

FAITHFUL WORDS FOR OLD AND YOUNG VOLUME 8

by H.F. Witherby

A collection of articles and writings by H.F. Witherby from Faithful Words for Old and Young Volume 8, covering various biblical topics and Christian teaching.

160 Chapters

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Faithful Words for Old and Young Volume 8

Introduction

AGAIN we have reached the close of another year! As we look back upon the months that are past, upon their joys and sorrows, we remember those whom we love, whose faces we shall see on this earth no more, and we think of the home above whither they have gone. Both readers of and writers for FAITHFUL WORDS have lids year fallen asleep. Their life's short day is over—their pilgrimage is ended—their work on earth is done.

As time's transient character is before us, let us each inquire, "What is my object in life? Is it the things which are seen, which are temporal; or is it the things which are not seen, which are eternal?" The man of the world lives for the world; the Christian for Christ. Do not let us deceive ourselves. The tree is known by its fruits.

We heartily thank our friends, whose pens, month by month, have assisted to maintain our Magazine as a silent messenger of the good news of God's love to man, for their labor of love, and we also cordially thank those friends by whose efforts so many fresh homes have received FAITHFUL WORDS into them this year.

But let us say to the worker in the gospel, much more may yet be done. The circulation and the usefulness of this Magazine might easily be doubled if our readers would make it known as widely as they can to their friends, and especially to their poorer neighbors.

The character and object of the Magazine are simply evangelic, and from these we do not purpose to depart. We hope to be able to continue, if God will, to spread abroad the gospel of salvation by the means of FAITHFUL WORDS, and, therefore, shall gratefully welcome true and original papers, which make the joyful tidings known.

The stories issued in FAITHFUL WORDS are all true and original. The reader of the volume may rest assured that what lie peruses is the record of acts.

N.B.—No article can be reprinted without the Editor's written permission being obtained.

A Scene of Real Life

A FRIEND of the writer was returning to London by train. He did not know that the races were being held in the town at which the train stopped, but at the station the sudden inburst of noisy, excited men, who in a moment filled up every seat in the carriages, and sat upon one another's knees, opened his eyes to a not very pleasant prospect between Chelmsford and London.

The train was hardly leaving the station when the men next Mr. P. took out cards and began playing, and demanded that Mr. P. should be one of them. His refusal only made them more eager to get him to join them; but when he said, "I have told you twice that I will not; if you ask me again, I must tell you why I refuse," their noisy demands made him speak.

"For two reasons I will not. The first, that if I were to play I should win every penny from all of you, for I never played cards or thimble rig without winning yet; the second, that I have not a farthing of my own with me." To the first, they all shouted they were a match for him; to the second, they could not believe that a gentleman as he was had no money with him. "Well, for that matter, I have money with me," said Mr. P., "silver, gold, and notes, but, I tell you, not a penny of it is mine—it all belongs to my Master, the Lord Jesus Christ." This bold confession to the Name of Jesus fell like a thunderbolt amongst the noisy crew.

"Yes," continued Mr. P., "all that I have belongs to my Master, for I am His. Listen to me. He bought me for Himself, He made me His own, and I am His forever. He paid for me with His blood; yes, the selfsame Jesus who now sits upon the right hand of God, once died upon the cross for sinners, such as you and I are. I would that you all loved Him."

The silence that his words had gained was but brief. Presently it was broken by a very storm of awful language, in which it seemed that the ingenuity of man had almost exhausted itself in finding every possible way of expressing hatred to Jesus and to God. Having ended his horrible preface, the speaker said, "I am a Jew, and I hate your Jesus; you shall never speak of Him here."

Again fell another silence, when the Jew, who was spokesman and ringleader, broke it by saying to Mr. P., "Come now, play cards with us."

"Let the gentleman be," said the others.

"Well, then, if you won't play with us, we will sing with you," the Jew said, "we will sing to your Jesus, and with that he bawled out, 'Praise God from whom all blessings flow;' and now, Christian, set the tune, and no nonsense, or you shall find it out."

"That I never will," said Mr. P., "it is straight against God's Word."

"Give us a text, then," cried the Jew.

"I will, and from the Old Testament, too. Do you know your scriptures?" And it proved that the Jew knew the letter of the Old Testament marvelously well. "Well, then, here is the scripture; answer my question, Could the Jews blow the trumpets until after the sacrifice was accepted at the great

day of atonement?”

“No,” said the man.

“And why not?” inquired Mr. P.

“It would have been a solemn mockery,” was his answer.

“You are right. And it would be a solemn mockery for me to sing God’s praises with you; for, alas! you are a set of unforgiven sinners, you are in your sins, you are none of you cleansed by Christ’s blood, your guilt is upon you. No; there shall be no praise from your lips led by me until you know the value of the atonement of Jesus. And by God’s grace you may know this even now—I proclaim it to you now, each and all of you—by the blood of Jesus. Yes; just as you are, in your sins and wickedness. I tell you I was a worse man than any of you in the carriage, and God has pardoned my sins. Only trust in the atoning blood of Jesus, and we will worship God together.”

The tears were rolling down the cheeks of one of them.

“Sir,” said he, as he put his hand into his breast pocket, and drew out a clean pocket handkerchief, which he carefully unfolded and laid upon the floor of the carriage “sir, do kneel down and pray for us. What you say is all true. Oh! my mother taught it all to me when I was a child. You never were with such a lot of vile men before, sir.”

“If you kneel, down, I’ll blow your brains out!” cried another man from the compartment behind, jumping up and drawing out a pistol. “We have heard enough of this Jesus this evening.”

“Well, my man,” Mr. P. quietly said, “do you know that you can’t blow my brains out unless God let you? No Christian dies till his work is done; and if you were to shoot me, I tell you all that my spirit would go up straight to Jesus in heaven.”

Thereon the man sat down.

“Come now,” said the Jew, “we’ll be friends. Now then, Christian, you believe your Bible, and you have two coats on your back, so I shall have one of them.”

“Give me the text and you shall,” said Mr. R, “You know where it is, Christian.”

“No, I don’t,” replied Mr. P., “but the Bible does say, ‘He that hath two coats, let him impart to him that hath none’; but you have one, and it is as good as mine.”

“Well, you have me there,” said the Jew, “but I will have your umbrella, that I will, for I have not got one;” so saying he took it.

“Welcome to it, my friend, but remember this—I told you that all I had belonged to my Master, the Lord Jesus Christ; I warn you, you will have to give an account to Him for that umbrella.”

After a long, weary journey the heavily-laden train reached the ticket-collecting place outside Shoreditch station. “Give him back his umbrella,” said the men, and they handed it over to Mr. P. “No, I won’t have it like that,” said he, “just because you fear the guards and ticket collectors. No; you took it from the Lord Jesus Christ’s servant, and you are welcome to keep it; only remember that at the Day of Judgment you will have to answer to Him for it. And whenever you put it up to

shelter you from the rain which He sends down from heaven, remember that Jesus Christ whom you despise is looking down upon you; He will never forget it.”

“Then,” cried the Jew, “take back your umbrella, sir; I would not have it for the world; I would not for any money have Jesus Christ looking down upon me like that; no, I would not.”

And thus Mr. P. was separated from his traveling companions, who will have to give an account to God for their reception or rejection of the gospel preached in the railway carriage as they came to London from the Chelmsford races.

H. F. W.

The Wishing Chair

“WISHING you a happy New Year!”

Such is the expression on the lips of thousands on the first day of a new year. Alas! how few who utter the kindly words really know the source of true happiness!

Last New Year’s day thousands received New Year’s wishes. Now, as we glance in retrospect at the year that has passed, the opening hours of which promised so much, we are prone to sigh—how many hopes dashed to pieces! how many pleasures with a bitter sting underneath! how many bright visions of happiness, like the deceitful mirage of the desert, proved phantoms of the imagination! Yes, and many a one, dear to us, is now where decay and corruption feed!

Let us remember that that which hath been shall be, that everything here is passing and uncertain. Only for those who love God there is a bright future, and it is theirs to say, “Come, Lord Jesus.” Can you, dear reader, say, “If this year should be my last on earth, I have glory with Christ forever in an eternal home, where all is unfading and unchanging bliss?” If not, then let me warn you that wishes for happiness are vain, hopes a delusion, and the pleasures of sin are only for a season at most, and the end—the worm that never dieth, and the fire that shall never be quenched.

Solomon, with his ivory palaces, his pools, and his gold, sighed, “All is vanity, and vexation of spirit;” Paul, chained and in prison and suffering persecution, rejoiced, for his source of joy was outside this world, one which the world could neither give nor take away.

If my reader has learned the deceitful character of this world, and if his New Year’s wish for happiness is prompted by more than mere fashion, and is for that which is real and satisfying, will he listen to the following simple story?

A gentleman was visiting the immediate neighborhood of the well-known “Giants’ Causeway,” in the north of Ireland. A farmer kindly offered him his house to rest in, and transact some business, and, as he had also to inspect the seaboard, the farmer, who knew that part of the coast well, offered to act as guide, a proposal to which the stranger gladly assented. They had to pass over the marvelous “Causeway,” with its numerous objects of interest. Having reached a spot known as the “Wishing Chair,” the guide said, “Now, you must sit in that chair and wish. It is the custom with people who come for the first time to take their seat there; they take their place down there, and wish for all they desire.”

“The chair is perfectly useless to me,” said the visitor.

“Useless! What do you mean?” inquired his kind host.

“For the simple reason that I have nothing to wish for. I have all that heart could wish already.”

Amazed at the reply, the farmer exclaimed: “Well, well! that’s a great thing to say, surely. It must be fine to be like that.”

“Yes; indeed, you may well say so. But when you learn that I have all that God could desire for my blessing, you will understand how foolish and stupid it would be for me to follow your customs in the ‘Chair.’ Listen, my friend! I was a sinner, only fit for hell, and God gave His Son to die for my sins, and bring me to Himself without my sins. His God is my God, His Father is my Father, whose whole heart is revealed to me in that blessed One, the Son of His love—who Himself is coming, I know not how soon, to bring me to be with Himself in that Father’s house, without a spot or stain, in a body of glory, like His own. And my eternal blessing will be to be with Him thus and like Him, as He shall see of the fruit of the travail of His soul, and shall be satisfied.”

As they retraced their steps to the farmer’s house, the visitor asked his companion how it was with him; whether he knew this precious Christ, and what he thought about Him and His perfect work which He wrought on the cross for God’s satisfaction and glory.

The poor man owned himself a sinner, and admitted that if God were to judge him righteously, He must send him to hell, but he was not yet prepared to trust Christ alone for his soul’s salvation.

While pressing him to take God at His word, the house was reached. The farmer’s wife had tea ready, and all in the house sat down to the social meal. Addressing the good woman, whose thoughtful hospitality had provided for him, the stranger related what had passed between her husband and himself, It was plain that she was intensely interested. Her whole soul was moved as she heard what was said of the perfection of the work of Christ, and of the satisfaction which, by the grace of God, their guest had found in His Person. “Oh!” she exclaimed, “that is what I have been wishing for, for years. I never understood it like that before. Now I see it. Thank God for sending you here.”

Have you, my reader, such a craving as had this lady? Jesus says, “If any man thirst, let him come unto Me, and drink,” and assures all who trust Him that “he that cometh to Him shall never hunger, and he that believeth in Him shall never thirst.” Oh! look to Christ for happiness; it is found nowhere else. Look to His work only for peace; vain is the search elsewhere.

We desire a truly happy New Year for you, beloved reader—yes, that eternal happiness may be yours. It is only as the heart makes Christ its choice, and says, “Christ for me,” that there can be real happiness.

Christ first as Saviour; Christ next as Master; then Christ as the object in life and the goal to be reached. To those who look for Him shall He appear before long to consummate their joy in endless glory,

H. N.

What Are Your Hopes for Eternity?

AT the close of a gospel preaching I asked an old woman, who had evidently passed the allotted time of "three-score years and ten," this question, "What are your hopes for eternity?"

"Very good," she replied.

I again pressed her as to what her hopes were on.

"Christ," she replied.

Dear reader! I ask you, what are your hopes for eternity? Where do you expect to spend eternity? Is it with Christ? Then you must close now, in time, with God's offer of pardon, through the precious blood-shedding of the Lord Jesus Christ on the cross. Jesus came to seek sinners, Jesus died to save sinners, and Jesus now lives to save sinners. He received sinners when down here. (Luke 15:2). And Jesus is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever. (Heb. 13:8).

He has been to the cross. He has there suffered, "the Just for the unjust." He "died for the ungodly," and above all He has glorified God, and finished the work God gave Him to do.

Again, dear reader, let me put the question, "What are your hopes for eternity?"

E. G.

Justified Freely by His Grace

“THEY tell me that I ought to see all my sins set out before me, before I can believe,” said a poor girl, whose days were numbered, and who had long been anxious about her soul.

“As to your sins, let us see what the Bible says about them,” I replied, and I read part of Rom. 3, ending with, “All have sinned and come short of the glory of God,” asking if that was true of her.

“Oh, yes,” she said; “I know I deserve nothing but hell.”

“God’s words are different from man’s,” I said. “God does not say your sins are to be set out before you, but He bids you believe His word as to your condition before Him—a condition which you cannot improve, and which I know you feel, or you would not be anxious to be saved. He says that you have never done one good thing in your life, and you believe it, and own it. Do you also believe what He says about His Son?”

“But,” she interrupted, “they (meaning some of her religious friends who had been visiting her) say when I believe I shall know it by a fine flush of feeling.”

Again we turned to God’s word, and again we found how often man puts difficulties where God puts none, and that the word “feeling” does not even occur in it, with regard to salvation, at all. It was not until the poor woman in the crowd, in Mark 5, had touched Jesus that she could feel in her body that she was healed, much less can joy and peace be known before believing; scripture says “Joy and peace in believing.” (Rom. 15:13).

This poor girl’s next remark was, “I was lying awake for hours, last night, wondering whether I did believe, or whether God could be satisfied with me.”

“Satisfied with you!” I exclaimed; “God will never be satisfied with you, but He is satisfied with Jesus, and what He has done for you. Think of the poor dying thief; he had never done anything to please God, nor would he ever have been able to do anything; but one thing he could do, and that was, own himself a sinner, as you have done. He said, ‘We indeed justly, for we receive the due reward of our deeds.’ He condemned himself, and then he turned away from himself to Christ, saying, ‘This man hath done nothing amiss. And he said unto Jesus, Lord, remember me when Thou comest into Thy kingdom. And Jesus said unto him, Verily I say unto thee, to-day shalt thou be with Me in paradise.’ God was so satisfied with the work of His Son on the cross for that poor thief that He could take such a sinner as he had been straight into heaven. If God could be satisfied with you He need not have said ‘justified freely.’ The work of Christ is so perfect that He asks nothing from you but ‘to trust to the One who did it.’”

“Then I must have peace with God,” she replied. But, dear reader, we may grasp truth with the mind, and yet not with the heart “believe unto salvation;” and not until face to face with death, a few days later, did my poor friend, like that dying thief, turn away from herself altogether. Then she was able to assure those around her that she “rested only on the finished work of Christ.” She talked no more of feelings. “I’ve done with all that,” she said; “I’m trusting only to Christ.” And truly

during her remaining days we saw the truth of “Whosoever believeth on Him shall not be ashamed.”

Suffering and death did not shake her confidence. She had come to Him, and He had given her rest, and she departed to be with Christ, leaving us to exclaim, “Thanks be to God, which giveth is the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.”

I have related some of the difficulties of this young woman, knowing them to be so common, but in the light of the Word of God found to be only suggestions of the enemy of souls, who loves to make much of sinners and little of Christ. God has judged and set aside the first man as bad and useless, but He has One in His presence in whom is all His delight— “The Son of Man whom Thou (God) made strong for Thyself.” Ask yourself, not what do I think of the work of Christ, but what does God think? Is He so satisfied with that work that He can receive such a vile sinner as I am? Yes, an “ungodly” one, a “sinner,” an “enemy” —for such Christ died, and “such were some of you, but ye are justified in the name of the Lord Jesus,” “whom God hath set forth to be a propitiation through faith in His blood.” Will you seek to set forth anything else, or will you set to your “seal that God is true,” and thank Him that you are “justified freely by His grace?”

H. L. H.

He Has Done All

"I WISH you would go and see a poor woman in whom I am much interested," said a lady, as she walked from the railway station with a friend who had just arrived. "Perhaps you would like to visit her at once," she added, "before you come to my house; for she is very ill and very unhappy." "You think her in danger?"

"Oh yes," replied the lady, "she is going fast."

"And not ready?" asked the visitor.

"A year or two ago," replied the lady, "she attended some Gospel services, and seemed very much impressed by what she heard; but soon afterward she married, and appeared to put aside all serious thoughts. Now, poor thing, she knows the end is near, and longs to feel assured of her safety—but here we are at the cottage. I am glad you will speak to her."

Ill, indeed, the poor young woman looked; but she gladly welcomed her visitor, and soon began to tell him something of her history.

"I have a deal of quiet time," she said at length; "my husband is out all day at his work in the fields, and now that my poor baby is gone I have nothing to disturb me, so I just lie and think; I lie and think how I can reconcile God to me. I would give anything, sir," she repeated earnestly, "to be sure that God was reconciled to me."

"Let me read for you a few words from God's own book," said the stranger, gently.

Slowly and distinctly he read, "Now then we are ambassadors for Christ, as though God did beseech you by us: we pray you 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).

There was a pause. At length the sick woman said, "Are those words really in the Bible?"

"Yes; they are no words of mine, they are God's words— His message to you."

"I have read my Bible, but I never read anything like that; let me see for myself," she said, earnestly.

Raising herself slowly in her bed, and taking the open Bible in her trembling hands, she read, one by one, the words of the text. It was a solemn moment. God Himself was speaking by His Word to her soul. The entrance of that Word giveth light. As she read her anxious, troubled expression gave way to a look of quiet restfulness and content.

"I see it all now," she murmured, as she returned the Bible and lay back upon her pillows. "I kept thinking and thinking how I could do something for God, something that would, maybe, reconcile Him to me. But now I see He has done all; nothing is left for me but to chuck myself, just as I am,

on to Christ.” These were her words, spoken in the strong expressive idiom of her Northern speech.

N. N.

The Bright and Morning Star

OUR gracious Lord in His last words to His people, spoken from heaven, and recorded on the last page of the Holy Scriptures, speaks of Himself as the Bright and Morning Star. These are His own words, "I, Jesus, have sent Mine angel to testify unto you these things in the churches," —things, fellow-believers, relating to the last hours of the world's ways, and to the end of the ways of christless Christendom— "I am the root and the offspring of David, and the Bright and Morning Star." His title, "the root and offspring of David," relates to His earthly people, to Jews; His title, "the Bright and Morning Star," relates to His heavenly people, to Christians.

The Lord Jesus shall yet reign over His ancient people gloriously; the distracted east shall yet smile beneath His scepter. God will make good the title which scornful man blasphemously set over His cross, "This is Jesus, the King of the Jews." Jesus is the root of David—from Him king David gained his greatness, Jehovah-Jesus bore up the king. As root of David, Jesus was David's Lord, as root—in His own divine power—all that David ever was for God upon this earth, sprang from His Lord. Jesus is also the offspring of the royal line, as a man He sprang from David, and was born in the royal city, Bethlehem. In the coming day the kings of the earth shall bow down and own Jesus as their Prince, and His ancient people as the chosen of Jehovah.

The title Bright and Morning Star conveys ideas unlike either those of root or offspring; it is connected with heaven. Above this earth's turmoil, in the deep and far-off sky, the stars shine; yes, yonder, away and far above earth's clouds and gloom are the bright lamps of night.

Have you ever seen the morning star? You must use before the sun if you would behold its fair beauty. The light of the morning star is no longer necessary when the sun has risen; it is the herald of the coming day. So when our Lord shall reign upon this earth, He shall be the sun of righteousness, with healing in His wings, and in that day He will have ceased to shine as the morning star. It is during this nighttime, now before the Lord comes to this earth, that He is the Bright and Morning Star, beaming before the day. Well may we ask of our souls, whether with eyes of faith and love we have thus seen Jesus? Those who sleep, see Him not thus; those who reason that this 19th century is ushering in the world's peace see Him not thus; those who call darkness light see Him not thus. To such Jesus is no Morning Star. Those alone who are awake in this dark night and who look for His coming again know Him as the Morning Star.

And note, He is bright. It is a sorry thing when men are too sleepy and too indifferent to see the coming Jesus, for He is the Bright and Morning Star. Ah! how bright to those who watch for Him! How brilliantly does He shine in His beauty as the coming One to them; thus the day star has risen in the hearts of those who watch for Him.

It is the province of the heavenly people to be looking into the heavens for their hope. The bright prospect of soon being caught away from this cloud-clad earth is their expectation. Think of that day! We shall hear His voice, we shall see His face. Around Him will be gathered the myriads whom He put to sleep, and who wait for Him. Then we shall see, shining in His beauty, the loved

ones whom He called to Himself, whose absence we now lament and whom we wait once more to see, and never again to lose sight of.

It is Himself in His brightness and promise who calls forth the cry, "And the Spirit and the Bride say, Come" —the cry of love for Him who loves His people. The Spirit, who is in us, says, "Come." It is no human sentiment, but divinely-given desire. Men describe as dreamers those who say, "Come, Lord Jesus," but it is the Spirit of God who awakes this cry within God's own.

Shall not also such as hear say, "Come"? Surely, when there is deep, earnest desire after the Lord, others will catch the longing. Alas, in this nighttime, there is more dreaming over the doctrines of Christ's coming than longing desires of waking hearts for Himself. Books are read and sermons are heard about the coming of Christ, but love requires more than clear doctrinal knowledge. She would be a strange bride who, hearing that her lord was near and soon coming, was content to hear the tidings and then went to sleep as others and watched not for him.

Surely, too, if the Lord Himself were so loved by His own as to be longed for, there would be in them the expression of His compassion for the thirsting souls unsatisfied by the world—the going out of the heart after others, as we read— "And let him that is athirst come." It is poor Christianity which has little love for souls in it—nay, it is remarkably un-Christ like. Hence such as say that they believe in Christ's coming and have not the heart to cry, "And let him that is athirst come," cannot have the genuine desire after the Lord Himself.

And more, there is a gracious invitation to the wide world, "Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely." Hearty desire after the coming of the Lord and real care for souls are near neighbors within the heart; if the latter be not at home it is more than questionable if the former be within.

H.F.W.

Winter and Spring

THE seasons as they come and go bear with them lessons for our faith. The old trees, rent and torn by many storms and tempests, put forth their spring leaves as brightly and freshly as the saplings springing up far down beneath their branches. The wear and tear of years, the broken twigs and rotten boughs, the countless dead leaves at the old trees' feet, in no way affect the tenderness of their young shoots, nor the sweetness of their flowers. The freshness of life and the grace of spring are perhaps more marked in the old tree than in the sapling.

This life in old age, this renewal of beauty, is a voice to the Christian who has long known his Lord. The circumstances of life, its storm and trial, must not hinder the outcome of these graces, which in younger believers are so pleasant, and which once, it may be, were attractive in himself. Neither must the sense of inward weakness mar the putting forth of the New Life's vigor. It is of no avail mourning over the dead leaves of past years—nay, let us forget the things which are behind that savor not of Christ: instead may the present love of Christ flow up every avenue of the soul, like the new year's sap rising to the topmost branches and farthestmost boughs.

"Rooted in Him—established in the faith," the Divine Life in the believer causes the tenderness and grace of Christ to manifest themselves in young and old, as the spring season calls forth freshness and clothes the forest with resurrection beauty.

H. F. W.

Split Your Peas

WHEN I feed my fowls, I give them part barley, part peas. They eat up the barley in a trice, and let the peas remain till they are obliged to turn to them. The secret is, the peas require splitting, and are not, therefore, easy to swallow.

There is here a small lesson for preachers, some of whom are little listened to, simply because their ideas require splitting into a size suitable to their hearers' capacities. Most liked, best understood: remember this!

Then I Love Him!

OPEN your Bible and read a lovely verse which you have often repeated and know well.

You will find the verse I mean in the first Epistle of John, the fourth chapter. I want you to read it over slowly, and to think of it, as I am going to tell you about a little child whose ways illustrated the wonderful truth of it. "We love Him, because He first loved us." Is it not a beautiful verse? And again, in the same chapter, we will read, "Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that He loved us, and sent His Son to be the propitiation for our sins." Is it not wonderful to you that God should so love us, even when we were utterly vile and wicked, and only fit to be banished from Him? But "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).

It was the deep reality of this love that was the means of bringing the little child of whom I am going to write to God, and of drawing her heart close to the Lord Jesus. It is one thing to know you are saved and to be happy in the thought, and yet to go on giving way to your naughty temper and will, and another thing, after you are saved, to try and live for and to the Lord Jesus.

Barbara, who was one of the lambs of the Good Shepherd, was a strong, high-spirited little child. She was one day lying on the floor, busily engaged in playing with and arranging her toys, of which she was very fond, when suddenly a thoughtful expression passed over her face, and stopping short in the midst of an animated conversation with her doll, she rushed up to her mother, and said,

"Mamma, tell me, is it really true that God loves me, little me? I mean, does He really love little Barbara?" "Yes, my child," said her mother. "God really loves you, little Barbara, and loved you so much that He sent His Son to die for you. He loved you, but He did not love your sin, which made you black all over in His sight, and it was because He loved you so much that He sent His only Son Jesus to suffer for you on the cross, that being washed in His blood you might be made perfectly clean and white, and thus fit to dwell with Him in glory. He loved you so much that He wanted to have you with Him, and He knew that nothing less than the precious blood of Jesus could make you clean and white, and so God sent His Christ to bleed and die on the bitter cross, that all who believe in Him might not perish, but have everlasting life. (John 3:16). And you know We love Him, because He first loved us." "Does Jesus love me more, better than you do, mamma?"

"Yes, my child, far better. I have never died for you, the Lord Jesus has."

"And does Jesus love me now?"

"Yes, my child. He loves you now, this moment, although in His glory."

Hiding her face in her mother's lap, little Barbara burst out in a flood of tears, saying, "Then I love Him! Then I love Him! Then I do love Him!" and rushing out of the room, she cried as if her little heart would break.

There is no doubt that the little girl loved God; but upon the day this conversation took place the Holy Spirit gave her, in a new way, to rejoice in Christ's love to her.

From that day forward Barbara was a living testimony that she was the Lord's. All around her noticed a marked change in her little ways, and although quite strong and well, she would constantly say, "Oh, how Barbara longs to go to Jesus now; I want to go to live with Him." She would also always try and tell other show Jesus loved them,—in her own childish way,—with a beaming smile on her face, and if they did not heed it or seemed touched with such divine love, she would look up in the most sorrowful way and say in the saddest tone, "But don't you love Him back again? I do," in so pleading a way that it might have melted many a hardened heart. The love of Christ was such a real thing to her, that she could not understand others being indifferent to it.

It may be that my little reader has been washed in the blood of Jesus, and does love the Good Shepherd, then to you I would only say, let Him fold you closer and closer to Himself; because He will if we yield ourselves to Him. You know it says in that beautiful tenth chapter of the Gospel of John, twenty-eighth and twenty-ninth verses, "I give unto them (My sheep) eternal life, and 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." See how safe the little lamb is folded in the Good Shepherd's bosom. The cruel wolf may and indeed does come and prowl about and howl for that little lamb, so ready is he to devour it. But do you think the Shepherd will let go His little lamb? Ah! no. His word is "Never." "No man shall pluck them out of My hand." The little lamb is safe forever.

E. O'N, N.

A Child's Trust

I HAVE a sweet, true story to tell to the dear children who, with busy fingers and bright faces, turn the pages of FAITHFUL WORDS in search of the children's corner. It is about how tenderly the Lord Jesus honored the simple faith of a little child.

Harry M. is a great friend of mine. He is a little boy of about seven years of age. Harry has often heard of the Lord Jesus, the Good Shepherd who gave His life for His sheep, and, through grace, Harry's young heart has been won to love the precious Saviour.

At the time of which I write a dark cloud of trial had gathered over Harry's home. For many weeks his dear father had been too ill to go to his daily work, and his mother found it no easy matter to pay the rent and provide food for the household. There was not any money to spare for new clothes or shoes, and Harry's boots were worn so very thin and old that one morning his mother said, "Does my little boy know that he cannot go to the Sunday school any more till I can get him a pair of new boots?"

"Oh, mother, I am so sorry," was Harry's answer.

"Yes, dear, and so am I; but perhaps you may not have to wait long, for the doctor thinks your father is a little stronger, and if it please the Lord to raise him up again, he will buy your boots."

Harry sat down quietly to consider matters. After a silence of some time, he said, "Mother, the last time I was at school the teacher told us that the Lord Jesus has all power; that He can do whatever He pleases; He could send me some boots if He pleased."

"Yes, dear, I am sure He could, if He saw it was best for you; but perhaps He wants you to learn a lesson of patience, and so may keep you waiting. You will not mind much if it is His will, Harry?"

"No, mother; but do you think it would be wrong to ask Him? I would say, 'Just as you please, Lord Jesus.'"

"No, Harry; I do not think it would."

So taking his old boots in his hand, Harry went upstairs, and, kneeling down with clasped hands and reverent face, for he knew that he was speaking to a great and holy God, with the simple trust of a little child he told out his need to the Lord in heaven.

Two or three days passed on, and though Harry did not say another word about the boots, his mother felt sure that he was still praying, and also watching for the answer to his prayer to come.

Saturday evening came, and while Harry was out on an errand for his mother, a friend called to leave a few shillings which were sent by a gentleman, who, though he had heard of the illness of Harry's father, yet did not know of the little boy's need or of his prayer.

Upon receiving the gift, the mother said, "The Lord has sent the means, and Harry shall have his boots," and with glad, grateful heart she went out to purchase them. On her return, string and paper were quickly unfastened; Harry, with one long, loving kiss for his mother, pronounced them "such beauties," then went quietly away. His mother gently followed, and found her little boy thanking the Lord for having answered his prayer.

Dear children, do you, who know the Lord Jesus as your own precious Saviour, take all your needs to Him in prayer? And do you not sometimes forget to thank Him when He gives you just what you asked Him for, or perhaps something better?

C. J. L.

Little Annie's Prayer

LITTLE Annie wept bitterly when she understood that she was a sinner, and therefore not fit to dwell with God in heaven. Her Sunday school teacher tried to comfort her by saying that Jesus could wash away her sins in His blood, making her whiter than snow.

Annie covered her face with her hands, and was heard to utter these words: "Lord Jesus, I am a poor little sinner; please save me from hell and wash me clean in Thine own blood. Amen."

Soon her tears ceased to fall, and looking up with a bright face, she said, "Jesus has heard me. He has washed away my sins in His most precious blood. I am made fit for heaven."

So little Annie believed in Jesus the Lord as her Saviour, and became very happy. Have you, dear child, come to Jesus? If you believe on Him He will make you very glad. He will give you to know the pardon of all your sins and make you quite ready for heaven.

"Jesus calls to little children,

And His words are words of love:

Come to Me, receive My blessing,

Come to Me, and live above."

E. E. S.

The Coptic Priest and the Bible

ABOUT thirty years ago a missionary was traveling through Egypt, laden with Arabic Bibles. Stopping at a place in Lower Egypt, called Medina Feyoum, where a curious stream flows, called Joseph's Canal, making an oasis in the desert, he tried to make it known to all in the neighborhood that he had beautiful and precious books to give away. The news spread, and many came—among them a Coptic priest.

The Copts are said to be the only true Egyptians now existing, being descended From the people among whom Moses was brought up. They no longer follow the ancient Egyptian forms of worship, but call themselves Christians, and say their forefathers received the truths of Christianity from the evangelist, St. Mark. However, they are in deep need of the clear light of gospel truth, for they are brought up in great darkness and superstition.

This priest took the Arabic Bible home with him. I do not think he read it, but he kept it for some time. It is the custom of the country when any particular business is transacted—such as the buying and selling of a horse, or of land, or on any solemn occasion, such as a marriage—for the priest to be present with a Bible, by which the people take oaths. Accordingly, when this priest was summoned to a village not far off to assist at some important ceremony, he took his new possession with him.

Arabic Bibles are now printed in small, clear type, but at the time of which we write they were very bulky and ponderous volumes, four times as large as one of our large English Bibles; so the priest, not caring for the book, and unwilling to burden himself on his homeward journey, left it behind.

"What shall we do with the priest's book?" said the master of the house to his wife.

"Let it stay here," she answered, pointing to a niche in the wall.

There the book lay, silent and unheeded, until one day the father of the family, suddenly remembering it, took it down, and began to turn over the dusty pages. He could read a little, and as he slowly turned, page after page, the Spirit of God, like a ray of light piercing the thick darkness, shone into his heart.

"These are precious words," said he; "surely these are precious words!"

More and more precious did the words become, and soon the reader, as he read, longed that others, too, should share the blessing of the words of grace and truth which had become so dear to his heart. Calling his family around him, he read to them—others heard, too—and by-and-bye, during the evenings, the father taught his children to read out of the great book.

When the father died, happy in the faith of Christ, the Bible was still read by his children to all who came to hear; the blessed Spirit of God still spoke through His Word to heart and conscience, and so it came to pass that about thirteen years ago some American missionaries found in this forgotten spot, a place which had the name of being a nest of thieves, robbers, and murderers, a

happy little assembly of Christians.

“How did you learn the gospel of Christ?” they asked, in astonishment. “Have you not been taught by some of our missionaries?”

“God Himself has taught us by His Word,” they replied, and then they showed the missionaries the forgotten Bible, which had brought them the message of the love of God in sending His own beloved Son into the world that they might live through Him, and of the wonderful life and death of that Son of God, Jehovah-Jesus, the Saviour.

Do you think that great Arabic Bible, which was too heavy for the Coptic priest to carry home with him, was left behind at that lonely village by chance, or by the mercy of God?

N. N.

A New Year's Motto

BELOVED, LET US LOVE ONE ANOTHER, FOR LOVE IS OF GOD; AND EVERY ONE THAT LOVETH IS BORN OF GOD, AND KNOWETH GOD. HE THAT LOVETH NOT KNOWETH NOT GOD, FOR GOD IS LOVE.-(1 John 4:7, 8).

William Farel

(Continued from Vol. 7., p. 188.)

TO the southeast of the lake of Geneva, not far from the river Rhone, is the village of Aigle. Close beside it there rushes the torrent called the Grande Eau. All around are the great mountains, and the beautiful mountain valleys, with their rich green meadows and shady woods, the little wooden cottages, surrounded by walnut trees and vines, and above them the grassy slopes, where the cows and the goats feed, and the great precipices, with snowy peaks behind them.

It was on a winter's day, in 1526, that a traveler arrived alone in this beautiful village. He called himself Master Ursinus. He said he was going to open a day school in one of the cottages, where the village children might learn to read and write. The parents were glad to send their children in those winter days, when there was little work to be done out of doors, and there were no other schools at hand. After a while the children told their parents that the master taught them, besides reading and writing, beautiful stories about the Lord Jesus—how He loved sinners, and had been punished instead of them; and how He had died and risen from the grave, and was still the sinners' Friend though He was in heaven at God's right hand.

The parents listened and wondered, and then one by one they too went to ask Master Ursinus to tell them these wonderful stories. And Master Ursinus, who was a kind and friendly man, told them gladly more and more about the blessed Lord Jesus and His love and grace. He told them, too, that purgatory was nowhere to be found, that those whom the Lord saves He washes whiter than snow—He makes them fit for heaven, as He Himself is—He takes them straight from this sad and evil world into the Father's house above, into the bright glory of God. Master Ursinus told them, too, that it was to this blessed Lord Himself, and not to Peter or to Mary, or to any saints or angels, that they must go for pardon and for grace—they must go to Jesus only, and through Him to the Father.

The poor people listened gladly; they were thankful that this kind French gentleman had come amongst them, for he showed them the Saviour they had never known before. As the Israelites looked up at the serpent which Moses had put upon the pole, so did these poor men and women of Aigle look up at the Lord in glory, and, believing, had life through His name. There was just then no clergyman at Aigle—the old clergyman was dead, and a new one had not yet been appointed.

One day Master Ursinus was seen by the people to go into the church, and up into the pulpit. There he told them that he was now going to preach regularly, that his true name was William Farel, and that he rejoiced to be there to tell them the glad tidings of the love of God. He had at first been forbidden to preach by the Council of Berne, because he was not a clergyman. But a month or two later this order was recalled, and he was not only allowed, but desired to preach. "We desire," said the Council, "that all preachers in our country preach the Word of God freely, publicly, openly, and without reserve, and that none should hinder them in preaching what appears conformable to the Word of God, even should their preaching be found to contradict the decrees,

ordinances, and teaching of men, what men soever they may be.”

The people had never heard of William Farel; but the priests knew that name only too well. They were filled with fury when they heard that he was really in their midst, preaching the gospel, and that in a church, from a pulpit. But it was not so easy to stop him, for the lords of Berne had given him full permission to preach till the new priest was sent there. All that the priests could do was to stir up the people of Aigle and of all the country round, and to spread every evil report they could invent of the new preacher.

Farel wrote to his friends at this time— “The father of lies rises up against me daily in his people, and would have me to shrink from the preaching of the gospel; but Christ, in whose service I am, is much mightier than Satan. Trusting in Him, I am not afraid to tread the enemy under my feet, to invade his kingdom, and to rescue from his tyranny, by means of the word, those whom the Father has drawn to Christ—to hold forth the Word of God, and to trample down man’s traditions, and man’s inventions, and to invite all the weary and heavy laden to come to Christ the Saviour. And I entreat all those who have come to Him to ask the Father that the Holy Ghost may shed abroad in all the hearts around the love of God, that His word may be obeyed, and that that true worship may ascend at last, of which the Lord spoke, saying that it was a worship in spirit and in truth. Not at Jerusalem, nor on this mountain nor on that, but a worship and service which is for His honor and glory, offered up by those who are themselves given up, heart and soul, to God.”

The Lord gave great power to the word preached by Farel. Numbers were saved; and many came to hear from all the country round. Just at this time came at last an invitation from his beloved France. Such an invitation that he could have freely accepted it, without having to keep back, like Gerard Roussel, “half the truths of the gospel.”

It seems that one day when there was a great reception at the Court of France, two young princes came to be presented to the Princess Margaret. They were the sons of Prince Robert de la Marck. The princess said to Gerard Roussel, who was present, “Take an opportunity of speaking to those two young princes about Christ.” Roussel did so, and found that the two lads were already believers, having by some means heard the gospel. Roussel then told them that they ought to do their utmost to make it known amongst their subjects. They said they willingly would do so, but that they were too young and too ignorant to do much themselves. If only a preacher of the gospel would come to them, they would help and encourage him in every way. Roussel said, “I know of only one man who is thoroughly fitted for the work; it is William Farel; invite him.” The young princes said they would only be too glad, if Roussel would send him to them. “Our father would be delighted,” they said. “He should live in the palace with us, as one of our own family, All who are there would welcome him. Let him come early in the year.”

This meant the year 1527; and early in the year Farel got the letters of entreaty written to him by Gerard Roussel and by Peter Toussaint. Both these friends were filled with joy at the thought of a door being at last open to Farel in France. The young princes felt so sure he would come that they at once got a printing press, that he might print books and tracts, and send them all about the kingdom.

All these things Gerard Roussel related to his friend William. Once more William had to decide which was the path in which the Lord would have him to go. Once more he might, by one word,

have the desire of his heart fulfilled, by returning to his beloved country.

Perhaps you are surprised that, after all, he said he could not go. He could not leave the Lord's work in the Swiss villages, for he now felt sure the Lord had sent him there. His work was owned and blessed in a wonderful way; and, though the hungry, thirsty souls around him were not his countrymen, they were the sheep and lambs of Christ. It was for His blessed word they were thus athirst and an hungered. It was His beloved gospel they crowded to hear, and the faithful she, herd would not leave them. No doubt God did not leave the young princes without the help they needed, and He knew what help was best. We need not grieve much over their disappointment.

Meanwhile, the glad tidings spread from village to village, and from town to town, amongst the Swiss valleys and around the lake of Geneva; as we read in the old clays of the Apostles— "Much people were added to the Lord."

Did you ever think what those words mean, "added to the Lord?" Not merely forgiven, converted, but "added to the Lord;" added to Him, Who is the Head of the Body—the Church—to Him of whom all who believe become the members, "joined to the Lord" by the Holy Ghost. Thus, if you and I are believers, we have duties and blessings which belong to us as "members of the Body of Christ" — "members one of another." We do not stand alone; we are not called merely to love one another. No doubt in the Old Testament times, a believer, who was really walking with the Lord, would love other believers. Thus Jonathan loved David, and Ruth loved Naomi, and they loved one another, because they were God's believing people. But now there is a tie nearer than even the tie of love. "We, being many, are one body," called not only to love another, but to feel and think, to speak and act, as one—all the members moved and directed by the One Head to act in concert; one member doing this, another doing that, according to their different places in the Body, but all acting together, as the hands, the feet, the eyes, and ears in our natural bodies.

And it was this which William Farel taught to those who had believed. They were now one body with all who believed in the Lord Jesus, not only in Switzerland, but everywhere, "Let there not be in Christ's Body," he said, "either fingers, or hands, or feet, or eyes, or ears, or arms working separately, each for itself; but let there be only one heart, that nothing can divide."

Thus was the word of God taught, and in one village after another the light began to dawn, and men were turning to God. You may suppose that Satan would not let this work of God alone. Very soon he had stirred up a large party of priests and monks. These lazy and ignorant men, began to tremble for the consequences of the preaching which brought men to Christ. "They will turn away from us," they said, "and it will soon be 'Down with the church!'" Alas, they little knew what the church was!

They soon gained over to their cause the bailiff of Aigle, and the governor of the district. The favor shown to Farel by the lords of Berne, instead of gaining power for him, only roused the jealousy and enmity of these two men. Their permission had not been asked, nor their wishes consulted.

If Farel had been in any measure trusting to the power of man rather than to the power of God, he was now to learn a lesson. The bailiff and the governor told him he was a heretic, and forbade him, not only to preach, but to teach in his school.

The lords of Berne speedily sent a messenger to post up placards on every church door in all the country round, saying that their displeasure was great at hearing that “the very learned Farel” had been forbidden to preach the Word of God, and they commanded all officers and governors to allow him to preach publicly “the doctrines of the Lord.” The only consequence of this order was, that on the 25th of July, 1527, furious crowds assembled at Aigle, and at all the villages round. They tore down the placards, they shouted, “No more submission to Berne! Down with Farel!” They then rushed upon Farel, intending to seize him. But the same mysterious power which had so often before guarded this servant of the Lord, was stronger than the enemy. There stood Farel, in the midst of the converted flock, who waited, calmly but firmly, ready to defend him if needful. But there was no need. The angry crowd dared not come forward, and one by one they dispersed, and left him unharmed.

F. B.

I Should Have Gone Down, Too

"I AM not altogether an irreligious man," said John B. in answer to our question, whether he was ready for death, should he be called away while we were speaking together. We were upon the sea, and after some few moments of thought, during which our little boat was flying over the waves, John said—

"It was about half-a-mile from this very spot that I nearly lost my life last Christmas, There were three of us out in this boat. We had been fishing, and were making for the harbor yonder, when an awkward sea struck the boat, and capsized her. The two men with me were brothers, one of them was sitting steering as I am now, the other had your oar where you are; I was in the bows of the boat. The two brothers were washed out, and William, who had the oar, held on to it for a time. I clung to the mast, but though the sea was running high, and, with the wind, was making a great noise, I yet could hear his voice; he was singing. William was always fond of singing. At the cottage prayer meetings, which they used to hold in one another's houses in the winter, he was right fond of it, he was. And I could hear his voice that day, as the sea carried him away while he held on to the oar.

"It was his favorite hymn, I think, for though I could never really catch the words I knew the tune.

"My Saviour is now over there,

There my kindred and friends are at rest

Then away with my sorrow and care,

I shall soon reach the land of the blest.'

"Both of the men who were drowned that day were pious. I was left and should have been drowned, too, only the pilot on the pier was spying through his glass when we capsized.

"He said to a man standing by him, 'That sea struck yon coble very awkward.' Presently the man cried out, 'She's gone down, John!'

"There were a number of boats coming in harbor, and he sung out to them, and they made all haste to pick us up, and the steamer went out, too, but they were not in time to save my mates, and if it had not been for the steamer, I should have gone down, too."

Poor John, in spite of having been so near death, and having heard the triumphant witness of his mate who sank beneath the waves singing of the home above, was still a long way off from heaven. He had not come to Jesus. We sheaved him that as the steamer came to his rescue, and saved him, helpless and sinking, so the blessed Son of God seeks and saves the lost, helpless, dying sinner, and that he, even then as he sat in the boat, might be saved.

Ah, reader, how is it with you? You, too, have no doubt been near death, and perhaps have also seen some go home from this world of sorrow in triumph! saved by grace, and rejoicing in their

Saviour's love. We ask you as we asked our friend, John B.: Are you ready to meet God just now? Are you ready, should you be called away this very moment? May God grant you to find Him now in this day of salvation.

Two Pictures

A POOR shoemaker lay stricken down by sore disease, and reduced to the lowest depths of poverty. One who had heard of his sad case went to see him. Although no stranger to the abodes of want and wretchedness, the visitor was not prepared for such a scene as met his eyes, as, in answer to “Come in,” spoken by a failing, broken voice, he pushed open the door, and glanced around the room, bare and comfortless as poverty could make it.

On a low bed at the further end, lay, or rather reclined in an upright posture, the invalid. “You are very ill, my poor friend,” said the visitor, taking his wasted hand, “could you not lie down? surely you are too weak to sit up long?” —and he began to try to arrange the poor bed of the sufferer more comfortably. “No, sir, it is best as it is,” said the sick man, pausing for breath between each painfully uttered word. “I cannot rest,” he continued, clutching the collar of his shirt. “If I try to lie down, something here chokes me.”

The visitor sat down beside the bed and waited, for the effort of speaking had exhausted the poor sufferer, and he remained with his eyes closed, the silence broken only by his labored breathing. At length he spoke again, “I am ill, sir; am dying; a few days, may be but a few hours, and it will all be over.” He paused, then fixing his eyes upon his visitor, added, “I know how it will be, I seem to see it all. I see myself lie here a dead man; I see them come in and place me in my coffin, and carry me out at that door, down the broken stairs, right away to the cemetery; I see them lay me down and heap the sods over me, and leave me there.”

The stranger listened awestruck. The picture was faithfully painted, and it was one that admitted of no toning down. All was terribly real; all might surely happen, no one knew how soon. He turned to the bed; the dying man seemed as one already dead, his little strength was well-nigh spent, but as the visitor looked at him, the large eyes opened, and a smile of rare beauty lit up the worn features.

Presently he spoke again, “But it will not be me. I look again, up, up there,” and slowly raising his hand, he pointed upwards, “I see myself—up there—with Christ—with my Saviour—where He is.”

He could say no more. My reader, was it not enough?

N. N.

Faith in God

"I WISH I was, sir, but I cannot feel saved, I have got such a load at my heart, and I can get no relief, no rest. I know that I deserve to go to hell. I have lived all these years and never thought of God, or my soul; but now I see what a sinner I am, and oh if I could only feel saved, if I could only feel this weight of misery gone."

Week after week it was the same story; in vain we pointed out that we must believe good news before we feel the joy of it, and that God has written, "The just shall live by his faith." (Hab. 2:4).

We asked, "Can you point to any passages in the Word of God which say that a really anxious soul is to feel saved before he trusts God?" "No, sir, I don't know of any, but—but—but—I cannot feel my burden gone—"

Thus said an invalid, and her spiritual history is that of many others. And what think you, dear reader, brought relief and deliverance? (Rom. 10:8-10). "The word is nigh thee, even in thy mouth, and in thy heart: that is, the word of faith (not feeling), which we preach; that if thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised Him from the dead, thou shalt be saved. For with the heart man believeth unto righteousness; and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation."

The troubled sinner believed God's word, and forthwith her burden was gone, her load removed, and she could feel the joy she had often longed to experience. Like many others, she could only wonder afterward, how it was she had been so blind, so foolish as not to see when God had written so plainly in His Word that faith must precede feelings. Let me call the attention of the reader who is really anxious to know that he is saved to the only three passages in the New Testament, in which the word "feel" is mentioned, in connection with the sinner.

In Acts 17:27, 28, we read "They should seek the Lord, if haply they might feel after Him, and find Him, though He be not far from every one of us: for in Him we live, and move, and have our being."

This refers to a desire to know God, or in other words it indicates the state of a seeker after Him, and not the effect produced in the soul of one who has believed.

In Mark 5:28, 29, we find, "If I may touch but His (Jesus') clothes, I shall be whole. And straightway the fountain of her blood was dried up; and she felt in her body that she was healed of that plague." This plainly shows that it was not until this poor woman had by "Faith's touch" shown her faith in Jesus, that she felt that she was healed; that is, she believed first, and feeling followed, not preceded, the act of faith.

Eph. 4:19, "Who being past feeling have given themselves over unto lasciviousness."

The third scripture describes the condition of blinded and deluded sinners of the Gentiles, who are greedily feeding on the lusts of their depraved hearts, and of this defiled world.

It is, therefore, evident that none of these passages strictly applies to an anxious soul. To a sinner fully awakened to the reality of his state before God, in answer to his inquiry, "What must I do to be saved?" the divinely inspired reply was, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."

The word of God, and the work of Christ are the real, true, abiding bases upon which the knowledge of salvation is built; and until we rest there, we never have true peace or right feeling.

H. N.

Into Christ and Out of Sins

NOT long ago I met a poor crippled woman, who all day long is obliged to sit still, and while others are busy around can never stir from her chair. I noticed that she was very cheerful, and that there was a look of great peace upon her face.

One day, as I sat by her fire, talking with her, I asked her if she knew the Lord Jesus Christ as her Saviour? Her ready reply, "Yes, indeed I do," confirmed me in the thought that He was the source of her quietness of spirit and rest of heart.

It would take too long to tell in her own words the story of her conversion, the substance of which is as follows:—

One day an aged Christian neighbor came in to see Mary the cripple, and sought to win her to Christ. At her request Mary read the tenth of John, and her old friend explained it to her. Speaking of the Lord Jesus, the Good Shepherd—the old Christian lingered over the words, for they were very real and sweet to her, as one of His blood-bought sheep, safe in His care, and sheltered by Him. The aged Christian could truly say, "Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me;" and though death might soon come, she knew that the sheep of Christ "never perish;" theirs is eternal life, and on them "the second death hath no power."

Mary listened, surprised at the happy, confident tone in which her aged friend spoke. She could not understand it. "How very comfortable you seem to be!" she exclaimed at last. Ah, the happiness of others is of no use to us; we must seek Christ for Himself. Many talk of "the Saviour," but it is a different thing when we personally know Him as "our own Saviour." So the old woman doubtless was thinking, for she turned and answered the girl's exclamation rather abruptly. "I can't save you," she said, and then took leave of her.

"What can she mean?" pondered the girl when she had gone. "Can't save me!" Mary did not understand it at all. She did not know that she was really, as a child of a fallen race, lost. Reader, do you understand? When a man knows where he is going, he does not need to be told the way; but if he has lost his way, and knows it, then he is glad enough to be set upon the right track. Unhappily, there are many thousands who think they are on the right road, and would be displeased and astonished if they were told that they were all wrong; for you know "there is a way that seemeth right unto a man." Such would not understand the old Christian's remark, "I can't save you." But though Mary was one of this class, the words sank deep into her soul, and troubled her so much, that when her old friend came again, she said, "You have made me very unhappy—your words have worried me." Her friend pointed her to the Lord Jesus, who is mighty to save; but she could take no comfort. "From that moment," she said, "my sins weighed upon my soul; I saw they stood between me and God, and I felt I should sink under them."

Time went on, but brought no rest for this troubled heart. She was naturally reserved, and it was a painful effort to her to speak of the subject that concerned her so deeply; but at last she said to herself, "I must either sink under this weight of misery, or speak to someone who may be able to

help me.”

About this time a young man, who had known her from childhood, came to see her. “Well, Mary,” he said, “how are you?”

She assured him she was well; but he had noticed the look of trouble on her face, and had attributed it to ill health.

“The truth is,” Mary’s mother said, “she is very unhappy; she is afraid to die.”

“Afraid to die!” repeated the young man; “why?”

“My sins make me tremble at the thought of death. What can I do to get rid of my sins?”

“What do you think about your sins?” he asked.

“I do not know,” she replied; “I only know I must sink under them.”

Her friend spoke much to her of sin, and its solemn consequences, and of her state as a sinner before God.

“I quite longed,” continued the cripple, “to hear something different. I wanted to do something, and he wanted to show me that, as a lost sinner, I could do nothing. At last he said, ‘Mary, press forward; forget your sins; it is into Christ, and out of your sins.’”

“As he spoke,” said Mary, “I felt the very presence of the blessed Saviour near me, and His own words came into my mind: ‘I am the Way, and the Truth, and the Life.’ I rested in Him, and the peace which He then gave me I have never once lost.”

“There is therefore now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus.” (Rom. 8:1).
“Therefore if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature: old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new. And all things are of God, who hath reconciled us to Himself by Jesus Christ.” (2 Cor. 5:17, 18)

S. C. M. A.

Going Straight to Jesus

SOME years ago, when residing in the south of Ireland, an incident occurred which I relate, hoping it may encourage others who live in that country. A woman who occasionally worked at my house told me one day that her husband was very ill. I felt greatly interested in hearing of him, and often inquired for him, even wishing my husband to go and see the man. Soon after, I heard he had been taken to the infirmary, and then that he had been discharged as incurable. A longing to help the man arose—unaccountably, I should say, were it not that we believe God surely uses His children as His ambassadors of mercy in this sorrowful world; and, my husband being ill, I determined to go myself and see him, feeling how solemn it was for a fellow-creature to be dying within reach of one who believed in the eternal realities of heaven and hell. I knew that the priest was visiting him, and I knew only too well how he would turn the truth of God into a lie, and exalt the creature more than the Creator, the Creator—who is also the Saviour, God—“who will have all men to be saved and to come into the knowledge of the truth.”

Taking some few bodily comforts with me, I accordingly went to his house, knocked, and asked his wife if I could see him. She looked much astonished, saying the priest had been, but I persevered in my request, and she said she would ask her husband. From an inside room I heard his reply—“She can if she likes”—and I entered. I gave him what I brought, and spoke to him of his suffering, to which he replied very indifferently as if my visit were quite an intrusion, turning away from me the while. I asked then, “Have you any hope of recovery?”

“No,” he replied; “the doctor says I can’t get better, I must die.”

“Poor man,” I said, “you must die, and where are you going?”

“Oh,” he said, “to purgatory; I must go to purgatory.”

“Oh, how dreadful,” I exclaimed; “purgatory; what a thought!”

“Yes,” he said, “there is nothing else for me but that.”

“But do you know that Jesus Christ has died to purge away our sins? He was the Sin-Bearer, the Substitute; He stood in our place, and bore the punishment that we deserved.” And I went on to quote many scriptures, and among them I especially dwelt on these texts, “Christ also hath once suffered for sins, the Just for the unjust, to bring us to God,” and “When he had, by Himself, purged our sins, He sat down on the right hand of the Majesty on high.” He looked at me very earnestly, and I went on.

“Are you a sinner?” “Yes,” he replied, “I’ve been a great sinner.”

“Then,” I said, “do you know who Jesus came to save?”

“I suppose He came to save sinners, but I’m not quite sure, and the priest says I must go to purgatory because of my sins. I’m a poor man and have not the money to pay, and I’m miserable at thinking how long I shall be there.”

Much more in the same strain passed, and I left him with several texts to think over. When I asked him if I should come again he seemed anxious for me to do so, and I could not but hope that God had opened the door, though my poor friend had told me that the priest was shortly coming to give him absolution; still, I remembered “if God be for us, who can be against us?”

The second time I went, a few days later, he looked pleased to see me, and I found he had been thinking over our previous conversation. He asked me many questions, and seemed to have a gleam of hope that he might be delivered from purgatory, fear of that being the prevailing idea in his mind.

At my third visit, when I entered the room he met me with the words, “Ah, I see it all now; Jesus is my Sin-Bearer. Yes, He has purged away all my sins, I shall not go to purgatory.” And then he asked to hear more about the One who he knew had suffered for his sins. He had been a great sinner, but he had found a greater Saviour. He was getting very weak, and could not say much, but I left him calmly resting on the Lord Jesus, with the assurance that the work He had done on the cross availed for him, and that He would take him safe home to glory.

This was the last time I saw him. Early one morning, a few days after, calling his wife to him he said, “Mary, I’m dying, but I’m going straight to Jesus—no purgatory for me. I bless God that I ever saw Mrs. J to show me the way to Jesus. I shall soon be with Him.”

J.

Like Sheep

“LIKE sheep,” saith the Scripture— “All we like sheep have gone astray.” “Like sheep they are laid in the grave; this their way is their folly: yet their posterity approve their sayings.” Sinners on their way to death are following their leaders like sheep. Sheep are timid creatures; but let the butcher drag one up his narrow passage, and the flock will follow. And it matters not where the devil is dragging poor sinners, the flock follows.

No one working for the salvation of souls fails to see and mourn over this “like-sheep,” this “follow-the-leader” character in men. Alas! how many, who once professed to seek salvation and peace, have gone down to eternal destruction because they would do what some friend did. Like sheep they have gone to the slaughter, although, unlike sheep, they knew, too faithfully, where their friend was going.

Hosanna

COME let us as to God brought nigh
Extol His Christ, our Lord most high;
Although no words His worth can tell,
Our lowly song He loveth well.
Praise and honor we sing to
Thee, Jesus, Saviour, who bought us free.
Hosanna! Hosanna! Hosanna!
Sing we to God's Lamb.
Now rais'd above all heaven's height,
His garment is unsullied light—
Light so intense, no eye can gaze
While here on those majestic rays.
Praise and honor, etc.
But dimly now, as through a glass,
That glorious Light doth sweetly pass;
Soon, with glad songs of His rich grace,
We'll gaze upon Him face to face.
Praise and honor, etc.
Adapted from the Swedish by S. C. H.

Watering the Soil

DURING a dry and hot spring a gardener said to me, "It is of no use sowing seed this weather; we must wait for the rain." Now, is it not often thus in sowing the seed of the Word? Surely we need to water the soil with our tears: we need to cry to God, if we would see the seed spring up.

Members of Christ's Body

THE closest union exists between Christ and His people. True believers are united by the Holy Ghost to Christ in heaven so that we read, "We are members of His body, of His flesh, and of His bones." (Eph. 5:30) There is no separation possible between Christ and His people. To suppose a member of Christ being lost would be to suppose imperfection in the body, of which Christ is the head. All this is sovereign grace. Our faith does not unite us to Christ, but the Spirit of God who dwells in the believer effects the union. The Holy Ghost who came down to earth when Christ went up to heaven. Thus we have the infinite grace of God to rest our souls upon. The Spirit of God uses the figure of the human body that we may really comprehend the meaning of this marvelous union between Christ and people. What can be more intimate than the membership of the different parts of the human body? And by grace the believer is taken out of his former sinful state, and is made a member of the body of Christ.

The believer is thus united to Christ in heaven. Christ does not unite Himself to man in his fallen condition. He was made in the likeness of sinful flesh, but in Him, there was no sin. He became a man to deliver His people from sin, the world, Satan, and themselves. "Forasmuch then as the children are partakers of flesh and blood, He also Himself likewise took part of the same; that through death He might destroy him that had the power of death, that is, the devil; and deliver them who through fear of death were all their lifetime subject to bondage." (Heb. 2:14, 15).

In the death of the Lord we see the end of what we are, for He in perfect grace took our place and bore our penalty: it is as risen from the dead and ascended to heaven that Christ is the Head of His Church. From heaven the Holy Ghost has come down to earth to unite all true believers to their Head in heaven.

H. F. W.

Branches of the Vine

EVERY professing Christian is a branch of Christ, the true Vine, even as every Israelite was a branch of the vine of Israel; and, being a branch, the believer is responsible to abide in Christ.

How is fruit to be borne? The branch apart from the parent stem is a branch and nothing more. The branch possesses in itself no power whatever to bear fruit, and the Lord says “without,” or apart from, “Me ye can do nothing.” Fruit-bearing results from abiding in Christ. The Lord says, “Abide in Me, and I in you. As the branch cannot bear fruit of itself, except it abide in the vine; no more can ye, except ye abide in Me.” (John 15:4)

Let us mark the order of these words. First the Lord says, “Abide in Me,” next, “I in you.” This shows us that His abiding in us is conditional upon our abiding in Him, and is quite different from the sovereignty which has made us by His Spirit members of His body, or which has chosen us for the purpose that we should go and bring forth fruit. It is gracious, indeed, that the Lord should abide in us, but the point which we would press, is the condition marked out in the Lord’s words, “If ye abide in me” (5:7); “If ye keep my commandments” (5:10). The question is not of life, but of fruitfulness; and fruitfulness is the result of abiding, not simply of life in Christ. If we are full of ourselves or the world we are not abiding in Christ, and therefore He is not abiding in us. We may have life in Him, and be members of His body, but yet not have communion with Him. These words of the Lord, “Abide in me, and I in you,” are directly practical.

Unless Christ abide in us we do not bear fruit— “Without Me ye can do nothing.” We may be very busy, and there may be a fine show, but when the fruit is looked for by the Father it will be ‘nothing.’ Christ is the strength of all practical holiness wrought by God’s people; apart from Christ, let the work done occupy the length of an hour or a year, there is no fruit for God. We shall not bear fruit by occupying ourselves in inquiring whether we are so doing, but being occupied with Christ we bear fruit. His dependence on His Father, and His obedience, are thus, in a small degree, reproduced in us.

Fruit-bearing, it must be borne in mind, is not necessarily testimony for God. We need not be preachers, teachers, Sunday school workers, or anything else, in order to bear fruit; no, we may be poor sick creatures upon our beds, unable scarce to say one word. The Father is the husbandman, and He knows where and what the fruit is. And of this much we are sure, whoever abides in Christ bears fruit.

We are called to bear fruit upon earth—for we belong to Christ—and no doubt every believer does bear some fruit for God. The vine grows on the earth, not in heaven; and heaven will not be the place where believer bears fruit for God, as Jesus did when He was here below. The Lord says, “Herein is my Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit (mark, much fruit); so shall ye be My disciples” (ver. 8). The whole of the Lord’s life was one continuous act of fruitbearing. When alone in prayer, alone in conflict, child subject to His parents, everywhere and at all times, Jesus bore much fruit for His Father. It is as following Him that we glorify His Father, and bearing much fruit

we are like our Master, who says to us, "So shall ye be My disciples."

H. F. W.

Influence

IT is said that when a note is struck the sound continues in widening circles long after the human ear has lost its softest tones. Such is influence. It begins at home, and widens out in an ever-extending circle. We meet our neighbor, his countenance catches the expression of our spirit, his mind receives the impress of ours, and he in turn communicates thereof to others. The music of a true Christ-like spirit vibrates a long way off: it never dies.

