

FAITHFUL WORDS FOR OLD AND YOUNG VOLUME 23

by H.F. Witherby

A collection of articles and writings by H.F. Witherby from Faithful Words for Old and Young Volume 23, covering various biblical topics and Christian teaching.

161 Chapters

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Faithful Words for Old and Young Volume 23

What Is Whiter Than Snow?

IN one of the beautiful, stately homes of England there lives a nobleman, the father of a lovely little girl, about six years of age. The Lady Alberta is the delight and happiness of her father's heart, the companion and relief of his leisure moments.

One day, when alone with him in his study, Lady Alberta suddenly ceased her childish prattle for an instant, and looking up into her father's face, asked with all the earnestness of childhood, "Father, do you know anything whiter than snow?"

"No, my darling, there is not anything whiter than snow."

"Oh! but there is indeed."

"What is it then, my child?"

"Father, the soul washed in the blood of the Lord Jesus is whiter than snow."

Oh! the desperate opposition in the human heart to the truth of God. It is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can it be. There is need, not of a change, for flesh cannot be improved, and remains the same to the end, but of the introduction of another and entirely new element. "They that are in the flesh cannot please God." "Except a man be born again he cannot see the kingdom of God."

The nobleman looked both annoyed and surprised. "Who taught you this, my child?" "My nurse."

The bell was hastily rung, and a footman appeared.

"Tell Lady Alberta's nurse to attend."

The nurse came to the door, and was questioned. She acknowledged that it was she who had told Lady Alberta the value of the precious blood of Christ, which cleanses from all sin, so that the soul of the believer is seen by God without spot.

The nobleman took out his watch, and telling the nurse such proceedings could not be allowed by him, gave her orders to leave the castle within an hour.

A short time after, a royal prince came for a few days to pay a visit to the nobleman.

Great were the rejoicings, extensive the preparations, widespread the excitement this event occasioned. One day, towards the close of his stay at the castle, his royal highness was for a few minutes with the nobleman in his study, when the little Lady Alberta came running in and gambled about the apartment in the gaiety of her heart, as if unconscious of the august presence of her father's guest. The beautiful, artless child at once attracted the prince's attention. He spoke to her. She suddenly stopped, as if turning over something in her mind, and then, with the greatest simplicity, fixing her large eyes on his face, inquired, "Prince, do you know anything that is whiter than snow?"

“No, dear,” said he, “I have never heard of anything whiter than snow, have you?”

“Oh! yes, prince; the soul washed from all its sins in the blood of the Lord Jesus Christ is whiter than snow.”

There was complete silence; the attention of the nobleman was arrested, but he said nothing.

Reader, what is the sequel of my tale? Do you anticipate it? I have only to add that the hard, proud nature of the nobleman was completely bowed. He turned to the inspired word of God, to learn therein for himself of the atoning efficacy of the blood of Christ, who, “through the Eternal Spirit, offered himself without spot to God.” Christ, the Eternal Spirit, and God the Father all interested and engaged in that stupendous transaction, which accordingly could bear, and does bear, no other stamp than that of perfection.

Whether the simple word of the little child remained with the prince or not, the day alone will declare. He did not in the least oppose the truth of the observation; and it was this (being such a contrast to himself) that struck Alberta’s father. The nurse is now reinstated in the castle, tending and teaching her precious charge, and the nobleman is now rich in faith, an heir of the kingdom which God has promised to those who love Him. He has learned a little (oh, how little do any of us learn!) of the love of the living One who went down into the dust of death, who was dead, but is alive for evermore, who gave Himself a ransom for all who was raised from the dead by the glory of the Father, and who has now ascended up on high, and sat down forever at God’s right hand, having obtained eternal redemption.

“When first to Jesu’s cross we came,
Our hearts o’erwhelmed by sin and shame,
Conscious of guilt, and full of fear,
Yet drawn by love, we ventured near,
And pardon found, and peace with God,
In Jesus rich atoning blood.

“Our sins are gone, our fears are o’er;
We shun God’s presence now no more,
With chilled like faith we seek His face,
His throne, a throne of boundless grace.

And when before the throne of God,
We’ll sing of the atoning blood.”

Reader, may a little child lead you.

R. E.

“He Being Dead yet Speaketh.”

IT is some years ago now, since the Lord directed me to the young man whose conversion and death I shall with His help briefly relate.

It was an autumnal afternoon when my steps were led past William C.'s home. Outside the narrow pavement, with tottering feet, he was slowly pacing up and down, stopping often, with panting breath, to rest on the window sill. His handsome face was pale as death, yet the wan and troubled look on it told plainly of the unrest within. I paused, and felt constrained to say a few words to him, first about his bodily weakness, and then as to the condition of his immortal soul. I found that he was a believer, but with regard to the all-important question of present salvation he could only hope, as so many are doing. I told him that if he trusted simply to the blood of Jesus, he could rejoice in knowing in this life that eternal life which is in Christ Jesus; and ended by saying, “William, trusting thus, you will never be safer in heaven than you are now.”

These words were used to arouse him, his sad face lit up with a smile, and eagerly grasping my hand, he said, “Come again, Miss S., and talk to me about these things.” This opened a door for me, to see and talk to him about the Lord and His “finished work”; and after the first visit, he rested in faith simply and wholly upon what Jesus had done for him on the cross.

Doubts no longer assailed him; at this he wondered a little, and asked my sister the reason why Satan never troubled him. For the answer to his question she read to him some of the Lord's own words. This was quite sufficient to content him, for was not Jesus the “Prince of Peace” abiding within?

William C. lingered for three months, during which time many were the seasons of spiritual refreshment and blessing we enjoyed together over the Word of God. Our one blessed theme was “Jesus only.” (Matt. 17:8.). This text my sister painted and hung up just where his dying eyes might rest upon it.

Four days before the call to him to “Come up higher,” I saw him; he was sitting propped up in his large arm-chair, the dews of death standing on his forehead. In utter weakness he leaned his weary head on my shoulder, and said, “Miss S., I shall soon be resting on my Saviour's breast.” We then talked about Him, for He Himself drew near and manifested His love to our souls in such a way, that it seemed as if in that hour the veil of the flesh was growing so thin that we could almost see “our Jesus” face to face. William suddenly turned and asked me for a pencil, saying he wished to write for the last time his favorite text in my pocket Testament. With many tears I guided his failing fingers as he wrote with assurance, “The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want.” (Psa. 23:1.)

That same night William took to his bed, from which he never rose again, In the adjoining room lay his youngest and favorite sister Beatrice, a child of about twelve years. For some time this little one had been in my class at the Sunday school, and early in life her young heart was given to the Lord. During the last four days of her brother's illness little Beatrice was carried into his room,

where together they used to talk of the tender Shepherd who was so soon to gather them into His loving arms. One day she expressed a wish that they might both go home together. The Lord heard, and granted this request, for three weeks later the sorrowing parents laid this little one in her brother's grave. Sown, not buried, to rise at the sound of the archangel's voice, and the trumpet of God.

The day before William C. was put to sleep by Jesus I called to see him for the last time. Truly touching was the parting between him and his younger brother Walter. They clasped hands, and William said "Don't grieve, Walter, we shall all meet up there." He raised his feeble hand and pointed to the painted text, "Jesus only," for the power of speech had failed. Early the following morning William was taken "forever with the Lord?"

Reader! pause, and ask yourself this question Would this be my portion? Time is flying, you stand this moment on the threshold of eternity. Decide now where you will spend the eternal ages beyond this short space of man's life down here. Let it be for all who read these lines, now and forever, "Jesus only." (Matt. 17:8.) E. S.

Go Straight to Christ

GO straight to Christ, and go just as you are, and you will find Him and His salvation. Many make as if they would go to Christ by the way of religion, of resolutions, of reformation, and do not find Him. They stop on the way at religion, or resolutions, or reformation, and do not get beyond them. Oh! these stoppages are desperate evils, preventing men from entering the kingdom! Jesus came into this world to save us. He loves us: He is the Saviour we need. Do not stop short of Him; never rest until you rest in Him. When He was here, those who wanted Him went to Him. Some touched Him, some spoke to Him, but from Himself alone all obtained the blessing they sought. Neither Peter, nor James, nor John, nor the mother of Jesus could save them, but Jesus only; and all these holy persons ever addressed the seeker to Jesus only.

Go straight to Christ, just as you are in your sins. He is the Saviour for sinners; He washes us from our sins. No one else does or can do this. No one receives His salvation save from Jesus, Himself. Why spend your life in vainly trying to wash away your own sins, when Jesus is waiting to save and to cleanse you? Go straight to Him. Do not seek to improve yourself: you need salvation■ not improvement. The Lord Jesus came to seek and to save that which was lost■ not that which was able partly to recover itself. He came to call, not the righteous, but sinners to repentance. If you are “righteous,” you do not need Jesus; if you are a sinner, He is ready now to save you. Then go straight to Him.

Do not live on in a roundabout system of religion. More than half the religions of the professing churches is of this nature. There are varieties of religious plans for keeping men from going straight to Christ. Indeed, some are so convinced of the merit of these plans, that they call it nothing short of presumption to speak of having gone straight to Jesus. He does save, in spite of our religious plans■such is His grace■but in the end all whom He saves come to Him, Himself. Yet why wait? Go now straight to Him.

“Come unto Me” are His words■ to Me; there is nothing between the “to” and the “Me.” Do not put anything between, if you wish for His salvation. How many, many times in the Gospels have we His “Come unto Me”! But the cry in the religious world is “Come first to this system or that system of religion, and so you shall at last get to Christ”; or “Come first to a recognized experience or a desired state of mind,” and then you shall find Christ. None of such things can save you. Go straight to Christ, not to any system of religion, not to any experience.

There is not in the Scriptures one word to encourage any seeking sinner in doing anything for salvation save going straight to Christ. There are thousands of persons upon the earth this day who rejoice in the salvation of God; they are saved, and they know it, and thank God for His salvation. It is with them a present possession■a gift received■and their united testimony is that they went straight to Christ.

Heathen at Home

A VERY considerable portion of the people of this land are utterly ignorant of the way of salvation. This statement applies both to towns and the country. In many country districts neither church nor chapel are visited, and the people live and die without thought of God. In the towns the “lapsed masses” are to be counted by thousands.

Christian reader, what are you doing in the work of carrying the living water to the perishing souls of your immediate neighborhood? Close by your doors are those who, practically speaking, have as vague an idea of divine pardon, and as little desire after the true God, as the heathen at the ends of the earth.

Waters Flowing Out

OUR Lord says, "If any man thirst, let him come unto Me and drink, and out of his belly shall flow rivers of living water." (John 7) Then so it is, the Christian who has truly for himself received the love of Christ, and whose heart-thirst is quenched, is no longer, as he once was, an unsatisfied, thirsting soul, but is a medium for the refreshment of others. From his heart flow out the rivers of living waters, whose spring and fountain is Christ, for others. As we look at the drinking fountain at the street corner, the parable of the believer filled with Christ and overflowing for others is presented to our eyes.

A Winter's Song

THE robin is a cheery bird. It is winter — the frost glistens upon the trees and dead ferns, and in the very midst of frost and icicles sits our red-breasted instructor, and sings his bright song! He does not sing only on the bright spring day■true, he sings more sweetly then■but his dear little song is more welcome on the winter morning. Is he “singing in” the coming spring? Let us be like him, Christian, and, amid the distress and trial of life, lift our cheerful voice to Him who loves us, and “sing in” the coming day, the day without clouds, which is so near at hand.

Echoes From the Mission Field

THE following delightful little story, which we have just received, will interest our readers, and will, we trust, call forth many prayers, not only for Mr. Taylor, the writer, but also for Jang-ta-ie, the faithful Chinese.

“Pa-cheo, Si-chaun, China,

“Thursday, March 23rd 1893.

“(Chinese) 2nd Moon, 6th day.

“Today has been a very joyful one with us in this city, we having witnessed the destruction of four idols and four ancestral tablets. This is the result of the working of God the Holy Spirit in the heart of a dear old man named ‘Jang-ta-ie’ (that is Jang, old gentleman), a person of independent means, who lives about twenty minutes’ walk outside this city in the country over the river.

“This old man has been coming to our services every Sunday for months, and twice a week on Tuesday and Thursday he has come for further teaching. He made rapid progress in the things of God, and we all felt that God would soon lead him to the point of putting his idols away forever from his own sight and God’s.

“We have been led out in prayer specially for him, that God would bring this conviction home to him; and not in vain.

“Just lately I have started a mid-weekly service, on Wednesday afternoons, over the river, holding the meetings in the houses and compounds of any who would give permission.

“Our second meeting, last Wednesday week, was held in Jang-ta-ie’s house, when a great many people came to hear. After I had preached, I called on the old man himself to speak, and he did so, telling the friends he had learned to know the true God; that he believed in and trusted Him and His Son Jesus Christ; and, pointing to his idols, said these were all false, and not to be trusted, that he did not worship them now. I looked at them as he pointed, and wondered how it was the old man could say all this, and still keep them.

“The next day he came to me saying his heart was not at peace, that he knew his idols were offensive in God’s sight, and that he had quite decided to bring them over to us and burn them. I told the old man to please himself as to where he would destroy them, but thanked God with him that he had thus decided. I then got my teacher to write the creed in large characters, to put up in the place of the idols, and these two texts: God said, I am God, and beside Me there is no God’ (Isa. 45:5); and ‘As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord.’ (Josh. 24:15.)

“On Wednesday morning last, as I was standing in the compound, Sien-ta-ko, one of our Christian men, came in carrying a peilan-tso (a basket) at his back, and inside were the following idols: ■

“1. Kuang-in p’u-sa-the principal god.

“2. Joh-p’u-sa — god of medicine. This old man had been a doctor, and also a veterinary surgeon.

“3. Niu-uang-god of cows.

“4. Ma-uang-god of horses.

“There were also four ancestral tablets that had been worshipped by the family generation after generation.

“I told Jang-ta-ie that we would have a special service on the morrow, when I would ask him to testify why it was he was destroying all these things. He was delighted at the idea.

“The Christians and enquirers came together, about sixty in number. The meeting was opened with the hymn, ‘Happiness is what men seek,’ which was followed by prayer. I then addressed them from Ex. 31:18 to 32:26, on the sin of Israel in worshipping the golden calf; stated what Moses did with the idol, and mentioned the judgment on and repentance of the people; and then told the audience what we were going to do after the service.

“Two of the Christians then led us in prayer, and we all went into the yard at the back of the house, when Jang-ta-ie himself set the idols on fire. They burnt up well.

I asked him to give his testimony, which he fearlessly did.

“He said, that ‘for generations he and his family had been deceived by the devil, but that God had set him free; that he was now forsaking that which was false to obey that which is true; that he did not fear man, death, nor Satan, but that he was from today going forward to preach the gospel.’ This he verily did, by going into the streets and tea-shops afterward, and preaching Christ. His words were not many, but full of meaning.

“We then sang ‘Oh, happy day!’ All joined in heartily; and, by the time the hymn was ended, the fire was well-nigh out.

“I exhorted those present who had idols still to do the same with them. Then we scattered, the old gentleman and his wife staying with us to dinner. I may say his wife is quite one with him in the destruction of the idols, but she is timid.

“On the first of this Chinese month she broke her vegetarian vow, confessing that there is merit in Jesus only. She had been a vegetarian for a number of years. The son and daughter were not so pleased, but we are praying for them; and the daughter is relenting, promising to come to the T’ang to see and hear more.

“Please pray for this family, and rejoice with us for this victory of Christ. A great many are coming to hear what these strange doings mean; we have between thirty and forty enquirers. W. C. T.”

Soul Traps

I SHALL never forget the great pile of rejected gods, instruments of priest craft, and stone adzes presented to me, one evening in the summer of 1862, by the chiefs and 'sacred men' of Danger Island,' says the Rev. W. W. Gill in his "Life in the Southern Isles." "I was the first white missionary to land among them. The sun had set; not a breath of air was stirring; the lagoon was like a mirror; a great crowd of dusky faces was looking on with evident interest and anxiety." Such are the scenes witnessed amongst the once cannibals of these southern islands of the Pacific, where God is so graciously working, turning multitudes from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan to Himself, Amongst the heap of things to be destroyed were some "soul-traps." What are these? Not the same traps as abound in England, but visible forms of superstition, which the priests used for terrifying the people. These soul-traps consisted of a series of rings twisted in cocoanut fiber, as our illustration shows. Each of the two traps represented has a number of rings, some of which are large and some small.

These traps used to be hung outside the house of a sick man, or of one who had offended the "sacred men." A sacred man would sit and watch the trap, and, should a bird or an insect ay through one of the rings, he would say that the soul of the sick person or offender, having assumed the form of the bird or insect, had left his body and had passed into the trap. The demon Vaerua, or spirit, it was added, had hurried off the man's soul to the unseen world, where it would be feasted upon. Should the soul be eaten by the demon, of necessity the body must also perish.

Naturally the friends of the man would seek to propitiate the demon, with the hope that the priest might induce him to allow the trapped soul to return to the body. Sometimes, by means of gifts, this was said to be accomplished, but at others the priest would declare the case to be hopeless. Then it was publicly known that the sick man had lost his soul, and he, believing this and regarding himself as doomed to die, would pine away.

The soul-traps were made with large and small loops; large ones for adults, small ones for the children; or large for chiefs and great people, small for such as were of small account!

"Thanks to the gospel of the blessed God," says Mr. Gill, "the natives of Danger Island no longer fear soul-traps. Those who fear God need fear nothing else. It is interesting to note that priest craft is the same all the world over■amongst the heathen and amongst civilized races. It originates in an inordinate lust for power, coupled with the assumption that the 'sacred men,' or priestly class, have special authority delegated to them over the invisible world."

Shining Lights

SOME few weeks ago we had the privilege of hearing Dr. Paton, the great missionary amongst the islands of the Pacific. The islands where he is working are not so very far away front Danger Island. Thousands of the natives of these islands are now professedly Christian, and very many are true followers of Christ. He said, if in England the true followers of Christ were only as devoted to their Lord as are the converts of Eromanga and other islands in the New Hebrides group, the great problem, "How to reach the masses," would be soon settled. Most earnestly did he declare that the gospel of God is the power of God that reaches the cruel cannibal, and changes him into a true self-denying follower of Christ, and that all "schemes for first educating and civilizing the heathen, and after a while speaking of Christ to them, are sorrowful errors."

In one island, where only a few years ago no stranger and no white man could land in safety, lest he should be killed and eaten, now there is not a house where family prayer is not daily beard. Where a few years ago the people had no conception of reading or writing, now the language has been rendered into form by the missionaries, and the Bible is read with the utmost zeal by the people. The cost of producing such a Bible is very great. But the natives deny themselves, to the utmost of their power, and really beyond their power, in order to procure the book of God. Thus on one island they give all their arrowroot to Jesus! They plant and cultivate this food, and sell it entirely for Christ. Some three weeks in the year they labor specially in cultivating it, and if during these weeks any one should work less eagerly than in his own garden, they will say, "Work as heartily for Jesus as for yourself—serve Him better than yourself." In times when other crops have failed, these devoted people have gone famished rather than touch a piece of arrowroot, and thus they have already collected some twelve hundred pounds, which has been used in procuring for them the prize of the Word of God, printed in their own tongue. Perhaps more by the testimony of a changed life, and by the Christian walk among the heathen, than by any other means, has the gospel of God spread so wonderfully in these islands.

Weil might Dr. Paton say, as he told these stories of changed lives, and Christ-like ways, that if there were such devotion in the great numbers of Christians in England, there would be less heard of lapsed masses, and of want of interest in the things of God.

Dr. Paton wishes very much to obtain a steamship by which the islands that are still cannibal may be visited. Some of these poor heathen are crying out for Christian teachers, but at present they cannot be visited. A glance at the map will show the great difficulty there is in getting from island to island. The work is remarkably encouraging, and every Christian must rejoice when hearing of it. Would you like to help on this work? if you would, you can send what you please to us, and we will forward it to headquarters.

Our New Issue

AS was notified in our December number of last year, we think it better that FAITHFUL WORDS should in future be issued as a halfpenny magazine of twelve pages. There is a rich store of papers which have been out of print for years■we shall occasionally re-issue these, and also some of the illustrations which have not been seen for a considerable time. By this means we shall be able to give twelve pages for one halfpenny, instead of sixteen pages for one penny. We shall keep to the simplest subjects in our articles, and shall devote certain pages to missionary intelligence. We have received communications from different parts of the mission field of a very encouraging character, and are delighted to be able to aid in any degree the great missionary spirit which so largely prevails.

We trust our friends will do their best to aid in the circulation of the magazine in its present form, and thus assist in evangelic work at home. We thank our correspondents for their papers, and beg to notify that true and original articles relating conversions to God or His ways of providential goodness will be gladly welcomed, and specially such as are suitable for the children's columns.

The Glory of the Gospel

THE apostle was cast down and disquiet in his spirit. Death in its direst form, affliction in its bitterest, had been before him. As to the first, God had delivered “from so great a death” (2 Cor. 1:1-10); as to the latter, the church in Corinth, which had dishonored Christ’s name, and had despised His servant, had been restored to the principles of holiness. But Paul had been terribly weighed down with anxiety; he was a man as well as an apostle, and he gives expression to the feelings of his heart.

Such was the pressure of the distress upon him that when he went to Troas, even though a door stood open for his entry, yet since Titus had not arrived his heart was so tried that he could not rest, but “went from thence into Macedonia” (ch. 2:13). At this juncture, even when he was cast down, he lifted up his soul in the sense of the glory of the gospel, and gave forth one of the most remarkable of the illustrations of its majesty.

He had himself seen, we cannot doubt, the victorious general entering the Roman city in triumph. Before him went the prisoners—some appointed to death, some to life and liberty; in front of his car the incense bearers walked, dispersing abroad sweet odors; after the general came the joyous troops. The people lined the way, the opened temples gave forth incense to the gods—all was glory, the result of victory. The apostle seized upon this figure of the triumphal march, and used it as an illustration of the glory of the gospel. God in Christ led the triumph, and in victory the apostle and his co-workers passed on their way, the gospel itself being like the incense—a sweet savor to God; and the world and its people like the captives before the victor—appointed whether to death or to life (vs. 14 to 16).

Should the heart of any gospel worker be discouraged, let him, in company with the apostle, place himself among the triumphant army. True, the place may be that of but a private soldier; but be that as it may, God in Christ leads as in the triumph, however humble our place may be. Christ is Victor. Before Him, risen from the dead, the captive world proceeds to His judgment seat, while the sweet savor of His name, whether of Saviour or of fudge, ever arises to God as His servants tell it forth.

Preach Christ, speak of Him, and whether men will hear and live, or whether men will be deaf and perish, ever and always the savor of the name of Jesus is sweet to God. Let sorrows and defection occur in the Church, let the world despise the gospel and persecute its preachers, let the pressure of trial east down the faithful hearted, beyond and above these things there is victory in the Victor, triumph in the triumphant Lord, to whom every knee shall bow and every tongue confess.

The glory of the gospel should fill our hearts, but if any be cast down, let them encourage themselves in remembering that even Paul the apostle was now and again overwhelmed in spirit. However, he derived fresh strength and energy from the contemplation of the very gospel he preached. Let then its glory and majesty fill the heart. Soon the triumph of Christ will be present. “Yet a little while and He that shall come, wilt come, and will not tarry.”

Unto the End

“HAVING loved His own which were in the world, He loved them unto the end.” (John 13:1) His own are the objects of His love. Of all such His own words stand, “Ye have not chosen Me, but I have chosen you” (ch. 15:16). His own are His by purchase. Of all such it is written, “Ye are not your own, for ye are bought with a price.” (1 Cor. 6:19, 20.) His own are His jewels, gathered out from every country and tongue and nation. Some are rich, many are poor—numbers are children, but the strong and the aged are also among them. His own are the personal possession of Jesus, Son of God and Son of Man, and are His by choice and by purchase.

In the world is where they are to be found, as in the earth describes the locality where the jewel lies. No one questions the blissful condition, or the security of His own who are in paradise with Him, but His own who are in the world comes to the heart as that which precisely suits it. In the world is temptation, trial, sorrow, bitterness, yes, and oftentimes, doubting of heart, fighting’s and fears, yet in the world is this most delightful portion of His own—the personal love of Jesus.

And such look back and recall His love in the past. “Having loved His own which were in the world,” is so true for every sheep and lamb of the Shepherd’s flock. How many a gracious experience has each received, how many a mercy, how many a token of His faithfulness! but all the favors of the past shall only be a fresh occasion, for the heart to exclaim as dwelling upon the heart of Jesus.

He loved them unto the end. What continuance, what faithfulness is here. He, Jesus Himself, unwavering, unvarying, day by day in life or death, loved them unto the end. He will be nearest where most needed. In our deepest helplessness He shall be most present. Yes, perhaps when His presence is least realized. We do not always know how near He is. The dark hour casts its shadow over the soul, but the dark hour is but the herald of the morn of the cheer of His countenance. When heart and flesh fail, and all our weakness and weariness are sorely felt He loves just the same, for He loves,

Unto, the end! But what is this? The last night of the journey when the tent is pitched! Surely He will be there then. Should the outward man decay so distressingly that mind and memory both fail—then all the more need for His solicitude, and where He is most needed there will He surely be. Is it the hour of temptation and the enemy’s power? Jesus will be near then, though, maybe, unseen. Unto the end! Is it the hour when the spirit leaves the tent, and is led upwards to paradise? How close will He be there then. Unto the end! Is it the day when the dust shall arise and leave this earth, and spirit, soul, and body shall be re-united to be glorified forever? If this be the end of all that is of the world, and the beginning of the entrance into the fullness of eternal bliss and glory, He shall be near indeed.

His own heart is the measure of His own love. His own are the objects of His love. And where His own are described as the objects of His love, is in the world. As to the continuance of His love, it has no break whatever. Unto the end! Unto the end! such are the words of comfort of the Holy

Spirit addressed to us concerning Him.

And the Feet That Shall Walk There

ROSIE lay upon her bed through the long summer days. She was too weak to hold a book in her thin little hands, or to knit socks for her father, as she had done at the beginning of her illness. Yet, if you had seen Rosie, I am sure you would have said she was a happy child. And what was the secret of her happiness? When she was a bright, active school-girl she had heard the voice of Jesus saying to her, "Come unto Me," and she had obeyed the call. From that moment, Jesus became the Lord in her heart, and now that He was leading her into the dark valley of the shadow of death, Rosie could say, "I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me."

This little girl loved the blue sky and the sweet flowers and the joyous songs of birds. Many a merry holiday she had spent in the green fields and pleasant woods with her school-fellows. This summer they had to go without her, but they often brought flowers to brighten her little room; and when Rosie was not in pain, she enjoyed hearing of their adventures.

One day, however, when Rosie's chief friend, Fanny King, came into her room with a bright color in her cheeks, and her hands full of lovely pink and white roses and honeysuckle, and began telling of "such fun" they had had helping one another to reach up to the tall sprays, there came a shade over Rosie's face, so that her little friend stopped suddenly. "Oh, I'm so sorry, dear; I wish I had not told you only generally you like." The rest of the sentence was smothered in a kiss that Rosie warmly returned, and she said, as her own sweet smile came back, "No, dear, don't be sorry, I do like to hear where you've been. It was only for a minute I felt sad. Satan does tempt me so sometimes, when I think we shall never have the ok days again."

Then the two children chatted together very lovingly, and when Fanny said "good bye," the little invalid whispered, "Don't think, darling, I want to get well, unless God pleases." And when she saw the tears coming into her friend's eyes, she added, very calmly. "You know, Fanny, don't you, I've been happier here than ever I was before? Jesus seems so near me. And if He makes me so happy here, what will it be to be with Him always?"

There were days when Rosie could not talk and her mother was obliged to send away all kind friends who came to see her. But, whenever she could, she tried to speak for the Lord Jesus. The true light was shining into Rosie's heart, and it shone out and made her a light bearer. This was one of her favorite hymns.

"Jesus bids us shine

With a pure, clear light;

Like a little candle

Burning in the night.

In this world of darkness,

So we must shine,

You in your small corner,
And in mine,
“Jesus bids us shine
First of all for Him;
Well He sees and knows it
If our light grow dim,
He looks down from heaven
To see us shine■
You in your small corner,
And I in mine.
“Jesus bids us shine
Upon all around
Many kinds of darkness
In the world abound.
Sin and want and sorrow,
So we must shine,
You in your small corner,
And I in mine,”

Rosie’s happiest time was when her father came home from his work. He would sit by her bedside and read to her out of her own little Bible. One evening she said, “Read, father dear, out of the Revelation, at the end of the Bible.” And he read ch. 21 until, when he came to vs. 21, his little daughter stopped him; “That verse again, please,” she said. When he had read it again, he waited to see what Rosie had to say. After a short pause, she said thoughtfully, “A golden street! How clean their feet must be who walk in it!

I do not know whether the dear little girl understood what the golden city represented (we are told in vs. 9), but it was a true thought she had of the perfect purity of heaven, and of those who shall be there. I have written it down, in the hope that Rosie, being dead, may yet speak to some children who shall read these pages.

“Bad children will not go to heaven,” you say; and you are right, so far. They cannot go to heaven while they continue bad. Selfish, greedy, and ill-tempered children are not loved or admired even in this world, where Satan reigns. They will not be admitted into heaven, which is God’s palace.

Every child of Adam is marked with the dark brand, Sinner — “good” children and “bad” children alike. “Is there no hope, then?” you will ask. None, in our way. But the Lord Jesus Christ “put away

sin by the sacrifice of Himself.”

In that day, when the precious blood of the only-begotten Son of God was poured out, there was a cleansing Fountain opened; and for nearly two thousand years there have been men and women, and boys and girls, in country villages and in town courts and streets■yes, and in kings’ palaces■who have gone to that Fountain filthy and have come away “clean every whit.” They have learned to sing “Unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood.” Dear “good” child, and dear “naughty” child, you must come to the Fountain to be cleansed, if you would tread upon that golden street of which little Rosie said, “How clean their feet must be who walk in it.”

When the leaves began to fall, and the reapers were busy reaping the golden corn, little Rosie was gathered to sleep in Christ. There is one light-bearer less in this dark world■who will take her place? Remember Rosie’s thought, and take care not to soil your feet after you have been washed in the Fountain. It is easily done and you can bring us glory to your Saviour while you have the least stain of sin upon your conscience.

God's Arm

TEACHER, who holds the sky up?" asked a little girl of her governess.

"God holds it up, Georgiana," was the answer, Georgie thought a moment, and thee said, "Why, teacher how His arm must ache!"

Now I wonder if any of the dear children who read FAITHFUL WORDS have ever had a similar thought to that of little Georgie. But God is never weary. We know that God does not hold up the sky by His arm, but by His word. Let me try to show you how God holds up His people.

I have no doubt some of you often go for long walks with your parents; and sometimes the road is rough, and the stones hurt your feet, and you grow very tired. Then, will not your father take you up in his arms and carry you? With your father's strong arm under you, you soon feel rested and happy. Now, that is just what often happens to the dear little one who love the Lord and try to follow Him. The road of life is long and rough to them, and sometimes they feel tired and unhappy, then they ask God, their heavenly Father, to help them, He holds them up, and, by His Spirit, speaks lovingly to them, and so makes His little ones rested and happy.

I daresay some of you have watched your little baby sister trying to walk. Her steps are very unsteady, and the nurse goes in front of her with her arms held out, and if baby seems near falling, nurse catches her and holds her up. Now, when little children first try to walk in the way of the Lord their steps are very feeble. Satan also comes and tries to make them naughty children. He tempts them to be disobedient or unkind, or idle, and if they had no one to help them they would fall. But there is one very near to them, and always watching them. It is Jesus who succors His people when they need help. He puts His strong arms round them and holds them, and keeps them from falling.

My dear little readers, are God's arms round you? Some of you can tell me what a joyful thing it is, for you know His love and care. Trust Him always, and you will always be happy. But to those of you who have never felt God's arms round you, who do not know His love and His care, I must say that you can never be happy till you are safe in God's keeping. You are sinners, but God is waiting and willing to forgive you, and to wash away all your sins in Jesus' blood. Come to Him, then, dear children, and you will understand what is meant by these, His words, "Underneath are the Everlasting Arms."

H. A. I. S. M.

“Almost.”

ANXIOUS eyes were straining seawards, when, presently, through blinding rain and driven surf, a small craft making for the shelter appeared in the distance. The sailors standing upon the pier head knew captain and crew of the old sloop, and watched her progress eagerly. To enter the harbor was a work of no slight difficulty, for the least swerving from the course would surely end in the erring vessel being, without recovery, hurled back into the surf outside, and her being in a few minutes crushed to splinters among the rocks.

On comes the sloop, each wave hurrying her swiftly homewards. And now you can see the crew and hear their voices, whilst breathless silence reigns amongst the watchers on pier and shore. Will she gain the harbor mouth? Within, the waters are still and the vessels safe; without, the white waves boil and rage, flinging the sloop in great leaps onward toward the narrow entrance between the pier heads!

There is but one wave more to overcome, and, borne upon it, the little vessel rushes on. It is a struggle between helmsman and wind and wave. Her bowsprit is now beyond the pier head — a few inches more and she will be safe. Ah! she strikes the stone wall with a terrible crash; a shout of horror rises up — backwards the old sloop is flung into the roaring waters, and driven, a, helpless wreck, to be pounded and crushed amongst the rocks.

Almost in harbor! Almost safe! A few more inches and the stone wall had been escaped; but that fatal “almost” is her doom and destruction. Never will she have another opportunity, never set sail again in storm or calm. As the night falls her timbers strew the shore.

We sat beside a dying man. His last day on earth had come. He had lived a godless life, and his sins were many; but Jesus died for the ungodly, and His blood cleanses from every sin — great indeed the sinner, but greater, ah! greater far the Saviour! With deep anxiety we watched the progress of his soul. Would he enter the haven of God’s rest? Eagerly had we pointed him to the Redeemer, and told him of God’s free grace, and he seemed to listen, seemed to see the way in, and to be steering straight for Christ; indeed, some of us fondly hoped his soul was entering into peace with God through Jesus. Within the harbor of God’s love all is calm and secure, but there is only one way into the shelter — faith in Jesus. Would this dying man enter in?

And now his last day on earth had come. Life’s billows were nearly over. Ah! before his last day on earth closed, the hour of his grace ended. He threw off all restraint; he had missed the only way in. With his gasping breath he cursed the safety which he was entreated to enter. Gathering up his little strength, and supporting himself upon his elbows on his bed, with dying voice he commanded us to begone, and to speak no more of Christ.

Oh; we see him wrecked before our eyes, cast into the waters of destruction; him, who had been so nearly saved; who had almost reached the harbor; who had been almost persuaded.

Almost a Christian, but not altogether; almost saved, but altogether lost. Fearful words to weep out through all eternity, "I am in hell; I was almost a Christian!"

Reader, how is it with you? Are you altogether safe?

It is vain to trust to being almost saved. The little child brought up by pious parents, the young man under the influence of a Christian home, the regular attendant at the gospel service, and the habitual reader of the Bible, are to be reckoned amongst the almost saved, and amongst the wrecked and altogether lost. Let nothing hinder you this very day from seeking and ending salvation. Life, health, friends, are nothing when compared with your soul. All that this world can give is lighter than vanity when compared with eternity.

How Frank C. Was Led to the Lord

I WAS born in the eastern part of the county Tyrone in the year 1829. My father, who, I believe, has gone to be with Christ, observed family worship twice every day. Indeed, the Lord's day was kept most strictly—everything that could possibly be done on Saturday being completed, so that proper attention might be given to religious observances. At an early age was sent to the Sunday school to obtain its religious training, but as I grew up to manhood my early impressions disappeared, and I became utterly reckless and careless.

At the age of twenty-two I left my native shores for America to do battle with the world.

Although having no regard for the things of God, still I never gave up the form of attending religious worship. Matters went on thus till the year 1858, when I was at Lonsdale, Rhode Island, U.S.A. A few students visited that place, preaching the gospel; a number professed to be saved, I among them. The minister, who was away from home at the time, said to me on his return, when he heard I professed conversion, "You saw it would be just of God to send you to hell." To this I made no answer, as I had gone through no deep experience of my sinfulness—indeed, I was merely aroused, I was not truly converted. I mention this as a warning, for many are awakened, and even profess to be saved, but still are not "born again."

I returned to Ireland in the year 1862. By this time every trace of my supposed conversion had disappeared. I still, however, kept up the form of attending a place of worship. At times the Spirit of God strove with me and made me very unhappy. One verse would trouble me, "My Spirit shall not always strive with man." (Gen. 6:3.)

In the year 1879, God sent two of His servants to the neighborhood where I was. The country was in a state of spiritual darkness, hardly any could say "I am saved." The two preachers boldly affirmed that they were saved, and that they were sure of heaven any moment should the Lord be pleased to take them. They also preached that forgiveness of sins was to be enjoyed in this life. By almost everyone this was considered mere presumption. It was no uncommon thing to hear it said, "Have you heard the new doctrine?" The pulpits rang with denunciations of the "heresy." Still the two preachers went on, and as they spoke of salvation through Christ drunkards were saved, and blasphemers commenced to pray, while those who were depending on their good lives were stripped of their self-righteousness. Indeed, many of all classes were led to Jesus, and were saved with an everlasting salvation.

It was at this time that the turning-point in my life took place. I was invited by a neighbor to go to one of these meetings. A short time afterward one of the preachers met me and inquired, "Are you born again?" To which I honestly replied, "That is a question I cannot answer." But try as I would, I could not get the thought of the new birth banished from me.

I went again to the tent to have an interview with the preachers, and reached it an hour before the time for commencing the service. I thought I would give a hand to tighten the ropes, as I had frequently pulled on shipboard. As I was doing so, one of them said: "It's an awful thing to be on

the way to hell." While they were arranging the tent, I asked the other evangelist what he thought of a neighbor of mine who had professed to be saved. He sharply replied, "What do you think of yourself?" These two remarks left me without a word to say. Today I can thank God for the two men who dealt honestly with me, and who, instead of gratifying my curiosity, warned me faithfully of my danger. I saw for the first time in my life that I was an enemy of God. I then believed what the minister had said to me in America that God would be just in sending me to hell.

On my way home, as I took a survey of my past life, and conviction deepened, I saw that I was "condemned already" (John 3:18), and had not a word to say in my own defense; my mouth was stopped I was "guilty before God." (Rom. 3:19.) I was in this state of anxiety for nine days, and during that time I can truly say "the pains of hell gat hold upon me: I found trouble and sorrow." (Psa. 116:3) Of death I had no fear, but I dreaded that which follows death "after this the judgment." (Heb. 9:27.)

I went again to the tent, and this time was not concerned about my neighbor, but was in terror lest I should be lost for eternity in the lake of fire.

The speaker dwelt on 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." Though this verse has been used in leading so many to the Lord, I left the meeting unsaved. As I turned on my bed that night the judgment was always before me. Great was my agony, but I can only praise God for it, and for not allowing me to sink down in my carelessness into hell. As day dawned, light broke in upon my dark soul. I then and there saw that the work of Christ had met my need that God was satisfied with the work of His own Son as my substitute. Resting on this, I had joy and peace in believing, I was able to thank Him for the knowledge of sins put away through the precious blood of Christ. "Therefore being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ," (Rom. 5:1.)

Almost fifty years of sins gone through the "finished" work of Jesus! Now I can truthfully sing

"Happy day, happy day

When Jesus washed my sins away."

Since that time fourteen years have come and gone, and at the age of sixty-three, amid much failure, I still live as a trophy of God's sovereign grace, and "know that, when He" (Jesus) "shall appear," I "shall be like Him" for I "shall see Him as He is." (1 John 3:2.)

Reader, have you had such an experience? "The Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost." (Luke 19:10). Jesus has Himself said, "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.)

You Must Face It!

YOU must face eternity sometime, why not face it now? You must pass out of this world into that which is to come. Consider how it will then be with you. God is infinite in holiness, and you must stand before Him and give account of yourself to Him. What have you to say? Your sins are not forgotten by God—every idle word even will be taken into account by Him. You have seen or heard of those who have felt the bitterness of their sins in this lifetime, and who have mourned in God's presence about them, as they sought His pardon, but what will it be to feel the bitterness of sins, and to mourn over them before the judgment throne, where no pardon will be found?

Now, such as mourn shall be comforted, then there will be no comfort. Now, such as repent shall find forgiveness, then there will be no repentance unto salvation. Oh! face the stern realities of eternity. "Prepare to meet thy God"

A sick bed is by no means the best place to seek for mercy. Most persons in sickness are too ill or in too much pain to think. Usually the mind is occupied on such occasions with the body, and in seeking health or ease. Yet, have you not thought, when I am sick then I will turn to God? "Be not deceived; God is not mocked: whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap." Use your best opportunities for your soul's salvation.

Since you must face eternity before very long at the latest, why not face it now? Now the Saviour waits to be gracious. Now the word of God proclaims to you pardon. Now is your time, now, just now, this very hour. "Now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation."

Sleep no longer, awake to righteousness, face eternity while health and strength of mind and body are yet young. Face it now, and find salvation, lest you delay and are brought face to face with it, when no mercy is to be found.

Rest

SOME birds rest while upon the wing. Such should be the Christian's rest on his heavenward way. Ever working, ever going forwards, yet ever at rest in the love of Christ.

Saved or Not Saved

IT is one or the other. Nearly saved may be really lost. A man may be within an inch of the rope, and yet be drowned. Be sure you are really saved■saved out and out■saved by Him who never half saves, but who saves in time for eternity■Jesus, the Saviour.

Mind Your Foundation

SAID a little child, who was busy on the seashore with her little spade and bucket, to her father, "Father, it is much easier to build a house upon the sand than upon a rock."

"Yes," he replied, "for when you build upon a rock you have to lay the foundation right into the solid rock, and then house and rock become one. There is no trouble necessary in laying a foundation in the sand; with your little wooden spade you can easily do that."

Reader, mind your foundation. Are you building on the sand, or in the Rock?

"My hope on nothing less is built

Than Jesus, and the blood He spilled;

I dare not trust the sweetest frame,

But wholly lean on His great Name:

On Christ, the solid Rock, I stand■

All other ground is sinking sand."

I Can Believe Now!

“I CAN believe now,” said one, who had been in deep distress of soul, and for a long period of time. On inquiry as to what had produced this comfort, the answer was, “It was this text, ‘Blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed,’ for that just meets my case,”

Not experiences, or visions, or anything save Jesus Himself. On Christ is the only true resting-place for the heart, and, resting there, we have everlasting rest.

The Little Maid of Israel

AS we look upon this picture, we wonder whether the kindly and loving wish of the little captive maid of Israel for her master was due to the grief of her mistress, the Syrian lady. Maybe it was. The little maid was a captive and a slave; she had been stolen away from her home in Israel by a band of Syrians, but, captive as she was, and in a country where false gods were worshipped, her heart was true to her God, and her kindly feelings were such as were prompted by His Spirit. The Scriptures do not state her name; they merely record the fact of her desire expressed to her mistress, "Would God my lord were with the prophet that is in Samaria! for he would recover him of his leprosy." (2 Kings 5:3.) She waited upon Naaman's wife, whose grief probably made the captive girl forget her own griefs, and long that her "lord" might partake of the blessings that were to be had in Samaria at the hand of the prophet of Jehovah.

Certain it is that God's people can afford to wish and to pray for the blessing of others, in whatever position of life they may be. The more we know of divine grace, the more we desire that others may know it also. Perhaps it would be better to say, the more we enjoy of divine grace, the more we long that others may be the subjects of it. The prophet in Samaria had wrought great deeds of mercy as well as of judgment, and the "little maid" was assured that, Syrian though Naaman was, and captain of the host of the king whose hand was so often uplifted against Israel, still for him there might be had such mercies as Jehovah's prophet alone could communicate.

She was far wiser than the king of Israel, who rent His clothes at the thought of a leper being recovered; wiser, too, than the royal courts of Syria and Israel combined, for she knew that the way for the leper to be healed was for him to go direct to Elisha, whereas the courts, as ignorant of God as royal courts usually are, had made the healing of the leper a matter for kings. Few are so wise as she, unless, indeed, it be the simple and the ignorant, for such do usually know that the only way to receive God's salvation is to go direct to God for it. Elisha signifies "God (is) salvation," and to God, who is the Saviour, and who in Christ has wrought salvation for man, must the sinner repair. Naaman ("the beautiful") had at length to go to Elisha ("God (is) salvation") in his leprosy. It went sorely against the pride of him who bore the name of "beautiful" so to do, but what the little maid had longed for on his behalf was, after a while, accomplished; Naaman stood before the door of the prophet of Jehovah in Samaria.

