

FAITHFUL WORDS FOR OLD AND YOUNG VOLUME 7

by H.F. Witherby

A collection of articles and writings by H.F. Witherby from Faithful Words for Old and Young Volume 7, covering various biblical topics and Christian teaching.

118 Chapters

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Faithful Words for Old and Young Volume 7

Introduction

SWIFTLY-FLOWING Time has brought to its close 1878, and it is with sincere thankfulness that we find ourselves with another completed volume of FAITHFUL WORDS before us.

It is our pleasant task to offer our hearty thanks to each Contributor who has helped to fill the pages of our Magazine during the past year. We are also much indebted to the many friends who have helped to make it better known, and more widely circulated.

While we can interchange thoughts, and maintain communication with all who write for FAITHFUL WORDS, it is impossible to know even the names of the numerous Christian friends interested in its circulation. We therefore use this—our only opportunity throughout the year—to suggest to such, that the very best way to increase its circulation is to induce persons to take it in for themselves. Free grants and broadcast distribution do nobly scatter the gospel seed it contains, but when a family can be interested to take in the Magazine regularly, another kind of good follows. A sound gospel heard once a month throughout the year in a house or hamlet is no small thing, and this, numerous instances of everlasting blessing so gained, testify.

The seed scattered broadcast will produce conversion to God, when the Holy Spirit blesses, but more is needed. We have to help, as far as in us lies, those who have heard and believed. The regular reader will be influenced of necessity in a different manner from the casual hearer.

Sow the seed and it will spring up. Enrich the soil and the weeds in the meadow will give way. We have but to lift up our eyes to see so-called Christian publications thrusting-out tremendous efforts to disseminate pernicious doctrine, in order to be made to feel the need of meeting the foe right earnestly.

FAITHFUL WORDS is not and shall not be in anywise controversial, but as there is no better antidote to darkness than light, so is there no surer way of meeting error than by stating the Truth. A rushlight burning in a cottage window during a black night has, as we have heard from their lips, cheered the hearts of shipwrecked men with courage to hold on till day. And, by God's help, our humble candle shall still burn on.

Fain would we see our Magazine in at least one cottage in each hamlet throughout our country. It must not be forgotten that there are hundreds of villages or clusters of cottages where, as in so many houses of our cities, the gospel is not heard for years together.

We would that our Christian friends—eager in the distribution of the good news of God—might seek, at least sometimes, to sow the seed where it never has been sown before. We can assure them that we have found homes in our favored land where no Evangelist ever enters save FAITHFUL WORDS.

Finally, we would ask for earnest and faithful records of gospel work from those who may be able to send us short accounts of anything of interest which comes under their observation, for to such records will be chiefly due the freshness and the strength of our Magazine, should it be permitted

to carry on its work.

Lost and Saved

IT was blowing a gale, and the fierce north wind drove the white waves thundering against the old sea-wall, drenching the pier-head and roaring out a warning of coming winter storms. The strength of the sea was sufficient to induce the lifeboat to go out for an hour's practice, and waves and boats together drew hundreds of spectators to the pier. While all eyes were intent upon the lifeboat with her crew pulling out of the harbor, two or three ladies and a little girl crossed to the side of the pier facing the sea. The child bent over to look into the snowy, surging waters several feet beneath her, and to watch them rushing and hurling themselves against the sea-wall. The sight rendered her dazed and giddy; she had not force enough to turn away from the fascinating destruction; she was drawn towards it; and in a moment fell headlong into the depth: beneath.

Those who stood by cried, "A child has fallen into the sea," and as they ran for help; the clear voice of the watcher in the lighthouse upon the pierhead rang out, "child overboard, child overboard!" and in an instant men rushed to the rescue, lifelines were thrown out, and a big, brave fellow dashed amongst the waves.

Head under the white sea, and only held up by the air within her clothes, the poor child was flung about by the billows, and again and again dragged beneath them. Her rescuer, too, was thrown violently, not against the pier, now under the water. But he was as cool-headed as strong-armed, and stuck to his work of salvation. Now, see his hand has almost grasped the drowning child and the hundreds lining the pier hold their breath, but a great sea tower along, and breakings upon him, sweeps the child out of his clutch; his head and the clothes of the child are hidden from view, both buried beneath the surf. Will he succeed? Is the child saved or lost?

It was when under the waves, diving after the child, that those strong hands seized her and, this done, the right hand which grasped her arm never let go its hold, As he grip the lifeline with one hand, and holds the child firmly to his bosom with the other arm, he rises from that burial beneath the waves. Swiftly he is drawn to the pier, down the rugged stone face of which, the seamen have clambered to lend a hand, and, amid the shouts of the joyful spectators, the saviour and the saved are brought ashore.

The child was insensible, and incapable of thanksgiving, but gratitude filled the hearts of those who saw the rescue, and the more so when they learned that the man with the drowning child before him thought not of his own home, or wife, or little ones, but without one instant's hesitation risked his life to save hers. Neither did he wish for praise or thanks, as, shaking the worst of the water off him, he walked quietly home.

What a picture is this scene of our great Saviour and of our great salvation. Jesus, to save us, left His home above, its joys, its glories, and came just where we were. He saw us in our utterly helpless state. Fascinated by the enticing attractions of sin, we had fallen into hopeless ruin. No efforts of our own could save us. Nay, like the child stunned by the fall, we were sinking into eternal death without so much as being aware of the awful doom which awaited us—utterly

unconcerned as to our present lost condition, utterly dead to the fear of the second death; and then it was, He died for us.

And how did the man save the child? By going down into the very water where she was; by diving into the deep wherein she had sunk, and where, had she remained a few moments longer, she must have perished. He went under the waters to bring her up out of them. And thus it was—yes, much more so— with our Saviour. He went down into death to bring us up out of death. He died to save us from death. He passed under the waves of divine wrath—all God's billows went over Him—to deliver us from their terror.

It was when under the water that the sailor saved the child. Had he not dived beneath the waves, and laid hold of her when beneath the waves, she had perished. Ah! reader, do you believe the truth illustrated by this incident about yourself? Do you know what a state yours is as a sinner? Do you indeed believe that you are already dead in trespasses and sins? Do you believe that nothing short of the death of Christ could deliver you from the state in which you are? Surely if, by grace, you do believe the depths of your lost state, you will not hesitate to believe the deeper depths of His great love in dying for us.

And note yet again how that the sailor brought the poor little one up out of her watery grave to the firm earth and the place of safety. His work was not finished till the child was absolutely safe. Can you not see in this an illustration of the Lord Jesus bringing up those whom His blood has cleansed, whom His death has delivered, into His own resurrection liberty? It was like a resurrection for that child, It was one in figure, for everyone thought she was lost. But ours is one in reality. We have the life which God gives us, when we believe, from Him who has risen from among the dead. We are not only indebted to Him for the new life we have in Him, but He Himself is our life. And He gives us His own resurrection-standing before God, one which the waters of death can never, never assail.

Here our illustration fails, for the brave sailor walked home alone, and left the child to the care of others. But the Lord Jesus, our Saviour, will bring all who believe to His own home in glory, and never will He leave, never will He forsake, one whom HE has saved from eternal death. It is not only that He brings the lost sinner into the place of safety, not simply that He gives the dead one a new life, but He will carry each and all who believe in Him in His bosom to the very mansions of His Father's home.

Reader, you are lost, are you saved?

H. F. W.

I Will Dance It Out

IN the drawing room of a suburban villa, during the closing days of the year, several ladies were conversing. One of the company was a young girl, the niece of the owner of the residence. She was caressed and admired by her fond uncle and aunt, who had adopted her as a daughter. There was much to love and admire in her, and as she was well educated and refined, to human foresight, a bright future awaited the girl.

In the course of the conversation, one of the ladies spoke of a proposed gathering at the end of the year, to spend its closing hours in prayer, and asked the young girl if she would like to go.

To her the idea seemed absurd. To spend the last hour of the year in the dull company of Christians, and at a prayer meeting, was not in accordance with her idea of pleasure, so she at once decidedly refused, adding, "No, I will dance it out."

Every whim and fancy in which she indulged was sure to meet with instant approbation from her relatives, so the "dance" was quickly decided upon.

The last day of the year came; its last hours had been looked forward to with such ardent expectation, and a time of much enjoyment had been anticipated by the fair young girl who had determined to dance the old year out. Preparations, notes of invitation, and the usual preliminaries had occupied her passing moments since the conversation mentioned.

The meeting for prayer commenced, and earnest supplications were poured forth. But I must ask you to turn with me to the mansion, where carriages are being driven up, and the company is being ushered in; while amidst the blaze and glitter the gay strains of music arise, as eager feet tread the giddy dance.

The hour of midnight draws nigh, when suddenly, and without previous warning, a deathly paleness steals over the face of the gay and thoughtless author of that evening's enjoyment. A medical gentleman who is present, a relative, is hastily at her side; the sound of the evening's pleasure ceases as she is carried from the ball room to her chamber. The doctor's skill avails not. Before the last stroke of twelve has tolled, the young girl's never dying soul has passed out of time into Eternity!

"Lovers of pleasure," more than "lovers of God," tell me— Where?

Prayerless, careless, pleasure seeker—Where?

Neglecters of so great salvation—Where? Rejecters of the grace of a Saviour God. —Where?

Reader, if death were to steal into your room tonight, would your soul be found in the "mansions of bliss," or the "regions of woe?"

How did you spend the old year? Has God in grace said of your soul, "Spare it yet another year?" Does the opening dawn of this new year find you one of whom it can be said: "Behold he prayeth,"

or does heaven look down upon a creature of ingratitude turning away from a Saviour's love, sufferings, and death?

Must it be said of you— "Behold, ye despisers, wonder, and perish?"

Do you reply that, "Going to a prayer meeting is no proof that a person is saved?" I admit it, but tell me, is the deliberate choice of "pleasure" any indication that a man is "born again?" "Ye cannot serve God and mammon."

The world in its charity may say, "Let us hope that she was saved at the last moment." Would that it were so; but, as said one who watched the close of her brief life, "She was a good and amiable girl, but she was unprepared to die."

Let this sudden death speak mightily to your inmost soul, and inquire, had you thus been called away, "Where would you spend Eternity?"

Do not evade the question; do not put it off. We will not ask if you commenced this year with "good vows," "holy resolutions," "purposes of amendment," "promises of reform," "turning over a new leaf," but we ask, Are you prepared to meet God now at this very moment? Are you in Christ, or out of Christ? Are you saved or lost?

Reader, we plead with you; it may be we shall never plead with you at the beginning of another year, so we call upon you now, now to face the question, and will you venture another step without answering, "Where you will spend Eternity?" H. N.

I Want to Be Reconciled to God

THE hot July sun was shining in a cloudless sky; hardly a breeze stirred, as I walked down one of the busy streets in St. Helier's. One after another passed me, some laughing, some swearing, some full of business, others bent upon pleasure, but all speeding on to eternity. The busy part of the town was soon left for a bye street, and I stopped at a small inn and walked into the tap-room.

"Does B— live here?" I asked of a neat-looking woman.

"Yes, sir, you will find him upstairs; but he is very ill," she replied.

"A friend sent me here who thought he might like to see me and have a chat, and then, you see, I have been two years on the sea myself, so I can meet him like an old sailor."

I was soon shown up the sanded staircase, and passed into a large, upper room. As I entered, the poor sailor for whom I was praying met my gaze. He was a pleasing-looking young man, but very thin, and with a bright hectic flush on his face. He lay on his bed, where he had been for two long years, unable to move, his complaint being violent and continued rheumatism. By his side was a table, with a dirty-looking pipe upon it, and on his bed, a low weekly paper. His appearance was painful to witness. No smile of joy, no beam of hope—but dark and wretched; in fact, I could only say to myself, "even as others which have no hope."

"A sufferer, I see, my friend," I said, as I sat down by his side; and, after a few kind words, I asked him to tell me a little of his past life. His confidence was won, and he told me how he had served on board a man-of-war, and while on the coast of Newfoundland, had taken a chill which he had neglected; violent pains had seized him, and from the hospital at Halifax he had come home some few years back, a helpless cripple, thoroughly broken in health. "And here I am, sir, much worse, and with no hope of getting better."

"And now, dear fellow, tell me," I said, "how about eternity? Are you ready to meet God?" He winced under the question, turned his head away, and a cloud shadowed brow; he could not answer me.

"How about all those sins, dear fellow, those numbers of sins you have committed?"

"I have done my best," he burst out, "have done my best," and he paused.

"But you are afraid to meet God like that and eternity is before you, and you speeding on to it."

His face flushed, he breathed hard, and then, unable to restrain himself, he burst into a flood of tears, moaning, "I want to be reconciled to God. Oh! I want to be reconciled to God."

"Thank God for that," broke from his lips; "that is a cry of need. It is your sins that trouble you," I said, "those black sins that stick to you, and which are dragging you to hell; you feel you cannot meet God as you are, and now they are a barrier between you and God. Now, listen, and I will tell you how, as a God of light, God revealed His love. I mean how God, who is infinitely pure and

holy, shows His love to a sinner. Come with me, some eighteen hundred years back, to a scene outside Jerusalem.” My friend was now listening most intently. “Do you see three crosses? Look at those on either side, a malefactor hangs on each of these; they deserved to be there; look at the middle one, Who is that? It is one who has done nothing amiss—who is He? God’s only begotten, dearly-beloved Son, in the form of man, without sin, a sinless one. He trod this earth, and the path He trod—blessing and curing, healing and bringing to life as He passed on—led Him to that cross, and there He hung; on Him were laid our sins, and for us He was punished, and there, by the sacrifice of Himself, He put them away, removing forever out of God’s sight and remembrance, that which now troubles you, and which stood between us and God, like a barrier.

“‘God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.’ (John 3:16.) The work was all done when He died; but God raised Him, and seated Him at His own right hand, and now, as one who knows Him as my Saviour, I have come to beseech you, in His stead, to be reconciled to God. Why, you say? ‘For He hath made Him to be sin for us, who knew no sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him’ (2 Cor. 5:21).”

After praying I left my friend, promising to send him a text for his wall, and to call again in two days. As promised, I called, but what a change! The dirty pipe gone, the newspaper not to be seen, and instead the large text on the wall, and on the bed a hymnbook and opened Bible. Look, too, at his face; all care has vanished, and in its place is a sweet smile of peace.

“Oh, sir!” he cried out, “I am now reconciled, quite reconciled to God. Christ did it all, and He is my Saviour.”

I sat by his side, the tears of joy dimmed both our eyes; with his thin hand in mine, he said, “After you left I thought it all over; I saw I could do nothing to put away my sins, which kept me from God, and then I thought, God is love. He loves me. He gave Jesus to die for me because He so loved me, and Jesus has done it all. Oh! Jesus, I said, Thou art mine, and at that moment, raptures filled my heart, and I felt the load fall off. Yes, sir, I felt it fall right off, and it is all right.” We could both praise God now, and so we did. What light! what love!

I soon after left the island to preach in the adjoining one; another visit assured me it was all right, and we parted, but to meet again. Three months passed by, and still his poor body held out, but he was fading away, like a cloud passing away for the glory to shine; he had no doubts, his only anxiety was for his sister’s conversion.

One day a dear evangelist, who was preaching in the island, called upon him. “I am going to my Saviour,” the dying young man said, “to be with the Lord, to enjoy His presence,” and his frail body shook as he laughed for real joy.

No clouds crossed his sky now, already he could dimly see the glory, and soon would know more of the love of that One who did not spare His own Son, but freely gave Him up for us all.

Dear reader, may I ask you, are you ready to meet God?

“Abba, Father! we adore Thee,

While the hosts in heaven above,

E'en in us now learn the wonders
Of Thy wisdom, grace, and love.
Soon before Thy throne assembled,
All Thy children shall proclaim
Abba's love as shown in Jesus,
And how full is Abba's name!"
W.S.W.

Liberty in God's Presence

THE subject of Christian liberty is one of the deepest importance. At its very threshold lies the question of sin, for there can be no liberty in the presence of God until freedom from the condemnation attached to sin be known, and the conscience be clear before God. Man may avoid or shirk the question of sin, but if he does so he cannot know liberty before God. God is holy, man is sinful; how can a sinful man enjoy freedom in the presence of the holy God?

There is an answer given to this question in the tenth chapter of the Epistle to the Hebrews, and the answer opens to us one phase of Christian liberty. Will the reader ponder the chapter from the first to the end of the twenty-second verse; and having done so, follow us in a few remarks upon it? It was in the nature of the sacrifices under the Jewish dispensation that they could never bring the worshippers into liberty. Could those sacrifices have effected such an end—could they really have taken away sin they should have ceased to be offered. The worshipper, once purged by them, should have had no more conscience of sins, and therefore there would have been no further need of the sacrifices. The blood of the sacrifice would have purged him, and being purged his conscience would have been at rest before God. That is to say, so far as his guilt as a sinner, and God's claims as the righteous One were concerned. We do not here take up the question of the heart being at rest as a dear child before the Father, but simply the conscience of a man who is a sinner being purged, and his being before the holy God in the spirit of liberty, because purged. Now the ancient sacrifices could not make him that did the service, perfect as pertaining to the conscience (ch. 9:9), consequently A worshipper without a purged conscience (verses 1 & 2) marked the state of the Jewish worshipper; and such, alas, too frequently is that of the Christian!

By a worshipper in the passage before us is signified, one who serves God, who comes to God rendering Him religious homage. The great mass of professing Christians in our day render God religious homage, but, like the Jewish worshipper of old, they lack a purged conscience. They come to God rather to get their sins forgiven than to praise Him for forgiveness; far less can it be said of the millions who "attend religious worship," that they worship the Father in spirit and truth. Thus it is that in the greater part of religious Christian service there is a remembrance of sins, rather than a remembrance of Him who died to put them away. Now, such a state of soul when coming to God shuts out liberty.

If we apply a practical test, our statement will be borne out by facts. The mass of "Christians attending their places of worship" would not dare say that their sins "are forgiven." (1 John 2:12.) To them it would be arrogance and assumption to declare "We have been 'once purged;' we are, so far as our liberty before God is concerned, perfect. 'We are sanctified,' that is, we are saints, not sinners, though, alas, in practice, saints who often sin." In coming to God, and in viewing the sacrifice of Christ, they are remembering their sins, and, alas, are continually pleading for forgiveness.

It may be desirable to notice here that conscience of sins and consciousness of sins are not alike. Every man has a conscience. He knows something concerning right and wrong. And the

conscience of the professing Christian, when enlightened by the word of truth—when seeing what the holy God is, and what sinful man is, makes him tremble. But thus speaks the Holy Spirit:— “If the blood of bulls and of goats... sanctifieth to the purifying of the flesh, how much more shall the blood of Christ.... purge your conscience?” (chapter 9:13, 14.) Consciousness of sin is the sense of the sins which we have committed. None possess such acute consciousness of sins as those whose consciences have been purged by the blood of Christ, for none, save them, can (and yet without fear of condemnation) come into God’s presence and consider their sins and shortcomings. If a man lacks the consciousness of sin it is most serious, for “If we say that we have not sinned, we make Him a liar, and His word is not in us.” (1 John 1:10.)

We now inquire—Why was it that the Jewish worshipper obtained not a purged conscience? It was because he offered—

Sacrifices which could never take away sins. (v. 3, 4.)

“Without shedding of blood is no remission.” (ch. 9:22.) Sins can only be expiated by death.

Such is the decree of God, and it is made upon the basis of His own holiness. Tears and prayers could never take away sins. No work or toil could remove them. Sins must be cleansed by blood. The ancient sacrifices were but types. There was nothing in them of intrinsic value Their actual worth consisted simply in what they foreshadowed. And, as our portion teaches they did not even, as types, give the very image of what they foreshadowed. They were not an exact likeness of the reality. The worshipper who offered them received a blessing, because they offered them in faith and in obedience to the word of God. Faith ever receives blessing. But the word is plain, “It is not possible that the blood of bulls and goats should take away sins.” (v. 4.) How could the blood of the animal brought to the altar cleanse a responsible man from his sins in the sight of God? How could such blood give an intelligent man rest of conscience, and open up for him the path of liberty in God’s holy presence!

The fact of sacrifices being constantly repeated shows their inefficacy. If otherwise, “would they not have ceased to be offered?” Moreover, the blood shed year by year upon the great Day of Atonement was a remembrance of sins that had been committed, and also that sins needed a continual cleansing. Had the sacrifice been perfect when it was offered it would have accomplished its end completely. The sins would have been removed. “Now where remission of these (sins) is, there is no more offering for sins.”

If these sacrifices of the Jewish age could not purge the conscience of the worshipper, far less did they please the heart of God.

God was not satisfied with such sacrifices.— (verses 1, 6, & 8). Viewing the sinner to God with his conscience of sin, his consequent sorrow, his burden, his bondage, God was not satisfied. God had compassion upon His people in their lack of spiritual liberty. He knew their fears and heard their cries. The very yearning within them after Him could only lead them to sorrow more over the weight of their sins. It is so today with believers unestablished in the perfection of Christ’s sacrifice. Their very piety only leads them into deeper distress. The divine life, which they possess, acted upon by the light of the truth, only renders the burden upon their conscience the heavier to bear. Theirs is “the spirit of bondage unto fear,” and “fear hath torment.” They dread the judgment.

This want of freedom before God expresses itself in various ways, according to the varied schools. It drives some into monasteries and convents, in order there to seek to please God by doing "good" works. It forces others into the misbelief that they are reprobates, and leaves them to stagnate in sin.

Woe, is the bitter reward of the heart which weighs in scales of its own the value of Christ's blood. Neither tortures and penances, nor prayers and religious service, nor moans and bitter experiences can render the balance even. There is no way of liberty before God, save by blood.

Now, God looked down upon His people; He had a gracious desire after them; they were then, as now, the objects of His heart. He beheld them coming to Him, and yet never reaching Him, in liberty. He Himself was hidden within the veil, shrouded from man, dwelling in the unapproachable light of His holiness. God—we say it with reverence—could not find pleasure in any sacrifice which gave not the sinner's conscience rest before Him. God is love, and God loves men, and God would have the men He loves enjoy His love, and be in holy liberty before Him. "In burnt offerings, and offerings for sin Thou hast had no pleasure." (v. 6.)

As we look upon Christian worshippers coming to God in the spirit of bondage, we ask, Has God changed? Is His heart altered? Far be the thought. "I am the Lord, I change not." What, then, must be His thought when looking down upon many of His own children? He sees them coming to Him continually, in the hope that they may some day be pardoned. Yes; coming to Him in such a way, that their very coming seems to deny the fact of an accomplished redemption by the blood-shedding of His own Son. For they come, not believing that Jesus has, by His own blood, once and forever put away the sins of all His people, but, as did the Jews of old, with their ancient sacrifice in the conviction that they will have to come to God over and over again.

Some carry the practice of this doctrine as far as to say, "Though we believe that we are safe at this moment, yet we should have no hope if we died an hour hence, unless we first partook of the sacrament. They require a repetition of the offering for sins." Others declare, "Yes, today we are saved, but who knows what may be our case tomorrow?" They require a fresh sense that the blood has been applied to them. Where, in either instance, is there soul-rest in God's estimate of the value of the precious blood of Jesus?

We ask, then, what does the heart of our God feel concerning these things? What does His divine love say to His doubting children?

If our reader be a doubting Christian we beg him to ponder the question, and upon his knees to confess his sin of unbelief, and no more to dishonor his God by regarding the sacrifice of Christ in the same kind of way that the Jewish worshipper regarded that of bulls and of goats.

If he be a rejoicing Christian, then we would enlist his sympathies and beg his prayers for the enthralled children of God, that they may, by grace, be led into the liberty of knowing their sins all put away by the blood of Christ, and their consciences purged. H. F. W.

Why Four Gospels?

GOD has given us in the four gospels four distinct records of His Son.

If the life of a great ruler were written, one biographer might describe him in his character of King, a second might treat of his Service for his people, a third might present him in his character of a Man, a fourth might unfold his heart and record his words. The four biographies would present a complete whole. We may call to mind certain familiar pictures of our Queen: One artist has painted her in her Royal robes, standing near the throne; another has pictured her sitting beside the bed of a sick woman, and serving the poor; again, a third artist has painted her as a mother, a Woman surrounded by her children. It would not render these three different pictures the more beautiful if someone were to try to make them into one in order to harmonize them.

In reading the four gospels it is important to bear in mind their individuality. Attempts to force them into one gospel only produce discord.

The three gospels—Matthew, Mark, and Luke—have a strong similarity; that of John is distinctive. Matthew was given by God to speak of His Son as the King of the Jews; Mark, as the Servant of God and of man; Luke, as the Man; but John speaks of Him as the Son of God.

There is no sweeter occupation for the soul than studying these divine pictures of Jesus. They do not give us many incidents in His holy life on earth, nor do they tell us many of the words He uttered. But we may study for a lifetime what is written, and yet be only ready to begin the study afresh. The depths of the stories of the life of the Lord will never be fully understood by man below.
H. F. W.

Get Thee Hence, Satan

Matt. 4:10.

MY reader will know who said these words many hundred years ago!

They were the words of the Lord Jesus, when the Spirit led Him into the wilderness, and Satan came and tempted Him to disobey His Father. But the Lord Jesus could not sin, He was pure and holy from His birth not only He did not sin, but He could not sin. There was nothing in Him that could yield to any temptation. Although, as Paul tells us: "He was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin." (Heb. 4:15.) So instead of giving way, Jesus told Satan to go behind Him, and he went away.

Is the will of God our whole object, as it was with the Lord Jesus? We are to be like Christ in this as well as in all else; and Peter tells us that the Christian is sanctified to the obedience of Christ. (1 Peter 1:2.)

If my reader has been "born again," is a child of God, and can say from his heart, that he has been washed whiter than the whitest snow in the blood of Jesus, I would have him remember, that, Christ having fought the one great battle for us, it is always a conquered enemy he has, by the power of the Holy Ghost, to resist, thus leaving us entirely without excuse every time we give way to Satan. This makes our giving way very solemn. Christ having once fought the great battle for us will always fight our little ones, if we will only yield ourselves to Him. And then, it is so beautiful to know, the Christian being in Christ gains the fruits of His wondrous victory! "We are more than conquerors through Him that loved us." (Rom. 8:37.)

It is God's word which preserves us from the wiles of the enemy, and if only we are in the spirit of dependence and obedience, we shall, like the Lord Jesus, have power to send Satan away, because God being with us, Satan is powerless. When Satan comes to a truly dependent Christian he finds Christ, and thus meeting his Conqueror, he is obliged to flee!

Although the Lord Jesus has conquered Satan once and forever, still He in His wondrous love feels for and pities His own when they are tempted, and is ever looking down upon them from the glory.

"Touch'd with a sympathy within,

He knows our feeble frame;

He knows what sore temptations mean,

For He has felt the same.

"But spotless, undefiled, and pure,

The great Redeemer stood,

While Satan's fiery darts He bore,
And did resist to blood."

E. O'N. N.

A Child's Victory

LET me tell you about a little child with whom I was staying a short time ago who by the power of the Holy Ghost overcame a great temptation. She was a child naturally of extreme self-will, and if opposed in any way, she directly became exceedingly obstinate, sometimes remaining so many hours.

One of these occasions showed itself when she came into my room to have her daily Bible lesson. She was learning the 23rd Psalm. Her parents had gone abroad for a time, and were soon returning; and I said to her, "You don't yet know your Psalm very well, I should like you to know it much better before your mamma comes home."

"Oh! but," she said, "I must know it for mamma, I must say it quite well to her."

I knew this cost her much, as she was not fond of learning, and found difficulty in retaining by heart.

She then began to repeat the Psalm, making several mistakes at the fourth verse, "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death." I said to her, "I want E—to say that verse over till she says it without one fault."

After having repeated it three times with many faults, she stopped short, and said in a very decided manner, plainly showing she meant what she said, "I won't say it any more; I can't, I don't want to." I paid no attention to this, but simply told her to say it again; then she looked very angry, and exclaimed, "I said I would not say it again, I'm not going to; I won't say it any more;" and her little face, before radiant with sunshine at the thought of "saying it quite well to mamma," now looked dark and cloudy, as though some distant storm were brewing, and I saw with pain she was in one of her sadly obstinate fits, and that the Evil one was getting the better of her.

Again she was asked to say it, again she sternly refused.

Seeing it to be quite useless to ask her any more, and knowing that self-will and obstinacy are peculiarly difficult to deal with, I thought it best to turn her mind to something else.

As I had said she was to repeat the verse till she knew it perfectly, I wished to keep to it, at the same time knowing it required a far higher power than mine to make her willing to obey, so strong was her will.

After waiting a few minutes, I silently asked the Lord to guide and show His mind about it.

It may seem to you a little thing, but nothing concerning any of His children is small in the Father's eyes, because the Father looks at them as in Christ, and all that concerns them concerns His Son, and therefore, must accordingly be precious to Him; and we are told the Father loves the believer with the same love with which He loves the Son, (John 17:23) and that we know to be measureless! We can never bear in mind too much that God delights for us to go to Him about everything.

After a deep silence, I said, “Can E—tell me what Jesus did when He was down here on earth, and Satan came and tempted Him to do a very naughty thing, and one that would have disobeyed and displeased God very much?”

She said, “No, I can’t.”

“Shall I tell you?”

“Yes.”

I then told her how Satan tempted the Lord Jesus three times, and how He told Satan to go behind Him, and overcame the Tempter by using God’s own Word, and she seemed much struck, and it was touching to watch the struggle that was going on within.

I said, “Does Jesus want us to be like Him?”

“Yes,” she said.

“Yes,” I repeated; “and it is the Father’s wish to make us like His Son in everything. He is thinking of it all day long; and every little thing that happens to God’s children down here is to make us more and more like His Son. That is God’s one object concerning all those who are washed in the blood of Jesus.”

“If,” I continued, “Satan came and tempted me to be very naughty, and I said, ‘go away, Satan,’ do you think he would go?”

She looked up in my face, and said slowly, “Yes—I think he would, and I think God would make him go away,” without another word she turned her little head round.

She did not know with what tearful joy I saw those little lips move; but what was my joy in comparison to the joy it gave the heart of God, to see a little child scarce more than five years old overcoming an evil passion by the power of the Holy Ghost.

In another moment she looked up in my face, with almost tears on her own, and said, “I will say that verse now, I will say it as often as you like, till—till—I know it quite well.”

The victory was won—the child was happy—God was praised, and I silently thanked the Lord for thus glorifying Himself in one so young, and in bringing His own Word home with power to her young heart; feeling it to be a lesson from Himself that both the child and I would never forget. E. O’N. N.

Are You Ready?

“WHAT is the matter with you, Clara?” asked a middle-aged woman of her little girl one morning.

“I do not feel very well this morning, mother; I don’t know what it is, but I don’t think I can go to school.”

The mother began to feel anxious about her little girl, and sent for a doctor; but when the doctor came poor Clara was very ill. He saw at once what it was, and after having given her some medicine he went away, shaking his head. Before six o’clock that evening little Clara had passed from this world into eternity. About four years before she was in my class at the Sunday school; but, although she was very attentive, she did not love Jesus, and I never heard that she gave her heart to Him.

Dear reader, let me entreat you to decide for Christ while you are in health and strength; do not wait for a more convenient season, for you may be called away quite as suddenly as little Clara. Are you ready to stand before God? Oh, do not trifle with your soul! Remember that you must spend eternity somewhere, in heaven or in hell! Oh, make your choice now! “He that believeth on the Son of God hath everlasting life.” J. B.

Short Sayings for a New Year

IT is only the Christian who can look forward with calmness.

SUCH as know not Jesus as their Saviour are walking they know not whither.

THE most useful way to spend your time is to live for eternity.

HE who has rolled his burden on the Lord has a light heart.

HE who would serve God must keep his eye fixed on the Master, and must wait His bidding.

IF you live for yourself this year you will have an empty soul at its end.

THE smoothest way through the world is trod by those whose eyes are fixed on heaven.

THE richest hearts are those whose treasure is in heaven.

OBEDIENCE, patience, and self-denial render the Christian's heart happy.

The Plagues of Egypt

“Marvelous things did He in Me sight of their fathers, in the land of Egypt, in the field of Zoan.”
—Ps. 75:3-12.

LET us look into some of the wonders of the Lord in the land of Egypt. God Himself speaks of His ways in delivering His people Israel from their bondage in Egypt as marvelous, therefore we shall find strange things. We will open our Bibles at the fourth chapter of Ex. 5:19.

The Lord bids Moses return to the land of Egypt, from which country he had been exiled for some forty years, telling him that the Pharaoh and all the men who had sought his life were dead. The great oppressor, the majestic builder, Sesostris-Ramases, or Ramases the Great, was no more.

Let us repeat what we observed in our papers upon God’s Ancient People last year, that until more of the writings or monuments of Egypt are brought to light, there will still remain some question as to the actual name of the Pharaoh who defied Jehovah, who brought down upon Egypt the terrible plagues of the Lord, and who finally perished in the sea. We cannot, in the limited space at our disposal, give the voices of the monuments upon this interesting subject.

Be the name of the Pharaoh what it may, it is our purpose rather to consider the character of the man. The monuments may reveal his name beyond doubt; the word of God portrays the man! one whose violent spirit and whose haughty will had at length to submit and finally to be crushed. The scriptures do not reveal to us what this Pharaoh was before the last year of his life, when Jehovah said of him that He would harden his heart. It was a terrible doom for a living man that his heart should be hardened by God against God. We know that “whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap,” (Gal. 6:7) which divine principle, we venture to think, may suffice to answer not a few of the many questions that have been raised upon this subject. But beyond this, God in His sovereignty had raised up Pharaoh for a special end.

Another great principle to be remembered in the strange story of the plagues of Egypt is, that the controversy was not simply between Moses and Pharaoh, but that it was rather between Jehovah and the gods of Egypt. And this we shall very distinctly see when we come to speak of the plagues.

With this preface, then, let us picture to ourselves Moses, after his long banishment, leaving the shepherd life he had followed, returning from the Sinaitic Mountains, and at Jehovah’s bidding retracing his steps to the land from which he had fled, in order to be the mighty deliverer of God’s ancient people.

Moses carries the rod of God in his hand, and power to work the wonders God would show, and a message from the Lord to Pharaoh— “Thus saith the Lord: Israel is my son, even my firstborn; and I say unto thee, Let my son go, that he may serve Me; and if thou refuse to let him go, behold, I will slay thy son, even thy firstborn.”

In the wilderness Aaron meets Moses; they both reach Egypt, and gather together the elders of their people. Israel, some three or four millions in number, dwelt principally in “the land of flowers,” in Goshen. Though enslaved, yet still they had princes and elders over them, and no doubt owned possessions too, for they were a race which for a long time had dwelt in Egypt, now held in bondage by the nation of the Egyptians. The elders of the people beheld the wonders of the Lord done by Moses, and they believed what Moses and Aaron said. “And when they heard that the Lord had visited the children of Israel, and that He had looked upon their affliction, then they bowed their heads and worshipped.”

How like ourselves is this! How sweet the welcome news that there is “rest for the weary!” How glad the tidings that God has a home for His own from sin and sorrow free! Ah, how many when they hear this sweet music, “bow their heads and worship!” Has it been so with you, dear young friend? Have you learned to feel the misery of sin’s bondage, and the power of Satan? Have you learned that this world— your Egypt—is not your home? That you are but a stranger here, and that far, far away is the land of rest? And have you rejoiced when some messenger of God has told you that the good and gracious God is not unmindful of you? That He has compassion upon you, and has joys beyond this world for all who put their trust in Him. God grant that by His Spirit such may be the case in your hearts!

From the weary and burdened people we are taken to the palace of the king. Moses and Aaron go in and tell Pharaoh that the Lord God of Israel says, “Let my people go, that they may hold a feast unto me in the wilderness.” Pharaoh’s palace was splendid with images and paintings of Egypt’s many gods—dumb gods, which never spoke—idols, work of men’s hands. Yet no less were they the power of Satan over the minds of the idolatrous king and his subjects.

From the glory of his place, surrounded by priests and princes, that Pharaoh haughtily replied, “Who is Jehovah, that I should obey His voice to let Israel go? I know not Jehovah, neither will I let Israel go.”

He knew the gods of the Egyptians and of the surrounding nations by their idols. Jehovah, whose image he had never seen, the Eternal One, who is a Spirit, was the God he knew not.

Moses and Aaron explain to him that Jehovah is the God of the Hebrews, and that they are numerous as the Egyptians themselves; and now that the hope of liberty burned within them, it was policy thoroughly to crush their spirits. Hence the command of the king, “Ye shall no more give the people straw to make bricks, as heretofore: let them go and gather straw for themselves. And the tale of bricks which they did make heretofore, ye shall lay upon them; ye shall not diminish ought thereof: for they be idle; therefore they cry, saying, Let us go and sacrifice to our God.”

How remarkable like Satan this is! For when any one really longs for heaven, and blesses God for the hope of rest, Satan is sure to make him feel miserable; to make each hope after freedom under His power, whereupon Pharaoh cries that Moses and Aaron hinder Israel from their work, commands more severe burdens to be placed upon them.

The people were “many” no doubt almost as a burden, and to put trials and difficulties in his way. Each of us who have really longer to be sure of heaven has found Satan, like Pharaoh, doing his utmost to crush all hope out of us. “But if God be for us, who can be against us?”

We will now again turn to the monuments of Egypt, and see how clearly they explain the portion of Scripture before us.

The bricks of Egypt were made sometimes of clay, chiefly of Nile mud frequently mixed with straw, dried in the sun. And as Egypt is a country with an almost rainless climate, these bricks are still to be seen, and some of those made by the children of Israel remain to this day. The corn was not always reaped close to the earth, as is the custom in our country; but, in most instances, the ears merely were cut off, and the long stubble was left standing in the fields. The ears of corn were taken to the threshing floors, and the chopped-up straw left after the grain was beaten out was used to mix up with the mud to make the bricks. This straw was served out to the people. But by the edict of Pharaoh "the people were scattered abroad throughout all the land of Egypt, to gather stubble instead of straw;" they had to go over the fields in the burning sun to pull the long stubble out of the fields, and this they had to chop up in order to mix with the earth, and to make their necessary "tale" or quantity of bricks. This extra labor rendered it impossible for them to fulfill the usual requirements demanded of them. The taskmasters hastened them in vain; the officers of the children of Israel were unable to fulfill their tasks. They were accordingly cruelly beaten.

The people saw that they were in evil case. Their longings after complete deliverance from Egypt were quenched, in their desires to be freed from the severity of each day's misery. Their hopes failed them. H. F. W.

William Farel

(Continued from p. 191, Vol. 6.)

NINE years passed by after Master Faber had published his book upon the Epistles of Paul. During that time he preached and taught diligently the things of the Lord in the lecture halls of the Paris University. It was in vain that he was contradicted, opposed, hated, and despised by a great number of the priests and doctors. It seemed as though all this signified nothing to him, which was indeed the case. The Lord had set before him an open door, and no man could shut it. Various events were so ordered by God that Master Faber was never silenced, and was even encouraged to hope that the truth would at last be owned by many who heard it. In the first place, the king, Louis XII., called upon the university to decide whether the pope ought to have absolute power in the affairs of the Church. A monk had written a book to prove this, and as the kings of France had for centuries maintained the right of the Church in France to appoint bishops there, Louis XII. was not prepared to own the pope's authority in every point. The University of Paris decided the question against the pope. It was not always easy to see whether men opposed the pope for their own ends, or because they saw that the Bible condemned him. Master Faber, perhaps, thought sometimes that the light was beginning to dawn, when it was only natural pride and self-will that were at work. But it was really the case that several amongst the students began to hear the Word gladly.

At last one came to listen from whom Master Faber and William hoped great things. This was Count William Bricconnet, Bishop of Meaux. He had known Master Faber in former days, and respected him for his learning. Since then he had been twice sent to Rome, as ambassador from the king of France, to the pope. There was now a new king—Francis I., Louis XII. had died Jan. 1, 1515. There was also a new pope; Julius II. had died two years before Louis XII. The new pope could not be called a “ferocious monster.” He was a pleasant, gentlemanly man, fond of art and science, and still more fond of luxury and pleasure. He lived to indulge himself in every possible manner, right or wrong— “in wickedness of all sorts,” says a Roman Catholic historian who knew him. The words of this historian are as follows: “We remember having had, and having adored, a pontiff, who arrived at the height of infidelity. He gave full proof of this by the practice of wickedness of all sorts, for he confessed [before some of his servants that neither before he was pope, nor after, did he believe in the existence of God. Cardinal Bembo once tried to prove to him from Scripture that the soul of man is immortal. He said in a rage, ‘What you pretend to convince me by a book of fables!’ He stirred up war all over Europe, in order to further the interests of his family.” It is therefore not surprising that the two visits paid to this pope—Leo X.—by the Bishop of Meaux did not confirm him in, the belief that the pope was to be honored as God. He came back sickened by the revels and feasts of the pope's palace, and betook himself to his old friend, Master Faber. He was thankful, too, to make the acquaintance of William Farel, who was now himself lecturing, as Master of Arts, in one of the chief colleges of Paris. Two other young men, Arnold and Gerard Roussel, appeared also to have received the gospel. With this little company the bishop studied the Word of God, and listened humbly and meekly to the teaching he now heard for the

first time. He could not express his joy and thankfulness that the light of the gospel had thus reached him.

Master Faber entreated the bishop to study the Bible for himself, and thus to learn what Christianity was before man had added to it or taken from it. The bishop read much and carefully. He said he could never have enough of such heavenly food. He only wondered that everybody did not see, as he did, that the new teaching was the truth of God. He spoke of the gospel and of the scriptures to all his friends. Many of these were also friends of the king, and were much at the court. The king's physician, and even his confessor, appeared to listen gladly, and to desire to learn more. All this encouraged Faber and Farel, and was perhaps one reason why Farel did not at once see his way to stand aloof altogether from the Church of Rome. He and Master Faber still went to the cathedral and to the churches. It was true, as William said, that popery fell little by little from his heart. But though it fell slowly, it fell surely and steadily. The forms and ceremonies, the chanting and the idolatry, seemed to him, as time went on, more intolerable and wearisome, more profane and sinful. When the crowds were kneeling before an image or an altar, Farel stood amongst them in sorrow and displeasure. "O God!" he would say, "Thou alone art wise! Thou alone art good! Nothing must be taken away from Thy holy law, and nothing added. For Thou alone art the Lord, and Thou alone must command!" The beautiful services which had been the delight of his heart were now only hateful and grievous. The priests and doctors whom he had revered, now only appeared to him as the enemies of the gospel. He had seen the glory of Christ, and in the luster of that light all else was dark and dim. Master Faber began to be alarmed lest William should go too far. If they had at that time begun to talk over the necessity of leaving the Church of Rome, it was a point upon which they could not see alike. There are many of God's servants who have at last to say, "We would have healed Babylon, but she could not be healed!" Of this number was Master Faber. He clung to the hope that the Church he still loved and revered might be "made new" —that priests and people would at last turn from their idols to the living and true God. They had not heard the gospel before, but now that God had put the blessed message into his mouth, who could say what the power of that word might be? Let them only go on, preaching boldly and faithfully, at the risk of opposition, and suffering, and death, and the Church of Rome might yet be cleansed and restored, and all might be as in the days when Paul preached the gospel, and man had not yet added to it. Soon an event happened which no doubt confirmed Master Faber in his hopes of better days.

The king's sister, Margaret, duchess of Alencon, was already celebrated for her great talents, her kindness of heart, and her extraordinary influence over the king her brother. Margaret was a friend of Briconnet. She talked freely to him and to others about the court, who were beginning to hold the "new opinions." Some of her ladies gave her tracts which Briconnet had given to them. She read them eagerly, for her heart was sick and weary amidst the folly and gaiety of her brother's dissolute court. She now desired to see Master Faber and William Farel, and to read the Word of God with them and with the bishop. And thus it would seem that the Princess Margaret was really converted to God. She did not cease to be a Papist, nor did she follow the Lord fully in any way, for she knew Him but very dimly. Still we cannot but think of her as one who, after a sorrowful and doubtful course, will yet be found amongst the number of those who now sleep in Christ. In any case it is certain that she used her influence with her brother, the king, on the side of the truth. She encouraged those who preached it, and, as far as she had power, she protected them from

persecution and opposition.

The king himself, too, was by no means inclined to silence Faber and Farel. This also may have raised vain hopes in the mind of Master Faber. He may have thought that the king was almost persuaded to be a Christian. But in the case of Francis, it was simply dislike to the tyranny of the priests, which made him rejoice that anyone should dare to contradict them. "I like to show," he said, "that a king of France is not to be kept in leading strings." He despised the priests, too, for their ignorance, and their dislike to learning. They even spoke against printing as a wicked invention of the Devil, and accused the printers of being wizards. Francis who was an intelligent man, and who took an interest in all these new discoveries, seems at first to have looked upon the gospel as one of the modern inventions, which was to improve the world in general. It was only later, when he found that it condemned his vices and his crimes, that he thought otherwise. He discovered in time that the evil deeds which the priests allowed, and for which he could buy pardons from the pope, were condemned unsparingly by the gospel, and it then needed all the entreaties of his beloved sister Margaret, to prevent him from siding with the priests he hated, in order to put it down. But at first it was not so, and Master Faber hoped on.

Then, again, there came cheering news to Paris from across the Rhine. A German monk had dared to teach and preach openly that the pardon of sins was not to be bought with money but was given by God to sinners, without money and without price. That to believe in the Lord Jesus Christ was the way to be saved. He had even dared to post up a paper upon the doors to the church at Wittenberg, warning people not to buy the pardon of their sins from the pardon seller. He had been stirred up to do this, because the pope, Leo X., had opened a market for the sale of pardons. He had sent pardon-sellers through the towns and villages of Europe, to offer for money such pardons as no pope had ever sold before. People might buy pardons, not only for past sins, but for sins they meant to commit. Each sin had its price, and might be committed without fear or shame, if paid for beforehand. The souls of the dead might be redeemed from purgatory on the spot, for a small sum. All this money was to go towards the restoration of the church of St. Peter's at Rome. "How profitable," said the pope, as the large sums were paid into his coffers which the pardon-sellers brought back, "How profitable has this fable of Jesus been to us!" For it was not only the church of St. Peter, but the feasts and amusements of the pope, for which large sums of money were needed. To the rich was the pope's gospel preached, and those who turned a deaf ear to the gospel of God from heaven listened to the gospel from Rome.

The German monk spoke boldly against this sale of the souls of men. He had not the light and knowledge which Master Faber and William Farel had; but he was an honest and a brave man, and, as far as God had enlightened his mind, he spoke out, and wrote papers and books which were spread far and wide. In time they reached Paris, and the little band of Christians read them eagerly, and thanked God for them. This German monk was Martin Luther. Thus there were streaks of light appearing on every side, and had we lived then, we, too, might have thought that the truth would at last be owned by the miserable fallen church that had so long rejected it. F. B.

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 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 sheaved 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 anything 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.

Prepare to Meet Thy God

IN one of the suburbs of London, on a June afternoon, a policeman was “on duty”; his attention was attracted by three men, who were going to a drinking saloon to indulge in the “pleasures of sin.” On their way they made up their minds for a “lark,” as they termed it, so seeing the policeman they judged he would be a fitting object to practice their cleverness upon. One of their company, addressing him, asked if he could “give them something to do.”

“Yes, I can,” he replied, “if you really want it.”

“Very well, we do; what is it?” they replied.

This policeman, through the grace of God, had learned in his soul the truth of the gospel, and it was his great delight to use opportunities like this to warn and entreat; so he told them solemnly that if they wanted something to do they should “prepare to meet thy God.”

Apparently unconcerned, they passed on to the saloon. Summer had mellowed into autumn; autumn had faded into winter, and the circumstances I have related had passed away from the policeman’s memory. He was again at his post of duty, when a young man accosted him, and offering a little book, asked if he would “read it.”

“What about your own soul, are you right with God?” said the policeman.

The young man replied, “Yes,” and asked if he recollected speaking to three young men, and recalled the incident above related, adding that the youngest of the three then stood before him. The words, “prepare to meet thy God,” had pierced his inmost soul. Wherever he went, for days, weeks, months, “prepare to meet thy God, prepare to meet thy God,” rang in his ears; they disturbed his conscience, and at length awoke the inquiry, “How am I to prepare?”

Then he heard the gospel preached, how that God had prepared a way for the sinner “to be made nigh” and delivered from the wrath to come, and now, in answer to the question, “Are you right with God?” he could say with a joyful heart, “Yes; all right,” through the finished work of the Lord Jesus Christ on Calvary’s cross.

Whilst writing the above, memory recalls another fact in connection with these solemn words. The races at a certain town were advertised to take place, when it occurred to a Christian gentleman that placards placed in prominent parts of the racecourse and main thoroughfares leading thereto, with the words, “PREPARE TO MEET THY GOD,” on them, might be used of God to arrest the eye of some careless pleasure seeker.

Accordingly the placards were placed upon the ground. In due course the races took place, and the usual numbers flocked to witness them. Among them was a gentle man whose whole existence was spent in traveling from place to place to witness any take part in one race after another. As he passed along, intent only upon the issue of the race, his eye rested on one of the white placards, on which, in large black letters were the words, “Prepare to meet thy God.” They

arrested him for a moment, but during the excitement of the scene the impression wore off. However, it returned with increased power after the day was over. In vain he tried to shake off the words; go where he would, "Prepare to meet thy God prepare to meet thy God," followed him, accompanied by the deepening impression in his inmost soul that he was not prepared. Whilst in this state of mind, 'by chance,' as men would say, by divine providence really, without which not a sparrow falls to the ground unheeded, it so happened that this gentleman was detained in a town on certain Sunday. As he strolled about unoccupied, he felt a great desire to go to some place to hear preaching.

He searched for some considerable time for a particular place, but without success, and was about to give it up in despair, when his eye caught sight of a building down a side street. He hastened to it, and took seat among the congregation, when imagine his surprise, upon looking up he discovered that the preacher was his own brother. From that time his convictions of sin deepened, and before long he was rejoicing in the knowledge of forgiveness through the atoning work of the Lord Jesus Christ, and now, having been taught of God, he has learned that all that is in the world—"the lust of the eyes, the lust of the flesh, and the pride of life, are not of the Father;" and he seeks to walk in holy separation from the world, living to please Him who has called him "out of darkness into His marvelous light." His desire—as expressed to me not long since—is, that he may be found characterized by the three things that should mark all saved souls, viz.: righteousness, peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost.

Permit me to ask my reader, "Are you prepared to meet God?" Meet Him you must, whether you wish it or not, for it is written, "We must all appear before the judgment seat of Christ, that everyone may receive the things done in his body, according to that he hath done, whether good or bad" (2 Cor. 5:10); and God has decreed that "every knee shall bow," and every tongue "shall confess that Jesus Christ is Lord to the glory of God the Father."

To meet God unsaved is to ensure your eternal condemnation; to meet Him unprepared will be everlasting woe; to pass out of this world Christless, Godless, will certainly consign you to unending misery in the lake of fire, where the worm dieth not and the fire is not quenched. Be warned, unsaved reader, ere it be too late, for "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." (2 Thess. 1:7-8.) Today He is sitting on His Father's throne. Now we have to do with a throne of grace. Now grace is reigning through righteousness unto eternal life (Rom. 5:21); and now it can be said,

"Who is a pardoning God like Thee,

Or who has grace so rich, so free?"

Soon—very soon—Christ will sit upon His throne of judgment. Righteousness will reign then. The day of grace will be over. Use, then, I beseech you, this wonderful moment of God's long-suffering to accept Christ, and be in earnest now before you lay this paper down, lest it should happen to you as it did to a young lady, whose father's house adjoined the racecourse where the warning note was raised, "Prepare to meet thy God."

It is more than probable that she had seen the very placards of which we have spoken; be that as it may, in a land of Bibles there is no excuse, but she preferred her own pleasures to anything else.

She was looking forward with much pleasure to the opening of a new skating rink, where she anticipated considerable enjoyment. The eventful day arrived; a select company was present.

Skill, taste, and wealth had combined to make everything attractive. The merry laugh and careless jest were heard, when suddenly, without a moment's warning, a pole connected with the building gave way. It struck the young lady a fatal blow, and her precious soul passed out of time into eternity. The summons from God had come so suddenly; "that night her soul was required of her," and she was carried into her mansion a corpse.

The rink has since been closed, but not so her history, for Revelation 20. tells us that the dead, small and great, will stand before God, and the books will be opened, and another book, which is the book of life, and the dead will be judged out of the things written in the books; and death and hell will be cast into the lake of fire. If the summons were to come for you reader, "are you prepared to meet God?" H. N.

Last Words From Dying Lips

IN these days of infidelity and doubt, truths expressed as in the following letter, are surely well calculated to arrest the attention and challenge the security of the skeptic. During the days of health and strength, in the bustle and activities of life, the reason of such may be satisfied, and the conscience lulled to sleep. Still, even then, there must always be a sense of want and need; and when life here is over, and ETERNITY is at hand, to what can the unbelieving doubter turn then? If this should meet the eye of one such, let him know God is herewith beseeching him to be reconciled to Him, before the dawn of a dark eternity into which no message of pardon can penetrate. Oh! poor sinner, be wise today. See from this simple statement, “the great peace” experienced in the dread hour of death, and all through “the unspeakable value of the precious blood of Christ,” through the realization He suffered “all for me.” For there must be personal acceptance of the remedy, as there is personal responsibility for its non-acceptance, you know you cannot reason away the reality of the life and peace expressed by this dying Christian, any more than you can your own great need of the same.

“Beloved Mrs. B—, I have been wishing and intending to write to you; but today I feel as if my time were so very short, I shall postpone it no longer. Dear Friend, you know how near the glory I am. You will rejoice, because I can humbly say with my precious Saviour, through His infinite grace, I go to the Father. Oh! just think what that is, we can form no idea, only adore, adore.

I never suffered more than yesterday, but He was sufficient—He was enough. That verse in the 22nd Psalm was a comfort, as showing how my beloved Lord could sympathize by experience in far more pain. ‘I am poured out like water, and all my bones are out of joint.’ Oh! the agony! and all for me. What a relief to come to His burst of praise for resurrection-deliverance in the 1st verse, ‘Thou hast heard me,’ &c.—and His reward, ‘all the ends of the earth shall turn to the Lord.’ I shall be waiting in heaven for that inconceivable glory of His coming with His saints.

“I hope your dear little Mary is well, and growing up in the Lord’s fear and love.

Kiss her for me. Don’t expect more than a child’s religion from her; not fruits before blossoms. I have known so many parents tease themselves in this way. Oh! the early training is what tells; the atmosphere of unfailing integrity and piety. What memories we all have of our beloved home and its holy heads. Scarce a day those blessed examples do not stimulate or reprove—being dead, they yet speak, those dear parents.

“Dear Mrs. B— I wish I could convey to you any idea of the great peace my God has poured into my soul. Oh! His promises are true to the utmost, there is not one bit of exaggeration in the strongest, which some people have called Bible hyperboles.

Oh! how we shall say, ‘the half has not been told us;’ no, not the half of what He can give, even in this world, of joy and peace. His name be praised forever. Our redemption draweth nigh. Oh! only for this miserable physical weakness, what a song of triumph I could sing. Oh! the unspeakable value of the Precious Blood. Oh! the love before the foundation of the world! What an anchor! How

is the Christian ever cast down, how does he ever wear a spirit of heaviness. Oh! many a day I wore it, and was a miserable backslider under its chilling influence, a lukewarm, and, therefore, an unhappy Christian. Nothing is truer than it is the joy of the Lord is strength; may you have a great deal of this cordial, you and your husband; give him my love, tell him to stand up more than ever for his Lord.

“How deeply drawn I feel to all the Lord’s people. Sons and daughters of the Lord God Almighty! let us bear ourselves as princes, and no more scrape together straws and dust with the muck-rake, disregarding the crown hung over us; not that we want a crown; oh! no, only to cast before His feet—His pierced feet. I wonder how soon I shall see Him; oh! what promotion for this poor miserable sinner. It is wonderful how He has stilled all earthly longings and pangs: even that of parting with my best beloved, my most dear sisters and brothers. Oh! my blessed God, how shall I praise Thee; how shall I shrink from any suffering He allots?

“Dearest Mrs. B—, farewell till the morning breaks, and the shadows flee away. Surely it is coming, surely we shall see the King in His beauty.

“Your affectionate friend eternally, because He has linked us.

“W. H. W.”

And oh! Christian reader, the same peace and joy and unhindered communion with your Lord it is your privilege to enjoy. The one who thus wrote was an ordinary Christian—may your experience be the same. Remember all things are yours, both life and death. See that you walk worthy of Him to whom, through death and resurrection, you are now united in ascended glory, and you shall prove more than a conqueror through Him who loved you. R. B.

After Many Days

A FEW weeks ago I was asked by a friend to go with her to see a woman who was not expected to live, but who was very anxious about her soul. Never can I forget her look of anguish and anxiety as we entered the room—it seemed as if she would lay hold of us to save her if we could. Oh, how gladly would those who know the Lord give to others the same blessed knowledge were it possible; but no, each soul must have to do with God alone, and receive from the hand of the One who died for sinners forgiveness of sins.

I felt as I stood by the side of that dying woman, how willing but how powerless I was. Was God less willing? Oh, no; and He was “able to do exceeding abundantly.” So we knelt and prayed, that He would put forth His hand and snatch this soul as a brand from the burning. And He heard. We spoke to her of Jesus, who had died for sinners, and the Lord in His mercy opened her eyes to see not only that He could save, but that He would save. She believed, and she was saved, and, contrary to our expectations, she lived for some little time, and testified to all about her, of God’s wondrous love to a poor sinner like herself.

In that same town, many years before, this poor woman was a girl in the Sunday school, but heedless of salvation, and after living for many years abroad, and being twice married, she was brought back, as she herself said, to hear from one of those same Sunday school teachers, “words whereby she might be saved.”

E. J. M

All Things Work Together for Good to Them That Love God

DURING a terrific gale, which swept over the coasts of Kent and Sussex last New Year's Day, an infirm and aged woman, by being precipitated down a flight of steps, met with a serious accident, and for some time her life appeared to be in imminent danger.

After a time, however, she quite recovered, and the Lord's dealing with His suffering child proved to be mercy indeed. She had been converted for many years, but she had always been full of doubts and fears, and had never known what it was to have peace or joy in the Lord. But at the very moment of her fall she felt her soul to be in the hands of the Lord, and realized in a way she never had done before her utter spiritual helplessness and dependence upon Him. She seemed to hear Him saying, "Fear not, for I am with thee," and from that moment till now her peace has never had the least interruption. She is full of joy and thanksgiving to Him who "has done all things well," and who once again has discomfited and baffled the enemy—yes, once more "out of the eater has come forth meat, and out of the strong has come forth sweetness." This feeble one has been made more than conqueror through Him that loved her.

J. H. S.

Words for the Way

Do not occupy your mind with the evil which is in the world, for if you do your mind will become like the evil with which it is occupied. If you think about Christ you will become Christ-like.

If you try to become better by your own strength you will find that you are utterly bad. If you do not think about your strength at all, but lean alone on Christ, you will find His grace to be sufficient for you.

Do not look on the dark side of the cloud (all clouds have a dark and a light side), and be offended when you are pointed to its silver edges. Keep your house in order, for the Lord is at hand. Send your treasures on to heaven, for heaven is your home. You will leave your riches behind you when you leave the world.

Perfected by the Perfect Sacrifice

(Read Heb. 10:1-22.)

GOD was not satisfied with the sacrifices offered under the law. They could not possibly take away sins, or make the comers to God perfect as pertaining to the conscience. We now turn to that offering the value of which in the sight of God and for the soul of man no words can fully express, and we find that in the offering of the body of Jesus,

God's heart is satisfied.

There is a lifting up of the veil, as it were, in the 5th to the 9th verses of Heb. 10, and man is given to know not only God's counsels but God's heart. Man is told what passed between God the Father and God the Son. Man hears Him say He would take the place of obedience and fulfill the divine will. None but a divine person could do this, and the Son became a man in order to accomplish the counsels of God.

God prepared a body for Him; He came to earth for the express purpose of carrying out all that God required in relation to man's sin. "Lo I come to do Thy will," was, as it were, the title of the book of His life on earth, even as it is recorded in that of God's eternal counsels, "In the volume of the Book it is written of Me, Lo, I come to do Thy will, O God."

From the cradle to the cross Jesus pleased God. The angelic hosts saw in Him, who had become a man, everything that delighted God's heart, and the Father Himself opened His heavens upon Him, saying, "This is my beloved Son, in Whom I am well pleased."

But the very perfection of the way of the holy Son upon earth only marked more intensely the distance from God of the steps of the sinful sons of men. Each act of His, good, perfect, and acceptable to God, rendered the acts of men by contrast darker still. His was a solitary path. There is a companionship in sin, and in its reward. Man may well say to his fellows, even as said the thief upon the cross to his companion, "Thou art in the same condemnation, and we indeed justly, for we receive the due reward of our deeds;" but of the Son, separate from sinners, and dying for the guilty, and bearing their condemnation, the word is true, "This Man hath done nothing amiss." (Luke 23:40, 41.) His holy life ended, not as Enoch's or Elijah's, by being taken up without dying to heaven, but at the cross, where God forsook Him. But it was upon the cross, dying a sacrifice for sin, that His delight in His Son was the deepest. There at its highest was His obedience witnessed. In His agonies, His body and His soul sufferings, the will of God was accomplished.

The typical fires of the Jewish altars blend in the sacrifice of the body of Jesus. Is it the meat offering—the holy life of Jesus from the cradle to the cross; is it the burnt offering—the voluntary giving up of Himself; is it the sin offering—the satisfaction for man's guilt; or is it the peace offering—the communion sacrifice, wherein man, reconciled to God, enjoys fellowship with Him concerning Jesus' death; or, again, is it the yearly sacrifice of the Great Day of Atonement, upon which the blood carried within the Veil and sprinkled upon the Mercy seat teaches us of God's own

righteousness being satisfied? Each and all find their explanation in the unmingled perfection of the offering of the body of Jesus offered once for all.

He offered Himself without spot to God; He was also made sin for us who knew no sin; and in His sacrifice God found His perfect pleasure. Jesus yielded up His body, which God had prepared Him, to affliction and to death, and His atoning sacrifice the will of God in relation to sin was accomplished—yes, perfectly accomplished. And now God Himself rests in the work, of which the record eternally stands, “It is finished.” The very chapter before us opens to us God’s thoughts upon the completed work of Jesus.

Let us earnestly consider the perfect satisfaction which God has in the finished work of His Son in relation to human guilt. When the soul receives the truth, that the heart of God is abundantly pleased, eternally satisfied, with what His Son has done as the Sacrifice, then it is in a condition to accept this consequent truth.

The sanctification of God’s people. (5:10-14.)