H. F. W.

William Farel.

(Continued from p. 15).

FOR a few days Farel left Aigle to preach and teach in the villages around. He then returned to his work as before in the school and church of Aigle. The priests contented themselves for a while with calling him bad names at a safe distance. They were too ignorant to argue with him, and they knew that he would appeal to the Bible if they attempted it.

Farel heard that one priest at Lausanne was far more intelligent and less prejudiced than the rest—that he was besides a sincere and honest man. His name was Natalis Galeotto. He was a chaplain to the Bishop of Lausanne. Farel had no means of speaking to this priest: he, therefore, wrote him a letter.

He said that the Lord Jesus was willing to listen when any sinful man came to speak to Him. He never turned away from the least or lowest. Therefore it was only asking Natalis to follow in the steps of his Master when he requested that he would listen for a while to one who had no claim to learning or greatness.

Then Farel related his own history, how the Lord had brought him from pitch darkness into His own marvelous light. He entreated Natalis to see to it that he taught the same blessed gospel as that which God in His mercy had taught to Master Faber, and to him. “And,” he added, “you will not be able to do otherwise than preach it, if by the marvelous grace of God you, too, have been rescued from the power of sin and Satan;” and ended by entreating Natalis to cast aside all that man has invented, and to take God’s Word alone, as the one treasury out of which to draw forth all that he preached and taught, submitting himself wholly to that Word, and to that only.

This letter was treated by Natalis with silent contempt. But it will be one day remembered by him who despised it. The day will come when he will stand at the judgment seat of Christ, and that message of God’s love and grace will appear against him—Christ’s call to him through His servant—the call which he refused and disobeyed. What a solemn thing it is for each one of us, when such messages reach us, the entreaty come from whom it may, that we should submit ourselves to the Word of God, and judge all our doings by that alone. From God only can such a message come. And if any who have read these words of Farel, would take the opposite course to this poor priest, it would be a blessed day for their souls. God would be well-pleased at the sight of

those who set diligently to work to compare their belief, their practice, their outward religious forms, with His blessed Word, and who, at any cost, give up, there and then, all that cannot there be found and proved. Many a beloved friend would be offended, many a beloved form would be set aside, but Christ would be honored, and His presence would be known. "He that hath My commandments, and keepeth them, he it is that loveth Me; and he that loveth Me shall be loved of My Father, and I will love him, and will manifest Myself to him" Was it much to expect of Natalis that he should at once get a Bible, and compare his belief with the words of God? That he should search through that book, which he owned to be of God, to see whether his masses, his service-books, his vestments, his saints' days, his images his seven sacraments, were there to be found? It was, indeed, much to expect of him. But that much God looks for in each one who professes the name of Christ.

Are you and I careful to do this in all things great and small? We say that by the scriptures we are thoroughly furnished to all good works. Let it be seen that with regard to all we search into the Word of God, and are able to say of all, "Thus has the Lord commanded."

It was about this time that a mendicant friar came to the villages around the lake of Geneva. The mendicant friars were the followers of Francis of Assisi. Francis had commanded his monks to have no property, and to live by begging. These monks therefore roamed the country, and begged from door to door. They would return to their convents laden with money, with cheese, with wine, with fruit, with eggs, or whatever else they could persuade the village people to give them as a means of getting to heaven. Farel knew this begging friar by sight. He knew, too, that he had preached in another village that all who listened to Farel's preaching would be punished forever in hell.

The monk had now come on to Aigle. He had no intentions of giving his warnings there, He was not the man who would attack a lion in his den. He had come to Aigle to beg for some wine, for which the village was famous. He started with terror when, in the street of the village, Farel stood before him.

"I accosted him amiably," says Farel, "as our Lord has commanded. I asked him if he had preached at Novile.

"He said, 'Yes,' looking much frightened.

"I asked if the devil could preach the gospel of our Lord Jesus, and if all who hear the gospel are damned.

"He answered, 'No.'

"I said 'Why, then, did you preach that publicly? I pray you prove your words, and show me what I have said amiss, for I would sooner die than mislead poor people whom the Lord Jesus has ransomed with His precious blood. And I would rather die than teach any other gospel than that of our Lord Jesus.'

"Then he whispered in my ear, 'I was told you were a heretic, and that you misled the people.'

"I was told! that is not enough,' I answered, 'Prove that I have done it, and stick to what you have preached. As for me, I am ready to stand up for what I have preached, were it in the fire.'

“I didn’t come here to dispute with you, but to beg for my convent,’ he said; ‘whether you preach the truth or not, is no business of mine.’

“‘There is no occasion to dispute,’ I answered, ‘I only ask you to prove what you have said, for the honor of God. For the honor of God ought to be dearer to us than everything else.’

“Thus walking together, as I pressed him to prove his words, he kept turning his head this way and that, as if with an uneasy conscience. Then he whispered in my ear, ‘You are a heretic, and you lead people astray.’

“Just then, some laborers followed us, coming home from their work, and I said to them, ‘This good priest has been preaching that I am a teacher of lies, and that those who hear me are damned. And just this moment he told me I was a heretic, who leads people astray.’

“Then he said, ‘What do you say I told you? It is all out of your own head, you are mad!’

“I answered, ‘God is witness of what you said, why do you deny it? If I am what you say, prove it, nobody will hurt you, prove it to these good people. They would rather hear you than me.’”

Then the monk murmured something about Farel’s having preached against the offerings made to the church. He was, perhaps, doubtful whether he should get his wine.

“I preached,” said Farel, “and I maintain it, that no living man has a right to order any way of serving God, other than that which He has Himself commanded. He has told us neither to add to His words, nor to diminish from them. And if an angel came down from Heaven to tell us to do anything which God has not commanded, let him be accursed!”

The monk answered, “Offerings should be made for the honor of God, and in gratitude to Him.”

Farel answered, “We honor God by remembering the poor, and by keeping God’s commandments. We show Him gratitude by worshipping Him in spirit and in truth, with a broken and contrite heart, for we ought to be displeased with ourselves that we have not followed His holy commandments, according to the profession made in our baptism. It was a profession of living and dying in the faith of our Lord, and that faith is the only law for every Christian; we need make no more laws for ourselves. For there is none better than God, who can give a better rule than He has given. There is none wiser who would know how to do so. There is none greater who has a right to do so.”

The monk, not knowing what to say, or how to get away, behaved like a naughty child. He pulled off his cap, threw it on the ground, and stamped upon it with rage, saying, “I wonder the earth doesn’t swallow you up!”

“Listen to Master Farel,” said a countryman, laying his hand on the monk’s sleeve, “he is willing to listen to you.”

“Don’t put your excommunicated hand upon me!” said the monk.

“Is everybody excommunicated who touches you?” said the countryman, “have you a different God from ours?”

A crowd had gathered by this time, and fearing a disturbance, a constable came up, seized the monk and Farel, and led them off to prison. He shut up the monk in one tower, and Farel in the other. The next morning, they were taken before the magistrates, and Farel was allowed to make his defense.

“Gentlemen,” said Farel, “you are the rulers to whom God has commanded us to give honor, because He has entrusted you with authority, to be used for His glory. If I have been misleading the people, as this friar says, I desire to be punished. But in that case, the friar must prove that what I preach is contrary to the Word of God. But if he cannot prove it, I desire that those to whom he has falsely accused me, may be undeceived.”

The frightened monk here fell upon his knees, and said, “My lords, I ask your pardon. Master Farel, I ask your pardon also. I am willing to own that I spoke against you on account of false reports which I heard of you.”

“Don’t ask my pardon,” said Farel. “I had forgiven you, and I had prayed to God for you, before I met you in the street. I should have said nothing about it, had it only concerned me. But it was a question of the honor of God. It was His blessed gospel which was evil spoken of. As for me, I am only a poor sinner, with no righteousness of my own, saved only by the death of Jesus. I do not want to have you punished, I only want you to say, here in public, before my face, what you said behind my back; I can then give you my reasons for preaching as I have done.”

A gentleman from Berne, coming in at this moment, proposed that the monk should be sentenced to hear Farel’s sermon the next day, and if he found nothing in it contrary to the Bible, he should publicly confess that he agreed with it. On the other hand, if he found it was false teaching, he should give his reasons for saying so. The monk was sentenced accordingly, and then released, having promised, by giving his hand, that he would appear at the sermon, next day. But he was never seen again.

F. B.

The Passover

THERE is little doubt that you have often read the account God gives us of His great plagues on the land of Egypt. Perhaps you have noticed that the first nine of them were more or less connected with things of nature. The tenth plague differs from the others. Jehovah acts Himself, going Himself throughout the land.

“About midnight will I go out into the midst of Egypt: and all the firstborn in the land of Egypt shall die, from the firstborn of Pharaoh that sitteth upon his throne, even unto the firstborn of the maidservant that is behind the mill; and all the firstborn of beasts.” At the beginning of God’s messages to Pharaoh He had said, “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.” And now, after the lapse of perhaps a year, the time had come for the execution of the threat.

How vain it is to suppose that God’s judgment will not come, simply because in His longsuffering He lingers and waits before He smites. With Him a thousand years is as one day.

Pharaoh’s heart was hardened, and at midnight, according to Jehovah’s word, the destroyer passed through the whole of Egypt. He entered the palaces and the temples—those wonderful works of man, like which there are none in the wide world—and he entered the prisons where the captives were bound. Not one dwelling was passed by.

In those days they had their feasts and parties, and dressed beautifully and spoke politely—even as in England at this present time. There is no building in England to be compared with the palaces of Egypt for grandeur, and we may, therefore, picture the scene to our minds just as if it took place among people not altogether unlike ourselves.

Wherever the destroyer came he found the first born, whom neither tears nor prayers could save from the stroke. Suddenly on that awful night in every household in Egypt there was one dead. The Egyptians used to mourn and cry loudly when anyone died; they left their houses and ran into the streets, making bitter lamentation. This is still the case—friends and neighbors and weepers assembling to lament, in loud voices, with the bereaved. What must the “great cry throughout the land of Egypt” have been on that awful midnight! How the little children of Israel must have trembled when the fearful sounds rolled all around them!

It is very terrible to speak of such things. We feel as we do so how hateful to God rebellion against Him and sin must be, and the judgment on Egypt seems to speak to us of judgment yet to come on those, who in our day, rebel against God and continue in sin in spite of all His messages to them to repent.

In speaking about the tenth plague, we can hardly separate in our minds the judgment of God in bringing death into the houses of the Egyptians and His mercy in delivering the houses of the Israelites. Where death was not seen outside the house, death came inside; where the blood was

sprinkled on lintel and doorposts the house was free? Do you understand this? The land of Egypt was under God's judgment, and God's only way of saving His people from the judgment was by the blood of the lamb—the death of a sacrifice in their stead. And this speaks to us of Jesus and His blood. The world is under the judgment of God because of its rebellion and its sin, and now God's only way of saving us from “the wrath to come” is by the death of His obedient Son, who bore the judgment in the sinner's stead. There is no possible way of escape for anyone of us save by the death of Jesus.

Every house was to take a lamb—the lamb was to be without blemish—and the people of the house were to keep the lamb four days before they killed it. At the end of that time, following the word of Jehovah, they would be ready to go, every piece of furniture and all the goods they purposed to carry away packed up, all the cattle and the flocks gathered together, and, above all, every child round about the parents in their homes. Their garments were not to be lying about the rooms, their clothes were to be fastened on ready for their journey, their shoes were on their feet, and even their staves were to be in their hands. If you look carefully at our picture, you will see the lamb upon the table, the lamp burning, and you will notice the basket, with the household goods in it, ready packed for the journey.

While the sun was setting in the cloudless sky, before the rich red and gold were seen above the purple horizon at sundown, “between the evenings,” all the congregation of Israel were slaying their lambs, and then the head of the house put the blood of the lamb in a basin, and taking a bunch of the little herb called hyssop, he sprinkled the sides and the heads of the doors of his house, as Jehovah had commanded. This done, every one of them, from the eldest to the youngest, went within their houses, and they shut their doors and waited in quietness as Lord had said.

This picture gives us a view of a somewhat large Egyptian house, one belonging to a person of means; those of the poor were chiefly built of mud, were only one story high, and had merely a small door facing the street; the court belonging to the house being at the rear of it.

The family is standing around the table whereon the roasted lamb is placed. The lamb was not to have one of its bones broken, it was to be roasted whole, teaching us again of the holy Lamb of God, who was the perfect sacrifice for sinners, and who bore the fire, as it were, of God's judgment in our stead.

The people ate with the lamb bitter herbs, which probably were endive, nettles, or wild lettuce, and bread made of wheat, spelled, barley, oats or rye, but unleavened. These things again showing us, first, the spirit in which the sinner should think of Jesus who died for him, even the spirit of grief and bitterness, because of all that the suffering Lamb of God endured for him; and second, that those who by faith have made Jesus theirs, whose souls live by His dying for them, are a holy people, separate from the world of sin and disobedience, for leaven always stands for sin in the Bible.

When the head of a family had sprinkled the blood upon the outside of his door, there was nothing to be seen by those who stood around the table eating of the lamb. They had obeyed God, they had sheltered themselves under the blood, and that was all that they could do. Suppose the children naughty or good, still it made no difference, the blood was the shelter, and the only shelter

of all alike. And whoever puts his trust in the blood of God's Lamb is quite safe. The blood of His Son is God's token that there is no judgment for us.

But did no eye see the blood? Yes, indeed, Jehovah looked for it, for He had said, "And when I see the blood I will pass over you." He looked upon it, and the blood of the little kid or lamb slain in Egypt was to God a sign of that blood which Jesus was to shed, and which He has shed upon the cross, and trusting in which every sinner is safe; for the word is true today as it was that midnight, many hundreds of years gone by, "When I see the blood I will pass over you."

H. F. W.

"CHRIST our Passover is sacrificed for us: therefore let us keep the feast, not with old leaven, neither with the leaven of malice and wickedness; but with the unleavened bread of sincerity and truth." — 1 Cor. 5:7, 8.

Charley and His Mother

THE last rays of the setting sun shone into a room where a mother sat, keeping watch beside her sick child. Her face wore an expression of hopeless anguish, for she was thinking of the parting which was too surely coming—of that hour which each setting sun was bringing nearer and nearer, when her only child, whom she had watched day by day fading from her side, must leave her; and she knew that not even the might of a mother's love could prevail to snatch him from the relentless grasp of death.

"When my baby girl died," she said to herself, "they told me to take comfort—to think of my boy, and live for him; but now—" Sighing heavily she rose and bent over the sofa where the sick boy lay. "wonder," she thought, as she laid her hand tenderly against his hot cheek, "what he would say against he knew he was going to leave me."

Charley had not been asleep, only resting; and as his mother touched him, he looked up at her and smiled. He, too, had been thinking of the parting that was coming; for, though no one had said plainly, "You are dying, Charley; your short life of fourteen years in this world is nearly spent," he knew that God's call for him had come, and Charley was ready, so ready that he did not need to think of himself—the lamb in the arms of the Good Shepherd is not careful to know whither it is being carried; all his thoughts were for his mother, whose tears were falling fast as he looked at her.

"I almost wish, mother," he said quietly, "you could die before me."

"Why, Charley?"

"Because, with what I believe, I could bear to live without you better than you could bear to be without me."

Charley's words went straight to his mother's heart. "With what he believes," she repeated again and again to herself. Her chosen friends had been freethinking people, as those call themselves who count it a privilege to grope in the darkness of their own thoughts, boasting that they can by searching find out God, while they shut their eyes to the clear light which shines from His Word, and she had listened to them only too readily.

"O God, teach me, too, to believe," was now the cry of her soul. That cry was answered. Before her Charley was taken where "Pain and sickness ne'er can enter," his mother's sad heart had found a sure resting place; she knew and believed the love of God to her, and could look forward to the day when she should meet her boy again in the presence of the Lord Jesus, where all His redeemed will dwell with Him, and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain, for the former things shall have passed away.

N. N.

I Love Jesus

A LADY was speaking to some children about the love of the Lord Jesus. A little girl named Lizzie sat upon a low stool at her feet. As the lady ceased speaking, Lizzie asked if they might sing "Safe in the Arms of Jesus."

"Why do you wish to sing that hymn?" said the lady.

"Because I want to feel safe in His arms," was the reply.

They sang the hymn together, and then the lady spoke again of the Good Shepherd who gave His life for the sheep. Lizzie sat with clasped hands, and a bright smile covered her face. Suddenly she started up, and putting her arms around her friend's neck, she exclaimed, "I love Jesus."

"Why do you love Him, Lizzie?"

"Because He first loved me," was her reply; then she added, "and I love you, too, for telling me about Him loving little children. Dear Jesus, I will sing to Him now, for He has made me feel so safe."

This little child would frequently go to some lonely spot, and sing simple hymns of praise to Him who first loved her. And her artless talk and loving smile gave many to know that she had been in the company of the Lord Jesus.

"Do you love Jesus?" would be her simple question; then, while awaiting a reply, she would say, "I love Him, He has made me so safe; will you love Him too?"

God, by His Spirit, thus used dear Lizzie to lead many of her companions to Him, and, through her, quite a band of little pilgrims turned their faces heavenward.

Lizzie is still living, though separated from those who first told her of a Saviour's love. Her young companions often speak of her. "Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings Thou hast perfected praise."

E. E. S.

Can You Tell Us the Story of Jesus?

NOT long ago a missionary was traveling among the mountains of Galilee. He was not alone, for his wife, a lady lately come from England, accompanied him. As she was not very strong, nor well accustomed to ride for many hours together, her husband had arranged with the Arab, who was their guide, that they should make the journey to the place where they were going in two days, not traveling more than seven hours a day. The guide readily agreed, and was paid accordingly. But an Arab cannot be trusted, and so, as the travelers rode on, hour after hour, and did not come to the place where they had arranged to spend the night, they began to fear that their guide had deceived them. It was even so. In order to get two days' wage for one day's work he had purposely led them past the halting-place, and intended to push on to the journey's end that night.

What was to be done? The missionary feared for his wife to take such a long ride, so he resolved to stop at the first village they came to, and try to get shelter for the night.

At last they reached a small village on a mountain height, but they were not well received. "You must wait," they were told, "till the chief comes home; we shall then know whether to let you in or not." As the weary travelers stood waiting in the yard they remembered that it was the time of the evening meal, and, as they knew that it is the custom of the country if a guest arrives after three o'clock to give him whatever may be in the house, they were the less surprised a not having been welcomed more warmly.

"These people are very poor," they said to each other. "It must seem hard to them to give the meal they have prepared for themselves to strangers whom they have never seen, and yet they would consider the honour of the house gone forever if they let us it and did not offer us all they had. Let us tell them we have our supper with us, and only desire a room in which to lie down and rest."

When the poor people heard that the strangers were provided with food, they willingly admitted them, and offered to cook the chicken they had brought with them. After supper they were shown to the guest chamber. I daresay you have never been in such poor room as this was; its only furniture was a mat spread for sleeping upon, and a small oil lamp, but the missionary and his wife were very thankful even for such a resting place. Utterly wearied, the poor lady threw herself upon the mat, and had all but fallen asleep when she heard a noise as of footsteps at the chamber door, and, raising her head, saw two old women creep cautiously into the room. What could they want? You may imagine the joyful astonishment of the missionaries when, after the evening greeting, quickly came the question which you saw at the beginning of this paper; "Can you tell us the story of Jesus?"

Forgetting his weariness, the missionary began at once, in that bare room in the little village standing alone on one of the mountain heights of Galilee, to tell to those simple country-women, whose hearts GO had touched, the wonderful story they had asked for. He had lately been thinking much of the life, and death, and ascension of our Lord, for he was writing, in very simple words, a little book about these things for the Arab children. So he just told them the "old, old story,

simply, as to a little child,” and, as the hours went on, the missionary’s wife, still laying on her mat, too tired to speak, heard her husband’s voice as he—

Told “the story” slowly

That they might take it in;

That wonderful redemption,

God’s remedy for sin,

She saw the rapt faces of the eager listeners, to whose ears it was no twice-told tale, but the “good news of God concerning His Son, Jesus Christ our Lord.”

N. N.

Perseverance

WITHOUT perseverance it is impossible to succeed. It matters little how strong or how clever anyone may be, should he fail in sticking to his work he will never get on.

The Bible bids us “run with patience,” swiftly and ploddingly. Alas, how many a young Christian has made a good start, but has for lack of earnest perseverance, dropped off! As month after month passes away we feel more and more the need of continuance in well-doing, of pressing forward, of girding up the loins. Dear boys and girls who have by grace begun the Christian race, pray, pray earnestly for perseverance.

A Father's Love-Token

THE October sun was shining brightly and its glad rays were watched by dying man. It was the last time his large blue eyes were to see those golden streaks far brighter glory awaited him. Now he must face that great reality—death—and he could do so calmly and quietly, for his Saviour had taken away the sting and dispelled the gloom.

As the afternoon closed in and the sun was sinking, the invalid called his wife, and then his children, around his bedside. From the eldest, to whom he gave his mother's Bible, to the little child, who could hardly understand—one by one they were brought in, and each, separately, said a sad farewell. One only was absent, and he, thousands of miles away, was plowing the sea in an East Indiaman.

We must leave the sick chamber a moment and visit the sailor son. He is asleep in his bunk, and in his dreams wanders to his dear home in the beautiful county of Kent: He sees the red house and the garden, every corner of which he knows. Now he seems to enter one room—it is his father's—and in his dream he beholds those whom he loves around a deathbed, and sees his beloved father passing away.

The tears were on his pillow when the sailor lad awoke, and, with a heavy heart, he went on deck and told the captain his dream, and said he felt sure it was too true. And so it was, for as that short October day died away, the sun of the dying Christian set, but only to rise and shine in fairer climes.

Before the father passed away he requested that his watch chain should be brought to him, and, taking a large gold locket off it, he said to his wife, "Give this to my absent boy, with my love and blessing, and tell him I did not forget him."

A year has passed—the East Indiaman has arrived at Liverpool, and the sailor boy, weather-beaten and grown, is at the door of his new home. What a greeting he receives! What a long, loving kiss from his widowed mother! How his heart beats with pleasure once more to see her and those he loves! But the father is not there.

"My boy," said his mother, "your father did not forget you," and she produced the golden locket. What a treasure it was to the boy! As he raised it to his lips, his kisses told how much, how very much, he valued it; and even now, although years have rolled by, the chief of his treasures is his father's love-token.

The memory of some loved one is fresh in your mind, dear reader, and probably you have your love-tokens in dose keeping; will you once more meet your friends who have gone to be with the Lord? Shall the love which still burns in your heart toward them be once more rejoiced by your meeting them in the home above where there are no separations?

The bright time of the assembling together of all of God's children is near at hand. What are your hopes for that day? Have you the Christ of God as your Saviour? Have you received God's

gift—His beloved Son, the Saviour of the sinner, as your own? Do you answer humbly, but confidently, Yes? Is it yours to say God has by His Spirit made His Christ your Saviour? Then, like the writer, you can look on beyond the homes of this poor dying world, and beyond the grave, to the reunions and the bliss of heaven.

W. S. W.

How Can I Find Out That Christ Is Mine?

WHEN God, by His Spirit, works in the heart of a poor sinner, we are constrained to exclaim, How perfect are His doings His ways may be varied in different individuals, yet the result is always the same in every case; it is the bursting forth of God's sunlight in the dark mind; it is Jesus Coming in to make His abode in the heart and affections. Whoever the individual maybe, thus wrought upon by God, there is a new creation, and this is effected in God's own way and time. The most spiritually minded cannot fathom His ways of working. Again and again when we hear of His dealings, that gloriously grand Scripture comes freshly to the soul, "The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth: so is every one that is born of the Spirit."

One hot June afternoon I was meditating on the first ten verses of Luke 19, and thinking of the rich man there spoken of who had never seen Jesus, and who climbed into the sycamore tree to behold the wondrous One pass under it. Meditation upon the ready eye and loving heart of the Lord—never missing one glance of the sinner towards Himself, filled my soul with gladness, and even while I was blessing Him for the certain knowledge that those who seek shall find, and as my open Bible lay upon the table, Margaret, the subject of this story, entered the room.

Though I had never seen her, I had often heard of her, and was interested in her spiritual state. Margaret was a fine young woman, not yet twenty years of age, but as she sat down by my side, I saw at once that she was far gone in consumption. She could not speak for a time, through the exhaustion caused by her walking to my house; but after a little rest, she turned her eyes full upon me, and never, never shall I forget those big, glassy eyes, brimming with tears, and the beseeching agony of soul they expressed. Her sorrow went to my heart. Presently she said: "Do you know this?" at the same time putting down a piece of paper, on which were some lines of poetry, and pointing to these words, I read—

"Creation's work is beautiful, her shadows and her lights;

Men love to gaze upon her, in all her varied sights;

But she is nothing, nothing, compared with the bliss

Of KNOWING CHRIST IS MINE, AND KNOWING I AM HIS."

I was familiar with the verse, and well, indeed, could I realize the meaning of the two last lines. Having told this to my visitor, she earnestly said, "O! then that is what I have come about, I want to know how I can find out that Christ is mine? O! How can I know that? This is what I want. You say you know this; tell me, O, tell me what I want—I want Him. I am dying, the doctor has told me the truth, and I am assured he is right. Now tell me, I entreat you, how I can find it out. I could die joyfully if I knew He was mine and I was His."

I was so overcome with Margaret's deep, agonizing earnestness, that I could not reply for a few moments, and silently looked to God for the word, then I said, "Maggie, all are lost who do not

know Jesus. Do you believe this?"

"O, yes," she said, "I am lost, I know that—yes, I am lost without Him, I feel that, I am sure of that."

"And you want to find out the way to be saved by Him?"

"Yes! yes! I do, I do."

"Well then, listen." She sat up closer to my invalid chair, as close as she could get, and with breathless eagerness listened while I slowly read aloud to her the last verse of the portion from Luke 1 had just been enjoying, "'The Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost.' Now, dear Maggie, you have nothing to 'find out' Zacchæus thought he would 'find out' something about Jesus, but Jesus found him out instead, and called him down to go with Him. Jesus in His love to the lost sinner went with Zacchæus to abide in his house. Now Jesus is the same today as He was then, and He meets with you this afternoon; and God says to you, as we read in the last verse of John 3, 'He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life.' If you can take His own word for it, you are His this moment."

"Then I do take Him at His word!" she exclaimed, "and He is mine."

"Now I am sure that you can, from your heart, finish the lines which brought you here. Can you not?"

"Oh, yes," she said, "I am His!" and she burst into tears of joy and rejoicing. Hearing this, I could but kneel down and thank our Lord Jesus for His grace, in thus revealing Himself to one who had so truly longed to know Him.

Our interview being ended, she went to her home "a new creature in Christ Jesus."

She grew more bright and lovely in spirit, rejoicing in the Lord Day by day. On one occasion her old aunt said to a friend who called at the house, inquiring if Maggie were at home.

"Is Maggie in, did you say? Ah! come and see. I's fairly capped [astonished]; it isn't Maggie, its no' but [only] her shell there's an angel inside of her now."

How true was that word of the aged relative, but it was no angel who was within poor Maggie's heart; no, indeed, but Christ Himself in her, as we read "Christ in you the hope of glory." Verily old things had passed away, all things had become new, and all were of God. Would that in each of us only the "shell" of former self remained, and that Christ occupied every bit of the inside. What words are these, "I in them!" (John 17:23).

Maggie's home was a sorrowful one. Her mother was dead, and her father was an unfeeling, drunken man. This was a deep sorrow to her poor heart, for she was gentle and tender, and these bitter circumstances, no doubt, hindered the out bursting of much joy. Within she had peace, but her father was a heavy burden to her soul.

A few months after our first interview, Maggie was gently taken from us to be "forever with the Lord." Her end was great peace in the experience of His love which passeth knowledge, a calm and holy confidence, and a patient waiting to be free, accompanied by a deep longing for Him who so loved her. It was with her "I have no will, no spirit of my own, all, all is Thine, Lord. Thy love is

mine, Lord, and mine is Thine, Lord.”

She fell asleep one Lord’s Day morning just before daybreak—her last words were, “I am His!” Never since the hour when she first believed had she a doubt or a shadow of a doubt. She now fully knows what it is to be “His.”

Dear reader, do you know the Lord for yourself? Have you a personal acquaintance with Him? The hour is coming when you will need Him. I pray you give no rest to your soul till you know that “He is yours and you are His.” Your last moment will come; every year you pass the month of your death, every month the date, every week the day, and every day the hour on which you will be called away, and every hour the moment by the clock on which your spirit must leave its house of clay. Yet there is another and a greater event which may overtake you. The Lord may descend from heaven with a shout, and find you unprepared. All is uncertainty here without Christ. May the Lord open your eyes, that you may see your need of Him, and then, like dear Maggie, may He give you no rest till you know what a Saviour Jesus is; till you can sing, as she did,

“Jesus is mine!

Jesus is mine.”

Z.

Are Your Sins Forgiven?

“ARE you one of God’s people?” we inquired of a person upon whom we were calling. There was no reply given, but a peculiar expression came over the countenance of the questioned one, which seemed to say, “What are you coming to such close quarters with me for?”

“Perhaps the question is not quite comprehended,” we continued. “Are your sins forgiven?”

“I am a regular attendant at my place of worship,” was the answer.

“Yes, that is so far well, but ‘Are you saved?’”

“Some people make great professions.”

“They do, but ‘are you saved?’”

“And are very presumptuous, are they not?”

“No doubt of that either, friend, but we wish you would answer our plain questions.”

“Well, I hope I shall be saved, some day.”

“That seems to be a very presumptuous remark. True humility believes God. Upon what ground do you hope to be saved some day? There is not one syllable in His book upon hoping to be saved some day, while there are numbers of passages which tell us that we are now either lost or saved. Now let us repeat the first question, ‘Are your sins forgiven?’”

But this was too much; our friend would not pursue the conversation further, but abruptly closed it with these words: “I have told you that I go to my place of worship, that is sufficient.”

Dear reader, let this plain and pointed question receive an answer from your heart, “Are your sins forgiven?”

They Seeing, See Not

“THEY seeing see not; and hearing they hear not, neither do they understand.”

“For this people’s heart is waxed gross, and their ears are dull of hearing, and their eyes they have closed; lest at any time they should see with their eyes, and hear with their ears, and should understand with their heart, and should be converted, and I should heal them,” (Matt. 13:13, 15).

Read again and again the above words, ponder them, unconverted soul. Eyes, ears, hearts, all closed to Christ, and to salvation. They will not see, they will not hear, they will not understand lest they should be converted. They do not want to be converted, therefore they are determined not to see their true state, nor to hear their sentence, nor to let the word of God into their hearts.

“You shall never convert me,” said a young man to us recently; “I won’t turn religious.” Such was his will! God ready to heal every disease of sin, ready to save, but he resolute in shutting up himself against God.

“They seeing see not.” They are willfully blind, blind to the uncertainty of life, blind to the sudden death of a neighbor, blind to the plain, staring facts of sin and judgment to come.

“Hearing they hear not.” They will not hear Jesus’ voice, “I will in no wise cast out.” They will not hear, “God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have everlasting life.” They will not hear— “After death the judgment.” “Neither do they understand that to be converted and healed is for their own joy as well as for God’s glory.”

Home

"I WISH you could see Fanny, she is so young, such a timid, modest girl; I cannot win her confidence, and though she always answers 'yes' to what I ask, and says it brightly, still, I have not the assurance that she is a child of God."

The speaker was an earnest laborer in the Lord's vineyard; he had visited Fanny for a long time, and had spoken to her of the Great Physician, the Healer of the soul. He knew that the disease which held her fast baffled all human skill, and that her young life was hastening to its close; but as he said, though always gentle and ready to hear, she had never expressed to him her own thoughts, nor could he tell why she had of late answered "Yes," to his earnest questions. The lady to whom her husband had thus spoken, promised to go to see the sick girl; and one bright Sunday they stood at the gate of the cottage where she lived. They entered, and after a few kind words, Mr. D. invited the aged father to stroll with him in the fields near, thus leaving Fanny and her visitor alone.

"You seem better than I expected to find you, Fanny," her friend said, but even as she spoke she saw that although the inward fever that consumed her had left no traces of its life-destroying energy on her face, and only heightened the natural luster of her large, dark eyes, and added a bloom, as of health, to her delicate cheeks, she was, indeed, very ill. The lady hesitated as she looked at the sweet, young face, and wondered how she should begin to speak; but the girl seemed to read her thoughts.

"I know, lady, what you would say to me; you see that I am ill, very ill, you are wondering if I am ready to go; am I right?"

"Yes," replied her visitor, "it is just that; I am longing to know if you have salvation."

"I will tell you," said Fanny. "When the doctor told me that I was so very ill, I was angry, I would not believe it. At that time, Mr. D. used to visit me, and he was so gentle and patient; he would read to me, and tell me of the Lord Jesus Christ, and the beauty and brightness of having Him for a Saviour, till at last it all seemed to come to me, and about three weeks ago, Christ Himself was revealed to me; I believed on Him, and I have salvation. It was all through Mr. D.," she added, gratefully.

"He will be indeed glad when he knows this, Fanny, for he doubted if you were a child of God."

"Did he? Oh! I wanted him to know, only I had not the courage to tell him." As she spoke, tears fell from her eyes; it pained her to hear of a doubt as to the possession of that which was so real to her. Christ was hers, and she did not mind knowing she was very ill now, and that she must die. What a difference between this time and three weeks ago! She was a poor, weak, suffering thing then, but now, though she daily grew weaker and more suffering, she possessed a life which can never die, for did not the Lord Himself say: "Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that believeth on Me hath everlasting life"? Christ is still speaking, and to you, my reader, He says, even now, "The

words that I speak unto you they are spirit, and they are life.”

After some interesting conversation had passed between the visitor and her young friend, she remarked, “Your experience is a very happy one, Fanny; you have passed through no real sorrow down here, and now, soon, you are going to be immeasurably happy forever.”

“Yes,” answered her listener, “it seems to me just like this. When I was well, I used to stay with my married sister, and I was happy enough, but still it was not home, and when the cart used to come to fetch me, I would look far away to catch the first glimpse of the lovely hills of Aughrim, and when they came in sight, I used to feel I was at home—at home; I am happy—very happy though, now, nothing here on earth is home, but I am going home.” As she spoke, she leaned forward and clasped her thin fingers, as with intense earnestness she continued; “Oh! I am glad that I am going, for I fear to sin against the blessed Saviour, my great sorrow in living would be if I should grieve Him, but I shall never sin there.”

The time had passed more rapidly than Mrs. D. had thought, for from the latticed window she saw the returning figures of her husband and the old man. “Fanny,” she said, “we must part now, but I will come again.”

The girl took her kind visitor’s hand in both hers, and fixed her dark eyes with a long, earnest gaze upon her, then she softly murmured: “Forgive me, lady, I wanted to know your face again; I shall remember it now, wherever we meet; I shall know you when we meet at home.”

“But I shall come tomorrow, my child.” “We may never meet,” she answered, “I may go first.”

“Oh! no, not before I come.”

But Fanny was persistent. “It might be,” she said. Happy Fanny! It almost seemed as if she had heard, as one straining her ears for the first sound of a voice from home, the welcome message; “This day thou shalt be with Me in Paradise,” for, but a few hours after, she was gone. Fanny had only learned “the beauty and brightness of having Christ for a Saviour,” three short weeks before, but she could say, “He loved me, and gave Himself for me.” Her affections were no more upon the earth where He died, and her heart followed Him, up to the place where He now is— “Home.”

“Beyond the everlasting hills,

At God’s right hand, it lies:

His smile its vast dimension fills

With joy, that never dies.”

S. C. M. A.

Are You for Heaven?

HOW often has the voice of the guard at the window of the railway carriage, asking, "Are you for London?" roused us to the consciousness that the end of our journey was near!

Let me change the form of the question Christian reader, and ask, "Are you for heaven?" "Of course," you reply, "or I should not be a Christian." I know that, but I still ask, "Are you for heaven? Is it the place you are intent upon—living for?" Men of business who travel to town every day become so accustomed to the journey that at last they observe nothing by the way, and pay no heed to what is on either side of them. But the Christian travels to heaven knowing that every step of the road is of interest to him, and to his Lord, but set upon the goal which seems nearer and dearer to him as he presses on.

I know an old carrier in the country who travels every day of his life, except Sunday, twenty-four miles to a distant town behind a slow horse doing wearisome work on the same oft-traveled road. Shall I tell you the burden of his song? As his horse plods along, you may hear him constantly humming to himself—

"Here in the body pent,

Absent from Him I roam,

Yet nightly pitch my moving tent

A day's march nearer home."

Over and over again, day after day, he repeats the same words, "A day's march nearer home."

"The sleep of the laboring man is sweet." A working man values rest, and when Saturday comes how gladly he says, "It's Sunday tomorrow." In fact it may almost be said that through the week he lives for Sunday. Fellow Christian, is the prospect of rest sweet to us? and are we laboring to enter God's rest? Oh! how sweet will it be to sit down and see the Master come forth and serve us! None but laborers know the pleasure of sitting down.

As in olden times they discovered the fugitive Ephraimites by their way of pronouncing "shibboleth," so now the manner of speech of one who is set for heaven betrays him distinctly; like the worthies of old, such "declare plainly that they seek a country," a heavenly one.

Have you ever noticed the different way an old horse performs an outward from a homeward journey? When going away from his home he may flag and apparently weary of the way: but how differently is the homeward journey made I well remember an old favorite who would start on his seventeen miles' journey home with fresh energy, and spring, and freedom, as though at every mile he said to himself, "I'm going home." Shall we be less conscious that we are going home than one of God's dumb creatures? "The ox knoweth his owner, and the ass his master's crib, but.... My people doth not consider," has too often to be said of us. Oh! it is worthwhile reaching heaven. "Let us labor, therefore, to enter into that rest," and then the glad answer of our hearts and lives to the

question, “Are you for heaven?” may truly be— “My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth, for the courts of the Lord: my heart and my flesh crieth out for the living God.”

H. L. H.

When He Beheld the City He Wept Over It

BLESSED Jesus, why that sorrow?
Why those tears? Lord, tell to me
What has grieved Thy heart so deeply;
For I fain would weep with Thee.
I can see the sparkling sunlight,
And the City dazzling shine;
I can hear but mirth and bustle,
Saviour, give me eyes like Thine.
Tell me, tell me, why Thou weapest,
For Thou may'st not weep alone;
I would share Thy sorrow, Jesus,
I, who hope to share Thy throne.
Not for joy or glory only,
Saviour, hast Thou purchased me;
But to feel with Thee God's sorrow,
And to have a heart like Thee.
Give me bowels of compassion,
Give the tender, loving heart;
Give me eyes like springs of water,
In Thy sorrow give me part.
For the heart that feels the yearning
Over lost and ruined men,
Can alone rejoice with Thee, Lord,
When the dead one lives again.
J. S.

Power and Sympathy

THE gracious Master had spent a long day teaching the children of men the marvels of God's love, and healing their sick. He had given to His wondering followers a foretaste of the time when sorrow shall be banished from His kingdom; which, dear reader, we rejoice to know is presently to be established on this earth. And the evening came, the sun once more went down behind the hills of Judea, and then immediately a marvelous scene took place—such an one as this earth had never before witnessed. From villages and towns, down the steep mountain paths, or along the easier roads, numbers of people appeared—mothers carrying their sick babes; children bearing their dying parents; and, more strange sight still, strong men leading, or, perhaps, dragging, miserable creatures possessed with devils. Verily, it was a strange scene. And what meant the stir? What was the mighty impulse which drew forth these companies laden with sorrow? Whither were they bending their steps, and at what center were they going to lay down their accumulated misery? Laden with sorrow, did we say? Ah! sure indeed, that mother with her dying babe in her bosom bears her burden of grief upon her breast, but there is hope, aye, more than hope within her heart; she knows that if she can but reach her destination she shall carry home her child in ruddy health. And those young men, in whose arms their father lies wearily and heavily, and upon whose steps the sick man's wife follows so tenderly, is it merely loving grief that weighs them down as they urge on their steps? No; faith's certainty energizes them, for they know that all shall be well with them in a few more moments, and thus nerved they carry their precious load, and cheer one another. "But a few more steps and our father will live again."

What does it all mean? This strange sight, these stranger hopes! Mark, for the companies bearing their sick are all drawing close together; they are nearing the same spot. Awaiting them there is a Man, such an One as this earth never before beheld. It is He of whom prophets witnessed, whose coming, God for centuries had foretold. In His hand is perfect power over every sickness, every sorrow, and all Satan's intrusive force obeys His mighty word; yet, in His heart is compassion so tender, love so deep, that He feels for each sufferer, and enters into every pang he or she feels even as if all the infirmity and the sickness were His own! It is Jesus!

"He cast out the spirits with His word, and healed all that were sick: that it might be fulfilled which was spoken of Esaias the prophet, saying, Himself took our infirmities, and bare our sicknesses." (Matt. 8:16, 17).

What a lovely unfolding of Him we have in these few words. What a combination of Almighty power and tenderest compassion. And we have to do today with the selfsame Person. He has indeed gone through death, but for us, and has entered the bright glory yonder, but for us, and is now within the Father's house, and for us. He is the same today as yesterday; His tender love, His Almighty power, and His unutterable sympathy are unchanged. Surely, in this selfish and suffering world, they are happy who have the heart of Jesus for their support. We need more than power; we need kindness amid earth's sorrows, and we have both in Jesus. True, in this season, before His Father brings in the kingdom, and before the day when His will shall be done on earth, even as

it is in heaven, the Lord does not heal bodily infirmity, as He did when here upon earth. His healings related to the kingdom upon earth, and now He is in the Father's house, and His dealings with His people relate to that bright place. Still, be the sorrow what it may, or the trial what it will, if we can bring it to Jesus we shall have His sympathy.

And can we but own that the fulfilled saying of the prophet was more wonderful than the healing power of the Lord? For the sympathy of Jesus touches chords of the human heart in a way that power only could never do. We marvel at the sympathy, we tremble at the power.

We may add, dear Christian reader, that our Christianity must be after the pattern of Christ. He is in heaven, and heaven is our home; but we are on earth, and while here, we are called to walk even as He walked. Selfish, heartless Christians, though they may talk of heaven, are a disgrace to their loving and tender-hearted Master. Ever so faint a display of the heart of Christ will attract some to the Master; but fine words about Him without the love, will be merely as the sounding brass or the tinkling cymbal.

H. F. W.

What Harry's Mother Taught Him

I AM going to tell you of a little boy called Harry. He is just about five years old, so, you see, he is still quite a little boy. Harry and his parents do not live in England, but in a country very far away—in Ceylon. Harry's parents went there to tell the poor heathen of God's great love in giving His Son to die, and of the love of God's Son in laying down His life that we might not perish, but live forever with Him. Do you want to know who the heathen are? They are people who have grown up from being little children like you to be big people like your father and mother without ever once having heard of God, or of heaven, or hell—without ever having heard one word about the Lord Jesus loving sinners and giving Himself for them. Oh, my dear children, think how sad this is! How different it is with you who are taught Scripture carefully every day! I trust many of you, young as you are, have learned to know the Lord Jesus as your own Saviour. It should make us value His Word very much when we hear of people like those amongst whom little Harry lives in Ceylon, who do not even know that there is such a book as the Word of God.

Harry's mother teaches her little son day by day a text out of the Bible, and bids him tell the Lord Jesus in prayer all his little joys or troubles. One day she told him God made his little body, and took care of it every day, and kept his little heart beating. In the evening, when Harry was thanking God for all the mercies He had given him, he said, "O God, I thank Thee for keeping my little heart patting!" Another day Harry's mother sought to show him the difference between his soul and his body. She told him that his little body might die and be put into the ground, but his soul would never die. Harry, who only thought of death as going to be with Christ, with a half-reproachful look, said, "No, mother, Lord Jesus won't never let Harry be put into the ground: He is coming to fetch me to the sky." Should Harry grow up to be a man I feel sure he will tell a great many people of the love of the Lord Jesus which he has already found so precious, though he is but a very little child.

And now, dear children, do you love the Lord Jesus? He loves sinners very much—even more than your father and mother love you. One proof that He loves sinners is that He asks us to trust Him. Oh! think of this!

How wonderful it is! To save, my child, He died the dreadful death of the cross. They nailed His hands to a cross of wood. When He was thirsty, it was not nice cool water, but vinegar they gave Him to drink. They did not feel sorry for Him when He was in dreadful suffering hanging on that cross—no, they only Mocked Him. They hated Him without cause. He was the only One ever on this earth that this could be said of, for we are often naughty, and do and say what we should not, and so there is cause for people to dislike us. But there was none in Him, for He was spotless and holy—the Lamb of God who never could do, or think, or say, anything but what pleased His Father.

And, far more dreadful than those sufferings which the blessed Jesus endured from the hands of cruel man, were those sufferings which He bore from the hand of God. For God made Him to be sin for us, and God laid our sins upon Him, and then God forsook Him. Yet there was no other way whereby we could be saved.

And so He, the sinless One, died for us sinners. And when the Lord Jesus had given up His Spirit into His Father's hands two men, who loved Him very much, came and took down His precious body from the dreadful cross where He had suffered so much.

One of them brought spices to put on His body to preserve it. I do not think he expected our Lord to rise again. But the other, whose name was Joseph, looked for the kingdom of God, and he only brought a clean linen cloth, in which he wrapped the body of the Lord Jesus, and laid it in a tomb in a garden, and put a great stone to the door of that grave to prevent anyone looking in, or taking away the body.

What an awful day it was when the Lord Jesus, the Prince of Life, lay dead in that grave! But death could not keep Him there. As He laid down His life of Himself, so He took it again, and after a little time He ascended to heaven, to His Father's right hand, and before He went He promised soon to come back again to take every one who loves Him to live with Him forever. Oh! how happy it will be then!

R. B.

Mother's Last Verse

A little boy named Lewis L. slowly opened the door of his mother's room, and peeping in, said—

"Mamma, will you teach me my verse, and give me a kiss and say good night; I am so sleepy, and no one has listened to my prayer yet."

Little Lewis did not know that his dear mother was very ill; indeed, those around her thought her dying. She was a widow, and Lewis was her only child, and every night as he sat upon her knee, she used to read him a few verses from the Word of God, or tell him the history of some of the great men of the Bible. She had been long in very weak health, but never too ill to teach her little son his verse, and to hear him repeat his evening prayer, so on this night he had come to her room as usual, only wondering that he had not heard her voice calling him, for bedtime was long past.

"Hush!" said a woman who stood beside her bed, "your dear mother is too ill to hear your prayer tonight. I will put you to bed," she added, coming forward and taking the child's hand to lead him from the room.

But Lewis began to cry as if his heart would break. "Indeed, I can't go to bed without saying my prayer," he sobbed.

The cry of her child aroused the dying mother, and turning round, she begged one who stood at the bedside, to bring her boy to her. He was lifted up and laid on the pillow—the bright locks and rosy cheeks of the child, side by side with the pale face of the mother, who was so nearly gone. Poor little Lewis, how little he thought of the great loss which he was so soon to know!

"Lewis, my son—my dear child," said his mother, "say this verse after me."

The child repeated in a clear, distinct voice, after his mother, the words, "When my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up." Then he said his little prayer, and kissing the cold lips of his mother, he went to bed.

When Lewis awoke next morning, he went as usual to his mother's room, but the stillness of death was reigning there. His mother had taught him his verse for the last time, but he never forgot it, and I know, dear children, you will like to hear that God has answered the prayers of that mother, who, when she was dying, left her darling only son to the Father's care.

Lewis has grown to be a man, and he has found what a happy thing it is to be a Christian, and to know the God in whom his mother trusted as the One who never leaves nor forsakes those who put their trust in Him.

J. J.

The Contrary Wind

I MET, not long ago, a missionary, who had been for many years in the East, and had traveled much in Egypt and Syria, and he told me some interesting stories, which I am sure you will like to hear. You have all read of the Nile, the great river of Egypt. This missionary was once making a tour in a little boat, laden with Arabic Bibles, which he distributed among the people living in small villages scattered here and there along the banks of the river, and one Saturday afternoon he found himself on the eastern bank of the Nile, in Upper Egypt. He knew that there was a village on the opposite bank, where the people were not Muslims, but professed the Christian faith, and that they would be willing to hear him speak to them, and to receive his Bibles. "I will cross over," said he, "and spend Sunday there."

It seemed but a short distance to the other side of the river, but the wind was adverse, and, after trying several times to bring the little Nile-boat round, the captain said, "It is of no use; we must stay here."

"This is very disappointing," said the missionary. He felt disheartened, for it seemed as if the contrary wind would spoil all his plans; but presently he remembered that he was Christ's servant, and that nothing could happen to him by chance, or without any reason for it. "What if there should be people here," he thought.

But no; the shore, as far as his eye could reach, was as bare and desolate as the desert.

"Surely no one can dwell here," said he. "Yet I will go a little way inland, and look about me."

Taking one of his large Bibles in his hand, he began to scramble over the rocky ground. After walking for about half-an-hour, he saw, far away, a little village. You may think what joy it gave him to find in that lonely village one of his Master's sheep—one who had heard the voice of the Good Shepherd, and was following Him, and wished much to know more of Him.

After they had talked a little while, the missionary discovered there was one thing which his newfound friend greatly desired.

"If only I had a Bible!" said he, earnestly.

"Our Lord sends you one; see, this book is for you," said the missionary, showing the Bible he had brought with him.

Imagine with what thankfulness the gift was received, and what a glad surprise it was for this lonely child of God to have the book for which he had so longed thus brought to his very door!

A little more talk, and then the missionary took his way back to the boat; his heart light and glad, and full of praise to God for allowing him thus to be His messenger. But a fresh surprise was awaiting him.

"I have been watching for you," said the captain. "We can sail now, for the wind has changed."

As the missionary crossed to the opposite shore in the little Nile-boat he thought, "How good God has been to me! Now I see why the wind was contrary two hours ago. Once God used His mighty angels to bring words of comfort to His children, now He is pleased to use men, and He has graciously used me this day as His messenger."

How happy that thought made him!

C. P.

William Farel.

(Continued from p. 27).

FAREL returned to his labors. It was a work of patience, and, for the time, almost an unseen work. The priests, on the other hand, were everywhere to be seen and heard. Some came over from Savoy and from the southern provinces of Switzerland, to help their friends—the priests of the Pays de Vaud. They gathered the people together in every village, raised riots, and spoke loudly and violently. They roused the ignorant crowds to resist the government of Berne. They led them on to tear down the government orders which were posted up on the church doors; they formed processions; they beat drums; they led bands of excited people into the churches to yell and shout, so as to drown the voice of the preacher.

In one village, where the men could not summon courage themselves to attack Farel, the women were sent after him to beat him with their washing clubs. You must remember that a Swiss washerwoman does not stand washing over a tub full of hot water and soapsuds. She takes the clothes to a mountain stream, lays them out on a board where the clear, fresh water will run over them, and meanwhile batters them with a sort of wooden spade. This plan succeeds in making them clean, but has the disadvantage of at last making holes in the clothes.

It was with these wooden spades that Farel was attacked by a troop of excited women. It was only one of many occasions when, like John Nelson, the Methodist, he had cuts and bruises as his marks of honor. "I bear in my body," said Paul the apostle, "the marks of the Lord Jesus."

Other sorrows came upon Farel besides that of seeing the gospel rejected and despised. Some preachers came from France to help him after a while, and one also from Zurich, whose name was Ballista. He was a Parisian, had formerly been a monk, and had now a violent hatred of popery.

But hatred of popery, and love to Christ, are not one and the same thing, and one may have plenty of the former without a spark of the latter.

Farel soon found out that his new friend was a terrible hindrance in the work. "He had been brought up," said Farel, "in the idleness of a convent, gluttonous and lazy. He soon found it was not at all to his taste to make rough journeys in all weathers, and eat just such plain fare as could be had in the mountains. He heartily wished himself back in his monk's hood, and when he found he was abused and insulted, he poured forth wagon loads of threats." So ended the labors of Ballista; and it was a relief to Farel that they were of short duration.

Meanwhile, whilst Satan was thus busy, the Lord was working in many hearts. In one village and another souls were saved—here a cowherd, and there a boatman; here a poor washerwoman,

and there a vine-dresser: people who were but little thought of except by the Lord, who chose them before the foundation of the world that they should be jewels in the crown of Christ.

When Farel was not employed in teaching, of preaching, or praying, he continued diligently to study the Bible. Many of his letters to his friends at this time are still to be seen. He wrote to them on the subjects which he was searching out in Scripture. For instance, he wrote to several friends on the great question which was already a question in the days of the Apostle Paul, and which is still so often disputed by Christian people, Is the believer under the law or not?

Several of his friends believed that though the believer is no longer under the ceremonial law, he is still under the law of the Ten Commandments. Therefore when they read such texts as these, "Ye are not under the law, but under grace" (Rom. 6:4); "If ye be led of the Spirit, ye are not under the law" (Col. 5: 18)— they said that meant the ceremonial law.

"If," said Farel, "it is the ceremonial law only which has been abolished, how could that agree with what is said about the new law written in our hearts? And when Paul speaks of lust which is increased by the law, and says again that the law is not made for a righteous man, there is no question of ceremonies, but of the Ten Commandments themselves. They were laid upon men with the spirit of bondage, with fear, and with threats. By these commandments all are condemned and convicted. Not one escapes the curse, since no one keeps the commandments. It is therefore a yoke we cannot bear. We are only weakened by the burden of the law, and love God the less, having the law as a taskmaster; whereas the chief commandment of the law is that we should love God with our whole heart. Christ and His glory are lessened if only the ceremonies and the curse are removed—if it is not true that He frees us from the whole bondage of the law, bringing us into perfect liberty."

Is it, then, liberty to do evil? Such is the thought which the natural heart has of liberty. And it is true, indeed, that if a man were taken from under the yoke of the law and left to himself, he would rejoice in the freedom of following his own desires and his own evil passions.

But is the believer in the Lord Jesus left to himself?

Is there nothing else besides the condemning law and the weak, sinful man?

Do you believe in the Holy Ghost? Millions stand up in church every Sunday and say that they do.

"The Spirit," said William Farel, "has been given to us by the Father, by the which Spirit we are brought as sons into the glory of the Father, giving thanks to the Father in all things. You must judge," he adds, "which of these two beliefs—that we are under the law, or that we are brought into the liberty of the glory of the children of God—gives most honor to Christ and is most in accordance with the Scripture."

But, alas, our natural thought is not "what brings most honor to Christ," but what bring: most honor to ourselves. It is humbling to IN told that we cannot obey the law of God. We would rather think of the law as something that will improve us than as something that car only condemn us, and declare us to be past mending. "I live," said Paul, "yet not I, Christ liveth in me." But we would rather have an I even under the heavy yoke of the law, than have no I, and let Christ be all. Not only all for us, but also all in us. Christ our object, the spirit of Christ the power, in all we say and do, down even to the common acts of eating and drinking.

“If the flesh acts, it is only to do evil; its place is to be dead and not better. We have both right and power to hold it as such (if we are God’s children), because Christ is dead and we live in His risen life. He has Himself become our life.” That is to say, Christ died in my place. I am therefore to count myself as dead, and own nothing now but Christ.

“By faith in Jesus Christ, Paul lived indeed. The Christ who was the source of his life who was his life, was its object also. It is this which is always the proof of the life of Christ in us; He Himself is its object—He alone.”

“Are you afraid, then, you would not do good works enough if you are not under the law? Think for a moment what sort of works will a man do, whose object is Christ alone?”

But I do not know whether any of Farel’s friends understood as he did, that we are thus walking, if believers, in a new power, and a power as mighty as the law was weak. It may be that in this matter, as in many others, he stood alone. But to stand alone is sometimes the post of honor. Farel might not himself have been able to give all the Scripture proofs that can be given on this subject by those who have “from children known the holy Scriptures.” Till we see that we are “dead,” we do not understand how it is we are no longer under the law. We may come to the right conclusion by the teaching of the Spirit of God, but we may not be able to give a clear account of the Scripture teaching which leads up to this conclusion. When we remember out of what thick darkness Farel had been brought, we can only wonder that he was as fully instructed as he was, in the mind of God. He had yet much to learn, and there was no doubt much that he never did learn. But we should be thankful that the Lord enabled him to be faithful to the light he had.

When Farel had been at Aigle a little more than a year he had the refreshment of a visit to Berne on a very remarkable occasion. The Council and the citizens of Berne held a meeting, in November, 1527, at which it was determined that a public disputation between the papists and the reformers should take place there in the January of the following year.

The Romish bishops and priests, the chief gentlemen and citizens of the Swiss towns, and the preachers and teachers of the gospel, were all alike invited. Each party was to give a reason for the faith which they held. But these reasons were to be given from the Bible only. No other book was to be referred to upon any subject.

What answer would the papists give to such an invitation as this? The four Swiss bishops—of Lausanne, Constance, Basle, and Sion—found various excuses for not coming themselves, and for not sending any priests to speak in their name. The Bernese assured them that if they failed to come they would be forthwith deprived of all their privileges in the canton of Berne. They still refused to be present. The other bishops and many priests followed their example.

The Emperor Charles V. himself ordered that the conference should be delayed, but the Council of Berne replied that, as everyone who had accepted the invitation was already arrived, it would be impossible to defer it.

Let us now place ourselves in the old city of Berne in that month of January, 1528. Whom should we find there? There was of course the great preacher of Berne, Berthold Haller. Zwingli was there. Our old friend Hausschein from Basle, Farel’s old friends from Strasbourg, Bucer and Capito, and many, many more from far and near who had believed and preached the glad tidings

of the grace of God. On the other side were about 350 Swiss and German priests. The conference was to be held in the church of the Cordeliers. Farel could not understand what was said, as the whole was in German. But it was pleasant to be amongst so many old and dear friends and fellow laborers in the gospel of Christ.

The conference began by the rules, or rather the rule, for the disputation being read aloud. "No proof shall be proposed that is not drawn from the holy Scriptures, and no explanation shall be given of those Scriptures that does not come from Scripture itself; explaining obscure texts by such as are clear."

What a rule! No ancient volumes of "the fathers." No prayer books, or canon laws—nothing but the Bible. The Bible without notes or comments. The 350 priests brought face to face with that—to see what they could find there, and what they, could not find! The names of the Romish bishops were then called over, but there were none to answer to them. The first subject was read aloud. "The holy Christian church, of which Christ is the sole head, is born of the word of God, abideth in it, and listeneth not to the voice of a stranger."

A monk rose up and said, "The word sole is not in Scripture. Christ has left a vicar here below."

"The vicar that Christ left is the Holy Ghost," replied Berthold Hailer.

A priest then said a few words as to the unity of the Roman church, and the divisions amongst the reformers.

Bucer replied, "Whosoever preaches Jesus as the only Saviour, we own as our brother. Besides, a unity in error is not a thing to boast of. Mahomet could boast of that. God permits divisions, in order that those who belong to Him may learn to look not to men, but to the word of God and the teaching of the Holy Ghost. Therefore let us all the more turn to the Scriptures."

They did turn to the Scriptures, they there searched for all that God has said as to the work of His Son. They searched in vain for the mass and for purgatory, for prayer to the saints, for the adoration of images. The priests became more and more angry as the Scripture texts were read aloud. "If they wish to burn the two ministers of Berne," said one of them, "I will undertake to carry them both to the stake."

F. B.

The Goat

Extracts from paper of W. H. S., who gains First Prize, Dr. Thomson's "Land and Book"—

"The first mention we have of goats in the Scriptures is in Genesis 15:9, where Abraham is directed to take a she-goat to offer it up for a sacrifice. From this passage it would appear that goats formed part of the possessions of Abraham; so that these animals have been domesticated by man for at least 3800 years, and most probably they were domesticated a long time before Abraham. The passages of Scripture which refer to goats may be divided into two classes—those passages that refer to the uses of the goat, and those that refer to its habits and natural characteristics.

"As to the uses of this animal, we find from Genesis 27:9 that the hairy skins were used for clothing; afterwards, when weaving had become known, the long, silky hair of the goats was woven into cloth, the use of which was by no means confined to clothing, but it was employed for numerous other purposes; for instance, eleven of the curtains of the Tabernacle were made of woven goats-hair, as we learn from Exodus 26:6-8; and on account of its softness we find goats-hair used for a pillow. (1 Samuel 19:13-16).

"From a great number of verses of Scripture we learn that goats were used in sacrifices. In Abraham's sacrifice (Genesis 15:9), a she-goat was one of the animals offered up. In the burnt offering a male goat might be employed; likewise in the peace offering (Leviticus 1 to 3:12). In the sin-offering for the ruler the kid appointed for sacrifice was to be a male; while in the sin-offering for one of the common people the kid was to be a female. If a kid were employed in the trespass-offering it was to be invariably a female (Leviticus 4:23, 28; 5:6). In all cases the animal was to be without blemish. On the Great Day of Atonement two kids were chosen, and lots cast on them; one being for the Lord, and the other for the scapegoat or Azazel. The goat on which the Lord's lot fell was then offered for a sin offering, and the other goat was presented alive before the Lord. Then Aaron, or the high priest, went into the most holy place, or holy of holies. After he had come out he laid his hands on the head of the surviving one and confessed over him all the iniquities and transgressions of the children of Israel, so putting them on the head of the goat, which was then led by the hands of a fit man to the wilderness, and there let go. All the details of this solemn ceremony are given in Leviticus 16.

"There are very few passages in the Bible from which we can gather anything definite respecting the habits of the goat. The domesticated goats were always considered distinct from the wild goats (see Deuteronomy 14:4-5). The former were kept in flocks, apart from the sheep (Matt. 25:32), but the favourite abode of the latter was on the rocky mountains of Palestine (see 1 Samuel 24:2; Job 39; Psalms 114:18). The stateliness and majestic bearing of the he-goat are referred to in Proverbs 30:31. The first time goats are used symbolically in the Bible is in Exodus 12:5, where the goat is mentioned as an animal to be used in the Passover. In this passage the animal undoubtedly is a symbol of the Lord Jesus, for, as in the blood shed at the Passover, all who are sheltered by His precious blood are saved from the doom which will surely overtake all those who

reject Christ. In the laws and descriptions of the sacrifices the goat always typically represents the Lord Jesus; likewise the scapegoat, for the sins of all those who believe in Him are borne away by the blessed Saviour to a 'a land not inhabited.' They are for ever forgiven.

"In the book of the prophet Daniel we have the goat employed by the Spirit of God to represent the King of Greece, who rose out of the west and subdued the power of the ram (the Persian empire), but in turn his power was broken, and his vast empire divided into four. All this is literally true of Alexander the Great, the Macedonian king, who, as history tells us, flourished greatly, but was struck down in the midst of his career, and his kingdom broken up."

The Second Prize, "Tales of Alsace," is gained by A. S. R. T., of Manchester.

Bible Questions

OUR Bible Animal for this month is the Ass; our picture is of the wild ass; in your replies you will have to tell us all the texts which speak of the ass, whether wild or domesticated, and you will not forget the ass's colt. To do this you will have again to search through Old and New Testaments. First. There will be all the texts in the Bible which speak of the ass to be written out. Second. All that you can find out from the Bible about the history of the ass, and the uses to which it was put will have to be told. Third. You must give us what the Bible tells us in prophecy about this animal, which, as you may know, is regarded as a royal bearer in the East.

