

# FAITHFUL WORDS FOR OLD AND YOUNG VOLUME 21

by H.F. Witherby

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*A collection of articles and writings by H.F. Witherby from Faithful Words for Old and Young Volume 21, covering various biblical topics and Christian teaching.*

123 Chapters

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## Faithful Words for Old and Young Volume 21

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## Preface

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THE Present Volume of FAITHFUL WORDS is the twenty-first that has been Presented to its readers. Twenty-one years of Christian effort on one line is a long period, and most sincerely thankful are all who have combined to issue the Magazine that God has permitted it so long an existence.

While keeping to one line, the Editor has sought to avoid sameness in each succeeding number, and the variety of correspondents who have contributed to its pages, month by month, have maintained its originality; for though the stories told have had all of them but one object, yet each has been a record of what the narrator, either experienced or saw, and, therefore, has been fresh. The gracious story of God's grace must ever and always be fresh to the hearts of those who love it; while speaking of Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, today, and forever, is unvaryingly a new delight.

The present Volume concludes a series. We think it well and wise to bring-FAITHFUL WORDS in its present form to an end, regarding this as the best mode of expressing our thankfulness that our Magazine has lived to be of age. It is a great pleasure to leave of when done. However, we propose a new life in a slightly different form next year, and beginning is certainly a greater pleasure than ending. Our Magazine will continue to live as long as God permits, under the old name of FAITHFUL WORDS.

As we close this series, we recall the many dear, good and kind helpers who can work no more: they have entered into their rest. Also, the very many of our readers who during twenty-one years have passed out of time into eternity. It is a matter for sincere gratitude to God that we have such a large number of testimonies from rich and par, from hale and sick, of our Magazine being to them either a comfort, or a means of peace-giving, or of arousing.

Our readers would do well to procure the Volumes which are still in print. The earlier Volumes of the series are no longer to be had.

## The Man With Internal Life

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I WAS walking along a road near Tottenham one afternoon, and came across a group of navvies just leaving their work. We got into conversation, and I put the question, "Where do you think you'll go when you die?" There was a pause, and all but one "sloped off." He was physically a fine specimen of a man, but trouble and discontent marked his features. He came close up to me, and said,

"I should like to know the answer to that, sir."

"Do you know that Jesus came into the world to save sinners?" I asked.

"Well, I suppose that is true," he responded, "but I can't feel it proper like."

"Are you a sinner?"

"That's just it, sir. I am, as all my mates know, a downright bad one. I do feel that, sir."

"Jesus Christ felt your sins and my sins on the cross far more than you or I can ever feel our own 'badness was my response, and; whether we feel miserable or happy, the truth which Jesus Himself declared remains ever the same: 'I, if I be lifted up (speaking of His death) from the earth, will draw all men unto Me' And again The Son of Man must be lifted up, that Whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have eternal life.' You are a whosoever,' "I said, "for it means everyone, and He did not say, whosoever feeleth,' but whosoever believeth,' trusteth in the Go. Man who died for sinners, and is now the glorified Man living in heaven. Trust in Him, and you shall never perish, but shall be saved from eternal judgment' and the vengeance of eternal fire,' and you shall possess eternal life."

He answered earnestly, whilst a tear glistened in his eye, "I do wish, sir, I could feel that way."

"Well," I said, "whether you feel it or no, God is true, and so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.' "

He looked so happy, so relieved, that I could not but feel sure that God had done His work through His word, however I may have spoilt it by my faulty and stupid way of putting it. We parted with such a hearty good-bye, that I thanked God I had spoken to him.

Ten months after this I was walking in a lane in Hertfordshire with an eminent barrister, no less distinguished in his profession for acumen and learning, than he was in the religious world for orthodoxy and piety; he was, however, afraid to feel quite sure, or that he was quite safe for ever, and thought it somewhat presumptuous to be so; yet, with his knowledge of the Bible, he was plainly not quite satisfied with this uncertainty. This was the topic of our conversation:

"I cannot but think," he said, "there is much in the Bible in favor of what you urge as to being quite sure. You ought to be able to give me, from your own experience, some instance of this sudden conversion, from anxiety and darkness to happy assurance, and of the permanent results. Can

you?" he added, searching me with his eye, as one accustomed to weigh evidence.

For a moment I was at a loss. Many instances flashed across my memory, but as often the recollection of some failure or defect deterred me from giving one as a test case. Suddenly I looked up, and some way down the lane I saw the identical navvy I had spoken to, jump from a field and walk towards us. I felt this was no coincidence, and drew his attention at once to the man, who was slowly advancing, and narrated as accurately and briefly as I could what I have above recorded. I must confess I felt a little nervous, that after all the work might have been superficial and transitory, but as he drew near he looked so bright and clean that I was reassured. I called out to him—

"Do you remember me, my man?"

"Can't say I do, sir," was the answer.

"Do you remember a gentleman speaking to you on the road near Tottenham nearly a year ago?"

That I do, sir. I remember you now, and what you said. I have been happier and better in body and pocket ever since. I've got it, sir," said he, striking his many-buttoned big waistcoat a great blow with his fist. "I've got it in here, sir—that internal life you spoke of."