“By the which will we are sanctified through the offering of the body of Jesus Christ once for all.” The will of God is accomplished by the offering of the body of Jesus Christ once for all, The offering of the body of Jesus Christ is the means whereby God sanctifies.

Sanctification is setting apart. A saint is one who is set apart to God. The scriptures show us persons sanctified, set apart, made holy by the blood of Christ, and then these same persons being rendered personally holy by the action of the Holy Spirit within their hearts. There is a difference between a person being made holy by God by the blood of Jesus shed for him, and the same person becoming more and more Christ-like by the work of the holy Spirit within him. Those who are once set apart by the blood of Jesus may not so live as to honor God; but grievous as this is, the imperfection of their walk cannot invalidate the perfection of Christ’s work before God. God has sanctified His people by what Christ did. Here, then, is a rock that can never be moved.

In considering this we have not so much as to look into our hearts, we have to remember God’s accomplished will, and the offering of the body of the Son, by whom that will was accomplished. We look within, we only take off our eyes from what Christ has done for us. Not that we make light of practical holiness, but we must keep in their due place these two things—the work of Christ for the believer, and the work of the Spirit in the believer. And as we have now before us the consideration of God setting apart to Himself, sanctifying those who believe, and the work of Christ as the means of effecting our sanctification, we must not turn from that, to the work of the Holy Spirit within those whose persons have been set apart to God by the sacrifice.

God’s will has been accomplished. The work is done, and, being perfect, cannot be done over again. To suppose its repetition is to suggest its imperfection. The result of the accomplished will of God is that God’s people are perfectly and everlastingly sanctified. The value of Christ’s one offering is the measure of their sanctification by God.

The result of believing that Christ has by His one offering fulfilled God’s will is the acknowledgment that sins are taken away, and therefore

A purged conscience.

A conscience cleansed by blood, even the blood of God's Son. "If the blood of bulls and of goats, and the ashes of an heifer sprinkling the unclean, sanctifieth to the purifying of the flesh" (if such blood produced the temporal sanctification of the bodies of men), "how much more shall the blood of Christ, who through the eternal Spirit offered Himself without spot to God, purge your conscience from dead works to serve the living God?" (9:13-14). Pious Jews obtained relief to their consciences by the means of the sacrifices they brought to God, but the blood of Christ has effected for us an eternal cleansing. However deeply conscious we may be, as taught by the Holy Spirit, of our daily failure and frequent sin, yet such is the efficacy of the blood of Christ that God does not impute sin to those who believe. Do we believe that God is satisfied, then shall not our consciences be so also? If God has told us that He has sanctified us by the blood, shall we any more plead with Him to cleanse by it? Nay, "How much more shall the blood of Christ purge our conscience."

"Christ died, then I am clean,

Not a cloud above, not a spot within."

This gracious liberty before our holy God finds its result in energy for Him. The worshipper who had been daily bringing to God dead works begins to serve the living God. He had spent the former part of his life in seeking to be cleansed, now, being cleansed, his freedom is to serve the God who gave His Son to cleanse him. Instead of a routine of dead works in order to appease God, his is the energy of living deeds in the spirit of pleasing his God. H. F. W.

Does God Keep a Whip

NOT long ago I was sitting in a carriage with a little girl two and a half years old, waiting at the door of a friend's house, to which her mamma had gone to make a call. The child was nestling close to me, holding her tiny hand in mine. I saw that she was looking up to the deep-blue sky, and then at the coachman's whip, which was hanging behind him. A thoughtful expression was passing over the dear little face while she was looking from the sky to the whip. Presently she said, Does God keep a whip. The coachman how heard the funny question from the child's clear voice turned round, smiling, evidently waiting to hear my answer.

"Yes, Maudy, dear," I said; "God keeps a whip."

"Where? up in the sky, and have you seen it?" continued the anxious enquirer.

"I have never seen it, but have felt it sometimes when I have been disobedient to God's loving voice and will. You know, Maudy, when you give way to a naughty passionate temper, or when you tell a story, and will not do as mamma or nurse tells you, you are punished, are you not?"

"Yes, I am," she said.

"And then when you feel very sorry and cry, and tell mamma that you will try and be a good girl, she wipes your tears and kisses you, and forgets all about it. Every day you are a little naughty, and often need to be forgiven.

"Now God loves His children very much, but He will not let them be disobedient. If they are self-willed, and forget His words, He is obliged to chasten them; but when they come to Him confessing their sins, He forgives them. God is a kind and loving Father, who always hears us when we speak to Him. He will listen even to a little child like you, and you may tell Him all you want. God tells us in His book, that 'if we confess our sins He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness.'" (1 John 1:9.)

I then told my little hearer how that she might become one of God's children, adding— "Then, Maudy, dear, you will be so happy, and Jesus the Saviour will help you to please God and do the things your mamma wishes."

The child's question made me think of the words of scripture addressed to the Hebrew Christians— "And, ye have forgotten the exhortation which speaketh unto you as unto children. My son, despise not thou the chastening of the Lord, nor faint when thou art rebuked of Him; for whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom He receiveth." Therefore let us, through His grace and help, willingly and with cheerful surrender of ourselves to Him, accept the love that deals with us as with sons, and let us seek to please the One in whose love we confide.
J. L. M.

Children Astray

I WILL tell you what happened a long time ago to a little boy of about five years of age. His name was James, and his parents loved the Lord Jesus and taught their child of Him, seeking to make him understand that the Bible is the word of God. But little James heeded not his kind parents' instructions. Upon one occasion, when a boy somewhat older than himself formed the plan of what the children called "running away," James thought it would be a very grand thing to do. So on a Saturday afternoon, in the bright early summertime, when the birds were singing and teaching their little ones how to fly, James and his companion started through the lanes, running away from home. For the first few hours it seemed very pleasant to the two boys as they tripped along under the trees and picked the sweet flowers, but presently dusk came on. They had wandered to a small village, a considerable distance from their homes, and very fortunate for them it was so, for had they gone over the hills and into the woods they might both have been lost. Some people stopped them, and wanted to know where the two little children, dressed only in hats and pinafores, were going. Of course, James and his companion could not tell—all they knew was where they had come from. While the villagers were talking to the runaways, a messenger from home found them, and carried little James back on his shoulders.

Surely this simple anecdote recalls to our minds what the Bible says about all having gone astray, and had we been left to ourselves we must have been lost forever. Like the kind messenger who sought and found little James, Jesus has come from God in heaven to "seek and to save that which was lost." Dear child, do you believe what the Bible says—that you are lost? Remember that when the shepherd found the lost one, he carried it home on his shoulders rejoicing, just as the kind brother carried James; and I should be glad to be quite sure that you, little child, are safe in the arms of Jesus. J. W. A.

Frank's Peace

FRANK and George have both been afflicted many years, and are confined to their beds. Little boys and girls who are strong and healthy, and can run about and play, little think what a great blessing they have in health.

Frank is always peaceful, though often in pain and weariness of body. He says,

“Jesus loves me, this I know,

For the Bible tells me so.”

Faith in the Lord Jesus and the Word of God is the secret of Frank's peace. He waits for the Lord either to call His little stricken lamb to Himself through death of the body; or, what is still better, to come and take him, with all others who know and love Him, up in the air to be “forever with the Lord.”

Poor little George is pining and unhappy. He does not know the love of Jesus. He does not believe that the Lord died to save him. He does not like to be spoken to of Jesus. He fears to die, and his parents, who do not themselves know the Lord, do not like their child to be told of Jesus. What a sad thing! I trust the Lord will speak to the heart of the poor boy, and teach him to love the precious Saviour, and so be no longer sad because he cannot play and walk as other children do, but be happy as Frank, thinking of the One who loves him. L. B.

Living for Jesus

YOUR great object, dear young friend, now that you know the Lord Jesus to be your Saviour, should be to live for Him. Life is like a battlefield; it is a struggle. The world would have your heart, and God says to you, "My son, give Me thy heart." Who then is to have your heart, your affections, and the strength of your life?

The whole question of living for Jesus, or living for the world, depends upon where your heart is. You need not make a number of promises or resolutions, for if your heart is really given to the Lord you will live for Him. If on the other hand your heart is only half for Christ then it is all for the world. "Ye cannot serve God and Mammon."

There are precious years of your life, Christian boys and girls. "The way the twig is bent the bough's inclined." Every day spent with God is a day spent for God. Every day of your youth given to the world is bending the twig crooked. You could not straighten an old twisted oak tree, and the way the early days of your lives are spent will affect your whole life.

We cannot believe that any one of you is so selfish as to say, "I am saved, I am going to heaven, therefore I can live for myself."

The Plagues of Egypt.

THE children of Israel were sorely downcast when they found, that, instead of obtaining liberty, their bonds were increased. Moses also was so distressed that he said to the Lord, "Why is it that Thou hast sent me?"

The trial of faith is always hard to bear. But the Lord sustains His own. He is very pitiful and of tender mercy. He answered Moses, "Now shalt thou see what I will do to Pharaoh!" The hopelessness of Israel became the moment for the Lord to show His power. And more, for beyond the promise of His power, the Lord revealed His name to His people as Jehovah. When God gives His people to know Him by a special name He gives them all that that name covers. Think how much the name of "mother" contains for a child. What love, what service, what kindness! The name of friend also covers many beautiful acts and thoughts of love, but not so many as that of mother.

God gave His servant Abraham to know Him as the "Almighty" God. With such a name Abraham could trust God for everything, for with the Almighty all things are possible. And Abraham did trust God indeed. Weak in himself he was strong in faith, giving glory to God. At the time of which we speak, when Israel so deeply needed comfort, God gave them to know Himself as the Unchanging One. Jehovah is the One who was, who is, and who is to come. He is the Eternal God who from everlasting to everlasting is the same for His people. How it would build up Israel's confidence in God to look beyond their present trial, and to rest in His unchanging character. In our days God has revealed Himself to His people as Father, and in that name He gives us even stronger consolation than the little child finds in the sweet name of mother. God will make Himself known

upon earth by-and-by in His name of the Most High— the One who possesses all things.

Moses spake to the children of Israel that which God had spoken unto him, but such was their misery and their bitterness, because their circumstances had become worse than before, that “they hearkened not” to the utterances of their Unchangeable God.

It is not unfrequently the case still, that persons are so tried with the oppression of Satan, and are in such anguish of spirit and under such cruel bondage of soul, that they do not even listen to the welcome word which God sends them. They are so overwhelmed with their misery that they do not hearken to God’s grace.

At God’s bidding Moses and Aaron now present themselves to Pharaoh, with signs and wonders. As we have seen, Pharaoh did not know the name of the God of the Hebrews, hence God sends him signs of His power.

Aaron casts down the rod of God, and it becomes a serpent before the king and his servants. The serpent, in at least one form, was considered sacred by the Egyptians, who held in reverence and worshipped various kinds of beasts, birds, and reptiles. Then Pharaoh calls in the aid of the wonder-working wise men of Egypt. These were of the priestly caste, and were learned in various kinds of knowledge, combined with which they wrought magic, by means of Satan’s power. They imitated God’s power. As Aaron had done with his rod, so did they with theirs—they cast them down and forthwith the rods became serpents. Then Aaron’s rod swallowed up their rods, expressing thereby that whatever Satan’s power may be, God’s is greater. We do not wisely to make light of the enemy’s power, but we are without faith if we think it greater than God’s.

Pharaoh trusts in what his magicians could do. He did not take the warning God sent him. And thus he arrayed his will against Jehovah’s, and his gods against the God of Israel, but only to bring down upon himself and his land those terrible wonders which we know as

THE PLAGUES OF EGYPT.

Israel had just been gathering the wheat stubble to make their bricks, which shows us the time of the year the events before us took place. It was now about the time of the rising of the waters of the Nile. That is, it was about our springtime. This is the great event of the year in Egypt. Upon the greatness or smallness of the rise of the Nile depends the fineness or the poverty of the harvest. If the waters rise to a high flood, their overflowing’s fill up the various channels, lakes, and ponds, and thus bring their wealth of grain and fish to the people. Egypt, you know, is a land where rain scarcely ever falls. So important is the height of the rise of the river to the welfare of the country, that careful records of it are always made, and to this day we may see the marks made upon the rocks thousands of years ago, showing its height in those times.

When the waters of the Nile first begin to rise they are of a green color. The Green Nile, as the river is there called, lasts for some short time, perhaps three or four days, after which the waters turn to a red color. It is the Red Nile which overflows into the channels and fills the ponds of which we have spoken.

The Egyptians had a god of the Nile, and the rise of the water was accompanied by religious ceremonies. Nu, the water god, was one of their great deities. You can see him here pictured with the water flowing in a river out of his mouth, and the Green Nile and the Red Nile pouring out their

streams upon the earth.

On the morning of which the Bible tells us, Pharaoh comes to the river's brink in his pomp, no doubt to do homage to his god and also to inspect the condition of the river, and while thus engaged God sends him by Moses this message "The Lord God of the Hebrews" says, "Let my people go, that they may serve me in the wilderness: and, behold, hitherto thou would'st not hear. Thus saith Jehovah. In this shalt thou know that I am Jehovah: behold, I will smite with the rod that is in mine hand upon the waters which are in the river, and they shall be turned to blood. And the fish that is in the river shall die and the river shall stink; and the Egyptians shall lothe to drink of the water of the river."

Now not only did the Egyptians worship their river, they loved it. Its sweet waters, its fruit giving streams, the fish it produced, were all dear to them.

The word had gone forth. Aaron stretched forth the rod of God's righteousness over the waters of Egypt!—upon the "Niles"—that is, the branches of the river leading to the sea, and between and upon the sides of which Israel dwelt. For in those days the Delta of the Nile was interlaced with a multitude of canals, which Ramases had dug, carrying the fruitful waters to every part of the well-populated district. The rod of God was also stretched out over the elegant flower-surrounded lakes, and the pools of the gardens well stocked with fish. It was stretched out also over the water in the porous cooling earthen jars belonging to the peasants, and in the vessels of gold of the palaces.

So the river and its waters became blood. The fish died; the waters stank; and there was blood throughout all the land of Egypt. The rod of God's righteousness had wrought judgment and death everywhere over the proud and resisting land.

We can but feebly conceive what the horror and terror of this plague was. The god of the Egyptians was degraded; the river of delight was turned into death and corruption, and for seven days they had to dig into the sand and to drink of the saltish waters of the wells, while the Red Nile rolled on to the sea.

Pharaoh, as a king, would feel personally but little of the severity of the suffering. He called his priests to his help, and they imitated the power of Jehovah. They found water and turned what they found into blood, and Pharaoh's heart was hardened. They could not change God's judgments, they could only copy them. They could not reverse His decree. Man can bring in death, we know, but God brings in life. When the due time appointed by God had come to an end—the perfect period—the seven days of His wrath, the Nile once more received its sweetness. But the blood-water left upon the fields caused the land to stink under the cloudless sky. H. F. W.

William Farel.

(Continued from p. 16.)

WILLIAM FAREL, meanwhile, was not only teaching boldly, but studying deeply. He read most, and very carefully, the blessed word of God. He also read the history of the church. He wished to find out how it was that men had so wandered into the darkness—how it came to pass that, having once known the gospel, they were now calling evil good, and good evil—as ignorant and as senseless as the heathen. He read the sad story of the early days of the church, and he talked it

over with the learned priests of Paris, who had advised him to read these writings of the fathers. You shall hear of what he learned from his studies and conversations in his own words. They are words that many amongst us may remember with profit. “St. Paul,” he says, “spoke these words: Though we, or an angel from heaven, preach any other gospel unto you than that which we have preached unto you, let him be accursed.” This sentence is worthy to be written in all our hearts, being in truth spoken by God Himself through the mouth of the holy apostle. And this good personage was thus led to speak on account of the evil ways of heretics, who dared to teach what they could not prove by the holy scriptures, who dared to set up their own reasons and opinions in the face of the fact that the things they taught were not to be found in the scriptures at all. And, in truth, all the ruin and downfall of men has always come from the same source—namely, that they persisted in adding to, or taking from, the word of God. You see that, in the time of the holy apostle, these teachers were not contented with the grace and truth which were fully and plentifully preached by Paul; they began to hinder the truth, and to hinder God’s blessing—not by disapproving of the preaching of Jesus Christ, they approved of it in fact—but they persisted in adding to it that which God had not commanded. They added to it those things which God had never commanded to believers in Jesus, but to the nation of Israel. It is true these false teachers had some show of having the right on their side, because it was a fact that God did speak to Moses, and what Moses commanded was really by the order of God, and the apostles themselves had observed those ceremonies. But the holy apostle Paul, and God who spoke by his mouth, would give no ear to such excuses; he would not admit that Moses, to whom the Gentiles had never been given in charge, was to be ranked with Jesus Christ, nor that Moses was to be added on to Christ to give salvation and life. And not only does Paul say that the ordinances of Moses were unnecessary for believers; he goes much further, and says, on the contrary, that all who teach such things are to be detested, and held as accursed—that they are miserable troublers of the church, and that any such ought to be entirely disowned, even should such a teacher prove to be an angel from heaven—such an angel should be held as accursed by God; for nothing is to be added, nothing to be diminished from that which God has said. His holy and perfect word is to be kept pure and entire.

“The apostle Paul says, in the first Epistle to the Corinthians, that what he preached was to be proved by the scriptures, and that all scripture is written by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness, that the man of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works. If all could receive this pure truth, and give to Christ that honor which belongs to Him, and if the old fathers had, in every single matter, kept to that rule, there would have been no need now to write against evil doctrine, and to have such trouble to weed out of the hearts of men the things which have taken such deep root in them. On the contrary, all that is not contained in the holy scriptures, all that has no foundation there, would have been held in abhorrence; and, instead of writing as they did with such affection about the sign of the cross and such like things, the old fathers would have opposed them, as not contained in the Bible, they would have firmly resisted everything of the sort. But by lack of having kept to that safe rule, it happened that as soon as one of the old fathers, who had an appearance of great goodness and great wisdom, turned a little aside from the straight path, the next who followed did a little worse, and by this means many wretched and wicked inventions of men were brought in. But God, by His grace, ordered it that the fathers should be judged out of their own mouths, for when they were waked up by heretics they were obliged to have recourse to the scriptures to

expose their errors, they were driven to the necessity of condemning these heretics by the word of God, in doing which they also condemned themselves, for they, too, had taught as doctrines things which were not in the scriptures at all.”

William then remarks how the Lord Jesus, who could not err, and who was Himself the truth, always confirmed His words by the scripture, and explained to His apostles that the history of His coming into the world, of His life, death, resurrection, and of His great salvation, all this was written beforehand in the scriptures. And that much more need is there that those who teach and preach now, should be able to prove their words by the Bible. “Otherwise,” he says, “We must be as reeds shaken with the wind, whereas we ought to be firm in Christ, knowing for certain that we have His word for everything, and thus the gates of hell shall never prevail against us. This is what God requires of all Christians; He looks for it from each one, and admits nothing less in any who are members of the Body of Christ, sheep of the Good Shepherd. And he who does not know what he is to believe, nor whom he is to believe, nor how he is to believe, who hears no difference between the voice of Jesus and other voices, who cannot distinguish between the voice of the shepherd and the voice of the stranger, he does not belong to Jesus Christ as yet, he is not in Christ at all. It is no use to say, ‘I have always been used to believe and to teach so and so’; it is no use to say, ‘Our pastors and teachers tell us this or that.’ For custom without truth is useless. God never has approved, and never will approve, anything but the truth, and He will judge us by that. The pastor and teacher must keep to the word of God only, and feed the flock with that, otherwise he is a blind leader of the blind, and all together will fall into the ditch. And now that things are come to that, that everything is poison, except that heavenly bread, the Word of God, it is quite certain that whosoever attempts to feed upon other food than that will be poisoned, and die.”

William remarks also, that such is the power of the word, when preached purely and simply, that he asks no further witness of that power than the consciences of those who oppose it. They oppose it just for that reason, because they feel its force. The whole of popery, he says, falls at once the moment we admit that the word of God alone is the rule to guide us. “Where, then,” he says, “is the authority for the mass, and such like services? Where is the authority for the consecration of altars and of churches? Where is the authority for using the sign of the cross? God has not commanded any of these things. And if we once admit that it is lawful for a man in any one thing to command and order that which God has not commanded, where are we to stop? How are we to have any rule, if once we step beyond the plain word of God? Oh that it might please God, in his grace, to open the eyes of this poor world, so that they might seek no longer to make excuses for anything which is not to be found in the holy scriptures, that they might believe, do, hold, and follow nothing that is not to be found there.”

He gives the example of the council at Jerusalem, in Acts 15 “It was in truth a holy council,” he says; “not of anti-Christian popes, nor of cardinal-princes of Sodom, nor of bishops of Gomorrah, nor of abbots who go in the way of Balaam. These, alas, are of no use to the world, except to stand as beacons to all men by their evil doctrines and their abominable lives, which are as much as to say, ‘Do not follow us in anything’! But at the council of Jerusalem were assembled the most favored and gifted of God’s faithful servants, and yet all that they there ordered, was not to be held as binding upon any, except as proved by the scriptures.

“But when we come to the fathers, how can it be said without speaking wickedly, that all they taught was according to the scriptures? Look at St. Ambrose (who tells us how the Empress Helena went to Jerusalem to find the true cross). He says, in the first place, she set forth on her journey to the holy places. I should like him to prove to me by the word of God, that there is one place on the earth more holy than another. For the Lord Jesus Christ said that people should neither on this mountain, nor yet at Jerusalem, worship the Father. By these words He overturns the thought of any difference between one place and another, just as the scripture also tells us there is no difference between one day and another. Ambrose tells us also that the spirit inspired Helena to seek the wood of the cross. Still less could he prove that to me from scripture, unless he meant that it was an evil spirit that thus inspired her. For the Holy Ghost never inspired anybody, and never will, to believe or do more or less than the Lord Jesus had told them beforehand, and than the scriptures had declared. To say that the Holy Spirit inspired anyone to seek for the wood of the cross is against His nature, which is to turn away our hearts from the things which are seen, from the things of the earth, and to turn them to the unseen things that are in heaven. How could the Holy Spirit direct the heart of Helena to things below, seeing that the precious body of Jesus Christ,

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.

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.

“Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.

“Take My yoke upon you, and learn of Me; for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls.” (Matt. 11:28, 29.)

That Is Me—That Is God

IN a continental capital, in which some years ago I carried on my profession, I one day entered my office and found the card of a nobleman who had called during my absence. He desired to see me at his estate on important business. His name only was known to me, and the following summer's day, as I embarked in a steamboat on one of the loveliest of lakes, I wondered why he should have selected a stranger like myself to visit him. Landing at the private pier, I was met by a servant, who awaited the arrival of the steamer, and conducted me to the mansion, which I had already seen from the lake.

Here I found luncheon prepared, and, after partaking of it, accompanied my host to a distant part of his estate, not returning till the dinner hour.

I was now introduced to her ladyship, who seemed to me extremely gay and quite a lady of fashion, while in her face there was a peculiar softness, and in her manner a gracefulness that attracted my attention. She was very handsome; her luxuriant gray hair, almost perfectly white, gave her a striking resemblance to a French queen, whose portrait I had somewhere seen.

Two languages were used at the table, but as she spoke only French, I decided that she must be of French extraction.

After dinner we retired into the drawing-room, where we found her ladyship alone. She was engaged upon some homely knitting; and her husband being called out of the room, we were left alone. For a few seconds there was silence, then she looked up from her work, and asked if I were not English. I said I came from Scotland, and she told me she too was Scotch. She then proposed that we should converse in English until her husband returned, and explained that as he did not speak her language, and she did not speak his, they always spoke French when together.

We then conversed in our mother tongue about things in which we had common interest, connected with our own dear country, and I felt my heart drawn out towards her, finding her so unlike what I had first imagined.

After a few minutes the nobleman returned, smiling as he heard English, and saying we had had enough of it.

The steamer's bell soon summoned me away, and I left, wondering if I should ever again meet my countrywoman, but she was moving in circles where I could not reach her, and where, I feared, Christ and His word would have no attraction or savor.

The following summer I saw her again just as she hurried from the portico of an hotel into her carriage, splendidly attired, and leaning on her husband's arm; doubtless they were going to some scene of gaiety. They were generally traveling, except when the Parliament was assembled, and seeing their names in some newspaper amongst those who had left the capital, I ceased to think of her, although sometimes my heart would rise to God for one who was being hurried along the broad, brilliant, dazzling path leading to destruction. She was the only Scotch lady I then knew as

a resident in that city, and this fact seemed to single her out as one for whom I should pray, and whose salvation I should desire.

The summer passed, and it was the depth of the coldest winter that for many a year had been felt even in that cold city. For months we had heard only the bells of sledges ringing in our ears, until the sound was unattractive and wearisome. The snow was deep, the lakes covered with ice about a yard thick, and the cold so intense that traveling was dangerous in the extreme.

Another day of only a few hours' sunlight was drawing to its close, when the silver bells of a two-horse sledge suddenly stopped, and a ring at the door bell announced a visitor.

It was the nobleman, wrapped in furs. He took both my hands in his, and said, "Pardon me, do not refuse my request, I shall, be forever grateful to you; my dear wife is dying, and she must see you, I do not know why, but I have done everything she desired, and now you must come!"

I needed no beseeching, I could have gone a hundred miles that cold winter night to see her once again, and wrapping what I had round me, I accompanied him to the sledge, where we buried ourselves in our furs, and were soon dashing along the lighted thoroughfares. He scarcely spoke, and I was glad of the silence to pray, or rather to cast myself in entire dependence on God, who alone knew the path in which He was guiding me, and the work He had for me to do.

The family were then living in their town house, so we were soon there, and as we passed through a suite of magnificent rooms the mirrors and curtains, the soft Persian carpets, and dazzling gaseliers seemed to me as the ornaments of a coffin; for death was there, shading, withering everything.

I was shown into a large bedroom, and the attendant and nurse retired.

The dying lady held out her hand as I went up to her bedside. She was as fascinatingly beautiful as ever; her hair was somewhat disheveled, her face a little paler, but her eyes, even in that darkened room, as lustrous and expressive as when in perfect health.

I said I was sorry to see her so ill; she replied, at once, "I am dying, I have at most only a few days to live, and I am so unhappy!"

I told her I had often felt for her, carried along in the whirl of the world, having no opportunity and no way of knowing the Lord, whom I knew and loved as my Saviour.

"Oh!" she said, "you do not know, or you would not pity me; for I had a godly mother, and I was with her when she died; she often prayed for me, and her last words urged me to seek the Lord; and I nursed a dear sister who lived and died as an angel of God, and I know my friends in Scotland are praying for me; they chose Christ, but I chose the world, and would not listen to them. I have had it, and now I am leaving it, dying—unsaved. They will be forever with the Lord, my mother, my sisters, all but me, and I am going to be the companion of devils. Do not pity me, I deserve it; I loved the world, despised Christ, and all my opportunities, and now I am lost!"

I heard it out, for there was no use in checking the utterance of her wretched, burdened, miserable heart, and it was all true, I felt sure.

I knew now why she had sent for me, she was in deep trouble, but I felt so powerless so unable to give a word of comfort; she would not have my pity, she knew she was condemned; she condemned herself, too and I was silenced. She had put herself a God's bar, had poured in evidence of her guilt, had justified God in condemning her and I stood like an onlooker to see the end My only hope and hers must be, Was there mercy from the bench? Would the Judge be the Saviour?

An English Bible lay near, and I took it up; it lies beside me now, her Bible, the gift of one who cared for her soul. I turned over its leaves at random, for I knew not where to look; it opened at Luke 15.

I read of the shepherd leaving the ninety and nine to seek the one lost sheep, and hove he took it on his shoulder and carried home, rejoicing over it. Then of the lost piece of silver and the eager search for it the lighted candle, the sweeping of the house, the finding, and the joy. Then I read of the prodigal who went so far away, and who when his substance was wasted, and he in misery and nakedness, said, "I perish with hunger."

I looked round, and saw that she was deeply moved; the big tears were following each other and falling on the pillow; she did not care to wipe them away; she only said—

"That is Me."

I continued reading of his coming to himself, and the return, the father's love, the embrace, the kiss, the robe, the ring, the feast, and the joy of the father over his lost son, and said—

"That is God."

I knelt down, and, with her, just confessed that God's justice must punish sin, and that our only deserving was the outer darkness and the lake of fire, but thanked Him for His love in sending His Son to bear the wrath and save the lost, and bring us back to God through faith in Him.

Then I felt that I should go, that the Father and the prodigal were together. It was His time to embrace, and hers to confess to His grace. And I could come again to rejoice with them.

I know now that there were hearts in Scotland breaking for that dying lady; prayers were going up to God day and night for her, from those who would have given anything to have been at that bedside. But there was no means of communication—only the telegraph. Letters were written by her relatives, that came after she was in the grave, beseeching her to look to Jesus; but the mail-boats were stopped by the severity of the weather, and she was dying surrounded by the world she had chosen, and no one to care for her soul.

More than once I saw her, in life, still beautiful, and the calm of heaven on her brow, answering to the peace of God in her heart. She had nothing but a misspent life behind, and nothing but Paradise before, and He, with her, who had done all, and forgiven all.

Her peace was like a great deep river flowing into eternity, and she passed away without a fear. She had her head rested upon the bosom that beat with the tenderest love to her. She could trust the One, who had borne with her rejection and hatred, and who loved her notwithstanding all. J. S.

Once as prodigals we wandered

In our folly far from Thee;
But Thy grace, o'er sin abounding,
Rescued us from misery.
Thou the prodigal halt pardoned,
"Kissed us" with a Father's love;
"Killed the fatted calf" and called us
E'er to dwell with Thee above.
"Abba, Father!" we adore Thee,
While the hosts in heaven above
E'en in us now learn the wonders
Of Thy wisdom, grace, and love,
Soon before Thy throne assembled
All Thy children shall proclaim,
Abba's love as shown in Jesus,
And how full is Abba's name!

Not Afraid to Die This Minute

AS we were driving through a distant village the other day, a woman crosses the road in front of us. Though bent of another errand, I could not help going to speak to her, and finally I followed her into her cottage. I had known her for many years as one always more or less anxious about her soul, but never able, as people say to “lay hold,” or, in other words, never having “received with meekness the engrafted won which is able to save the soul.” After a few minutes’ talk, which ended in her telling me how great a sufferer in body she often, an even then was, I asked her, “Are you read; for a better world than this?”

“Ready,” she replied, “oh, no; not any more than when you used to come and see me.”

“But whose fault is that, Joan?” I asked “Has not God made salvation ready for you?” Yes, miss, but somehow I can’t see it and yet H. (naming a Christian man in the neighborhood) comes in to read and pray with me, and he explains it all, but I can’t see it.”

“Do you remember,” I asked, “that Jesus said, ‘Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest’ Are you heavy laden?”

“Oh yes, miss, I am,” she replied, and in such a tone that I could not doubt that my poor friend felt the weight of her sins to be indeed a heavy load, and that she longed to be free from it. So I turned to that verse “For Christ also hath once suffered for sins, the Just for the unjust, that He might bring us to God” (1 Peter 3:18); and I repeated it to her several times.

“Joan,” I said, “there is no reason why you should not know now that you are saved. Do you believe what that verse says. Let me try to explain it to you. Suppose one of your children had been naughty, and you were going to punish her; and suppose that another child came and said, ‘Mother, punish me instead,’ would you punish both of them?”

“Oh, no.”

“Of course not. You would, I suppose, punish the one who wanted to take her sister’s place, and this, as the little hymn says, is what Jesus did for his people.

“He knew how wicked men had been,

He knew that God must punish sin;

So, out of pity, Jesus said

He’d bear the punishment instead.”

“He was the just One, God’s Son, and He took the place in death which we deserved.

‘He bare our sins in His own body on the tree,’ and now we who believe on Him go free, and are saved. You are ‘unjust,’ you are a great sinner, but ‘God commendeth His love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us.’ Can you believe that?” To my surprise— (and, oh,

shame, that I was not expecting such a blessing,) she replied, "Yes, miss, I believe now." The whole expression of her face had changed, her suffering was forgotten; she was leaning forwards, with her bonnet thrown off, and again she said, "Oh, I do believe now; I see it all!"

Together we turned to some other passages of Scripture, one being that never-to-be forgotten text, "God so loved the world that he gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." Wishing to test her belief, I said, "Shall you ever perish?"

"No," she replied, "for I believe what God has said."

"Have you everlasting life?"

"Yes, miss, I have."

"But," I said, "when I came in here you told me you were not ready."

"No more I was, but since you have been here, miss, I see it all so clearly, and I am ready now."

"What makes you ready?" I asked.

"Because I believe that Jesus died for me;" adding later on, "And I should not be afraid to die this minute."

I asked her if she could thank the Lord for what He had done, and it was beautiful to see her kneel down and to hear her voice joining with mine in heartfelt praise to God for His mercy.

And now, dear reader, ask yourself, "Am I ready to be called to another world?" I cannot speak to you face to face as I could to this poor woman, but let these words speak to you, or, rather, hear God's words. God commends to you His own love, a love that sent Jesus, eighteen hundred years ago, from a throne of glory to a cross of shame. If He took the place there that you deserved, you may be ready now by believing Him. Your believing or not believing makes no change in what God has done; His work will stand for eternity, but it does make a change in you. If you believe, you are saved, have passed from death to life, and are privileged to say, "I am not afraid to die this minute," for Jesus died for me—the Just One for the unjust. If you do not believe, you are unsaved, without hope, condemned already, because you have not believed in the name of the only begotten Son of God. The Lord give you to receive His word and go on your way rejoicing. H. L. H.

Where to Function

RETURNING from town by train the other evening I had to alight at a junction in order to change carriages. While waiting I entered into conversation with a porter, who informed me that it had taken him some twelve months to master the intricate timetable of his line.

“But these timetables are useful things to understand, sir, and I have just shown a gentleman with a quantity of luggage the way to go. I can direct you anywhere you want to go, continental and all, but the great thing is to know where to junction.”

“Well,” said I, “you are a great help to travelers, indeed, and as you can direct us everywhere, I should like to ask you if you could show a lost sinner the way to heaven.”

“Well,” he said, “I think I could do that, sir. I don’t, like a good many, neglect my Bible, given to us when we were married, and it lays on our best table. My wife, too, is very serious. I’m not so good as some, and not so bad as some.”

Thus the man began to justify himself instead of speaking of God’s way of justifying a sinner. I told him that he was really on the wrong line, the downward road, and, though he could tell travelers “where to junction” on earthly journeys, he was not able to tell me where to junction for heaven.

Before my train left I had just time to tell him of God’s way of salvation so simply and so plainly set out in His Word.

May I solemnly apply this little incident to the conscience of my unconverted reader. You are a traveler going out of this world, journeying it may be by pleasant ways, enjoying the scene, and making the most of it. Every comfort may be yours as you pass station after station on life’s journey; or it may be the very reverse, you may be needy on life’s journey; but the important question is, What is your condition spiritually? Without God in the world, you are traveling the broad way, that leadeth to destruction, of which hell is the terminus.

You may say, that is not where you intend to go, but thither you are going as fast as the wheels of time can carry you, for if you have not come to “the junction” where the change for Heaven is made, you are still on the broad road. Satan has many lines on the broad way, but the terminus of each is at the same place—Hell. They all run to the same, disguise it as he may. Oh! do not be ignorant of his devices!

Some of his travelers say they are doing the best they can; others that they never did any particular harm, like my porter friend—others hope God will be merciful—but none of them speak of that which Christ has done, and they will all have to find out their mistake.

But, oh! dear reader, there is a junction at which you may change. The porter knew not where to junction for glory, but I can tell you— “Calvary, Calvary.” Had my friend, the porter, readily and humbly studied the Word of God, he would have found in it the plain direction for a sinner to reach glory. He would have found that “I am not so good as some, and not so bad as some,” will never

take a soul to heaven, but that “All have sinned and come short of the glory of God” —that all are “lost” —and that for the lost, who are out of the way, Jesus died.

All our righteousnesses are as filthy rags, but Christ was made sin for us that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him.

May you leave the old train which is hurrying you down to death, and may you stop at the cross of Christ, and, believing on Him, you shall be safe for glory.

A Dying Testimony

AN aged saint drew near her end. The flickering spark of life became gradually dim as the hours rolled by. It was evident that the “silver cord” would soon be loosed, the “golden bowl” broken, and the spirit return unto God who gave it. The doctor entered the room. His practiced eye discerned the signs of speedy dissolution, and, feeling he ought not to conceal the truth, he said, “I fear you have not long to live.”

A sweet smile lit up her face as she replied, “I am glad to hear you say so, doctor. We shall meet at God’s right hand.”

“I hope so,” was the answer.

“Hope so! hope so! Are you no farther than that? Do you not believe the word of God?” she asked, with a searching glance.

One present, gently raising the weary body, whispered, “You will soon be ‘safe in the arms of Jesus,’” but she, feeling His presence, who sustained her, and the strength of His “everlasting arms,” calmly replied, “I am there even now.”

An hour or two before her end the doctor, seeing her, said, “You will soon be at rest,” when, as if in answer, with feeble but tuneful voice, she sang,

“There is rest for the weary—

There is rest for you.”

Through life her desire had been to “go singing,” and her wish was granted, for even as she sang of that rest which remains for the people of God her spirit departed to be “present with the Lord,” thus entering into rest.

Reader, is your condition that of hoping, feeling, or striving, or is it that of resting on God’s word? Listen to the sevenfold utterance of the Lord Jesus, the “Good Shepherd” —

“My sheep hear My voice.

“I know them.

“They follow Me.

“I give unto them eternal life.

“They shall never perish.

“Neither shall any man pluck them out of My hand.

“My Father, which gave them Me, is greater than all; and no man is able to pluck them out of My Father’s hand.” (John 10:27-29.) H. N.

A Word on John 6

THE miracle of feeding the five thousand is the only one which is told by each of the four evangelists; it, therefore, has a peculiar import. There was a prophecy concerning the Messiah, that He should feed His poor with bread (Psa. 132:15), and we may be sure that the promise of plenty connected with His reign would be one which the poor of Judah would naturally remember. And so it was when they saw the miracle which Jesus did, how He fed the five thousand through the hands of His disciples, that they said, "This is of a truth that Prophet that should come into the world" (v. 14), and accordingly they were set upon making Him a King. (5:15.)

The day of His kingly glory for reigning over this suffering and troubled earth is yet to dawn; the promises connected with the Messiah are yet to be fulfilled. The poor shall in God's time be fed, but now He is the Bread of Life, the Food of our hearts, the Satisfaction of our souls; and there is not one hungry sinner who, coming to Him, shall be sent empty away. The poor in spirit find in Jesus still, despite infidelity and doubt, that He is, indeed, the Bread of Life, and that those who come to Him never hunger. (v. 35.)

It is to such as have tasted that the Lord is gracious, that we address this paper. Mark, then, Christian reader, the action of the blessed Lord after He saw that the people would by force make Him a king. Man's time was present, because of the bread; who would not welcome the temporal gifts of God? His hour for rule had not come, for His Father's time had not arrived. And so Jesus departed into a mountain Himself alone.

Instead of becoming the King, Jesus, as it were, became the Priest. What was figured by His action is now a fact. God has said to Him, "Sit Thou on My right hand till I make Thy foes Thy footstool;" and while there, waiting for the kingdom, He is the Priest for us on high. The Lord has not gone on high merely to wait for His kingdom, for His Messiah glory, He has gone up to heaven to intercede for His poor, tried, and tempted people on earth, to support them in their afflictions and their weakness. "For in that He Himself hath suffered, being tempted, He is able to succor them that are tempted." (Heb. 2:18.)

Now when the Lord was upon that mountain alone, the night closed in and darkness shrouded Him from the sight of His disciples. They were alone— "Jesus was not come to them" —though they kept each other company. They entered a ship, and thrust out upon the waters. He was absent, and lo! the wind was contrary, and "the sea, arose by reason of a great wind that blew." The circumstances were against them. How changed the scene from the previous day, when, out of His fullness, they had received sufficient, not only for their own need, but also to feed five thousand!

And such a night is ours. The day when He was here, healing the sick and helping the poor, is past. He is not on earth, as earth's circumstances show, for sorrow and buffeting are the well-known incidents of this life's rough sea to every toiler upon its waves. Circumstances are adverse to us; but it is ours to learn His sufficiency and His care in adverse things. And we may

say, even of the bitterest sorrows of our souls, that in going through them with Jesus, the bitter becomes sweet.

Yes, beloved children, it is night, but forget not, and live not as if forgetting, that the night is far spent. Think you that time's voyage has no end, or that life's sea has no shore? Toiling seamen, your vessel nears the land; you have a definite point to which you are rowing. The disciples of the Master are crossing the waters; they have a special destination in view, unlike the worldly heart also crossing life's sea, but knowing not whither he goeth. To him there is no object beyond these waves. It is night and loneliness here, with no friend in the difficulty, and no home after the storms are past.

Now trace again the ways of the Lord. He comes down from the mountain, and His way is upon the waves. He is Lord of all. All the powers of His creation obey Him. The unstable and stormy sea bears upon her bosom her Creator's feet as He nears the toiling vessel, where He will prove Himself a Friend.

At first the disciples fear when they see Him, but when they know who it is their eyes behold, fear vanishes. His presence casts out fear. Then they receive Him into the ship, and lo! immediately they were at the land whither they went. In an instant they are at their journey's end.

So will it be in their day with that people, to whom He came as King, and by whom He was rejected, and to this, the scene, no doubt, addresses us; but we, too, are waiting for Him. He is coming. He will soon bring us where we would be—home.

It is for this, ye toilers on life's sea, that ye wait.

The Coming One draws nigh. He will soon descend from Heaven, and we shall hear His voice—“It is I.” His coming may be a surprise to us, such will be the joy of seeing Him. It will be the long looked for and unutterably blessed moment of our expectations. And then, in a moment, “immediately,” “in the twinkling of an eye,” we shall have reached the end of our voyage—we shall be at home.

“Forever with the Lord,’

Oh, blessed, wondrous word,

What heavenly joy, what bliss divine,

Doth that sweet word afford.

“How shall I meet those eyes?

Mine on Himself I cast,

And own myself the Saviour's prize;

Mercy from first to last.”

H. F. W.

Will God Rub My Sin Out of His Book?

WHEN I was a child I used to sing a solemn verse of a hymn. It seldom failed to fill my young mind with awe. I write it now for those young readers, to whom I tell this story of a little girl, who feared lest her wicked deeds should be recorded in God's book. This is the verse:—

“There's not a sin that we commit,
Or wicked word we say,
But in Thy dreadful book 'tis writ,
Against the judgment day.”

In a school that I know very well the teacher has a book wherein is written the name of each scholar, a list of marks for various lessons and general behavior being added. It goes by the name of “The Mark Book,” and is considered a book of great importance by both teacher and scholars. This book, then, will give my young reader some idea of the one wherein God writes an account of our doings.

One morning the teacher heard some little girls talking about the wrongdoing of one of their schoolfellows. The teacher looked very grave, and rising from her seat, she went to the corner of the room where Lizzie was sitting.

“Is all this sad story true?” she inquired. The child's face turned crimson, and her eye fell as the teacher stood before her, but she made no reply. “Lizzie,” continued the teacher, “I want you to tell me the truth. Remember God is looking at you; He reads your heart. Did you indeed take the money from your mamma's pocket?”

“Yes, miss,” —faltered the child; “but I thought mamma would not miss the money, and I wanted to buy some sweets.”

“Your kind mamma would not have refused you.”

“I did ask her before I took the money, and she said she could not give me any this morning.”

“Lizzie,” said the teacher, “not only have you been guilty of theft, but you have willfully disobeyed your mamma. What a black list is written against you in God's book this day?”

“Has God put down in His book all that I have done?” said the surprised child.

“Indeed He has, Lizzie.”

“Oh dear, I never thought of that. What shall I do? He will not wash away my sin unless I tell mamma, and I cannot tell her.”

“My child, if you are really sorry, you will not mind telling your mamma. Now go to her at once, for whatever punishment she inflicts will be only what her love to you demands.”

Afternoon came, and Lizzie again appeared in the schoolroom looking very unhappy.

“Well, Lizzie,” said her teacher, “I suppose you have told your mamma everything?”

“No, indeed, I have not,” the child replied. “I tried to tell her, but the words would not come. I know she will be so angry with me. How much I wish that I had not touched what did not belong to me.”

“My poor child, you are reaping the fruits of your sin, and you cannot feel happy till your conscience is clear. Your mamma must be told by you or by me. Consider the matter well, and let me know at the end of lessons which of us had better tell her.”

As the children left the room at dismissal, Lizzie waited behind, and when the last lingerer closed the door she went up to the teacher, saying, “Miss—I have made up my mind as to the right thing to do; I am going now to tell my mamma. And do you think that God will rub my sin out of His mark book?” Lizzie had caught hold of her teacher’s hand, and her large dark eyes were gazing into her face. “My poor child, what trouble you have brought upon yourself!”

“But,” repeated Lizzie, who was now weeping bitterly, “Miss—you haven’t told me, will God rub my sin out of His mark book?”

“Listen to what God says in His Word,” answered the teacher, “‘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. 1:18.) ‘Whosoever believeth in Him shall receive remission of sins.’ (Acts 10:4.3.) Dear child, can you trust Jesus? His Blood cleanseth us from all sin. If you truly believe, God will not bring you into judgment for the sins, which are written in His book, from which book the wicked will be judged when He sits upon the great white throne; but your name is written in the Lamb’s book of life.”

Lizzie was comforted by her teacher’s words, and she ran to tell her mamma at once of her naughtiness, saying, “I deserve all the punishment she will give me.”

Dear young reader, do you fear to stand before God when His books shall be opened? Is your name written in the Lamb’s Book of Life? E. E. S.

Prayer and Work

OUR young Christian readers will find it no easy thing to set apart several minutes for prayer to God daily. And, even if they should do so, their hearts would be often wandering to other things. "Need we always kneel down when we pray?" inquired a Christian boy of us the other day, and we gladly told him that anywhere, at any time God willingly heard prayer. "Then we can pray when walking, or when at school," said he. "Just so," And most delightful it is to go to God at all times, to tell Him everything, all about your lessons, your pleasures, your friends, yourself. His ear is ever open to your cry.

The more you pray to God at all times about all little things, the easier you will find it to pray to Him for long periods, as did His great servants.

Talks About the Tabernacle

“I WISH you had been with us yesterday, Aunt Edith,” said Charley; “we had such a nice talk with a friend of papa’s, who has just come from Syria. He told us ever so many stories about the country and the people; just think, he met with robbers, and men almost as wild as wild beasts in his journeys along the banks of the Jordan; and he has lived quite a long time in the very places of which we read in the Bible. I do wish you had heard him, for I can never tell you half he said.”

“I am sure I should have enjoyed hearing the stories, Charley, and I should like, too, to have seen your papa’s friend, for I have heard of him as one who has suffered many hardships, leaving country, and friends, and home-pleasures and comforts behind, that he might be the means of bringing the pure Word of God to many who, though they live in Bible lands, are yet in darkness and the shadow of death. I suppose you know, May, that this gentleman, who was so good to you, is a missionary, who has spent many a long year traveling about the most unfrequented parts of Palestine and Egypt, sometimes speaking the Name which is above every name to ears which had never heard it, leaving here and there in lonely places an Arabic gospel, or a little book which should tell, when he was far away, the story of Jesus and His love; quietly, day by day, bearing poverty, and loneliness, and toil for the sake of Him who said, ‘If any man serve Me, let him follow Me, and where I am there shall also My servant be; if any man serve Me, him will My Father honor.’ I believe this servant of Christ has suffered many things in His service, but we need not be sorry for him; no one ever yet was unhappy while suffering for Christ’s sake.”

“I am glad to think of that, Auntie; then the martyrs were really happy people, though they had to bear such terrible pains,” said May. “But I did not know this missionary had suffered hardships and dangers; he only told us of pleasant things, of the blue sky without a cloud, and of the lovely flowers, and how he had bathed in the Dead Sea and in the River Jordan.”

“Oh, and he showed us beautiful pictures, too, which he had drawn—pictures of Bethlehem and Nazareth, and of the Mount of Olives,” said Charley.

“I liked best of all that one where some Jews were crying over the stones of their temple; a few stones—such large ones they looked in the picture—are built into an old wall; and there the poor Jews stood, pressing their faces close to them, and praying that God would soon build their City and Temple again.”

“And Jerusalem will be a beautiful happy City one day; the joy of the whole earth,” papa said; “and then God’s Temple will be there,” said Charley. “But, Aunt Edith,” he added, thoughtfully, “a great deal was said about this which I did not understand, and I could not ask questions just then. Papa said it pleased God to dwell with men, and he spoke of God having chosen a place on this earth to dwell in, and of how wonderful it was to think of such a thing. I thought when he spoke of the ‘Sanctuary of God’ he must mean the Temple, but May says that was the Tabernacle. You know we saw a model of it not long ago.”

"I should like to make this, if I can, plainer to you, Charley; fetch May's Bible and your own, and we will have a little talk about it; there is plenty of time before you go home."

"Where shall we begin?" said Charley, "I suppose I had better find about King Solomon's reign,"

"By-and-bye we shall turn to the books of Kings and Chronicles to find the description of the 'exceeding magnificent' house which God allowed Solomon to build for His dwelling-place; but just now I want you to go farther back in the history of God's ancient people, that we may see where the wonderful fact of His being pleased to dwell in the midst of His redeemed is first recorded. You remember, do you not, that when the Israelites stood upon the shores of the Red Sea, in their first joy and thankfulness for the great deliverance God had wrought for them, they sang a song of triumph and victory? Will you find this song, Charley, it is in Ex. 15, and read the first two verses?"

Charley read, "I will sing unto the Lord, for He hath triumphed gloriously: the horse and his rider hath He thrown into the sea. The Lord is my strength and song, and He is become my salvation: He is my God, and I will prepare Him an habitation; my Father's God, and I will exalt Him."

"Now will you, May, turn to Rev. 21, the last chapter but one in the Bible, and read the third verse."

"Here it is, Auntie," said little May, and she read, slowly and carefully, "And I heard a great voice out of heaven saying, Behold, the Tabernacle of God is with men, and He will dwell with them, and they shall be His people, and God Himself shall be with them, and be their God."

"I asked you to read these verses," said her aunt, "that you might see that as soon as God had a redeemed people upon this earth, He put into their hearts the desire to prepare a dwelling-place, that they might have their God ever with them, and then graciously answered the desire He had Himself given, by saying to Moses, 'Let him make me a Sanctuary, that I may dwell among them'; and that, at the very end of God's book, there is the same thought still, for there we read the wonderful words, 'Behold the Tabernacle of God is with men.'"

"I remember, when I was learning the eighth chapter of Proverbs to say to you, Aunt Edith, you told me that it is the Lord Jesus Christ Himself who says there, My delights were with the sons of men:"

"I am glad you remember so well, Charley; by-and-bye I hope you will be able to trace all through the Book of God the thought, wonderful beyond all our comprehension, of His being pleased to make Himself known, not only as a God of power, but as a God of love, and even to seek a dwelling-place among creatures such as we, first taking up His abode with His redeemed people in the wilderness, where the cloud, resting on that mystic Tent, which was a type of the Lord Jesus Christ, gave token of His presence amongst them."

"You mean that God first dwelt on earth when the Tabernacle was set up; but did He not dwell with Adam and Eve long ago, before they had sinned?"

"It is true that Adam and Eve in Eden heard the voice of God, walking in the garden; but then, God could not dwell with His creatures, who, because of their sin, hid from Him. Abraham was called the friend of God, but it was not to Abraham, Isaac, or Jacob that God spoke of making Him a Sanctuary that He might dwell among them, but to those people whom He had rescued from the cruel bondage of Egypt—those people upon whose doors the blood of the paschal lamb had been

sprinkled, who were emphatically called ‘the redeemed of Jehovah.’”

“I know that when the Israelites had killed those lambs and put the blood outside their houses they were perfectly safe, and, although the destroying angel was going all through the land of Egypt smiting the firstborn in every house, they were saved from death by the blood of the Passover lambs; but is that why you call them a ‘redeemed people’?”

“They were a blood-bought people, belonging to God, His own redeemed possession. God had said, ‘When I see the blood I will pass over you’; we know from the New Testament, which so wonderfully explains to us what is taught in types and figures in the Old, that the blood of a lamb could not really avail to take away sin, but that all the sacrifices, from that first lamb which Abel offered to God, pointed to the ‘Lamb without blemish and without spot,’ who ‘was fore-ordained before the foundation of the world,’ the precious ‘Lamb of God’ whose blood cleanseth from all sin. You know why Abel brought a lamb as His offering to God, do you not, May?”

“It was because Abel believed what God had told him, was it not, Auntie?”

“We are told that it was by faith that he offered unto God a more excellent sacrifice than Cain (Heb. 11:4), and that God had respect for Abel and his offering.”

“Cain did not bring anything to die instead of himself, so his sacrifice could not be accepted,” said Charlie. “I suppose,” he added, “the blood on the doors showed that a life had been given instead of the lives of the people inside; a lamb sacrificed for them so that their lives should not be taken.”

“Yes, it was only on the ground of the sacrifice of the lamb accepted, by God in his stead, that any Israelite could be saved from the destruction which was all around, and it was because they were His blood-bought people that God said (Ex. 29:45, 46), I will dwell among the children of Israel, and will be their God, and they shall know that I am Jehovah their God, that brought them forth out of the land of Egypt, that I may dwell among them.

“I suppose when the Israelites saw the cloud on the Tabernacle they knew that God had accepted the sacrifices which that had offered, for you said the cloud was the sign His presence with them.”

“Yes, Charley; that beautiful Shekinah, or glory-cloud, which rested on the Tabernacle, and afterwards filled the house which Solomon had built was the sign of the presence of God among His people until the sad day came when the glory departed, driven away by the sin of the people, as we read in the prophecy of Ezekiel.”

“Then did the cloud never come back?”

“The Shekinah, or glory-cloud, did shine again upon this earth, May, but there were few who saw it or knew that the blessed Babe who was born in Bethlehem, whose coming was announced by the heavenly in the words, ‘on earth, peace, good will toward man,’ was, in reality, the one in whom every type and shadow was fulfilled, Emmanuel, God with us.

“Some of the Lord’s disciples saw it also when they were with Him on the mountain and the voice from heaven said, ‘This is My beloved Son in whom I am well pleased.’

“But our time is short; we must talk more about the Tabernacle on a future occasion.” C. P.

William Farel.

(Continued from p. 32.)

WILLIAM proceeds to say how the utter ruin of the Church was brought about by the favor shown to it by the Roman Emperor Constantine. "The Christians," he says, "having received these favors, fell into the snare of following and obeying those who thus favored them, instead of looking diligently into the Bible to see what they ought to observe and do. We may, therefore, say that the heretics who taught false doctrines were really more useful to the Christian fathers than the emperors who favored them, for the heretics at least stirred them up to search the scriptures more diligently than they would have done, had they had no heretics to contradict." Thus the more William read of the fathers, the less did he respect them. "Ambrose," he says, "writes down for us all the senseless things which Helena said about the cross; whereas if she had really said them, she ought to have been rebuked, and told not to speak like a fool. Alas! we find from reading the fathers, how not only those in these latter days have gone astray from God—in these days of complete ignorance, of idolatry, of entire revolt against Christ, against faith, and against the gospel—in these days when we see how far away the blind could lead the blind—but we find in the books of the fathers how at first wise and holy men began already to swerve from the right way, even as soon as the churches had multiplied after the days of the Apostles. These holy men were greatly admired for their wisdom and goodness; but for all that they erred and sinned grievously in ordering things which are not in the Word of God, but which are condemned therein. They acted without the commandment of Jesus Christ. They should, therefore, serve as a warning to us, lest we, too, should put up with things which God has not commanded. For things cannot be ordered more decently, nor in more complete order, than God's order—that order which Christ commands. There is no better conformity than conforming to the Word of God; there is no leader to be followed wiser and better than Jesus Christ. If the sacrifices, the dresses, the observances of Moses, were all to give place to Christ, it is easy to judge what we should do with all those things which were invented after Christ. Let it be enough for us that the pastors should be those God Himself sends forth; the doctrine that which He has vouched for; that the places where Christians meet should be decent and convenient; that those received at the Lord's table should be such as the scripture directs; that all should be done simply according to the gospel. If Jesus Christ and the gospel, believed and followed, are not enough to ensure that Christians should assemble reverently and in the right way, how else is it to be done? Who can order this if Christ cannot? All will go well when Christ alone is owned in the Church." The priests replied to all such reasoning in various ways. Some said that it was a fact that the sign of the cross drove away Satan. "The cross," they said, "is the sword which kills the devil." "Where, I ask you," said William, "is the devil more evidently present and alive than in the person of the pope, who wears three crosses on the top of his head, and is covered with crosses down to his slippers? than in the service of the mass, where more crosses are to be seen than in any other service?" Others argued that the old fathers did not mean that the cross was to be adored, but that it stood for Christ Himself. "It is no use," said William, "to try to excuse and color the words they used. It is much better to own that they did not speak according to scripture. In the Old Testament we find types and figures, but the gospel speaks plainly and simply of the one sacrifice of Jesus Christ, in words clear and full, without mystifying anything; and we should speak in the same way, naturally, simply, and calling things by their right names. We ought not to talk of altars and sacrifices if we mean something else. To say the cross is

the hope of Christians is blasphemy if we mean the cross and not Christ. And if we mean Christ, how inconsistent is it to see the cross mixed up with worldly ornaments, stuck upon crowns and diadems, and robes of scarlet! Does the cross then mean Christ? Jesus Christ stands far apart from all this worldly finery. And if we are Christians, we are not of the world, but new creatures. For Christ is not of the world—He is gone away from the world to the Father, and is in heaven, not on earth. But the truth is that the cross is put in the place of Him who died—in the place of that precious blood which alone can wash away sin. He who believes in Jesus hath everlasting life. But that we should be thus redeemed, it needed nothing less than Himself—the One Saviour Jesus, true God and true man—it is Himself who has done it all. Oh, that all might believe and own this blessed Saviour as their Redeemer and Deliverer, might know themselves saved by believing His blessed gospel, and that all would thank and praise that gracious Father who gave them a Saviour so great and so excellent. Let us satisfy our hearts with Him, and look to Him, and occupy ourselves no more with crosses than with Judas or Pilate, or any other tormentors of the blessed Saviour. For the Holy Spirit teaches Christians that they are dead to sin and alive in Christ, risen in newness of life, and that when risen they should seek the things that are above where Christ sitteth at the right hand of God and that they should set their affections on the things that are above, not the things that are on earth.”

The priests of Paris heard with anger that Farel could thus dare to say that the fathers themselves had fallen into sin and folly. But William answered that it did not matter who spoke, if the words spoken did not agree with the Bible. “Let us not fear to contradict anybody if what they say is not to be proved by the scriptures,” he said. “Let us rather own, O Lord Thou alone canst not lie nor err, and nothing can be right but that which is according to Thy holy word. And let us condemn by that word all that the greatest, the wisest, and the holiest have said, if their sayings do not accord with it. Who is there who would not condemn the idolatry of Solomon? His wisdom is no reason why we should not detest his sin. David was a very good and holy man, but that ought not to prevent us from saying that he sinned. It is a warning to us also, lest we should think ourselves safe from making mistakes. If we could be like angels, we ought, nevertheless, to keep a tight rein upon our actions, our words, and even our thoughts, and look to see if they agree with the word of God, if not, we sin.” But William found that the doctors of Paris were by no means willing to admit that the Bible was enough. “On the contrary,” he said, “the books of the fathers, which are often as contrary to the scripture as the flesh to the spirit, are preferred by them to the word of God. Instead of being satisfied with the Bible, they insist upon adding them on to it, just as if people tried to adorn gold and gems by sticking upon them dung and dirt. Instead of trying to understand and explain the word, they mix it up with the dreams of men, running after Helenas and bits of wood, and thrusting forth what is not in the Bible at all. And thus all this ruin and destruction has come. And just as it is a mark of utter blindness not to see the ruin, so is it a mark of cowardice and wickedness to encourage people to go on in the confusion into which we are fallen. There is no blessing from God upon such as do it. They arm themselves with the excuse that ancient custom and sightly shows are not to be lightly set aside; and even those who really desire that God should be worshipped spiritually, dare not say a word against old forms and ancient fathers. If the church had never allowed one single thing which is not plainly ordered in scripture, we should never have fallen into the deep pit of error, idolatry, and superstition, where we now find ourselves, the idolatry of Christendom, worse than any idolatry that was ever seen before!”

Some of the least ignorant of the priests and doctors went so far as to agree that people ought to be told that the images and crosses are not in themselves to be worshipped. "It is easy to tell the people," they said, "that they should worship God only. But the fault is in them if they are idolatrous, not in the crosses and images, they might remain as before, they do no harm." "The good king Hezekiah," said Farel, "condemns you there. He did not content himself with telling the people not to worship the brazen serpent. That serpent had been made by the great servant of God, Moses himself, and by the commandment of God. It was an outward and visible sign of the greatest work that God ever did or ever will do, namely, of the putting away of our sins by the death of Christ. But Hezekiah made no difficulty about breaking it to pieces. He did not think it enough to preach to the people that they were to leave off worshipping it. He not only broke it in pieces, but he gave it a name of contempt, he called it 'that piece of brass.' I have just as much right as he had to speak with detestation of those things which men have said and done contrary to the pure Word of God—I have more right, for the worship which God looks for from Christians is a higher thing than the worship at Jerusalem—it is a worship of the Father in spirit and in truth."

I have told you at some length of these words of William Farel. You must not think that he saw all this at once. It was a matter of months and years, for he had to unlearn and to learn in no small degree. But having once got firm hold of the truth that everything added by man to the Word of God was an evil thing, one piece of popery after another fell down from the place it had had in his heart. And I have thought it well to tell you so much of what he has said on this subject for a reason that should fill us with shame and sorrow. Three hundred and fifty years have passed away since William Farel taught in the lecture halls of Paris, and told men that they should search the scriptures to find out how much in their belief and worship has no foundation there. But alas! if this were now to be done, how much is there, not only in Popish but in Protestant countries, that would be overthrown by such a test as that! If each person were to make an honest list of everything he does and allows in the worship and service of God, for which he can find no plain direction in God's blessed Word, and if all the things found in such lists were added together, what a long list, alas would it make! And, sadder still, if a second list were made of all the men and women who were willing therefor to give up at once and forever all that is found in that long list, how short would that second list be! And yet we cannot but see that were there Christian people willing thus to act, leaving nothing to be believed or done but that which God directs in His word, then "all that believe would be together" —they would have nothing to divide them into sects and parties, for there would be one rule, and that a perfect rule, for all alike. But William Farel spoke in vain to all but a few, and perhaps there are not many more now who are willing to go back to the scriptures only and let all else go to the winds. The heart of man is not changed since 1520, nor is the world less at enmity with God, nor is Satan less busy. Therefore, all that opposed the teaching of Farel then is ready to oppose such teaching now. For the things that are of man are dear to the natural heart, and the things that are of God are hateful to it.