Please send in your replies not later than the 28th of the month, for we wish to have all your answers in our hands by the last day of March. We furnish you with address as before, and you can refer to the January number for further information.

EL L. H., Care of Mr. ALFRED HOLNEEE, 21, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

The prizes for best answers will be— First prize, "The Insect World," 579 illustrations. Second prize, "Kane's Arctic Voyages." Illustrated. For further particulars, see page 3 of Cover opposite.

I Am Not Demonstrative

MORE than twenty years have passed since the incident occurred which I am about to narrate; yet it seems as if it had happened only a few weeks ago, so vividly has it remained in my recollection. A friend invited me to her house, where, at dinner I met several of her relatives, among the rest a young lady of whom I had heard a great deal.

This young lady's attractive looks and manners, as well as her talents for music and study, had made her a general favorite in several circles, and as she was the pet of her father, a gentleman of considerable scientific knowledge, she had gained a readiness to converse intelligently upon subjects that lay beyond the usual line of young ladies' acquirements.

After dinner, and having retired to the drawing room, we found abundance of matter for conversation, and as one topic after another came up and engrossed us, I at length observed that the rest of the company had gone to other rooms, and that we two were left alone. I had several times wondered if, with all her knowledge, this young lady knew the Lord, and now that we were alone, I felt a strong desire to speak a word for Him.

My heart throbbed and my lips quivered as I somewhat abruptly broke the thread of the conversation, which had hitherto run so smoothly, by putting the solemn question, "Do you know the Lord Jesus Christ as your Saviour?"

There was no answer, her eyes fell and she bit her lip. I knew it was a struggle between politeness and anger as I marked the change in her face, but I felt I must use the unexpected and much desired opportunity. I had looked to the Lord in my heart for the suited word, so continued, "I am sorry if I have pained you by my question, but you will forgive me when I tell you that I have believed in Jesus, and found in believing such peace and joy, that I now wish everyone I know, and you especially, to be as happy as I am; if you have not yet trusted my Saviour, I beg you to hear Him, as He says to you, My daughter, give me thine heart, and as He holds out the offer of free and full pardon to the chief of sinners, casting no one out who comes to Him. Believe me," I added, "I do not speak thus to pain you, but from a deep desire for your salvation and happiness."

I saw that her patience was now almost exhausted, and one moment only remained for me. I felt that I must use that moment in pressing home a question of eternal importance, and said, "If the Lord Jesus were now manifestly present here, in this room, and put the question to you 'Will you give me your heart?' what would be your reply to Him—Yes or No?"

The home thrust was too much for her. I fear she deemed my whole conduct only impertinence—it seemed so, at least, for rising from the chair, and tossing her head, so that the long, graceful curls covered her shoulders, and hid her face from me, she walked to the door of the room. Then holding the handle of the door, she turned an indignant glance towards me, and said, "I am not demonstrative."

The door closed behind her, and I was left alone—I could hear her go to the room where her hat lay, and after a few words with the hostess almost immediately leave the house. I felt as if my heart could have broken with disappointment and sorrow. I feared I had been too hasty with my words, yet would not have recalled one of them. I could only leave the matter with God, who knew what a conflict there had been in my soul, and what it had cost me to speak to her about the Saviour.

Her last words to me, “I am not demonstrative,” sounded still in my ears, as a few weeks later I stood beside a coffin in a darkened room. The coffin contained the lifeless body of my young friend.

The eyes that had looked so indignantly at me were now closed, the brown curls lay gracefully along, and all that taste could do to beautify death had been done. About her and in her hand were clusters of snowdrops, scarce more white than the hand which held them, or the face they were meant to adorn.

She had died unexpectedly. When I heard of her illness I sought admittance to her room, but this was peremptorily refused by her mother, who seemed to think the hope for her daughter's recovery consisted in her not knowing that the illness was a serious one. Peace had reigned in the sick room, but not God's peace, for it was only maintained there at the expense of truth. Led to believe that she was not seriously ill, but was gradually recovering, the poor girl was deceived until the last night, when the anxiety of her friends could be hidden no longer. Two doctors remained by the bedside. Looking up into the face of one of them, her own father, with an indescribable eagerness she said, “You will bring me through, papa, won't you?”

“No, my dear child,” he replied, “I cannot bring you through, I tell you you are dying.”

“Oh papa!” she exclaimed in intense agony, “I won't die—I can't die!”

Covering his face with his hands to hide his emotion, her father rushed from the room, nor did he enter it again until all was over.

As I stood by the lifeless body, and looked on the pale face, I wondered if, as she died, the solemn sense that she was really about to meet her God bore in upon her, whether she turned to Jesus as a lost and ruined hell-deserving sinner and found Him an Omnipotent Saviour, able to save her; but I had to turn away, her words still ringing in my ears. “I am not demonstrative.”

J. S.

I Will Come

SOME years ago a few servants of the Lord Jesus Christ were seeking to bring sinners to God in an obscure part of a large town. The gospel was preached in an old upper room, and night after night a little band of workers went out into the lanes and alleys inviting the people to hear of God's love.

It was a damp, cold evening when one of them, who was standing in the street opposite the place of preaching, noticed a poorly clad woman coming slowly along, so he invited her to hear the gospel.

"Thank you very much for your kindness," replied the woman, a tear falling from her eye as she spoke; "I sorely need comfort, for I am in great trouble. I am now going to see my sick daughter, but when I return I will come."

"I trust you are not one of those who wait for a convenient season. God says, 'Now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation.'"

"I do want to be saved," she replied, "and, oh believe me, I will come."

She hurried off, and the Christian breathed a prayer that this weary one might not be hindered from hearing the gospel of peace, and He who said, "Compel them to come in," was the willing hearer of his prayer; for that night Mrs. K. sat in the old room and heard words whereby she could be saved. For several years her path had been one of deep sorrow. Child after child had grown up to man's estate, and then disease had carried them off. At the time of which we write, her husband was ill, and her eldest son and daughter were both sinking, while she, the wife and mother, was unable to afford them nourishment. No wonder that in the bitterness of her heart she exclaimed, "All these things are against me."

Our attempts to comfort her seemed at first to mock her, though she listened with deep interest, saying—

"I'm so miserable; I would do anything to feel as happy as you look. I've tried over and over again to be good, but I can't feel any happier. I'm almost in despair through my troubles, my poverty, and my badness of heart."

Again and again we pointed her to the Lord Jesus, as the One able and willing to meet her every need, but the troubled look rested on her care-worn face. While pressing her hand to her heart she kept repeating, "I'm so bad here."

How powerless is man to heal the sin-sick soul! It is only as led by the Spirit of God that a human instrument can be used to convey the message of life.

We obtained from her a grateful acceptance of our offer to visit her. "I shall be glad to see any of you, for I have heard words tonight that I shall never forget."

I was young in the Lord's work in those days, and it was with a trembling heart that the following evening I took my way to the poor woman's house.

"Can I see Mrs. K.?" I inquired of the young man who opened the door. In a few moments Mrs. K. appeared.

"Ah!" she exclaimed, "you are one of the happy ones I saw at the old room yesterday."

"Yes, Mrs. K., I am truly happy, and I have come to see if you, too, have joy and peace in believing."

"Well, I cannot say that I have yet—but," she broke in "do you mind standing here on the doorstep while we talk? I cannot ask you into my only room, for my sick husband is there, and I would rather be alone with you."

"Do not make any apology, Mrs. K. The Lord will witness our conversation here as graciously as if we were seated in a palace."

"How you seem to know Him," she said. "If I only knew Him I should feel such happiness! I could not sleep last night for thinking of your happy faces. I thought Jesus must be precious, indeed, to reflect such brightness in you."

"He truly is the chiefest amongst ten thousand, and the altogether lovely One! But, dear friend, He is willing to make Himself known to you tonight. You say you believe on Him?"

"Yes, most truly, I do."

"Then what do we receive when believing?"

"Everlasting life," was her clear response. "Does not the knowledge of this bring comfort to your heart?"

"It ought to do so," she replied, "but I have not peace."

"Perhaps you are looking at yourself, expecting to find some improvement there, instead of looking off unto Jesus?"

"I cannot help looking at my poor, bad heart: I feel so miserable. But I want to thank Him for dying on the cross for me, a lost sinner."

"Mrs. K., you will never be able to praise Him while you look at yourself. Tell me, where is Jesus now?" "In heaven, to be sure."

"Yes, and God points you to Him as the One who was raised from the dead for your justification. Let but your faith receive that risen One as your peace, and perfect rest will be yours.

"All thy sins were laid upon Him;

Jesus bore them on the tree;

God, who knew them, laid them on Him;

And, believing, thou art free!"

As I finished quoting these lines a bright smile broke over Mrs. K.'s face, and, clasping her hands, she exclaimed, "Bless the Lord! I see it now. He is my peace! And, if I want to be bright, I must keep on looking at Him where He now is; just the same," she added, as her eye rested on the moon shining over our heads, "as that moon receives light from the sun, so shall I get all from Himself"

"Yes, dear friend, just in the same way."

"Oh, how wonderful all this good news is to me! I who, when invited up to the preaching yesterday, was bowed down with sorrow and sin now enjoy a peace which passeth all understanding."

Tears of joy fell from her eyes as, standing upon the doorstep, she continued to praise Him who had given her rest.

"I should like to see Him," she said— "the precious Jesus! I wish He would take me now, for I am ready to meet Him. Oh! what weary years I have spent without Him! Long, long I toiled for rest, but found it not. What I have now is through His finished work! Ah! that my dying son and all my family knew the joy of forgiveness! But He is able to save them. I will pray for them, and tell them what the Lord has done for my soul."

It grew late, and we were obliged to separate. "It was the Lord put it into your heart," she said, "and I shall never forget to thank Him for being invited into the old room yonder, and for your visit tonight."

These were no idle words of Mrs. K.'s, she was enabled amidst poverty and suffering to show forth the praises of Him who had called her out of darkness into His marvelous light. All around her owned there was reality in her faith, and her husband repeatedly spoke of his wife's happiness, spite of all their trying circumstances. For years after, hers was the language of the Samaritan woman, "Come, see a Man, which told me all things that ever I did: is not this the Christ?" (John 4:29). And many responded to the invitation given, and believed in Him. Shortly after her conversion her sick son was visited by a servant of the Lord, and became the happy possessor of God's great salvation. Then mother and son rejoiced together, as heirs of the grace of life, till the latter, triumphantly, departed to be with Christ. Though trials of no ordinary kind encompassed Mrs. K. for some years, yet her faith shone clear and bright.

Dear reader, is Jesus the One you are longing to see? Can you say, "The Son of God loved me and gave Himself for me?"

E. E. S.

A Mistake in Your Book, Sir

A FEW days ago, a Christian man got into an omnibus that was passing over London Bridge, and as he did so, he handed the conductor a tract on "The value of the death of Christ."

The conductor immediately began reading it with apparent attention. Soon, however, he stepped down to the lower doorstep, and looking into the omnibus, said to the gentleman, "There is a mistake in your book, sir!"

"Indeed!" was the reply, "I was not aware of that or I should not have offered it to you; what is it?"

The conductor then read "Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone." "Now, sir," said he, "It ought to be, 'except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and live;' there is no sense in it, as it is written here."

The man listened with interest as the words were explained to him, but is it not true that very many are like him in not understanding that the only way whereby a sinner dead in sins can live, is through the death of the Lord Jesus Christ? Unless Jesus had died, He had ever remained alone, not one solitary sinner could have had part with Him in resurrection-life. He would have gone back to the heavens from whence He came, and would have been the only man in glory. But thanks be to God, by His death "much fruit" is brought forth. Thousands, yes millions of men are made fit to dwell with Him forever.

H. L. T.

A Sailor's Story

I HAD a Christian father, a local preacher in a village in Cornwall, but it pleased the Lord to remove him when I was only four years old, and my dear mother was left with three little children to maintain, and this necessitated my being sent to sea at an early age.

I well remember the time when God revealed to my soul what a sinful creature I was, and how I struggled on for years in that state, seeking rest and finding none. I knew myself to be a sinner; I feared death, and did not like to think about it; I was wretched, miserable, poor, and blind, and felt within myself that nothing in this world could make me happy. The false, delusive pleasures with which Satan lulls precious souls brought me no peace, and I realized the truth of those words of Solomon, "All is vanity and vexation of spirit." I tried to be religious, and was termed a good young man, because I was outwardly moral, took the sacrament, signed the pledge, and was very near becoming a Good Templar: still no peace! I experienced the truth of that verse in the seventh of Romans, "O wretched man that I am! Who shall deliver me?"

After having been stationed at home for some time, my duty in the Royal Navy required that I should leave my dear wife and children and sail in H.M.S., "C—" for China. While in this ship I became acquainted with a seaman, whose cheerful and consistent walk soon convinced me that he was in possession of that peace which I so longed for.

I found this young seaman often reading his Bible on the lower deck of the man-of-war, subject to the taunts and scoffing of those who knew not Jesus as a Saviour. To do this requires no small amount of courage. My shipmate was well acquainted with God's precious Word, and he always referred to it about any question I asked him. With him it was always, "What saith the Word?"

In conversation with my shipmate, he told me he knew he was saved. Oh! how I wished to know the same, although, like many in the present day, I thought him presumptuous for speaking as he did. But Jesus came to save, without anything of poor, erring man's assistance; and even in this world, which rejected the Lord and put Him to a shameful death, the sinner may know that he is saved through faith in that precious One. Why did Jesus suffer that awful death? Why those hours of darkness? Why was He forsaken of God, if man was to have any part in his own salvation? All man did or could do was to reject; scoff, spit on, and buffet Him: such was the enmity of man's heart. Oh, my seafaring friends, how often do you take the precious name of Jesus and use it on occasions when you insult those whose one desire is to do you good! Jesus is a name commonly used on shipboard, accompanied by curses and obscene jesting. True, it is often done in ignorance, and God is long-suffering. He bears with it, such is His love. He doth not will the death of one sinner.

At last I was able to rejoice in Christ as my Saviour. God revealed His truth to me in a foreign land, far away from all who were dear to me. I then became very anxious about my loved ones at home, especially my dear wife I earnestly pleaded with her in every letter sent home, so much so that she was almost offended. In one of the letters she wrote me in reply, she said, "You do not even say

that you are well!" No! I was too much taken up with my newfound joy, and wanted her to be a sharer in it. And God gave her in His turn to rejoice in the finished work of Christ.

When in China and India I was very much struck with the devotedness of the natives to the religion they profess. I have often felt they are a pattern to professing Christians in England. These heathens are not ashamed to come out boldly for their religion—yes and ready to suffer death, if needs be. We send missionaries to them, but these idolaters often say, "Why do you come here preaching your Jesus Christ? Why do you not convert your own countrymen first? Your merchants come here to make money, and to rob us; your sailors get drunk and insult us, and still you preach Jesus Christ!"

Fellow seamen, I speak as one who knows the difficulties of a Christian's life on board a man-of-war ship; one who though he was lost, yet has been sought and found—who was once dead, but is now alive in Christ.

W. H.

Strength

WHEN we are stripped of all our strength and lie in our helplessness, then indeed do we prove how real are God's resources. He sometimes takes away from us all that we trust in, so that we may know Himself only.

Z.

The “Whosoever” of “Death,” and the “Whosoever” of “Life.”

REV, 20:15, 22:17.

BELOVED reader, if you depart out of this world unsaved, you will have to stand before the great white throne, the books will be opened and you will be judged out of those things written in the books according to your works. There will be no escape. “Whosoever was not found written in the book of life was cast into the lake of fire.” All those who have passed off this scene unsaved will be there, “small and great,” before God. All who have been buried on the land, all who have been hidden in the depths of the sea, will be there to receive their final and everlasting judgment from Him whom God hath ordained to be the judge of living and dead. (Acts 17:31).

If it be so solemn to die unsaved, is it not equally so to be living unsaved, with the whole weight of the sins you have committed still upon you, and not knowing the moment when you may be called away to stand in the presence of Him from whose face the earth and heaven will flee away! May God by His Spirit awaken you to a sense of your danger.

How blessed it is, however, to look at another “whosoever.” “Let him that is athirst come. And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely.” (Rev. 22:17). What a contrast to what we have just considered. There it was death, here it is life. All deserve to be among the first “whosoever,” yet millions have been enabled to rejoice that they are, by the grace of God, among those whose names are written in the Lamb’s book of life.

Now you are just as welcome as those who have been already received, because the word is “whosoever will.” We do not obtain salvation because we deserve it, but because of God’s grace. Have you arrived at this conclusion, that you need a Saviour? If so, there is a Saviour for you. He waits to save you, sinner as you are, and having washed away your sins, He will take you where He is, to see His glory, to be perfectly like Him. Is not this marvelous news? Is there anything else to be compared to it? Nothing! And you can have all this without cost on your side; though at the cost of His precious blood on His. He died that you might “not perish, but have eternal life.” (John 3:15).

Jesus sends you, dear reader, a gracious invitation, “Come unto Me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.” (Matt. 11:28). And again He says, “Him that cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out.” (John 6:37). Is there anything difficult about this? There is nothing for the sinner to do, for the Saviour cried from the cross, “It is finished.” (John 19:30). Come, then, to Jesus, and in coming you will have all the value of the work which He accomplished, when He shed His precious blood.

What an exchange! All your sins taken from you and laid on Jesus by God Himself (Isa. 53:6), and you, once a sinner, and deserving eternal punishment, now, because of the value of that blessed work in God’s sight, brought to God Himself, cleansed from all sin by the precious blood of the Son of His love in the light as He is in the light, without a spot.

All this is made good to you in believing in Jesus, and His own blessed word assures you of it. "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 judgment or condemnation; but is passed from death unto life." (John 5:24).

Beloved reader, to which "whosoever" do you now belong? If you are resting in anything else but Christ, there is nothing but judgment, eternal judgment, before you. If you are resting simply in Christ alone, judgment is behind you and glory before you.

E. G. M.

Preach the Word

THERE is in our day a very considerable amount of true gospel energy, for which all real Christians should thank God; but the greatest amount of religious activity, without question, goes in the direction of outward things, and causes Christian people rather to weep than to rejoice. It may flatter the feelings of many when they give their time and strength to the cause of decorating a building or getting up an entertainment in the name of Christianity, but such things only blind men's souls to the reality of sin and of judgment, and keep unsaved sinners amused by the name of religion.

Religion is popularized by being rendered as little real as can be, and men and women are duped into fancying themselves working for Christ by doing things which belong rather to the business of upholsterers, decorators and purveyors of amusements. Neither is this deadly delusion affecting merely one denomination of Christians; it is the popular spirit of the day.

What, then, is the path of the earnest worker for Christ, in the midst of these besetments? Just that in which the apostles trod when they preached Christ to ritualistic Jews and world-worshipping pagans. Preach Christ. Mission workers are wanted who shall preach Christ, and Christ alone.

When the apostle saw with prophetic glance what Christianity would become, he, by the Spirit of God, cried out 'Preach the Word.' That Word is as quick and powerful today as it was of old. It is God's Word, and can never lose its force. Let, then, the true Christian heed this solemn exhortation, "I charge thee therefore before God, and the Lord Jesus Christ, who shall judge the quick and the dead at His appearing and His kingdom; preach the word; be instant in season, out of season; reprove, rebuke, exhort with all long-suffering and doctrine." (2 Tim. 4:1, 2).

There is no question but that men are woefully ignorant of the Word of God, neither does Satan care, if he can keep the Word from man, whether the mind be engaged with "religion" or anything else.

Let the Christian reader earnestly and prayerfully address himself in these days to the mission of preaching the Word.

H.F.W.

Habit and Dress

HABIT and dress are kindred words, and in certain portions of our attire are used to convey the same idea, viz., a covering of the body; and in things spiritual habit and dress have a close resemblance. Our habit of life is the dress in which we appear daily before our fellows; we wear the style of dress which custom demands, and we attain to habits of living in accordance with the claims of our circle of society. But let us lay aside our habit, and view ourselves as we really are. Clothe men as you will, yet the dress does not change them; and the habit of church-going and religious observance does not alter the inner man. Why are, then, habits contracted? Why is the Bible in the house? Why is the place of worship attended? Why is God owned? Is it because love to God is in the heart, or is it merely that such is our habit. Search and see.

Earth's Curse

AH! That “crown of thorns” on the head of Jesus. How dreadfully presumptuous of Satan to incite His enemies to bruise His blessed head with thorns. The first word of God's curse on the earth because of sin is “thorns,” and the very first thing that man did when he got God's beloved Son into his hands was to crown Him with thorns. Yet how great His grace: He took all the curse, from the first fruit, earth's thorns, down to the last failure of the last saint upon the earth. What a Saviour Jesus is! The more we look at His fullness and the riches of His grace, the more do we long to look more into it. He is like a diamond with countless prisms, on all sides loveliness, beauty, and glory.

Z.

The Exodus

EVEN while the great cry was echoing through the land of Egypt on the awful night of the death of the firstborn, Pharaoh called for Moses and Aaron, and bade them and all Israel depart, taking with them their flocks and herds, and such were his fears, that he added “And bless me also.” The Egyptians also besought the Israelites to be gone quickly; they urged on their departure, fearing that if Israel delayed, the wrath of Jehovah would be poured out in a still more terrible form, and that all of them would be slain.

At that time the word of the Lord, which He spake at the first to Moses, was made good, for the Lord had said, “When ye go, ye shall not go empty, but every woman shall borrow of her neighbor; and of her that sojourneth in her house, jewels of silver, and jewels of gold, and raiment: and ye shall put them upon your sons and upon your daughters; and ye shall spoil the Egyptians.” The Lord was not unmindful of the long, long years that His people had spent as slaves, and without reward or payment, in Egypt, and He ordained in righteousness that they should receive their due. You will observe how careful the Lord God is to measure out righteousness to men— “the righteous Lord loveth righteousness.”

Now that their last day in Egypt had come, they demanded (not borrowed) their hire, silver, gold, and raiment; and Jehovah gave them favor in the eyes of their masters, who yielded to their demands. Thus they spoiled the Egyptians.

To a day the word of the Lord was fulfilled. “At the end of the 430 years, the selfsame day, it came to pass that all the hosts of the Lord went out from the land of Egypt:” for God works all things to fulfill His will. Nations may rise and fall, but His word cannot by any possibility fail.

When Israel left Egypt, neither a child nor a hoof of theirs was left behind. The grand word, “Thou and thy house,” was that night realized in a wonderful manner it is according to God’s mind that not only the parents, but also their children, should be saved. The households of Israel were sheltered by the blood of the lamb, and every member, old and young, departed from Egypt together. And, at the day and hour appointed by the Father, all who are washed in the blood of Jesus will leave this world for the heavenly home. Not one will be left behind—not one will be missing. Ah! should this very day be the appointed time for the joyful exodus, would you be among the happy people?

Together with the Israelites a mixed multitude went up. There were people from all parts of the earth adjoining Egypt, who were slaves in that country—men, women, and children who had been carried captive in war. On the monuments we have their portraits and national dresses. The picture on this page may be given as an example of mixed peoples, for in it you can easily trace black men and white men of different nations.

There were, we may be sure, Egyptians also amongst this mixed multitude, the numbers of which helped to swell the vast host that departed from the land of idolatry. And, alas! this mixed multitude had many idolators in it; for though the land of Egypt was left, much of Egypt was carried away in

the hearts of those who left it. Just as in our own day we see children and others following the steps of their parents and friends, who have not any deep work of God within their souls, and consequently are not ready to serve God out of love to Him alone.

There can be little question but that during the last plagues, the children of Israel had assembled together in their old quarters of the land of Goshen. Here they formerly had “possessions” (Gen. 42:27), the value of which would be very considerable. This part of Egypt is the triangular piece of land between the two great branches of the Nile which run into the Mediterranean Sea. They left Ramases—no doubt the treasure city of which we read in chapter 1.—and came to Succoth, then rested, and encamped in Etham, a city on the edge of the wilderness. This last city was the termination of the inhabited country; outside of it the pathless desert began.

We are not told how many days the people of Israel were going from Ramases to Succoth, and thence to Etham, nor how long they encamped at the latter place. Neither does it seem very clear where all of these cities were situated; but we can distinctly see that the people went out in an ordered march, probably all the tribes collecting where the nation camped. They went up harnessed or in rank, with cattle and carriages, and not one child or beast was left behind, nor were the embalmed remains of Joseph forgotten. A very marked intervention of God occurred when Egypt was actually left and the desert began. At that moment Jehovah Himself led them and gave them the glorious sign of His presence—the pillar of cloud, bright with fiery splendor during the night, and rising up as a dark column of smoke by day. For forty years His cloud was with them: “He took not away the pillar of cloud by day, nor the pillar of fire by night, from before the people.” There was no path in the wilderness, and Jehovah was their guide and protector, ever shading or shining upon them.

This sign of God’s presence was as much for the little boys and girls who left Egypt as for the strong men; all were blessed by it—all needed it. And we may truly say that when the youngest Christian fairly takes his start as a pilgrim, God’s presence will guide him. There was no pillar of cloud for Israel in Egypt. There were high roads there, and guides to be obtained, but when the pathless desert began all was different.

And the way to Heaven is across a pathless waste. We know not where we may be called to go tomorrow, nay, nor an hour hence. We have no wisdom of our own, but thank God, Christ is our way, Himself. He is our guide. He will never leave us nor forsake us.

Do you think that the most timid in Israel would fear lest he or she might lose the way? It was only necessary to lift up the eye, and lo, the cloud was in front. Let, then, the dear young pilgrim ever keep looking up unto Jesus, and blessed with His presence he will never fail.

H. F. W

The Escape

LITTLE Emily lives with her mother and sister Ellen in a quiet little street of the old city of Norwich. It is rather a poor street, but the houses are neat and respectable, and sometimes in summer the tiny gardens look gay with flowers. Emily's mother is a dressmaker, and has to work hard with the needle, and Emily will go on errands, and help to keep the house tidy. I am glad to tell you that although young, she is a believer in the Lord Jesus.

Perhaps you may learn a lesson from the trouble that this poor fatherless family was called to pass through during two days, a few months ago. Their street is near the river Wensum, and one Saturday the waters began to rise. About teatime they entered the little back kitchen. Emily with her mother and sister, and the aged grandmother, took refuge upstairs with all the things they could carry with them. The waters rose higher and higher. Poor Ellen thought she and mother would have to die together. All night there was no sleep for them, and in the morning they looked out anxiously for some one to come and save them.

At last they saw some kind men they knew, coming near in boats. Emily and Ellen called from the bedroom window "Oh Mr.—, come and save us!" "I am coming after you," was the answer. Glad indeed they were when their deliverers helped them into the boats, and saved them from a watery grave. One of the kind helpers nearly lost his life in the effort.

How earnestly Emily and Ellen watched from the window, and how eagerly did they accept the deliverance their heavenly Father provided for them. They all four love Jesus, and during that dark and sorrowful night, the widowed mother remembered the words, "Put your trust in God," and her soul was sweetly sustained and comforted.

What would you have thought of Emily and Ellen, if, instead of watching at the window, when their deliverers were drawing nigh, they had hidden themselves in a corner of their room? Would not that have been very foolish? Surely then the men would have said, "Either these persons are rescued, or they do not wish to be saved." We can scarcely imagine anyone would have been so unwise.

Dear children, if you are unsaved, remember—

"Another flood is coming soon,

Of fiery wrath and woe,

On all whose hearts have here refused

The God of grace to know.

"But Jesus is the living Ark,

Where all who will may come,

And find in Him a hiding-place—

A safe, a happy home.”

A Deliverer has drawn nigh, the blessed Saviour who invites you to come unto Him.

Do not refuse. “Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ.” “How shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation?” (Heb. 2:3).

M. E. T.

Faith for a Sixpence

A FEW evenings since I heard the following touching incident, illustrating the faith of a little child: "I was walking along, speaking to a friend of God's simple way of salvation through faith in the finished work of Christ. Warming with the subject, we took a circuitous round, and presently found ourselves at Victoria Station. Seeing that my friend's difficulty lay in the lack of simple faith in the Word of God, I turned, and observing a little girl at some few yards, selling matches, I said, pointing to her, 'Oh, if you had but the faith of a little child.'

"This attracted the notice of the girl, who, running up to me, said, 'Cigar lights, sir!'

"No, my dear,' I replied; 'I do not smoke.'

"Oh, do buy a box, sir,' she urged, in a kind of teasing tone. Not wishing to drive the poor child away, I said, 'I do not smoke; what use have I for lights?'

"To this she again replied, 'But do buy just one.' The more I argued the more the little girl pressed me to purchase her lights. 'What do you do all day, and when do you go home?' I inquired, feeling an increased interest in her; it was then past eight o'clock.

"Oh, I go to school in the day; but, as mother's ill, I come here at four o'clock to earn sixpence, then I go home.'

"How much have you now? Let me see what money you have?' Half afraid, after fumbling about in the tiny pocket of her cotton dress, she brought out a few coppers, which, being counted, amounted to threepence.

"Why,' I exclaimed, 'you have been here more than four hours, and only earned threepence; you will never get the sixpence tonight!'

"Oh, yes; I shall earn sixpence—I always do—she said, quickly, looking into my face with great earnestness; 'I always take mother sixpence.'

"But tonight you cannot earn it, it is so late,' I added.

"But I'm sure I shall, though,' she replied.

"What makes you so sure, my child?' For some moments she made no reply; but upon being pressed, looked up into my face and said, 'Because before I come out mother and me always ask our Father to help me earn sixpence, and He always does.' I was struck with the answer, being wholly unprepared for such a beautiful exhibition of simple faith in one so young, and in such circumstances. I then said, 'What would you do if I gave you threepence?' 'Why, I would run home sharp to mother, now.' And so she did, poor little thing, and left me wondering at her true confidence in God's ability to hear prayer and send direct answers. Surely our Father in heaven is rejoiced by the trust thus displayed in this poor distressed mother and child."

How many, dear children, there are who, being surrounded by every home-comfort know nothing of the simple faith and trust in God, exhibited by this little match-girl! How small her wants—only sixpence—and that not to spend on herself for toys or sweets, but for mother—a sick mother. Yes; dear children, love to the Lord will ever make us happy, contented, and unselfish. Can you say as she did of God—That He is your Father—and do you “always” go to Him in prayer? If God is your Father, you will not be afraid to go to Him with all your cares and wants, for He can hear and will help, even as He always answered the prayer and gave the needed sixpence to the little girl. Remember the simple words, “We always ask our Father, and He always helps me to earn the sixpence.” The little girl had “faith for sixpence;” but Jesus says, “Ask and it shall be given you.”

G. D.

Knowing the Shepherd

THERE is a great deal said about sheep in the Bible, but the point most strongly brought out is that they know their shepherd. Have you ever watched sheep feeding in a field? Supposing you were to open the gate and walk in amongst them, what would they do? Why, they would all set off as fast as possible, and never stop till they reached the other side of the field. Why would they be so frightened? Because they do not know you.

But now, see that man coming up the road.

He opens the gate and walks towards the sheep. Do they run away from him? No; they are all running to him. Ah! he is their shepherd, and they know him. They are accustomed to his voice, and they have been fed every day by him. If you have believed on the Lord Jesus Christ, you know Him. This is not only knowing about Him. You have all heard something about Him. But do you know Him? Has your little heart ever had to do with His heart? "And this is life eternal, that they might know Thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom Thou hast sent." Here is another verse: "I am the Good Shepherd, and know My sheep, and am known of Mine."

Two little boys were talking together one day; the youngest was only three and a half years old, but the elder thought he was becoming quite a learned man, and was great in his own eyes, so he said to his little brother, "You know nothing at all!"

"Yes, I do," said the little fellow, thoughtfully; "I know the Lord Jesus Christ."

Ah! you see he knew His Shepherd's voice.

Could you say you know it, too? Do not be content with just hearing about Him, if you are one of His lambs, and then you will be able to say you know Him, and it is life eternal to know Him.

L. C. W.

William Farel.

(Continued from p. 47).

WHEN Sunday morning came, the people assembled in the church, as up to this time they had always done, to hear the mass. The priest stood ready in his gaudy vestments on the altar steps, for these things had not yet been forbidden in Berne. But before the service began. Zwingli appeared in the pulpit. He said aloud the form called the Apostles' Creed. When he came to the words "He ascended into Heaven, and sitteth at the right hand of God the Father Almighty, from thence He shall come to judge the quick and the dead," he stopped. "If these words are true," he said, after a pause, "the mass is a lie." And as he continued to speak, the people gazed at him in wonder and consternation.

But greater was their consternation, when suddenly the priest upon the altar steps stripped off his priestly vestments, threw them upon the altar, and said aloud, "Unless the mass has better proofs

from Scripture than I know of, I can have no more to do with it.”

The whole city of Berne was thunderstruck at the news of this Sunday morning. Three days later was the feast of St. Vincent, the patron saint of Berne. On that day high mass had always been celebrated in the cathedral. The Council did not even now forbid it. The sacristans went as usual to prepare the incense, and to light the large wax tapers. But they waited alone in the cathedral. Neither priests nor people appeared.

In the evening, at the time of vespers, the organist went to his post. But as before, no one came. The poor man waited with sad forebodings. Would there be an end to that beautiful service, which was also a livelihood to him? The end came sooner than he expected. When, tired of waiting, he left the church, some of the citizens came in, fell upon the organ, and broke it to pieces. No more choral services at Berne!

The conference was now nearly over. Two priests more had owned themselves convinced by the proofs from Scripture as to the mass being contrary to the Christian faith.

The last discussion was to be in Latin, between Farel and a priest from Paris. The point which the priest desired to prove was, that men were to submit to the church. Being reduced to the Bible for a reason to give, he quoted Matt. 5:25. “Agree with thine adversary quickly.” He thus explained it. “The adversary is the devil. We are here commanded to submit to the devil, how much more then to the church?” This was too much for the gravity even of the reformers, and the priest was disconcerted at being answered by their laughter. It was certainly impossible to answer such a speech by arguments.

The conference being over, the Council decreed that the mass should be abolished, and the churches stripped of their ornaments and images. Twenty-five altars and a crowd of images were destroyed at once, in the cathedral. Zwingli Preached to the people amidst the shattered fragments. His last words were these, “Stand Fast in the liberty wherewith Christ has made you free, and be not entangled again with the yoke of bondage.” What a word for England now!

And so the cathedral of Berne stood emptied of images, but in their place were living worshippers of the living and true God. In the eyes of the priests, and of the poor organist, it had “become a stable.” “Only fit to keep cattle in,” said they. And one, in the height of his anger, rode into it upon an ass. Are there not many now, whose thoughts of a “place of worship,” are much the same as those of these poor Swiss priests? Are there none to whom the things that can be seen, the painted windows, the carved images, the “long drawn aisles,” are dear and even sacred, but who are utterly blind and unconscious as to the presence of the unseen Christ in the midst of the two and three, wherever they are gathered in His name: Where He is not, they do not miss Him. Where the music and the painting and the sculpture are not, they are conscious only of being “in a barn,” or “in a stable.” The Holy Ghost is the One whom the world cannot receive, because it seeth Him not, neither knoweth Him. But where He leads the worship, and where Christ is present, the believing heart craves no more for the sight and sounds, which form all that the world knows of worship—a worship enjoyed by the eyes and ears of men, but which is, alas, too often in the sight of God, “as the husks that the swine do eat.”

On the 7th of February, the Council of Berne passed an edict that the Romish bishops should no longer have power or authority in the canton. “These four bishops,” they said, “know well how to

shear their sheep, but know not how to feed them.” The sheep were now to be shorn no more, and it was the desire of the Council that they should be fed.

Farel returned to the villages of the Pays de Vaud, and though still for a time single-handed, he carried the gospel into every mountain valley, preaching in churches where he could do so, not, in houses, in fields, on mountain sides, or in the streets.

Thus passed away the remainder of the year 1528.

The lords of Berne desired earnestly that the four parishes of the Pays de Vaud which were under their rule, should receive the gospel, Message after message was sent to the magistrates and to the priests, desiring them to leave Farel to preach unhindered. Riot after riot was raised by the priests. They assured the people, that were they to leave the Romish faith, the pope himself, the emperor Charles, and the king of France, would all come in person with a large army, ravage their country, and punish the Bernese. Mobs were called together by the sound of a drum, and harangued by the excited priests till they were ready for any act of violence. A man called Anthony Nicodey rushed into the church where Farel was preaching—and upset the pulpit. They constantly interrupted his sermons by loud noises, or by asking silly questions. Both men and women would call him names during the preaching, and would beat him in the streets. They tore down the Bernese edicts from the church doors whenever they were posted up. They abused the Bernese Council. At the same time they accused Farel to the Council of having stirred up the people against the government, and forbidden them to pay taxes.

So month after month passed by. The Lord was working by His servant, and Satan by his servants also.

At last the Council of Berne sent some of their number to the Pays de Vaud. These councilors were to call together the chief inhabitants of the four parishes. They were by their means to put the question to every person in all the towns and villages of these parishes, whether they would henceforward have the mass or the gospel. As the greater number decided it, so would the government leave it. They could not force the gospel upon them, but if they desired to have it, they should be protected from all who would hinder. Which would they have? And now appeared the fruit of Farel's toilsome labors. In three of the four parishes, the mass of the people declared with one voice they would have mass no more, they would have the gospel as Master Farel preached it, and in that faith would they live and die. The fourth parish, Ormont, declared for the mass. The councilors said they should be allowed to go on with the mass until Whitsuntide. The government would then again inquire their mind, and they hoped to find that they would, by that time, welcome a gospel preacher in the place of the priest.

In the meantime, preachers came from distant parts to take the places of the priests who were now dismissed from Aigle, from Bex, and from Ollon. These were the three reformed parishes of which I have told you.

Not only were gospel preachers called to the towns and villages of these three parishes, but a fresh order followed from the Council of Berne, which gave the last blow to the old worship. “Let none hope,” said the Council, “that the popish days are to return. The altars shall be demolished, the idols shall be burned. The pictures shall be destroyed, and there shall be nothing left to tell of the past idolatry.”

At once were these orders executed. The strange sight was seen of the burning piles in every village, on which the idols were cast, amidst the thanksgivings of the people. The new governor, sent from Berne, carried out his orders fully and completely. Those who had ill-treated Farel were to be called to account. The women who had beaten him with their clubs were to pay £5 apiece. Those who had falsely accused him of sedition, £10. Where was Anthony Nicodey? He must have to answer for upsetting the pulpit. But he had fled, and could never be found.

Ormont alone held out. But whether they liked it or not, a gospel preacher was to have full liberty to preach amongst them, and they were to touch him if they dared. And so it came to pass that by the summer of the year 1529, Ormont too received the glad tidings. The mass was abolished. The priest was dismissed. The whole of the four parishes were now delivered from the darkness and the bondage of the long ages of popery. True, many amongst the people still clung to the old worship, but the number of these became less as each year went by, and to this day those villages and towns of the Pays de Vaud, still profess, at least, the gospel faith.

We must not think that all who do so, now, are truly believers, or that all who did so then, had really turned to God. There are many reasons why the rule of popery is found to be a heavy yoke, and thousands who have no love to God, and no care for their souls, are glad enough to cast it off. "It is a religion of money," is the saying of nine out of ten—perhaps of ninety-nine out of a hundred in popish countries, but we must not conclude because a man dislikes to give his money for senseless objects, that he is therefore enlightened, or that he loves God.

Still we cannot but see, unless we are blind, that the preaching of the gospel is always used by God for the saving of countless souls. And were we to imagine that the great work for which God raised up the gospel preachers of the 16th century was merely to release men from the bondage of priestcraft, we should have altogether lost sight of His blessed purpose. We should entirely misunderstand what power it was which worked in the men of the Pays de Vaud when they declared in the face of the priests they would have no mass, but the gospel of Christ. We may thank God for the thousands who were then truly turned to Him, and who burned their idols, not from a love of novelty and excitement, but solemnly and deliberately, because they now knew the living God. Farel thanked the Lord, and took courage. Many other preachers had now arrived. The time was come when he could turn his steps elsewhere, and be happy in knowing that the sheep of Christ would be fed by faithful shepherds in his absence.

There were other towns and cantons of Switzerland which were in alliance with the city of Berne, though not subjects of Berne, as were the four parishes of the Pays de Vaud. Amongst the large towns which were partly dependent upon Berne for protection, were Lausanne and Freyburg. And in fact the whole of Switzerland west and north of the canton of Berne, was in alliance with the Bernese government. The Bernese were very anxious that the gospel should be made known wherever their influence extended, and the Council of Berne gave to Farel a letter of introduction to the various towns and villages of west Switzerland. They advised him to preach only where there was some desire to hear the glad tidings, and they sent messages at the same time to several towns, recommending the people to receive the preacher who was coming amongst them.

For the remainder of that year, 1529, Farel went therefore from town to town, and from village to village, as far north as the Münster valley. You will find this valley in the map stretching across the country, between Basle and the lake of Bienne. He went also to Lausanne. There, however, every

door was closed. The Council of Lausanne were willing, even desirous, that he should preach, but the bishop and the priests were determined that he should not. Twice did Farel appear before the Council, asking leave to preach in the town. The Bernese sent a letter of commendation, desiring the Council to grant his request. "And beware," they added, "that you do not touch a hair of his head."

But the Council of Lausanne had by this time learned more about the preaching and lives of the reformers. They had long been complaining loudly of the vices and crimes of the clergy, and would have been glad to oppose them, could they have done so without having the gospel in exchange. But bad as were the profligate lives of the priests, they thought the strict lives of the gospel preachers more appalling. It was less terrible to them to have constant scenes of rioting and drunkenness, than to have no plays, no dances, no shows and processions, no gay parties gathered in the taverns, no merry-makings on the saints' days. They therefore yielded to the bishop and the priests, and Farel went to preach elsewhere.

F. B.

Resist the Devil, and He Will Flee From You

HOW busy is Satan, how crafty, and how great and real is his power! As illustrating this, let me relate a little incident that occurred a few days ago. I was calling upon a working shoemaker and his wife, both of whom had just lately been converted. The man had been a drunkard and exceedingly, violent, but now they were very bright and happy. "Well, how have you been getting on?" I asked, addressing myself to the man.

"Oh, first rate," he said, at the same time looking round to his wife, who smiled, evidently knowing the meaning of his glance.

"What has happened?" said I.

"Well, we have been getting on first rate," said the man, "only the devil has had one good poke at me during the week. I must tell you: You know, we has coffee for supper now, instead of the drink, we does, and my missus has changed her grocer. Well, we was having our supper the other night, and my coffee was all grouts. 'Humph!' says I to myself. Well, then, my missus had got me a herring, which I found was half raw, and not very good. Says she, seeing by my face the storm was rising, 'Mate, put him on a fork, and hold him to the fire.' So I puts him on a fork, and holds him before the fire, and then something inside me says, 'Shake him off and let him tumble into the cinders.' So I shook him well, but the old customer wouldn't come off, so I lands him safe again on my plate. I thinks for a minute, and says to the devil, 'You are having a pretty game with me,' and hardly knowing what I was doing, I turns round sharp, and within reach was my Bible, so I clutches hold of it, and thank God, the next minute I rights myself. It was a near touch, sir, the devil nearly got the day,"

Now, I write this for penitent, believing people, who have lately passed from death to life, through faith in Christ Jesus. God gave my friend the victory. A few months before he would have fallen upon his wife in a frightful passion, and then have drunk hard. Whatever your temptations may be, remember that your great adversary, the devil, is ever on the alert. Thank God, he cannot now destroy you, for you are in the safe keeping of the Father and the Son. (John 10:28-30). But he can and will annoy you; therefore, be strong in the Lord, and in the power of His might. Remember, greater is He that is in you, than he that is in the world. Resist the devil, and he will flee from you. (James 4:7).

T. O.

The Mighty Change

IT was Sunday night, and in a seaport town a congregation was just dispersing, when the preacher took note of a little girl, who was lingering behind, her eyes being fixed upon him with a wistful expression. He spoke to her.

"How old are you, my dear?"

"I am just seven, sir."

She turned, as if to go away; then, making a sudden effort, said earnestly— "Oh, sir, everyone says my father is dying, and I am sure he is very ill, and no one tells him about his soul."

There was a look of great distress upon the child's face. Into her young heart some knowledge of the preciousness of the soul had entered, and again she repeated her sad cry, "My papa is dying, and no one tells him about his soul."

"Do you think he would let me come and see him, my child?" said the aged evangelist, deeply touched.

"No, sir," replied the child, in a mournful but decided tone; "I am sure he would not see you."

"Well, my dear, you must go home—" "Yes, sir," said the little girl, sadly, "I know I must."

"You must go home, and pray to God, who hears every word you say, and knows every wish of your heart; ask God, our Father, with whom nothing is impossible, to make your dear father willing to see me; I will pray too, and the answer will come in the best way, and at the best time."

The little girl's face brightened as she said goodbye, adding, "I won't forget."

Asking a few friends to remain, Mr. S. told them briefly the child's story, and they joined him in prayer that God would make a way for His own message of life and peace to be brought home to the dying father.

In the course of the evening a message came to Mr. S. that, if he would call at ten o'clock the next morning, Mr. E. would be happy to see him. He afterward learned that when his little daughter, in her simple, loving way, had said, "Papa, there was a gentleman preaching in the great hall tonight, and he was so sorry when I told him you were ill, and he said he wished he might come and see you. May he come, papa?" the father had at once answered, "Oh, yes, by all means, let him come if he likes."

Next morning at the appointed time Mr. S. called, but was asked to wait in the drawing room, as the doctor was paying his visit. Presently he heard a sound of laughter, broken by a hollow cough; the patient was accompanying his physician to the top of the stairs, and wishing him good morning. Through the open door Mr. S. could see the worn, tottering figure, and could even hear the rapid, painful breathing of the sick man, and, as he turned to enter the drawing room, his face

wore a haggard, lifeless look, which, accompanied by the terrible cough, told its own tale.

Laughing loudly, and rubbing his hands, Mr. E. came to greet his visitor. "The doctor tells me my lungs are as sound as his own," he said. "There's nothing the matter with me but what a little time and change will soon set right" But even as he spoke his voice was broken by the relentless cough, and he sank breathless upon a chair. "My dear sir," said Mr. S., too much shocked to wait for chosen words in which to set his case before him, "I implore you, let no one deceive you. You are a dying man: time will, indeed, bring a change for you, but it will be the great change of death." "I believe you are right, sir," said Mr. E., burying his face in his hands; "those are terrible words—startling words—a mighty change, indeed, from life to death; but you have had the courage to tell me the truth, and I thank you." Ah! thought Mr. S., I would fain tell him more; I would fain show him, God clothing my feeble words with His own power, how this mighty change, which is surely coming, may be a change from death to life through Him who has abolished death and brought life and incorruptibility to light by His gospel. "Let me read you a few verses from God's word," said he. Taking his Bible from his pocket, he read the well-known verse, "'God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.' The love of God—," he continued, but just then Mr. E. looked up. "I know nothing of those things," he said, hurriedly; "I never went to church but twice in my life. They took me there when I was a baby to be christened, and I went to be married. I know nothing of religion."

Not noticing his sad interruption, Mr. S. continued in simple, earnest words to speak of God's love in the gift of His Son. Then, fearful of exhausting the little strength of the sick man, he took his leave, not without permission, readily granted, to renew his visit.

Each morning during that week found the aged evangelist at Mr. E.'s door, glad in the thought that he was about to speak the life-giving word to ears which God Himself had opened to receive it. Day by day, as simply as a little child would receive the word of its father, did Mr. E. drink in the message of the love of God even to him, who until this last hour of his mortal life had never thought of Him. Monday morning came, and at the usual time the invalid came to greet his visitor. Tottering into the room, he fell upon the couch, and had just strength to whisper, "I believe in the Lord Jesus Christ—and I am going—to be with Him—forever," and he was gone—the mighty change had come, but it was a change, not from life to death, but from death to life, a "stepping out upon the platform of eternal life."

C. C. S.

No Rest

"I AM at rest now," said a young man to us, "since I have received these opinions." He had turned infidel, and comforted himself that no one knew what the future would be, and hence that he might be satisfied that for him death would be extinction.

But what is the infidel's rest? It is the slumber of the somnambulist, who in his restless sleep walks on, on, on, unconscious whither he is going, till he reaches the verge of the precipice. The awaking comes, but it is too late. There is no rest, saith my God, for the wicked.

God's Grace to Me

A FEW years since I was on board an English merchant vessel. We had already been a long voyage, and were, at the time of which I write, lying in a foreign port.

Together with several of the ship's crew I had just taken my midday meal, and we had come again upon deck to engage in our various duties. One of us, a young man, went aloft to assist in sending up the fore-topgallant yard. This was his first voyage, but he was strong and active, and was considered one of the most expert of the apprentices on board. He was in the midst of youth, and as far as I remember gay and thoughtless—careless of eternal things.

Alas! his was a short career. He had been but a short time aloft, when somehow he missed his hold—he fell. The next moment his poor disfigured corpse lay close to where I was working on the forecastle. It was a ghastly sight. I can see it now. But another thought entered my mind—“Where is his soul?” I knew I could answer the question had it been myself, for I was then ignorant of God and His great salvation, though God's message of love had many times sounded on my ears when at home. I was at that time a rejecter of Christ, and as a rejecter had I then been called to meet God nothing but hell could have been my eternal portion.

Solemn thought! Are you a rejecter, reader? If so, there would not be the slightest hope for you if you should die as you are now living. No doubt you expect to repent and turn to God some day But God is giving you time now. Satan would delude you by saying there is time enough yet, but God says “now is the accepted time.”

“Haste! haste! haste!

Delay not from death to flee;

Oh wherefore the moments in madness waste,

When Jesus is calling thee?”

Though I was impressed by the death of my friend, the solemn feeling soon wore away, and, sad to say, I still wandered in the downward path.

But God cared for my soul, though I knew Him not. A few months after arriving in England my eyes were, by His infinite grace, opened to see myself a lost sinner needing salvation. And then I was shown another sight. It was Jesus. The scales fell from my eyes and I saw that God's beloved Son had borne my sins in His own body on the tree more than eighteen hundred years ago. (1 Peter 2:21). Infinite love! He thought of me when I thought not of Him. “Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that He loved us and sent His Son to be the propitiation for our sins.”

Beloved reader, this same Jesus, whose blood has washed my crimson sins away, waits to be gracious unto you. Will you accept Him as the One who has met all the righteous claims of God's throne against the sinner? This is what gives me peace. I can look up to God now in perfect confidence and say, “Abba Father,” for I know that the precious blood of Christ has perfectly met

everything that could be against me. Am I saved because I was more deserving than my poor friend who was so suddenly cut off? Nay, we were both upon the same level before God—lost sinners. “There is no difference, for all have sinned and come short of the glory of God.” By His free, unmerited grace I am saved, through faith, and that not of myself, it is the gift of God. (Eph. 2:8).

Utterly helpless, unable to do a single thing towards my own salvation, I had to be saved by another. That One was the Lord Jesus Christ, who is now presented to you as a perfect Saviour.

Will you accept Him? Will you let go every other hope upon which you may have been resting and trust yourself for time and eternity to the One who suffered for sin on Calvary’s cross?

“He took the guilty culprit’s place,

And suffered in his stead

For man! (O miracle of grace!)

For man the Saviour bled.”

G. J. H.

The Entrance of Thy Word Giveth Light

SHORTLY after my conversion I became anxious about the salvation of an aged relative. She was at times too deaf to catch a sound; her intervals of hearing were few indeed. I felt that none but God, by His Spirit, could minister to a need such as hers, and asked Him to open the ear to hear, and the heart to receive the blessed gospel of His grace. The answer came sooner than was expected. For one winter evening, when we were alone, I found that she could hear a little, so I spoke to her of God's love, and of Christ dying for the ungodly.

My aged relative was almost childlike in her simplicity. She listened quietly for some little time, not seeming quite to comprehend the meaning of my words; but as I went on to tell her more of the good news, her face brightened, and she exclaimed, "Oh! is it true that Jesus died for me; that God loves me?"

"Yes," I said, "quite true."

She rose from her seat and walked across the room, to do which at other times would have cost a great effort. It seemed as if she could not sit still, now that the good news had found an entrance, giving light where darkness had reigned for more than eighty years. The aged face beamed with gratitude to Him who had done it all, as she said to me, "Will you thank God with me for this?" Surely the Lord received the praise of our hearts, touched by His love, and by His grace, forever set free for Himself.

A few years afterward my beloved relative passed away, to be for ever with the Lord.

R.

The Rescue

IT was a lovely evening in the month of August, and the light breeze sported over the waves that rolled quickly on the stony beach. In shelter of the headland the sea was still enough for the enjoyment of an evening's sail, but beyond it the white heads of the billows shewed to the experienced eye that there was a high wind outside. Not so thought three young men, as they gaily jumped into a small sailing craft which lay moored close by, and spreading her sail to the full, flew over the waters of that beautiful bay. For some time they contented themselves with sailing in the sunshine and shelter, but by-and-bye wearying of this, they made for the open sea. Had they been sailors, all might have been well, but they were landsmen, unaccustomed to the waves, and so, without reefing in the sail, they steered their tiny bark for the open waters.

Swiftly she flew over the billows, bending lower and lower over on her side as the land shelter gradually lessened, till suddenly, as the headland was being rounded, the fresh gale caught and filled her sail to the utmost; before it could be taken in, the sail was touching the water, and in a moment the boat was overbalanced and was keel up, amidst the billows.

But what of her living freight? you will say; of course they went down also! Not so, my friend, not so. Well it was for those three young men that a small fleet of fishing boats lay at anchor hard by. The hardy fishermen start in the evening hours for the deep-sea fishing. They toil all night, letting down their nets for a draft, and in the early morning anchor again in harbor till near sun setting. The day is their time for rest, and so their boats happened to be at hand.

Just as the heavy sail in the little craft overset her in the gale, just as she was turning upside down, from the nearest fishing boat a sailor shouted at the pitch of his voice, "Jump overboard; jump into the sea." And without hesitating a second those three men sprang into the waters. They did not stop to question or to doubt; if they had they would have been lost.

In a few seconds' time their kind deliverers were beside them in a small rowing boat, and before they could sink, by the very hair of the head they were pulled into it. They felt their need, heard the way of escape, believed, obeyed, and were SAVED.

Their only way of escape was by leaping into the waters, by giving up all effort to save themselves, and yielding themselves to what appeared to be death. And thus in their need and helplessness they were rescued from death. Their lives depended upon instant obedience; had they clung to their boat, they must have been lost. And it is in our helplessness that Jesus saves us; when we obey God's word and take our true place as lost sinners without a hope in self, we know what salvation is.

Reader, a day is coming in which the sea will deliver up the dead which are in it. Long years they may have lain there, but all will rise again. Those who are Christ's will rise before those who have died in their sins. First, there will be the resurrection unto life, and all who have life in Christ will then rise. His shout will wake them up. No unbeliever's eye shall mark their rising from among the unbelieving dead; no unbelieving ear shall hear the Lord's shout marshalling all into their places.

After that, the history of earth will roll on as before: the daily routine of life, summer and winter, day and night, cold and heat, will all go on. But the redeemed will have left the sea and the earth to be with the Lord.

Then will come the second resurrection—that of judgment—when the rest of the dead, even all who have not life in Christ, will be called forth by His voice. The Spirit of God writes by the Apostle John (Rev. 20), “And I saw the dead” (mark, still termed dead, though out of their graves), “small and great, stand before God, and the books were opened, and the dead” (no life in that resurrection) “were judged out of those things which were written in the books according to their works. And the sea gave up the dead which were in it, and death and the grave delivered up the dead which were in them, and they were judged every man according to their works.”

Oh! how tremendous to stand unsaved before God! As a helpless, lost, dying sinner, receive Christ, so that even now you may pass from death unto life, and thus never come into judgment.

R. B.

Forgiveness

AT what time in the history of our soul! do we receive the forgiveness of sins? The Word of God answers in a very decided manner that it is when the sinner really own in the presence of God his true condition. See Psa. 32, where it is written, "I acknowledged my sin unto Thee, and mine iniquity have I not hid. I said, I will confess my transgressions unto the Lord; and" without a moment's delay, without any ifs or buts, "Thou forgavest the iniquity of my sin."

It is deeply important not to confound the time of forgiveness with the channel through which it flows. The next question, therefore, is, How am I forgiven? The Word of God again supplies the sure and reliable reply. Turn to Acts 13:38, where we read, "Through this Man is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins, and by Him all that believe are justified from all things." Notice, not through our repentance, our prayers, hopes, fears, doings, or strivings, but solely through "this Man" whom God raised from the dead, Christ Jesus, who is over all, God blessed forever.

But does my reader ask, "To what extent am I forgiven?" Again let the Bible answer. In Col. 2:13, it is distinctly stated that those sinners of the Gentiles in Colosse, "had been forgiven all trespasses."

The moment of forgiveness, then, is when we own our real need as sinners before God. The alone channel, through which forgiveness flows, is Jesus at the right hand of God. The extent of forgiveness is all, not some, not a part, not our past sins, nor our little sins, but—all. That little word "all" takes in the greatness, the grandeur, the extent of forgiveness.

Now, one scripture as to the ground of forgiveness. This we find in Rom. 3:25, where it is declared that "God hath set forth a propitiation through faith in His (Christ Jesus') blood, to declare His righteousness for the remission of sins that are past, through the forbearance of God; to declare, I say, at this time, His righteousness: that He might be just, and the justifier of him which believeth in Jesus." This is the ground upon which God can forgive—even the precious blood of the Lamb slain upon Calvary's cross.

Has my reader taken the place of a guilty sinner? If so, the channel, the fullness, and the extent of forgiveness are all his.

H. N.

The Sixth of Hebrews

THE sixth chapter of the Epistle to the Hebrews is a very severe portion of the Word to such as are not fully established in Christ. When we see a believer wrung almost to despair over this chapter, we are well aware that the fullness of the grace of God is not yet his possession.

The first point to be considered is, Who are addressed?

This, the 12th verse of the fifth, and the 9th of the sixth chapters, answers. Unestablished souls, “babes,” are addressed, persons who had need of milk, not of strong meat. Believers characterized as not of full age, not perfect. But whether of full age, or a babe, the believer has everlasting life; established or not in what Christ has done, he has life in Christ; and the things comprised in the first verses of the chapter are not those which characterized the babes addressed, for the apostle was persuaded “better things” of them, “and things which accompanied salvation.” (v. 9).

The second point is, Who are described?

Not babes, certainly not those of “full age,” but professors of the Christian faith, who were not possessors of life in Christ, and who finally apostatized from Him.

The solemn description was urgent in the days when it was written, none the less is it needed in our own times. There is a similarity between our times and the day of the Epistle to the Hebrews. Then, the true were living amongst the false; the possessors of Christ amongst the professors of Christianity. Then a gorgeous ritual, and a noble temple service—though of a decaying Jewish system—were in force; and priests, and sacrifices, and the religion of sense were present. In the very midst of these things was the handful of Christians, whose place of worship was in heaven (8:1, 2; 10:19, 20), whose priest was in heaven (4:14), whose accepted sacrifice was in heaven (9:11, 12), and these Christians had the reality—the reality of worship, of priesthood, of sacrifice; and they had the Holy Ghost, instead of sensuous religion.

Now, in our own times, a gorgeous ritual has overwhelmed the simplicity of Christianity, and the greater part of professing Christians are committed to it; now there are so-called priests, bloodless sacrifices, and a religion of sense on every hand. In the midst of these things are the real and true believers in Christ Who is in heaven, and sorely distressed are many of their souls, because they realize not that where He is is the true tabernacle, that He is their priest, and God's priest, and that His blood has once and forever perfected God's people.

Leaving the principles of the doctrine of Christ, says the apostle, let us go on unto perfection, that is, let us go on to the full growth—not the babe—teaching. Let us leave the milk, and partake of the strong meat; let us go on to Christianity. And having thus spoken, he says, there are six things which he will not touch upon. These six things are as follows:—

1—The foundation of repentance from dead works.

2—Faith toward God.

3—The doctrine of baptisms (not baptism).

4—Laying on of hands.

5—The resurrection of the dead.

6—Eternal judgment.

We have bracketed them two and two, because the six are in three couplets. The whole of the six are foundation things, old and well known, and as it were, the common property of saints from the days of Abel downwards. Num. 3 and 4 may be more especially Jewish, but 1, 2, 5 and 6 are as old as the very first knowledge possessed by man of Divine things. No Christian believer should therefore find it necessary to be told, that in his particular case, it is essential to lay again in his soul the foundation of repentance from dead works and of faith towards God. The very first things the believer learned from God were these two. If a man be on the ground of his own works, he cannot be accepted as a believer at all. The history of Abel teaches him that a man, who would be accepted of God, needs to shun himself and to betake himself to the sacrificial blood. Let the sacred book be opened at Genesis, and read onwards till the death of the Son of God is related, and its gospel will be heard sounding down century after century, “repentance from dead works and faith towards God.”

Again, the resurrection of the dead, and eternal judgment, are no new truths; on the contrary they, too, are as old as the knowledge by man of Divine things. This knowledge God communicated to man. Job says that though his body should die, “yet in my flesh I shall see God” —he looked on to the resurrection of his body—and saints of old who knew God, knew well that the judgment of God is like Himself eternal. The resurrection of the body, and the fact of judgment being eternal, were, we repeat, principles, the knowledge of which was possessed by God’s people from the first. That such elementary truths are in our day argued against, questioned, or disbelieved, only proves how terribly the vaunted wisdom of this day is leading to ignorance of the very principles of God’s revelation to man, and causing the mind to wander afar from the beginning of the doctrine of Christ, of which the words addressed to the enemy in the Garden of Eden were the introduction.

The doctrine of baptisms, and of laying on of hands, while no doubt to some extent patriarchal, are more distinctly Jewish. The doctrines of washings, or baptisms, are unfolded in the ceremonial law. Such examples as in Lev. 15:5, or in Num. 19:20, “bathe himself in water,” amongst others will serve to point out what the washings were. So, too, the offerer laying his hand upon the offering, as shown in Lev. 4:24, etc., may suffice to indicate what is meant by the laying on of hands.

Surely it can hardly be necessary to prove that Christian baptism is not intended. Baptism, and baptisms, are widely different. Also, that the laying on of hands is not that of which we read in the New Testament in such passages as Acts 8:18, 19; or 13:3.

Purification from defilement and identification with the victim, are, speaking broadly, the two leading thoughts taught by the doctrine of these things, both being ancient and well-known truths.

Now these six, the apostle would leave, and would go on specially to those things which are distinctively Christian—in other words to perfection. The “a b c” known by all God’s people from the first was to be left: the higher lessons of the Christian faith were to occupy the mind.

(We must refer our reader to our next number for the remainder of this paper).