And what did the prophet say to him? The true prophets of God speak for God. Elisha bade the proud Syrian go to the waters of Jordan and wash there. And what was the Jordan to Naaman? Merely a small river, and one not to be compared with those of his own land. Indeed, he regarded the message as an insult.

Perhaps he did not lay hold of the signification of Jordan ("death or judgment"), or, if he did, he would not allow its application to himself. But there was only one way of salvation for the leper, and that was by the leper himself going down into the waters of death or judgment. At last he, who bore the name of "beautiful," descended into those waters in his leprosy, and in a moment he became clean. All God's salvation addresses the sinner to Christ's death for him. In none else

save in Jesus is salvation; no other saves. "Thou shalt call His name Jesus; for He shall save His people from their sins." (Matt. 1:21,)

China

MR. PARROTT writes as follows: ■ “The money you kindly sent shall be used in the purchase of drugs. There is much sickness all around us, and I know no better means of winning the confidence of the people than by being able to relieve their pain in sickness, and very often with God’s blessing curing them of diseases which, if not promptly dealt with, would soon destroy life. The people are most grateful for such help, and are usually ready enough to listen to the gospel when they have such evidence of our disinterested labors of love and practical sympathy with them. This is how your collectors at home are able to give cups of cold water to poor heathen sufferers here, and by so doing often pave the way for the entrance of God’s Word to their hearts. The field is large, and much very much remains to be done before it can be said that the gospel has been fully proclaimed in China.

“Matters here are in a very interesting state. Large numbers of men and women are coming from Europe and America, and are scattering themselves over the eighteen provinces. Just before we reached Shanghai in March, a party of twenty new missionaries had just arrived; another party of twenty arrived a month later; and so they come. Never before was such a thing known in China. The people generally seem to be beginning to understand the main object of the missionaries, and treat us with greater respect than was the case when I first came to China fourteen years ago. Then it was no easy or safe matter to travel five hundred or a thousand miles into the interior. Today single ladies take such journeys under the escort of a native servant, and he often a heathen man. Two such sisters called upon us today. They have traveled one thousand miles in carts and boats with only a native servant. They were more than two months on the way, and suffered no harm whatever, “We put off our English clothing and adopted Chinese costume, and on the 4th of April made a start. (Mrs. Parrott and their two boys and also a lady worker are the “we.”) The weather was fine, spring had commenced, and the trees and shrubs were budding and breaking into leaf. On both banks of the river are found towns and villages, and occasionally a walled city. Whenever our boat stopped, or we walked along the bank, a crowd of wondering men, and women, and children followed us. It was soon noised abroad that I was a doctor, with the result that on all suitable opportunities sick ones were brought to be healed.

“We had a good supply of Scriptures and tracts in Chinese, which we gave to those who could read. In one village the sick people and their friends filled our boat. In return for the medicine I gave them they brought us presents of eggs about the only thing these poor people had to give. The two boys were a great attraction; the people seemed never tired of staring at them.”

Mr. Parrott was on his way to the great city of Sin’gan, when he was called hack to assist temporarily in the hospital established in Hankow. While there he says: ■

“I see about sixty patients a day, except Saturday and Sunday, beside the patients in the two hospitals, one for men and one for women and children. These patients all hear the gospel, many of them no doubt for the first time, and those who come into the hospital are afterward visited in their homes, so that any who may have accepted Christ whilst they were under our influence in the

hospital, or become at all interested in the gospel, are encouraged and helped to go on to follow the Lord in their own town or village, where, perhaps everybody else is an idolater. We have had several Buddhist priests. They are ready enough to come to us to get bodily healing, but are not so ready to put away their sins and their abominations, and come to Christ for healing. One of them seemed really interested in what he had seen and heard. He listened attentively to the preaching, and said he would in future worship the true God. If time permitted I could write of others, but I think I have said enough to show you that in a medical mission we have abundant opportunities of showing the love of Christ, and gaining the ear and the hearts of the people.

“Soon after this letter reaches you, we shall be getting ready to proceed on our journey up to Shensi—or as near to it as a place called Lookokee. Pray that the way may be made very clear before us, and that in due time both the wisdom and the means may be given to enable us to preach the gospel and heal the sick in the city of Sin’gan, the capital of the Shensi province.”

In the Leper Home, Purulia

THE accompanying extracts from letters of some of the children, who are either lepers, or the children of leper parents, speak for themselves. They are in their own words, but translated for our benefit. They had received some gifts—very simple things, clothes, books, dolls, sweetmeats—and very grand did they reckon the gifts to be. Then, during their holidays, Mr. Uffmann, the pastor, sent such of them as could go to their own villages, for he finds that the testimony of these poor leper children is a very great means for spreading the truth of the gospel amongst the heathen. These few remarks will make the letters quite intelligible.

“We got such things as we were not worthy of, and such as our fathers and forefathers never saw with their eyes, tasted with their mouths, nor wore on their bodies. In dreams one sees and gets more than this, but one does not get to enjoy them; but, God be praised, we have been allowed to enjoy them all in the body. After we get such fine things we are envied by others. They say, ‘Just look at the fine clothes these sick ones have—how well dressed they are; they are not worthy of so much.’

“The sweets are already finished; the other things will last awhile, but the love lasts forever. Oh, dear friends, what can we do in return for such love! We ask you to remember us in your prayers, The Saviour says, ‘Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.’ Through these words we see that you are our neighbors. Neither father, mother, brothers, nor sisters could love us and show us their love as you have done. God be praised that your hearts and hands have been busy for us....

“When we had holidays in the beginning of the year, we went back to our old homes, and we begged pardon of those from whom we had pilfered, and to whom we had done other wrong things. These people were not a little astonished that we wished to confess our sins; they thought such things were no sins. We told them God’s word, and showed them that such things were sins, and that, if we wish to be saved, our sins must be forgiven.

“When they saw the clothes we had they asked us, ‘Where did you get such fine clothes?’ Then we answered, and said, ‘These clothes were given us by our true friends in Europe; but we have finer things, such as your fathers and brothers never saw, and if you will come to Purulia we shall let you see them.’ Then they were all much moved.

“ ‘If you are so much astonished at these visible things,’ we said, what will you say if we tell you of heavenly things? These heavenly treasures you can only get if you become Christians, and learn that the Son of God came into the world to save sinners. Look at the Christians—how much money they spend on account of our disease; also, see what a good Way they have shown us, which leads to heaven. You do not know that Way, nor walk in it, but you are far more sick in heart than we are in body—that is the sickness of sin.’

“Some of them said, ‘You are right; that is the right religion.’ ‘We are blind wanderers,’ others said. ‘As our fathers did, we shall do,’ some said. ‘We have two eyes more than you. You are blind.’”

Handy, Brave, Loyal

In the first of Chronicles, chapter 12, there is a delightful record of the men who proved faithful to David in the days when Saul held the kingdom, and when Israel at large did not recognize the purposes of God respecting David's kingship. We may speak of the chapter as containing the service of the king before the day of his glory and kingdom, and, therefore, as describing a service enacted chiefly out of love or regard for David personally. As such, it is a cheering unfolding of the faithful service of those, in this our day, who, when the King is disowned by the human race, and the god of the world rules the kingdom, out of love and reverence to the person of Jesus, the Lord, give Him their hands and hearts, their service and their love.

It was necessary, in order to side with David, to go to him in the wilderness, where he was in hiding outside the then glories of Israel. So now, such as would be true to Jesus, must follow Him outside the course of this world, and this every faithful servant of Christ well knows. It was impossible to harmonize the position of Saul and David; there was but one throne, and there could be but one king. We cannot be loyal to the world and to Christ; whom shall we serve?

The second verse of the chapter describes the men, whom we may call the handy; the eighth, the brave; and the sixteenth and eighteenth, the loyal. From the twenty-second the story leads us to the end, even the coming of the kingdom of the king.

Handy men indeed were those of Benjamin. They could use the left as efficaciously as the right hand, and were ready for any kind of business in war. The description, "a left-handed man," generally signifies one whose right hand is no more useful than that of an ordinary person's left hand, "All his fingers are thumbs," the proverb runs of the clumsy person. Such persons are not uncommon in the Church, but we would consider them rather as left-handed by profession than by ability, A worker who will not do anything save that special thing which satisfies his idea of dignity, or propriety; or he, who will not engage in service because it is too humble for him, is characteristically a left-handed man. He belongs to a sort of spiritual guild, which forces him into a groove and forbids the exercise of his varied abilities. Jack of all trades and master in none shall never be said of the earnest servant of Jesus Christ, for such an one is ready and willing at all times to do anything and to be nothing for the Master's sake. His idea of dignity is the Master's glory, and of service, the need that requires satisfying.

The "highly spiritual" person, or the spiritual person who is high-minded, who is not willing to run an errand or to tidy up a room for a sick person, is, we should suggest, one of the unhandy sort. He who can only sit down and listen, or look on at the service of others, we should also regard as unhandy.

These gifted men of David were terrible in battle. They were practically double right-handed men ■ "they could use both the right hand and the left in hurling stones and shooting arrows out of a bow." Anyone who knows anything of fighting is aware how useful it is to have two right hands, as it were. These men were of Saul's brethren out of Benjamin, so they had come clean out of the old

service, and were heart and soul and both hands in the new!

Let the young Christian especially cultivate spiritual handiness. Be ready to do anything for Christ. Never be on your dignity. Lend a hand to everyone, and with alacrity and a smile. A few of such servants of the King (though He wear not yet His crown of this world's kingdom) would make the work of the Lord move more vigorously in many quarters.

Brave indeed were the Gadites; they were "men of might, and men of war fit for the battle, that could handle shield and buckler, whose faces were like the faces of lions, and were as swift as the roes upon the mountains." This most inspiring description is of itself a call to courage. Well trained, powerful men they were, like lions in strength and determination, like roes in energy and speed!

It is astonishing what one brave man or woman can accomplish for Christ, and equally astonishing what true Christian courage will affect in making others brave. We are inclined to think that not unfrequently our supposed modesty is really timidity. A timid man of marked faith is an impossibility. In proportion to our faith in God's power and might is our practical strength for God on earth. "Strong in faith, giving glory to God" (Rom. 4:20); "Be strong and of a good courage" (Josh. 1:9); "Be strong in the Lord, and in the power of His might." (Eph. 6:10.) Often indeed are we timid, but not when our faith is in activity.

Faith lays hold of God. "I learned on that day," said a young preacher of Christ the other day, "the meaning of God being almighty." He had been preaching in Ireland, and, when outside the town, together with another worker, the unhappy people lined the hedges and pelted these two defenseless men with stones. But though the missiles were flying about their heads, not one stone struck them. The almighty hand of God sheltered His servants. Such lion-like men are in request: men swift to run on God's service are required. The work of a very few (four in all) of these noble men has told remarkably in many parts of Ireland, for numbers of Bibles have been bought and are being read by the peasantry, where a few months previously only darkness reigned. Thank God there are such in many places-workers for Christ who fear neither disease or death, nor the opposition of heathen at home or abroad.

These men of Gad used their weapons, whether of defense or offense, for David■for no one less. He was their cause■for him they fought■for him they "put to flight" the enemy.

In our days there is a trumpet call for brave men to stand up for Jesus■men whose faces are like the faces of lions, and who are as swift as the roes upon the mountains.

Loyal were these of Benjamin and Judah, who "came to the hold unto David." "Thine are we, David, and on thy side, thou son of Jesse," said they, "Peace, peace, be unto thee, and peace be to thine helpers; for thy God helpeth thee" (ver. 18).

Here were consecrated men indeed■consecrated to the person of the uncrowned king■to the king whose kingdom had not come. They were true to David and to David's own. Loyal men and women for Christ are sorely needed, whose hearts exclaim, "Peace be unto thee; peace be to thine helpers." Better the soldiers' fare with David in the hold, than the rewards of Saul's palace.

As the deeds of the true men are recorded, the dawn of the kingdom begins to appear; "At that time day by day, there came to David to help him, until it was a great host, like the host of God (vs.

22). Zeal stimulates zeal; courage stimulates courage; and true loyalty infects others.

This new year let us be out and out for Christ, and we shall see one and another coming over to His side, and the number shall increase “day by day,” until a company “like the host of God” shall stand up for Him whose glory and whose kingdom are at hand.

Ragged Willie

LITTLE Willie was very poor indeed.

His feet and legs were red with cold, and he had no money to buy shoes or stockings, and the little fellow knew too well what it is to be hungry. Often did he run about the cold streets in winter, and sleep in summer under the arches by the river.

After a time Willie tried to earn a little money for himself by chopping wood, and got on fairly well. One day a lady met him in the street. "My boy," said she, "would you like to come to the Ragged School, and learn to be a clean boy? It is a nice warm place, with a large bright fire, and many children are taught to read there, and they learn of the good God who loves poor children."

In the Ragged School Willie heard about the Lord Jesus, and about boys and girls who loved Him. He felt that he did not love Jesus, and the little boy began to cry for sorrow.

If you have done wrong and are naughty, you are sorry, because you feel that you have not been kind to your father and mother. So it was with Willie. He felt that he had been a naughty boy, and had not been good towards God, and the thought of his sinful heart made him weep.

"Willie," said the lady who was teaching him, "would you like to be a Christian boy?"

He sobbed, "I am too poor to be a Christian; I am such a very poor little boy."

"But, Willie," said the lady, "Jesus welcomes the poor. He is very kind to poor boys, and no one can be too poor to be a Christian. The Bible says, 'Blessed are the poor,' and to the poor is the glad news about heaven preached."

"Teacher," said Willie again, hanging his head. "I am too poor to be a Christian."

The lady tried to find out what it really was that Willie meant, and after a little persuading, he said

"You see, teacher, I can only earn four shillings a week at chopping wood, and four shillings a week won't pay for my bed and clothes and food; so sometimes, when no one is looking, I clap a nice piece of wood under my jacket, and sell it. I am too poor to be a Christian boy."

"Poor Willie," said the lady, "you must pray to God to take care of you and to give you His grace; and ask Him to keep you from stealing, and to supply your need." After trying to lead the little boy to the love and kindness of God, and trying to make him trust in God and confide in Him, the lady said, "If at any time you are very much in want, you may come to me, and I will try to do what I can to help you."

Willie went to his work the next morning with the wish to keep his hand from stealing. Chop, chop, chop, went his hatchet all day long, and at the end of the week his master gave him four shillings. But the four shillings would not buy all he wanted. Still he felt happier because he had not done that which he knew to be wrong.

The next week Willie went on with his chopping wood. One evening the temptation came. It was getting dusk; he looked round this side and that side, no one was watching and there was a nice bit of wood at his feet.

Under his tattered coat his little heart went pat, pat, and he felt very uncomfortable, just as everybody does when he is going to do something wrong. Then he looked at the wood again, and thought he, "Oh, it is such a pretty piece of wood, such a nice piece! I could just pop it under my jacket and nobody would see me. It would sell for money enough to buy me a beautiful loaf of bread and other nice things!"

Willie again looked round; still he saw no one watching him; he stretched out his hand to take the wood, when he thought he saw an eye looking at him. He quickly pulled back his hand. "No!" said he, "I won't take it; God is looking at me!"

The temptation had passed; God gave Willie strength to resist it.

Willie was all the happier for keeping from doing wrong, but he was none the less hungry, and was as poor as before; yet the poor boy thought it is better to have a heart at ease than to have enough to eat and to drink, and yet all the while to feel a weight of sorrow.

At the end of the week his master called Willie to him. I wonder if he feared lest he had been seen stretching out his hand towards the wood? But a kind voice gave him confidence. "My boy," said his master, "I have watched you this week, and noticed how much better you have behaved, and how much better you have attended to your work, I will give you six shillings a week instead of four, and may you always be a good boy."

Willie's heart went pit-pat, pit-pat again very fast, but not in the same way as when he was looking at the piece of wood. This time it was with joy and pleasure. He thanked his master very much, and ran off to the lady's house to tell her the good news.

His bare feet soon bounded up the clean white steps of the house, and with a glad heart he rang the bell, and told her all his happy story.

"Well, my boy, godliness is profitable unto all things, having promise, not only of the life that now is, but also of that which is to come. God rewards and helps those who try to do good and obey Him," said the lady, and she encouraged the poor child to trust in the Lord and do good. Willie tripped home. How happy he felt! And when he came to his own little dwelling place the ragged boy felt a joy within him which no one can know except those who have been tempted and tried as he was, and whom God in His great mercy has enabled to serve Him.

God is the same to you, dear little friends, as He was to Willie. Try to follow His ways and words, and you will see that He will never let you suffer.

Once a Child Always a Child

I CANNOT receive your doctrine, sir, that all who are once saved can never be lost, I once felt happy myself, but it is all gone now.”

So said a farmer’s wife to me, when speaking of God’s salvation.

“What made you feel happy?” I asked.

“Some years since I was in deep distress of soul, seeking rest here and there, troubled about my lost condition, when one night, as distinctly as though someone was speaking to me, I heard the Lord say, ‘Daughter, thy sins are forgiven’; but I have lost everything now, it is all gone, my peace has fled.”

I immediately turned to two little girls, who were listening to their mother, and asked, “Are these your daughters?”

“Oh, yes, they are mine.”

“Were they always your daughters?”

“Of course they were.”

“Will they always be your daughters?”

“Certainly they will,” she replied, looking at me as though I were very stupid to ask such questions.

“Listen,” I said; “what did you hear the Lord say to you?”

“Daughter■”

“Did He say ‘Daughter’? If you were a daughter then you are a daughter now, for the relationship of a parent to a child can never be broken,”

Dear reader, are you in the difficulty in which I found the farmer’s wife? Will you look at a few plain scriptures, which prove, beyond a question, that a person once truly believing, can never be lost, but is a child of God forever?

“As many as received Him (Jesus), to them gave He power (or the right, title, or privilege) to become the sons (rather children) of God” (John 1:12).

The Word of God says, “The Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit, that we are the children of God” (Rom. 8:16). Being children, the Spirit of God takes possession of our hearts, giving us the conscious relationship of children.

If a believer sins, he is dealt with as a child of God, by the Father, but he never ceases to be a child.

We read in Hebrews 12. how God the Father deals with His erring children for the sixth verse tells us that “whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom He receiveth”; and in the seventh,” if ye endure chastening, God dealeth with you as with sons; for what son is he whom the father chasteneth not?”

Doubting Christian, will you not accredit the love of God? “Behold, what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons (children) of God. Beloved, now are we the sons (children) of God, and it (loth not yet appear■ (is not yet fully manifested)■what we shall be; but we know that, when He shall appear, we shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is.” (1 John 3:1, 2.)

Nothing can be more distinct, emphatic, and clear, than that the gift of God is eternal life,” and to doubt or question this is to deny the recorded words of God, for” this is the record that God hath given to us eternal life, and this life is in His Son,” and the special purpose of the Spirit of God in writing thus is, that those who believe on the name of the Son of God should know that they have eternal life. (1 John 5:13.)

Mark, it is ours, not to doubt, or fear, or hope, but to know with assurance. H. N.

Brought Into Light

WE have to praise God in that we see His hand outstretched in saving power, and the light of the glorious gospel breaking through the mists and shadows of superstition.

The story of Etienne has a special interest for any who know something of the difficulties through which, in poor, benighted France, sinners make their way to the Saviour's feet.

Born in a Roman Catholic family in Paris, some five and twenty years ago, Etienne was trained in that church. It was no difficulty to the child to believe, as he was taught, that the black robed priests were God's representatives, that to them was entrusted the opening or shutting of the door of heaven, that they alone were privileged to know God's mind, to study God's Word, and to approach God as worshippers.

Etienne, a pious little lad, in unquestioning simplicity, accepted the religion that was taught him; and when he was old enough, went through the usual ceremonies connected with the "first communion," believing, as he was told, that once again (as in his baptism) his soul, purified from all sin, was in innocence before God. But as he grew older, the sleeping mind awoke from the unreal peace into which it had been lulled, and the energetic, earnest youth strove to meet the goadings of his uneasy conscience by good works, such as his confessor told him would make him acceptable to the holy God whom he felt he had offended.

For this purpose Etienne joined a society, through which he was put in the way of visiting the sick, succoring those who were in need, and spending all the money he had upon the poor. At this time he found also a few boys, who, like himself, pined for higher and better things; and it is touching to hear of this little band, in the gayest and most frivolous of capitals, turning from the vanities and follies natural to their age, and meeting together week by week to pray rather to say prayers; for all they knew of prayer was to "tell their beads," i.e., to repeat prayer for each bead on their rosaries. But surely the Lord, who is very pitiful, had His eyes on that little group, and His blessing would not be withheld from them.

But all Etienne's good works and strivings after holiness failed to satisfy the increasing yearnings of his soul, and, many a time, in the secret of his own room, Etienne would clasp his hands frantically together, and exclaim aloud: "Oh! Holy Virgin, give me light!" Alas, no light came. He begged his father to let him become a priest, thinking that if he might give up all earth's joy and cut himself off from all whom he loved, he would gain favor with God. But his father, having other views for his son, refused his consent.

At this crisis, Etienne, now seventeen years of age, unhappily came across some freethinking and wild young men. These scoffed at the scruples of the religious, sober-minded youth, sneered at his obedience to his confessor, and poured into his horrified ears tales of the vile lives led by many of the priests in Paris. Etienne, shocked in his most tender susceptibilities, and persuaded that it reflected more credit on his intellect to throw aside his faith, and to turn his back on those who had been to him its representatives, gave up his searching after light to plunge into gross darkness,

threw aside the superstitions of his childhood for the deep gloom of infidelity, and, smothering his troubled conscience, rushed into the wildest excesses that Paris could offer to his dawning manhood, and that a liberally supplied purse could afford him.

For five years Etienne gave himself up freely to the service of the world, the flesh, and the devil, refusing himself no indulgence that money could procure, and youth and folly could suggest. But God had His own tender purpose of blessing for the soul who years before had coveted that blessing.

One evening, Etienne, strolling through a street he did not often go down, passed before the doors of a large hall, into which many people were pressing. He stood listlessly watching them, when a man came out and in a kindly way invited him to enter. He did so, and was shown to a seat. And a hymn-book was handed to him. He turned over its pages, and, seeing the contents, shrugged his shoulders, with the contemptuous, though inaudible, exclamation, "Religion again!" But when he saw that the platform was occupied by a group of young men of about his own age and standing, he determined to remain and see the service through. He listened spell-bound, while one after another told not only of a living, loving Saviour, but gave the brightest testimony of His saving power for themselves, and of His exceeding preciousness to those who believe.

Etienne could not doubt the genuineness of those who spoke, for their earnest pleadings carried conviction, but he was fairly puzzled. Hitherto he had held that none but priests could teach religion, or had any right to care for souls; now, to his intense astonishment, he heard these young men, with no assumption of priestly garb or of ecclesiastical authority, dealing closely, solemnly, and earnestly with the grand question of eternity.

At the end of the meeting, Etienne, being in no wise burdened with over-shyness, made his way to the platform, and addressed one of the speakers, meaning to have a little controversy on the subject of the address. The young man to whom he spoke held out his hand in so pleasant a manner, and met Etienne so frankly, that he was fairly fascinated, "But," said his new-made friend, "before we enter upon any other question, let me ask you plainly, Is it all right between you and God?"

This was a turn in affairs that Etienne had never anticipated, His confusion was evident, and he could neither answer the question, nor begin the argument he had meant to hold. The preacher, seeing how disconcerted the young stranger was pressed him no further, but, offering him a New Testament, earnestly entreated him to read it carefully; and Etienne, taking it thanked him, and left the hall.

The following morning he left Paris on a business tour through the country, taking the Testament in his pocket, for the words "Is it all right between you and God?" kept ringing in his ears, and he vaguely hoped that through the little book he would find how the question might be satisfactorily answered.

As the train whirled along, Etienne's eyes never left the volume; page after page was eagerly devoured, his intense interest increasing hour by hour. To his surprise, he came upon passages which he had known in his boyhood, quoted in his prayer-book, and which he could now study with the context.

The Spirit of God brought the Word home with power to his soul. His cold-blooded infidelity vanished before the marvelous story of the Saviour's life and death; and, awakened to a sense of his own need of that Saviour, he longed to get back to his new friend, so as to go fully with him into the question with which he had startled him on their first meeting, a question that now haunted him day and night.

No sooner had he returned to Paris than Etienne made his way to the hall, where for the first time in his life he had heard Christ preached. And now it might be said of him, as of one of old, "he sought to see Jesus." That evening a prayer meeting was going on, and as he knelt, deeply feeling the burden of his sins, and all his heart going forth with the prayers of those who pleaded for the salvation of souls, Etienne was found of Him who came to seek and to save that which is lost."

And now the Christ whom the young man had preached became Etienne's precious Saviour too, and, sitting at His feet, he learned His mind, and then rose up in the power of the Holy Ghost to live for the One who had died for him.

Two years have passed since Etienne thus brought all his hard questions to Him who is "greater than Solomon"■two years in which he has proved His sufficiency to meet all his need, to satisfy his longing soul, and to fill his hungry soul with gladness■and in those two years Etienne has shown unmistakably that "if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature." Not only were his wild companions abandoned, and worldly habits given up, but, in the clearest way, at home or abroad, he has made all see that he now serves the Lord Christ. His employment for a mercantile firm takes him up and down the length and breadth of France, and his constant prayer is that at every town at which he stops on his earthly master's business he may have an opportunity of preaching Christ, and of winning souls to the Saviour. And the Master gives him his heart's desire, and uses him in blessing in that land where the gospel light, which has been so dim for many years, is now beginning once again to shine. A. P. C.

The God of Resurrection

THE patriarchs were in very intimate converse with God. God spoke to Abraham as a man speaks to his friend, and He would not hide from Abraham the thing which He would do. These holy men learned God very deeply, and we find it recorded of Abraham how he proved that God was to him the God of resurrection.

God promised to Abraham a son, and in due time tested and tried His servant on the tenderest part of his heart—He bade him offer up Isaac as a burnt-offering to Himself. In Isaac all the promises of God were centered. No one could take Isaac's place. But God tried Abraham by calling on him to surrender Isaac in death. And Abraham obeyed God. He rose up early, in ready obedience, and took his journey towards the mount appointed for the sacrifice. "By faith Abraham, when he was tried, offered up Isaac: and he that had received the promises offered up his only begotten son, of whom it was said, That in Isaac shall thy seed be called: accounting that God was able to raise him up, even from the dead; from whence also he received him in a figure." (Heb. 11:17-19.)

In the school of God, Abraham had to learn the sentence of death on his dearest and most cherished hopes, yet he was enabled to trust God, despite death, for the fulfillment of the promise on which his hopes were built. God is above and beyond death, and this Abraham believed. His word would be fulfilled, come what might. What God had promised He would surely perform. Such was the confidence of the patriarch as he accounted that God was able to raise his son from the dead.

We, as Abraham, have the Word of God, and according to our faith in God who gives the Word is our spiritual victory in the trials of daily life. Trials are not sent without an object. They may be sent to humble and to chasten; they are also sent to try our faith. This is part of our life-schooling, He allows the sentence of death to be written upon our hopes, in order that by or in the experience we may prove Him in our trial. Such learning has ever been instruction given and acquired in the upper classes of the school of God. Lessons have to be learned on earth; the object for which they were given shall be better understood in heaven. Certainly learning God, as He who raises the dead, is knowledge that reaches beyond the world and the boundaries of time and death. We must not allow ourselves to think that this life only is that for which we live! Since sin and death have entered the world, God has chosen to give His people their brightest hopes beyond both sin and death; yes, and beyond and outside the world itself. And such being the case, He elects to write upon the hearts of His people, in degree, the practical experience of the fact.

Our Own Little Song

EVERY bird has a chirp if not a song of its own, so every Christian has his own peculiar note of praise and thanksgiving. The sparrow does not copy the robin, or the rook the thrush. Do not be a mocking-bird, Christian; sing your own little song.

Hearers of the Word

IT is the same rain which falls upon the rock and upon the soil at its base, but the rock remains barren while the soil becomes fruitful. Is, therefore, the rain in fault, or is the result due to the nature of the soil? So the Word of God—the same Word falls upon different hearts, and some continue barren and unfruitful, while others yield fruit a hundredfold. The fault lies in the hardness of heart of the hearer.

Idols

SOME fall down before “Tradition,” some before “Progress,” but let us remember that all must bow before long to the name of Jesus. Every ism must bow, and every human being must own Him Lord. All the fashionable idols of the day will fall and break in pieces before the Lord, as did flagon before the Ark.

Gideon

THE times of the Judges afford most profitable instruction for our own day. Then, as now, man's heart was ready to depart from the living God, and to turn to idols. The result of the departure was invariably the same—distress and misery. In their season, the suffering and the sorrow wrought their wholesome service, and the faithful in Israel remembered the days gone by, thought of God's goodness and favor, and cried to Him for pardon and for deliverance. God then raised up judges, and for the term of the life of the judge there was in Israel return to God, victory, and prosperity. The history of the Church is not unlike that of Israel. Over and over again the Church has lapsed into the practices and the religion of the world, and ever with the same bitter result. Ease has produced laxness, prosperity worldliness, and God has been forsaken. In many centuries the Scriptures have been snatched away from the people of God, and they have wondered whether they were forgotten. But the Christian life of the Church revived. It grew in the furnace of affliction. God's people cried to Him for deliverance, and He raised up deliverers for them.

Amongst the judges, Gideon stands preeminent. For seven years the Midianites and Amalekites had so prevailed, that dens in mountain caves had become Israel's refuge the enemy had devoured the food; the land was famished. Then it was that Israel cried unto the Lord! In the multitude and the might of the enemy, in the hunger of God's people and their repentant cry, we see the broad features of those periods of darkness in, the Church, which end in light and peace.

To Israel's cry, God's answer was a prophetic message to the people generally, which could but deepen their sense of sin, while it was also a word to a man privately, who thereby should become the deliverer. In prayer deepened and in sin felt to be exceeding sinful by the Church, are the signs of coming revival.

Gideon was threshing wheat by the winepress—his food had to be bidden because of the Midianites, like many a pious man who, in days of persecution, hides his Bible from the foe and threshes out the wheat where he is unseen. To him the angel of Jehovah said, "The Lord is with thee, thou mighty man of valor," and out of a full heart Gideon at once replied, "If the Lord be with us, why then is all this evil befallen us?" and he spoke of the miracles and the might of the days of old.

The Lord looked on him! —on His chosen man, hiding the bread, but remembering the power of God, and lamenting Israel's sin. We note how the Angel of the Lord and the Lord are interwoven in the story. It is Jehovah-Jesus who is before us, and thus the ways of the Angel of the Lord are deeply interesting. Now how did Gideon act?

First he became the worshipper—he offered sacrifice, the Angel touched it, and the fire consumed the offering; next he cast down the altar of Baal which was nearest his home; then the Spirit of Jehovah came upon him, and he blew a trumpet. Upon this call the immediate neighborhood arose and gathered to Gideon. These moral stages—worship, cleansing, the power of God, and then the gathering call—are deeply instructive.

Gideon's trumpet and messengers had assembled together an army, but God would not work deliverance for Israel by a multitude, lest Israel should boast. The victory was to be divine. Hence, at length the army was reduced to a handful — to three hundred. These were tested men. They were fearless, and not only so, they were whole-hearted. Courage and singleness of purpose are noble qualities in the soldier of Christ. Yet not to their swords was the victory; their trumpets and their torches were to be used, and these only as the signal of Jehovah's deliverance.

We are shown not only the acts of Gideon before the foe, we are graciously given also to see him in private. The "mighty man of valor," around whom Israel had gathered, had his exercises and his fears. He sought for more and more personal assurance that God was indeed with him. And in this many others of God's deliverers resemble him — being brave before the foe, in anguish before God!

When he had his army at his back, when he might have trusted to the thousands of Israel, he cried to God, for a sign that He would indeed save Israel by his hand. He placed a fleece of wool upon the floor, and asked that the dew might fall upon it, and nowhere else. God answered, and Gideon wrung out a bowl of water from the fleece. He asked again, and the fleece was dry, and the floor wet with dew.

Gideon sought these signs for his own personal establishment before God. The Christian does not perhaps seek for natural signs, the dew he looks for is that of the Spirit of God filling himself; but none the less far from it; we should rather say, God wrought in them by His Spirit such consciousness of utter helplessness in self, that their only refuge was God Himself. It is no light thing to wrestle with principalities and powers, with spiritual wickedness in heavenly places, and in these struggles the deliverer is often in anguish of soul; but that battle won, he comes forth before men, "strong in the Lord and in the power of His might."

The Leper Home in Purulia

WE are pleased to fulfill our promise made last year, and to give our young readers letters from the children in the leper home at Purulia.

The letters were written in Bengali by the two boys and the girl. Poor Urban is a leper boy; Mothi has not developed the disease—let us pray that it may be God’s will that he may be spared; Subodhoni is a girl. The letters are just out of their hearts, and the odd request for your photographs, so that Subodhoni may recognize you in heaven, is quite original. We shall all know one another in heaven in the light of the Blessed One, who shall make heaven home to all, whether from Purulia, or India, or Great Britain, or the United States, or Canada. May all truly trust in Jesus, and by His blood and power be cleansed from the leprosy of sin.

It will be very great pleasure to you, dear Christian boys and girls, to feel that you are keeping four leper children, or children of lepers, this year in the Purulia. Home.

Mr. Uffmann, the good missionary, is very much overworked, and you will remember him at times in prayer. He translated these letters into German for us, his daughter copied the translations, and now you have them in English. Mr. Uffmann says of the fourth child (a girl) selected for your care, “She has been only about six months in the school, and is, therefore, unable to write at present, but she shall send you a letter as soon as she can do so.”

The following is a translation of the life-sketches of the children to be supported by the young readers of FAITHFUL WORDS.

Mothi

This boy's handwriting was hardly legible, SO the caretaker has made a copy without making any changes in the words.

"I am twelve years old, my father is by profession a washerman, my mother lives forty-two miles from Purulia, to the west. There are six of us, brothers and sisters, of whom I am the youngest.

"When my father's illness became apparent he was despised and rejected by the people. No one would eat with us or marry any of us. Then, in sorrow, my father left his house. I followed him, against his wish, but I would not leave him, and we both had very severe days during our travels. We had to live by begging, but the people would not give us food, but cried out, 'Make haste and go away.' If we had not gone we do not know what would have happened. We had to hear much abuse, and they even threatened to burn us.

"At this time I began to steal, and went secretly into houses and took rice, vegetables, bhat (boiled rice), pigeons, fowls, potatoes, onions, money, cloth■anything I could get I took it, and if I could not eat it I sold it, and took other things instead. Although I did such wicked things, you cannot understand how much we had to endure. I believe that unless God had kept me very specially I should not be alive today.

"When in these surroundings, we heard that the missionary in Purulia provided everything necessary for miserable ones like ourselves. I came hither with my father, and thought, at first, that the missionary would sell me to the planters, and wept much, but who would have thought that I should be the child of grace that I am now! What love God has shown me, and how I rejoice in it! Also God has so led the dear brothers and sisters in Europe that they might care for our bodies, so that our wishes are fulfilled, and God has also led the dear friends in Europe to stretch forth their hands to us poor ones, that our souls shall enter the eternal joy after death.

"Through our honored teacher, Mr. Uffmann, I have just begun to read and write, that I, in return might help the mission by and by. For this purpose I am learning carpentry, others of my brothers (i.e., his companions) are learning masonry, but the highest and best of all is that we are daily taught heavenly things.

"If God had not shown me special grace I should not be able to read and write as well as I do now, also I should not be so well, both in body and soul.

"The things I used to think good and allowable I now feel ashamed of, and am very sorry I behaved so badly, but now I thank God, and praised be His name that He has let my father become a leper, for if he had not been ill I should not be alive, we could not support ourselves; nobody would send me to the tea gardens. Then I heard the glorious message of salvation, and that you, dear friends, have undertaken my burdens. Oh! this infinite mercy! Now I should much like to know your dear names and addresses, also I ask for your photographs as a remembrance. My father's name is Pitor. Up till now I have not been afflicted like my father, for which I thank God.

“Yours, Mothi.”

Subodhoni

“When I was still a heathen I had to endure many privations. When I was nine months old my father died, and my mother had to support me and my brothers and sisters on the small field which she possessed.

“When afterward the illness of my mother became apparent, then my uncle turned her out of the house, and both of us, my mother and I, wandered from place to place, and came in our travels to Purulia, and found there a refuge among the lepers.

“It was under God’s guidance that we came there, where I have a good house, good food and clothes, and I learn to read and write in school and hear God’s Word. If my father had lived I should not have got all this, but now I get it all, and have forgotten all the privations and ill-treatment of the people.

“Blessed be all the brothers and sisters in Europe who had pity on me, and have prepared such a refuge for my body, and the chief thing, that care is taken for my soul. If I had remained a heathen I should not have had such a good education. Therefore, praise God, who sent this disease!

“Now I am about ten years old, and my mother has had this disease for nearly eight years. We have already been in Purulia six years. God be thanked that I have not yet been attacked by this disease! My mother’s name is Magdalena, and mine is Subodhoni. There are twenty-two sisters and eighteen brothers in the Rome. (She calls the inmates brothers and sisters.) You will pray daily for us, and, in order that I may recognize you in heaven after this life, I ask you to kindly send your photographs, and, so that I may please you through a letter, please send your dear name and address.

“I do not yet know very much about writing, but I go to the school daily, and take lessons in the usual subjects from the teacher, but Mr. Uffmann teaches me on heavenly things nearly every day. Again, praise God who has sent this illness, for if this had not happened I should have offered sacrifices, like all the heathen, and my lot would have been hell.

“I greet you, and the children also send greetings.

“Yours, SUBODHONI.”

Urban

“My parents were very poor, and had great difficulty in bringing us up. My father worked as a servant in other people’s houses, and my mother did any work she could get. When I was old enough, I was placed by my father in a house as gwala (cow-boy). I was in the fields all the day, and kept the cattle.

“When my mother got the disease, my uncle said to her, ‘Give the boy over to us; we will take care of him while you are ill.’ But my mother would not, and said, ‘Even if my child became ill, I would not give him up.’

“My disease was not yet apparent, and not until I had eaten and slept with my mother, did it show itself. I had to leave the house, because my friends and relations would no longer tolerate me.

“My mother went about, and we supported ourselves by begging, but, when the people saw us in the distance, they called out, ‘Make haste and go away, and don’t come near.’

“Then it was we heard that the missionary in Purulia accepted and cared for such poor people as we are. We made up our minds to go, and we came and saw that many men, women, boys, and girls had been received.

“Oh! what happiness has fallen to my share! Now I learn to read and write, and have good clothes and food. Where should I have been unless such an institution existed? ■ perhaps dead, and the birds had eaten my body.

“Blessed are those who have shown us so much love and kindness I used not to know that it was wicked and sinful to steal, but now I know better, and praise God for it, that He has bestowed the better part on me.”

“URBAN.”

The Coming of the King

THE apostles preached Jesus Christ and Him crucified; and, not only so they proclaimed His coming again and “the kingdom of God.” (Acts 28:31.) In the book of the Revelation of Jesus Christ, the apostle John thus connects himself with the persecuted people of God: “I... your brother and companion in tribulation, and in the kingdom and patience of Jesus Christ” (ch. 1:9). Tribulation, kingdom patience, are remarkable in their connection. Instead of the peace of the kingdom, the tribulation, the sorrows, the martyrdoms of God’s people; instead of its glory, patience in its anticipation. And the patience is connected also with Him who is the King, and of whose coming the book of Revelation speaks. The Lord is “the Prince of the kings of the earth”; all kingdoms and dominions are His by right: but at present He sways not the scepter of the nations of the earth and He is disowned as the “King of nations.” Instead of occupying earth’s royal throne, He is despised and rejected of men. He sits upon the throne of the right hand of divine majesty, waiting there in patience according to the word, “Sit thou on My right hand until I make thy enemies thy footstool.” (Heb. 10:13) But, though the kingdom tarry, it shall be established: “Thy kingdom come, “Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven,” is no vague petition; it shall surely be fulfilled.

The world is unquiet, society upheaves, nations are arming and spending their substance in weapons devised for their mutual destruction. Let the Christian proclaim the coming of the King. Jesus shall reign. He was scornfully entitled upon the cross, in the chief languages of the world of nineteen hundred years ago, “the King of the Jews”; presently it shall be known in every language and nation, that He is the King of kings and Lord of lords. He shall have His rights upon this earth; He shall put down all evil and sin. The iniquities of this day shall be purged out of the world; righteousness shall rule when He comes to earth to reign. Idolatry and blasphemy shall be cast out; the huge armaments of the nations shall be abolished; the upheaving’s of society shall cease, and His kingdom shall be established on the firm foundation of obedience to God’s will.

It would be well if men would test their hopes and their behavior on this earth in relation to the kingdom of God; and it is well for the Christian to look on to the glorious day of Christ’s reign on the earth.

Grace

As a spring of water, so is grace in the heart. There is no stopping the spring, and if it be made thick and muddy, it will presently become lucid again. Throw a spadeful of earth upon the little spring welling up by the wayside, and though for a moment it be hidden, presently it will bubble up again, and be as fresh and clear as ever; the life of the fountain is not touched though the water be shut from view for a moment, And around the cool spring the flowers grow■it is a choice spot for the village children, who frequent the bubbling water. And grace in the heart of man draws and attracts; so that the divinity given in man leads man to God.

Sugared Poison

I SAW a bottle hanging up in a fruit-tree. Inside was a sweet liquid poison. Wasps and flies of all kinds buzzed into the bottle, sipped, and died. They left the fruit for the sugared poison.

Now, the devil has his poison-traps for souls, to draw them off from the gospel fruit. He knows man's taste, and he makes the mixture palatable and sweet. How agreeable it tastes to the flagrant sinner: "There is no hell, no devil." How pleasant it tastes to the self-righteous: "You can be saved by your attention to religious duties, to sacraments, and the like." And how does the pleasure-seeker sip up the fatal sweetness "Enjoy the world, for God will never put you into hell." The attraction lies not in what is truth, but in what is sweet. But take heed, reader, lest the sweetness of which your soul sips end in endless death.

For You and for Me

WHEN between three and four years of age, little Georgie was taken one Sunday evening to hear the Word of God preached. The speaker often repeated these words, "It is Jesus and His blood; that is for you, and that is for me"; and they made a great impression upon the little boy.

The next day an Irishwoman, who was working at his mother's house, passed the window to fetch in some coal. Georgie called after her that he had something to tell her.

"Ho! my chicken, what is it?" she said.

"I heard Mr. M. preach about God," said the little boy, "and he told us, It's Jesus and His blood; that's for you, and that's for me."

And so earnest was Georgie, that he struck his fist right out through the window and broke the glass.

When his mother said to him, "What have you done, Georgie?" he replied, "Ah, never mind about the window, mother. 'It is Jesus and His blood; that's for you, and that's for me.'"

The poor Irishwoman was much interested in the child's eagerness for her to believe what God says about Jesus and His blood, and she told us that, though she had often heard the same things from Georgie's mother, yet she had never felt them before. Unknown to the priest, she came and heard the gospel of God's love preached, and with good reason we believe that she was brought to trust in Christ through Georgie's simple testimony." Out of the mouths of babes and suckling's Thou hast perfected praise." C. H.

A Little Sunbeam

WE missed little Moggie from her usual seat in our Ragged School, and wondered what had become of her. The kind superintendent asked me to go and see the child; and fearing she was ill, he added, "Take her this bottle of jelly, with my love."

Moggie's home was a dark little cellar, under a small grocer's shop, in one of the streets in St. Giles's. The daylight found its way into the cellar indeed, but never did the sun's bright rays peep and play between the iron bars of poor Maggie's window.

I found the little girl lying upon a heap of dirty rags—the only bed in the room; and upon seeing me, she raised herself, and looking towards her mother, exclaimed, "That's one of the teachers of the school, what talks to us and tells us about God."

"Moggie dear," said I, "Mr. James sent me to see you, and give you this nice jelly, with his love."

"Oh! ain't he kind, mother?" cried the child, looking very delighted.

"And why is he kind to you?"

"Cause, perhaps, I am very ill," said Moggie.