"Internal life!" said I. "Why, it was eternal life I spoke of."

"So it is, sir, but for all that I have it in here, and I rest all upon Jesus Christ, who died for me."

"Has it changed your life at all?" I asked.

"Indeed it has, sir. I haven't touched a drop of beer ever since, and I am going home to my old woman with this," said he, pulling out a bag of money from his breeches pocket. "And this is what helps me," he said, pulling out from the other pocket a well-worn Bible; "but for all that I never felt I was so bad as I do now, but still I am happy, and God bless you for telling me of Jesus."

His happy, frank, earnest countenance was too convincing. It was an answer to all the questionings of the acute, reasoning, legal mind, and, as he said afterwards, it was clear that this man rested his happiness not on any imparted holiness to his body or his soul, for he still sorrowfully owned how bad his heart was, nor was it on his feelings that he relied. No; it must have been that his spirit was born from above, renewed by God's Spirit. The eternal life, the gift of God, was clearly his, and was to him internal. "He that hath the Son hath life" was his present possession and his future comfort. We bid him farewell, and a hearty parting it was—there was no mistake about it.

We walked on a long time in silence, my learned companion plainly much touched, and we spent a happy evening talking it over and thinking of God's love in Christ.

A. H.

## The Brick Mansion

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WHILE staying on a visit with Christian friends, I went one morning to see two or three sick and aged people known to them. Names and addresses were given me, and I set forth alone to make their acquaintance. It was a bright and breezy day, after a season of wet weather, and all looked cheerful. My heart was light as I walked along, and I felt glad at the prospect of having opportunities of speaking of "Jesus and His love." On my list was the name of "Mrs. Ashcroft," the occupant of a tidy little front room in a row of small cottages.

In a few minutes all reserve was gone, and she spoke to me freely, telling me much of her dear husband who had died four years before. This was a subject evidently very near her heart, and she was pleased to talk about him. As she related the story of his peaceful end, tears of gratitude filled her eyes, while her face was bright with smiles. They had had no family, and they were "all on earth" to each other. Ten years before he died he was truly converted ; but during the last five years the great change in him was more marked, for he then showed more plainly than before that he " belonged to his Savior." Still, although he tried to cast every care upon the Lord, and to trust Him for everything, there was one sorrow that pressed upon him, and proved a source of constant dread. With failing health came the lack of power to earn a living for himself and his wife, and, although they had " parish relief," it seemed as if the time would come when they should have to go to the "Union," and thus be separated—he in one room, and she in another. Poor old man! he "did want to trust the Lord about it all, but it often made him unhappy!"

"But he never went there!" said the aged widow. "He was taken ill on the Sunday, and died on the Thursday. On the Wednesday, the day before he died, he called me to his bedside, and said, Well, Ann, my girl! You see, ma'am, he came from London, and all the years that we was married he called me my girl,' but this time he said, Well, Ann, my girl! my wife! I'm not going to that brick mansion after all; I'm going to the heavenly one!' He always called the Union The brick mansion.' And then he said, I'm not afraid. I'm quite ready. My sins are forgiven. I'm trusting in the Lord Jesus Christ."

I remarked, "Your dear husband did not dread that sort of separation from you, did he? it was so different from going to the Union."

"No," she said," he was quite happy to go, and some of his very last words were: ' Meet me there, my girl.' And now I must tell you, ma'am, that kind friends have come forward, and, one way and another, I have been able to live in this room, and neighbors are kind in helping me when the rheumatics is bad. And so I have got on, and the Lord has taken care of me, and I have never had to go to the Union, and some day I shall go up there, too, and meet my husband again in heaven."

How touching are the "short and simple annals of the poor"! How sweet to find simple faith in the finished work of Christ! What a blessing that these two dear old people had both learned that He had died for them; that He had gone to prepare a mansion"; and that they will "together " spend eternity with Him!

Another person whom I saw was a younger widow, in deep decline. Her bodily sufferings were great, and she had passed through much inward conflict at the thought of her own deep unworthiness; but God had revealed His love to her in the Person of His Son, and now her one great desire was to know more of Him, and to be drawn "nearer and nearer " to Himself.

Surely the longing wish of each of those two dear women will soon be gratified, and they will be taken home to the "heavenly mansion," where

"All taint of sin will be removed,

All evil done away,

And we shall dwell with God's beloved,

Through God's eternal day."

H. L. R.

## The Horses Knew When I Was Converted

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I HAVE heard many striking testimonies to the power of Jesus to change the disposition of the sinners He saves. The following has left a deep and lasting impression on my mind, and I write it that the reader may glorify Him who alone has power—

“To change the leper's spots

And melt the heart of stone.

“One of the master's horses," said a man to me, " was a very bad-tempered animal, and none of the men could do anything with her but myself, and I am sorry to say I used her very cruelly. The morning after I was converted, as I entered the stable I saw everything with new eyes. The horses, indeed all that I saw, looked beautiful. The first thing I did was to go up to this bad-tempered horse, and throw my arms round her neck. I fondled and stroked her as though she had been a child. I shall never forget the way she looked at me; how she turned her head, and the surprise I could see in her eyes. I think nothing made me feel how bad I had been like this look of surprise. She seemed to understand all I meant, and all the time I had charge of the horses I never had any more trouble with her. I treated her gently, and spoke kindly to her, and I can tell you, she knew as well as my wife and children knew, that I was converted. They had suffered from my anger, as the horse had done, and were held in fear by me; but now I am serving a new Master everybody knows it, and I am sure the horses do."