H. F. W.

The Sea Divided

HOW wonderful are God's ways! Israel was under His care and guidance, and none could pluck them out of His hand. Never was the Cloud to be removed from them till the land of promise was reached. But Israel had to learn lessons concerning both Jehovah and themselves. The moment we are sheltered by the blood of Jesus we are really safe forever—no one shall ever pluck us out of the hand of Jesus, or of the Father. But there are very many solemn and searching lessons which we have to learn in our souls, and perhaps, as Israel did, we may begin to doubt whether after all God will guide us safe home!

The Lord God bade Israel to turn and encamp by the sea, before Pi-hahiroth, between Migdol and the sea. How strange to their unaccustomed eyes must have been the deep blue waters! How the little children must have looked upon the rippling waves and the sparkling foam with wonder and delight!

But Israel had a searching lesson to learn in the sea, and little did they dream what that lesson would be when they pitched their tents over against Baal-zephon.

As far as we can understand, the encampment was upon a narrow plain, having mountains on either side, and open at the rear to the country whence they came; before them was the wilderness, whither they would go, but between it and them the sea. The people had turned from the direct path towards Canaan by Jehovah's orders, and they encamped, with the sea in front of them, and with the mountains hemming them in.

Pharaoh heard this, and imagined that they had lost their way and were entangled in the wilderness, and shut up to his power. He and his repented of the loss of so many thousands of slaves, and, despite his former fears and wounds of heart, Pharaoh gathered his six hundred chosen chariots and the numerous chariots of Egypt together, the number of which is not given, and swept down upon the helpless mass of Israel. The chariots of Egypt were renowned in war. The little picture on the next page indicates the way in which the chosen warriors in them, with their furious steeds, wished to plow through the untrained host of Israel. Then Israel lifted up their eyes and trembled as the dust of Pharaoh's host drew nigh. They cried out unto the Lord, though not in faith, for they knew not His strength and His salvation. He was leading them on, but they feared that the enemy would reach them from their rear. "It had been better for us to serve the Egyptians than that we should die in the wilderness!" groaned they.

The cruelty of the oppressor was awfully familiar to them: the very pictures upon the temples told how captives were treated, and what would be their lot, should the bloodthirsty enemy overtake and satisfy his vengeful lust upon them! The way in which those who were spared in the day of battle were carried away captive, tied and tortured, is shown in the illustration below, for, though educated and instructed, the Egyptians were abominably cruel.

As Israel cried aloud in their extremity the Lord God showed to them, and through them to us, what His salvation is. "Speak unto the children of Israel, that they go forward," was the Lord's word, and

the Cloud of God's presence which went before removed and went to the unguarded rear of Israel, and with the angel of God stood behind them, so hindering the enemy from approaching them all that night.

It was the custom amongst ancient nations to have huge torches raised upon poles, the blaze of which was apparent by night—the smoke by day; and there seems reason for believing that as far back as the time of the fiery pillar protecting Israel must have had a peculiar import to them, and also to the Egyptians.

The Lord caused a mighty east wind to cleave a pathway through the broad, deep sea, and He made it dry land for Israel; its waters, as it were, ice-bound, became a wall unto them on their right hand and on their left. The sea walled them in on either side, and Jehovah was their rear guard.

Such was their path through the way God made. Never before had there been a wonder like it; and as we contemplate this marvelous way, we are constrained to say, How blessed to know the shining light of God's presence, illuminating His own great salvation, and the wonders of the death and resurrection of His Son for us, when Satan seeks to harm us. The Lord Jesus is our way, He has passed through death, and by His exodus a flame of fire was carried by the Egyptians in the van of their army. If such were the case, the magnificent glory of the resurrection the path to liberty is made for God's people. The power of the Lord's resurrection relieves us from our fear of the enemy. The Lord's death and resurrection have completely cut off the enemy from pursuit, and faith sees behind us only the shining light of the pillar of Cloud.

On the other side of that pillar all was darkness. On that awful night, the voice of God's thunder shook the heavens, and His lightning lightened the world, and the earth quaked. (See Psa. 77)

"Thy way is in the sea, and Thy path in the great waters, and Thy footsteps are not known. Thou leddest Thy people like a flock by the hand of Moses and Aaron." Have you then been led by God? Are you one of His sheep, safe and saved forever; never to be plucked from His hand by the enemy? We are all on one side or other of the cloud, on the bright side, or on the dark side; on Israel's side, or on the Egyptian's side.

When the morning watch came, and the night was nearly over, the Lord looked through the dark side of the cloud upon the chariots of Egypt. They had driven on after His flock. Did they know whither they were going in the darkness? Did Pharaoh know that in his pursuit he was driving on into the midst of the sea? Surely he knew, when it was too late, that death was his doom, and that there was no escape! It was vain to turn and flee. The Lord took off their chariot wheels. As the morning was breaking, and the light of day was beginning to shine, the great walls of water were visible plainly enough to Pharaoh and his hosts. Israel had seen those crystal walls during the night, shining in the glory of the light of the pillar of Fire. Israel had rejoiced in them in that light; but the enemy and his army saw and believed when it was too late that the Lord fought for Israel.

Then the word of the Lord went forth, and Moses stretched out again his rod of judgment, and the sea returned to his strength, and swept down upon the hosts of Egypt, and not one remained.

As we think over this solemn story, let us each inquire, Is God for me? Am I delivered from all enemies by the death and resurrection of Christ, or am I going on in the dark right down into the waters of death to meet the just judgment of God? It is one or the other with all of us. Our portion

who believe is to rejoice in the death and resurrection of the Lord in the light of God, and to know ourselves freed from all foes, and to be assured that there is for us now no condemnation.

H. F. W.

Thou art the God that doest wonders;

Thou hast declared Thy strength among the people.

Thou hast with Thine arm redeemed Thy people.

William Farel.

(Continued from sh. 64).

IT was not difficult to find willing hearers. At one town after another crowds came together, anxious to know what the great preacher of the Pays de Vaud had to say. At Morat great numbers seem to have been truly converted. They gathered from distant villages, and arrived in troops from the mountains, warning one another by the way not to "fall into the heretic's trap." But as Farel preached, one after another were cut to the heart, and sat lost in wonder at the great and glad tidings. Like Whitefield, Farel saw their eyes fixed upon him with streaming tears, as he told them of the Saviour who had sent him. In Morat, and in many other places great multitudes believed.

The good councilors of Berne sent messages of encouragement to the converted people. They told them that, as far as in them lay, they would protect them from all ill-usage, they only desired them to cleave fast to the Lord. "Be not afraid," they said, "trust to the Lord, who has made heaven and earth, and who upholds all things by the word of His power. Only trust in Him, and leave Him to care for His own." On the other hand, the priests everywhere stirred up those who remained in unbelief, and there were often stormy scenes, to which Farel was by this time well inured. But they were glorious days, which well repaid him for toilsome journeys and rough treatment. Not a few of the priests themselves believed and were saved. All around were those to be found who were casting their idols to the moles and to the bats. And from many a village and mountain chalet the worship that is in spirit and in truth began at last to ascend to God.

The Bernese warned Farel not to proceed too hastily to the destruction of the images. Such measures should be taken deliberately, not in a moment of excitement. And many might be found ready to drive away the priests and break the idols, who were not equally ready to take up the cross and follow Christ. It was wise advice which was given by the councilors of Berne. "Since you have received the word of God, it is right and seemly that you should give to every man his due, and not go beyond your authority. For the word of God does not preach liberty to the flesh, but liberty to the spirit, and to the conscience." So passed the last six months of the year 1529.

And now, as time went on, Farel had had the joy of seeing the four Bernese parishes of the Pays de Vaud turned from their idols to the living God. During the last six months, he had been able to rejoice over multitudes in other parts of western Switzerland, who had believed in the Lord Jesus, and received eternal life.

But there were three large towns where, as yet the Gospel had not been preached. These three towns were Lausanne, Neuchatel, and Geneva. You will remember that Farel had twice attempted

to preach at Lausanne. Twice he had been driven away unheard. He would go there again some day, if the Lord would make the way. But in the meantime he would turn his steps to the place towards which his thoughts had often turned—to the old town of Neuchatel.

You will find Neuchatel on the northern shore of the lake, which bears its name. It is a quiet pleasant town, on the slope of the vine-clad hills, the lake below, the steep hills of the Jura above it; and opposite, far away across the blue waters the snowy peaks of the Alps, range behind range, stretching back as far as the great Moni Blanc amongst the mountains of Savoy. It was on a November day, in that year 1529, that a weather-beaten, sunburnt man, with a red beard and flashing eyes, arrived, staff in hand before the walls of Neuchatel. “He had come,” we are told, “to take possession of Neuchatel in the name of the Lord Jesus.”

There it stood, the old popish town, with its fine castle, and its churches, and its convents—five large convents—besides the great college of the canons, and these amongst them owned the land on every side. Everything was in the hands of the priests and monks, who had it all their own way, for the governor of Neuchatel was all they could desire, an obedient servant of Rome.

This governor, George de Rive, represented the real sovereign of Neuchatel, Jeanne de Hochberg. She was the heiress of the earls of Neuchatel, but had married a French prince, the Duke of Orleans, and she liked better to live a gay life in France than to be shut up in the quiet old castle of Neuchatel, where, according to the simple manners of the Swiss, the kitchen was her state apartment, and the citizens’ wives the only company. She was a vain, extravagant, pleasure-loving princess, and she was glad that George de Rive should look after everything at Neuchatel and never trouble her about business, except to send her the revenues of the little state to spend in Paris.

Such was the condition of affairs when Farel arrived. He was well aware that the very sound of his name would rouse the priests and people into fury. He was known now far and wide as the great heretic preacher—the image breaker—the blasphemer. And had his face been as well-known as his evil deeds, he might expect worse treatment than any he had yet received. But Farel knew what he was doing when he thus invaded the dark old town. He brought with him the weapon before which “every high thing shall be cast down, which exalts itself against the knowledge of God.” He brought with him the word which “is as fire, which is as a hammer that breaketh the rocks in pieces,” and what could five convents, or five thousand convents, do against the power of the Lord, when His time was come to seek and to save the lost?

What was to be done first? How was Farel to begin the attack upon this stronghold of Satan? He turned his steps towards the little parsonage of Serrières. This village, which is the port of Neuchatel, belonged, not to Neuchatel, but to the town of Bienne, which had already, through Farel’s preaching, received the truth. And Farel had heard that the curate of Serrières, Emer Beynon by name, “had some liking for the Gospel.” To him, therefore, he would go. Thus did God remember this solitary priest, in his little village, whose heart was longing after something better than the dead forms, and the senseless ceremonies of his church.

Emer Beynon had not yet made one step out of Rome. But God can see where there is but a spark of the light which shines from the face of Christ. And where but one ray has shone into the soul, that ray will shine forth. What light we have, we give out, and we can give out no more. No

eloquence, no talent, no energy can ever make a spark of light shine forth, beyond that which has shone into the heart from God, and where there is but a longing of the soul for Christ, some light will go forth around. If you turn to the 6th verse of the 4th Chapter of II. Corinthians, yet will there see some words which are not perhaps very clearly translated in the English Bible—the verse expresses that, “God has shone in our hearts, for the shining forth of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ.” This was true of Paul, and true of all into whose hearts any ray, however faint, of that wondrous light has shone. And from the poor earthen, vessel, the village curate of Serrières, there shone forth light enough to guide the steps of Farel to the door which the Lord had opened.

It was a memorable day in the poor curate’s life, when the stranger knocked at the door of his little parsonage, and told him that he was William Farel. God had at last answered to the desire of his heart. He not only received Farel gladly, and welcomed him warmly, but immediately bethought himself how the preaching could at once begin. It would be a bold step to ask Farel to preach in his church. “And that too, is forbidden,” he said; “but why not in the churchyard? No one has forbidden that—and then there are fields and hillsides, which do just as well for preaching places as a little church.”

Farel lost no time. As the people came to the mass, he stood up, like John Wesley, at Epworth, on a stone in the churchyard, and there he preached the Gospel. Crowds gathered around and the tidings spread to Neuchatel that the great heretic preacher was come. “But he preaches beautiful things,” said the people of Serrières; “he tells us of the love of God, and of Christ in Heaven.”

The citizens of Neuchatel determined to hear for themselves, and throngs of men, women, and children poured out of the old town, and filled Earnar Beynon’s churchyard. In vain, the governor, the canons, the priests, and the monks threatened and warned the people. These hungry souls seemed as though they could never hear enough. If ever you go to Neuchatel, you may still see the stone which was Farel’s pulpit.

Amongst the citizens of Neuchatel was a brave soldier, called James Wildermuth. He had heard of Farel’s preaching at Aigle, and at other places. And, moreover, he had himself believed the glad tidings of the grace of God. Great was his joy when he was told that Farel was come. “The poor, pious Farel,” he wrote to Berne, “has arrived here, and he presented a letter inviting those in the town to hear him preach the Word of Christ, which he would gladly have done with all his heart, but the authorities forbid it. There upon I went to the governor, George de Rive, to see what I could do.” But George de Rive had no intention to allow a heretic to preach in the town. Whereupon, the brave James Wildermuth, with other citizens, determined to take the matter into their own hands. They went to find Farel. They led him in triumph through the old castle gate, along the steep street into the market place. There was the first Gospel sermon preached in Neuchatel.

You, who have often heard the glad tidings, who can never remember the time when you did not hear it, can hardly imagine how strange, how wonderful, and how blessed were those words of grace to these poor Swiss people. “That sermon,” says the old Chronicle of Neuchatel, “won many hearts.” Around the preacher stood the wondering crowd—the weavers and the vine dressers, the merchants and the laborers—eager to catch every word. Farel spoke with a solemn reality, with an authority which awed them into silence. But suddenly a cry arose:— “Down with the heretic! kill him! Drown him in the fountain!” The monks had glided in amongst the throng, and they made a

sudden rush upon the preacher. But Farel had now defenders enough. The monks soon found it would be at the risk of their lives, were they to harm the man whom God had sent.

Day after day the preaching went on. "I keep Farel here," wrote James Wildermuth. "I make him preach in the houses, because I know that he can thus do good. It is true that I have to endure many threats in consequence, but I may well learn to disregard them, knowing that God is stronger than man or the devil!" Not only in doors, but out of doors were the blessed tidings preached. The bitter winds of December and the falling snow were unable to hinder the crowds who gathered wherever Farel's voice was heard. If they but saw him in the street, they would throng around him. Each one had some question to ask, and, most of all, the great question Farel was so glad to answer— "What must I do to be saved?"

F. B.

I Learned to Read When I Had a Beard

WHAT a strange title this little story has, has it not? You will soon see the meaning of it. It was, and I daresay still is, a favorite saying of a Christian named Worsuph, now living near the pyramids, who once belonged to the Coptic Church, and was as ignorant of God and of the way of salvation as any of those poor Copts of whom you were reading not long ago.

Worsuph was not taught to read when a little child. Perhaps you may think that did not very much matter, as grown-up people are much cleverer than children, and so it would be very easy for him to teach himself whenever he chose to begin. You cannot remember the time when you could not read little words; nor can you remember how patient somebody was in teaching you; and you can have no notion of the trouble and toil it is for a grown-up person, no matter how clever he may be, to learn what a little child learns while its mind is quite fresh, almost as it learns to speak, without knowing how.

I once tried to teach a grown-up girl to read. First she learned A, B, C, and then began to spell little words, but, although she took great pains, she got on very slowly. There are not many things which little children can do better than old people, but they can learn better and more easily.

Worsuph was a grown man when he one day said to the Coptic priest of his village—

“My father, could one so old as I am learn to read?”

“Yes, my son,” replied the kind-hearted priest. Then, fetching some paper, he wrote out the Arabic A, B, C very clearly. “Learn this, and then come to me again,” said he, handing Worsuph his first lesson-book.

When the scholar returned, having mastered his alphabet, the priest wrote for him a short verse from the Bible. Would you like to know what it was? You will find it in your own English Bible, for it was the first verse of one of the Psalms of David (Psa. 32): “Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven, whose sin is covered.”

What wonderful words! We cannot doubt that the Holy Spirit put it into the heart of that Coptic priest to write this verse for his scholar.

“Learn this by heart,” he said, “and then write the words out.”

Worsuph did so, and on his third visit he received a copy of the Lord's Prayer, to be learned and then written, as before. Next he had a part of the New Testament given him, and at last a whole Bible. Before very long Worsuph had quite conquered the difficulty of learning to read, and even began to read from his Bible in the Coptic Church. All his friends were astonished.

“Yes,” said Worsuph, “I can read God's book; I have learned from my father.”

He called the good priest “father,” because it was the custom to do so, and, indeed, he had much reason to feel love and gratitude to him who had, by encouraging him to learn to read and patiently

teaching him, given him a treasure which could never be taken away from him.

As Worsuph read his Bible, he now and then met with something written there which made him stop and think. When reading the law which God gave to His people of old, he found (Ex. 20:3, 4, 5) that He had commanded them, saying, "Thou shalt have no other gods before Me. Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of anything... Thou shalt not bow down thyself to them, nor serve them."

"How is this?" said he. "Our Coptic church is full of pictures"

Another day, Worsuph read these words of the Lord Jesus to His disciples (John 14:6), "I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life: no man cometh unto the Father, but by Me."

"This is strange," thought he. "Our church tells us we must draw nigh to God, not in the name of Christ only, but we must pray also to the saints, and to the good angels. We have forgotten this word of our Lord, who says, 'I am the Way.'"

At last someone told Worsuph that there were some people called Protestants who said as he did, that it was not according to God's word to worship pictures or to pray to saints and angels, and he traveled a long way that he might see these Protestants and learn from them. At the end of his journey he found some missionaries, who had come from the far-off land of America to teach the people in Bible-lands of the Saviour whom they loved. They joyfully received him, and wondered at what he had learned, all alone, with no one to help him. "We can teach you nothing," they said. We need not be surprised at this, for Worsuph had the Word of God, which is truth, and the blessed Spirit of God to guide him into all truth.

Whenever he wishes to encourage anyone to learn to read, he says, "Look at me; I learned to read when I had a beard!" meaning when he was a man, and not even a young man.

C. P.

Extracts From the Paper of W. C., Who Wins First Prize, “the Insect World”:— The Ass

IN the time of the patriarchs, the breed of this animal, which we regard with so much undeserved contempt, constituted no inconsiderable portion of wealth among Oriental shepherds.

The color of the ass is generally a reddish brown, but we learn from the song of Deborah that some asses were white, and those were reserved for persons of high rank.

During the seven years of famine in Egypt, Joseph gave the people corn in exchange for their asses and other cattle, to keep them alive.

Jacob's sons employed the ass to carry burdens of every kind, and it seems to have been the only animal they took with them in their many journeys to Egypt to purchase corn for their households. And when Joseph sent a present of the good things of Egypt to his aged parent (although that country was rich in horses), he chose the ass to carry them.

Among the Jews, the ass was considered as an unclean animal, because it neither divides the hoof nor chews the cud. It could be neither used as food nor offered in sacrifice. The firstling of an ass, like camels, horses, and other unclean animals, was to be redeemed with the sacrifice of a lamb, or deprived of its life. (Ex. 13:13). In cases of extreme want, this law was, however, disregarded, for when the Syrian armies besieged Samaria, the people were so reduced that an ass's head, though an unpalatable sort of food, was sold for fourscore pieces of silver, (2 Kings 6:25). And the Jews were also commanded, under pain of God's anger, to bring back the ass of their greatest enemy if they found it straying. (Ex. 23:4).

To ride upon an ass or ass's colt in the days of the Judges, seems to have been a mark of distinction, for we read of the greatness and richness of Jair, the Gileadite, one of these Judges: "He had thirty sons that rode on thirty ass-colts, and they had thirty cities which were called Havoth-jair." (Judg. 10:4). Abdon the Pirathonite, another of these Judges, had forty sons and thirty nephews that rode on threescore and ten ass-colts.

So highly were these animals valued in the East, that they were formed into separate droves, and committed to the care of princes or other persons of distinction. In Gen. 36:24, we read that Anah, a Horite prince, did not think it below his dignity to feed the asses of Zibeon his father, and after David's accession to the throne, he appointed Jehdeiah the Meronothite, a prince in Israel, to superintend this part of his property. (1 Chron. 27:30). The great strength of this animal was also strikingly displayed in the reign of David. When that monarch was driven from Jerusalem by the rebellion of his son Absalom, Ziba, the treacherous servant of Mephibosheth, brought him a couple of asses saddled, and upon them two hundred loaves of bread, and a hundred bunches of raisins, and a hundred of summer fruits, and a bottle of wine (2 Sam. 16:1); and yet the load, so large in proportion to their size, does not seem to have fatigued them, for immediately after their arrival, they were used to carry the king's household.

The female ass seems to have been more valued than the male in the East, for a great portion of their wealth consisted of female asses, and female asses only are mentioned in the possessions of Job (1:3). The ass which Balaam rode is distinguished as a female.

The ass appears to have been occasionally yoked to the chariot, for the prophet Isaiah, foretelling the fall of Babylon by the Medes and Persians, describes the watchmen as seeing a chariot with a couple of horsemen, a chariot of asses, and a chariot of camels. The neglect which follows this animal through life does not forsake him even in death. His carcass is cast into the field or thrown into the nearest ditch, where it is left to moulder into dust. The burial of an ass was reckoned the greatest disgrace to which the body of a criminal could be doomed; to this end the prophet Jeremiah, by the command of God, condemned Jehoiakim, king of Judah.

We read in the prophet Isaiah (30:24), "The oxen likewise and the young asses that ear the ground shall eat clean provender which hath been winnowed with the shovel and with the fan." In these words the prophet foretells a season of great plenty, in which the cattle shall be fed with corn of better quality than usual, separated from the chaff; which would render it more grateful to their taste.

As the number of horses increased in Judea, and the people of rank became fonder of pomp and show, the movements of the more stately animal were preferred to the less dignified ones of the ass, and it soon; became a mark of great poverty to appear in public on that animal. This change in the customs of the Jews enables us clearly to understand how the public entry of our Lord into Jerusalem could have been prophesied by the prophet Zechariah as an instance of His humility and meekness. "Rejoice greatly, O daughter of Zion! Shout, O daughter of Jerusalem: behold, thy king cometh unto thee; He is just, and having-salvation; lowly, and riding upon an ass, and upon a colt the foal of an ass." And here He was to resemble those who had really been deliverers of their country, who, though mounted on asses, and colts the foals of asses, were able to put to flight the hundreds and thousands of chariots and horses that came against them.

The second prize, "Kane's Arctic Voyages," has been gained by P. K. S.

Salvation

THE waves were rolling heavily on the snow-clad shores of old England in the month of January last, as a fine iron ship, after a prosperous voyage of 113 days, was nearing home. The night was dark, the weather foggy, and the barque sped on before a ten-knot breeze. The passengers knew that they were near home, and no fear of shipwreck disturbed their last sleep on board, when suddenly, all her sails being set, the ship ran right ashore upon the shingle of Black Gang Bay. The heavy ground sea fiercely lifted her up and crashed her down, though the vessel was of 700 tons; and presently, forcing her broadside to the land, swept clean over her, and began to break her strong sides in pieces.

The roar of the waves completely drowned the cries of the people on board, and the thick weather hid all signs of her from the land. There was but one hope—some one must swim to shore. The cook undertook the perilous task—he wound the lead-line round him and boldly swam for land. After a terrible struggle he gained the crest of the last wave and was flung upon the strand, heartily cheered by his comrades. They quickly fastened a hawser to the lead-line, and the cook, regaining sufficient strength, began with all his might and soul to drag the rope to shore. In this work he was assisted by another man, who had made the vessel out in the mist, and had run down to the beach. They hauled in the rope, making it fast to a rock, and shortly after, several of the crew and passengers, daring the surf and storm, climbed hand over hand along it, and so gained the land in safety.

Shortly after this, but none too soon, the rocket apparatus reached the place, and the coast-guardsmen were quickly at work rescuing the passengers. Among the last three to leave the ship was a mother, who would not be taken off till her little ones were safe. She was clad in her night-clothes, and lashed to the rail over which the seas washed constantly. So quickly did the ship go to pieces that before this brave woman could be rescued the masts went over, the poop burst in two with a tremendous sound, and the iron plates broke asunder. Then the wreck heeled over, the devoted mother and the two men were drawn beneath the waves, and all hope seemed gone; but once more the sea lifted up the wreck, and with a wild shout of joy the now crowded shore greeted the sight of the mother and her two half dead companions— an old man and the captain—still clinging to the rail. The two men made a line, which had been secured to the shore, fast round her, and, boldly throwing herself into the seething waters, she was drawn through the surf. Though believed to be lifeless, yet her heart had not ceased to beat. She was saved.

An eye-witness of this scene, and one whose hand was outstretched to help, was deeply moved by the intense earnestness of those who aided in the rescue. Tears, prayers, and the utmost effort mingled together in the one great passion of saving the shipwrecked people. And the testimony of that eye-witness bids us heed their intensity of desire and effort, and pleads that those who are saved for God, be themselves equally earnest in the work of the gospel.

The brave man with the lead-line who leapt into the waters and reached the shore, was no sooner able to stand than he pulled at the line in order to get the rope ashore, by which so many others

made their escape. The landsman who ran to the scene of the wreck, no sooner saw the line than he, too, pulled with all his might to drag it to land. Let those who speak of fellowship in the gospel, awake to the reality of work. Christian men and women, arouse! sinners are perishing, lend a hand, "labor in the gospel." The ship is breaking up; there is not a moment to lose. Nothing less than labor is fellowship in this work. How you would scorn the able-bodied person who, from his comfortable armchair by the fireside, watched the ship break up and the crew almost perish, and yet, though doing nothing whatever, claimed for his dull selfish soul compassion for them! Unless lives had been periled by those on shore the life of those on the wreck could not have been saved; and armchair Christians will never be worth a rust for the work of the gospel.

Unsaved reader, learn a lesson from the sleep of the passengers, and the ease of the crew at the end of their long voyage from New Zealand. They trusted in their ship, and dreamed not of danger. But they were on the verge of death. Let not your present ease and quiet lull you to your doom. Awake, awake, there is danger, danger of eternal woe before you. The ship never reached port. She was doomed to be wrecked, and to perish. So it is with this world in which you are. All may seem fair and smiling, but mark it, for God has so declared, this world and every one in it is under judgment. The end of it is destruction—the end is wrath.

An awakened sinner is like our passengers and crew when they realized the awful fact that they were in a lost ship. Then and there their one desire was to be saved. It was no time then for prosy argument and nice questionings as to how they came where they were. They knew too truly that they were lost, and they longed to be saved.

No one who believes God's word as to salvation questions the statement. He knows he is either lost or saved, and if lost, he cries—save me! save me! "My sins, my sins, oh! what shall I do about my sins?" wept one, in an agony of soul, the other day, who had been in the quiet of fancied security for years, like the sleeping passengers dreaming of ease and home. This agonized soul was awakened through the word of truth by the Spirit of God. Reader, are you awake or asleep?

What folly it is to suppose that people cannot know that they are saved before their end! Do you know that you are lost now? that is the question. If we believe what God says about the world in which we are, and about ourselves as sinners, there will no longer be any question in our minds as to our present condition; and all religion which denies the fact of a man's present condition is a vain show, a delusion, a snare. You are at this moment, beloved reader, either lost or saved. Did these shipwrecked people know when they were saved, think you? Did not the brave mother know that her children were lost as long as they were in the ship? Did she not know that she and they were saved when laid on the bed in the house and gently tended? Surely, you reply. And did not the jailor of Philippi know that he was saved when the words "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved, and thy house" (Acts 16:31), fell like music upon his agonized and guilty soul? He believed, and he rejoiced. Did not the Ephesians know that they were saved, when they read the living words "By grace are ye saved through faith, and that not of yourselves; it is the gift of God: not of works." (Eph. 2:8, 9)? Do not be deceived; those who tell you that a man cannot know whether he is saved in this life are only advertising their own unbelief, and expressing the miserable state of their own souls. Rest on God's "shall" and God's "are," and let all schemes of doctrine be flung to the wind.

There was one especially sad incident in this wreck. A lad on board was sent below by one of the sailors to fetch a few shillings from a chest. While on his errand a sea broke over the vessel and washed him away. Poor boy, he was but fourteen years of age, and the voyage in question was his first, and, alas, his last.

How shall it be with you, reader? You are in the world which is under judgment. Will you daily with eternal things? Will you, even to oblige a friend, delay one hour longer the tremendous question of your soul's salvation? God forbid. May you even now accept your true place as being lost, and God will have mercy on you. His own sweet word to the awakened soul is, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved."

H. F. W.

The Three Pictures

"I WISH you would come and see my husband, sir," said a young woman to one who had grown old in his Master's service, and was ever ready to carry the word of life to the bedside of the sick and dying. "The doctor says he has not a week to live, sir," she repeated, earnestly, "and I want to know that his soul is saved."

"Are you saved?" he asked, gently.

"No, sir," she replied, "I cannot say I am; but God may give me time; there is no time for him, sir, no time, and he never had any religion."

The old man felt deeply interested in the young wife, who in her unselfish love was so full of concern for her dying husband; he promised to visit the sick man, and soon found himself beside him. As his wife had said he had "no religion," there was nothing to unlearn, and day by day as the aged Christian sat by his bed and spoke of the Saviour, once dead, a spotless victim for sins not His own, now alive for evermore at God's right hand in heaven, the eyes of the dying man were fixed upon him, and his ears, soon to be closed to all earthly sounds, were attentive to catch each word. Thus three or four days passed; the sufferer became weaker, but he said little, until one morning, when his visitor had been again reading to him, he said suddenly, pointing to some pictures which hung against the wall at the foot of his bed, "Do you think, sir, such things as those are fit for a dying man's eyes to look upon?"

"I do not," replied his friend. "Those pictures of proud beauties, decked in all the glittering pomp of this world's glory, may have pleased you once, but now you are learning that the fashion of this world passeth away."

"You are right," he murmured, "'passeth away;' yes, that is the word. I cannot bear to see them hang there. Will you take them down?"

After vainly attempting to remove the pictures, the visitor succeeded in turning their faces to the wall.

"Will that do?" he asked.

"No," replied the invalid. "I will tell you what to do. Take a piece of chalk, and write on the backs of those three pictures what I tell you to write. On the one to the left write, 'God be merciful to me, a sinner.'" The text was written. "Now, on the middle one, 'Lord, save me, I perish' and on the last, 'Lord, I believe; help Thou mine unbelief.'"

With a smile of satisfaction, the sick man lay back upon his pillows, ever and anon opening his eyes to look upon the words which had just been written. They were words of life, and peace, and victory to him. In the last moments of his life on earth the words, "Lord, I believe!" were upon his lips; then "faith was lost in sight," and he passed into the presence of his Saviour. His widow, now the happy possessor of the same precious faith, still keeps the three pictures with their chalked

inscriptions.

C. C. S.

Are You Saved?

“NOT I, time enough yet; I want to see a little of life first. You know I have not sown all my wild oats yet; when I have I shall turn; it's a long lane that has no turning, and my turn will come to be serious, I suppose, some day.”

Listen, young men and young women, who “mean to enjoy life,” God says, “Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth; and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth, and walk in the ways of thine heart, and in the sight of thine eyes; but know thou, that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment.” (Eccl. 11:9).

“Because sentence against an evil work is not executed speedily, therefore the heart of the sons of men is fully set in them to do evil.” (Eccl. 8:11).

But do not deceive yourselves, for “He that being often reproveth hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy.” I know of only one turning in the broad road on which you are walking.

“What is that?”

“The wicked shall be turned into hell, and all the nations that forget God.” (Psa. 9:11).

God warns you today—speaks to you today, invites you today, but put off your soul's salvation until tomorrow, and you may be lost forever. “For in such an hour as ye think not the Son of Man cometh.” When the world is saying, “Peace and safety; then sudden destruction cometh upon them.... and they shall not escape.” (1 Thess. 5:3).

“For if they escaped not who refused Him that spake on earth, much more shall not we escape, if we turn away from Him that speaketh from heaven.” (Heb. 12:25).

H. N.

The Poor African

"I SHALL not die! I shall not die! I shall live—forever." These were the words which fell from the dying lips of a poor Christian woman, a native of South Africa. They were calculated both to comfort her weeping friends, and to testify to them and to the world she was leaving, of the hope which she had obtained through faith in Jesus, "the resurrection and the life."

Similar words are not unfrequently used by unawakened sinners at the approach of death. But there is a wide difference between the "I shall not die," of the believer, and the "I will not die," of the unbeliever.

The words, "I shall not die," were, in this case, the calm utterance of one who knew the time had come for her soul to return to God who gave it, and who could say, "I have fought the good fight... and henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness."

Doortje Plaatjes was among the first fruits of the labors of some of God's servants who were working amongst the heathen in Africa.

The virtues of a Christian life, however unobtrusive, cannot remain hidden; nor did those of Doortje, illustrated as they were by holy conduct, and intensified by bodily suffering. She was beloved by all God's people in the place, respected by everyone, and feared by evildoers, whom she on every suitable occasion warned and rebuked.

Having been laid aside by severe illness, and realizing that should she be exposed to another attack, she would not survive it, Doortje was greatly stirred to seek the Lord's glory during the little time that she felt remained to her. The way in which the Lord had revealed Himself to her during her illness made her most eager, if possible, "to do something for the Lord"; and we may be sure that when Christ is filling the heart, genuine service will flow from us. There may be service without communion with Christ; but it is hardly possible that there should be communion without service. The Lord's sufferings for her filled Doortje with peculiar longings after His glory, and though very weak she began to visit her neighbors, and to stir up those who had grown lukewarm, the result of this humble believer's work being a great stir and much prayer in many houses.

After a few weeks thus spent, Doortje was seized with another attack of her complaint, and lay upon her dying bed. There she passed through a severe ordeal, for the enemy, Satan, seemed to prevent the utterance of a single prayer. She doubted not her acceptance with God, but was terribly cast down. In a day or two, however, she rallied, when hearing a verse of a Dutch hymn sung, commencing, "God kent alleen het naaste pad," the sense of which corresponds to the words:—

"Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,

But trust Him, for His grace;

Behind a frowning Providence,

He hides a smiling face.”

Just at the last, waking up hastily, she said: “Come all now; call all in.” Every one who came in she called by name, and addressed in a word of exhortation, or of comfort. Then with a strength of which we did not think her capable, she lifted her wasted hands, and said: “You think I will die! I shall not die, I shall live—forever.” And sinking back, she said, “Come, Lord Jesus, take me away!” and breathed her last.

Thus triumphantly passed away to be forever with the Lord, the ransomed spirit of this once heathen African. As we read of her, the solemn words of the Lord addressed to the Jews in His day occur to our minds: “They shall come from the east, and from the west, and from the north, and from the south, and shall sit down in the kingdom of God”; and we remember how He said that there should be weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth, when those who had had every advantage found themselves shut out from the kingdom. Ah, reader! how is it with you? It is not sufficient to be a professor, nor to live in a Christian land; the despised heathen from the wilds of Africa shall be seen shining as a jewel in glory, while the Christless Christian, even though a guest at the very sacrament table, shall be shut out.

J. T.

I Want to Be a Christian

IN very early life Ellen P. was brought to feel herself to be a sinner in the sight of God; but it was long before she was enabled to rest entirely upon the finished work of the Lord Jesus, who loved her, and had given Himself for her.

In the little town of C— in Sussex, where Ellen lived with her parents, some meetings for prayer were held in a cottage; her grandmother would often take the child by the hand and lead her to these cottage-meetings, and there little Ellen first heard of the love of our Saviour, and how He left His bright home on high, and came to seek and to save the lost.

It made her cry, as if her little heart would break, to hear the story of the blessed Son of God dying upon the cross to put away sin; and Ellen's father, who was not a Christian, often told her she had better not go to the meetings, if what she heard there made her so unhappy; but she still felt that she must go to hear more about Jesus, though she was miserable from feeling the load of sin which seemed to weigh upon her little heart.

When Ellen was fourteen years old she went to live in a family not far from her home; she was still unhappy about her sins, but what especially troubled her at this time was the fear that she did not feel the burden of sin as she ought to feel it. This thought was a temptation sent by Satan, who tries to make a sinner think either that he is too bad to be saved or that he does not need forgiveness. At last Ellen told a kind friend a little about her difficulties.

"I do so much want to love Jesus," she said; "I want to know Him as my Saviour; I want to be a Christian; but I am afraid; sir, I do not feel my sins enough."

"Then, Ellen," said Mr. D., "ask God to give you strength to feel your sins more."

Ellen remained until she was sixteen years old very much troubled and perplexed; sometimes hoping she was a child of God, then again fearing it could not be so, for Satan filled her mind with doubts. At last one night as she went to her room, she felt as if she could never leave it again, until she was sure the Lord had forgiven her; and He who is ever more ready to give than we are to ask, now made it plain to Ellen that her sins had all been laid upon the Lord Jesus, and that He had washed them all away in His precious blood, and she was full of joy and peace.

All doubts as to whether she were a child of God or not were gone now; for Ellen had rested her soul upon Jesus, the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sin of the world.

Dear reader, if you know what it is to be burdened with the load of sin, ask the Lord Jesus to take away your burden, and give you peace and happiness such as He gave to Ellen. If you have never felt your sins to be a burden, I trust you may soon feel the weight of them, and be led to the "Sinner's Friend."

Ellen is still living, a happy Christian, trying to lead others to Jesus, and looking for Him to come in His glory and take His ransomed ones, His jewels home, to be with Him forever. He has said,

“Behold, I come quickly!” Can our hearts respond, and say, “Even so, come, Lord Jesus”?

S. E.

Beware!

BEWARE, says the apostle, of dogs, beware of evil workers, beware of the concision. That is, beware of religious teachers who make something of the flesh, who trust in it, or to the works of the law. It may seem humility to seek in self something good, but such a doctrine is the result of pride of heart. Beware of it, shun it, Christ and Christ only is the ground of confidence. Christ was crucified for us, and in His death is the judicial end of man. Christ is risen from the dead and is in heaven, the head of the new creation. Now, faith lays hold of the fact that in Christ's death is the end of the man judicially, and abhors everything which in any way brings in self—either good self or bad—and more, faith sees in Christ, where He is, true righteousness, and esteems before God, only the righteousness which is of God by faith.

The Sixth of Hebrews.

(Concluded from, p. 72)

AND having thus referred to Christianity, the apostle turns aside for the moment to look at its profession. To profess Christianity is one thing, to be a Christian is another. Millions in England profess the Christian faith, few are really believers. And a man may have each and all of the five characteristics which are now set out, and after all be only a professor. It may be said of him—

- (1) Once enlightened,
- (2) Tasted of the heavenly gift,
- (3) Made partaker of the Holy Ghost,
- (4) Tasted the good word of God,
- (5) And the powers of the world to come;

but still, it may be added, not a Christian, not one who has life in Christ.

The picture is drawn of a Jew in the midst of his temple worship, priests and sacrifices, being enlightened. His mind opened to the fact that Christ had been crucified, and had gone up to heaven. No longer in the dark about it. No longer, like his brother Jews, an avowed rejecter of the Messiah. No longer calling the risen Jesus, as they did, "that deceiver" (see Matt. 27:63). We may say that in this sense most men in Christendom are enlightened. They are neither heathen, Mahommedans, nor Jews, but men whose souls have been enlightened by the word of God with the truth that His Son has come from heaven to earth, died, and risen, and gone to heaven again. It is a very grave responsibility to be so enlightened. Millions upon this earth are utterly in the dark about Christ. Millions worship demons, millions regard Mahomet as the prophet of God, and the Jews, as a body, reject the Messiah. We do not sufficiently weigh the solemnity of being enlightened. But this is not salvation, this does not make us true believers.

Now suppose a Jew so enlightened joining himself outwardly with the early Christians, by so doing he would treat Judaism as a thing of the past, and its sacrifices and priests as shadows; but perhaps by reason of persecution, or because of worldly influences, he would return to Judaism, and turn his back upon Christianity. It would be impossible to renew such an one unto repentance. Or, applying the case to our times, suppose a professing Christian to become a Jew, Mahomedan, or idolater! He would become an apostate, give up Christianity. It would be impossible to renew him to repentance. His case would be hopeless.

The next characteristic is that the man has tasted of the heavenly gift.

Christ is not called the heavenly gift; this is what we are given to know of God by the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven. The professor, having outwardly associated himself with the Christian assembly of early times, by so doing would be in a position for tasting and partaking of the four things next spoken of. It would be an entirely new thing to his soul to taste the heavenly ministrations of the Spirit, accustomed as he had been to the earthly ministry of the temple service.

We can in some measure suppose what it would be like, by picturing to ourselves a man, whose very soul has been educated in the idea that the way to God is by sacraments, penances, priests, saints and angels, finding himself listening to the simplicity of God's love told in the power of the Holy Ghost. What a taste such an one would have of Divine things! How different from all that to which he had been accustomed!

Now the Jew, who apostatized from this, had no way back to blessing. It was impossible to renew him again to repentance. He had retreated from Christ, and had burnt the bridge behind him; there was no recovery possible.

(3) Made partakers of the Holy Ghost

This, at first sight, may seem alarming. What! Could any one not really a Christian be made a partaker of the Holy Ghost? Mark, it does not say, partaker of Christ and of the benefits of His work. It is the case of one who had entered within the circle of the Church of God, where the Holy Ghost is, and who being there, participated of the Holy Ghost with those who were there. Even unconverted children brought up in the blessings of the Christian faith, attending the various privileges of their parent's faith, partake with them of the Holy Ghost, though the marked difference of Jew, Gentile, and Church of God, does not so evidently exist in our days. It is a question of privilege. And he who apostatized from this great privilege had cut himself off from all hope of blessing, for there was no blessing outside the Church of God.

(4) Tasted the good word of God

The emphasis must be placed on good. The law was holy, just, and true. But it was not the good word of God—that word is the gospel of His grace. We may again find help in suggesting to ourselves what this really was to a Jew, by thinking of a poor soul, who has heard only, Do this and thou shalt live, and the strains of legal teaching continually, finding himself in a place where his soul has a taste of the full, free gospel. To feed on such good things would be new indeed. And, perhaps, no little of the difficulty in understanding this passage is to be traced to the fact that those who are tried by it, are deeply influenced by legal teaching.

(5) The powers of the world to come

These powers were the signs and wonders wrought by the early Christians through the Holy Ghost. The world to come, as we read in chap. 2:5, is the millennial world. Miracles of various kinds were wrought in those early days, and such miracles were a foretaste of the blessing of the time when Christ shall reign over this earth, and when the power of sin and evil shall be overwhelmed by His greater power.

It would be quite possible for such a professor, as we have kept before our minds, to receive in his own body the witness of the power of the Holy Ghost on earth. He might be healed of a disease: but the healing of his body would not be the work of the Holy Ghost in his soul. Many an one healed by the blessed Lord, returned not even to give Him thanks, and some proved themselves His bitter enemies. We must, in order to be saved, have Christ Himself for our Saviour.

The apostate crucified to himself the Son of God afresh, and put Him to an open shame. To forsake Christianity and return to Judaism, was acting as if Christ had not died once for all, and as if He had not risen again. Such a man, despite the blessings he had received, the rain which had fallen on him from heaven, was unprofitable soil. His soul only brought forth the fruits of earth's curse, thorns and briars. He was lost beyond recovery. His awful doom was near. He was about to be cursed; it was not simply changing his religion. He had deliberately rejected Christ. His end was the eternal fire of eternal judgment.

What oftentimes makes this subject so trying to the unestablished believer, is the fact that he finds in himself, excepting the fifth, each characteristic which we have sought to explain. The possessor of Christianity has many things in common with the mere professor; but the professor has not Christ, and this makes all the difference. Whether we be babes, or of full age, Christ is our life, and therefore we shall "never perish."

H. F. W.

So-Called Parallel Passages

“TRUE wisdom is not manifested, as the sages say, in trying to see resemblances in things which differ, but in discerning the real difference among those which resemble one another. What you need to cultivate is a sound judgment, and you will never get it by hunting up so-called parallel passages. The habit is, on the contrary, destructive to intelligence in the Word of God.”

—Extracted.

Pilgrimage

IT is well that we should have here no continuing city. We seek, we look for one that is to come, and He will bring us safely to that desired home with Himself. How bright, how fair, how beautiful the prospect is! It keeps one patient in the little dark, dingy places down here. One can afford to lose things, and even to wait in this world another twenty years, if He pleases.

Z.

Jamie; or, God's Face

ONE Lord's Day in winter, four years ago, I thought I would go and see the father and mother of a little boy and girl belonging to our school. I was very much interested in the father, an intelligent man, who always seemed to listen with interest to what one had to say about the soul and God, but who could hardly ever be got to attend the preaching, his excuse usually being the want of clothes, or this, "It aint no good to begin if you can't stick to't." He was ashamed to say in so many words what it was that kept him from "sticking to't," and from having as decent a suit of Sunday clothes as any other working man; but he knew well that I was quite aware of the reason, which—as I daresay you have already guessed—was simply the love of drink.

He was one of the few men in our hamlet who could read, and when not spending Sunday evening in the ale-house, was usually to be found at home, reading the newspaper or some book, not infrequently the Bible; and thus employed I hoped to find him that evening. But when I reached his home, which was situated in a very unattractive row of cottages, no light was to be seen streaming through any of its cracked and rag-stuffed windows, and I began to think that no one was in, and that I had denied myself going to the preaching for nothing. However, I did not like to go back without knocking, which was no sooner done than I heard someone get up to open the door. The footsteps were those of Jamie, my lath scholar, at that time an extremely bright and interesting boy of eight. Though brimful of fun, Jamie seemed to be quite harmless and inoffensive to every creature, excepting, indeed, in the bird-nesting season, when, to tell the truth about him, he robbed so many nests that the wonder was, there were any birds left to sing in the parish.

"We always likes Jamie to go wi' us when we goes birds'-nestin'; he do know for a' the birds' nestes," said a boy to me one day. I have myself several times robbed him of whole pocketsful of poor little yellow-beaked, half-naked birds, which I knew to be in his keeping, either by their faint chirp or by the boy's irresistible desire to look at his prey, yet on these occasions, dear as we know young birds to be to the British boy's heart, or what is called his heart, Jamie never seemed either cross at the time or sulky afterward. I think the unfeigned sorrow and concern which I could not help showing for his little captives, used to awe and puzzle him too much for that.

The best birds'-nester, he was also the best cricketer among the small boys of the place, the best singer in the school, and the best scholar in his class, and when I heard his footsteps on the floor of the cottage that evening, I felt that my visit would not be quite in vain; for a chat with Jamie was always worth having when it could be got. It was so dark when the child opened the door that I could not see him, but being sure it was he, I said, "Well, Jamie, are you all alone in the dark?"

"No, Gov'ness" (the name in this part of the country for a schoolmistress); "Sarah Ann's in."

"Are not your father and mother at home?"

"No, Gov'ness. Father's been gone to B—ever sin' last night, and mother's gone to seek after him."

"Would you like me to come in with you for a little while?" I then asked.

"If you likes, Gov'ness," he said, in a half sad tone, and as I did like, I stepped inside.

Bidding him poke the dull fire which smouldered in the grate, I found my way as well as I could to the chair upon which little Sarah Ann, only four years old, was resting her sleepy little head, and sitting down beside her, I set myself to restore her to a state of complete wide-awakeness; this, with the help of something out of my pocket, was soon accomplished. After a chat with Jamie, who had seated himself on the fender by the now flickering fire, I proposed that we should sing a hymn together. Sarah Ann was allowed to choose the hymn, and she chose the one I felt quite sure she would:

"Jesus loves me, this I know,

For the Bible tells me so,"

at that time the favorite hymn of the school. When we had done singing I talked to them about it, and especially about those two lines:

"He will wash away my sin,

Let a little child come in."

"Where into?" I said.

"Heaven," said little Sarah Ann, quite promptly.

Then I told them as well as I could how beautiful the Bible says heaven is; of its jasper walls and pearly gates; its golden street, where walk the white-robed saints; and of the throne of God and of the Lamb. Around that throne I told them thousands of children will stand, who were once poor and sinful like them, but with their sins now washed away in the blood of Jesus. I told them too of the beautiful river which makes glad that city of God, and of the beautiful trees bearing twelve manner of fruit, and yielding their fruit every month, which grow in the midst of the street, and on either side of the river, and how the Lamb leads His people to living fountains of water.

"And do you know, Jamie," I asked when I had done, "what gives them light in that glorious place?"

I expected him to say "no," or "the sun," or at best "God," and was prepared to explain to him those beautiful words— "And the city had no need of the sun, neither of the moon, to shine in it: for the glory of God did lighten it, and the Lamb is the light (or rather lamp) thereof." "And there shall be no night there: and they need no candle, neither light of the sun; for the Lord God giveth them light."

But to my surprise he gave me at once this beautiful answer, "God's face."

"Yes, Jamie," I said, "You are quite right; it is God's face, the face of Jesus Christ that lightens all that holy place. And wouldn't you like to go there?"

His answer again surprised me, but it pained me as well; for it was, "No, Gov'ness."

"Why would you not, Jamie?"

“Because my sins isn’t washed away,” he replied.

Poor Jamie! there was such a tone of sober conviction of the truth of what he was saying in his voice, that I felt quite touched, and pitying him from my heart, I did my best to show him how true those lines of the hymn we had sung together are:

“He will wash away my sin,

Let a little child come in.”

I pitied him, yet I felt glad that he had been brought to feel that an unwashed sinner cannot stand the light of God’s face, nor ever be happy in heaven.

I stayed as long as I could with the two lonely little things; and when at last I had to go, it was with a sad heart I did it. They were of tender years to sit up for a drunken father (for it was only too certain he would come home in that state). I heard, however, the next day, that neither father, nor mother, nor brother came home at all that night, and that by and by the little things dragged themselves up to bed somehow, and were all the night alone in the un-locked-up house. But “their angels,” who always behold God’s face, were there, and no harm came nigh the dwelling.

Jamie’s father has taken him away from school lately to work with him at his own occupation of stone breaking. If you, dear young reader, have had your own sins washed away, will you not pray for him, that as he sits by the roadside or in the quarry breaking stones for the highways of this world, his heart may not be suffered to become hard as the stones he breaks, but that he may find no rest till he has by faith in our Lord Jesus been cleansed from his sins and made fit to walk those streets, paved, not with painful sweat of the sons of toil, but with pure gold, like unto transparent glass, in the light of the smile of God’s face.

E. B.

A Little Child's Faith

JESSIE had been staying a few days with me, and on the morning that she was expecting to leave and take a long journey into a distant country, her little head was full of wonder and guesses as to what the new place would be like. Suddenly, her simple face, she was but six years old, was put above the bedclothes, and she said: "I shall be at A— tonight, shall I not?"

"Yes, darling," I replied, "If God takes you there safely."

"Don't you think I might ask God to look after us in the train?" said Jessie, "I did once when I was left by myself in the dark, and Miss T. was away, and He did."

I answered "Certainly," and when she came to me to thank God for His care over her during the night, I led her in a few words to ask the Lord to take them safely to their journey's end.

An hour or two later, when waiting for the train to come up to the platform, one of Jessie's little brothers said, "Supposing there should be an accident today." "No, there won't be any, because I have asked God to look after us," replied Jessie.

There was no thought of irreverence in the little one's mind, but doubtless she had been accustomed to have either a nurse or governess to look after her, and her thought was that the all-seeing God could do the same for her.

Now I wonder whether my dear young readers who have believed in the Lord Jesus, and who know Him as their own Saviour, can trust Him to take care of them when left for a few minutes by themselves, or when they wake up in the night to find it quite dark.

When little troubles come, or when your lessons are difficult, to whom do you go for help? If you have been trying to bear your troubles by yourself, don't do so next time; tell them all to God, ask Him to hear you for the sake of His dear Son. And He will, for He cares for you, and loves to hear you tell Him all that is in your heart. This child had "faith in God," for when the thought of an accident was suggested to her, it did not disturb her happiness, for she had asked "in prayer believing," and thus was sure she should receive.

I must not forget to tell you that Jessie and her brothers arrived quite safely at A—that evening.

M. W.

The Sack of Bibles

A SERVANT of God, of whom we have already told you in a previous number; taking a sack full of Bibles, and giving his servant another to carry, set out from his Nile boat to go to a certain village, where he knew there were Christians.

At last, after walking many hours, they found they were on the wrong track.

"We have lost two hours; you have led me astray," said the missionary to his servant.

The servant would not allow that he was in fault, and became very angry. Then the master thought, "I am a Christian; the servant of the Lord must not strive, but be patient and gentle; I should be the first to be silent," so he said no more.

By-and-bye, foot-sore with the long journey and oppressed by their heavy burdens, they arrived at a Muslim village.

"Are there no Christians here?" asked the missionary, for he knew it would be in vain for him to offer his books to a Mohammedan.

"We have no unbelievers here," was the angry reply. "No; you will find no swine, no unclean dogs of Christians in this village."

"I must ask further," thought the missionary. "It cannot be that God has allowed me to come where there is not one Christian—no one who will receive His book!"

At last a man said, "If you go behind that hill you will find one of the people you seek."

When the missionary came to the place, he said to the master of the house, "Are you a Christian?"

"Yes," answered the man, with a fierce look.

"I bring you the book of God," said the missionary, offering one of his big Arabic Bibles.

"I will have nothing to do with God, or with His book," said the man, angrily.

"How is this, my friend?" the missionary gently asked.

"I was a rich man," he replied; "I had a good house, and plenty of wares, and I had a Bible, and read it. But now all is changed. Last year the Nile overflowed. My house, my wares, my Bible—all were ruined! I will never more have anything to do with God, or with the Bible."

The missionary saw that this poor man had fancied that having a Bible in his house would be the means of keeping himself and his property secure from all harm, in fact that he had regarded it as a charm, and he knew that Satan was busy in his heart, making him think hard thoughts of God, so he spoke to him patiently and lovingly, and after a time the man was softened.

“Where are your Bibles?” said he. “Have you but one with you? I should like to buy many for my family and friends.”

As the missionary and his servant went on their way, with their loads much lightened—for many Bibles had been left behind—he thought of how vexed he had been at having taken the wrong way, and thanked God, who can use contrary winds or wrong roads for His own purposes of mercy to men whose only thoughts concerning Him are hard, unthankful, evil thoughts.

C. P.

William Farel.

(Continued from Gage 77).

YOU will like to hear Farel's own account of these happy days. He had been there scarcely a week when he thus wrote to his friend, the preacher at Noville, near Aigle:— “I would not have you ignorant, dear brethren, of the work which Christ is doing in His own. For against all hope He has here touched the hearts of several. Notwithstanding the tyrannical orders, and the enmity of the men with shaven crowns, numbers have come to hear the word preached in the city gates, in the streets, in barns, and in houses. They listened eagerly, and nearly all have believed what they heard, though it was the exact contrary to the errors so deeply rooted in their hearts. Therefore join with me in thanking the Father of mercies, and pray for greater blessing. I would gladly return to you at Aigle, but the glory of Jesus Christ and the thirst of His sheep compel me to go forward in the face of sufferings which tongue cannot tell. But Christ makes all things light to me. Oh, my friends, may His cause be to us the dearest thing we know!”

We hear of Farel in one place after another, and we hear everywhere of the same blessing from God, and the same opposition from the enemy. “Last Thursday,” on one occasion, wrote the lords of Berne to the Count of Gruyere, “Master William Farel, passing through your country, lodged for the night at S. Martin, and the clergyman of the place, in company with two other priests, assaulted the said Farel, and the vicar reviled him with bad and abusive language, and hit him with a pot, and also struck our officer, who was with him, calling the said Farel a heretic and a devil, which insults we consider to have been directed at ourselves. You will please to make inquiries as to these things, and to bestow the punishment that is due for such offenses.”

This is but one of the many complaints addressed by the lords of Berne to those who had ill-treated Farel and other preachers. On the other hand, they received constant entreaties from the Bishop of Lausaune, and from their allies at Friborg, who besought them to put a stop to the preaching. In consequence Farel had many warnings from Berne not to go too far—not to preach where he was not wanted—not to give offense—not to break images, or make commotions. Farel regarded these warnings just as much as he considered it right to do so. He did not profess to take his orders from any other than the Master who had sent him, and, though he was thankful for the protection of Berne, he did not consider that his friends there had a right to make his plans, or to limit his movements. “It would be well,” he said, “if the men of Berne were as zealous for the gospel as the men of Friborg are for idolatry.”

In the month of April of that year, 1530, the priest of Tavannes was singing mass in the village church. Tavannes is a village not very far from Basle. As he sang, two men came into the church,

and one of them, going up into the pulpit, began to preach. The priest had no need to be told that it was William Farel. The other man, who was very young, only eighteen or nineteen years old, was Anthony Boyne. Do you remember Anthony Boyne, of Dauphiné? Some say he was a cousin of Farel's, but I do not know that there is any good reason for saying so, nor do I know why he is generally called by the name of Anthony Froment from the time of his arrival in Switzerland, but by this name you will henceforth hear of him.

He tells us that the sermon at Tavannes was with "such might and power, that no sooner was it ended than the people rose up with one accord and broke down both images and altars." The priest fled in dismay. The people of Tavannes then wrote to the lords of Berne. "We thank you humbly," they said, "that you have sent us a preacher to declare to us the holy gospel of God, which we have received, and desire, God helping us, to live according to the same."

The Bishop of Basle soon heard of these strange doings. He, too, wrote an epistle to the lords of Berne. "A man named Fuel," he said, "is roaming in our diocese and vomiting forth insults against our person, which, doubtless, he did not learn in the gospel. He attempts to spread his doctrine amongst our subjects" (the bishop was also prince of a large territory); "he pretends he has a commission from you; but we cannot suffer a stranger to come and sow trouble and discord amongst our people, and hold us up to contempt. A lesser than we would not submit to this. We earnestly request that you will desire the said Farel to leave our country in peace and to content himself with preaching where he is wanted, and where there are people who find pleasure in hearing him. Otherwise, if he persists, bloodshed might follow, and we should then act, as the case requires, in order to rid ourselves of his presence."

But Farel was as deaf to the bishop's complaints as was the bishop to the gospel of God, and the preaching went on as before.

It may interest you to read an account written by a Roman Catholic of this eventful time. It is as follows—

"Farel had a belief in a voice from heaven, which called to him, 'Forward!' and forward did he go, resistless as death. He troubled himself neither for red or blue vestments, nor for mantles of ermine, nor for robes of silk, nor for coronets of dukes, nor crowns of kings, nor for holy vessels, nor for pictures, nor for images. All were alike to him as the dust of the ground. History, Christian art, traditions, and forms were only matter to him for insolent mockery. Hoist him up on a railing, he will carry away every passer-by with the magic of his preaching. Take him down into the mines of Mansfeld, and every workman will leave his anvil to hang upon his words and follow his steps. Put him into a pulpit surrounded by images, at once he will fall upon them with a knife or a hammer till he has utterly destroyed every trace of what he calls an idol. Montbéliard, Aigle, and Bienne, stirred up by his words, drove away their monks, and set up a new worship. If he only passed through a town, the inhabitants were sure to come to blows with another. 'The kingdom of heaven suffers violence,' he would say, and forward he went in his remorseless work of noise and ruin. The magistrates themselves, utterly frightened by his doings, dared not keep him in their hands. The revolution finished, they opened to him the gates of the town, and Farel, perfectly happy, took his pilgrim's staff, and went off on foot across the mountains to find another city or village where his voice might awaken a fresh tempest. His stick meanwhile battered down along the roadsides alike the crosses of Christ and the images of Mary."

In the month of June Farel appeared again at Neuchâtel. Anthony Froment came with him during the six months of his absence many more of the people of Neuchâtel had turned to the Lord. Farel began again to preach in the streets and in private houses. But one day the people led him to the hospital. They said he should preach to them in the hospital chapel. In vain did the priests attempt to block the way. Like a mighty wave the people pressed in: Farel in their midst. "Long ago," said Farel, "the Son of God came down from heaven—it was amongst the poor, and in a stable, that he was welcomed on the earth—and here, at Neuchâtel, His welcome is amongst the poor and the maimed in a hospital." There amongst the poor and the maimed was the gospel now to be preached. Farel spoke of Christ, the living Saviour in heaven. The poor people listened in joy and wonder.

"And now," said Farel, "what do we, who have a living Christ, need with these dead images and pictures? Let us cast them away, and have in their place the living God and Saviour."

With his own hands he then took down the crucifix, the images, and the pictures which adorned the chapel. The people carried them out, and destroyed them.

The governor now thought it was time to bestir himself. He called the citizens to account for these outrages. But they, in their turn, appealed to the Council of Berne, who sent messages to the governor, and to Farel. To the governor they said that they desired that amongst all their allies, liberty of conscience should be allowed. They would see to it if it were withheld from the people of Neuchâtel. To Farel they said that he must be careful not to use force, nor to attempt more than the bold preaching of the gospel, as he had no authority to make any changes in the town of Neuchâtel. They must be made by the citizens themselves, if they were brought to believe the gospel. The governor, who knew how needful it was for the little state to have the protection of Berne, dared make no further opposition to the preaching. He could only look on in displeasure and grief. And the preaching, therefore, continued in the town, and in the villages round.

Not long ago there was still to be seen a memorial of those wanderings. Some village artist painted in a rough way on a cottage wainscot the picture of the preacher who was come amongst them. This rude picture was preserved with care till a few years since. "It represented," we are told, "the preacher on his journeys, stick in hand, in a dress poor and mean, just as he had been seen traveling through the valleys, exhorting, encouraging, praying with his people, spending, and being spent for them. He had no doctor's robe, no doctor's cap, he was nothing, he would be nothing but the messenger of Him who preached the gospel to the poor, and who had not where to lay His head." Such was the servant the Lord had sent.

Thus the summer days passed by—and in the meantime many lost sinners were saved—many blind eyes were opened—many who were athirst came and drank of the water of life freely. Amongst them were three priests of the college. Emer Beynon now dared to come forward, and confess his faith in Christ. But so many of his parishioners were converted, it caused far more joy than grief in the village of Serrières. "You have sometimes called me a good priest," said Emer Beynon, "I hope you will find me a better pastor."

A great day was now at hand in the town of Neuchâtel. It was on the 23rd of October, of that year (1530), that Farel was preaching, as was his wont, in the hospital chapel. He said he was glad to preach there, "but yet," he said, "it is sad that the mass is still honored in Neuchâtel more than the

gospel. In the large church, which holds so many, the mass is sung. In this little chapel, where so few can listen, the gospel is preached.” At these words his hearers rose in a body. “The gospel shall be preached in the great church!” they said; and moving as one man, they seized upon Farel and carried, rather than led him through the streets, up to the great church in the upper town.

We are told much of the grandeur and wealth of this large and ancient church. It contained no less than thirty chapels, ranged around the nave and choir. Twenty-five altars glittered with gold and jewels; images and pictures stood all around. Many were the saints who were worshipped there. But no glad tidings of great joy had ever sounded in those solemn aisles. Masses had been sung there, candles had been burnt there—plays had been acted there on the great festivals. Such were the sermons of popery, acted and spoken dramas, where monks and priests, men, women, and boys, acted the parts of prophets and apostles, of David and of Judas, of Esther and of Adam, in strange confusion.