"That is one reason, dear, but not the first He is kind to you because he loves the Lord Jesus. Mr. James looks over the names of the children in his school, like a shepherd looking upon his flock, and he wants them all to be the lambs of the Good Shepherd. Now, Moggie, tell me the truth, do you indeed love the Lord Jesus?"

"Yes, I do love Jesus," she said.

"But why? You have never seen Him. How can you love one you have never seen?"

"In the Bible, teacher, it says, Jesus loved me and died for me, long, long ago, before I was born." Then looking round upon her mother, she said, "Mother, Jesus died on the cross for me."

Before leaving I sang that pretty hymn—

"Jesus loves me! this I know,

For the Bible tells me so;

Little ones to Him belong,

They are weak, but He is strong.

"Jesus loves me! loves me still,

Though I'm very weak and ill;

From His shining throne on high

Comes to watch me where I lie.”

and then knelt down and commended the sick child to God’s care. Poor little Maggie was suffering from a sad pain, brought on from running about in the wet, barefooted and very thinly clothed.

My next visit found little Moggie much better, and, notwithstanding all the wretched surroundings of her poor home; looking quite bright and cheerful.

Her mother said the child was always praying or singing hymns, and, indeed, the love of Christ in poor little Moggie’s heart was a brighter sunbeam in the dark, dirty cellar than those which lighten up the grandest rooms of the greatest palaces.

Dear little friend, if you are like this Ragged School girl in knowing that Jesus loves you, are you like her in brightness and happiness? Think of her little bed of dirty rags, and her dark, damp room—remember, she had no pretty books; no nice toys to cheer her in her sickness; she only had her Sunday School hymns and her dear Saviour—and tell me whether, if I were to call upon you, I should find you as happy as little Moggie?

On my last visit to the child—it was late in the evening the shop was shut up and the street looked dark and cheerless; but I heard arising from the cellar several children’s voices, singing in good measure—

“Shall we gather at the river,

Where bright angel feet have trod?”

I made a little noise at the door, which was quickly opened, and out came a band of little ones, with Moggie at their head.

“We are having a meeting, teacher,” she said. “We’ve been singing ever so many hymns.”

“That is nice; let me come and help you,” I replied; and we had a happy time together.

Thus did little Moggie, the Ragged School child, shine for Jesus in her little home, and try to bring her young friends and companions to her own dear Saviour. Dear reader, seek to be a bright little shining star for Jesus now. J. L. M. V.

Brought Home

ANNIE F. had been a wanderer for several years; drawn, apparently, by circumstances, to leave her mother's house, in A■, and go to D■ a large city. The real cause of her leaving home was a secret longing to escape from the motherly care and tender solicitude, which to her seemed only restraint.

Over the years spent in that city the curtain must be drawn, for the story of her life there was only known to herself and to God. How far she wandered, neither her mother nor I ever asked, or cared to know. Annie afterward admitted that she had lived without God, her only thought and desire being to have her full cup of this world's pleasure, away from God, and without thought of Him.

Annie was but a fragile and slender girl, and during her long absence from home her mother had almost given up the hope that her daughter yet lived. Indeed, it was partly owing to the mother's anxiety for her child's health, and her solicitude and care, that home became wearisome to a girl whose spirit was strong and impetuous.

During those years in D■, before her health failed, Annie glided rapidly and smoothly along the broad way that leads to destruction, listening to Satan's charming of "Peace, peace," when there was no peace, and herself saying in her heart, like the fool, "There is no God."

After she had been away from home some time, and as autumn gave place to winter, Annie's health broke down; a severe cough, which annoyed the people with whom she lodged, set in, and as she was no longer able to earn money, they feared that she would become burdensome to them, and so repeatedly told her to leave.

Her money at length gone, and everything that was valuable disposed of, she found herself in a terrible plight. She would have been glad enough to leave, but where could she go? A grave thought had of late been coming across her mind. Perhaps she was dying!

She had heard people say as much, and she began to fear that it might be true.

Another weary day was closing, the prattle of children in the house had ceased, their merry little feet no longer made her head ache; all was quiet, except that some uncertain, heavy steps upon the stairs told that men were coming into the house more or less intoxicated.

Annie trembled as she heard one step, heavier than the rest, nearing her door, for she knew it was that of the landlord. Forcing open the door, he reeled into the room, and, with an oath, demanded money for rent. In vain did the invalid girl attempt to appease his fury. She had nothing to give; could promise nothing; she could make no resistance. He roughly seized her, and, almost throwing her down the stairs, thrust her out into the street.

It was bitterly cold, the snow lay thick on the ground, and but half clad, she wandered down the street, helpless and miserable.

Satan, the master whom she had so long served and followed, suggested dark and awful thoughts in this her hour of deepest misery. No longer did the deceiver cheat her heart with his cry of "peace"; sudden destruction had in a moment overtaken her, and there seemed no remedy. Must she die? Must she perish? "Yes," she thought, "for no one cares for me."

It would be easy, so her own sad heart whispered, to seek a quiet place where, unseen by the watchman, she could lie down and perish, for she knew the cold would soon put her to sleep; or, if death did not thus come at her bidding, could she not make for the water is?

Never before had she stood face to face with the stern realities of sin and death; her course seemed run, she must die and be lost, "Oh," she said, afterward, "I could have wished to die, but I knew that was not all." Benumbed with cold, and hardly knowing whither she went, she walked along one street after another, until she found herself at the gate of the railway station, where, in hope and in buoyant spirits, she had arrived years ago.

She rushed into the station, doubtless impelled by an unseen power. The guard had called to the passengers to take their seats, the tickets had been checked, and the last train for A■ that night was about to depart. The engine-driver's eye caught sight of the fragile girl hurrying forward, as if eager to reach the train. She had read the name of her native place on the doors of the carriages. New thoughts and desires in a moment filled her mind.

The engine-driver stayed his hand, the train stood still, and the guard, observing her, came up, and asked whether she wished to go by that train, or was in search of any one.

"I want to go to A■," she replied; "but I have no ticket and no money to buy one. I want to go home to my mother, for I am dying. I have been a bad daughter, but I must see her before I die."

What was to be done? The train could not be delayed longer. The officialism of the guard gave way to the generosity of his warm heart. He opened the door of an unoccupied compartment, and said, "Take your seat; I'll get a ticket for you."

As he lifted her into the carriage he saw how thinly she was clad, and muttered something about her dying of cold before she could arrive at A■. But time was up, what could he do?

Hastily crossing to the booking-office, he procured a ticket, and as he buttoned up his overcoat closely to shield him from the keen air, this thought struck him■ "She wants it more than I do." In a moment he had wrapped the shivering, bewildered girl in his own warm coat; then, handing her the ticket, and scarcely waiting to hear her "God bless you!" he raised his hand as a last signal, and the train was off.

The guard's kindness, and the knowledge that she was now actually on the way to her home■the thought, too, that that very night she might lay her head on the bosom which she felt sure was unchanged towards her■wrought a great change in Annie's feelings. She thought that even God might yet be caring for her; yes, that surely it was His hand which had been put forth to snatch her from; wretched death, the very thought of which made her shudder.

Left to herself during that night, Annie, with a penitent, broken heart, reviewed her life since she had left her home, and wept many a bitter tear at the thought of her cruelty to her mother.

It was long past midnight when the train arrived at A■; the snow lay very deep upon the ground, and, in spite of the guard's coat, and the cup of tea he had brought her at one station, Annie was almost dead with cold, and scarcely able to stand. The generous guard had counted on this, and, after sitting by while she warmed herself at the fire in the waiting-room, he insisted on accompanying her to her home.

When he had seen the lost child in her mother's arms, he slipped away and was gone, nor was he seen or heard of again. But when the cups of cold water are all remembered, and the little acts of love and kindness meet their reward, this act of his, done, as apparently it was, in Christian love, will not be deemed too insignificant in the eye of Him who careth for the sparrows, to be remembered. If the guard's eye should pass along these lines, let them bear to him the oft-repeated blessing of that dying girl, who said that his kindness was as the first ray of light to her soul, and as the love of God to her.

A few days after Annie's arrival in A■, her mother asked me to visit her, and begged me to speak very faithfully to her; "for," she said, "she is going just as her father went, and that was very quick at the last."

I found her lying in the bed in which, when a child, she had lain in her mother's home. Her heart was tender as a little child's, and she willingly listened while I spoke to her of Christ, the Saviour of sinners.

Love had already done for her more than I could do. As Annie lay and thought over her sad history, the guard's pity in bringing her home, the mother's love in welcoming the lost one back, strongly moved her. But what was human love, however true and unwearied, compared with the infinite love of God, who had marked her every step, and rescued her from the very brink of destruction? With such thoughts as these came a deep sense of her own unworthiness. As I sat beside her, and told her of a love greater than all earthly loves, of One who gave His life for sinners—that One the Son of the Highest, yet a Man—her sins rose up before her, and made her heart break with grief that she should have so wounded the loving heart of the blessed Saviour.

I spoke of those hours of deepest darkness when our sins were laid on Him, when His holy soul was made an offering for sin, and when He bowed His head in death beneath our judgment, glorifying God, and thus making it a righteous thing for God to receive, pardon, justify, and glorify all who believe on Jesus, and who confess Him Lord and Saviour. As I left I said to her, "Annie; it has been a great joy for you to be brought back to your mother's heart and home, but you have only a short time to enjoy it; you must believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, that you may be saved from endless death. 'God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.' Remember, these are the words of Him who is the Truth: 'He that believeth on the Son shall have everlasting life; and he that believeth not the Son shall not see life; but the wrath of God abideth on him.'"

Though we had many an earnest talk after this, I cannot now recall these conversations; it is enough to say that, to the glory of His grace and to our joy, Annie confessed the Lord, and was assured of having received pardon for all her sins and full salvation through faith in Him. We knew that she was received by the Father and brought to Him in Christ. J. S.

A Leap in the Dark

ONE winter evening, some years ago, I was making my way home through the streets of Reading, when, as I passed over the bridge across the river Kennet, I noticed a number of people standing along the bank, and anxiously scanning the surface of the swollen stream. On inquiry I learned that there was a man in the water.

How I shuddered as I gazed upon those rushing waters, and thought of the fate of him who was then hopelessly in their power, for he had been under the surface some twenty minutes when I came up.

None knew who he was, beyond that he was a traveling man, who had gone into a greengrocers to buy some oranges to sell again, and while the shopkeeper was gone into the room at the back of the shop to get some change, he reached over the counter and took some money out of the till. The shopkeeper, returning rather suddenly, saw what he had done, and, seizing him by the jacket, she called loudly, "Police! Police!"

The man, finding himself thus taken to, rushed off down the street, with the woman holding on to his jacket, crying in her highest key, "Police! police!" and a burly policeman, having heard the call, was coming behind as fast as a pair of good legs would carry him. It was a moment of excitement. The thief could not get along very fast with the woman hanging to his coat, and the policeman was gaining upon him. There was not a moment to be lost, so, with a violent effort, he freed himself from her grasp, and it seemed as though he would have escaped unrecognized: but a short distance from where he left the woman a narrow street branched off to the right, and this, no doubt, seemed to offer more cover for him as he rushed on, as there were no lamps, save the one at the top. He had not gone far when a low wall and palisading brought him to a standstill. There was but one way out of the street, and now that was stopped by the policeman, and a crowd of people anxious for his arrest. Quick as thought he mounted the low wall, scaled the palisade, and was safe it? No.

His piercing cries for help too plainly told the people that he was in the river, and fast drifting beyond their reach. It is some distance round to the bridge and the steps down to the river's bank, and as they rushed to this point the cries of the drowning man, which at first rent the air, ceased, and when they reached the riverside there was not a trace of him to be seen.

After half an hour's search, one who had been dragging called for help, as his drags had struck something, which proved to be the body of the man who but a brief while before was rushing madly down the street in the full vigor of manhood. What a change!

At the time this incident occurred, like many others, I professed to have done with religion, and to care for none of these things. But for all this, I could not shake off the feeling of uneasiness that had taken hold of me when I knew that this poor fellow was beyond all human help, Many a time had I tried to persuade myself that man had no soul; yet when gazing on that terror-stricken-face, all cold and white in death, the question would arise, "What if it had been, you?" I had boldly

affirmed that there was no such place as hell. Yet all my affirmations could not silence the voice within, which would demand answer to the question. "Where is he now?"

But now that through. God's grace I have believed to the saving of my soul, I see that this incident is a painful illustration of the fatal course of many thousands who, in the vain hope of escaping the consequences of their sins, are rushing through the darkness into the very pit of destruction, where no help can reach them, and the voice of mercy never comes.

Dear reader, how is it with you? Have you ever faced the subject fairly? What about your sins? Have you come to God about them, and learned how He can righteously forgive you through the merits of His beloved Son, who died, "the Just for the unjust, that He might bring us to God"? Can you rejoice in Him as your Saviour, "who His own self bare our sins in His own body on the tree, that we, being dead to sins, should live unto righteousness," by whose stripes you are healed?

Or are you seeking the cover of darkness to hide you from the wrath that you know your sins well merit?

Beware of the folly of so doing. No darkness can hide from the all-seeing eye of God, who knows your sins and guilt far better than you do, and yet bears with you, not willing that you should perish, but rather that you should turn to Him and live. Hark now to the call of mercy "Why will ye die? Be ye reconciled to God."

"Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world" The gift of Jesus is God's remedy for your sin, and now the call of mercy comes to you in your darkness, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."

Seek no longer to hide your sins, but come to Him who can blot them out and cleanse you from all guilt. Trust your soul to Him who was nailed to the cross for you, and know the blessedness of His pardoning grace, who on that cross endured the forsaking of God, when made sin for us, and yet could give title to the penitent thief to a home in paradise that day with Himself.

Delay not, for the Scripture declares that the day is coming "when the Lord Jesus shall be revealed from heaven with His mighty angels, in flaming fire taking vengeance on them that know not God, and that obey not the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ: who shall be punished with everlasting destruction from the presence of the Lord, and from the glory of His power." (2 Thess. 1:7-9.) G. G.

Hardness

LUXURY and religiousness help to harden the heart, and they give to the heart a peculiar kind of hardness. The rough man who swears at, and scorns God's mercy, is hard in his way; his hardness is like that of the rock which the blow of the hammer breaks in pieces; but the religiously hardened heart is like a lump of India-rubber, which, hit it as you will, only flings back the stroke of the hammer. The ancient battering ram, which would crush down stone walls and iron gates, was often baffled by bags of straw and soft substances placed in front of the walls and gates.

It is this India-rubber kind of hardness, this respectable, religious-hardness of heart, which is so difficult to overcome, and which repels, which flings back, the blows of the gospel.

The Little Paris Rag Picker

Let me tell you a story about a little French girl I once saw. She was much deformed and very poor; she lived in a little hut, among dirty rags and bones; she had no nice clothes nor toys: but, strange to say, she was very happy. This little girl's name was Emilie. Her father was a rag-picker. The people in France do not put the dust into wooden boxes near their houses as you do in England; so in the evening all the dust and rubbish is carried out of doors into the streets, and early in the morning the dustman's cart comes and takes it all away from each door. The "rag-picker" is a man who, when I was a small child, I thought looked very mysterious, and of whom I was terribly frightened. He turns out from his home at night, carries a small lantern, has a great basket fastened on his back, and holds in his hand a stick, with a sharp iron hook at the end. Then he makes his way to all the heaps of rubbish he can meet with, and picks up bits of paper, bones, rags, and such odds and ends as can be made use of in the mills. In the morning he brings his treasures home, and then the family circle sit sorting and arranging the various articles for sale.

These rag-pickers lived in one corner of the outskirts of Paris. As a body, they were not respectable. They lodged by themselves, they were neglected and fearfully dark and ignorant. A few years ago some devoted English Protestant ladies visited these poor people and brought to them the simple gospel. They were kindly received by the poor rag-pickers; and, after a little time, a room was taken, where, on Sundays, a band of rag-pickers came gladly to hear of the love of God. The priests tried to prevent the work, but they did not succeed, and the word of God prevailed. I happened to be in Paris one Sunday afternoon, and was asked to go and tell to my country people "the Chiffonniers" something that would do them good. I was very happy to go, but should never have guessed they were "rag-pickers," so clean and neat did the men, women, and children look. It was at this meeting I found Emilie, the little dwarf. God had given hers very sweet melodious voice for singing, and she sang the beautiful hymn, "Oh, for the Robes of Whiteness!" in her own tongue. It was good to see and to hear Emilie, the little rag sorter: her faith, her trust in Jesus were so bright. She asked me to remember her always in prayer when I should hear this hymn sung. I have never forgotten to do so, thanking our dear Lord that the poor and the rich children are all alike precious in His sight. I believe I shall meet dear Emilie in heaven, and hear her sweet voice singing the new sang. Dear young readers, shall we meet there?

"If I come to Jesus,

He will bid me live;

He will love me dearly,

And my sins forgive.

If I come to Jesus,

He will take my hand,

He will kindly lead me

To a better land.
There with happy children,
Robed in snowy white,
I shall see the Saviour,
In that world so bright.”
J. L. M. V.

Brief Notes From Distant Lands

LAST year we gave our readers some information regarding the appalling and almost incredible spiritual darkness existing in the Spanish and Portuguese-speaking States of Central and South America. We also gave some information on the way in which God is bringing in the light of His truth into those lands dwelling in darkness and the shadow of death. The Bible and its truths are new to the people, and a ready ear, in very many cases, is given to its joyful sound. Will our Christian readers hold up the hands of the faithful workers in those lands by prayer, and will they help by money aid in the great work of gospel distribution? Any help sent to us shall be forwarded for the good work of sowing the good seed of the word of God. The papers we subjoin were written by laborers for God in those States, and will., we hope, stir up many to think of and to help on the work.

Costa Rica, Central America

“La Union Catolica” publishes a circular from the Bishop of Costa Rica, addressed “To the curates and other priests of the diocese.” He says:■ “Again I must call your attention to the sale and distribution of Protestant books, tracts, and periodicals. I am advised that on market days advantage is taken of the concourse of people coming from the near towns to distribute them with much zeal. I have before me some numbers of a Protestant periodical which is distributed in profusion. Any religious person, little instructed in the Catholic religion, would find the periodical good, because it contains long quotations of Bible texts, and speaks much of the Saviour. Nevertheless, in each number of those I have seen, it teaches, under the appearance of sanctity, the most grave errors... From among the different errors contained in these tracts I will bring forward only one, which is repeated with tenacity, and that is the uselessness of good works. The great argument which is used is the following Jesus Christ did all for us in His life and death upon the cross, therefore we have nothing more to do with in the Saviour is sufficient. Our good works, the sacraments, the holy mass are not only needless, but are even a lowering of and a detraction from the infinite merits of our Saviour.”

Argentine Republic

“Rosario.

“Fighting has taken place, and we fear more is going to take place at our very doors.... The article in ‘Las Buenas Nuevas’ on ‘La Biblia’ is very good. Many read the gospel in these papers that would probably not otherwise see the truths contained in the New Testament. I suppose you do not publish in Italian. There are thousands all over the country.”

“Buenos Ayres,

“... These countries are much disturbed at present by internal strife. We shall not cease to pray that God may bless the Bibles and other literature being spread broadcast all over the country in neighboring republics. We get multitudes to hear us preach the gospel. Praise God for this.... I pray that God may give you the strength and means to continue the publication of this good literature... A tract in a suitable form will go into a house where we missionaries are not allowed to enter.” C. P. H.

Mexico

“Orizaba.

“We never give a tract without conversation, so we expect the majority are read, and with some idea of their import. Outside of Orizaba we are meeting with encouragements, but here we are proving what it is to be among papists. For some time we have been greatly annoyed by stones and filth being thrown into the meeting room. Books, curtains, and even chairs, have been stolen away. Last Sunday night, as, with a few Mexican believers, we were gathered together, some fanatics outside set fire to the screen. Everything being very dry, in a few seconds the room was full of flames and smoke. Only by the Lord’s help I was able to tear down the burning parts and save the house. By Tuesday night we had things ready for our usual preaching.”

South America.

Brazil.

“Brazil is a Roman Catholic country, as all know. Eighty-four per cent, of its population can neither read nor write. ‘Ignorance is the mother of devotion’ to the priests.”

“Campos, Brazil.

“The revolution which is now raging in the capital of Brazil has dispersed the little flock to which I was ministering. I was forced to leave my house, and take refuge in the city of Campos, one of the most flourishing in Brazil. Here we have a strong little church with seventy-five communicants, and after much prayer and study I have resolved to stay and work for the Master... I am receiving regularly your Spanish publications, for which again receive my hearty thanks. This city has, however, much of the Italian element. If, therefore, you possess any tracts or gospels in the above languages I will be glad to distribute them. However, my chief need is more of the pure Word of God, to be able to put into the hands of these people. I think your plan admirable of printing the Word of God in ‘Buenos Nuevas.’ Good results are sure to follow. It seems to me that Christians are beginning to lose faith in the power of the pure Word of God.”

Chili

“OH! how blessed it is to be called to preach the gospel. Brother, I will tell you that with joy I abandoned my fortune and prospects in America, and have labored in Chili since 1877. God has pardoned me much; it is for me to love Him much. I have destroyed many souls; I would save all I meet with by the help of God. In this valley of Huasco I have visited three cities, and other towns also have received the gospel. I take with me a young man, whom I call ‘Onesimus,’ who labors as a colporteur. He is truly converted; he has faith; he is a true soldier of Christ, without presumption, and without love of the world, with daring courage, yet lowly. The books sold in three months have been seven hundred and forty-two, the greater part Bibles and Testaments.”

Unchangeable in Righteousness

GOD cannot deny Himself. He is, always was, and ever will be the same. The true Christian finds herein the greatest comfort, for while he changes, and is sometimes bright and at others gloomy, he knows his God changes not. Here is a foundation upon which to build a foundation that can never be moved.

We look at God's ways as they may be traced through the Bible, and see Him unvarying in His righteousness. This truth we would earnestly press upon the consideration of our Christian readers, for in our day the reality of divine righteousness is assailed.

Many teach that God is all-merciful, and that, therefore, He will not punish sin; indeed, some have proceeded so far on this down grade as to affirm that the sacrifice of Christ on the cross did not affect atonement for, say they, atonement in this sense of the covering of sin from God's righteous judgment is not needed! Thus man's sin is made of small account, and the absolute and eternal righteousness of God discarded.

This doctrine not only teaches the sinner to care little for the sacrifice of Christ, to make little of the cleansing of His blood, it further teaches that God is not what God has revealed Himself to be. Light. "God is light, and in Him is no darkness at all." (1 John 1:5.) It is a doctrine calculated to ease the way down to perdition, and to create in man's mind utterly false thoughts of God.

In the sacrifices appointed by God, the truth of His righteousness is plainly visible. There was no way to Him at the beginning save by the offering of a victim in the stead of the offerer. Sin had to be answered for, and in the lamb offered was the answer made. This truth reigned in believing hearts from Adam to Moses. To Moses God gave a fuller revelation of His righteousness, and in a peculiar way, in that of the sacrifice of the great day of atonement. At-one-ment does not enter into the meaning of the word rendered in our Old Testament atonement, though at-one-ment he a result of atonement. On that great day of yearly sacrifices in Israel, the blood of the sacrifice was taken into the Holiest of all, where stood the throne of God. We note first the position of His throne; it was in the Holy of Holies. How little honor and reverence does this revelation receive in our day from those who make light of divine righteousness! Into this most sacred place, and before and on the mercy seat there, the blood of atonement was sprinkled. The heavenly ministers of that throne—the cherubim—had their faces turned towards the blood, their eyes were fixed upon it. God looked, as it were, upon the blood, and not upon the sins of the people for whom it has been poured out. He, in His righteousness, accepted the sacrifice in the stead of the sinner. He pardoned on the ground of the atonement effected.

This figure portrays Christ's work in His sacrifice of Himself for us, and God in His justice forgiving the sins of such as trust in Christ's blood. Him "God hath set forth to be a propitiation through faith in His blood, to declare His righteousness for the remission of sins." (Rom. 3:25.) God forgives sins, yet maintains His righteousness: He is just and the justifier.

The believer rests on the solid foundation of the unchangeable righteousness of God. Nowhere has that righteousness been exercised as at the cross of Christ; nowhere was sin judged as it was when He, who knew no sin, was made sin for us. And, since the atonement has been made, since absolute satisfaction has been rendered to God in His justice, there is perfect peace for all who trust in Christ.

What Is Your Hope?

WE do not mean what is your hope for this life, but for the life to come!

Is it for a blessed eternity? Is it a sure and certain hope? Can it ever be moved? You may have a hope sure and certain and immovable for a blessed eternity, provided you are building upon the right foundation. If your foundation be self, or your doings, or the work of men for you, it is but sand, which will be swept away, with the building upon it, when the storm comes. The man who builds on a firm foundation, builds upon the words of Jesus Christ the Lord. (Matt. 7:24-27). He hears and does what the Lord enjoins.

In the coming day the mere profession of the Christian faith will not save■ “Not everyone that saith unto Me” (are our Lord’s words), “Lord, Lord, shall enter the kingdom of heaven” (vs. 21). Lip service will not avail. There must be subjection to the authority of Christ’s words■absolute bowing to Him as the alone Saviour and Hope of God’s people. To build on Him is to build on the Rock that can never be moved. Whosoever believes on Him shall not be ashamed. No one is ashamed in the day of testing of a faithful friend, and not one who puts His trust in Christ shall ever be moved. Hope in God makes not ashamed.

Very many of the theories of our day will cause their adherents shame and confusion of face when Christ comes. These theories will perish when He appears. Where will be the expectations of men in the progress of humanity, in the forms of education, in the uprising of the people in that day? The only sure and certain hope a man can have is that which centers in and depends upon the Lord Jesus Christ.

A Bright Example

SHE had neither position in the world, nor money. I do not know that she was in any way distinguished by her intellect; but she had what is better far, a large heart—a loving, Christ-like heart. Seeing many poor boys employed in the foundries, who could indeed say, “No man careth for my soul,” she had compassion on the lads. “I am but a poor working girl,” she said to herself, “but, I will try, in a loving spirit, if I can win them to God and to what is good.”

A noble resolution! So, being formed, she sought to carry it into practice, asking for and obtaining the use of a room below the factory where she wrought. She opened it one Lord’s day, and before long had gathered in some forty lads from smoking clubs and similar resorts, where they spent their Sundays in gambling and rude play. For two years the factory girl persevered in this course, willing to spend and be spent for Christ; nor did she abandon a work she loved so well, till failing health compelled her to resign it into the hands of others. Her efforts to bless and save those boys were not confined to Sundays, for they engaged her spare time throughout the week.

Abundant in labors in season and out of season, so soon as the day’s work was over, this noble girl took her way to the homes of the boys. She knew all of them—their sad histories, their dangers, and hardships; and by her Christian principles, her winning ways and overflowing kindness, she gained an influence over them which was productive of the happiest results. God owned her labors, and several of the lads underwent a saving change. Some are now adorning the doctrine of God their Saviour, who, be it remembered, were not turned from the error of their ways by ministers, preachers, or parents, but by a poor factory girl! So distinguished, indeed, from others of the same class and calling were those under her training, that “Mary Anne’s boys” became a proverb in the foundries.

It makes one sad to think how many Christians, with tenfold more time, more money, more education, more influence, have not done a tithe of the good which this girl accomplished. If any might have justly pleaded the excuse, “Am I my brother’s keeper?” it surely was one who found it hard to keep herself, and who starting each morning to the sound of the factory bell, and hurrying along dark and silent streets, had gone through hours of work ere half the world were awake. Her story may make the writer, and also most of his readers, ashamed of the little they have done. Let the best and busiest of us resolve to do more for Christ, more for a perishing world.

Plough Deep

AS we were reading of the wonders performed by deep steam plowing upon an unpromising and hitherto profitless stiff clay farm, we thought of the gospel preaching of the day. Soil which was little else than worthless for corn growing, has, through the deep plowing of the last seven years, yielded an abundant crop!

How preachers of the gospel should pray for power to plow deep! Without the deep work, the soil of the heart of this generation is more tough and less profitable than the stiff clay of the farm.

The conscience needs to be plowed deep, the heart to be broken under the sense of sin, and of having rejected Christ. Repentance as well as faith is necessary.

In illustration of this, we may mention the case of a man and woman with whom we were speaking one day. Both had professed to be converted. But there had been no deep plowing, and all had, as it were, to be begun over again. They had not borne fruit for seven years in succession, like the clay soil of the farm. With them the seed sprang up immediately, and quickly languished for lack of root. Evangelist, pray for power to plow deep.

About the New Zealanders

NO one could tell who God is without being taught, and God has told us about Himself, and thus it is that those who live in Christian countries know that His name is love, and that He gave His Son to die for sinners. The heathen do not know who God is, and the gods they worship they regard as cruel. In some heathen countries the people do not even have a name or a word for God; they have no idea of a Being all-powerful and all-wise.

The heathen New Zealanders have a word, "Atua," which they use when speaking of God; but they call a lizard or a cloud by the same name. Indeed, the green lizard, which they call "Atua," is very sacred in their eyes. Their idols are of an exceedingly horrible appearance; they are carved out of large pieces of wood, and much skill is shown in the work.

The chiefs are held as sacred persons, and they have great power over their tribes. The head of a chief is looked upon as very sacred, so much so that no one may touch it. The chief himself seldom puts his hands to his head, because whatever his fingers, which have touched his head, are placed upon is considered "tapu," or sacred, like his head. When a chief's wife has cut his hair, her fingers are looked upon as so very "tapu" that she may not even put them to her mouth for some days, and has to be fed.

But the "tapu" has its advantages as well as its disadvantages, for it stands in the place of a good deal of what is called law in civilized countries.

Thus, if you were a New Zealander, and wished to have a fine tree you saw in the forest preserved for your own use-perhaps to make a canoe out of-you would mark the tree, and it would then be "tapu" to you, and no one would dare touch it. What a capital thing it would be if, when their parents told English little children not to touch things, that their order should make the things "tapu"!

There is one thing in which the New Zealanders strongly resemble English children—they find it very hard to keep a secret. In some things they can control themselves very remarkably, but not in keeping a secret.

The Maori (the proper name for the New Zealander) can remember long passages of Scripture, and recite hymns in a way which would make some of our young readers very astonished and now there are many who have the Word of God before them, and some who love it.

It is now many long years ago, when some good men went to New Zealand and told the poor heathen about God, and of His Son, the Lord Jesus. A great chief listened to what they said, and after the missionaries had left the part of the island where he lived, the chief began to long after the things of which they had spoken.

So he set out, seeking the preachers of God's good news to men. He traveled long journeys to reach them. He went through the lands of his enemies, and risked his life to hear fully the strange words of love which the good men had spoken. When he came to the parts of the country

inhabited by natives, who had heard the word, he would ask them to give him the riches which the missionaries had left among them. "Go," said they, "to where the white man is; he has with him a spring of water." "I will," said the old chief; "and will fill my empty calabash."

But when the chief reached the place, the white man had left, and his calabash or drinking bowl was still dry. Then the old man returned with a sad heart to his own land.

Several months passed by, and at length the old chief heard that another missionary was coming to his home. How glad was the old chief! "I saw a missionary's face; I sat in his cloth house and tasted his new food," said he. "My heart bounded within me, as I listened, and ate his words."

The old chief learned who it was had made the earth and the sea, and how the great Creator had become a man and had died for sinful men. He learned that God is love. Thus the old chief found the true riches. He found Jesus, and he rejoiced that all his sins were washed away in the precious blood of Christ.

He very earnestly bade the people of his tribe heed his words. "My hair is white, and I am old; the yellow leaf is fading away; my strength has left me, and the days of youth are past; soon I shall be gone to the home of God, to dwell in the presence of His Son. I have drunk of the living waters, and I am refreshed. Fill your cups at the same stream." He reminded them how he had sought and at length found the missionary, and had found the way to the home above.

May the earnestness of this old man, once a heathen, be an example to our young readers!

A Sketch by the Way

AS I was returning from a stroll in the country, enjoying the quiet beauty of the summer evening, I met an aged man, who trudged wearily along the dusty road, leaning upon his stick, Beside him jogged along his old donkey, drawing a roughly-made cart. A picturesque group they were, as they came slowly up the hill, where the lengthening shadows were falling, and as they drew nearer, I was struck by the look of peace which the face of the old man wore, tired and weary though he was. I accosted him with a friendly "good evening," and he bade "Betsy," his donkey, stop, while he courteously answered the few questions which I asked about the surrounding country. His speech was as cheerful as his face. At length I said, "Well, I suppose you have not many more times to travel along this dusty road; the end must be drawing near?"

"Yes," he replied, "very near; but it'll end in the glory."

"Glory!" said I; "with whom?"

"Glory with Christ, young man ■ glory with Christ."

"It seems very strange," I said, "that you, clad in rough working clothes, glad of a staff to aid your failing strength, should speak so confidently of glory. Is it possible to be so sure of such a wonderful thing?"

Advancing a step, he laid his hand upon my shoulder, and exclaimed, "Young man, none o' them noo notions for me, for I've got hold o' Christ. I got up in the morning, thinking' about Christ; all day long I feel full o' Christ; and when I go to bed at night, lay and think about Christ."

His aged face beamed with joy, as, erect and firm, he rang out his gloriously certain confession of faith. The assurance that I was one with him in his simple faith, and om with him in Christ, drew from him a hearty "Thank God." We had a little further conversation before we parted, and then till obedient "Betsy" moved on again, and the dear old pilgrim resumed his familiar position by her side.

I have never seen him since that day; glory with Christ above is surely near, and may be, he has already left the labor and poverty of his lot for the presence of his Redeemer, for which he looked; but as I think of his words, I ask myself whether such an experience of Christ, all and in all, is mine, and I would ask you, my reader, is it yours?

How quick the old pilgrim was to shelter himself behind Christ at the faintest suspicion of a "noo notion." What a shelter! What a place of safety! New and strange notions are indeed abroad. Are we equally ready to present Christ as the answer to all? Are our hearts thus occupied with Him?

Especially would I say to every aged one who may read this paper. Are you living in the happy confidence of the end for you being "glory with Christ"? W.J.W.

A French Soldier's Story

EACH time that I speak of the depths from which the grace of God rescued me, I am filled with sadness to think what my life was without Christ; and filled, too, with praise, for the love and pity that sought and found me.

I am a native of the south-west of France, and was brought up a Roman Catholic; but not in the Church of Rome did I find the salvation of my soul.

Seven years of my youth were passed in a seminary, i.e. a college where young men are prepared for the priesthood. Here I made many serious studies in theology, philosophy, and like things, and successfully passed my various examinations and took my degree.

I was thoroughly in earnest in religion, seizing every opportunity of drawing near to God so far as I knew how, and to this end went three times a week to confession, and as often took the sacrament. But I was ever ill at ease, conscious of evil and worldly desires, which I could not repress, and finding no rest for my soul in the weary round of religious duties imposed on me. To destroy the spring of sin in my heart which tormented me, I set about tormenting my body. Many days I went wholly without food or drink. I spent long nights in repeating prayers, and frequently scourged myself with a knotted rope, such as you may have seen round the waists of the Dominicans.

Perhaps I need hardly tell you that I utterly failed in attaining the holiness I thus sought after, and in my failure I became utterly disgusted, not only with myself; but with the semi-monastic life I was leading, and wickedly resolved that, when again I had my liberty I would give a free rein to my passions.

At twenty years of age my opportunity came. I had then, of course, my time to serve in the army, and with a sigh of relief left the seminary, worse than when I went in. Having taken my degree, and being somewhat advanced in studies, I had the option of serving either ten years as a professor in a Lycée, i.e., a military college, or five years in a regiment of the line. I chose the former, and during the time that I occupied that position I went into all the wild excesses that had hitherto been shut out from, reveling in my freedom, and vowing never again to submit myself to any man.

I own that I was thoroughly miserable during those years. The pleasures of sin are such that the deeper you drink the more deeply you thirst, and the more intense becomes your dissatisfaction. My conscience, too, occasionally awoke, and for awhile I would then grope for light, and crave for peace, until I sank again beneath the numbing influence of the life I was leading.

After I had been three and a half years at the Lycée, there came a government inspector, who proposed sending me to another college. My pride took umbrage at the manner in which he spoke of moving me from one place to another, even though he was suggesting a promotion, and telling him haughtily that I would obey the commands of no one, I resigned my professorship. Through this act, by the laws of our country, I became a soldier, having to serve the full term of five years in

the army, the time I had served in the college counting for nothing, as I had broken my engagement with the government.

I need not tell those who know anything of the soldier's life what a rod I had now cut for my own back! I, who had declared I would submit to no one, had to render the most implicit and prompt obedience, the most unquestioning submission to every officer and non-commissioned officer above me. God, whose hand was undoubtedly tracing out all my path, knew how needful to a rebellious nature was the stern discipline which was now my lot. There are many ways and means in the army of bending a proud neck to the yoke, and I knew it, and also what would be the bitter end of in subjection. Thus I learned to obey.

Indeed, I threw my whole heart into the soldier life, and rose rapidly in the service, until I became a non-commissioned officer, and was preparing to pass the examination for the higher grade. My vain and passionate temper was gratified by exacting the utmost respect from the men under me, and, wonderful to tell, it was through this impatient and haughty temper that God, whom I in no wise regarded, was to reach me.

One day, when, as usual, I was making my rounds in the barracks, I noticed that one, out of the four-and-twenty soldiers belonging to the room I was inspecting, was utterly indifferent to my presence. He rose, indeed, with the others, but stood in an absent way, looking at a paper in his hand, and quite forgetting that respect to his superior demanded his standing in line, with his heels together, and his hands straight at his side. I was indignant at his careless attitude, which I took as a personal insult. Angrily I sentenced him to two days in the lock-up, and went the length of roughly snatching the paper from his hand. I crumpled it in my finger; but did not let it drop, for I felt curious to know what should so far absorb my fellow-soldier. When I was alone I smoothed out the paper, and sat down to read it; I own there was a lack of delicacy in my action.

Three words, in large letters, at the head of the tract, riveted my attention:

"GOD! SOUL! ETERNITY!"

No new words to me, you will think. No, but they came with a new power; and as I read, I bowed before the truths the writer urged, of a living and a holy GOD, with whom I must have to do as to my never-dying SOUL, and that upon the settlement of these matters depended my ETERNITY.

I sat long pondering the tract, and when at length I rose, I could not shake off the impression it had made, I immediately ordered the release of the soldier from whom I had taken it, bidding him come to me. I asked him plainly if he believed that leaflet. He answered that he could not say more for himself than that he was, and always had been, a Protestant, but that he was not a Protestant like the Protestants who had sent him the tracts, and that these were the kind of people to tell me all I wanted to know. I begged him to at least, get me some more of their writings, which he promised to do from a gentleman in Geneva, and by the return post I received a liberal supply. Though I read all with the deepest interest, yet I did not then find the Saviour.

Shortly after, I and this soldier both went on furlough, and I accompanied him to his home in the mountains, where he promised me I should see some of those "other Protestants!"

I was made heartily welcome by his parents, at their comfortable farmhouse, and on the evening of our arrival all the village was invited up to do us honor. Two-thirds came; about sixty people, old

and young. A table, on which stood a large Bible and a number of hymn-books, was placed in the middle of the room, and all grouped themselves around it, I being the only guest who seemed at all surprised at this arrangement. They began singing hymns, all together or one alone, to the evident enjoyment of the party. After this had gone on for some time, a venerable, white-haired peasant took the great Bible, and reverently read several passages aloud. Then all knelt down and began praying.

Strange as it may sound to you, this was the first time in my life that I heard prayer, and I cannot tell you how deeply it moved me. True, I had repeated prayers by the dozen in those sad days in the seminary, but now I heard prayer! Young men and maidens prayed, old men and women; in fact everyone in the room, except my comrade and myself; and it stirred me to the very depths of my soul.

I was relieved when at length I could get to my own room. But I tossed on my bed, and could not sleep. The faces, the voices, and the prayers of the evening all came again before me, and in the silence of the night I faced the fact that I was not as these people, that I did not know God, and that I was unsaved. Then the devil whispered to me that I had far too easily allowed myself to be upset. He stirred up my pride, asking me if I was going to let a set of uncultured peasants get the better of me in this fashion, allow men that could not even speak decent French to disturb all my theology, and so on! At his suggestion, I determined to stand my ground, and to give them the benefit of my superior knowledge in the morning, and, with that resolution, I at last fell asleep.

Early next day I accordingly sought out the gray-headed peasant, who had taken so prominent a part on the previous evening, and quickly launched into what I meant to be, a theological argument. He was a feeble, stammering old man, who could only speak broken French, relapsing frequently into his native patois; but, my friends, I may tell you frankly I got the worst of it! The old man had the word of God at his fingers' end; and he knocked me down with, "It is written," whichever way I turned. Seeing how combative I was, he at last said simply, "You are then determined to remain a sinner?"

"You, too, are a sinner," I answered.

"Yes," he replied gently, "I am a sinner, but a saved sinner."

With that I left him.

In the evening there was a meeting for prayer in the village, and I and my comrade went to it. My old friend of the morning was present, and as soon as he saw us enter he set to work praying most earnestly for the conversion of the two visitors. "Lord," he said, "Thou didst need to be very powerful to change my heart. Show Thy power now in overcoming any resistance that may be in the heart of either of these young soldiers."

Others followed, entreating God to open our eyes to see our need of a Saviour, and to bring us both to Himself. I was fairly broken down. The sins of all my lifetime rose before me, as they say they do before a drowning man, and, utterly overcome, I fell upon my knees, and, burying my face in my hands, I sobbed aloud.

While thus with many tears I owned myself a lost and hell-deserving sinner, a lady came to my side. She asked the cause of my distress. I told her that I saw how thoroughly evil my life had

been, how hopelessly wicked my heart, and how unfit I was for God's holy eye, so that eternal judgment was all I deserved from Him.

"Then God," she said, "has something to say to you." She opened her Bible, and made me read for myself: "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." (Isa.1:28,) "I, even I, am He that blotteth out thy transgressions for Mine own sake, and will not remember thy sins." (43:25.)

God graciously brought His word home in healing power to my troubled soul. I believed and I was saved. I do not say that I had full peace from that night, but it came as I learned more fully the finished and perfect work of Christ, and understood my oneness with Him now in the glory. Two books that were very helpful at this crisis were sent me from Geneva: "The road that leads to God," by Moody, and "The Pilgrim's Progress."

I went back to the barracks with a Bible under my arm, and a hymn-book in my pocket. The Master gave me courage to own His name among my fellow-soldiers, but when I told them of the joy and peace that were now mine, some said I was a Jesuit, others that my head was turned. Still the Lord blessed the testimony to His saving power. First my dear comrade came to Jesus, then another, and yet another, until we were ten Christians in our regiment. We hired a little room in the town, where we met every night, in spite of much opposition, for prayer and reading the Word; and oh, what blessed times the Lord gave us, and how richly He fed our souls!

I had yet a year and a half to complete my time in the army after I was saved. I had no ambition now to rise to be an officer. My whole heart was set on being God's free man as soon as might be, so that I could give myself up altogether in glad service to Christ my Lord.

It is now my joy to own to the full the Lord's claims upon me, for I am His, purchased at the cost of His own life-blood.

A. P. C.

Life's Vigor

AMONG a row of fine beeches, one tree put out its leaves to the early spring more rapidly than the rest; but the east wind nipped its tender shoots, so that when the other trees were in their first beauty, the earliest was noticeable by its brown and withered leaves.

On a summer day I chanced again to pass under these beeches, and I was arrested by the sight of countless tender shoots shining amidst sere and crumpled leaves; life had asserted itself vigorously in the tree, which the east winds had so sorely cut back, and as the sun glanced through the somber summer leaves of the other trees, it sparkled upon the young buds of their now beautiful companion.

Here, thought I, does nature teach a lesson of grace, for though the first be last, yet the last shall be first. And many a heart that put forth its affections for Christ before its fellows, but was thrown back and swept once more into winter, shall yet be tender for Him when those who grew up under kindlier circumstances have settled down into the somber summer of conventional propriety.

And looking more earnestly upon the strange sight of spring in summer, I learned yet another lesson, for it could not but be observed, that the early withered and crumpled leaves had not been thrown aside by the tree as she cast away in her new year's strength the dead leaves of the past autumn. Thus, too, is it with him who fails before his Master. The remembrance of the failure remains; not, indeed, to be a weight and weakness, but to remind of self-confidence and self-conceit.