You can well believe that as those nine years passed on, from 1512 to 1521, the priests and doctors of the Paris University became more openly and bitterly the enemies of Master Faber and of Farel. Though they had the protection and favor of the Princess Margaret and of the Bishop of Meaux, it would have been impossible that they should have preached and taught for nine years in spite of all opposition had not the Lord kept the door open and shielded them with the arm of His strength. In His love and grace He had determined that the gospel of His Son should be preached

to the dark and blind leaders of the blind, and none could silence those whom He sent. The doctors of Paris could see nothing in William Farel but a self-confident, irreverent young man. That he should come from his little village in the Alps, and with a Bible in his hand defy the popes, the priests, and all the fathers put together, was an unheard-of insolence. Plain speaking, "calling things by their right names," as William said, was as intolerable a habit then as now. And to be thus summoned to try all their sayings and doings by the Bible only, was indeed a fatal test to one and all of them. Thus those nine years of the grace of God passed by, the one only time in the whole history of France when the Lord thus sent forth His glad tidings to the leaders and teachers of the nation, and the solemn question arose whether they would believe it or reject it. That old professor and that young man who spoke to them, we are told, "with a voice of thunder," had come in the name of God, and he who despised them despised Him who sent them. It was, therefore, an awful moment in the history of that unhappy nation. When we read of the murders of St. Bartholomew, of the fearful massacres of the saints in the centuries that followed, and of God's tremendous judgments on king and people eighty years ago, and since, we can see what a different history of France there would have been to write had Paris believed the message which Faber and Farel brought from God. F. B.

I Cannot Pray

IN one of the large steamers bound for India lay an engineer on his bed, suffering from a malady which, to all appearance, must end in death.

A mate of his came to his bunk one day, and began, in his frank, sailor like way, to inquire how the invalid was, saying— “Bill, you seem to be suffering a great deal?”

“Yes,” replied the engineer; “but, oh! Tom, the suffering of my body is nothing compared to what I’m suffering in my mind. I’m dying, mate, and going to hell! do pray for me.”

Tom suddenly became speechless, but the poor sufferer continued, in tones of agony, beseeching him to pray. At length he spoke, but with sadness and distress— “I cannot pray, Bill; I have never prayed, and don’t know how.”

The dying man again besought him, when suddenly his mate recalled a text which he when a child had heard in the Sunday school, and which, perhaps, had never come to his mind since. These are the words: “The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin.” So, falling on his knees, he cried— “Oh! Lord, here are two dreadful sinners; save my mate and me! One drop of Thy blood is enough for us both.”

They wept together, and prayer arose from those two hearts, unexpressed in words, to Him who loves to listen, and who needs not words well-ordered and arranged, but understands a sigh, a groan, when the heart is too full to speak.

He heard their cry, and accepted their tears of true repentance, and spoke peace to the troubled soul of the dying man; and when a few hours after Tom asked him “Do you really believe?” he was enabled to answer, “Yes. I do. I can see my way quite clear.”

Shortly after, Bill, the engineer, passed away in perfect peace, in the full assurance that “the blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin,” and that he, sinner though he was, was cleansed and made fit to enter the presence of Him who loved him, and who is gone before to prepare a place in the mansions in the Father’s house above.

The other engineer still lives to praise the Lord who drew him, a poor lost sinner, to Himself; and never does Tom forget to tell of the matchless grace that snatched him as a brand from the burning.

Surely the God of all grace and love can, and does work, in “mysterious ways, His wonders to perform.” He knows where each precious stone is that is needed for that building, of which Christ is the chief corner stone; and whether on the land or the sea, with or without means, can draw to Himself those who shall be to the praise of the glory of His grace.

“This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.” E. E. S—I.

Joy Unspeakable and Full of Glory

FAR away, in a remote part of England, a dear servant of the Lord was telling a few poor sinners of the wondrous love of the Son of God to them. He dwelt much not only on the sinner's need of a Saviour, but on Christ's need of the sinner; true and precious as the one is, the other is more wonderful. It touches the heart; and a soul that has once had a sense of what it is to say, "His desire is toward me," cannot but be lost in wonder as well as humbled to the dust at the greatness and vastness of such divine love.

Breathlessly the occupants of the little cottage listened as this dear servant preached unto them "Jesus" —Jesus, the crucified One—Jesus, the ascended and glorified Man; but none listened more breathlessly than Jamie, the child of the drunkard. Just peep behind the half-closed door, and you will see, barefooted, and in garments of rags, the face of a child. Once seen, you could not easily forget, so pale and deep was the expression of his broad, open brow. His large, longing gray eyes spoke of an intensity and ardor within that had never yet been satisfied; a circle of heavy, dark auburn locks finished Jamie's picture, for a picture indeed he was of beauty, strength, and health.

Jamie was his mother's pride, and the pride of the village. Jamie received much love, but had you asked him if God had made him happy, he would have told you that such peace and happiness were unknown to him. And, indeed, they are unknown to all (whether they own it or not) who do not know the Lord, and who cannot say "we see Jesus."

Jamie was now hearing for the first time wonderful divine truths. He heard of the holy, spotless Jesus, coming down from His Father's throne, and dying the cruel death of the cross for lost and hell-deserving sinners. And Jamie believed that Jesus had died for him, only a poor, ragged, sinful boy! Jamie listened in his heart to what the preacher said. He believed that nothing less than the blood of Jesus could wash away his sins. These truths he drank in. He found the Lord, and finding Him "as the hart panteth after the water brooks," so panted his soul after Christ. The things he heard of Jesus drew forth the love and worship of his heart. That the King of Glory should love him, and love him now, although up in the glory. The very thought awed him in silent wonder.

Months had he been thirsting after—he hardly knew what, and now it all came to him like a flash of lightning. He was simply lost in wonder as he saw, for the first time, "Jesus only." Jamie's face was beautiful before, but now it had a radiance that the soul-sight of Jesus, who shines beyond the brightness of the sun, can alone impart.

The prayer, being ended, Jamie went home. "Oh, mother, mother," he said, "I've seen Him!" and he pointed to the heavens above. "He loves me! He's there for me! He wants me—poor, ragged Jamie, and Jamie's going to Him now, straight. Jesus has died for Jamie, and Jamie's too, too happy to live!"

"Hush, hush, my child," cried the mother, "you're beside yourself; calm yourself a bit, take your supper, and go to bed. The Almighty don't love you nor me," she said, "or He'd a never given us

such a husband and a father, that's sure, so don't go telling your mother such untruths. Your father's drunk, and is just a nigh coming in; if he hears this kind a talk he'll beat you."

"But Jesus does love us, mother," Jamie said; "He loves father, you, and me, only we must believe Him. Take away the bread, mother, I want no supper tonight. I've seen Him up there, mother," and again his eyes looked heavenward, as if he were indeed up there already in spirit. "Yes, I've seen Him, and that's enough for Jamie. Good night, mother; Jamie's last words to you are, Jesus is up there, loves you, and died for you;" and with these words, he climbed up to his garret and laid him down to sleep. Truly, he could say, "I sat down under His shadow with great delight, and His fruit was sweet to my taste." (Sol. 2:3.)

"Jesus, Jesus, beautiful Jesus," he said, "O, make me thank You—You, who have been thinking of me all these years, and I never knew it! You've made Jamie too happy to live; take me home to live with You in your bright place, where You light it up. Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Jesus! Jesus!"

"Jamie, Jamie, my son," half whispered the terrified mother, from the bottom of the broken steps, "stop that singing; your father will beat you." But no threats could stop Jamie's happy spirit from echoing forth His praises. It was but the divine love filling his soul flowing back again right up to the Source whence it came. Yes; even his poor child could send up a sweet-smelling odor well pleasing to God, because Christ was his theme. And he was forced to speak of the altogether lovely One, who had not only died for him, but had won, had filled his young heart.

In her room below, his mother caught the taint murmurings of her boy's voice saying, "Jesus, Jesus; Jesus died for Jamie; Jamie's too, too happy to live. Hallelujah!"

The voice was so soft, so faint, she thought her Jamie must have covered himself over with the blanket, so as not to vex his poor father, as afterward it was proved to be the ease. She listened again; yes; it was no fancy, she heard in the faintest tones—

"Jesus, Jesus, my song shall be,
Bright, lovely Jesus who died for me."

And then the voice grew softer and softer, till it died away.

The drunken father came home, but he did not beat Jamie. The poor mother knew not what it was that made her little son so strangely glad, far less did she enter into his words, "Jamie's too happy to live." But the next morning early she found to her astonishment and her deep, deep grief that her child's words about going straight to Jesus were no wild fancy of his, but a reality.

The Lord had thought fit to bosom the lamb that night. He had taken Jamie away from his drunken father's influence, and the weeping mother and the village children were left to ponder the Master's ways.

Some still speak in wonder of what the Lord did for Jamie; may the reader of this story learn the Lord's lesson in it.

Yes! Jamie's happy, freed spirit had flown that night to be forever with the One who had captivated him. Happy Jamie!

It was touching, too, to see how carefully Jamie had tried to lessen the noise of his singing, by putting the blanket half over his face, but sing he must. E. O'N. N.

The Ransom Wanted

THE occupant of the condemned cell, upon whom judgment is pronounced, and who only awaits the day of execution, is a true picture of every son of Adam since Calvary's deliberate murder was perpetrated. Man is no longer on trial; his probationary course is over; he has been weighed in God's balances, and found wanting; his hands are stained with the blood of Christ, and he is solemnly pronounced to be guilty before God.

Moreover, a proclamation has gone forth from God, the Judge of all, addressed to all the inhabitants of the world, in Psa. 49, where high and low, rich and poor, learned and illiterate—every class and condition of men—are told that in all the range of the earth there is not a man to be found who can “by any means redeem his brother, or give to God a ransom for him that he should still live forever, and not see corruption.”

Solemn reality—guilty before God! Solemn fact—no ransom to be found!

Have you, dear reader, owned this as the true verdict of God in your own case? Job owned his condition when he said, “Behold, I am vile” — “I abhor myself.” Isaiah, when he cried, “Woe is me!” — “I am undone” — “I am a man of unclean lips,” owned his. Paul, when he confessed, “I am chief of sinners,” took his true place before God.

His blameless walk, his religious privileges and connections, his devoted zeal, were all judged as filthy, self-righteous rags, and condemned as dung and dross.

But do you say, “Is prayer of no avail for a ransom?” “None can by any means,” God answers.

“Are ‘good works’ valueless?” “None can by any means.”

“To ‘do no one any harm.’ Is there no merit in that?” “None can by any means.”

“To give my goods to feed the poor. Does that profit nothing?” “None can by any means.”

“To live a religious life, and do the best you can. Is that useless?” “None can by any means,” for nothing ever can, or ever will, alter the solemn fact that “none can by any means redeem his brother or find a ransom.”

“Is there, then, no hope? Is there no deliverance?” None in man; none in yourself. “Must I, then, be lost forever?” Yes, lost forever, if you are looking for a ransom where God has declared there is none.

“Will God send me to hell?” said a gentleman to me. “Will you accept His way of saving you?” I replied. “No, I will not.”

“Then you are deliberately sending yourself there.” And why, think you, dear reader, did he refuse God's way? Because he preferred his own, and would not bow to God's verdict. He would not own that he was a complete ruin—utterly “without strength.”

Do you, dear reader, believe God? Will you own that it is true of you that you are lost, ruined, undone, without strength, and powerless to extricate yourself from your condition?

If so, I have good news for you.

God, the Judge of all, looked down upon the children of men, and saw that there was none to save, none to deliver. He saw the jaws of the pit wide open to receive the slaves of sin and Satan, and in the deep yearnings of His love the declaration was made that the ransom so vainly sought among men was provided by God Himself. Blessed news, precious message, joyful tidings. Yes!

The ransom is found. Spread the news of life, deliverance, pardon, and peace. "Deliver him from going down to the pit; I have found a ransom," God's own glad tidings to the weary, working, burdened sinner!

Are you, dear reader, longing to know, who and what the ransom is? It is the precious life-blood of God's dear Son. Nothing less could satisfy the holy claims of a righteous: God—nothing else could meet the need of lost sinners. The life given up in death of the Son of Man, Jesus Christ, the Lord of life and glory, is the ransom. Jesus gave "His life a ransom for many."

This is the ransom God found—this is the ground upon which He can say of the ruined sinner, "Deliver him from going down to the pit; I have found a ransom." Christ Jesus, the spotless, sinless, holy, harmless Son of God, laid aside His glory, and came in the form of sinful flesh, yet without sin, for the express object and purpose of serving—yes, serving unto death. He Himself in His own body on the tree bore the sins of His people; there He was made a curse, and there He endured the penalty of death, in order that guilty sinners might pass from the condemned cell, justified by His blood and delivered through His death.

If the ruin is widespread and universal, the remedy is as efficacious as the ruin is wide.

It is sufficient to meet the need of man—yea, it is unto all men, "whosoever." A Saviour God come down to deliver can have no less a range for His grace than the wide earth itself. "Preach the gospel to every creature," are His words. "If any say I have sinned or perverted that which is right, then God is gracious."

Tell me now, dear friend, have you accepted this God-provided ransom. You are the lost, condemned criminal, without power in yourself to deliver, or find a ransom. Will you then receive Jesus, who gave His life a ransom for all, and who is willing, waiting, ready, to deliver you. "There is one God, and one Mediator between God and man, the man Christ Jesus, who gave Himself a ransom for all, to be testified of in due time." It is now the due, the full time—the value of the ransom may be yours just now. If you believe, you shall never feel the righteous wrath of a sin-hating God, for there is "no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus."

H. N.

Such Beautiful Brightness

I WANT to tell you, my readers, of a dear old woman who used to live in a country village in Kent. She was so happy, that any one might have wished to be like her, yet it was not the things around that made her so bright, for she had been ill in bed for many years, and was very old and feeble. She could not see the pretty country that was near her, nor even look out of the little attic window at the great elm trees on the other side of the road, nor at the blue sky above.

Below in the roads she could hear the voices of little children at play, but she never saw them. She had just to lie still on her bed, and the only thing that she saw before her from day to day was a large text do the wall, which contained these words: "Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." (Matt. 11:28.)

You will think that Mrs. S. must have been very tired, lying there year after year, with nothing to do, and few people to go and visit her, but no! she was always happy, for she had that rest of which the text speaks. One day a lady called to see her, and asked if she knew anything of the Lord Jesus.

"O, yes, miss!" replied the old woman, with a smile; "He is my blessed Jesus, my Saviour!"

That was the secret of her happiness; Jesus had saved her, and she loved Him. "You have not known Him all your life; how was it He came to make you so happy?"

"Ah, miss, for years I used to feel the weight of my sins, and went often to hear the gospel; but one evening I was so sad and hopeless that I could do nothing but kneel and pray, feeling my sins a very load upon me. And it was then that my blessed Jesus seemed to be made known to me, and He took the burden from me, and gave me such beautiful brightness!"

By the "burden" you know she meant her sins; and it was well for her that she felt their weight, for, sad to say, there are those whose sins are still unforgiven, but who do not feel the weight of them at all. And so it was that with her load gone Mrs. S. rejoiced in the brightness of her Saviour's love, and the one thought of her life seemed to be this: "My blessed Jesus." She was never weary of speaking of Him, and her great desire was to be with Him in glory. "He is with me now," she used to say, "He is always near me, my blessed Jesus!"

There were others who shared the same cottage with Mrs. S., and often they would be in her room and talk together of anything that was happening in the village. "But when they are talking," the old woman said, "I just lie still and think of my Jesus, and am so happy!"

You see, dear readers, that to know the Lord Jesus in reality, as did this aged saint, is the only true happiness on earth, for it alone endures. All other joys and pleasures pass away, but the love of Christ is everlasting. He has said, "I am with you alway," and Mrs. S. proved that promise to be true, for His presence sustained her life and last days till she fell asleep in Christ. She is now with the Lord, her "blessed Jesus," who had given her "such beautiful brightness."

Dear readers, as you look at the picture of the little cottage, and think of that aged Christian, ask yourself if you are as happy as she. The same Lord whose love had been shed abroad in her heart is ready to bless you too; and looking by faith to Him, you, also may lose your terrible load, and find the same "beautiful brightness." G. A. A.

The Finished Work of Christ

BEARING in mind our remarks in January and February upon the tenth chapter of Hebrews, 5:1-22, we will now call attention to what we find stated regarding God, the Lord, and the Holy Ghost, in connection with the perfect sacrifice, as set out in the tenth to the eighteenth verses of the chapter. Each Person of the Holy Trinity is here seen for man, in relation to the one offering of the body of Jesus.

God has sanctified His own by the means of the offering of Jesus (5:10).

The Lord has perfected forever them that are sanctified by His offering of Himself (5:14).

The Holy Ghost, because of what Christ's offering has effected, is a witness to us that God will remember our sins and iniquities no more (5:15, 17).

Having in February touched upon the first, we will now look into the second and third of these blessed realities.

Because the Son has perfected God's people, He sits down. Their sins are eternally gone; therefore there is an end of His working to put away their sins. Because He has put away their sins He rests from His finished work.

In the ancient Jewish tabernacle worship, God did not provide a seat for the priests. It was morally impossible for them to occupy the position before God, which sitting down signifies, in connection with their sacrifices and their worship. Indeed, a seat would have been a denial of the spirit of their service, and contrary to the intention of God in that service. The Jewish service made nothing perfect. It did not supply a perfect sacrifice, nor did it give a perfect conscience to the worshipper. Its sacrifices were continually repeated, and its worshippers were continually bringing sacrifices to cleanse their consciences. It did not suppose rest for those who offered, or for those who brought sacrifices to God.

The Jewish priest stood, and daily he ministered, offering oftentimes the same sacrifices. His work was never completed, never finished. The sacrifices were offered again and again. They never produced a perfect result. True they were God-ordained, but they never were intended by God to bring men, perfect, into His presence.

They could "never take away sins." They could never purge a man's conscience, nor give him holy liberty from the condemning sense of sins.

Mark the contrast between these sacrifices which could never take away sins, and Christ's sacrifice, which has forever taken away sins.

God did provide a seat for the blessed Lord after He had offered up Himself. He said to Him "sit Thou on My right hand." His offering was once offered, never to be repeated. His work is finished; to it no addition is possible. The one sacrifice of Christ is in contrast with the often-repeated sacrifices of old, and His once completed and eternally finished work is in contrast with the

constantly repeated work of priests, who never finished their work.

Having Himself finished the work which His Father gave Him to do, the Lord sat down. It is thus that we see Him by faith. We see Him at rest from sin-bearing, not working in connection with putting sins away. And for what period of time did He sit down? Forever, or more exactly, in continuance, is the divine record. It does not mean that the Lord sits down eternally, indeed, the Spirit of God uses a different word when speaking of eternity from that which in our versions is here translated forever. For the Lord will rise from the throne to judgment, but He sits down so far as His finished work of putting away sins is concerned, in continuance.

He will never add one single touch to that work. The Lord is not like a priest of old, nor is His sacrifice like that of Jewish offerings; and the reason given for the Lord's thus sitting down is this: "For by one offering He hath perfected forever (in continuance) them that are sanctified" (v. 14). Note that v. 13 is a parenthesis. He has perfected those, who are sanctified, according to the measure of the value of the work whereby He sits in continuance at the right hand of God. Christ's sitting at the right hand of God, and the perfect state of His people before God, are each consequent upon the efficacy of what He did in putting away sins upon the cross.

Now let us look around, or rather within, and consider how current Christianity and our own faith agree with the facts of Christ being seated on the right hand of God, and His people being perfected because of His finished work on the cross. Do we not see a very great similarity in spirit to the old Jewish system of priests standing and ministering daily the same sacrifices, which can never take away sins? In other words, is there not a very large amount of religious activity in order to pacify the conscience and to appease God? Are not numbers within the circle of Christendom looking to themselves or to their priests to do something which shall take away sins? Are there not many hearts in whom the restlessness of seeking for forgiveness of sins denies the value of Christ's work, whereby God's people are forgiven? Are there not many in whose religious ideas there is, as it were, no seat in the presence of God?

Christian reader, we have to do not with a suffering, but with a seated Jesus. Not with One, who is occupied before God in putting away our sins, but with One, who has accomplished that work, and whom God has accordingly seated on His right hand in glory. The Lord is not occupied with perfecting your standing before God, for He has perfected you according to the priceless value of His work, which, looking upon Him as the worker (John 17:4) entitles Him to sit down on the right hand of God on high. Unless His work were finished He could not sit down in relation to that work; unless He had rendered your standing absolutely perfect before His God, the blessed Lord would not have gone back to glory to the throne on high! Do you think that Christ would have come from glory to atone for sins and have gone back to glory and left them only half atoned for? No, because you are perfected He is seated, and you know that you are perfected forever because He is seated forever at the right hand of God. These two for evers go together.

The Lord will rise from His seat, we know. The parenthesis of verse 13 is all important to consider. The Lord is seated as regards the work of sin-bearing, but He is waiting to begin another kind of work. What is He expecting? "Till His foes be made His footstool." Now, the expectation of many, who are doubtless His is, that their sins may be forgiven. Our expectation should be His coming again. The Lord is coming, not to suffer a second time, or to go a second time into the question of sin bearing—no, but to bring His own into the fullness of salvation, to take them home to glory; and

having done this, to rule His foes with a rod of iron, and to dash them in pieces like a potter's vessel (Psa. 2:9).

Man crucified Him, and the world is guilty of His blood. God has not yet punished the world for its murder of His Son. He waits. In a little while He that shall come will come, and will not tarry (ch. 10:37). The day is at hand when the expectation of the Lord shall be fulfilled, and His foes be made His foot-stool.

The Christian should be looking back to the cross where Christ was, for the ground of his assurance that his sins are put away; up to the throne on high where Christ is, for the proof that he is perfected by the sacrifice; and forward, to the Lord's coming again, for the fulfillment of his perfect salvation, when he himself—body, soul, and spirit—be made like his Lord.

When this shall come to pass there will be the setting up of the rejected Christ's kingdom, wherein His foes shall be made His footstool.

From the witness to the perfection of the sacrifice of the Son seated upon the right hand of God, we turn to that of the Holy Ghost upon earth within the hearts of those who believe. Of this we read in verses 15-18.

The Holy Ghost was sent to the earth to dwell within God's people, upon the Lord ascending as a man to the right hand of God (John 7:39), and He dwells within those, who are sanctified by the offering of the body of Jesus Christ. The blessed Spirit of God is a witness to us. He has entered in our hearts to abide with us "forever." Let us place side by side God's never about our sins, and His forever about His Spirit. We may read verse 17 thus: "Their sins and their iniquities will I never remember any more." The Comforter whom the Father gives abides "with you forever." (John 14:16.)

Sins never remembered, because forever put away, and the Holy Ghost a witness to us of this blessed fact, and a Comforter to God's people forever. No more offering for sin required because the sins and iniquities for which the offering was made are remitted.

Moreover, whereas in the days of the law (for ye are not under law, but under grace), God demanded of man love and obedience; now God has put within the hearts of His people His very laws which man had no heart to keep. He gives by His Spirit willingness and grace to love His wishes, instead of requiring of unwilling hearts that His word should be obeyed. He has made the heart capable of delighting in His will Instead of a law engravers upon stone demanding of "stony hearts" (Ezek. 36:26) obedience which was never rendered, God has written upon the minds of His people His laws, and has given His people hearts to rejoice in them.

We are not as was Israel under the covenant, which demanded of men love and obedience to God, but we have in Christ the spiritual privileges of the new covenant, which, instead of commanding men to love God, molds their renewed affections to love Him. There is all the difference possible between God at Sinai, in righteousness, demanding of sinners what sinners should do in order to be holy, and God in grace, sending His Spirit into those whom He has sanctified by His Son's work, in order that His Spirit should form their desires and affections to do His will. Man utterly failed to keep the covenant of Sinai, and God in grace has written His laws now not upon tables of stone, for us to hear them and fear Him, but upon cur prepared hearts, so

that we may delight in His desires, and love Him. This is His perfect grace. And He tells us that His whole principles of dealing with men were of necessity changed, because of what Christ is. "There is made of necessity a change also of the law" (7:12). The perfection of the work of the Lord Jesus demanded for His glory and praise that our good and gracious God should change His mode of dealing with man! The glory of Jesus required corresponding grace for man. Such are God's thoughts respecting His Son, and shall we not desire to think and to delight in God's thoughts?

The Spirit of God in the hearts of His people thus witnesses to them of God and of Christ's sacrifice. "Their sins and their iniquities will I remember no more;" every sin forgiven and forgotten, because of what Jesus did on the cross.

H. F. W.

A Message for You

THIS cheerful cottage, with its sheltering trees and the children reading, calls to our mind many a pleasant hour spent in the country, when passing through a village, scattering the good news of God's love from door to door, we have seen the children, gathered in groups, reading our sweet stories, which told them of Jesus.

Knocking first at one door and then at another, and asking all whether they know God, and are saved by the Lord Jesus, brings out strange and different answers. By some angry replies are given, by others laughing answers; a few sigh, and say, "Ah, would that we knew these things!" But here and there the cheerful voice boldly and thankfully blesses God for His love and His gift. "For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." (John 3:16.)

Let us today knock lovingly and earnestly at the door of each of your hearts, dear young friends. You have read our simple stories of the love of God, and of His Son dying for sinners, many times.

Do now, we beg you, answer these questions. Are you saved by the Lord Jesus? Do you know God?

There is a little boy, now seven years old, who, when he was four, was asked, "Who do you love best; your mother, or the Lord Jesus?"

He looked thoughtfully into his father's face and answered— "I love Jesus best."

"But has not your mother fondly cared for you and nursed you since you were a baby," said his father.

"Yes," replied the child, "but mother did not die for me, and Jesus did."

Not long ago little Charley was asked by a friend of his, what made him so happy. "Jesus," was his reply. "How do you know this," further inquired his friend.

"I can feel Him in my little heart," Charley answered.

Charley's parents are hardworking people, who live in a cottage in the country, and only a short while ago he wrote a nice letter to his friend (J. B. H.) who tells us about him, saying that Jesus was his shepherd, and that he was Jesus' lamb.

May each of you, dear young friends, be able to answer our questions with all the holy happiness of little Charley.

Until He Find It

“HAVE you seen my little girl anywhere, ma’am? She was wheeling a perambulator, and she has long, light hair.”

I was walking on a straight country road, when the woman, who thus accosted me came running quickly from a side-lane. It was dusk, and on my replying “No,” she turned and looked up the road, straining her eyes to see if there was anything like a little girl to be seen. But no little girl was in sight; and the poor woman seemed ready to burst into tears.

“Oh!” she said, “I took her into the town a mile away, and went into a house for a moment, and when I came out, she was gone.”

“How long ago was that?” I inquired.

“It must be several hours back.”

“And have you been looking for her ever since?”

“Oh, yes! and I have walked miles about the streets, and I shan’t give up till I find her.” I have often thought of that poor woman’s words, “I shan’t give up till I find her,” they remind me of that beautiful story in Luke 15, of the shepherd seeking the lost sheep. The poor sheep has wandered away from its home. But the good shepherd loves it, and goes after it. And how long do you think he looks for it? All day and all night? Ah! “Until he find it.” Children—we all “like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way.” Many little children, and old people, too, think that they have a great deal to do in order to seek the Saviour. But it is He, who is seeking us. What we have done, is to turn to our own way; and did the poor sheep look for the shepherd, or the shepherd look for the sheep? The Lord Jesus Christ, never gives up till He finds; and He had to go through death to find His sheep! “The Good Shepherd giveth His life for the sheep.” And it was for our sins He died.

The Shepherd’s shoulder is a safe and a happy place. He does not drop the sheep halfway, and leave it to find the rest of its way home as best it can. He takes it safely all the way, and then He rejoices. Yes! the Shepherd’s heart is happiest then. The sheep is happy too—far happier than it ever could have been away from Him: but it is the Shepherd who says to His friends and neighbors, “Rejoice with Me; for I have found my sheep which was lost.” L. C. W.

But—

“I SHOULD like to give myself to Jesus; but—” So said a young girl to me once, as with tears in her eyes, she told me the sad tale of her short life.

“Would you really like to give up all and come to the Saviour, Emma,” I repeated.

“Oh, yes,” she said, “I should like to do so, but I am too bad to come, sir.”

“Nay, nay,” I replied, “not too bad for Jesus to receive you, for though it may be hard for some, who know how wicked you have been, to love you, Jesus died to save sinners.”

It was a short conversation, but the Spirit of God was at work with my young friend, and soon she exclaimed, “I can give myself right up now, sir.”

Yet how often it is that boys and girls are found shrinking from the loving, outstretched arms of the Saviour, and whilst they watch the happy faces of their Christian friends, they say to themselves, “I, too, should like to give myself to Jesus—but”—and here they stop. But why? Surely not because they think the Lord Jesus does not mean what He says when He bids them come to Him; but because they feel as Emma felt, when she said, “I’m too bad.”

I do lovingly ask any young seeker after Christ, the sense of whose sins hinder him from at once coming to the Saviour, to remember that Jesus has said, “Him that cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out.”

J. A. S.

Look and Live

MURMURING, or grumbling, is a great sin. God is angry with grumblers. When He brought the children of Israel through the wilderness they often murmured against Him and His servant Moses. After they had been for many years in the wilderness—during the whole of which time God led them step by step, gave them manna from heaven day by day for their bread, and streams from the rock for their water—they were much disheartened because of the way.

Then they grumbled against God and against Moses. “Wherefore,” said they, “have ye brought us up out of Egypt to die in the wilderness? For there is no bread, neither is there any water; and our soul loatheth this light bread.”

As is generally the case with grumblers and fault finders, these children of Israel not only complained of their difficulties, but of their mercies.

They were tried by the way which God led them, so they found fault with the bread of heaven by which He fed them!

Then God was angry with these complainers, and He sent amongst them a terrible judgment—fiery serpents, which bit the people, many of whom died.

Then the children of Israel repented, and cried to Moses, “We have sinned, for we have spoken against the Lord, and against thee.”

Whereupon Moses prayed for them, and the Lord bade him make a fiery serpent and set it upon a pole, and said that every one who was bitten when he looked upon it should live. “And Moses made a serpent of brass, and put it upon a pole, and it came to pass that if a serpent had bitten any man, when he beheld the serpent of brass he lived.” Read Num. 21:4-9.

Now, all that God says will surely come to pass. Sin must be punished, and even the sins of little children must be answered for. We all have sinned. But God has provided the way of life for us. And God’s way of life is through death.

It was like setting up the judgment and death they deserved for them all to look at, when God told Moses to lift up the brazen serpent amongst the children of Israel, who were dying under God’s judgment for their sins. And this is what faith sees in Jesus crucified for sinners. Then He was made sin for us, then He bore God’s judgment due to sin, then He died for sinners. The God of love saw man bitten by the serpent, as it were, and dying, and “God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.” (John 3:16.) And Jesus, whom God gave for us, says of Himself, “As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of Man be lifted up, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.” (v. 14, 15.)

Perhaps you may think that you are not so wicked as grown-up people. No, indeed, we trust you are not. But what was Israel’s sin? One of which, alas, many children are guilty. For even in

children there is much murmuring. Ah! beloved young friends, old or young, we all have sinned, and we all need salvation. We are all under judgment and all are dying, but for all there is the crucified Jesus. And to all God says, in His tender love, "Every one when he looketh upon it, shall live." And Jesus says, "I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all unto Me." (John 12:32.)

William Farel.

(Continued from p. 48.)

I MUST now tell you the answer that the University of Paris gave to the message.

You will remember that in the time of the old king, Louis XII., the University of Paris had taken part against the monk, who said that the Pope ought to have supreme authority in the Church. But now times were changed. Two persons had, since the death of Louis XII., taken to themselves a large share in the affairs of the government. These two persons were the king's mother, Louise of Savoy, and her favorite; Anthony Duprat, who was Cardinal Archbishop of Sens, and withal Chancellor of France.

Both one and the other had reasons of their own for hating the gospel with an extreme hatred. Louise was a woman of profligate life, and of a tyrannical temper. Duprat, who was called by a Roman Catholic historian "the most vicious of bipeds," had become a clergyman in order to heap up riches by the many unlawful means which were always at hand for priests who were cunning enough to use them. He also was a man of dissolute habits. By opposing the gospel these two servants of Satan not only gratified their natural desires, but they also hoped to cover their evil lives with a cloak of zeal for God and the Church. Louise had great influence over her son. She persuaded him to allow the Pope a greater power than he had ever had before in the affairs of the Church in France.

In return for the king's friendship the Pope gave to him the right to appoint bishops and clergymen throughout his kingdom. The king made a profitable trade of these offices, "just," we are told, "as at Venice people made their fortunes by trading in pepper and cinnamon." Encouraged by the hatred which Louise and Duprat showed to the preaching of the gospel, the University, the Sorbonne in particular, took courage, and consulted as to how best the preachers could be silenced.

The chief speaker in these consultations was a man called Noel Bedier, the syndic of the Sorbonne. You must remember his name, as the third great enemy of the gospel of God at that time. He was a man of mean abilities, but possessed of a loud voice, and a determination to make himself heard. He delighted in quarrels of all sorts, and was more pleased to find an enemy than most people would be to find a friend. He had a special hatred for Master Faber, because he came from the same province, Picardy, as he himself did, and had gained a reputation for learning and talent which filled Bedier with rage and jealousy. Such an amount of ignorance, stupidity, prejudice, and hypocrisy filled the soul of this wretched man, that Erasmus said he was like three thousand monks in one person. He spoke long, loudly, and frequently in answer to Faber and to Farel. A crowd of monks and priests, as ignorant as their leader, listened to him with shouts of delight and approval. Some approved of him simply from stupidity, thinking that the man who had so much to say must be in the right; others, because they were delighted to hear Faber and Farel contradicted; and some because they thought anyone who spoke for the Church of Rome must have the truth on his side. Bedier was too ignorant to bring forward any arguments against the

gospel. He did not understand the matter sufficiently to know what he was to contradict. But he had read in some old book that the sinful woman, in Luke 7, Mary Magdalene, and Mary the sister of Lazarus were all one and the same person, and finding that Master Faber said they were three different people, he loudly accused him to the University of being a heretic. Not only Paris, but the whole of Christendom was aroused into anger against Master Faber for holding such evil opinions. An English bishop wrote a book against him, proving that the three women were but the one Mary Magdalene. The whole University of Paris declared that Master Faber ought to suffer the punishment due to heretics. But the king, who was on bad terms with the university, was glad of this opportunity of humbling the priests and doctors. He gave orders that Master Faber was to be left in peace. Thus the Lord granted him yet for a little while an open door at Paris.

Bedier, filled with rage and disappointment that he could not burn Master Faber, determined, however, to annoy him in every possible manner. The old doctor continued to teach amidst insult and persecution. But in the year 1520 his friend the Bishop of Meaux invited him to come and help in making the gospel known in his diocese. He promised him a safe refuge, and all possible liberty in preaching and teaching. Master Faber, wearied out by his persecutors at Paris, gladly retired to the city of Meaux, leaving William Farel to oppose Bedier single-handed.

Meaux is an ancient city, about 30 miles from Paris. For two years back the bishop had been very busy there, and, indeed, in all parts of his diocese. He was anxious that the truth which he had learned should be preached in every town and village. He had, therefore, gone himself into every parish, and inquired as to the preaching and the lives of the clergy. Alas! he found the same sad tale to be told wherever he went. The clergy were living to please themselves. They spent their time chiefly in amusements at Paris. They left their parishes either to curates or to be visited by the Franciscan monks from Meaux. The curates were no better than the upper clergy; the monks were simply begging impostors, who grew rich upon the gifts of the ignorant people. "The only business of these shepherds," said the bishop, "is to shear their sheep." Brinconnet, therefore, forbade the monks to preach, dismissed a number of the priests, and resolved to train others, who should preach the gospel of God. In the meantime he was glad of the help of Master Faber.

William Farel may be said to have stood alone at this time at Paris. His friends Gerard and Arnold Roussel, and others, who had really it would seem believed the gospel, hoped by means of it to reform the Church of Rome. To Farel this hope appeared each day to be not only a vain, but a mistaken hope. He felt that it was a time when a Christian man should cast aside every other consideration, and simply go back to the Word of God. Instead of trying to find a place for the gospel of God amidst the inventions of men, he desired that all that was of man should be swept away, and that only that which was of God should remain. He longed for the time when every plant which His Father had not planted should be rooted up.

And, therefore, instead of reforming Rome, he would have no Rome. He would point men back to the days of Paul, to the upper room at Troas, to the time when there were no priests, no altars, no consecrated buildings, no vestments, no forms—but Christ, Christ only, and His blessed Word. "If Christ is not enough—if His Word will not keep things straight," he would say, "how can you expect that anything you can add to it, or that ever has been added to it, will do so?" No wonder that the priests of Paris stopped their ears, and the doctors of the Sorbonne closed every door against the man who would measure them against the Bible, and that only.

And now a testing time came for the University of Paris. For nine years had the gospel sounded in the ears of the priests and doctors. God would now put them to the proof. Would they have His blessed Word of grace and salvation, or would they reject it? Luther, whose teaching had been condemned by the Church of Rome, had appealed to the University of Paris to decide between him and the champion of Rome, John Eck. Luther and Eck had met at Leipsic to hold a public disputation as to the claims of Christ, and of the Pope. Paris was to consider all that had been said on both sides, and to decide as to which of the two, Luther or Eck, had spoken the truth. Twenty copies of the arguments of each were sent to Paris early in the year 1520.

For more than a year the University consulted over these papers. "All Europe," we are told, "was waiting for the decision of the University of Paris." Bedier had much to say upon the subject. He, with his loud voice, his crowd of ignorant followers, and of angry priests, won the day. In April, 1521, the University decreed that Luther's books should be publicly burnt in the streets of Paris.

William Farel could no longer have any doubt as to whether Paris had rejected the gospel. Master Faber entreated him to come to Meaux, where he might preach freely, and where there were souls longing for the bread of life. Thus William turned from the city which would have none of Christ and His Word, and with a few of his friends, including the Roussels, he arrived at Meaux. There were, perhaps, none who had any thought that with William Farel's departure the day of grace for Paris had closed. Christ had said of His servants of old, "He that heareth you, heareth Me; and he that despiseth you, despiseth Me; and he that despiseth Me, despiseth Him that sent Me." Thus had Paris, in the person of that young man, despised God Himself.

But God, who can cause the light to shine out of darkness, had in His grace and power turned the senseless and ignorant speeches of Bedier into an occasion of blessing for one soul. A young nobleman of Picardy, Louis de Berquin, had for some time been remarked for his strict devotion to the Church of Rome. He was a man of blameless moral character. He spent his time in study, and in attending the services of the Church. He spoke strongly and frequently against the doctrines of Luther. At the same time he severely reproved the priests and monks who were living in sin and making a gain of religion. He hated meanness and hypocrisy, and seems to have been, however mistaken, thoroughly honest and sincere. He listened to the arguments between Bedier and the teachers of the gospel at Paris, and though he did not believe that Faber and Farel were right, he was roused to anger by the false arguments and the blustering of Bedier and the monks, and above all by their malicious endeavors to annoy and misrepresent those whom they could not prove to be in the wrong. On the other hand, he found that Faber and Farel were at least outspoken and real, and that they appealed to the Bible to prove all they said. Thus Berquin, disgusted with the priests, and perplexed by the plain statements of Farel, betook himself to the reading of the Bible, and as he read the light broke in upon his mind. We shall hear of him again by-and-by, in the meantime let us return to William Farel. F.B.

Talks About the Tabernacle

“WILL you not tell us now about the Tabernacle being set up, Aunt Edith,” said May. “You know we were not going to speak of the way in which it was made, nor of the beautiful golden things which were inside, because Charley and I have seen a model of the Tabernacle, with the Court all round, and the brazen Altar, and the Laver, and the Most Holy Place where the Ark was, so many times, and everything was easy to understand when we were allowed to come quite close and see where the sacrifices were offered, and even look at the tablets of stone which were inside the Ark, and feel the coverings of skin and goats’ hair and the beautiful embroidered veil. Do you think the Israelites understood the meaning of the Tabernacle, and the Altar, and the Ark, and the Candlestick?”

“We cannot tell how much they understood. Many things are plain to us, now that the clear light of the New Testament shines upon the Old, which must have been dark and mysterious to them. I think the sight of the Tabernacle, where the glory of Jehovah was seen to enter and abide, and where the cloud by day and the fire by night gave token of the presence of God ever with them—the God who guided them through the desert, the God who gave them bread from heaven, the God who ‘clave the rock and the waters gushed out,’ running in dry places like a river—must have spoken wonderful things, even to the heart of a child, concerning the loving kindness of Jehovah, and, doubtless, whispered to his conscience the solemn word of warning, ‘Be thou in the fear of Jehovah all the day long’ But no child of those days could understand that the skin-covered Tent over which the cloud brooded, the beautiful embroidered veil, the holy vessels, all spoke of the perfection and beauty of the Lord Jesus Christ, just as clearly as the never-ceasing sacrifices told of Him who was to offer Himself ‘without spot to God,’ and, having offered one sacrifice for sins, forever sit down at the right hand of God. It is well for us to read of these types and shadows, and to take heed to all which those who have been taught by God may have to say to us about them, but we must not be too ready to think we understand their meaning. In the epistle to the Hebrews the Tabernacle and all its ‘furniture’ is spoken of and we are told all those things were ‘patterns of things in the heavens.’ It has been well said that God, who gave the patterns, alone can teach any of us the deep meaning which lay hidden in them.”

“I suppose,” said Charley, “the Israelites must have quite understood all about the sacrifices, for they could remember how they were saved from the destroying angel which killed the first-born of the Egyptians, because they had the blood of the Passover lambs upon their doors.”

“But it is much better for us, isn’t it Auntie?” said May; “for we know that Jesus, the Lamb of God, has died, and that He has finished His work forever. Last night we heard a sermon on that text which says, ‘Ye were not redeemed with corruptible things, but with the precious blood of Christ;’ and the preacher said that, although so many goats, and lambs, and bulls had been sacrificed in old times, God never told us about ‘precious blood’ till His own Son had given Himself for our sins.”

“The tenth chapter of the epistle to the Hebrews shows in very clear contrast the great difference between those sacrifices in which there was ‘a remembrance again of sins every year,’ and the

one offering by which Christ has 'perfected forever them that are sanctified.'"

"I don't wonder, since the Tabernacle and the holy vessels meant so much, that God not only gave Moses the patterns, but chose the workmen to make them," said Charley, thoughtfully.

"No man, however gifted, could be a judge of what was fitting for the house of God. To Moses it was said of these sacred things (Ex. 25:40), 'Look that thou make them after their pattern, which was sheaved thee in the mount'; and though Bezaleel and Aholiab may have been cunning workmen, yet for this work it was necessary that they should be filled with wisdom and understanding, that they might know how to work all manner of work for the Sanctuary."

"I suppose God taught the women too, who were wise hearted, to spin the beautiful colors for the curtains."

"Yes, May, there was no part of the work left for anyone to do 'out of his own head,' as you say sometimes; all was under the direction and guidance of God, and so, when the work was finished and the tabernacle reared up, we read (Ex. 40:34), 'the glory of Jehovah filled the Tabernacle.' God thus marked the Tent as His Habitation, and the pillar of cloud which rested there was, as you know, not only the token of His presence but the guide of the people during all their desert journeys. The moment the cloud was lifted up from the Tabernacle the silver trumpets sounded and the whole camp began to move, while Moses said, 'Rise up, Jehovah, and let Thine enemies be scattered, and let them that hate Thee flee before Thee.' Whenever the cloud rested the whole camp rested, and Moses prayed 'Return, O Jehovah, unto the many thousands of Israel.'"

"I suppose there were a great many people?"

"We read of their being counted in the book of Numbers, Charley; it is believed there were more than two millions."

"What a great army! It must almost have been like the army of Xerxes. Do you know, May, my history book says there were regular storehouses of food provided for those soldiers all along their march, and that when they came to a river they sometimes drank it dry."

"And yet God fed His great army in the wilderness, day by day, giving them manna for their hunger and water for their thirst, in that dry and thirsty land where no water was to be found."

"Of course the wilderness was a very dry place, nothing but sand everywhere."

"I used to think, like you, May, of the wilderness where there was no way, as a sandy waste, but travelers describe it as very rocky. One traveler says 'The rocks were the most diversified I ever saw. I noted them upon the spot as being black, green, crimson, lilac, maroon, yellow, golden, and white, and their form was that of a whole host of cones.' Then, as he went on, up a steep narrow pathway among the rocks, he says he could not help thinking What a place this was for the Hebrew mothers and their babes! They who had lived on the banks of the never-failing Nile and drunk their fill of its sweet waters must have been aghast at the aspect of a scene like this, where the eye, wandering as it will, can see nothing but bright and solemn rocks.'"

"What a place to be in! They could never have found their way if God had not led them," said May.

“I want to ask you one more question, Aunt Edith, can you tell how large the camp looked when the people were all resting in their tents, and whether they all kept close together or were just scattered about?”

“I am glad you thought of that, Charley; the circumference of the camp is believed to have been more than twelve miles; whether on the march or at rest all was arranged in the most perfect order. When at rest, the tabernacle was guarded by the twelve tribes, which were divided into four camps, each containing three tribes, and altogether forming a perfect square, each side showing its own standard. The families of the Levites were encamped directly around the Court. The Gershonites having the charge of the framework and curtains of the Tabernacle, the Kohathites having care of the Ark, the Table, the Candlestick, the Altars, ‘all the vessels of the sanctuary and all the service thereof,’ and the Merarites having charge of the boards, bars, sockets, and pillars of the Tabernacle and of the Court. The eastern side, the entrance whereby God was approached, was guarded by Moses and Aaron and the priests.”

“Then the tribe of Levi was not counted with the other tribes?”

“That tribe was numbered separately, being set apart for the service of God; but there were still twelve tribes, for the tribe of Joseph was divided, and formed the two tribes, Ephraim and Manasseh. The Tabernacle was the center around which all the tribes were ranged, for God, who had promised to dwell with His people, was pleased thus to gather them around Himself.” C.P.

Thou, and Thy House

AMONGST the Christians who assembled at the place where I attended, I noticed a sailor wearing the blue uniform of our British navy, and showing by his distinctive sleeve badge that he was a petty officer on board a man-of-war ship. Although still a young man, he told me he had been fourteen years in the navy, and had served in the Abyssinian expedition. He had been on board the Vanguard at his post, as head of the signal department, when the catastrophe occurred which sunk her; and there, as well as in other circumstances of his life, the protecting hand of a loving God was over him, for had not the men (340 in number) been promptly got off, they must inevitably have perished in the sinking ship, which foundered twenty minutes after they had left her.

“In writing of my conversion, I earnestly pray it may prove a word of encouragement to some soul needing it. I must first refer to my father: he was, and is, thank the Lord, a Christian man, and he never ceased morning and evening to bear us in prayer before the Lord, and I believe God has answered his prayers. It fully ‘proves’ how true His word is, ‘Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved; and thy house.’ (Acts 16:31.) Yes, all are included in ‘the house.’ I have three other brothers, who love the Lord. Christian fathers and mothers, cease not to pray for your sons and daughters, for the promise is to you, and your house.

“And now it grieves me when I look back at my dark dark days. I joined the Royal Navy in 186—being then fourteen years old; and soon found out what a profane place a man-of-war ship is. I was sent to China the following year, where I joined, I think, the most profane ship in the service; I soon found my way amidst the swearers as one of them, and I have been often startled myself at the expressions which proceeded frequently from my mouth. Still, I would at times feel convicted. Could it be possible that my father’s prayers were being answered, and the Lord was causing me to feel? No, impossible, I said. When I receive a letter from him, he would conclude with a prayer, which often made me feel ashamed; still I loved the world, and that was all I wanted. But the Lord’s time came at last.

“I can only look back and wonder why He allowed such a cumberer as I to remain here; why He did not cut me off and number me with the wicked, I deserved nothing else; but then His word would have been unfulfilled, ‘Thou shalt be saved, thou and thy house.’ Well, I say the Lord’s time came.

“Our ship was homeward bound in ’69, and when leaving. Hong Kong, an officer of the 75th regiment, Major M— came to take passage for Singapore. He was a faithful follower of the Lord, and sought, on every opportunity, to testify for his Master. I, for one, was struck with his earnestness. One evening he spoke very beautifully about the pearl of great price, and of the blessed Saviour’s love to poor sinners; I felt I was one—and one that never could be one with Him as I was; I was broken down—and realizing how the blessed Lord came to seek and to save the lost, I was able, through the Spirit, to trust and believe. Him. But I did not have peace at once. I believe if I had died then I should have gone to heaven, but doubts and ‘fears would often come up when I reflected on’ the difficulties of my path down here. I tried to patch up the old man, but I

found it would not stand patching; the more I knew myself, the more I was abashed at myself, for I found it was still the same old man (flesh); but thanks be to His blessed Name, He graciously cleared away the mist. I was first like the blind man, who 'saw men as trees walking,' but when I saw Him, what joy to know that Christ is made to me righteousness.

True it is, that self is as corrupt as when the man was driven out of the garden, never more to come into the presence of God, in the old state. But Christ stood in the sinner's place, and now in Him the believer is gloriously complete, without a stain or anything against him. I know that Christ has forever settled the question of sin between me and God. What wondrous love! What grace! Oh, that we may more fully realize the fullness of that grace.; I ask it in the name of Jesus. Amen. R. M., Yeoman of Signals."

Dear reader, I would merely remind you, in conclusion, that though our lives and surroundings here on earth may be humble, and deemed of little importance by our fellow men, yet the Judge of all the earth, speaking through His inspired penman, has told us, "For none of us liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself." (Rom. 14:7.) K. B. K.

Certainty or Uncertainty

TREAD softly, we enter the chamber of death! It is a spectacle for men and angels; heaven is interested in the scene. The racking cough will soon be over, the labored breathing past, the death-sweat gone from the brow; and, “absent from the body,” the ransomed spirit of this child and servant of God will be “present with the Lord.”

Three score years have run their course since his name was registered in earth’s calendar, more than two score since it was enrolled in heaven as “born again,” and almost from the first moment his burning desire was that others might know his dear Saviour. A man of more than ordinary mental powers, he sought to use them for Christ, and not for self. His time and wealth were not considered as his own. He had known what sorrow and suffering were in an unusual degree, and well knew how to comfort others in sorrow and bereavement, with “the comfort wherewith he had been comforted of God.”

But now all has come to its end—sorrow and joy, watching and waiting, labor and suffering, and the moment of entering into the presence of his Lord has arrived. Has death any terrors for him? Is its sting gone? Listen to what he is saying to the doctor, “Will you please find me a verse in 2nd Epistle of Timothy, 1st chapter, 12th verse,” and he listens to the verse, that had so often stayed and supported him in other days; and again it fills his soul with peace. “I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day.” A few more hours and the watchers around this child of God listen for his last faint whispers. He is going home. “All’s well” are his words, as he enters the presence of Him who loved, and gave Himself for him.

Come now with me to another chamber of death; a near relative of him whom we have just left lies there. He, too, has run his allotted course, the day of his departure is at hand. A fine, stately form, and commanding personal appearance are discernible amidst the decay of nature. He, too, has lived his three-score years, and passed among men as good, upright and moral. In public and private there was no stain upon his character. He had many friends; and many poor and bereaved could testify to his kindness and benevolence; honored and respected by some, admired and envied by others.

Many might say, surely death has no terrors for him; his kind acts, his upright conduct, his position in society, the way he discharged his religious, social, and political duties, will comfort and solace him now. Alas! for such broken reeds. Everything of earth gradually gives way. Eternity with its solemn realities dawns upon his vision, and as he gazes into the future, he sees nothing but a wide waste, a blackness of darkness, a sea without a shore, and he, a ship about to be launched on the vast expanse without rudder, compass, or captain. Listen to the words that escape his dying lips— “I am leaving a certainty for an uncertainty.” No Father’s hand to conduct him through the portals of death. No Saviour’s presence. No home of peace, love, rest, and joy—and why? He had neglected the salvation of his soul.

Oh, my beloved reader, I beseech, I warn you, ere you read another word, to pause and consider. In which chamber of death would your place be found today? Can you say “I know whom I have believed?” Or is the future to you as a dark curtain on which is written the word Uncertainty?

Oh, be warned. Let me point you to Jesus, crucified, risen, ascended. He died on the Cross to put away sin. He is raised and seated on the throne, and the Holy Ghost has given Him the title of “Purger of Sins” —oh, say, are yours purged? Are you washed? —Cleansed?

Can you sing—

“On Christ the solid rock I stand,

All other ground is sinking sand.”

Or say with one, who, being asked a little while before she departed, on what she was resting—
“On the Rock,” adding, “Death can never touch it.”

Do you confess as Peter did, “Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God?” if so, taught of the Father, it is your privilege to say “Oh Death where is thy sting?” and exultingly add, “Thanks be unto God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.”

Every refuge of lies will fail. None but Christ will avail. Beware lest you should be one among that awful number of whom it is asked, “How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation?” Let me beseech you, lovingly and fervently, to weigh well your prospects for Eternity. Are you consciously—savingly, acquainted with Jesus? H. N.

The Door

ONE Sunday evening, opening my Bible at the tenth chapter of the Gospel of St. John, my eye rested on the words, "I am the door; by Me, if any man enter in, he shall be saved." While pondering them, I remembered a young woman who had but a few days before entered our service, and who was in some concern about her soul's salvation.

So sending for her, I said, "Lydia, I want to read a verse to you from the Bible. 'I am the door;—it is Jesus Christ who says it— 'by Me, if any man enter in, he shall be saved.'"

I had her attention. She was gazing earnestly at me as I slowly read and explained "All those who go in at the door, that is by Jesus Christ, are saved. Do you understand that, Lydia? But if any do not go in at that door, they are lost!—lost! Lydia, do you see that?"

"Yes," she falteringly answered.

Again, I said, "Lydia, are you saved or lost?"

With a quivering voice she answered, "Lost!"

"Lost?" I said. "Lost! With the door wide open before you, and the blood of the Good Shepherd sprinkling all the way by which you go in? Lost!" I said. "With the voice of Jesus Christ Himself calling you to come in, and find pardon, peace, and safety? Lost and the Shepherd Himself standing waiting at the door to take you by the hand and lead you in, that He may fold you to His bosom as one of the lost ones He has found."

By this time she was in tears, for the word had entered, and her heart was broken. I knelt with her in prayer, and on rising, said to her, "Now go to your room alone, cast yourself, with all your sins, upon Jesus, who died for sinners; open your whole heart to Him, He will not cast you out. Go right in at the door, and He will save you now—this very night; 'for Him that cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out.'"

The dear girl did not go in vain. Surely "the Lord is a rewarder of them that diligently seek Him." (Heb. 11:6.) She went down from her room saved. That night she confessed to a Christian house keeper what the Lord had done for her soul. No longer afar off, but made nigh by the blood of Christ; no longer outside, but brought within the door, to listen to His voice, to go in and out, and to find pasture.

Dear fellow-servants in the Master's house, let us use the opportunities given us, and listen to the monitions of the Holy Ghost, when He reminds us at a given moment of an opening for holding forth the word of life. We have often to lament, when too late, that a fellow creature has crossed our path on his way to eternity, at a seasonable time which will never come back again. A. S. W.

Answer to Prayer

ONE Sunday afternoon I sallied forth, books in hand, to seek for the lost sheep, confidently believing, that He who gives a desire for souls, can satisfy that desire.

In one of the houses at which I called, a man and his wife were sitting with the door open. I offered them a book. Their reply showed me at once that they were foreigners. I spoke to them in French, upon which their countenances brightened, and they asked me in. I took a seat, and listened to their story. They had lived some years in Paris, through the dreadful siege of 1871, and during the outbreak of the Commune, and had literally seen blood flowing down the streets. After the Commune, they had come to London to settle, but all efforts to get on had been unavailing, and they had come to B—n to live by laundry work.

I spoke of the love of God even in trial; but as they looked upon wealth and ease as the greatest proofs of divine favor, they did not understand my meaning. During the conversation, I was pained at hearing the Lord's name taken in vain by them continually (as is customary in Roman Catholic countries) and paused, to point out what a grievous sin it is in the eyes of God. They both seemed struck, and remarked, "It is such a habit with us, that we never thought it was a sin, but believe you are right."

I then asked, "Would you like to read the Word of God—you would learn all that God thinks of us, and how He saves us?"

Madame L. replied, "My husband cannot read, but I should like to do so. But we are Roman Catholics."

I remarked, "Do you think there are two Saviours—one for Protestants and one for Roman Catholics, as you like to designate people?"

"Oh, no! I never heard of but one Saviour," was Madame L.'s answer.

I continued "Have you ever thought of the meaning of the word Saviour?"

"One who saves."

"Whom does He save?"

"Sinners," was the reply.

"Does the Lord Jesus save partly or entirely?"

"Oh, entirely," she said.

"Yes, the Saviour saves entirely those who believe in Him. Now, we do not find in the Word of God any mention of either Catholics or Protestants. God only recognizes believers and unbelievers, and the Lord says, 'Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that heareth My word and believeth on Him that sent Me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation, but is passed from death

unto life.”

After about a fortnight I saw them again.

“Ah! We have not forgotten that it is a sin to take God’s name in vain,” said they. “We have been looking so for you, and feared we had offended you.”

The Bible which I brought them was well received and read, though at first listlessly. But the Gospel by John arrested them. Then God the Holy Ghost opened their eyes, and they believed.

They confessed that their sins were washed away in the precious blood of Christ.

None but those who have been praying and watching for the salvation of an immortal soul can know the joy of such news.

It was deeply interesting to hear Madame L. describe the happy change that faith in the Lord Jesus had wrought in her. Before her conversion, when affairs went wrong she was ready to dash everything to pieces; now that she believed, these words, “All things work together for good to them that love God,” were constantly on her lips. She took her cares to God, and looked for blessing in trial. One day when calling, I remarked, “You look sad.” “Yes,” she replied. “Oh, I will tell you about it another time.” When next I saw her she told me that when I knocked she was on her knees, as she was distressed for money; but would not tell me lest it should look like turning from God to me. She was resolved to wait only upon God, as she believed in His promise to supply all her need. She added, that I had scarcely left the house when a person called to pay a small sum that was owing to them, and thus she had received the answer to her prayer.

More than two years have elapsed since the conversion of these dear people, and frequently as I enter their house, I am greeted with these words, “Another answer to prayer.” S. G. A.

Happy, Are You?

A LITTLE girl, very quiet and somewhat shy, is toddling about the house with a smiling face. Unlike most little girls, she is not talkative, and never seems happier than when quite alone. She is utterly void of fear. Darkness for her has no gloom. Silence has a solemnity that she loves. So quiet and happy is she that father and mother wonder at her fullness of peace. "Aggie, darling," said her mother one day, "what makes you so happy?" There was a slight pause—a look of mingled reverence and delight spread over the sweet child-face, and then came the answer in subdued tones, "God do make me happy!"

Yes, it is not what, but WHOM that makes all clear. When God in Christ is the Portion of the soul, the believer, though a child, lives, moves, and breathes in Christ's own peace, and tastes Christ's own joy.

The inquiry, "How are you enjoying yourself?" is common enough, and shows the natural bent of the heart. To the natural mind it is a strange thing to "delight one's self in the Lord," and a bitter thing to be debarred from worldly pursuits and pleasures, and it is difficult to say whether cares entangle the soul one whit less than pleasures.

If we have care, let us cast it upon Him who careth for us. But why be anxious about anything? What folly for the sheep whom the Good Shepherd has found, and is carrying gently along, to put in his word about the most desirable path to be chosen!

Oh! what patience the Lord has with us, dear brethren! What absurd follies, on our part, He endures, day by day!

But He loves us too well to suffer us to aim at any goal but that which He has set before us, or to recognize any standard but that which we find in Himself HE is the center and standard of our joy. "His joys our sweetest joys afford." J. B.

Good Things

THE Christian, while in common with all men receiving earth's good things from God, has heavenly good things for his present enjoyment, and of these things the world is utterly ignorant. The love of God is shed abroad in his heart by the Holy Ghost, who is given to him; the love of Christ constrains him; the Holy Ghost continually ministers to his soul, and fills him with joy unspeakable and full of glory. It is not simply that the Christian knows that his future will be happy; his present is inexpressibly blessed. Reader, art thou a Christian?

The Coming of Christ Is Near

WE beg your most earnest consideration of what we now place before you. Search the scriptures and see if these things are so.

The Lord Jesus may come this year, He may come this very day! “For yet a little while, and He that shall come will come, and will not tarry.” (Heb. 10:37.)

The Lord will first come to the air and will take His own out of the world, to be with Himself forever, afterwards the Lord will come with clouds to the earth, accompanied by His own and His holy angels.

When the Lord comes to the air He will raise up all the dead in Christ, and change all the living saints, and take them all to glory.

His coming will be in a moment, not necessarily ushered in by great events on the earth, as will be the case when He comes with clouds to the earth. And the Lord will first

RAISE THE DEAD IN CHRIST.

The Lord will awake all whom He has put to sleep. “The Lord Himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God; and the dead in Christ shall rise first.” (1 Thess. 4:16.) Then those who are alive, and remain upon the earth, shall be changed, and shall be caught up, together with the raised saints, to “meet the Lord in the air.” (1 Thess. 4:17.)

CAUGHT UP WITHOUT DYING.

“We shall not all sleep [die], but we shall all be changed in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye.” (1 Cor. 15:51, 52.) The Lord will “change our vile body that it may be fashioned like unto His glorious body.” (Phil. 3:21.) Made glorious like the glorified Christ, all His own shall see Him face to face, and so shall enter

HIS ETERNAL HOME.

The Lord will take His own home to His Father’s house, to the special place prepared for them. (John 14:2, 3.) And so they shall “ever be with the Lord.” (1 Thess. 4:17.)

SAVED BY GRACE.

By grace are we saved. And God will, in His grace, take each of the saved to glory. Trust Him for your soul’s salvation and you are then numbered amongst those who look for the coming of His Son from heaven. Even as the grace that saves is common to all believers, so will the grace that takes them to glory at the coming of the Lord, be the common blessing of all who believe. Not one single living saint will be left behind on the earth, nor will the body of one single departed saint be left in the grave on that day.

Are you amongst the saved? Have you heard the voice of mercy, to which, alas! the world turns a deaf ear?

THE PRIVATE CALL.

The Lord will come privately for His own people. Those only who have heard His voice in their hearts calling them to Himself as their Saviour (John 5:24), will hear His voice when He comes to call His own to their eternal home. If you are deaf to the voice of Jesus now, you will not hear His voice then.

LEFT BEHIND.