There, dressed in gaudy finery, might be seen on these festival days a medley of the men and women of Bible history, and of later history, and of no history at all—S. George and the dragon; S. Christopher the giant; S. Peter, and S. Paul; and, awful to say, the Lord Himself. These were the lessons given to the people of Neuchatel. Nothing wiser, nothing better had been heard or seen in the beautiful old church.

But a new day had dawned. It was a crowd of earnest men who now pressed into the great door, and who led Farel in their midst. The priests and monks shrunk back in helpless fear.

Farel went up into the pulpit, and looked around on the glittering finery of the altars and chapels. He looked down on the eager faces of those who were thirsting for the living water. He looked up to Christ in Heaven. And he preached, says the Chronicle, the “mightiest sermon that he ever yet had preached in Neuchatel.” He told the people how far they had wandered from the one living way—he told them of the one Saviour for sinners, and of the one true worship which the saints of God can offer up in spirit and in truth.

Suddenly a cry arose in the crowd below, which was taken up by one and another till it echoed from every corner of the great church— “We will follow Christ, and the gospel, and in that faith alone will we and our children live and die.” And then, rising altogether as one man, they fell upon the altars and the images, upon the pictures and the crucifixes, and shattered them upon the pavement. The honored image of the Virgin, set up by the mother of the Countess Jeanne, shared the fate of the rest. Not an altar, not an image was left standing. The golden vessels used for the mass, and for the incense, were thrown over the churchyard wall into the streets of the lower town. The holy wafers were divided amongst the people, and they ate them there and then, “to show,” said they, “that they are nothing more than bread.”

In vain did George de Rive appear amongst them. His voice was unheard amidst the tumult.

There were four priests who were in charge of the church; but strange to say, they, too, were to be seen breaking the images and overthrowing the altars. “For it is plain,” they said, “that Master Farel has the Bible on his side.” That mighty sermon had not only cast down the idols of wood and stone, but the idolatry of the hearts of men.

The people of Neuchatel then put up a brass plate, on which these words were written, "This year, 1530, the 23rd day of October, idolatry was removed and abolished by the citizens." If you ever go to Neuchatel, you may still see that brass plate, with those memorable words, on a pillar on the left of the communion table, in the great church on the hill. There was also an inscription put up over the pulpit, as follows:— "When the sun of October 23rd arose, there arose also the sun of life for the town of Neuchatel." For 600 years had the old church resounded with Latin masses and idolatrous prayers, and now, "in one hour was the judgment come." Not a trace was left of the dark ages of the past.

It is not for us to judge how much of the energy of the flesh, how much of human excitement there was in that day's work of which I have told you in the cathedral of Neuchatel. No doubt the instruments thus used by God were imperfect and liable to err; but that it was God's work we cannot doubt, if the Scriptures are true, and if the God is unchanged whose solemn words we read, spoken of the idols of older times. "The graven images of their gods shall ye burn with fire; thou shalt not desire the silver or the gold that is on them, nor take it unto thee, lest thou be snared therein, for it is an abomination to the Lord thy God. Neither shalt thou bring an abomination into thine house, lest thou be a cursed thing like it, but thou shalt utterly detest it, and thou shalt utterly abhor it, for it is a cursed thing."

F. B.

A Good Confession

AT the edge of the pavement, outside the London Docks, an old man had stationed himself, with his truck of Spanish chestnuts and oranges. Business had led me to that part of London, and while waiting for an omnibus in which to return, I made a small purchase from the old man's truck, and having done so, handed him a copy of FAITHFUL WORDS.

He slowly read the title aloud, "Faithful Words," then added, "Without faith it is impossible to please Him," and whispered, "Yes, I have faith in God."

Supposing my friend to be a Christian, but wishing to test him, I replied, "For what have you faith in God?"

"For the salvation of my soul and the forgiveness of my sins," was immediately his clear, bright answer. This all assuring reply convinced me that my poor friend and I were brothers—united by the Holy Spirit in the bond of all bonds —Christ! We talked together for about half-an-hour, in the course of which I said, "How long have you been, converted, and how did it come about?"

"Well-nigh forty years, sir, and I well remember the texts that then came to my soul: 'Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest,' and, 'Whom having not seen I love; in whom, (and here the old man slightly altered the text, making it more personal), though now I see him not, yet believing, I rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory;' I have been; happy ever since, and from that day it would if not have mattered if an infidel with all his Arguments came to me, it would have had no effect upon me."

The old man told me how he had lost one eye while at work in an, iron-ship-building yard nearby, where he had been employed upon that huge, vessel, "Great Eastern," and he went on to, say how happy and contented he was, adding, "I would not change places with a King, for my joys will last forever, but a king's may take to themselves wings and flee away."

His knowledge of God's Word was astonishing, and he rejoiced me by saying that his wife, too, was a believer in the Lord Jesus.

While still waiting for the omnibus, and looking anxiously in the direction from which it was to come, I heard my old friend exclaim, "Here is another of 'em, sir," So turning quickly round, I found that a young man of about eighteen years of age had drawn up with his donkey cart and load of china, which he had been hawking in the neighborhood. The young man had a bright and intelligent face, and soon proved himself to be a believer rejoicing in our Lord Jesus Christ.

"Well, how long have you been converted?" I asked.

"Five months," was his ready answer, "and I am so glad I am on the right side, sir; I was a bad, careless fellow, but was persuaded by some friends to go to a gospel preaching, and was converted; I am so glad I am on the right side," adding, "I live with my parents, and they are Christians, too. I am not without my trials though, for the week after I was converted the wheel of

my donkey cart broke, and that was a sad trouble to me.”

The acquaintance between the old stall-keeper and the young man had sprung up from one day when the old man had dropped and left in the road the cover of his chestnut oven, and on the young man picking it up, after thanking him, he had asked him if he were saved;. From that day there had often been an interchange of Christian good wishes and cheer between them. And the simple but hearty interest of these two men, one in Oat other, seemed to me quite an example to encourage God’s people generally to avail themselves of every opportunity for discovering themselves one to another.

The omnibus was approaching and I was bidding the old stall-keeper farewell: he said cheerily—

“See, sir, what a trade I’ve been doing since we’ve been talking together about the Lord’s Word—I’ve sold more in this half-hour than all the day before; I’ve hardly an orange left.”

W. M. C.

Two Warnings

PERHAPS some of my younger readers have never looked upon death. I can well remember my first sight of the cold still features of a loved relative, and though it is more than twenty years ago, it seems but as yesterday to me.

My cousin Kate was a believer on the Lord Jesus, and she loved to speak of Him to all who visited her, I often saw her, and her manner was so kind towards me, that it was happier to sit by her side and listen to her pleasant words, than to play with my dolls and toys.

When they told me that Kate was dead, I felt very sad, and begged to be allowed to see her. It was a lovely evening in early summer as I walked with my mother to the house of mourning.

"Mother," said I, "when will Kate wake up again?"

"When Christ calls for her," was the reply.

"Will she know," I asked, "that she lies in the cold ground?"

"No, my child; she is happy in heaven,"

I could not quite understand my mother's answers; but I did not ask her any more questions, though I thought it over, and wondered how Kate could be in the ground and in heaven at the same time. Tightly, and with childish fear, I held my mother's hand, as she led me into the chamber of death, and a solemnity never before felt crept over me. My uncle and my mother wept together as they spoke of poor Kate's past sufferings and present happiness. Then I was lifted up to take my last look at my cousin, and I recollect putting some lilies of the valley around her sweet calm face.

"You may kiss her forehead," said my mother; "you will not disturb her."

"Can't she feel?" said I.

"No," said Kate's father; "the part that feels is now in heaven. She will never suffer any more, for she has gone where there is no pain, but happiness forever and ever."

This made me very glad, and from that time I always thought of Kate as being with God in heaven.

After a few years I looked upon death again. My brother and I stood hand in hand at the foot of the bed upon which was laid the body of our young friend, Tom. Only the previous day we three had been together enjoying each other's company. Not a thought of death had crossed our minds. Beyond complaining of a slight headache, Tom appeared in his usual health, and was almost wild with delight at meeting my brother, who had been for some time from home. The next day was Sunday, and arrangements were made how we could best enjoy ourselves till its close.

"I will call for you at seven tomorrow morning," said Tom to my brother at parting.

Had we known God for our Father, and Jesus for our Saviour, we should have said: "If the Lord will, we will do this or that!" But, alas! we were all three regardless of God's word. Oh, if Tom had believed to the salvation of his soul!

The following morning at the time appointed, a knocking was heard at our door, and instead of our young friend, his brother hurried into the house, and in distracted tones told us that Tom was dead. No earthly being saw him die. He died in his sleep. Poor Tom! Can you wonder, dear young friends, that my brother and I, as we stood looking at his lifeless body, trembled from head to foot?

Each asked the other, "Where has he gone?" and again came the question, "Suppose it had been I?"

Had it been either of us, we should have gone to that place of unutterable woe, where hope will never come. But God in His great mercy spared us, and we can both gladly say in the words of Scripture, "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? The sting of death is sin; and the strength of sin is the law. But thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." (1 Cor. 15).

If you are not saved, come, I implore you, to Jesus at once. Come to Him now. You may not be living tomorrow. Let the record of this sudden death be a warning to you.

"Come! come! come!

Come to the Saviour now!

No longer make delay,

Life's tide is ebbing fast,

Near is the judgment-day;

Wouldst thou escape His ire,

Who then will fill the throne?

To Jesus, then, now come,

Henceforth be His alone.

Come! come! come!"

E. E. S.

My Photograph

I KNOW but little of the early life of the one of whose passage from darkness into light I desire to tell. It may perhaps be enough to state that the girlhood and early womanhood of Mrs. P. were spent in country villages, where the gospel of the grace of God was seldom, if ever, heard, and where old superstitions and habits of thought maintained a hold upon the minds of the inhabitants, to a degree that those of us who live in busy cities can hardly comprehend.

Soon after her marriage, Mrs. P. came to London with her husband. My first interview with her was at the house of a relative of hers whom I had been asked to visit. I should have found it difficult to explain why I felt so strongly drawn toward Mrs. P. She had not peace, her sad weary face told that but there was a look of almost piteous entreaty in her large dark eyes that seemed mute appeal for help.

Very simply she told how soon after her arrival in London she had been taken by friend to hear the gospel preached, and how the result of that first service had been to arouse her to a deep sense of sin. During the weeks that followed, Mrs. P. gladly took every opportunity of being present at various meetings for prayer and preaching, but she still remained a stranger to the peace and joy that can only spring from faith in Christ.

What could be the reason? The gospel she had heard was a very simple one, and her evident distress could only have been created by the Holy Spirit, who convinces of sin. I was not long left in doubt as to this question; for Mrs. P. said one day, "I do believe that the Lord Jesus is willing and able to save me, and I am longing for the rest He only can give, but I must wait a little longer."

"What are you going to wait for?" I asked.

"Well, to tell you the truth, I am waiting to see something. When I was a very young girl, I heard a man, whom I thought to be a very good one, say, that if a person was converted he always saw something. I do not know exactly what I shall see, but I am sure to see something. You saw something when you were converted, did you not?"

"Yes," I replied, "indeed I did; I saw my own likeness, or photograph, if you like the word better. It was shown me by the Holy Spirit of God. Shall I show it to you?" and opening my Bible I read from Rom. 3:10 to 18: "As it is written, There is none righteous, no, not one: There is none that understandeth, there is none that seeketh after God. They are all gone out of the way, they are together become unprofitable; there is none that doeth good, no, not one. Their throat is an open sepulcher; with their tongues they have used deceit; the poison of asps is under their lips: Whose mouth is full of cursing and bitterness: Their feet are swift to shed blood: Destruction and misery are in their ways: And the way of peace have they not known: There is no fear of God before their eyes." This is not a beautiful picture, but I knew it to be a correct likeness of myself drawn by the Holy Ghost.

“Now I will tell you how it was that the solemn words you have just heard led me into peace. They showed me that God knew all the deep utter ruin of my nature, all the sinfulness of my sins, before He laid my sins upon Christ Jesus, before He took me up in grace. And when I was before God as a lost sinner, then the same grace that had convinced me of my need made me willing to accept the Saviour God had provided, so all was settled and I had peace.”

And as we re-read the Scripture I have already quoted, Mrs. P. saw that all her need had been met, all her sin put away by the Lord Jesus Christ. And “joy unspeakable and full of glory,” followed the blessed peace giving sight.

C. J. L.

Built Into the Rock

ABOUT the year 1696 the first structure was erected on the Eddystone rocks.

The builder boasted that he cared not how wild the storm might be, his building was able to withstand everything that might sweep against it. His boasting however proved to be vain, for in the latter end of the year 1703, in as wild a storm as was ever known to have raged around our coasts, the lighthouse fell, and with it perished its builder.

The second building stood about forty years, and was then destroyed by fire.

The builder of the third, wiser than his predecessors, hit upon a plan of strong firm building, which has ever since been greatly admired. The main feature of it is, that the huge stones forming the building are dovetailed into each other, and at the foundation are dove-tailed into the solid rock: thus the whole structure is firmly knit together, and likewise knit firmly to its foundation. This lighthouse has bravely withstood the wildest storms, and the fiercest waves of the ocean for more than a hundred years.

We see in the story of this building how that there are two things necessary to a stable structure: there must be an immovable foundation; and the superstructure must be firmly fixed into that firm foundation. And how is it with the Christian's standing? Thank God, we find both things there!

God says (Isa. 28:16), "Behold, I lay in Zion for a foundation a stone, a tried stone, a precious corner stone, a sure foundation," and Peter, in his first epistle, ch. 2., applies this word distinctly to Jesus Christ, and this foundation can never be moved.

The same word also tells us, "He that believeth on Him shall not be confounded." All that Christ is—the chosen, the precious, the sure, foundation—all is for the believer. Such as make lies their refuge, and hide themselves under falsehood, may fancy themselves secure, as did the man who built the first lighthouse upon those rocks; but when God lays judgment to the line, and righteousness to the plummet, "the hail shall sweep away the refuge of lies, and the waters shall overflow the hiding place." Oh! happy is he who through grace is upon the sure foundation—Jesus Christ. He shall never be confounded.

But some one may ask, Is it not possible for me, like the man in his lighthouse, to take my stand upon the sure foundation, and yet be swept away with the storm? Is it not possible for me to perish after all? Dear reader, if you have believed in Jesus, it is impossible that you should perish; God's word declares it.

God speaks of Himself building on the foundation He has laid. Everyone put in the building has been put in by God. If you have believed, you are a stone in this wonderful building. And see how marvelously God builds. The "Living Stone" is the foundation, and every believer in Him is a living stone: each one, even the feeblest and weakest, is partaker of His risen life, and is bound indissolubly to the Lord, thus making, as it were one solid fabric. The Holy Ghost binds us inseparably to each other, and unites us with the risen Christ. We are on Him risen, yea, fixed in

Him, and there is no possibility of even hell prevailing against the building.

Is not, then, the position of the believer a most blessed one? What if storms do come, and come they most assuredly will: if trials and difficulties do thicken and multiply, we know that we are bonded into Christ, and He is the Rock that can never be moved.

J. R.

The Lord's Thoughts

"The wonder to me is," exclaimed an aged believer, "that the Lord should ever stoop down to pick up such a poor, worthless thing as I am," On another occasion she said, "Why does He leave me here in this poor, little room, where I can do nothing for Him?" But the peaceful way in which she spoke told its own tale, and answered her question. "Surely," replied the person addressed, "if it was only for me to hear you speak of Him, it would not be in vain, for your smile of contentment has cheered me on my way." This pleased the aged believer greatly, and she was satisfied to be of some little use for the Lord she loved.

P.

The Path of Faith

THE path of faith is necessarily trying.

And it is intended by God that our faith should be tried. Untried faith is unknown power; tried faith is God proved. There are times when God so deals with us that we have, practically, no outlook, no future, All around is fog. We cannot see one step before us. If we try to look ahead, our hearts are ready to break. Now in such seasons the wisest thing is not to think of tomorrow, but to look up. When we do this there will soon be found sufficient sunshine to brighten the spot where we stand, just enough for that one small place. And, fellow Christian, what more sunshine for yourself do you require? If you are enjoying that ray which comes straight from the throne above and shines upon you, is not that sufficient? So long as you are enjoying this, you will not be occupied with the fog which closes the next step from your view.

Let us remember, too, that where our God is the light is ever the same. He is above the clouds. He is the God of peace; and He knows what our next step will be, and what lies before us. The great thing in life's trials is to have the God of peace with us, and His peace in our hearts. This is a reality, and can only be known in its full sustaining power in our trials. Give your cares to God, and He will give you His peace and be with you, and when this is so you can bless Him, even in the trials, for the trials.

Spring Lessons

WHETHER we grew in grace last year, or not, I hardly know, and a year is a long time out of the short season allotted to us here.

Nature has taught us, this bleak, long winter, that “March winds and April showers bring forth May flowers,” which translated into spiritual language signifies that the rough east wind of self-learning, the breaking of the branches and rotten boughs, the garden strewn with the rubbish, and the tears shed thereupon, with the Sun of righteousness shining through them, are used to clear away obstructions to the bringing forth of heavenly graces in the soul. The Master calls up sweetness where least expected. He makes the prickly, hard blackthorn gracious with white blossom in early spring, and there are trees of His planting which bloom excellently, and that, too, earlier than do many less rugged characters. But the retiring and hiding spirits, like the humble primroses, in their sheltered nooks, blossom all through the second winter, and by their lowliness escape many of the necessary blasts which so severely test the tall trees.

Now Let Us All Adore

NOW let us all adore and praise the Lord,
Who us from Satan's cruel grasp hast saved;
Who for our sakes God's righteous judgment
braved;
Who to such high estate hath us restored
And on our heads heaven's highest honors
poured!
When He, for our salvation, bared His arm,
No warlike weapon bore He to the fray;
No flaming sword, no spear of victory,
No shield to guard His heart from fatal harm,
No brazen helm from far to strike alarm.
But rather, in His hand, He meekly bore,
A reed they gave to Him in mockery,—
Ere that they nailed Him to the shameful tree—
His heart was by the archers wounded sore,—
Upon His head a crown of thorns He wore.
Weak was the strong One in His day of might.
Oh! mighty was His weakness in that day!
Oh! strong to death the love He did display!
He won by losing in the deadly fight;
He bore all wrong, and thus achieved all right.
Then let us praise, let us adore His name,
With tuneful voices in melodious song:
Praise is His right, who suffered all our wrong.
Deep thanks give we to whose relief He came,

High honor unto Him who bore our shame.

E. B.

And Be Ye Thankful

MOST necessary reminder! For how seldom, comparatively speaking, do we remember to thank God for His mercies. And our common mercies we too commonly accept as a matter of course. We shall find that when we are in circumstances of distress and trial we are more thankful to God for His mercies, than when we are surrounded with easy things. Perhaps the reason is, that we are apt to forget God when all is smooth.

Head and Heart Knowledge

THE greatest blessing that can belong to a believer this side of the glory, is to have a heart for and full of Christ. Can we find a desire for ourselves more deep than this, "That I may know Him," or a prayer for one another more holy than this, "That ye may know the love of Christ which passeth knowledge"? No one could truly say, "That I may know Him," who has not experienced His love; and truly to pray to the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, for one another, "That ye may know the love," would be impossible, unless in measure experimentally we have in our hearts that which the mightiest understanding cannot contain.

To know the love, to know it within the heart, is the nearest approach to the deepest joys of heaven that we shall ever experience. Our hearts are small, and cannot take in much of the love; they will be of larger capacity by-and-bye; but if not in degree, yet in quality, the joy of heaven is ours, when our hearts are filled with Christ.

God has, in grace, distributed much knowledge of His truth to His people in our days. He has given a light upon His word, and eyes to see what His word means, which were not the portion of His own a hundred years ago. God has met for us new phases of evil, fresh activities of error, by showing to us what His word means. Such knowledge should humble its possessors, yet such is the mystery of human pride, that this knowledge is actually boasted in, as if the knowledge made the possessor powerful, so that it is necessary to inquire, as of the Corinthians of old, "What? came the word of God out from you? or came it unto you only?"

The knowledge is given, and this should be a consideration, leading us to praise God and to self-abasement, for grace appreciated always humbles. It is a gift—a blessed gift—but still a gift. Where there is boasting of the knowledge, as if its possessor were somebody, Satan is not far off. Almost invariably, such as boast of what they know, are not the miners who dig and wash out the gold, but such as pick up the precious things the diggers find.

The knowledge of truth is like a wall around us: thereby much error is fenced out. To us is therefore the greater responsibility, as living within such a circle. The Lord did not forget either the faithfulness or the privileges of those of Ephesus who tried the false apostles and found them liars. And from Himself we know that the Corinthians were strong in knowledge, and came behind in no gift; yet the Corinthians lacked holiness, and the Ephesians left their first love. The decay began at the heart. The fruit appeared to be sweet and pleasant, but a fault was in the core. And the Lord looks to the heart; He seeth not as man seeth.

The head may overgrow the heart, but the heart cannot overgrow the head. Intellectual interest in Scripture may supplant affection for the Lord; but as He is better known, the believer is better able to bear the knowledge of the deepest mysteries. We may get interested in books, or our Bibles, and yet be sluggish towards Christ. We may give up exterior worldliness, and yet be carried away from communion with Christ in the whirl of religious activities.

“Sanctify them through Thy truth,” said our Lord of His own to His Father. What truth? Not truths, not doctrines merely, but “Thy truth.” The wonderful fact that He is our Father. The knowledge of the truths of the Bible—living word of God as it is—does not make a man holy; “The letter killeth.”

Had the Corinthians had a better acquaintance with Christ, they had not boasted in their behavior toward sin. They would have seen the evil with the eyes of Christ, and judged it as He did. And where there is wisdom to explain Scripture, yet want of ability to deal with moral evil, there would seem to be an absence of heart acquaintance with Christ. The Ephesians with all their wisdom had left their first love.

It is a good test to the heart to inquire, “Suppose I were upon my dying bed, how would my heart speak?” At such a moment, the prayer would surely be, unless the time had to be spent in self-judgment and confession, “That I may know Him” —Himself —His person. In that one word, “Himself,” every desire for eternity is satisfied. And if we would truly say, “to me to die is gain,” we must also be able to say, “to me to live is Christ.”

A child can love as well as a man. No doubt its love will be simply expressed, and in a way that for a man would be unseemly. But the love is the jewel, not the setting. The Ephesians had left the jewel, and the Lord searched their hearts for it in vain. There is many a simple saint, who can hardly say the A B C of the truth as men speak, whose affections to Christ are such a treasure to Him that He comes in and sups with His simple lover. It is a feast for Him—marvelous His grace!—as well as for the one who hears His knock and opens to Him.

Only to think of it, that His own are His joy, and their love His delight! It is more wonderful than the fact that we shall shine in the glory. We are but mere specks upon this earth, which itself is only a speck in His great creation; yet He who made all things and upholds all things, would fill the little speck with Himself! What condescending love! He humbled Himself to win us; had He not done so, we should never have understood Him. He is not found out by searching; but as He dwells with us, we know Him. Our hearts require strengthening for this. And the Holy Spirit effects the work within us. It would be too glorious to believe, if the Holy Ghost did not strengthen us, that He who fills all things, fills us. “May Christ dwell in our hearts by faith.”

And, if near Christ, there will be a holy desire to do His pleasure. The Lord tells us that, “If a man love Me, he will keep My words; and My Father will love him, and We will come unto him, and make Our abode with him.” Keeping His words is having an acquaintance with His mind, not merely knowing His distinct orders, His commandments. We know by the general tone of our friend’s character what he likes—what is suitable to his nature; and so by our Lord’s words WE know Himself, and if we love Him, we shall keep His words.

The very instincts of love are sometimes a faithful guide. How exquisitely the instinct of love wrought in Mary. She knew what suited her Master. They made the Lord a feast, and Lazarus sat at the table with Him. This is our place as raised up by Him from the dead. True to herself, Martha served. And as the supper proceeded, and all delighted in what Jesus had done for them, Mary brought out of her stores a special portion for the Lord Himself. She was not understood by the disciples, but at the very moment when all were thinking of Jesus as the One who had given life to the dead, with the wisdom of love she produced her “very costly” box of spikenard, and anointed Him for His own burial! “Then said Jesus, ‘Let her alone, against the day of my burying hath she

kept this.” Love did the very thing which cheered the heart of Christ, and at such a moment.

Quite true, we are not to be guided by our love to Christ; for if we love Him, we keep His sayings. The scriptures are the guide, but if we love Christ, we shall heed His word. It will be our lamp.

There is a vast difference to us even in the use of the word, when we have it as having Christ filling our hearts, or when we gather of its stores for our own information. It is a very important difference whether we have our hearts so prepared by His presence, that we can enter into the truths of Scripture in communion with God about Christ, or whether we have the truths without the communion. And it is of deep moment for our soul's welfare that we keep this distinction clear. Let us not be content with head knowledge only, let us earnestly seek that Christ may dwell in our hearts by faith.

H. F. W.

Twice Captive, Twice Delivered

IN one of the pretty lanes close to the village of B—, lived a little girl, whom we will call Carrie. It was a scene of peace and rest; the stillness of the summer air was broken only by the gentle murmur of the breeze among the trees, the hum of the bees, and the warbling of the feathered songsters as they flitted here and there. Wild flowers grew in the hedgerows, and the busy little ants were at work; the swallows skimmed gracefully through the air, the lark soared to the clouds with his triumphant notes, and the cattle were lowing in the meadow, as little Carrie, unconscious that any danger was near, wandered beneath an avenue of trees that spread their canopy of light and shade over the lane. In her childish way she enjoyed the ramble all alone, for as yet only six summers had rolled away since baby Carrie's name was written in the parish register.

Carrie had lost sight of her father's house and went wandering along, picking a flower here and there, when all at once the dusky form of a gipsy woman came in sight, who, in a moment caught the little thing in her arms. Poor Carrie her heart was filled with sorrow, and she trembled from head to foot, as she was hurried away from her home. Mile after mile was passed, her terror increasing each instant; but she had no power to get out of the strong grasp of the gipsy; poor little weak thing, her struggles were of no avail; but there was one thing she could do, and that was scream for help. That she did, longing that some one would come and take her away from her cruel captor. All seemed in vain, till suddenly a strong man jumped over the hedge; he had heard the screams and cries of the child, and, leaving his work in the field, had hastened to see what was the matter. At a glance he saw that the gipsy was stealing the child, so he came, and with his strong arms, took little Carrie away from the gipsy and carried her back to her home. How glad and thankful her parents were to receive their lost child when they learned all the sad trouble through which she had passed. How grateful, too, they were to the strong man who rescued her. Poor little Carrie was too ill to speak; and when she got over the fright it was found that the, shock had taken away all power of speech, and for nearly twenty long years she was unable to express herself in words. At the end of that time a doctor, who understood her case, took her in hand, and gradually her power of speech came back, and she was able to talk once more.

We must now pass over three score years of Carrie's life, and I must introduce her to you again as she sits listening to the preaching of the word of God. The Holy Spirit began to work in her conscience as she listened, and she discovered that for nearly seventy years she had been in the grasp of a far more cruel and relentless foe than was her gipsy captor; she learned that sin and Satan were hurrying her on to eternal ruin, and that she was utterly powerless to deliver herself. A long list of black sins all unforgiven rose against her—terror filled her very soul; and now, thoroughly aroused, she began to long for deliverance. Day by day her anguish increased, as, to use her own words, she "saw that she was hanging over the very brink of the pit of hell." Alas! she had been there all those years, but now her eyes were opened to see her dreadful condition in the sight of God.

Again she is found where the gospel is preached; there she heard how God had come down to save, to rescue, to deliver, all who felt their need, just as when His people Israel were in bondage in Egypt, He had heard their cries, He had seen their tears, and He had come down to deliver them. That was just what she needed, a Saviour, one that was mighty to save. She heard of Jesus, and saw in Him a mighty rescuer; she believed not only His power, but His love, and trusting herself entirely to His word, she found herself on His bosom as one of His sheep, close to His beating heart of love. Nay, more, her tongue was loosed, and she gave vent to the praises of a grateful heart, acknowledging that the blessedness she was tasting was beyond all her brightest dreams. "I did hope to get to Heaven some day; but to know my sins forgiven now, deliverance now, this is more than I had hoped and longed for," she would say.

It is now her joy to be with the people of God, and to tell to others what a dear Saviour she has found. My dear young friends, I would say to you, that if unsaved, you are captives, and that you need a mighty one to save you; and I can tell you of One who "led captivity captive," a victorious Conqueror over sin, death, and Satan. His name is Jesus. He waits to save you. Is there one of my young readers who owns the need of a Saviour, who feels the bondage of sin? Will you have this gracious Saviour and Deliverer? If so, you will be able to sing with Carrie—

"Now I have found a friend! Jesus is mine."

And add—

"Christ delivered me when bound,

And, when wounded, healed my wound.

Sought me wandering, set me right,

Turned my darkness into light."

H. N.

Because He Died for Me

“WHY do you love Jesus?” was a question put to little Annie.

“Because He died for me,” was her sweet reply. And truly the love of Jesus was very real to her. His name was precious to her; although only three years and four months old it was her delight to hear of Him. Many times she would ask to be taken up on her father’s or mother’s knee, and would then say, “Tell me about Jesus. I want to hear about Jesus.” And the joy of her soul was, that she was going to be with Him.

Little did we think she was so soon going to be with Him. But we know our loving God and Father doeth all things well; His word tells us that all things work together for good to them that love God. He never makes any mistakes.

Her little sister, Isabella, of the same age, became very ill. This was a great grief to little Annie, who would kneel down and, in her simple way, ask the Lord to make Isabella better, and the prayer was answered. But, alas! the disease laid hold upon little Annie, and it made such rapid strides that she was soon laid very low. She was asked if she would rather get better, or go to be with Jesus. Her sweet reply was, “Go to be with Jesus.”

Early one morning her father said to her, “You are my little precious one. Who did Jesus die for?” “For me,” said she.

It is now our comfort to know that the child is waiting with the Lord, while we are waiting for the Lord. Can you say with little Annie, “I love Him, because He died for me?” If so, you can sing—

“Up to my Father’s house I go,

To that sweet home of love:

Many the mansions that are found

Where Jesus dwells above!”

W. C.

The Gentleness of Jesus

Read Mark 6:35-51.

“WHAT are those patches of white on the hill side by that wood?” I said, as we drove through a lovely part of Surrey. “Linen bleaching,” said one of our party. “A giant’s washday!” suggested another. But when we came to the place we found they were tablecloths spread on the grass, and that six hundred boys from some London ragged schools were going to have tea in the country. Poor fellows! Very soon they came, and we saw that the huge loads of cake and bread were none too large to feed those thin, hungry lads. In going back we saw the white patches for a long distance, surrounded by the boys, who looked like black dots, like strings of beads, and you will not wonder that we thought and spoke of that other large gathering of people, when Jesus fed the five thousand.

Can you not picture the scene, the day far spent, the lovely color fading from the lake, and the shadows of the multitude lying, long and dark, “on the green grass,” as they all eagerly watched Jesus dividing the food? How wonderful to see Him giving and giving, and yet the loaves grow no smaller! “And the two fishes divided He among them all.” Then Jesus sent His disciples to the other side while He sent the people away. He was on the shore; His disciples were alone in the ship. He departed into a mountain to pray, and they were “in the midst of the sea,” and “the wind contrary” —perhaps feeling very lonely, and thinking Him far off—but all the time “He saw them toiling in rowing,” for, “there is that neither day nor night seeth sleep with His eyes.” (Eccl. 8:16). He saw how hard they were rowing, but when He went to them “they supposed it had been a spirit, and cried out.” But how kind and gentle He was to them: “immediately He talked with them.” He did not scold, but just “talked” to them.

A little girl had read about children becoming Christians, and she prayed that she, too, might be one. She tried very hard to be unselfish, and do what she knew to be right, but found it, indeed, toil, and often very difficult. All the time “Jesus saw her toiling,” working hard to be saved; but the more she tried to be good, the worse she saw herself to be. Now all the time God was answering her prayers, and the Holy Spirit was showing her her sinfulness. But she was afraid, for she did not know the Lord Jesus—she had not by faith received Him. One night she awoke, feeling miserable, because she thought He did not hear her prayers, and knelt down, when “immediately He talked with her,” and, as it were, came Himself into her heart. Then, indeed, the wind of fear and doubt ceased, and there was a great calm—a peace that has lasted through long years of happy work for “the Prince of Peace.” “When He giveth quietness, who then can make trouble?” (Job 34:29).

Do you think it strange that the disciples did not know it was Jesus? Do not let us judge others, but look at ourselves. How often, instead of simply looking for Jesus in our troubles, unless He come just in the way we expect Him, we are afraid He is not there! Do not let us say—

“I never will distrust Thee, Lord,

But, grant I never may!”

And, oh! do not “toil” to get “to the other side,” for Jesus is near to you—say unto Him, “O Lord, I am oppressed; undertake for me.” (Isa. 38:14). So He will bring you to “the haven where you would be.”

F. E. T.

Come Early

YES, dear boys and girls, come early to Jesus. Happy, indeed, are the young who know His love. Happy in living; happy in dying.

As we grow older it seems harder to come to Jesus. Every time you listen to His loving invitation, "Come," and go away without coming to Him, you have made it more hard for yourself to come to Him. Do not think that you can come to Him tomorrow, or when you grow old. The word is Now: therefore, come early. Today, today! rings in our ears. You may never live till tomorrow, you may never grow old, therefore come now.

Jesus will be your Friend all through life. He will never leave you nor forsake you. Should your parents die, should you be left alone in the world, with the Lord near you, you will always be cared for. Do not turn away from such a Friend, but, since He calls you, come early. If it be a child of five or six who is reading these lines, still we say, "Come early," for no one can come too early to the blessed Saviour.

William Farel.

(Continued from p. 96).

BUT what had the priests and canons and the monks of the five convents been about all this time Had they been asleep whilst the gospel had thus been preached, day after day, from June till the end of October? They had been fully awake and alive. They had sent messengers to Berne entreating the Bernese to deliver them from Farel. They had forbidden the people to listen to him. They had carried him early in the summer before a magistrate, and had had him fined to the amount of 10,000 crowns. This, they said, was but a just punishment for his having stuck up placards, saying that the priests were thieves, murderers, and deceivers of the people. Farel had replied to this that it was not he who stuck up the placards. At the same time, if they desired him to deny that the priests were thieves and murderers, he must decline to do so. "For is not," he said, "a man who extorts money on false pretenses a thief? And if you call a man a murderer who only kills the body, how much more is he a murderer who destroys souls by his evil teaching, and keeps perishing sinners from Christ?"

The citizens had then demanded of the priests that they should hold a public discussion with Farel. "If he is wrong," they said, "at least let us hear what you have to say. Tell us, in the name of God, what proof there is that he is a heretic. Speak either for him or against him, and let us hear both sides."

But the priests were silent. The citizens had then sent to the canons a paper containing their reasons for believing Farel was right. Not one of the priests contradicted this paper. They treated it only with silent contempt. And thus had the citizens been brought at last to see that nothing was to be hoped for from the priests. It was no use to ask their leave or advice any more. Some of the people had even before the 23rd of October broken some images in the streets in order to force

the priests to speak their mind. But all was in vain.

And now the hour had come when the priests were to be appealed to no more. The people of Neuchatel found themselves on that wonderful day face to face with God. It was with Him they had to do. And the priests felt themselves as nothing in the presence of that mighty power which heeded them not. Those of them who were not convinced by all they then saw and heard fled in terror, and Neuchatel was free.

It was not yet a year since the poor, pious Farel “had come, in the power of the Holy Ghost, to take Neuchatel for Christ.” And how had God led him on to that wonderful moment, when he saw the last idol demolished, the last priest go forth from Neuchatel, never to return! And now, with none to hinder, he could preach the glad tidings, and thank God day by day for souls added to the Lord.

None to hinder! Was there not still George de Rive? But he, poor man, was now utterly helpless. He wrote to the Princess Jeanne to tell her of the dreadful day when the images had been destroyed. He said it was useless for him to say anything to people who declared that in the matter of their faith God alone was their ruler. All that he could do he had done: that was, to lock up in the castle all the ornaments which he could find in the private chapel of the princess. He had stored away there her images and her chapel organ. He had also provided a refuge in convents at a distance for the priests and canons and chorister boys. He could do no more.

The Princess Jeanne took no notice of this letter. She cared too little for the quiet, old-fashioned town, which she never wished to see again. They might do anything they liked there, provided she got her revenues paid when they were due. In the following April she sent her youngest son, Francis, to make sure that the people of Neuchatel still owed their allegiance to her. Francis was quite satisfied that they were loyal subjects, and when those of the citizens who were still Papists entreated him to restore the old worship, he gave them to understand that he did not come to meddle with religion—they must settle that as best they could.

And so the last hope of the Papists vanished. They were the smaller and the weaker party now. They had to be silent.

Meanwhile, two tables for the breaking of bread had been placed in the church instead of the broken altar. A plain pulpit was fixed against a pillar. There Farel preached with none to hinder. “Here,” he said, “you can now offer up the worship the Father delights in. You can worship Him at last in Spirit and in truth. The great Sun of Righteousness, Jesus Christ, and the glory of His Gospel need none of our lighted incense, none of our candles and tapers! The anti-Christ, who has nothing to show but vileness, darkness, and corruption, has need to seek for all he can find to give a luster to his devilries. Jesus, who is the truth, rejects all that. He himself is enough, and nothing more is needed. Accursed by God are all those things which are called His service, but which He has not Himself commanded. Let us pray to the good Lord Jesus, that He may make of us an Assembly pure and holy, purged from everything which He has not ordained, so that nothing may be seen amongst us but Jesus only, and that which He has commanded, and may it be seen purely and simply as He commanded it, so that we in Him, and He in us, by living faith, we may serve and honor our blessed God and Father, who lives and reigns eternally with the Son and with the Holy Ghost.”

George de Rive himself was convinced that the cause of popery was lost. He took the votes of the citizens one by one, as to whether the mass should be restored. The town waited anxiously to know the result. There were eighteen more votes on the side of the gospel than on the side of the mass. There was, therefore, to be mass no more. The governor himself and the magistrates of the town set their seals to this decision. The governor then rose and said—“I promise to do nothing to oppose the decision of this day, for I am myself witness, that all has been done fairly and justly without threatening or compulsion.”

Thus was the matter set at rest from that day to this.

And it is worthy of remark, that in the letter written by the governor to the Princess Jeanne, and in all other accounts given by him of these great events, the name of Farel is not mentioned. The destruction of the images, the change of worship, the cessation of the mass were all described by the governor as the work of the citizens. Nor did the citizens themselves bring forward Farel as their authority for what they had done. The voice which had spoken to them was from other lips; it was the voice which speaks from Heaven. Christ had His sheep in that barren corner of the wilderness, and His sheep had followed Him, for they knew His voice. “The enlightenment of the Holy Ghost,” said the citizens, “and the holy teaching of the gospel, as we find it in the Word of God, have proved to us that the mass is an abuse without any use, and that it serves more for the damnation than for the salvation of souls. We are ready to prove and to certify that in demolishing the altars we have only done that which was right and pleasing to God.”

Yes, in the presence of God Himself, Farel was lost sight of. It was the voice of God that had spoken. It was the light of God that had shone down, from the glory upon that dark old town, and in the glory of that light Farel was no longer seen. “The excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus had eclipsed everything. The stars, as well as the darkness of night, disappear before the sun.”

It would be worse than useless to tell you this story if it were to prove to you how great a man was Farel. But the highest honor any man can have is this—that when his history is told it is a tale of the greatness and the love of God. May this be your history and mine!

I must now tell you a story of a day in the month of the August that was past. The second capital of the little state of Neuchatel was the small town of Valangin. This town had long been a stronghold of popery—more so, perhaps, than Neuchatel had been—for it was under the despotic rule of the lady of the castle, who, unlike the Princess Jeanne, lived on the spot, and had it all her own way.

This old lady had a zeal for popery which was equaled only by her intense hatred of “the gospellers.” She had heard of Farel, and looked upon him as a sort of fiend. The old chronicles say much of the “piety” of this old lady. When the count, her husband, died, she had sent for one hundred priests who were to sing mass for his soul in purgatory. For one whole year she had given a dinner every Friday to five lepers, and to each one a silver penny besides his dinner. This was to atone for the harm which the dead count had done, by hunting over the cornfields of his subjects. The countess gave away much money to the poor in the villages around. “She kept up a noble state,” we are told, “and when the Countess of Gruyeres and Other noble ladies came to visit her, they would all dance together to the sound of the fife and the tambourine.”

The name of this old countess was Guillemette de Vergy. Her steward and councilor, Claude de Bellegarde, vied with her in his hatred of the gospel preaching. If this fortress of popery could be

also “taken for Christ,” it must be His work alone.

Close to the town of Valangin was the little village of Bondevilliers. This village belonged not to Countess Guillemette, but to the town of Neuchatel. It was on a great festival day, August 15th, in that summer of 1530, that the peasants from the hills and the valleys around, were flocking to the church of Bondevilliers. Amongst them came a stranger with a grave and resolute countenance. There came with him a lad of eighteen or twenty years old. The priests and choristers were already singing mass at the high altar, and the church was filled with worshippers when the two strangers came in. The elder man went straight up into the pulpit, and, regardless of the singing, he told the astonished people that there was a Saviour for them in heaven, Christ, the Son of God.

Some who were there knew the face of the preacher—they had seen and heard him in the streets of Neuchatel. And there were some who were glad he was come.

The priest took no notice of this strange interruption. He perhaps sang all the louder. He, too, may have recognized the flashing eyes of William Farel. At last the moment came when the priest sang out the words of consecration. The bell rang which was to tell that the wafer was now changed into God Himself. The priest held up the wafer in its golden case, and the crowd of peasants fell down and worshipped before it. All fell down on their knees but one man only. This was the lad who had come with Farel—our old friend, Anthony Froment. The voice of Farel was silent for a moment.

Suddenly Anthony Froment sprang through the kneeling crowds—he crossed the church—he went up the altar-steps—he took the wafer from the hands of the priests, and himself held it aloft before the people. “It is not this god of paste that you must worship!” he said. “The living Christ is up there, in Heaven, in the glory of the Father. Worship Him.”

There was a dead silence. The people remained motionless upon their knees. The priest stood as if thunderstruck. Then the voice of Farel was heard again— “Yes,” he said, “Christ is in Heaven. The Heavens have received Him until the times of the restitution of all things. And it is this Christ in Heaven who has sent me here. It is of Him I come to speak.” And as the people listened in solemn wonder, Farel preached to them of that living Saviour who had died, and who had risen again, that they might have forgiveness of sins and everlasting life.

This sermon was not a long one. The terrified priest, on recovering his senses, had fled to the belfry-tower. He there rang the alarm bell with might and main. A crowd from Valangin and the villages around gathered round the church. The priest led them on to the attack upon Farel and Anthony. This army of recruits far outnumbered the village congregation.

But how Farel and Anthony escaped I cannot tell you. The old chronicle only says, “God delivered them.” This is the best explanation that can be given. But their perils were not yet over. Their only road lay straight through the town of Valangin. The streets were already filled with excited crowds, who had been aroused by the alarm-bell of Bondevilliers. A narrow side path turned off, and led round the massive walls of the old castle. Farel and Anthony ran along this path. But before they could get round the castle their enemies caught sight of them. A volley of stones flew at them immediately, and some twenty of their pursuers, priests, men, and women, rushed upon them, armed with clubs and sticks.

“These priests,” says the old chronicle, “were certainly not afflicted with gout, either in their feet or hands. They battered the two gospellers till they had nearly made an end of them.”

F.B.

Extracts From the Paper of a. J. S., Who Wins First Prize, “Giant Cities of Bashan”—the Dog

THE dog has been a domestic animal from a very remote period, but many of the allusions to it in Scripture correspond with the dislike and contempt still commonly entertained for it by many of the Eastern nations. In Ex. 11:7 we read that, “But against any of the children of Israel shall not a dog move his tongue;” which shows their habits of barking, and that they were then domesticated. That dogs are carnivorous we learn from Ex. 22:31, the flesh of any beasts which were torn in the field was not to be eaten by man, but cast to the dogs.

The text in Deut. 23:18, which refers to the price of a dog being brought into God’s house to pay any vow, is explained in this way: if a man give a dog in exchange for a lamb, that lamb may not be offered in sacrifice upon God’s altar; this law, understood as literally referring to a dog, is thought by many as intended to throw contempt upon the Egyptian god, Anubis, who was worshipped under the form of that animal.

In 1 Sam. 24:14— “After whom is the king of Israel come out? after whom dost thou pursue? after a dead dog, after a flea.” Similar phrases are still employed in the East by persons who wish to express their sense of lowliness. Whatever be its genera] merit, its name has certainly in all ages, and in most countries, been used as an epithet concerning debasement or detestation. In this sense it frequently occur; in Scripture: thus, Goliath, when he felt his dignity affronted, said, “Am I a dog?” (1 Sam. 17:43). Abner, when his conduct was questioned, said, “Am I a dog’s head?” (2 Sam. 3:8). And Jonathan’s son, when touched by David’s kindness, said, “What is thy servant that thou shouldest look upon such a dead dog as I am?” (2 Sam. 9:8). Also, another example in 2 Sam. 16:9. There are several other instances of a similar bearing, besides which, the epithet dogs is, in the New Testament, applied in a general abuse to persons addicted to vile and sensual principles and habits— “Beware of dogs! beware of evil workers!” (Phil. 3:2). And, “Without are dogs and sorcerers and murderers” etc. (Rev. 22:15). All this needs little explanation as the same contemptuous estimate of the dog’s character, and the application of its name, continues to prevail; but with this difference, at least among ourselves, that the word as an epithet of abuse is not so frequently found as it was anciently in the mouths of distinguished persons.

In 1 Kings 14:11 the Lord, through the prophet Ahijah, foretells the judgments which are to befall the house of Jeroboam. Anyone who died in the city pertaining to him was to be eaten by dogs, and whoever died in the field would be eaten by the fowls of the air. In the sixteenth chapter of the same book, a similar judgment was to befall the house of Baasha. Also, in the twenty-first chapter, Ahab’s house was to be judged likewise, but he humbled himself, and God sent to Elijah to tell him that this judgment should not be in his days, but that it should come to pass in the days of his son. But Ahab disobeyed the Lord, therefore the dogs licked his blood where they licked the blood of Naboth. The judgment which was pronounced on Jezebel was that she was to be eaten by dogs by the wall of Jezreel.

The English reader is apt to be surprised that dogs, which exhibit so many amiable and interesting qualities, should always be mentioned with contempt and aversion in the Scriptures, but the known character of the dog in a great degree, is an improvement resulting from perfect domestication and kind treatment. In the East he is not well treated; for this reason he is there a fierce, cruel, greedy, and base creature, such as the Scriptures describe him. In large towns, where there is much activity and intercourse, the dogs do not generally offer any molestation to any person in the daytime, except those whom they detect by the scent or costume to be decided foreigners. But at night it is very hazardous to pass through the streets, as they swarm with dogs, who do the work of scavengers, and are thus alluded to in Psa. 59:6 and 14. One person alone, and particularly if unarmed, in the streets or outside a city by night would be in danger of being seriously injured, if not torn to pieces, unless assistance came, as the attack of one dog would serve as a signal to bring others in great numbers to the assault. And this throws light upon the prophecy respecting our Saviour in Psa. 22:16, when surrounded by the cruel Jews who crucified Him. Solomon, in his proverbs, compares sinners who relapse into their guilt as dogs returning to their vomit, which the apostle Peter quotes in his 2 Epistle 2:22. "His watchmen are blind; they are all dumb dogs." From this, as well as from Isa. 62:6, we know it was customary for Hebrew watchmen to utter cries from time to time, so that silence in a watchman is described as a disqualification and reproach. It is known that there are some species of dogs which cannot bark, and some such the prophet, probably had in view in the comparison.

We have, in Matt. 15:26, an example, in the history of the Syrophenician woman, of persons wishing to express a sense of their lowliness by calling themselves dogs. She came to the Lord beseeching Him to cure her daughter, who was possessed with a devil: the Lord, wishing to try her faith, answered, "It is not meet to take the children's bread and to cast it to the dogs." When she replied: "Truth, Lord; yet the dogs eat of the crumbs which fall from their masters' table."

There is one exception from the general character given to dogs in the Scriptures, it is found in Luke 16:21, where they licked the sores of the beggar Lazarus, and were kinder to him than the rich man at whose gate he lay. And thus this contemptuous animal had more kindness of heart than many of the Jews who professed so much.

The symbolical meaning of the dog is varied in the Scriptures. In Psa. 22:20 it is put for the devil; for persecutors in Psa. 22:16; for false teachers, Isa. 66:12, Phil. 3; 2 for unholy men, Matt. 7:6; and for Gentiles, Matt. 15:26 and 27. Dogs are men of odious character and violent temper. In Psa. 59:6 the wicked are compared to dogs, and thus we learn from the whole of Scripture that the dog, an unclean animal, is a type of sin and uncleanness in the lowest form. The second prize, "The Sea and its Wonders," has been gained by Arthur J. H. Brown.

I Break It on My Knees

“TOILED all the night, and have taken nothing!” and the man of God turned wearily homewards, treading the dusty road, with head bent down, in anxious thought why so few yielded before the power of the word of God.

Plead as he might of “righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come,” hearts remained as hard as the rocky precipices of the Swiss mountains that surrounded them.

But not only thoughts of the unsaved knit his brow so sorrowfully, and brought that careworn look to his face; the lukewarmness of the children of God he felt even more deeply; the cold indifference with which they listened when he tried to rouse them to return to their “first love,” and to be more wholly for Christ. Turn which way he would, his path seemed hedged around with trial and difficulty, and now each perplexing circumstance came before him to add to the depression caused by what he feared had been hours of unsuccessful toil in the Master’s service.

A cheerful “Bon jour, monsieur!” (“Good day, sir!”) broke in on his reverie.

Looking up, he saw a poor man sitting breaking stones by the roadside. The tired preacher stopped and returned the greeting, hoping this might be another opening to speak of his Saviour.

“You have a heavy job for this hot afternoon, my friend.”

“Ah, monsieur, no rest for old Francois until the broiling sun has set; and I find some very hard stones in this heap.”

“You are not the only man, Francois, who has hard stones to break. I have many very hard ones, and, try as I may, I cannot manage to break them.”

“Well, monsieur, I can only tell you how I break mine. When I find a stone so hard that it will not give way before the hammer as I sit here, I just get down, and break it on my knees, and I never found that fail yet.”

The man of God turned away. He had thought to speak a word to the poor stonebreaker of the Christ he served, but the Lord had sent by him a word to his own heart—a lesson he felt he sorely needed: “I get down and break it on my knees.”

D. & A. C.

Because God Said It

IN July, 1864, I returned from my studies to spend a summer vacation in my native village. Before I reached home I was met by a sister two years younger than myself, and I found her, as I thought, very enthusiastic about certain meetings that had been recently held in our village. She pressed me hard, even before I could get indoors, to promise to accompany her to one of the meetings, which she expected to be held that very same evening. Partly to please her, and partly out of a feeling of curiosity, I agreed to go and hear her “wonderful preachers,” as I called them. Two gentlemen spoke, and for the first time in my life I saw and heard men in downright earnest about souls. While the last was speaking I trembled from head to foot, and longed to get away to a quiet spot to unburden my soul to the preacher whom I had never seen before.

The service over, I lingered with the intention of saying a few words to the preacher. He came to me, when, in an instant, I resolved to avoid close quarters by replying to his questions about my soul, that I was saved. Alas! For the terrible deceitfulness of the human heart. As the awful lie escaped my lips all desire for my soul’s salvation escaped too, and I left the meeting worse than I entered it. However, a sadly solemn impression was made on my mind which I could not remove, and which greatly marred my holiday pleasures.

Several times during the vacation I was found listening to the same and other equally earnest preachers. I mentally assented to what they put forth, knowing that they had the authority of the word of God for their statements, but in heart and conscience I was as far from God as ever.

On my way back to college I was joined in the train by an old friend. One of his first salutations was “Well, my old boy, what is the matter? You look very sober: have those new preachers been getting round you? Come, come, that will never do.”

Arrived at our destination, my friend spread the report that I “had turned religious.” Such a report was a thorough surprise to all who knew me, and I was soon interrogated on all sides as to my convictions. Though still unsaved myself, I advanced with a measure of earnestness, and justified from Scripture, the truths I had heard. However, within two or three months all seriousness had passed away like a morning cloud, and I became one of the most careless, godless, reckless youths on the face of the earth. I did every possible thing within my reach to drown thoughts of God and eternal realities. Just at a time when this recklessness brought me into serious disrepute with the authorities, I received a letter from a very dear relative of my own age, telling me of his conversion, and imploring me to come to Christ. It came upon me like a thunderclap, and made me serious again; but the effect was only transient, for in a few days I was as indifferent as ever.

The end of the term, which was to be my last, at length came; and it found me “without God or hope in the world.” I was thoroughly miserable, and was longing for something to satisfy the undefined cravings of my heart. I had been spending money for that which is not bread, and my labor for that which does not satisfy.

It came to this: that I must either return home, or obtain an engagement. Not finding what I wanted, I resolved rather to sail to a distant country than to be spoken to again about my soul. Finding, however, that I had not enough money for the voyage, what was I to do? If possible I would not go home. Time went on, my money was becoming less—my father, who was anxious to get me home, would not send me any more, so that at length, when I had only just enough to pay my railway fare (about 140 miles), I started, with a heavy and disappointed heart, once more homewards. It was then March, 1865.

My conscience was uneasy, and my busy brain, during the journey, began to devise plans of baffling unwelcome inquiry and solicitude about my spiritual welfare. I succeeded for a whole fortnight after my arrival in silencing or disheartening friends, some by arguments, and others by assumed piety. Oh! the “deceitfulness of sin!”

At length I met with one who was not to be either defeated or deceived. I called at the rectory where she lived. After various kind inquiries she at length asked me the plain, straight-forward question, “Is your soul saved?” I replied with my almost stereotyped answer, “I hope so,” quoting, “We are saved by hope” (Rom. 8:24), and referring to Paul’s fear of being ultimately “a castaway,” as proofs that one could not be certain of salvation. But I was soon silenced, and, becoming very uncomfortable, longed to get away. My friend determined to bring me to a point. I became the subject of a terrible indescribable struggle. To speak in a paradox, I wanted to be saved and I did not. The Spirit of God was striving with me, and I was trying “to kick against the pricks,” and found it “hard” work indeed.

After more than an hour’s conversation, my friend opened her Bible at John 5, requesting me to read very carefully the 24th verse, “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.” I did so. She then asked me if I believed every word of that verse. I said, “Yes.”

“You hear the words of the Lord Jesus, and believe on Him that sent Him?”

“Yes, I do.”

“If so, you have everlasting life?”

No, I could not say as much as that.

“Well, then, it is evident that you do not really and truly believe all that the verse contains; for it says if you hear the words of Jesus, and believe on God who sent Him, that you have everlasting life; but you state that you believe, and yet you have it not.”

I was now clearly convinced that I did not really believe the word of God, and again tried to get away, but could not. After nearly another hour’s struggle, I set to my “seal that God was true.” I believed the words of the Lord, and God who sent Him, and had everlasting life.

Exactly fourteen years have passed away since that memorable day to me, and never once since for a single moment have I entertained the slightest doubt as to the fact of having everlasting life. My soul rested on the word of God, which liveth and abideth forever. “Heaven and earth shall pass away, but My word shall not pass away.”

Perfectly Whole

“AND when the men of that place had knowledge of Jesus, they sent out into all that country round about, and brought unto Him all that were diseased; and besought Him that they might only touch the hem of His garment: and as many as touched were made perfectly whole.” (Matt. 14:35, 36).

Picture it, dear reader: The Lord Jesus surrounded by His disciples on the shores of the lake of Gennesaret, which they had just crossed, and the messengers, “the men of that place,” going far and wide in search of whom?—the rich, the noble, the learned? No; the lame, the blind, the sick; for such suited the One of whom the messengers had knowledge. What do these diseased ones need? Alleviation for their sufferings, balm for their wounds, sympathy for their sorrows? Ah, no; they are too bad for half-measures, and they are in the presence of the Saviour, ready to “heal all manner of sickness,” Though they are gathered round Him, seeking only to touch the hem of His garment, His thoughts of grace and mercy far exceed their poor human thoughts: “For as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are My ways higher than your ways, and My thoughts than your thoughts.” “As many as touched were made perfectly whole,” not bettered, improved, comforted; for the Son of Man came not to do as men do, but to seek and to save.

Eternity alone will reveal how many had faith, “as many as touched”; and who think you would have been left out that day on the shores of the lake?

Have you touched the Lord, by faith, reader? If so, from the sole of the foot to the crown of the head, a diseased and sinful being by nature, you are now made perfectly whole. You heard the words of the messengers, you believed the witness of men, you were brought to Jesus, and having believed on Him, you have the witness in yourself; you are “made perfectly whole.”

Fear not, lest having found this healing, you should lose it. It is God's work, not yours; and “whatsoever God doeth, it shall be forever.” (Eccles. 3:14).

A Christian woman was walking through a village one day at the hour of evening service. Passing a chapel door, she heard what induced her to pause for a few moments to listen. The preacher was pressing most earnestly on his hearers their danger, if unconverted, and their need of a Saviour. In closing, he bade them remember that after all, though some of them might be saved today, yet they could be lost, or castaways, tomorrow, if they did not hold fast and continue to add their part to what Christ had done.

The woman went on her way, feeling thankful to the Lord that He had opened her eyes to behold in Christ the One who finished the work, and who keeps His own, being “able also to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by Him.” (Heb. 7:25).

A few years later this Christian woman was laid aside by severe sickness, “unto death,” as it seemed. She had become acquainted with the preacher of that night, and often had she longed for an opportunity of speaking to him of the truth so doubly dear to her now, and again and again her mouth had been closed by reason of circumstances, or by lack of faith. However, one day, hearing

how ill she was, he came in to inquire for her, himself opening the subject by saying, "Now then, Mrs. V., you're just enjoying the fruits of early religion."

"No, I'm not," she answered; "and do not tell me of religion, there's too much of that; tell me of Christ, and then I can understand you!"

"You do not seem at all afraid!"

"Afraid! what have I to fear? Christ is my life. The Lord gave me everlasting life many years ago. He's not going to take it from me now!"

"Well, we must hope we shall have it some day!"

"Hoping is not going on very far; we want assurance. If Christ gives everlasting life, He means it to be everlasting life; no saved today and lost tomorrow."

"Well, you have far more confidence than I have, and I only wish I could speak as you do," said her visitor.

Now, dear reader, let us ask, "Why was this Christian woman confident?" Because she had put her trust in Another; and "Whosoever believeth on Him shall not be ashamed." (Rom. 10:11). Would that we heeded the words of Scripture, as did the diseased people the words of the messengers. They knew they were diseased, and were willing to be brought to Jesus, but the man who hopes to find in himself some sign of progress or amendment, loses the blessing of knowing what it is to be made perfectly whole by Another. Ponder upon the case of the woman, who, "when she had heard of Jesus, came and touched ME garment, and she felt in her body that she was healed of that plague." (Mark 5:27-29)

"If I have not got the new nature, I've got a part of it," said one not long since! That would not be "perfectly whole." Can "that which is born of the Spirit" be other than "spirit"? Ah! leave these human reasonings, these proud thoughts of adding a part to the work of Christ, and take a place in spirit, you who feel your need, among those diseased people on the shores of the lake of Gennesaret, and you shall learn as did they what contact with the Son of God effects, for "as many as touched were made perfectly whole."

H. L. H.

The Happy Choice

THERE lived near the village of U—, in a pretty cottage, overlooking the green fields, an interesting young girl, who little thought that for many years the blessed God had been looking down on her, and seeking in many ways to bring her to Himself, till at last one night, as she listened to the story of the love of Jesus, the Lord brought her to see His great love to her in dying on the cross, and that there was nothing for her to do, but trust in His finished work. This simple trust in the Saviour brought joy to her young heart.

Ah, my reader, would that I could hear you say you trusted in Him, and then you would know some little of the joy it is to be washed, and made whiter than snow, by the precious blood of Jesus, and made meet for God's very presence, in the bright glory where Jesus is.

The young girl of whom I write knew this, and she was happy, indeed. As she went along, day by day, she used to sing praises to her God. This was one of her favorite hymns—

“Oh, happy day that fix'd my choice

On Thee, my Saviour and my God!

Well may this glowing heart rejoice,

And tell its raptures all abroad.

Happy day! happy day!

When Jesus wash'd my sins away.”

And if any one asked her why she sang thus, she would say, “Because I am so happy. Yes, I am happy in Jesus.”

She was happy in His presence, for His precious blood had washed away her many sins.

Dear reader, are you happy in God's presence? If the question of sin is not settled, it is impossible for you to be happy there; but if you know that Jesus has settled it for you, and has put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself, then you can go into God's presence with boldness, and know that He delights to have you there, because that blessed One (Jesus) has so glorified Him in putting away sin that now “By Him all that believe are justified from all things.” (Acts 13:39).

Four years passed away, and the flower that had bloomed but for a short time was now beginning to droop and fade. Jesus was watching over her, and was soon going to take her to be with Himself. She used often to talk of the faded leaves (for it was in the autumn she was taken ill), conscious that she, too, was passing away, and so she was. Four short months finished her earthly course., As the end drew near she longed to be gone, and talked about her departure with calmness, saying she was not afraid to die, knowing that she was going to be with Jesus and thus she fell asleep, rejoicing in the Lord and leaving a bright testimony behind o what He had done for

her.

“Am I One of the Elect?”

“I FEAR that there is no mercy for me. I have such a wicked heart; I have sinned so dreadfully; besides, I do not think that I am one of the elect.” Such were the words which a truly anxious soul addressed to us, not long since, in reply to our inquiry, “Are you one of the Lord’s people?”

The sting of this person’s trouble lay in the fear, “Am I one of the elect,” and many are suffering in like manner.

“Let us search the Scriptures,” said we, “and see whether there is in them such a text as, ‘In order to know that I am saved I must know that I am one of the elect.’ You will not find such a thought in the Bible. God does not bid you inquire into His counsels to discover whether you are elect: God invites you to partake of the benefits reaching to lost sinners from His crucified Son. Look at the cross of Christ; behold Him dying upon that accursed tree, and, seeing Him there, see what sin is, and what you are. You will find that the sight of Christ crucified will prove to you your sinfulness in God’s sight, and will also prove to you that God pardons according to the value of the work of His Son.”

A few days after this conversation the looking to Christ bore its blessed fruit, and the poor, troubled soul could say, “Thank God, I am saved!”

H. F.

The World and The Christian

THE World asked Christian, "Where's thy heart?"

And Christian said, "One holds it fast,

Whose heart was pierced with soldier's spear,

But liveth now where death is past."

Then said the World, "Where are thine eyes?"

"Mine eyes He, too, hath stol'n away,

To gaze upon His feet and hands,"

Did Christian answering, quickly say.

"'Tis passing strange, heart, eyes, thus gone!

Christian! What then am I to thee?"