A February Morning

YOU shall come with me this morning and see the sun rise, and as it is still wintry weather, though the corning spring shows itself here and there upon the hedge-rows, you will not have to be out of bed very early. We are up before the sun, but not before the robin. See him upon yonder fence, with his bright black eye looking kindly upon us, and his red breast turned towards the eastern glow. He seems to ask the sun to shine quickly, so that he may find his breakfast; for the ground is hard, and the frost lies in countless tiny balls upon dried leaves and green grass blades.

We all love the robin. With his wistful little head turned upon one side, and his bright, bead-like eye, he seems to say he knows that we shall not be unkind to him. If he fluttered away the moment we approached him, I question if we should love him so well, but he stays and sings, and in his pretty way shows that he confides in us, and so wins our love. A robin came into my room one day and sat upon the window-ledge as I was writing, and now and again gave me a little cheerful song; so no wonder I love his red breast. Sometimes children find it hard to confide in their friends. I do not doubt your love to your parents; but, like the robin, show by trustful ways that you know they love you. A little boy used to come into his father's room, saying, "Papa, I want to be with you. I will not say one word while you read: only want to sit close to you." This sweet confidence is treasured still, though the dear boy has gone on high to be close to Jesus.

And if you love the trust of the little bird, and if a parent's heart so rejoices in the child's confidence, think how the God of love finds pleasure in the trustful spirit of His children, Tell Him everything, draw near to Him. It is His children keeping at a distance from Him, and not confiding in Him, that grieves the heart of God.

But see the sun! He shows his face over yonder hill, and sends his golden beams along the bottoms of the trees. How the brown ferns shine and the myriad balls of hoar-frost sparkle! Robin gives forth a cheery song, his red breast is crimsoned with the glow, and down he darts among the leaves. The most beautiful of things is rendered still more so by the sunlight, and even these dead dry leaves look bright in his presence. And thus it is that the sun is the emblem of the Lord Jesus. It is as Jesus shines upon us that we are bright. We have no light in ourselves or of ourselves, all our goodness is in and of the Lord. The way to be happy is to be in the sunshine of Christ's love, and those who are much there are the brightest. Some persons try to make themselves bright, but it does not require effort on the part of these globes of hoar-frost to do so, for they shine like jewels in this morning glory. And by-and-by, when the Lord comes, He will make His people, old and young, like Himself. No weak bodies then; no sorrow then; no wish for anything but Himself then. "We ought to love Jesus very much," said a child to me the other day, and spoke the truth.

Now we will return homewards by the brook. And this brook reminds me of a chat with some boys in the Sunday-school class not long since. Their lesson was what the seventh chapter of John teaches us about Jesus. "What sort of horses drink when they come to the water?" I asked. One boy said "brown horses," another "black," a third cried, "horses which pull a heavy load," and as that was no answer, a fourth exclaimed, "tired horses." Hush, boys," I said," think, and do not give

such silly replies. What sort of horses drink when they come to the water?" "Thirsty horses," they cried. Yes; and you know that though you may bring a horse to the water, yet you cannot make him drink; and so it is with you, we may tell you of Jesus, bring you as it were to the fountain of life, but you must want Him in your own hearts, you must drink for yourselves, and this is what the Lord says, "If any man thirst, let him come unto Me, and drink."

How is it with you, young friends? Are you the thirsty ones? See how sweetly this little brook flows on, so clear and fresh, and whether you wish for its refreshment or not, still on, on its waters flow, saying as they glide by, "Quench your thirst."

You have never seen the fountain-head of this little stream, for it rises pure and sweet some miles away in yonder hills. You cannot see where the waters of this brook rise. But you know whence come the living waters which quench the soul's thirst■" And he showed me a pure river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb." Can you understand this? Every stream springs up out of some rock or soil. The water of life comes out of the throne of God and of the Lamb.

God's throne■that is the place of power and justice, and "of the Lamb"■that shows us that Jesus died so that we might live. Yes, from the holy throne of God, and of the One who died for sinners, comes to this thirsty earth the life stream. On, on, flows this stream, and as its waters glide by they seem to sing, "Quench your thirst." But it is the thirsty one who drinks.

What is this round ball, so still and lifeless on the roadside? Poor little hedgehog! Why should you be ever the object of boys' cruelty? Just because of the spines upon your back, I fear. Yes, your armor is your ruin. But one lesson you shall teach, humble friend. Let the children who read this be like you when you roll yourself amongst the apples. For after the little hedgehog has eaten his meal he will roll himself over upon the fruit, then one or two apples stick fast to his spines, and so off he trots home with his treasure. Can you all guess what I mean?

Do not simply read our pages, but carry away our little lesson in your memories; think and talk over what we have been telling you. Now, farewell.

Cyril, the Child Martyr

IT is more than fifteen hundred years since little Cyril lived, and his birthplace was Caesarea, in Asia Minora long way from us. Cyril was thought a very happy boy by the children of Caesarea. His father had a beautiful estate, with every luxury, and numbers of slaves to serve him; and Cyril being the eldest son, all these good things were to be his own one day, should he outlive his father. He had plenty of playfellows, and all things to make him happy as regards this world.

But the people of Caesarea were heathen. They did not know the true God, and lived in great sin and wickedness. Cyril's father worshipped false gods, and taught his child to do the same. The only thought Cyril had of heaven was a place where these gods lived, and where those who served them would go some day, and have all the sinful pleasure their wicked hearts could delight in. The people of Caesarea thought these gods were just like themselves—only much powerful and more wicked. So we can understand that the more poor Cyril worshipped them the more sinful he would become. Though the boys of Caesarea might envy Cyril's happiness, we must pity the poor heathen child, when we think what the Bible tells us must be the end of all these sinful things.

And God pitied little Cyril. He had set His great love upon him, and had marked him for His own. In His wise and gracious providence, He sent some of His poor, despised servants to Caesarea, who preached to the heathen to turn to God from idols. They told them of God's wonderful love in sending His only-begotten Son into this world to become a man, and to suffer for sinners upon the cross, that whosoever believeth, in Him should not perish, but should have everlasting life. God caused little Cyril not only to hear the servants of the true God preach the glad tidings, but, by His Holy Spirit, He opened Cyril's heart to receive His blessed word. And this dear child turned to God from idols to serve the living and true God, and to wait for His Son from heaven.

It was indeed the work of God's Holy Spirit to cause this boy, brought up in darkness, and taught to hate Christians, as haters of his father's gods, to turn from false religion and from the pleasures of sin to become a follower of Jesus, and a bearer of His cross.

Cyril heard of God's love, and believed it. He heard of Jesus dying for sinners, and he put all his trust in His precious death. For the first time he knew what it was to love the God he worshipped, and to look up to heaven as a holy place, where all are happy, because all are good and holy like the Lord Jesus. Cyril heard, too, that those who shall live forever in that holy home above must not be ashamed to confess the Lord Jesus before men, but must meekly suffer for His sake. Did this offend the child, in whose heart Jesus now dwelt by faith? No. He only thought how little he could suffer in return for Jesus' love to him. It was this that gave him the martyr-spirit to fulfill those solemn words which he heard the Christian teacher read out of God's book: "Whosoever shall confess Me before men, him shall the Son of Man confess before the angels of God," (Luke 12:8.)

Cyril might well value these precious words, for the emperor had just made a law to take away the life of man, woman, or child who should dare to confess that Jesus is the Son of God, or that should refuse to worship the heathen gods.

It was not long before the father found out that his child had ceased to worship the gods. He questioned him, and commanded the boy never to mention that Name again. Cyril bore his father's angry words with christian meekness; but he resolved, by God's help, never to deny the Saviour, come what might.

When the father saw that his threats had not succeeded in causing the child to forsake Christ, he punished him repeatedly; but Cyril did not murmur, and only prayed God to forgive his father and turn his heart to Christ.

His father, finding that nothing he could say would alter Cyril's purpose, consulted with his heathen friends as to what he should do with him, He was his only son, and a good and affectionate boy; but he loved Jesus Christ, and that being an unpardonable offense in the father's eyes, he said to his friends, "I have determined what to do. I will obey the emperor; although Cyril is my own son, I will deliver him to the judge to be punished." His friends praised him for this speech, and helped him to carry it out without delay.

Poor Cyril was driven from his home; and his father told him he would no more acknowledge him as his son. His former playfellows joined in jeering and persecuting him, though a little before they had been so fond of him.

Cyril was brought before the judge to answer for his conduct in forsaking his father's gods. He was not afraid, but grew more and more peaceful. The judge was touched with pity when he saw so young a child before him, and tried, by every persuasion, to get Cyril to give up Jesus and to worship the heathen gods. "My child," said he, "I will pardon your faults, and your father shall receive you again. It is in your power to enjoy your father's estate, provided you are wise and take care of your own interest." "God will receive me," replied Cyril. "I am not sorry that I am expelled from our house, I shall have a better mansion. I fear not death, because it will introduce me into a better life."

When the judge saw he could not overcome the child's faith, he ordered the soldiers to bind him, and to lead him to the place of execution, but again he pleaded with the child to turn and escape the terrible pain he was going to suffer.

Cyril only answered, "Your fire and your sword are insignificant. I go to more excellent riches. Dispatch me quickly, that I may enjoy them."

But still the judge hoped that the boy might repent, so he gave secret orders to the soldiers to bring him back again if they should be able to cause his courage to fail at the sight of the fire in which he was to be burnt to death.

As the child was led to the fire, many wept out of pity; but Cyril, remarking their sorrow, said, "Ye should rather rejoice in conducting me to punishment. Ye know not what a city I am going to inhabit, nor what is my hope."

Thus he went to death; and as the fire burnt his tender frame, but touched not his happy spirit, nor caused one unchristian word to escape his lips, his enemies were filled with admiration. Doubtless, the faithful death of this dear child was made the spiritual life of many who witnessed his holy joy and heard his words of living faith. And shall it be that these poor heathen were touched by this faith of a young Christian martyr, and the young readers of FAITHFUL WORDS

not take this story to themselves, as though Cyril were speaking to them, and bidding them seek to know the love of Jesus as he did, that they may confess Jesus before their friends, their playmates, and in all their walks and ways?

God grant, my dear little readers, that you may meet in heaven Cyril the martyr, who suffered for Christ fifteen hundred years ago. R. W.

Guilty Before God: Justified by God

THERE are but two alternatives in regard to man's spiritual position before God. Man is either guilty before God or justified by God. There was a time when man was under trial by God. He was placed under the law, but man broke the law and came under the condemnation "Cursed is every one that continueth not in all things written in the book of the law to do them," Many practically ignore the fact that the period of human trial is over, by placing themselves, so far as it is possible to do so, under the law, but "as many as are of the works of the law are under the curse." (Gal. 3:10.) For no one under the law has ever done otherwise than transgress its plain direction; and, if but one commandment be broken, the curse of the whole law lies upon the transgressor ■ "For whosoever shall keep the whole law and yet offend in one point, he is guilty of all." (James 2:10.)

When God describes the condition of man in relation to sin and guilt, as He does in the opening of the Epistle to the Romans, He shows that, whether man be heathen or Jew ■ whether he be outside the area of the knowledge of God or favored with the divine oracles ■ still his works evidence his sin; and, because of his sins, man is guilty before God. (Rom. 3:19.)

Guilty Before God

is the solemn sentence of God upon the whole human race, "There is none righteous, no, not one"; "all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God." (Rom. 3:10, 23). And what God charges upon all is true of every individual. Where this terrible reality is believed, the believer of it feels he is shut up to God. What is to be done? It is too late for efforts or reformation. When the criminal is proved guilty, it is too late for him to propose living a new life; the judge can but pronounce sentence upon him. Righteousness must take its course.

But with God it is not so. God can be just and the Justifier. And thus it is that, after having proved all men to be guilty before Him, God, in His gospel, advances the salvation He has for guilty sinners. The sentence from the judgment throne is our due, but God announces salvation from the mercy-seat. God, in His wonderful grace, sets forth a mercy-seat through faith in the blood of Christ for guilty man.

Thus it is, that everyone, whether Jew or Gentile, whether professing Christian or heathen, who believes God's word respecting His Son, escapes the sentence of death, and not only so, but, is on account of the work of Christ,

Justified by God

All sins are pardoned, all transgressions are forgiven, and God allows no charge to be brought against the believer of His word.

“Christ died for the ungodly” (vs. 6), and God in His absolute justice “justifies the ungodly” (4:5). Were this not so, none could be saved, for all have sinned and have come short of the glory of God. God justifies men because the blood of His Son has glorified Him in His righteousness in relation to our sins. In no sense are we accounted righteous because we have done good; no, we are “justified freely by His grace through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus” (3:24).

Such being God’s way of grace to us, what shall we do? One thing is plain, God’s way of grace excludes any boasting on our part; we merit naught save condemnation, but God saves us, ungodly as we are; hence at the very beginning, we bow our souls before the holy and the righteous Judge; “we conclude that a man is justified... without the deeds of the law” (3:28).

We believe God, we believe what He says respecting what His Son has done on behalf of His glory, and for man’s benefit through the shedding of His blood for our sins. We believe, and God justifies us by faith. “Therefore being justified by faith, we have

Peace With God

through our Lord Jesus Christ” (v. 1).

Let us place together some passages of Scripture on this most important subject■

By the deeds of the law there shall no flesh be justified in His sight.—Rom, 3:20.

To him that worketh not,

If by grace, then is it no snore of works (11:6).

|Justified freely by His

grace (3:24).

but believeth on Him that

justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted for righteousness

(4:5).|

Everyone is either guilty before God, or is justified by God. May every reader of this page “believe on Him that raised up Jesus our Lord from the dead; who was delivered for our offenses, and was raised again for our justification.” (4:24, 25.)

The Story of a Colporteur in China

THE Chinaman's mind is full of gods many and lords many; he has a kitchen god, a god of agriculture, a god of riches, a god of war, a goddess of mercy, and so on. His knowledge of geography is very much at fault, His notion is that China is in the center of the earth (hence the name in Chinese "Chong-queh" central country), and that there are certain small countries round about, all of which are or ought to be tributary to China, and that China is the only "enlightened" country under heaven. Hence the undisguised contempt, or the condescending curiosity that the Scriptures receive at the hands of many. The more liberal Chinaman is willing to consider the Scriptures as "virtuous books," but, of course, not nearly equal to the Chinese classics. It is little to be wondered at, then, that when the colporteur offers the literary man a gospel, he too frequently gets the reply, "We Chinese have Confucius' books, we do not need your foreign books." The intense prejudice to anything foreign is about the principal difficulty that the colporteur has to contend with.

However, the bulk of the colporteur's dealings is not with the literati, but with the tradespeople and country folk. With these classes there is another formidable difficulty (and this also applies to the literati), the intense dullness of comprehension as regards thing spiritual. If you talk to the Chinaman about the one Supreme Being by Whom the universe was created, his mind reverts to some misty King Pan-ku, who is said to have chiseled the heavens and earth out of granite. If you speak to him of judgment to come, he thinks of King Nieu.lu of the (Buddhist) Eastern Hell, and various modes of torture, soup of forgetfulness, and final transmigration into pigs and dogs, connected therewith. If you speak to him of repentance from sin, he comes to the conclusion that you are trying to earn merit by going about and exhorting people to be "virtuous." If you exhort him to worship the one true God he assents, and says that it is quite right to "worship heaven and earth," and to render filial obedience to parents particularly after their decease, If you tell him of one Jesus, Who went about doing good, and Who died to redeem sinful man, it dawns on him that you are trying to spread the teaching of some foreign sage, and he replies, "Your Jesus is similar to our Confucius; your foreigners have Jesus, we Chinese have Confucius."

In a country like China, the colporteur's experiences are varied, both as regards the mode of travel, and the treatment he gets at the hands of the people. The mode of travel depends much on the nature of the country. I have spent many months traveling on foot in the province of Cheh-kiang, much of which province is very hilly. There we would itinerate from village to village, walking sometimes twenty li. (one English mile is about three li.,) sometimes thirty li. and occasionally as much as ninety li in a day's travel, the distance depending much on the places where lodgings could be obtained, also on the density of the population.

Being in European costume, and being a foreigner, my arrival at a village would be a signal for everyone to turn out and see "the foreigner," and thus we would get a good opportunity of speaking to the people. The illustration on this page is from a photograph, and represents this phase of our colportage work; one bystander is looking at a book, while the colporteur is drawing

the attention of another to a certain passage in the book he has in his hand with the object of exciting interest, so as to persuade him to purchase. In some districts that I have visited, many of the larger villages have regular market days, and we could so arrange our daily journeyings as to be at the various markets, and thus get at the country folk, many of whom we would not otherwise meet with. Occasionally, while on these country itinerations, we would enter a hamlet, and would receive a most cordial invitation from a resident to enter his home and sit down, when tea, freshly made, and perhaps some other light refreshment would be served; thus we would have an excellent opportunity of declaring the gospel to an assembly of attentive listeners, for on such occasions all the neighbors would come in.

I ought to say a word about the native colporteurs. They have to stand much opposition, web filthy reviling, much slander, especially when working apart from the European colporteur. "Eating the foreigner's rice" is the mildest sneer thrown at them. Yet they go ahead meekly and bravely, bearing all for the Master's sake. He will reward their faithfulness.

What are the results of all this effort? Do the results warrant the expenditure of so much energy? How many conversions have resulted directly from the reading of the Scriptures? Such questions are not unfrequently asked, but are indeed hard to answer. To answer these questions fairly and fully is not within the power of finite man. The longer that I am at the work of colportage, the more am I convinced that without the power of the Holy Spirit, all man's efforts to enlighten the spiritual darkness of China's millions are utterly futile. So may I ask all true friends when before the Throne of Grace not to forget to pray that the power of the Holy Spirit may accompany the efforts of the Society's colporteurs in China (and elsewhere). Pray also that we may have Divine guidance and sustaining grace in our work, for we need it.

From the Bible Society's Reporter.

The Burden Could not be on Two Backs

“SURE enough the burden could not be on two backs. Sir, I see you smile; but when I saw that, it brought peace to my soul. It was only a year ago, and I am seventy-one years old this summer; I was nigh seventy then; the threescore and ten years were spent in the service of the devil, when God let me see what Christ had borne for me; and that’s how I got it!”

The speaker was an elderly little woman, living in a fishing village where I had occasion to spend a couple of nights; and, unwilling to go to the inn, I asked if there was any Christian who could put me up, and was directed to this woman’s house. She had just given me a homely supper, and I had asked how she had obtained peace with God, and this was the strange reply.

I felt interested, and, seeing that she was communicative on this subject, I asked her to explain how the Lord had dealt with her. She readily did so.

“You see,” she said, “I was seventy years old in sin. I thought I was pleasing myself, but I never knew peace in my soul all those seventy years. God often spoke to me, but I wouldn’t listen. He gave me good parents and good opportunities too, when I was young, but I thought I could get happiness without bothering about religion, and I sought it in companionships, and in the world. When I got married I expected a long time of happiness, but God came in, and, as I thought, spoiled all for me. He took away my children, this made me angry and disappointed; then he took my husband away, and this blighted every prospect I had on earth; but my heart was hard. I thought God was against me, and I tried to keep Him out of my thoughts.

“Well, sir, as the threescore and ten years were running out, and I knew my sands were sinking, I got alarmed, and grew cross; but I did not tell what ailed me, and when I got a quiet hour I looked into the Book; just slyly, at first, for I was afraid they would think that I was pretending to be religious; but the truth was, I had a notion that I would get comfort in the Book, but it only deepened my trouble, for I saw what a sinner I had been, and I could take no comfort out of the Book; there was none in it for me.

“Before this,” the old woman continued, “I had condemned myself, but now I found that God’s Word condemned me too, and showed up all that I was: my trouble was deep, but I hid it, for I was ashamed to speak of it. I could get no comfort at the kirk either, for what had failed to trouble my soul before, failed to help me then. Things went on like this, sir, when I heard that a stranger was to preach at the hall here, and you’ll think I was a sad coward when I tell you I was ashamed to go. I daresay it was only pride that made me refuse, for I was determined to keep out from what they call the revivals here.

“The night of the preaching came, and I sat still at my fireside, but a heavy enough heart I had, for I would have liked to hear what the man had to say. At last my anxiety got so strong, that, taking my shawl over my head, I slipped out, and went softly to the door of the hall. There was only a thin wooden wall between the stairs and the room, and the door stood open, so that I could hear every word clearly and distinctly. I took my stand on the top of the stair, and listened. It was all new to

me, what he said. I was afraid it might be wrong doctrine, for it was not like anything I had ever heard before. It was about God's love he was preaching, and he made it all so clear that God loved a world of perishing sinners, and had no pleasure in the death of those who died, but would have them turn and live, and he proved God's love by telling us of Jesus having come into the world to save sinners, and of God's joy over a returning sinner; and that it was "whosoever will," I knew I had read all that in the Book, but I never put it together as he did. Then he told us how God had laid the sins of His people on the spotless holy Lamb, His own dear Son, while He hung on the cross; and I saw it all so real, passing before my mind: the Son of God loving me, a worthless old sinner, and bearing my sins, and suffering the hiding of God's face, and bowing His head in death for me.

"I stood there and cried for sorrow that I had despised such an One as that but the preacher said ■ 'Do you see He bore our sins in His own body on that tree; God laid On Him the iniquities of us all, and all the waves and billows of Jehovah's righteous judgment against sin passed over Him; beneath the heavy burden He died, and what God laid on Christ He will not, and, as a righteous, holy God, He cannot lay on the sinner that believes, for the burden cannot be on both; if Christ bore it for me, it was that I should never bear. The burden could not be on the two backs.'

"That was enough for me, sir, I heard no more, I saw my burden was on Christ, and in that moment my heart became light as a feather; all the fears about the consequences of my sins were gone, for I saw that Christ had died for me, and I had peace from that night to my soul, and I could rest in the love of God."

As she ended the story which I have given, as nearly as my memory enables me in her own words, her wrinkled face was as bright as sunshine, and her eyes sparkled through the tears that filled them. We knelt down while I blessed the Lord for His love and grace to this aged one who had been seventy years dead, but was alive again. J. S.

The Lost Day

IT was a cold and stormy winter day, and the streets of Paris were almost deserted in the neighborhood of the hall where the preacher watched in vain for the congregation which, in general, filled the seats at that hour. Was there to be no word spoken for the Saviour that Lord's day afternoon? he questioned sadly with himself.

Presently, an old woman came in, and sat down; then a younger one followed, and tic one else! Mr. H. was almost ready to suggest that they should walk home together and talk as they went along. He felt, for a moment, as if he could not preach to only two women; but after silently lifting his head in prayer, he realized that the Lord meant him to do the best he could for those whom He had sent. He proceeded, therefor; to hold the meeting just as though the hall were crowded; prayed, sang, read and expounded the Word of God, and at the end of the time prayerfully dismissed the little company.

When he reached home, however, it was a sad tale of disappointment that he poured into his wife's ear. She was full of regrets and sympathy, and bemoaned with him the "lost day," which they both sorrowfully pronounced it to have been.

Three days later came a letter from the old woman, saying that she had, with some difficulty, discovered Mr. H.'s address in the great directory of the city, and now wrote to entreat him to visit her son, dying of consumption, and to read to him the comforting chapter she had heard in the hall last Sunday, about the home in a better land. She enclosed a few stamps to pay the expenses of the little journey.

Mr. H. began to think that after all it had not been so "lost" a day as he had at first concluded, and at once set off to visit the dying man. He found him very feeble, and evidently not long for this world, yet as soon as it was understood that his visitor had come to speak of God, he ordered him excitedly from the room.

"I have refused to see anyone in the shape of a priest, and will not allow you to talk of religion to me," he cried, with surprising energy.

"Then I will leave you," answered Mr. H., "but it was at your mother's request I came, and I would only remind you that a mother's wish is ever a sacred thing to her child."

"Oh! then, sit down and talk, if my mother wishes it," said the invalid, not over-cordially.

So they talked of politics, of the state of France, of General Boulanger, and at length the preacher arose, saying he would wish him good-bye.

"Monsieur will come again someday?" said the sick man politely.

"Oh! no," answered Mr. H., "I will not come again. It is not in the least amusing to me to talk about General Boulanger, and the state of the country."

“Then may I ask your object in coming today?”

“I came to read the Scriptures to you,” answered the preacher. “Your mother hoped you would listen to the chapter in the gospels that had so struck her.”

“Oh! if that’s it, read it, then, I pray of you.”

Whereupon Mr. H. sat down again, and, opening his Bible, read the fourteenth chapter of John. Wonderful it was to mark the varying expression on the invalid’s face, while the gracious words of Christ fell upon his ear—deepest interest, amaze and awe, and even worship succeeding one another.

In a very different manner from the first, he again begged his visitor would return, and cordially did his new friend promise to do so. Many quiet and blessed hours did they pass together after that, over the Word of God; and the poor sufferer gradually learned the love and grace of the Lord Jesus, and, owning his deep need and many sins, he came to Him, and found peace and pardon, and life everlasting.

But Mr. H. noticed that the full joy of the child of God was lacking, and that while they spoke together of heavenly things, a shadow fell again and again across the face of the invalid. At length the secret of his distress came out, “When I was still strong and well,” he said, “still without God and without hope, I belonged to a band of freethinkers. The president of our society obliged each one of us to sign a paper by which we gave over our bodies at our death, to be buried by civil law. It grieves me sadly now to think that, though I am a believer in the Lord Jesus, yet when I depart, to be with Christ, infidels will seize on my body, and bury me as though I were one of them.

“I will appeal to the president immediately, to let you withdraw your signature,” said his friend.

“You may do so, but you will find it of no avail,” answered the sick man sadly. And he was not mistaken. The president positively refused Mr. H.’s request, saying it was always so when a man was dying, friends got round him and persuaded him into a religion which he had abhorred when in health.

Not many hours later the sick man died. And, just as he had feared, the infidel society sent immediately to claim the rights of burying the body. In vain the poor mother with tears implored them to let her have Christian burial for her son. When the hour for the interment came, the whole band of freethinkers appeared, wearing immortelles in their button-holes, as is their wont, and waving infidel banners. Then Mr. H. stepped forward, and said: “Well, times change, and the priests have no longer the power to seize the bodies of our loved ones, and bury them contrary to our feelings. But however much times change, we seem to gain nothing; for now, instead of the priests, we have you gentlemen, who carry off our dead and bury them in a way we object to.”

The head of the band evidently did not relish being put in the same category as the priests; after a short consultation with the rest, he agreed to give up their rights to the body, saying that they were willing that Mr. H. should take the burial service.

So the preacher, with the mother and all the band of infidels, set off for the cemetery; and there, at the grave side, he read the Scriptures, and spoke of the Saviour of sinners, and of the Christian’s hope, ere he committed the body to the grave to await the resurrection. The former comrades of

the dead man stood round, in perfect decorum, giving the gravest attention to all that was said.

At the close of the little service, Mr. H. led the way to the hall nearby, and the whole party followed. A strange sight, such an audience, with their banners proclaiming their profession of infidelity, gathered to listen to the Word of God, and the earnest pleadings of His servant, as he pressed on them the deep need of their undying souls, and the reality of eternal judgment, and of everlasting joy, Eternity alone will tell how far any were helped to God in that service; but, as the infidel band passed out at its close, and left the preacher alone, his thoughts went back to the stormy Sunday, when, in that same hall, he had been so sorely disappointed at having but the two women to preach to. Bowing low in adoring praise before God, he owned how wonderfully and blessedly He had worked on that "lost day." A. P. C.

A Long Life Testimony

IT will be, I am sure, another tribute to the loving-kindness and faithfulness of our God to tell of the “going home” of one of His servants.

W. G. S. was born in the West Indies, nearly eighty-six years ago; he lost both his parents before he was seven years of age, and does not seem to have had anyone to tell him of the love of God in Christ Jesus, though he used to say that even at that early age the Bible “fascinated” him. At the age of nineteen he went to India as an officer in the army, and for some years lived like the world around him, though every now and then he seemed to feel that all was not right within.

At about the age of twenty-three he met with a cousin, who was an earnest Christian, and through his influence W. G. S. was induced to attend a prayer meeting, and there an ardent desire took possession of him to be a real consistent follower of the Lord Jesus, and he resolved to go home and ask Jesus Christ to receive him and to make him entirely His. When he got to his own quarters, he went to his own room, and falling on his knees remained there for two hours, imploring God to forgive him and cleanse him from sin; but as he prayed, he felt more and more the awfulness of sin, and that to be an unforgiven sinner meant utter separation from God. In great agony of spirit, verging on despair, he threw himself on God’s infinite mercy through Christ, crying, “Lord Jesus, I cast myself on Thee, and take refuge in Thine atoning death,” and “immediately,” he said, “the most perfect peace took possession of my soul. I seemed to hear the words, “Thy sins are forgiven thee: go in peace.”

He at once sought his cousin, exclaiming in an ecstasy of joy, “Fred, I’m converted; the Lord Jesus has forgiven me all my sins.”

From that moment he was brought to have peace with God, and was a consistent and a devoted servant of the Lord, using all his powers to bring others to Him. He began among his fellow officers, and many were led to confess the Lord Jesus. Also his uncle and aunt and all his sisters. All through his life, this work never ceased, and he will have many for his “crown of rejoicing in the presence of the Lord at His coming.”

At the end the call came suddenly, but all was peace, and his last hours on earth were joyful to witness. During the afternoon he had many of his favorite hymns read to him, and the Scriptures, which he knew and loved so well. At about six o’clock the last short struggle came, and when it was over his faculties were as clear and bright as ever. He had no doubt or fear; all was peace, perfect peace. Speaking of God’s promises, he said, “All true, all true, ALL true”; with an additional emphasis on the word “all” each time he used it, “Not one thing has failed, all has come to pass as the Lord promised!” It was said to him by one standing by, “Thine eyes shall see the King in His beauty,” when he said, “Yes, oh yes, that is what I am longing for.” The 23rd Psalm was repeated, and when the words “Goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life” were read, he repeated them with wonderful energy, and with loud emphasis continued, “and I shall dwell in the house of the Lord forever.” His daughter said, “Father, the Lord Jesus is here,” and he repeated, “I

know it. I know it. I shall see Jesus. He is here. Lord Jesus, come," This was at seven o'clock, and he then laid his head back on his pillow, with an expression of perfect joy and peace, and thus the Lord put him to sleep.

In his last moments on earth, as at the first moment of his conversion, his sure foundation was the atoning death of the Lord Jesus Christ. B.

An Old Riddle

WE will look together at some of the things which the Bible tells us about the “strongest among beasts, and that turneth not away for any.” In the days of the Old Testament the lion was both familiar and terrible to the people of Palestine, for long ago there used to be numbers of them in the “Holy Land,” though now none are to be found.

The strength of the lion is very great: he will gallop across the country with an ox in his mouth, and jump over a ditch without letting his burden drag upon the ground, while with one tap of his mighty paw he will crush a dog to death, or kill a man. The muscles of his limbs are like steel bands, so hard and strong are they. His name in the Bible is the “strong one”; and who among the beast which God has made is like unto him?

The strong one is a type or figure in the Bible, which sets before us sometimes Christ, sometimes Satan, or mighty earthly powers, so that, whether we listen to the stories of Samson, David, Daniel, or of the prophecies of Isaiah which bring in the lion, we shall have much to interest and to learn. Nor shall we forget the New Testament references to him, either as figuring the Lord or the adversary.

When you remember that the lion is hardly discernible as he moves about in the night, and add to this the thought of his vast strength, I feel sure you would say, “Let me be in a secure place when he goeth about seeking whom he may devour.”

The oldest riddle upon record is respecting a lion! Do you remember what it is? “Out of the eater came forth meat, and out of the strong came forth sweetness.” He who gave this riddle promised a fine prize to those who should find it out; and they only discovered it by threatening to burn his friend and her parents, unless she told them what it meant it is about this riddle that we will now speak.

God, who made the lions, once made a man stronger than the strong one—his name was Samson. One day as Samson went to the vineyard, and was at a little distance from the high road, “a young lion roared against him.” Samson had no weapon in his hand, but “the Spirit of the Lord came mightily upon him, and he rent the lion as he would have rent a kid.” He did not boast of what he had done, nor indeed mention it, but he let the lion lie where he had killed it.

After Samson had slain his foe, the numerous birds of the country which feed upon flesh, swooped down to the carcass. Carrion birds by day and hyenas by night did not, we may be sure, allow many hours to pass before every large piece of flesh was stripped from the lion’s bones. The countless insects, too, which, with their tiny jaws, pick off what the large animals leave, were busy; so that as the hot sun of Palestine poured down its rays upon the lion’s skin and bones, they became so thoroughly clean and dry, that even the sweetness-loving bee did not shun the strange shelter for a home! A swarm of wandering bees in search of a home flew by; they saw the shady hollow in the carcass of the dead king of beasts, and there they made their dwelling. After a few days’ work, these eager, earnest workers had filled their waxen cells with honey, little aware that

some thousands of years after, we should be wondering why God had written their doings in His sacred Word.

Not long after slaying the lion, Samson came with his father and mother near the place of his victory, so he left the highway to look at the carcass, and behold, the nest of bees! He took of their honey and ate it, and filling his hands with the spoil, shared it with his parents. Within the eater was meat. Out of the strongest of beasts came forth the sweetest thing there is. But Samson kept his secret.

Now, this ancient riddle, and the way Samson overcame the strong one, is written for our instruction and our good. There is a strong one, who prowls about unseen, both night and day; he is feared upon every side; his voice is more terrible than the lion's roar, and with one stroke the mightiest of men fall before him. His name is Death. "What is stronger than a lion?" asked the men as they answered Samson's riddle. He might have replied, "The man who slew him with his bare hands." What is stronger than death? We ask, and bow our heads with reverence as we reply, "Jesus, the Resurrection and the Life." "And," said they, "what is sweeter than honey?" Do you know, dear young reader? Think a moment. You reply, "The love of Christ." Yes, indeed, and it is in His victory over death for us that we discover the sweetness of His love. Sweet indeed is His love to little children as He took them up in His arms and blessed them. Sweet His love as He brought back to life again the little girl of twelve years old, the Ruler's only daughter; and all His wonderful ways of kindness are as honey to the souls of His people; but it is in His victory over death that the sinner learns the love of Jesus.

Death was ready to devour the poor sinner. The strong one rose up against us, but Jesus overcame for us. He overcame by dying and by rising again. Death is now to the Christian a dead thing; its power is gone; its strength is weakness; for the strength of Christ's love to sinners is found there. Once upon a time, through fear of death, God's people were all their lifetime subject to bondage; but since Jesus has shown Himself to them as the Resurrection and the Life, they know Him as stronger than death and the grave. God's people can now by faith, say of the strong one, "Death is ours!" for they live in Christ, who is in glory above.

Think well over this riddle and its answer, dear young reader. None but those who love the Lord can answer it from their hearts, and may you be amongst that happy company. May you know Him, who is coming to take His people home to be with Himself. Believe in Jesus, and you shall be safe for time and for eternity, and you shall find delight in your young hearts in Him.

"What is sweeter than honey? What is stronger than a lion?"

“Little Polly.”

ONE Sunday afternoon Annie came home from the Ragged School in St. Giles's, and found her little sister, three years of age, sitting on the floor talking to her doll. “Polly, dear,” said Annie to the little one, “would you like me to tell you what I have heard in the school from my teacher? Oh, it is so pretty!”

“Yes, I would,” answered the child, getting up and standing in front of her sister, and looking into her face as she put her elbows on her knees.

“Well, Polly, it is all about Jesus. I told you the other day who He was: now let's see if you recollect. Who is He?”

“The Son of God,” seriously said little Polly.

“And where do you think He is, dear?”

“Up in the sky,” said the little child, her anger following the words, and pointing to the blue heavens.

“Ah! but, Polly darling, listen: teacher says that Jesus is everywhere, and that He is alive and in this room; and that He can see you, and me, and father when he is out at work, and when mother goes out washing; and when we do or say anything what's wicked, Jesus always sees it. But if we are sorry, when we have been naughty, and we tell Him so, He will forgive us, like mother does when she gives us a kiss, and says to us, ‘Now don't you do so no more.’ And teacher says when we are ill in bed, Jesus looks at us, pities us, and makes us well again if we ask Him. He can give us bread to eat when we are poor and hungry; and many years ago, when He lived on this earth, He gave such a lot of people bread and fishes to eat when they did not know where to go and buy food, as there were no shops there—it was in a large field in the country. Wasn't it kind, Polly?”

Polly was puzzled, and, looking into her sister's face, said, “You say Jesus is here in this room—but where? ■I can't see Him”; and she glanced with wonder all-round the room.

“No, dear,” said her sister, “you can't see Him, but He can see you.”

“Is He very kind, and does Jesus love me too?” inquired Polly.

“Oh yes, dear,” said Annie, “He does love you, and He wants all of us to love Him—father, mother, and all.”

Polly looked up to the ceiling and round the room, opened her little arms, and cried, “Jesus is nice, lock Him in, lock Him in, don't let Him go out no more.”

Now, my dear children, this is just what I want for you. I want you to have Jesus locked in your heart always, so that He should not go out any more. Jesus will not keep company in our hearts with sin. We cannot serve two masters at the same time. And the Lord Jesus says, “Ye are My

friends, if ye do whatsoever I command you.” J. L. M. V.

Our Sins and Our Saviour

I esteemed Christian was observing to us, the other day, how that in ordinary religious society it is not only a matter of bad taste, but almost a cause for sensation to use the word "sin." It is quite lawful to speak of failure, weakness, crime, but not sin. Why is this? Because the word "sin" brings before the mind man's relation with God. Again, we were hearing from one, who knows of the fact, that the popular religious taste is opposed to such texts as deal with our lost estate, or Christ's saving us through His blood. The accepted motto texts of the day relate chiefly to divine care or kindness. Why is this? The same cause as already mentioned indicates this "taste." It was not so to the extent it now is even ten years ago. There is, alas, a growing tendency in many religious circles to deal as lightly as possible with sin, and to make as little as possible of Christ's dying for our sins.

In the Scriptures, our sins are connected in the most absolute way with the name and the work of our Lord and Saviour, and, we may say, the contemplation of our sins is ever to the true believer a fresh occasion for praise and love to Jesus.

With the very first mention of His name our sins are connected. The heavenly messenger said: "Thou shalt call His name Jesus; for He shall save His people from their sins" (Matt. 1:21). What blessing is hound up in His name? We behold Him in His incarnation and worship Him in His humiliation and lowly path on earth, and rejoice in Him the Saviour who saves us from our sins.

The gospel which the apostle Paul received from God, and which he preached, as he tells us, had "first of all" this great truth in it: "Christ died for our sins." (1 Cor. 15:3.) The apostle was the great witness to Christ in His heavenly glory. And as we consider the Lord in heaven, risen from among the dead, exalted and honored above, the good news of God to man respecting Him commences with the death of the incarnate One, and His death for our sins. How little, alas, does the religion of our day accord with this gospel. Really we seem to have around us the gospel of man's development and progress, rather than the gospel by which we are saved, namely, that Christ died for our sins according to the Scriptures, and that He rose.

The apostle Peter speaks in a most tender way of sacred love respecting our sins and our Saviour's death. "His own self bare our sins in His own body on the tree." (1 Peter 2:24.) These words fill the heart with Christ in His own person, and in His own body, enduring the sufferings of the cross on account of our sins. He was the Sin-bearer, and He bore the burden of our sins. He was the sin-offering, and He stood as our substitute, suffering for our sins. There cannot be true, holy love to Jesus unless He be known as the Sin-bearer.

"Ye know that He was manifested to take away our sins" (1 John 3:5) is another precious word of personal joy in the love of God and of His Son. The apostle John teaches us of Jesus as the Eternal Life. In His incarnation and walk on earth He manifested God the Father, He shone the Light in this dark world. "Ye know," says the apostle, "and a wonderful knowledge indeed it is, we know concerning Him that He was manifested to take away our sins! We fear a great many

religious people know nothing of the kind, and more, they object even to speak of their sins; while to speak of Jesus taking their sins away would be completely to spoil their religion.

Again, this apostle gives us gracious and joyful words respecting the Lord Jesus and our sins. This time he fills our minds with thoughts of Christ in heaven■in His glory, and majesty, and coming judgment■and thus does he speak “Unto Him that... washed us from our sins in His own blood.” (Rev. 1:5.) He is the first-begotten from the dead; He is supreme on high He is the Almighty and the Everlasting; and He, the Son of God and Son of Man, has washed us from our sins in His own blood.

There are very many gracious Scriptures which bring together, within the compass of a few short words, our sins and our Saviour’s name or work. Let the reader search them out and meditate upon them. They unfold to us the religion God gives us, and that which alone is true and holy. Let us rejoice in God’s truth, let man say what he will. The word of the Lord endureth forever, and in eternity the blessed will ever praise the Saviour that was slain, and has redeemed us to God by His blood. (Rev. 5:9.)

Talking and Walking

I KNOW a young lady who always has her smiling face up to the sky. She is so full of heaven that she neither notices puddles nor dust. If you say, "Pray take care, you are stepping upon ground which will soil your garments," she will reply, "Well, you know the world is a dirty place, so you must not mind." This sort of religion will not do. We must walk out the principles of heaven's holiness upon earth.

God's Love in You

GOD'S love in you works outward—from you to others. Thus, Christian, His Spirit in you makes you as the wayside spring, from which refreshment flows out to the thirsty who need Christ.

Our Works

OUR works will follow us. Never shall any work for Christ, however humble, be overlooked by Him. And such is His grace, He will find good in His people where perhaps little might be expected.

“Then Cometh the End.”

(1 Cor. 15:24)

THE end of man is not death, nor the judgment, but eternity. Man seldom glances forward even to the first hour which must ensue after his spirit has left his body. Very few can say what that hour will be to them. A thick darkness hangs over the last moments of their lives—a darkness thicker still over eternity.

We ask our reader who is not yet in Christ, and whose pleasures ate in the world, to consider in their solemn reality these words, “Then cometh the end.” The very world itself is hurrying to an end. Glory, honor, wealth, pleasures, as well as the strife of nations and the efforts of man to master the powers of the earth, are coming to an end.

Christ will shortly be here. He will first put down all evil, and judge the living who do wickedly; then He will reign for a season aver the earth. After that will come the last resurrection, and then the great white throne of judgment will be set up. Before that throne small and great will stand, and they will be judged according to their works; and all whose names are not written in the book of life will be cast into the lake of fire. In that terrible place will be those for whom it was made—the devil and his angels.

This place will be the end for the godless sinner. There will be nothing then to look forward to; no day dawn to expect; no future of hope. The end will have come: the endless end, the everlasting state.

From this end turn to that of the righteous. Heaven will have received its inhabitants, and the countless number of the redeemed will surround the Redeemer’s throne. He will see of the travail of His soul and be satisfied; they shall see His face, and His name shall be upon their foreheads. In the fullness of that light love will fill every heart. The last enemy, Death, will have been destroyed; sorrow and tears will have forever fled away; all enemies will have been put under Christ’s feet; He shall have delivered up the kingdom to God even the Father.

In this blessedness will be the end, the eternal state for such as now in this world believe on His name. None will be left out of the joy; not the humblest name of such at love Christ will be overlooked or forgotten. All will gather around God and the Lamb in the everlasting glory and joy of eternity.

In this shortening lifetime it is yours, reader to choose between the end that belongs to not having Christ, and to having Him. “He that hath the Son hath life, he that hath not the Son hath not life.” With Christ all the blessing is bound up. To die without Him is in evitable to meet Him as the judge, and to meet Him as the Judge is to be, without doubt, see tented to the lake of fire which burns forever.

Thus your eternity hangs upon the thread of your lifetime—that thin thread, which grows with each tick of the watch feebler and feebler and which will shortly snap and drop you into eternity.

Thousands unexpectedly fall into eternity every year. Many have trifled with their souls and their end, to find out, the first five minutes after death, that all which God says in His Word is true, and that for them is reserved blackness of darkness forever.

Believe the love which God has to sinners, love which led Him to give His Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life! Ponder over these words, "Then cometh the end."

From the Mission Field.

Bengal Villages

HOW I wish, dear friends at home, you could come out and have a look at the crowded villages of Bengal! If you stayed only for a few weeks, you would not be able to settle down quietly in your home again. In your ears would ring these words, or something like them: ■

“Dying? Yes, dying in thousands!

A hopeless, despairing death;

Can we not hear them calling,

Pleading with bated breath?”■

‘Will no one come over and give us light?