After the Lord has taken His own away from this world, God will send "strong delusion" to those "that obey not the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ." (2 Thess. 1:8.) "Because they received not the love of the truth, that they might be saved. And for this cause God shall send them strong delusion, that they should believe a lie: that they all might be damned who believed not the truth, but had pleasure in unrighteousness." (2 Thess. 2:10, 11, 12.) Already there is, alas, in Christendom terrible unbelief. As said one of the greatest of modern preachers, not long since, of infidelity, "Men now preach publicly what they would have hardly dared to whisper a few years ago." Christianity is becoming Christless. Professors are growing lukewarm. And because of this will be spued out of Christ's mouth, at His coming. (Rev. 3:16.) Many preachers do not believe in eternal punishment, in Christ's atoning sacrifice, in God's holiness. Already the shades of night are creeping over the area of Christendom.

These are signs of the times they proclaim to such as have ears to hear.

COMING JUDGMENTS.

The Lord will take His own away before the judgments which are about to come upon this guilty world, "To try them that dwell upon the earth" (Rev. 3:10), fall upon it. When the Lord's people are gone, the world's trouble will begin. The predicted falling away will take place. And as it was when Noah entered the ark, the flood came and swept them all away; and as it was when Lot left Sodom, the fire fell and burned them all; so, when the Lord's people have taken His home, will the wrath of God be poured out upon Christless Christendom.

That will be the time of

THE GREAT TRIBULATION.

The world's fancied peace and safety will be swept away, the boast of progress will have subsided. The judgments will have begun which precede the coming of Christ to this earth in order to reign over it.

THE TIME IS SHORT.

Sleepers, awake! The midnight cry has long since sounded. The Bridegroom cometh. Only such as are ready will go in with Him to the wedding. Mere professors, the door will be shut upon you. (Matt. 25:1-13.)

Friend! when Christ comes will you be shut inside the Father's house, or shut outside?

It will be all too late, then, to cry, "Lord, Lord, open unto us." "When once the Master of the house is risen up and has shut to the door," He will say to you, if you are outside, "Depart from me, all ye workers of iniquity." (Luke 13:24-28.)

Then you will believe and tremble. Now is the day of salvation. Now, believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.

FLEE FROM THE WRATH TO COME.

H. F. W.

Texts for the Tongue

“THE tongue is a little member, and boasteth great things.” “The tongue is a fire, a world of iniquity.”

“It defileth the whole body, and setteth on fire the course of nature; and it is set on fire of hell.” “The tongue can no man tame; it is an unruly evil, full of deadly poison.” (James 3:5, 6, 8.)

Good words mark the Wise.

“Who is a wise man and endued with knowledge among you? let him shew out of a GOOD CONVERSATION his works with meekness and wisdom.” (James 3:13.)

Unquiet tongues mark Fools.

“A fool’s lips enter into contention, and his mouth calleth for strokes. A fool’s mouth is his destruction, and his lips are the snare of his soul.” “A fool uttereth all his mind: but a wise man keepeth it in till afterward.” “Seest thou a man that is hasty in his words? there is more hope of a fool than of him.” (Prov. 18:6, 7; 19:11, 20.)

Idlers, Tattlers, Babblers.

“They learn to be idle, wandering about from house to house; and not only idle, but tattlers also and busybodies, speaking things which they ought not.” (1 Tim. 5:13.) “Foolish and unlearned questions avoid, knowing that they do gender strifes.” “Shun profane and vain babblings: for they will increase unto more ungodliness.” (2 Tim. 2:23, 16.)

A solemn exhortation.

“Grieve not the Holy Spirit of God, whereby ye are sealed unto the day of redemption. Let all bitterness, and wrath, and anger, and clamor, and evil speaking, be put away from you, with all malice; and be ye kind one to another, tenderhearted, forgiving one another, even as God for Christ’s sake hath forgiven you. Be ye therefore followers of God, as dear children; and walk in love, as Christ also hath loved us, and hath given Himself for us an offering and a sacrifice to God for a sweet-smelling savor. But fornication, and all uncleanness, or covetousness, let it not be once named among you, as becometh saints; neither filthiness, nor foolish talking, nor jesting, which are not convenient; but rather giving of thanks.” (Eph. 4:30 to 4 of 5.)

Evidences.

“Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh.” (Matt. 12:34.) “If any man offend not in word, the same is a perfect man, and able also to bridle the whole body.” (James 3:2.)

The end of the matter.

“Every idle word that men shall speak, they shall give account thereof in the day of judgment.” (Matt. 12:36.)

William Farel.

(Continued from p. 52.)

WILLIAM FAREL, with his voice of thunder, preached in the streets and markets, and wherever a room could be found. Soon the bishop threw open to him the cathedral and the churches. The people crowded to hear the new and blessed words; not how they were to give their money to the priests and monks, but how they were to receive from God the unsearchable riches of Christ. Let me tell you, in William Farel's own words, what it was that he had to preach to them.

"What, then, are those treasures of the goodness of God, which are given to us in the death of Jesus Christ? Firstly, if we diligently consider what the death of Jesus was, we there shall see in truth how all the treasures of the goodness and the grace of God, our Father, are magnified, and glorified, and exalted, in that act of mercy and love. Is not that sight an invitation to wretched sinners to come to Him who has so loved them, that He did not spare His only Son, but delivered Him up for us all? Does it not assure us that sinners are welcome to the Son of God, who so loved them that He gave His life, His body, and His blood, to be a perfect sacrifice, a complete ransom for all who believe in Him For He it is who calls to all those who labor and are heavy laden, saying He will give them rest. He it is who spoke in His love to the wretched thief, giving him paradise, saying to him, 'Verily, I say unto thee, this day shalt thou be with Me in paradise.' He it is who so loved and pitied his enemies, who hated Him unto death, that He prayed, 'Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do.' It was then, when He was suffering and dying for us, that He could, nevertheless, speak to the heart of that unhappy thief, and draw him to Himself; that He could manifest Himself in His grace to those wicked and abominable Italian soldiers, so that they and their captain were constrained to smite upon their breasts, and to own that He was a righteous man, and that He was the Son of God.

And lastly, if we behold diligently that death of Christ, there we see how the veil of the temple was rent in twain, from the top to the bottom.

And why? Because that hidden place, into which none might enter, was now revealed and thrown open by the death of Jesus, so that all who believe have access and free entrance there—may go in boldly, in full assurance of faith—may come before the throne of grace and find plenteous mercy, and grace to help in time of need. For He who is the Son of God, the power and the wisdom of God, He who is God Himself, so humbled Himself as to die for us. He the holy and the righteous One, for the ungodly and for sinners, offering up Himself that we might be made pure and clean. And it is the will of the Father, that those whom He thus saves by the precious gift of His Son, should be certain of their salvation and life, and should know that they are completely washed and cleansed from all their sins.

And the Father, for the love of Himself, and not for the love of us, nor of our doings, our deservings, and our righteousnesses (which are simply abominations)— He, the Father, saves us, and gives to us eternal life. Yes, it is for the love of Himself that His counsel may stand to quicken and to save those whom He has ordained to life, without any respect to persons. He sees nothing to cause His love in the sinner whom He saves—nothing in his works, nor in his race, nor in his country, nor in anything belonging to him. He pardons all his sins and transgressions on account of the work of His beloved Son. He gives the precious gift of His Son to the wretched prisoner of the

devil, of sin, of hell, and of damnation. He gives him His Son, because of his wicked, lost condition, a sinner born in sin, and the child of wrath—a sinner in whom sin and rebellion against God live and reign. The gracious God, the Father of mercy, takes such an one as this to make him His child by adoption, to be His heir, joint heir with Christ! He makes him a new creature; He gives him the earnest of the Spirit, by whom he lives, who unites him to Christ, making him a member of His body. He makes him one with Christ, joined to the Lord. Thus all who believe receive the fullness of grace which is in Christ Jesus.

The Holy Ghost unites them to the Saviour, to be one with Him forever—members of His body, even as before the world was made they were set apart in the counsels of God to be His own.

Thus by God's great power we are restored to a nobler state than that which Adam lost. Adam lost an earthly Paradise—we have a heavenly one. That was an earthly life—this is an incorruptible and spiritual life—a life we can never lose again. Whosoever believeth in God hath this everlasting life—has to do no longer with the things that are seen, but he knows the Father in the Son—he knows the wondrous, the endless love of God. Let us not, therefore, shrink from laying down this mortal life, for the honor of our Father, for a witness to the holy gospel For we have in exchange a life so much higher, so far more glorious, that thoughts cannot measure it.

And oh how bright, how blessed, how triumphant, how joyous, and how happy is the day that is coming. Then, the Lord and Saviour, in His own body, that body in which He suffered so much for us, in which He was spat upon, beaten, scourged, and tortured, so that His face was marred more than any man in that body He shall come, calling to all His own who have been partakers of His Spirit, in whom by the Spirit He has dwelt—calling them up to the glory—showing Himself to them in the body of His glory, raising them up in their bodies alive with immortal life, made like to Jesus, to reign forever with Him in joy.

For that blessed day the whole creation groans—that day of the triumphant coming of our Saviour and Redeemer, when all enemies shall be put aside under His feet, and His elect people shall ascend to meet Him in the air. Then shall be seen the power and the great glory of the Lord Jesus, Himself, His glorified body, the sign of the Son of Man which shall be seen in heaven. And as in the body of His glory there is no death, no weakness, so likewise in the bodies of His members will there be nothing to dim their perfection, they shall stand before the Father complete in Christ.”

I have thought it well thus to tell you in Fares own words what was the gospel which he preached. Three hundred and fifty years have passed since then, and Bibles have been scattered far and wide. But can we say that there are many even now who believe as much of the record that God has given of His Son—who know by the teaching of the Holy Ghost, as William Farel did, not only how, but why, the sinner is saved! How many are there who may perhaps have passed from death to life, but who would think it even wrong to say they are certain that they are saved. And how few are there to be found who know why they are saved! Let me ask you, do you know what is meant by those words of William Farel, “the Father, for the love of Himself, not for the love of us, saves us and gives to us eternal life”? If you do not yet understand those blessed words, let me entreat you to read the fifteenth chapter of the gospel of Luke, and ask of God to show you the hidden treasures, or rather the revealed treasures of love in those words of Christ. Revealed by God's great love, but hidden from many thousands by the veil of unbelief which blinds their eyes. We read of a hidden gospel in the fourth chapter of the second book of Corinthians. But it is hidden to

those whose eyes Satan has blinded—and if he cannot blind us wholly, he will at least seek to dim and cloud the light of the knowledge of the glory of God, which shines to us from the unveiled face of Christ. If he cannot blind our eyes to the kindness and pity of God, he will hide from us the love of God—he will keep out of our sight the marvelous truth, that it is for His own sake He has saved us, and given, us a place in the glory. With joy and wonder did the people of Meaux hear of this love that passeth knowledge. The workmen in the woolen manufactories, the tradesmen, the peasants from the country round, filled the rooms or the churches where the gospel was preached. The bishop himself preached diligently. He told the people that these new doctrines were but the old truths which Christ and the apostles had preached. He entreated all who heard to believe them and hold them fast. “Yes,” he said, “whoever may oppose you—if I, your bishop should prove false to Christ, and give up the truth I preach to you now, do not you follow me, the word of God cannot change; be faithful, if it be unto death.”

Besides preaching the gospel, Master Faber had been working hard at a translation of the four gospels into French. These were now published. The bishop, we are told, spared neither gold nor silver in furnishing every one with copies of the word of God. The whole town began to read the gospels. On Sundays, and holydays, the people met in little parties to read and speak together of the glad tidings. The laborers carried gospels into the fields, and the artisans took them into the workshops, to spend any spare moments they might have over the word of God. They had a sufficient supply given them by the bishop to be able to scatter them amongst the haymakers and harvest people, who came at those times from more distant provinces. Thus the gospel was carried into towns and villages far away, where the good seed sprang up and brought forth fruit. The good fruit was soon seen in Meaux itself. Blasphemy, drunkenness, quarreling, became, we are told, almost unknown. The praises of God, and holy conversation, were heard on every side. The bishop was not satisfied that the people of his own diocese alone should know the word of God. He sent the Epistles of Paul in French to the Princess Margaret, who was mourning his absence from Paris. He entreated her to show it to the king, her brother, and to her mother. It is probable that she did so; but, alas! to their deeper condemnation.

Meanwhile, many of those who heard the good tidings at Meaux began themselves to speak of Christ and His great salvation to those around them. Four persons are specially to be remembered amongst these witnesses for Christ. One was a young student from Picardy, who had been invited by the bishop to stay for a while at Meaux. He is described as “a man of great sincerity and uprightness.” His name was James Pavanne. Then there were Peter and John Leclerc. These two young men were wool-carders. Their father was a bigoted papist, but their mother had believed the gospel. Fourthly, there was a poor man whose name is now known to God alone. He is spoken of only as the “Hermit of Livry.” This man, having been anxious to save his soul by the “good works” of popery, had gone to live as a hermit in the forest of Livry, not far from Paris. He made his living by begging from door to door. But it so happened that one day he met with some men of Meaux, who had something better to bestow upon him than the bread that perisheth. The hermit went back to his cell that day a rich man. He still lived in the Forest in his little hut, but he now went about not to beg, but freely to give that which he had freely received. He went from house to house, from village to village, to tell of the blessed Lord Jesus of the complete forgiveness which God gives to all who believe in Him, a pardon bought by the blood of Christ. In time his little cell became a meeting place for many who felt the burden of their sins, and who went to ask the messenger of

Christ what they were to do to be saved. You must remember these four servants of God. You will hear of them again. Thus, in the city of Meaux, from the bishop in his palace to the wool-carder in the factory, it would seem that Christ was owned. Perhaps, in the eyes of man, the bishop stood first, and the wool-carder last. But God seeth not as man seeth. He has said, "The last shall be first, and the first last, for many be called, but few chosen." F. B.

Edie and Her Gentle Teacher

IN one of the suburbs of a great manufacturing city stood an old-fashioned but comfortable looking house, the beloved home of a happy family. Its narrow, graveled paths were often marked by little footsteps, while merry shouts of childhood mingled with the joyous notes of sundry feathered songsters in the old apple tree of its garden.

Let me introduce my young readers to one of the sunny rooms of this peaceful home in the stillness of an early summer's Sunday afternoon. The children are within, and a proud and happy child is little Edie May on that bright June afternoon, when leaning, with flushed cheek and eager eye, over the large old family Bible she succeeds for the first time in reading a whole verse by herself. Nor was the young pupil's gratification at her own performance more evident than that of the kind and patient sister, who had taught her infant lips to pronounce the sweet sayings of Him who bade His disciples, "Suffer be little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." Very good, thought Edie, must the Saviour be, who had left such gentle words for her to spell; and it was with new delight that she took her wonted place in Mary's lap for their Sunday talk about the Lord Jesus.

This was little Edie's peculiar joy. She never tired of Bible stories told in her dear sister's winning way, and every now and then enlivened by a peep at the pictures in the big Bible, which was, as yet, to her an unexplored mine of precious things. And these happy hours were shared by her beloved playmate and companion Sophie, at this time about eight years old, while on Edie's head only four summers had shed their joyous sunshine.

A happy group were these three loving sisters. The eldest—whose gentle dignity well supplied the absence of their invalid mother; the little ones whose joy was to strive who should catch the first expression of their elder sister's wish, and be foremost in rendering the willing obedience of love. And thus was formed a bond so strong and lasting that when in after years Sophie and Edie looked back in search of one, long parted from their clasp, the thought of that dear sister was ever linked with sunny memories, and lent a brighter glow to their onward way, as they talked together of "our Mary in heaven."

But this was the last day of such joy for little Edie. Ere the next Lord's Day dawned, her gentle teacher had been stricken with sudden illness, and for many weeks only the nurse's softly-treading feet might cross the quiet chamber in which the sick one lay. And now the sorrowing children spoke their grief in whispers and wept together, as the hours returned when Mary had been wont to read, and sing, and talk with them, and they learned to tread so gently past the door of her room that at length permission was given for a brief entrance there.

Very pale and thin dear Mary looked, but it was her own old smile which rested so lovingly on the weeping children, and her own sweet tones which said, "Sophie, Edie, I am going to Jesus—you must try to follow me." And so glad were the little girls to see and hear her again, that they did not understand what she meant by going to Jesus, nor dream, that she whom they fondly loved was

leaving them. So they listened while she talked once more of Him who gathers the lambs with His arm, and readily promised to love Jesus very much, and try to be obedient while sister could not teach them. But they thought she would soon be with them again, and waited day after day for the news that Mary was better. That welcome news never came, and the visits to the sick room were shorter and less frequent, until one morning their eager inquiry was tearfully answered, "Mary is gone to Jesus."

A deep impression was made on Edie's infant mind by her first glance at the reality of death. Mary's simple teaching had now a new meaning, and the child, connecting with the thought of dying that of going to be with Jesus, the very Friend whom she had so often vainly longed to see, came at length to look upon the departure of her sister as a pledge that there really was a happy, holy heaven, and a living, loving Saviour there. And so Mary's death, the first great sorrow the little one had known, became, as it were, an open gateway through which her childish faith passed to where the Lord now is.

Not long after this great sorrow Sophie was sent to school, and Edie in her loneliness turned to the old Bible to read once more the dearly-loved stories which she had heard from Mary. There, she knew, was the source of all the sweet words she had learned, and she spelled them again to herself, word by word. The lessons of Mary were not forgotten.

Time passed on. Sophie was at home for a time, and one morning she and Edie were surprised by a letter from Aunt Lucy, inviting them to pay a visit to her at the farm. Little Edie was considered too young to leave her mother, and so it was decided that Sophie should go alone. The child was greatly disappointed, but she was promised a pleasure instead, which was to go to the sea side with her mamma. She little knew that she was going there to hear and learn of the Lord Jesus, and to love His name.

It happened one day that Edie was amusing herself alone on the sands, building castles. Her labor for the time completed, she sat down to rest and admire the sand castles, thinking meanwhile how much nicer it would be if Sophie could but come and help. Just then an elderly lady, who had been for some time walking up and down, and watching the progress of the lonely little builder, drew near, and appeared to be looking with interest at the sandy fortress.

"Well, little maiden," at length she said, "and how comes it that you are alone at your work this sunny morning?"

Poor Edie was naturally shy, and little accustomed to converse with strangers; her first thought, therefore, on being thus accosted was of instant flight. But (as she afterward told her mother) she could not run away from such a kind voice and smiling face, so she answered: "Because mamma is not well enough to come out today, and Sophie is gone to Aunt Lucy's."

And tears were gathering fast in Edie's eyes, as she thus named her absent playmate. But they were not allowed to fall, for her new friend at once offered herself as her companion "for that morning, at least," and asked her to build a monument in memory of their meeting.

In great glee Edie set to work, the kind old lady talking all the while so pleasantly that Edie felt as much at ease with her as if she had known her all her life, lending her help to the building, which soon rose high and grand.

By this time the stranger was in possession of all that Edie had to say of her childish griefs and pleasures. She had told her of that dear sister, Mary, who used to teach her about Jesus; of the happy home at Lyle Cottage, and this brought up the recollection of how Sophie's pet canary had died, and been buried under the laburnum tree; all the story ending, "But that was when I was a little girl, you know."

"I cried so," said Edie, "when our bird died because Sophie said it had not any soul, and was dead quite, and had not gone to sing where Sister Mary is, as I thought it would."

"Sophie was right," replied her friend; "thy bird had not a soul, but Edie has. What will become of that, when her body is laid in the grave?"

The child's face grew very serious.

"I hope it will go to Sister Mary," she said softly. "But she used to say that would not be unless I loved Jesus."

"And do you not love Jesus?" inquired thy lady, in a tone so tender that it went quite into Edie's heart, and could never be forgotten.

"Sometimes I hope I do," she replied, her eye filling with tears; then, hiding her face on thy arm of her friend, she sobbed out, "I am no good, though, and that makes me afraid I do no love Him after all."

Tenderly the lady lifted her to her knee, and held her there till the little heart grew calm again. Then she began to tell her how God had so loved the world as to send Jesus to die on the cross in the place of sinners, and that though she was sinful child, she might come to Jesus just as she was, and, believing in Him, know all her sin: to be washed away in His blood.

"Do you ever pray, Edie?" inquired her new friend.

"Oh, yes! I always pray when I go to bed and when I get up in the morning. I like best to say the verses Sister Mary taught me."

"And what are they?"

Folding her hands reverently, and in a very low voice, she repeated: "I will both lay me down in peace and sleep: for Thou, Lord, only makest me dwell in safety." "I laid me down and slept I awaked; for the Lord sustained me."

"And will you learn another prayer, and pray it whenever you can, Edie?" asked her friend.

The little face beamed with pleasure at the proposal, and slowly repeating word by word, the lady taught the child to pray: "Blessed Jesus fill my soul with love to Thee."

Edie returned to her mother that morning with a new feeling in her heart. "Mamma, it is just what I want," said she. "Mrs. Murray says when my soul is full of love to Jesus, then I shall be happy. I mean to pray very often, as I promised her."

And Edie was in earnest. From that day the little prayer, learned on the beach, was uttered morning by morning, and night by night, growing ever more dear to the child as she spoke its

simple words from the depth of her heart into the ear of her listening Saviour. It was the child's first real prayer, and it became the prayer of her whole life.

Great was her desire to learn again from her kind stranger friend. But the daily renewed hope of seeing her on the beach was as often disappointed; and, to her lasting sorrow, she had to return home without so much as one more word or look from her. It mattered not, however; good Mrs. Murray's care for the little child, during one brief hour, had left a memory so bright and dear that it needed no refreshing; and she will know her in heaven.

Little Edie had learned her own sinfulness and distance from God; but she learned, too, of the love of Christ, and with joy she accepted Him as her Saviour. She grew up to be a woman, and an earnest worker for God. The little prayer she learned on the beach, which she called her "first real prayer," the prayer of her life time, was the last her sorrowing friends heard her utter while watching for her departure. T.

And I Was One of Them

A LITTLE girl in my class was asked one day to write down what she knew about Jesus, and, although very busy during the week, she wrote down a long list of those things which she could remember, and about the middle of her list she put the following sentence, which pleased me very much: "Jesus came to seek and to save that which was lost, and I was one of them."

Can you say this, my dear young reader? Although young, she knew that Jesus had come to save her. Do you know it? And why did she know it? Simply because she believed what God had said about her, that she was lost, for God says, "All have sinned;" "There is none good: no, not one." She not only classed herself among the lost, and believed that Jesus came to seek and to save that which was lost, but she believed that He had found her, and saved her Can you say with her, "Christ came to seek and to save that which was lost, and I was one of them?" The little girl took her place as a lost sinner. If you do not, salvation is not for you.

The jailor at Philippi cried out from the bottom of his heart, "What must I do to be saved?" Now the Lord will save you in the same way as He saved the jailor and the little girl, that is, without money and without price, for we read, "By grace are ye saved and that not of yourselves: it is the gift of God."

Oh! if you have not yet, dear young friend, come to God as a lost sinner, come now, this very moment—come to Jesus now, just as you are, and be sure He will save you, for He has said Himself, "Him that cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out." Then doubt not your welcome—

"But take, with rejoicing, from Jesus at once

The life everlasting He gives,

And know, with assurance, you never can die,

Since Jesus your Substitute lives."

A. F. O. C.

The Plagues of Egypt.

GOD warns before He smites. Having sent one terrible plague upon Egypt, the Lord bade Moses deliver this message to Pharaoh, "Let My people go, that they may serve Me. And if thou refuse to let them go, behold, I will smite all thy borders with frogs." (Ex. 8:1, 2.)

But the former plague having passed away, the king did not heed Jehovah's word. Thus, step by step, ever downwards, goes the sinner who sets not his heart to consider the words and the warnings of God.

The river which had flowed with blood was cleansed of its corruption by the fresh waters sweeping towards the sea. Nevertheless, Egypt had received a deadly wound, which not even these flowing

waters could heal. The land still ached from the effects of the first great plague.

Frogs are numerous in Egypt in the present day, though the channels leading the Nile water through gardens and fields are now comparatively few. The Nile frogs lie hidden away in the sunbaked mud of the river and its channels during the dry season, but when the water gradually softens this sun-baked mud fills ponds and channels, and renders the atmosphere moist, these reptiles wake from their summer torpor, and begin to crawl and croak.

We can form some idea of what must have been their numbers in the ancient days of countless channels and innumerable ponds, by remembering that the Egyptians had a special divinity, to whom they looked to preserve them from these pests. Yet, with the peculiar contradiction of the Egyptian system of divinities, these creeping frogs were held to be sacred in some localities, and so obnoxious in others that gods were implored to destroy them.

When Jehovah warned Pharaoh of a plague of frogs, the king could well form some idea of what kind of chastisement was in store for him. The warning message announced to him a known trouble intensified into a terrible torment. "The river shall bring forth frogs abundantly, which shall go up and come into thine house, and into thy bedchamber, and upon thy bed, and into the house of thy servants, and upon thy people, and into thine ovens, and into thy kneading troughs; and the frogs; shall come both upon thee, and upon thy people, and upon all thy servants."

But had not Pharaoh the goddess Heki, the driver away of frogs, in whom to trust? He did not bow to God, and accordingly Aaron's rod was stretched out over the waters of Egypt—over streams, rivers, and ponds, and forthwith, creeping and croaking, in countless myriads, the plague began. Contrary to their ordinary instincts, these noisy reptiles left the moist banks and swarmed over the country, invading alike villages and palaces covering beds, filling ovens and kneading-troughs, and even crawling upon the very persons of the inhabitants.

We cannot possibly imagine with what horrible scenes and sounds these loathsome multitudes filled the land of Egypt, and with what helpless efforts the people wearied themselves to drive them away.

We can, however, picture the magicians, with their enchantments, adding to their own misery, and themselves assisting to intensify the plague. Probably these wise men would be the priests of the goddess Heti, or Buto, whose shrine was so splendid, and to whose honor a city was built.

This picture of Egyptian bakers, the right-hand figure kneading, shows us how readily the frogs could creep over them while at work. Kneeling to their work, as they did, they would be exposed, in a very evident manner, to the reptiles. In very many of the trades in Egypt we find the workpeople seated upon the ground. They did not stand, or sit upon stools, as we do.

Then Pharaoh, seeing the utter powerlessness of the priests, bowed before Moses, saying, "Intreat Jehovah," and promised to let the people go. He had before proudly said, "I know not Jehovah," but now he was forced to own His name, and to confess His power over both the water and the land of Egypt.

Moses replied, "Glory over me, when shall I intreat for thee?" He would give Jehovah all the glory. He would teach Pharaoh that Jehovah was the hearer of prayer, and His servant merely an intercessor.

Pharaoh fixed the morrow for the time when the plague should cease, and Moses cried aloud and earnestly to Jehovah. Then, according to the king's word, and that he should know that there was no god like Jehovah, the frogs died out of houses, villages, and fields, and were only to be found alive in their usual haunts about the river.

The people gathered the plague in heaps, and as the water of the Nile had been made to stink, so now "the land stank." Both river and land had been polluted.

But Pharaoh, having gained time, hardened himself. Alas! how seldom is the promise of repentance which trial extracts from a guilty soul of any value whatever! We have heard men, who thought themselves on dying beds, promise to live different lives if spared, who, when they recovered, returned more wickedly to their old sinful course.

THE THIRD PLAGUE.

Pharaoh had broken his word, and quick retribution followed. The third plague came without warning. The plague of lice—or, as it is believed it should be read, gnats or mosquitoes—like that of the frogs, was a miraculous enlargement of an ordinary occurrence.

From the time of the first plague we have to suppose the water of the Nile still gradually rising. We have seen it moistening the mud where the frogs harbor, and slowly filling channels and ponds. Now the waters have reached the crown of the banks of the different channels, which conduct it to the fields waiting for the water. All around these channels the fields are covered with fine dust. This is formed from the mud left by the overflow of the previous year, which the many months of summer heat has rendered like powder.

It is in this dust that the gnats lay their eggs. Travelers tell us, when the Nile begins to overflow the banks of the channels, and the water touches this dust, turning it into soft loam, that in an instant the gnats' eggs hatch, and float before the water in dark masses.

"Aaron stretched out his hand with his rod and smote the dust of the earth," and accordingly the dust of the land throughout all the land of Egypt became gnats.

It was at this point that Jehovah chose to stay the hands of the magicians. They mutter in vain.

Their enchantments avail them not. Then they own that there is a power greater than theirs. "This is the finger of God" (or a god), but they do not bow to the God of Israel, to Jehovah; Him they still despise, and simply own a power superior to their gods. Pharaoh's heart again was hardened. H. F. W.

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 all gone, now.”

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

“What made you feel happy?” I asked.

“Oh, sir, some years since I was in deer distress of soul, seeking rest here and there, troubled about my lost condition, when one night, as distinctly as though some one was speaking to me, I heard the Lord say ‘Daughter, thy sins are forgiven;’ but 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 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? Then permit me to direct you to a few plain scriptures that prove, beyond a question, that a person once truly believing can never be lost, but is child of God forever. If my reader be inclined to argue, that there are some difficult passages, which seem to prove the contrary, all that I ask is, believe what is plain, and what you can understand, and quietly wait upon God until the other scriptures are made plain to you; for, rely upon it, God cannot contradict Himself.

The first scripture I ask you to look at is in the gospel of John 1:12. “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.”

Again, turn to John 8:35, “the servant abideth not in the house forever.” Our servants leave us, or we send them away at our pleasure, and the link is broken. Not so our children; “the son abideth ever.” If your child were to go to the other side of the globe, he would still be your child; and

wherever your house was, he would still be able to point to it, and say, “that is my father’s house.”

But, do you reply, “I must feel I am a child before I can enjoy the relationship, and if the Spirit does not witness within, I cannot be one.”

The word of God says, “The Spirit itself bears witness with our spirit, that we are the children of God.” (Rom. 8:16.)

Notice, being children, the Spirit of God takes possession of our hearts, giving us the conscious relationship of children.

But do you look upon affliction as a sign that you are not a child of God?

We read in Heb. 12 how God, the Father, deals with His erring children; for the 6th verse tells us that “whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom He receiveth”; and in the 7th “if ye endure chastening, God dealeth with you as with sons; for what son is he whom the father chasteneth not?”

Moreover, if a believer sins, he is dealt with as a child of God, by the Father, to maintain the holiness of the house; but he never ceases to be a child.

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 Both 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, 3.)

Nothing can be more distinct, emphatic, and clear, than that the gift of God is eternal life, and to doubt, or question, 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 that we are “children of God by faith in Christ Jesus.” (Gal. 3:26.) H. N.

On the Rock

ROBERT MAXTED was a sailor. He was of a melancholy disposition, and “never looked at the bright side of things.” He did not know Christ as his Saviour and Friend, but he had a sister who had been led early to feel her sinfulness, and to “behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world.”

Anne was very anxious for her brother. She prayed earnestly for him, and when he was at home tried to induce him to accompany her to hear the Word of God; but Robert always refused, with this selfish reply, “Don’t ask me to go, Anne; I should not enjoy it; I tell you I should be out of my element there, and I don’t mean to be a Christian yet awhile; I am young, and I intend to enjoy life, but when I come to die I’ll give my heart to God then.”

In the course of time young Maxted married. After a long voyage, with plenty of money in his pockets, there was nothing he liked better than gathering his companions together to spend his pay as fast as he could. His wife, who was a Christian, tried to persuade him to think about his soul, and one Sunday morning begged him to hear a preacher with her. “It may be the last opportunity given to you, Robert; don’t throw it away.”

“I can’t go with you, Mary,” he answered. “I have promised to spend the day with a friend in M—, and I must go soon, for the train won’t wait.” So saying, he hurriedly left the house and went to the station. But every step he took he seemed as if drawn back. The words of his wife kept ringing in his ears, “It may be your last opportunity, Robert; don’t throw it away.” “My last opportunity,” he thought, “my last opportunity! I can’t go to M—, something stops me; I’ll go with Mary.”

He turned back, and, with his wife, heard the solemn words of the preacher pressing upon the congregation the importance of salvation. He thought of his unsaved soul, and the tears fell from his eyes. Mary saw this and quietly thanked God.

But pleasures came temptingly before him, and once more his salvation was postponed till he “Come to die.”

It was a wild stormy night in the winter of 18—, and Robert’s vessel was homeward bound. The snow was falling fast, and the blinding storm threw the helmsman out of his reckonings.

On, on, nearer and nearer to the sunken rocks which skirt the coast came the ship. All efforts to save her were in vain. She struck! Signals of distress were sent up, but no boat could face the terrible waves. The ship went to pieces, and the crew were engulfed in the seething waters. Robert lost consciousness. But God remembered him still. With eight others he was cast upon a rock. The snow ceased, and a keen frost was setting in, and those nine men felt that their last hour had come.

Then, for the first time in his life, Robert prayed. Earth was fading from his view, and the dread realities of death and judgment were very near. “Lord, save me,” he cried. It was not for life that he cried—that he knew was ebbing away, as the blood was freezing in his veins. Long years spent in

neglect of God made him shudder. "I am going straight to perdition; Lord, save me!" was his prayer, and then, numbed with cold, once more he lost his consciousness.

Morning dawned. The storm had subsided. Frozen to the rocks, those lost men still lay helpless and dying, and the darkness of night set in. A coastguardman was pacing up and down the cliff. Looking in the direction whence the signals of distress had arisen during the late storm he could see no remains of the shipwreck, but his eye fell upon the rocks beneath, where the inanimate figures still lay. He hurried to the village, and a boat went out to pick them up. The heavy swell against the sharp rocks made it almost impossible to approach. But the boat succeeded.

The men were believed to be dead, but when restoratives were applied they began to show signs of life. They were tended with great care and kindness by the villagers, but within a week some of them died. When Robert was fit to be removed, he was taken home, and his sorrowing wife watched by his side, praying that even then he might be saved. "His left lung is entirely gone," the doctor had said, "and in his exhausted state he cannot get over it."

Mary prayed that before he died he might know the forgiveness of sins through faith in Jesus. Hearing of Robert's illness, a servant of God went to see him, and, bending down, he said, "Your days are numbered, Maxted; very soon your spirit will return to the God who gave it. Often has God delivered you from the dangers of the sea, and given you warning after warning, and you have lived without Him: you have refused His love. You put off salvation to a dying hour; but, late as it is, you can still come by faith to Jesus, and though you have long refused to listen to His voice He will receive you, for He says, 'Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out.'" (John 6:37.) Then Mr. D. read the 107th Psalm, while Robert listened with a softened heart. When he came to the verses, "They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters; these see the works of the Lord, and His wonders in the deep. For He commandeth, and raiseth the stormy wind, which lifteth up the waves thereof. They mount up to the heaven, they go down again to the depths; their soul is melted because of trouble. They reel to and fro, and stagger like a drunken man, and are at their wit's end. Then they cry unto the Lord in their trouble, and He bringeth them out of their distresses," Robert cried out, "That's me that's me!" and in the 34th Psalm, which Mr. D. also read, "This poor man cried, and the Lord heard him and saved him out of all his troubles," Robert again exclaimed, "Oh! sir, that's me."

And it was then that his eyes were opened; he saw how wonderfully God had preserved him during twenty-eight dreadful hours upon the rocks. He was a terrible sinner. He knew that well. He had sinned so long that he felt almost too bad to come to Christ, but when, in spite of all, he heard that God loved him, that quite melted his heart. Jesus had died, and was willing to save him, poor Robert Maxted. Jesus had done all the blessed work, and there was nothing for him to do but to accept the gift of eternal life. Oh! the peace of God which passeth all understanding, how it filled the heart of Maxted. His face was a witness of the joy he possessed, for, instead of the gloom and despondency it habitually wore, it was always bright, and his saying was, "Oh, how good the Lord has been to me. He might have allowed me to die on those rocks, and then I should have gone straight to hell, but He preserved me, blessed be His name; He has shipwrecked my body to save my soul."

His great desire was that he might be restored to health, in order that he might live for God and testify of Christ to all around, especially to those who had known his former godless life. His prayer

was heard, for he did not die, as the doctor had said he surely would, but remained upon his bed for thirteen months.

At last he was strong enough to rise. His first thought was to seek out all his old friends, and to tell them of his happiness in being saved.

Many summer visitors to his native village have seen a seafaring man, sadly paralyzed in one side, strolling on the sands. He would often say "Will you accept a little paper from a shipwrecked sailor?" and in the conversations that followed he would dwell with peculiar joy on the way the Lord had led him to Himself, and point out the way of salvation to his listeners. That man was Robert Maxted, and many souls have been blessed through his humble efforts to spread abroad the wonderful way of God's grace to hardhearted sinners. G. A. A.

The Devil's Morphia

THE month of May had once more returned, the trees were again putting forth their summer leaves, the note of the bird, so long hushed, echoed in vale and hill; all was beautiful to behold, it seemed such a resurrection after the long, dark, winter months, and brought with it a deep sense of God's goodness and grace. It was during this month, in one of the most beautiful spots in the county of S. that an old man might have been seen walking slowly towards a level crossing on the—Railway. He could not hear the birds' sweet notes, for he was quite deaf. His head was bent, and he appeared quite indifferent to the lovely scene around him. One subject seemed to fill his mind.

He had been a hard-working man, and had acquired, by his industry, a little money; still the old man was not happy, for, although repeatedly warned and entreated, he had neglected God's free salvation. On he walked, and with head bent down reached the crossing, and as he was stepping on to the line, an express train came dashing along. The warning whistle was blown, but the old man did not hear it, and as he stepped off the last line the buffer caught him and hurled him to the side, dreadfully mutilating him.

Help was soon obtained, and the unhappy man was gently carried home to die. There he lay, groaning and writhing in agony, till the doctor punctured his injured parts and introduced several grains of morphia, which deadened the pain and gave him relief and rest.

The news of the accident soon spread through the town, and a servant of the Lord hastened to see the dying man and tell him of the Saviour who is willing to save, even at the eleventh hour.

"Oh," said the dying man, "I am much better now, and hope to be about in a day or two, then I can think of those things."

In vain did the Christian beseech him to repent and be reconciled to God now, but he continued to refuse; the morphia had done its work and so had Satan, and soon after he passed away. "He that believeth not the Son shall not see life, but the wrath of God abideth on him." (John 3:36.)

Unsaved reader, you are speeding on to eternity, every hour that passes brings you nearer to it. You, perhaps, know it, and, at times, feel it, but you deaden your pricking conscience by listening to fair promises of the deceiver. You shall have pleasure, he says, or money, or the glittering idols of the world; but if you go to the Lord Jesus you will have to become religious and give up all these things. Ah, reader, what are the amusements, the pleasures of the world, but the devil's morphia! All around, men and women are rendered insensible to eternal realities by it. Like the poor man who, because insensible to pain, fancied he was getting well, so are sinners deadened to the sense of eternal things by Satan's delusions, saying all is well, when, as a matter of fact, they are near eternal destruction.

Let this little anecdote warn you to come to the One who can alone give you true and eternal joy and peace. He bids you come, He wants to welcome you; His wound-prints tell His love, and from

the height of glory these precious words are spoken to you: "Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out." W. S. W.

I Have Swapped Earth for Heaven

WE were staying at a retired watering place in the west of Ireland, where one of the bold headlands still bears the name which tells that some of the goodly ships of the Spanish Armada were there “cast away.” And the stranger is still shown “the grave of the dark man.”

Though mercifully preserved from the rule of Rome in Ireland, one still feels its presence, yet never had I encountered such an instance as this.

At the door of our house stood an aged man, with head uncovered and feet bare, his long silvery hair and beard floating in the breeze. His was a face of uncommon beauty, with an eye of high resolve. A wallet on his back, a girdle round his waist, and a staff in his hand completed the picture. I shall never forget his figure as it stood before me. To our inquiry he replied—

“I am a pilgrim, a pilgrim. I have swapped this life for the next. I am come to the holy well to rest, to help to make my soul.”

“Oh! take heed, take heed,” earnestly exclaimed a friend who had listened to him. “You are making a mistake, a ruinous mistake. Salvation is the gift of God. The Lord Jesus died upon the cross and there bore in His own body the sins of those who believe on Him. He won salvation for sinners. It is His gift, and neither to be got by our works, nor fastings, nor visiting holy wells, nor anything else.”

At these words a cloud gathered on the old man’s brow. What! doing away with all he had done! all he had suffered. And like Naaman of old, he went away in a rage.

He turned from the gift of God to continue his fatal pilgrimage.

“If righteousness come by the law, then Christ is dead in vain.” (Gal. 2:21.)

If men and women are to work for salvation, then surely Christ’s work is not done.

But some one may say, “All this is very true, but the man of whom you speak was a Roman Catholic. I am nothing of the kind. I am a member of a Protestant church.”

Listen for one moment. I was visiting lately at the house of a lady of rank; she is a member of a family which boasts of its loyalty through thick and thin to Reformation doctrine. And yet what did that lady say to me? “I am not afraid to die, for I never did anybody any harm!”

In what differed the doctrine of the Catholic peasant and the Protestant peeress? “I have swapped earth for heaven; I have made my soul,” cried one. “I have never done any harm,” said the other.

Each, though under different colors, possessed the same religion—Self—self! In both Christ was left out.

Take heed, we may be shipwrecked in sight of land; we may be lost, though reader, of the Bible. Will you not, while there is yet time, receive that salvation as a free gift (Rom. 6:23.)

May God by His Spirit lead you to see in the death of the Lord Jesus the “way of salvation.” “Not of works, lest any man should boast.” A. E. B.

Where Is the Lord Jesus Now?

AS I was carrying the blessed message of the love of God to the aged and infirm women, who occupied a large ward in one of our London Work houses, my attention was attracted to one who, by reason of the infirmity of age—she was upwards of eighty years old—was unable to rise from her bed. On speaking to her she told me freely of her desire to be assured that the salvation which God offers without money and without price, to all who rest in the finished work of His Son, was indeed hers. Then, with such a look of wistful eagerness upon the poor worn face, she asked, “Can you tell me where the Lord Jesus is now?” adding, “I am sure I could trust Him if I could only be quite sure about that.”

Wondrous question, prompted surely by the Holy Spirit.

Blessed answer given in the word of truth, “Jesus Christ, who is gone into heaven, and is on the right hand of God.” (1 Peter 3:22.)

I never saw the aged woman again, for the Lord, who had graciously opened a door into the infirmary wards of the workhouse, gave me duties which prevented my going there again.

But on the authority of God’s word we know that since Christ is risen, those, whose sins He bore upon the cross, are justified. “He was delivered for our offenses, and was raised again for our justification.” (Rom. 4:25.) The sins of all who put their trust in Him, are entirely put away from the presence of God, and the risen Christ is the living proof that His own are justified in Him. “Being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ.” (Rom. 5:1.) We are free to love and to serve and to worship God by that One who, being raised up from the dead by the glory of the Father, (Rom. 6:4), and who ever lives to make intercession for us. (Heb. 7:25.) C. J. L.

False Hopes

“I HOPE so.” “I trust it will be all right with me at last.” “I’m hoping in the mercy of God.” How often we hear such answers as these in answer to our questions concerning the soul’s salvation. Sad indeed it is, to find in many such cases, that hopes are based upon something, which will not stand the test of God’s word. Many have a dim thought that God will at the Day of Judgment have mercy upon them. Others build for eternity upon what they are doing now. They rest on their good deeds, morality, charity, prayers, and even religious duties. Alan may have a religion which is quite contrary to God’s. He may call it Christianity, or by any other name, but if it be not according to the written word, it is opposed to God.

How solemn is the truth that all such will assuredly, sooner or later, find that they have been like the foolish man, who built his house upon the sand. When the storm begins to rise, all their fancied security will vanish, and they will find themselves without shelter, exposed to all the billows of the wrath of God against a Christ-rejecting world.

Beloved reader, what is your hope? Is it anything of which I have been speaking? Be assured that nothing will stand the test of that day which is not based upon the finished work of the Lord Jesus Christ. That is the sinner’s perfect plea. Resting solely upon what that blessed One has done, calm and peaceful will the believer stand when heaven and earth shall pass away. None shall be able to lay anything to his charge, for the precious blood perfectly answers everything that was against the sinner who believes in Jesus.

Is this your hope, reader? If not, rest not, I entreat you, until you can truthfully say—

“My hope on nothing less is built

Than Jesus and the blood He spilled.

On Christ the solid Rock I stand,

All other ground is sinking sand.”

G. J. H.

“WHEREFORE we receiving a kingdom which cannot be moved, let us have grace, whereby we may serve God acceptably with reverence and godly fear: for our God is a consuming fire.” (Heb. 12:28, 29.)

Liberty Into the Holiest

SO long as the Jewish system of worship, with its priests standing daily offering oftentimes the same sacrifices, and with its sacrifices continually offered, which could never take away sin, was, by divine authority, the ordained religion upon earth, man could not have liberty of access into God's presence. By God's appointment the very nature of the system signified to man "that the way into the Holiest of all was not yet made manifest." (Heb. 9:8.) It pleased God, that there should be such a religious system upon earth as should show to man, that he could not enter into the holy light of God's presence; and it pleased God, that the forms and ceremonies of the religion He instituted, should declare to the worshipper his inability to approach near to God; and it pleased God to write this lesson upon man's heart, in order to teach him practically the immeasurable blessing which is theirs who know the efficacy of the blood of Jesus.

It should be borne in mind, that the ceremonials and sacrifices of Judaism never revealed to man the vileness of sin, and that they never explained the absolute holiness of God; and it is important to continually keep before the mind the principle that in Christian times ceremonials merely blind the worshipper to the reality of sin's depths and God's holiness. When the mind of an unconverted man becomes occupied with ceremonial observances, the practical result is, he is so taken up with such matters that he neither thinks of Christ's sacrifice nor of his sins, which that sacrifice can alone atone for. When an awakened soul becomes occupied with such things, he either becomes, according to the degree of his anxiety to be assured that he shall not be finally lost, more and more miserable, and less and less satisfied in his ceremonials; or by degrees grows hardened through what he is engaged in, and so gradually losing his anxiety about his sins, becomes satisfied with his religion and himself.

Now if the Holy Spirit signified by the ancient system of worship, that the way into the Holiest was not yet made manifest, what does modern ceremonialism signify? Surely, that men do not believe that the way into the Holiest is now made manifest. But God has said, and has shown, that the way into the Holiest is now made clear. God has revealed Himself in His own holiness, and He has been glorified by the Lord in relation to His holiness. God does not allow the thinnest tissue or filmiest veil to cover His holiness from man. He is no longer in any sense hidden from man. And, on the other hand, what man's is, is fully revealed. Sin is no longer passed over by God. We have not to wait till the day of judgment to know what God's estimate of our guilt is, It has all been told out; it has been made clear, The days of ignorance before Christianity, when God, as it were, shut His eye to man's indifference to sin, are past by. (Acts 17:30.) The true Light now shineth. (1 John 2:8.)

With the contemplation of God's holiness before us, we are made to feel our need of the full assurance of all that God has said to us connected with our sins and Christ's sacrifice. We feel that we could not spare one single syllable of all that our God has said. Self, sins, have been laid bare before the eye of heaven at the cross of Christ; God's own holiness has seen all that we are as manifested there. Even the Day of Judgment will not reveal God's holiness, or God's hatred of

sin, as did the cross of Christ. God forsaking His Son upon that tree has a voice uttering God's abhorrence of sin more deep even than the terrible words addressed to sinners: "Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels." (Matt. 25:41.)

Now it is into the very presence of the holy God—yes, into the Holiest of All—that the believer is exhorted to enter, having boldness, or liberty. The liberty is his by the blood of Jesus. By that very blood, which marks God's hatred of sin, the sinner is cleansed from his sins, and has boldness to draw near to the holy God.

The veil is rent. The lovely curtain which hung before the Holiest in the tabernacle was a figure of the incarnate Christ. It signified His pure and holy humanity— "the veil, that is to say, His flesh." But it is rent. We have to do with a once-crucified Jesus. In no other way can we have to do with Him. Ours is a once-wounded, once-bleeding, but now glorified Saviour. The perfectly lovely and perfectly holy One, and perfectly lovely and perfectly holy in God's eyes, was slain for us. The body which God had prepared Him was rent by nails, by spear. His soul was poured out an offering for sin. And it is through the crucified One, through the new and living way, through this new-made way to God of the once slain Jesus, that we have liberty to draw near. His blood, which explains to us what our sins are in God's sight, has cleansed them all away, and is our title to come into God's holy presence in the liberty of having all our sins taken away and ourselves made fit for God.

We have the liberty. "Having, therefore, brethren" —and all have the liberty to enter the Holiest place who are brethren. Who, then, are those designated brethren? In former days none but the high priest could enter the holy place. The children of Israel—the brotherhood of the sons of Jacob—had no more right there than Gentile strangers. But now all believers have access to God. There is no priestly caste distinct from the great brotherhood of all saints. It is the privilege, then, of all who believe to enter in the Holiest of all by the blood of Jesus. Christian liberty knows no different standard for any two Christians. What the blood of God's Son has effected for one saint it has effected for the countless throng that none can number. The blood has secured our privileges; we are invited, nay, exhorted, to enter upon them.

And entering into God's own holy presence by the blood of His Son we find the living Jesus there for us. We have not only boldness to enter in, we have also a High Priest over the house of God. Note the two havings—

"Having, therefore, brethren, boldness."

"Having a High Priest over the house of God."

The blood has put away our sins, and secured the way for us, and us for the way, into the Holiest. The living Person, the High Priest in God's presence, sustains us in our infirmities, and bears us in where He is for us.

Such being the case, "Let us draw near, with a true heart and full assurance of faith." None other spirit glorifies God. H. F. W.

Talks About the Tabernacle.

“WE were speaking the other evening, Charley,” said his aunt, “of the time when the Israelites broke up their encampment near Mount Sinai: they had been there more than a year, and I dare say they were glad when the silver trumpets sounded, and the march began—that march which was, as they believed, to take them to the land God had promised to their fathers.”

“I can fancy how much they must have looked forward to that good land, and how glad they must have felt to know that they had really left Egypt behind forever, where they had suffered such hard slavery,” said May; “they must have begun their journey joyfully.”

“Did they march in the same order—the Tabernacle with its curtains was carried after the first three tribes—Judah, Issachar, and Zebulun; and the Ark was carried first of all, for God Himself would lead His people along their unknown way, and would seek out a resting-place for them.”

“Can people now travel by the very same way?”

“No, May; it has been found impossible to track the Israelites along their journey, for the old names of places are lost, and we cannot really be sure of their route till they reach Kadesh Barnea, which you can find on the map.”

“Here it is,” said Charley, “close to the land of Edom. I remember it was from that place the spies were sent.”

“Of the position of even Kadesh Barnea we cannot now be quite certain, but it is a memorable name in the history of the Israelites: from this place, so near the borders of the promised land, they had to turn back again to wander for forty years in the dreary, monotonous desert, until of all those who had sung the song of triumph on the shores of the Red Sea, none should be left except the faithful spies Joshua and Caleb. Such was the terrible punishment of those who, in their unbelieving fear, reproached God.”

“How sad it must have been to hear the people crying all night, after they had heard about the giants in the land of Canaan, and wishing they had died in Egypt, or in the wilderness,” said May. “And then they wanted to make a captain, that he might lead them back to Egypt,” said Charley. “I can’t help being sorry,” he continued, thoughtfully, “that they ever sent the spies at all.”

“But God told them to send them, so it was right, wasn’t it, Aunt Edith?”

“It would have been right, May, if God had given them the command, but if you look at Deut. 1:22 you will see that it was at the suggestion of the people the spies were sent. It must, indeed, have been a wonderful scene: the despairing, angry people reproaching their God, Moses and Aaron on their faces, while Joshua and Caleb, with their clothes rent in token of grief, pleaded with them, saying, ‘It is an exceeding good land; if Jehovah delight in us, then He will bring us in and give it us. Rebel not against Jehovah, neither fear ye the people of the land, for they are bread for us; their defense is departed from them, and Jehovah is with us; fear them not.’ Then, when they were about, in their blind fury, to stone Joshua and Caleb, suddenly the glory of Jehovah appeared in the Tabernacle.”

“How little they thought that God had heard all they said, and that they were really going to die in the wilderness,” said May. “But, Aunt Edith, did the Tabernacle go back into the wilderness with them?”

“Yes; God did not forsake His rebellious people, and the Ark, the sign of His presence among them, was with them in all their wanderings, during those thirty-eight years of which we know little, except that it was a time when God was teaching them, even by these sad wanderings. It has been thought that the Book of Job was written by Moses during the years in the desert. The Israelites came back to Kadesh at last; the very place from whence they had started, but only the children of those who had displeased God returned; all the generation that had done evil in the sight of Jehovah was consumed.”

“I know they must have brought the Tabernacle back with them, Aunt Edith,” said Charley; “because, you know, the Ark went over Jordan, and was carried round and round the city of Jericho.”

“I remember you read to me about the Ark being carried by the priests into the midst of the river Jordan, and of how it stayed there until all the people had passed over, and was a type of the Lord Jesus, the true Ark of the covenant, going down into the river of death and destroying all its power, and making it life for those who trust Him.”

“You remember very well, May. I think, Charley, you can tell us why the Ark was carried round and round Jericho?”

“It must have been as the sign of the presence of God, I suppose. I have often thought how the people inside their strong walls must have watched the procession, and wondered at the army marching past, all silent, and at the Ark carried after it by the seven priests blowing their trumpets of rams’ horns. Just imagine all this going on, day after day, for six days: then, on the seventh, the seven marches round, and then the tremendous shout as the walls fell crashing down. But, Aunt Edith, I don’t remember what became of the Tabernacle after the people came to the Land of Promise.”

“It is believed that it remained at Gilgal during Joshua’s wars, but was removed to Shiloh, and there kept from the last days of Joshua to the time of Samuel. I will write down one or two references for you, and you can look at them by-and-by.” And their aunt gave Charley a slip of paper, on which she had written, “Josh. 18:31; Judg. 18:31; 21:19; 1 Sam. 4:3.”

“Thank you,” said he, “I like sometimes to find out things for myself; I remember them so much better. Are there any ruins at Gilgal now? It must have been such an interesting place to the Jews—the place where they first slept after crossing the Jordan.”

“And it was at Gilgal they set up those twelve stones which were taken from the dry bed of the river,” said May.

“It is interesting, too, as being the place where the first Passover in the land of Canaan was kept,” said their aunt. “But,” she continued, “there are no remains of a town there, Charley; indeed, modern travelers have not been able to decide where Gilgal was, and can only suppose it must have been a rising ground not far from Jericho. I am sorry we cannot have a longer talk this evening, but it is later than I thought.” C. P.

I Hope to Be Saved

ONE Sunday afternoon, after we had shaken hands with the children of the Sunday school at C—, I noticed three little boys lingering behind the others, so I asked them what they were waiting for.

“Please, sir,” said their spokesman, “we should like to have a tract to read to father when we get home.”

And at once taking some little books out of my pocket, I gave one to each of them. Then addressing one of the boys, I inquired, “Will you meet me in heaven, that beautiful place you have heard about this afternoon?”

“I hope so,” said the boy.

“Do you believe that the Son of God died on the cross to save sinners? Do you believe the Word of God?”

“Oh, yes,” he replied, earnestly.

“Well;” I said, “if you believe the Word of God, I will just read one verse about the Lord Jesus to you, and then you will tell me. Now listen: ‘He that believeth on Me,’ Jesus says, ‘HATH everlasting life.’ Do you believe this Word of God?”

“Yes,” he replied.

“What does that verse say?”

“That if I believe on the Son of God I have everlasting life.”

“And have you everlasting life?”

He paused, and then with a bright smile on his face, said, “Yes, sir; thanks be to God, I have.”

“Do you hope now?”

“No, sir. God says that ‘He that believeth hath,’ and I believe and I have everlasting life.”

And that little boy went home rejoicing in the Lord, and from what I have since seen and heard, he is still as happy, and knows that all his sins are forgiven.

Will you do as that little boy did, my dear young readers? “Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved.” Many persons think it would be presumption to say that they are certainly saved, although God has said: “Whosoever believeth on the Son hath everlasting life.” Do not look at your feelings, but take God at His word. He does not say: “He that feels hath,” but, “He that believeth hath.” Put all your reasonings aside, believe what God says, and know as a certainty that you are saved, and that soon you will go to that place which God has prepared for them that love Him. J. B.

The Titmouse

WHILE standing at a window the other day, overlooking the garden, the writer saw a little Titmouse dart from the wall and snatch up a grain of Indian corn which had been thrown to the fowls. He sprang on to a shrub, and then, placing the grain of corn in his little foot, just as you would hold a ball in your hand, and, turning it round, began picking out all the softer parts until he had got all that he could eat; then, dropping the rest of the grain, went and took another, which he made use of in the same way.

Now, you know Indian corn is very hard, and much too large for a little Titmouse to swallow whole, but there are some parts of it which are softer than others, and these the tiny creature, not so big as a sparrow, picked out with a perseverance that really did him credit. There he sat on a spray, pecking and turning, turning and pecking the grain of maize which was as big as his own little foot, busily choosing that which was good for him, and casting aside all the rest.

That Titmouse is a wise little fellow, thought the writer; he knows how to refuse the evil and choose the good, for, although there is nothing "evil" in a grain of Indian corn, you know there is a good deal in it which is unfit for such a little bird, and therefore bad for him. Now, I wonder whether all the little readers of FAITHFUL WORDS are as wise as this little Titmouse? There he is, brought up on those wild hills of Somerset, and where it is hardly likely he had ever seen Indian corn before. Yet no sooner does he get hold of a grain, than he sets to work to get all the good out of it he can. And what is more, I think, he went and told all his Titmouse friends who lived in the copse that crowns the hill just opposite, for the next day, and every day since, there has been quite a number of Titmice all doing the very same thing; and not only in the garden, but in the orchard too, feeding with the doves and fowls, and snatching away grains from under the very beak of the great gamecock himself.

So you see the Titmouse is as bold as wise. Neither daunted by difficulties, nor foolish enough to neglect what he can get any good from; a generous little bird, too, for having found something good for himself, he appears to have made it known to his neighbours. Now, again I say, I wonder whether the little readers of FAITHFUL WORDS are like this amusing little bird? First of all, do you "refuse the evil and choose the good"? What is so evil as sin, and what or who is so good as Jesus? Have you chosen Him? That is to say, have you really believed in Him as your very own Saviour? I hope you have. If you have, then may you learn more and more to "abhor that which is evil, and cleave to that which is good," and, like the little Titmouse who only fed on that which was suited to him, and threw away all the rest, may you feed on the Bread of life, and cast aside everything that is unfit for one who loves Him. Like the little Titmouse, too, may you go and tell others. He had little friends in the copse where he lived, and you have little friends round about where you live. When he found out that maize was good, he didn't keep it to himself, but found some way of making it known. If you have found out, through grace, the blessedness of knowing and feeding on Christ, you will not keep it to yourself, but will tell it to others, not only in words, but in deeds.

The fact is, I don't think the little Titmouse exactly told the others about the corn, but what he did was to lead them to it. People sometimes say that birds have a language of their own, and so they have, but it is a language rather of action than of voice. I hope yours will be like it. Nothing is more pleasant than to see a dear little believer in the Lord showing out Christ in "the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit."

Then there is one thing more: the Titmouse was not to be daunted by difficulties nor frightened away from his food. Neither doves, nor fowls, nor even the fierce gamecock could hinder him; he fed on the corn before them all. Never mind what anybody may say, or think, or do, cleave to Christ in face of everything. Why did the little Titmouse risk all to get the maize? Because he was fond of it. If you love Jesus, you will risk anything for His sake. Thus, you see, we may learn something even from such a little bird as the Titmouse. J. L. K.

The Sunbeam

I WANT you to think about the sunbeams.

Once a sunbeam found its way into a house situated not many yards from the seashore. It was a bright summer's day, and the Venetian blind was let down to keep the room cool, but this sunbeam would find its way in. In it came through a small opening in the blind. Now, you will hardly guess what so sorely puzzled little Willie, who was in the room at the time the sunbeam entered.

Wherever the stream of light caused by the sunbeam went, there little Willie saw a thin line like smoke. Willie was so much puzzled about this line like smoke, that he begged his mother to explain the nature of it to him.

"Willie," said she, "that is dust."

"Dust!" he cried. "Then how is it that the other parts of the room, where the sunbeam does not shine, are not also full of dust?"

Then his mother told him that it was the same all over the room, although he could not see it; and, indeed, that it is the same everywhere all over the world, in a greater or less degree.

Then Willie became so anxious about the dust that he spoke to his father in the evening, after the sun had done shining for that day, and begged him to explain it to him.

So his father told Willie that, although he could not see it, yet the dust was in the room still, and that the reason he saw it before was because the little stream of bright light which shone into the comparatively dark room made all things clear to the eye where the sunbeam fell.

Then Willie's father told him that the sunbeam was God's light. This light is so pure and bright that it shows the dust in any room, no matter how clean the room may be. But God has also a light to show the dust or sin in our hearts. That light is the word of God.

When the Holy Spirit of God makes this light shine into our hearts, we find that they are "deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked."

God gave us this light to show us these things, and God's light makes our sins plain to us. We may try to shut out the light, and succeed for awhile, but it is a mercy when we see our sins, and own them before God.

Sometimes, by trying to keep the room, as it were, very clean, that is, by trying to be good, people fancy there is no dust flying about, no sins filling the heart; but directly the light shines in, it shows that the heart is full of iniquity. It is very foolish to suppose that we are not sinners just because we do not see our wicked thoughts and deeds.

But thank God that the light of God's holy word not only shines on us, and shows what we are, but it shines, and shows us what Christ is. The light of God's word reveals Him. It shows us that we

may look on Him and live, and be saved.

Dear children, has the light shone into your heart, and shown you that you are a sinner? And has it shown you that Jesus died for sinners? J. W. A.

William Farel.

(Continued from P. 75.)

STRANGE as it may seem, this time, when the gospel was so freely preached, so eagerly listened to, and by so many truly believed, was not, after all, a time of unmixed happiness to, William Farel.

Master Faber was filled with joy and hope, "How deeply does my heart rejoice," he said "when I see the pure knowledge of Christ thus spreading abroad! I can hope that our dear France will at last know the grace of God, for does not our gracious king himself consent that his people should read the word of God in their own language? Now, in this diocese at least, the gospel is read on Sundays and saints' days, and expounded daily to the people, and simple souls delight to feed upon the blessed word."

So far, William Farel could share the joy of his old master. He could rejoice that the gospel was preached, and that souls were saved. But, what then? Could he shut his eyes to the sad truth, that after all the mass was said, and the images filled the churches, the bishop wore the gorgeous vestments which man had invented, and all around, on every side, were sights and sounds to remind him how men had added to the word of God, and provoked him to anger with their own inventions! It was well that they should own Christ as the One Saviour, but were they owning Him as the One Lord? It was well the gospel was read on the saints' days, but why were there saints' days at all? Was Christ to be believed in by sinners, and not to be obeyed by saints?