"Ah! World! who Jesus crucified,

The grave of Christ art thou to me"

Rest

MOST men look forward to rest. In a world of hard work, and of much suffering no wonder that this is so. Some put the object of their desires as the hoped-for solace of their old age, while some have little expectation of it beyond what the Saturday evening at the end of the week's toil may afford. Our reader is no doubt one who, like most men, looks on for rest, for we are hardly addressing little children, whose great idea of happiness consists in playful activity. Childhood seldom knows the weariness of the world, nor feels what it is to have a jaded mind in a jaded body, for, in the mercy of God, the world is to a child a bright place of unexplored wonders.

The rest of which scripture speaks is not always of the same kind. There is rest from the burden of unpardoned sin. The Christian has this rest; his conscience is quiet in God's presence, being purged by the blood of Christ, but more, if walking with God his heart is at rest.

This inestimable possession at once marks the Christian off from the generality of men. Let him be ever so poor in the circumstances of life, he has a treasure which the wealth of all the world can never buy. There is no market over the length and breadth of the wide world, no store known by a solitary individual amongst its many million inhabitants, where rest can be bought. Rest is the treasure of heaven, and those who have it have obtained it, not from the storehouses of earth, but by the gift of Him who sits at God's right hand in glory. Jesus only gives men rest—Jesus, who was the sufferer and the Man of sorrows here, and who knows what human heartaches are, and what the labor of this world is. Perhaps there is no nobler testimony to His divinity than His own words, so familiar to us all, "Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." We seem to hear Him uttering these wonderful words amongst the men whose pride despised Him, His heart yearning over them, knowing the folly of their thoughts, Himself in communion with His Father in heaven, and thinking the thoughts of God. Never before had such language been heard on this sin-stricken earth; never before, where the toil and the sorrow brought in by sin have wrung human hearts for thousands of years, had such blessed words as these fallen on the ears of men's wearied souls, "I will give you rest." The Lord had come from the Father to give that which the world possesses not.

There are thousands who long for rest of an undefined kind, having in them the sense that this world is weary and sad; but the rest which Jesus gives is of no uncertain sort, it is precise and distinct. In the first place, man needs rest from the burden of sin, and we dare not speak of any other rest till this is assured. A man may have a sad heart because of his troubles at home, and yet may have beyond this a peculiar weight upon him, on account of the fact that his creditors are about to hale him to the judge. So the sin-burdened spirit has an overwhelming trouble pressing it down, one terribly definite and specific—one, too, which no circumstances of life can in any way affect. Does our reader know by experience what this burden is? Does he know this labor? Is he in this sense heavy laden?

The words of Jesus are addressed to such as feel this burden. Man, in his pride, may say, scornfully, "What! 'come unto Me?' Is this the way to get rest?" But the sin-burdened soul has

many a sigh over the simple words, "Come unto Me!" Is it easy? Is it difficult? How am I to come?

It is both easy and difficult. Easy for a simple faith, which takes the words as uttered, and goes, as a child goes when invited, asking no questions, but going. Rising up at the call, because called. Never thinking of self, but of the Speaker who says, "Come." Difficult for theorizing, which adds to the invitation and overlays it with human additions and questions, and for unbelief, which looks within, and asks, "Am I coming," instead of looking at Him who speaks, while listening to His "Come unto Me."

"But how am I to come, for I do earnestly desire to come?" By coming at once; for each moment or hour spent in saying "How" is simply time occupied in practical unbelief of Him who invites.

The invitation stands, and those who accept it receive the rest proffered, and each such soul is a living witness to the grace of the heart of Christ.

The removal of the load of sin, the ease of conscience therefrom ensuing, the lightness and joy of knowing that the burden is gone, are quite distinct from rest of soul in the midst of the trials by the way. The circumstances of life, its sorrows, its pains, are not altered when the sin-burdened sinner comes to Christ with his heavy load; indeed, it is often the case that when the sinner has thus come to Jesus, and the Lord has removed the load from him, that new trials and difficulties become his portion. Until our consciences have rest from the weight of the sense of unpardoned sin, rest of soul is impossible; but rest of conscience, because our burden of sin has been removed, is not rest of soul.

The Lord speaks of another rest from that of the conscience in His words, "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."

In order to obtain rest of soul the yoke of Christ must be borne. We learn of Him, who was meek and lowly of heart, and see a Man whose soul was ever in the conscious enjoyment of His Father's love. Circumstances of the most trying kind encompassed Him, but no sorrow ruffled the calm of His spirit. Friends might forsake Him, and trials bear down upon Him, for He was, indeed, the sufferer, the Man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief, but He was the one Man upon the earth who was absolutely at rest.

He ever bore His yoke—namely, obedience to His Father's will—and, therefore, He could say at all times, "The lines are fallen unto Me in pleasant places." And He invites the believer to take His yoke upon him, and to learn of Him. Yet how few, comparatively, accept the invitation! We do not find Christians generally having rest of soul. It is a rare thing to meet such persons, but such are to be found—men and women who bear the yoke of Christ, and say in their trials, as well as after them, "Father, I thank Thee."

Our circumstances test as well as try us. Sorrows prove our faith, and show us how weak we are. What we need is to be like Christ, who went through the trials and sorrows of the way, but in perfect rest.

There is then rest of conscience for the sinner who comes to Christ, and rest of soul for the believer who takes His yoke, and learns of Him. And beyond these regions—beyond this sorrow-girdled earth—there shines the rest of God—the eternal Sabbath which God will keep. He will be able to say of the new creation, even as His, He saw everything that He had made that it

was “Very good,” and His people shall rejoice in His rest, for “There remaineth therefore a rest to the people of God.” (Heb. 4:9).

Onward is the word, fellow pilgrim, as that rest beams before the soul. Labor to enter in; seem not to come short of it. Gird up the loins and press forward, for the last stage of the sand of the desert will soon be trodden—this short day will soon, very soon, end.

“Then no stranger, God shall meet thee,

Stranger thou in courts above?

He, who to His rest shall greet thee,

Greets thee with a well-known love.”

H.F.W.

How to Live Peaceably

NEVER say behind a man's back what you would not say before his face; and never say before his face what you would be ashamed for Christ to hear.

A Solemn Consideration

THE strong are prone to despise the weak; the weak to judge the strong. But strong or weak, we shall all have to give an account of our behavior, one towards another, before the judgment-seat of Christ. (Read Rom. 14)

He Hath Left Us an Example

WOULDST thou be chief? Then lowly serve.

Wouldst thou be up? Go down.

Yet, go as low as e'er you will,

The Highest hath gone lower still.

To love's most lowly offices,

Dost thou, in meekness, stoop?

The Christ, thy Master, thought it sweet

To wash His dear disciples' feet.

Wouldst thou be in the kingdom great?

Be here a little child.

Jesus was one, and never more

His childhood's humbleness forebore.

Wouldst thou command? Obedient be.

Jesus obeyed to death:

Even the death upon the cross,

With all its shame and bitter loss.

E. B.

Grinding at the Mill

I WONDER whether you can tell what those two women are doing who sit opposite each other in the picture? Yes, you are quite right; they are not English women, we can tell that by their dress; and they are grinding. But what are they grinding? Not corn from those fields, bright with scarlet poppies, through which you walked last summer, but corn which once waved in the breeze which blows over the yellow cornfields of Judea.

And when they have ground the corn, will they make it into bread?

Yes; into loaves of bread very much like those five loaves with which our Lord fed the five thousand tired, hungry people, as they sat on the green grass and the disciples waited upon them, so many years ago.

But what a strange mill that is! Yes; very strange to our eyes, for although we have seen windmills, with their great sails turning slowly round, showing black against the red evening sky, and watermills where the pretty, clear stream seems to go laughing along its journey as it falls in pearly spray over the mossy edges of the old wheel which it keeps constantly turning, we have never seen such a mill as this.

Yet English children in days gone by saw just such mills at work, and heard the sound of the great millstones as they crushed the corn, and Syrian children today know them well. This plan of crushing corn between heavy millstones was known in very early times, for while horses and dogs have not the sort of sense which would teach them to prepare food for themselves, God has given men knowledge, so that they not only plow and sow and reap, but grind the corn which God makes to grow for them, so as to turn it into wholesome food for themselves and their children.

You are so accustomed to have all you want provided for you, that I daresay you never think what a wonderful thing it is that each morning as you come downstairs there is bread, daily bread, ready for you.

I once sat at a breakfast table on which there was plenty of porridge and milk, and bread and butter, and nice hot coffee, but there was something that was not there. Can you guess what it was?

Well, I must tell you; it was the sweet herb called content. One of the children began to fret, because his piece of bread was cut too thick, and had not enough butter upon it; and another said he did not like his porridge, and wished he might have bread and milk instead. They did not stop to think that they had no right to anything, helpless little creatures that they were, who could not find food for themselves half so well as the brave little robins; if God, who takes care of the birds, had not taken care of those children, they would, indeed, have been badly off. Surely it is very sad to grumble and be discontented with what God gives us. If one of the children who sat on the grass that day, long ago, when the five thousand were fed, had held up his piece of bread and said, perhaps to the Apostle Peter, "I don't like this piece, let me have another," how ungrateful that

child would have been!

Such a child would not have been pleasing to the Lord Jesus, who gave thanks before He gave the bread to the disciples to hand round to the people, nor is a discontented child, who finds fault with the food God has given us, pleasing to Him now.

The Will-O'-the-Wisp

NOTHING pleased us as children more than gathering round our dear father's knee, and getting him to tell us something that had happened when he was a boy.

I can distinctly recall one of the stories our dear father told us of what happened to him in his young days.

I do not suppose any of you ever saw a will-o'-the-wisp, such as my father saw, when he was a boy, on the night he told us of, and was walking, as he often did, with his father very late at night from a village about four miles distant to the village in which their home was situated. They had started as usual on their homeward journey; the night was pitchy dark; a fog hung about the valley, and clung to the trees, and spread itself over the river Trent, near which their road lay. It was not a pleasant night to be out in, and the surrounding gloom made the bright fire and brighter welcome they were anticipating all the pleasanter in prospect.

Now the best thing to do on such a night is to walk on as quickly and bravely as possible. This our two travelers did, and had traveled more than half of the way home, when all at once my dear father cried out, "Look, father, there is a man with a lantern! Let us follow him, and he will light us through this dark place."

Well was it for him, dear children, that his father was wise enough to be his protector at that moment, and to say, "No, my boy; that is no man with a lantern, but a will-o'-the-wisp. If we followed that light it might lead us into the river, and would most surely lead us into danger." So they kept steadily on their road, and soon reached home in safety, and I have no doubt his father explained to the boy, as they walked on, that this light, which seemed to move before them, was caused by a luminous mist, rising from the damp, marshy ground, and that it would dance for a time about the bog, and then suddenly disappear, leaving the traveler, who might have turned cut of his way to follow the momentary flickering gleam, in greater darkness than before, and in danger of plunging into the hidden depths of the deceitful morass.

This was my father's story, dear children; and now I want to ask you what light you are following as you pass through the dangerous paths of this world? Satan has many a false light which he can make dance before you, lighting up all around with its deceitful glare, but his lights will lead those who follow them to a far more terrible place than the treacherous banks of the swiftly-flowing river Trent.

But you may ask, "What are Satan's false lights?" Anything, no matter how fair it may seem, which leads you away from Christ is a false light, and, like the will-o'-the-wisp, will lead you astray.

Ask yourselves whether you are following the Lord Jesus, who is the Way—the One who ever speaks to you, saying, "Come unto Me!" —or some deceitful gleam which hovers over the miry places of this world, only leading away from Him who is the Lover of your souls.

A. W. A.

A Child's Answer

"You know you are going away, my darling," said a mother to her little boy— "going away from us all. I wish I were going with you, but I think you are not alone, though your mother cannot be with you. What does your heart rest upon? Tell me, my child."

The boy looked up into his mother's face and repeated, "Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, and today, and forever."

"Does he understand it?" thought the mother. "Can a child of seven years old grasp the meaning of such wonderful words? Perhaps he has learned the text at the Sunday schools and the words are just words to him." So she whispered, taking the little wasted hand in hers, and laying her head on the pillow beside her sick boy, "Tell mother, my pet, what makes you rest your heart on these words?"

"Oh," he said, "its only just like this: 'Jesus Christ yesterday' is then, when He died for me; 'Jesus Christ today' is now, when He is in heaven praying for me; and 'forever'—well, forever belongs to Him, and He takes care of it."

o.

Wondered at the Gracious Words

(Luke 4:22).

"DO come to the Children's Service this morning; each day you keep putting it off, and there will not be many more," said a lady to a group of children on the seashore, who each time she had asked them, decided to "see about it," which she knew now in their case meant staying away.

"Well, you see this is the holidays, and we want to enjoy ourselves at the sea, it's just what we've come for," one of them answered.

"Come, then, today, to please me, and I prophesy that tomorrow you will go for your own pleasure and enjoyment."

The lady was right, day after day they attended, and after hearing of the children's Saviour, and His tender love, one of the boys said, "He had no idea religion was like that, and that Jesus had said so much about children." He "wondered at the gracious words which proceeded out of His mouth."

Such a bare attic, holes in the floor, roof, and window, and very cold felt the wind as it blew on an old man lying on a bed in the corner. Near him stood a Bible-woman, softly repeating some precious Scripture promises to the dying man. Slowly he joined his hands, and said, "Oh! Lord Jesus, Thou hast for long years been very good to Thy sinful servant, but Thou art better than ever now, and I do thank Thee for these loving messages, they seem almost too good to be true." He, too, "wondered at the gracious words which proceeded out of His mouth."

A little heart was very sad; the Holy Spirit had shown Nellie that she was a sinner, and she longed to know how to be saved. Her friends said she was too young to understand about such things, so alone Nellie read her Bible, and God soon showed her that "those that seek Him early shall find Him"; for she saw that He did not think her too young to come to Him, and as she read more and more, she "wondered at the gracious words which proceeded out of His mouth."

Have you ever listened to those "gracious words?" Do you say to Him as little Samuel did, "Speak, Lord, for Thy servant heareth?" If you do, I am sure you, too, wonder at His graciousness. Instead of upbraiding for all the time we have refused His love, He took us and He "laid us on His shoulders rejoicing," and "He calls His own sheep by name"; what can we do but wonder, and thankfully answer, "Thy love to me was wonderful"?

But if you have not cared to hear what He says, not even wished to read His "gracious words," I am not surprised you do not understand all this, and think it "just a pretty idea," and "nice enough for some quiet, good little children." No, no; His words "are spirit, and they are life" (John 6:63); and the more you study them, the more you will wonder, but never till you hear those "gracious words" spoken just to you, can you really understand what they are; then you will say, "I believed not the words, until I came, and mine eyes had seen it, and, behold, the half was not told me." (1 Kings 10:7). When will you come? Shall it be today?

The First Song

WHEN we read those parts of the Bible which relate history, we are struck not only with the things which God has chosen to record, but also with the fact that God has chosen not to tell us things which men very much desire to know. For instance, God has given us various details about the Pharaohs who lived during the time of Israel's sojourn in Egypt, by means of which we can almost see the very men spoken of; yet God has not told us the particular names of those men. Hence learned persons are not at all agreed amongst themselves which of the Pharaohs the monarch was who perished in the Red Sea.

Again, God has recorded with great minuteness many things respecting the deliverance of Noah and his sons at the time of the flood, but God does not tell us how thankful they were when they found themselves safe, and shut in the ark! But in Israel's case God tells us about their fears and their cries, and what they said before their deliverance, and after they were saved God records their song of praise, and how Moses, the man of God, sang it, and how Miriam, his sister, led the women of Israel in answering, joy with timbrels and dances.

We may be very sure that there is deep reason in this minute record of this great song. Besides, though the world had gone on for many hundreds of years, never in the Holy Book is there given one single song up to this. And more, in all the records which the world possesses, there is not to be found one single chorus older than that of Israel's on the liberty side of the Red Sea! It is the first great song mentioned in the history of man! And a marvelous song it is; a nation born in a day sang it; 600,000 lifted up their voices in mighty chorus to the God Jehovah.

There had been singing in the religious services of Egypt which Israel had heard, and the women of Israel had witnessed music dances, one of such dances this picture from the monuments instances, for there you can see the women and children with their branches and musical instruments. But, we repeat, never before in the world's history had there been a triumph such as that upon the borders of the Red Sea.

And this oldest of songs is also that which the believer of this day sings in spirit, when he knows truly what redemption is. Redemption is the title to sing this song. It is for young as well as old; and thus its sweet strain, "The Lord hath triumphed," arises from all our hearts who know what God has done for us. The redeemed do not wish to rejoice save in what He has done, and cannot but rejoice in His glorious work for them.

The prophetess Miriam, and the women of Israel, took up the first words of the song which the men sang: "Sing ye to Jehovah, for He hath triumphed gloriously; the horse and his rider hath He thrown into the sea." Perhaps they broke in at every pause in the song, or it may be they only "answered them" at the end of each of the three great parts of it. These are verses 2-5; 6-10; 11-18; ch. 15.

Let us ask if we can truly sing, "The Lord is my strength and song, and He is become my salvation." Oh! it is such a joy to rejoice thus; to be assured of His saving power, and to know that

it is ours. Then the heart is drawn out to desire even in this world to prepare a habitation for Him. For we desire to have God dwelling with us, when we know that He has saved us. And, as Israel sang, so full salvation is perfect deliverance from all enemies, and from all fear of them. The smallest child amongst the ten thousands of Israel feared the great Pharaoh no more, for he and his might were at the bottom of the Red Sea, and as still as a stone. Gone forever.

Now, Satan is a worse foe to us than was Pharaoh to Israel, and it is no wonder that we sing when we know that God has redeemed us and delivered us forever from the power of the enemy. Let us, then, raise our voices and answer, "Sing ye to the Lord, for He hath triumphed gloriously."

The glory of God is manifested in the salvation of His people. His power is greater than Satan's, and those who rise up against God's people, let them be ever so strong, rise up against God.

Pharaoh imagined that he could pluck Israel out of Jehovah's hand. God's way of deliverance was quite unexpected, it was through the sea of death, His salvation for them was by the very walls of water which overwhelmed their enemy. And so it is for us, we are brought into perfect safety by the death and resurrection of Christ; no power of Satan can reach God's people beyond death that is the boundary of His dominion, but over that boundary we have passed in Christ, who is risen from the dead.

It will be an awful thing for any who knows the truth of judgment to come, to go down, as did the hosts of Pharaoh, in their own strength, into the dark waters. Let us whose consciences have trembled at the thought of judgment to come; but who know that Christ has borne the judgment for us, lift up our voices as we think of God's salvation, and answer, "Sing ye to the Lord, for He hath triumphed gloriously."

The third part of the song is perhaps the most beautiful of it all. To begin with, the Lord's holiness is rejoiced in, and none but those who are redeemed can do this. Men of the world will speak of God's goodness, but His holiness is the delight of His people alone.

Was it presumptuous to say, "Thou hast led forth the people which Thou hast redeemed"? It would have been the boldness of unbelief to question their perfect redemption; it is humble faith which sings to God for His redemption, and all His people from the youngest to the oldest can join in this song. There was one way of salvation for all Israel, whether for the princes, or for the little children. God has not two ways of saving us.

And when they sang, "Thou hast guided them in Thy strength unto Thy holy habitation," they praised God as if their journey across the wilderness was over, or rather, as if they would never have any journey at all! And so it is to faith now, for there are many, and little children, too, who rejoice before God because of His purpose to bring all His own safe to His home.

When we come to the end of the song, Israel looked on to the time when they should assemble around the holy place and worship Him in Canaan. What a bright day that was for Israel when they were not only out of Egypt, but in the happy land! Ah! dear young friends, we, too, look on to the bright time, when all God's people shall be safe at home in heaven. Surrounding God with perfect joy, when we shall every one have reached the place where God dwells, where all is joy forever. Where sin and sorrow shall never come, and where the Lord shall reign forever and ever. May we all meet there. And every one who is redeemed shall do so. As we think of that day, let our hearts

answer, "Sing ye to the Lord, for He hath triumphed gloriously; the horse and his rider hath He thrown into the sea."

H. F. W.

William Farel.

(Continued from p. 111).

IN the meantime the old countess, hearing the unwonted shouts, had rushed out upon the castle terrace. The news of Anthony's crime had already reached her, and with joy she saw that both Anthony and Farel were now in the hands of the vigorous priests. "To the river! to the river!" cried the old lady. "Drown the Lutheran dogs! They have insulted the good God!" She meant the wafer. The priests followed the countess's advice. They dragged their prisoners to the river Seyon, which was rushing below the castle walls. At this moment some neighboring peasants came up. They were returning from Neuchatel. They knew Farel by sight, and saw that in another moment all would be over with him. "Why do you drown those men?" they said. "Lock them up till they can be called to trial for their actions. You will find out by that means who is on their side." This clever advice saved the two prisoners. The priests carried them back to the castle.

They had to pass on the way a chapel of the Virgin Mary. They dragged Farel and Anthony into this chapel. "Kneel down and worship our Lady," they said, pointing to the image upon the altar. "The one true God is to be worshipped," replied Farel, "and the one God only. He is to be worshipped in spirit and in truth—He alone—not dumb images, without life or power." The priests fell upon Farel, and beat him with their sticks. Long after the marks of his blood were shown on the bespattered walls of the chapel. The two prisoners were then carried more dead than alive into the old castle, where they were locked up in the lowest dungeon. They must have remembered Paul and Silas at Philippi.

What next the old lady and the priests would have done to them we cannot tell, for the news of their imprisonment had speedily reached the town of Neuchatel, and a strong body of the citizens appeared before the castle of Valangin, demanding that the two prisoners should be immediately delivered up to them. The old countess dared not refuse. She was afraid of the displeasure of Berne.

It must have been two or three months later that she and Farel met again. It was again a festival time, just about Christmas. The countess had gone to mass in the parish church of Valangin. Scarcely had she arrived, when Farel, with some friends from Neuchatel, walked boldly into the church. Farel went up into the pulpit, and, deaf to the exclamations of the angry countess, he began there and then to preach the gospel. The countess gave orders to stop him, but the people rose up as one man, and said "We will have the gospel of Christ. We will hear Master Farel."

The countess left the church, and returned in wrath and terror to the castle. "I am sure," she said, "all that is not in the old gospels, and, if there are any new ones that make people do such things as that, it's more than I can understand."

But, in spite of the people who wished to have the gospel, the old lady had her way for a year longer. Mass was sung, and the gospel was banished. The church was locked up if any gossellers were thought to be near at hand.

The old lady wrote an imploring letter to the lords of Berne, entreating them to protect her against the preachers. She said, "I am resolved never to leave the faith of God and the Church, but in that faith I mean to live and die, without making any changes. Howbeit, last Saturday, some people of Neuchatel, going with Farel, broke down a cross upon my chapel below the castle. And the said Farel came to preach before my church, without being asked by the greater number of the townspeople, and on Sunday at Dombresson, when the priest was going to say mass, behold, instead of the mass, the said Farel preached. And afterward they broke and spoiled the images in the church. And not content with that, they went to other churches to preach, without the consent of the good people. And yesterday the said Farel, at Angollon, stopped the mass in the middle of the service in order that he might preach.... And I know not to whom to complain but to God and to you, and I pray that you will give orders that such outrages should cease, and that you will punish those that have thus offended. Otherwise I shall know that the world is a new one, wherein rulers are oppressed and justice is at an end, and truth and loyalty lost and gone. And I beseech you not to be displeased at this entreaty, made by a poor old lady, your citizen, thus tormented in her old age."

In a few days came an answer from Berne. "As to punishing those," said the lords of Berne, "who have committed no other offense than attending the preaching of the gospel, and who thereupon broke and burnt the idols, know that we will do nothing of the sort, for it would be fighting against God. It would be best for you to attend to the advice we gave you before." This advice was that the old lady should leave the preachers in peace, and allow them convenient places to preach in. "And," added the lords of Berne, "we pray to God to give you grace to discern the errors and seductions of anti-Christ."

The poor old countess had no intention of following the advice of Berne. She bestirred herself all the more to hinder the preaching, and to get rid if possible of Farel and Anthony.

But a day came when a preacher appeared in the marketplace of Valangin. Some say it was Farel—some, that it was Anthony Marcourt, the first pastor of Neuchatel. All the people ran together, rejoiced to hear the preaching which had so spoken to their hearts a year before in the old church. The countess from her castle tower saw what was happening. She sent her servants to insult the preacher. But so vile were the insults of those wretched men, that suddenly the crowd rushed forward with shouts of anger. They broke open the doors of the great church, and there and then broke down the images, demolished the altars, shattered the painted windows, trod the relics of the saints underfoot, and left no trace to tell of the old days of idolatry. They then rushed upon the houses of the priests and canons. They wished to call them to account for their opposition to the gospel. The poor priests fled to hide in the woods. But the day was remembered when they had beaten Farel with their sturdy arms. Their houses were plundered of all that told the tale of obedience to the Pope.

The countess and her wicked steward, Claude de Bellegarde, saw this awful scene from the castle tower. They could do nothing. They saw the furious crowd turn from the canon's houses, and take the steep road up to the castle gates. What was now to happen? The countess saw that she was in their power, and that resistance would be worse than useless. But they had not come to harm her. They only demanded that the servants should be punished for their insults to the preacher. The countess had to consent to this.

The citizens then declared that Valangin should be free forever from the rule of the Pope, and free it has remained from that day to this. The countess was allowed to have mass in the castle chapel, but there was to be no more mass, and there was to be gospel preaching in the church of Valangin.

But we must now return to William Farel at Neuchatel. He was far from thinking that his work there was done when the images were broken and the mass was stopped. On the contrary, this had but cleared the way for the work that he had at heart. Having now pulled down, he could begin to build up. And this was a far more laborious work. It needed a toil and patience far beyond that required for the work of pulling down. Besides, there was not nearly so much to spew for it in the eyes of man. To those whose motive was nothing higher than hatred of priestcraft and tyranny, Farel seemed to be nothing but a conquering hero. They compared the light and freedom which had broken in, with the old days of darkness and bondage, and could see nothing but victory and triumph. But Farel's eyes were not turned backward upon the things that were behind. He was "reaching forth unto those things which are before." His eyes were fixed upon Christ in the glory. It was by Him he measured all. It was not with blinded Papists that he now compared his converts, but with that holy and righteous One at God's right hand.

Towards the frontier of France, amongst steep mountains and dark pine woods, lay the town of Orbe. This town belonged to the two cities of Berne and Tribourg.

Berne had, as you know, been the great defender of the gospellers. Tribourg remained a popish town. But the lords of Berne had some little while back, compelled the government of Tribourg to sign an agreement, that in all towns belonging to either city, the gospel should be preached, and the mass done away with, provided that most of the inhabitants wished it to be thus. If on the contrary most of them were papists, the gospel was not to be hindered amongst those who desired to hear it, and the gospellers were to be free to worship God as they thought best.

Orbe was still a popish town. The gospel had never yet been heard there. Priests and monks had none to oppose them. It was just at the end of this eventful year, 1530, that an indulgence-seller arrived at Orbe. He had come, as you know, to sell indulgences, or pardons, for any who had committed crimes, or even who meant to commit them, and wished to get a pardon beforehand, as you get a ticket for a railway journey. "An indulgence for every crime, past or future!" cried the merchant, as a crowd collected round him in the marketplace of Orbe. And as the people pressed nearer, the merchant saw with some misgiving, a man with a red beard and piercing eyes. He felt afraid of this man, he knew not why.

The man came forward. "Have you a pardon" he said, "for a man who is going to kill his father or mother?"

F.B.

The Right Road

TWO young ladies had hurried away from the esplanade of a fashionable town on the south coast, to a quiet spot, where they could speak together of Him who had recently manifested Himself to them as their own precious Saviour.

“How marvelous it is, Annie,” said the elder of the two, “that we, who a short time ago loved the pleasures of this world so much, should now be glad to get away from its attractions.”

“Yes,” replied her friend, “we, like the man possessed with devils, are clothed, and in our right minds, sitting at the feet of Jesus.”

“Ah! but he was told to go home to his friends, and tell them how great things the Lord had done for him, and had compassion on him. I am afraid we have confessed Him but little, yet we know if we desire to do so He will help us, and direct us by His Spirit, who dwells within us.”

As they talked, they noticed an aged man sitting a few feet before them. The advancing tide obliged him to change his seat within speaking distance of the two friends.

“It is a day of good tidings,” whispered Bessie to Annie, “and we do not well to hold our peace. I feel that I must speak to that old man.”

“Yes, do, and I will pray the Lord to help you.”

“What a lovely day,” said Bessie.

“Aye, aye, missie, it be. God is a great deal kinder to us than our ways deserve.”

“Ah! when I think of what I deserve, I am obliged to confess that hellfire is all I could expect.”

“Well, well, I never heard the like o’ that before. Why you don’t look as though you had done much harm to anybody. Come, missie, tell an old man why you deserve such dreadful punishment.”

“Because it is appointed unto us to die, and ‘after this the judgment.’ Now, I have been a sinner all my life, and until very lately have had my back to God, and my feet on the broad road that leadeth to destruction.”

“But, missie, you don’t look as though you were going to hell.”

“Let me tell you a little of One who delivered me from going down to the pit?”

“Aye, do; I be hearing strange things from one so young.”

“‘He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities: the chastisement of our peace was upon Him; and with His stripes we are healed.’ (Isa. 53:5). These words speak of the Lord Jesus, God’s Son, who bore the punishment that was due to me. God loved me, and gave His Son to die for me. ‘Jesus was delivered for our offenses, and raised again for our justification.’ God is satisfied about my sins, and because of this I, too, am satisfied. I belong to

Christ, who is now in heaven, and am only waiting till He calls me to be with Himself forever.”

Amazed at Bessie’s statement, the old man remained for some minutes the picture of bewilderment, then he exclaimed, “Ye can’t mean it! Why if ye’ve been so bad as ye say ye have, God couldn’t pardon yer like that.”

“But listen to what Jesus says Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that heareth My word, and believeth on Him that sent Me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation; but is passed from death unto life.” (John 5:24).

“It’s too presumptuous,” replied the old man, “to think that God will save anybody like that.”

“He has saved me, and is willing to save you also.”

“I wouldn’t like to venture on such terms,” said he, while an incredulous smile played over his face. “I’ll wait till I die, and as I’ve always tried to do as I’d be done by, no doubt God will have mercy on me.”

“That is not God’s way of salvation; how solemn it would be for you to find out, when too late, your great mistake! You are seeking to make yourself fit for God. ‘All have sinned, and come short of the glory of God.’ God offers the sinner salvation through His Son, and, according to His word, He has no other way of escape from never-ending woe.”

“I can’t see your way,” said the man, “I’ve done nobody any harm; I go to chapel when I can, and I’ve brought up a large family, who be all turned out respectably. Now, ye tell me I be a great sinner—nay, nay, I bent so bad.”

As the old man was about to go, the young Christian said— “You are old, and I am young, but let me say a few more words to you before we part. Most likely we shall never meet again on earth, but I do want to meet you in heaven; yet, I am afraid I shall not see you there, for you do not believe that you are a lost sinner, and accept the Lord Jesus as your only Saviour. You see this tall cliff,” she continued, pointing to the over-hanging rock behind them, “now suppose you try to scale the front, while I go round by the road to reach the top; which of us evil get there?”

“Now ye be laughing at me, missie, ye know well enough that nobody would think of climbing such a cliff, let alone an old man like me.”

“Which way would you go to reach the top, then?”

“By the right road, to be sure.”

“And you would not be wrong or foolish to go by the road?”

“Surely not; it is the only way.”

“And yet you are trying to reach heaven by another way than that which God has appointed; and do you not see that the way you are going can but end in destruction?”

Putting his hands to his head, the man exclaimed, “I suppose it’s because I’m old, and have never been taught this way, that I can’t understand. God help me, if I am not on the right road.”

Bessie grasped the old man's hand, saying as she did so, "I leave you a text of Scripture. Jesus said, 'I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life.'" (John 14:6).

Tears coursed down the old man's cheeks, as, thanking her, he said, "If I get to heaven, 'twill be through your telling me the way there."

Leaning heavily on his stick, he moved slowly away toward the narrow path that led to the top of the cliff.

Many years have passed away since that bright July morning. No doubt the aged man has left this world. One of the two young Christians has long been in the enjoyment of her Lord's presence; her pilgrim days over, her rest perfect. Reader, are your feet on the right road?

E. E. S.

Loved Unto the End

"HAVE you got a verse for me today?" said a quiet voice, in one of the wards of a city hospital, as a friend came to the bedside. The speaker, a wife and mother, had long been a sufferer, all that skill could do had been done, but everything had failed to arrest the progress of the disease; the doctors had decided on removal of the affected arm as the only hope of cure left, and this was the day fixed for the operation.

It was a dreadful thing to look forward to, and heart and flesh might have failed at such a prospect; but the tried one knew God as "the strength of her heart," and when her friend came to see her just before the operation, she quietly said, "Have you got a verse for me today?"

After a moment's hesitation her friend replied by repeating part of the first verse of John 13 "Having loved His own which were in the world, He loved them unto the end." "Loved unto the end," said the sufferer, slowly, as the nurse came up to make her ready for the trying scene. "Yes, that will do! that will do! 'Loved unto the end!'" and as the preparations were completed, she repeated, "Loved unto the end!" Ah, yes; that would do, and in the consciousness of His everlasting love, she laid herself calmly down on the table, as she did so, repeating again and again, "Loved unto the end! Loved unto the end!" She as "leaning on her Beloved": this was enough.

As soon as the chloroform had taken effect, the operation was commenced, and the doctors proceeded in silence; nothing was heard, save that ever and anon the lips of the unconscious sufferer parted, and uttered these words, "Loved unto the end! Loved unto the end!" The tongue told the stay of the soul, where the tried one had found a sure refuge.

She was loved! By whom? By the Son of God! and she was loved, too, "unto the end"; there her soul rested.

In a short time all was over, and she was placed in bed, half-unconscious, still she kept on murmuring to herself those foul words so full of comfort. At length she roused up to find her once useful arm no longer by her side; but the same words that had strengthened her before the operation were still in her heart, and on her tongue, and she said, "Having loved His own, which were in the world, He loved them unto the end."

Peace Made

"I AM trying to make my peace with God," was the answer we received to the question, "Have you peace with God?" The speaker was a young man, religiously inclined, as people would say.

More sorrowful, however, were the word; of an aged woman on her dying bed. Her answer to our question, whether she was ready to meet God, she replied, "I am making my peace with God." We answered "Making it! Poor soul! but you are now over seventy years of age, and have not many years longer to live. Making your peace with God! You will never be able to do it." And then we told her that there was not in Scripture so much as the faintest thought to be found of a sinner making his peace with God.

Then the aged woman was angry, and turning on her bed, declared again, "I am making my peace with God before I leave this world."

What a doleful story of trusting in self is this! Yet how many thousands of sinner; are thus trusting in themselves, and denying the work of Christ! They do not heed the word of God Himself upon the matter, and so pass out of time into eternity without having peace with God. No one who is trying to make his peace with God has peace and until the sinner gives up trying to make it he never will have it. God never gives any one peace who does not believe His word.

What saith the Scripture? "Having made peace through the blood of His cross." (Col. 1:20). The peace is made. It was made by the blood of Jesus, and it was made nearly two thousand years ago, when He shed His blood on the cross. Thus man is completely set aside by the gracious act of God, who gave His Son to die, and by that Son, who made the peace.

Peace, then, is not to be made, for it is made. Peace could not be made by human hands, but it has been made by the Son of God. Peace could not be made by works of living men, but it has been made by the blood of Jesus, who died for sinners.

Never, never breathe again the unbelieving wish to make your peace with God.

Hid With Christ

IF you turn to the sixth chapter of Luke's gospel, and the 47th verse, you will find these words, said by God's only begotten Son, when He was upon this earth:—

“Whosoever cometh to Me, and heareth My sayings, and doeth them, I will shew you to whom he is like: He is like a man which built an house, and digged deep, and laid the foundation on a rock: and when the flood arose, the stream beat vehemently upon that house, and could not shake it: for it was founded upon a rock.”

I want now to tell you of a young man who at a very late hour, an hour of need, found this blessed immoveable Rock, the Lord Jesus Christ. He was the son of a godly father—so, no doubt, from childhood he had often heard words whereby he could have been saved. But he saw no beauty in Christ to desire Him. Is it so with you who are reading this? The word of God says: The wrath of God abides on those who believe not on His Son. (John 3:36).

When this young man grew up Satan filled his mind with false thoughts of God, and he tried to think that he believed in nothing but the present. This lasted for some little time. But the tender loving One who came down all the way from that glorious scene where He dwelt with His Father, to shed His blood for sinners, had His eye on this lost soul. He wanted him, and God who “so loved the world” loved him—so He took away what, most likely, the young man valued more than anything he possessed, and that was his health.

When he saw life going—and only a dark, endless future before his eyes—do you think he felt any comfort in having refused the precious gift of God? Oh, no! All he saw was black—he was afraid to face eternity.

His poor father was broken hearted, but he knew that there was still the word of God which is quick and powerful, and sharper than any two-edged sword; and though his son was too ill to read it himself, yet he remembered that “Faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the word of God.” (Rom. 10:17).

The father and sisters therefore assembled around the bedside; each one repeater the simplest gospel texts that they could think of; and God owned their faith in His word For some time the young man seemed hardly to take in the meaning of what was being said—when suddenly he started up it the bed, and, fixing his eyes on the ceiling of the room, exclaimed, his face beaming with joy—

“I see it all! Jesus stands before God and I can hide behind Him!”

Oh! what a perfect One in whom to hide! Are you hidden safe in this Rock? Nothing can shake you from it. “What think ye a Christ?”

If the god of this world, who is a liar and murderer from the beginning, has blinded your mind lest the light of the glorious gospel of Christ, who is the image of God should shine into it, let me tell

you there is One who seeks for your heart.

“With the heart man believeth unto righteousness.”

“My son, give Me thine heart.”

Y.

Complete in Christ

CHRIST has perfectly glorified God as a Man on this earth. He has accomplished the work of salvation, and now sits upon the throne of God in glory. The believer is accepted in Christ as He is, he is complete in Him. Christ Himself, as Man in heaven, having finished the work of salvation, is the measure of the believer's acceptance by God.

Another Military Funeral

SOME years ago, at a large Government establishment, a number of young men were being prepared for future usefulness. One among the number was an especial favorite. Always in the front of every social enterprise, cheerful and intelligent, with a pleasing aptitude for making himself agreeable, J. was unanimously given the first place. Several of these youths belonged to a smart volunteer corps, and, of a selected batch for the next prize meeting, J. was No. 1. Very sanguine of success, the approaching trial of skill was his frequent theme of conversation. A short time before, one of the members of the corps had been buried with military honors, and as J., with a few companions, was recalling the circumstances, in his usual light-hearted way, he exclaimed, "I wish there would be another military funeral: it was so jolly." I was in the company, and overheard him, and felt pained at his lightness in speaking of so solemn a matter. I had learned some little of the value of a soul, and said to him, "J., you are anxious to see the body buried; but what about the soul if it were lost! What if it were yourself?"

"Oh!" he replied, "you are always croaking, and would never let a fellow have a moment's pleasure if you could help it. If I always thought like you I should be miserable." "On the contrary," said I, "you would be happy, even though at the expense of passing merriment."

I thought no more of this circumstance, but the following Saturday went some few miles away, as I often did, to visit my friends till Monday. Returning to my lodgings early on that day, as I sat at breakfast my hostess said to me, with a look of deep concern, "Have you heard the sad news?" "No," said I: "what news?" "J. went to bathe yesterday," she replied. "He became cramped, and was drowned, and they can't find the body."

The funeral, the prize meeting—all rushed into my mind—but, above all, those words, "You are always croaking." J.'s body was found during the week. He was buried with military honours, and I was one of the bearers. My reader, his wish, uttered thoughtlessly no doubt, was granted: he went to another military funeral, but as a corpse. Where was the soul? The knowledge that it is within the power and grace of God to save, even at the eleventh hour, was the only thing which could bring hope to his Christian mother in her terrible sorrow. My reader, you may be thoughtless, harmlessly gay—a favorite; of easy manner—you may have many friends—you may think nothing of waiving off a warning; but God is not mocked. Poor J. little thought how true his words might prove himself the victim. "The Lord is not slack, as some men count slackness;" He is full of grace. Yet the moment of His wrath comes. Satan fans you comfortably, death promises to hold off, friends flatter, but God's word stands sure: "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life; but he that believeth not the Son shall not see life, but the wrath of God abideth on him." Remember, eternity will soon begin with you! To be heedless of Christ is to be lost. To hear and believe the voice of the Lord Jesus is to be saved.

W. G. B

Thou Hast Known My Soul in Adversities

(Psa. 31:7).

I THANK Thee, Father, for these words
Of one o'er whom the billows rolled,
Who in his weakness learned true might,
And, strengthened thus, Thy ways has told.
My Father, in adversities
My soul, too, Thou hast fully known;
Comfort lies in these calming words,
With humble gratitude I own.
In bitter hours Thine eye marks well
Each quiver of the stricken soul;
Thou heedest then each hope and fear;
Each groan on Thee the grief to roll.
How frail, how weak my aching heart,
Well known to Thee, for great art Thou;
Sustain me in the furnace heat:
Submissive I to Thee would bow.
'Tis sorrow now that wakes my song;
The heart by tears is oft-times tuned
A strain of love to Thee to raise
Whilst aching from a bleeding wound.
Oh! may it ne'er be written above,
Where all is calm and perfect rest,
Thy child forgot to hope in Thee,
Because borne down, because distressed.
Be Thou my Rock, my Fortress strong,

My soul in Thy pavilion hide;
I am with burdens overwhelmed,
Hence would the more in Thee confide.
For Thine own self, oh, make me firm,
By furnace fierce, by sorrows great,
Till peace and rest my soul possess,
And I for Thee can patient wait.

Half Belief and Whole Belief

“WELL, Mrs.—, and how are you?”

“Thank you, I’m very well.”

“But is it well with you in the Lord, are you trusting Him?”

“Yes, indeed; how good He has been to me: all through these years has He been looking after me, and now I trust in Him. I bless Him again and again, it’s all so wonderful!”

“Your husband has been a Christian for some time, has he not?”

“He has; and I saw he had got something I hadn’t. For a long time I’d been so miserable, and went on and on, and thought I never should be happy, and my husband would say, ‘Why don’t you believe then?’ and sometimes I’d say, I do,’ and he’d say, ‘No, you don’t, you don’t half believe,’ or, ‘It’s all along of your want of faith.’

“Thus it went on for years, and I was wretched. But last Sunday evening, when we went to the preaching I prayed to God that I might never leave the room without having peace with Him, and He heard me. I came out quite happy, and trusting all to Jesus.”

Mrs.—’s husband and son then came into the room, the son also knowing the Lord as His Saviour, and with much joy we spoke together of Him whom to know is life eternal.

J. A.

Decision

THE joy of knowing that we are saved will not sustain us all the way to glory, though, no doubt, generally, the newborn soul is carried on for a time by this joy. It is like launching a ship. When let go, away she glides, drives ahead for a little distance, then abates her speed, and presently lies still on the water. When noticing her speed the moment she left the slip, you might think that she had some power within her to make her move, but until she gets her masts and sails, or her engines, she will make no progress. How many a young convert, who was set free by the grace of God and started upon life's waters amid the joy and gladness of watchful friends, now lies idly floating, or it may be drifting; and as if he were not a new creature in Christ, made for a great and glorious end, even to live to the praise of his Lord and Saviour.

What then shall be our first word to the newly-born soul? Decision, yes, decision for Christ. We have no strength in ourselves, Christ is our strength; but God looks to us to give ourselves wholly to Him. God chose us for Himself from all eternity, and in His own time will make us perfectly like Christ, body, soul, and spirit; but now, in our lifetime, being chosen by God, we must choose for God. The world will be against us; Satan will not let us alone; and more, God will allow our faith to be tried; but let us be all for Christ, and may Christ be our all.

The world does not oppose a half-and-hall Christian, for the simple reason that such an one is not wholly for Christ. The world does not oppose itself, and in the things in which we are like the world it will certainly not find fault with us.

But what is the world? This is a practical question. "Is this poor little pleasure the world? Are these innocent amusements the world? Is it the world to do this or that harmless thing?" Be certain, dear friend, that when such apologies are made, the world is not very far from the heart of the inquirer.

But what is the world? The simplest answer is, Live for Christ, and you will find out. There is much more of the world in us and about us than we should otherwise believe.

The easiest way to live as a Christian is to be out and out for Christ. Be gentle, but be firm. Do not try to make an impression on anyone, but seek for grace to be as humble and meek as the Scriptures enjoin upon us. And when we say, "Be decided," we do not mean, be decided to prove to everybody what you are. Do not blow a trumpet before you as the hypocrites do, and advertise your own goodness; but be decided upon your knees, and with yourself.

It is far easier to go to your friend's house, and to tell him that you are saved, than to keep the door of your heart shut against your own evil thoughts. It is not necessary that there should be what people might call downright sinful thoughts, but those multitudes of idlers, which when our heart-doors are open, come in and sit down, and occupy our time, and prevent our holding intercourse with Christ.

H. F. W.

Reality

THIS our day is abundant in shams, but, of all these, the worst is sham Christianity. Far better be an open enemy to the truth than to be its false friend, The open enemy may be won—the false friend is in almost a hopeless position, for he is a deceiver.

Unreal spirituality is a deadly deception. He who is deceived by himself is the dupe of his own flattery. There are no worse enemies to true Christians than Christian flatterers; but he who flatters his own soul is his own destroyer. It is not that God will cast off a child of His who is a self-deceiver, but no self-deceiver is walking with God, and his walk is such that, so far as his course in this world goes, he is his own destroyer. The issues of eternity are in God's hand.

Assumed piety is a lie to God, and the hypocrite is an impostor. "If we say that we have no sin we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us." No man walking in the light before God would say of himself that which God would not say of him. True humility never speaks of itself, it is known by its fruits.

When a Christian says of himself, "I am this or that," as if he had attained to anything, he is occupied with himself, and not with Christ. This is an effect of spiritual pride, and it is a common disease of the soul.

Spiritual pride eats into the soul's reality, as rust into steel.

God knows the state of our souls. He is greater than our hearts, and knoweth all things. We may think that we know what our hearts are, but we really know very little about ourselves, for our hearts are deceitful above all things. When God turns a man's heart inside out, and makes him look at it he is ready to faint at the sight; but the sight of it is only, after all, a partial view of that which God fully sees.

When a believer is walking with God, all is reality with him. He can neither tolerate flattery nor assumed spirituality, whether emanating from himself or from another. He is in the light, and this is the message, "That God is light, and in Him is no darkness at all." When practically in the light there is absolute rest, if we be real, for we have nothing to hide from God, and "the blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin." It is no slight advance in things spiritual when the Christian has come to having no secrets, but has all things open with God. In the abstract, we are aware that God knows all about us—every thought and plan; but it is quite another thing when the Christian so walks with God that there is not the sense of even, a gossamer veil being between his innermost soul and His God. All true Christians must be conscious of being sometimes practically more in the sense of the light than at others; and at times, too, the Christian may be conscious of a hidden and unconfessed evil coming betwixt the soul and God till the thin gossamer veil thickens into a dark cloud, and till there is no longer the sense of walking in the light of God's presence. Then comes the gracious way of God in bringing about the sense of darkness, and calling forth confession—then restoring to communion. It is reality that we need, and nothing else will serve our souls in a day of trial.

The “Heavy-Land” Laborer

OUR Christian brother, Daniel, works on a heavy-land farm, which makes such havoc of his clothes, that when Sunday morning comes, and he has put off his old and put on his new garments, you would hardly know him.

Our brother, too, as all the village would tell you, has grace, in some measure, to live out this word— “Seeing that ye have put off the old man with his deeds.... put on therefore, as the elect of God, holy and beloved, bowels of mercies, kindness, humbleness of mind, meekness, long-suffering... and above all these things put on charity.” (Col. 3:9-14).

By the teaching of the blessed Spirit he has learned, “If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature: old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new.” (2 Cor. 5:17). He knows that all that he is, as a man, born of a woman, “was crucified with Christ;” that He is “born from above,” and is “accepted in the Beloved,” with whom He is risen.

If you are walking over muddy ground with Daniel when he has on his common clothes, he is likely to say, “I don’t mind the dirt;” but let him put on his best, and he will take good care to keep them clean.

We do not say our brother always walks uprightly, and never slips; for there are enticing companions, and the watchful enemy, self, still the same. He is thus often called, in a spiritual sense, to work in his best suit in the necessary dirt of the heavy land of his farm. This is the practical difficulty of his daily life, and this it is that causes our brother to be so frequently alone, pleading upon his knees.

The Heathen Girl

NOT a breath of air stirred the leaves of the palm trees, and the Indian sun streamed down on the bungalow where the missionary sat; as he looked on the burnt-up garden, he thought of the poor heathen all around, whose hearts seemed as dry and barren as the ground before him. While kneeling in prayer for them a few minutes afterward, he heard a timid knock at the door, and found a little black girl standing in the passage. At first she was too frightened to speak; but at last she said her mother had once lived at Bombay, and heard there about a great God of the white people, who was good and kind, and cared for children. Three weeks ago her mother had died suddenly, and in her last words to the orphan had told her to try to find out more about this God.

Tears fell fast as she told how she had begged and prayed the great idol in the sacred grove to let her find this new God. "I've asked, and asked," she said, "but he won't give me anything. I don't think he wants me to be happy or contented."

Can you not imagine how pleased the Christian was to tell the little girl about his Heavenly Father, who loves to bless His children, and give them true happiness? The first text he showed her was "Fear not little flock, for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom." At first she could not believe that this great God loved her, and would give her eternal life without any offering or sacrifice, which all her life she had been taught to offer to her idols. The missionary's wife took her into the house, and taught her about Jesus, and very soon she came to Him, and He gave her eternal life.

Now that little girl has grown into a tall black Bible woman, who has twenty little native children, whom she is trying to lead to the Good Shepherd. At the end of her schoolroom, in large red and black letters, is the text, "Fear not, little flock, for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom;" and she often tells how, more than twenty years ago, the missionary taught her those words in that same house, and what a great blessing they have been to her.

Many little white children think as that little black girl did, that they must beg and beseech God before He will answer them, and if they pray long and earnestly enough, they hope some day to be saved. They forget that Jesus said, "It is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom." It would be wages if we had to pray and toil to get it; it is a gift if we do nothing for it, and have only to accept it. "The wages of sin is death, but the gift of God is eternal life, through Jesus Christ our Lord." (Rom. 6:23).

An Italian fable tells of a lame boy who asked an olive tree to drop some of its fruit to him, promising if it did he would not let his little brother break its branches any more. "I never stoop to bargain, I grow great by giving," said the tree, as it showered down more olives than the lad could carry. Just so God will not sell; He will not barter the priceless possession of eternal life; for it is "the gift of God."

P. E. T.

Lily; or, Jesus Loves Me

ONE Monday morning, just before the school bell rang, a tidy woman, leading a very neatly-dressed little girl, walked up to the school door at which I was standing.

"This is Lily," she said. "She be always a-talkin' about comin' to school, and, as she was three last June, I've a-brought her."

"Well," I said, "since she is old enough to wish to come, you have done quite right in bringing her. I only hope she will like to stay."

"Oh! there ain't no fear o' that," the mother said, and, putting Lily's hand into mine, and bidding her be a good maid, she wished me "Good morning"

There was little that was lily-like in Lily, and I thought, as I looked at her plump, rosy cheeks, that she ought rather to have been called Rosa, little thinking that those roses were soon to go, and that, the blooming little creature before me would ere long seem more like a faded lily than any other flower, for she was to die very soon.

We said—the children and I—when the Lord took her that He had sent her to school just to learn about His love, for He did not let her stay long enough to learn even the A B C perfectly. One of our favorite hymns is—

"I am so glad that our Father in heaven

Tells of His love in the book He has given."

And even now, when I give it out to be sung, one or other of the children is almost sure to say, "That were Lily's hymn."

Though so shy a child, that she seemed never to speak, nor even to smile, in school, Lily's voice was to be heard above all the others whenever this hymn was sung, and often, when the rest of us had quite finished the verse, little Lily would be singing over again, "even me." She had little idea of the music, but we could not help thinking, from the grave, pretty earnestness of her face, that she had some idea of the words—

"Jesus loves me—even me."

They were seldom away from her lips. Again and again I was told that she was singing it "a' the time at home" —about the house, and on her father's knee when he came home from work, and was resting after supper, and on the doorstep, whenever she could get two or three other infants to play at "school" with her.

They told me that she always began her school-keeping with prayer, first running up to her mother for her gloves, "to pray wi'—to be like gov'ness," she pleaded, when her mother, not understanding, was for putting her off without them till next Sunday. As far as I can find out, they

never could tell what she said when she prayed at these times, but there was no mistaking the words of the hymn which these “young, young children” were sure to strike up directly the prayer was over—

“I am so glad that Jesus loves me—even me.”

How interested He must have been, whose love constrained Him to come to save such, to hear His love so sung. We may think a child's singing of Jesus a pretty thing enough, but of little matter; but out of the mouth of such He ordains strength. If these should hold their peace the very stones would cry out.

Lily's love for school was almost as remarkable as her love for this sweet hymn. After the first few days she always came by herself, and was always first. How often have I watched her from my window, toiling up the steps—the left foot first on each step! And when the snow or rain made it impossible for her to walk to school her mother used to carry her.

“It ain't no good thinkin' to keep Lily at home,” the mother said the first time she brought her, “she do only cry to come to school.”

It was a sad day when her place was vacant for the first time. “Lily's ill,” the children said; and the next news was, “It's the fever she's got.” Then one afternoon, as one and another of them dropped in rather late, the first words they uttered were, “Lily's dead! She died at two o'clock.”

“Ah!” we said to one another, “many a time Lily has sung—

““Oh! if there's only one song I can sing,

When, in His beauty, I see the great King,

This shall my song in eternity be

Oh! what a wonder that Jesus loves me!””

And now she is seeing Jesus. It was in February that Lily died, when the flowers were scarce. We felt that—

“We should bring pansies quick with spring,

Rose, violet, daffodilly,

And also, above everything,

White lilies for our Lily.”

“But winter kills the tender buds;

The gardens in the frost were,”

and there were none of these flowers to be had; but the children gathered all the snowdrops and crocuses they could find to lay around her now sadly lily-like form, and before they screwed down the lid of her little coffin the weeping mother laid beside her feet the little gloves she used to pray in, and the little scarlet hood she used to wear to the Sunday school—she felt, I suppose, that she would never again be able to bear the sight of them—and then they carried her past her beloved

school, where she had been taught about Jesus, to the village churchyard, where she lies sleeping till Jesus comes.

"Babes! Love could always hear and see

Behind the cloud that hid them,

'Let little children come to Me,

And do not thou forbid them.'"

E. B.

Following the Lord

AMONG the many names given us in God's word for the Lord Jesus Christ, we find that He is frequently spoken of as the Shepherd of His people. If our only idea of a shepherd had to be taken from a man with a heavy stick, and a dog barking beside him, driving a flock of sheep through the streets, we should not easily understand the reason of this. But such a man is not a real shepherd. In Eastern countries, instead of driving the sheep, the shepherd leads them. He walks before, and they follow. It is his business to find pasture for them, therefore it is necessary that they should be taught to follow, and not to stray away. Wandering sheep are sure to get into trouble. The shepherd calls to them from time to time, to remind them of his presence. They know his voice, and follow on; but if a stranger call, they lift up their heads in alarm, and if the call is repeated they turn and flee, because they know not the voice of a stranger. Many adventures with wild beasts occur, and the faithful shepherd has often to risk his life to defend his flock. A few years ago, a flock was attacked by three robbers, and the shepherd instead of fleeing, fought with them, and died among the sheep he was defending.

We are told that some sheep always keep near to the shepherd, and are his special favorites; and the kind shepherd is ever distributing to such, choice portions that he gathers for the purpose. These are the contented and happy ones. They are in no danger of getting lost or running into mischief; nor do the wild beasts or thieves come near them. But there are others that are restless and discontented. These cost the good shepherd much trouble.

I think this description of the Eastern shepherd will enable you easily to understand the tenth chapter of John's gospel, and the reason why Jesus speaks of Himself as the Good Shepherd—for just what those shepherds do for the sheep, He does for His people. He says: "My sheep hear my voice, and I know them, and they follow Me."

First, He knows them. He knows everyone of those who belong to the flock, for He is Himself the door of the fold, and there is no other way of entering but by trusting only in Him.

A short time ago, at a children's meeting, an address was given from these words, "He knoweth them that trust in Him." (Nah. 1:7). I said to a little girl afterward, "Does the Lord know you?" "Yes," she answered. "How do you know that?" I asked. "Because I am trusting in Him." "Well," I said, "How long have you been trusting Jesus?" She looked down, and then said, "Only since I came here this afternoon." She heard the Shepherd's voice—she did not wait until she should have returned to her home. She did not even wait until the meeting was over; but, while she was listening to the invitation to those children present, to come at once, just as they were, and trust in the Saviour, she entered into the fold, by just taking the Lord at His word, and she began from that afternoon, to trust Jesus as her Saviour, and to follow Him as her Shepherd.

I hope you can say, like that little girl, that you have already begun to do this; but, if you cannot say so, will you hear His voice now, and will you come to Him now, and take Him for your Saviour and your Guide? You will meet with temptations, and trials, and difficulties, but, if you only keep close

to Him, He will lead you safely through them.

I remember, some years ago, when in Germany, I used to think how much I should like to get to the top of a certain mountain. I could see a path, like a white thread, which wound upwards to the summit, and between the path and the road which led from the town there was a wood. One day we set out, intending, if possible, to reach that mountain top. We got on very well until we came to the wood, and then, as we advanced, it became more and more gloomy. We inquired of a man, who was going in the same direction, if we were taking the right way? He said we were, and that, if we would follow him, he would direct us. We did so for a short distance, but when it became quite dark, and we could not see the sky through the trees, we turned back. If we had only followed that man who offered to guide us we should soon have come out into the light and sunshine on the other side, but the darkness frightened us.

In not this a picture of what some do? They follow Jesus as long as the way is easy and pleasant, and when they meet with trials they turn back. But these are not the sheep who keep nearest to the Shepherd.

When you meet with temptations and trials, then keep nearer to the Shepherd, and, although sometimes—

“The path may seem dark as He leads you along

Following Jesus, you cannot go wrong.”

He will keep you; He will lead you; He will give you all you need.

The Folded Lambs

ANOTHER little lamb has been safely borne to the loving Saviour's bosom. From the same infirmity ward—yea, even upon the same bed—one after another, dear Alice Warren, Emma Margaret Hall, and Sarah Bush, have sweetly fallen asleep in Jesus. The Good Shepherd had brought them to the knowledge of Himself—had won their young hearts—had enabled them to bear testimony to others of His great love to their souls—had employed them to lead other little children to trust in the blood of Christ as a full atonement for sin—and then He sent His angels for them, and now, in the paradise of God, they are waiting for the coming of their Lord, when, in glorified bodies, they shall rise to meet Jesus Christ in the air (1 Thess. 4), and be forever with Him. If it was joy to these dear children while here below to join with us in singing the praises of Jesus, and to hear again and again with delight the old, old story of Jesus and His love, and to look with the eye of faith upon the finished work of Christ at Calvary, where He laid down His life for our sins, knowing that by His stripes they were healed, and that God, who had laid their sins on Jesus, would remember them no more, what joy now fills their ransomed spirits! What joy to be “absent from the body and present with the Lord,” “who loved them, and gave Himself for them”!

How sweet were these words of dear Alice Warren, aged sixteen: “I have loved the Lord more than three years, and you led me to Him. I am quite ready and willing to die when the Lord shall send for me.”

When dear Emma Margaret Hall, aged twelve, was dying, the children in the ward sang around her bed. She joined with them in several hymns, and then said, “Let me sing this hymn alone—‘Safe in the arms of Jesus.’” At the close of the first verse she turned her face to the pillow, and fell asleep in Jesus.

Dear Sarah Bush, aged fourteen, said she was quite happy resting upon Jesus for salvation. Jesus thus tenderly “gathers the lambs with His arms, and carries them in His bosom.”

S. V. E.

William Farel.

(Continued from p. 128).

THE merchant was at a loss for an answer. The man's eyes now flashed fire. He sprang upon the stone basin of the fountain close by, and in a voice of thunder he preached to the astonished people of God's judgment upon sin, and how One had borne that judgment, and had gone up into the glory, and now gave full forgiveness and remission of sins without money and without price—without price, for He had paid the price by His own precious blood, and woe to all those who turned from Him to seek pardon from sinful men, from men who desired only to grow rich upon their ignorance and folly.

There were two men of Orbe who were glad to hear this blessed preaching. One was a schoolmaster, called Mark Romain. The other was a tradesman, called Christopher Holard.

The strange preacher then disappeared, and some months passed by. Lent came, the Lent of 1531. But the preaching at the fountain was not forgotten by the priests and monks.

There were two convents in the town of Orbe. The one was a convent of Carmelite monks, the other a nunnery of the nuns of St. Clara. These two convents were divided from one another by the parish church. They were joined to one another by a secret passage. It often happened thus, that nuns who professed to be shut up from the world, found plenty of company amongst the monks in neighbouring convents. Thus we read of a convent near Paris, where the nuns would invite into their beautiful garden the monks from a convent hard by, and have dances, and other amusements upon the smooth lawns.

The nuns at Orbe had amongst their friends a priest called Michael Juliani. They entreated him to preach during Lent against the “new religion.” Father Michael was delighted to find that the church was crowded with hearers. There were two or three amongst them, who not only listened attentively, but took notes on pieces of paper which they carried in their books. Father Michael did not know these notes were to be sent to Berne, where his sermons would find few admirers. You will have supposed that amongst those who took these notes, were Mark Romain and Christopher Holard.

There was also a lad of whom you have not yet heard, who longed to hear Father Michael contradicted, and to hear the gospel preached. The name of this young man was Peter Viret. He was then nineteen years old. His father, William Viret, was a citizen of Orbe, and was also a cloth-dresser and tailor. Peter, who had always been a studious boy, had persuaded his father to send him, when he was only twelve years old, to be taught at the great university of Paris. He hoped that he might some day be a priest. He was remarked at Paris for his love of learning, and also for his devotion to saints and images. But he had not been there long, when by some means, unknown to us, his eyes were opened to see the Lord Jesus Christ. You will remember that there were meetings at Paris before and after Farel was driven away. There were those who knew the glad tidings, and who desired to make them known to others. Some say Farel himself, in his last visit to Paris, had met with Peter Viret. But there is no proof of this. All we know is, that in some way Peter heard the gospel, and boy as he was, he received it into his heart. The seed was sown, and it grew up slowly, but surely. When Peter was about nineteen, he was to receive the tonsure. That is to say, he was to have a small round bald patch made on his head, the hair being shaved so as to leave the remaining hair in the form, as the priests said, of the crown of thorns. All priests and monks have their heads thus shaved, and Peter was now to become a priest. But the gospel he had learned at Paris clung to him. He resolved that the mark of Rome should never be set upon his forehead. He therefore left Paris suddenly and returned to Orbe. He had just arrived there when Father Michael began his sermons.