Must we perish in darkness darker than night?’

“Can I give you any idea of the appearance of these villages is” They consist of groups of little mud huts, with winding, narrow paths leading from one to another. Here and there we see a clump of plantain and other trees, or sheds for the cows and goats.

“The people sleep under shelter of a roof at night, but the day is spent almost entirely in the open-air. The men and boys are busy tilling the land and tending the cattle, while the women have their hands full with looking after numerous babies, cooking food, bringing water from the rivers or ponds, in large earthen vessels which they poise on the hip, grinding corn or rice, or winnowing the rice by a curious instrument called a dhenki. The dhenki is a long, heavy piece of wood with a short pole attached to one end. The long, heavy piece is fastened firmly to a post fixed in the ground, but in such a way that it can be moved up and down, like a see-saw; under the pole end a rather wide hole is dug in the ground. One woman, generally a younger one, stands at the end and patiently works up and down the piece of wood with one foot, while another sits on the ground, continually letting small handfuls of rice fall under the pole as it comes down into the hole; she is also continually moving away what has been beaten and thus winnowed, and keeping the hole supplied with more, the wind taking away the chaff.

“In the few Christian villages which have been founded, many of the women are so ignorant that they know very little more than their heathen neighbors. There are two great crying needs■one, to teach in the so-called Christian villages; the other, to make known the name of Jesus to those who have never heard it.

“The Christian women are most ready to be taught; they are not satisfied with their ignorance; nay, many of them are longing for something to help them to lead better and happier lives. How can they know, poor things, if no one teaches them? As a rule they cannot read, and they are surrounded with influences which tend to draw them downwards. They will generally leave their work at very short notice, and sit quietly and listen, if a Miss Sahib comes to their village to teach them the simple Christian doctrines that our children at home learn in the infants’ school.

“And what about the others who have never heard that they have a Saviour, or are, perhaps, in one of the few favored villages visited once a year, in the cold weather?”

“They come in crowds and listen eagerly; they beg us to come again soon, but how can we when there are so few missionaries, and many of them stationed in towns, or teaching in schools? Schools are a very important part of missionary work; we want the schools, but we want many more to teach in the villages.

“Can it be possible that those at home realize that Bengal contains one-third of the whole population of India? That the province of Bengal is one-sixth of the whole of the great land, and yet we have only eleven mission stations, and only forty missionaries? And this forty includes those homes on furlough or on sick-leave, and those learning the language. What can such a small band of workers do among sixty-seven millions of people, dispersed over two hundred and fifty thousand square miles? In proportion to the need, they can do almost nothing. Although India is our own country, although it is governed by a Christian Empress, although much of our power and influence and wealth come from the possession of this beautiful and interesting country, in Bengal—by far the largest province—thousands know nothing of the Christian religion, and thousands of women have not yet heard the name of Jesus.

“India’s Women.”

Man's Compassion and God's Compassion

ON the morning after a heavy snowstorm, two gentlemen stood on the platform of the South-Eastern Railway Station at Dover, waiting for the line to be cleared. The snow had been busy the previous night, completely filling up some of the deep cuttings, and about six hundred men were then hard at work removing it. To employ their spare moments, one of the travelers said, "Let us go out and see the vessel that ran into the pier last night; it is close at hand."

But before they reached the spot they were attracted by a knot of people on the shore. Drawn up on the beach was a long gig-boat, on either side of which stood a row of big, hardy men. In the boat, upon a small straw mattress, and lashed to the seats, lay a sailor, whose countenance was expressive of the deepest agony. The symmetry of his face, notwithstanding the dim, half-closed eyes and general pallor, was beautiful. He was helpless, and entirely dependent on others for everything. Neither was sympathy lacking. Two of his companions had run to ascertain whither to take him—to the Sailors' Home or the hospital—while others were employed in seeking to alleviate his sufferings. Close at hand lay the stretcher to convey him to his destination.

Addressing one of the sailors, the strangers inquired, "What has happened?"

"Oh!" was the reply, "the poor fellow was in the rigging of yonder wreck," pointing a little distance out, "last night, and, becoming numbed with the cold, lost his hold, and fell to the deck. We think he's broken a good many bones, and we have just brought him ashore to take him to the hospital. He's been in awful pain for many hours, but we couldn't leave the ship before on account of the heavy sea running."

By this time the two men had returned, and it was decided to take the man to the hospital. All gently did those burly men stoop over the sufferer and untie the ropes that bound him to the seat! As they were just about to lift him off the mattress and place him upon the stretcher he raised his eyes, and looked into the face of one of his comrades. What volumes that glance spoke! Without any words, a deep meaning was expressed and clearly understood. The answer to that look was two or three tear-drops on his weather-beaten face, a gentle smile, and "All right, Jack; we'll be careful, lad." Thus they bore him away.

The compassion of the sailors towards their distressed mate led me to consider the compassionate love of God towards poor fallen, sinful man. The very helplessness of the wounded man formed a picture of our condition in ourselves. We are spiritually "wounded and half dead," and being in that state we became the objects of God's compassion. God saw us in our sins and helplessness, and had mercy upon us. When we were yet without strength the Son of God came to us, just where we were, to bring us life and strength. He came, sent by God, who is "full of compassion, and gracious, long-suffering, and plenteous in mercy and truth" (Psa. 86:15), to save us from death. Thus does our Lord's parable about the Samaritan also teach us. The Samaritan found the wounded man lying half dead by the roadside, insensible and helpless, and he went to him where he was, and lifted him up out of his misery, and so brought him to safety. May each of

our readers know for himself the love of God in Christ, and rejoice in God's compassion to sinful man.

Cured for Nothing

I HAVE nursed him several times,” said Mrs. Mitchel of her husband, and sickness costs dear, and falls hard on poor people, I assure you, ma’am. Well, in my trouble, the doctor says to me, ‘I must book it; so much a visit, you know, Mrs. M.; but why don’t you belong to my dispensary? ■only a trifle a month■and then all of you can be attended, and no further charge.’”

“An admirable plan,” I replied, “and really the doctor is kind so to arrange it; of course, you belong to his dispensary?”

“That I do,” answered the woman; “I have paid the money so much a month, and have had no more trouble. Yes, we can all of us now get cured for this trifle”; and Mrs. Mitchel grew quite eloquent upon the benefits of her doctor’s dispensary■a strange thing, by the way, for the mention of the doctor usually calls forth more grumbling than thanks yet to be physicked yourself, husband, and children, if not cured, for a few shillings a month, is surely worthy of anybody’s praise!

“Come, another question, Mrs. Mitchel: Have you been for yourself to that dispensary where those who are too poor to pay■yes, who indeed have nothing to pay■and whose diseases are ever so dreadful, are all cured forever, and for nothing?”

“Well, ma’am, I catch your meaning. We ought to go there; it is a very right thing. I know all that.”

“But of what value to you would it be knowing all about your doctor’s dispensary if you did not belong to it? And suppose you did belong to it, what good would it be to you, though the doctor were waiting there and the medicine ready, if you did not go to it?”

“It is quite true; we ought to think about our souls,” replied my friend; “neighbor■ died not long since; and I have seen a good deal■”

“Ah, my friend,” I broke in, “here is Christ, the healer of the diseases of our souls, the Good Physician, ready to save you from all your sins, and to make you fit for God’s presence, and He does not ask so much as one farthing from you. His is a full, free, and finished salvation, and your soul, diseased with sin and subject to everlasting death, may be healed now. The door of this dispensary of salvation is open for you, but suppose that after all you perish?”

“Well, but I am on my road to heaven; I believe that,” answered Mrs. Mitchel.

“It is good to be on the road, truly, but too many a poor diseased sinner drops and dies, and does not reach heaven. It is not going, or saying you are going, to the dispensary that does you good, but what you get when you are there. Beware lest you are one of those persons who are only on the road to heaven, but who never reach Christ. There are hundreds of people who go to church and chapel, but who never go to Christ. Get up close to Christ■sins, diseases, helplessness, poverty■you your own very self, just as you are, and take by faith the salvation which the Lord Jesus, without money and without price, presents to you this very day.”

Alas! how many are in the same soul condition as Mrs. Mitchel. They know all about Christ, but have never been to Him; they know that they might be saved, but never really wish to be. How true are the Lord's words, "They that are whole have no need of the physician, but they that are sick." It is only the soul which feels what sin is that really desires the Saviour; and let a man's religion be what it may, if there be not real heart-need of Christ in him, his religion is of no more use to him than the medicine in the dispensary is to the sick person who will not avail himself of it. F.

My Sins Are All in the Blood

THE village of North C. was indeed a dark spot as far as the gospel is concerned. Those who professed to preach God's glad tidings to men, instead of telling His free grace to sinners, proclaimed a message which demanded works from man in order to obtain His favor, and thus the light of salvation's gladness could hardly be said to shine amongst its homes. The people—mostly belonging to the brickfields—were very rough, and hard to deal with. We gathered a few poor mothers once a week, to work for the comfort of their families—our chief object, however, being to induce them to listen to the blessed story of the love of God in giving His Son, the Lord Jesus Christ, to die for poor lost sinners.

The women were alive and full of energy while the different garments were being discussed and the needles and cotton given out for working, but when the Word of God was read, and His grace pressed home on their souls, all was changed, and they seemed weary and uninterested. However, one or two appeared willing to listen, and after a short time we realized the blessing of the gracious promise, "In due season ye shall reap, if ye faint not."

Mrs. L., a pale, sickly woman, who had frequently attended the meetings, but who had never seemed really interested, was taken seriously ill. The character of her sickness was such that it was evident she was soon going from among us, and the poor sufferer had not found rest in Jesus Christ.

Mrs. L. seemed to drink in all that was told her of His love, who came to seek and to save the lost, but she could only listen and weep; about her sins she had no rest—no peace.

A day or two after, upon seeing her again, she greeted me with the remark, "I know now I am dying, but I am not afraid."

"Not afraid" I said, "and you such a poor lost sinner?"

"Oh," she said, "Jesus has died for me, and I am not afraid."

Wanting to probe her further, I said, "But, dear Mrs. L., what about all your sins?"

"Oh," replied she, with unmistakable emphasis, "My sins are all in the blood."

From that time the poor woman had not a doubt or fear of any kind—all was peace. And more, she had confidence in the Lord that He would take care of her children, and show them and her husband mercy. Her one wish was to be with Him who had died for her.

The morning before she fell asleep, she drew me down close to her bed, saying, "The devil has been here all night. He stood at the foot of the bed; he was so black; and his eyes were like coals of fire."

"Were you not frightened?" I asked.

“Oh, no,” she whispered, “for Jesus was up here with me, and I felt as if His arms were tight around me; I was not a bit afraid?”

As she said this, she smiled so sweetly, and her dark eyes, rendered more lustrous by her illness, filled with light and glory. Soon after this she fell asleep in Christ, no shadow having been once allowed to cross her mind since she had seen her sins “All in the blood.”

I shall always remember how bright that little room appeared, notwithstanding its poor scanty furniture, as the weak, suffering woman, so lately born again, upheld by her Saviour’s hands, testified to the completeness of the rest she had found in Jesus, and the longing desire she had to be with Him who had redeemed her and washed her from her sins in His own precious blood. To Him be all the praise and glory forever!

Let me affectionately ask you, dear reader, if you can say with this poor woman, “My sins are all in the blood”? Can you testify, “Jesus has died for me, and I am not afraid”? The time is short, but Jesus is waiting to bless, and He says, “Him that cometh to Me, I will in nowise cast out,” Come, ‘ere it be too late. “Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.” B.

Helper or Hinderer

EVERY one of God's people is a helper or a hinderer of the Lord's work. A listless believer affects his fellows for indifference; an energetic roan instils energy into others. Men are more like sheep than they think. If one of the flock runs, the whole will soon be in motion.

Too Great a Sinner to Stay Away Any Longer

A POOR old woman, whose mind seemed capable of taking in but little, even concerning the ordinary things of this life, attended a meeting where the Lord's love, and provision, for perishing sinners were proclaimed. Long did the gracious sound fall on unheeding ears. At last the Lord opened her heart, so that she attended to the things which were spoken. Her teacher, addressing her one day after a meeting, said, "Well, Mrs. W., I suppose you are too great a sinner to come to the Saviour" "So I thought once, sir; but now I find I am too great a sinner to stay away any longer."

R. B.

Not of Condemned, or Condemned Already

THERE is no middle ground, no place of probation, test, or trial it is “Not condemned,” or “Condemned already,” with each and all of the children of men.

“Not condemned.” Not to come into judgment; preserved for the glory; separated from the tares for the heavenly garner; taken out from the condemned cell of this world and secured for everlasting blessedness. “There is therefore now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus”: and wherefore? Are they better than others? Far from it. Does Justice mete out to them everlasting security for what they have done? In nowise. They are free, and free forever; but their freedom was obtained by blood, by death, by the full payment of the penalty of their guilt.

The law has passed its sentence upon the prisoner in the condemned cell. He awaits his doom. There is no hope. The prison walls are thick, and the barred window is beyond his power of escape. In the morning the bell will toll his dying hour. Already the sweat of the dread of death hangs about his brow. Such is the condition of man now. Man is condemned already.

But is there no escape? Listen. A Voice speaks■ “Deliver his soul from going down into the pit: I have found a ransom.” Justice demands the sinner’s life, but God found the ransom, even His own Son. God sent Him into this world for sin, and when His Son stood in the sinner’s stead, upon the cross, God forsook the Substitute. The life of the Holy One has been given, Justice has received its demand, and the believer has been condemned and put to death in the person of his Ransom. The cross of Christ is the condemnation of sin in the flesh; and those who have died with Christ have been condemned on His cross; they were crucified with Christ. Now they are alive with Christ, who lives to die no more; hence to them there is no condemnation.

“He that believeth on Him is not condemned”; he is passed from death unto life, and shall not come into judgment; he is as secure as the resurrection of Christ has made him. Before the believer’s place of security can be shaken, the throne whereon Christ Himself sits must tremble.

These are fearful words, “condemned already.” Not under probation, not being tested, not having an opportunity of becoming good, and so of winning a smile from divine Justice, but under judgment already.

Are these condemned ones worse than the secure people? Can anyone be worse than those who needed, in order to be saved, that the Son of God should be crucified for them, should bear the wrath of God for them? What condition can be more hopeless than that which needs for a ransom the Son of God—yes, the Son crucified and made sin for us?

The reason that the sinner is condemned already is because he has not believed in the Name of the only begotten Son of God. Possibly our reader has lived up till now an indifferent hearer of the gospel, a neglecter of the love of God, in sending Jesus to die for the unjust. If so, he is a sinner in peril of hell. Possibly our reader is one to whom for years God has presented the Person and the work of His Son and bidden him believe. Is this so? Has God again and again bidden you believe

in His Son, and you still remain indifferent to His love? Then it is your unbelief, not your sins, which is your condemnation.

Time treads surely on. How many of the readers of this page will reach the close of this year? How shall you die? "Not condemned" or "condemned already." Reader, has not your tabernacle shaken more than once? Look you, are there no gray hairs upon your head, no warnings in your body or in your home that death draws near? Dare you die as you are? Dare you drop into the grave "condemned already"? Oh! why will you die? Believe God, who tells you, you may be saved, and saved now, today. His Son died that you may live, He was condemned that you might be justified; receive Him, and henceforth it shall be said of you, "Not condemned."

The Bible in Many Lands.

The Bible in Persia

IN February, Colporteur Sallomi Isa and an assistant were on the Euphrates. They tell us: "Immediately on our arrival at Hit a soldier came to take away our books, saying that orders had been received to seize all Scriptures brought to the town, and put the colporteurs under arrest. I pointed out that the books bore the seal of the Council of Public Instruction in Baghdad, and therefore could not be confiscated. At this juncture the governor, with a number of attendants, appeared on the scene, and after looking at the books, said that according to instructions he must send us back with our books. I remonstrated with him, and on this a certain Sayyid, a member of the Governor's Council, mediated for us, and the matter ended in our being permitted to resume our journey, on condition that we left that place. We went on to Ana, where we sold sixty copies of the Scriptures, A Jewish teacher gave us the use of his house, where we met with Jews and Muslims. A certain Jewish physician was there who showed us great kindness, and spoke much to all who came, on the accomplishment of all the prophecies in Jesus Christ."

In February also, Colporteur Anton Elia was working among the towns and villages west of Baghdad. "At a small town a Turkish official bought a Turkish Bible. That night the town constable, with a soldier, came to my lodgings and said that I must leave the town on the following day, otherwise I should be sent to Baghdad under arrest. When they had left me the above-named Turkish official came to my room and told me that I was not to go, that he himself might want to buy some more books from me, and that there were others who wanted them too. He also said that if I started without his permission he would send soldiers to bring me back. Five Muhammadans, who were present, told him that as a Muslim he ought not to read any other book than the Duran. To which he replied, 'Why not? I am a Christian, and let me therefore read the Bible! On the following day I went to see my friend, and got his permission to resume my journey.'

In April, Colporteur Anton Elia and an assistant started on a journey down the Euphrates. "At one of my stopping places the governor sent for me. On going to him he ordered me to bring my books. When I had brought the Scriptures to him he said, 'These are noxious books and ought to be confiscated, and you should be placed under official arrest.' I begged him not to deal so harshly with us. At last he relented, but only on condition that we returned to Baghdad at once, which we did with sorrowful hearts at not being able to accomplish all we had intended to do." The Bible Society Reporter.

Sarra, the Persian Girl

MANY years ago God put it into the hearts of some of His servants to go as missionaries to Persia. Among them was a lady who joyfully left her pleasant home in America, her mother, and all she held dear, that she might carry the message of God's wonderful love, in giving His beloved Son to be their Saviour, to the poor little girls in that desolate land.

When the lady first arrived and began her school, it seemed as if she would have no scholars. The people were not only very ignorant, they were quite willing to remain so, and everyone laughed at the notion of girls needing any teaching.

"Would you not like to learn to read?" she asked a little girl one day. The child looked at her and burst into a loud laugh, saying, "I am a girl, do you want to make a priest of me?"

It was very discouraging, and many a time the lady's heart sank within her; but when she remembered that each of these poor degraded children had a history of her own, known only to God, and as she thought of the words of the Lord Jesus, how He said, "The Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost," she took comfort. She felt sure that He was even then "seeking" His own, and that many stray lambs would yet be gathered to rest in the arms of the Good Shepherd from the wild hill-sides of Persia.

By-and-by, the parents saw how gentle and patient the stranger was. They found that she was willing, not only to take their children into her own house and change their dirty, ragged clothes for nice dresses made by her own hands, but also to teach them to sew, and knit, and cook. Then they were glad to let her have their little girls, though they always made a great favor of their coming, and took them away again, new clothes and all, whenever they pleased.

You, English girls, who have always had someone to care for you and love you, can hardly imagine the degraded state of these poor children and the trouble they gave their teacher. Only the love of Christ constraining her could have made her strong for all she had to do and bear.

To wash them, and comb out their matted hair, was only the beginning; they were as wild as young colts, and often as restive. If anything made them angry, they flew at each other like furies, fighting, and calling names; they talked and shouted in school, clambered over the seats, and played all sorts of tricks; and they stole everything they could hide. Poor wild things, no one had ever taught them better ways.

By degrees these unruly scholars were tamed and they learned to read the Bible in their native language, Syriac. Still their teacher waited and prayed, for she knew that, although she might teach them God's Word in their heads, He alone could cause it to bring forth fruit in their hearts unto life eternal.

The lady had asked her friends in America to think of her and her school, particularly on the first day of the new year; so on that morning she told the children many friends far away were praying for them. Presently Sarra and another girl came to her with tears in their eyes. "Have you had bad

news?" the lady asked. They did not answer at first, but coming nearer whispered, "May we have this day to care for our souls? Perhaps next year," added Sarra, "I shall not be here."

There was no quiet room where they could go, but the children went to the place where the wood was kept, and, taking sticks, built a little shed each, where they spent all that cold winter day telling the Lord about their sins and their naughty hearts, and crying to Him to save them.

Sarra was the first to find the Lord as her Saviour, and the first to go to be with Him, just five months after that New Year's Day on which she said, "Perhaps next year I shall not be here."

She lived long enough to tell many girls, and women too, of Jesus and His love. As early as March it was plain to all who saw Sarra that she was very ill, and in May she left the school and went home to her father's house. He was a Christian, so Sarra had not the trials to bear which were the lot of so many of the school-children when they left their kind teacher and went back to their poor, ignorant parents. The sad words of one little girl, "Did you ever see a new-born lamb cast into the snow and live?" as she left her teacher, show what the children felt after returning to their homes.

Everyone around her knew that Sarra was dying, and they watched to see what the end would be. "Will Jesus stay by her?" "Will He come for her?" they often asked.

One Saturday in June her father was going away, as he often did, to preach, but did not like to leave his dying child. She begged him not to stay with her, saying, "Go, father, and I will pray for you." Next day, feeling ill and forgetting for a moment that he was gone, she said, "Call my father"; then, smiling sweetly in the midst of her pain, added, "Oh, yes, I remember; don't call him; let him preach; I can die alone."

Soon after she asked that her teacher might come to her. Her sister was going to fetch her when Sarra beckoned to her and whispered, "It is the hour when she prays with my companions; don't call her; I can die alone."

And so, with no Christian near to speak words of cheer and comfort, Sarra died.

That verse in the 23rd Psalm which you know so well, "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me," was indeed a reality to Sarra, the Persian girl; may God make it true of each one who reads the story of her life and death. C. P.

Our Leper Fund

It occurred to us, as we have already collected the ■16 required to sustain the four beds in the home, that we might send the children of the home some nice little presents. Our ■16 per annum can do no more than keep four little children alive and housed; and we feel sure our dear young friends would only be too happy to give the many leper children in Purulia some of the same kind of pleasures that are valued by themselves. So we wrote to Mrs. Bailey, the lady who is so truly the leper's friend, and she said, "I am delighted to think of the happy surprise in store for the dear children at Purulia," and, after suggesting a "khana," or feast, which the natives much enjoy, or some fresh slides for their magic lantern, we agreed heartily that "presents for the children dolls for the girls, and knives and balls for the boys"■would be the most "personal," and would be the best, being to them gifts which "go very far into the heart." So we shall buy ■3 of "gifts," and we shall get some dolls dressed by some young people we know, so as to make your money go as far as we can. We shall ask a few girls to dress the dolls, and we will see what their busy hands can do. Perhaps some of our young readers would like to help to swell the size of our parcel of dolls; if so, will you send to us "For the lepers," care of Mr. Holness, 14, Paternoster Row? We do not wish anyone to buy a dressed doll, but shall be pleased to have one dressed by your own hands, so that it may go to the leper children as a love-gift from your own fingers. By-and-by we shall hear what the children have to say to your gifts.

We hardly need remind you that the blessed Saviour interests Himself in the very little things of our lives, and that it is pleasing to Him when we try to soothe the lonely and the suffering. So that, we trust, all who join in this little effort will do so with a desire to cheer the poor suffering children in His kind and holy name.

We now give you a story as pretty and as sweet as you may wish to read. Mrs. Bailey sent it to us; it is

A Story About a Doll

“I must tell you a story of a doll. It was told me by the missionary himself, Mr. Bullock of Almora, Himalayas. One day a parcel, addressed to him, arrived by parcel post. A little gathering immediately assembled in his study, full of curiosity as to what the parcel contained, and from whom it came. Slowly and carefully he unfastened the string and removed the paper, corning, after a little while, to a roll of cotton wool, which he unwound, to find inside a beautiful leather doll, dressed in a most expensive style in silks and laces.

“Upon it lay a note to him, saying the doll had been sent by a lady in England, who loved Bháwani, and wished her to have a token of her love, and to know how great was her longing that Bháwani should love the Lord Jesus. There was also a little note to Bháwani herself, telling her how this lady loved and prayed for her, and longed that she might belong to the dear Lord Jesus, who had so loved her, and that she had sent her this don as a proof of her love to her.

“What a present for a leper girl? ‘Too good, too lovely!’ does anyone say? What can be too good for the least of the little ones for whom the Lord Jesus shed His precious blood?

“The doll was carried to the asylum, and, when Bháwani got it, she hugged it in her joy. The letter was then read to her, and poor Bháwani was melted to tears at the thought of anyone loving her like that. She begged that the dear, kind lady might receive her grateful thanks, and be told that she would try to love Jesus, who had been so kind to her.

“A few weeks afterward she did definitely give herself to the dear Lord, led to Him, humanly speaking, by that dear far-off friend.”

We add no word of ours to this, but close with Mrs. Bailey’s request.

“I would ask prayer for our dear brother, Mr. Uffmann, whose health is very far from good. He has been sent to the hills to recruit, much against his will.”

The Great Attraction

AND I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto Me,” were the words of Jesus, as He spoke of His suffering upon the cross. There is no fact like the attractive power of the cross of Christ. It stands alone in the world’s history. Men draw their fellow men after themselves by strength and victory; thousands follow a great conqueror to the battle-field to perish for his name and glory; God draws men to Himself by His Son dying for them, and the myriads who have been attracted to God have had their hearts knit to Him by the shame and suffering of Jesus.

Does our reader say, “We would see Jesus,” with those men of old, whose desires cheered the heart of the Lord, when He uttered the words we have quoted? Then repair to Calvary. “Behold the Lamb of God.” “Look on Him whom they pierced” ■ on Him who “suffered for sin, the just for the unjust, that He might bring us to God,” for “herein is love, not that we loved God, but that He loved us, and sent His Son to be the propitiation for our sins.” There is a constraining power in the cross; thence from all its shame and sorrow come the words from the heart of the Crucified One, I will draw all men unto Me.”

The revelation of God’s righteous requirements from man draws not man to God; on the contrary, it repels man from God. The darkness flees from the light. Sinai’s thunders and voice of words shook, not only the mountain, but the hearts of those who heard. They did exceedingly fear and quake, so terrible were the words, “for they could not endure that which was commanded.” Could it be otherwise? If God reveal Himself in holiness, and demand holiness from unholy man, the inevitable result is that man must shrink away from God. If His light reveals our darkness, we cannot but seek, like the first sinner, to hide from Him.

The fool may say in his heart, “No God,” and bury his fears in his folly, and for a few short years rid himself of the reality of having to meet God about his sins; but his folly will bring him to hell. The religious man may attempt to keep the law and to satisfy its requirements; but, as a matter of fact, any honest religious person trying to keep the law, and thereby to draw near to God, knows that his efforts day by day increase his sense of weakness, for when he would do good he finds evil present with him. And his attempts to get near to God prove to him his distance from God. But Calvary reveals divine holiness and hatred of sin perfectly; yet the Christ on the cross draws man to God. The cross of Christ teaches God’s righteousness and hatred of sin, as the cross only can. He was the sin-offering; He stood in the sinner’s place; “He was made sin for us who knew no sin,” and, consequently, He was forsaken of the holy God. Nothing on earth, or in hell, teaches God’s holiness as this cry of Jesus. Nothing shows us what our sins are, what sin is, what our nature is, as the Son of God forsaken, because He stood in our place. Yet such is the miracle of the gospel, that it is by this revelation of God in His light and His love that man, in his sins and blackness, is drawn unto God Himself.

There is irresistible power in the cross. We come to Christ with our sins, just as we are; and we draw closer and closer to Him as we see Him made sin for us. “The Son of God who loved me, and gave Himself for me.” Jesus died for me. Jesus gave Himself for me. Jesus bore my sins in

His own body upon the tree. Those sufferings, those wounds, that blood, that being forsaken of God, were for me! This is the great attraction: "I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto Me."

Looking upon Him, our sins are forgiven, our doubts vanish, our fears cease. In the cross we see God's holiness and love. The more we look at Christ there, the easier, the sweeter is coming to Him. Away we fling the hindrances. Away go the rags of religion in which we wrapped ourselves; away is cast the love of sin in which we reveled. Our old hard, bitter, bad thoughts of God are completely burned out of our breasts by the matchless love of the Son of God dying in the stead of His enemies. Millions have been drawn to God by this great love wherewith He loved us. Reader, are you one of the happy multitude? This testimony of the apostles witnesses to the wonders of the cross. The triumphs of the martyrs witness to the power of the cross. Changed lives this day, changed hearts, changed homes, declare the might of the cross. All heaven shall resound with songs in honor of the cross, and these songs shall never die out through all eternity. Is yours the joy of delighting in God, and is the love of Jesus in dying for you, and washing your sins away in His own blood, your portion?

Be Still

SHIMEI may throw dirt at King David, and so much the worse for Shimei, whom God will surely judge; but David deserves the dirt, or he would not be subjected to it. And how finely did David bear the pelting and the cursing; how wisely did he humble himself beneath his adversary! Well would it be for us if we, like King David, weary in his adversity, bore the evil words and hard speeches of the enemy. But there are too many who are ready to listen to the language of an Abishai in his love for David, yet in his ignorance of David's God, "Why should this dead dog curse my lord the king," ready, in other words, to fight their own battles and gain their own victories, instead of saying with the noble king in his grief, "So let him curse, because the Lord hath said unto him, Curse David.' Who shall then say, Wherefore hast thou done so?.... It may be that the Lord will look upon mine affliction."

Preparation for Preaching

THE fisherman does not spend the whole of his time in fishing, though about fishing; he uses many hours in mending his nets. And those who fish for souls need prepare for their work by reading and by prayer.

Little Hughie

LITTLE HUGHIE, a boy eight years old, when at his music lesson one day with his teacher, was playing the hymn, "Safe in the arms of Jesus." When he had finished it, he said to her, "I can't bear to hear anyone sing that hymn."

"Why not?" asked the teacher.

"Because," he answered, "I can't help feeling that I am not 'Safe in the arms of Jesus,'" and then he covered his face with his hands and began to cry.

It was a long time before his teacher could comfort him, or get him to listen to her, but after a while his sobs grew quieter.

"Hughie, she said, "there is no reason why you should not be safe too; what is it that keeps you away from Jesus now?" Hughie thought a moment, and then answered, "The sin in my heart."

Now Hughie was the sort of Christian parents, and he had often been told about the Lord, and how He died to save us; but he could not yet say, "Jesus has saved me." So his teacher reminded him of all Jesus had done for him, that his sins might be washed away; and Hughie listened, thinking to himself, "I have heard all that lots of times; I know all about it."

But presently his teacher asked him "Now, Hughie, do you believe that Jesus died to save sinners? You have only to believe on Him, and you will be safe." Hughie was quiet a little time, and then told his teacher he would think about what she had said, and went on with his music. That night, when she went to read to him after he was in bed, she said, "Well, Hughie, are you Safe in the arms of Jesus' yet?" and he answered, with a bright smile, "Yes, I can say it now, and I have been saying it over all day. Jesus has saved me."

I would ask my little readers, "Are you safe? Has He saved you?"

The Buried Bible

FANCY I hear some little child say, "Oh! what can this story be about?" You will see. Little Neddie, an Irish lad, came into possession of a Bible. It was but three months before his death that he did so. The Douay Testament, which he saw for the first time he read, and he believed to the saving of his soul, and then he died. His poor mother grieved for him patiently, but long and sore. And his Testament was laid safely by, in the large chest nearly always to be found in the Irish cottage buried there a precious relic of the beloved boy.

Time ran on. Her children often asked for the loan, as they called it, of "Neddie's Book." But it was rarely, if ever, given; till, at the end of eight years, the youngest boy of the family, Mickie, became delicate. No longer able to run after a hunt to fish to do all which life on the edge of a large demesne affords to please, he had to sit quietly at home to rest his aching limbs. For him medical aid could do but little. In his loneliness he thought of Neddie's book. Would his mother lend it to him just for a little, "to read, and give back to her"? Yes; she would not, could not refuse the sick boy; and he read on until the little Testament became his only companion. It was not long after this, when visiting, as in years before, at my uncle's, he said, one day, "I wish you would come and see Mickie; if there is anything we can do for him." I readily consented, thinking of the time when I had gone over the gam ground to see his brother.

It was the lovely autumn, and the walk over in itself delightful. We crossed a rustic bridge, and paused for a moment to watch the rapid river, with its overhanging trees and moss grown rocks. Then came large fields, with pretty sheep, which just raised their heads to look at us as we passed on, till we came to the little farm of Mickie's father.

Soon Mrs. K. appeared so glad to see us this we quite expected; for few give a more graceful reception to a visitor than an Irish peasant. But I confess I did not expect to hear what she told me. It was so like Neddie's story over again.

To our inquiries she replied, "Sure enough he can't walk a step without his crutch; but, if he is able at all, he is always reading the book. He never stopped till he made me give him the book you gave Neddie; and his father has made him a seat up there." And she pointed to a hedge facing the sun in which a seat had been hollowed out—a regular bower of hazel and may. And there sat Mickie. I passed on to him, and saw the well-known book peeping out of his pocket. "He is always reading it," said his mother; "it is the finest of company."

A year had passed by when, in the autumn of 1876, I was again in B., and found Mickie the same as to health, but becoming much better acquainted with his Testament. One day when visiting him he seemed puzzled about the Roman Catholic doctrine of the worship of the Virgin Mary. I showed him Luke 1:47 ("And my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour"), as the teaching of Scripture on the subject, and was glad to see he was enabled to think for himself.

The book continues his unfailing companion. I inquired if he did not feel lonely on Sunday when all the family go to Mass. "Oh, no!" Mickie replied, with a smile, "I read while they are away," And day

by day Mickie is reading on■alone■yet not alone, surely! One, who has compassion on the ignorant, and on them who are out of the way, is leading him slowly, yet certainly, to see God's "way of salvation."

I read to him the lovely stories of the Prodigal Son and the Thief on the Cross, to show him the great truths of the love of God the Father; and also to present salvation by the death of Christ. On leaving the neighborhood I gave him a little volume of gospel hymns, and silently commended him to the Lord. Perhaps some who read this story will ask the Lord to bless the study of the Douay Testament to Mickie; and to others at B. also. And may we all be stirred up to study more diligently the written Word, to learn of Jesus Christ, whom to know is life eternal. A. E. B.

Thank God, If That's True

A SERVANT of the Lord was posting, not long ago, over a road in the county of Devon, by which he had many times previously traveled. Before starting from his hotel he exchanged glances with the driver, and recognized in him a man to whom he had often spoken of Christ. Too well did the traveler remember the many rebuffs he had received when, almost with growls, the man had refused the gracious words of the Saviour.

This driver was hard-hearted and rough, knowing and caring for little except his own and other people's horses. The gentleman took his place on the seat beside him. They had not proceeded far when a conversation commenced, which led the traveler once more to speak faithfully to the driver of his need as a sinner before a holy God. But no response came from the man.

After a time the traveler spoke of God's grace. He repeated and explained in simple language the assurance from God's Word, that "whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved," (Rom. 10:13.)

The poor fellow seemed touched as this text was repeated, and presently, turning round, his face bedewed with tears, he suddenly said, "Oh! thank God, sir; if that's true, then my poor boy is saved."

It proved that the Lord had spoken to the man through the illness and death of a dear son. This lad had been employed on the railway, but had been obliged to give up his situation and return to his parents. While at home, lying on his death-bed, he called his father, and, gazing imploringly at him, said, "Oh, father, pray to God to save my poor soul!"

"My lad," answered his father, "I can't pray. I don't know how to pray, but I'll go and get somebody who can."

He called in a Christian minister of the town, who spoke to the dying lad, and prayed with and for him. According to the driver's account, his son cried to the Lord to have mercy on him, saying with the publican, "God be merciful to me, a sinner!" and the Lord, ever gracious, ever ready to hear, answered the lad's cry. His father had not been able to send up to God the simplest request for his dying boy, or to repeat to him a single text, but he knew that his boy's fears had ceased, and that he had died in peace. Not knowing before of this beautiful passage of Scripture, which discloses the gracious ways of God, and His readiness to respond to the feeblest cry, the man rejoiced at its sound, and wept for joy as he repeated, "Then my poor boy is saved!"

It is hoped, too, that the grace of God reached, as it doubtless once touched, the hard heart of the old driver.

Dear reader, have you ever, conscious of your ruined and perishing state, sent up the cry to God from your heart, "Lord, remember me"? P.

A Dark Story

JAMES BURTON was a small farmer, who, with his wife and five children, lived in a remote village in one of the northern counties. He was a sensible, hard-working man, a kind father, and loving husband. Among the neighbors Burton passed for a pious man. His religious feelings were often strong and fervent, and few surpassed him in punctual attendance at a place of worship, but James Burton knew not the Saviour. He often mistook his own emotions and feelings for true godliness, but whenever it might interfere with interest or pleasure, God's word was practically set aside by him. Now Burton was in the habit of paying a weekly visit to the neighboring market town, where he was thrown with many men of his own station and calling. These men made Burton's religion their constant joke, and on one occasion they declared that he wore it only to please the parson, and that he abstained from drink from fear of his wife. This was too much for him, and he resolved to show himself a man of independent spirit, the result of which was, that he was carried home helplessly drunk, amid the loud laughter and jeers of his companions.

What pen can describe his bitter feelings of remorse and shame when he awoke to reason! Henceforth he thought religious people would have no confidence in him. A return to his former habits he knew would provoke the scorn and contempt of the ungodly, whoever despise a turncoat. How happy had it been if Farmer Burton had known where to look for strength and support! The "Friend of publicans and sinners" would not have scorned and rejected him, Jesus would have welcomed him; but instead of seeking pardon, the unhappy man sought to deaden the pangs of conscience by a repetition of his sin.

This terrible career continued for many months, the power of amendment growing less and less, and self-condemnation greater and greater, until misery of mind and a shattered constitution made a wreck of him.

His wife and children, once so dear, were now the objects of his fury, and often in his outbreaks of savage temper they were obliged to flee from him. This was especially the case on the Lord's day, when the preparation for their church awakened recollections of happier times, quickened the stings of self-reproach, and made him, if possible, doubly miserable. Having cast off God, and turned against his family, the farmer now began to neglect his fields, and soon reduced himself to the verge of bankruptcy, but still onward and downward he went.

The wan look and tearful eye of his loving wife appealed in vain to his hard heart; the heritage of shame and beggary that stared his children in the face moved him not; the evil spirit which destroyed his human sympathies had transformed the man into the demon. Such was James Burton when the writer first became acquainted with him, and his red and restless eye, haggard countenance, emaciated frame, and fierce excited manner, are still fresh to memory.

When the writer spoke to the unhappy man as to the dreadful consequences of his excesses—ruin now and woe hereafter—Burton admitted all, urged no excuse, but spoke in a dreadful tone of the hell where he said he knew he soon should be. He seemed to have made up his mind to perish,

and to regard his present condition as beyond hope. How true it is that Satan tempts to sin that he may tempt to despair.

“James Burton,” said I, on the evening of that day on which he had buried his eldest child, “you are miserable.” He looked at me for a moment, and then, fiercely smiting his bosom, replied, “I feel hell, here! I am the devil’s slave, and shall be his companion forever. Sir, I am lost, lost forever.”

“Not forever,” I said. “Do not speak so: lost indeed you are, but Jesus came to seek and to save that which was lost. James Burton, there is hope for you.”

He shook his head, covered his face with his hands, and burst into tears. A short prayer closed this scene, of which there were frequent recurrences.

But no gospel light penetrated the gloom, no sorrow for sinning against God could be discovered. On visiting him one Saturday afternoon, I noticed a great change: instead of his usual excited mariner, an air of repose was about him, and something like hope seemed to dawn on his dark brow.

“Burton, I hope you have found peace through the blood of Jesus,” I said.

“Not yet, not yet, but I hope to reform; I will abandon my wicked companions, I will drink no more.”

“It is well,” I said;” but a present obedience, even if perfect, could not blot out past sin; so present obedience being imperfect itself needs an atonement■it is only Christ’s blood which can meet your need.”

“I will do my best,” was the reply,” and God is merciful.”

“Do your best, and to what end? To accomplish that which Jesus has already done! Oh, beware of Satan’s delusions; if you can be saved by your obedience, then Christ died needlessly. He has done enough to save you. ‘Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved,’ just as you are. ‘To him that worketh not, but believeth on Him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted for righteousness.’”

To all this he made no reply, and though these same truths were enforced from time to time they took no hold on his conscience. The heart of man is more opposed to the gospel of God than to His law, and a hard attempt to keep the law with an uncertain end is preferred to a free, full, and everlasting forgiveness.

The publican turned Pharisee. Burton not only forsook the company of his former companions, but sternly reprov'd them whilst some derided, others prophesied that before long he would again join their set. Sometime after this he was seized with fever, which reduced him to the brink of the grave. He viewed his seemingly approaching death with composure, resting upon the supposed merit of his reformed life. Slowly, but at length he recovered, once more to sit by his own fireside, but no gladness beamed in his eye, and some painful feeling seemed to labor in his breast. The mystery was soon solved. When the writer suggested that the sickness and recovery were cause for prayer and thanksgiving, turning a glaring eye towards the speaker, he declared that he had served God long enough, and would serve Him no more; “Others who drink and swear and break the Sabbath have had good health, whilst I, who have reformed, have been laid low.” From this

time he refused to see the writer, and plunged willfully into his former sin.

Years passed away and the writer was summoned to a distant field of labor, but the remembrance of the wretched man would sometimes recur like a horrible dream, and serve as an example to warn others. Taking up a newspaper one day his attention was attracted by the words, "Coroner's Inquest" he read on as follows; ■ "On Monday last the body of a man named James Burton was found dead in a ditch near C■. It appeared in evidence that the deceased was a habitual drunkard. He left the 'Swan Inn' on Sunday night in a state of intoxication, and it is supposed he must have fallen into a ditch, and thus to have been smothered. He leaves a wife and large family in utter destitution."

The hapless wife survived him a few months, dying of a broken heart, while his poor children were thrown upon the parish.

Reader, there are, alas! many like James Burton; many turn from outward sin to mere religion, but their last end is worse than their first. None but Christ can take the soul out of Satan's grip. How is it with you? God warns you by this dark story. Oh! let nothing stop you coming, just as you are, a lost sinner, to Christ Himself, "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool." But if you still refuse Him who speaks to you from heaven, the misery of a dark eternity will be upon your own head. You have the warning, oh! do not neglect it.

A Triumphant Entry

THE testimony of one passing away to be with the Lord, which I read in the June number of FAITHFUL WORDS, was very encouraging, and. I am sure it does the souls of God's people much good to hear of the triumphs of their brethren in Christ.

It reminded me of one who has recently gone home, and whom I visited up to the last few hours of his life. His entrance was triumphant through the Lord's gracious presence.

When reaching his bedside one day his first words to me were, "Happy home, happy home!" After a little conversation I asked him if I should pray, he replied, "Pray on," but during the time I was so engaged he was praising. When I had finished he tried to pray, but his prayer speedily turned into praise. Gathering up all the strength and breath he had, he said before a ward full of patients, in the Bromley Infirmary, "I don't want anyone to think I am dotty, I know what I am saying, I am dying, but I am trusting, and trusting alone in the Lord Jesus Christ for salvation. Praise His name, the King of kings, and Lord of lords,"

His last words were, "Good bye, my dear brother. Right up! Right up!"

What a contrast is this to the last end of some who will go down, right down, G. M.

Privileged Tongues

SUPPOSE an angel were entrusted with the gospel message, oh! how gladly would the mighty servant of God cast aside his shining robes, leave the golden courts above, and wing his flight to this sorrow and sin-stricken world. Fresh from the glory and its joys, how he could describe to us the marvels and the gladness of heaven! With what language would he teach us their happiness, whose spirits, absent from the body, are now present with the Lord! But, fellow Christians, no angel's lips can tell of grace as yours, no pure spirit can tell of glory as yours, for what eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor the heart of man at any time conceived, God hath revealed to us by His Spirit.

It is for you, the privileged tongues of saved men, to cry aloud in the ears of your fellow sinners what God's grace is. It is for you, saved by grace, to say, "Come, and I will tell you what God hath done for my soul;" to proclaim what angels never can speak of as men can, the saving virtues of the precious blood of Christ.

Good Company

“OH, what a delightful smell of cedar,” I exclaimed the other day, and looked where the sweet-scented wood might be, but it was nowhere near. Then I discovered upon my desk a crumpled piece of paper, which I remembered had some days previously come out of a cedar box, where it had lain for years, and thus, by good company, had gathered a sweetness not its own. And he who lives near to Christ is ever a sweet and constant expression of the Master.