William Farel was, therefore, not happy, And he was the more unhappy because nobody—at least no one who took a public part in preaching and teaching—saw these things as he did. Perhaps John and Peter Leclerc had seen it also. From what followed it appeared they did. But the bishop, and dear Master Faber, and Gerard and Claude Roussel, must he break with them as to these matters, and own that even his old master was not following the Lord fully? They talked these things over together. We may gather from William Farel's words what was said on either side. "Do not let us deceive ourselves," he said, "thinking that we are doing right, when we are only following our own judgment. Let us follow neither our judgment, nor anything that is in ourselves, for the flesh is not changed, and we are not perfect. Let us look at the holy, pure, and perfect word of God, and ask help from our gracious Father to follow that. Let us beware of flattering ourselves with the thought that it is lawful to do what is right in our own eyes. For example, to conform to the ways of those with whom we live. I do not mean here a conformity of mind and of thought, but an outward conformity. Let us be careful not to conform outwardly in those things which concern the worship and service of God, when all is not done simply as God directs in His word. Do not let us say, because such and such a thing is merely an outward form it is a matter of indifference. If God has forbidden it, it is not a matter of indifference at all, and we are not to follow others in doing it. Do not say, I may kneel down before an image, provided that in my heart I am not worshipping it. That I may use words because others use them, if they are dishonoring to God. That I may outwardly observe festivals invented by Satan, provided that my heart is not in it. God asks for the true obedience of the heart, but He desires also this obedience should be shown by the outward

act, by doing only that which He commands, even if every person besides in the whole world should do the contrary. Thus for no reason whatever ought I to neglect to hear the word of God, or to eat the Lord's supper, or to cease to worship with the holy assembly of the Lord Jesus. If I am bound thus outwardly to do what God commands, I am equally bound to abstain from that which he has forbidden. I am not merely to make an open confession of Christ and His gospel; I am also to make an open renunciation of Anti-Christ, and of the assembly of Satan. And as far as I do not perform this promptly and openly, I ought to own before God that I have sinned, and ask His help that I may follow His holy commandments, with my soul, with my heart, with my mind, and with my body."

"But cannot it be right," said Faber and the Roussels, "that men should order such outward forms as are for the honor of God, so that He may be served with more holiness and reverence than it would be otherwise?"

"The flesh," said William Farel, "will sometimes openly blaspheme God. But it is also the flesh—the deceitful heart—that contrives and invents new ways of worshipping and serving God. The flesh is at the bottom of all that is added on to the word of God, that is not to be found therein. The flesh makes sects, and rules, and institutions, and is a liar and deceiver in all that it does, pretending that it is holiness, and the love of God that is the motive. It deceives us into really believing this; therefore we ought to be very careful not to follow whatever professes to be of God, or seems to us to be of God. We must 'try the spirits' to know whether they are of God. For Satan can be transformed into an angel of light, and his ministers also, and more than all, the wisdom of the flesh. We ought, therefore, to prove everything by the holy word of God, and find out whether it is really from God, or from the flesh."

"But if our intention is really good—if we are really sincere, does not that make the action pleasing to God?"

"Our intention!" answered William, "look at Peter, with his good intention, by reason of which the Lord called him Satan. Look at King Saul, and the other kings, who worshipped God in the high places, as the patriarchs had done. Was God pleased with them? Such good intentions are the wisdom and prudence of the flesh, which always desires to be uppermost, and to rule, order, and arrange everything, thus getting praise and glory to itself, and despising that in which it has no hand. The Spirit, on the contrary, will not do a single thing, except by the express commandment of God. The Spirit will not say, 'Now that times are changed we must change our course.' No, not if great signs and miracles were to be done to prove it. Not if every person in the world stood in opposition. The Spirit would hold fast, without stirring a hair's breadth, to the pure word of God, the word that endureth forever. Let the world do as it likes, the Spirit will give this honor to God, who cannot lie, owning that all things that cannot be proved by His holy word are vanity and lies. But it is much better," adds William, "to know by experience and practice than by reading it in a book, not to contradict or quench the Spirit in our ways and doings."

William Farel had soon to make full experience himself of what it was to go forward in the solitary path of obedience. It had been hard for him at first to turn from the father and mother, the priests and the teachers who had led him in the ways of idolatry. But it was far harder to turn away from Master Faber himself, who had been God's messenger to bring light and peace to his soul. But if God had spoken plainly, He must be obeyed at all costs. It is written, "The foundation of God

standeth sure, having this seal, the Lord knoweth them that are His." Thus far Master Faber gladly admitted the truth. "Can I not be in Rome," he thought, "and not of it? The Lord knoweth, in the midst of the evil, how to distinguish His own." But William Farel remembered how this verse goes on; there is a second inscription on the seal of God. "Let every one that nameth the name of Christ depart from iniquity." Not simply depart ourselves from a course of sin, but in this passage we are commanded further, and specially, to depart from those who are "vessels to dishonor in that which bears the name of the house of God. To break off all connection with that which is dishonoring to His holy name. If Master Faber had not the faith and courage thus to act, it was plain that he and William Farel could no longer walk in the same path—the holy path of separation from evil. William must go forward without him.

In the meantime a storm was brewing. The Franciscan monks began to complain loudly of the new teaching. It was a sad time for them, when money was spent in gospels which might otherwise have found its way into their pockets. They went to the bishop, and besought him to put a stop to the heretical preaching. But the bishop stood firm. He preached from the cathedral pulpit that the monks were Pharisees and hypocrites, and that the new teachers were from God. The monks knew where to go for the help which the bishop refused. They appeared at Paris, and reported to Noel Bédier all that was going on at Meaux. Noel Bedier heard with joy that his old enemy, the bishop, was now likely to bring down a terrible sentence upon his own head. He brought the matter before the parliament of Paris. He was all the more rejoiced at this opportunity of hindering the gospel, because he had just had a grievous disappointment in the case of Louis de Berquin. This young nobleman had, through his study of the Bible, been duly converted, not to Protestantism only, but to God. He had diligently employed himself in writing, translating, printing, and circulating gospel tracts and books. The parliament, stirred up by Bedier, had seized upon his books and papers, and put him into prison.

It was decided that he should be tried before the bishop of Paris as a heretic, and for this reason he was to be removed from the public prison to the bishop's house. But at this moment the royal guards appeared at the prison gate, bearing a letter from the king, commanding that Berquin was to be delivered up to him, not to the bishop. It would seem that the Princess Margaret had interceded for him. The parliament reluctantly gave up their prisoner, and contended themselves with burning his books in the place of Notre Dame. The king set Berquin at liberty, and he retired to his estate in Picardy.

You can well believe that Bédier was now doubly anxious to lay hands upon the Lutheran, and thus wreak his vengeance upon the bishop, since Berquin had escaped him. Backed by the whole of the Sorbonne, he soon succeeded in stirring up the parliament to inquire into the strange doings at Meaux. The bishop was speedily called to account for his evil deeds. He was accused, in the first place, of preaching heresy, and of aiding and abetting the chief heretics who had so long troubled the university of Paris; that he had himself invited them to Meaus, had helped them and encouraged them by his labours and his money; that he had even allowed young William Farel, who was not ordained at all, but was a pestilent heretical layman, to preach in the cathedral and the churches of Meaux.

F. B.

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 enter into 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 re-instated in the castle, tending and teaching her precious charge; and the nobleman is now rich in faith, an heir of the kingdom which God hath 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 now has 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 Jesu’s rich atoning blood.

“Our sins are gone, our fears are o’er,
We shun God’s presence now no more,
With childlike 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. B.

Perhaps It Is Too Late

A FEW months ago the sun was sinking over the old fir-tree forests surrounding a quiet university town, in one of the northern countries of Europe, causing the lengthening shadows of the old cathedral to die away in the misty gloom of a February afternoon.

The day had been short to the laborer, who was returning from his work, but to S— it had been long and weary. Once the days, bringing changes and pleasures, had passed almost unreckoned by her, but that was long ago. She had fallen into a decline more than a year past, and for several months had lain a weary sufferer, no longer able to wile away the time by reading, or working, or amusement.

The evening of her life had come. It was with her a time of lengthening shadows and growing darkness. Her hopes had been all for this world, her ties were all to it; and they had been many, but she felt that one by one they had been loosening, and that she must soon bid adieu to all that held her heart. In her home, and in all the associations of her life, there was little to draw her heart to the Lord; many things to make it seem almost impossible for her ever to think of being a Christian. She had been mostly surrounded by those who treated religion with contempt, and to whom the name of Christ and that of Mahomet stood on almost equal ground—both respected as great adventurers in the attempt to teach morals, but the attempts of both alike regarded as failures.

Some Christian friends had watched the ravages of disease on that fair and sweet young lady, and with strong crying and tears had made supplication that she might be saved; but care for her body and the desire to keep her calm prevented her soul from being reached.

For a few days previous to the February afternoon alluded to, S— had seemed better, and her mother had taken the opportunity to go to the city on business, leaving her in charge of a friend.

On the mother's return she observed with deep anxiety a change in her daughter, and instantly called the doctor, who after seeing her, told her mother that she might not live over the night. When this sad news was communicated to her she instantly became deeply agitated, and begged those around her to ask God that she might live until she obtained His peace, "For," she said, "I have no assurance of my salvation."

Her agony increased as the night wore on, notwithstanding that a Christian friend, who spent the night at her bedside, tried to show her the true ground of peace. Heedless of those around her, she gave vent to the anguish of her heart in such cries as— "Why did I put it off for the last moment?" "Perhaps it is too late." "I always thought I might have a little time yet." Then, turning to those at her bedside, she said, "Read to me what He says Himself;" and presently added, "He has sought me, but I have never been in earnest for Him."

As the morning began to break, her anxiety only deepened and intensified. Her friends knew not what to do. Eternity—those numberless ages—lay before that poor dying girl, and for the first time,

at the last moment of her life, she realized that she was on the road to spend it in unmitigated torment, with the devil and his angels.

With one foot on the brink of hell she seemed to stand; before her the blackness of darkness forever, the fire unquenchable; the stinging remorse, that He had called and she had refused, and that in the day of her calamity He would laugh at her.

One sought to comfort her by saying, "You have been always a good, obedient child," but with a sad look she replied, "That was only nature. I have done nothing to please God. My salvation must be as by fire."

Her friends could not allay her fears, but sent for the kind old minister of the cathedral, who spoke to her in a tender, fatherly way for a good while. At length, taking his Bible, he was about to read a psalm, when S— stopped him abruptly, exclaiming, "I must hear His own words. Read to me the third chapter of John."

When he was about to leave she asked him if it might not be too late for her.

He spoke to her of the dying thief, who in his last moments had turned his eyes to the Lord Jesus, and who had breathed but one prayer, "Lord, remember me," and of the grace that had been shown to him by the Lord. Then, as he looked at the fair, tender, amiable girl, he added soothingly, "I do not think, however, that is exactly your case."

"Oh, that is my case; that is exactly my ease!" S— exclaimed; and a little later added, "I see now: I have just to come like a little child and cast myself into His arms." Then she lay down, the agony over, and she soon was sleeping, like a babe in its mother's arms, in perfect peace.

Thus S— passed away. J. S.

I Had Nothing to Do—Only to Enter in

MR. N. was a fine old man; he had been for some forty years head-gardener in one family, and was living on a pension which his long and faithful services had procured for him.

It is difficult to define his spiritual condition, but as far as his expressions went, he gave me the impression that he was, in homely phrase, on very good terms with himself.

Being informed that N. was very ill, I went to visit him. His illness was simply the weakness of old age, for he was in his eightieth year. His mind was clear, and he was well able to converse. My first desire was to ascertain his real condition of soul. I said, "And, now, how is it as to your future? I suppose you are doing your best?"

He replied with great earnestness, "Oh, yes, I pray day and night."

"Well, and now as to your sins, what about them?"

After earnest reflection, he replied with tremulous lips, dwelling on each slowly uttered word, "I think some of them are forgiven."

There had evidently been an earnest survey on his part, and the issues dependent on his condition in this respect seemed to present themselves to his mind in great reality. It was as if he dared not say, "all were forgiven," and yet the converse "none forgiven," was either an admission too fearful to make in view of the consequences involved, or he was clinging to some hope that his "prayers," his "best," had procured or would procure some sort of remission of sin.

He was depending on his unceasing prayers—his earnestness—his sincerity, doubtless energized by the thought of soon having to meet God; and all was vague, dark uncertainty.

God connects certainty as to salvation with simple faith in the testimony He has given as to the person and work of His beloved Son the Lord Jesus Christ, therefore it could only be uncertainty with our aged friend.

His remark above quoted led me to present, as much as possible in the words of scripture, GOD'S SALVATION. I endeavored to show that "salvation," "grace," "mercy," "peace" —the various precious terms in which God proclaims His blessed news—suppose man to be in the deepest need of such treatment on His part. Beyond this that God's righteousness is presented for man's acceptance on the ground of faith (Rom. 3) Man has no righteousness of his own before God—faith implying that man had no part in producing the righteousness, and must be a receiver and only a receiver. God's salvation is full, complete, worthy of God and of His Eternal Son, through Whom alone this salvation could come, and that it is brought to us (Titus 2:11). Then, further, it cannot possibly be "some" sins forgiven. It must be "all" or none; eternal life given and possessed, or "God's wrath abiding on" the sinner.

I spent an hour with him unfolding the blessed truths of the gospel, which so strongly condemn sin, and yet which so fully present the perfect and only remedy to the sinner.

He asked me to pray for him before I left I mention this by way of contrast with what followed at my next interview. I left him with the words "The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin." (1 John 1:7), adding, "Would you have your 'some' put instead of God's precious 'all'?"

On calling a fortnight later I found him very much worse. He was not able to speak without effort; but every word was all the more carefully chosen, and his manner and tone of utterance gave his expressions more than usual force. As I entered I began with a word of sympathy, but before I could reach his bedside, it evoked from him a loud ejaculation of "Better—much better." On looking at his face I knew the words could not refer to his poor body, and I was therefore greatly cheered.

"It is all right now," he said.

I asked, "How about your sins—is it some?"

"Oh, no, they are all gone."

"Well, now, tell me all about it—you could not say this a fortnight ago."

"No, I could not;" and he added in a kind, fatherly sort of way, "You need not doubt it—It is all right now."

"I had no thought as to doubting you—I wish only to share the joy with you."

"Oh," he said, "I had nothing to do, only to enter in." (John 10) After a pause, looking up with an intelligent, appreciating gaze, he added, "He showed me." — "Bless the Lord that He should let me see it all NOW!"

What a retrospect there was in that "now" of his. Nearly eighty years spent—well, at all events, in the sin and folly of such hopes as he had been building upon, and "now"—at last—after such patience and long-suffering of our God, to have his eye opened to see that he was, to use his own words, "a poor vile sinner" before God, and to find before it was too late that it is Christ who saves. What mercy—what grace! The thought of it seemed to overwhelm him.

His beautifully simple explanation, though short, presented really the two sides, so to speak, of salvation. On man's side, "Nothing to do—only to enter in." On Christ's side—"He showed me." The former surely speaks of grace, but I felt there was also a sanctifying power in his hastening on to the latter—to give all the glory, all the praise to Him Who had saved him.

"I am a poor, vile sinner, but what a weight is now taken off me," he said, smiting his breast as he spoke. Then, looking up, he said, "And this is nothing to what it will be."

He did not ask me to pray for him this time, as I have remarked, but together we rendered praise and thanksgiving to our God and Father for His matchless grace.

When I spoke of sending him some little delicacy next day, he said, "I may not be here to want it;" and when I left him, "Good bye; we shall meet above if not again here." He was now sweetly calm about everything.

A week later it was very difficult for him to speak. "I am happy," he managed to say several times. Alluding to his inability to eat much, and as if glad at the thought of soon having done with it forever, he said, "I want heavenly food." This led to a remark that Christ was first his Saviour, then

his Food.

One who saw him the next day wrote of him as follows:—

“The words ‘It is finished’ were on his mind. He repeated them several times in course of conversation. I asked him if he were afraid at the thought of eternity, and with such a bright happy expression, he looked at me, and said, ‘Oh no, not now; it’s all right now.’”

He bore happy, triumphant testimony to his own son, among others; and he fell asleep in Christ May 12th, 1876. A. F.

Too Serious for Me

“TOO serious for me.” Such was the expression of a poor woman at the close of a gospel meeting. The preacher had dwelt on these words, “Ready to perish,” and most earnestly unfolded to his hearers their utterly lost condition and their awful position. He had also pleaded with them, telling them that though by nature “ready to perish,” yet “the Lord is not willing that any should perish,” the proof being that “God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.” (John 3:16.) Lastly, he warned his hearers of the fearful consequences of refusing God’s proffered grace, in God’s own words— “Behold, ye despisers, and wonder, and perish”

At the close of the meeting the subject of this narrative rose up, with her husband, to leave, shrugging her shoulders, saying, “No; it’s too serious for me.” She trifled with God and His Christ. God “called” — she “refused.” And with what result?

A few days after, as this poor woman was sitting in her room upstairs working, her husband, who was below, heard a noise. He ran upstairs, and, oh! what a sight met his eyes! His poor young wife lay upon the floor her body crouched up, and her face as pale. He thought she was in a fit, and sent for the doctor, but when he arrived she was dead! Thus did this unhappy despiser of God’s grace pass into eternity.

Friend, be warned by this solemn incident not to procrastinate. God is still saying to you in His mercy, “Turn ye, turn ye... for why will ye die?” (Ezek. 33:11.) But He will not call forever—

“Soon that voice will cease its calling;

Now it speaks, and speaks to thee;

Sinner, heed the gracious message:

To the blood for refuge flee.

Take salvation

Take it now, and happy be.”

“He, that being often reproveth hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy.” (Prov. 29:1.) P. H. B.

Christ, the Life-Giver. (John 5)

ONE Sabbath day the Lord Jesus visited the pool of five porches, which was “at Jerusalem.” It bore the name of Bethesda House of Mercy), for an angel came down at certain seasons and imparted healing life-giving qualities to its waters, the benefit of which he received, who first stepped into the pool after the angelic visit. The five porches or colonnades round this Pool of mercy were the abodes of suffering and misery, for “in these lay a great multitude of impotent folk, of blind, halt, withered, waiting for the moving of the water;” all too well assured that only one out of their number could receive the longed-for blessing.

One of this hapless host was a man, whose infirmity for thirty-eight long years had held him fast. Jesus saw him lie, and, knowing all about him, inquired, “Wilt thou be made whole?” But the man knew not the voice which spake to him—his soul heard not the words; for he answered, “Sir, I have no man, when the water is troubled, to put me into the pool: but while I am coming, another steppeth down before me.” How like the multitude, who think more of ordinances, of angels, and of human help than of the Son of God! Tens of thousands of so-called Christians look to angels for healing, and to man for help, and looking thus are no nearer eternal life than since they were born!

By one word Jesus imparted new vitality to the body of the helpless man, who in a moment rose up and walked at the Master’s bidding.

This act of mercy done on the Sabbath day roused afresh the bitter prejudice of the Jews, boastful of the Law. Religion, not God, was what they valued, and religion rendered sacred to them by tradition. The letter which killeth, not the Spirit which giveth life, was their portion in Moses. It is easy to contend for creeds and to do battle for forms and ceremonies, with the heart as far from God as were the hearts of these Jews who persecuted Jesus, and sought to slay Him, because He had done these things on the Sabbath day. The men zealous for Moses crucified Christ!

The Lord’s act of healing the helpless man drew around him a crowd of offended religious people. He was in their midst, not with the shining countenance of the Law-Giver, but lowly and despised. His words were not ushered in with the tremendous emphasis of a thundering heaven and a quaking earth, but with the gentle goodness of one act of healing mercy. The words of God, by Moses, were, “Do this, and thou shalt live;” and these Jews, like too many professing Christians, looked complacently within themselves for power to do and to live. Self-righteous men are ever self-satisfied! Ah! if they had read Moses aright, they would have discovered that, “As many as are of the works of the law are under the curse: for it is written, Cursed is every one that continueth not in all things which are written in the book of the law to do them.” (Gal. 3:10.) But who, expecting righteousness by the law, and life by that righteousness, ever heeds its curses? Man has ever a back door of excuses open, whereby to withdraw from the stern commands of God. Man may put himself under the law to magnify his pride of doing and living, but when the edge of the legal knife cuts his conscience, away he goes cringing, and saying that he cannot help doing a few crooked things.

As the Lord Jesus stood in the midst of these self-satisfied men, He unfolded a glory of grace; and this God had not revealed in the law given by Moses. One of the Lord's glories is that of Life-Giver. "In Him was life;" it never had a beginning in Him, but pertained to His being, and everlastingly was in Him; and "the life was the light of men." Such is His glory as the Life in connection with men. The Law-Giver had said to men, "Do this and live" —but none had done aright, and not one had lived by his doings—and Jesus proclaimed Himself as the Life-Giver to those who being dead could not do and live.

Men heard from the lips of the Son of God the truth as to their spiritual condition.

The Lord looked round upon them, and said, "The hour is coming, and now is, when the dead shall hear the voice of the Son of God, and they that hear shall live" (John 5:25). His hearers were alive in their religiousness, alive in their ideas of law keeping, but dead towards God—dead in mind and heart, utterly so towards God.

Is this a "hard saying" of the Master's? Say we, "Who can hear it?" Surely few believe the divine record concerning themselves. Constant religious effort is the constant denial of the Master's words. And this insensibility to believe our spiritual state to be that of death, is perhaps the great hindrance to receiving the truth concerning life—eternal life.

And more, when awakened by the Holy Spirit to feel our need of Christ, the fact of clinging to self, disbelief in what the Son of God says about our being dead, sorely hinders our souls from receiving Christ in His fullness. It is almost always the case when a sinner is first aroused to the sense of his sins before God, that he begins to turn to God by trying to reform. He tries to fit himself for God, and usually it is not till after much disappointment and self-learning, that he accepts the solemn truth about himself which the Lord conveyed to these self-righteous, self-satisfied Jews.

But are we not to repent, to pray, to try? Should we sit still, waiting to feel something which shall indicate that we are of the elect; No doubt every honest soul repents; but repentance does not give life, neither do prayers or efforts procure life. Not all the plowing in the world would produce a crop of corn, and repenting is like plowing, most necessary, but not life-giving. As to sitting still and waiting to see if we are of the elect, we might as well ask a man in the top story of a burning house, to sit indifferent and still, and wait to see whether, perchance, the fire escape came or came not, as to ask a really earnest soul, roused by the Spirit of God to the reality of eternity, not to trouble himself till he awoke in heaven or in hell. The doctrine of fatalism is only palatable to lovers of sin. Yet not all the cries and tears of the poor man in danger of being burned would make the fire-escape. Our prayers are not our Saviour.

"Uncalled Thou cam'st with gladness,

Us from the fall to raise,

To change our grief and sadness

To songs of joy and praise."

And Jesus is calling. But few listen.

“Verily, verily, I say unto you he that heareth My word and believeth on Him that sent Me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation, but is passed from death unto life” (v. 24.) The moment a dead sinner hears the word of the Son of God, he lives. If we have heard Him, then we have life. If we heard yesterday, or a year ago, we lived, having heard. Divine life was communicated when we heard. There might have been law-keeping, doing this and that in order to live, and a desire after the good, but there was no new life, no eternal life until we had heard. We were merely evolving something out of self, and out of self, self comes. Divine life cannot be wrought out of us, or produced from us, any more than natural life can be got out of stones; it is put into us.

Jesus is the Life-Giver. He presents Himself to us as to those who are dead. He tells us that it is the Father’s will that He should give life to whom He will. We quicken not ourselves. It is the direct work of the Son of God. We are slow to learn, slow to believe His words. And the Lord bids us not be stumbled at the wonderful truth that He is the Life, and that such as hear His voice shall live; saying, “Marvel not at this, for the hour is coming in the which all that are in the grave shall hear His voice and shall come forth” (v. 28.) We believe in the resurrection of the body; that when the great day comes the Lord will awake the dead, and call them forth out of death to live again; and He bids us know that in the hour which now is (this day of grace), the spiritually “dead shall hear the voice of the Son of God, and they that hear shall live.”

There are two shalls in these words of the Lord. “The dead shall hear.” And despite all that men may say, and the numbers that do not listen, still there are the dead who do now hear the voice of the Son of God. He has said of the spiritually dead, that they shall hear. And He quickens whom He will. No discordant religious voices, no clamor of the world, can hinder Jesus from commanding the ear of dead sinners. The numbers who are daily brought to confess His name, evidence the strength of His first Divine shall.

And this is the second, “they that hear shall live.” This is for you, troubled soul. None can rob you of the power of the Lord’s blessing. Whatever your state, whatever your sin, has the voice of the Son of God reached you? Then you shall live. You shall not die. His Father sent Him to save you, and to give you everlasting life. He that hath the Son hath life. It is yours now this very moment, and never, never will be taken from you. Neither shall you come into judgment. The sins you dread have been borne by Jesus. You are in Him, who has passed through the judgment for you, and who is now out of it, never more to die. You are also passed from death into life. H. F. W.

Little Agnes

IN a pretty country village, not far from the sea, lived little Agnes. I daresay you would think her house a strange one. It goes by the name of “The Black Hut,” for it is only made of wooden boards nailed together and painted black, and, as it stands itself, it looks dark and solitary, but inside it is a bright little house with three rooms—a little house in which people could live very happily if they had the fear of God, without which none can be happy, not even in a palace.

Though the light of day shone in through the windows of the Black Hut, the light of God had never shone there; never there had shined “the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ.” But, though the inmates thought not of God, He thought of them.

Some of Agnes’ cousins came every Sunday afternoon to our Sunday School, and one afternoon, amongst the new faces were those of Agnes and her sister Emily. Agnes was seven years old, Emily three. Their sister Moggie, aged fourteen, took care of them and of the baby sister whom their mother had left a little infant when she had died a year before. Moggie kept the children very tidy, and sent them punctually to school. Children in a Sunday School are often very inattentive. Agnes was neither better nor worse than the rest, but, as she generally sat near her teacher, she heard better than most.

One bright day we had our school treat, and as fifty or sixty of us walked together to a field, with a cripple boy beside us in a wheelbarrow, waving his red pocket handkerchief tied to a stick for a flag, we were a very merry party. Before tea some of the children said “pieces” —little poems or hymns; and after tea there was a romp in the field.

Agnes’s father was waiting outside to carry back little Emily for fear she should be tired, and to hear Agnes tell all about the happy day she had had, for he loved his little girl much, and liked to hear her talk. Rough man though he was, and harshly though he might sometimes speak to others, yet he did not do so to his children, and Agnes was his special pet—indeed, the pet of all the family.

I have said thus much about Agnes and her sisters that you may be the more interested in what I am now going to tell you.

One day a woman in the village saw a child, wrapped in flames, rush out of the Black Hut. Moggie had gone out on an errand, leaving the three children together, and as Agnes stood inside the fender, trying to arrange something over the chimney-piece, the fire had caught her, clothes. The terrified child rushed out of the house and across the road to the nearest cottages, screaming for help. But before help came, it was too late there, in a kind neighbor’s cottage, wrapped in a piece of matting, stood little Agnes, too terrible to look at, and her cries too sorrowful to listen to.

Pitying hearts surrounded the poor child, and willing hands hastened to attend to her two requests. The one: “Oh, let me go to bed! let me go to bed!” The other: “My poor bab! my poor bab! Who’ll go and see where it is?” But the wee thing was sitting playing happily in its bed, unconscious of all

the sorrow.

A little messenger was sent running down to tell me the sad news, and I was soon standing beside what had been pretty little Agnes—now no longer to be recognized. There she lay in the bed, where they had put her, screaming with agony. It was heartrending. I bent over her, and said, “Agnes.” But she took no notice. Sympathy had no effect, so I tried the power of the name of Jesus, hoping that it would soothe; but, alas! she only cried the more.

After some hours the remedies employed began to tell on the little sufferer; her, screams ceased, turning to moanings, and she fell into a restless sleep. So another day passed by. Life was ebbing, and there was still no sign whether she had heard the voice of Jesus. It was difficult to know whether she was conscious of what was said to her, but as the day wore on it was evident that she was not. She ceased to ask for her father, or to care for his presence, which at first she insisted on continually. But God, who had known the end from the beginning, had not brought Agnes to our Sunday school for nothing during what were to be the last few months of her life. For now as little Agnes lay in a kind of heavy sleep, God began to show how He could do without us. As we stood by and wondered to see Him work, her moanings and murmurings turned into another channel; being no longer able to speak to man, she began to speak to God. God was dealing with her soul by His Holy Spirit.

We had not told her that she was dying, but God let her know that her time Was come.

And now from the poor parched lips came the words of the little hymn she had often sung in school—

“There is a happy land,

Far, far away.”

“Far, far away,” indeed, it seemed from such a scene of suffering, but it was very close to the sufferer. The Holy Spirit was showing her the goodly land, letting her hear the harps of gold as she looked in through the gates, and little Agnes said, “Listen to the beautiful music.”

Then she became occupied with the One who makes heaven heaven—without whom heaven would be no heaven to the soul that loves Him. She, like Stephen, “saw Jesus,” and her oft-repeated exclamation, “Heavenly Jesus! Heavenly Father!” told of what her eye, to us so vacant, was gazing on. “Whom having not seen we love.” She saw, and how could she but love? And the little lips which certainly never had uttered such words before burst out with— “Oh, Jesus! I love you! You are my Jesus! Are you ready? I am!”

Yet one step more the Spirit led her: she passed on from “Jesus” to “Christ.” Did she get hold in any measure of what that Name implied? The glorified Head in heaven, and union with Him there; “a member of His body, of His flesh, and of His bones.” None can tell. She was a little ignorant child, yet “Christ in glory” were her words. With God for her teacher, what might she not learn? “Who teacheth like Him?”

So another morning came, and inside the Black Hut still lay that little suffering form, whilst sympathizing villagers looked hopelessly on. The poor father sat in the outside room; his presence was no longer needed by her, and, Hagar-like, his bent figure seemed to say, “Let me not see the

death of the child." My heart ached as I looked at him. I spoke to him tenderly of the little one, whilst the tears flowed down his rough cheeks. The neighbors stood round listening, and poor Moggie sat with the baby on her knee. It was a sorrowful scene.

"Well," I said, "little Agnes is passing away, but she is going to her Saviour. How would it have been with each one of us if the summons had been sent to us instead of her? Is there one of us who could say, 'I am ready?' Yet He has shed His precious blood that we may be ready. He has made the way to God for every poor sinner who knows how far off he is, and longs to get back to Him. God is taking your little Agnes from you, H.; let it be the beginning of a new life to you; let it be the starting-point Godwards, and you will yet bless Him that He took her from you."

There was silence—nothing but tears for answer. I said, "Shall we ask God about it?" And we knelt together, the poor father burying his face in his arms on the other side of the tiny table, whilst in a few simple words I asked for every one of us in that little room that we might seek and find that Jesus who had saved Agnes, and who alone could save each one of us.

The words were ended, but none stirred.

At last we rose from our knees, and H. again seated himself by the fire, his face buried in his hands. I put my hand on his shoulder, saying, "Oh! H. God does not want to break your heart; H., He wants to wash your soul whiter than snow." A sob was his only answer.

I went inside to have one more look at Agnes. She lay as before. She had not spoken for some time. But, as I looked, her lips parted, and faintly the words came—the last ones: "I am ready; are you?"

Yes, Jesus was ready. Who was there ever called Him and found He was not? A few more minutes of patient waiting, and, without a struggle, her spirit passed into His presence; the Good Shepherd folded His little lamb in His arms, to go no more out forever. J. S. C.

Coming Quickly

ARE you not all fond of looking at pictures, dear children? Two little boys were showing me their large scrap book the other day. It was full of nice pictures; and presently we came to one of a man who had bravely allowed himself to be killed, because he knew that his death would save the lives of his friends. We were talking about the great courage of this man, when the younger of my two little friends looked up and said, "I think that man must have loved Jesus, or else he would have been afraid to die."

"Yes," I said; "Jesus loved him first, and died for him, to wash away his sins, and now this man is not afraid to die, because he knows he will go straight to see the Jesus who has loved him and given Himself for him."

Do you think you would be afraid to die? But do you know there may be something nearer than death for you? The Lord Jesus may come to take all those who have believed in Him up to heaven, to stay with Him forever. Do you think He would take you, little child?

I once knew a little girl who never went to bed without thinking, "Perhaps the Lord may come tonight and take away my father and mother, and many more who I know have their sins forgiven, and I shall be left behind to live here with all the people who do not care about God; and when I die I shall have to go to hell, and live with the devil and his angels." She got more and more unhappy, and more and more frightened every night, for she knew that the last words of the Lord in the Bible were "Surely I come quickly," and she thought if it was quickly when the Bible was written so long ago, that His coming must be very near indeed now. And instead of being able to say, "Even so come, Lord Jesus," as she saw they said in the Bible, she used often to pray, "O Lord Jesus, please don't come till I am saved."

One night she could bear it no longer, and she thought, "Why should I not be saved now? I don't feel quite sure how I am to be saved, but I know I am such a sinner that I must be left behind when the Lord comes, unless He saves me now." So she got out of bed, and knelt down and said, "O Lord Jesus, I know I am a bad sinner, but the Bible says that whosoever believes in Thee shall not perish; and I do believe that Jesus died for me. Thou wilt not turn me off." She got into bed again and said, "Now I am so safe;" and she thought of those words Jesus said, "Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out." The next morning she was able to tell one or two that she was saved, because she had believed in the Lord Jesus Christ, and His word said any who believed on Him were saved.

No the Lord Jesus could not "turn her off" after she had rested in His work on the cross. He had been punished there for sin, and so God could never, now that she believed, punish her. That little girl has grown up, and she still thinks about the Lord's coming when she goes to bed at night, and when she wakes in the morning, too; and now she feels very glad that the Bible says Jesus is coming quickly, and she likes to say, "Even so come, Lord Jesus." Do you like to say it too, little child, or are you afraid He will come before you are saved? L. C. W.

The Plagues of Egypt.

THE FOURTH PLAGUE.

IT must be distinctly kept before our minds, that Jehovah in sending His plagues on Egypt was proving publicly throughout that idolatrous land, and to His people enslaved there, that He, Jehovah, is God alone. The wise men of Pharaoh had indeed owned the finger of a Mighty One in the third plague, but they had not confessed that this Mighty One, this God, was Jehovah. However, these words spoken to Moses at the first were to be verified, "The Egyptians shall know that I am Jehovah."

It is difficult for us, who dwell in a country where idols are not worshipped, fully to enter into the awful state of the land of Egypt, with its worship of the sun, and of the Nile, of men and beasts, and of reptiles and insects. And perhaps it is still more difficult for us to conceive the terrible state of the world at large in the times of the plagues of Egypt. For some hundreds of years mankind generally had given up God, and had sunk down into idolatry. This world-wide sin happened shortly after the flood, and then it was that God called out Abraham to follow and to worship Him alone. God separated Abraham to Himself, taught him that He was Almighty, and blessed Abraham's offspring. But now the family of Abraham was dwelling in the land of idols; where they had been for very many years. The little children had grown to be men and women, with idols around them on every side, and with the objects of nature continually worshipped. Could it be otherwise than that they too should be influenced by these things? We know ourselves how frequently when in foreign lands nominal Christians will conform to such customs as bowing before that which is not God, and surely Israel in Egypt was in danger of idolatry. Hence Jehovah, by His plagues, would teach His people how vain are idols, and prove to them that He is God alone.

Did the people of Egypt worship their river, then Jehovah would make their river to become blood. Did they hold as sacred frogs and beetles, then Jehovah would make these miserable gods, and gnats and flies, a torment to them. Moreover, Jehovah would show that by His word these creatures came and went—that they obeyed His bidding.

It will very considerably help you to the understanding of these plagues if you bear in mind the reason of their being sent. There was a deep meaning in them all. Each of them had a peculiar significance to the Egyptians, according to the time of the year when Jehovah sent it upon them, and it seems to us that Jehovah used natural things, such as reptiles and insects, thunder and darkness, with which they were well acquainted, wherewith to plague the Egyptians, in order the more emphatically to prove to them the vanity of their gods and the sin of their religion.

This was not only on account of the Egyptians, nor simply to deliver Israel from Egyptian slavery, but that God's people should, throughout all their history, remember His hatred of idols, and how He had delivered them from idolatry. We have only to read the Word of God to discover His indignation against idols. The very first commandment expresses this truth— "I am Jehovah, Thy God, which brought thee out of the land of Egypt. Thou shalt have none other gods than Me." And those who are nominally Christian may do well to ponder the lesson taught Egypt, for idolatry is in the heart of man, and even in our own favored land we see the spirit of idolatry in the feeling that it is easier to worship God with a crucifix or a picture before the eye, and with beautiful music charming the ear, than in spirit and in truth. For what are these things save natural religion? And

what is idolatry save natural religion, shaped out into the forms of natural things? The world at large is much nearer the worship of idols than men care to think.

The fourth plague is now before us.

The Lord once more sends a message to Pharaoh. The king was coming to the river.

Probably it was the solemn occasion of cutting open the heads of its channels. He would come, in such case, in the religious pomp which was connected with this event in the continued rising of the water.

It seems very probable that the occasion of Pharaoh's visit to the Nile was similar to that in this present day, when the great canal of Cairo is opened by the pasha, accompanied by the authorities.

You should know that, as the Nile continues to rise, and the inundation to advance, the various mounds of earth which are raised at the entrance of the canals are cut open to let the welcome water farther inland, and thus fields far away from the Nile itself are covered with water.

This ceremony was the great feast of the ancient year, and we may justly picture Pharaoh, in his glory, upon the morning in question, about to superintend the cutting of the first bank or mound. He is surrounded by his grandees and priests, when suddenly Moses appears, and standing before him, cries aloud, "Thus saith Jehovah: Let My people go, that they may serve Me. Else if thou wilt not let My people go, behold, I will send swarms upon thee."

Now what these swarms were in ordinary years Pharaoh knew; and what they could become as the miraculous judgment of Jehovah he had good good reason to dread from former experience. Surely he must have quailed under the terrific threat.

Travelers give us a description of the swarms of all kinds of flies which torment them in Egypt at the time of year when the water of the inundation drives these insects from their ordinary resorts into the habitations of man.

We read of these creatures, famished by reason of the advancing water covering their feeding grounds, rushing like hailstorms into houses, and settling in black masses upon the food; and when driven away, in their rage fastening themselves upon lips and eyelids, and tormenting the people almost to madness. Conceive, then, the character of this plague, when swarms upon swarms of these poisonous biting flies filled the houses and covered the narrow strips of earth which remained above the inundation.

These grievous swarms entered Pharaoh's palace, and the houses of the Egyptians, and into all the land of Egypt. And so enormous were their numbers that they covered the ground, and as they died their masses corrupted the very soil. No courage nor ingenuity could stand before, or drive away, such an army. Jehovah had "hissed for the fly." This was one of the most terrific of all the plagues.

Not only in mercy to His own people, but also to prove publicly that He alone was Jehovah in the midst of the earth, and thus that the gods of, Egypt were vain, did the Lord draw a line between that part of Egypt dwelt in by Pharaoh's people and His own. In the land of Goshen there were no

swarms at all.

This plague brought Pharaoh once more to humble himself, at least, partially. "Go ye," Said he to Moses and Aaron, "sacrifice to your God (he did not say to Jehovah) in the land."

Moses entreated for the removal of the plague, and on the morrow there "remained not one" —a miracle as astonishing as that which had called up the judgment.

Here we observe that Pharaoh wished to compromise the matter. He did not want Israel to go, which was the Lord's demand, but expressed a willingness that Israel should serve the Lord in the land. But God's ways are not of this kind.

His people must come clean out of Egypt. Even as now, when a soul is saved, it is delivered from the world and brought to God. No serving of God and mammon will suffice.

Worship of the true God in an idolatrous land would have only been like worshipping another god in the eyes of Egyptians, who frequently added gods to their numerous deities. Sometimes one of the gods of the nations with whom they had been to war. The absolutely distinct nature of Jehovah's worship from any and every kind of idolatry required separation from Egypt, and to Himself.

The way, too, of Israel's worship and that of the Egyptians was altogether different. Moses said "Lo, shall we sacrifice the abomination of the Egyptians before their eyes, and will they not stone us?" Israel had one mode of worship, Egypt another. And so is it now. There can be no compromise between the worship of the world and that of Christians. God permits nothing of the kind. Neither can the world have any liking for Christian worship. There is a gulf between the two which is not to be bridged over.

"We will go three days' journey into the wilderness and sacrifice to Jehovah, our God, as He shall command us," said Moses. H. F. W.

William Farel.

(Continued from p. 96.)

IT must have been just at this point that William Farel left the old city. He must have had a sad parting with Master Faber, and with the little band of believers whom he was leaving behind; but the time was come when he must turn his back openly upon Rome and upon those who, like his dear old master, still hung back from the great step of coming out to Christ only, apart from all that man had invented. Where did William betake himself? We read in the history that God has written of His servants, of Benaiah, the son of Jehoiada, who tracked the lion in the snow to the pit where it lay. In like manner, just now, when Bedier had so nearly wreaked his vengeance upon Louis de Berquin, and had stirred up all Paris to the attack upon the bishop, it was to Paris that William Farel returned. He there spoke boldly and faithfully of Christ and His gospel. He openly denounced the wickedness and idolatry of Rome. But the door was shut. None would now receive the message. The wonderful thing is that none laid hands on him. We know not how this was, but we shall find it was often so in his remarkable history. Farel gave his last message to the Paris university, and he gave it to deaf ears. He then, for the last time, turned his back upon the great city, and returned by way of Metz to his old home at Les Farelles.

Meanwhile, what was happening to the bishop of Meaux? He listened with terror to the accusations and threats of the parliament and of the monks. He well knew how narrowly Master Faber had escaped being burnt alive. He could foresee the fate that was hanging over Louis de Berquin, should he again fall into the hands of Bédier. What should he do? On the one hand disgrace and the stake, on the other hand his miter and throne, the favor of the court and parliament, and the respect of all who owned the pope as their master! Should he deny Christ? Satan whispered to him that there was a middle course. He need not give up the gospel, but he might make an outward show of satisfying Rome. He might serve two masters. This he resolved to do. He said he would give up Luther's writings, and he would consent that the Virgin should be worshipped. "I can always tell people," he said to himself. "that it is through Christ alone she can have power to help." But would he give up his beloved friends, Master Faber and the Roussels? Again Satan put into his heart the cowardly excuse, that were he to banish them from Meaux they would but carry the light elsewhere; he would thus be serving the cause of the gospel. Thus did a deceived heart turn aside this miserable man.

On the fifteenth of October, 1523, he published three commands. First, that prayer was to be made for the dead, and that the virgin and the saints were to be worshipped. Second, that no one was to buy, borrow, read, or possess Luther's writings; on the contrary, they were to be torn, scattered to the winds, or burnt. Third, that the doctrine of purgatory was to be taught. A month later he forbade the priests of Meaux to permit the "Lutherans" to preach. The gospel teachers were by this time called "Lutherans," though, as we have seen, Master Faber and Farel had known and believed the gospel before Luther had clearly believed it himself.

In the following January the bishop proclaimed that the images were to be held in veneration. The first president of the parliament and a councilor, called Verjus, went to Meaux to observe the bishop's proceedings. In their presence he had to preach in opposition to the new heresies. They returned to Paris fully satisfied with him, and the only punishment inflicted on him for his past offenses was the payment of a heavy fine. Their next attack was upon Master Faber, who still remained at Meaux. But the king a second time stood up in his defense. He respected his learning, and despised the monks and doctors for the ignorance shown in their arguments against him. Therefore Master Faber was again left in peace. He could not preach publicly at Meaux, but he taught privately, and tried to make himself happy in the sight of many souls really turned to the Lord. But his conscience would sometimes reproach him when he thought of Louis de Berquin's imprisonment, and of Farel, who had boldly disowned all fellowship with Rome. Still Master Faber was true to the faith he taught, and in contrast with the bishop, we may think of him as a faithful but weak servant of the Saviour whom he truly loved.

We must now return to William Farel. It was with a feeling of terror that his family heard of his being on his homeward road. The tidings of his strange doings at Paris and at Meaux had reached them long before. And now he was once more amongst them in the old home. The green Alps, the deep green valleys, the mountain villages around him, as in old times. But to him all was changed. He could see in his beloved Dauphiné only a land of darkness, where Christ was not. As soon as he arrived, he gave to all around the blessed message with which God had sent him. As he had given it at Paris and at Meaux, so now he gave it at Les Farelles, at Gap, and at every village round. He preached in the streets and fields, in mills and farmyards, on the rocks by the river side, on the slopes of the mountains. Wherever two or three could be gathered to hear, he was there

with his Bible and his voice of thunder, preaching and teaching Jesus Christ.

It was but a very little while before his brothers, Daniel, John-James, Walter, and Claude believed, and were saved. The priests arose in fury. A young man, not a clergyman at all, thus to preach! To preach heresy, and to preach anywhere and everywhere! He was summoned before the bishop and the magistrates of Gap, and banished from the district. But the word of the Lord could not be banished. Besides his four brothers, many appear at this time to have turned to the Lord. Amongst these was a boy called Anthony Boyoe, a cousin of William's.

Remember this boy Anthony, you will hear of him again. There was also an old friend of William's, one with whom he had played when a boy at Les Farelles. This young man was the second son of the lord of Châtelbard, who lived near Gap. His name was Anemond. He had distinguished himself as a knight in the service of Francis I, and had lived at the court for some time, a merry but not a thoughtless man; that is to say, he had thought so far as to see how empty and foolish were the forms and ceremonies which were all he knew of that religion which men called Christianity. He therefore ceased to observe them. But he was like many at that time, when the new learning aroused men to think, though it could not lead them to the truth. He simply cast off his old religion and lived without God. A time came, however, when he found that the soul cannot be satisfied by reason and common sense. A terrible accident befel him at a tournament held at the "Field of the Cloth of Gold," which you have read of in the history of our King Henry VIII. The young knight was wounded in the eye by a splintered lance, and a long illness followed. He was carried home, when he could bear the journey, to the old castle in Dauphiné, and there remained a miserable and disappointed man, unable for many long months to leave his room.

He thought that if ever he recovered he would become a monk, for he could not now live without God. He hoped that in the convent he might at last find Him, and get rest to his soul.

A man came one day into his room. Anemond knew him at once, in spite of his long, wild-looking red beard. It was his old friend William Farel, now a homeless outcast, living in the woods and caves upon the mountain slopes. The time had come when William's knowledge of the rocks and glens, and his skill in climbing amongst the hills, stood him in good stead, for it was at the risk of his life he appeared in the villages to preach, and when he did so, no one knew whence he came or whither he went. He sat down by the side of the sick man, and, opening his Bible, he spoke to him of Jesus. Anemond listened eagerly. He was one of those athirst for the living water, and to whom the call of Christ is welcome indeed. Perhaps it was the joy and peace that filled his soul that gave fresh strength to his body. He soon recovered from his illness. In the meantime he spoke earnestly to his elder and his younger brothers, entreating them to believe the blessed tidings of God's dear Son. His eldest brother was angry and scornful, but the younger one, Lawrence, who was very fond of Anemond, seemed glad to hear the gospel. It does not seem, however, clear that he was really turned to God. Anemond then made over his share of the family property to Lawrence, and left his home. He wished to see Luther and Zwingli.

Who was Zwingli? You have not heard of him before. I cannot now tell you the whole of his history, but will say, in few words, that he had been, since the year 1518, the preacher in the cathedral of Zurich, in Switzerland. He had begun, like Luther in Germany, to understand that sinners are saved by the death of Christ; and having by degrees gained light from the Bible, he had spoken boldly against some of the evil teaching of popery. It would seem that he had at first opposed the

popish teaching, not so much because it was contrary to the Bible, but because he thought it opposed to reason and good sense; and when he first was appointed preacher at Zurich, he does not appear to have himself passed from death to life, though he was already known as inclined to Protestantism. It is, alas! very easy to be a Protestant, and to see that popery is foolish, and even wrong, without faith in Christ, or love to God. There were numbers of people at that time, and there are greater numbers now, who could argue to any extent against the errors of popery, but with hearts as far from God, and as much at enmity with Him, as the hearts of the pope and the monks. It would seem, however, that a year later, in 1519, Zwingli was brought, through a dangerous illness, to come himself to Christ as the Saviour.

Just at the time when Anemond de Châtelbard was turned to God, the news had been spread abroad that Zwingli had caused all the images and relics in the churches of Zurich, and of the surrounding villages, to be taken away and destroyed. He had, therefore, made one great step. But he was still singing mass, and observing other popish forms. This he did, not so much because he thought it right himself, but for fear of giving offense to the priests by leaving it off. He possessed much of a not uncommon quality which many people then, and many in later times, praised and admired in him. They called it wisdom and moderation. Farel would have called it "the prudence of the flesh." But whilst we can see now how Zwingli erred on the side of "fleshly prudence," we can also observe that Farel was not always on his guard against the zeal and energy of the flesh. In this respect Zwingli and Farel stood in contrast to one another. Zwingli was always, to a great extent, a popular man, as he was careful and skillful in not arousing men to anger. He acted cautiously and by degrees.

William Farel might sometimes have given less offense by learning more of the meekness and gentleness of Christ. At the same time, the blessing of Luke 6:22 belonged rather to Farel than to Zwingli, "Blessed are ye when men shall hate you, and when they shall separate you from their company, and shall reproach you, and cast out your name as evil, for the Son of Man's sake." There has been but one Servant of God, who could be perfectly meek, and perfectly devoid of the fear of man, and of the wisdom and prudence of the flesh, as well as of the violence and hastiness of the flesh. We shall look in vain for another.

Farel continued his preaching with great diligence amongst the mountain villages. He knew the rocks and caverns so well, and had so accustomed himself, when a boy, to climbing the mountains, that it was easy for him to find safe hiding-places. "The crosses, persecutions, and devices of Satan," he said, "of which I have been forewarned, have not been wanting; they are even much severer than I could have borne of myself. But God is my Father; He has provided, and always will provide me the strength which I require." It was a joy to the heart of Farel to see many sinners saved through the preaching of the word. F. B.

Now

NOT long ago a poor man was listening to some earnest preaching of the gospel in the West of England. He remained unmoved till about the end of the address, when suddenly the words, "Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation" (2 Cor. 6:2), earnestly repeated by the preacher, arrested his attention, and struck like an arrow home to his heart, awaking for the first time the dormant state of his soul. The address being ended, he left his seat sad and sorrowful. "Well," he thought to himself, "if those are really God's own words, I had better begin now at once and work for salvation," and, going home, he walked straight up to a high and dusty shelf, where for many years his unread Bible had lain, and taking it down, after having wiped off the dust with his hand, he began to read at the first chapter of Genesis.

Poor man He thought, if only he read a chapter of the Bible every day, when he came to the end he would be sure to feel "all right" —by that he meant he would be sure to feel saved and happy, and not afraid to meet the piercing holy eye of a righteous God. He did not know that God was Love as well as Light.

The speaker's words, or rather, God's words, "Now is the day of salvation," seemed to haunt him day and night. He could think of nothing else. Ah! we know it must ever be so when God Himself speaks to a soul with power through His mighty Word; "For the word of God is quick, and powerful, and sharper than any two-edged sword, piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, and of the joints and marrow, and is a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart. Neither is there any creature that is not manifest in His sight: but all things are naked and opened unto the eyes of Him with whom we have to do." (Heb. 4:12, 13.)

Thus God in His wondrous love and mercy awoke for the first time a need in this poor man's soul. And let me tell you, dear reader, there is never the faintest longing in your heart towards God, nor any desire to know His Son, whom He sent to die for sinners, unless Christ has first been yearning in His wondrous love towards you; indeed, it is His very yearning after you that kindles in your heart the desire after Him.

Not only had God awakened a need in this dear man's soul, but He meant to show him that the more and more he worked to obtain salvation the more wretched He would make him, and this we constantly have to learn before we get to the end of ourselves, a lesson which, alas! we are so slow in learning!

He did not know that God says we are dead— "dead in trespasses and sins;" and, therefore, that we need a new life to become "alive unto God." But the moment we own we are dead, utterly undone and helpless before Him, able to do nothing of ourselves, then God takes us up, and shows us what He can do, and all that His Son has done.

Day after day, as soon as his work was over, W. read steadily through his Bible, till at last he came to the end of Revelation. But it was a hard, irksome task. What? reading God's own word "an irksome task"! Yes, because it was not from love to God he did it, but because he thought he ought

to do so. He was working up to God, instead of working down from God.

What was W.'s utter amazement when he found that, instead of feeling happier when he came to the end of Revelation, he was much more wretched! And thus he read through the Bible three times, from Genesis to Revelation, each time feeling more and more wretched and disheartened!

At last, after the third time of reading it, he thought to himself, "Well, if reading the Bible through three times does not give me peace and joy, and make me less frightened to meet God, I am afraid nothing will; I shall try no more;" so saying he reached up again to that high and dusty shelf, and there he left his Bible.

He did not know that God's loving eye had been following him all these years, and that He had tenderly been leading him to this very point—in other words, bringing him to the end of himself, and making him see that if he insisted on having any part in his own salvation God would not act. Neither did he know how near, how very near God was, nor how soon He was going to act for him, and indeed did act, the moment He saw W. had learned that it was useless for him to work for his salvation, and that it is God's own free gift: "For by grace are ye saved through faith; and that not of yourselves: it is the gift of God: not of works, lest any man should boast." (Eph. 2:8, 9.)

It must have been rather more than two years after this that W. heard that the same preacher who had been used of God in first awakening him to a sense of sin and need was going to speak at the same place.

He determined to go, and the first words that greeted his ear as he tried to find a place in one of the back seats, were, "To him that worketh not, but believeth on Him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted for righteousness." (Rom. 4:5.)

"What!" he thought, "does God say that? — 'To him that worketh not!' Impossible!" He listened again. Yes, it was no mistake; he again heard those five words distinctly repeated, "To him that worketh not!" "What!" he thought, "God tells me not to work, and here have I been working for two years, and that to get peace, and God tells me I am not to work, but that I am justified by believing in His Son! Thank God, I see it all now! I have been working instead of believing, and God tells me to believe instead of work. Now I see how reading the Bible could not save me. It must be God's free gift from beginning to end!"

From that hour W. had peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ; God's light had shone into his dark soul, and he saw like a flash of lightning that Christ had done the work by shedding His own precious blood on the cross 1800 years ago, the very work he in his blindness of heart and proud presumption had been trying to do! And 1800 years ago Christ Himself had said, "It is finished," and yet he never knew it was finished till that moment! Yes, finished; and how perfectly! God gave him to see not only that the work of Christ is finished, but how perfectly that work has glorified Him. And that now His Son is at God's own right hand in the Glory, where He ever liveth to make intercession for His people. Truly it could be said of W. that, like the eunuch of old, "he went on his way rejoicing."

"Now is the free accepted time;

Now is salvation's day;

Now 'whosoever will may come'

Now Christ's the Life, the Way.

"Now pardon's offered, full and free;

Now heaven is open wide;

Now peace is offered through the blood

Of Jesus crucified."

E. O' N. N.

There Is Time yet

LITTLE did he, who said the above four words, think that his days were numbered, and that life, promising length of years, was to be cut off in the freshness and vigor of youth. It was my last interview with F—. We had been boys together, and when at school a companionship began which proved inseparable. As time advanced we both launched upon the great struggle of life, in which so many lose their all, and too many their souls.

F—chose a seafaring life, and we separated; but no distance dissolved the tie which had for so many years bound us together. Often did we think with joy of each other, of the pleasant past, and of the bright future, caring little for more than what the present afforded. True, we each had parents, possessing true Christian principles, who had taught us from our infancy to value that precious Word which is able to make us wise unto salvation through faith in Christ, and often had the tender and pathetic tale of the love of the Lord been whispered in our ears. These early lessons, I am bold to say, left traces of unspeakable value, though the mere knowledge of these things can never suffice for the salvation of precious souls. Far more is needed than mere head knowledge, or historical belief in Jesus and God's love. But to hear the sweet story sounded, even at a time when the listlessness of childhood gives no encouragement for its recital, is sure to bring its own reward. This was proved, by the grace of God, to one of us, for hardly had fifteen years rolled away, before my soul began to be personally interested in that precious gospel which, though preached to all, must be believed individually.

Years had passed since the day F—and I parted. We met again, and for the last time in November. God having found me, I was desirous that my friend, too, should taste that the Lord is gracious. I pleaded with him, reminding him of that grace which had protected him from many a danger on the deep, and from many a snare on land—of that voice which called repeatedly and patiently, but which had, up to the present time, been unanswered. Ah, yes, and of the beseeching attitude of God, pleading with his soul! But, alas, all was in vain! He thought there was time enough to consider these things, and that the bed of death was the most fitting place for such serious contemplation.

Reader, are such your thoughts? Has it never entered your mind that the morrow's rising sun may shed the brightness of its rays upon your lifeless corpse!

Beseeching dear F—seemed labor in vain. "There was time yet," he said. He left me. Oh, what misgivings as to his safety filled my soul! What doubts as to whether we should ever meet again! What hesitancy to speak the farewell words, lest they should be the last! Strange, that we should think of such things, and yet not strange when we ponder over the uncertainty of our present existence. How sweet to think of meeting those we love on yonder peaceful shore, where, "a parting word will pass our lips no more." Reader, are you sure of that home; are you prepared for it?

We parted; some few weeks elapsed before I heard of him again, and then it was that reading in our local newspaper, I saw that in the darkness of a stormy night, F—was supposed to have fallen overboard. His body was picked up some few days after the storm.

I fully grant that it is not for us to pronounce on such a case. God alone knows. The word of God cannot be broken, and it distinctly says, "Except a man be born again he cannot see the kingdom of God," and again, "He that believeth not shall be damned."

My beloved reader, Satan has no more successful opiate than that of infusing into the thoughtless hearts of the young those poisonous words, "there is plenty of time." And frequently, through deferring, the heart becomes so hardened that the cry is changed for that more awful one, "too late, too late; there is no hope now."

May God, who is rich in mercy, and delights in saving, give you decision for Jesus. There is no time to lose. What! will you barter away that precious, undying soul for a few moments' pleasure, and refuse this loving Saviour? Be wise while it is called today; tomorrow may not be. E. J. G.

The Day of Trouble

THERE was great trouble in the house.

The mother lay ill of a fever, several others, too, had it, or were still suffering from its effects; of these, one especially seemed likely to succumb; he was the eldest son, but I must write as Mrs. D. herself related the story to me.

“One day the doctor came into my room, saying, ‘I cannot hide from you longer that your poor son is dying.’ The fever seemed as nothing; I rose and ministered to him; it was for his soul I wanted healing balm, for I felt he did not know the Lord. As I sat by his bedside I whispered, ‘Charlie, listen to me, I am going to tell you something about your dear brother Fred, and if you like me to go on, press my hand.’

“He feebly touched my fingers, and I continued, ‘It was when we were together in the south of France, I was sitting by him one day, his increasing weakness filled me with sadness; I knew he must soon leave me, and I was uncertain as to his soul’s safety, for he had not spoken as one who seemed to know the Saviour.’ We sat thus in silence till it was broken by the dear fellow; he glanced at me with a searching look, as if to read my thoughts, and then he gently said, ‘Mother mine, I know what you are thinking about, you feel that we must soon part, and the thought that troubles you is as to the salvation of my soul.’

“I told him he had read my mind aright, and he continued, ‘God has not given to me the bright assurance that you have; but I think that the dear Saviour will never cast me away—a poor boy, whose only trust is in Him.’

“I was here interrupted by the nurse, who, seeing a change on the invalid’s face, whispered, hurriedly, he is dying.’ I ran to seek my husband. ‘Adolphus,’ I cried, ‘our Charlie is going, let us kneel down and give him back to God, before he is taken from us.’

“Kneeling there, we committed him into the hands of our Father, trusting his soul to Christ for salvation. A moment later we stood around his dying bed, sad and sick at heart. But God had heard and answered our prayers, giving us more than we had asked or thought. He had heard us in ‘the day of trouble.’ Charlie had taken a turn, and was even then a shade better. ‘It is none of my skill,’ the doctor said, ‘it must be a miracle.’

“Days passed on, the invalid slowly progressed. When he had strength to speak, his first anxiety was on my account.

“‘Mother,’ he whispered, ‘now I want to tell you something. I knew when you spoke of Fred you were thinking of me, and I thought, and thought of all he had said. The Saviour did not turn him away. I was like Fred; I had never had assurance of salvation; but I said to myself, ‘I do trust the Saviour, and surely He will not cast me out either.’ As I lay there—dying—I seemed to see the Lord Himself on the cross at the very foot of my bed, and He said, ‘Come unto me.’ Then I saw His death, His work—all. I received Himself, and peace filled my heart from that moment!’”

Poor happy mother! this was joy almost too great; for three days more she continued her work, ministering to soul and body, and then her false strength left her, and she relapsed into the fever from which she had risen with the force only of excitement.

Mother and son are well, now. Years have passed since that long “day of trouble.” Charlie is still rejoicing in Christ, and is now laboring in a distant land, trying to win souls to Jesus, who so graciously whispered to his seemingly dying ear, “Come unto Me.”

The conversation was broken off very sadly about Fred, but I will tell the rest. He “came trembling” to the Saviour, as one of old did, who “came behind Him and touched the border of His garment,” but who was “healed immediately.” So with Fred; but he did not remain “trembling,” he found “the dear Saviour” did not cast him out, “a poor boy whose only trust was in Him.” To him were spoken words of cheer and hope as to her. “Be of good comfort: thy faith hath made thee whole; go in peace.”

Fred lived long enough after that to find the Saviour all and more than he had thought, and to him was given “the bright assurance” which his mother has, and which he craved. He received it only by simple faith; and what is faith? Just being at the end of one’s own resources, and casting oneself on the ability and love of another. S. C. M. A.

Flee From the Wrath to Come

DURING the early part of the winter, a servant of the Lord went one Saturday night to distribute tracts in a large village where numbers from the neighboring hamlets usually congregate for the purpose of doing their week's shopping, or of amusing themselves. On this occasion, a "cheap Jack" had taken up his stand in the center of the village, and the showman was busily employed in puffing his wares or playing his tricks, when the Lord's messenger mingled with the crowd, giving a tract here or speaking a word there. Presently the showman began jeeringly to upbraid the people with their stupidity and dullness in not accepting his account of his goods, and after further joking proceeded to say that it was all very well to talk about sending missionaries to teach the heathen in foreign lands, but he should like to send a missionary to teach them to make them believe.

To the surprise of all, above the laughter that ensued, was heard the voice of the Lord's servant—the true missionary— giving the message, "Flee from the wrath to come!"

"God was in Christ, reconciling the world unto Himself, not imputing their trespasses unto them; and hath committed unto us the word of reconciliation. Now, then, we are ambassadors for Christ, as though God did beseech by us: we pray in Christ's stead, Be ye reconciled to God." (2 Cor. 5:19, 20.) What a hush there was! what a solemn pause as thus, without a minute's warning, the messenger proceeded to proclaim the good news.