Oh, how very, very fast some are "bound in misery and iron," in the bondage and slavery of sin! The enemy of souls just makes us do his bidding until Jesus sets us free, and then we can say and sing with David, " Our soul is escaped as a bird out of the snare of the fowlers: the snare is broken, and we are escaped." (Psa. 124:7.)

Reader, my soul is escaped, the soul of the one of whom I write "is escaped," but is your soul escaped? have you fled to Jesus in your sin and misery, and has He broken the snare?

Years ago, when I was in the enemy's hand, I used to feel like one in an iron cage. Every year the fetters were drawn round me more closely, every sin forged the chains more firmly, but Jesus has snapped them all, and now I am free! Oh! I do thank Him that my soul is escaped, and I praise Him also for every soul that is freed. I long to know if yours has " escaped " also, and, if so, I know that not only does Jesus know it, and your loving Father know it, and the Holy Spirit know it, but your wife, children, friends, know it also. "The snare is broken, and we are escaped."

M. A. W.

## "D. & a. C."

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THIN K that, perhaps, some of you, my readers, may miss the initials "D. & A. C.," which have become familiar to you through years gone by, and that you may be interested in hearing how the Lord was pleased to take D. home to the exceeding gladness of His presence.

I should like you to know that, in her girlhood, D. received Christ Jesus for her Savior—learned to "trust Him wholly, and found Him wholly true." From that time, with unwavering steadfastness, she sought to follow Him in the way.

Many, in the village where she lived, could speak of her years of patient, unobtrusive labor for the Master she so loved; of her gentle sympathy in sharing the burdens of the tired mothers; of her loving ministry of Christ to the aged, the sick, and the dying ; of her earnest pleadings of the claims of God with the young women of her Bible-class; of her unflinching faithfulness in every question where Christ's honor was concerned. Her service among us seemed so needful, so unfinished—the tale not told—when the end came.

After some months of ever-increasing suffering, borne with undaunted courage, D. at length understood that it was the will of God to take her to Himself. Then it was that she wrote in her little diary, "So this is to set the captive free; but I dare not think of my A."—the sister on whom she had lavished a wealth of love and tenderness. On the same day, to a sister at a distance, she wrote, "And now that it has come, you must not shed one tear, my darling, that such a suffering life, as mine has been of late, is soon going to end in the glory. God does so lovingly mingle mercies with trials...I am looking forward eagerly to E.'s arrival tomorrow morning to dry poor A.'s tears. We had so reckoned on ending our days together, but God will do what is best for each of us... May God bless and comfort you. If ye loved Me, ye would rejoice, because I go unto the Father.'—Your fond sister, D."

To the same she writes a day or two later: "The tidings which sounded so sadly for earth will be very bright for eternity! Indeed, if we could all of us go up together, as you say, my darling—but we may yet, and if not, I have quite the feeling it will be very soon after. One of my poor girls came to see me on Sunday, with red, swollen eyes, and said, Oh, miss, you've always spoken so much of the Lord's coming! "

A few days before the Lord took her she wrote to another sister: —"I have been meaning for days to write to you, but find letters now so fatiguing that they generally get put off till the morrow. However, I am nearing the rest that remains for the people of God, so must not give up work too soon.... How good it was of God to give us that happy week of Christian converse in the summer! I am always so thankful that I had such nice goodbye talks with you and dear D. Now my voice is so gone that those with me get nothing from me, while those away do get a stray note. My heart aches over my precious A, but God will comfort her, and make her His own petted child. For myself it is all bright on before, and I hope soon to be in the Father's house.

"My fond love to you both."

To a loved suffering friend she wrote: "I have been intending writing to you every day for the last six weeks, but now, like yourself, have to wait for a good day,' and as that is not likely to come to me again in this world I won't delay longer....It strikes me as wonderfully strange that, after all the long years of suffering you have gone through, God should first strike off my chains and set me free. I have left it to A. to tell you that I am nearing the Father's house; all joy for me. . . . Farewell, beloved L., till we meet in the glad resurrection. I have learned much from your patient example."

Wonderful was the peace—the very peace of God—that filled that sick room. Never one murmuring word passed D.'s patient lips, however keen the pain. In unruffled calm did she walk through the valley of the shadow of death, leaning upon her Beloved.

During those last days she said more than once how strongly she felt that a death-bed was no place in which to settle the great question of the soul's salvation, and remarked sorrowfully how very unsatisfactory any so-called death-bed conversions that we had known had been.

When I told D. that the doctor had said he did not think she would live through the day, she exclaimed, "Oh, praise the Lord I ' should be so glad to go."

Later she said, "I do not think I shall die today, but if the Lord would take me I should be so grateful." She dictated a few farewell words to one of our sisters

"Never did more weary pilgrim tread the path to the pearly gates....Make much of Christ. Anything else seems of so little value to me now. I am going where, if one had them, one would give worlds to have been more true to Him."