The Fullness of Christ

THERE are glories belonging to the Person of the Lord, which were His from everlasting—glories essential to Himself; and there are glories of His, which He has gained by passing through shame and suffering—glories acquired by Himself. The dignity and majesty of His eternal being have ever existed, but His becoming the Head of the body, the church, dates back from the time when He, the glorified Man, sent the promise of the Father from heaven to earth.

He was when the beginning had its commencement. Let the mind of man stretch back and conceive myriads of bygone ages. Yet, before those ages began, He was, and in that eternity, into which human mind cannot reach back, still He was. His divinity had no beginning. It is of this that the apostle John speaks in his gospel, when he says, “In the beginning was the Word.” But His humanity had a beginning. Nearly nineteen hundred years ago the praise of angels welcomed the Babe to this earth. It is of Him, as the Incarnate One, that the same apostle thus writes in his epistle, “That which was from the beginning, which we have heard, which we have seen with our eyes, which we have looked upon, and our hands have handled, of the Word of Life; for the Life was manifested.” And, as the humbled Man upon the earth, the Lord acquired glories; He, as a Man, made peace through His outpoured blood upon the cross. What a glory—nay, what innumerable glories flow out from this work of Jesus! Had He not stooped to humanity and suffered for sin, had He not accomplished the work His Father gave Him to do, the glories which His cross has gained would never have shown upon this earth, nor have filled the heavens with brightness.

“Prepare to Meet Thy God.”

THESE solemn words were addressed to Israel upon their not repenting of their sins, nor returning to the Lord and humbling themselves under God’s hand. Warning after warning had been sent to them, all of which they neglected, and at length the word went forth, “Prepare to meet thy God, O Israel.” (Amos 4:12.) Apply this message to yourself, reader. Put your name in the place of Israel, and so read the text. Nothing is more uncertain than life—nothing so certain as that every man must meet God. Yet with strange perversity man refuses to consider the reality of meeting God.

“Prepare” is the divine word, and it is a merciful, warning word. Meet God we must, and in the Person of His Son, the Lord Jesus Christ. There are two meeting places. One is to be found in time; the other will be found in eternity. The meeting place in time is the mercy-seat, that in eternity is the judgment-seat. If God be not met at the mercy-seat now—**if he be not met in the Person of the Lord Jesus, who died for our sins—He must be met at the judgment-seat hereafter, upon which the Son of God will sit and judge every man for his words and works.**

In ancient times God had a mercy-seat, whereon sacrificial blood was sprinkled, and whence He spoke to them who drew near to Himself. His own beloved Son, having shed His atoning blood upon earth, is now in heaven, seated upon the throne of divine majesty, and He Himself is the meeting place for man and God. His blood has glorified the claims of God’s righteousness against sin, and His blood is the cleansing power for all sin. From that throne, none the less truly than from the earth, where He uttered the words, does Jesus invite sinful man to receive His salvation, saying, “Come unto Me.” To meet God Himself in the Person of His Son, is to find in Him perfect peace.

But to trifle away life, to neglect the concerns of eternity, to refuse the invitations from the mercy-seat, and to be called from the grave to meet God in the Person of His Son upon the Great White Throne of Judgment, will result in hopeless and endless woe, Long-forgotten words will be remembered and revived; hidden deeds of darkness read out from the books where they are now written by God. How will you meet God, reader? What account of yourself will you give to Him?

Consider the Christ of God upon the cross, forsaken of God, because He was bearing sin. Consider His agony when He was dying. Consider the cup of wrath He drank, in which there was not a drop of mercy. What can explain more perfectly to us sinful men the infinite justice of our God than His forsaking His beloved Son when He was made sin for us! Shall, then, the sinner who dies in his sins presume to think that he shall receive mercy at God’s hand in the day of judgment?

“Prepare to meet thy God” What is the preparation needed. We cannot fit ourselves for the holy God, we cannot save ourselves by our works; no, what God requires of man is a heart to believe and to receive His mercy. “Come, for all things are now ready.” The feast is ready. God is waiting to be gracious. Are you ready?

God also sent the message to prepare to the old world, and for one hundred and twenty years the voice of Noah preached righteousness, and the sound of his hammer proclaimed coming

judgment. But after its long, long warning the old world was not ready. As in our time, so then—they ate, they drank, they married, and gave in marriage, and thus they continued till the flood came and took them all away.

God sent one solitary warning at midnight to a few men in Sodom. In effect the message was “Prepare,” but the message was derided; and, when the morning broke, the sons-in-law of Lot were not ready. Then the Lord rained fire and brimstone out of heaven upon them and destroyed them all.

God now sends the word of warning to the professors of Christianity. But in this day the foolish virgins are not ready. They have their lamps of religious profession, but they lack the oil of grace. They sleep on, but they will awake at midnight to discover the terror of darkness, and to come too late to the shut door, saying, “Open, open unto us.”

With these solemn warnings before us, once more we repeat, “Prepare to meet thy God,” and we inquire, are you ready?

A votary of fashion died piteously crying, “A million of money for a moment of time.” Like the rich man who was cast into hell, she had within her reach the book of God, but she had neglected it. She spent her brief life in pleasure, and died in terror. Are you having your good things in this your lifetime? Oh! receive the good things of God which endure forever.

Go to the mercy-seat, and find there pardon for your sins, and perfect peace.

Order

EVERYTHING which God makes, and which He calls good, is in order. He has rules by which the clouds come and go, and by which some kinds of clouds rise higher from the earth than others, and He has rules by which the tiny insect at your feet makes its little home, gathers its morsel of food, and does its humble duty on the earth until it dies. And are children, who have their lives given to them by God Himself, and who are to live forever and ever, not to be in order too? I heard of a school which I will not say where, but it is not very far from London—the character of which is not like the work of God’s hands. The children come late, they stay away from their classes, and they go first to one class, and then to another, just as they please, and, worse still, they play and peep about during prayers. I should like each teacher and scholar to learn this text: “God is not the author of confusion,” or, as the margin reads, “tumult, or unquietness.” That noisy school, those irregular children, those little boys and girls peeping about, form anything but the sort of Sunday school the Bible would teach us to have.

Let us learn of the beauty of order from the bee. Look within the bee-hive, through the little glass window which allows us to see its busy inhabitants. What a crowd it is! There are many thousands of little creatures in the small space, and yet each one is doing its duty, and there is no confusion among them. You can hear their hum as they go about their work, but they waste no time, though you will notice that they frequently touch each other, as if they had something to say. Some of the bees go and fetch the sweet juices from the flowers, whilst others build up the cells and store away the honey, and in the happy bee-hive all is pleasantness and order, A Sunday school should be as earnest as the hive, each child busy in learning and gathering up the sweetness of the Bible, and all working in good order under the superintendent.

Do you know that each bee out of the ten or twenty thousand in the hive comes to the queen once at least in every three days, when he gravely touches her with his little black horns; and in our Sunday school we expect each of the scholars to be as respectful to his teacher and the superintendent as the busy bees to their queen.

As working in order, is working together, it is well when each scholar of the class learns, as far as possible, the same lesson; and it is always a bright afternoon when the children know that our superintendent will question the whole school upon the lesson for the day. Many a nice answer have we heard on those afternoons, which has been quite a help to the teachers. In each class the stranger will notice how the children help each other, for one asks one kind of question and another, another kind, so that the little store of knowledge grows like the honey in the hive.

A dull scholar has no questions to ask. Sometimes, with a most interesting Bible subject before us, one like a garden of flowers and sweetness, we can but observe the sleepy bee who says nothing—but he has nothing to say. Poor old drone, what shall we do with him? The worker bee is sharp and quick, though very quiet in his way of going about his work; he is not in a flutter like the butterfly, nor idle like the drone, but he sings as he flies from flower to flower. I shall call that sleepy boy in the class a drone; he has no wise questions to ask; and that fidgety one a butterfly,

for I know he will only sip up what he hears this afternoon, instead of carrying it home like the worker bee.

Look at the little picture of the bees and their home in the bank. They are of that kind which live together in small families in little holes in the ground, but they are as busy as their cousins who live in the hive; and that one flying down is bringing home a store of good things fastened to his black shiny legs.

But can we guess why it is that some scholars are not diligent? If you rub two dry sticks together fire will come, but if you were to rub two pieces of snow together that would not produce the heat. Some children take a great deal of rubbing to make them ask wise questions, warm from their hearts, about God's word; and some, I am sorry to say, never ask a question about its heavenly truth at all. If there were not something in the sticks to call forth the fire, not all the rubbing in the world would make the flame come: out of nothing, nothing comes. So hearts cold to the beautiful things of God's word are one great cause for the indifference that is found in some of our class.

Now the Bible is God's letter to us; and if we do not love His words, we do not love Him. Love to Him only comes from the heart in which His love is. "We love Him because He first loved us"; He gave His Son to die for our sins; and all who believe in this love will have many things they wish to know about God.

But our page is nearly full, and our time for talking is nearly over. Please, then, mind how you go away. Go home quietly, and in order-one class at a time Do you not hear the firm but kind voice of our superintendent? "There is a time for everything, and as you are leaving our school it is the time to be as quiet as possible. The people round about are watching you, and you must earn a good name, every one of you, for order."

Testimony to the Cross of Christ

THERE can be no doubt, in the mind of the Christian who observes the signs of the times, that the current of religious thought in Christendom runs adversely to the glory of the atoning sacrifice of the Lord Jesus Christ. On the one hand, the mercifulness of God is lifted up in order to diminish in the hearts of many the righteousness of God, and thus many believe that, since God is merciful, men will be brought into endless bliss apart from the atoning efficacy of Christ's death; on the other hand it is taught that Christ's sacrifice of Himself once offered, needs supplementing by the constant repetition of the offering of Christ in the sacrament, and thus the glory of Christ's sacrificial work is dimmed in the souls of multitudes, who look for salvation to the benefits of the sacrament, rather than to the value of Christ's own offering of Himself once for all.

The energies, therefore, of all true and faithful Christian men should be directed, in season and out of season, to the great end of magnifying Christ's atoning work. Not to magnify His work is not to magnify Him who wrought the work. Not to magnify Christ's work is not to magnify God the Father who sent Him to do the work. Not to magnify His work is to play into the hands of the enemy. There can be no neutrality in this great issue— to be neutral is to be indifferent, to be indifferent is to side with the enemy.

From the earliest days of fallen man's history, God shows to us how He regarded sacrifice and substitution for man. At the beginning of that history, God made coats of skins for our first parents, and clothed them; thus they were attired in the beauty of the victim that had died on their account. For God took the skin of the dead animal, and therefrom wrought the garments with which He clad man, who felt the shame of his nakedness, and who had hid from Him. The offering by Abel of the lamb to Jehovah, by faith, stands as the first witness of fallen man's acceptable approach to God. "By faith Abel offered unto God" (Heb. 11:4) — by faith in God's word, given to him respecting sacrifice. Such were the first teachings of God to man; and our being clothed in the excellence of Him who died for us, and Himself being the Lamb of God, is the teaching required for the last days in which we live. God has but one way of salvation for man, whether in the days of Abel, or whether in this nineteenth century, and God's one way of salvation is through the death of His Son.

"Christ crucified" was a stumbling-block to the religious Jews, the apostle Paul tells us (1 Cor. 1:23), and no less is Christ crucified a stumbling-block to the religious people of a great part of Christendom. They want more, much more, than Christ crucified for salvation; they want, as did the Jews, their ordinances, their ritual, their works. But in Christ, and Him crucified, is alone salvation. "Christ crucified" was foolishness to the wise Greeks, the apostle tells us. It was no honor or glory to these men of mental power that salvation should be found in a crucified Saviour! No, it was contemptible. But alone in the One who was crucified is salvation to be found. And in Christ crucified is divine wisdom, and divine power, and divine glory. It is no light thing to run counter to God's wisdom, power, and glory, as do all those who make light of the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ.

Is it Himself in His glory in reference to sin of whom God speaks? How shall peace be established in which He can rest? These are the divine words, "Having made peace through the blood of His cross." (Col. 1:20.)

Does God proclaim to man His justice, and yet Himself the Justifier of sinful men! On what basis shall this be built? God has set forth a mercy-seat through faith in Christ's blood to declare His divine righteousness in reference to the forgiveness of sins. (See Rom. 3:25.)

Shall the believer inquire, "How is it that I am brought near to God who once was so far off from Him?" Thus does God by His Spirit answer, "Ye who sometimes were far off are made nigh by the blood of Christ." (Eph. 2:13.)

Or shall the believer inquire, "How am I established in abiding security before the holy God whose sins are so many?" Thus does the Scripture speak: In Christ "we have redemption through His blood, the forgiveness of sins." (Eph. 1:7.) And again, "Ye know that ye were not redeemed with corruptible things...but with the precious blood of Christ." (1 Peter 1:18,19.)

Would the believer rise in his affections to Him who loved him; if so, what shall call forth his deepest joy? He "loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood." (Rev. 1:5.)

But let us lift up ourselves above the earth, and soar in thought into heaven itself. What is the burden of its songs "Lo, in the midst of the throne...stood a Lamb as it had been slain...And they sung a new song, saying Thou art worthy for Thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us to God by Thy blood" (chs. 5:6, 9). Let us inquire, as to the singers there, what it was that made their robes so white even in the very glory of God; whence came the marvelous purity in which they stood before the very throne of God? The answer is, "These are they which...have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. Therefore are they before the throne of God, and serve Him day and night in His temple; and He that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them" (ch. 7:14, 15).

It will be a very poor thing when in eternity to have to say, "I lived in the great nineteenth century, and, according to the then fashion, did not believe in the value of thy blood of God's Son, and am now forever and forever barred out from heaven and its songs."

Lord! What Wilt Thou Have Me to Do?

“LORD! what wilt Thou have me to do” was the first prayer of Paul the apostle. He had been doing every ill within his power to the Name of Jesus, but immediately upon being turned from darkness to light he sought the Lord’s mind as to what he should do for his Lord. An aged Christian once gave a young believer, who was not clear as to what special work he should engage in for the Lord, this advice: “If you are not quite sure what is your work, try something, and the Lord will soon show you what He would have you do.”

Bible in Many Lands

HERE is a letter, which deserves to be recorded in letters of gold, and one which reads a lesson indeed to us in England.

“Baganda Mengo,

“Jan. 15, 1894.

“Our beloved friends in Christ Jesus, we send you very many greetings, and, after our greetings, we thank you very much for sending us a present good for our souls—the word of God, which possesses life everlasting, that is, the books so beautifully bound which you have sent us.

“Our friends, in this you have shown us your regard for us, for our Saviour Jesus Christ has made us one with you by the death on the cross, although we are black. And you have made us understand that we are one brotherhood in the sight of our Lord, and that we shall reign with you, where there will be no distinctions (between black and white people) in His kingdom when He shall appear.

“We thank you very much, our friends. “We have rejoiced exceedingly many times over. You have sent us a better present than very much gold. How shall we express our thanks to you, for you love us so much. We, too, love you, but you exceed our love, as we have reason to say, for you friends have given us these books that have made us glad, and shown us thereby how much you love us. But we have nothing that we can send you beyond our thanks. If only the journey to Europe was as short as that to Zanzibar we might have come to see you and thank you (in person). But it is enough that we know how much you love us; and if in this world we shall never see you face to face we shall see each other in heaven. So, our friends, we have truly thanked you; you have made us very glad, and we shall never forget your gift you have sent us all our lives long.

“We have sent you a letter that you may see a letter written by our hand. Yet you can only look at it, because you don’t know Luganda, so we have asked our friends who teach us to translate it for you—every word—that you may understand what we say. If God will, we hope that you will send us other books when we have completed a thorough revision, containing no mistakes.

“And now may God be with you, and stretch forth His hands in blessing upon you; may He preserve you alive to be often thinking about us, for Christ’s sake.

“We are your brethren who love you—

HENRY WRIGHT DUTA, ZAKARIA KIZITO, NEKODIMO SEBWATO, SAMWILI NAGANAFU, TOMASI SENFUMA, PAULO BAKUNGA, and the rest of your friends besides, who are many elders of the church, send you very many greetings.”

With the Colporteurs in China

“GIVE, me one, please; give me one for my mother,” said poor ragged boy, as we passed through his village.

“Four cash! Have you four cash? These Gospels are four cash each; you cannot have one without the money.” So said the native bookseller, and the boy turned away with a sigh of disappointment. Those wistful dark eyes led me on, and we followed him into his home. He could read, wanted to read, the book to his mother. Having read clearly and well several verses to us we gave him a copy of Mark’s Gospel. The neighbors had by this time gathered, and we unrolled a large sheet of paper with a text in very large characters written upon it, “Without shedding of blood is no remission of sin.” Small slips of pretty paper had the same characters written upon them, and we gave one to each person. Then we pointed out the meaning of each character, or each pair of characters.

The text upon the door or wall generally attracts a large crowd. We press home the teaching of the text, and there is good attention; as one speaker follows another the crowd changes a little, but it does not decrease. At last we are asked to speak to individuals, and I answer the questions of the women who gather round the foreign woman in the house, whilst the bookseller continues to speak with the people, and sell books outside. Our last look at the village, as we leave it shows several large groups gathered round the happy men who can read pretty well; the village, which has two or three such, is somewhat larger than the villages that have taken most of my attention. The difficulty is that so few can read with much understanding, except in the cities. As we look back upon the village we see the people pasting up our little slips of paper, and a second visit finds our text still on their walls.

We sometimes give a book, but it is so much better for them to buy, though they are so poor.

But says someone, “Do you see results from all this work”?

Why, we are sowing now. Harvest joy belongs to harvest time. Remember the work is the work of the unfailing God. We see the springings of the green blade, and we know the seed is germinating in many hearts.

One day a gentleman came for a talk with me. He had been reading to his white-haired mother the Bible I had given him. The story of the Creation, with many other Old Testament stories, pleased them so much, but all the directions about blood-shedding puzzled them. Why must God be approached and worshipped by blood poured out? Is not God a compassionate God? Once more we had an opportunity to explain the gospel of salvation by the substitution of the Savior.

Pray for our dear Chinese readers of the Scriptures. Like ourselves they need the help of God the Holy Ghost before they can understand what they read.

“We know all about hell,” said one old woman, “but what is that you are saying about a place prepared for one to go to after death?” We marked the passage that tells of many mansions in a

Father's house, and gave her the book (her grandson can read), and we told in what manner a person is prepared for the prepared place.

I have been asked, "Do native Christians stand■do they endure well?" Yes, they stand splendidly if they abide in the Lord; away from Him, like ourselves, they fall and are sore hindered. The strongest and brightest Christians we have are those who know their Bible well, and amongst these the strongest are those who know not only the New Testament but also the Old Testament. Our Chinese Christians need a whole Bible, and happily they have got it.

Only the Word of God can help China in her deep darkness; only the Holy Word, only the light of the World, can save China; and the Scriptures, which reveal Him to the Chinese, are needed by converted and unconverted alike, yet the people are so poor, many of them, that they can hardly afford the few cash we ask for single copies. Again, cases occasionally occur in which the present of a Bible or a gospel to one slightly interested, yet not inclined to buy, deepens interest, and thus leads ultimately to conversion.

One old Christian came to me with the sad story that his eyes were failing, and so he could no longer read his New Testament. I showed him a large type Testament which had been latterly published, he wished much for it, but he could not buy it. We give our Chinese Christians a small present on their New Year's Day, and so when the joyous day arrived we made his heart glad with a present of the coveted New Testament. How delighted he was! Wherever he may be found, there also is his big Testament, with the large Chinese spectacles beside it. I wish some of our English Christians would copy the diligence in the use of the book shown by our Chinese brother.

From the Bible Society

The Heart at Rest

A YOUTH is resting beside a bank, while some cows, over which he keeps watch, graze quietly not far off. A stranger passing hears him softly singing, and pauses to catch the words of his song■

“Jesus! my heart’s dear refuge,

Jesus has died for me.”

“Is He your refuge?” she inquires. “Yes, lady,” replies the youth, “I have known Him two years.”

The stranger heard the quiet words, but the expression of the young man’s face had deeper language, for it told of settled peace within, and a heart at rest before God.

“Jesus has died for me; I have known Him two years,” was his simple tale: what a world of meaning these few words convey!

How different his case from another’s, whose sad unrestful expression could tell of no peace within, even had her lips not confessed it to one who remarked, speaking of her years of suffering, “Well, this has been a sad world to you■have you a bright hope of another” The weary face looked even more sad as she replied, “I hope so, ma’am; I am trying hard for it, and have done my best for the last forty years.”

In the one case the burden of sins had been removed by the death of the Lord Jesus, and acquaintance with Himself, and His praises were filling the heart; while in the other the lifetime spent in doing her “best” had failed to give peace or assurance of salvation, and the Divine Person at God’s right hand was quite unknown.

There is all the difference possible in resting on Christ and trying to make oneself fit for Christ. How sorrowful it is that so very many are content with their efforts, and with their religion of “trying hard for it.”

Reader, are you trusting in this Blessed One, whose work can give you perfect peace? or are you doing your best to earn forgiveness, and only “hoping”?

Beware! for “the hypocrite’s hope shall perish.” (Job 8:13.) G. A. A.

“I See Him! I See Him!”

MRS. CLARKE was known in the neighborhood where she lived as a God-fearing widow, and Christian friends felt it a privilege to visit her little cottage, for she had a fresh heart, and in her busiest hours there was always a sweet savor of Christ about her. Widow Clarke supported herself and invalid daughter by little laundry business, yet, however busy, she had some time to bestow on others. Her cottage had a peaceful aspect—it stood back from the London thoroughfare, its little garden wore a neat and thriving appearance, and pretty creepers grew upon the cottage wall. She let her two upper rooms, and this was one of her opportunities for furthering her Master’s cause.

On one occasion the rooms were standing empty, and much prayer was made to God by the widow that He would send tenants to whom she might be made a messenger of Christ. The quiet situation attracted the attention of a young man in delicate health—there was a touch of country peace about it, just what he wanted, and Henry, with his parents, were soon settled in the rooms.

Mrs. Clarke found in Henry a young man of a naturally fine and generous disposition. His love to his mother had restrained his desire for adventure, and his father being somewhat indolent, the young man kept the home together.

Henry worked in a gutta-percha factory, the confinement and heat of which acted unfavorably upon his constitution, and his tall frame and handsome countenance were marked with disease; this Mrs. Clarke observed, and from first acquaintance she took deep interest in his soul, but as every allusion to divine things was distasteful to Henry, she was led the more to prayer for his conversion to God. After a short time, troubles threatened her new lodgers. Henry broke a blood-vessel, and though he battled manfully against the disease, when the winter came, with exposure to cold, and damp evening air, he very reluctantly fell upon his club for support. No one felt more deeply for him than Mrs. Clarke, but in vain did she put before him his need as; sinner. When she spoke of Christ, he would often leave the room; and every request for him to hear the gospel preached, met with a positive refusal. This made her more carries than ever, and not content with her own pleadings, she gathered a few Christian friend! together for special prayer on Henry’s behalf.

The fatal disease was making slow but evident advance, and Mrs. Clarke felt no one had yet spoken plainly to the invalid about his state; she had endeavored to do so, but had never got at his heart. After much prayer, the help of one who was specially powerful in her plain and solemn warnings to the unconverted was sought, and Mrs. Clarke introduced her friend to Henry’s sick room. “Do you read your Bible?” inquired the visitor “No,” replied Henry. “Have you one? Yes, but I have not read it, neither do I mean to.” “Let me see it,” said the lady; and finding it was not in the room, she asked the mother to fetch it. “I shall now read to you out of your own Bible where God has said you will go, if you die as you are.”

Though Henry was angry at such plain speaking, he did not interrupt as scripture after scripture was read, declaring the awful and eternal misery of the unbeliever who diet in his sins. Not one

word of her own die the lady add to the solemn statements of God's Word. While Henry heard of the certainty of everlasting punishment, of the wrath of God, of the worm that dieth not, of the fire that is not quenched, of the weeping, wailing, and gnashing of teeth, God spoke to his soul, with a "thou art the man." For the first time in his life his heart was broken under the sense of sin and the fear of coming wrath and tears rolled down his face. His feeling! of anger were forthwith changed into deep gratitude towards the friend who, in love for his soul, had not feared to tell him of his sin and hastening doom should he still reject the Saviour and persist in his unbelief. The lady's visits were welcome indeed from this time, and Henry anxiously listened to the way of escape that God had made in the redemption by His Son.

Sometimes comforted with a glimpse of Christ, then pressed down with the weight of his sins, so as to feel he should never be saved, Henry would often say that he should not mind what he suffered in his body did he but know that his sins were forgiven, and that he was safe for eternity and thus passed the long winter.

Another Christian visitor was used by God for Henry's deliverance from fear and bondage. Having just heard from Henry the doubts and the fears that troubled him, he said, "Like a drowning man, you are struggling to save yourself. But suppose a rope thrown out, and the man told to cease struggling, and to trust himself to the rope alone, he would then be saved by another. Henry, give yourself up as perishing and helpless, and trust to the Saviour, who comes to you with a finished salvation; believe on Him, and you shall be saved by His strength; and then, instead of fearing, you shall know yourself safe in Christ, who sits at God's right hand in glory." God opened Henry's eyes to see Jesus as his salvation; he received Him in his heart by faith, and from that moment peace in believing took the place of gloomy doubts and fears.

At first he had a desire to recover, not for the sweetness of life, but that he might tell others—and especially the men in the factory—what God had done for his soul. However, he soon saw that this was not his Father's good pleasure. Intense longing filled his soul to be with that precious Saviour, who had so loved him, and had washed him from his sins in His own blood. One day, his end appearing very near, he told Mrs. Clarke, to whom he now felt the tenderest affection, that before the clock struck twelve again, he hoped he should be with Christ; indeed, his daily desire was that on the morrow he might see his Saviour.

Unable to enter into his joy, Henry's mother showed too unmistakably that his lingering sickness wearied her; but "Mother does not know what I suffer" gently said, was all that he would say of her. The Master's word, "Abide in Me, and I in you," was his comfort, just simply resting in Christ, and in His faithful love. "Persons have told me," he once remarked, "that I should pray when in much pain, or repeat hymns, but I cannot do so. It seems so sweet to know that I have only to rest in Him, and that He is thinking upon me, when I am too weak to think myself."

After a day of especial suffering, Mrs. Clarke asked him whether he did not think that his desire would very soon be granted, when, to her surprise, he answered, "I do not know I have given up thinking." "Given up thinking of being with Jesus, dear Henry! what, then, do you do to comfort yourself?" "Oh!" replied the patient sufferer, "I have thought too much, I fear. I have wished too much to depart and be with Him. I now trust Him, and leave all to His will." The last lesson in God's discipline was learned.

“What shall we pray for today asked Mrs. Clarke, the next morning.

“That the Lord may take me; and mind that you say, ‘Thy will be done.’” That day a heavenly calm rested on the little company who watched Henry as he lay gently breathing himself away to bliss. None seemed able to speak or move, so sacred and solemn was that dying stillness; and as we watched, with eyes dimmed with tears, Henry looked up to heaven and smiled, and with rapid utterance cried, “I see Him! I see Him!” His mother whispered, “Whom do you see, Henry?” “see Jesus. He is coming■He is coming for me■coming to take me to Himself!” He gazed upward adoringly for a moment, and then gave his last kiss and last good-bye to his dear ones, adding “Say ‘good-bye’ to father; God bless him. Tell him to come, to Jesus.” And then he shut his eyes, and his breathing grew softer and softer, until all was still. We looked one upon another and whispered, “He is gone.” R. W.

Overweighted

BEARING a heavy burden upon the back inclines the head earthwards; when the Christian has his face downwards he is allowing himself to carry too many cares. The Lord's promise is to take the care when we give it over to Him; and in exchange for our care to give us His peace.

Rest.

THERE is only One who can truly say "I will give you rest," and this could not be truly said were He not divine.

No mere human being, as creature, can say to his fellow "I will give you rest"; there must be a greatness in the Person so speaking which no creature can possess. We have never heard of any religion which gives rest, though it is quite true that "the Church," as Rome calls herself, offers to such as submit to her authority rest from perplexity and doubt. But rest of heart, of conscience, rest in view of death, of God's judgment, of one's own sins, rest in the love of a Person who is our Friend, no Church professes to bestow. A very great deal of what is called "rest" by the Church referred to has to be bought in one way or other; it knows very little of giving, because it is human.

Jesus Himself offers rest to us, and He Himself says "Come unto Me, and I will give you rest." We have to go to Him, Himself, for this priceless reward. It is entirely a personal matter: Jesus personally gives the rest—we personally receive it. Such as have gone to Him, as He says, have the rest. Others may say, "We do not credit the possession of rest," because they have it not, and no one can truly declare what the rest is save he who has it. The evidence that we have the rest lies within our own hearts and consciences.

Let our reader look carefully into these familiar words, "Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest," and ask Himself whether he has had the personal dealings with Christ the words prove to be necessary. "Come unto Me"! Think of Christ in His divine glory, in His human tenderness—think of Him as now, at this moment, looking into your heart, and as speaking these very words to you yourself, and be personal with yourself as you meditate upon His saying.

Rest is offered to you for time, for eternity, rest in the full view of your sins, and in the full sense of Christ's cross; how have you treated these words of Jesus, "Come unto Me"?

The Test

THE sun's rays call forth the savor both of flowers and of ditches. And so it is with the gospel which testifies of Jesus. The name of Christ brings out the secrets of men's hearts. Some bound up with joy and sweetness at the mention of that Name; their souls, like pleasant odors of spring flowers, are stirred by His love. But, alas, the holiness, the purity of that Name calls out the hatred of the heart in others. "I hate that Name," said one, not long since. The foulness and rise offensiveness of the evil heart of unbelief moves in dislike under the rays of His love.

Influence

THE most powerful influence is the gentlest. The myriads of soft drops of the shower cause the earth to blossom, but the same weight of water cast down upon it at once would only result in desolation and in death.

A Window in the Heart

THERE is a story told amongst the ancients how that, when some were suggesting the most wonderful things, one said his wonder should be a window in the heart of man, through which should be seen all the busy company of motives, thoughts, purposes, and intents at work within!

And, oh! man, such a window does exist in thy heart! And through it does One look with penetrating gaze. No thought, no secret is hidden from Him. Even the very purposes and intents in thy heart's darkest corners are all known to Him.

Is it with confidence, or is it with dread, that you contemplate this divine inspection?

Knowledge

SOME persons have a most unpleasant habit of measuring the depth of their neighbor's understanding. When they meet with a fellow-Christian they forthwith let down their sounding-line■" Do you know this doctrine? Are you acquainted with such a writer?" And if not, though the man may be full of the love of Christ, he is not wise enough for their company.

What Will the Lord Do for Me When He Comes?

THIS is a momentous question, fraught with answers of the richest blessing for the Lord's people.

(1.) He will "change our vile body, that it may be fashioned like unto His glorious body, according to the working whereby He is able even to subdue all things unto Himself." (Phil. 3:21.) This poor frame, liable to constant ills, decaying day by day, having the sweat of the curse and the lines of guilt upon it turning gradually to dust—this body of humiliation is to be changed. Jesus Himself—no angel hand—Jesus Himself will give it the fashion, the beauty, and the perfection of His own glorious body. The shining of His countenance is "above the brightness of the sun" at mid-day, and He will make every single believer—the weakest—the youngest—as well as the strongest and oldest, glorious like Himself.

(2.) He will give to each saint a full knowledge of Himself. Now we understand but little of His wisdom—little of His love—little of His heart. "Now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known." (1 Cor. 13:12.)

(3.) He will take us to be forever with Himself. Here He is absent in person from us, and here, alas, we too often wander in spirit from Him, but when He comes we shall for "ever be with the Lord." (1 Thess. 4:17.)

(4.) He will bring us home—bring us to the special place which He Himself has prepared for us, up there, in His Father's house, so that where He is there we "may be also." (John 14:2, 3.)

(5.) He will give us again our loved ones, whose spirits are now with Him, but whose bodies are in the grave. We shall be "together with them in the clouds." (1 Thess. 4:17.) We shall be "together" once more! Severed now—joined then once more, and "forever." Never to weep at parting again. No, blessed be the Lord, never!

Was ever prospect sweeter? And it is all true, every word, for He has said it. His own great love for us will never rest until He has done for us all that He promises, and then "He shall see of the travail of His soul and be satisfied," and we shall rest in His love. It will be impossible to want any one single thing at that day—the heart will be full.

The Shepherd, the Lion, and the Lamb

HAVE you heard a lion roar? The other day I was listening to one of these kings of beasts. He planted his great forefeet upon the floor of his cage, stretched out his neck, and, having filled his chest with air, he sounded out a loud, high cry, which, as he slowly drew his lips together, grew gradually deeper and deeper, louder and louder. Several times did he row thus, till my chest trembled and ached with the majestic sound. His last two utterances were, I think, more full toned and deeper than the rest. Then he made a sort of moaning, sighing sound, and so his cries died away.

As his voice shook my chest, I thought of this text of Scripture, "Your adversary, the devil, as a roaring lion goeth about seeking whom he may devour."

But the lion's voice in his own hunting ground is quite another thing. There, as he utters his deep sighs, or thunders out his terrible music, men and animals quail. They hear but see him not; for he prowls near them, almost invisible, ready to carry off his prey to his den.

Long, long ago, in Palestine, a young shepherd was keeping his father's flock. To be a shepherd there, was to be in constant danger and risk of death, for lions and beasts of prey were always watching for the helpless sheep. The sheepfold of those lands was not, as we see in the south and midland counties of England, an enclosure of wooden hurdles; nor was it such as we meet with on the northern moors or in Scotland, where, placed in a hollow on the hill-side, the fold is built of stones and earth to afford shelter from the snow-storm; but the Eastern sheepfold was, and is, a strongly walled place, the thick and high sides of which thieves could not break through nor lions leap over.

We may imagine that night after night a lion bad lurked about the fold where the young shepherd David, the son of Jesse, tended the flock; and close had the foe, no doubt, often come to the high stone walls, and lain outside them as still as a stone, so that in the dim hours of the night even the practiced eye of the shepherd might mistake the couching monster for a rock or a mound of earth! When the lion approached the fold, the flock trembled, and the good shepherd David watched.

God says in His Word, "All we like sheep have gone astray"; and a lamb, some way or other, escaped from David's care and wandered away. Once more the lion came! His keen eye saw the helpless wanderer, and in a moment the lamb was in his giant mouth! Did the young shepherd hear the lamb bleat? Did he see the foe draw near? How it was we are not told; but away he went to the rescue.

Ah! he was loving, brave, and strong. He knew that in attempting to save the lamb he might lose his own life; but the flock was dear to his heart; his father's sheep, his choicest care, and he pursued. Had he a sling with him? Did he cast a stone at the lion's head, as he pierced Goliath's temples? We know not. However, he tells us that he went out after the lion, "and smote him, and delivered it out of his mouth!" Then, as the fierce beast, robbed of his prey, turned against him, David smote and slew him.

A moment before, the lamb had been in the lion's jaws; but, by the shepherd's love and strength, the terrified, helpless thing was "delivered out of his mouth."

In our picture we have drawn the shepherd having thrown aside his long flowing robe the more readily to follow the enemy, and as wearing only his under and closely fitting garment. Upon his shoulder he supports the lamb, or kid, as the margin of the Bible reads; at his feet lies the lion, dead. Can you, as you look well at the picture, read the lesson of this Bible story? If one were to be drawn of Jesus the Good Shepherd, Satan the roaring lion, and you, dear little reader, would you be placed upon the Good Shepherd's shoulder? Safe, safe forever, there? Delivered from the lion's mouth? Would the picture be true of you?

You are either in the lion's mouth, or upon the Shepherd's shoulder. Either lost, or saved. Either being dragged away to destruction, or being carried home to glory. Which is it? You cannot save yourself any more than the lost lamb could get out of the lion's mouth. Are you so bold that you will dare to go on unsaved? "The lion hath roared, who will not fear?" Alas! Many foolish and proud children know not their danger.

For all who love the Lord Jesus, the strength of Satan is no more. Jesus has through His death upon the cross taken away the power of the enemy over His sheep and lambs.

Satan is as powerless to rob you from the hand of Jesus as the dead lion at David's feet was to devour the saved lamb. The lamb's fears were gone when it was upon its shepherd's shoulder; so are the fears of poor trembling sinners chased away, when they believe the love of Jesus in seeking, and His power in saving, them. The victory is the Shepherd's. The safety yours who believe. Has not God said of Him, "He shall gather the lambs with His arms, and carry them in His bosom"? Oh! place of rest and peace—the strong arm and loving bosom of Jesus!

Dear boys and girls, do not turn aside from the Good Shepherd, who gave "His life for the sheep," who died to deliver, who bled to save, Satan has no power to destroy the sheep and lambs of Jesus' flock. None shall pluck them out of His hand, No! like the Lion dead at the feet of the shepherd, so lies Satan without strength at the once wounded feet of Jesus.

Remember, we are speaking to stray lambs, for you all have gone astray, you all have sinned, and wandered from God. Oh! it is well to feel your danger and your lost state, I once read of a great traveler who was in a lion's mouth, and the lion shook him as a cat shakes a mouse, but did not crunch his bones. It was a narrow escape; but the strange thing the traveler told us was, that while he was in the lion's mouth he felt no pain! There seemed to be some power in the shake the lion gave him which prevented the man from calling out or feeling suffering! Ah! how like the case of poor sinners in The Lion's mouth! They do not feel how dreadful it is to be there. They do not seem terrified. But there will be an end of this sleepy state someday. When the traveler was saved he told us what a deliverance he had had, and we tell you of many boys and girls who have been delivered, and as they look back at their former danger they tremble, while they weep for joy because Jesus has them safe upon His shoulder. And they tell us, as we tell you, that unless Jesus had gone after them and saved them they would never, never have been saved at all. Oh! believe the Good Shepherd who gave His life for the sheep, and who keeps safe forever all who trust in Him.

Look once more at the picture, and again ask yourself, “Am I safe, like the lamb upon the Shepherd’s shoulder?”

Freddy's Prayer

WHEN you read the Bible, or hear it read, do you really understand that the words are said to you, and are meant for you?

No matter how young or how childish you may be, you are not too young to hear the voice of God; not too childish to stop and think, "That is what God says to me"; or, "That is what God says about me." God would have us believe all He says to us or about us, because He says it, but the devil is always trying to make us think the wonderful words in the Bible are meant for someone else, so that we should not take them for our own selves.

The little boy of whom I am going to tell you, in a short life of nine years and a half, learned to know that the words of God were meant for him, and he learned to use them, too.

One day, Freddy (for that is his name) was reading a chapter with his mother and brother and sister before he went to bed. It was the fourth chapter of the Epistle to the Ephesians, and when Freddy had read the last verse ■ "Be ye kind one to another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another, even as God, for Christ's sake, hath forgiven you," he looked up and said softly, "Mother, that's my prayer."

"What do you mean, dear?" said his mother, for she thought he always prayed a little prayer she had taught him.

"Oh! nothing; only I just say to God, 'Make me kind to others, tender-hearted, forgiving others, even as Thou, for Christ's sake hast forgiven me,'"

Soon after this, Freddy went to school, and very proud he was at the thought of being a schoolboy. Perhaps you will think he forgot his little prayer, No, he needed it now more than ever, for, though boys at school meet with plenty of kindness from their school fellows, they are sure to find plenty of trials, too, as I am sure all schoolboys know.

It was a happy day for this little boy when his mother came to see him. It was late when she arrived, so he had gone to bed, but you may be sure he did not go to sleep until he had seen her and given her the pretty little pincushion of painted wood he had bought with his pocket-money to surprise her. Next day, when bedtime came, Freddy's mother went upstairs with her little boy, and in the course of the nice talk they had together, she found that he still prayed the same prayer.

"Who put it into your head, Freddy?" she asked.

"I put it into my own head," said little Freddy.

We know it was God's Holy Spirit who put these blessed words, not into his head only but also into his heart, and enabled him to keep them there, like a precious treasure.

But did the Lord answer Freddy's prayer? You know he asked that he might be made kind to others. He had many beautiful books and toys, and, being a very careful little boy he did not like to

lend them at first, and would often refuse to do so, but soon he grew quite ready to lend, and would give up what he most prized, only saying, "Take care and don't spoil it."

The Lord made him forgiving, too, for even a little boy may have things to forgive, and we can never forgive the least thing of ourselves; our hearts cannot bear the thought of it; only knowing how God, for Christ's sake, has forgiven us, can make us do it.

Thus the same blessed God who put it into this little child's heart to pray to Him answered his prayer, and now that time has rolled by I like to tell you this little story.

May you, too, learn to take the sweet word! of the Bible for your own, and to come to God in the name of the Lord Jesus, and just tell Him what you really want. Many things seem too little for us to think of, because we are so small ourselves, but God is so great and so full of love that He forgets nothing, and thinks even of you, and of all you want. C. P.

“No More.”

“NO more offering for sin” ■sins remembered “no more” (Heb. 10:17,18). What two gracious “no mores” are these. As we enter into the one we rejoice in the other, and both stand together, for the second is the accomplished result of the first, and as our souls cleave to the first, so do we enjoy the grace of the second.

Where remission of sins and iniquities is, there is no more offering for sin. Where sins and iniquities are forgiven, an offering for them is no longer necessary. A grand truth is this, a most assuring and comforting truth for a soul not fully at rest before God. Our sins and iniquities stood between us and God, our sins were upon us, but by the will of God our sins were laid on His Son, who offered Himself a sacrifice for our sins, and so perfect was His work on the cross that by it “He hath perfected forever” those for whom He died. No longer are they regarded by God as in their sins, but as “sanctified.” “By one offering He hath perfected forever them that are sanctified” (vs. 14).

No more offering for sin!

No, an offering for sin which God can regard is henceforth impossible. The “one offering” of His Son is absolutely perfect, and its results are absolutely perfect. None other is allowable or tolerable. By virtue of it our sins are remitted, forgiven, and another offering for sin is an impossibility. Indeed, any other offering for sin, or with a view to obtaining forgiveness of sins, is no less than a slight upon the “one offering” by Christ of Himself; and an act of unbelief in the presence of God.

If we set up our works, our tears, our repentance, as an offering for our sins, we act in unbelief of the virtue of Christ’s offering of Himself; if we suppose that He can be offered to God for sin, we act in unbelief of the reality that He, “after He had offered one sacrifice for sins forever, sat down at the right hand of God” (ver. 12). Let us magnify the work of Christ, and His exaltation to the throne of God because of the completion of the work.

It is in no sense to be wondered at, that such as by their looking into self and seeking for offerings to God for their sins of their own works, or that such as look to religious ceremonies for an offering for their sins, do not find in the contemplation of God’s presence and holiness, rest and peace of soul. But we have His own gracious words to assure us: “Their sins and iniquities

Will I remember no more.”

Not only are our sins remitted, they are no more remembered. They are cast behind God’s back; they are blotted out as a cloud, and He will never allow that cloud of His glory to be removed.

We are well aware in daily life what it is, when an ill done is not only forgiven but forgotten by a gracious heart; true, such hearts are rare, and rarer still are those who can believe in the goodness of such as forget. But we can rely upon God, He is so great in forgiveness that He can forget. Never will He forget the value of the one offering for sins of Jesus, His Son; may we, also,

never forget it! When we doubt its efficacy we are on the way to forget; then let us turn our backs upon our doubts, and rejoice in the perfection of His sacrifice, and the perfection of God's forgiveness.

No more offering for sin.

No more remembrance of our sins.

Money for Lepers

(Our dear little friend Bertie Bird was taken away from us this summer. "I do know, and thank our Father, that the dear lamb was ready," writes the lady who so kindly forwards us the little gifts of several dear children, amongst whose gifts was Bertie's.)

We have sent to Mrs. Bailey over sixty dolls, some of which are dressed as daintily as a royal child could wish. Really, some of our kind friends have taken the most wonderful pleasure in making the dolls look simply beautiful; we know why they had done so, for in cheering the leper children they have sought to do it under the loving eye of the Master. Some have also sent a little letter with the doll to the leper child for whom it is intended. How will the poor little children value them? We have also sent Mrs. Bailey money to buy balls and knives for the elder boys. By and by we shall have letters from the poor children, giving us their thoughts about these little gifts, but you must not expect them till January next, for it is a long way to Purulia, and it takes a VERY LONG TIME to get an answer in English, and Mr. Uffmann is very much overworked.

Missionary Work

THE accompanying selections from Dr. Parrott's letters will interest our readers: ■

"Lao-ho-Kou, N. Hupeli,"

May 13th 1894.