How startled that showman was, and those simple eager villagers, as they gathered around to hear the words of life which had so suddenly broken in upon their amusements. In that day when the counsels of the heart will be made manifest, we shall know which of those poor souls drank in the message of God's love and passed from death unto life.

As suddenly as they were surprised by God's messenger, so will it be when 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." Men will be eating and drinking, buying and selling, when suddenly, as a thief in the night, He will come. "Be ye also ready." M. A. W.

The Pruned Branch

A PARABLE.

A VIGOROUS branch of a noble vine rose up above the top of the wall, and said to himself, "Here is a sphere which none has appropriated, a place where enlarged views and enlarged capacity are things of course, where nails and shreds are things of the past, and where, of course, fruit of an extraordinary character may be expected to grow."

So the branch stretched himself higher and higher, until he was very high indeed, and he heard the gardener say, "Well, well, his time will come."

"Yes, truly," said the branch, "my time will come, no doubt. It ought to come, up here. My brethren below will, of course, do the best they can, but one must not expect too much of them."

"Nor," said the gardener, "must we expect too much of thee."

Slowly, as it seemed to the branch, which was so lonely in his elevation, the season for gathering the grapes came round, but how great was his shame and grief to hear the gardener say, "Never mind the topmost branch, it is empty."

Time passed on, and the pruning-knife was brought out, and the branch said to the gardener, "O, my Master, can'st thou do ought for me?"

Smiling, the gardener replied, "What! wouldst thou deny thyself?"

"Yea, Master," said he, "I would."

"Be it so;" and instantly the lofty part of the branch was severed, the remainder brought down upon the wall, and made fast in a sure place.

When another vintage was gathered, the gatherers looked at the humbled branch, and saw nothing but a few folded leaves. "It has not recovered its wasted strength," said they. But the gardener himself drew near, and lifted up the leaves, and, lo! there hung upon it the largest, richest cluster of all.

"Master!" said the branch, "I hid it for Thee: Thou didst prune me in Thy wisdom, and bind me in Thy love." B. W.

Martha and Mary

LOOK at Martha! how she serves,

Surely all her work deserves

Commendation, from the One

She delights to wait upon.

Surely now His gracious smile

Will reward her careful toil,

He will bid her sister share

In her anxious thought and care.

See! she sits at Jesus' feet,

Naught to her beside so sweet,

Looking up into His face

Drinking in His words of grace.

Does the Master bid her go?

Does He chide that fond heart? No!

One thing's needful! 'Tis her choice

Just to hear her Saviour's voice.

Works of faith, Lord, we would do,

Labors neither small nor few:

But be this our blest retreat,

Just to listen at Thy feet

J. J. H.

Words by the Way

HAVE you ever observed an experienced hand sweeping a dusty floor? Have you ever tried the task yourself? If so, you know the need of gentleness; for it is better to let the dust alone than to brush it up in a bustle all over the place.

Now there are many of us, who have eyes to see the dust lying about in the church of God, but if we would have hands to sweep, if we would contribute towards spiritual cleanliness, towards removing evil from God's house, it is necessary that we ourselves have the grace of gentleness; for otherwise our efforts to remove evil will merely result in the stirring up of a cloud of dust to the vexation of our souls and those of others.

THE Apostle Peter speaks of the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price. Now the world sets a high figure upon diamonds and rubies, but genuine humility is the jewel God prizes. We say genuine humility, for as there are false diamonds and rubies palmed off upon those who are ignorant of jewels, so there is much mock humility in the Christian market. Surely it were better to be without ornaments than to wear a sham!

It is said that the only sound test whereby to prove the diamond is to rub its surface with a file, and that this rude treatment in no way injures the jewel. Surely the rough things of life applied like a file to the feelings test most surely the genuineness of the Christian ornament. There are not many who can bear much "rubbing up the wrong way." In truth, the file test does reduce the number of apparent jewels—but being humbled is not being humble.

IN autumn the swallows congregate upon the copings of a neighboring mansion there they assemble daily and chatter together in their homely way before their time has come, and when their time does come, they rise as a cloud and fly away. Surely if we considered our time so near at hand, we should hold more together, and engage in heavenly conversation more frequently.

Life and Judgment. (John 5)

WE must not confound the immortality of the soul with eternal life in Christ. God breathed into man's nostrils the breath of life, and man became a living soul. He did not make man like the beasts which perish, nor necessarily to die; though with a body capable of dying. It was by sin that death entered the world and gained power over our bodies, but the death which destroys our mortal bodies touches not our immortal souls. All men have immortal souls by virtue of their creation, but none have eternal life save such as have received Christ.

Whether we receive everlasting life, or not, every man will live forever. Whether we die with or without Christ, our bodies will rise again. This frail tabernacle, though laid down to moulder in the dust, will be made alive, and will be once more the temple of the soul. "As in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive." (1 Cor. 15:22.) In Adam, who sinned, and whose sin brought death into the world, the vast multitudes of the human race die. In Christ, who willingly died for sinners, and who rose again, those who have life in Him will live again in resurrection, and not only them, for "The hour is coming in the which all that are in the graves shall hear His voice and shall come forth." (John 5:28.) Good or bad, all will be awakened from their death sleep.

The awakening will not be at the same period of time: "Every man in his own order;" "Christ the first fruits." He rose first. Following His resurrection will be that of His people, those who have life in Him, "afterward they that are Christ's at His coming." Following after the resurrection of Christ's people will be the kingdom and the great judgment, "then, the end." (1 Cor. 15:24.) None will be left in the graves, "all that are in the graves... shall come forth." The first resurrection will be that of life: "they that have done good, unto the resurrection of life." The last will be that of judgment, "they that have done evil, unto the resurrection of judgment." (John 5:29.)

There is no mingling of the two classes who will rise again, no union between the two periods of resurrection. All men's souls are immortal, all men's bodies will rise again; those who have life in Christ will rise at the first resurrection, those who have not life will rise at the second resurrection. "He that hath the Son hath life; he that hath not the Son of God hath not life." "Blessed and holy is he who hath part in the first resurrection." (Rev. 20:6.) "The rest of the dead lived not again until the thousand years were finished." (v. 5.)

Man's is an eternal destiny. Death ends his career on earth, but he dies not with the death of his body. Death is but the close of the first stage of his journey, and he himself travels onwards. The tent is taken down, while the tenant removes elsewhere. Man's life on earth is but the brief preface of the book of his endless history in eternity. Consider, then, these solemn words, "After death!" What an opening out is there in them. Death comes to many, as we read in the book of Job, as the King of Terrors; but the terrors of "after death" are unutterably more awful than those of death itself. "It is appointed unto men once to die, but after this the judgment." (Heb. 9:27.) That judgment is more terrible than death. Once a criminal in the condemned cell, on his last night, was visited by some of his old companions. The man's tremendous courage was well-known, but his companions found him with the sweat of agony upon him, and as they upbraided him for his

weakness, he answered, "It is not dying that I fear, but at eight o'clock tomorrow morning I must stand before God." It is sins which make "after death" so fearful a contemplation to the sinner.

Now the Father "hath committed all judgment unto the Son" (John 5:22), and "we must all appear before the judgment-seat of Christ, that every one may receive the things done in his body, according to that he hath done, whether it be good or bad." (2 Cor. 5:10.) And if we do not in this lifetime find Christ as our Life, we must, after death, stand before Him as our Judge. Soon, very soon, the current religious notion will give place to the great reality of having to meet the Son of God.

The Lord sets Himself before us, spiritually dead as we are, as the Life-giver, and as the Judge. He is the Life-giver now, He will be the Judge hereafter. He sits upon the right hand of God in heaven, and God's throne is now a throne of grace. He is the Life-giver to dead sinners, but He will sit upon the great white throne, and judge according to their works those who died in their sins.

Now it is the day of grace, now there is life for the spiritually dead who hear the words of the Son of God. Those who hear Him honor Him, and shall not come into judgment. All religion without faith in the words of the Son of God is dishonor to Him, and all righteousnesses without Christ are as filthy rags. Thus does the Lord speak to us as the Life-Giver, "Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that heareth My words and believeth on Him that sent Me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into judgment, but is passed from death unto life." (John 5:24.)

It may seem a very simple thing to hear the words of the Son of God, but alas there are but few who listen. The man of the world is much too occupied with earthly things, and the religious man too full of the sound of his own creeds to hear the words of Jesus. Let us inquire of ourselves if we have ever, for one brief quarter of an hour, been alone with God, desirous only to hear the words of life? Have we ever taken the place of hearing? That is, have we given up every preconceived notion, to sit down in the presence of the word, and to obey it alone.

The Son of God speaks, and the believer depends absolutely upon the word. God has said in His word that eternal life is his who hears His Son, and the believer does not question God. He may not feel within him as he would desire, but the word of his God is sufficient. He knows that he has passed from death into life, that he shall not come into judgment, for the Lord has spoken. He knows that he has everlasting life, his Lord's word is sufficient. Let us each inquire, have we honored the Son by hearing His words? Heaven and earth will pass away, but not one jot or tittle of His words till all be fulfilled.

It is not honoring the Son of God to put experience or efforts in any way instead of absolute faith in His own words. Nay, to do so is to sin against Him. And if we believe not we shall die in our sins. And when the day of judgment comes, we shall have to answer before the great white throne not only for each and every sin done in this life, but for the crowning sin of unbelief, which fixes the doom of all to whom the Lord speaks in this day of grace, and who will not hear.

"He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life: and he that believeth not the Son shall not see life; but the wrath of God abideth on him." (John 3:36.) H. F. W.

"ALL flesh is as grass, and all the glory of man as the flower of grass. The grass withereth, and the flower thereof falleth away: but the word of the Lord endureth forever. And this is the word which

by the gospel is preached unto you.” (1 Peter 1:24, 25.)

Talks About the Tabernacle

“I suppose you cannot tell us much more about the tabernacle, Aunt Edith?” said Charley; “for we are getting near the time when Solomon built the temple, and then there was no more need for it.”

“I was thinking, the other day,” said May, “that I would much rather have seen the tabernacle as it was in the desert, with the tents of the Israelites all around it, than as it was at Gilgal or at Shiloh. Just think, Charley, how beautiful it must have looked by night, with the pillar of fire resting upon it, as if God were keeping watch over His people as they slept.”

“I should like to have stood on some mountain near, at sunrise, and seen the fiery pillar disappear when the morning came, and the pillar of cloud take its place, and then, perhaps, as I watched, the cloud might have risen, and I should have seen the great multitude fold their tents and move on through the desert, following the cloud by which God showed them the way. But of course the most beautiful part of the tabernacle was inside,” he added, thoughtfully. “I wish, Aunt Edith, you had been with us when we saw that model of which I told you. The more I think of it the more sorry I am that such a beautiful thing should have passed away.”

“It was, indeed, a beautiful thing, Charley; but you must not forget that it was only a shadow of that which can never pass away. Now that we have nearly come to the last days of the tabernacle,” continued their aunt, “it may be interesting to go back and speak a little of its first days. Have you thought of how the wonderful love of God shines through all the history of His people which we have been looking at a little since we began our pleasant talks?”

“I have not thought much about it, Aunt Edith; but I suppose if God had not loved the people and pitied them so, they could never even have got away from Egypt.”

“We are not told, Charley, that the people in Egypt had any thought of God. We know that they sighed by reason of their hard bondage, but we do not read that they cried to God, or asked Him to save them from their cruel masters; they groaned in the bitterness of their labour and sorrow, seeking rest and finding none, and their cry reached the throne of Jehovah. Before they called He heard, and the answer came: ‘I have seen, I have seen the affliction of My people which is in Egypt, and I have heard their groaning, and am come down to deliver them.’ This was what the oppressed, heavy-hearted Israelites had never thought of. They did not even know the greatness of their misery and helplessness, but God did, and so He undertook to save them out of their distress.”

“So, when the Lord Jesus was here, He knew there were hundreds of poor people who were wanting what He could give, though they did not know it, and He said, ‘Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest,’” said little May.

“God said of the oppressed Israelites in Egypt, ‘I know their sorrows.’ He knew the unexpressed longings of their hearts, and He knows that, deep in the heart of each of us, there is a sore want, an unsatisfied longing, the dumb cry of a helpless human soul, not knowing its own need, understood only by Him.”

“Do you mean that we are unhappy because we have got away from God, and do not know how to come back?”

“You remind me of some words spoken by one who lived very long ago, Charley: ‘Thou hast made us for Thyself,’ he said, as he thought of these things, ‘and our heart is restless till it resteth in Thee.’ Even a child knows what it is to have desires and feelings which he cannot understand and cannot tell to any one. As soon as the consciousness that he is an immortal creature, and must live forever, breaks upon his mind, he is filled with thoughts of fear and unrest. Eternity stretches before him like a boundless sea. What is to become of him during that everlasting existence upon which he knows he has already entered?”

“I remember, Aunt Edith, once when I was staying with you, I woke in the night, and tried to think about what would never end, and I was so frightened that I called you; but when you came I could hardly explain to you how I felt, or what was the matter.”

“I have not forgotten that night, Charley; but I did not know that you would remember it; you were a very little boy then. What did I say to you?”

“You said such thoughts were too great for me, and I must just remember that God, who loved me, was greater than all my thoughts, and that everything belonged to Him, and that the Lord Jesus who had given Himself for me, and died to save me from all I was afraid of, was close to me, though I could not see Him, and took care of me, and loved me always. I remember I wondered what made Him care for me, but I was very sure He did, and I was not unhappy any more; though you stayed with me till I was asleep, I should not have been afraid if you had gone away.”

“You knew you had a Friend with you, One who had searched your inmost heart and found the trouble that was there.”

“Yes, that was just what I meant to say,” he interrupted. “I was so much afraid,” he continued, in a low tone, “because of my sins. I dared not look up; but all at once the hymn we used to sing came into my mind. I said it over and over again and it seemed better and truer each time:—

“‘But though we’re sinners, every one,
Jesus died.’

“Then I remembered how the Lord Jesus had once said to a sinner, ‘Thy sins are forgiven thee,’ and I thought He said it to me. I have never been afraid to die since, because I know if I left this world Jesus would have me.”

“God, who heard the sorrowful sighing of the poor oppressed bondsmen in Egypt, so long ago, heard your cry, and drew near to you that night as you lay, a little child trembling at the thought of the great unknown future. The heart, with all its strivings and longings, only gets further away from God, but at one word from Him all is peace, the struggle ceases, and there is a great calm.”

“I like that text,” said May, “We love Him because He first loved us.”

They were silent for a little, and then their aunt said—

“Will you tell me, dears, a little about that model you saw, which so much interested you?”

"I will try, Aunt Edith," said Charley. "You must imagine a square, or rather an oblong open space in the desert, enclosed by pillars: twenty brass pillars on the north, twenty on the south, ten on the west, and six on the east, for there the entrance was. The tops of these pillars were of silver, and so were the hooks from which the curtains hung. We saw these curtains of white linen set up, and the curtain hung before the entrance."

"Oh, yes, Aunt Edith, you know that beautiful curtain of blue and purple and scarlet was instead of a door, and we were told to think of how the Lord Jesus said, 'I am the Way.' The gentleman who explained it all to us said the altar, too, was a type of Christ; but Charley must tell you."

"No one could come in to the outer court except by this veiled gateway, and just inside was the great altar, made of wood covered with brass, where the fire burnt the sacrifices. Every morning and every evening a lamb was offered on this altar for the whole people, and they could see the smoke rise up to heaven. It was to this altar, just inside the gate of the outer court, that the people brought their offerings; the offerer laid his hand upon the head of the offering and then killed it, and the priest sprinkled the blood around the altar, and put it also upon the four horns or corners of the altar."

"Can you tell me why the sacrifices were offered?"

"To make atonement for sin. God saw the blood of the sacrifice, which was the life of the animal which had been killed, instead of the sin of the man who offered it."

"And the man who offered it saw the blood, too, on the horns of the altar," said May; "and you remember, Charley, when a priest had sinned the blood of his offering was put upon the horns of the golden altar on which the sweet incense was burnt in the place called the 'holy.'"

"We learn from this, dear children, that God, against whom the sinner had sinned, alone could appoint what should make an atonement or covering for sin, and He had said that by blood, and blood alone—the life of another given instead of the forfeited life of the one who had done the wrong—atonement could be made. Thus God Himself provided the means by which His ancient people could approach Him, and because of which He could dwell among a rebellious people, with hearts no better than ours, sinning every day. You know why the offerer laid his hands upon the head of his offering, do you not?"

"Oh, yes," said May, "it was to show that whatever creature it was that he brought was to be counted guilty of what he had done, and that he had deserved to be treated just as his offering was treated, It must have made him very sorry for his sin when he saw an innocent creature die because of it."

"The sight must indeed have brought the solemn truth, 'the wages of sin is death,' right home to the conscience of the offerer: but how thankful he must have been to God, who thus allowed him to bring his offering, and who said of his sin, 'it shall be forgiven him.'"

"God provided the sacrifices, and even appointed what the poorest of the people should bring; but we know that only the death of the Lord Jesus Christ, His holy Son, could ever really atone for sin: it was only after His precious blood had been shed that the veil which shut man from the presence of God was torn, and the way to heaven, of which the most holy place was a type, made open for every one who should come unto God by Him. But will you not go on with your description,

Charley?

“Next to the altar stood the great brass laver, where the priests washed their hands and feet, and then came the tabernacle itself, in which the beautiful veil hung which divided the ‘holy’ from the ‘most holy.’ The outer court, where the great altar and the laver stood, was called the ‘holy place.’”

“You must not forget to say what was in the ‘holy,’” said May.

“The golden candlestick, the golden altar of incense, and the table of show-bread were there. The priests kept incense constantly burning on the beautiful little altar, and the great golden lamp, with seven branches, ornamented with flowery work, lighted up the whole place, so that the priests who entered it could see the blood that made atonement for their sin on the horns of the altar, and the beautiful curtain worked with figures of cherubim, and all the splendor of the gold.”

“The priests might see the beautiful veil,” said May, “but they could never go inside.”

“No,” replied her brother; “but don’t you remember what we were told about the great Day of Atonement? On that one day in the year, the high priest lifted the veil and went into the ‘most holy,’ where the ark was, and he carried in the blood of the sacrifice and sprinkled it upon the mercy-seat, which was the covering of the ark.”

“Were you told what the high priest going in and sprinkling blood upon the mercy-seat typified?”

“Yes, we were told, Auntie, but I can’t tell how to explain it.”

“God has Himself given us an explanation, so that we cannot doubt its wonderful meaning. In the ninth chapter of the Epistle to the Hebrews we read (verse 12) that Christ, not by blood of goats and calves, but by His own blood, has entered in once for all into the holy of holies, having found an eternal redemption! Charley, will you read from the 24th verse to the end of the chapter?” C. P.

The Convenient Season

“WHAT must I do to be saved?” has been asked by many since the question was uttered by the jailor of Philippi. Florrie W. once asked the above question. She was an amiable, industrious girl of fifteen. Gentle and obedient, both at home and school, she was deservedly loved by all that knew her. But Florrie was not saved!

God’s all-searching eye looked at her heart, and found it to be deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked. God classed her along with all the people who have lived, or are now living, in this world, as having come short of His glory, and by His Spirit, taught our young friend that she was a lost sinner, totally unfit for His presence. She feared the coming of the Lord Jesus, and she feared to die!

One day a lady, who loved the Lord, spoke to some young girls on the convenient season. (Acts 24:25.) Tears of bitter sorrow fell from Florrie’s eyes as the kind lady said, “Come now; do not put it off. You cannot have a better time than the present. Now is God’s word to you. ‘Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation.’” (2 Cor. 6:2.)

“‘All things are ready!’

We must not delay;

We only reap sorrow

By staying away.

“There can be no season

So suited as this,

And while yet we linger,

True joy we may miss.”

Florrie longed to know herself as saved, but the more she looked at herself the farther off she felt from God. She was unable to join her companions in their parting hymn, but sat silent, bemoaning her unhappy state. When all the rest were gone, the lady said, “My dear Florrie, is this morning to be the convenient season for you to come to Jesus?”

“Oh! that it may be, for I am very unhappy. I have tried to do something for God, but I find I can do nothing to please Him. I am truly unprofitable—such a poor sinner. Tell me, what must I do to be saved?”

“The answer to the Philippian jailor was, ‘Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.’ Do you believe on Him?”

“With all my heart.”

“Then, dear girl, you are saved.”

“Am I?”

“Yes; God says you are. Do you not believe His own word? ‘God so loved the world, that He gave His only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.’ ‘He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life.’ Thus God says you are saved.”

“He does,” replied the young girl, “and I believe Him.”

“To Him be the praise!” was the lady’s joyful exclamation. “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.”

“Oh” exclaimed the girl, “I want no more to make me believe. I do believe. I am saved!”

“What has become of your sins?”

“The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin,” was the answer.

What a happy change—the burden of sin forever gone! Florrie went to her home with the full consciousness that God had not a charge against her, and rejoicing that Christ had suffered the Just for the unjust to bring her to God.

Three years have passed away since that conversation, and our young friend still rests on God’s own word, and finds it a sure abiding place. She is looking forward, in sure and certain hope, of dwelling forever with Jesus in His happy home.

May you, dear young reader, believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and be saved. E. E. S.

The Cleft Rock

When a school boy, thirteen years of age, I went, one splendid summer morning, to bathe. The sea was within five minutes' walk from my house, and I selected a place called The Round of Beef, which is a pretty cove surrounded by rocks. A large round rock stands out at the seaward end, as if to keep watch and defend the bay from the rolling waves. From this huge sentinel rock the bay derives its name.

As I stood upon this rock, before diving into the water, I thought, "This is just the place for me. I can swim, in about a dozen strokes, to the top of the cove, and then I shall be in shallow water." The sun was shining; the water clear as crystal. I could count the pebbles at the smooth bottom, which did not look more than three feet deep. So in I plunged, and swam up the creek, but felt very, very tired before I reached the end of the cove.

I cheered when reaching my goal, but my exultation was very brief, for on trying to get a footing I found that the clear, bright water had deceived me—I was still much out of my depth. I was in the very shallowest part of the cove, and behind me was still deeper water. My head reeled, my heart failed me, and I shouted "Help, help!" But there was no one near.

At length, quite exhausted, I sank. The water closed over my head. Lost, lost, I thought, "in a watery grave." When sinking, I began to think of my dear old aunt, who had often told me of the Lord Jesus, who came into the world and died upon the cross to save sinners.

I had, though but a boy, often felt the power of the truth, but now I felt its value. Oh! That I had yielded to those fervent prayers and urgent entreaties; for my body sinking beneath the water, and I felt that my soul would soon be in hell. In an agony of soul, when under the water, I cried, "Great God, save me. Save me, O God, or I shall sink into hell!"

In the struggle, I had risen again to the surface. The tide had swept me close against the rocks. I saw that the one in front of me had a hole cleft in it. I could just reach it. Thrusting my hand as far as I could into the riven rock, I found I could keep my head above water. The strength of the rock upheld me. Then, looking above me, I saw that the huge rock was covered all over with similar indentations, and when regaining sufficient strength, I climbed to its summit, I was out of danger.

Then these words came into my mind—

Rock of ages, cleft for me,

Let me hide myself in Thee.

Let the water and the blood

From Thy wounded side which flowed,

Be of sin the double cure,

Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

I lay panting upon the top of the rock. What had saved me from death? The cleft in the rock. The rock without the cleft in its side would not have availed; as it was, it exactly met my need.

It is appointed unto men once to die, but after this the judgment. (Heb. 9:27.) Death and judgment are the dark waters that are fast closing over the heads of all who are not believers in Christ. How awful; death first, then the judgment, then the place of torment, where the worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched.

Oh, look to the cleft rock, to Christ, who was once offered to bear the sins of many. (Heb. 9:28). If your sins are upon you they will drag you down, and you will inevitably perish; but if you trust your soul to Jesus, who “Himself bore our sins in His own body on the tree” (1 Peter 2:24), you will find healing in His stripes, pardon, peace, and salvation—through faith—in His blood. (1 John 1:7.)

William Farel.

(Continued front page 112.)

AMONGST those who were at this time turned to the Lord, was a priest at Grenoble, called Peter Seville. He was converted to God through the teaching of Anemond. We are told he was “a preacher of great eloquence, of an honest and good heart, not taking counsel with flesh and blood.” His preaching delighted Farel. He felt that with Peter Seville to preach to them, the Alpine villages of France would need him no longer. Anemond had written to him entreating him to come to Switzerland. This was no easy matter, for every road was beset with enemies. Bedier and Duprat had sent warnings to the Bishop of Gap, against “the fire-brand of discord,” who had escaped from their hands at Paris. But, under the sheltering care of God, Farel traveled on, hiding in woods and mountain clefts, till, early in 1524, he reached the old city of Basle. Several remarkable men were at that time living at Basle. This city, the chief university of Switzerland, was famous for its learning, and for the number of books which were then printed there. The man who, in all Europe, was looked up to as at the head of learned men of every country, the great Erasmus, had been living at Basle since the year 1514. A number of men, also famous for their learning, had flocked to Basle for the sake of Erasmus’ company. No one seemed to know, for a long while, whether Erasmus took part with the gospel or against it. Zwingli had known him for some time, and admired him greatly. Erasmus praised and admired Zwingli in return. There was a preacher of the gospel at Basle who was also devoted to Erasmus. This man’s name was Hausschein. He was a German from Franconia. He had been a monk, but had left his convent two years before. He had not, however, come out clearly from the Church of Rome. He was much in the same path as Master Faber, at Meaux, but it was from want of light, not from want of courage. He was of a meek and gentle disposition, and at the same tune he was an earnest preacher of the gospel, as far as he knew it. He was curate of St. Martin’s Church at Basle, and his preaching was attended by immense crowds. Erasmus only half liked him, for in his heart he hated the truth, though convinced of it as far as reason could convince him. Those whose reason is convinced, but whose hearts are not converted, are the people who feel most enmity against God.

It was just at this time that Erasmus was beginning to show more openly on which side he stood. He had been provoked by a letter from Luther, who told him he had not courage to be on the Lord’s side. He had also been earnestly entreated, just at this time, by the pope and by Henry VIII.,

king of England, to write in defense of popery against the Lutherans. It was then that Farel arrived at Basle. Hausschein gladly took him into his house, and gave him his little spare room. The Lord rewarded Hausschein for his love and hospitality. He was, just then, very much cast down, because so few seemed to care for the truth that he preached. He had written to Zwingli, "Alas, I speak in vain, and see not the least reason to hope. Perhaps amongst the Turks I should find more ears to hear—but, alas! I lay the blame on myself alone."

To this humble servant of God Farel was sent, with words of help and encouragement. Hausschein was revived and cheered by the bright faith of his French brother, and from the first day of his arrival he loved him deeply and fervently. "Oh, my dear Farel," he said, "I hope that the Lord will make our friendship an everlasting one, and if we cannot live together down here, our joy will only be the greater when we shall be together at Christ's right hand in heaven!" Farel, too, was delighted to find how much love for the Lord filled the heart of Hausschein, and he was glad to know the friends of the good man who had been brought to know Christ, and were longing to know Him better. But he refused to go and see Erasmus. "No," he said, "he shuts his door against God's saints. He is afraid of owning himself on the Lord's side. I do not wish to make his acquaintance." It was in vain that Erasmus was praised by Hausschein, and by others, as learned in theology and wonderful in intellect. "The natural man," said Farel, "does not understand the things of God. The printer's wife knows more about them than he does. The truth is, he desires to stifle the gospel."

Farel was thought exclusive and narrow-minded by many; by Erasmus he was hated. Just as all the favor of the king could give no pleasure to Haman, as long as Mordecai the Jew refused to bow to him, so did all the homage of Europe fail to give enjoyment to Erasmus, whilst this young Frenchman, who was nobody at all, refused to own his superiority. Erasmus gladly seized upon this opportunity of proving himself a true churchman, by speaking his mind about Farel. He was very much afraid of being suspected to belong to the party of Reformers. He shrank from attacking Luther, but it was easy to vent his anger upon this wandering Frenchman.

"I have never met with anything more false, more violent, more mischievous than this man," he said; "his heart is full of vanity, his tongue of malice." And, alas! do we not see our own natural hearts in the words that follow— "These Frenchmen have five words continually put into their mouths by Satan: GOSPEL, WORD OF GOD, FAITH, CHRIST, HOLY GHOST!" Such were to Erasmus, and such are to all of us who have not yet been born again, the five words we least love to hear! Well might the Lord speak those solemn words of condemnation and of grace, "Ye must be born again." What is the natural man, even with the mind and the knowledge of Erasmus! And well would it be if the same complaint could be made of us as of William Farel. Another accusation brought against him by Erasmus was that he had given to this great scholar, who had all Europe at his feet, the name of Balaam. It would seem that Farel had not called him Balaam. But it is very possible that he may have heard of his correspondence with Henry VIII., and may have thought and spoken of Balaam, who would, if he could, have cursed the people of God for the king's reward. Farel, however, in his letter speaks of Erasmus without bitterness or abuse. Anemond arrived at Basle soon after Farel came there. There were many Frenchmen who had now taken refuge there, for the storm was breaking over the servants of Christ in France. Sad news came from Meaux. When William Farel had left the little flock, who chiefly through his preaching had been brought to God, they turned for help and teaching to the wool-carder, John Leclerc. John went from house to house speaking of Christ. But not content with this, he one day posted up on

the cathedral door a placard, in which he boldly spoke of the pope as the Antichrist, whom the Lord will destroy with the breath of His mouth. We, who have had better opportunities of learning the scriptures, are aware that the pope is not this Antichrist, that on the contrary, Antichrist will at last supplant popery.

Thus God uses the wicked to punish the wicked, as in the case of Jehu and the house of Ahab. Still, it is no doubt right to reckon the pope amongst "the many Antichrists" of whom the apostle John speaks. The Franciscan monks rose in a body when this insult was offered to the pope.

John Leclerc was at once imprisoned. He was tried, under the eyes of the wretched bishop, and condemned to be whipped for three days through the city, and on the third day to be branded on the forehead as a heretic. This sentence was carried out. An immense crowd assembled to see the punishment of Leclerc. On the third day the hangman, with a red hot iron, marked him on the forehead. A voice arose amidst the crowd, "Glory be to Jesus Christ and to His witnesses!" It was the voice of John's mother. The monks and the officers were awestruck. None dared to touch her, and she walked home through the crowd, who fell back on each side as she passed. John was now set at liberty, and went to live at Metz. His brother Peter continued to labour in making the gospel known at Meaux. John was equally busy at Metz. He continued to work at his trade, and in his spare hours to preach and teach Jesus Christ. Another of the little flock at Meaux had also been seized, and was now in prison. It was young James Pavanne.

F. B.

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 can 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 lift 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, charming her and saying, "Peace, peace," when there was no peace; she, like the fool, saying in her heart, "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 was gone, and everything that was valuable had been disposed of, so that 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 stair 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 dying girl attempt to appease his fury. She had nothing to give, could promise nothing, and 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?

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 hurried on, 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, when the engine-driver’s eye caught sight of the fragile girl hurrying forward, as if eager to reach the train. Annie had caught sight of the name of her native place on the doors of the carriages, and new thoughts and desires 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 anyone. “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 officialise 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 his overcoat closely to shield him from the keen air a thought struck him. “She wants if more than I do,” he said to himself, and 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 a 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 mother’s home, and wept many a bitter tear at the thought of her cruelty to that 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. Her friend 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, or 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, if 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 owned as done unto Him. 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."

Gladly, yet with a heart solemnized by the thought of the responsibility of having such an opportunity, I went to visit her. 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 hath 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. He knew that she was received by the Father and brought to Him in Christ. J. S.

Who Can Bring a Clean Thing Out of an Unclean?

JOHN S. was a native of Devon. He had been a gunner in the royal navy, and had served a long sea-term, having been all over the world, and consequently having seen a good deal of what was passing “under the sun.” He had been brought up to respect religion and morality, but when he entered the navy he was not a converted lad. It pleased the Lord at various times during his long sea cruises to throw him into the society of Christian shipmates, amongst them his own brothers. He desired to become a Christian, and like many others began very diligently the work of self-reform, and of turning over the new leaf.

The coasts of Africa, China, and other stations were successively visited by him, and to his duties as sailor he added the perilous and adventurous occupation of the diver, once almost losing his life while thus doing business in the great waters. But the eyes of a watchful and loving God were over him, and He was drawing him by unseen bands and cords to Himself.

While at a foreign station he became intimately associated with Christians who were rejoicing in being “accepted in the Beloved,” and was much concerned about the truths of salvation. The epistle to the Ephesians was especially brought before his notice, and the beautiful teaching set forth in it, showing the believer as seated with Christ in heavenly places, made a deep impression on his mind. While under these influences he had a remarkable dream. The scene was a land of balmy air, golden sunshine, shady foliage, and customs different from those of our English homes. He thought he walked in company with some Ephesian believers who had realized and entered into the position set forth in Paul’s letter to them. Feeling shy and constrained, as if he were not “up to the mark,” he dropped behind the rest, and chose the youngest member of the group, a little lad, for his companion. The walk led to a cool place, where he saw a table spread and couches placed for reclining. He was invited to partake of the meal, and seated himself at the table, but “ere he had tasted what was thereon” a large snake glided from beneath and suddenly sprang upon the table close to his elbow. He was startled and shocked at this sudden interruption, and exclaimed, “Why, what is the meaning of this?” None of the guests replied; but a voice as from One unseen pronounced these words, “Who can bring a clean thing out of an unclean?” (Job 14:4.)

Troubled and anxious, he awoke. He felt the words come with power to his soul, and owned his state before God as “unclean.” He saw things in a different light from what he had hitherto done, and became aware that no efforts at self-reformation could make him clean. He must take his place as a lost sinner before God, and be washed clean in that blood which cleanseth from all sin, the blood of Jesus Christ, the Lamb appointed to be slain before the foundation of the world.

The impression made by this dream did not pass away, his anxiety increased, but He who had begun a good work in him, led him graciously on, until at last he found peace and joy, through those precious words of divine assurance (1 John 5:13), “These things have I written unto you that believe on the name of the Son of God; that ye may know that ye have eternal life.”

Dear reader, have you ever felt the words, “Who can bring a clean thing out of an unclean,” pierce your inmost soul? Have you ever seen your utterly lost and ruined state as a child of fallen Adam, in the light of Divine holiness and justice, so that you were ready to exclaim, with the chastened one of old, “Behold, He putteth no trust in His saints; yea, the heavens are not clean in His sight; how much more abominable and filthy is man, which drinketh iniquity like water” (Job 15:15, 16)? If so, you are one to whom the Divine message is sent, “The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son cleanseth us from all sin.” (1 John 1:7.) K. B. K.

Prepare for Eternity

ONE fine summer morning last year an invalid stepped into a railway carriage already occupied by an elderly lady. The effort of getting into the carriage caused the invalid to gasp for breath, and a violent cough shook her attenuated frame.

“Thou art suffering much, friend,” said the lady compassionately. “Hast thou been ill long?”

“For some months; but I am better now than at the beginning of my illness,” replied the invalid.

“Thou’rt no better,” interrupted her companion, in a decided tone.

“But my doctor tells me that I am better.”

“Then thy doctor deceives thee, young woman, for my experience tells me thou hast not long to live, so I bid thee prepare for eternity.”

So saying, the lady leaned back in the carriage with the air of one who had done her duty, while a smile of complacency rested on her placid countenance.

It was well for the poor sufferer that the loving hand of her God and Father upheld her, or the words so abruptly spoken might have been overwhelming. A faint flush passed over her face, as she calmly said, “Through God’s grace, madam, my preparation for eternity is made. It was not my own work, but the work of the Lord Jesus Christ, who became my substitute more than eighteen hundred years ago. By His stripes I am healed. I am ready to die, ready to meet Christ whenever He shall call me.”

“Thou’rt more presuming than myself, young woman, to be so sure of eternity. I am many years thy senior, and have sought to walk in God’s ways from my childhood; so take heed that thou art not led away by thy imaginings. Thou must work out thine own salvation, and not expect to insure thy happiness for eternity by such easy hopes as thou entertainest. How long hast thou held thy opinion?”

“Fourteen years ago, madam, I came as a guilty sinner to Christ, believing His own word, ‘Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out;’ since that time I have known forgiveness as to my past life, and a happy certainty as to the future.”

“Thou’rt mistaken,” said the lady hurriedly; “we must lead a good life and do our part by making ourselves as fit for heaven as we can; it may be then God will accept us at last.”

“I do not understand your way to be correct, according to the Bible,” replied the invalid; “but I sincerely trust that you may one day rejoice as I now do in knowing that you have eternal life abiding in you. May I ask your acceptance of these,” she continued, handing as she spoke some little books to the lady, “they will say for me what I would gladly say, did my failing strength allow me.”

"I cannot take thy books, my young friend; give them to those who need them. My library is stocked with the works of the most eminent divines."

As the train stopped at the station the lady had only time to add, as she wished the invalid good morning, "I trust thou wilt find thy preparation for eternity is not a delusion."

Before the close of the year the invalid fell asleep, and her body was laid to rest, awaiting a glorious resurrection at the coming of the Lord Jesus for His saints. Calm confidence in God characterized her last moments. "I would have you remember," she said, "that there is no uncertainty as to where I am going. I am resting on the Rock of Ages. Death has no terrors for me. If I sleep before Christ comes it is all well. The Son of God loved me, and gave Himself for me. I am confident of my acceptance." These were her dying words.

Do the last words of a believer in Christ appear presumptuous to you, my reader? Do you think a preparation for eternity, founded on faith in Christ as the Saviour, a delusion? If you do, may God convince you that it is a reality ere you too are called to meet eternity.

Ponder the words of the Lord Jesus, "Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that heareth My word, and believeth on Him that sent Me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation; but is passed from death unto life." (John 5:24.) E. E. S.

The Day of Judgment

THE following inscription I copied some time since from a tombstone in the graveyard of a small town in the south of England:— “Lord in mercy remember this Thy servant in the Day of Judgment.”

Who the person was whose dust lies beneath that stone I know not. Whether or not he had been washed in the blood of Jesus, and is now “present with the Lord,” is more than I can say, but what struck me in reading the inscription was that mercy was expected at the Day of Judgment. Now when that day comes the door of mercy will be forever closed. Yet those who inscribed the prayer on that stone are not the only ones who cherish the same delusive hope. Thousands are thus deceived.

Listen to God’s description of that solemn day. “And I saw a great white throne and Him that sat on it, from whose face the earth and the heaven flew away; and there was found no place for them.” (Rev. 20:11.)

Where, poor sinner, will you be found then? How will you bear that terrible sight if still in your sins? Let us read further.

“And I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God; and the books were opened; and another book was opened, which is the book of life: and the dead were judged out of those things which were written in the books, according to their works.” None but the dead! All will stand before that throne who, during this world’s history have died in their sins; but no saved soul will be found in that sad company.

“And the sea gave up the dead which were in it; and death and hell delivered up the dead which were in them; and they were judged every man according to their works.”

Ah, we well know what the result must be for every one thus judged. The word of truth declares that “there is none that doeth good, no, not one.” (Rom. 3:12.) When on earth they despised God’s mercy, can they hope for mercy now? Nay, mercy is a thing of the past; they slighted it, and it is gone forever.

“And death and hell were cast into the lake of fire. This is the second death. And whosoever was not found written in the book of life was cast into the lake of fire.”

Oh, unutterable woe! unspeakable anguish! Who shall speak of the second death, the lake of fire, the eternal gnawings of the worm that never dies, unending remorse at the remembrance of rejected mercy slighted love, despised warnings? In life pardon, peace, and eternal life were offered to them, but when the glad sounds of the gospel fell upon their ears, they heeded them not, My reader, let not the enemy of soul; deceive you. He is seeking your perdition and to accomplish this purpose he cares not what lie he whispers into your ear. He may tell you of mercy in the Day of Judgment, but there will be none, there can be none in that final day. If you want salvation, you must seek it now; “Now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation.”

Tomorrow, next week, another time, these are lies of the devil. God promises no salvation then. In this day of His grace He is sending out to all the offer of salvation. His Son, the Lord Jesus Christ, has accomplished a work on the ground of which He can righteously save every sinner who believes. "Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners," and "by Him all that believe are justified from all things" (Acts 13:39), but if He be rejected, there is, there can be no other Saviour.
G. J. H.

Future Judgment

IN our two preceding numbers we have briefly spoken of Christ as the Life and the Judge. We will now consider the solemn reality of the future.

Infidelity is attacking the truths of the immortality of the soul and of future punishment, and in its efforts to disprove that, of which it can know nothing surely save by the revelation of God, it seeks in a base way to overturn the meaning of the plain words "forever." Yes, in a base way, for infidelity Christianized, or Christianized infidelity, allows that God lives forever, and that men shall exist in heaven forever, yet denies that men shall exist in hell forever. Now it is simply dishonest, if God uses the selfsame word for His own everlasting existence, and for the everlasting happiness of such as love Him, and also for the everlasting punishment of the wicked, to say everlasting means what it says when applied to God and to happiness, but it does not mean what it says when applied to punishment?

Take from amongst others these passages of scripture where the identical words are used translated "forever."

"Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty, which was and is, and is to come,"... who liveth Forever AND EVER. Rev. ch. 4:8, 9.

"To whom be glory Forever AND EVER." 2 Tim. 4:8.

"They shall reign Forever AND EVER." Rev. 22:5.

"Tormented day and night Forever AND EVER." Rev. 21:10.

Again—

The EVERLASTING God. Rom. 16:26.

EVERLASTING life. John 3:16.

EVERLASTING destruction. 2 Thess. 1:9.

Again—

ETERNAL Spirit. Heb. 9:14.

ETERNAL glory. 1 Peter 5:10.

ETERNAL damnation. Mark 3:29.

The dishonesty of the doctrine is so evident that we should scarcely think it could gain ground, were we not aware who is at the back of it, even the father of lies. And the fact of the rapidity wherewith the doctrine does gain ground only shows how busy Satan is, and how readily he is believed.

At the beginning, our first parent, Eve, believed the devil's word, "Ye shall not surely die," rather than God's, and now, alas! many prefer the devil's doctrine of no eternal death to fleeing from the wrath to come. Neither Adam nor Eve had seen a human being die when God warned them what would happen should they disobey His plain command. Death, therefore, was an unknown terror to them. The myriads of graves that this world now contains are each a witness to the fact of God's truth, and because of the presence of death none disbelieve God's word that "It is appointed unto man once to die." No living man has seen hell, nor a human being risen from the dead and in such a condition as will render him capable of living forever. But, reader, shall we wait till the reality of the second death is before our very eyes to believe the plain word of God respecting it, till hell and its inhabitants prove that God speaks not in vain? When the future becomes the present, men will find no difficulty in understanding those truths which are now revealed to us to believe regarding it.

There is in the human heart a stubborn hatred against receiving the word of God respecting coming judgment. It was so with the sons-in-law of Lot. They would not believe the testimony of their father-in-law that God would destroy Sodom. All seemed fair when Lot sought to persuade them to escape from the coming wrath, and the sun rose as usual upon the last day of Sodom. There was no sign of the approach of that which never before had been—a storm of fire poured from the sky. It may have been that even while those sons-in-law of Lot were gazing into the blue heavens and jesting at the idea of God's destroying their city that the storm broke, in the flames of which they perished.

We read the words of the prophets to transgressing Israel, and find how determined the hearts of those people were not to credit the word of God respecting the judgments which He declared He would send upon them. Over and over again judgments fell upon that people, and yet fresh generations walked in the ways of their erring fathers and despised and refused to believe Jehovah's warnings.

Now we Christians are taught to look upon those fulfilled judgments as witnesses of the truth of the Divine word. Jerusalem trampled under foot by the nations, the Jews scattered over the earth, the ten tribes lost and, as it were, buried out of sight and mind, are matters patent to us all! Tyre and Sidon, once flourishing cities of mighty influence and power in the world, now but a few huts for fishermen, proclaim to very childhood the truth of God's word coming to pass. But when Tyre was in her prosperity, when her ships sailed on many seas and all the world contributed to her exaltation, when she was lifted up to heaven in her pride, think you that she believed the word of God that all her glory should perish, and that her majesty would be but a memory on the earth?

It is simple to accept the testimony of God respecting past judgments upon the earth, for ruined cities and overturned kingdoms attest the truth of the prophetic word, yet, notwithstanding the witness of Sodom, of Tyre and Sidon, and of Jerusalem, the very men who read the Bible are vain enough to deny that the future judgment of God against the sinner will ever be realized—no, say they, there is not an eternal punishment.

It is conceded that too many die and pass out of time into eternity without God and without Christ. Alas the fact is so awfully apparent that it could not be otherwise than allowed. But such being owned, it is asked, "Is there, then, no hope?" And the whisper is heard, "It would comfort us to think that there was hope for those whom we loved who lived wickedly and died without repentance."

Reader, can you believe that God is deceiving you when He says forever? Do you credit that our blessed Lord was misguiding men when He said forever? Do you accept that the Holy Spirit of God is merely frightening you with dreadful tales when He says forever? Can you comfort yourself with such notions of God the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost? Such as do so have low conceptions of the character of God.

It is not necessary to be a scholar to understand the plain word of God. Our English Bible tells the truth with remarkable simplicity, indeed with so much force and clearness that no uneducated man could be led astray by it. Is it not necessary that a man should be very learned indeed, so learned that his learning has confused or elated him, not to understand it? We live in an age of Bibles. Ours is a day of new versions. God has, in His providence, allowed old manuscripts to be recovered, and by them the letter of the truth was never read more clearly than now.

Yet it is still as it was in the days of Eve: there is a ready ear for the Tempter's insinuation, "Hath God said?" He has found his way into the professing church quite as easily as he found the way into paradise, and now from the very heart of the professing Christian body the voice is heard denying the letter and seeking to disprove the spirit of the Book.

We earnestly implore our readers to take the Word of God as it is written. "It is written," said the Lord to Satan, and drove him back. "It is written!" must ever be the Christian's defense. No doubt Satan will try to twist the scriptures, and so to master our souls. Wrest them not to your own destruction. (2 Peter 3:16.) "It is written;" "Forever." Woe to that man who dares to diminish from these words! H. F. W.

Roots or Shoots

SOME Christians were speaking about their individual sinful propensities. Said one, "The root needs grubbing up." "No," replied another, "that is impossible, for self will be self to the end of the story; our evil nature cannot be got rid of; the natural heart will remain the same to the end; but the Spirit of God can and does prevent the evil propensity from coming out, and what we have to do is to keep the shoots from sprouting—to keep continually cutting them down—through the Spirit, to mortify the deeds of the body."

The Plagues of Egypt.

THE ancient paintings upon the monuments of Egypt show to us the abundant wealth of those people in various kinds of cattle. Many animals which, in our days, are not tamed or used for domestic purposes, were rendered gentle by the Egyptians of olden time. Those wise people did not hunt animals simply for the pleasure of destroying them, but they often captured such of the wild creatures as, when tamed, might prove useful to them. They also possessed the art of rendering animals of value which now seems lost. Thus the hyena was used to guard the flocks, and, as you see in our picture, the cat was taught to hunt with his master.

This picture shows us the sportsman, throw-stick in hand, with perhaps his daughter, in his papyrus boat, amid butterflies, rushes, and flowers, and his cat bringing out the game he has struck. And very cleverly is puss at work, for with his paws he holds two birds, while with his mouth he seizes another, the form of which clearly shows that it is a waterfowl. You observe that a tamed bird stands upon the prow of the boat.

The monuments indicate to us wealthy people, with their stewards, looking at their cattle, and the clerk standing by, writing materials in hand, recording the number and quality of the flocks and herds. In this picture one of the herdsmen prostrates himself before his master's scribe, while the other stands with folded arms, in a posture the villagers along the Nile may still be often seen placing themselves.

The owner may also be seen observing, with especial interest, his slave, leading some favorite long-horned ox, or a beautiful white bull, for inspection. And we read, graven with the iron pen, upon the stone walls of their houses, how many cattle and sheep were owned by this gentleman or that prince. In the earlier books of the Bible we frequently find the numbers recorded of the sheep and oxen which the person spoken of possessed.

We must also remember that the ancient Egyptians had various sacred bulls, so that not only did they prize cattle, they also revered them.

We have already noticed the rise of the water of the Nile in our remarks upon the plagues. As the waters gradually flood the low country, you should know that the cattle had to be driven to the higher parts, This work was one of anxiety and labor. The crocodiles would creep up the banks of the Nile, following the rising water, and these great creatures, as well as the flood, endangered the

lives of the oxen. The herdsmen, some in paper (papyrus) boats, some wading, others swimming, would drive the cattle through the waters.

The cattle would be liable to sickness at this season of the year, both from being so crowded together, and because of the chill of the water; and such is usually the case in Egypt now. Also, at this time of the year, the cattle would be required for treading in the seed sown upon the water at the beginning of the inundation, as you may observe in our picture, in which the sower casts his seed while the cattle trample it in the soft earth.

It seems that it was when the attention of Egypt was necessarily drawn to its cattle by reason of the height to which the Nile had risen, that the word of Jehovah was sent to Pharaoh, announcing

THE FIFTH PLAGUE,

A grievous murrain, which should destroy the horses, asses, camels, oxen, and sheep. And as murrains are not uncommon in Egypt, there was a special action of Jehovah in respect of this plague; a set time was appointed for its accomplishment. And not only so, but Jehovah drew the line between His people and the Egyptians in the most marked manner. Nothing that belonged to the children of Israel died. The miraculous character of the judgment was unanswerable, and the favor of the Lord to His own people equally manifest. Yet this very circumstance was used by Pharaoh for the hardening of his heart. Probably he thought that he could replenish his supplies by taking of the wealth of Israel.

THE SIXTH PLAGUE

Once more the Lord spoke to Pharaoh before the overflowing waters of the Nile sank away and the ebbing river returned to its ordinary limits.

Travelers tell us that when the water of the inundation is at its height—that is, about the month of August—that the ridges of land left untouched by the waters present a most peculiar appearance. And what is then seen, on a small scale, reminds the searchers into the monuments of those scenes which, in the feasts, went by the names of the feasts of the greater and the lesser burning.

Imagine the vast river rolling on like a sea between two distant shores, each of which, day and night, blazes incessantly, while the north wind, which, at the period of the year now before us, blows strongly, drives along in clouds the smoke and the ashes of the burnings. The peasants have made bonfires of the heaps of weeds all along the uncovered ground, and they are clearing the land of all its field refuse before the waters recede. In the present day the peasants are superstitiously particular in burning up the whole of the heaps. In those times a religious feast was connected with the incident.

If in autumn you have passed within a mile of the burning weed-heaps in our country, you may have seen the smoke pass before your face, and if we suppose that the climate of this country would allow the whole of the autumn weed-heaps to be burned upon the same day, then, even in the heart of great London—where the scent of the haymaking in the distant fields is often smelt—would be discerned the burning of the weeds. All Egypt knew what these burnings were, and the king and his priests joined in the ceremonies connected with the feasts of the greater and the lesser burning.

Then Moses and Aaron were bidden, "Take to you handfuls of ashes of the furnace (conflagration), and let Moses sprinkle it toward heaven in the sight of Pharaoh, and it shall become dust in all the land of Egypt, breaking forth with blains upon man and upon beast throughout all the land of Egypt;" and forthwith the dust became boils, breaking out upon all the Egyptians. Wherever the wind carried the subtle dust and blew a particle of the ashes upon man or beast there fell the plague.

There is at this present day a peculiar kind of painful boil which afflicts the inhabitants of parts of Egypt, and this some consider to be the remains of the awful pestilence sent thousands of years ago.

This was the last plague Jehovah sent them in direct connection with their god, the River Nile. He had other plagues in store after the sixth plague, but for the space of some months the idolatrous land had time given it to ponder the judgments already poured upon it. H. F. W.

Mary

IN early youth Mary G. was brought by God's Spirit to see herself a helpless and guilty sinner in His sight, through a word addressed to her by the superintendent of her Sunday school. She said little in reply, but she was brought into deep soul-trouble till the Lord was pleased to bless the words of another teacher in the school to point her to Christ. Her life ever afterward bore the savor of true godliness in a quiet, modest and heavenly walk, which testified that she was indeed a child of God.

Last year she had a serious illness, during which her parents had the grief of parting with their only son, whose dying testimony was so glorious that all in the house seemed buoyed up above the sorrow of losing one so dearly loved. Mary was kept in peace, but, as her call was not come, her brother's dying joy seemed to leave her a little in the shade. This outburst of joy in Frank, who had been always so reserved, was very remarkable. His friends and his teacher had no doubt about his safety, yet no one anticipated that in the great pain he was suffering he would have any power to rise above the anguish of the dying body, and it was earnestly hoped that so bright an instance of the way in which God can fill the heart by the Holy Ghost with joy and peace in believing might have a lasting effect on those of his schoolfellows, who visited his dying bed. Mary was spared, and rallied so much that her life seemed likely to be granted to her sorrowing parents, but in course of time she was again laid low; not to rise again.

Her joy was unchanging, and her love for and delight in her delightful to witness. She said she must have it always at her side to read as much of it as ever she could, for it was so precious to her, "And you know," she added, "my time is short, and I want to know more of its precious truths while I am spared."

At length Mary became too weak and suffering to speak to her friends, until the day before her end, when she revived very much.

Mrs. T., a Christian friend who came to help her mother in nursing her, drew near the bedside, and Mary said, "Sit down, for I have so much to say to you. I want you to know how precious Jesus has been to me in my illness, but I must tell you first how precious He was to me in the workroom, when I was well, and in my walks to and from my work. I always kept my little Testament in my pocket, and found it such a help to me. How sweet His company was! I was such a sinner before I knew Jesus: I used to do so many wrong things. I thought He never could save me, but He has washed me quite clean. I do so want to go to Him, not because of the pain, for that would be wicked, but because I want to see Him—that would be lovely."

Mary continued, "The Lord comes to me when I am not thinking of Him. Sometimes I feel I can put my hand out and touch Him. He is close to me, and it is so beautiful to be quite alone in the night. He is so lovely then!"

When the doctor came, Mary asked him to tell her how long he really thought it would be before she should go.

“Go where?” he asked.

“To my blessed Jesus,” she replied. He said, “Not long.”

She said, “Oh, that will be beautiful.” She then said, “I should like to send Mr.— (the superintendent) the hymn I love so much—

“One there is, above all others—

Oh, how He loves!”

The next day the doctor came again, and Mary asked him to tell her plainly how long it would be, saying, “I am not afraid to die, because all my sins are washed away in the blood of Jesus.” He told her it could not be long now. She spoke to him of her joy, and how she longed for the moment to come! She hoped that on the day that she was buried they would praise God and sing over her grave, and that some poor sinner might be saved. Speaking to Mrs. T., she said, “Have I told you how very precious Jesus is to me when quite alone? I don’t mind suffering more if it is His will. I think the Lord is coming for His dear ones?” This she repeated several times. “Do you not think that the reason why I suffer so much is to make the glory brighter?”

At half-past ten the last conflict set in. “It will not be long now before Jesus calls you to Himself, Mary,” said her friend, and then the hymn, “Forever with the Lord,” was repeated. “Yes, yes, yes!” answered the dying girl.

Then she revived a little, and said, “What have I to do?”

“Nothing, dear. His appointed time is not yet come.”

Then Mary said, “Do not speak now. I want to look at Him.” She said she was going, and asked if she should cough again. She asked who was in the room. She looked round, and said, “Papa, mamma, Mrs. T., and Jesus.” She was asked if the valley of death was dark. “Oh, no,” she replied, “not at all. It gets brighter and brighter.” We gave her a little water. She said, “I want nothing now: no—nothing but Jesus.” She asked if we had put the light out. We told her we had not. She said she could not see us—all was dark, and she was so cold. Mrs. T. said, “Your natural sight is gone.” Then a silence reigned for a short time—not a sigh—not a groan, but a perfectly calm and peaceful countenance. Then Mary said, “We need no candle there; Jesus is the light thereof,” and so she sweetly fell asleep.

Are You Ready?

How swiftly the months roll on, dear young friends, bringing us nearer and nearer to eternity. Surely heaven is filling fast! Soon all the guests will be there. The loving invitation is sent you—“Come, for all things are now ready.” How good of the great God to ask such as we to His feast of love. What is the answer of your heart to Him? Have you gone to Jesus? Have you tasted that the Lord is gracious? It will prove an awful thing to neglect God’s invitation. Are you ready?

The Drowning Boy

I AM quite sure that little boys and girls like to read about animals, such as dogs and horses. Dogs are especial favorites with children, because they are so friendly and so fond of those they know. You never yet saw a dog unkind to his master's child, did you? If anybody wanted to hurt the child, he would fight for him if he were ever so little; so then it is no wonder that children are fond of dogs, for really they deserve it.

Now, I am going to tell you about a dog who did a very kind thing, not to his master's child, but to an entire stranger whom he had never seen before.

A gentleman was lately amusing himself with his retriever, near Southwark-bridge, by throwing a stick into the water for the dog to fetch. While he was doing this, a little boy of about eight years of age was playing on the steps of the bridge, and somehow managed to slip, and tumble into the river. It was twelve feet deep where the poor boy fell in, and he was unable to swim. Nobody saw him, and no help was near, but just at that moment this gentleman threw his stick into the water again, and the dog plunged after it, Neither the dog nor his master had seen the poor boy tumble, but as the dog was going after the stick he happened to catch sight of the boy struggling for life in the deep river, and without a moment's hesitation, quite of his own accord, he left the stick and hurried to the rescue of the drowning child. He struck out with all his might, panting and striving to reach the boy in time before he should sink for the last time. Just as the poor child came up once more, he seized him by the collar of his jacket, and, keeping his head above water, swam away with him to the steps, where he dragged, and pulled, and hauled until he got him ashore in safety.

Now, what do you think of that? Was he not a good creature? No one told him to save the boy, nor did the boy ask him to do so; it was all done of his own good will, just because he loved little children, I suppose, and for no other reason.

The boy was not much hurt, and soon got up and hurried home to change his wet clothes. I do not know whether he thanked the kind, good dog or not; I dare say he never stopped to think of that, but just got home as quickly as he could.

Ah! that reminds me of some little boys and girls who never stop to think about One who did more to save them than this good dog did for the boy—One who came from heaven itself, plunged into untold sorrows and sufferings down here, and then went to the cross, and there died—yes, died, to save both old and young, by bearing on His own blessed head the judgment due to them as sinners!

Of course you know Who I mean, for you cannot have read FAITHFUL WORDS without knowing. Who is it of whom believers say, by faith, "He loved me and gave Himself for me"? Who is it "who His own self bare our sins in His own body on the tree;" who came to "put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself," and then rose again and "sat down on the right hand of the Majesty on high"? It was God's eternal Son, the blessed Jesus. Do you know Him? Do you love Him? I hope you do. If you do not love Him, I am sure it is because you do not know Him, for none can know without loving

One so precious. But if you have indeed believed in the Lord Jesus Christ unto everlasting life, then you can say, "We love Him because He first loved us."

None ever asked Him to come and save us. "The Father sent the Son to be the Saviour of the world," and He "loved us and washed us from our sins in His own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and His Father." You see it was all love that did it, and "God is love." We were perishing, but "Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners."

Will you think of these things whenever you remember "THE DROWNING BOY"? J. K. L.

William Farel.

(Continued from p. 128.)

FAREL had not been long at Basle when he FAREL leave to propose some questions for the consideration of the University. The matter he chiefly wished to put before them was this, "The Word of God is enough." The University refused to allow this discussion. Farel then asked leave of the Town Council to put forward this subject in a public meeting. The Council published a notice that he was to do so. This notice was a remarkable one. It was to say that a Christian man, and brother, William Farel, had by the "gift of the Holy Ghost, drawn up some articles which were not unseemly, but conformable to the gospel, and useful, not hurtful to men." That he desired a public conference to these articles. That his request was granted The University forbade all priests and students to be present. The Council then published second notice, to the effect that "all priests, pastors, preachers, students, and members of the University were ordered to attend this meeting under penalty of losing their benefices if they refused to do so, or of forfeiting the protection of the government." A large multitude were thus assembled. Erasmus himself was present.

Farel then put forward thirteen articles. The first was, "Christ has given us the most perfect rule of life, to which we can add nothing, from which we must take away nothing." The second declared that it was an ungodly thing to belong to any party or faction, or to frame other directions for our conduct than those contained in the words of Christ. The third, that all distinctions of dress or food, all forms and ceremonies, are Jewish, and contrary to gospel light. In another article he says that a Christian teacher should give himself up entirely to the study and teaching of the word. In another, that to say the directions given by Christ are merely "expedient," not binding, or on the other hand to say anything is binding because we think it expedient, is the teaching of Satan. In another, that to seek to save or justify ourselves by our own strength and our own merit is putting ourselves in the place of God. In another, that as to the worship of God we are to abstain from idolatry, and from all that does not proceed from the Holy Ghost.

The words of the last article are, "Our polestar is Jesus Christ. By His power all things are to be ruled—no other star is to be put in His place. That this should be done henceforward, we may hope, when we see all things restored to the primitive order of the gospel, and all strife between Christians laid aside, the peace of God ruling in their hearts."

Farel then began his address with these words, "I am persuaded that every Christian man has nothing better to do than diligently to seek into the truth, that truth of which Christ spoke when He said, 'I am the truth.'" He proceeded to entreat all who called themselves pastors and teachers to look into their own belief, and see if it would bear the light of that truth. "Let it be brought forth into

the light," he said, "and compared with the word of God. To this I exhort you, I entreat you, for the sake of the Saviour, Jesus Christ, who has so solemnly commended to us the care of one another."

When Farel had spoken, an answer was expected from the priests, but not one came forward. Hausschein stood up boldly with Farel and challenged them to appear. But in vain—all were silent. Those who loved the gospel in Basle praised and thanked God for this meeting. "Farel is strong enough," they said, "to destroy the whole Sorbonne single handed." "Much good," we are told, "came of this meeting." Farel was strong in the power of the Holy Ghost.

It was a simple message which he had to deliver, "The Word of God is enough." But these six words, believed and acted upon, would have destroyed not the Sorbonne only, but the whole great pile of corrupt Christianity. Not popery only—but how much besides! Were these words now believed by all who profess and call themselves Christians, not only would there be no Popery, but there would no longer be the many hundred sects of Protestantism. We often read in books, "The Bible, and the Bible alone, is the religion of Protestants." Would that it were so! Is it true that Protestants have nothing but the Bible to show as the rule of their faith and practice? Alas, just as we read of Abijah, king of Judah, that he boasted of his religion before the army of Jeroboam, so, too often, have Protestants boasted themselves before the Papists. "As for us," Abijah said, "the Lord is our God, and we have not forsaken Him." Yet when we look in the book of Kings we find that this same Abijah walked in all the sins of his father—and what were they? They were the same sins as those for which he blamed the people of Israel—he too had "high places, and images, and groves on every high hill, and under every green tree." As long as Protestants have amongst them the inventions of men, which divide them into sects and parties, which grieve and hinder the Spirit, and cloud and dim the blessed work and person of the Lord Jesus Christ, their right place is that of humbling themselves before God, rather than of boasting before men. The Protestant men or women who say, "I can't say I am saved, but I am doing my best, and hope I shall be some day," are speaking the language of Rome as much as the monk or nun whom they pity as poor misguided Papists. They too have added to the blessed gospel, "salvation is for me if I do my best to deserve it." And how much have they not added besides that!