I stood near the window, watching the sun sinking placidly to rest, my heart full of my beloved one, who was just doing likewise; said, "It is a peaceful sunset ; and here, in this room, it is peace—perfect peace."

"Yes," she answered earnestly, and did not speak again.

Not long after, with a prolonged sigh, her freed spirit took its flight to Him in whose presence is fullness of joy.

The path of " patient continuance in well-doing " for His name's sake is ended, and she has entered into the joy of her Lord, where "His servants shall serve Him, and they shall see His face, and His name shall be in their foreheads."

And so D. and A. C. are, for awhile, sundered! If I sometimes address you, our former readers, I hope you will kindly extend a welcome to me under the initials A. P. C.

## The Frost-Bound Lamp

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WHILST returning home one Lord's Day evening, after preaching the gospel at the distance of some miles from my house, my way led me along a dark road. As I neared the village where I lived, I could see the lamps giving out their gleams of light. Those lights seemed to represent the Christians spoken of in Phil. 2: "Ye shine as lights in the world." Yes, there they stood in the dark winter's night, shining brightly, showing the traveler his way. But, on coming close to them, I observed that several lamps gave no light at all, and was told that they were frost-bound! Now there was the same power to feed one lamp as much as the other; but one shone, and the other gave out no light.

There is a picture here for the people of God, for whilst some are by the power of the Holy Ghost shining lights in this world, too many are like the frost-bound lamp. Oh, how many a believer in Christ is frost-bound by reason of the influences of the world upon him! Oh, how many have mixed up themselves with the world, and hence do not shine for Christ!

Fellow Christian, has this been your treatment of your Lord and Savior? If so, is not the frost-bound lamp a picture of you? Where is your testimony for Christ?—where your light ? A. E.

## Our Opening Word

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THIS year FAITHFUL WORDS attains its majority; it is twenty-one years of age! It is no little favor to have been allowed for so many years to continue addressing our readers on the one subject of the gospel, and to be joined together in the work with so many who have earnestly co-operated in the one aim of speaking of Christ.

We look back with grief over the years that are past, as we recall beloved fellow-workers who are here no more, but have ended their course; we look forward with joy as we contemplate the approaching harvest-home, when sower and reaper shall rejoice together.

Will our Christian readers remember our Magazine in their prayers, especially for wisdom for those who write for its pages, that the right words for the times might be given by God and expressed by the writers, for without the aid of God the Spirit all efforts are in vain.

A small penny periodical, as ours, is insignificant in itself, yet every gospel message, however humble, is needed in our day, and we trust that our correspondents will feel the importance of rendering all the help they are able. How much good for time and eternity may accrue through a few words conveyed by means of the humblest instrumentality we cannot assess. Let us each stir up our hearts to do our little for the Master.

We are most grateful for the papers we have received, and would now remind friends who have not as yet sent us papers, that true stories, and helpful articles relating to the gospel, will be welcomed, and especially papers suitable for children and the young. It may interest our correspondents to know that FAITHFUL WORDS has a small circulation in the United States and Canada, also in Australia and other of the Colonies, and that it gains admission into some of the homes of the great in our land as well as to those of the poor.

## Our Sacrifice and Priest

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IN each era of the Church of God, some particular truth of the Scriptures has been specially the object of the Enemy's attack. In our own day and land, the glory of Christ as Sacrifice and Priest is assailed, and very many, who call themselves Protestants, are gradually returning to those principles of religion, which deny the Scripture teaching respecting both the sacrifice and priesthood of the Lord. In the presence of this evil, how thankful should be the devout believer in the absolute authority of the Bible, for the Epistle to the Hebrews For therein, in the plainest manner, is to be found the antidote to the poison which so many now regard as life-giving food.

In the olden days, when the Jews still had the Temple, with its ceremony and ritual, God the Spirit gave to the Church the Epistle to the Hebrews. Therein He first of all sets forth the excellent glories of the Son of God, so that the Church should revere and extol Him, and regard in the light of the glory of His Person, ceremony and ritual, sacrifices and priests. In this spirit we purpose devoting part of our pages this year to the glories and honors of our Lord, and we can do no better than by spending the present occasion over the first chapters of the Epistle we have named.

## The Spokesman

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God speaks; will men hearken? His Word is absolute authority; shall we not humbly bow to it? In the old Jewish days His words reached His professing people on the earth through the voices of inspired men. He spake in times past to the fathers by the Prophets, but the mass of Israel refused the words of Jehovah, they rejected the spokesmen of God; then, at the end of those old days, one more voice was heard in Judea—it was the voice of Jesus. God spake to His people in His Son. He Himself in His Son was spokesman.

It seems as if God the Holy Ghost would fix our minds first of all in this Epistle on the solemnity, yet blessedness, of being addressed by God in the person of His Son. May none of us fall under the sentence of making light of His words, lest the warnings of the Epistle be fulfilled in ourselves! "For if the word spoken by angels was stedfast . . . how shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation; which at the first began to be spoken by the Lord?" (ch. 2:1-4).