The priests of Orbe remarked that there was something amiss with Peter, and they suspected that “the new religion” had got hold of him. They had long talks with him, and told him that the Church of Rome held the faith of the old fathers of Jerome, and of Chrysostom, and of Augustine. “The old ways must be the right ways,” they said, “we get no good by turning aside from the good old paths to newfangled notions.”

But Peter was not convinced by this time-honored argument. “What is there older,” he said, “than the ways of murder, and lying, and disobedience to God? Is not the way of Cain a very old way?”

and what is there older than man's inventions but God himself? I will believe Him only. The Lord Jesus is my Shepherd, I will not be the disciple of Jerome or Augustine, nor even of Martin Luther—I will follow Christ only."

And the more the priests argued, the more therefore did Peter betake himself to Christ. He prayed earnestly, not for himself only, but for those around him. He prayed especially for his beloved father and mother. They began to feel a desire to hear the blessed Word of God, which Peter read to them from time to time. And Peter was so respectful, and so gentle, that they could not be angry with him. You now understand why the sermons of Father Michael were a grief and a sorrow to Peter.

But these sermons were destined to come to a sudden and untimely end. Father Michael was one day describing "the new preachers." He had just told his congregation that the priests and monks were mediators between God and man, and friends of the saints, who cure all diseases. "Those therefore," he said "who listen to them can want for nothing. But as for the new preachers, who throw down crosses and images, they are the enemies of Christ—they are priests and monks who have broken their vows in order to marry wives, and to live in vice and crime."

"You lie! you lie!" said a loud voice amongst the crowd.

All turned to the spot whence the voice proceeded, and then, standing up with a face of indignation, was Christopher Holard. In one moment the whole church was in a tumult. There was a general rush made upon Christopher. The foremost in the attack were the women. They were headed by the chief lady of the place, the Lady Elizabeth Arnez.

"All," says the Chronicle, "fell with one accord upon the said Christopher. They tore out his beard, and beat him, they scratched him with their nails and otherwise, so that if they had been let alone, he would never have gone out of the said church alive, which would have been a great benefit for the poor Catholics."

The governor of Orbe however, hearing the tumult came to the rescue; he rushed amongst the shrieking women, seized Master Christopher, and locked him up in the dungeon of the castle.

There was one woman who was filled with grief at all that had happened. This was Christopher's old mother. She knew of only one friend to whom she could go for sympathy and help. This was Mark Romain the schoolmaster. She entreated Mark to go with her to the castle of Echallens, some miles off. The bailiff of Berne lived there. She believed that he might be able and willing to rescue her son from the hands of the papists.

Mark was ready to go at once, and with trembling hearts, the two friends presented themselves at the castle of Echallens. The bailiff listened kindly to their sad tale.

"It is the friar who is to be blamed, not your son, my good woman," he said. "Berne will not suffer such preaching as that." The bailiff went immediately to Orbe. He sat down in the open air near the castle, and desired his officers to fetch the friar. But the friar was not to be found. The bailiff waited patiently, whilst the officers went from house to house.

The friar meanwhile was safely hid in the house of a certain "Frances Pugin, instructress of girls in all virtue and learning." But when he heard the officers were coming, he thought it best to take the

bull by the horns. He ran out of the house, and went in a respectful manner to the bailiff, who was still sitting near the castle. The bailiff rose up instantly, seized him by the arm, and said, "I arrest you in the name of my lords of Berne." He then led him into the castle, commanded Christopher's dungeon to be unlocked, called Christopher out, and locked up Father Michael in his place.

The good schoolmaster watched these proceedings with joy and triumph. "He was as pleased," it is said, "as if he had gained a thousand crowns!" The bailiff said he himself would take Christopher home to his mother.

Meanwhile the news of Father Michael's imprisonment had spread through the town. A mob collected in the marketplace.

"If we can catch Mark Romain," they said, "he shall be thrown into the river, for it was he who fetched the bailiff." Poor Mark came in sight at this moment. He saw his danger, and fled, with the mob in pursuit. They were now gaining fast upon him—he had just reached the front of the church, seeing the door open, he rushed in.

But it was at a fatal moment—five o'clock in the afternoon, when prayers were daily offered up to Mary. Lady Elizabeth, and many of the women of Orbe were kneeling before the altar of "the Queen of Heaven." When Mark Romain suddenly appeared amongst them, they sprang from their knees, flew at him, threw him down, beat him and scratched him.

"I saw the whole affair," says a papist who was present, "I did not think the schoolmaster would ever have got out alive." But at this moment "a Lutheran friend" came in, and dragged Mark from the midst of his enraged enemies.

The women, Lady Elizabeth at their head, now ran into the streets to implore the bailiff to release the friar. A mob had already gathered round the castle, and in the midst stood the bailiff, Christopher by his side.

Loud and angry voices were heard in every direction. "Why have you locked up Father Michael?" "Why have you let Christopher out of prison?" they asked.

"By order of my lords of Berne," said the bailiff, and then pointing to the thick walls of the castle, he added, "If you can get him out, you may, but I advise you not to try."

As the bailiff proceeded to the square, turning a deaf ear to threats and entreaties, he met the troop of ladies. They all fell on their knees "with many tears," and implored "mercy for the good father." The bailiff was touched by their grief, but he said Father Michael was the prisoner of Berne, and he had no power to release him. He saw Christopher safely home, and returned to Echallens.

The priests of Orbe met together to consult. They resolved to send to Friborg for help. I told you that the town of Orbe was the property of both Friborg and Berne. The lords of Friborg could do nothing without the consent of Berne. They therefore sent messengers to Berne to ask for advice, in consequence of which a number of officers of both cities were sent together to settle the matter at Orbe, when they had inquired into both sides of the question.

As the officers proceeded on their way to Orbe, they passed through the village of wenchies. There, to the joy of the Bernese, they found William Farel, who had been preaching there for the past month. They entreated him to come with them to Orbe. They reached Orbe the day before Palm Sunday.

Quickly the news spread through the little town, that the heretic who had preached on the fountain was again amongst them.

But Sunday morning passed quietly, and Sunday afternoon. All the services had been said and sung, excepting only vespers. The people were filling the church for this last service, "when" we are told, "Farel, leaving his inn with presumptuous boldness, went into the pulpit without asking the leave of anyone, and began to preach."

At once the whole crowd began to hiss, to howl, to stamp, and to shriek. "You dog! you devil! you heretic!" sounded from every side.

"It was a glorious noise," said a Catholic who was present. Farel was used to noise. He preached on till they rushed up the pulpit stairs and dragged him down. The governor afraid of the consequences, if he allowed him to be killed, seized him by the arm, and led him back to his inn. Thus ended his first sermon.

F. B.

The following is the paper of Jessie Harriet P. (11 years old), who gains the first prize, Schaff's "Through Bible Lands."

The Swine

THE first time we read of the swine in Scripture is in Lev. 11:7, where the Israelites were forbidden to eat its flesh, as it was amongst the unclean animals. Though dividing the hoof, it does not chew the cud. Some think the reason of this law was because, in hot countries, swine are subject to distempers, and unwholesome; some, because they eat all sorts of unclean things; others think that it was to keep the Jews from imitating the Egyptians, who sacrificed swine to their idols, and then ate their flesh. In Isa. 65:4, we read of the Jews remaining among the graves, practicing necromancy and eating swine's flesh, though forbidden by the law. And that judgment would come upon them is shown by Isaiah 46:17, where it says that they shall be consumed. The law not only forbade the Jews eating their flesh, but also touching their dead carcass. (Deut. 14:8). Swine are well known to be dirty and disgusting in their habits, poking their snouts into mud or any kind of rubbish. Solomon compares a fair woman without discretion to a swine with a jewel in his nose. Nose-jewels are worn by Eastern women. In either case it would leave them debased still. Some think that it was to punish those who, contrary to the law kept swine, that our Saviour allowed the unclean spirits to enter into the herd of those animals when they ran down the steep place, and perished in the sea. (Matt. 8:30-32). The sow is mentioned, as liking to wallow in the mire, in 2 Peter 2:2. Swine are supposed to have been originally derived from the wild boar, which is a cleaner animal in its habits than the swine. It is found in forests, and lives chiefly on shrubs, roots, and fruit. In the vineyards it not only eats the grapes, but roots up the vines. To this David alludes in the Psalms, when he says, "The boar out of the wood doth waste it, and the wild beast of the field doth devour it." (Psa. 80:13).

J. H. P.

The second prize, "A Bible," is awarded to Mary H.

I Never Saw It Like That Before

“NO one ever had a more earnest desire to be saved than have; but, do what will, I cannot have that comforting feeling of which I hear others speak.” So said an aged country-woman to me, the emotion of her heart finding vent in tears as again and again she asserted that her desire was real, her strivings and prayers earnest and long continued.

I asked, “Can you find me a verse in the Bible, which says that feeling is an evidence of salvation?” She considered a little, and could not remember one.

“Do you generally feel joy at hearing good news, before you believe what is told you? For instance, if some one told you that some property had been left you, would it afford you any feelings of joy, if you did not believe the person who told you?”

“Why, no, of course not,” she readily replied.

“Listen; as a sinner, living in sin, you need forgiveness; as a sinner, dead in sin, you need life. And in order to be really happy, you ought to know that forgiveness and life are yours. I will just ask you to follow me as I read a few passages from the word of God, which show that faith, not feeling, is the true way of getting the blessing. Turn with me to Acts 13:38, ‘Be it known unto you that through this Man is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins, and by Him all that believe are justified from all things.’ Now look at John 3:36: ‘He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life.’ You notice that it is by faith, or belief, that forgiveness of sins and eternal life are ours.”

“Why to be sure,” said the old woman; “I never saw it in that light before.”

“Let us read again. (See 1 John 5:11). ‘This is the record, that God hath given to us eternal life, and this life is in His Son’; and not only has He given us life, but would have us to know that we have it, for in the 13th verse the apostle says: ‘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.’”

A ray of joy lit up the sunburnt cheeks of the poor weary-hearted woman, as the Spirit of God began to show her that God’s gift is eternal life, and that God’s will is that we might know that we have it, not through years of wearisome doing, but by believing His word.

I continued, “Listen to another text in the 10th of John, verse 28: ‘I give unto My sheep eternal life, and they shall never perish, neither shall any 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.’

“This passage shows us the care the Lord Jesus and His Father take of those to whom eternal life has been given. As a little babe learning to walk is held by its mother’s hand on one side, and its father’s on the other, and thus secured from harm, so the Lord Jesus and His Father hold the feeblest believer, and no one on earth, or in hell, can ever pluck him away, for Their love is as great as Their power. As a parent would not allow any evil person to take away his babe, so God our Father, only in a far better way, takes care of all who trust in Him.”

“Why, to be sure, how stupid I have been,” the old woman exclaimed, as the light dawned upon her soul.

I then asked her to look at another text (Col. 3:3), from which I sought to show her that as we did not hand over our valuables to our babies to take care of, so God had not trusted His gift to us. God has hidden our life in Christ with Himself—hidden it where Satan can never find it. More than that, just as noblemen leave their jewels in safe custody when going abroad, so God has taken care of His children; and the enemy of our souls must break through all the power of God before he can reach the feeblest believer’s life, for it is “hid with Christ in God.”

As I rose to leave, tears of joy coursed down her wrinkled cheeks, as she heartily shook my hand and expressed the fervent thanks of her heart. In parting, I besought her affectionately, as I now beseech my reader, if anxious to know forgiveness of sins, not to look within for evidence of salvation, but to read it where God has written it in a dying Christ on the cross—in a glorified Christ in heaven. For the word of the living God endureth forever.

H. N.

The Story of Sylvia

ABOUT, a hundred years ago a little girl was born in Bedford Square, London. The world lived a life not more godless than now, but far less observant of religious usage. Family prayer was almost unknown, and, except to be married, few persons entered a church. Baptisms were celebrated for the most part in drawing-rooms, and were the prelude to revelry and merriment of all kinds. Into just such a home was little Sylvia born. No early religious instruction was given to her infant mind, no scripture was taught her. When she was eight years old, she was sent to a fashionable school in a neighboring square, and while there she regularly attended church; and when her education was finished she returned to her godless home. Her brothers gambled and drank, though they consorted with dukes and even princes. Sylvia had a loving heart, and when her father died, she gave it all to her wild dissipated brothers. She was too ignorant to understand the moral evil of their lives; but she saw them restless and miserable, and she pitied and tried to sympathize with them in their losses at cards, and in similar troubles.

Sylvia married while yet very young. The young couple were still ungodly. They asked no blessing, yet God watched over His own, though she knew Him not.

When the eldest girl was six years old, Sylvia engaged a daily governess for her instruction. Miss D. was an earnest humble-minded Christian, and Sylvia soon discovered that the governess was in some way different from herself. She had a peace, a restfulness of which Sylvia knew nothing. This discovery led to questions, and the answers brought about arguments sustained warmly on both sides.

Sylvia was prejudiced against methodistic cant. "Go," said the governess, "only once, to hear Basil Wood."

Hitherto Sylvia's Sunday observances were restricted to reading a chapter of the Bible in her bedroom, and some of the church prayers, for she said going to church did not suit her, for she had never felt any better for going. Now for the first time in her life she heard the gospel faithfully preached. She believed at once in the blessed truths simply set before her. But it was not till long after that the convert entered into the full privileges of a believer.

Trials awaited her of the most crushing nature. She lost the brothers she so loved, and in a manner which left no hope in their deaths. Soon after Sylvia had been brought to the knowledge of Christ, her husband left London, and bought a place in the country. She was wretched in leaving the gospel ministry she attended, for she could not fully trust God yet.

To find a church where the gospel was faithfully preached was now her first object. Sunday after Sunday she went to one church after another. Nothing but dry moral essays were preached in any of them. No food for Sylvia's hungry soul. At length during conversation she held with her nurse, who was a professing Christian, the latter exclaimed, "Well, ma'am, if you can't hear the truth in a church, would you mind going to chapel? There is a faithful preacher in a dissenting chapel not far off."

In those days dissenters were utterly despised by the upper classes. They were considered low and vulgar, and to become a dissenter was at once to lose caste. Sylvia was a woman of candid mind, and great intelligence. Her soul was of more consequence to her than her position in society, so she went.

When the preacher ascended the pulpit, Sylvia saw a plain man with a dark heavy countenance, but deep penetrating eyes after he had prayed for some time with great earnestness, he gave out his text, and commenced his sermon. It was a long, long sermon indeed, divided into many heads; Sylvia did not find it long. She needed instruction, for she was very ignorant, so she listened with willing ears. Each sentence seemed designed for her special benefit; each word went straight to her heart.

Sunday after Sunday saw Sylvia crossing the fields in her white dress to seek the wayside chapel. Soon her eldest girl went with her mother, leaving her father to go to church alone. After some time he, too, went to hear this preacher, and he too was convinced that he now heard the truth for the first time in his life. He accepted the gospel, convinced by his reason; but Sylvia had it hid in her heart by the Holy Ghost. What did the opinion of the world matter to her now she had Christ. Her feet were on a rock; she could not be moved. Contempt she knew she must incur, and she bore it bravely.

Thus did Sylvia become a Christian. Her influence was great, and widely spread. She had many children and many servants. More than one giddy young girl blessed the day she entered that household, and is rejoicing now with her before the Lord. How she prayed with and for her children, none can forget who heard her. The most marvelous thing about her was that in her busy life, full of household care and many great responsibilities, she was able to devote so many hours in the day to prayer, and the reading of the word. She rose betimes and retired late to rest. Morning and evening hours were alike consecrated to God. She passed much time in her closet, praying to the Lord for strength to fulfill her duties; and on one occasion, when it was suggested to her that she spent too much time in solitary prayer, she replied that without constant communion with her Lord, she could never have got through the difficulties and perplexities of her life.

She died at last after much suffering, trusting, as she had long trusted, in the finished work of Christ. Her sense of her own peculiar sinfulness deepened as she approached her end, but so much the more did she praise the goodness which brought her out of the miry clay to the Rock of her salvation. Numbers of her children's children are preaching the pure gospel as Sylvia bequeathed it to their parents: some in churches, some in chapels and mission rooms, and in house to house visitation. Her descendants bless her memory, and remember her words received from oral tradition, as the Israelites of old heard from their fathers the counsels of God.

Of the children Silvia left behind her, it may be said of those who have followed her, that they were saved beyond a doubt, so that her prayers for them were answered, as she believed they would be.

This is a true history, and as such may be interesting to those who like to hear of a real experience.

m.

Can He Save Me?

I WAS sitting on the top of the mail coach, going from T. to G., in the far north of Scotland, some years before the railway was made into that neighborhood. It was a cool autumn evening, and there was a fair number of passengers outside, and amongst them a young man who had just returned from America, to take possession of a large estate left him by his uncle. The young man was full of this world's pleasures, and was desirous of others sharing them with him. He had plenty of money, and spent it freely. He had laid in a good stock of whiskey for the sixty or seventy miles we had to travel, and frequently drank out of his flask.

Turning to me, as I was reading the word of God, he said, "Look here! have a drink?"

"I am drinking," I said, "out of the fountain of eternal life."

"Oh, bosh! never mind that book," said he, "have a sip at this," and as he spoke he thrust the flask into my face.

"No," I said, "it does not suit me now. You drink the pleasures of this world, and get thirsty again. What you want, my friend, to satisfy you thoroughly and completely, and forever, is—Christ. Am I right?"

"Yes," said he, in an altered tone of voice, "I believe you are right, and I am all wrong. I wish I were like you. I wish I did not do as I do."

"If this be so, you have but to accept Christ as your Saviour. He can save you from death, hell, and judgment."

"Can he?" said the young man, as if amazed; and again he repeated, half to himself, "Christ can save me Can He save me? He is God over all: then surely He can save me!"

I cannot describe the scene as the youth sat beside me; a struggle was evidently going on in his heart: should it be Christ or the world—Christ or himself—salvation or death. He hung his head for an instant; then, looking at me, he said, "I will trust Him," and as he spoke he lifted his hand, and the flask, with its contents, was smashed against a rock we were passing at the time.

We had to travel together till midnight, and all the way along, over the hills and through the valleys, he was asking me about the Lord, and His wondrous love in dying for sinners. "Ah!" said he, as we parted, "I wish I had known Him long ago."

Ah, reader, do you know what it is to drink of the heavenly stream of eternal life? What says Christ? "Whoso drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst."

J. G.

Christ Saves Us, Not the Cross

A FEW years ago I was visiting one of our large London hospitals, and met with the following case. I had gone there to see a poor lady suffering from cancer, but found that she had already at her bedside the number of visitors allowed by the “rules.” Were not our steps ordered I thought? why had I gone that long way for nothing? Ah! what reasoning hearts we have! A friend then told me of a poor girl of about nineteen years nearing her end, and of her wild excited state when told that she could not live.

She had left her home, in the south of England, hoping to better herself, and had come up to London. There her life had been misspent; she had lived in so-called pleasures, and had brought herself to an untimely end.

Her poor old mother, who had been sent for, had taken the long sad journey to see the last of her poor child, as she thought, lost and dying without Christ. I hardly liked to intrude upon the mother’s grief, so spoke to some other poor sufferers, but none of them seemed to care to hear of Christ. They were taken up with the flowers and crosses which had been sent to them.

While speaking to these people the heartbroken mother came up to me, and asked if I were a Bible-woman, and would I come and speak to her poor child? Gladly, I said, though my heart failed me. There was such unrest about the poor girl’s face, and I felt that the power of Satan was there. Was there yet time to tell her of One stronger than he that could save her even then?

I bent over the poor girl, and told her of Christ, the Son of God, taking our place, and dying for our sake; told her that His blood could cleanse her sins away, however many or vile they might be. Her eyes were fixed upon me, but there was no response. She tried to speak at last, and this was what she was seeking comfort from—

“‘Tis religion that can give,

Peace and comfort while we live.”

Slowly and firmly I said, “No; peace and comfort only come when we know Christ as our Saviour; religion can do nothing for you now, and never could: it is Christ you need, a living Saviour.” Then, I saw a look of agony I can never forget, as if all was going from under her, and she felt lost.

They were awful moments. I wondered what she would say, as over and again I repeated, “The blood of Jesus Christ, God’s Son, cleanseth us from all sin,” and assured her that His blood could in a moment make a poor guilty sinner fit for the presence of God. These were her words “I see, I see the cross, but there is no one on it.”

“O God! show her Christ where He is,” was all I could say. I bent down to the poor girl, and said, “You are looking in the wrong place, Christ was on the cross for you and me, He finished the work there, and then God raised Him from the dead. Look up, and God grant you faith to see the Saviour, Jesus, on God’s right hand in glory.”

A peaceful change came over the poor troubled face; she took my hand and said, with great effort, "I see it; pray with me." The poor mother blessed God, her Saviour, for she had now the joy of trusting that her child was resting on Christ, and believing in His finished work in answer to her fervent prayers.

There were crosses all about the walls of the ward, and the nurses also wore them at their sides. If they could only have heard the words of that poor dying girl, "I see, I see the cross, but there is no one on it," how shallow and empty would all the outside show become to them. A child of God alone can understand the cross of Christ, and than God that it is a living Person at God's right hand, who saves and cares for us till He has us with Himself—

"Tis finished," on the cross He said,

In agonies and blood;

"Tis finished," now He lives to plead

Before the face of God.

M. G. C. L.

‘Tis the Bible Now

So said a poor woman to me the other day, when speaking of her husband, and the great change she had lately seen in him.

For many years he had been a slave to drink, but he had been induced to become a total abstainer, and for two years had not yielded to his temptation. His wife, a sincere Christian, was not satisfied with this outward amendment only, and pleaded constantly at the throne of grace for the conversion of her husband; but, while he boasted of his temperance principles, he would not own that anything further was needed, saying, in answer to her entreaties that he would flee for refuge to the Saviour, in whom alone she trusted: “I cannot be better than I am.”

About this time the writer became acquainted with him, and tried to show him from God’s word that all the righteousness in which he was trusting was in God’s sight but filthy rags—that without “repentance toward God and faith toward our Lord Jesus Christ” he could not be saved. Then, after all had bowed together in prayer, took his leave.

When passing his cottage, some time after this interview, the writer was met by the poor man’s wife, who, with a face beaming with joy, said, “Just step in, sir, and see my husband.” With a bright smile the husband greeted his visitor. “You remember what you said, sir, about ‘filthy rags’? I thank God I have a full suit now. I feel sure the Lord has pardoned me.”

Together they praised God for answering prayer, and bringing peace and joy to another wandering child—one who had been so far off that he had not even known his need of pardon and mercy—and as the writer left this nappy home the wife called after him, “‘Tis the Bible now, sir, every night!”

x. x.

The Rock and the Rods

“GIVE us the water that we may drink!” cried Israel in the wilderness, and Jehovah, by the rod and the rock, not only quenched their thirst, but in the record of His ways taught us a deep lesson.

A great rock stood in the barren waste of Horeb. We picture to ourselves the multitudes of the people of Israel in the wilderness: men, women, and children, murmuring against the servant of the Lord, who had already fed them with manna. Their murmuring was an occasion for the Lord to manifest His grace towards them. Yet it was indeed a strange spectacle—multitudes languishing for lack of water; and at the Lord's bidding a company of their elders assembling around the great rock, which was to supply all their need. Little did Israel know what was about to happen, but Moses was in God's secret.

The Lord stood before His servant upon the rock in Horeb. It was a holy place, and its meaning was invested with the deepest solemnity. Then, in the view of the elders who were selected to go before the host of Israel, and to see the wondrous work of God, Moses smote the rock, and from

THE SMITTEN ROCK

living streams gushed out, and Israel drank and was satisfied. In the New Testament we read, “They drank of that spiritual Rock that followed them; and that Rock was Christ” (1 Cor. 10:4), which leaves no room for questioning the solemn signification of the type.

Christ is our Rock; this world is for us wilderness, a dry and thirsty place, where no water is; and from Him, the Everlasting One, become in time a Man, smitten and wounded upon the cross, there flows forth the living water. All our title to this water is our thirst. Ah! would that men did truly thirst for these streams: “If thou knewest the gift of God, and who it is that saith to thee, Give Me to drink; thou wouldest have asked of Him, and He would have given thee living water.” (John 4:10). Does our reader know what this thirst is—this longing for that which the wilderness-world not to give?

The Rock yielded its miraculous refreshment when smitten, and it is as from the eternal One stricken for sinners that the Spirit of God is given to satisfy our desires. For the living water is the Spirit. Surely God would attract us to the Lord, wounded and under judgment upon the cross, and would fix our souls upon Himself, in everlasting might, and in His unutterable grace, enduring the stroke of judgment, so that we might be refreshed and sustained who, save for this, His grace, must have perished.

The rod wherewith Moses smote the rock was

THE ROD OF JUDGMENT.

Jehovah said to His servant, “Go on before the people, and take with thee of the elders of Israel; and thy rod, wherewith thou smotest the river, take in thine hand and go” (Ex. 17:5), and it is familiar to us in connection with the plagues of Egypt.

In ancient times, the rod was an emblem of authority, and even in their own land, relics of its old signification still remain in the rods borne before great personages, on state and other occasions. The wonder-working priests of Egypt had their rods; so also had the heads of the tribes of Israel their rods. In the land of Egypt, the rod of Moses, when turned into a serpent, swallowed up those of the Egyptian priests, signifying that their power was gone in the presence of Jehovah's might. The princely priests knew well what the loss of their rods of authority meant, as they stood empty-handed before Pharaoh their king, and helpless in the presence of Jehovah's servant.

The rod of Moses was connected with judicial dealings, for even when stretched out in mercy for Israel, it was to destroy Israel's enemies. The river was the life of Egypt; its waters sustained the inhabitants of that land, who, in their rainless country, derive all the necessities of life through its influences. In the ways of God, the first plague upon Egypt was the turning its life to death—the river became blood. And is it not so today, in respect of this present evil world? It is under the sentence of God's judgment, and its very life, as we speak of the pleasures and the vanities of this world, is judicially death-smitten.

Let us inquire whether we have ever been in God's presence as to the rod of judgment and our smitten Rock. We need to enter more deeply into the reality of Christ having undergone the judgment of God. What He endured does not enter sufficiently deeply into our souls. We need to seek grace to have hearts which can occupy themselves with the greatness of the Lord's work in bearing judgment upon the cross.

"Jehovah lifted up His rod,

O! Christ, it fell on Thee,

Thou wast sore smitten of Thy God."

We should more truly worship and adore if we more deeply realized His work in suffering.

It is all important to remember God's order; first the Sacrifice, next the Spirit. We need to have engraved upon our very souls the fact of the blessed Rock of Ages being smitten by the judgment of the eternal God, before we begin to think of our drinking of Him. Moses and the chosen of the elders went on first, before the people, the Lord stood upon the rock, the marvelous transaction was wrought for Israel truly, but before their unbelieving hearts knew what God had done for them. They drank the water and were satisfied, but the water welled up out of the rock, not before, but after it was smitten by the rod of judgment.

THE LIVING WATER, even the Spirit, is ours, because of what Christ has endured for us. We have no title to the Spirit of God by nature. The Holy Ghost is not given to any man, unless that man has, by faith, received Christ, who died. And much sorrow often fills the souls of God's people, because they practically seek first the Spirit, and next Christ; because they say in their hearts, we must drink of the Spirit before we can know whether we have a part in Christ! This is practically ignoring Christ smitten. Israel received no water in Horeb until the rod of judgment was lifted up against the rock. The Holy Spirit not only flows to us from Christ, but He is here to address our hearts to the source whence we receive Him.

The children of Israel drank and were satisfied; if they had cared to ask, "Whence come these streams in the desert," by tracing up the waters to their fountain head, they would have seen the

answer in the smitten rock, And was not there enough for all? Need one lip have been parched for thirst? And, Christian reader, it is not that the living water is given stintedly to us, we only require deep longings, deep thirstings, and constant return of soul to the crucified Jesus, in order to drink of the streams in the desert. But when we are occupied with finding the water and not with the Rock itself, we reverse God's order, and we do not obtain the draft from the streams that we wish.

(To be continued).

A Cure for Backbiting

BACKBITERS are biters behind your back, or would be without their vocation; to meet you face to face would be to lose their character; like small dogs worrying your heels, they cannot bear a firm look. "The north wind driveth away rain, so doth an angry countenance a backbiting tongue."

There is a double advantage in this simple remedy, for it not only ends the backbiter, but cures the backbitten. Go to the slanderer, look at him, tell him what he has done, and his poison will no longer rankle in your wounded spirit.

Past Work

THERE are some Christians, who once visited the sick, taught in the Sunday school, or in other ways rendered their Lord a little service, but now that they are advanced in years and knowledge, they seem to think that their working days are over. Like an old horse in my neighbor's field, which has not done a day's work for the last five years, they seem to be pensioned off. Better wear out than rust out, fellow Christian. It is a miserable thing for a man to be like that old horse eating, eating from morning to night, —and doing nothing.

Getting on

"WE do not go beyond the three R's," said a Christian to us one day. But only having the three familiars, "Readin', Ritin', and 'Rithmetic," before our minds, we were at an utter loss to comprehend our friend's meaning. In reply to our bewildered look, he explained that he did not mean to go beyond "Ruin by the fall, Regeneration by the Holy Ghost, and Redemption by the blood." "What!" cried we, "leave out Risen with Christ, Resurrection of the body, Return of the Lord?" But there are some of God's people, who are like birds with their wings cut, or horses upon a common with their legs tied together, they are, on principle, not getting on.

The Sand Garden

I HOPE, if you have been to the sea, you may have been so fortunate as to have found a place such as I know, where there are two beaches, one rocky and rough, with beautiful clear pools among the rocks, full of bright seaweeds, and little crabs; and the other, on the opposite side of the bay, as different from the rocky beach as possible: just one broad reach of sand, where the tiny waves come creeping up so silently, that you can hardly believe this is the same sea which Faithful Words for Old and Young 8 (1879) breaks with such a roar and dash not so very far away.

I fancy, if you had to choose, you would rather have the sandy beach after all: for know how you enjoy building houses and making gardens in the sand.

I will tell you of the most beautiful sand house and garden I ever saw. A great many children had joined to build it, and they were very sensible children, too; at least the elder boys and girls who planned it must have been, for they got the little ones to carry their buckets full of sand right away from the place where the tide came in every day, to a sheltered spot under the sea wall, and there high and dry, they made their model mansion, A very grand place it was, I assure you; nothing was carelessly done, the garden paths were straight and well pressed down, and the beds were cut out almost as cleanly as a gardener would have done them. The little ones grew hot and tired as they ran backwards and forwards with their buckets, but still the work went on; and at last, to crown it all, some beautiful roses and pinks were stuck into the garden beds, and the children clapped their hands with delight.

"It seems a pity," said a gentleman who had been watching them at work, "that all their labor should be in vain."

"Oh, I daresay their pretty work will last a long time," replied the lady to whom he had spoken, "you see what a good place they have chosen, quite out of the way of the tide; of course the flowers must wither, but I hope the house and garden will be here for many a day."

"It is spring tide tomorrow, and I think the waves will come quite up to this wall," said the old gentleman. "I fear they will be bitterly disappointed when they find no trace of their handiwork remaining. However," he added, as they turned to go home, "it is a lesson we must all learn sooner or later."

If the children had overheard the conversation, I daresay they would have had very different thoughts about it. Many of them would have felt vexed with the old gentleman for even thinking it possible that their beautiful house should be swept away, and would have said, "I don't believe it a bit." The elder ones might have remembered with some anxiety that they had never thought of the spring tide, and some perhaps would have noticed the words, "It is a lesson we must all learn sooner or later," and wondered what they meant. Well, the spring tide came, and the waves rose higher and higher, until at last they came washing up against the seawall, and the bright flowers of the blooming garden which surrounded the house built of sand, were soon floating far out to sea on the crest of the returning wave. When next I passed that way the place where the house had

been was not to be found.

The old gentleman's words about the house had come true. But what of his other words about the lesson we must all learn? Ah! I think he meant we must learn to build our hopes not on the uncertain things of this life, which are as bright for a moment as the flowers in the sand garden, and as soon withered and swept away; but upon what is sure and unfading. I think you understand me. None of you are so young that you have not known many a disappointment; pleasures, to which you have looked forward with eager delight, have seemed not worth having when they really came, and some of you have known worse trials than these.

Now that we are speaking of these things, you begin to think of that house of which our Lord spoke to His disciples, built by the foolish man, without a foundation upon tie sand, and of the great fall of that house when the storm beat upon it. The children of God in all times, though living in a world of change and sorrow, where the resistless tides of death are ever rising, have looked for a City which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God; they have had a sure hope which can never make the heart sick as the failing hopes of this life do.

But we do not of ourselves think much of these things, we are like the children of whom a traveler in India wrote long ago—"I beheld," he says, "children writing their lessons with their fingers on the ground, the pavement being for that purpose strewed with very fine sand. When the pavement was full, they put the writing out, and if need were, strewed new sand before them, wherewith to write farther."

Let me tell you of the way which a British queen once took to try to make the king, her husband, think of a life to come, and not build upon the sands of this world. In those days, when even kings removed from one part of the country to another, they took with them all their furniture and household goods.

One day king Ini had already started on a journey, when queen Ethelburg, who was riding beside him, besought him as a favor to turn his horse, and ride back again with her to the house they had left the day before.

When they came to the old hall where the king had so lately feasted with his brave men, they found all desolate and empty, save that pigs and cattle were feeding there. As the king looked upon the scene, Ethelburg turned to him and said, "After this manner the glory and pleasant things of this world pass away; so that I hold him foolish who cleaves to the things of this world, and takes no thought of the life everlasting."

Let us ask God to teach us, too, that the fashion of this world passes away, so that we may build our hopes for this present time, as well as for the great future, on His sure foundation, even the Lord Jesus Christ; "he that believeth in Him shall not be confounded."

N. N.

A Letter to Children

MY dear Children,—I am going to write a letter to any of you who may like to read it, boys or girls; but it is especially meant for those about ten years old.

I am now a grown-up woman, but I remember some things that happened when I was a child, better than many in later times.

Something on a recent Saturday brought to my mind a Saturday when I was about ten years old, and I thought perhaps you would like to hear about it, and that perhaps God might speak to the souls of some of you, as He did to me on that occasion, and make you think of eternal things.

Well, the day I am going to tell you about was one winter Saturday.

My sisters and I came in from our usual walk, to find my dear mother with a very grave face. My brothers had just returned from a town a mile or two off with a report of an accident, which had happened to a little girl, who was badly hurt. They had seen drops of blood all along upon the pavement; and they heard it was the child of a tradesman we knew in the town.

Though we came in hungry, I remember we all sat silently at the dinner table; no one seemed to care to eat, and we were glad when we might leave. All that day I could think of little else. "Was it Mary B.? Was she much hurt? Suppose she was killed! What then—where was she now?" Then the thought came: "Suppose it had been me?"

No further news came till the next day, when my father said to my mother, in a low, grave voice, "It is so, it is B.'s child, and she is gone!" Then later we heard more. Little Mary B. was about ten years old; she went to school every day near her home. On this Saturday she was walking home with a little companion; they were merry with the thought of their half holiday, and were eagerly making some little plans for a birthday the following week. They came to a corner where two roads met. Mary's little friend turned and ran her way, and Mary darted across the busy road, without noticing that a great wagon was coming. In an instant she was under the horses' feet, and before the driver could pull up, one of the heavy wheels had passed over her.

Tenderly the little wounded girl was picked up, and carried to her home close by. She continued breathing for about an hour, but neither opened her eyes nor spoke again. At last the breath ceased, and Mary was dead.

Now, children, do you not want to know, as I did, where her soul was? Her parents loved God, and carefully brought up their children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord; and we soon heard that they had reason to hope that their little girl had been washed white in the blood of Jesus; so that though they sorrowed greatly, they did not sorrow as those who have no hope.

Well, dear children, the question kept coming to my mind: "Are you ready? If you should be run over and killed, would your soul go to Jesus?" Thus it was that God spoke to my soul, till in my fear I looked to Him to save me, wash me white, and make me fit to go to Him.

Now, I want to ask you, boys or girls, whoever is now reading this, Are you ready? God has many ways of sending for people; lately He has called many very suddenly. If He should call you suddenly, Are you ready?

I want you to read this text, “Be ye also ready; for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of Man cometh.” (Matt. 24:44). Do you feel afraid you are not ready, when you think of Christ’s coming? Why? Is it because you know you are sometimes naughty, that you know you are not fit to stand before a holy God? That is true, is it not?—Your affectionate Friend.

E. B.

Mother, I Mean to Be a Missionary

THESE words were spoken last month by a little boy of nine years of age, as he returned home from a cottage meeting, conducted by the town missionaries in a back street in one of our large towns in the north of England. Let me tell you how this boy began by being a home-missionary.

“Sir,” said his mother to me, “I could not help crying as I listened to the conversation between him and his little sister, only five years old. ‘Lily,’ he said, ‘I am quite sure it’s time you began to pray. You ought to begin now.’”

A few evenings after the mother had told me of this conversation, at the close of a cottage service, an invitation was given to any present, who felt drawn by the Holy Spirit, to offer a few words of prayer. Somewhat to my surprise, a little girl kneeling before me, with a devout and earnest manner, began thus: “O Lord Jesus! be merciful to me, a sinner, and save me. Amen.” Then followed her little brother in earnest and affectionate entreaty that God would bless his father and mother, and lead them to Himself through Jesus.

Dear children, I tell you this short story that you may see that this dear little boy not only felt a strong desire to be useful, but sought for strength, and began at once to work for Jesus, and began at home, trying to point his little sister to the Saviour, and so proved that it was a real purpose of his young heart, not a mere idle wish, forgotten as soon as uttered, that made him say, “Oh, mother, I mean to be a missionary.”

X. X.

The Traveler's Guide

(Luke 24:13-24).

HAVE you ever thought, dear little friend, how sweet it would be to take a walk with Jesus? I am sure the two disciples of whom we have been reading, must have found it so. We do not know how far they had gone on their long walk from Jerusalem to Emmaus, before "Jesus Himself drew near and went with them"; but we can imagine how short the miles must have seemed to them when the Lord was their companion.

A little American girl was toiling slowly up a steep hill one cold January afternoon. In one hand she carried a jug of milk, and in her arms, blue and numb with cold, were three or four loaves of bread. Her little thin cloak afforded scanty protection from the bitter, piercing wind, which seemed ready to blow her away altogether, and when at last, breathless and panting, she reached her home, she looked as fragile and delicate as the snowflakes with which she was covered.

"What a disagreeable walk!" you exclaim. But Nellie had not found it so, for as she deposited her heavy burden upon the table, she began to tell her mother how she had enjoyed it.

"What made it pleasant, child?" asked her mother.

"Why, mother, Jesus was with me all the way."

Yes, that was the secret. What walk can be like a walk with Him? I wonder how many of the thousands of our young readers really know what it is to walk with Jesus. As the two disciples walked side by side with their beloved Master, they poured out all their doubts and fears into His listening ear; and if you belong to the Good Shepherd, you will love to do the same. But remember, you can never enjoy the companionship of Jesus till your sins have been washed away in His precious blood, and you are His. (Amos 3:3).

You may have some very rough walking and climbing to do, dear child, as you journey through this wilderness world; but if you are Christ's, it should only make you cling closer to Him. With His strong arm to lean on, you need fear nothing. Rough stones and slippery rocks need not discourage you.

Do you see that Alpine traveler? He was on his upward way when the summits of the grand old snow-capped mountains were yet rosy with the rising sun. His one desire is to reach the loftiest peak. Dangers and difficulties surround him on all sides, but he heeds them not.

Can you guess what makes him so fearless? it is the presence of his guide. There is one beside him to whom every danger and obstacle is known!

And now they come to a place where one false step, one look aside, would be to fall. An overhanging crag on the one side, a yawning precipice on the other. You tremble as you gaze. But the traveler keeps his eyes steadily fixed upon his guide, listens for the words of direction which fall from his lips, follows closely in his footprints, and soon the peril is left behind.

Dear child, is this a picture of you? Is Jesus your Guide? Are you leaning on him as you journey day by day? Can you say, "My sins are forgiven me, 'for His name's sake?'" Just close your eyes a minute, and ask God to help you to answer these questions honestly, before you read another word.

Perhaps you say, "I have no need of a guide. I have kind parents and friends, a happy home with nearly everything I want, and I feel quite safe."

Ah! dear little friend, perhaps you have not had trouble yet, but it will come; you do not see the dangers, but they are there.

Dangers far more terrible than those the Alpine traveler has to face, and how can you meet them alone? Oh be wise now! Do not venture one step further till you are assured that the Lord Jesus Christ is your own Saviour; for until this is so, you can neither be happy nor safe.

One little word to those dear children whose hearts can answer my questions with a glad "Yes!" Don't forget that though the journey may be difficult, it is a homeward journey. Let your motto be, "Still upward:" "Looking unto Jesus." Remember that the Lord is with you every step of the way, and soon, very soon it may be, the last stage of the journey will be reached. And then, fairer and brighter than any sunlit mountain peak, radiant with a light more glorious than that of the sun, will be seen the golden city for which you look, your own happy home.

F.E.C.

Jesus Our Friend

You may always, in all your difficulties, go to your friend. Friendship is a very real thing, Do you know the Lord in this close way—as a Friend to you for all times? He is never, never tired of those who go to Him,

William Farel.

(Continued from, p. 143).

THE next morning at six o'clock Farel was preaching again in the great square. The people of Orbe tried another plan this time. Instead of attacking him, they left him perfectly alone. Lady Elizabeth then called together at her house "the devout women" of Orbe. She made them a speech, telling them that even women were called to defend holy mother church. They would be rendering a service to all good Catholics by killing Farel. He was to be present, as they all knew, at the town council that afternoon. They would waylay him as he came out, set upon him, and kill him. They knew he could not reach his inn without passing a certain street. They all agreed to meet there in full force. At the time they expected, Farel appeared. Lady Elizabeth rushed forward, and with her friends' assistance, dragged him to the ground. But a friend of Farel's suspecting mischief, had followed him from the council. He arrived at this moment, seized Farel, and dragged him away, after bowing politely to the ladies, to whom he said "I beg your pardon ladies, this gentleman is under my charge." He then took Farel to his inn, and placed him in the safekeeping of the Bernese officers.

Meanwhile Father Michael was standing before the judges, whom the officers of Berne and Friborg had appointed to hear his defense. And the lord of Arnez, Elizabeth's husband, stood by his side to plead his cause. At the entreaties of this gentleman, the friar was set at liberty, having been made to promise he would henceforth preach nothing but the Word of God.

It seems not to have occurred to those judges that a man cannot be made to preach the Word of God by orders from his fellow men. The friar thought it best to escape to France. The officers of Berne and Friborg then returned home, leaving Farel at Orbe to do the best he could.

An order soon came from Berne that Master Farel was to have full liberty to preach. The people replied, "Let him go about his business, we want neither him, nor his preaching." The Bernese officers answered, "he is to be free to speak, but no one is forced to go and listen." Farel then gave notice that on the following Saturday he would preach in the church at one o'clock, and prove to them from Scripture that Father Michael's sermons were wrong.

But Lady Elizabeth, though she no longer dared to kill Farel, was still resolved that he should never preach at Orbe. She made a plan by which she hoped the coming sermon would be as useless as the past ones. When Farel went into the pulpit, he observed that the church was filled with little ragamuffins, and all fast asleep. Some snored loudly, others were plainly endeavoring not to laugh aloud. The moment the sermon began, they all started to their feet, howled, shouted,

whistled and shrieked, and then rushed out of the church with a “horrible uproar,” leaving Farel alone. “Nobody remained but the minister,” says the old Chronicle.

The next day, Sunday, all the priests, monks, and most of the people went in a great procession to another church, outside the town. Farel seized the opportunity, and preached this time, for a while, in peace and quiet. But he had only ten hearers—amongst them Peter Viret, who had welcomed him with overflowing joy. Before the sermon was over, the procession returned. The children, who had formed part of it, were longing to have another opportunity of screaming and howling in the church. They rushed in, and speedily put an end to the sermon. Farel came down from the pulpit, and returned to his lodging.

The priests now considered they had gained a complete victory. “He had to run away at last,” they said, “he cannot prove a single thing to be wrong in Father Michael’s sermons.”

The bailiff of Berne heard their boasting. “Very well,” he said, “you complain you have not heard the minister. You shall hear him at last. It is the will of my lords of Berne that every father of a family be required to go to his next sermon, under pain of their displeasure.” The people of Orbe knew that Berne must be obeyed. The church was now filled from one end to the other. Farel preached, we are told, a wonderful sermon. He told of the one Saviour, the one Mediator between God and man. “The pope’s pardons,” he said, “take away money, but they cannot take away sin; but the pardon which God gives is bought with the blood of Jesus, a full and free pardon for the chief of sinners.”

For two days the people of Orbe were obedient to the orders of Berne. On the third day few came except the two or three whose names I have told you.

But in the villages around there were multitudes who longed to hear the glad tidings. The door of Farel’s lodging was beset by cow herds, and vine-dressers, by shepherds, and weavers, entreating him to come to their mountains and valleys to bring them the news of peace and life. Farel wept with grief that there were not preachers enough to go into all these villages. “No one can describe,” he said, “the longing of these people for the gospel—the harvest so great, the laborers so few.”

A little later he wrote, “It would need a long letter to give you any idea of the extent of the harvest, and of the eagerness with which the people crowd to hear the gospel. Unhappily we need laborers, for those who have come to us from France are not equal to their task, and those pious Frenchmen whom we would gladly welcome, are ensnared by the charms of home, and prefer the silence of slavery, to the open confession of the name of Christ. Our brother Toussaint himself, has resisted all our entreaties, till he was forced to fly for safety to Zurich. Exhort him to make up by his zeal for his long inactivity.”

Some of those lately converted at Orbe, offered to go; but Farel did not think them sufficiently taught in the Scriptures. He would not consent to their teaching before they had learned. Some of the rest were offended at this, and Farel was told they thought him too strict. “Never mind,” he said, “it is better to offend them, than to offend God.”

But there was one amongst the believers at Orbe, who had not offered to go, and he was just the one whom Farel thought fit for it. This was young Peter Viret. He had diligently studied the

Scriptures, and his heart was given to Christ; but he was modest and humble, and he therefore shrank from coming forward. "God calls you, Peter," said Farel, "it is not your power, but God's power that we have to depend upon. His strength is made perfect in weakness." Peter looked to God for guidance and help. Through his words, or rather through God's word, read and explained by him, his father and mother had already been brought to Christ. Young and ignorant as he felt himself to be, God might use him to bring others also.

On the 6th of May, five weeks after Farel's arrival at Orbe, Peter preached his first sermon in the great church. Though he was not a clergyman, and was suspected of heresy, the whole town came to hear him. The townspeople had known him from a boy, and they felt it rather an honor to their little town, that the son of Master Viret the tailor, only nineteen years old, should have learning enough to preach sermons in a church. God used that first sermon of Peter Viret's to save some souls.

And had Farel's sermons been useless? It had seemed in his case as though the seed had fallen upon the wayside, and the fowls of the air had devoured it.

But God had a purpose of love and grace in sending his beloved servant amongst the enemies and blasphemers at Orbe. There were those even amongst them, upon whom He had set his love—whom. He loved even when they were dead in trespasses and sin—loved them with great love, which many waters could not quench, neither could floods of their wickedness and rebellion drown it.

It was at the beginning of that month of May that there was joy in the presence of the angels of God over the Lady Elizabeth Arnez, and Hugonin her husband. I cannot tell you how the Lady Elizabeth was brought to Christ. Her husband was, as we know, compelled to hear the preaching by the order from Berne. Perhaps he took his wife with him. The news came like a thunderbolt upon the people of Orbe. It was not long before they said that the Lady Elizabeth was the worst Lutheran in the place. Yes, "on the great festival of our Lady, she stayed at home, and had her washing day."

And scarcely had the news spread through the town that these two lions had been changed into lambs, when a fresh thunderbolt fell upon the people of Orbe. Only four days after Peter Viret's first sermon, George Grivat, the precentor of the church choir, appeared in the pulpit, not to sing Latin anthems, as he had done till that time, but to preach the glad tidings he had heard from William Farel. The best singer in the choir was now a heretic preacher! his father, his brothers, and his friends were filled with anger and despair.

It was just about this time that Farel, who had gone to preach at S. Blaise, near the lake of Neuchatel, was attacked by a furious mob, and beaten till he was half dead. He arrived at Morat so ill and exhausted that he had to stay in bed for some days. He shivered from head to foot, and began to spit blood. Preaching was out of the question for the present. But God had provided for him just the work that he was able to do. As he lay on his bed, a young man of pleasant countenance came into the room, and sat down beside him.

"My name," said the young man, "is Christopher Fabri. I come from Dauphiny. I have been studying medicine at Montpellier, in France. I was to finish my studies at Paris. On my way there I arrived at Lyons. The Lord had shown me something of His blessed gospel before I left Montpellier,

and to my great joy I found some of His people at Lyons, who taught me more than I knew before. They told me, too, about the great work the Lord has been doing at Neuchatel, and so many other places. When I heard this, I said to myself, 'I will not go to Paris, but I will go to Switzerland. It matters not that I have to forsake my family, and my country, and my studies; I must go and fight for Christ by the side of William Farel!' And now, Master William, here I am, do with me what seems good to you."

Farel felt his heart drawn to this young man, "as to a son whom God had sent him." And it was this moment, when he was laid aside and suffering, that God had chosen to give him this pleasure. He and Christopher read and prayed and talked together, during the days that followed—happy, quiet days, such as Farel had seldom known. He would have liked to keep his beloved Christopher always with him. But dear as Christopher had become, Christ was dearer.

"You must go, my son," said Farel, "and preach at Neuchatel—I cannot go there now." Christopher answered with tears, "Oh! Master William, my sorrow is greater at leaving you than when I left father and mother."

But Christ was first in the heart of Christopher lisp, and he went to Neuchâtel.

F.B.

Oh, That I Could Grasp the Blessed Person of the Son of God!

SOME five years ago, two or three children of God were traveling together in the same carriage of a railway train.

At the commencement of the journey, one of them began to offer tracts to the other occupants of the carriage, and amongst the rest, he handed one to a young man. He readily received it, but, after glancing down the page, very politely returned it, saying, "I am not allowed to read such things; the holy Catholic Church forbids my doing so."

After a few remarks being made upon the contents of the little paper he had just refused, the question was asked, "You admit Scripture, I suppose?"

"Most certainly," was the reply. Another little tract containing Scripture only was then offered him, with the remark that it was simply the word of God. This he received, and it was evident, as he read it carefully through, that its contents were of interest to him. Observing this, a pamphlet, written to show the authority of God's blessed word, apart from all human intervention, and to show how grievous a sin it was for any to seek to hinder its immediate action upon the conscience, was passed to him, with the earnest request that he would promise to read it.

"I will," he answered, and at once put it into his breast pocket, then addressing himself to the one who had given him the book, he said, "What do you think of the Pope?"

"Why, that he is but a sinful man, who needs the blood of Christ as much as you or I do," was the reply.

To this, the young man objected, saying that he was Christ's vicar upon earth. Further conversation ensued till the journey was ended, and the travelers went their respective ways.

A short time after, a servant of the Lord, who had been in the carriage, and who had witnessed what had taken place, was traveling elsewhere, and, on taking his seat in a train, was much surprised to meet the same young man again. Addressing him, he said "I remember your face; we traveled together the other day."

Fixing his eyes intently upon the speaker, with an expression of sorrow upon his face, he said, with deep feeling, "Would that we had never met, for I have been under the curse of the church ever since. My spiritual adviser discovered what I had read, and as a punishment, he has given me that to perform which nearly drives me mad."

"Indeed, what is that?" was asked.

He replied, "Every night, when the clock strikes twelve, I have to arise and count my beads, besides which, I have to pay money before I can get free from this terrible curse," and then with a look of deepest agony, he added, "and, oh, if I should die under the curse of the church, I shall sink into the flames of hell forever!"

"But," rejoined the servant of Christ, "there is no such thing in Scripture as 'the curse of the church;' listen, I am a poor sinner, but have found out my need of Christ, and have come to Him, and simply trusting my soul to Him, I now know that His precious blood has made me clean, and, as a consequence, I am free from all that slavish fear of which you speak, and my heart is filled with joy."

Earnestly gazing upon the speaker, the young man said, "I would give anything to know that of which you are speaking, but at this moment I am under the awful curse of the church."

In answer to this, the Christian pointed out the willingness of Christ to receive any poor sinner who would come, showing that He was the One who had been made a curse upon Calvary's tree for wretched sinners, and that now, because all was finished, He was raised and glorified at the right hand of God.

With a look of intense agony depicted upon his countenance, and with clenched hands, the young man exclaimed in tones of solemn earnestness, "Oh, that I could grasp the blessed Person of the Son of God! But that holy man, the Pope, is standing between me and the Son of God." The journey was ended, but no relief seemed to have come to the soul of this poor distressed one.

A few days later, while walking along the platform of a railway station, this same servant of Christ was surprised again to meet the young man. Addressing him, he kindly asked after the welfare of his soul, but to his sorrow, was met by the reply, "Thank you not another word about these things; I dare not stop to speak of them," and he passed on.

The next day, at a social meeting of a few of God's children, the foregoing interesting circumstances were told, and prayer was earnestly offered to God for blessing on the soul of the young man. The result await! its manifestation at another day.

And now, dear reader, let none rob you of the precious word of God. Superstition and infidelity are increasing with terrible rapidity, and however much they may differ in many respects, they most assuredly agree in depriving of the word of God everyone entangled in their meshes. Infidelity sneers at it, and impiously seeks to prove it untrue. Superstition vaunts itself as the keeper of it but takes care, by every effort, to hinder its direct action upon the conscience. Many perhaps, may pity the young man, and wonder how he could be so deceived; but we are persuaded that numbers at this present moment are unwittingly treading a path which, unless the delivering mercy of God arrest them in their course, will lead them to the same soul-destroying errors.

God, in his great mercy, has vouchsafed abundant light these many years, but it must be patent to any Christian of ordinary observation, that Christendom is fast giving of the truth of God to embrace that which, while it pretends to offer a resting place for unquiet consciences, in reality deceives the soul. On the other hand, thousands are being driven into the rejection of all truth through the religious unreality that is around them.

Christians, awake! Would you be used of God in any little measure to give a testimony against all this? If so, it must be in deed and truth, and not by word only. Truth is freely discussed, controversy abounds; but where is the life testimony that answers both superstition and infidelity as nothing else can? Oh, ye Christians! who in dress, and speech, and ways approach too closely to those who are lovers of pleasure rather than of God, and yet retain a form of godliness; in what

way, think you, does your testimony affect the consciences of such? Oh, turn your backs on the world and its religion, take God's word as your only guide, feed on it, and value it as you never have done before! The day is hastening with terrible rapidity when those who have been so long blest with light and knowledge, shall, in the righteous judgment of God, be given over to strong delusion, because they received not the love of the truth that they might be saved.

In conclusion, are we addressing one in spiritual distress? To such we say, the blessed Person and work of the Son of God are all you need. Amidst the unmeasured sorrow of Calvary's tree the work was gloriously finished, and now, high up above all principality and power, at the right hand of God, sits the mighty Victor—His blessed heart unchanged—still ready, as when He trod earth's sad scenes, to minister divine goodness to every soul in need. "Come unto Me, all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest," He still says. Hesitate not to trust Him; mark, He invites to Himself; how awful, then, the guilt, of any mortal who dares to step in between the Saviour and the sinner. Have you come to Him? Then hear these blessed words which came from His lips:— "I am the Light of the world; he that followeth Me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life." Careless one, listen— "He that rejecteth Me, and receiveth not My words, hath One that judgeth him: the word that I have spoken, the same shall judge him in the last day." (John 12:48).

T. T. E.

A Vision of the Night

MANY people have crowded into an “upper chamber,” where an evangelist from a distant town is to speak of Jesus. Such a sight is not an unwonted one in our own country, but in the far south of France gospel meetings are not so frequent, and many of these Roman Catholics were this evening to hear for the first time the sweet story of old.

With eager faces rivetted on the preacher they listened, while he pleaded with them to flee to the Saviour, to find instant salvation in His finished work on the cross. He showed them what a “refuge of lies” that false teaching is, that tells the sinner his poor attempt! at good works can gain him heaven. But whilst he spoke of the love of God, Who sent His Son into the world that, believing in Him, we should not perish, he warned them too, of a surely-coming judgment, and earnestly implored them to come to Jesus before it was too late.

Concluding in deeply solemn tones, which thrilled through the hearts of his hearers, he related the following incident from his own life, which may have a warning voice even to some in our more privileged land:—

“Brought up by a truly godly mother, who from my earliest childhood tried to lead me to Jesus, I was never without serious impressions. I wished my mother’s Saviour to be mine, and I admired the beauty of Christ as exemplified in her life. But though earnestly desired to be a child of God like her some day, I still kept putting off the moment of deciding for Christ.

“And so my boyhood passed away. The time was drawing near when I must leave my home to go out into the world, and I was yet unconverted, out of Christ, notwithstanding my mother’s constant earnest pleadings. At length, God Himself spoke to me, through a warning dream. It is now twenty years ago but it is as vivid to my mind as if it were but yesterday.

“I dreamed one night that I was busily engaged at my studies with the tutor, my mother sitting at my side. It was mid-day, when the light should have been at the brightest; but suddenly the sunshine faded away, and a deep gloom overspread the heavens.

“Awestruck I arose, and groping my way towards the window, flung it open, and stood looking out into the ever-increasing darkness, which became a ‘darkness that might be felt.’ In the far distance I descried one tiny luminous speck, coming straight from heaven, which steadily increased in brilliance as I gazed upon it.

“A terrible foreboding seized me. ‘Can this be the coming of the Lord?’ I exclaimed.

This was no new thought to me; for my mother, in her solemn warnings, had often told me He was coming again, begging me to be ready to meet Him.

“I stood transfixed, unable to remove my earnest gaze from that bright light, which, seeming to overpower the darkness, grew larger and larger, and came nearer and nearer, until I saw distinctly in the midst of the glory, the Person of the Son of God Himself, and knew that my worst fears were

realized.

“Shining angels issued from that glorious center, and sped downwards, entering one dwelling or another, wherever the Saviour’s blood-bought ones were to be found. I watched the heavenly messengers returning, some leading but one, others two or three, of the saints into the presence of the Lord, and I saw the sweet reception of each one by the Saviour—the look of tender love and welcome that He gave them—and understood that they had indeed entered into ‘fullness of joy.’ My soul was filled with longing to share such glorious happiness, but I knew I was not ready. Oh! if I could but recall a few hours of that precious time, which God in His long patience had given me—now gone forever!

“I would gladly have looked longer at those faces, lit up with such holy rapture; but another scene attracted my attention, and rivetted my horror-stricken eyes—a scene of misery, desolation, and woe, going on in the blackness beneath. Lost souls, who in that terrible hour had vainly sought to hide themselves from the wrath of the Lamb, were cursing God, and railing against Him, as the inevitable judgment overtook them. I heard them blaspheming His name, as they were hurried down to perdition, into the ‘outer darkness, where shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth; where their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched.’

“Dear friends, I beg you to remember this is but a dream, and so to bear with some details that are not scriptural. It is not angels who shall come to lead the redeemed into the Lord’s presence. You will see if you turn to 1 Thess. 4:16,17, that He will not entrust this mission to any other, but that He Himself will descend from heaven, and call His own to join Him in the air. The terrible judgment that will fall on the wicked, will not take place until after the children of God are safe at home in the Father’s house, far away from this scene of woe. However, in my dream, God, in His grace, purposing thoroughly to arouse me, brought vividly before me all the horrors of the damned, at the same time that He showed me the blessedness of the saints. It was truly an appalling moment.

“I cried aloud, in a fever of anxiety, entreating for that mercy, which I knew had been so freely offered me a little while before, mercy from which I had then turned away in indifference, but now realized to be of such eternal value. I prayed for salvation—the salvation I had delayed accepting when it was within my grasp. I besought for but one hour more. But even as I called upon God, I felt, in my anguish, that there was none to hear; the prayer came back as an idle echo to my own bosom. I knew it was too late; the day of grace was over, the Day of Judgment had begun!

“My eyes again sought those bright messengers of the Lord. One of them must come to our home, for there was undoubtedly one child of God there. A faint hope arose within me, that when the messenger came for that one, there might yet be mercy for another; that perhaps (not having positively refused salvation, though so guilty in delaying to accept it) I might find forgiveness, and be caught up with her to join the glad throng around the Lord.

“The door opened, and a radiant angel stood before us, his face beaming with the love and peace of Him from whose presence he had come. I felt the decisive moment had arrived, and that my fate was sealed. How many of the inmates of that room would he call?

“Beckoning to my mother, the angel said, ‘Follow thou me,’ and she rose up quickly and followed him. Will he call but one? Has he no word for me? Oh, how gladly would I go too! As a poor suppliant, my entreating eyes were on the angel’s face, but not one look or word had he for me. It

was the voice of my loved mother that pronounced my doom, as she left me forever. At the door she turned, and casting on me an earnest look that pierced my very soul, she said in sorrowful tones, 'My son, I often spoke to you of this, and told you that if you would be saved, you must believe on the Lord Jesus Christ; now it is too late! too late!'

"The door closed, and she was gone, leaving me with the burning words ringing in my ears, 'too late! too late!' I sank on the ground in an agony of grief, weeping as if my very heart would break. Nothing remained for me, all had vanished in one moment—both earth and heaven—my mother and the Lord. In the utter depth of my misery I awoke!

"Awoke, to find the pillow drenched with my tears. What! a pillow, a bed! Then this awful scene had been but a dream. It was not yet for me to lift up my eyes in hell, being in torments, dragged away from the eternal light by those fearful heralds of judgment.

'Depart from Me, ye cursed!' had not yet been said. Those terrible words, 'too late! too late!' were not yet true. The ransomed saints were not yet gathered into the Father's house. One golden hour was still mine; not one moment of it must be lost. I sprang out of bed, and casting myself on my knees before God, with many tears cried for mercy, while I thanked Him that He had given me one hour more in His 'day of salvation.'

"Blessed be God! there was yet time left for me to find Christ, to be washed in His precious blood, and to live from henceforth unto Him who died for me, while watching for His coming."

This was the story told by the preacher that night in the little French town.

Dear reader, you who are yet without hope and without God in the world, oh! delay not to come to Jesus while there is time. Do not put this aside as only a dream, for there is a solemn lesson in it. Christ is surely coming again; the cry, "Behold the Bridegroom cometh!" has sounded. Is there oil in your vessel, and, with lamp trimmed, are you going forth to meet Him? How will it be with you when He calls His saints to join Him in the air? Be warned; flee to Christ, while the long-suffering of our God is salvation, and cast in your lot with those who are waiting for the Son from heaven, "even Jesus, which delivered us from the wrath to come."