Just about this time some terrible news arrived at Basle. The messengers who brought the evil tidings were a German knight called Esch, a young prebend of the cathedral of Metz, and several other Christian men who had fled from that city. Farel's heart was filled with grief and thankfulness—grief at the sufferings of God's dear people, and thankfulness that they were thus found faithful when tried in the fire of persecution. I told you that John Leclerc had taken refuge at Metz, bearing upon his forehead the marks of the Lord Jesus—that he worked there at his trade as a wool comber, and spent his spare hours in teaching from house to house the gospel he had learned from Master Faber and from Farel. He was soon encouraged in his labors by the help of an Augustine friar called Châtelain, who had been lately converted to God. And in the spring of 1524, just when Farel had arrived at Basle, a strange tall monk, riding on an ass, had appeared at Metz, and had begun to preach the gospel. He was driven away at the end of a fortnight, but Leclerc and Châtelain continued to preach and teach. Through them had the knight Esch, and the young prebend, Peter Toussaint, been brought to Christ. Many others too believed and were saved. Thus the work of God was carried on for a short time with wonderful power and blessing.

But a great holiday of the papists was at hand. Every year, on a certain day, the people of Metz made a pilgrimage to a chapel about three miles from the town. This chapel contained images of the Virgin, and of the chief saints of the country. The people believed that by worshipping there on this festival, they gained a pardon for their sins. The evening before this great day a man came silently into the chapel in the dusk. It was John Leclerc. He had been pondering over the words of the Scripture, "ye shall destroy their altars and break down their images." He was filled with shame, and grief, and horror, at the thought that the next day the multitudes who called themselves by the name of Christ, from all the country round, would be falling down before these idols of wood and stone. He believed that God had spoken to him in those words of the law. He took down the images, one and all. He broke them into small pieces, and scattered them before the altar. He was all night in the chapel, thus employed. At day-break he returned to Metz. In the morning the great procession started, with banners, drums, and trumpets; priests in their gorgeous dresses, monks and guilds, crosses and bells. The priests went first into the chapel, and came out with horror-stricken faces to tell the awful sight they had beheld. No one doubted that Leclerc had been the criminal. Some persons had seen him, in the early morning, coming into the town. He was at once seized. He made no secret of what he had done. He said, "I did it, that you might worship God alone." He was taken before the judges, to whom he said, "Jesus Christ is God manifest in the flesh. God only is to be adored." He was sentenced to be burnt alive. To add to this punishment, his flesh was first to be torn off with red-hot pincers. Leclerc was unmoved. He was carried to the place of execution. His right hand was first cut off. I will not describe to you the awful tortures which followed. It must have been a work of hours. The monks surrounded him with yells of fury. And meanwhile Leclerc, with a loud and solemn voice, repeated the words of God— "Their idols are silver and gold, the work of mens' hands. They have mouths, but they speak not; eyes have they, but they see not. They have ears, but they hear not; noses have they, but they smell not. They have hands, but they handle not; feet have they, but they walk not, neither speak they through their throat. They that make them are like unto them, so is every one that trusteth in them. O Israel, trust thou in the Lord; He is their help and their shield." Such was the last sermon of John Leclerc, preached in the slow fire in the streets of Metz.

Châtelain was next seized. His fingers were scraped with a piece of glass, that "he might no longer have the power to sacrifice, consecrate, and bless, which he received by the anointing of hands." He was then burnt, as Leclerc had been. And the Knight Esch and his friends fled, and went to Basle. This was the sad news which reached William Farel just as he was leaving Basle to visit Zwingli, and other preachers of the gospel, in German Switzerland. He was absent but a little while, but during that time his enemies at Basle made the most of their opportunity to stir up the city against him. At the head of these enemies was Erasmus. The name of Balaam stung his guilty conscience. Farel had neither sought him nor avoided him. Had he done either, Erasmus would have been better pleased. "I am only sorry," he said, "that I ever wasted a word in disputing with him. He would have thought me a shining light if I would have said the pope is an antichrist, and human ordinances are heretical, and forms and ceremonies heathenish abominations. He calls himself a friend of the gospel, but I never beheld such a proud, censorious, insolent man. I have learned his character so well that I consider him neither worthy of being my friend nor my enemy." Erasmus did, however, so far consider Farel worthy of being his enemy, that he succeeded in persuading the governors of the city that dangerous tumults would be caused if they allowed such a heretic to remain.

The first thing Farel heard when he returned from his visits was that he was banished from the city. This was a great sorrow to many in Basle, who had learned from him the blessed gospel of God. Hausschein was indignant. He missed his beloved friend, and he grieved that they should no more hear from him the truth the Lord had so wonderfully taught him. Farel took Esch as his companion, and went to Strasburg. The Lord had been working in a remarkable manner in that city. I would advise you to read a book containing the history of several of God's dear servants who were then living there. It is called "Tales from Alsace." You will be able to imagine, when you have read it, how warm a welcome William Farel received there. It was like the visit to Gaius' house, of which we read in the "Pilgrim's Progress" —a rest and refreshment by the way. And now Farel was to enter upon fresh labors. Though he had preached at Meaux, and in Dauphine, it would seem as though he had never regarded himself as specially called by God, to give himself up to the preaching of the gospel, till he went to Basle. He says he had held back from taking the place of an evangelist, hoping that God would send forth more worthy and gifted men. But his talks with Hausschein on this subject had led him to the conviction that God had meant him to go forth as a preacher wherever a door should be opened. "Hausschein," he says, "frequently exhorted me to preach, calling upon the name of the Lord." In other words, "commending him to the Lord in prayer."

Some, who think it a terrible thing for men to preach who have not been ordained, have called this Farel's ordination. It would be well if all Christian men, and women too, were thus to "ordain" one another, and that frequently, as we each one, if believers in the Lord Jesus, have our special work given to us by Him, and we each need the prayers of our brethren, and of our sisters. We should commend one another to the Lord, and provoke one another to love and to good works, after the example of Hausschein, whenever we have the opportunity of doing so. Other historians imagine, though without any record or tradition to build upon, that Farel must have been ordained at Strasburg. We find, however, later that when he met with believers at Montbéliard to break bread in remembrance of the Lord's death, some even of his friends were displeased because he was only a layman. A "sacrament" without a clergyman was strange, and even wrong, in the eyes of those who had been brought up in popish thoughts of priests and consecrations. And how slow even now are many of God's people to receive His word in all its simplicity! "For," as Farel says, "instead of looking to God and His word, we are apt to look to ourselves, and our reason, and that which suits our own judgment appears to us to be more for edification, for (as it would seem) we see better what serves to edification than God. Himself does, for, according to our notions, everything would be ruined if the ordinances of God were observed without any addition on our part, but our prudence, beyond that of God, will build things up. But let us not be so mad and so foolish, so arrogant and so presumptuous, as to think we can render the Word of God and His holy sacraments more worthy, and more sightly, and more full of grace and power by anything we can add to them, or by anything we can do, for in fact we can do nothing, if we put our hand to it, but spoil and pervert everything by our own inventions."

To return to our history. Farel, who now felt that the Lord Himself had called him to be a preacher, was ready to obey. The people of Montbéliard, who had heard of him, desired him to come amongst them. Their prince, the young duke Ulric of Würtemberg, also consented to Farel's preaching the gospel freely at Montbéliard. The Lord had set before him an open door, and thus we find that in July, 1524, Farel left Strasburg, and entered on his new field of labor. F. B.

Happy Joseph

SURELY, never was the perpetual sunshine that the believer is privileged to enjoy better exemplified than in Joseph Davies. The blood of Christ had cleansed his conscience, the Person of Christ filled his heart, and the reflection of heaven beamed in Joseph's happy, cheerful countenance.

After half a century of practical knowledge, he could say, "religion is a reality"; and Joseph Davies had good cause for thus speaking. There was nothing in his person or circumstances to produce the peace that reigned in the heart and that sat upon the brow of the aged pilgrim. In the prime of life a fall had injured Joseph's spine, and had rendered him incapable of walking without the aid of his "sticks." Later on, the partner of his joys and sorrows had been taken away, and just as old age and incapacity for active labor came on, his eyesight had failed him, and he had become totally blind.

The old homestead had to be given up, and the remainder of the old man's life was spent in visiting his children, who were located in various places.

It had been his hope that the declining-years of his life might be spent in poring over the word of God, but that hope was over. However, many Christian friends would read to him, and thus make up for the lack of eyesight.

The old man's progress of soul in divine things was very marked after his blindness. One day a person was inquiring as to whether the Christian could know for a certainty that he has eternal life, and added, "I know that Joseph Davies is a Christian and he would not say so. I will ask him." So the old man was appealed to. "Can a person know that he has eternal life, and can he ever lose it?"

A bright smile played on his wrinkled cheek as the old man answered, "Ah! I used to think they might lose it, but since I have been blind, now I see that one who has eternal life can never lose it, and is safe to reach glory."

His solicitude for the conversion of his relatives was great; it was his custom to pray every day at a certain hour for them all by name, and it was his joy to see many of them brought to God, among others, the writer of this paper.

Death to him was the portal of heaven. As loved ones stood around the bed, his countenance was radiant, and "Jesus," "Jesus," "Glory," "Glory," fell from his lips as he left this body to be forever with the Lord.

To speak of Christ was no effort to him; words about the Lord seemed to well up from a full heart and to run over to others. So great was his love for souls, that when there was special preaching, he has been known to spend all the night in prayer. He was neither preacher, teacher, nor evangelist, yet he was all these, for his life, his words, his ways, were an eloquent discourse, and for miles around his native village, no one was better known than he as an example of holy

consistent walk and piety. He was just what every Christian should be, a shining light for Christ in this dark world. All cannot have a prominent place, though all can shine for God. But notice the great secret—he was much in communion with God, and thus drew from the source of blessing, Christ Himself; and having an overflowing cup, it ran over to others without difficulty—out of his belly flowed rivers of living water.

Eternity! Eternity! Eternity!

A SERVANT of the Lord was quietly resting in his room after having preached Christ to some poor sinners, when presently a knock at the door was heard, and a gentleman was announced. After some words about the things of eternity, Mr. G— said,

“Well, you know, A—, I have often heard you preach, and have heard all you have to say on these matters, and all I can tell you is, that you are a Christian—I—am an atheist—and I neither believe in God, heaven, nor hell.”

“Very well,” said A—, “now I have listened to you and have heard all you have to say, let me ask you if you will do something for me?”

“Certainly, certainly, my friend.”

“Go home to your room, and for three nights after you have put out the light, before you throw yourself on your couch, when other men pray to God, say, ‘Eternity! Eternity! Eternity! I must face it! Where? God I won’t accept; heaven I disbelieve in; hell I deny; WHITHER am I going?’”

The first night he undauntedly put out the light, stood erect, repeating the words “Eternity! Eternity! Eternity! I must face it! Where? God I won’t accept; heaven I disbelieve in; hell I deny. WHITHER am I going?”

The second night, he hardly knew why, but he felt while he repeated the words he must have the light burning.

The third night, he again felt he must keep the light burning—ah, yes, and it was now, too, God in His wondrous grace and love was beginning to answer prayers, and to kindle a light in this man’s dead soul.

“Eternity! Eternity! Eternity!” he began, “I must face it. Where?... Heaven I disbelieve in.”... He stopped short—he could say no more—he felt he could not say, “God I won’t accept,” so powerfully did he feel the presence of a holy, righteous God. “WHITHER am I going!?” he added. As he groaned it out in an agony of despair, the answer came ringing in his ears, “Hell! hell! hell! that’s where I am going!”

Some days after, in an agony too terrible for words, he went and told A—, all he felt, adding, “What shall I do? What can you do for me?”

“Nothing,” replied A—, calmly, with his eyes fixed upon the ground, “Nothing.” “What am I to do, then?”

“Nothing,” replied A—, “nothing.”

“What! ‘Nothing,’ when I am in this state of agony and utter wretchedness?”

“No, nothing,” replied A—, firmly, as he stood motionless before his agonized friend, with his eyes fixed first on him, then on the ground, thankful indeed to see his friend feeling his utter helplessness with such reality, knowing that then, and not till then, God could come in.

“Can you stand there calmly and see me in this agony of despair, and tell me you can do nothing for me? You a Christian—I—an immortal soul going right down into hell! Can you stand and say you can do nothing for me, when you have brought me to this state—this agony of soul?”

“No,” replied A —, calmly, “I can do nothing for you, I am only a poor helpless, weak creature like yourself. You can do nothing, I can do nothing, absolutely nothing.”

“But I can tell you of One who can,” he continued, as he lifted his eyes upward and pointed his finger above, “God can, He is the only One who can; God can, and has done it all.”

That moment the light of God, in revealing Himself to man through the death of His Son, and all that he had heard by the hearing of the ear, but had never received, shone into this poor dark atheist’s soul with living power by the Holy Ghost.

“The fool hath said in his heart, there is no God.” (Psa. 14:1.)

Like a flash of lightning he saw for the first time the One who had done the work that was done, and that it was the Person who did the work that gave it its value; and he was “a new creature in Christ Jesus;” and for such all things are passed away; behold, all things are become new, God had said, “Let there be light; and there was light.” And truly the light that flowed into this newborn soul was beyond the brightness of the sun.

Yes, this precious soul had been brought right up into the very presence of God; but only to come down again “to speak of the things he had both seen and heard,” and soon he could say with the apostle, “We preach not ourselves, but Christ Jesus the Lord... for God, who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, hath shined in our hearts, to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ.” (2 Cor. 4:5-6.) E. O’N. N.

“I, EVEN I, am He that comforteth you: who art thou, that thou shouldest be afraid of a man that shall die, and of the son of man which shall be made as grass.” (Isa. 51:12.)

What Do I Care?

THE following occurrence I give nearly in the words of a servant of the Lord trusting it may be useful as a warning to some careless soul whose eyes may glance over these pages “One Sunday, not long since, I met four young men. I offered them some tracts which three of them took, but the fourth refused, saying he had plenty of papers like that at home, and he did not want it. I asked him if he had read them, and if he was saved, and he said, ‘I am as good as you are. It is not because you go about with papers like that that you are better than me.’

‘No,’ I said, ‘I am not better than you, but I believe what God says, and you do not. Will you take this tract and read it? It may be for your eternal blessing.’ He angrily refused it. Whereupon I said, ‘You are in a terrible condition—you don’t care at all about yourself, whether you go to hell or not. I speak to you as a friend. If you do not change your course, in a short time God may put His hand on you and crush you.’ He answered in an indifferent way, ‘Let Him do it if He likes. What do I care?’ I left him, and said no more.

On the following Tuesday this poor, godless young man was taken ill, and became unconscious. His sufferings were intense, and he was continually screaming and swearing until his death, which took place on the ensuing Monday. Thus only eight days after he despised the warning he was a corpse!”

What a solemn lesson this brief narrative conveys! Men are apt to think that God does not hear their irreverent expressions. Soon all will be brought to light. The rejector of Christ will perish everlastingly! “Beware, therefore, lest that come upon you, which is spoken of in the prophets; Behold, ye despisers, and wonder, and perish.” (Acts 13:40, 41.) E. W. T.

“WHEREFORE do ye spend money for that which is not bread? and your labor for that which satisfieth not?” (Isa. 4:2.)

It Might Have Been Different

MRS. R. was a Christian. She knew that God in His love had given His Son to die in her place, that He had borne all that her sins deserved, that she had been made clean and brought near to God, and was now His child. Knowing all this, her heart went out for those who knew not God, and she was at the time of which we write wishing to gain admittance to the sick room of a lady who was staying in the same house with herself. Many times she had asked to be allowed to visit the invalid, but always in vain, till one evening, being alone, she once more asked, and was taken into the room. She found the invalid quite young, and very ill indeed, her whole appearance telling of disease past all human cure, but herself unaware of her danger, and quite unconcerned about her soul. Death rapidly approaching, and friends all combining to keep the knowledge of her danger from her, Mrs. R. spoke earnestly to the young lady, telling her of the Lord Jesus, of His blood that cleanseth from all sin, and of the awfulness of death without Christ; but though she listened, and even seemed a little interested, it was plain she did not take it to herself.

“You know,” her reply was, “I should be all right if only I could get rid of this ailment. I have been ill before like this and recovered.” Days passed on. The conversations of Mrs. R. with the invalid deeply moved her mother and sister. The mother once, with tears streaming down her face, thanked her for speaking of the Lord to her poor daughter, saying, “We dare not speak so, and she is so unconcerned about her soul.”

As it became quite evident that the young lady was past recovery, she was taken to her own home, but still unconscious that her life was ebbing away, and not until a few hours before the end was she told by the doctor that she had only a few hours to live. Ah! why had they not told her the whole truth?

She started up in the bed, exclaiming, “Oh! why didn’t they tell me, why didn’t they tell me? It might have been different.” A few hours, and she passed away from this world forever, and no human being can tell whether to endless joy or endless misery.

Reader, hear these solemn words, “Thou shalt hear the word at My mouth, and warn them from Me.... If thou warn the wicked of his way to turn from it; if he do not turn from his way, he shall die in his iniquity; but thou shalt deliver thy soul.” (Ezek. 33:7-9.) T. T

Knowing About It, and Knowing It

ABOUT twenty years ago Eliza F. formed one of a class of girls who might be found each returning Lord's Day gathered round a faithful teacher, listening to the words of life.

Eliza, though at that time a child of some seven years of age, did not listen unmoved to the story of the Saviour's love. She was early deprived by death of the care of her tender mother, and her naturally thoughtful and affectionate heart often longed to know the gracious Lord as her own personal Saviour.

But these desires were only "as the morning cloud and as the early dew." Year passed on. Eliza left the school and sought happiness in the unsatisfying pleasures of the world.

United in marriage to one to whom she was deeply attached, Eliza thought that the rest and satisfaction of heart she had so long vainly sought would be hers at last. The new duties and interests now opening before her looked bright and joyous. But God loved her with an everlasting love, though as yet she knew Him not, and He had thoughts of mercy and of grace toward her. Soon after her marriage Eliza was laid aside by severe wasting illness, and about the same time found herself residing near some Christian people, who heard with interest of the failing health of the young wife, and often asked the Lord that He would unfold to her His love. The prayers were heard, for after some weeks a message reached one of these Christians, that Eliza (now Mrs. L—), would value a visit from her.

Wondering yet rejoicing that the door was thus opened, the lady lost no time in going to Eliza. After a little conversation about her health, &c., the visitor inquired whether she knew the Lord Jesus as her own Saviour? and if she had peace with God?

Mrs. L.'s reply was given with deep feeling; and very simple and touching it was.

"Peace with God? I have known about it ever since I was quite a child, but I have only known it a very few weeks."

Then she spoke of the grace of God to her, telling how hard it had seemed when she first saw that Death was written upon her prospects of earthly happiness. Yet the deep bitterness of her sorrow was the dread that she must meet God.

To whom could she turn for comfort? Years before, the much-loved teacher of her childhood had gone to be with the Lord.

But those teachings were yet to bear fruit. Mrs. L. turned the pages of God's word. The old lessons setting forth God's saving grace, and the necessity for faith in the work of His Son came vividly back to Eliza's memory, and by these means in the quiet of her sick room the Lord Himself led her into peace.

C. J. L.

Two Happy Pilgrims

I SHOULD like to tell you about two aged people whom I saw a few days ago, when I was visiting a “home” for the sick and infirm. I then heard from their lips such expressions of faith and confidence in God, that my heart was uplifted in praise to Him for that wondrous love, which is able to give true happiness, whatever the earthly surroundings and circumstances may be. One of these women, Mrs. M., lying on her bed, suffering great pain, made a touching and striking remark to me: “Long ago I gave my body and soul to the Lord Jesus Christ. He is my Rock and my Saviour, and I am well-cemented on that Rock!” This was said with deep feeling, and it plainly showed me that she knew how secure she was and is in Him.

“On Christ, the solid Rock, I stand;

All other ground is sinking sand.”

It seems to me that this dear woman, in her simple way, gave utterance to a sublime truth; she knows that the sheep of Christ shall “never perish, neither shall any pluck them out” of His hand, that the believer is as truly connected with Him as the members of the body with the head; and it is her joy to rest in the assurance that, by God’s grace, she is so “well cemented” on the Rock that no storm can ever move her from that place of safety. “For who is God save the Lord? or who is a Rock save our God?” (Psa. 18:31.)

To see Mrs. S. I had to go to the top of the house, and I found her in a very small room, which she has “all to herself,” a privilege which she quite appreciates. For seventeen years she has occupied this “little chamber.” Many persons might think hers a very miserable lot, but if they were to pay her a visit, see her bright, cheery face, and listen to what she has to say, they would very soon change their opinion; it is probable that they would come away convinced that in all Queen Victoria’s vast dominions there is not a happier woman than Mrs. S.

I said to her, “Do you ever feel dull or lonely?” and, with a sweet smile, she answered, “With Christ in the heart, one is never lonely”

I then observed, “I have been told that, when little books or tracts are given to you, you throw them away—is that a true report?”

“Oh, quite true,” she replied. “I always throw them away, but not until I have read them first;” and then, as if she saw that I was expecting an explanation, she added, “I make them up into little parcels, open my window, often when the train comes up in the station just below, and throw my tracts out, asking my Heavenly Father to direct them to the right person, and make them a means of blessing. Although I am always up here in my little room, I know something of what is going on in the world, and when I think of the attacks now made on my Bible—my precious Bible!—men teaching that there is no eternal punishment for the unbeliever, it makes me all the more anxious to do anything that I can to circulate what is worth reading. And so, ma’am, as I cannot walk about and give away tracts, I am glad to throw them away out of my window.”

In answer to a question of mine about her eye-sight, she said, "I can see very well, thank God; I can see to sew. Lately I have had a little needlework to do, and so I have earned some money." Then pointing to a neat black print dress, which was lying upon her bed, she said, "With my earnings I bought that dress, and made it. I thought to myself 'All things are yours, and ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's,' and surely my Lord would not have me go shabby when He possesses all things."

A lady has lately given her a small paraffin stove, in readiness for next winter, to warm her room. "Ah," said Mrs. S., "but I may be in heaven before then. I am looking for my Lord to come, and then we shall all be caught up 'to be with Him.'"

As I sat in this room, with its bright, happy occupant, I was forcibly reminded of Madame Guyon's lines—

"A little bird I am,
Shut from the fields of air,
But in my cage I sit and sing
To Him who placed me there.
Well pleased a prisoner to be,
Because, my Lord, it pleaseth Thee."

"Perfect peace" is the portion of those whose minds are "stayed" on God; the love of Christ, His "perfect love, casteth out fear." Reader, are you happy? Do you enjoy this "perfect peace"? Can you say, "With Christ in the heart, one is never lonely?" If not, I hope you will think seriously of what you have been reading about these two aged Christians, and may you, ere long, know what it is fully to trust in Him who is the Rock, the Fortress, and the Deliverer of all who come unto Him. H. L. T.

Man's Fallen Nature

TOGETHER with the denial of the character of the Divine punishment of the ungodly, we usually find the denial of the utterly fallen nature of man. Evil doctrine seldom walks alone, it has its companions; and one false doctrine invariably opens the door to let in others.

God declares that man is utterly astray from Him by nature. It is not in man, by nature, even to wish to return to God. The very idea of God is distasteful to him, for "the carnal mind is enmity against God." Yet, along with this fact, runs the delusion in man's heart that, by doing his best, man may recover himself so as to be fit for God. Perhaps it is only such Christians as have learned the perfect favor of God towards them in Christ, who thoroughly accept the verdict of God concerning man's utter badness. In those who have solid peace with God, absolute condemnation of self will always be found. Do we ever find absolute condemnation of self in anyone who has not solid peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ? The rule is invariable that he who wishes for, but lacks, peace with God, looks in himself to discover some good thing. The weaker the faith in the work of Christ, the stronger the trust in human works. The less established the soul in Christ, the greater its regard for its own feelings and experiences.

It is in the cross of Christ alone that, by the teaching of the Spirit of God, we really learn our own badness and God's thoughts respecting the vileness of sin. In the crucified Son of God we discover self; we see what we are; for God made Him sin for us.

The cross of Christ explains to us how God regards sin. God turned away His face from His Son when the Lord was made sin for us. He forsook Jesus. Nothing could be more terrible. It was separation from God. Our reader knows that, while God acted thus in a judicial way towards the Son of His love, it was because of the place His Son took on the sinner's behalf. In Himself the blessed Lord was always perfect. In His adorable Person He was never anything save perfection. Yet, when He stood in the sinner's stead, God dealt with Him in absolute righteousness, and our Lord suffered the unutterable woe of bearing the wrath of God—of being forsaken by God. The suffering for sin by the Lord upon the cross was a reality. The punishment for sin which He endured was a reality, but faith alone enters into the reality.

Now, this agony of the Lord Jesus proves to us what we merit, shows to us what we are. The cross of Christ is the gospel looking-glass. The law shows us what we ought to be, the cross what we are. We try to do our best, and we discover that we cannot do one single thing righteously.

We believe what Christ suffered for sinners upon the cross, and we discover the righteousness of God in respect to sin.

For faith, the cross of Christ is not only the condemnation of self, it is also the grave of self-effort. For faith, it is the burying place of self. "We are dead with Christ." For faith, it is the utter end of human nature beyond all hope of revival— "Buried with Christ." And this hopelessness in self, and this absolute trust in what Christ has done, brings us deliverance.

Thus is linked within the soul of the Christian this apparent contradiction, No hope in self-peace with God. And both agree perfectly with each other.

Now, the utter ruin of man is never, to nature, a palatable truth. God made man in His own image, and man, in the circle of his fellow-men—educated and refined, brave and tender—may be a noble creature, but when we bring God into our thoughts, when, instead of measuring ourselves with ourselves, we consider the infinite purity and infinite holiness of God, we are constrained to cry, “What is man!” How base and evil we feel ourselves to be, when we no longer adopt a human standard, but ponder over God’s Word. But infidelity attacks the very Word of God, which explains to us what God is and what we are. By it God is degraded, God’s holiness diluted to the enfeebled quality of man’s uprightness, and God’s light darkened to the tone of man’s darkness. God is thus utterly misrepresented. The God who is our God we are not called upon to hear, but a being of man’s creation, made conformable to the requirements of the present age.

Thus the cross of Christ does not become to the hearers of these new, or rather, revived old, errors, their only hope as sinners. On the contrary, the cross of Christ becomes to such rather a pattern than the way of salvation. And we are told that God, by some means which He has not revealed to men, can save from hell hereafter such as in this life miss the benefits of the death of Christ! That, despite the plain statements of His Word, God will have mercy on those who die rejecting or neglecting the only way of salvation.

Surely such falsehoods are fresh witnesses to the utterly depraved state of man’s heart. For not only is the fallen nature of man denied, but the very provision which God has made, in grace, to meet man in his fallen state is set aside. The great reason which hinders men from receiving the benefits of Christ’s death is pride of heart, which declines to believe that man is so hopelessly ruined, so utterly apart from God, that nothing save the death of God’s own Son could meet his case.

In this day of mercy God has not only provided the way of salvation for sinners, but by His Spirit He beseeches man to be reconciled to Him. “Now then we are ambassadors for Christ, as though God did beseech by us: we pray, in Christ’s stead, be ye reconciled to God. For He hath made Him to be sin for us who knew no sin; that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him.” (2 Cor. 5:20, 21). Such is the attitude in which the God whom, by nature, we hate, places Himself toward us. Nothing can be more wonderful. It was the wonder of wonders that God should give His Son to die for sinners; and now, to sinners living without God, and careless as to His Son’s death for them, God even goes so far in His love as to ask them to be reconciled to Himself. This love and grace ought to break down the hardest heart.

But suppose, after all, a man dies without God, without Christ—dies unmoved by such love? That man will rise again, and will live forever. What, then, will be his eternal destiny? Reader, “be not deceived, God is not mocked; whatsoever a man soweth, that also shall he reap.” Such a man has thrown away his last hope.

His nature is utterly fallen, and will ever remain so. His will was, through lifetime, at enmity to God, and will ever remain so. There will be no change in him forever and ever. The “gospel,” which “is the power of God unto salvation,” he despised and refused, and God has not “another gospel” for man. There will be no evangelists sent to the lost hereafter with “another gospel,” such delusive

preaching belongs only to this brief lifetime. There will be no preaching of faith where all will be sight; yes, terribly plain sight. For then there will be no deception of heart. No denial of the utter ruin of man, no boast in good works fitting a man for God, no refusal to believe in what God says respecting the character of punishment. No, nothing but the realization of second death, which follows judgment.

For the believer, judgment precedes death, since Christ has been judged in his stead. "I am crucified with Christ," says faith. Therefore, says the Lord, the believer "shall not come into judgment." But be not deceived: if a man die without Christ, the word is "after this the judgment." Not, after death a fresh chance for salvation. Not, after death a fresh change of nature and a becoming fit for God. No, but the sentence of the second death which will be passed at the Great White Throne upon all who die without life—without Christ. H. F. W.

William Farel.

(Continued from p. 144.)

MONTBÉLIARD is a little town, now belonging to France, but at that time to the German Empire. A pretty little town in the valley of the Allan, now chiefly inhabited by watchmakers and cotton manufacturers. There is an old castle on a high bill, with ancient round towers, and a bridge crosses the river below.

Farel was soon busily employed. He preached constantly. He also worked hard at the translation of German tracts into French, and himself wrote French tracts, which were all printed together at Basle. Anemond helped him eagerly in this work. Master Faber had by this time finished his translation of the whole of the New Testament into French. Anemond managed to get one of these Testaments, and had a great many printed from it, at the press at Basle. As neither Farel nor Anemond had any money of their own, all the expenses were paid by the Lord's people at Metz, at Grenoble, and at Lyons. There were now many believers at Lyons, for the seed sown in Dauphine had sprung up, and preachers of the gospel had gone forth to other places. There was just then a reason why several went to Lyons. The king, Francis I., had started for his Italian wars. His mother and sister had gone with him as far as Lyons, and there they remained for awhile. This was in August, 1524. Margaret had brought no attendants except those who believed the gospel. She was anxious that the word of God should be preached at Lyons. And thus several preachers, who were persecuted elsewhere, took refuge there. Many believed the glad tidings, amongst them some of the rich merchants, who gladly sent money to Farel and Anemond to help on the work of printing. The two friends were a great help to one another. Anemond went backwards and forwards between Basle and Montbéliard, and kept William well supplied with tracts and books. These were given to colporteurs, men who carried them about in packs into the towns and villages of France, where they sold them cheaply. Thus, where preachers were banished the word of God still had free course, and this seed, sown far and wide, sprang up and brought forth fruit. All over France, in a little while, there were men and women who believed in the Lord Jesus, and turned from their idols to the one living and true God.

Farel's preaching was heard with great joy by many of the people of Montbéliard. A great number seem to have been converted.

Hausschein was delighted with the news that God was thus owning and blessing his dear friend.

But he was always frightened when he thought of Farel, much as he loved him. He was afraid that he would rouse people to anger by his strong language. He entreated him again and again to be meek and gentle, to lead people, not to drive them—not to speak severely of the mass priests.

“Remember,” he said, “they are often people who know no better. They are ignorant and superstitious, and really think they are doing right. Be kind to them, and try to win them over by persuasion. Do not speak against the mass till you have first preached Antichrist out of their hearts.”

Farel did endeavor to be meet; and gentle, but at the same time he did not hesitate to say that the mass was idolatry. He preached Christ boldly and faithfully. Very soon a disturbance arose. A monk and a priest stood up in the church where he was preaching, and interrupted the sermon by calling him a liar and a heretic. The duke arrested the priest and the monk, and ordered them to make no further disturbance, under penalty of his severe displeasure. The monk, however, again interrupted the sermon in the afternoon, and endeavored to raise a riot. The duke then arrested both the monk and Farel. He told the monk he would give him his choice—either to prove from the Bible that what Farel had said was false, or if he could not do that to confess that it was true. The monk having duly considered the matter, said he could not contradict Farel from the Bible, and would therefore own that he had spoken in anger and ill-temper, without any reasonable ground for what he had said. The duke desired him to write this confession, that it might be read publicly. The honest monk did so, and both were then dismissed.

The preaching was now listened to more eagerly than before, and Farel found his time fully taken up, for those who were converted wished to be further taught, and desired that their children should be taught too. Thus matters proceeded for about a year, but the New Year 1525 was to be a dark year for the believers in and near France. Early in that year the French king, Francis I., was taken prisoner by the Emperor Charles V., at the battle of Pavia. During the year that the king's captivity lasted, the government was placed in the hands of his wicked mother, Louise of Savoy. You remember Louise and Chancellor Duprat as two bitter enemies of the gospel. The time was now come when they had it all their own way. A terrible persecution of the Lord's people immediately began in every part of France where believers were to be found.

Bedier and the doctors of the Sorbonne were now free to breathe out threatenings and slaughter against all who had received the gospel.

“Let us banish from France,” said Bedier, “this hateful doctrine. This neglect of good works is a fatal delusion from the devil.”

And to set the example of good works did Bedier proceed to hunt out from every corner of Paris, Meaux, Lyons, or wherever else the word of God had been preached, all those who had believed it.

The first attack was made upon Briconnet. After his terrible denial of his Lord, this poor man had again ventured to preach Christ. He had again gathered round him some of the gospel preachers; he had even made a tour round his diocese in company with Master Faber, and had spent three months in clearing out the images from all the churches; he had burnt them one and all, the crucifixes only excepted. Briconnet was, therefore, seized. He requested to be tried before the Parliament, but this favor was refused him. Bedier was afraid he would have too much to say for

himself. He was, therefore, examined privately by two councilors, who were desired to get him, if possible, to deny his faith. Bedier judged rightly that his martyrdom might bring honor to the gospel, but that his denial of it would only bring disgrace upon the faith he had professed. A second time was the poor bishop called upon to decide between Christ and Satan; a second time he made the awful choice of giving up his Lord. He consented to do penance for his past errors—he publicly condemned Luther’s books—he gave orders that the saints were to be worshipped as before—and he headed a pompous procession to testify his faith in popery. Thus Briconnet fell, to rise no more. He lived eight years after this denial of the Lord whom he had owned and preached. In his will he commended his soul to the Virgin Mary, and to the “heavenly choir of paradise,” and desired that twelve hundred masses should be said for him after his death.

Master Faber was the next victim. He was the man who was specially hateful to Bedier, for he looked upon him as the author of all the mischief.

“Faber,” said Becher, “tells us that whoever seeks to save himself will perish, while the man that lays aside all strength of his own, and throws himself entirely into the arms of Jesus, will be saved! What a hellish error! What a deceitful snare of the devil! Let us oppose it with all our might.” Alas, how many Bediers still remain! You, perhaps, and I have been Bediers too. It is through God’s mercy if we are not so now. We may not dare to use his words, but have we never thought his thoughts, and have felt dislike, contempt—God might say hatred—to those who trust in Christ alone?

The parliament drew up an accusation against Master Faber, but, when he was sought for, he was not to be found. The old doctor had left Meaux secretly, and was gone. We shall hear of him again by-and-bye.

Bédier now turned with all the rage of disappointment to Louis Berquin. He was a second time seized, and cast into prison.

“He shall not escape us,” said the parliament.

The next object of Bédier’s fury was Erasmus. This was not because Erasmus was a teacher of the gospel; on the contrary, he had just been writing against Luther and the Lutherans. But Bedier knew that Erasmus despised him, and the priests and monks in general, for their ignorance, their stupidity, and their hypocrisy. Besides, he had helped on the cause of the gospel without intending it, by encouraging the study of Greek, and, therefore, of the New Testament. He had translated it also. He had, on the whole, done much more to help than to hinder the new doctrines.

“Erasmus must, therefore,” said Bédier, “be crushed speedily.”

But Erasmus appealed for protection to the Emperor Charles V. This plan succeeded, and another victim escaped from the clutches of the Sorbonne.

The next who was seized was a preacher at the gospel near the town of Nancy, in Lorraine His name was Schuch. Lorraine was then in the possession of a duke called Anthony the Good. But Anthony’s goodness began and ended with repeating the Lord’s Prayer and the Ave Maria on all suitable, or, rather, unsuitable occasions; when not so employed, he was either indulging in vice, or persecuting the people of God. He and his confessor, Friar Bonaventura seized upon Schuch, who was brought before the duke for trial. The trial was in Latin, which Anthony did not

understand, but he was provoked at seeing Schuch look so calm and happy and, thinking the examination had lasted long enough, he stood up and condemned Schuch to be burnt alive.

Schuch looked at him, and quietly replied, "I was glad when they said unto me, let us go into the house of the Lord."

It was in August 1525 that Schuch was burnt at Nancy; his Bible was burnt also. There were yet other victims upon whom Bedier had his eye.

The next who was seized was the young student, James Pavanne. You remember that in the happy days of Meaux, he had been invited by Briconnet to help in the gospel work with Master Faber and Farel. When Briconnet had the first time turned from Christ, Pavanne has been seized by the Sorbonne and imprisoned. This was at the end of 1524. The poor boy alone in his prison, felt his courage give way he consented to go back into popery, and he was released; but from that moment he was utterly miserable. We are told he spent his time in weeping. He now came forward and said he had sinned against his Lord, and desired to be counted amongst those who trusted in Christ alone. He did not, he said, believe in purgatory; he could not pray to the saints; he would own Christ as his Saviour, and Christ alone. He was taken to the Place de Greve, a. Paris, there to be burnt. His sadness and fear were gone; he walked to the stake looking bright and joyful; he preached boldly during the few minutes that remained, and so great was the power of that little sermon, that one of the priests said: "I would rather the Church had paid a million gold pieces, than that Pavanne should have spoken as he did."

The burning of Pavanne was soon followed by another glorious testimony to Christ. The poor hermit of the forest of Livry was dragged into the city of Paris, to be burnt by a slow fire in front of the cathedral of Notre Dame. The whole city crowded to the place of execution. The hermit was calm and firm. The priests pressed around him, holding a crucifix before his eyes, and the doctors of the Sorbonne cried aloud, "He is damned! he is going into hell fire!"

The hermit only replied that his trust was in Christ, and he was resolved to die believing in Him only as his Saviour.

All this and much more of martyrdom and persecution was happening in France, whilst William Farel, in the little town of Montbéliard, was preaching and teaching unharmed. But, though none were allowed to seize upon him, the zeal of the priests was none the less. They did their best to hinder and oppose, and to keep up the idolatrous worship where worshippers could be found. The popish cantons of Switzerland also sent messages to Duke Ulric, entreating him to banish the heretic who was disturbing the peace of the Church. The duke was unwilling to do so. And so the autumn and winter of 1525 passed away.

F. B.

Willard's Confession

WILLARD was about seven years old. He had light hair and blue eyes, and he loved his father and mother very dearly. But Willard was often forgetful; so forgetful that he did the very thing his mother had bidden him not do, and then would say, "Oh, I quite forgot!" Do you know anyone like Willard in this respect?

There was one thing Willard's mother had often told him he must not do: "Never play with fire, my boy," she said, "never even touch a match; many a child has been burnt to death by meddling with matches."

Willard listened to what his mother said, but a match was a great temptation to him if it ever came in his way, for he did so enjoy seeing a piece of wood take fire and blaze up.

One day, when Willard was on a visit, he saw his grandfather take a match from the matchbox. The match did not take fire when he struck it, so he dropped it and tried another. All the while Willard sat watching him, and when he left the room he picked up the forgotten match and tried to strike it. To his great surprise the match did take fire; the little boy was frightened, he threw it as far as he could into the stove and walked away. By-and-bye Willard began to think of what his mother had said, and the more he thought of his disobedience the more troubled he was. At last bedtime came, and he was still very unhappy, so unhappy that he could not help telling his nurse, Maggie, all about it.

"What shall I do, Maggie?" he said.

"You had better go down at once and tell your mother," said the nurse; "the longer you leave it the harder it will be to tell the truth. I would not wait till morning if I were you."

Now Willard had thought that he would tell his mother the next morning when he was alone with her, and would ask her to forgive him; but he made up his mind to go downstairs at once. His mother was in the dining-room with his father when Willard softly opened the door, saying, "Mamma, may I speak to you?"

"Yes, dear," said his mother. "What is it?"

Then Willard told his mother he wanted to speak to her quite alone; and when she came to him in the hall, he put his arms round her neck and told her the whole story about the match, and confessed that he had been so naughty as to disobey her.

What do you think his mother said?

"I am sorry my little boy has disobeyed me, but I am very glad he has confessed and told me all the truth." Then, as she gave him a good-night kiss, she whispered, "I forgive you, Willard, and I don't believe you will ever touch a match again."

So the little fellow went to bed happy, because he knew he was forgiven.

What made him ready to go to his mother with the tale of his fault? He knew she loved him so well that she could forgive him a once if he confessed his disobedience.

Willard did not ask to be forgiven, he confessed his disobedience, and his mother forgave him. "If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." (1 John 1:9.) Let the child of God who has sinned simply come to his Father, without fear, though sorrowful to have grieved Him who has so loved him, and he will find the truth of these words: communion will be restored, and he will be again happy with God.

I. C. K.

Words of Little Ones

THE mother had with loving care led the hearts of her little ones in their evening prayer to put their trust in our Father in heaven, and had bidden them good-night, when she heard the elder child ask her brother, “Deanie, would you like to go on the road to life or the road to hell?” He replied, “The road to life, Rachel.”

Deanie then said, “Rachel, Who makes the moon come out?”

“Why, Jesus, Deanie. Deanie, what did Jesus first make?”

“Why, the light. We could not have seen if He had not made light! If Jesus liked He could take away your breath, and then you would be dead, and if you lived in a house which had lead windows He could see you. Deanie, there’ll be a time—a dreadful time of judgment; it’s coming—such a time!—and our eyes will be opened, and we shall see the Lord—not a false Lord. And, Deanie, if our eyes were opened now, what do you think we should see? We should see Jesus in this very room—so bright and beautiful! Deanie do you love Jesus?”

He lisped in answer, “I love Jesus.”

“You know He died for you, and if you go to heaven you will see holes in His hands where those wicked men pierced Him. Would you like to go to heaven, and walk in those golden streets, and play? We shall go up ten thousand times higher than the clouds and moon, and be so happy.”

“Shall I tell you something? ‘I heard the voice of Jesus say, Come unto Me.’

“I’m a poor sinner, and nothing at all,

But Jesus Christ is my All-in-All.’

“Not a bone of Him was broken, but a soldier with a spear pierced His side. Oh, Deanie, do you love Jesus better than mamma?”

He said, “Yes.”

Then she joyfully exclaimed, “Oh! I am so glad you don’t love mamma better than Jesus. Oh! There’ll be a time, and soon perhaps, of judgment! Yes, and all who don’t love Jesus will be judged.”

S—E.

The Coming of the Lord

Little children think time very much longer than older persons. A child who has lived seven or eight years regards one year as a long, long period, while a man of seventy looks at one year as but a span. With the Lord one day is as one thousand years, and one thousand years as one day, but people seem to forget this, and they act like little children who think a promise forgotten when it is not at once fulfilled. Now the Lord says He is coming quickly, and, we read, yet a little while, and come He will, for it is His promise. The Lord will come at the very moment that God has planned; and happy will they be who when He comes are watching and waiting for Him.

Thou Knowest Not What a Day May Bring Forth

“YOU will not be long, Freddy?” said Mrs. S. to her little boy, one fine day in October, as she sent him out for an errand. “No, mother,” replied the boy, “I shall soon be back,” and, kissing his mother, he went away, delighted at the thought of being allowed to do something for mother.

Mrs. S. followed her little boy until he was out of sight, little thinking it would be the last time she should see her son alive.

But little Freddy, although he was a good boy when at home, forgot his last words, “I shall soon be back,” and, instead of doing what his mother had bidden him, went near the river—which he had been especially told not to do—and, seeing some planks on the water, thought he would go on them, and have a nice game.

For a few moments all went on pleasantly, and the little boy amused himself very much. But while Freddy was on the planks a steamboat passed up the river, and its swell tossed the planks about, and Freddy fell into the water.

Two little boys saw him fall into the water, but they could not save him, and before help could come poor little Freddy was drowned.

Freddy was only eight years old, and if on that Monday morning you had said to him, “Freddy, you will die today,” he would probably have replied, “I am young and healthy, and hope to live a good many years yet.”

A little act of disobedience took him into eternity. You, too, are young, strong and gay, but remember how uncertain is your life, and let me affectionately ask you, “If God were to take you away today, where would you spend eternity?” You and I deserved to be banished from God’s presence, for we have disobeyed God, but Christ died on the cross so that “whosoever believeth on Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.” (John 3:16.)

Come, then, to Christ while you are young, for God says, “Those that seek Me early shall find Me.”

If you are not ready to meet God, do not rest until you know that you are, but “boast not yourself of tomorrow, for you know not what a day may bring forth.”

J. B.

Talks About the Tabernacle.

“I HAVE been looking at those references you wrote out for me, Aunt Edith,” said Charley, “and I see that even while Joshua was alive the tabernacle had been moved from Gilgal to Shiloh; for when Joshua was dividing the land into seven parts he cast lots in Shiloh before the Lord.” “Yes; in the beginning of the chapter, which tells us of the division of the land, we read that ‘the whole congregation of the children of Israel assembled together at Shiloh, and set up the tabernacle of the congregation there.’ Allusion is now and then made to the ‘house of the Lord at Shiloh’ in the

book of Judges, and in the last chapter we read of a yearly feast which caused the people to assemble there; but during those troubled and lawless times we find very little mention of the sanctuary of Jehovah.”

“In the time of Samuel the tabernacle must have been still at Shiloh, because, you know, when the people were beaten by the Philistines they said they must fetch the ark from Shiloh that it might give them the victory; don’t you remember, Aunt Edith?”

“Yes, Charley: the people who had so long forgotten their God remembered in their distress the wonderful deliverances He had given them in past times, and they sent for the ark which had been carried in solemn procession around the walls of Jericho, until they fell with a sudden crash, and the doomed city was taken in the vain hope that by its presence amongst them they should be saved from their enemies.”

“Oh, do go on to that time,” said Charley; “for I never could understand how it was that the ark of God could be taken captive by the Philistines.”

“First will you tell me, Auntie,” said May, “where Shiloh was, and whether there is any part of the tabernacle there now?”

“Shiloh was a town in that part of the land which was given to the tribe of Ephraim, situated in the hill country, not far from Bethel. It was an important place during the time that the ark rested there, and the people went to it every year, to the feasts of the Passover, of Pentecost, and of Tabernacles. It is now called Seilun, and is marked only by an old tower and a great many broken pillars lying about.”

“I thought I should like to know about Shiloh, because it was there that Hannah went to pray for her son, and she brought him there that he might belong to God, and came to see him every year, with the little coat she had made him. Now will you tell Charley about the ark being taken, and me, too, for I don’t understand how such a thing could be.”

“Such a thing never could have been, dear children, if the people of God had not forsaken Him, until at last He allowed the very sign of His Presence among them to pass into the hands of their enemies. You remember how plainly God had told them they were to destroy every vestige of false worship; that, as children of the living God, they were to have nothing to do with the profane customs of the people whom they had allowed to remain in the land, but to go up to the place where God had placed His name, and worship Him there. If you read the history carefully, you will see how very soon they began to make terms with their enemies, letting them live close beside them, under tribute; and how, at last, they began to tamper with their idolatrous worship—perhaps led away by admiration of their religious festivals, which were very grand and showy—and to pay homage to their representations of various objects of nature, particularly the sun and moon. We read of even Gideon having an ephod, or priestly robe, which seems to have been, in some degree, an object of worship. The men of Ephraim had a golden image; Micah a silver idol.”

“I remember even the priests were wicked in the time of Eli,” said May; “perhaps that was partly why God allowed the ark to be taken. It seemed as if His people did not care to have Him for their God any more.”

“And you know,” added Charley, “God had said that the family of Eli should never more be His priests; because Hophni and Phinehas despised God’s offering, and taught the people to think nothing of them.”

“Terrible things, indeed, were done at Shiloh; but at last the solemn moment came when what had been spoken by God to Samuel was to be fulfilled. When the Israelites were beaten in a great battle fought with the Philistines in the plains of Esdraelon, they seem to have thought the presence of the ark among them would act as a charm, and give them a sure victory. ‘Let us fetch the ark of the covenant of Jehovah out of Shiloh unto us,’ they said, ‘that when it cometh it may deliver us out of the hands of our enemies.’ So they fetched the ark from Shiloh.”

“But had God told them He would be with them?”

“No, May; they might bring the symbol of His presence into the battle, but they only did it to their own confusion. The Philistines were afraid when they heard the shout of the people at sight of the ark, for they said, ‘God is come into the camp. Woe unto us! Who shall deliver us out of the hand of these mighty gods, the gods that smote the Egyptians with all the plagues?’”

“They did not know that the Israelites had offended their mighty God, and so He would no longer do wonders for them,” said Charley.

“Terror only nerved them to fight more fiercely, and with their iron chariots they won a great victory; 30,000 Israelites perished, and the conquerors carried off the ark in triumph to their own country, and placed it in the temple of their fish-god Dagon.”

“How long did the ark remain in the country of the Philistines?” asked Charley.

“Seven months. At the end of that time they sent it back, horror-struck at the mysterious Power which accompanied it. Wherever they moved it, from city to city, the strange gods were overthrown, and famine and disease fell upon the people.”

“Where did the Israelites set up the ark when it was sent back to them, Aunt Edith?”

“The Levites received it, May, and removed it to Gibeon, where it remained until the time of David.”

“Did you say Eli was the last priest at Shiloh?” asked Charley. “I thought,” he continued, “that Samuel was a priest.”

“It has been well remarked,” replied his aunt, “that the priestly office must needs have ceased at a time when all that gave it importance was in the enemy’s hands, and the sign of relationship with God had been given up by Him to the enemy. In Samuel God raised up a prophet, by whom He made known His will. But of Samuel we cannot speak tonight. We must pass on to the period when David, having become established in the kingdom as the king after God’s heart, laid siege to Jerusalem, and took the stronghold of Mount Zion, which he made his royal residence, and which, when the ark was placed there, became the great sanctuary of the nation. You will find Mount Zion very often spoken of in the Psalms. It is believed that the sixty-eighth Psalm was sung when the king himself went in state, with 30,000 people, and brought the ark from Gibeon, with joy and shouting.”

“Oh, yes; and David danced for joy.”

“You are thinking of the second removal of the ark, May. After Uzza had been struck dead for touching it, it remained in the house of Obededom until the tent which David prepared for it on Mount Zion was ready (1 Chron. 15:1). Then, as it was borne on the shoulders of the Levites, the king, not in his royal robes, but in a linen dress, showed his joy by dancing ‘before Jehovah with all his might,’ as they ‘brought up the ark of Jehovah with shouting and with sound of trumpet and David offered burnt offerings and peace offerings before Jehovah, and he blessed the people in the name of Jehovah.’”

“Perhaps David was thinking of another glad day that was coming, when there was to be a wonderful time of rejoicing, and a grand procession.”

“You mean when the ark was carried by the priests from the sanctuary on Mount Zion across the beautiful bridge which had been made to connect the two hills, and set down in its place under the overshadowing wings of the golden cherubim in the magnificent temple built by King Solomon on Mount Moriah,” said their aunt.

“Oh, Aunt Edith I should have liked to have seen that procession! We were reading the chapter, which tells of the dedication of the temple, last Sunday, and I remember it is said that the tables of stone which Moses put into the ark at Horeb were still there, and that the priests and Levites, dressed in their white robes, carried the beautiful golden vessels, and that the Levites who were singers, and priests who were trumpeters made one sound in praising the Lord; it must have been beautiful; a joyful sound, indeed.”

“You know, Charley,” said May, “although you were not there to hear the beautiful music, you can tell the very words they sang; I remember them because I learned the Psalm in which the verses are,” and May repeated, “O give thanks unto the Lord, for He is good, for His mercy endureth forever.”

“It has been thought that several of the Psalms were sung then, and that some of them had been especially written to celebrate the joyful day to which David looked forward though he knew he should not see it: it is probable that Psa. 24. was sung just as the ark was borne in through the court of the temple to its new resting-place— ‘Lift up your heads, Oh, ye gates, and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors, and the King of Glory shall come in.’ Do you remember, Charley, what was the particular sign which God gave of His having taken up His abode among His people in the wilderness?”

“Oh, yes,” cried both the children, “and now the same bright cloud which had rested on the tabernacle came and filled the beautiful house which Solomon had built for God to dwell in with glory; it says ‘the priests could not stand to minister because of the cloud for the glory of the Lord had filled the house of the Lord;’ see, I have found the place, May,” and Charley pointed to 1 Kings 8:11. “God, whom the heaven and heaven of heavens cannot contain, was pleased to dwell in the house which had been built for His name, and we cannot wonder that the joyful Feast of Tabernacles, for the dedication of the temple took place at that time of the year, was prolonged another seven days, and that the people so favored by their God ‘went to their tents joyful and glad of heart for all the goodness Jehovah had done for David His servant and for Israel His people.’”

C. P.

Thank God, If That's True

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 or other peoples' 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 his driver of his need as a sinner before a holy God. But no response came from the man.

Now while God is light, and therefore searches the secrets of the poor sinner's heart, at the same time He is love, and in love has provided a way by which the sinner's need is more than met.

The traveler next presented the gospel of God's grace to his hearer. 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 be 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, imploringly gazing 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, and prayed with and for the dying lad. 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?" E. A. P.

Then I Saw That the Burden Was Gone

ON my asking a dear believer, living in a small town in one of the Eastern counties, how she found peace, she gave me the following simple account of the way in which the Spirit of God had dealt with her, and had at last brought her to see her full salvation through faith in the work of the Lord Jesus. I give it in her own words as nearly as possible, asking Him in His grace to make it helpful to any one in like distress.

"I had been anxious for months," she said, "and felt the burden of sin grow heavier and heavier each day. How to get rid of my sins I knew not. They seemed to weigh me to the ground. I prayed and tried, but nothing took the burden away. A servant of God often came in and told me the way of salvation, often pointed me to 'the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world,' but I always felt He had not taken my sins. I knew they were still on me. Then a Christian lady called, and invited me to a little mothers' meeting which was to take place the following Monday. I went; a lady spoke to us a few simple words. 'God,' she said, 'laid the sins of His people on Christ. Christ died because of the judgment of God due to our sins, and on the third day God raised Him from the dead. This is a proof that He was satisfied, and had accepted Christ's death as an atonement for us: moreover, the sins of all who trust in Jesus, who died for us, are gone from God's sight. (Jer. 50:20.)

"Had I not been a stranger I could have stood up and cried, 'He did not bear my sins; they are still on me; I know I have them.' Then a hymn was sung, 'There is life in a look at the crucified One.' That hymn followed me, but still I could not look.

"The next week I was there again, but Satan whispered, 'It is not for you,' and I believed him. The following Monday I intended going again, but was prevented. My agony on account of my sins increased, so that I was positively afraid to move. I had my little one upon my knee, but could take no notice of her, and still that hymn rang again in my ears, 'There is life in a look.'

"I felt that night I must look—I must trust my soul to Jesus. I got my Bible and read that beautiful chapter (the 14th) of the Gospel of John. Then it seemed that God really spoke to me, and told me I must believe in Him—must just come to Him. I remembered what the lady said, that Jesus had put away our sins by the sacrifice of Himself, and I saw the burden was gone. Oh, miss, I can never tell the joy and peace that filled my soul as I saw what Christ had done for me. I think I have never felt so really full of joy since, though, indeed, I have found His promises sure. He has never failed me, never forsaken me. He is sufficient."

I then said, "Did you tell your husband at once?"

"No," she replied. "Some time before had made a profession of having found Christ, but it proved to be only the excitement of the moment, so I determined this time to show him I was converted by my life."

"Has he found it out?" I asked.

“Oh, yes, miss. He came in one day, saying some neighbors had been laughing and teasing him, saying that his wife professed to be converted, and he told them he knew it was true.

“I asked him how he came to know it, as I had never told him, and he said, ‘There was no need to tell; I saw it by your ways.’ I was rejoiced to hear him say this, for I felt God had given me grace to shine just a little for Him, and I quite believe the Spirit of God is beginning to work in my husband. Is not this cause for rejoicing?”

I would say to any dear anxious one who may read these lines, there is indeed—

“Life in a look at the crucified One:

There is life at this moment for thee!”

There was no peace for this poor woman until she believed the word of God’s grace—until she herself personally believed in Christ.

Do you know what kept her in such distress of mind? She doubted God’s word.

Are you, my reader, burdened with the weight of years of sin against God? Believe what God tells you about His Son: “God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.” Listen no longer to the whispered lie of Satan, “It is not for you.” Silence him with, “It is written,” and you, too, will be able to say, “Then I saw that the burden was gone.”

Just Too Late

THE people of whom I am thinking as I write these words, “just too late,” arrived at the station at the moment when the train in which I was seated was leaving it. They were left behind! As we sped rapidly to our journey’s end I could not help thinking how, some day, many people will be placed in a far more awful position from the same cause. There is a time coming, speedily, in which God’s word tells us (Luke 13:25), a door will be shut, and far more terrible will be the consequences of its being shut than from the closing of any earthly door.

How would the closing of that door affect you, dear reader, if the Master of the house were to rise now? Would you be found inside or outside?

To the disappointed travelers the being just too late probably involved some considerable inconvenience. They would certainly have several hours to wait for another train, although they might, after all, reach their journey’s end that same day. But of those who are outside that other door when the Master closes it, we are told (2 Thess. 1:9) they “shall be punished with everlasting destruction from the presence of the Lord.” No mere temporary inconvenience will be theirs, but a never-ending misery.

“But what has all this to do with these people being too late for their train?” you may say.

Just this. As they were too late in a matter which concerned only this fleeting life, so may you be too late where it is a question of your eternal welfare. Satan will be ready enough to tell you that it will take a long time to shut-to a door, the closing of which carries such momentous consequences with it; but we know from God’s word exactly how long it will take to close that door. We read (1 Cor. 15:51, 52), “We shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump.” Then, according to 1 Thess. 4:16, 17, “the dead in Christ shall rise first,” and the living in Christ will be changed, and “caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air.” Do not delay then, dear reader, if you are still unsaved. Tomorrow may be too late. The travelers of whom I have told you wanted to be in time for the train; they intended to meet it, but perhaps thought it was sure to be a little late, and they were so close to the station that they would surely have plenty of time. You, my reader, may know the way and plan of salvation in your head just as these people knew the time the train was due from the time-bills, but all this avails nothing—nay, more, it only adds to the guilt and folly of those who start just too late.

Have you no time-table which you may consult? “But of that day and hour knoweth no man.” (Matt. 24:36.) How terribly solemn! In one moment that door may be closed forever. You know not when it will be closed by the Master’s hand. Are you content to stay outside? Oh! heed the warning “Now is the accepted time; now is the day of salvation.” Tomorrow you may start just too late, and may find the door closed forever, and you shut out. Today the Master’s own words are, “Come unto Me,” and “Him that cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out.” Tomorrow you may find those other words, “I know you not; depart from Me,” written with terrible distinctness on that closed door, round which will, alas! be gathered many who wanted to be inside, but started just too late.

“Too late! too late!” How sad the sound
On anxious human ears,
Of those who’ve waited long, a prey
To doubts, and hopes, and fears.
But there’s a time when, sadder far,
Shall sound in mortal ears
A dread “too late,” which, killing hope,
Will turn to truth all fears.

J. R. B.

From Darkness to Light

BESSIE'S home was in a large seaport town. Her parents, though they knew of the way of salvation, were far too much taken up with the cares of this life to concern themselves about the things of eternity, and so Bessie grew up without anyone to lead her in the way of peace. She was thoughtful and amiable, and most dutiful to her parents, whose many cares she endeavored to lighten by every means in her power. From a child she had had frequent and serious thoughts of eternity and her soul's salvation, and, though she never spoke of it, she had an intense longing for peace with God. As time ran on this desire increased, and when she was about fifteen years old she began to attend a place of worship in her neighborhood. Its showy ritual had a great attraction for the young girl, and she hoped that by following all the teachings she heard she might obtain the rest of soul she so ardently desired. She soon became acquainted with the priest of this church, and he was much interested in the earnest girl who sought help and counsel from him; but, alas! it was but the blind leading the blind. He spoke of Christ, and of His atoning grace, but he spoke, too, of ceremonies and sacraments as if of equal importance. Long and patiently did poor Bessie try to work her way into God's favor. She diligently performed every rite; she fasted often, attended confession regularly, and was in her place at every service, but no peace came—the same unsatisfied longing still remained.

But all this time a Father's eye of love was watching over this young seeker after Him. He had implanted in her soul these longing desires for pardon and peace, and He would certainly satisfy them in His own time. Several years passed, and poor Bessie was asked to take charge of some little girls. She accepted the situation, and soon found herself in a happy Christian home. Mrs. D., the children's mother, earnestly desired to see all around her rejoicing in the knowledge of full and free salvation which so gladdened her own heart. She carefully avoided anything like pressure in her dealings with the earnest but mistaken girl, whom she felt the Lord had sent to her for guidance. She never opposed any obstacle to her practicing the religious observances which she had been taught to believe were acceptable to God, though she faithfully warned her of the danger of trusting to anything but the finished work of Christ for salvation. Very wisely was this Christian lady enabled to deal with Bessie, and a quiet remark of hers was the first thing which shook Bessie's confidence in her efforts to satisfy God.

"Bessie," she said, "do you confess your sins to God every night, and seek His forgiveness?"

"Yes; certainly," was the immediate reply.

"Then you do not believe He does forgive you, although you go to Him? for you take the same sins to your priest every fortnight to get his pardon, or God's pardon through him. Can you think this right?"

Bessie said nothing, but the shaft had struck home. After this, Bessie one day heard the gospel freely and fully proclaimed by one who earnestly longed to win souls for Christ. Bessie felt that what was said was the truth of God. But the time was not yet come for peace to flow into her soul.

Two years passed, and Bessie's longings for peace were still unsatisfied. She again and again heard the blessed news of salvation proclaimed, but, though she acknowledged the truth of what she heard, she could not realize that it was indeed for her that the Son of God had died.