Now He in whom God has spoken is here no longer, He is in heaven. He is there because His blood was shed on earth, because of His cross, and this fact gives additional solemnity to the words of the spokesman, "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 " (12:25-29).

## The Glorious Person of Christ

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The majesty of Christ is presented to us, so that we may rightly revere Him, who is our Sacrifice and Priest. He is the Last and the First-the Heir of all things, the Maker of all worlds.

Moreover, only in Him is God seen. The sun is the light of our world, yet we see not the sun but its enveloping radiance, thus does the sun teach us of Christ, for " No man hath seen God at any time; the only Begotten Son, which is in the bosom of the Father, He hath declared Him "(John 1:18). He is the outshining, the brightness of divine glory. Further, He is the exact image of God; to have seen Him is to have seen the Father; to know Him is to know God. In Christ, the Son, we understand who and what God is.

Again, He upholds all things by the word of His power, His "I will" sustains the universe; His word is the cause of the laws of nature. By that same word the frail thread of our lives is unbreakable, and by that word it yields, and we die.

## The Purger of Sins

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By such thoughts of the Person of Christ does the blessed Spirit of God lead on our minds to the greatness of His work, who, " when He had by Himself purged our sins, sat down on the right hand of the Majesty on high." "He...by Himself;" has effected the purification, the purging away of sins ; the glory of this work is His alone, none divides the honor with the Lord, and in virtue of the work being perfectly done, the mighty Worker has taken His rightful place upon the throne of God.

What a sight is thus presented to a child of ceremonial, weeping before a crucifix, seeking rest through a sacrament, and hoping for forgiveness by the aid of prayers and penances! The Purger of Sins is not nailed to the cross; power, not weakness, is His; the willing weakness whereby He was crucified is passed; the Sufferer is All-glorious; the Purger of Sins is throned upon the seat of divine Majesty.

Thus does God the Holy Ghost present the Son to our hearts. What a Savior is ours! Having Him we need none other, and knowing we have Him for Sacrifice and Priest we can tolerate none other. All others are usurpers of men's hearts, rebels against His power and glory. Sins have been purged by Christ Himself; through His own blood, and since the work is "finished," He sits enthroned a Savior for us in glory. If the Christian Hebrew, in the presence of the Temple, its divinely-ordained sacrifices and priests, needed to be exhorted to consider Christ, the ceremonial Christian requires the same teaching. And the children of the protesters against false sacrifices and priests, the Protestants of our day, urgently need to have these truths living in their hearts.

## Christ All Glorious Above All Angels

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To the Hebrews, angels held a high place of reverence, and Christians should regard these holy beings with veneration, and their ministry with gratitude, but never should angels be exalted in the mind beyond the position assigned to them by God. "Worshipping of angels" (Col. 2:18) is a sign of dishonor done to Christ. Personally, Christ is the eternal Son of God, and as Man His position is the throne of God ; He called the angel hosts into being, but in due time He humbled Himself to a lower place than theirs, He became a man, and now He sits, as Man, upon the throne of God. When our faith sees Him thus, the system of angel homage, which prevails over so large a part of Christendom, by which the servants of the Son are elevated to honors which belong exclusively to the Son, is to us an impossibility. We should beware lest any man spoil us by sentiment, and reject, as unchristian, any appeal to angels to take us under their care and as a step towards the downward road of angel-worship. "Let all the angels of God worship Him." (Heb. 1:6.) Christ is all-glorious; let us hold Him before our hearts.

Christ is the Son of God, the Only Begotten—the object of the worship of all the holy angels (ver. 6).

Christ is God, His throne everlasting, and His scepter just (ver. 8).

Christ is Man, perfect in His ways on earth, and therefore by the divine will, the chiefest in joy of all the children of men (ver. 9).

Christ is Jehovah, the Creator, the Disposer of the earth and the heavens; amid a creation which grows old and serves its end in time, the Eternal, the Unchangeable (vers. 10-12).

Christ is the Man seated on God's right hand, waiting God's time, for His universal crown, waiting until God shall make godless men and fallen angels His footstool. (ver. 13).

As we consider Christ, as God the Holy Ghost thus presents Him to us, Christ supremely glorious, we become steadied in spirit in the midst of the many new voices of this present day which call to us to adopt religious views, which make little of Christ.

## A Chat With the Little Ones About a Match

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DO you see, children, what this is in my hand? A little end of a burnt match.

Yes, so it is. Well, it has shown me what a great deal a tiny thing can do, and, as you are but little people, it may do you good if I tell you all that this match has done, and then you will not wonder if it should now look so worn out.

When I came into the Boys' Hall to light up for the evening meeting, I groped my way to the chimney-piece, where I knew there was a matchbox. I soon had my hand on it, but when I opened it I felt at once there was only one match in the box-and what if it refused to light? What if it could think and reason, and, as it were, say to itself: "It is quite ridiculous to expect a poor little thing like me to light up all this big room; I shall not attempt it, but will just go out at once as soon as I am struck, as so many of my companions have done."

You know that is the way some boys and girls who love the Lord Jesus reason, when, in some position where it is not easy to confess the Lord and to shine for Him, they find themselves without any Christian companion.