"We have completely succeeded in gaining the goodwill of the people and of the officials of this place. We could not have expected so much kindness from the rulers of our own country even as the chief mandarin and others have shown us here.

"As you are aware, for some five months we waited on here, looking for and trying to secure a suitable house for residence and hospital work.

"A place just outside the east gate of the city was found, and the owners were willing to sell it to us. They were needing money, and would only sell. The owner of the property had recently died, and in his will he requested his heirs to spend a large sum of money on his burial. This they were unable to do without selling some of the property. The house with large garden was supposed to be haunted, and no Chinaman would live in it, nor was it any good for commercial purposes, being two minutes' walk from the streets of the suburb.

"Like every Chinaman in the Empire, the owners asked a price for it far in excess of its value. Patient waiting and apparent indifference, however, brought them down to a reasonable figure.

"Some £50 will be needed to repair the place. Some parts of the house are very old, and the woodwork is rotten. The outbuildings also require a good deal of altering and rebuilding, but before this letter reaches you, I hope we shall have commenced work in real earnest.

"We have much cause for thankfulness in the favor, both in the eyes of the officials of the place and of the people, which God has given us. This is the more gratifying, since others have been trying to enter a city not far from here, and have utterly failed to secure the friendliness of the people, and were at last sent out of the town by the mandarin. I feel sure that with a thorough knowledge of medicine and a heart bent on pleasing the Lord, and being willing to follow His guidance, one might easily occupy nearly any one of the hundreds of the walled cities which are still untouched by the missionary.

"Were it not for the ladies and the two children who are with rue, I should never remain in a place where there are other laborers preaching Christ, so long as towns and cities exist far and near without any witness whatsoever.

"Our way to Singan is still closed. There is a Norwegian brother living in a small house in Singan, and, from all I gather, is faithfully preaching Christ. He is a gentle and quiet man; but we hope to enter that city in time, and were cheered by hearing that one of the chief mandarins and some of the gentry had heard that a doctor was coming to Singan, and were making inquiries. This looks hopeful for us.

“I must not fail to thank you heartily for the pictures you are sending me for tracts. Soon after receiving your letter a man came to me, asking for employment. He is spiritually an inquirer and a printer by trade. He has done printing for the China Inland Mission, and prefers to work for Christians rather than for the heathen, though it be at less wages. In him seemed to be just the man for your work, especially as he is an engraver as well as a printer, and can therefore cut the blocks for the tracts, which is the Chinese method of printing. I will send you copies of the tracts so soon as I can get them done. I have engaged him as gatekeeper. His wife will look after the gate when he is working. I hope also to let them manage a little bookstall at the hospital entrance, so that patients and others can purchase Scriptures and Scripture tracts.”

It will possibly be in the memory of some of our readers that we sent out to Dr. Parrott some Bible illustrations, such as have appeared from time to time in our Magazine. These were printed upon long strips of paper, which is the form most pleasing to the Chinese. Passages of Scriptures relating to the healing of the leper, the giving of sight to the blind man, and to the story of the sower and the fisherman, will be engraved on wood, and then printed over and under the pictures. The people will hang them up upon their walls as ornaments, and thus there will be in their houses the words of life and salvation.

We have received for this purpose the sum of £115s. 4d., but as the cost of transit of the printed sheets amounted to £1 5s. 7d, we had hardly ten shillings left to defray the cost of printing, and, therefore, cannot do much in this direction, unless our friends are stirred up to aid this work of gospel distribution.

“This morning,” continues Dr. Parrott, “I heard of heathen men buying our Christian hymn-books simply to use as song-books.

They are fond of singing (they call it ‘singing,’ but the sounds made would hardly be so denominated in England), and our books are much to be preferred to their own impure song-books. These people are a strange mixture of good and evil!

“We have eight inquirers, four of whom, I feel sure, are true believers; the others know scarcely anything, but wish to serve the true God. We praise God for their early encouragement.”

They come every morning to prayers. This morning one of them prayed for fine weather in order that the workmen may go on with the repairs. The man told the Lord it was His house, and that we were His servants, and wished to get it repaired quickly, so that the people outside might come and learn of the love of God in Christ. Another one prays for his two daughters and his persecuting wife. He told the Lord that his girls were proud and fond of dress, and called him a foreign devil because he came to worship the Lord.

“Just at present I am fully occupied with thirty carpenters and builders, who do scarcely any work at all if I am not present.”

The accompanying extract will also interest our readers. The magic lantern is a great institution in China for bringing people to hear the gospel. We are sending out some slides to the mission, and should be glad to have others forwarded to us to dispatch with them.

“I thought, perhaps, it might be of interest to some of you at home to know how a magic lantern is appreciated by the Chinese. When the people about here heard that the native Christians had

seen one on New Year's Day, they were very excited, and many came to call to hear about the wonderful pictures coming out of a lamp. For days there were knockings at the front gate to know if the pictures could be seen, and some called about it late at night. The first time it was shown here we had it in the front hall of our house, and only had the native Christians in. We showed them some miscellaneous pictures first, all of which elicited various curious remarks. Afterward we showed them the story of Jonah, of Joseph, and some of the life of our Lord. We asked our native teacher to tell the others about the pictures, and we were pleased to find how easily they all recognized the pictures from having read about them in their Bibles. A little while after this, some mandarins came and asked if we would show them the magic lantern, and we arranged a day, and they came and brought some of their wives and children up to the chapel, and we had all interesting time.

"The doctor showed the pictures, and another missionary explained them, preaching at the same time. There was perfect silence, and great interest was aroused, and thus these proud officials certainly heard the gospel that night if never before, for they are a great deal too important to come to the chapel, or to stand in the street, to listen to preaching." Our picture represents a Chinese doctor, and as Dr. Parrott dresses like the natives we can imagine his hearty countenance in his Chinese surroundings.

“I Know He Loves Me.”

GOOD evening, my friend; how is your wife?” inquired a lady of an aged man who was leaning against a gate in a country lane.

“Ah, miss, she’s very low,” he replied, “and her sufferings seem to increase. It is a sad trial—only the Lord Himself knows. But there! —there’s a need be for it; and we don’t always reckon on the ‘eternal weight of glory’ that is coming by-and-by, do we?”

“No, indeed,” answered the lady, “we are too apt to forget that. But you do know the Lord Jesus?”

“Know Him!” exclaimed old John, looking up with a beaming face, “I should hope I do, miss; and what’s more, I know He love me, and I love Him!”

“Tell me how it was that He revealed Himself to you,” inquired his friend.

The old man raised his arm, and pointed with his stick to a distant valley, over which, the sun was shedding his last rays. “Have you ever noticed that little church, down there, beyond the marshes?

“Well, I’ll tell you all about it. I was brought up there by an excellent mother. There were four of us, and though I am now in my eighty-seventh year, I can still remember her teachings. She used to make us read to her at nights, verse by verse, out of the Bible, and then kneel, one by one, at her knees and pray and in our little beds she used to come and kiss us before we went to sleep. Ah! I would to God that there were more mothers like her!

“It was when I was nine years of age that the Spirit of God convicted me of sin, and showed me my sinfulness. This is how it was. I was in church one Sunday morning singing that psalm in the Old Version, ‘In Thy wrath, Lord, remember me,’ when a strange, solemn feeling came over me, and as I looked up my eyes fell on a tablet on the other side of the gallery which had this text written at the end, ‘Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth.’ Ah! I thought, ‘that’s what my mother wants me to do.’ Well, when service was over, I felt too unhappy to remain with the other boys playing in the village; I just went straight home, and hid myself in the chimney-corner. I suppose mother noticed how silent I was, for after a bit she said, ‘What’s the matter with you, my boy? Are you ill?’ Then I told her of that strange feeling that had come over me, and my seeing the text, and said I was not happy, for I was so sinful. I remember her laying her hand upon my shoulder, saying, ‘John, I do believe that the Lord is going to make you one of His!’

“When I was ten years old my dear mother died, and I was taken from school, and sent to work with my father. I continued to be unhappy, but I told no one. And after that I went from one situation to another till I was about twenty-five; and then I began to consider my ways. ‘Now I will turn over a new leaf; I will give my heart to God, and I will resist the strivings of His Spirit no longer,’ said I; but I couldn’t give my heart to Him, miss—the world was too strong upon me.

“Some time after I went to hear a sermon, which I never can forget. The preacher read this verse: And the times of this ignorance God winked at; but now commendeth all men everywhere to

repent: because He hath appointed a day, in the which He will judge the world in righteousness by that Man whom He hath ordained.” He will judge the world! He will judge you, sinner!’ exclaimed the preacher, and as he said these awful words he fixed his eyes on me. I trembled, and thought of the coming judgment; the arrows of conviction stuck fast in me, but yet I found no peace.

“When I was about twenty-nine I was in country service, and one day my master being in town, I took his horse out for an airing. As I was riding I was thinking about my soul, and my increasing unhappiness, and I looked up to heaven, and said, ‘Lord, if Thou wilt, Thou canst set my soul at liberty!’ At that moment it seemed as if He did it, and sent His own peace into my heart. It was peace, miss, perfect peace; and, though I have had hard trials since then, I have never lost that peace. I owe my all to the precious blood of Chris; and those last blessed words that dropped from His lips on Calvary, ‘It is finished.’” G. A. A.

Coming to a Right Mind

IN a village of Somersetshire there lived a young man about twenty-two years of age. He was the son of very respectable parents, and had been brought up well, in a moral point of view; but his heart and conscience were alike untouched—the Spirit of God had not as yet begun to work within him.

A relative to whom he was much attached, died, and he, with others, went to the funeral. There he was arrested by the solemn words, pronounced over the grave, “I am the Resurrection and the Life.” “Who does that mean?” he said to himself. “It cannot be the clergyman;” who, then, is that wondrous Person, who can assume such a title?

With his mind full of this thought, he began, when he got home, to search his Bible; and soon other questions presented themselves. “Where should I go if I were to die?” “Is it possible for anyone to know whether his sins are forgiven in this world?” He had no one to turn to in his difficulties; no Christian friend to whom he could tell them; his parents were unconverted: he groped on in the dark. But, at this time, his friends remarked a change in him; he became much more serious and thoughtful than before. It was observed that he never went out to his work on the farm; never even went across the yard to look at the cows without taking with him the little, old Bible that he had used at school as a child. No one saw him read it, but it was his constant companion.

Time passed on, and another change took place in J. He became restless and unhappy, and, laying aside the Bible, sought every kind of amusement. His mother and sisters wondered, and said, when he went out and sought for distractions outside the home circle, “How unlike J.”

But all was of no avail; Satan’s efforts to cheat and delude him with this world’s vain pleasures were not allowed to succeed. He only sank into deeper misery. “I found,” he said afterward, “like Solomon, that all is vanity and vexation of spirit” (Eccl. 1:14.)

An expression of deep gloom settled on his countenance. He held his head hanging down, and his eyes on the ground. He scarcely spoke, except when addressed, and then answered as shortly as possible. His friends now began to be seriously alarmed about him, and neighbors whispered, “He is losing his mind;” The anxious mother waited and watched, but how little she knew what was passing within.

One day, feeling more miserable than ever, he fell on his knees, and asked God what he was to do. Then he saw, as it were, hell open before him, and himself suspended by a thread over the awful abyss. How was he to escape that dreadful doom? The weight of his sins seemed more than he could bear, and he dreaded the just judgment of God.

That night, his mother was awakened from sleep by a knock at her door; she rose and opened it, and there stood J. “Mother, can you give me some matches?” he asked. “Are you ill?” said she; “what do you want with matches?” He took them without a word, and went back to his room. He lighted his candle, and once more took up the Bible. He turned over the pages without much

purpose, and at last opened on, Gen. 32:26; then, closing the Bible, he cried out in anguish of soul, "I will not let Thee go, except Thou bless me!" And God heard the cry of the poor burdened spirit, and sent the answer of peace.

As he described it afterward, a flood of light entered into his soul; all his doubts and fears were gone, and, instead of them, he was "filled with peace and joy in believing." (Rom. 15:13.) Dear reader, let me ask you, have you ever felt the burden of your sins like J.? have you ever cried to God? The true cry of a soul's need can never fail to reach the ear of God. Though J. did not then know it, it was God who was working in him all that time, just letting him come to the end of himself and everything else, that he might find all his resource in God. Like the prodigal son, "he arose, and came to his father. But when he was yet a great way off, his father saw him, and had compassion, and ran, and fell on his neck, and kissed him," (Luke 15:20.)

After passing a sleepless night, her mind run of anxious thought, J.'s mother came into his room very early in the morning, and found the candle still burning, and the Bible in his hand. "Give me that book," said she, "J., you are just breaking my heart by going on in this way; you will surely go out of your mind, and I shall go out of mine too."

"Mother," said he, as she took the Bible from him, "that book is the word of God. 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.'" (Acts 16:31.) His mother said afterward, that she could never forget the wonderful expression of his face at that moment, it was perfectly radiant with intense happiness.

When J. joined the family at breakfast, he told them all "what great things God had done for him." "I used to think about God before," he said, "but now I know Christ." He then earnestly and simply besought them all to come to Christ. "It is not by anything you can do," he said; "it is no use trying■it is only to believe."

On his way to work he spoke to an old woman, and told her of the way of salvation. In the evening, he again implored the members of his family to come to Christ, and kneeling down amongst them, prayed earnestly for a blessing on their souls. At first they resented it, but soon the conscience of one sister was awakened, and then of the other; they were convicted of sin, and saw their state, as lost, in the sight of God. They were very unhappy for some time.

A preacher of the gospel came to the village about two months after J.'s conversion, and the word he preached was blessed to both sisters, and they found peace through the blood of Christ.

Alas! the father and mother remained untouched by the wondrous work of God's grace in their midst, in saving three of their children. How terrible is this indifference of soul! Content with a religion of forms, and a life of outward respectability, they felt not their need of a Saviour■they did not know that, in God's sight, all are alike sinners. "There is none righteous, no, not one" (Rom. 3:10). "All have sinned, and come short of the glory of God" (Rom. 3:23). E. R. B.

Evangelic Necessities for the Day

THERE are certain most urgent needs for the present day, relating to the spiritual kingdom, which should exercise the hearts of all true workers for God, and they should do their utmost to satisfy them. Amongst these spiritual needs, we should assign a very prominent place to the enforcement of the character and reality of sin. Sin in its sinfulness, sin in its relation to the infinitely holy God, sin and its punishment, and sin and its only remedy, should be insisted upon in the Sunday-school class, by the chair-side when visiting, as well as in public ministry. The bold declaration of what sin is, is too little in evidence in the popular religion of our day, indeed it seems in danger of being elbowed out altogether■ that is to say, out of fashionable religion.

Sin is as sinful as ever it was. Six thousand years of human progress have not diminished its intensity. Man is, by nature, as sinful as his earliest progenitors; there is no glimmer of man evolving himself into sinlessness, and there never will be. What is termed human progress, on its present day lines■education, electric light, railways, and so on■does not in any degree touch the question of the nature of man in relation to his fellows; we need not observe that such matters do not relate to man in his duty towards God. Man is no nearer goodness because he travels forty miles an hour, or peace because he has invented dynamite, nor is he nearer honesty because he reads cheap literature and is politically instructed. Ask parents whether education has made their children tender-hearted and obedient, and traders if telegrams have rendered trade honest and men trustworthy?

But when we come to deal with sin in relation to God we are the most appalled, for here is most terrible degeneracy. The world may boast itself of material progress, but what shall be said of spiritual thought? We may judge of the views about sin of workers in the Christian field, by the remedies they propose for it.

One remedy is education■but at the best an educated man is only an educated sinner. If we proposed to change a crab tree by cultivation we should be derided, and be properly regarded as not knowing the nature of a crab tree. We should be told, "After all your efforts you will only have produced a cultivated crab tree!" And just in the same way do we say, a man proposing to deal with human sin by education, that is, by educating the race not to sin, is utterly in the dark as to the nature of man. The education the Sunday-school teacher should give his class is, "All have sinned, and come short of the glory of God," "The soul that sinneth it shall die." And the teacher should teach his young charge that God is holy, and that before Him every heart is open, and to Him every thought known, and by Him every word heard, and that all must in the coming day give account to Him.

When a human being takes in the reality of what sin is, he needs reality in reference to the forgiveness of his sins. Can we imagine a man truly awakened to the burden of his sins, being content with "pleasant Sunday afternoons for the people," or some light fancy, which is called religion?

Can we imagine a truly awakened sinner realizing who God is, and believing what God's Word teaches him, being satisfied with mere prayers or ceremonies? Impossible; that man must have the divine reality to rest on. He will tolerate no false remedies, and he will not have them, because he cannot, since they do him no good, and give him no ease.

Now, if we can be used to sow into one human heart the seed of truth as to what sin is, we have not lived in vain. When this seed germinates within the heart a mightier power exists there, than in all the surroundings of the world, a force which no mere human power can resist.

There is only one remedy for sin, and that is Jesus and His blood■Jesus Christ and Him crucified. He gives rest to the soul, and none but One who is divine can do this. His cross is the divine witness of the exceeding sinfulness of sin, and the proof that there is none other remedy for sin. Christ crucified is no reformer of the human race■far otherwise; Christ crucified is the Holy One of God standing in the sinner's stead. Christ crucified is the eternal proof to the believer of his own sinfulness; true, he may look into his heart and again and again see its blackness, but as he looks to the cross of Christ he sees the blackness of sin as God beholds it, and has just and God-given thoughts of sin.

How deep is the need for witnessing to the cross of Christ in its true character in our day! If the cross of Christ were spiritually honored, the cross would not be worn as an ornament. How could the divine witness of what man is, the emblem of shame and judicial suffering, be allowed to dangle from a chain suspended from a waistcoat or the neck The cross-wearing fashion is one evidence of the meager thoughts men have about sin and Christ crucified for sinful men. The true evangelical can alone speak duly of sin and its remedy. The rationalist knows neither what sin really is, nor does he know its remedy, for he makes light of God, the Judge of all, and rejects the atonement of the Lord Jesus Christ.

The ceremonialist does not fully know what sin is, nor its remedy, for he teaches that sin can be met in some way by religious pursuits, and that its remedy is not Christ and Him crucified only, but in part the offices of the Church. The remedy is the one and only Saviour, Jesus Christ the Lord: He and He alone saves us from our sins.

Nature

WHEN God made the world He gave to His creatures their nature. Thus the humble daisy still bears its blossoms of white stars, and the buttercup its yellow shining flowers. We do not ever find a buttercup flower growing out of a daisy root, or a daisy blossom upon a buttercup stem, and the Lord said, "Men do not gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles." No cultivation can change nature; no effort can alter an Ethiopian's skin, or a leopard's spots!

Hence says the word, Ye must be born again. Ye must have a new life. The old is fallen, it cannot bloom in glory; it cannot enter the kingdom of God.

Joseph, the Workhouse Boy

JOSEPH'S mother died when he was quite a little child and shortly after her death his father forsook him. Joseph was taken to the workhouse where he remained some years. He might have been a bright boy had he been loved, and cared for, in a nice home such as most of the young readers have, but the Union training made little Joseph hard, sullen, and unloving. When old enough he left the "House" to earn his bread, and he became an errand boy in a little shop. But Joseph had no idea of obedience, or of yielding to those who were over him; he was just a little block of flesh and bone, with apparently no mind, or feeling of any kind or sort. Nobody cared for him, and he cared for nobody; the only thing he liked was to idle his time away in the streets with other boys of his own stamp. It is no wonder then, that he soon lost his situation. Joseph, after this, took to the streets altogether, thinking how nice it was to be free. But the poor lad soon found out that he could not live upon air, and that as well as food, he wanted a bed to sleep upon; but this was a great luxury not often indulged in. For two or three years Joseph lived in a very wild manner.

Sometimes he would be in London, some times in the country, or in the gipsy's camp, with the hop-pickers and haymakers, or on the race course, and he would often tramp the country on foot for miles together. You see, dear children, that Joseph's occupations were very varied, and that he suited himself to his circumstances, without much ado. However, one winter it fared very hard with him, and the poor lad was very nearly starved and frozen to death. Winter is the trying season for the homeless boys. Little Joseph became unwell, and could no longer go about and earn his pence. But God watched over our poor solitary wanderer.

"If I were you, Joe," said one of his companions, "I'd go the House, you ain't fit for any work now."

"Not I," said Joseph; "not if I know it. I'll die first, before I goes to the Union again."

"There's nothing left for you, then, old boy," replied his friend, "for a change, but the coffin."

"I can't but die once," said Joseph, in reply to his companion's strange sympathy.

"I hate the Union. I'll sooner go to prison right off."

However, Joseph recovered a little, and one day you might have seen him crawling in the best way he could through the streets. As he passed through Great Queen Street, Lincoln's Inn, he noticed a house with a large board placed in front, upon which he read, "St. Giles and Bloomsbury Refuge, for Homeless and Destitute Boys." Joseph believed that he had a claim as well as the rest, and so he rang the bell. He was not troubled with much luggage, as you may suppose, and the master of the Refuge, pitying the boy's sickly look, took him in at once, and was very kind to him. After a while Joseph improved in health very much; he had at last found a nice little bed to sleep upon, and enough good food to eat. But in manners and temper, Joseph was just the same, not very fond of work, nor even of play. The other lads could not get anything out of him. And if he had any thoughts he kept them for himself to enjoy.

There is no lack of Christian love shown to the boys at the Refuge. And most of all, we try to lead them to know the Lord Jesus, who is a kind Friend and loving Saviour for us all. We seek to lead these poor lads out of their former selves; to show them that, if they seek God's grace and help, they may become changed altogether. On Sunday evenings there are classes for teaching these lads God's word. It was at these times that Joseph would sit in his corner of the class, quiet enough, indeed, but perfectly uninterested. Sometimes I would say to him, "Well, my boy, what are you thinking about? you look so solid."

"Nothing," he invariably replied.

However, there was at last something which really aroused Joseph. A number of boys were going as emigrants to Canada. And as Joseph had no one to claim him, and as he expressed a great wish to go with the other boys, his name was added to the list. This hope made Joseph really cheerful, and he looked another lad as he listened to the boys, talking all day long of the wonderful things they were going to do and see in their new home. But Joseph was not yet fully recovered from the effects of his exposure to the wintry weather—he complained of pain, and it was thought that a change of air might restore him to health before he went to Canada. So he was sent into the country for some weeks; but it was of no avail, for when he came back, Joseph looked like a little skeleton.

But there was something which struck me more than the alteration in his appearance when I saw him again at the Refuge—the wonderful change from his former silent ways, and the very kind manner in which he spoke to us all.

"Oh, teacher," he said, when he saw me, "I am so glad to see you. I am very ill, and I fear I shall not go to Canada with the boys; they start next week."

"My dear Joseph," I replied, "there is a brighter land than Canada—a land I long to see, a city of pure gold, like unto clear glass. The Builder of that beautiful city is God. Do you guess what place I mean?"

"Yes, teacher, I know; it is heaven."

"That is it, my boy. You are right; but do you think that you will ever get there?" "I think I will," said Joseph.

"And what has given you this bright hope, my lad?"

"Because God says in the Bible, 'When my father and my mother forsake me, the Lord will take me up.'"

"Then do you think, my boy, that because your mother died, and your father forsook you, you will go to heaven?"

"Oh, no, teacher; that ain't quite the thing but because Jesus has took me up, as a poor sinner, and has died for me, that's why."

"Did you ask the Lord to take you up, Joseph? When was it? Please tell me all about it," said I, deeply interested, as you may be sure, to hear such words from dull and indifferent Joseph.

“Teacher,” said he, “it was one Sunday night, after school was over. I went to bed. I felt very miserable. That text, ‘When my father and mother forsake me, the Lord will take me up,’ was the lesson, and I thought how nice it would be if Jesus would take me up in His arms—take me up, even me!—and love me. I knew I was a bad boy, and a great sinner, but I heard you say many times that Jesus died for wicked sinners. So I thought I would try to pray to God, and ask Him to love me. I made a little prayer, for I could not go to sleep, and said, ‘Oh, God, look down upon me, a poor, sinful boy. I haven’t anybody to love me. Take me up. May Thy Holy Spirit give me a new heart, for Jesus Christ’s sake.’ I thought God heard my prayer, and I fell asleep while I was a-crying. The next morning I felt so happy. I made sure that God had heard me, and forgiven me.”

This was Joseph’s simple story.

As he could not be kept at the Refuge, he was taken to the infirmary of the workhouse, which he so dreaded; but God gently prepared his mind, and gave him grace to submit. On Whit-Monday afternoon I was sitting by his bedside; he turned his little face towards me, and said, “The boys are going to start for Canada this evening; I did think I should have gone with them, but it was not God’s will. Then another thing—I didn’t like to die in this place,” and he could say no more, “But only think, my boy,” I said to him, “how different is your future from that of the boys. They are leaving London for a strange land, where they will find trials and temptations of every sort. Sin and sorrows are to be found in Canada as well as in England; besides this, their own evil hearts will go with them to Canada; and what is to become of them, unless Jesus is with them as their Saviour and their stay? But when I think of your prospect, and of what God says about His home, then all earthly dreams for getting on in this world sink to nothing. Listen, dear boy; you who know something of hardship and suffering here, listen to God’s word about His country. They shall hunger no more, neither thirst anymore; neither shall the sun light upon them, nor any heat. For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters: and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.’

“Then as to your being in this place, which you seem to feel so much, it is just the trial in which you are to glorify God. He could have prevented it if He had thought well but He did not do so; He has allowed it just to teach you obedience to His will. You must then remember your dear Lord, who pleased not Himself, but was obedient unto death, even the death of the cross. What a shameful, cruel death His was. ‘Oh! think of Calvary, and see there the Lamb of God, willingly dying for your sins.’” Joseph spoke no more then, but looked at me with gratitude and love. A little while after, he repeated, slowly, “For me—for me.”

I was obliged to leave the poor boy, but I knew he was safe in the arms of Jesus. In the evening, I met the emigrant lads at the Euston Station to bid them farewell. As they were entering into the railway carriages for their journey to their new home, dear Joseph reached the Golden City above—the Lord had taken him up. J. L. M. V.

Because He First Loved Us

LOVE begets love. “We love Him because He first loved us.” (1 John 4:19.) The love of God to us, sinful as we are, enemies as we are to Him by wicked works, opens our hearts to Him. “Herein is love, not that we loved God; but that He loved us, and sent His Son, the propitiation for our sins” (ver. 10). The presence of sin in the human heart repels God from our thoughts. His name, which we know to be holy, is a terror to us naturally, and were it not that God has opened the way back to Himself, we should never draw near to Him. We need not look into our hearts for the feeling of love to God, for herein is love, not that we loved God, but we do need with all our being to look into the heart of God, for “He loved us, and sent His Son, the propitiation for our sins.”

We note how our hearts, God’s heart, and our sins are associated together. As to our hearts, they are destitute of love to God; as to God’s heart, it abounds in love to us; and His abounding love is witnessed by His sending His Son who made atonement for our sins.

God’s love and God’s holiness are seen in blessed unison on Calvary. “He loved us; His Son, the propitiation for our sins.” God Himself, impelled by His own compassion towards sinful and perishing man to send His Son, the only One able to meet the awful necessity of our sins. The cross of our Lord Jesus most perfectly expresses the love and the holiness of God, and when we rise in faith and “love God because He first loved us,” the heart is unlocked, and the mystery of the gospel becomes our own portion.

Love is essentially individual. Love in the abstract, a general but not particular love, is really no love at all. It is a semblance of the reality in words, it is not in any degree like the reality in fact. Hence, when the apostle says, “We love God,” he really means what he says. We do not love a person of whom we can never think, and do not care to hear, and to whom we never speak; therefore we can with ordinary intelligence discover if we love God. The very burden of the distressed heart which fears it does not love God is a symptom of genuine affection. The lamentation of the soul over its deadness to God proves that that soul longs after God. But the easy-going and indifferent, who have no exercises of spirit whatever, should awake to real earnestness, for in thorn it seems impossible that love to God exists.

How shall I attain to having my heart filled with love to God? is a question not infrequently put by true people. We should reply, in the same way as a pitcher under a fountain attains to being filled with the sparkling water. The province of the pitcher is not to produce water but to hold it. The believer is but a vessel for the reception of the divine fullness, and our way to be filled is first, not to be full of ourselves, and next, to give ourselves to God to be filled.

Our efforts to produce love are often no better than filling up the pitcher with little stones, each one of which takes up the place of so much water, “Because He first loved us!” Let us meditate upon these words, and seek to enter into the reason of our love to God, “because He first loved us.”

Insensibility

ALAS! how many perish, utterly dead to the sense of sin, altogether indifferent to the love of God! A patient greeted his physician with a smile, "Doctor, I shall get well now: I feel no pain." The physician mournfully shook his head; the fatal symptom had showed itself■mortification had set in. I feel no pain! I do not feel my sins, I am dead to the mercy of God, insensible to the sufferings of Jesus for sinners, Ah! poor sinner, these are fatal symptoms.

God's Welcome

IF you will only come to God in the name of His Son, pleading Christ and His blood, you shall have from God a perfect welcome, Heaven will then be as free for you as it is to Christ. Christ is upon the throne of God, and you shall have a place with Him in heaven.

The Beauty of Order

EVERYTHING is beautiful in its order. Since the world was, did ever a sparrow build her nest with mud like a swallow, or did a swallow frame her cozy home with twined moss like a wren? The birds fulfill their humble mission; each does its own work and sings its own song.

Well it would be if Christians remembered this. There are diversities of gifts. One is fitted for one service, another for a different kind of work. Some are suited to soothe the sick, others to stand in the front and proclaim God's love to sinners. Everything that God has made is beautiful in its order.

Spiritual Knowledge

“THE natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God.” Man in his natural state has no power to comprehend Divine things, and this is true both as regards the converted and the unconverted man. The things of the Spirit of God can only be understood by the direct teaching of the Spirit of God: for though the whole of the letter of the Scripture be known, yet there may be total ignorance of its meaning. We often observe some simple-hearted believer make extraordinary headway in the spiritual understanding of God’s Word, and we wonder at his wisdom. The secret lies in dependence upon the Spirit of God and rejection of self; as the power of truly knowing the things of the Spirit of God.

Critics

IT is all very well for the do-nothings on the bank watching the rower as he pulls against the stream, to exclaim, "A lazy fellow he, see he hardly moves his boat." But let them change places and they will change opinions. So Mr. Worldly critic, so loudly blaming that boatman, Christian, yonder, you would change your voice if you changed your place. True, he makes but small headway, yet he mourns this, for not; he prays and rows at the same time; but what are you doing sitting upon the bank?

The Bible in Many Lands.

IN the Hindoo month of Magh which corresponds to parts of January and February, there is held in Allahabad, at the junction of the rivers Ganges and Jumna, a great religious festival, or Mela. As this sacred spot has been for at least three thousand years a favorite place of pilgrimage, this Mela, which lasts a month, attracts a vast number of Hindoos from all parts of India. It is especially frequented by the Fakirs, or religious mendicants, who come singly, or in great companies to the number of many thousands, exhibiting almost every form of asceticism and self-torture.

The routine of devotion at the Mela begins with the adoration of the Ganges, as the pilgrims reach the river bank. Then follows, in the case of a large proportion of the pilgrims, the shaving of the head, which is performed by the barbers in a large open space set apart for that purpose in the Mela. After this, the pilgrims proceed to the spot where the water of the two rivers mingle, where they bathe with many prayers and sacred rites. Then they visit at their leisure the various shrines, especially a remarkable underground temple, in which is found the famous Akshaya Briksha or Tree of Immortality.

On the great day of the Mela, there may be perhaps, two million persons present. Let us follow the Mela of this present year.

Now and again processions of Fakirs found their way slowly to the place of bathing, preceded by richly caparisoned elephants and bearing the chief men of the various orders. Up and down the river went boats with thousands of passengers. The shallow waters near the shore were full of bathers in a dense crowd. Some were singing, some were praying. All were full of earnestness and enthusiasm. It is difficult for Christians to understand, how such a ritual brings to multitudes of Hindoo devotees, a sense of duty done, an assurance of sins washed away, and the favor of the gods secured.

As many of the pilgrims remain for several days, in the city, or encamped in huts of grass prepared for the occasion in the open meadows, the Mela affords a favorable opportunity for the Christian missionary, and for the faithful Bible colporteur. In fact, an extensive bazaar is one of the features of the Mela, where hundreds of merchants sit in their booths, selling grain, sweetmeats, books, clothing, jewelry, and the like.

Just outside the bazaar, where the roads leading to the Mela come together, places are assigned to the missionaries, where they pitch their tents, and from which they address the passers-by, many of whom stop to hear the preaching and to engage perhaps in conversation. This is especially the case if a harmonium or other musical instrument is used to accompany the singing of our Christian hymns.

Let us watch the scene. A young lady missionary is at the harmonium. A chorus of Christian voices arises above the noise of the crowd. They are singing to an Indian melody a well-known hymn, the burthen of which is "In Jesus Christ is life and peace."

Attracted by the singing, fifty, a hundred, two hundred of the pilgrims, gather about the tent. They are nearly all men, but a group of women standing near are doing their best to catch the words of the song. When it is finished, one of the catechists explains in a few words the chief doctrines of the Christian faith; one living and eternal God, our heavenly Father, who willeth not the death of a sinner, but that he should turn from his evil way and live; one incarnate Saviour, whose blood, shed in atonement for human guilt, is the only cleansing of the sinful soul; one Holy Ghost, working with divine power for righteousness in the hearts of all who believe; one Way of Life, which leads the faithful Christian to a blessed immortality.

Then a colporteur holds up the Word of God and reads a few words from its blessed pages. "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief." "Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." "I am the light of the world; he that followeth Me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life."

Watch the faces of the listeners. Most of them are plain people, village folk, to whom the message is new and mysterious. Will it be too much for them to spend a pace or two, and carry home, perhaps hundreds of miles away, the little book which contains such heart-moving words?

Others are refined in dress and bearing. They are of some higher caste, and have heard of the Christian religion; perhaps they have some imperfect knowledge of its teaching. Here is an opportunity to possess the Book, which is so highly prized by some, and by others so severely condemned as subversive of the national religion.

Some of these persons are scornful, and almost angry. A few would gladly silence the Christian speakers, and prevent the bystanders from purchasing their books. But the mass of the people are anxious to hear, and will not allow the speakers to be interrupted.

Do you see yonder, one of the pilgrims, a little apart from the crowd, but standing where he can hear distinctly? How eagerly he listens, drinking in every word! The preacher tells of peace to the troubled conscience, of sins forgiven, and grace bestowed; of fellowship with God, and a blessed immortality. It is truly a gospel, glad tidings to the weary soul. This man will not quickly leave the place where such words are spoken. He waits till all is over. Then he asks an interview with the missionary. Together they converse in subdued tones. The story of a seeker after God is told again, and the man bears with him that Word of God which has power, by the blessing of the Holy Spirit upon its teaching, to bring life and joy and peace to every soul that receives it in simple faith.

The Bible Society Reporter.

In the Dispensary

IN one Hindoo patient we are much interested. Her home is not far from the Christian parah, and she had already heard a good deal about Christianity.

She met us in the road, and begged us to come into her compound. This we did, and had many attentive listeners. When we rose to go, the Bible-women told her to show we her foot, which had a very bad open sore, and she asked if we could do anything for it at the dispensary. I feared it was too bad, but told her she might come and see. We told her we were not at all sure it would get well, yet she might pray to the Lord Jesus, for with Him nothing was impossible. After long, patient waiting, and many dressings, it did quite heal, and this patient never forgot it was His doing. She came again and again, not always for herself or her own household, but if any of her neighbors wanted medicine, she seemed glad of the excuse, and she always wanted to hear about Jesus Christ.

After obtaining the medicines she would sit down again, and eagerly listen to all that was told her. Whenever I went to her village she wanted me to go to her house. Many times I had to refuse. When we were able to go she was not content with hearing herself, but would call her neighbors, and make all in her own compound leave their work to listen. Soon a happy look came into her face. She assured us that Jesus Christ had given her peace in her heart, and that she never prayed to any but Him. She has a deep sense of sin. Sometimes in talking with her I have wished that some of the Christian women had as clear a knowledge of sin, of a Saviour, and of forgiveness.

Mothers' Meetings

Can you imagine thirty to fifty women all talking at once—all wanting to be shown how to do their piece of work, apparently unable to understand the meaning of “Do not talk,” or “Wait where you are; I will come to you as soon as possible”? Added to this, numerous babies are crying loudly, and the heat and closeness are almost unbearable. In the end our combined efforts obtained a tolerably orderly class, and we succeeded in producing garments for small children which did credit to some mothers who had never learned to sew before. When the work was folded up and put away, we closed with a simple Bible-lesson and prayer, and I must say at those times the women were, from the beginning, quiet and attentive, and generally succeeded in keeping their little ones fairly quiet.

In the Villages of Bengal

“Two young women had come, asking us to go to their village, which was named after the moon,” writes Miss Brown, “and where there were a few women who had heard of our religion some years ago, and who wanted to hear again.

“This village was on the other side of the river, and few of the inhabitants seemed ever to have seen an English lady, whilst one or two had treasured up the few truths they had heard and understood, and were most anxious to hear again.

“The people were pleased to see us, when, suddenly, without a word of apology, the whole mass turned their backs upon us, calling to each other to go to the school.

“At first we were puzzled to understand the meaning of this sudden movement, but we discovered that some of the women had caught sight of Miss Dawe’s figure corning towards the village, and they were calling to one another, ‘Miss Dawe is coming! There will be a meeting! Leave your work!’ Upon this some hurriedly caught hold of their goats to tie them up; and others shoveled rice and other things they had been cooking into remote corners, that the birds should not get at them.

“Miss Dawe went over the gospel story simply and slowly from the very beginning, and often such remarks were made as, ‘We have not forgotten,’ ‘We have been wanting to hear about it again,’ or, ‘Yes, we do believe in Jesus; our idols can do nothing!’

“One morning we rode to a village that had never been visited before by a lady, though some work had been done amongst the men. At first they seemed alarmed at our sudden appearance, but after we had made a few conciliatory remarks, and had taken off our hats that they might see we had long hair, and were therefore really women, they let us sit down. After again re-assuring some doubtful ones who were outside, that we were women, and that they were good words we had come to speak, we got an attentive group of women.

“They were Mahornmedans, and very ignorant, but listened eagerly, and seemed to think the news was too good to be true. Gradually one and another came dropping in; they began to understand more fully what was being told them, and one or two of the more intelligent asked questions. They seemed to think it most wonderful that they could have their sins forgiven, and go to live with God in heaven.” From “India’s Women.”

Finding Christ

LORD A. was a very rich man, but not what people who love their Bibles would call wise. He did not know the Scriptures, neither did he care that his boys should know them. But the mother of these boys taught texts of Scripture to her children every day, and prayed that God the Holy Spirit would bless what they learned to the saving of their souls. When the lads grew up to be men, war was declared against Russia, and the English army was sent to the Crimea. There was a great stir throughout these islands: many men longed to share with the army its toils and dangers, and, if needs be, were ready to lay down their lives also—amongst these was young Harry A. He entered the army, and was at once sent with his regiment to the Crimea. He was followed there by his mother's prayers. She prayed that, if he was killed, his soul at least might be saved, even though it should be at the last moment. In a terrible battle Harry A., with many another brave fellow, got a mortal wound. He was carried off the field, and attended by a surgeon, who did what he could for him, told him his life was quickly drawing to a close, and left him with his servant to die.

There it was that the sweet gospel truths learned long ago at his mother's knee, were brought to Harry's mind, as he lay still and silent, by the Spirit of God. Life and strength were ebbing fast away, but, shortly before the end, he roused himself, and seemed to wish to speak. A friend near asked was there anything he could do for him, "Oh! no, not anything. My life is just over: but send this message home for me—just these few words 'I have found Christ. Farewell, mother!'"

An Answer to Prayer

BEFORE they call, I will answer and while they are yet speaking, I will hear.” (Isa. 65:24). What a precious word to us from the God of all grace, when, with burdened hearts, we draw near to make known to Him our requests And, when we take into account that, as one of our own poets has said■

“Prayer is appointed to convey

The blessings God designs to give,”

with what holy boldness we may plead the all-prevailing name of Jesus, and reckon on having that which we ask of the Father, when such prayer is according to His mind!

In a Christian family in France, a beloved mother lay at the point of death. Her children had come from various parts of the country, and were grouped around the sick bed in agonized suspense, pleading that, if God saw well, the precious life might still be spared, and yet, with almost breaking hearts, watching moment by moment for the last breath.

In a distant town, which one of the sons had left when thus summoned home, many children of God met earnestly to pray that, if it were to God’s glory, He would yet raise up the apparently dying woman, and give her back to her family, and to them. Late into the night they knelt, and at length an aged servant of the Lord, in fervent supplication lifting up his voice, said: “Oh! our God, lay Thine hand its healing on Thine handmaid; spare, oh! spare this loved one to us yet awhile; give back the life that is ebbing out! Our Father and our God, we believe that Thou art listening; we believe that Thou art about to give us that which we ask of Thee,” and then he paused, and while a thrill ran through those who knelt around him, he added in solemn and yet glad thanksgiving, with a ring of joy in his trembling voice “We believe that Thou hast given us that which we have asked—that our dear one is healed; that she is even now recovering; and we bless, we praise, we thank Thee for this gracious answer to our prayers.”

At the very hour that this occurred in that far off town, in the hush of the sick room, the children knelt sorrowfully and prayerfully, watching the failing breath of their mother. Suddenly a glad change came over the loved face; a smile parted the lips, and a light came into the dim eyes, while she turned her head slowly towards her son, and holding out her hand to him, said: “My son, I am better; I am much better; I am quite hungry; I think if I had a little roast bird I could eat it.”

Filled with wonder, and hardly daring to believe that she was indeed to live and not die, the children arose, and wiping away their tears, smiled their tender welcomes as they gently kissed their mother. The son slipped from the room, and went quickly down stairs, and into the kitchen, to seek something that might be suitable for the invalid, who had not tasted solid food for days. With all his heart he wished that it were daylight, so that he could go out and obtain the bird she seemed to fancy.

The outer door stood open, and he paused before it for a moment, drinking in the fresh night air, while in heartfelt thanksgiving he lifted up his soul to God for His signal mercy. As he thus stood, a little bird fluttered into his bosom!

“He commanded that something should be given her to eat.” (Mark 5:43.) And Jesus, who spoke those words in tender thoughtfulness for the little maiden long ago, is yet “the same■today and forever.”

The young man turned swiftly back into the sick room. “Mother,” he said, “God has sent you the little bird, and you shall soon have it.”

Some years have passed, and mother and son are still left to praise and serve the Lord. Reader, may you not from this little story, take courage to carry your heaviest burdens and your smallest anxieties to a God who thus “careth for you”? A. P. C.

He Could Not Love Me Better

DO you love Jesus better now than you did three months since?" I asked a young girl who had then trusted in Him as her Saviour. "Yes, I love Him better every day," she replied. "Tell me, does Jesus love you better now than He did three months since?"

In a thoughtful and decided tone she replied, "No, He could not do that; He could not love me better!"

Her calm, quiet response brought most forcibly and preciously to my mind that beautiful verse, "Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, and today, and forever."

Dear reader, have you learned to trust in Jesus as your Saviour? If so, can you rest in Himself as the unchangeable One, as the One who, with unabated affection, "having loved His own which were in the world, loved them to the end;" as the One who is filled with untiring, unchanging love to each and all who have trusted in His finished work for salvation■as the One "who could not love you better?"

The secret of my young friend's growth in the knowledge and love of the Lord Jesus, and of her "loving Him better every day," was her rejoicing in the unclouded sunshine of His unchanging love.

Christian reader, why do you doubt His love? What did you find Jesus in the "yesterday" of the past? I hear you reply "Unchangeable; His gracious love my earthly path hath ceaseless viewed;" goodness and mercy dropped from His hands■yea, plenteous droppings; He led me by a right way; it was all love■the sorrows, as well as the joys■all worked together for good.

What of the future■the "forever"? That is all settled; my Father's many-mansioned house will be my abode throughout a blissful and endless eternity. "Forever with the Lord," you say, is your cheering hope now.

Let me ask what of the present, the "today"? Does that try you? I think I hear you say: the trials, troubles, weariness, poverty, pain, and temptations from within and without make me listen sometimes to the suggestions of Satan, and I do not realize His love as I should. Looking back I can say, "Ever faithful"; looking forward, "The glory is before me"; but the present tries me, and I sometimes think He does not love me, or He would not allow these heavy strokes.