At length the day came when Bessie could say, "My hands were too full of ceremonies and forms to lay hold of Christ. It is only empty hands that can grasp Him." She had learned to know Christ as her Saviour—the One who had put away her sins on the cross. She saw that salvation was entirely outside herself; that her sin and ruin were her only claim on God's mercy. With empty hands she now grasped the Saviour, who had already grasped her, with a hold that would never let go. Joy now filled her soul, praise to God rose from her heart, where the peace she had so long sought in vain was at length established, and now, with joyful step, she is treading the path to glory, seeking to know more of Him who gave His life for sinners.

My Conversion

AT the age of nineteen I was living, without God, in a village in Somersetshire, and was trying to make myself happy with the pleasures of sin, not those sins that are universally condemned, but rather those that are generally thought harmless, when I was suddenly brought by fever near the point of death. As those long (and I thought them very long) days and nights of wretched suspense passed on, not knowing which way the balances would turn, I often thought how could I enter heaven and stand in the presence of God. I had no one to ask me if I were saved, and I did not think it would be any use to ask even my much loved mother how I could get my sins forgiven, as up to that time I had not heard her say anything about people having their sins forgiven before they died, nor had I ever been spoken to about my soul. But my grandmother had told me, when a child, that I must be good if I wanted to go to heaven, and the parish clergyman once asked me if I said my prayers. I was able to say yes; for sometimes I did kneel down and say the Lord's Prayer. I had heard of people going to heaven, and I believed there was such a place as hell, because I had read of it in the Bible. This made me very unhappy when I thought of dying, causing me to reflect much on my past life, and to make many resolutions as to the future, if I should be spared. My chief sorrow, was that I had not taken the sacrament, for It thought if I had only done that, I might hope to go to heaven.

Through sovereign mercy I was restored, and my resolutions followed me at every step. It was no small trial to me, a young man of nineteen, to go with only a few old women to the communion rail to receive the bread and wine. The prayer used at the time of receiving it made me very uncomfortable, as I knew my heart did not answer to what I was saying to God, when I told Him that "the remembrance of my sins was grievous and the burden intolerable," so that I was glad when it was over. My only relief was in being able to say that I had kept my promise, though keeping it had given me a guilty conscience, as it obliged me to say what was untrue. To escape this I sought to produce feelings suitable to the prayer, and I also began to pray night and morning from a book, but I found that these prayers did not, in many ways, express the real desires of my heart, so I thought I would say a few words to God without the book, and never shall I forget those solemn moments when first I ventured, in my room at night, to speak direct to God. Still I found I could not truthfully tell Him that my burden was intolerable, though I longed to feel it to be so, that I might not only be able to pray with truthfulness of heart on sacrament Sundays, but to know, by those feelings, that I had truly repented.

My inmost cry was, What can I do to repent? Some said, be sorry for your sins and forsake them, but I found I could do neither the one nor the other, and in this state I went on till a Christian, who went to a chapel, asked me to accompany him. Here I was almost immediately said to be converted, and was set to teach in the Sunday school. I was also asked to pray publicly, which was a great trial, though I managed to say a few words when my name was called. With all this the repentance I wanted did not come, nor had I peace with God, though I read much, especially Christian biographies. I visited the sick and aged, and read to them, but with all these so called "good works," I did not know my sins forgiven, nor could I attain to those feelings of happy

confidence so often spoken of by others, and I wished that God would speak to me in a dream, and tell me my sins were gone.

Just at this period in my history I heard that a gentleman was going to preach in the open air in the village where I lived, so being anxious to hear if he had anything new for me, I went. I listened attentively, and thought he seemed truly in earnest, but could not exactly understand what he was trying to press so warmly on the minds of his hearers. I lingered till after he had concluded, when, to my astonishment, he came up and asked me if I was saved. I told him I was not, but that I wished to be, whereupon he said he would give me a text of Scripture to think of. It was 1 John 1:7, and he repeated this part of the verse, "The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin." I went home to think it over. The preacher also said that we must not attempt to tack on any works of our own to the perfect, finished work of Christ—not even sorrow or tears, nor expect to find in ourselves any change until we believed what God says in His word about the blood of Christ, that it cleanseth us from all sin. He added that as soon as we put our seal to this, whether we have happy feelings or not, we know we are whiter than snow, for we have the assurance of it on the authority of God's word, through the death of our Lord Jesus Christ.

I then heard that this gentleman was going to preach in his own house, and at the appointed hour I went to hear those blessed truths I had so long been seeking.

Again I went home to search for myself if these things were so, and as I went over the Scriptures, the Holy Spirit of God showed me that I had been putting difficulties when God had made everything simple and plain and that believing His word I had all for which I had been so long seeking, and far more, for that I was saved, and had everlasting life, and should not come into condemnation, but was already passed from death unto life. This set me free and made me happy, so that I could now praise the Lord in whom I had redemption through His blood, the forgiveness of sins, according to the riches of His grace. I very soon found an opportunity of meeting my friend, and never shall I forget his glad expression nor his hearty clasp of my hand when I told him I knew I was saved. He has since entered into his rest, but the love begun on earth will continue through eternity.

Do you see the mistakes I had been making, dear reader? First, I had been putting ordinances in the place of Christ, and secondly, experiences. Now, neither of these will do instead of faith in our Lord Jesus Christ, though both may come after it. The prayers and alms of Cornelius did not give him salvation, and Peter was sent to tell him words by which he should be saved. He heard, he believed in the Lord Jesus, and he could then magnify God. Beware of what the world calls good works, for God says, "Who can bring a clean thing out of an unclean?" How solemn for one born in sin, and living afar from God, to think to bring forth anything fit for His holy eye. One only ever trod this earth of whom it could be said, "He went about doing good;" of others God's verdict is, "there is none that doeth good." This perfect One ended His life of doing good by suffering, the Just for the unjust; and having endured in His own Person on the cross all that a righteous God can demand from sinners, He invites those for whom He died to be "justified freely by His grace." What patience does God display to those who go on as I did, seeking to work out a righteousness of their own, instead of believing "the record that God has given of His Son." May this short account help some precious souls, by leading them to Christ and His Word.

P. F. J.

God's Perfect Work

One of the phases of present infidelity is the denial of the truth recorded in the ancient Book of Genesis, that in the beginning of this world's history God made the creatures and things of this present earth complete and perfect after their kind. Instead of tracing their origin to the great Originator, these men affirm that the beginning of the creature was altogether different from its present condition—for example, that the power and wisdom of the dog is due not to the direct workmanship of the Almighty and All-wise Creator, but to a long process of change and development effected in the creature itself.

Christian people smile or shudder at the fancies of these men, who, since they have no proofs to offer, save their own wisdom, must in justice be termed speculators! But is it not the fact that in things spiritual the belief of many Christians bears at least a resemblance to these infidel ideas which deny the Creator the complete and perfect character of His workmanship?

That Christian or professor assails the glory of God in His work of the new creation, who, instead of bowing to and owning the completeness and perfection of God's work, looks into himself to produce or evolve out of himself the "new man," of which alone God can say it is "very good." The word of God declares that if a man be in Christ there is a new creation, and that we are God's workmanship, created in Christ Jesus unto good works, which God hath before ordained that we should walk in them. (See 2 Cor. 5:17 and Eph. 2:10.)

The creature cannot create. Man may educate, improve, reform, but he cannot make a new thing. "Behold, I make all things new," is God's prerogative. Every true Christian is a new man in Christ Jesus; he is God's workmanship, and as such a perfect work. When the Creator at the first, made man, He formed a perfect creature, and this is God's way now. God begins with perfection—with "in Christ Jesus." We do not mean perfection in the sense of full growth, full knowledge, wisdom, or practical behavior, but as a bird or a babe is perfect, wanting nothing. God does not make half stones or half trees—whatever He makes is perfect! Neither does He form men half Christian, and leave to the half-made Christian the work of completing and perfecting himself! Yet, alas! how many are there really practically expecting by their good behavior or pious feelings to succeed in rendering themselves perfect and entire Christians! Either they do their best and trust in God to do the rest; or they look to God for the beginning and to themselves for the completion of the work. God is not thus honored as the mighty Worker who, in infinite grace and wisdom, takes up the sinner dead in sins, pardons and cleanses, confers a new and eternal life, and forms him a new creation in Christ Jesus. Surely there is a want in our souls respecting this marvelous fact of the new creation. A man is a Christian, a pardoned sinner, a new creation in Christ, or not a Christian, not a pardoned sinner, still of the old. Such a being as a half Christian exists not. Even in the natural creation we see not upon a tree a fruit half apple, half plum.

A new creation means what it says. That which is really and actually new. It is not a mere figure of speech. It does not signify the old, reformed or restored, but that which, until God wrought, was not. We are created anew in Christ Jesus. Christ is the head of this creation of which we now

speak, and its head as risen from the dead. Not before, but after His death its head. No power of man can reach beyond the grave to the resurrection ground. God alone can link man on earth with His Son in heaven. All that man is comes to its end in death, and, in Christ's resurrection, all that a Christian is begins.

Upon the cross the Lord made atonement for us, but the virtues of His sacrificial work flow to us from Himself risen. A Christian belongs to that where Christ is. "Ye are dead, and your life is hid with Christ in God." (Col. 3:3.) The work of God in pardoning a sinner is perfect. There is no revocation of the gracious word for time or eternity. He who believes on the Son of God's love receives then and there forgiveness. So with the work of God in putting us, who believe, in Christ Jesus—it is a complete work. By faith we enter upon the enjoyment of its blessings, but, whether we fully believe or not, the fact remains, concerning such as believe, that God has created them anew in Christ Jesus.

In the creation around us everything, however small, has been made to fulfill some definite end. It is not the mighty heavens alone which declare the glory of God. And in the new creation the weakest of God's people is made for a purpose. There are good works appointed for him to accomplish. He is left upon earth to fulfill an object. Even man does not make an engine to do nothing.

But the engine must be made before it can do its work. God has laid cut the line, the path, for each of His. "We are His workmanship, created in Christ Jesus unto good works, which God hath before ordained that we should walk in them."

H. F. W.

The Letter

HOW delightful it is to have a letter all for yourself, with your name on it, brought by the postman just for you, and no one else!

I suppose most of you remember the pleasure of receiving a letter for the first time. The little girl in the picture is holding her first letter tight. I do not believe she can read it herself, but she will let no one else open it, and who knows what there may not be inside? Good news about someone far away, and many loving words besides, all neatly folded up and shut into that little envelope which keeps its treasures as safely, as a strong box.

But it is when we are away from home that we value our letters most. You boys who are at school have had many a letter, but none like that first one, which came just when it seemed as if your hearts would break with the strange, lonely feeling of the new place, where the people meant to be kind, but were, with all their kindness, so different from those at home. Yet I know you prize all the home-letters, and well you may, for they come from those who would lay down their lives for you, and who long after you with tender thoughts and prayers, when you have got over your trouble, and are only thinking how you may best enjoy yourselves.

I am always sorry when I see a boy leave his mother's letters about, because it looks as if he only cared just to read them once, and did not prize them as a mother's letters should be prized. Let me tell you of a boy I knew, whose parents were in India. They had been gone so long, and he was so happy at school, his mind full of thoughts about cricket and fretwork, and rabbits and pigeons, that he had almost forgotten that he had a father and mother so far away. But you may be sure they had not forgotten that they had left a little boy, whom they loved with all their hearts, at school in England, and sometimes a letter, with one or two foreign stamps upon it, would come for Arthur. He seemed glad enough to receive it, but his mother's writing was, like most grown up people's, rather difficult for a little boy to read, and so he would put the letter, which it had cost her so much trouble to write, away in his pocket until he had time to read it, and there one letter remained, with all its loving words unread, more than two weeks.

The kind advice in that letter could do Arthur no good, for he had not read it; the good news it contained gave him no pleasure, because he had not read it; the pretty stories about his little brother Alfred, who was just beginning to say his name, and to understand that there was someone in England whom he must love very much—all were lost to Arthur while the letter lay hidden away in his pocket.

It was a sad thing for him to lose so much, was it not? It almost seemed as if he did not care for the letter since he could forget it for so long a time. But Arthur did love his mother, and did care for her letter, although he was so forgetful; and now I want to tell you of what this little story reminds me.

If I were to ask even such a little child as the one in the picture the question, "What is God's letter to us?" I am sure she would answer, without waiting a minute to think, "The Bible."

Yes, all who have read FAITHFUL WORDS would give that answer at once. But suppose I asked another question, "Do you ever treat God's letter to you from heaven as Arthur treated his mother's letter from India," what would you say?

God, who loves us more than the dearest, fondest mother ever could, with a love which never forgets us for one moment, has sent us a letter full of good news, such as He alone can tell but of what use is it to us if we leave it unread, unheeded, perhaps now and then carelessly looking over a few lines of our letter, hardly stopping to think God is speaking to us as we read His words, and then forgetting all about it?

And yet, my child, you cannot doubt that God's letter is for you, even though you may be almost too young to read it for yourself. Is it not written there that when the Son of God was on earth He called a little child to Him, and do we not read of other children, that the One who was so soon to give His life for them "took them up in His arms, put His hands on them, and blessed them?"

As the Lord Jesus called a child to Him long ago when He walked beside the lake of Galilee, so He calls you now. As He said "Come unto Me" then, not only to the old people who were almost tired of living in the world, but to the children who had just begun their lives, so He says "Come!" even now to you.

The child whom Jesus called heard His voice and came to Him—the children whom He blessed could never forget that they had been in His arms and heard His words of love. We think of them as happy children, and so they were, but we must not forget that it is by means of God's letter to us that we can learn how the holy Son of God loved children when He was on earth, and how near He is now, though He is in heaven, to all who trust in Him, and the Lord Jesus can teach even a very little child to trust Him, and to know that He is a Friend to whom we can go when we are in trouble, or have done wrong, or feel that we want a friend.

It pleases God that you should not only read the Bible, but ask Him to help you to understand His letter to you. I don't think you can understand or remember a great deal at once. A schoolboy, whose mother wished him to read a little in the beautiful Bible she had given him every day, used to send him at the beginning of the month in her letter a slip, of paper, on which she had written, as if in a little almanac, the verses for him to read each morning. Is this way Willie read that wonderful part of God's letter, the gospel by St. Luke, all through. Sometimes he read six verses at a time—sometimes, more, stopping at the verse which his mother had marked for the end of that day's reading, and the boys who slept in his room used to like to hear him read what they called "Willie's mother's portions."

Perhaps some schoolboy who reads this may like to try the same plan. It would be a good thing if a few lines from God's letter to us were read in every room where schoolboys sleep, and that by His goodness to them they might be able to say, "I have refrained my feet from every evil way, that I might keep Thy word. I have not departed from Thy judgments: for Thou hast taught me." Now this is almost like a letter from me to you, is it not? But I will not make it too long, for I want you to remember one part of it, and to think of this, that as Arthur's letter from his mother in India was of no use to him while it lay, unread and unthought of, in his pocket, so God's letter is of no use to you unless you read it and take it home to your heart as His own message sent to you. C. P.

Jesus Died for Sinners

WHILE walking along a country road on a pleasant evening some months ago, I overtook a bright-looking little girl, about nine years of age. I asked her, "Do you yet know who Jesus is?" She at once replied smilingly, "The Son of God."

"And do you know what He did?"

"He died on the cross."

"For whom did He die?"

"Sinners."

"And who are sinners?"

"Wicked people."

Up to this point her face was lighted with that peculiarly pleasing expression of frank innocence so frequently to be observed in young children, and her answers were given with manifest pleasure.

My next question, however, seemed to bring her to a stand. I asked, "Are you one of the wicked people?" She made no reply. Evidently she did not wish me to think her wicked.

"Then," I said, "if Jesus died for the wicked people, and you do not know whether you are one of them, you cannot tell whether Jesus died for you." She kept her eyes fixed on the ground for some seconds, and her face wore a most puzzled expression. Suddenly she brightened up, and looking at me with beaming eyes, said, "He died for all." She had solved the difficulty, and now was able to say that Jesus died for her, without owning herself to be one of the wicked people.

What a picture of the human heart! Nature can accept the truth so far as owning that "Christ died for all," but when it comes to a question of individual state, the heart loves to have somewhat of its own to which to cling. It would, if possible, accept salvation without owning its own condition in God's sight as desperately "wicked." But in this it only shows its own deceitfulness.

The Scripture, which tells us that "One died for all," speaks thus; "If One died for all, then were all dead," showing that the death of Jesus proves the whole world to be in the place of death. Jesus, the representative man, died; therefore all have died. We are not told to consider that "if One died for all," therefore we are saved.

When it is a question of individual salvation, we read that "this is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners," and those who believe can say, "while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us," "when we were yet without strength, in due time Christ died for the ungodly;" "Himself bare our sins in His own body on the tree;" "We have redemption through His blood, even the forgiveness of sins;" while each believer can say, "He loved me and gave Himself for me."

The question of sins must be raised before the thought of salvation can be entertained. Jesus is the Saviour of sinners. He welcomes the sin-burdened soul; He delights to bind up the broken heart, to still the troubled conscience, to pour balm on the wounded spirit, to speak words of comfort and peace; to say, "Thy sins be forgiven thee."

"But the proud He knoweth afar off."

J. C. K.

The Empty Chair

“WHEN I come to see you I always find myself looking at the picture which hangs by that window,” said a friend of mine one day.

“Why does it interest you so much?” I asked.

“Because,” replied my friend, “it reminds me of something.”

“Does it?” I said. “Then I must tell you that the picture reminds me of something, too. When I look at that empty chair I think of another seat, as yet unoccupied—an empty seat, not in a picture, but in a place more beautiful than any you have ever seen.”

“Where is that empty seat?” asked my friend, eagerly. “In some magnificent mansion?”

“No.”

“In the Queen’s palace?”

“No.”

“Before I tell you where that empty seat is,” I replied, “you must know that numbers of people are bidden to the joys of the beautiful place where the empty seats are.”

“What kind of people are invited?”

“All those who like to come. It does not matter who they are.”

“All who like to come!” repeated my friend, quite astonished. “Do you think He would have me?”

“Oh, yes, for He has invited everybody. He wants His house to be quite full, and will have no empty seats there.”

My friend looked at me, and said, “I must first know what kind of person the owner of that empty seat is. Do you know him?”

“Yes; I have known Him for many years. He is kind, and gracious, and full of love—it is none other than God Himself, who bids you welcome, who invites you to come in and to enjoy the blessings He has provided. Garments of salvation, all that is required, are prepared without money and without price for all such as receive the invitation to the empty seat.”

Dear children, I will end my little story by asking one question of each of you. Have you accepted God’s invitation? The Bible says, “Yet there is room.” Today you may receive all the blessings of the Father’s house. But when Jesus comes to take His people home, the door will be closed. You will not be able to enter in then—it will be too late. “Now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation.” J. B.

The Plagues of Egypt.

THE EIGHTH PLAGUE.

IT is a vain thing for man to fight against God. Many times in the world's history great nations have boasted in their gods against Jehovah, only to learn in their discomfiture and defeat, the greatness of His majesty.

Some three or four weeks after the plague of thunder, the wheat and spelt attained to their perfection, the gardens of the land of Egypt blossomed again, and once more these flower-loving people were able at their feasts to present their guests with nosegays, and to ornament their altars with garlands. The vines and fruit-bearing trees, however had been broken for the season.

Jehovah's messengers were silent. Not that it is in any degree likely that Moses and Aaron were idle. No doubt the whole of the nation of Israel was already being assembled upon the Canaanitish borders of Goshen ready for their exodus, now near at hand. But Pharaoh was determined, and Israel remained his slaves.

Once more the servants of the Lord appeared before Pharaoh. Their words were abrupt and sever. "Thus saith the Lord God of the Hebrews, How long wilt thou refuse to humble thyself before Me? Let My people go, that they may serve Me. Else, if thou refuse to let My people go, behold, tomorrow will I bring the locusts into thy coast."

Having delivered his message, Moses waited not far an answer, but "turned himself, and went out from Pharaoh." Pharaoh's great men trembled at those awful words, "the locusts," especially at the thought of the appalling results which Jehovah declared this plague should bring upon their half-destroyed land. So Moses and Aaron were sent for in order that terms might be arranged, but, after a parley, "were driven from Pharaoh's presence."

Then "the Lord said unto Moses, Stretch out thine hand over the land of Egypt for the locusts, that they may come up upon the land of Egypt, and eat every herb of the land, even all that the hail hath left."

No line was to divide Goshen now. Israel would soon be out of Egypt, and the green things there, the fruits and herbs, would not be required by them anymore. The locusts were to destroy every green thing "through all the land of Egypt." Israel was to leave that land barren and desolate as the sands of the desert which surround it.

In our favored country plagues of insects are almost unknown. We remember a few years ago seeing a loose, dusky cloud, through which the sun shone, pouring as it were brown drops of rain, upon the country, and presently the sea-coast turned to a reddish hue, and the roads and fields were covered with myriads of ladybirds. Whence these little creatures had come, or why they had taken their way over the sea to the shores of England, none could tell. The Creator had called them up in His wisdom, His wind bore them to our shores, and they covered the earth where they fell, Of late years in parts of America countless grasshoppers have descended upon the growing cornfields and eaten up everything, and the more destructive beetle has in its innumerable multitudes devoured whole fields of potatoes. In the East the dreaded locust is at this day a terrible plague. There arises a dark cloud upon the horizon. Up it rolls with the wind, dense and thick, hiding the light of the sun, and darkening the day. Suddenly a few of the swiftest of the army alight upon the ground, and leap forward with rapid bounds, and in a short time the whirring of the wings

and deafening buzz and clatter of the myriads of the devouring host is heard. On, on they come, mass upon mass. There is a grinding, crushing sound of their hungry jaws as they hurry over vineyard and garden, stripping every leaf from every tree, and every blade of green from the face of the earth. Man is utterly powerless against them—his arm is useless. Among the “four sore judgments” of the Lord, namely, the sword, the famine, the noisome beast, the pestilence, the noisome beast is one of the most terrible.

And now as suddenly as they came, the insect hosts are gone. The luxuriant country which but a few hours ago so richly promised plenty is more desolate than a wintry desert. The shady trees are stripped of every leaf; the scented fields are brown and bare; there is not a flower nor a blade of grass left—no, not one—and from the cloudless sky the summer’s sun scorches the face of the fruitless earth, and famine stares man in the face.

That you may form a faint notion of what a cloud of locusts is, we will give a few examples.

About 100 years ago a flight was seen in South Africa, which covered an area of 2000 square miles, and which, when driven into the sea by the wind, formed a bank of bodies upon the shore some four feet high and some 50 miles long. Less than 100 years since part of Europe was visited by an army of locusts. It advanced through the sky in several columns, each of which was several hundred fathoms wide, and in one place the dense black cloud was four long hours passing by. In India, only a few months ago the increasing multitudes of these insects swarmed in such numbers over a portion of the Madras Railway that the train was stopped by them, just as it might have been stopped by running into a snow-drift. It may also be interesting to know that, in 1848, a few locusts visited England and Scotland. In some places on the coast they were supposed to be flying fish, and in at least one locality their numbers were sufficient to do some slight damage to the crops.

But to return to the locusts sent upon Egypt. They were, Jehovah said to Pharaoh, to be such as “neither thy fathers, nor thy fathers’ fathers have seen, since the day that they were upon the earth unto this day.” (v. 6.)

Then the Lord commanded an east wind, which blew all that day and night, and when it was morning the east wind brought the locusts. They went up over all the land of Egypt. The sun was darkened. They ate every green thing which the hail had left, and so terrible were they, that never before were such locusts, and never again shall there be such.

In a short time they had rendered the whole land, from Goshen to its Ethiopian borders, a desert, and, having eaten leaves and herbs, they would have begun to gnaw the bark of the trees, and thus within a few more hours every tree must also have perished. Then Pharaoh cried out, “Take this death from me?” The Lord heeded Pharaoh’s cry, and sent a mighty strong west wind, which swept them all away into the Red Sea, and there remained not one locust throughout the whole of Egypt.

Thus His hand which had called up the plague removed it as wondrously as He had brought it upon the land. Does it not seem strange that after this Pharaoh should still harden himself against Jehovah, the God of Israel, the Almighty?

H. F. W.

William Farel.

(Continued from p. 155.)

IT happened one day in the following spring that the priests of Montbéliard made a procession in honor of St. Anthony. Two priests went first, carrying the image of the saint; behind walked other priests in gorgeous dresses, choristers, girls and boys in various colors, carrying banners, candles, and flowers. As they crossed the bridge of the Allan a man stood before them. That red beard and those flashing eyes were well known in the little town. He stepped forward, took the image from the shoulders of the priests, and hurled it over the bridge into the river below. "Poor idolaters!" he said, "will you never turn from your idols?" The priests and the people stood dumb with consternation, but after a few moments they made a rush upon Farel. At that minute a cry was raised that a whirlpool had appeared in the river, and the image was drowning. All eyes were directed to the rushing water. When again they turned to seize Farel he was gone. He had walked away, none having laid hands upon him. Perhaps he was thinking of John Leclerc. Certainly he was thinking of Him by whom one day all idols shall be utterly abolished. The violence of the priests, and of the messengers from the Swiss cantons seems, after this, to have had some effect upon Duke Ulric.

Farel was soon after driven from Montbéliard. The duke, though he consented to his banishment, remained his friend. The priests had power enough to raise a strong party against the gospel. The gospel, however, could not be banished, though Farel could be. To this day popery has never been able to regain possession of Montbéliard. Farel seems first to have gone back to Basle to see his friend Hausschein, but he was not allowed to remain there. During the few days he spent with Hausschein a messenger arrived from the town of Schaffhausen, bringing him some very sad news. His dear friend Anemond had been suddenly taken ill at Schaffhausen, from drinking cold water when he was overheated. He knew he was dying, and had sent off his servant to tell William Farel. Up to the last he had been diligently employed in printing and sending into France Testaments and tracts. William set off to see him, but arrived too late. Anemond's loss was a very bitter sorrow to him, and he grieved deeply also at the loss the people of God would suffer now that so faithful a servant had been called home. Young Laurence de Châtelbard was very grateful to William for having been such a devoted friend to his beloved brother.

William now returned to his kind friends at Strasbourg, and what was his joy to find there one whom he little expected to see—dear Master Faber himself! Gerard Roussel too, was there, and other old French friends who had fled, like Master Faber, from the persecutions of Louise, Duprat, and Bedier. A good man, called Capito, who might have been called—like Gains—the host of the whole Church, took them all to live in his house, and others besides, whose names had been cast out as evil, for Christ's sake. What a happy party it must have been! Master Faber was at first afraid to be known in the town, and therefore he took the name of Anthony Pilgrim, and Gerard Roussel took the name of Solnin; but the old man was soon known by every one, old and young, and even the children bowed respectfully when they met him in the street. He was cheered and delighted to find that the gospel he had first preached at Paris—when there were none who believed it—was now preached freely in the churches at Strasbourg; and of readings, prayer meetings, and godly converse there were enough to last from morning to night. The old doctor was lost in wonder, love, and praise. He encouraged his dear William to go on preaching boldly, but he

could not himself cast off all his fears and his “prudence of the flesh;” or, rather, he had not the faith to do it. “We can do all things through Christ, who strengthens us.”

William was much better pleased to see his old master an outcast and an exile than to think of him working hand in hand with the Bishop of Meaux. At Strasbourg, at least, Master Faber could stand aloof from priests and masses; but like the hare that returns to the field from which it has been hunted, Master Faber was ready to go back to his old path when it was no longer dangerous to do so. William had not been hunted forth. When the Lord brings His people out of evil, “with a high hand brings He them out of it.” But it may be that William had grace and patience to bear with the infirmities of his master, whilst others could only blame him. Young Peter Toussaint, who often took upon himself to advise and lecture Farel, was very much disgusted with Master Faber.

“He is utterly devoid of energy,” he said; “let him wait, and temporize, and dissimulate as long as he pleases, he will never be able to separate the offense of the cross from the preaching of the gospel.” This was very true, but it is true also that the Lord commanded Timothy not to rebuke an elder, and it is a bad sign when a young believer thus cries down an old one, especially for infirmities and timidity. Like Peter, who said, “Though I should die with Thee, yet will I not deny Thee in any wise,” this other Peter, in later years, was himself tempted to deny the Lord; and in his case it was want of heart, not want of courage, which made him yield, in a great measure, to the temptation. Master Faber was, no doubt, happier at Strasbourg than ever before or after. He delighted in the company of so many earnest believers. Sometimes he wished that many more would come to the Bible-readings to learn the blessed truth in which lie found such joy and peace.

“It is sad we are so few,” he said.

“Do not mind that,” answered William, “numbers are no proof of God’s favor. The devil will always have more scholars than the Lord Jesus.” Thus the peaceful days at Strasbourg passed in Christian fellowship, in reading and preaching the word, and in prayer.

In these clays, when so many untrue stories are written and printed for the amusement of story-readers, it is well to know of a book of true stories, which give us a pleasant picture of those old days at Strasbourg. Having read it, you will be better able to imagine the happy party of believers who were gathered there in the year 1525. Remember, then, the “Tales of Alsace,” of which I told you, published at Nisbet’s.

But bright days and dark days come alike to an end. The year 1526 was to bring many changes to the subjects of Francis I. Early in that year the king was set free from his imprisonment in Spain. He returned to France, to the great joy of his sister Margaret. Not only for his sake and for her own, but for the sake of God’s persecuted people, did Margaret rejoice. Though Francis cared as little for God and for His people as his mother did, yet for Margaret’s sake he would be willing to put a stop to the persecutions of those whom she loved. The parliament had made haste to sentence Louis Berquin to be burnt unless he would say that he had been in error; but the king at once commanded that Berquin should be released from his prison.

One by one the banished preachers were called back to France by the Princess Margaret. Messages came to Strasbourg—to Master Faber, to Gerard Roussel, to all, except only William Farel. The princess would have them all come back and place themselves under her care, all but Farel only; for all the rest were willing to own fellowship with the Church of Rome, though they

meant to preach the gospel at the same time. This was just the course that Margaret approved. She liked to hear the gospel, but she did not like the offense of the Cross. One by one the French preachers left Strasbourg. William saw them go with longing eyes. He too would have gone, heart and soul, to carry back the glad tidings to his beloved France, but, dear as was France to his heart, Christ was dearer, and if he were to go back at the cost of giving up the path of separation from evil, rather would he never see France again. So Farel stayed behind, and waited for the Lord to show him where he should go, and what he should do. It was a solemn moment in his history. Perhaps never before had he been so sorely tempted to turn aside from the straight path of simple obedience to God. On the one hand there was France with her perishing millions, and not only might he safely return there, but live under Margaret's protection in peace, and even in honor. He might preach the glad tidings to his beloved countrymen with Margaret's full approval. And all this if only he would outwardly conform to the services and ceremonies, which, after all, Master Faber would say, "are but outside things; and who can say," Master Faber would add, "how soon all those may be reformed, if only we preach the gospel of Christ, and wait for the result. We must endeavor to cleanse the house of God, not to destroy it." All this William well considered, and there were moments when it sounded well, and the way to France seemed to open before him as if it were the path in which God would have him go. Then on the other hand the weary waiting in a strange land, where he could not preach, because he did not know the language, and where he seemed to be of no use, though he was longing to tell the glad tidings far and wide. Then, besides, he had beseeching letters from France. Peter Toussaint and Gerard Roussel wrote to him entreating him to come back and labor with them. He was just the man, they said, that France needed. He might be the means of saving countless souls. He would have, from them at least, the warmest welcome. Could he refuse them? What should he do? Thus month after month passed by, and of all the French believers William remained alone at Strasbourg. The honor of Christ was at stake, and the longings of his own heart and the entreaties of his friends would not weigh with him against that.

At last Gerard Roussel owned in one of his letters that though he might preach as much as he liked, he was "obliged to keep back half the truths of the Gospel to avoid giving offense." But he resigned himself to preaching the other half. Farel would rather preach none till the Lord should open the way for his "declaring the whole counsel of God." And the Lord remembered Farel in his banishment. "Blessed are all they that wait for Him."

F. B.

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 worn 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 about the surrounding country which I asked. 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 git up in the mornin', thinkin' about Christ; all day long I feel full o' Christ; and when I go to bed at night, I 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 one with him in Christ, drew from him a hearty "Thank God." We had a little further conversation before we parted, and then, the 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.

Reconciled and Satisfied

IN the January number of our Magazine, there is recorded a story of God's grace towards a dying young sailor, one who had tried nearly all the world's deceitful pleasures, and found them, as every honest heart does, vanity and vexation of spirit. The exceeding riches of God's grace drew from his heart the cry, "I long to be reconciled to God." And God abundantly sheaved him the joy of being in holy friendship with Himself.

Truly, "If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature!" God can make a heart of stone warm with His love, so that it yearns over souls that do not know the living One who makes a couch of intense suffering, a downy pillow smoothed and upheld by His everlasting arms. Taught of God, he, naturally a reserved, quiet man, became one of His evangelists, proclaiming with broken, dying accents the gospel of peace. Do you mark it, anxious soul? God has for you but one message, "Peace, peace through Jesus Christ." This was the glad tidings of good things which his own soul was tasting.

The words of their dying brother touched the hearts of his sisters—kind and thoughtful in the sick room, but strangers to God. He longed for their salvation, and called them to him, taking their hands and looking up into their faces, repeated with tenderest entreaties, "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish, but hath everlasting life" It made one realize what wondrous gift of God is "everlasting life." He would hardly cease begging them to accept Christ; "Oh, if they only knew His love, they could not stay away," he would say "I never knew it was such joy, such wonderful love. Oh, S." (naming his sister,) "come to Him, my child. He will make you so light He has made me so light. If you only ask Him He will make your work, everything, light I used to think a Christian's was a dull life but I did not know His love, it is such joy."

His sufferings towards the end were agonizing, and sometimes through extreme weakness his mind wandered a little; but even then his one theme was Jesus. One night he seemed to be sinking, and his voice was all but gone. He had not strength to keep his eyes open, and yet almost every breath was an entreaty to his sisters to trust Jesus. His struggle to utter the broker words distressed them greatly, and they begged him to desist, telling him he would hurt himself; but he only answered, "I cannot be quiet. I must tell you of Jesus. That is why God is leaving me here;" and again from the depths of his soul he would say, "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son."

He loved to have God's people near him. A Christian, who was privileged to watch the progress of God's grace in him, came to see him after a few day's absence, during which he had become rapidly worse. He welcomed her with tears of gladness, saying, "Oh do not go away again. I want someone to tell me about the Lord. I had such a wretched night last night. Oh, it was so long, with nobody to tell me about Him." And a month before, that saving Name had been nothing to his cold, dead heart!

Often the salt tears would fall as he thought of his wasted life, and he would say, "Oh, if I had only known His love before, I should have been a better man." Reader, may you never know the bitterness of grieving over fresh young days spent for Satan in the world!

When he could take a little nourishment and his friends were glad to see it, he would say, "I do not want to take it; it only keeps me here longer, and I long to go. I want to see His face. Oh, I do not think I ever had such a longing for anything as this!"

A few more weeks of patient suffering during which he had the joy of knowing ow sister at least shared with him God's salvation, and he was sweetly laid asleep by Jesus saying with almost his last accents, "Oh, that beautiful face!"

His longing is satisfied now. He rests in the Lord's presence till the morning without clouds breaks. May his dying entreaties echo in the hearts and memories of the many he tried to win to this gracious Saviour who "receiveth sinners."

A. D. C.

He's the One to Make You Happy

ON the outskirts of a watering-place, an old man is coming along in a donkey chair. He does not appear to possess mud in this world, but he looks very happy. "Dear me!" I hear one woman say to another at a cottage door, "why there's old Mr.— Who would have thought of ever seeing him again!" from which I gather that he has been very ill.

What is he saying to everyone he meets? It occurs to me that he is not right in his mind, but by-and-bye I hear the words, "Do you love the Lord? He's the One to make you happy." And again, "Do you know the Lord? He is the Saviour." And then, evidently receiving an assent from an old woman, he calls to his donkey boy, "Stop, stop! let me shake hands with her," and I catch the words, "Let Him have His kingdom in your heart." Passing a group farther on, I hear again, "Do you know the Lord Jesus? He's the One to make you happy," and his bright face speaks that the Lord had made him happy.

Well, I think to myself, right in his mind or not, he is right in his heart, for he has "Christ dwelling in his heart by faith," and he has learned to "rejoice in the Lord." Have you and I, my reader? Have we found in Him "enough and to spare," so that "He's the One to make you happy" comes with reality from our lips? H. L. H.

He Did It for Me, and It Was No Trouble to Him

EDWIN WAKEFIELD, who resided at Chester, was during his last illness led by the Holy Spirit to feel that he was a guilty sinner, and also into deep and earnest penitence on account of his sins. He confessed his sin to God, and prayed earnestly for pardon. The Scripture plan of salvation in its beautiful simplicity was laid before him. An expression used in prayer by one who visited him, namely, "My Saviour," arrested his attention. It was a new idea to him, and he became very anxious that he himself might be able so to speak of our blessed Lord Jesus Christ. Some passages of Scripture were quoted, which came with new light to his mind, especially these two, "him that cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out," and "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved."

Commenting on these passages, he observed, "He doesn't say, 'I'll see about it,' or 'I'll consider what can be done for you,' but 'Thou shalt be saved!' That's plain enough, isn't it? 'I will in no wise cast out.'

"That's straight! You can't get aback of that."

And by continuing to talk about these gracious declarations of Holy Scripture and using them in his prayers he obtained great encouragement in seeking the mercy which he felt he needed. He refused, however, to be satisfied with anything less than a conscious pardon. To one who was thanking God on his behalf, he said, "But I'm not in the boat yet" and, although he was almost worn out for want of sleep, he did his utmost to keep awake until he knew that his sins were forgiven.

At length he was enabled to trust in Jesus, and pardon came! He said, "It came with a jump. You couldn't stop! Fifty-five years' sins all forgiven in less than five minutes! I should have thought it was impossible, but He did it for me, and it was no trouble to Him." And then Edwin's soul was filled with peace and rejoicing! He said, "You may all leave me now. I was afraid to sleep, but I am not now."

Speaking of the change produced in him, Edwin said, "It sticks there, never to be broken again. He will keep hold on me! My Saviour! Those words are blazing in my eyes now! I shall never forget them if I live seven hundred years!"

Referring to the simplicity of the plan of salvation, he said, "God knew I couldn't do anything, so He gave me to believe what He had done for me. Trust in the Lord Jesus! Any child may trust. Trust in Jesus! That was simple." These were some of his expressions after the Lord had made His mercy known to him. He was very thankful to God for the many mercies bestowed upon him during his past life, making special mention of several deliverances from the very jaws of death, and imagined God saying, as he was rescued from a watery grave, "I can't let him go yet; he's too great a sinner!"

But above everything else, he was grateful for pardoning mercy. He spewed the genuineness of his gratitude by doing what he could to bring others to the Saviour, saying, "We must tell people

about this. There are plenty that don't know. I didn't know myself till yesterday!" And so he continued trusting in his Saviour until he passed away to join the blood-washed throng in heaven.

J. W.

What Think Ye of Christ?

WHEN I was residing, several years ago, in the village of C—, in Somerset-shire, I was well acquainted with one of the villagers, William D.

William was a believer in Christ, and his life testified to the reality of his faith. His walk and ways were consistent and exemplary. His wife was a stranger to the grace of God, and he was much tried by her dislike to that which he most valued. Her churlish, unpleasant, and ungracious manner repelled any attempt on the part of my husband and myself, and other Christian friends, to set the truth before her, and she always avoided us if possible, or met us with a sour countenance and signs of aversion which showed what was working within, and verified the solemn truth of God's word that "the carnal mind is enmity against God."

It happened on one occasion that her husband went to the village shop and bought some bacon for dinner. This was given to him wrapped in a piece of printed paper, which had been torn from a publication, containing a sermon on the words, "What think ye of Christ?" (Matt. 22:42.) William did not notice what was on the paper, and when he returned home he took the bacon out of its wrapping, giving it to his wife to prepare for dinner, and then threw the paper into the fire, which happened to be very low, and, indeed, was almost burned out.

As the piece of paper lay upon the smoldering embers, before it was consumed, the words, "What think ye of Christ?" caught Mrs. D.'s eye, and they arrested her attention. "What," said she to herself, "do I think of Christ?" She pondered the words as she bent over the fire occupied with her cooking. The Spirit of God applied them in power to her conscience. She could not get rid of them. They were constantly coming up before her, and she could not rest until in the end she realized, through grace, peace and joy in believing, and could say that she had found a Saviour and Friend in Jesus.

The subsequent change in her countenance and manner was remarkable. She would welcome us with a smile and cheerful words, instead of repelling us with the frown or silence of former days. Her whole conduct and demeanor evinced the fact that she had been "turned from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God," to the joy of her husband, and those who felt a real interest in her welfare.

H. P.

Words by the Way.

"AH! Lord God, behold Thou hast made the heaven and the earth by Thy great power and stretched out arm, and there is nothing too hard for Thee." (Jer. 32:17.) These great words were sighed out by Jeremiah's troubled soul in prayer to Jehovah. It is necessary to read the whole of the chapter from which they are taken, properly to enter into the prophet's prayer and the Lord's answer to it, but the single verse before us contains in itself deep encouragement for the tried and troubled heart. Dark as present circumstances may be, it is well for the believer, as did Jeremiah,

to lay firm hold of God Himself. All was titter gloom to the natural eye, and the promises of God apparently impossible to be fulfilled when Jeremiah uttered the words before us. But he believed God. And God showed His servant who believed His word, His ways. First we have to trust God's word, and if there be implicit trust in Him, His ways will be made manifest to us.

THE PRIME TEST OF PRACTICAL CHRISTIANITY.

THE apostle James skews us that the first great test of practical godliness is tongue-bridling. He who by God's grace has learned to bridle his tongue is a man who can govern his whole body. If the blows delivered by the tongue were changed into strikings of the fist many would be no longer accepted by their fellows as Christians. But the tongue wounds the soul, and soul-wounds are sorer and deeper than those of the body. Half the heart pains of life are occasioned by that member, which is set on fire of hell.

We may have progressed in knowledge during the last twelve months; have we also learned the first lesson in practical Christianity,—to bridle our tongues?

“HIS MERCY ENDURETH Forever.” (Psa. 136)

Tins sweet refrain to the psalmist's song of praise is no mere doctrine, but heartfelt experience. It is a good thing to establish our souls in God's own and everlasting goodness. And this is a fitting verse for us with which to close our pages and our year. As time rolls on, as circumstances change, He changes not, and His mercy endureth forever. Study this 136th Psalm, and note that beginning with what God is Himself, and following on with His creation works, the psalmist rejoices in God's redemption, deliverance, and restoration of His people.

A Solemn Inquiry

CONSIDER, reader, for a few moments yourself! Take counsel with yourself about yourself, say, "I am ever to be," and seek to fathom the depths of your existence. You do not live by bread alone, nor only for bread. At times you think, for you are a human being, and cannot help so doing. And as you think, and as the eye of your mind pierces beyond the limits of the circle of present circumstances, you realize that you yourself are more lasting than the world, and all that is in it. Within you there is that which plainly testifies that there will be no end of yourself. Let the world decay, let death come, still you will ever be. Forever and forever it will be yours to say, "I live, I feel."

In the presence of this contemplation how vain to you are the shifting ideas and scenes of time: What are the improvements, the discoveries of this age—its telegraphs, its electric lights? At the most but a change of attire—a fashion which our forefathers knew not. And what the "isms," the notions of this nineteenth century? Clouds which before the twentieth arise will have vanished away. But you yourself, where neither electric light nor telegraphic messages are boasted in, where neither isms nor notions exist, will forever be, still yourself, even as your predecessors who centuries ago passed out of time into eternity, out of this changeable world into that state which is unalterable.

Now what are your thoughts respecting yourself in the eternity which is to come? Are they confused, uncertain thoughts? Have you but a dim notion before you? Is the future to you a kind of mist, wherein your mind wanders and is lost? Let us present to you one definite reality, which for the Christian, answers great questions concerning himself in connection with his future, and order to do this we ask you to look backwards for a moment, and to consider the secret of the lives of many who once, as you, lived upon this earth, but whose spirits now live elsewhere.

In the oldest book this world knows—the Bible—we find records of men who lived in different ages, men of varied characters, and surrounded with various circumstances—some rich, others poor—the wisest the world ever possessed, and men ignorant and unlearned—men of the times before the law, men under the law, and also living in God's day of grace. These men are all characterized by one similarity, their souls all bear one moral feature plainly marked upon them. And, indeed, we might turn to numberless biographies of comparatively recent years—some of Roman Catholics, others of Protestants—some of little children, others of aged men—to find the selfsame features which the Word of God delineates in those of whom we have spoken. There is in all of these one common soul feature, and it is—happiness in God. God Himself the spring of the joy of each—all of them children of one family! Yes, each of their souls seems to utter one voice: "Lord, Thou hast been our dwelling-place in all generations."

Happiness in God is a definite reality, and surely it addresses us to the contemplation of these very persons, their spirits still living elsewhere, and their present utterance being, as it were, where generations are not reckoned, "Lord, Thou art our dwelling-place."

God is not the God of the dead, but of the living, reader. He is the God of the fathers still, though they are with Him and not with us. God is their happiness. God will ever be their happiness. As you contemplate yourself; your existence, lay it well to heart whether God is now your portion, your present joy?

Perhaps, reader, it has been your lot to witness the veil which hides the unseen world from our eyes almost lifted, as one dear to you has passed out of this scene to be forever with the Lord, and you have felt that the friend you lamented had but left time for eternity, to enjoy without distraction and more deeply, happiness in God and His Son. How paltry, then, did the greatest glories of this world appear before your soul!

We are about to bid each other farewell for another year, and as the last days of dark December die away let this be your solemn inquiry of yourself; "Is God my portion? Is my happiness in God and in His Son?" We do not ask you, dear friend, what name you bear in the religious world, but placing ourselves by your side and standing lovingly with you upon the very borders of the shore of time, and looking onwards over the boundless sea of eternity as we remind you that yours is an existence, which can never be extinguished, we ask, "Is your happiness in God?"

H. F. W.

A QUESTION FOR YOU.

"WHAT shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? Or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" (Mark 8:36, 37.)

Jesus, the Good Shepherd

JESUS bears the name of THE GOOD SHEPHERD. None other shepherd has such a name. He was never selfish. He did not come to make a gain out of the poor sheep. Oh, no; He came to heal the sick, to bind up that which was broken, and to bring together again those who were scattered. Shepherds may serve for hire, but the Good Shepherd serves for love. Jesus served His Father and the sheep, because He loved His Father's will. He came from His bright home in heaven to toil and to suffer upon earth, because He so loved us.

We may know why Jesus bears this beautiful name of the Good Shepherd. The Good Shepherd is so very kind, and so full of love and pity, that He "giveth His life for the sheep." He loved His sheep so much that they were dearer to Him even than His own life.

The prophet Isaiah speaks very sweetly to us of the Good Shepherd. He says, "He shall feed His flock like a shepherd; He shall gather the lambs with His arm, and carry them in His bosom."

The frontispiece will explain this beautiful text. Look at the little lamb. See the strong arm of the tall shepherd is under it. It cannot fall. It is quite safe. See, too, he has it in his bosom. "I am warm in Jesus' bosom," said a dear little child once. The little creature in our picture is very happy, as well as quite safe.

If your father had you in his arms, you would feel quite safe, because you could trust your father's strength. I have never heard of a very little child saying, "Father, don't let me fall." It is only older children who have such fears; when in their father's arms, they will say sometimes, "Don't drop me, father!" If you repose on Jesus' strength, you will never fear that He will let you fall.

Think of what He has said: "Neither shall any pluck them out of My hand." A very strong robber might pluck the lamb out of the shepherd's arms, but Jesus is Almighty, and none can steal us away from Him. No one—neither Satan, nor any one else—can steal away from the Good Shepherd the least of the little lambs who belong to Him.

If you had your head upon your mother's bosom, you would feel quite happy, because of your trust in your mother's love. I never yet heard of a tiny child saying, "My mother does not love me." But Jesus' love is stronger even than a mother's, and He loves His own too much to part with even one of them. He loved His own so much that He died for them, and now that He has risen from the grave, and gone back to glory, He says, "Because I live ye shall live also." —From Chapter 1, 2nd Edition, of "The Good Shepherd and His Lambs."

Salvation

A GENTLEMAN was walking on a country road, when his attention was attracted by a little child crying piteously. He went to her and asked what was her trouble. "Oh, sir," cried the child, "my sister is in the ditch." The gentleman looked into the very deep ditch, but could see nothing at first, but presently saw a little child held fast in the mud and bushes. She was nearly drowned and it was no easy matter to save her. But he succeeded, and put her on her way near her home.

Now, is not this like the case of the sinner? He is in the mire of sin. He tries to get out, and the more he struggles the deeper he sinks in, till at last he gives up and thinks he is lost. Then comes One who goes down where the sinner is and brings him out. "Thou hast brought me out of the horrible pit, out of the miry clay, and set my feet upon a rock, and established my goings." (Psa. 40:2)

The gentleman might have stood by the ditch all the day, but that would never have got the little child out of it. And so it was with us. He had left His bright home on high, and came down to us, and He has brought us up out of the ditch. And He has washed away all the evil from us, and has put a beautiful song in our mouths. "Unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and His Father; to Him be glory and dominion forever and ever. Amen." (Rev. 1:5, 6.)

S. E.

The Circle of Stones

ROWS and rows of stones round a circle in the sand, some large and some small, but all neatly arranged, with two larger ones standing in the middle; five children busily hunting for little white pebbles, and putting them amongst the others. This is what I saw one afternoon on the beach at a seaside town. Do you wonder what all this meant? I did. So I asked Harry, one of the little boys, who was busy with the tiny white stones.

“Oh! this is a model of our Children’s Service on the sands. This stone is Mr.—, and that Mr. —, the gentlemen who speak to us, and the white stones are the hymn papers they give out.”

“What is this black stone by them?” I asked.

“That’s the black bag they carry the hymns in and the picture books they often give us after the service.”

“Do you think it wrong to play at this?” said Elsie, a little girl of nine years old, who was helping them.

“I wanted to play at the gentlemen speaking to us,” interrupted Harry, “but Elsie would not let us.”

“Why not?” I said to Elsie, quietly.

“Oh!” she said, “you know they always tell us about Jesus when they talk to us, and I could not bear the boys to do that in play.”

“Will you tell me why, Elsie?”

Very softly was the answer spoken. “Because I love Him, and He is my Friend.” Dear children, I wonder whether it grieves you when you hear others—grown up people sometimes, I am afraid—speaking lightly of that loving Saviour, and whether it is for the same reason as Elsie—because you love Him! If we love any one very much, we cannot bear to hear anything unkind said of them. I shall never forget, while waiting at a country station, hearing two men talking about a farmer, for whom they worked. They said he was very irritable, and sometimes they could not please him. At last a man sitting by got up and said, “That farmer is my friend, and, if you knew him as I do, you would not say such things. He is not strong, because when a boy he worked so hard to support his widowed mother, and often when you think him cross he is suffering very much, and scarcely knows how to move about, but is so anxious to be able still to provide for his mother and sister.” That man cared for his friend, did he not? The Bible says, “Unto you therefore which believe He (Jesus) is precious.” (1 Peter 2:7.) Elsie loved the Lord Jesus, her Saviour, as her Friend, and would not hear Him lightly spoken of, and told her little friends so.

We often find it is an effort to show that we belong to the Lord Jesus before our friends and school fellows— “to confess Him”—but He says, “Whosoever” (and that must mean even little children) “shall confess Me before men, him will I confess also before My Father, which is in heaven.” Think of the happiness of that! If we confess Jesus because we really love Him, He will one day confess

us, poor weak sinners, before His Father and the holy angels.
“I have a Friend, a precious Friend, unchanging, wise, and true:
The Chief among ten thousand. Oh! I wish you knew Him, too.
Encompassed with a host of foes, weary in heart and limb,
I know who waits to soothe my woes. Have you a friend like Him?
He comforts me; He strengthens me. How can I then repine?
He loveth me. This precious Friend, in life and death, is mine.”

F. E. T.

The Plagues of Egypt.

THE NINTH PLAGUE.

THE east wind drove the locusts over Egypt, and the west wind carried them away, and, if you glance at a map, you will observe that the west wind blows over the sandy deserts which border the country. It was “a mighty strong west wind” which Jehovah sent that swept the huge army of insects into the Red Sea, and Pharaoh’s hard heart seems to have still rebelled against Jehovah while this west wind yet blew.

Was it that idol-worshipping king looked up to the heavens and beheld the Sun, Egypt’s great god, shining as usual? Was it that he said within his soul that the chief deity of his fathers still remained untouched by Israel’s God? Be this as it may, it appears evident from the sacred history that the plague of darkness followed shortly after that of the locusts. Without a word more to Pharaoh, the Lord bade Moses stretch forth his hand toward heaven, that there might be darkness over the land of Egypt, even darkness that may be felt. There can be hardly any question that God used the mighty strong west wind to bear upon its fierce blasts the sand of the desert, and for three days and three nights to pour upon the stricken land heaps upon heaps of blinding sand. This would render the land dark with a terrible darkness which could be felt. Even now when the Hamseen, as the west wind is called, blows fiercely it sweeps up so much desert sand and dust that day is turned into night, and that part of Egypt where the sandstorm falls is rendered darker than London in a smoke fog. This fifty days’ wind, and its sandstorms of a few hours’ duration, occur yearly now, and serve to spew us the character of the darkness which Jehovah sent, Our engraving portrays a sandstorm in the desert, with the huge columns or pillars of sand whirling across the plains and threatening to bury the travelers who hasten for their lives from the hot and terrible tempest.

The suffering and loss of life endured during such a darkness and extending over so long a time must have been fearful in the extreme. None stirred from his house. To do so would be to be choked with suffocating sand. None could see, for the wild wind blew the blinding torment through every crack and crevice, and made the houses dark. There they sat in misery and blackness for three long days and nights, hearing the awful rushing of the storm continually. But all the children of Israel had light in their dwellings, This plague was, perhaps, more severe and deadly than any of its predecessors; and when we regard it as the last of a series sent upon the land, we have a

scene before us of the most intense desolation. What the hail had left the locusts had eaten, and over the barren soil which the locusts had left the heavy sand of the desert was poured for three weary days and nights.

During these days and nights, when the whole of the Egyptians were held fast in their houses we may be sure that the hosts of Israel were completing their muster preparatory to their departure from Pharaoh forever. For the last time Pharaoh called to Moses, and bade him go, children and all, except the flocks and herds. But Moses's answer was, "There shall not an hoof be left behind." Pharaoh angrily replied, that Moses ever saw him again, he should die. Whereupon Moses calmly said, "Thou hast spoken well I will see thy face again no more."

Then Moses recounted to Pharaoh what the Lord had already told him, that one plague more should fall upon Egypt, that all the firstborn should die, and that a great cry should rise up in Egypt, such as had never been before. Terrible words. For what bitter wails had already been heard throughout the land Pharaoh and his servants should know, the Lord said, that He put a difference between the idolatrous people and those who served Him, More: that the servants of Pharaoh should bow before Moses, praying him begone, "Get thee out," and that when this was accomplished he would go.

Thereupon Pharaoh fell into a great anger, and Moses left him, never again to see his face, but shortly to hear his words, "Rise up, and get you forth from among my people, both ye and the children of Israel; and go, serve the Lord, as ye have said, Also take your flocks and your herds, as ye have said, and be gone; and bless me also."

(Chapter 12:31, 32.)

H. F. W.

William Farel.

(Continued from p. 176,)

IN the meanwhile Farel had to learn other sad lessons. A great dispute arose at Strasbourg as to the teaching of Martin Luther. Luther said that whilst the bread and wine in the Lord's Supper remained bread and wine they were notwithstanding really and truly the body and blood of Christ. Farel was much grieved that Luther taught this error, and that many of those who believed the gospel took part with him. He wrote strongly to Luther, insisting that the bread and wine were in remembrance of the body and blood of Christ, and only in remembrance. But Luther turned a deaf ear, and a sad and sorrowful time of disputing and arguing followed. Farel had had to learn by bitter experience how little dependence is to be placed even on the men whom God raises up to do His work, and to whom He gives light and knowledge, It made his path a lonely one, for much as he loved Luther, and Faber, and Roussel, and Hausschein, there was not one amongst them all, who was willing to cast off popery fully and completely, and to go back to the Word of God alone. Thus the happy time at Strasbourg became clouded and dark. But Farel meantime was learning to look less to man, and more to God. It was no doubt a time of great sorrow to him. We are told that "a word of dishonor spoken of Christ moved him more than the thrust of a sword," and that Luther, who was now the teacher of thousands, should thus mislead them, was a bitter disappointment to him. In this way the days passed till the autumn of 1526. Farel then left

Strasbourg. There was one part of the world where French was spoken, and where his message had not as yet been given. This country was the western division of Switzerland. It seemed to Farel that it was to these French Swiss the Lord would have him go. He had been invited to Switzerland, too, by a preacher of the gospel at Berne. This man, Berthold Haller, had for some time been laboring in and around Berne, where German was chiefly spoken, but there were towns and villages further west, where French was the language, and where the people were under the government of Berne. The chief lords of Berne had been taught by Berthold Haller, and it would seem had really believed the gospel. It was, therefore, to be expected that they would help rather than hinder any preacher who came to their territory.

William Farel left Strasbourg on foot. One friend went with him. I do not know who this was. The first evening of their journey they lost their way. Torrents of rain came down, and the night set in dark and cold. They wandered on, they knew not where; at last, thoroughly worn out, they sat down in the wet road, and gave up all hope of finding the right path. Farel felt for the moment utterly cast down. It was nothing new to him to spend the night out of doors. For weeks, if not for months, he had thus wandered amongst the mountains of Dauphine, sheltering himself amongst the mossy rocks and wild laburnums. But now, on this dark, wet night, God had a lesson to teach him which was to fit him, as he would not otherwise have been fitted, for the glorious days that were at hand. "Ah!" he wrote afterward to his friends at Strasbourg, "God, by thus showing me how powerless I am even in little things, wished to teach me my utter helplessness in great things; how I am to rest not on myself, but on Christ." Yes, it may be that though Farel had been shaken from all dependence upon dear Master Faber and Roussel, and the great teacher Martin Luther, there was yet one man in whom he still felt confidence, and that man was William Farel. That night of cold, and rain, and fatigue, was a message from God, and it was well he understood it.

The two friends prayed together in the muddy road, and then started afresh. They arrived at last at their journey's end; but they had had to wade through a marsh, to swim through floods, to scramble through vineyards and stony fields, and pathless forests. When they reached their lodging they were wet to the skin, and covered with mud. The lesson that Farel learned that night was one he never forgot, and he could thank God for the rest of his life for the cold and the rain and the darkness which had driven him from himself to Christ. Farel stayed but a very little while at Berne. He was glad to see Berthold Haller, but he was longing to be amongst the French Swiss, where he could speak freely of his blessed Lord. Haller advised him to go to the village of Aigle, which belonged to Berne.

I must now tell you a little of the country in which the remainder of Farel's life was to be spent for Christ—of the beautiful French Switzerland, where his name is still remembered, and where there are yet those who praise and thank God for having sent His servant to bring the glad tidings to their mountain villages. I wish that I could show you those glorious mountains, with their snow-covered peaks, and the green wooded valleys, with rushing rivers and mossy rocks—the countless waterfalls—the green meadows, with a carpet of wild flowers, such as you never see in these northern countries. You would find there the deep blue gentians and the pale primrose-colored anemones, and thick beds of large forget-me-nots, lilies, and auriculas, and many flowers which have no English names. And, higher up you would find the wild Alpen roses, which are not roses, but small crimson rhododendrons, covering the gray rocks. You would see lying amongst the blue hills the beautiful lake of Geneva, with many little villages and old castles

along the shore, and the snow-mountains reflected in the still water. Thousands of people go every year to see these grand mountains, and the lovely lake, and the pretty villages. But it was for another reason that William Farel found his way there, through the rain and snow, in the winter of 1526. It was not because the country was grand and beautiful, but because it was dark and miserable, that he had longed to be there.

Let me tell you something of its darkness and its misery. Four popish bishops ruled over the towns and villages of French Switzerland. They ruled in the name of the pope, whose faithful servants they were? Who was the pope at this time? Leo X. was gone to his account. He knew now there was a God—he believed at last, as the devils believe and tremble. His cousin, Clement VII., now wore his triple crown, and sat upon his throne. He was a man of endless ambition; he was bent upon making for his family a great name in Europe. He contrived later to marry his cousin, Catherine of Medic's, to the King of France. You may remember how in her old age she was guilty of the murder of thousands upon thousands of the Lord's people in her unhappy country. An outcry was made, even by the Roman Catholics themselves, in the time of this pope against the vice and the crimes of the clergy. Many princes assembled at Nuremberg, and sent an appeal to the pope desiring him to reform the church. He said he would see what could be done amongst the parish priests and curates, but, as to his own court, he refused all reform, and if any dared to say a word against the doings of the cardinals and bishops they were heretics for thus speaking; and should be treated accordingly. Thus the four bishops of French Switzerland were free to follow the example of the pope, by living in self-indulgence, in ignorance, and in sin; and lest the light should break in, and their deeds should be reprov'd, it was needful that they should keep the people in ignorance also.

The Bible was unknown in those pretty mountain villages—unknown in the great towns of Geneva and Lausanne. The people came in crowds to the church of St. Peter at Geneva. But it was not to hear the blessed gospel. It was to see the brain of St. Peter and the arm of St. Anthony. Before these holy relics they knelt down and worshipped, and little thought how the priest who sheaved them, was mocking in his heart at their folly, pleased though he was to pocket the money which they paid for the sight. The priest was well aware that the brain of St. Peter was a piece of pumice stone, and the arm of St. Anthony the leg of a stag. The poor wondering people would come too in crowds to Geneva on Christmas Eve. There in the church of St. Gervais they could hear the dead saints, who had been buried hundreds of years before under the high altar, singing and chanting, and talking one to another. When at last William Farel found his way to Geneva more was heard about these singing saints. But that was not to be for some years yet. You shall hear when that time came what yet remains to be told. I could not tell you in this short history all the mad and wicked stories told by the priests to these poor people. How many they were able to take in you may judge of when you hear that they really believed that all the church bells walked of their own accord to Rome during Passion Week to ask pardon of the pope for all their sins. There were the bells in the towers no doubt, but “those,” said the priests, “are only the appearance of bells. If you were to ring them they would give no sound.” And not even the most mischievous of boys dared to try whether the bells would ring or not.

Such was the darkness of that bright and beautiful country, and as yet no voice had been heard there to speak of better things, no light had broken in upon this land of the shadow of death.

F. B.

Adieu

ADIEU, dear young friends. We have finished our volume, and take leave of you for another year. Since we first made the acquaintance of our readers, many who were children have grown up to be men and women, and time is swiftly carrying you on also. May you all, rich or poor, have a portion in God's kingdom, and, so long as you are spared to live on earth, may your lives be those of earnest and happy Christians.

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