Happily my little match had a brave heart. No sooner was it struck than it burnt up well, and, in less time than it takes me to tell you, it had lit a long candle that stood alongside the matchbox, and having done this, it rested a bit, for I blew it out, so that it should not burn all away at once.

Now, thought I, here is a grand lesson for little Christian people. Let them get hold of someone bigger and light them up for God, like Andrew, who found his brother Peter, and brought him to Jesus. Peter made a bigger light than Andrew ever did, but how lovingly he must ever have thought of the brother who brought him to the Light? And Jesus would not forget about it either, would He?

"And now the candle is going to do all the work!" you exclaim.

No, it is not. There is work for the little people all the way along. The Lord has His servants "both small and great," and none of them can do the work of the other.

Why, if I had taken that candle to light the lamps I should have sent the wax all down into the works, and made such a mess. No, the match was badly wanted. Round the room we went together, and at every lamp the candle lit the match afresh, and the match quickly lit up the bright duplex lamp, and then rested awhile until the next lamp was reached, and so on, until the room was a blaze of light, and my dear, brave, little match was worn down to the poor, wee, blackened end you laughed at when I showed it you ; while its long comrade did not look much the worse for wear, as it went back on the chimney-piece until it should be wanted again.

Now you will none of you say that you cannot understand my lesson, for it is so easy! It is just this, "Two are better than one," as it says in the Bible, and you dear lads and little maids, who belong to Christ, must look round and see who among your friends you can win over to Him; and then you

will be able to work together, to bring in others again to shine out for Him in this dark world.

And, dear children, remember that if a little match does not do the right thing, it is very dangerous when it is doing the wrong. I want to impress on you that each one of you has great power for good or for evil, so take care who gets hold of you, and for whom you spend yourself. The other day, a match was used to light a cigarette by a careless young man in a large hall. Then the reckless fingers threw it down still burning, and it fell between the chinks of the boarded floor, ready to do any mischief that came in its way. And it found plenty of help, as little people always will when they are on a like errand. Some wee chips of wood and a little dust were quite enough to keep the fire smoldering, and, in the dead of the night, when the hall was empty, and all around slept, suddenly the whole place was in a blaze, and before the flames could be extinguished there was a terrible loss of valuable property. "Behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth "Do be sure that all your influence, and all your powers are spent on the right side, on the Lord's side, and then your little life will not be in vain.

Jesus will use the boys and girls who come to Him for His glory; He will bid them shine "first of all for Him," and only by-and-by, in eternity, will it come out how much such little lights have done for Him in this world of sin and sorrow.

A. P. C.

## Little Minna

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I AM sure you would have loved little Minna, and, if you had seen her sunny curls, blue eyes, and rosy cheeks, you would have said, "There is a little pet." But you cannot see her now, for she is folded in the Good Shepherd's arms!

Minna was only five years old, but, though so young, she trusted Jesus. "Who did Jesus hang on the cross for?" asked her elder sister (herself a Christian).

"For me," was Minna's unhesitating reply.

One Sunday, in the class, her teacher said, "Why did Adam and Eve hide behind the trees of the garden?" "Because they were afraid of God," Minna answered. "Would you be afraid of God if He were to come into this room?" "No." "Why not?" "Because Jesus died for me, and Jesus' blood washed my sins away."

Her favorite hymn was "Ye must be born again." Coming through a lovely leafy lane in Norfolk, a few days before she died, her sister said, "Shall we sing?" "Yes," said Minna; "Ye must be born again."

I have written these recollections of a child I loved, that you while young may trust in the same Savior. M. E. T.

## The First Parsee Convert to Christianity

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THE Parsees profess the religion taught by Zoroaster, who lived about the time of Cyrus the Great. They are fire worshippers. The name was given to those Persians who, on the conquest of Persia by the Arabs in the seventh century, refused to abandon the religion of their ancestors, and become followers of Mahomet. They fled to the deserts of Kerman and to Hindustan. Their number is now very small, and in Persia they are in an oppressed and degraded condition. In Bombay it is otherwise, and the Parsees bear a high character, and figure in the community as intelligent, rich, and active people.

The sun, the centre of light and heat, was the earliest object of idolatrous worship. When man, degraded by sin, and pursuing the path of universal degeneracy, refused to seek and worship the invisible God, yet felt compelled to obey the promptings of the small remains of those impressions he had received by tradition from his fathers, he sought some visible object of veneration. The most glorious and, so to speak, beneficent of all the creatures of God was the sun, whose beams shed light upon their path, warmed and cheered their spirits, and was the means of developing the fertility of the earth; men therefore prostrated themselves adoringly before him, and so "worshipped and served the creature more than the Creator, who is blessed for ever."

The Parsees have ever been the most violent, obstinate, and determined opponents of Christianity. The Brahmins, even, have proved more accessible to the faith of Christ than they. In fifty-three years of missionary operations among them, only fifteen Parsees are known to have received Christ throughout the whole of India. The first of these was Hormazdji Pestonji, known in England as formerly Professor of Gujerati and Marathi in King's College, London.