D. & A. C.

A Child's Prayer

AT the close of a gospel service, not long since, two Christians were in conversation together, when one of them, who had but lately found joy and peace in believing, related the story of her conversion. With look of intense earnestness she said, "I had never read God's word, or bent my knee in prayer. I have been a very wicked woman; in fact, I have committed every sin but murder. On New Year's Day I went to a preaching, just to make fun and to laugh at what way going on. That passed away, and I thought of it no more, until a few days ago I was much troubled. I had often had the little word trust put to me, so I was determined to take my Testament, and see if I could find out what it meant. I searched, and became very unhappy.

"At last I went up to my room and knelt down. I felt I could not move, I cried and said, Oh! God help me! 'I called my little girl of seven to come and pray for me, and in her simple, child-like faith, she came and knelt beside me, and said: O God! for Jesus Christ's sake, save my mother, Amen.' From that moment I could and can rejoice to know that my sins, though many, are all forgiven me through the precious blood of the Lord Jesus Christ."

Reader, do you know the burden of your sins? Let me point you to Him whose blood can cleanse them away. You, too, perhaps have heard that little word trust many times. May you know what it means in reality, and come to Christ trusting Him. He has said: "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out." (John 6:37).

G.A.C.

"Blest Name the Rock on which I build,

My Shield, and Hiding-place;

My never-failing Treasury tilled,

With boundless stores of grace."

The Rock and the Rods.

(Continued).

THE rock in Horeb was smitten almost at the commencement of Israel's forty years of wandering in the wilderness, and when their last year in the desert had arrived, once more they were led by the hand of God into the desert of Sin. (Num. 20) Not very long before Israel came there, the house of Aaron of the tribe of Levi had been markedly honored by God as chosen for the priesthood. Rebellious and murmuring, the princes of Israel had questioned the authority of Aaron, and God had bidden each tribe lay up before him, in the tabernacle of the congregation, before the testimony, the rod of its chief prince, so that He Himself might spew to them, in His own great way, whom He had chosen for the priesthood. And Aaron's rod was proved on the morrow by Jehovah to be that of His choice. It was significantly

THE ROD OF GRACE.

“Behold, the rod of Aaron for the house of Levi was budded, and brought forth buds, and bloomed blossoms, and yielded almonds.” (Num. 17:8). The dry rod cut off from its stock was rendered by God beautiful with a new life. He marked it for Himself as sliming life and fruitfulness in varied stages. It was an emblem of resurrection-life and fruit bearing therefrom. The priest of Jehovah’s choice lifted up no rod of bare authority, such as those of the princes of the other tribes, but a rod of authority in the power of grace.

This most exquisitely addresses our hearts to the character of the priesthood of Him who is the high priest of our profession. Jesus is priest in resurrection. He was not of the tribe of Levi, nor of the office of priest when on earth. (See Heb. 7:12-14). But having been cut off, having died, God has raised Him up from among the dead, and divine beauty and fruitfulness characterize His priestly work. What He does as priest for His people is perfect, view it in whatever way or stage we will, whether in bud, blossom, or fruit.

Now, when Israel had come towards the end of their journeyings, once more they were in the wilderness of Zin, where stood the smitten rock in Horeb. Most of the older men, who had partaken of the streams which had issued from it in the first year of their wanderings, were no more. Once more as the mountains of Horeb surrounded them, and the dry and thirsty land was their dwelling place, the cry arose from Israel that they thirsted. Again God heard their cry, and a second time He addressed His servant, Moses, to the rock, already once smitten. The Lord said to Moses, “Take the rod, and gather thou the assembly together, thou, and Aaron thy brother, and speak ye unto the rock before their eyes; and it shall give forth his water, and thou shalt bring forth to them water out of the rock.” (Num. 20:8). The rod that Moses was to take, was the Rod of grace—that of which the Lord had said unto Moses, “Bring Aaron’s rod again before the testimony, to be kept for a token against the rebels; and thou shall quite take away their murmurings from Me, that they die not.” (Chapter 17:10).

Let us picture to ourselves the scene as the Lord would have it be. Moses standing before the smitten rock, having in his hand the beautiful Rod of grace, fruitful and significant, with its buds, blossoms, and fruit Not as on the first occasion, when Moses was bidden smite the rock with the Rod of judgment, with only a selected few of the elders of Israel with him, but now the assembled host, Men, women, and children, surrounding the rock, all being called by Jehovah to witness the great sight, as Moses spoke to it, of the waters issuing from the clefts made year before.

And as we call up before our eyes this scene, we can but think of our mighty Saviour, once smitten by the hand of judgment on the cross, but never to be smitten again, and gathered around Him, at the bidding of God, all the assembly of His redeemed people now in this wilderness world, We cannot number them. They are, in fact, scattered upon the face of the wide earth, but of whatever country, clime, or name, they are one assembly, each and all having Christ, once smitten for them, as their center. Who thirsts? Is it the little child? Is it the aged man? Who longs to drink of the same Spirit, to drink more deeply and to know more fully who Christ is? Come one—come all—look you to the Rock. Jesus has once suffered; He suffers no more. He died for you once. He lives for you forever.

And see the rod—the rod of priesthood! Once Jesus died, but now He liveth, ever to make intercession for us. This His work is fruitful—based upon His sufficient sacrifice. This His work is continuous— unlike His sacrificial work, once and forever finished.

“Speak ye unto the Rock.” Yes, the Lord would have

THE ROCK SPOKEN TO

“before their eyes,” and in response to the word of grace, and of Him who holds, as it were, the Rod of grace in His once-pierced hands, the living waters flow to satisfy all thirst.

Who amongst the pilgrim host thirsts? Brother, you need no second sacrifice. The Mighty One has been once smitten on your account. His wounds once made still remain, and will forever remain. But the effects of His sacrifice are eternal. From Him now, by reason of His priestly work and words, your soul shall find each of all its longings answered by the power of His Spirit. Speak ye to the Rock. Speak ye to the once-crucified but now glorified Jesus. Yes, rather, He speaks for us. His rod of priesthood is lifted up for us. His work shall never fail. Drink, then, of the living stream, and drink continually.

Let us now turn for a moment to

MOSES’ AND AARON’S FAILURE.

Most grave, most solemn, was their failure on that day. Instead of “the rod” (v. 8), Moses lifted up “his hand with his rod” (v. 11). Instead of speaking to the rock, he smote it—yea, smote it twice. Thus the Rod of grace was set aside by Moses for the rod of judgment, and, instead of words of grace, he, being the mouthpiece of God, spoke chiding words to the people. So God was misrepresented by His servants, and they therefore, were not permitted to lead His people into rest.

Dear fellow pilgrim, it is grace that we need for our journey; the words of intercession, and the rod of priesthood, and our Lord Jesus never fails, and will not cease to shew us more and more grace, and He will bring us safely home.

H. F. W.

Self-Occupation

SELF-OCCUPATION is a dreary study, a lifelong pursuit to bring a clean thing out of an unclean. I am so evil, cries the student of self, and repeats himself continually. He is ever before the looking-glass, and the more he sees of himself, the longer grows his countenance. He has picked up the broken pieces of the once-beautiful ornament, and having carefully placed them under a glass shade, is ever occupied with that which cannot be mended, and mourning over the fragments. Wiser far to cast away as worthless that which cannot be restored; happier far to turn away from the looking-glass, and to behold the face of Jesus Christ. True Christian wisdom lies in Christ-occupation, in studying the glorified Jesus, and in believing God's word "IN CHRIST."

Christ an Example

UNTIL we know Christ as our Saviour we cannot have Him as our Example. He who would follow Christ's steps in his own strength is really denying the cross of the Lord. It is as those for whom He died, and as having life in Him, that we are bidden follow Christ.

A Song in the Wilderness

BEFORE me lies the trackless waste
Of burning desert sand,
But on I speed in earnest haste,
Led by my Father's hand.
To right, to left, no path appears,
Around are beasts of prey,
Yet, sweet assurance in my fears,
Thou, Jesus, art my way.
And should I sigh, "Tomorrow's care,"
Or weep my tears at night,
Still fall the lines in places fair,
The Spirit is my Light.
Amazing grace! a worm to be
My glorious God's concern,
Yet all my steps His eye can see,
And this I daily learn.
Since first, a pilgrim, Home I sought,
Where Thou, my Lord, hast gone,
Thy Cloudy Pillar guidance brought
And ceaselessly hath shone.
At times 'neath spreading palm trees' shade
Where sweetened waters rise,
Rejoicing in the rest thus made,
Towards Home I turn mine eyes.
Again, where neither shade nor well,
But barren wastes are seen,

Thy presence—oh! what peace to tell—
More sweet than shade has been.
Yet in those hours where human hope
Hides beneath gloom and shroud,
When power is gone with trial to cope,
Most brightly shines Thy cloud.
'Tis then Thy way becomes our choice,
Thy peace, Lord, fills the breast,
And though we weep, we yet rejoice,
“In Thee our souls have rest.”
Ah, Lord! 'tis in our griefs that we
Learn Who and What Thou art,
No vessel holds so much of Thee
As the poor broken heart!
Before me lies the trackless waste,
Beyond that waste, my Home,
Thy presence with me, on I haste,
Content till Thou shalt come.

Children and Lambs

IT is always a pleasant sight to see the flock brought home, whether along the English lane or across the Scotch moor. Nearly three summers ago, when in Scotland, I watched an old shepherd gathering his flock together. He had no difficulty with the sheep—it was the lambs that gave him the trouble. They were coming down the mountainside, and had to cross a small loch at ebb tide. The shepherd walked before, and all the sheep followed him, but, when it came to the lambs, he had to go over and over again, and fetch them in his arms, one by one, as they were afraid to cross the lake alone, and stood bleating until the kind shepherd had carried them all over.

Then he put them for the night into the fold, and gathered the lambs together in a warm spot, and covered the very young ones with his own plaid, for the nights in Scotland are often damp and cold.

Well, when I had seen all this, what do you think came into my mind?

Dear children, I thought of you, and of the Good Shepherd, who giveth “His life for the sheep,” and the old Scotch shepherd reminded me of Him, of whom it was said, “He shall gather the lambs with His arm, and carry them in His bosom.”

In your portion for May 14th, Jesus calls a little child to Him—it does not say a wise man, or a great man, but “a little child”; and in the 14th verse you read that it is not His will that one of these little ones should perish. What does it all mean? just this: Christ loves the little ones, and He wants them to love Him while they are young, before they go astray or away from Him, as the lost sheep in the parable.

Give special attention to this, dear children, because, if Jesus be the Good Shepherd, He must bestow care on the lambs as well as on the sheep. Some of you may be afraid, as the lambs were afraid to cross the loch, but Jesus is waiting to carry you safely through the waters—He will take you safely to the other side—and you have only to trust yourself in His arms, and He will carry you to the fold, where the pastures are forever green, and the still waters cool. As David says, in Psa. 23, though you walk through the valley of the shadow of death, you need fear no evil, for He is with you.

Well, do you See that Jesus calls you? The text says, “And Jesus called a little child” —even so He calls you. God does not will you should be lost, for “the Son of Man is come to save that which was lost.”

Will you, dear children, answer the Shepherd’s call at once? Or will you wait until He has to seek for you as a stray sheep, weary with wandering out of the true fold, foot-sore and sad of heart?

M. B. G.

Harry; or, a Boy of God

WOULD you like to spend the afternoon with me in my Sunday school class? I think you would; and as it is now quite three o'clock, let us enter the pleasant old village schoolhouse. Mine is the infant class. It is large in number, and small in size. After prayer, and singing a sweet hymn, we go to one of the classrooms upstairs, where we can be all by ourselves.

A pleasant room this classroom is, with its pictured walls and its window, from which there is a beautiful view of hill, and wood, and meadow land; and from which, during these autumn months, we can see the sun set, often in such glory that the children are unable while it lasts to attend to me. "Is it like heaven!" they say; and I, seeing that God is causing their young hearts to think of Himself—and of heaven by the sight of His own beautiful works, do not find it in my heart to be angry with them for their little heed to my poor words. But there is little danger of our being diverted from our work of teaching and learning today by a glorious sunset, the sky is far too dull and gray for that.

There are seventeen of my thirty infants present, I see, and all fidgeting being stilled, and all whispering hushed, they begin to say their little lessons. The first thing they say is, "The Lord is my Shepherd." Some of the elder ones can say the whole of this, and two or three other psalms, without a mistake; the younger ones say it after me, and the very wee ones, like little Bella, here, who is just learning to speak, say after me only the first sentence, "The Lord is my Shepherd." That is enough at a time for such a little mouth—and heart, too.

"But who is that little fellow next to Bella? Is it a new little boy? I don't seem to know him, and yet feel that I ought to. Why it is Harry, Lily's brother; and I see now why I couldn't make out who he was. Besides being seated in the dark corner of the room, he is in trousers today, for the first time!"

"Come here, Harry," I say, presently, "and let me see you;" and Harry, very red in the face, walks over to me in the most awkward manner possible. Poor little fellow!

"Why, I didn't know you with these new clothes on! You look so big in them! What a nice suit it is! Who gave it you, Harry?"

"Moder," is the prompt answer.

"It were God as did give it him," puts in another boy, a little older, anxious to show his superior knowledge.

"Yes, it was God, and it is God who has made him grow so big, too. But what ought you to be growing as well as big, Harry?" I ask, thinking he will be sure to say "Good," and intending to go on to show him and the others how children can become good. But Harry gives neither that nor any other answer. Little Mary, however, between whom and myself Harry is standing, starts up with pretty eagerness from her seat, and in her grave little manner, says, "He ought to be growing a boy of God, gov'ness."

"Do you hear that, Harry? Mary says you ought to be growing a boy of God. Then you don't think he is one, Mary?"

"Oh, no, gov'ness," says Mary, "he's often naughty."

"And how is he to become a boy of God, Mary?"

"He must come to Jesus," she says, while another adds: "He must believe," and another, "He must be washed in Jesus' blood."

"Very good answers; and now, Harry, instead of saying 'The Lord is my Shepherd,' today, you will say, "Lord, look upon a little child," and he says after me this verse—

"Lord, look upon a little child,

By nature sinful, rude, and wild;

Oh, put Thy gracious hands on me,

And make me all I ought to be."

"Very nicely said, Harry; and I hope you will say the line— 'Make me Thy child, a child of God' in your own heart to God. Say it like this: 'Make me Thy boy, a boy of God,'" and, having said it over two or three times, Harry goes to his seat.

"And now," I say, addressing the class, "can you tell me the names of any of God's boys, of whom we read in the Bible?"

No one answers.

"Do you not remember the name of the boy God spoke to in the night?"

"Samuel! Samuel!" say several, at once, and we go over the old, yet ever fresh story of the boy who "grew before the Lord;" we talk, too, of Joseph, of whom it is said so often, "the Lord was with him," and Moses, who was "a proper child;" and David, the shepherd boy who killed a lion, and a bear, and a giant; and Obadiah, who "feared the Lord from his youth up;" and Josiah, whose heart was tender; and Timothy, who "from a child had known the Holy Scriptures."

"But there is yet another one, different from any of these, whose name you haven't told me."

They look thoughtful; yet no one thinks of the holy child, Jesus of Nazareth, except little Charlie, who, in his small voice, says, "Jesus."

It is only by chance that he is right, I fear. He looks very pleased, however, at finding he has given the right answer for once, and listens quite attentively as I tell them of the wonderful Child "who did no sin," who was never naughty—neither when He was four years old, like Harry, nor when He was five, like Charlie; and how, when He was twelve years old, when Mary, His mother, was forgetting that He belonged to God more than to her, He said to her, "Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?" And how, when He became a man He died for us that we might become the children of God, through faith in Him.

But they are knocking for us to come downstairs, and we must go. "Harry, just say that line once more."

"Make me Thy boy, a boy of God."

"Dear boy! Now don't forget to say it in your heart to God."

E.B.

"FROM a child thou halt known the holy Scriptures, which are able to make thee wise unto salvation through faith which is in Christ Jesus." (2 Tim. 3:15).

Pilgrims

IN the host of Israel there were many thousands of boys and girls, who, like their parents, were on a journey; they had no home, they were seeking a better country—they were pilgrims. There are many young people, who, except in one thing, are like other youths and maidens of the same age, they are merry and play, they also have the same kind of burdens to bear which others have, but they are unlike the rest in this respect—they are pilgrims, for they have their hearts set upon the happy home which the Lord, who died for them, is preparing for all who love God.

Young people like reading books of travel, and are aware that when on a journey, things are not to be had in the same way as when at home. He is a bad traveler who cannot bear a few troubles and hardships on the journey; and a most unpleasant companion in travel is he who complains and frets when he cannot have this or that, or when everything is not quite pleasant. A good traveler thinks of the end of the journey, and not of all the troubles by the way. Now we read of the murmurings of the children of Israel when they were pilgrims, and we read that God was not well pleased with them because they grumbled, and no doubt little children in Israel learned to murmur because they heard their parents doing so.

Come, my dear young friends, who are pilgrims on the way to the better country, that is the heavenly—tell me, are you happy and bright children, or are you murmurers? It is such a sweet witness to the love of our God when we can go on our way and through our trials joyful in His love and bright in His presence.

The children of Israel had triumphed in God's great salvation when Jehovah led them through the Red Sea and destroyed their enemies. He had made them free, and they dreaded Pharaoh and bondage no more. But, in order to be happy pilgrims, they needed to learn not only the song of salvation, but how to go on, day by day, contented with the will of their God, for otherwise they would become in bondage to them selves. We know some dear boys and girls who are pilgrims; and we remember well how, a year or two ago, they sang the song of salvation for the first time; but since that day—young as they are—they have learned, in trial and in difficulty, to say to their Father in heaven, "Thy will be done." Some have said this from the very bottom of their hearts, even upon their deathbeds. (For this patience and peace God be praised). They have been called to leave all they loved so dearly on earth, and have said, by their Father's grace, sweetly and simply to Him in heaven, and in the hearing of their friends on earth, "Thy will be done." Others are learning this lesson still, and though at times it is very hard to say it, yet God our Father does give grace to every child of His who earnestly seeks to love His will, truly to tell Him "Thy will be done."

It is by submission to our Father's will that we learn to love His ways with us, and thus it is that we become happy pilgrims. For such as love God their Father's will can sing in the hour of suffering as well as in the hour of consolation; but their songs are very different from those which first filled our hearts when we knew that God was our salvation, and, assured of what He had saved us from, we then rejoiced in His work for us.

Immediately after the song of Israel's triumph in God, the Scriptures show us that the people "went three days in the wilderness, and found no water." (Ex. 15:22). And when they came to a place of water it was bitter, so they called the place Marah, that is, Bitterness! This is what we mean by finding trouble on our way to heaven. No sooner were you really on your way to a better country, than you learned that in this world there was no water—nothing to refresh you. All things became quite changed to you. Even the things you so fondly loved before you became a pilgrim gave you no refreshment for your soul. And then God allowed you to come to a place of water. All seemed to promise joy; but instead of finding this to be the case, the very things you expected to make you happy proved to be Marah—Bitterness.

A boy or girl is truly converted, and comes home from school, for example, to find that what was looked forward to with such joy has not a little of Marah in it. Do not be disappointed dear young friend, it is for your good. "Yes," you say, "but what am I to do?"

What did the Lord bid Moses do when Israel tasted the bitter waters? Did He say, go somewhere else? As we should say, "Try to get out of your trouble: run away from it." Ah! many do this, and only get into far greater trouble, only run into far worse difficulty. No, this is not God's way. You have to go on gently and kindly, pleasing others, not yourselves.

Moses "cried unto the Lord, and the Lord showed him a tree, which when he had cast into the waters, the waters were made sweet." This means that when we accept what God sends us, even the bitter waters, and bring Christ into our troubles, that even our troubles become sweet to us.

"In Thy presence all afflictions

We can easily endure."

We have now some young pilgrims in our mind who are just at Marah cheer up, dear travelers to heaven. Look you, Jesus is near, very near to you. The eternal God spews you the tree, He shows you Jesus. Do not try to run from your troubles, but since God has shown you, tell the Lord Jesus all, bring Him, as it were, into these things which are bitter to you. Your brothers and sisters ridicule you, your old friends are against you, but Jesus is with you, and His dear presence make the waters sweet.

It was at Marah that the Lord proved His people (v. 25), and it is there He is proving you. And when, Jesus being with us, we can say to our God and Father, "Thy will be done," we are happy pilgrims.

Yet think not that you are to stay at Marah all your lifetime, for such is not God's way. You are on a journey, and soon you will find that your present trials are past trials. So it was with Israel, they left Marah, and came to Elim, and there were twelve wells of sweet water, and seventy spreading palm trees, and under their shelter they rested, and by the waters they encamped. They did not encamp at Marah, nor were they long there, for God is tender and full of pity; they learned how the Lord heals, and when the waters of Elim were reached, God's cloudy pillar rested, and at His bidding Israel encamped—i.e., made a stay.

Happy are the people who rejoice in God their Father's will, and who are content in His great love.

H. F. W.

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. (Eph. 4:31, 32; 5:1-2 ;)

William Farel.

(Continued from 15. 160).

DO you remember Tavannes, where the idols had been broken? Since that time there had been a preacher of the gospel living there, called De Glautinis. This good man now came for a while to help Farel in a new expedition.

There was a town on the Lake of Neuchâtel, where the gospel had not yet been preached. This town was Grundson. Close to the town stood a large and ancient convent of gray friars. It was to this convent that Farel and his friend directed their steps. They were shown into the parlor, where the superior, Guy Regis, asked them what they wanted. "We are come," said Farel, "to ask leave to preach in the church of the convent." In a moment it dawned upon the superior that this was Farel. "Heretic!" he exclaimed. "Son of a Jew!" shouted another monk. And the two friends were quickly turned out of the convent gates.

The news spread like wildfire through the town that Farel was come. When he went to the second convent of Benedictines, the monks were prepared to receive him. Farel said as before, that he desired leave to preach in the church. Immediately the whole convent was in an uproar. The monks ran into the cloisters, where the two friends were waiting. One had armed himself with a pistol, another with a knife. The monk with the pistol flew upon Farel, and pointing the pistol at his head with one hand, he endeavored with the other to drag him along to the convent prison. De Glautinis rushed forward to rescue his friend, but was immediately attacked vigorously by the monk with the knife.

By this time the shouts of the angry monks had risen to such a pitch, that some friends of Farel, who were waiting outside the gate, forced their way in to see what was happening. They dragged the two preachers away, and the monks having shut and barred their gates, remained, as if besieged, for a whole fortnight. They feared another visit from Farel.

The preachers now agreed to separate for a time. De Glautinis remained at Grundson, and Farel went to preach in the country round. De Glautinis had for a while a fine opportunity. As the monks were so closely shut up within their locked gates, De Glautinis preached in the streets to large crowds. The monks, headed by Guy Regis, took courage one day to rush out in a body and surround the preacher. But they dared do no more than call him names in loud and threatening voices, and assure him he should never preach in the churches. They then disappeared again behind their convent walls.

Meanwhile some Bernese lords, who were at Neuchatel, heard how the preachers had beer received at Grundson. They speedily made their appearance, sent for Farel, and ordered the convent churches to be immediately thrown open for the preaching. This was according to the wish of many of the people of Grundson. Crowd! filled the churches to listen to the gospel.

The Catholics now formed themselves into a strong party. The peaceful little town was divided. The Catholics stuck fir-cones in their caps, to distinguish themselves from the gospellers, and paraded the streets to defy the lords of Berne. The magistrates took part with the Catholics, and after the preaching had continued for some days they seized the preachers, at the request of the monks, and put them in prison. They were however, soon released, and the monks then sought help from the neighboring towns. A friar was sent from Lausanne to preach on St. John's day, (June 24). Farel and his friend went to hear the sermon. After a while Farel stood up (as was the custom in those days) and spoke in answer to the monk. The bailiff of Grundson displeased at this interruption, struck Farel a blow. This was the signal for a general battle. The magistrates, the monks, and many of the people fell upon the preachers, beat and kicked them, and "grievously maltreated them," as we are told.

A gospeller started off at once to tell a Bernese officer, who was then at a place called Colombier nine miles off. The officer quickly arrived, and having called together the magistrates, he ordered that Farel and the friar should preach by turns and that the people should quietly listen to both sides. The preaching was to begin next day.

Meanwhile a report had spread through the little town, that Farel meant to go secretly into the church, and pull down the great crucifix.

This was a story got up by some of the monks to excite the Catholics. Two monks, named Tissot and Gondoze, who really believed it, thought it would be a work pleasing to God that they should murder Farel. They armed themselves with axes which they hid under their frocks, and posted themselves in front of the great crucifix. They waited in vain for a long while. The time was almost come when the preaching was to begin. Farel had not appeared.

At last two men entered the church. The monks advanced. The men were strangers, but the monks thought by the look of them, that they were heretics. "Stand back," said one of the monks, and the other darting forward, rudely pushed the foremost man. This was the Bernese officer De Watteville, who had come, attended by his servant, to hear the preaching. "Gently," he said to the monk, "you should not lose your temper." But the servant, less meek than his master, flew at the monk, and caught him round the body.

He felt the ax under the monk's frock. He seized it instantly, and was prepared to strike the monk a violent blow. His master however, checked him. The monks fled in terror.

De Watteville now resolved in his turn, to guard the church for the gospellers. He posted his servant within the door, and told him to keep watch, whilst he pursued the monks. The servant paced up and down, with the axe on his shoulder, and his eye fixed on the door.

After a few minutes, about thirty women suddenly entered the church, and made their way towards the gallery. Each of them held up her serge apron, and looked fiercely around. Their plan was to hide in the gallery close to the pulpit. Some had filled their aprons with mold from their gardens, others with cinders from their stoves. They had determined that as soon as Farel began to preach, they would fling the ashes into his eyes, and the mold into his mouth.

The servant surveyed this party, and then having made up his mind that they were intent on mischief, he ran upon them, brandishing his axe. The women, who had expected to be welcomed

by the friendly monks, shrieked, let go their aprons, and fled to their homes, leaving the church strewn with mold and ashes.

The lord De Watteville had meanwhile caught the two monks, Tissot and Gondoze, and they were forthwith locked in a dungeon, there to spend the next fortnight.

The preaching now began without further disturbance, and Farel and the friar were heard in turns. But it grieved Farel that the two monks could not be there. He therefore went to their dungeon, there to speak to them of the love and grace of Christ. Great was the wonder of these two poor men, when they found the heresy they had so greatly feared was the blessed story of the cross of Christ. They heard from Farel's lips of the love of Jesus, and they found rest to their souls. They came out of their dungeons at the end of the fortnight, to go forth and tell what great things the Lord had done for them. They became afterward faithful preachers of the faith they had once blasphemed.

On one of these days, Farel was told that two strangers wished to speak to him. They were brought in—foreign-looking, sunburnt men, but speaking French easily. Their wonderful history was soon told.

Long, long ago, they said, when the Roman emperor, Constantine, had done his best to mix up the church of God with the heathen world, their fathers had set themselves apart, desiring not to be amongst those who were serving two masters. They had fled away to live in lonely mountain valleys in the high alps of Piedmont. "And there," said the two strangers, "have we, their children, lived ever since. We have never owned the pope, but we have had the Bible only for our teacher, and we have, therefore, worshipped no saints, nor images, nor wafers; and have been called heretics and infidels."

These people were the Waldenses, of whom I told you at the beginning of this story.

You may remember how, just at the time of William Farel's birth, the pope had sent an army against them, and had left dead upon the mountains 4000 of these witnesses for God, amongst them 400 little children, who were hunted and murdered amongst the snowy peaks, whilst little William was sleeping peacefully in his cradle at les Tarelles. About 60 years before that, numbers had perished, being attacked by bands of soldiers from Savoy, just at Christmas time—and then, also, no less than 80 little children were found in one place, frozen in the snow in the arms of their dead mothers.

At last the news had come somehow over the mountains, that in Germany, and France, and Switzerland, there were preachers raised up, who believed in the Bible only, and preached the same old gospel for which the Waldenses had suffered and died. Then one of the mountain pastors determined to go and see if this were true. His name was Martin Gonin. He set off, and traveled about till he found some of these preachers, and came back to tell the glad tidings, and to scatter about in the mountain villages the good books which he had brought back with him. After reading these books, and hearing Martin's stories, two other Waldensian pastors, or "barbes," as they were called, were sent by their brethren to learn more of the gospellers in Switzerland, and to claim fellowship with them as having the like precious faith with themselves.

These two barbes were called George Morel, and Peter Masson. They went first to Basle, and asked for the house of our old friend, Hausschein. The good man was delighted and surprised when these simple men from the mountain valleys told him their story, and when they showed him the papers they carried in their bosoms, on which they had written an account of their faith. Would you like to know what they had written? I will tell you a part of it.

“Christ,” they said, “is our Life, our Truth, our Peace, our Righteousness, our Shepherd, our Advocate, our Victim, our High Priest, who died for the salvation of believers.” They had written too their belief that the religion of the pope was “a mixture of Jewish, Pagan, and Christian rites.” Hausschein looked at these men with wonder and joy. “I thank God,” he said, “that He has called you to so great light.”

Hausschein’s friends at Basle gathered at his house to see the men from the mountains, who had never lost the Bible, and never forgotten the gospel. But when they questioned the barbes further, they were not altogether satisfied with their answers. The barbes confessed that from fear, and a desire for peace, they allowed the Romish priests to baptize their children, and that they sometimes went with the papists to mass. This conduct, which would be generally approved as wide-minded and charitable, was by no means right in the eyes of the faithful Hausschein. He said, “Has not Christ fully satisfied the justice of God? Is there any need to offer other sacrifices after that of Calvary? By saying amen to the priest’s mass, you deny the grace of Jesus Christ.” The good man further discovered that the barbes thought every man had some natural goodness in him, which made him do good works. Hausschein told them that no good work ever came from any other power than that of the Holy Ghost. The barbes, who were humble modest men, were not offended at being contradicted by those whom they had expected to find far behind themselves in knowledge. They owned their ignorance, and were thankful to be taught.

Hausschein did not do as some would have done—turn his back upon them because of their errors. “We must enlighten these dear brothers,” he said to his friends, “but above all things we must love them.”

The barbes at last left Basle to return to their mountains. But I am sorry to tell you that on the way, their holy conversation drew upon them the notice of some of the papists at Dijon in France. They were both seized and put in the prison of Dijon. George Morel managed to escape, but Peter Masson was condemned and put to death.

The Last Card Party

SEVERAL years ago some young officers were assembled in the quarters of one of their number in the— barracks to pass the evening in card playing. They were, for the most part, gay, careless young men; and although but lately returned from the Crimea, the scenes of death and bloodshed they had there witnessed had left little impression upon them, the awful realities of eternity never occupying their thoughts.

Not one among that merry party was in higher spirits than Captain H., and yet he had not always been thus careless. When quite a child, he had been led to see himself as a sinner, and to think of Jesus as the Saviour; but the world and its attractions had lured his heart from Christ, and he saw now outwardly as gay and thoughtless as any of his companions.

Yet conscience had not been quite silent, for in the midst of scenes of gaiety, thoughts of death, hell, and eternity, had often forced themselves upon him, and while in the Crimea, surrounded by danger and death, though fighting bravely and winning many honors, as the medals on his breast testified, his thoughts had been often occupied with these solemn subjects, and he longed for the simple faith of his childhood, with its accompanying peace. But this evening he was in spirit as far from the Lord as the poor prodigal in the far country was from the father's house, and was trying, as he did, to satisfy himself with the husks.

But what was the matter with their young host? He was usually as gay as any, but now a strange depression weighed upon him; he did not join in the card playing, but sat cowering in silence over the fire. His brother officers tried to rouse him from his unusual gloom. "You look as if a dreadful doom were hanging over you," one laughingly said; but nothing that he or they could do could shake it off, and when at length they separated for the night, they left him in the same state.

Next morning his servant lit the fire, and made ready the breakfast for his young master, who had not yet risen; then, as his master did not appear, the man gently opened the bedroom door to awake him. What an awful sight met his gaze! That young, gay, thoughtless master, would never wake again. There he lay—dead! With a cry of horror the man fled to call for help. Among the first who entered the room was Captain H., he had seen death in many forms, but never had he been so overwhelmed with horror and remorse. Here on the table lay the cards they had used the evening before, and there on the bed in the adjoining room lay the form of his brother officer, cold in death.

Only a few hours ago he had laughed at him for his gloomy silence, and tried to engage him in the game of cards. How little he then thought that they were the last few precious hours of his life. Others came into the room and gazed in silent awe on that sad, sad sight, and went away sobered for a time, but soon to become as thoughtless as ever. Not so Captain H., it was to him the turning point in his life, a solemn warning sent home to his heart and conscience by the God whose grace he had slighted so long.

The uncertainty of life, the reality of death and judgment, came before him as they had never done before. From this time he was a changed man. As a prodigal he had wandered far, but now he arose and returned to his Father, and was welcomed with joy.

A few days after, all that remained of the once gay young officer was laid in the grave with military honors. One in the procession, which followed him to the grave, walked with subdued and solemnized spirit, for that sudden summons which had called his brother officer into eternity, had been to Captain H. the beginning of new life in Christ; he saw the fearful danger in which he had been and his heart was full of thankfulness to God for having opened his eyes before it was too late. Thenceforth he became a devoted servant of the Lord Jesus, delighting to preach to perishing sinners the glad tidings of salvation through faith in Christ Jesus.

M. M. B.

REJOICE, O young man, in thy youth; and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth, and walk in the ways of thine heart, and in the sight of thine eyes: but know thou, that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment. (Eccl. 11:9).

Belief, Not Feeling

A. E. was an old companion of mine, but as we grew up we were separated. After a few years, however, we were brought again together. On one occasion when he came to my home, on being asked as to his soul's welfare, he said he did not know what to say—he did not feel that he was saved.

I said, "God does not ask you to feel, but to believe," I then read with him the following scriptures:— "The word is nigh thee, even in thy mouth, and in thy heart: that is, the word of faith, which we preach; that if thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised Him from the dead, thou shalt be saved. For with the heart man believeth unto righteousness; and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation. For the scripture saith, Whosoever believeth on Him shall not be ashamed." (Rom. 10:8-11). And "Whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved." (Rom. 10:13). "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." (1 John 5:13).

When we had finished reading, I said, "Now these verses show very plainly that there is nothing for the sinner to do, but to accept God's offered salvation. Do you see it like that?"

"I see a little clearer," he replied, "but I don't feel saved yet."

I then put my hand in my pocket, pulled out a tract, and said,

"Do you see this tract?"

"Yes."

"Well, I am going to give it you, if you will accept it. Do you believe me?"

"Yes."

"Why do you believe me?"

"Because you said so."

"Well, take it."

My friend took the tract.

"Have you got it?" I said.

"Yes," he replied.

"How do you know that you have got it?" "Because I can feel it." "Well, you did not feel it before you took it, did you?" "No." "Now," said I, "God offers you His salvation, and you believe that He is offering it you, but you want to feel it before you will take it, and it is impossible to do so. First take it, and then you will feel it, Do you see it now?" "I do," he answered; "and if that's it, I've got it."

The burden was taken away from his soul; he was set free, and cried out, "Oh! how simple it is. I never saw it like that before. I have been trying to be saved for five or six months, but never knew that it was so simple."

Dear reader, if you are trying to be saved by your own works, let me ask you to consider what the word of God says: "Not of works, lest any man should boast," (Eph. 2:9). "For by grace are ye saved through faith."

W. T.

A Simple Christian Life

M. A. L. was the daughter of an earnest Christian man, a shoemaker by trade, who sought to bring up his large family in the fear of God, accustoming them to strict discipline and earnest work. It was difficult in those days for a poor man to have his children taught to read and write, but he did his best; so, whilst the sons learned both, the daughters were taught reading only, the father considering writing unnecessary for them. The family commenced work soon after four o'clock in the morning, when M. A. L. helped her mother to bind shoes; and this habit of early rising she found invaluable through life, so much more being accomplished in the fresh quiet hours of the day, before the busy world is astir.

The Spirit of God worked in her soul from early childhood, telling her that she was a sinner, and at times filling her heart with anguish, but years passed on without M. A. L. obtaining the knowledge of salvation, until one night she awoke, as from a dream, and heard herself say, "Lord, now I will believe. Help Thou mine unbelief."

The Lord so satisfied her soul that from that hour, not a doubt was allowed to trouble her as to the forgiveness of her sins: she knew the value of the atoning blood.

M. A. L. married a Christian man, who had a hard life at sea, being engaged in whaling off Greenland and elsewhere. When he was at home, they rose early on Sunday, and breakfasted at seven; after reading and prayer, several of their nine children were dressed for Sunday school, and were taken by the father, who also had a class, and who afterward took the children to chapel. The mother stayed at home with the little ones, and prepared their frugal meal. The afternoon was spent in singing hymns until the time came for Sunday school again, and in the evening the father stayed with the younger ones whilst the mother went to chapel. This truly Christian way of spending the Lord's day was no doubt a great means of blessing in uniting the family, and in impressing them with the reality of their parents' love to the Saviour: for these toiling, ones might have pleaded the need of rest upon one day in the week, as many now do, but their refreshment, even of body, was found in seeking the things of God.

Years passed away, and the good husband and father was seized with a lingering illness, during which the wife struggled hard to provide for the family. Many instances of God's faithful care at that time can be told by her—one especially may be mentioned.

The rent was just due, and for the first time in their history it had not been possible to save it up. M. A. L. went up the street that morning, feeling sad, but still believing that she should see God's hand to help. As she walked on, she saw something in a little puddle in the pavement, which she picked out and took home as a farthing. The husband took it from her, rubbed it, and exclaimed, "Why, it is a sovereign!" Thus the rent was more than met.

The last hours of the good man were singularly happy, and his children can never forget his testimony to the faithfulness of God as his Father in Christ.

When the writer of this simple story first knew M. A. L. she was 74 years old. She had much to tell of the Lord, as a Husband to the widow, and a Father to the fatherless.

All her children were converted to God but one, and she was pleased to be able to say of that son, that his life witnessed to the moral influence of his godly parent. The writer also had an unconverted son, over whose soul she had yearned for many years, and it was agreed that they should unite in prayer for the unsaved sons. In due time, the dear old saint wrote to tell the joyful news that her son was truly the Lord's, and some months afterward, the same blessing was vouchsafed to the writer in a very marked way, thus confirming the faith of both in Him, who has said, "Let thy widows trust in Me."

M. A. L. is now 79, and still works for her bread, trusting that she may be allowed to do so until the end; but her loving children earnestly ask her to find a home with them, and she desires to put all into His hands, who has so carried her along, and who has said, "Even to your old age I am He; and even to hoar hairs I will carry you."

M. A. L. told her own simple tale to the writer, ending it with, "When I go to bed, I think over all my mercies, and then I go to sleep, full of praise to God."

D.

Working Out Our Salvation

“You have nothing to do in order to be saved. You have only to believe.”

“I cannot agree with you,” was the reply. “Works are necessary; and more, we read in the Bible that we are to work out our own salvation with fear and trembling. Hence, first, we have to work it out; second, we have to maintain a humble spirit, to fear and tremble; for after all we may not be saved.”

This answer is often given to the messengers of free grace, as it was in this case by one who, we should suppose, is really a believer, but who has not yet understood the full meaning of the grace of God. The text referred to is taken from that epistle which, of all others, speaks most of the work of the gospel, namely, the Philippians—it is in ch. 2:12, 13: “Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling. For it is God which worketh in you both to will and to do of His good pleasure.”

It is evident to any reader of ch. 1 that the persons then addressed were believers. These believers probably numbered amongst them the jailor, whose question, “What must I do to be saved?” received the gracious answer “Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved, and thy house.” Certainly they had heard from Paul and Silas, “the servants of the most high God,... the way of salvation.” (Read Acts 16:17-31). And being saved, they were responsible before God to work out in their lives what God by His grace was working in their hearts. Had their hearts been empty they would have had nothing to work out. But God had placed His Spirit in their hearts, and given them a desire to do His good pleasure, hence the exhortation, as to loving and obedient children, who fear to grieve their Father, to work out the holy things which He is working in them.

The unsaved sinner is not told to work out salvation for himself. We could not say “his own salvation,” for until a man be saved he has no salvation of his own, and he is only hoping to get salvation some day. The unsaved sinner needs salvation, and the Lord Jesus Christ is the Saviour of sinners; whosoever believes on Him is saved; and when saved, then salvation is his own.

“As ye have always obeyed,” says the apostle in Phil, 2:12. Alas! how much disobedience there is in men’s hearts even to the plain word, “Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved!” so many twist the end of the verse, as did the person whose words we have quoted, to mean that salvation comes not altogether from Christ, but from man’s working out of himself what he has not yet got. Dear believer in God, God is working in you both to will and to do of His good pleasure; let godly fear and trembling characterize all that you do.

Four Solemn Considerations

THE all-important consideration for the unpardoned sinner, is his state before God. When God began to deal with sinful man, He laid bare man's state before Him by this solemn question—

WHERE ART THOU?

Called forth from his hiding-place by the irresistible voice of Jehovah, man had to reply to his Maker—he had to tell God the truth as to his fallen state, and to confess to his disobedience.

Let this question, Where art thou? be answered, dear reader, by you to God Himself, even before this year passes away. It is one of eternal importance to you. Hide not from God under any covert. Many, alas! die hiding from God. The time will come when you must appear before God, for the judgment day approaches; but now is the day of salvation—now God waits to be gracious—now there is mercy for you. Then tell God all that you are—all that you have done—own everything to Him. He will pardon; He will save; He will forgive and bless you.

Where art thou? Ah! poor unsaved sinner, are you blind to the reality that you are in a state of sin, afar from God, and that if you die as you are, you must remain eternally afar from God, and in your state of sin? Where art thou?

The great consideration for the one who has gone by faith to the Lord Jesus, is to get so near the Lord that He tells Him everything. Even as it was with her who “fell down before Him, and

TOLD HIM ALL THE TRUTH.”

This poor, troubled heart had tried all kinds of remedies for her sorrow. She had “suffered many things of many physicians,” but none had healed her. She had spent her all upon herself in vain. At length she heard of Jesus—of the Almighty Healer of disease and sin—of the all-gracious Lover of helpless sinners. And she went to Jesus. She went in her weakness, and with her fears. She dared not fall before His face and plead, “Lord, save me!” but she crept up to Him “behind and touched his garment,” and then, such was His grace, that in a moment she was made whole.

There are some of our readers just like this poor, trembling creature. They have been to Jesus—they are His, but they have not yet confessed Him, nor what He has done for them. Fall down “before” Him, you who have crept up to Him “behind;” tell Him all the truth—all about your sins, your unbelief, your fears; and all about His blood, His grace, His love—and you shall hear His tender voice saying to you before this old year closes, “Go in peace.”

The supreme consideration for the believer who would glorify God is to be in the presence of his God. The believer who years ago heard the solemn voice, “Where art thou?” and came into the presence of God as a lost sinner, and who afterward, as a sinner saved by grace, heard the Saviour's words, “Go in peace,” too often, alas fails to live continually in the presence of God.

The way of happiness for the believer is to abide in His presence. This is no new thing. Saints of bygone days, and of these times, witness alike to this truth.

SEARCH ME, O GOD!

are the words of a freed heart, which says, "How precious also are Thy thoughts unto me, O God!" (Psa. (Psa. 139:17). The happy child wishes for no secrets in his parent's presence. He rejoices in his parent's acquaintance with his ways. So, too, but infinitely deeper, is it with the child of God. He seeks to be not only for God, but with God, day by day.

Hide nothing from God; tell Him all; go not before Him with a secret in your breast. He knows all things. How many a believer has lost the freshness of his early zeal for Christ by having a thing hidden in his soul which he has not had fully out with his God! Thus the bloom has been rubbed from the fruit, the bright gold has been tarnished, and the beauty of a holy and loving Christian life has faded away.

"Search me, O God," let us each say, "and know my heart; try me, and know my thoughts, and see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting."

The great consideration for the servant who would please his Master is absolute openness. We should be like the apostles who "gathered themselves together unto Jesus, and

TOLD HIM ALL THINGS,

both what they had done, and what they had taught." (Mark 6:30). It was a great moment in their lives when they thus opened their hearts, and poured all their contents into the heart of their Lord and Master. Every act of service told to Jesus. Every doctrine taught told to Jesus.

Is it in visiting the sick, is it in teaching the little child, is it in the noble work of the gospel uttered in public? Oh! what a lesson for the servant is this, they told Him all things! The manner of their service, the means adopted, the success attending their labor, the disappointments and heartbreaking. They told Him how some had received them, and receiving them, had received Jesus, how some had rejected them, and thus had rejected Jesus. They told Him all things, their failures and their efforts, their cowardice and their courage. Sweet confidence in the Master's love. And perhaps more difficult, they told Him, too, what they had taught. It is too often with us a matter of what we think right, rather than the doctrine which the Master approves, which occupies us. Let us so seek His confidence that we can go to Him and tell Him what kind of things we teach about Him and His Father, as well as what things we do in His Name.

And what was the Lord's reply to this their opening of heart to Him? An invitation to come alone with Him to a place where they might rest. And this is the servants' reward in time, who tell their Master all, and this shall be their reward in eternity, even rest with Jesus.

May the joy of rest with Christ be yours, dear reader! If still unpardoned, tell God exactly what you are. If pardoned, but lacking the joy of salvation, tell Jesus all the truth. If pardoned, but without the freshness of heart which flows from communion with your God, tell Him to search your heart—get into His presence. If a servant of the Master—and who that loves Him does not serve?—go to Jesus; tell Him all things.

And now farewell for this year, through the sorrows and difficulties of which I have been brought in the mercy of God.

H. F. W.

Blind

THERE is a very sad sight that we frequently see—a man standing quite still in the street, with the word “Blind,” in large letters, on a board before him. I daresay you have often felt sorry when you have passed such a man, and wished you could do something to help him—perhaps you may have stopped and put a penny into his hand—that was all you could do. In the ninth chapter of John’s Gospel we read of such a case. That poor man sat, day by day, and begged of the passers-by. It was a sad life, but as he could not work to earn a living, there was nothing else for him to do. He probably expected to sit by the wayside begging to the end of his days.

But one day, as he was sitting in his accustomed place, One passed by, who could give him more than money. The poor man could not see Jesus—he did not know that One was passing him, of whom it had been said that He should “open the blind eyes” (Isa. 42:7), but Jesus saw him. He knew his need; He would not pass by, and leave Him still in darkness—He cured him of his blindness. What a wonderful change for that man! How new and strange everything round him must have seemed, for he had been blind all his life!

I think there are many children who do not like to be in the dark, even for a short time. I have no doubt, when you are sent to a dark room to fetch something, that you make all the haste you can, and feel very glad to get back again into the light. Have you ever thought what it must be to be always in darkness—never to see the sunshine, nor the trees and flowers, nor the faces of your friends, nor any of those things which make this world such a pleasant place to us? But I want to show you that, although this seems to be a very sad case, there is one that is sadder still, for there is another kind of blindness, which is a worse thing to have than blindness of the eyes—it is blindness of the mind. (2 Cor. 4:4). Only Jesus can cure that, too, and I want you, before you finish reading this, to find out if you have already been cured of this kind of blindness, so I will try to explain it to you. We may compare the lives of some people to a summer day—the early morning—all brightness: there is so much to make them happy, so much to enjoy, that they want nothing beyond; they hear others speak of the joy of knowing Jesus, but they cannot understand it, because the things that are seen of this world are taking up all their attention. As they go on in life they find that these things do not last—changes come—they meet with trials and troubles—friends die; they begin to find the world is a different place from what they once thought. The shadows gather round them—the evening comes on; they are surrounded by gloom, because they have never seen the true Light. (John 1:9).

I remember hearing, not long ago, of a man who lay dying in a workhouse, and when the clergyman who visited him asked him, “How is it with you, John?” “All dark,” was the only answer. The poor man had had good sight all his life, but he had never had his eyes opened to see his need of a Saviour—he had never looked to Jesus—so, when he was passing out of this world, he had no guide; he had no light; he could not see whither he was going.

Which is best, to see the faces of your friends here, and never to see the face of Jesus as your Saviour—to see the things that are round you here, and never to see those things which the Lord

is preparing for them that love Him (1 Cor. 2:9), or to be in darkness for a little time here, and then to have your eyes opened in the kingdom of heaven to see Jesus, and to share His glory forever?

A girl, who had been blind for many years, called to her mother, just as she was dying, "Mother, the day is dawning." She was going where there is "no more night."

A short time ago I met with a little blind girl, about eleven years old. She had been always blind, and had never seen the faces of her parents, and brothers and sisters. You may think, perhaps, "How miserable she must be!" But I found that she was not at all miserable, but very happy. I said to her, "Do you not sometimes wish that you could see?" "No," she said, she did not mind being blind. "But," I said, "do you expect to be always blind?"

"Oh, no."

"And when do you hope to be able to see?"

"When Jesus comes again. Then 'the eyes of the blind shall be opened.'"

"And what do you expect to see when your eyes are opened?"

"Jesus."

She was blind, but she was not in darkness. She had never seen the light of the sun, but she could see Jesus, the Sun of righteousness, with the eye of faith, and His promise was being fulfilled to her: "He that followeth Me, shall have the light of life." (John 8:12) She had—

... Heard the voice of Jesus say,

'I am this dark world's light;

Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise,

And all thy day be bright.'

And she could say—

I looked to Jesus, and I found

In Him my Star, my Sun,

And in that Light of Life I'll walk

Till traveling days are done.

I trust you can say this, too; but if you cannot, then remember that the same Jesus, who when He was upon earth gave sight to the blind, can open your eyes. Will you go to Him today with the prayer of another blind man of whom we read— "Lord, that I might receive my sight!" (Mark 10:51). Will you ask Him to open your eyes? By His Holy Spirit, you will see your need of a Saviour, and see Jesus as the Saviour that you need? Then He will not pass you by; and if you can already say, "Whereas I was blind, now I see" (John 9:25), then let those words in Psa. 119 be the daily prayer of your heart when you open your Bible, "Open Thou mine eyes, that I may behold wondrous things out of Thy law." Seek day by day to get a nearer and clearer sight of Jesus, and to follow Him more closely, and that beautiful promise will be fulfilled to you; your path will be as the

“shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day.”

The Writing on the Snow

IT was a bright, frosty, winter's morning, when Alice started on her journey. The ground was thickly covered with snow; the various roads, as well as the short cuts and footpaths, were completely hidden from the eye; all around was white, and looked pure and beautiful. Not one human being was to be seen by Alice, nor did sound of living creature break the stillness, save when a few rooks flew right above the girl's head, or dose to the white ground, skirting it with the tips of their glossy wings.

As Alice was thus wending her way across the snow-clad common, she thought, "How wonderful is it to be a poor vile sinner, washed in the blood of Christ; and not only washed—saved—but made a new, an entirely 'new creature in Christ Jesus' —united to Him accepted in Him. Now, through grace, in God's sight whiter than this spotless snow; once by nature blacker far than these rooks flying around me." (Psa. 10:7; 14:1, 2, 3. Rom. 3:10, 23). How spotlessly white the blood of the Lamb has washed all who believe! The Lord can look down from where He is, and, seeing the believer, can say of him, "Thou art all fair, my love; there is no spot in thee." (Sol. 4:7).

On and on she went, her eyes ever fixed on a group of fir trees near the house she had to reach. She knew if she did not keep that particular group as the object before her, she must lose her way. Roads, footpaths, there were none, and hence, once to lose sight of the fir trees would be to miss her way.

And is it not so with the believer today? If Christ be our object, the eye rivetted on Him, how can we go astray? The way in which He leads may indeed be pathless, but He is Himself our Way.

Alice had not been very long on the common before the thought struck her, "I shall be some time before I reach those trees, is there nothing I can do for the Lord upon my way?"

"Yes," she thought, "there is; I will write some of His words in the snow, perchance some traveler may read them, and learn of Him." So, stooping down, she wrote with her finger— "Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." (Matt. 11:28). "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). "The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin." (1 John 1:7).

There was no one in sight but after having delivered her message at the house to which she was called to go, what was her great delight at beholding, on her way home, all the texts written out again and again! Who it was who had copied them the Lord did not mean her to know, but some one had found pleasure in tracing the living words.

Dear young reader, are you like the black rooks or like the white snow? Have you been washed and made clean from sin by the blood of Jesus?

N.

The Scape-Goat

ONCE a year there was a great day of atonement in Israel, and among the feasts of the Lord none was more solemn than it. It was a type for us of the day of all days most solemn to the Christian's heart, even that upon which our Lord and Saviour died, and by Himself made atonement for our sins.

Atonement is rather a long word; it means agreement, and is the being at one of those who were not so. Where there is enmity or hatred between two persons, there cannot be agreement until that which causes the enmity is taken away. Unless there be satisfaction made to God for sin, God cannot look down upon the guilty sinner save in anger against the sins committed. Supposing you had done a sad wrong against a great person: however good and kind he might be, yet he could not look with favor upon the sins you had done, and he would have to be satisfied respecting the evil you had done, before he could smile upon you. God loves sinners, but hates sin; and our Lord Jesus Christ by dying on the cross made full satisfaction for the sins which we have committed, He put sins away by His sacrifice.

Once a year the great Day of Atonement took place in Israel. The people assembled together, and sacrifices were made, and the blood of a kid was taken by the high priest into the tabernacle, and he passed with it through the golden room where the golden candlestick and the golden table and the golden altar were, and then, having in his hand the golden censer, he entered the second golden room where the ark of the covenant stood, which, too, was overlaid with gold. The outer room was the Holy place, the inner one the Holiest of All. And upon and before the ark, the blood of the goat was sprinkled as an atonement for the sins of the children of Israel.

No eye of man saw what the high priest did, God alone watched him in that solemn moment, and God accepted the atoning blood of the sacrifice, and so reconciliation was made.

Having finished this work, the high priest laid both his hands upon the head of a live goat, and confessed over him all the iniquities of the people, and then sent away this goat into the wilderness by the hands of a trustworthy man. This goat was called the scapegoat. It was presented alive before the Lord to make an atonement with Him, and it wandered away from the people of Israel, into a place uninhabited, where it was separated from them.

They saw not the blood of the slain goat taken into God's presence, and they lost sight of the scape-goat, upon which their sins were confessed. God saw the blood, of the one which had been sacrificed for them, and God commanded that the other upon which their sins were laid should be sent far away out of sight. God accepted the blood, and put the sins far, far away, never to be remembered again.

How plainly this teaches us of the value of the precious blood of Christ. The Lord made a full and complete atonement on the cross, and God has received Him as a man into His presence in heaven itself. And as for our sins, they are remembered by God no more.

What, then, have we to do? To wait till the Lord comes again. "Unto them that look for Him shall He appear the second time." Soon, very soon, He will come again, and when He comes it will be "unto salvation." May you be every day looking for the Saviour, and waiting for His coming the second time.

William Farel.

(Continued from p. 176).

THERE was great sorrow in the mountain villages when George Morel came back alone. But every one was anxious to hear all he had to tell. He related faithfully how master Hausschein had reproved them for having fellowship with Rome. From this time there was a division amongst the pastors. Some said Hausschein was right. Others defended the plan of being on brotherly terms with the Romish priests. At last all the barbes from all the villages met together to consult about this matter. As they could not settle it, they determined to send into Switzerland two of their number, one called George, and the other Martin Gonin, the same who made the first journey in search of the gospel preachers. These two barbes were directed to find the great preacher Master Farel, and if possible, to bring him back to tell them what they ought to do.

This was the long story which Farel heard from the two mountain pastors. "And now," they said, "will you come back with us, and all the barbes shall meet to hear what you have to say." Farel was delighted. His friend Saunier agreed to go with him. But most of Farel's friends were filled with terror when they heard of this distant journey. There was a fresh persecution of the Waldenses just set on foot by the parliament of Aix-les-Bains. The prisons of Savoy and Piedmont were filled with them. The Duke of Savoy was a bitter enemy to the gospel. Farel would have to pass through his country. The protection of Berne would be no use to him there. But none of these things moved William Farel. He saw that the matter was far too important to the honor of Christ to be neglected at any risk. He immediately prepared for the long journey, and by the middle of August he was ready to start.

The barbes seem to have gone before, to make known amongst their brethren that William Farel was on his way. And immediately some set off to meet the Swiss pastors, and to bring them by secret paths to the mountain valleys.

It was a joyful day to the people of the Waldensian valleys, when at last the pastors from Switzerland came in sight. They had had a long and dangerous journey through the enemy's country. They had traveled along the loneliest of the mountain paths, avoiding towns and villages; and hiding themselves amongst the rocks, and in the woods. The point they had to reach was the valley of Angrogna, in Piedmont, the home of Martin Gonin.

This glorious valley is one of the most beautiful and fertile of all those amongst the Italian Alps. At the bottom rushes a wild mountain torrent, sometimes foaming amongst the piled-up rocks, and sometimes hidden beneath the thick shade of walnut trees, willows, and weeping ashes. Green meadows and cornfields lie on either side of the river. Higher up are vineyards, and magnificent woods of walnut and chestnut, Higher up still are forests of beech and oak, and above these, wild rocks, intermingled with copse of birch and hazel. Here and there, scattered over the meadows, and amongst the woods, were the little hamlets, and the wooden cottages of the Waldenses. In the mountains around many a cavern, and deep rocky cleft, where in former days the persecuted

Waldenses had met for worship, or had hidden from the armies of the pope.

As the preachers drew near this lovely valley they were met by some of the peasants who had been watching the mountain paths, to catch the first sight of their Swiss brethren. Soon all the villagers had gathered to see them arrive, for the tidings that they were near at hand had been brought by a man of the village, John Peyret, who had gone to meet them, and returned quickly to tell the glad tidings to his friends and neighbors.

“That one on the white horse,” he said, “is William Farel. That one on the dark horse is Anthony Saunier.”

The preachers received a warm welcome. Many other travelers arrived at the same time, for it had been told far and wide that there was to be a great meeting in the valley of Angrogna, and that the preachers from Switzerland would be there. Every little house was filled, and the quiet valley had become for a time a meeting place for hundreds of strangers.

There were Waldenses from distant settlements in the south of Italy, in France, in Bohemia, and from many parts of Savoy and Piedmont.

These distant settlements had been formed by Waldenses who had fled in former times from the fire and sword of the papists.

There were nobles from their castles in Italy, there were the barbes from all the villages, and others who were only peasants, cowherds, laborers, and vine-dressers.

No room in the villages would have been large enough for this great meeting. It was therefore to be held in the open air. Martin Gonin had prepared a number of rough benches beneath the chestnut trees, where all might sit. The meeting divided itself into two parties—those who wished to be on terms of fellowship with Rome, and those who desired to stand aloof from every trace of popish observances. The speakers for the first party were two barbes called Daniel of Valence, and John of Molinis. The speakers for the second, Farel and Saunier. Most of the men of the higher classes were on the side of Daniel and John.

It was on the 12th of September, that this meeting on the mountains was opened “in the name of God.”

Farel rose up, and at once proceeded to the point. “Christians,” he said, “have no ceremonial law. No act of worship has any merit before God. The multitude of feasts, consecrations, ceremonies, chants, and machine-made prayers are a great evil. What then is worship? The Lord has answered this question— ‘God is a Spirit; and they that worship Him, must worship Him in spirit, and in truth.’”

Daniel and John were ill-pleased at Farel’s address. They would not throw over all feasts, ceremonies, and chants, but take some and reject others. But the other barbes said that their fathers had spoken as Farel did.

Daniel and John resisted this with all their might. They did not like to be put in the place of the man who fell among thieves, who could do nothing, and pay nothing.

Some of the barbes now brought forward their old confessions of faith, in which it was written that to deny the truths of which Farel had been speaking, was the work of antichrist "More than that," said Farel, "That which I have said is written in the Scripture." He read the passages that proved it. The barbes said they must consider this matter. And at last, with the exception of Daniel and John, they owned that Farel was right in this matter also.

But again Daniel and John came forward. "Is it not right," they said, "to conform outwardly to some things which we do not entirely go along with, in order to avoid persecution?"

"Certainly it is wrong," replied Farel, "all dissimulation is wrong."

But the two barbes were not to be silenced. They said if they were to break off from all these outward observances, they would be condemning their former pastors, who had allowed them. And if they provoked the Roman Catholics, the preaching of the gospel would be stopped altogether. And if a thing is done with a good intention, it is not to be condemned as wrong.

Then Farel spoke with his voice of thunder. He said all outward forms are but lies if we do not observe them in sincerity and truth. Then we are guilty of falsehood, if we outwardly conform to those things which we in our hearts believe to be wrong. He spoke long and earnestly, and the solemn words reached the hearts of the Waldenses. On all sides they wept abundantly, saying, "We have sinned against the Lord!" They then wrote a confession, and signed it, and declared that henceforth they would stand utterly aloof from all the ceremonies of Rome.

But Daniel and John would not sign this paper. In grief and displeasure they turned from their brethren, and went to the distant settlements of the Waldenses in Bohemia. They there told their sad tale, how they had lived in happy harmony in their peaceful valleys, till some unknown preachers and teachers had crept in amongst them, and made disputes and divisions, and drawn upon them fresh persecutions. The Bohemian Waldenses fully believed and trusted Daniel and John, and wrote a letter to their brethren on the Alps, warning them against false prophets, and lamenting over them, that they had been so easily led astray. Daniel and John brought back this letter in triumph. But the Alpine Waldenses wrote a more truthful account of all that had happened, and sent it to Bohemia, when the fresh persecutions which followed Farel's visit gave them time to do so.

We must now return to Farel. Whilst he remained at Angrogna he had many talks with the barbes and the villagers. They showed him their old books, not printed books, for they had been written long before printing was known. Some, they said, were already more than 400 years' old. They were kept as precious treasures, and handed down from father to son. They were few in number, but they were all the books they had. Those they valued most were some ancient Bibles carefully copied out in old French. Whilst in all those countries called Christian, the Bible had been a book unknown to the people, these poor peasants in their mountain cottages had read the old Bibles from generation to generation.

"But," said Farel, "if these are all the Bibles you have, there must be many amongst you who can see them but seldom. You ought all of you to have Bibles. If there are so many sects and heresies, it all comes from ignorance of the Word of God. There must be French Bibles printed, and you must have as many as you want."

The Waldenses were delighted at the hope of each one having a French Bible. But this was not so easy. It is true there were some French New Testaments. Master Faber had, as you know, translated the whole New Testament some years before. But these were not plentiful. Besides, Farel thought it was a translation that might be improved. There was, therefore, a great work to be done—to get the whole Bible translated into good French, and to get it printed and sent over the mountains into the Waldensian villages. Farel would look to God for the men who could do this work.

“Besides having Bibles,” he said further to the barbes, “you ought to have schools. I must send you not only Bibles but schoolmasters.” The Waldenses were thankful for this also, and they asked Farel to take a written account of all that had been decided at the great mountain-meeting, and get the whole printed, so that each might have a copy. Then with much love and affection, Farel took his leave of them. They watched the white horse and the black horse till they disappeared in the wooded valleys below, and went to their homes thanking the Lord that He had sent Farel amongst them.

F. B.

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