy. The flood of light was within his soul the joy of heaven was in his own bosom, and he knew now what it was to be a saved, forgiven, redeemed soul.

The waves had not the same terror to him as he felt that God loved him, and that He had the sea in the hollow of His hand; and what if he were to be drowned? He would be with his father in glory, and better and sweeter came the thought that he would be with the Lord Jesus Christ, who had died for him, and who had now saved him, washed him from his sins in His blood, and accepted him. The storm passed away, but the sweetness of a new life remained, and the first opportunity was taken to write home to his mother, to tell that her fondest wish was, gratified, and her earnest prayers answered, for that her boy was now saved by Jesus.

Years passed away, and the lad became a captain. His mother had felt the benefit every year of his success. A bright, new home had taken the place of the dull one into which at first as a poor widow she had crept.

Proud she was, and might well be, of her manly, devoted son, as she saw him walk the deck of a splendid new vessel to which his owners had promoted him. J. S.

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