Hormazdji was born in Bombay, 8th August, 1820. He first heard of Christ while attending the school of Dr. Wilson, when a youth of sixteen or seventeen. His opposition to Christianity was intense and bitter. He tore up all books which contained the name of Christ, but his opposition was chiefly directed against the Bible. However, the truths which, in the school, he unwillingly heard and read, were slowly but surely making impressions upon him, and sinking down into his mind and heart. But God, by a special providence, brought matters to a crisis, the Holy Spirit working effectively upon his soul. He thus tells us the story of his conversion. He had gone out one day to bathe, when he was carried beyond his depth by the rising tide. He tried to recover himself, but in vain, and his life was greatly imperiled. He found his strength failing. At that moment the sins of his past life came tip before him as with the rapidity of lightning. He remembered his ridicule of Christ, and his determined opposition to the truth. Hell seemed open before him. Just at this moment, words which he had heard from the missionary came into his mind, as distinctly and as suddenly as came the memory of his sins: "Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out." Thought he, "Why should not I come? I will trust in Jesus; I do trust in Him." And then and there, as a drowning man catches at the rope thrown out to him, he cast himself on Jesus, and an indescribable peace and joy instantly succeeded. He afterwards wrote the account of his conversion in a tract bearing the title, "Twice Saved "; for, being picked up by a boat, he was saved from drowning as well as

from hell. The next step was to confess Christ as a sign and outcome of his conversion.

Not infrequently when one is converted, another follows in the same course, so in this case there was one who was helped to decision by Hormazdji's confession. This young man is the present Rev. Dhanjibhai Nowraji. His feeble steps and falling tears at the grave of the friend of his youth were a sight to be remembered when he was buried 6th July last.

The baptism of Hormazdji Pestonji took place 5th May, 1839, in the Presbyterian Church, by Dr. John Wilson.

The conversion, and especially the baptism, of Hormazdji awoke the fury of the Parsee community, who raged beyond measure that a thing hitherto unknown in their history, the conversion of one of their number to Christianity, should have broken a link in the chain of ages. Crowds surrounded his house, and the police had to be called out. After the baptism a rush was made at the carriage in which he was driven away by Dr. Wilson, but this the police promptly prevented. Then the Parsees endeavored to get possession of Hormazdji and his friend Dhanjibhai, by means foul as well as fair. They were cited before the court, when the excitement was so great that two companies of soldiers were called out, in addition to the police, to preserve the peace. The case, however, was dropped, as no decided charge could be brought against him. But for six months it was unsafe for him to go beyond the precincts of his own house, which was guarded by police day and night. Various methods were adopted to induce him to deny his profession, hut in vain. Bribes, threats, attempts to burn down his house, and even poison were resorted to to silence the voice that then, as ever since, has borne testimony to the Savior and His love.

These outward tribulations were far less bitter than the sorrows that sprang up in his own household. His wife deserted him, carrying away her baby daughter; his parents cast him off; his other relatives despised him, and he had to endure for Christ's sake that which the Savior foretold, the forsaking of all to follow Him. His enemies even went the length of getting up a great anti-conversion petition, which was signed in Bombay by Hindu, Parsee, and Mohammedan alike. Hormazdji, however, remained firm, and held on his way courageously. He continued his studies at the Wilson School, and in 1849 accepted a post in connection with the Free Church Mission.

From 1855 to 1862 he was engaged in mission work at Gujerat. He then came to England, where he remained twelve years, holding for much of the time the chair of Gujerati and Marathi in King's College, London.

He returned to India as a missionary of the Baptist Missionary Society, in connection with which he worked, chiefly in the great city of Poonah, up to the time of his death, which took place on Sunday morning, 5th of July, 1891. His illness arose from an internal malady, involving great suffering.

Though much of his time unconscious, in lucid intervals he bore testimony to the truth he had confessed fifty-three years before in the presence of an angry and excited people.

Speaking with great difficulty, and in broken utterances, his last words were: "I am in great agony, but the Master is with me, and all is well."

It is many years since the writer last saw him, but he can recall the fine, intellectual countenance, the beaming eye, the genial, Christian expression, which told on every observer, as also his

gentlemanly bearing, his kindness of manner, and his winning ways and words. He had nearly reached his seventy-first year, and now he rests from his labors.

Around his grave were gathered representatives of the Church of England, Presbyterian, Baptist, and American missions, all uniting in paying the last offices of respect to one who had served God so well; while the native Christians of all parts where he had labored, mourned their loss as of one who, in their affectionate regard, was "a Prince in Israel."

By his death the voice of a faithful witness for God has been hushed in silence, but another singer has joined the company of the redeemed around the throne of the Lamb. The Lord grant that fresh voices may yet break forth who shall cry unto the millions of India and China, and to Gentiles of every race, and Jews of all ranks, as they uplift the Crucified, "Behold your God! " R. S.

## Sketches of the Early Days of Christianity

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THE world, in apostolic times, was not so very different from the world of today that we shall fail in learning some practical lessons by regarding it. Well, indeed, would it be if the Christianity of apostolic times and that accepted in ours were more alike!

We will glance at the three parts of the world as they existed in the early days of the Church into which Scripture divides mankind—" the Jew, the Gentile, and the Church of God" (1 Cor. 10:32) with the object of obtaining some profit for ourselves in these latter days.