Oh, dear friend, if thus tempted, let the sweet reply of that dear child speak to you, "He could not love me better." Impossible, for He is the "same Jesus." "I change■He changes not." "His love, not mine, the resting-place." Doubt no more■for

"'Tis well when on the mount

We feast and joy with Gods

And 'tis as well in His account

When we the furnace prove.”

Nothing can ever quench His love, nothing can separate us from it, nothing can change it, for He is the same Jesus, yesterday, today, and forever, and “could not love you better.” H. N.

A Cleansed Conscience

THE term, "a cleansed conscience," implies that the conscience so cleansed was once defiled. Once there lay upon it the sense of sin unforgiven, unremoved, and the result was a continuous effort to become right with God; but with the knowledge of forgiveness of sins, a mighty change took place: the conscience rested, and God was served with gladness of heart.

Religion is often engaged in because the conscience is not at rest. Man feels that he wants something to satisfy himself; he knows he has sinned, and he performs religious duties in order to quiet his conscience. The heathen will do this, and it is common in most religious circles in Christendom—indeed, most earnest persons have so labored. But when the conscience is enlightened by the knowledge of Scripture concerning the holiness of God and His requirements from man, the round of religious duties do not satisfy, for we then know in our conscience that God requires perfect righteousness and perfect holiness. We are quite aware that at the best our religion will not change our past lives, or undo the sins we have done, and we know that the sins we have committed stain against us before God.

Let us look into the Scripture teaching upon a cleansed conscience. Having spoken of the cleansing of the flesh of the Jewish worshipper effected by the blood of the ancient sacrifices, the apostle adds, "How much more shall the blood of Christ, who through the Eternal Spirit offered Himself without spot to God, cleanse your conscience from dead works to serve the living God?" (Heb. 9:14)

The Jew of old brought his trespass-offering to God as a sacrifice for the wrong he had committed, and by so doing he obtained purification of the flesh, but there was no sacrifice under the law which could cleanse a man's sins away and give him perfect rest of conscience in the light of God's presence. At the present time there is no sacrifice which can be offered to God on earth that can put away sins. We cannot slay the lamb of bullock and offer its blood to God, and without shedding of blood there is no remission of sins. (Heb. 9:22.) If we offer God our works, there is in them no life taken or yielded up, no shedding of blood, and, therefore, remission of sins by such means is impossible. And more, we are expressly told in Scripture that our works will not avail for our justification; while to offer a victim to God, and shed its blood, as do the Jews, is in effect saying to Him, His Son's death and blood-shedding is of no value.

But Christ's blood, when we trust in it, brings us rest before God about our sins; we know that by the sacrifice of the Lord Himself, once offered upon the cross, our sins are atoned for, and thus our conscience is cleansed. We are not trying to cleanse it but it is cleansed by Christ's blood. We are not saying how will it fare with us at the day of judgment, but as we look our sins in the face we can look up to God in His holiness and righteousness, and be at peace.

The one offering of Christ once offered is the only power by which guilty man can obtain a cleansed conscience before God. And this is an absolutely personal and individual question. Emphatically our conscience is our own. It belongs to no one but ourselves; to no one dare we

surrender it. And if we come to hand it over to a church nor a man, so that we might be satisfied, neither the church nor the man could cleanse it, and give us the assurance that all is well with us in the presence of a holy and a righteous God.

Some have gone so far down in the ways of sin as to have acquired a “seared conscience,” as not to feel the pains that in their more sensitive years they endured when they had sinned. But the day of reckoning must come, and such disastrous ease must terminate, and well indeed it is for the Christian who, by virtue of the blood of Christ, possesses a cleansed conscience.

An Abundant Entrance

“ALL through her long illness she was patient, confiding in the Lord’s infinite wisdom and love, and as her sufferings increased so did her joy in the Lord increase also.

“Shortly before her death, she asked for the Scripture, ‘For I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us,’ and about an hour before her departure she lifted up her arms and exclaimed: I see Him! I see Him! my Saviour!’

“At this time her dear husband, who was watching, said her face was radiant, and he seems to have shared in her joy, for at home and also at the funeral, he was the one to speak for the comfort and encouragement of others.”

Waiting for Christ's Coming Absent From the Body

ABSENT from the body, present with the Lord" (2 Cor. 5:8); or, "at home" with the Lord. These few but precious words give us full information upon a matter of deep importance—the state of the spirit of the believer after the death of his body, until the time of his resurrection.

The individuality of the person is shown to be untouched by death, as is also the case where the apostle says, "I have a desire to depart and to be with Christ." The two conditions of being at home in the body and at home with the Lord being surveyed, in each state, "himself," in his individuality, is spoken of.

The blessing of the person who is absent from the body is also indicated, "We are willing rather to be absent from the body, and to be present with the Lord." And this is also before us in these words, "To depart and be with Christ is far better;" "To die is gain." There is greater privilege, richer blessing, higher joy at home with the Lord than there is at home in the body.

Further, the place which the spirit of the believer occupies is distinctly stated—"With the Lord!" Where He is. This is clear. It allows no room for unhallowed fancies of spirits hovering about the earth. Of what gain, indeed, would that be to them? Nay, how sorrowful would they be in witnessing the ills and sufferings of this life without any ability to relieve or help! Was it not their pleasure to soothe and serve us here? The only reason Paul desired to remain upon earth was that he might help the Philippians and others; for his own sake he preferred to depart and be with Christ.

"With the Lord!" What does this word not embrace? The truly happy hours for the believer upon earth are those spent in communion and soul intercourse with Him. In paradise the spirit will be uninterruptedly, unbrokenly, undistractedly with the Lord. The origin of many of the prevailing painful thoughts concerning the state of the spirit severed from the body is, doubtless, owing to the feebleness with which faith grasps these words, "with the Lord."

What strange notions float through the mind as to the departed. They are not singing among the angels. They have not harps or white robes—the resurrection has not yet come—for these they wait, and wait patiently in His patience, with Whom they are. But they are supremely happy, this hallowed period is spent alone with Him who loved them, He ministers to them, they are near Him. We witnessed their deep peace and overflowing joy in their last hours, and our spirits caught somewhat of their blessedness; they, in the feebleness of dying bodies, testified to His being with them, and now theirs is peace more deep, their joy more overflowing; they are with Him!

Repentance

REPENTANCE is like plowing■all the plowing in the world will not produce a crop; but, without the plowing, the sowing is of little use. We are born again by the incorruptible seed of the Word, but the unbroken heart of the stony ground hearer receives not the gracious seed. In this day of shallow and of surface work let the evangelist learn lessons for eternity from the plowman.

How to Be Filled

I SAW a strange sight. A pitcher doing nothing, but nevertheless becoming gradually filled. It was close to a fountain, beneath the pure stream, and into it dropped the clear, cool water. When full it was carried off to be a blessing to the thirsty in the village, and, though many blessed the water, I heard not one praise the pitcher. Now it is by receiving the fullness of Christ that we become practically a blessing to others. We have to do nothing, to be nothing, but, like the earthen vessel, to yield ourselves so that the water of His grace may fill us. And when full we become the communicators of Christ to others, and the Christ whose fullness we convey to others is praised, and we are but vessels.

“Charity Begins at Home.”

SOME of our friends are so wonderfully happy in meetings, and the like, that they have no time to think of their homes. Such an one is Mrs. ■, whose children’s clothes are dirty, and whose husband’s stockings are in holes.

Criticism on Labor

“I DO not like that way of getting persons under the sound of the gospel,” exclaimed one Christian man to another. “And pray, sir, what course do you adopt?” Now it happened that the fault-finder was one of the quiet kind of Christians, who travel to heaven on cushions, so he had nothing further to say.

The Bible in Many Lands.

Love of God's Word

OUR picture gives a likeness of a chief of the Crow-foot Indians, a tribe of the red men of North America, who live upon the Rocky Mountains and the adjoining plains. He is dressed in his finery of wild animals' skins and eagles' feathers, the plumes about his head proving to us that he is regarded as a brave man by his tribe; for the dandies and cowards dress in dyed goats' skins, and ornament themselves with porcupine quills. Very many of the red men of America are still heathen; they are cruel and blood-thirsty; they know not that God is love, and think that revenge and murder are noble. Alas! many of the white men who live near the Indian territory are more wicked than their heathen neighbors, and instead of speaking to them of the God of love, they copy their treachery and cruelty, and outwit them in these things.

But here and there some of these poor heathen learn of Jesus. Some from every tribe and kindred shall stand before the throne of God and the Lamb. One of these red men, who loved the Word of God, was dying of consumption. During his illness he had learned to read and to prize the holy book; and here we may say the Indians are very apt in learning to read. A missionary to them says he taught an Indian girl her letters one Tuesday afternoon, and so quick was she, that by the following Sunday she could read words of several letters, and spell them without looking at her book.

When the young man was near death a priest of the Roman Catholic faith came to see him, for these priests instruct many of the Indians in Canada in the Christian religion. When the priest saw that the youth was intent upon the gospel, he snatched the book from the Indian's hands, and threw it upon the fire, and then scolded the young man severely for daring to read it.

"The book was mine," cried the Indian, "and you had no right to burn it." The priest, seeing that the young man yielded neither to his authority nor his arguments, began to change his tone. "I was rash," said he, "but never mind; I will give you a better book instead." "And pray," said the Indian, "what better book can you give me than that which tells me about the Saviour who died upon the cross to save my soul?"

School Work in India

WE cull from India's Women some interesting incidents respecting Christian work amongst the young in India. The references are to the children of Mohammedan parents.

How Mohammedanism Enslaves Woman

“We know how the iron heel of Mohammedanism has ground down women, and how such objections have been made to education as—Girls must not learn to read, or they would know too much; they must not write or they would make mischief; they must not learn calisthenics, as that would be akin to dancing; above all they must not learn of Christ the Saviour, for that might lead to their forsaking the faith of Islam, for which according to their creed, death is the penalty.”

With such a determined spirit that girls shall not be instructed, the progress of Christian instruction amongst them is most remarkable. Let us listen to the story of

A Strange School Treat

“The children assembled this afternoon represent four schools from four different parts of Madras. The Bible is taught regularly and systematically in all the schools, and for some years no opposition has been made. No child is received if the parents are unwilling to have her learn the Bible; I tell them plainly that we teach it, and they are free to keep their children away if they do not like our rules, but our rules will not be changed.

“Some years ago when the mission was begun it was considered almost hopeless to start a school, and when we think of the prejudices and customs of centuries being overcome, the result of the gathering seemed marvelous!

“In the morning, covered carts were sent to the four schools in different parts of Madras or the children, as they are not allowed to be seen by men, who are also kept out of the compound. There were police regulations to secure their privacy. About one o'clock there was an unusual buzz, and three hundred and sixteen dusky little forms in every variety or color might be seen gliding between the old trees, gay flowers, and variegated crotons. When not in school many of them pass their lives in small dark rooms with only a court in the middle, so we can imagine what a pleasure it was for them to see a full expanse of sky, trees, and flowers. They had sweets and fruit given to them, and amused themselves with their twelve teachers till four p.m., when some English visitors tried to get up games, but their gracefully folded drapery and the instinctive drawing the veil over the head was scarcely adapted to such rough play and seemed out of place.

“At the time of the prize-giving the children were seated on mats with their respective teachers, and as they are of all social grades, there was great variety in costume, from the gorgeous gold-embroidered silk, and richly jeweled head, nose, ears, arms, and ankles, to the simple cloths of two gay colors. A class rose and sang the familiar hymn, ‘There is a Happy Land’ in Hindustani. Another went through some calisthenics, which are quite a new feature. Pitying the confined life of these little ones it was thought well by those in authority to introduce these exercises. At first they were objected to, and some children removed, but when the parents found that they were not injurious to health they did not mind. Each child who had passed in the recent examinations was to have a prize. Hundreds of dolls were sent by those interested in the work from England, and there were also some gay clothes. Each child received her prize with raising the hand to the brow and gracefully bending the body—a great improvement upon the abrupt nod our English girls give under similar circumstances.”

We shall now turn to some

Incidents of School Life

“Mohammedans profess to honor four books—the Law, the Psalms, the Gospel, the Koran.”

“Our great desire is to see in every school a senior class of girls able to read well, and each with a whole Bible in her hand; then indeed we shall rejoice.’ I often call these words to mind, with thankfulness, when returning from our schools, where bright classes of intelligent children take an interest in Scripture teaching. For many years, the first-class girls in each school had been reading the New Testament, and we are now supplying them with whole Bibles, strongly bound, the gift of a friend in England. If they become acquainted with the books themselves, and learn to compare passage with passage, finding how all bear witness to Christ, and noting the contradictions which are in the Koran, we trust that, at last, they will see the truth of our Lord’s words: ‘Ye do err, not knowing the Scriptures, nor the power of God.’ The children very much enjoy reading in the book itself, the stories of ‘the prophets’ (so they call all our Bible saints) whose names they know.”

But we must not suppose that the Mohammedan little girls are more attentive than English children. One little pupil, when we question her on her lessons, says, ‘Tell me first, then I will tell you.’ If we urge her to try to remember, she tosses her untidy little head (all their heads are untidy), and says, ‘It won’t come.’”

“The work among Mohammedan women and children here has been, and is, a great pleasure to me. They are always ready to listen when I read and teach them. They love listening to our hymns, and especially like the slow, solemn tunes,”

Let us thank God for the many Christian ladies who are devoting themselves to the work of the gospel amongst the children and women of India, and let us rejoice at the entrance of the divine word into so many of their hearts. There is a mighty and unquenchable power in the Holy Scriptures which nothing can by any possibility annul. May His word have free course and be glorified all over the earth, and may the young in its uttermost parts love the name of Jesus.

Key Words

SUCH words as love, life, light very often occur in the gospel by St. John, and also in his epistles; they may be almost regarded as key words to open to us much of the wealth of his teaching. In the gospel by Mark we have very frequently such words as straightway, forthwith, immediately—all expressive of energy and swiftness of action. Mark speaks of our Lord as the Servant, and how appropriate are those words in such a connection respecting Him.

In the epistle to the Hebrews we may term the often recurring words as “better,” “ever” or “forever,” “once” or “once for all,” key words. This epistle very specially instructs us in the sacrificial and priestly work of our Lord and Saviour. And how graciously suited to the theme is such a word as “better”— “better hope” (7:19), “better promises,” (8:6), “better sacrifices” (9:23), “some better thing” (11:40). Not that we are to infer that the promises, the hope, the sacrifices, the thing, in relation to Christ were only better than what preceded Him, and existed under the law, but that which relates to Christ is transcendently better than all else.

And what word in connection with Christ and His work is finer or more noble for our contemplation than “ever.” Here is the durable, the lasting, the eternal. Under the law, neither type nor shadow was intended to endure—all passed away. Again and again in this epistle we are given to see the old vanishing away before the new, the law departing before the gospel— “that which decayeth and waxeth old is ready to vanish away” (8:13). It had done its appointed service for the glory of God, and the tuition of man, and its end had come. “Meats and drinks, and divers washings, and carnal ordinances,” or ceremonies, were all to give place when Christ came (9:10, 11), and the priestly order, and the sacrifices, and the place of worship also.

Let us first select some of the “every” or “for evens” that relate to Christ’s sacrifice, and then some which relate to His priesthood.

Having completed His work upon the cross He, by His one offering, “perfected forever them that are sanctified” (10:14), and the witness hereof is that He sits down forever (vss. 1,2) at the right hand of God. There is no break, and never will be a break, in the continuity of the excellence and efficacy of Christ’s sacrificial work. It allows no repetition, brooks no continuation, permits no finishing touches—forever it is perfect, forever it is complete. The forevers of the epistle are very marked in connection with the priesthood of our Lord, “Thou art a Priest forever after the order of Melchisedec” (vs. 6) opens up His glory as High Priest, for by this greeting did God glorify His Son for His great priestly work. And when our eye is directed “within the veil,” it is to behold there in the presence of God for us “Jesus, made a High Priest forever after the order of Melchisedec” (6:20). We see Him there on our behalf, the forerunner, who having completed His course on this earth, and having made a sacrifice through Himself for our sins, is in heaven’s holiest, a Priest for us. Earth’s priests change; they die; one high priest was succeeded by another; their position was guaranteed them only after the law of a carnal commandment; their succession was merely of earth; they derived their office from their predecessors—all of which was weak and unprofitable (7:18), but our Lord is Priest “after the power of an endless life” (vs. 16)— “a Priest forever after the

order of Melchisedec" (vs. 17). And what a rest and rejoicing to His people lies in this fact. He changes not; He has no successor, oh, no! He is "the same yesterday, today, and forever" (13:8). A fourth time are these remarkable words used, "Thou art a Priest forever after the order of Melchisedec" (7:21), and to encourage our confidence in Him, for, "because He continueth ever, He hath an untransmissible, or unchangeable, priesthood, wherefore He is able also to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by Him, seeing He ever liveth to make intercession for them" (vers. 24, 25).

"Once," or "once for all," are also key words. "Once in the end of the world hath He appeared, to put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself" (9:26), and that for which He appeared has been accomplished. He was "once offered to bear the sins of many" (ver. 28), and the sins, for which He was once offered, being remitted, there remains now "no more offering for sin" (10:18), and we, "through the offering of the body of Jesus Christ once for all," are sanctified by the divine will (ver. 10). These words open the door into liberty; by virtue of what Jesus did upon the cross our sins are remitted, and we are sanctified. And not only so, but we have spiritual access to God, for our Great High Priest, having obtained eternal redemption, has entered in once into the holy place by virtue of His own blood (9:12). He, greater than Aaron, and with better sacrifices, has gone into God's own presence in the value of His atoning work, and hence our privilege is to "draw near with a true heart in full assurance of faith" (10:19-22).

The Secret of Success

IT is just as we carry the secret of the preciousness of Christ by faith through the wilderness, that our hearts will have an object superior to all the circumstances of sorrow and evil we are in. This makes all the difference, which we find between Israel on the one hand, and Caleb and Joshua on the other. They all went through the same trials, and were in the same sphere of evil; but the grapes of Eschol brought out the murmurings of the people, who thought of the children of Anak, and were in their own sight as grasshoppers, and lacked faith to connect the power of God with themselves. It was to them only a question of what their enemies were, and what they themselves were in their own sight: whereas Caleb and Joshua, bringing in, by faith God's power and love, found the report good. The grapes of Eschol strengthened their faith, and thinking of God's promise to them they said, "Let us go up at once and possess the land, for we are well able to overcome it." What were the walls of Jericho to faith, though they were builded up to heaven? Since God was with Israel, they could not stand against the blast of the rams' horns. ■Extracted.

God Says I'm a Very Good Little Boy

IT is not only me grown-up people who are proud and self-righteous. Sometimes, alas, little children are so foolish as to think they are so very good that even God must be pleased with them. I once knew a very self-righteous little boy; when he prayed at night he used to tell God about other people's sins, but never say a word about his own.

One day when he was about three years old, he was playing in the sitting-room near his aunt when he accidentally threw down her Bible. She said to him, "Pick it up." "Why, what is it?" he said. "It is God's Holy Book." Taking the Bible up again, and pretending to read it, he said, "God says I am a very good little boy."

You see what he thought God would say of him, and perhaps you may think He would say the same to you, so I want to tell you what God really says in His Word to us—to me and to you. He says, "There is none good, no, not one"; and these words take us all in, whether we are old or young.

C. E. H.

Laughing Georgie

ONE Sunday evening, in a cold December, as I was sitting surrounded by my class in a mission hall in the neighborhood of St. Giles's, a little boy walked up the schoolroom holding the hand of another teacher. The boy's black hair was nicely combed, his face was round and rosy, and his dark eyes sparkled brightly as he smiled to several of my scholars. His clean white holland pinafore, with the new leathern belt, told of a kind and thoughtful mother's care, and I was constrained to smile upon the boy. One of my boys said■

"Teacher, that is little George Rushton; he is the best-tempered boy you ever knew. It is hard to make him cross, for, do what we will to tease him, he takes it all in good part."

Indeed, as I afterward found, George's kind and bright face made some of the sulky-looking lads ashamed of themselves, and his good-nature would not allow anyone to take an advantage of him.

I learned, too, that the rosy-faced boy lived in a street close by, in a first-floor back room, and while I was wondering how such roses could grow in the very midst of the dense streets of London, and wishing that all my boys were as happy looking as little George, the superintendent touched my shoulder and asked me whether I should like a new scholar?

So George sat down in my class, and both his name and address were duly entered in the school books. "Please call me 'Georgie,' teacher," he said "that is what my mother calls me, and I like it best," and we were soon all at home together.

Georgie took a great interest in his lessons■he was first in class, both mornings and afternoons, and I always find that scholars who learn their lessons best are among the most punctual in their attendance. Georgie's favorite hymn was■

"Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me,

Bless Thy little lamb tonight;

Through the darkness be Thou near me;

Keep me safe till morning light."

and I gave it to him printed upon a picture-card, having a shepherd and some lambs painted in bright colors round the words. With this Georgie was very pleased. His father made him a frame for it, and Georgie hung it over the mantel-shelf of his little room.

Once when I called upon Georgie, he pointed to the picture, and said, "Teacher, I often wish I had lived when the Lord Jesus was on the earth, for I should like to have seen Him as the Good Shepherd. I would have run to Him, knelt down, and asked Him if He loved a little boy like me?" So I explained to Georgie that the Lord Jesus is the Good Shepherd still, and that He tends His sheep and lambs now, as lovingly as He did when He was here upon earth.

Georgie always came into the school with a smiling face, and as he sat down in the class, would greet me, "Good morning, teacher, I know the verses and the hymn you gave me to learn." One day he said "What name do you think I am called by now?" and as I could not guess he said, "Laughing Georgie, teacher, and that is what I like, for I never wish to cry."

When many of the other lads would go for "an airing" into the parks on hot summer days, Laughing Georgie remained true to his post in the corner of the class, and found greater pleasure in the stories of the Bible than in the company of the truants. The story of Moses coming down from the mountain, where he had talked with God, how his face shone, and how he broke the stone tables upon which God with His finger wrote the words of the law, interested the little boy deeply, and Georgie was truly sorry when he heard that God would not let Moses enter the promised land, because he was angry, and scolded the people, when he struck the rock from which the water flowed to give them drink. The child wondered at the strange history of Moses's burial, how his body was hidden by God, so that not even to this day can any man say where he lies. But however, Georgie loved the stories of the Old Testament, he loved more those New Testament stories which tell us in plain words of Jesus; and not only in the Sunday school, but often at home, Georgie read about the Good Shepherd giving His life for the sheep, and of the father who received with love and a kiss the prodigal so; who had wandered so far away from him and his home. Georgie's father would then help his little son, and show him things in God's book so far as he was able. Other questions Georgie would bring to me at the class, and the eager little seeker after knowledge of God's word often made our whole class bright with himself. His mother once told me that Georgie was always contented. One evening when his father came home from work, Georgie mounted his knee, hymn-book in hand, and asked his father to sing with him., After they had finished, Georgie said, "Father, don't you think I am the happiest boy an earth?"

"I hope so, my boy," replied his father. "But why do you say, 'I hope so,' father? Why cannot you say that I am the happiest boy? for those who love the Lord Jesus may always be happy, and I love Him, and am happy."

He would tell his parents that he was going to the beautiful land, where thousands of children dwell, and where they sing to Jesus, and see Him and love Him. "I hope, dear father and mother, you will meet me in that happy heaven," he would say. Soon after this Georgie was taken ill and died. Before he fell asleep, he laid his head upon his pillow, saying, "While folded in the Saviour's arms, I am safe from every snare," and sent a message to his teacher that "he was quite happy, that Jesus was waiting for him, and that he should soon be with Him."

Dear young readers, may you all be bright and happy as was my dear little Sunday scholar Georgie, and may you all have the joy in the Lord and Saviour which was this dear child's portion.
C.

The Scotch Stall Keeper

WHILE spending a few weeks at the seaside a short time ago, I used often to pass an old Scotch woman, who kept a stall for the sale of fancy articles. Her pleasant face attracted my notice, and we soon became acquainted. She was so pleased to receive the tracts I offered her, that I was encouraged to ask her if she “knew the Lord Jesus”; her face lighted up as she exclaimed, “Yes, my lady, I do. It is now forty years ago since I first knew Him as my Saviour, and this is how it was: when I was left a widow, early in life, I had a good home and enough to live on, for I had a house of my own, well furnished, which I used to let, and thus made a comfortable living. But I got married again. My second husband proved to be a bad man; he soon sold everything that belonged to me, and left me without money or friends. Oh, it was a terrible time!

“One evening I was walking along these cliffs, it was a dark night, but my soul was darker still; I knew not where to go or what to do, I was in despair. Suddenly the thought came, ‘I will throw myself over the cliff and end my misery,’ All the powers of darkness seemed let loose within me, the battle was dreadful, but God came to my rescue. I threw myself on my knees and cried aloud, O God, save me, body and soul!’ Light broke in, I knew my prayer was answered, I knew I was saved.

“From that day to this God has been my Friend, to help and provide for me. Though I am poor I have never wanted bread since, and I know that the Lord has saved my soul, and has gone to prepare a place for me in His own bright home above.”

Such was the tale my old friend told me in her broad Scotch accent, and with strong emotion. As she ended, the tears were coursing down her aged cheeks, and sobs choked her utterance.

My heart swelled with thankfulness for this testimony to the goodness and faithfulness of our God from the aged and tried stall-keeper of the cliff. M. M. R.

God Is Not Mocked

AN aged minister was imploring a young man, whom he had known for years, to decide for Christ, when the young man answered him, "You have often told me I have only to say 'Lord, save me,' and I shall be all right, but this I can do any day, at any time, so I shall not turn my thoughts to religion now."

The minister was shocked by the daring infidelity of the young man. He was taken aback by the very words which he had, alas, put into his young hearer's lips, for he had not preached the gospel in its saving strength, nor had he fully warned his many hearers of their danger, and he knew not what to answer.

It is not enough to say, "Lord, save me," in order to be saved; a man must believe on the Lord Himself. We are not saved by the use of words, as the superstitious suppose they can escape danger by wearing a charm; for faith is heart work, as it is written, "If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised Him from the dead, thou shalt be saved; for with the heart man believeth unto righteousness, and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation." (Rom. 10:9, 10.)

The young man went away with the lie in his heart, determined to enjoy the world up to the last, and stifling his thoughts of eternity by the false hope I can, when I choose, cry "Lord, save me."

He was engaged in business in London, and not long after the interview related, he had to hurry across Cheapside. The street was crowded with its daily carriage traffic, and the roadway being slippery, his foot gave way upon the treacherous asphalt; in a moment he was under the horses' heads, and crushed beneath the wheels. Some standing by saw the terrible accident and rushed to help. They heard his voice. He had only time to utter three short words; familiar words, often used, and frequently on the lips of many when thwarted or annoyed—three black, horrible words—"Devil, take me" and the young man's life was crushed out of him. He was gone. Horrible mockery of his own fatal creed that, "Lord, save me," uttered at any time, would suffice to save his soul. Solemn warning to you, reader, still unsaved. No sin is so evil as that of trifling with the Son of God, who shed His blood to wash away our sins, who bore the wrath of God due to guilty man, in order that believing on Him, man might be saved. God in sovereign grace brings this gospel of salvation to you, and you are responsible to God for refusing it. "Be not deceived; God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." (Gal. 6:7.)

The Riband of Blue

THE fifteenth of Numbers, a chapter full of instruction to the children of Israel about their conduct when in Canaan, concludes with a command to bind a riband of blue upon the borders of their garments, as a token of whose they were, and whom they should serve.

Blue was the color of the sanctuary, and the hue of the high priest's robe. It symbols what is heavenly, and is emphatically the heavenly color. And thus the riband of blue most appropriately connected the daily life of the Israelites with the sanctuary of Him, who had redeemed them from the nations es the world, to dwell in His good land as a holy people unto Himself.

But, Christian reader, this typical ordinance has a voice to us, the people of God, as partakers of the heavenly calling. We have entered into a better, even the heavenly Canaan, and should therefore show forth the virtues of Him who hath called us out of darkness into His marvelous light. Born from above, we are citizens of the heavenly city, and heaven is our fatherland. Once we were dead in trespasses and sins, but God in His rich mercy quickened us together with Christ, and having quickened us together with Him, He raised us up together in the power of this life, and made us sit together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus. United in indissoluble union to an ascended Christ, we share all the blessings of His glorious position; for God, who chose us in Him, has accepted us in Him, and blessed with all spiritual blessings in heavenly places IN HIM; and the instructions of the Word of God concerning our walk are always addressed to us from our full Christian standing. God ever speaks to us as His children, as united to His Son, and as inheritors of the heavenly land. It is only from the enjoyment of our relationship that suitable conduct in walking worthy of God can proceed. To know our high calling is the secret of power, of devotedness, and of all practical Christian life.

But having established this, let us remember that this high calling must be brought to bear upon all the details of our Christian walk, if we would glorify Christ. Like the riband of blue, the heavenly character must appear on the lowest borders of our garments■on those circumstances in our daily life which seem the nearest to earth.

We are to look upon the lowest border, and remember that our God is watching to see us exhibit there that heavenly principle which shall link the action with Christ in heaven.

We need not seek for any service noble in itself, wherewith to glorify the name of the Lord Jesus, for His name puts honor upon the humblest. Sweet truth! Our various relationships below are so many channels through which the perfections of the heavenly Man, the Lord Christ, can by the power of the spirit be exhibited, and each act through the lay should lead others to take knowledge of us that we belong to Christ in heaven.

The Lord give His people to know where He has set them, that the heavenly light of the risen life of the last Adam, the Lord from leaven, may adorn, like a fringe of blue, the lowest borders of their earthly circumstances!

Sweetness

FRUIT artificially cultivated may, through forcing, bear a beautiful appearance, but without the sun's beams it is vapid, and has an earthy taste. So it is with the Christian, whose soul is not acted upon directly by the Sun of Righteousness. However excellent he may appear as a Christian, yet he lacks divine graciousness. In the sun's beam dwell a property and a power which confer sweetness.

Catching Men

IT is a maxim amongst fishermen not to let the shadows fall upon the water. Well would it be if fishers for men heeded the principle. How many a one has been frightened off by the forwardness of Mr. ■? The Masses said, "Follow Me, and I will make you fishers of men." And as He hid Himself and presented His Father to those to whom He spake, so need we hide ourselves and preach Christ only.

The End of Our Volume

AGAIN an end has come to our volume. The sands of time have run out for another year. As we look back upon the past twelve months, we recall many earnest workers and examples who have entered into their rest, and while we rejoice in their gain, we sorely deplore our loss. The battle field has too few men of courage and of faith in it, and the call for front rank men is very urgent.

Let the young men bestir themselves. This day is one of amazing liberty for gospel effort, whether at home or abroad. Persecution does not stand in our way as it did in that of our forefathers. The great bugbear of our times is contempt!

But while many are taught to scorn the ancient implicit faith in the Scriptures, let it be remembered, that most of such are ignorant of the Scriptures they scorn! Their armor is usually the thick steel plates of ignorant pride. The leaders of the movement against faith in the inspired Word, however, are not ignorant of the Bible, but many of them do not believe its words because they dislike them.

It is a fashionable unbelief to disbelieve in the judgment of God against sin, and thus to make light of the atonement of Christ, and to trifle with eternal judgment to come.

The words are plain in the Scriptures, the voice of its God-breathed teachings cannot be gainsaid, but since such solemn verities are not pleasing to man's ears, he is pleased to say these things are not true. And man makes himself the judge of God, and rebels against the divine authority and testimony.

Now we need brave men who shall have the spiritual courage necessary to speak up for God, who shall preach the Word with uncompromising fidelity, who shall declare His truth for His glory, whether Inert will hear or whether they will not. Let us remember that the Word of God is eternal, "it abideth forever," and when the world shall be no more, and the last grain of the sands of time shall have run out, men shall stand before God and shall be judged according to His Word. Where will infidels be in that day?

There will be no infidelity in eternity! But there will be many infidels called forth from their graves to the bar of God's judgment to give an account to Him of every word they uttered when upon the earth.

Let us each ask himself, how shall I stand in that great day? It will be impossible to shirk the issues of eternity then. These can be evaded during this life, but no longer. Yet in this life alone can it be decided whether we are Christ's or the enemies. Eternity will record the facts of this lifetime, and what we are now we shall be everlastingly.

Let us then be each of us honest with ourselves at the solemn season of a closing year, a season ordained by God not only to mark time, but to make us think of the passing away of our little span of years. With some of us, the head is whiter than it was last January! With some, a weakness we shall never shake off, has got its grip of us. With some, the lines of severe sickness from which we have been mercifully raised up, appeal to us to remember how uncertain are our lives. With some,

the garments of mourning call to our hearts the loss of friends and relations. How shall we spend eternity? Oh! let this ending year be witness of our firm trust in Jesus our Lord, and rest in His atoning blood.

Echoes From the Mission Field.

IN an early number we gave a little information respecting Dr. Paton's glorious work, or rather the glorious work of God through His servant Dr, Paton. The following incident will charm the reader, and it may teach him the better to trust in the Lord.

It seems that for a long time no equivalent could be found by Dr. Paton in the language of Aniwa for faith, and the work of Bible translation was paralyzed for the want of so fundamental and oft-recurring a term. The natives apparently regarded the verb "to hear" as equivalent to belief. For instance, suppose a native were asked whether he heard a certain statement. Should he credit the statement he would reply, "Yes, I heard it," but should he disbelieve it he would answer, "No, I did not hear it," meaning not that his ears had failed to catch the words, but that he did not regard them as true. This definition of faith was obviously insufficient—many passages such as "faith cometh by hearing" would be impossible of translation through so meager a channel; and prayer was made continually that God would supply the missing link. No effort had been spared in interrogating the most intelligent native pundits, but all in vain, none caught the hidden meaning of the word sought by the missionary. One day Dr. Paton was sitting in his room anxiously pondering. He sat on an ordinary chair, his feet resting on the floor; just then an intelligent native entered the room and the thought flashed to the missionary to ask the all-absorbing question yet once again in a new light. Was he not resting on that chair? would that attitude lend itself to the discovery?

"Taea," said Dr. Paton, "what am I doing now?" "You're sitting down, Missi," the native replied.

Then the missionary drew up his feet and placed them upon the bar of the chair just above the floor, and leaning back upon the chair in an attitude of repose, asked, "What am I doing now?" "You are leaning wholly," or "You have lifted yourself from every other support,"

"That's it," shouted the missionary, with an exultant cry; and a sense of holy joy awed him as he realized that his prayer had been so fully answered. To lean on Jesus wholly, and only is surely the true meaning of appropriating or saving faith. And now "Fakarongrongo Iesu ea anea moure." "Leaning on Jesus unto eternal life," or "for all things of eternal life," is the happy experience of those Christian islanders, as it is of all who thus cast themselves unreservedly on the Saviour of the world for salvation.

The following fine testimonies of the aged missionary should be treasured by all.

"They tell me," Dr. Paton often remarked, "that the gospel has become antiquated and lost its power ■ NEVER!"

"If those who would destroy your confidence in the blessed Book of God, would only go down to our islands and trace there the marvelous effect of the gospel in turning savages into saints, they would no longer lean on such broken reeds, and waste their time, and worse, in useless hair splitting over non-proven positions."

“Dear young friends, let me plead with you not to neglect the House of God■let me implore you not to break God’s Holy Day by indulging in worldly amusements. You would never see such things down in our islands■our young men are eager for the Lord’s Day to keep it holy■you would never see them come in late, even to church;” and he humorously added, “there is no pulling out of watches to see if the sermon is not too long.”

Oh! that amongst us in England there were more life and power in the declaration of the Word of God, and men preached as if they indeed believed what they said.

As men write travels, and illustrate what other parts of the world are like by the aid of pictures, so hath God explained unseen things to us, and illustrated them by types and shadows.

A Word About the Jews

OUR readers will be interested in a few selections from the journal of our esteemed friend, Mr. Baron, recording his tour in Austria-Hungary. Mr. Baron is laboring as he feels led by God in bringing the gospel of Christ before the people of his own nation. We hardly realize the hatred toward the Jews that exists in many parts of Germany. Various newspapers are issued in Germany which “are ‘run’ on anti-Semitic ‘lines,’ and at Cologne, on leaving the grand new railway station, the first object that caught his eye was a big, stout man selling newspapers, having emblazoned around his hat, in letters of gold, ‘Arai-Semitic newspaper!’” But more remarkable is the distribution of anti-Jewish literature; for example, mock railway tickets are largely given to Jews, having on one side the words, “To Jerusalem there, but not back,” and on the other, “Go with one hundred thousand of thy brethren and immerse thyself in the Jordan, but never return.” “Hundreds of thousands of these tickets are given away in the streets. But,” adds Mr. Baron, and we beg our readers to carefully note his words, “almost all the Palestine colonization schemes... may be said to have had their origin in the anti-Semitic movement.” The lips of nations are bidding the Jews go back to their own land! True, the words are uttered in cruelty and hatred, and too frequently they are accompanied by pillage, burning of houses and slaughter, as is the case in Russia, but the Gentiles (for such unbelievers should not be called Christians) are rising up to send back the scattered nation to its own land, whither they must go, even as the Scriptures foretold.

Such insults and cruelty by those who are called Christians only make the Jews dislike the name of Christ more than before, and, if possible, to weigh them down more deeply into their unbelief. “Millions of Jews in Eastern and Central Europe and in the Orient have never even heard the name of Christ pronounced from the lips of a true Christian, and most of them do not even know of the existence of such a book as the New Testament.” In Vienna, speaking of “the Jewish Sabbath,” he says, “most of the Jewish shops are open. Many of the Jews here have broken loose from the ‘Hope of Israel,’ and are glorying in being liberal and unfettered by the old chains of bigotry.” Rationalism in all its deadness has in its bonds many a son of Israel. “The only God I know,” said a rich merchant, “is nature. Religion is well enough for half-civilized people, but we are now in the nineteenth century.” Mr. Baron asked this gentleman “If the light of civilization had revealed to man anything more definite about his future eternity.” “Eternity!” he answered; “why should I trouble myself about that? Has anyone come back from the dead to tell us about it?” “One at least did come back from the dead—even our Messiah, whom God appointed to be a witness to the people—and He did tell us all about it,” was the reply.

After some close conversation with this rationalistic Jew, he made the following admission: “Sometimes strange thoughts do enter my mind about death and the future. About three weeks ago, I visited a friend of mine and found that he was dying. He was like myself, indifferent, but when he saw me, and knew that he was dying, he asked me to say the prayer for the dying with him, which I did, out of the prayer-book. Since then I have often thought that, when a man comes to die, he does not like to be without God.”

So the infidel Jew and the infidel "Christian" are at the bottom alike■for, when a man comes to die, he does not like to be without God. "Without God, without Christ, without hope in the world," is the state of all who are not really believers in our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

In Austria religious liberty is denied the people. Austria holds out stoutly for the pope, and where he sways religious liberty is impossible. Such being the case, it is most difficult to reach the people. To give away a Bible in the streets of Vienna would be an act punishable with imprisonment, and, strange to say, the best opportunity to discuss religion is to be found in the cafés. On one occasion groups of between seven and ten Jews might be seen noisily discussing among themselves the contents of the books Mr. Baron had distributed at the coffee tables. "Now and then Jews from other parts of the handsome saloon carne for answers to different questions," one of which was whether it was "true that in England there were no Christians, but only Protestants." Does our reader follow this question? "In the eyes of many of these Jews, who have all their life been surrounded by a mere caricature of Christianity, only those are Christians who conform to the idolatries of Rome." In other words, the Jew in such a papal country as Austria regards a Christian as another name for an idolater■a man who worships images, and expects his salvation to be assured through eating his god, the wafer.

On his tour many cheering incidents took place, many Hebrew New Testaments were distributed, and much gospel literature: it was a time of broad-casting the good seed, and eternity alone will tell how that seed has flourished, When on board a steamer, near Budapest, with that worthy Christian Jew, Rabbi Lichtenstein, who was then with Mr. Baron, an old man, who turned out to be a rabbi of a small town, looked over Rabbi Lichtenstein's shoulder as he read, and said "Peace be unto you; what are you reading?"

"The New Testament," was the answer.

"Is that about the Crucified?"

"Yes," replied Lichtenstein; "He hung upon a tree."

"But, rabbi, may you live," responded the old man, "did He not destroy the law and blaspheme Moses?"

"Sit down," said the Christian Jew, "and I will read to you, and you shall judge for yourself."

And he turned up a number of passages to show that Christ in Himself fulfilled the law, and he proved that He always appealed to Moses's writings, for He said, "For had ye believed in Moses, ye would have believed in Me, for he wrote of Me."

After listening for some time, the old man said, "Rabbi, I have only thirty kreutzer (a small coin) with me, but I will give them to you for this book!" He got the book without the money, and disembarked at the next landing place. But who shall say what God may say to the venerable rabbi by His Holy Spirit as he reads in his own beloved tongue, the Hebrew language, the New Testament of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ?

We conclude these brief notes with these words of Mr. Baron: "We took with us on board a large supply of New Testaments in Hebrew, German and Hungarian, but our stock in the last two languages was exhausted long before we reached Budapest, and I have taken the addresses of

Jews in different parts of the country, who begged to possess copies, and promised to send them German New Testaments by post from Vienna.”

The Love of Christ

THE love of Christ is as a full-fed river; our hearts are as tiny vessels. It does not take a long time, Christian, for His love to fill your heart up to the brim, and to cause it to run over. Out of His fullness have we all received, and we know that He can and does fill us to overflowing. Go to the river and be filled.

Joy a Testimony

IT is recorded of Abraham, in the tradition of the land in which he was a stranger, that he went on his way singing, and so sweet were his songs that men followed him to learn them, and thus they too became pilgrims.

It would be well if murmuring, downhearted, dull-faced Christians took the hint! What, friend, do you think that the giddy world will wish to go your way? The world has its songs, and you, your what? A sorry testimony, a poor attraction your life to your friends and family. Awake! consider what a portion is yours, what a Saviour, what a home, what blessings, and surely you will begin singing on your wilderness way.

A Ride on the Stage Coach

WHEN I was a little child about eight year of age, nothing ever gave me greater pleasure than a visit to the seaside. Well do I remember, even all these year after, my excitement and pleasure when one morning I saw my clothes being packed up, and heard orders given about engaging an inside place in the coach for me, which ran from my home to the seaside. However, I suppose the inside was full, for I was put under the care of the conductor's wife, just behind the coachman. As we drove along a feeling of pride and pleasure too, in being thus sent off without any of my own friends, filled my heart, and being so high up and seeing everything, pleased me well, We had gone about three-quarters of the way, when we arrived at a pretty little village, and our driver smacking his whip, the four horses dashed along at a good pace, but suddenly a number of little boys rushed out of the hedge shouting, and this so frightened the horses that they dragged the coach into a ditch, tilting it completely on one side. Some of the passengers jumped off, my guardian was getting down, and I was forgotten! In my fright I jumped too; but oh! the terror I felt as I found myself nearing the ground, when, to my joy, I saw two strong arms stretched out to save me. It seems to me that I can feel those arms now. How safe I was! Then the gentleman put me down on the ground and said in a kind voice, "Why, my little girl, how came you to jump from such a height alone? Do you know, if I had not caught you, you would have been killed, or at any rate have been dreadfully hurt?" This sounded very serious to my childish ears, and I explained that I had been forgotten. Some years after this, I began to feel that I was falling again, but it was much more dreadful, and if some arm had not been put out to catch me where do you think I should have fallen? To hell. Yes, I was really on my way to bell! I saw that I was a sinner; my eyes were opened to danger just as they were when I jumped off the coach; but it was God who opened theca, and He showed me One who would save me if I would trust myself to Him. He showed me Jesus. I did trust Him, and He took me safely in His arms, and they are so strong that nothing can ever pluck me from them. Jesus says in John 10:28, "None shall pluck them out of My hand."

My dear little friends, are you safe? if not, you are falling, falling into destruction. Would you like to see the arm that is stretched out to save you? or will you say, "No, I am quite safe; I can take care of myself?" What would you have said if I had called out to the gentleman not to catch me? If you only believe Him now, He will save you. He died for sinners, and He just bids you trust Him, and you shall be safe in His arms forever. M. T. R.

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