The Jews were the people of God. To them He had entrusted the care of His Word, and the sacred writings were preserved by them with the most jealous zeal. The words, the very letters, of the inspired Scriptures were all counted and noted, so that it was almost impossible for an error to creep into the handiwork of those who copied them. God had given also to the Jews a system of religion and of public worship, and the service of the Temple, where all ceremonies and sacrifices, as enjoined in the law, were most precisely performed. The letter of the word of God and the worship of God were held in the highest veneration. But together with this, there were prevalent in Judaism, " the commandments of men," and " the tradition of the elders," and these were esteemed to such an extent that the authority of God's Word over the souls of men was nullified. (Matt. 15:6; Mark 7:9).

The teachers of religion had effected this evil; it was they who had gradually substituted the authority of tradition for that of the Scriptures, and these teachers had so pushed themselves forward that they stood between the people and God.

Could we see the Jerusalem of those old days, we should witness a strange regard for the letter of God's Word, a great observance of religion, and we should be profoundly impressed by the magnificent ceremonial and the service of the Temple. Indeed, unless divinely taught, we should suppose the religious life as most worthy of Jehovah. But so far away from God were the hearts of those religious teachers that the publicans and the harlots went into the kingdom of heaven before them (Matt. 21:31).

The bitterest enemies of Christ, the most determined to cast out of the earth the Sent One of God the Father, were these scribes and Pharisees and priests of Israel. Judaism had developed, by the cunning of human tradition, into a religion that neither required nor tolerated the Son of God, of whom Moses, the prophets, and the Psalms all spake!

This awful fact should be a warning to professing Christians, for it is quite possible to boast in the possession of the Scriptures ; to be orthodox, and yet to live and die without Christ. It is quite possible to be oneself part of a Christless Christianity.

In speaking of the Gentile—the pagan part of the world—we occupy ourselves with the Roman Empire. The sun of old Rome shone in his brightest splendor in the time of which we are speaking; philosophy, arts, and civilization, were at their noon-day glory. The mind of man was never more

mighty, nor were his powers more magnificent. It was indeed the day of progress. But together with man's noble intellectual exaltation, was to be seen his vile moral debasement. The gods of the pagans were chiefly demons, or vices deified; crimes of the vilest kind were perpetrated with unblushing activity, and intellectual, civilized man had degraded himself to a level impossible to be reached by the beasts that perish.

The people who had the scriptures of truth had veiled the truth from their eyes by their own traditions; proud and self-satisfied, they felt not their sin, and knew not their need of the Savior, they "received Him not" (John The pagan world, by arts and sciences and by triumphs in war, had learned neither the holiness of God nor the sinfulness of man, it "knew not" (ver. 10) its Creator.

The Jews were expecting the coming of the Messiah at the time of His birth, and the heathen world seemed dissatisfied with its hopes, but the Jew and the Gentile joined hands to crucify the Christ. Whatever the expectations of the one, or the cravings of the other, both united to nail to the cross the only One who can give peace and rest to the human heart and conscience.

We will now turn our eye to a small company assembled in Jerusalem, which is unrecognized by the Jew, unknown by the Gentile. It is that of the disciples of the crucified Jesus. They know He is in heaven, for some of them saw Him ascend thither from the Mount of Olives. This company is waiting together in Jerusalem at the Lord's bidding, until they shall be endued with power from on high.

The Lord had told them He would send the Comforter to them, and had expressly bidden them know that so long as He was here on earth the Holy Ghost could not come. And at the appointed time, on the day of Pentecost, God the Holy Spirit comes to them from heaven and fills each one with Himself. He comes as a mighty and rushing wind and as a cloven tongue of fire, emblems of His irresistible and unquenchable force. This company is the Church of God.

The Jew held aloof from the Gentile, righteously abhorred his idols and his morals, while in the eyes of the Roman, Judaism was but one of the many religions whose peoples had been conquered by Rome's legions. What would be the attitude of the Church of God towards Jew and Gentile? To the Church of primitive Christianity, paganism, root and branch, was utterly abhorrent. But the Church could look with a pitying eye upon the heathen, for Christ its Head, in heaven, had died to save not Jews only, but the world ; moreover, He had bidden His apostles go out into all the world, making disciples of all nations. The Church of God, so long as it was guided and energized by the Holy Spirit, could but be separate from paganism in all its forms; indeed, it is enough for us to breathe the name of the Holy Spirit to feel that such must be the case. The ruin of Israel in former generations had been idolatry, and alliances with the heathen ever ended in the corruption and slavery of the people of God. How much more would this be the case with the Church. Against paganism, therefore, it must wage spiritual war, and any sort of alliance with it would be but the corruption of the Church and its eventual slavery.

Could the Church have any alliance with the spirit of Judaism which had crucified Christ? He is the Savior, and to be of the Church in its earliest days was to repent, to submit to Christ, to believe on Him, and to be baptized; therefore to make as clean a separation from phariseeism as from paganism. In our next paper we shall see how the Church conducted itself towards Judaism.

To the Church the Lord added the saved. (Acts 2:47). He took the converts out from Judaism and paganism and placed them among His people, with and in whom was the Spirit. Of the Church Christ was the Head (Eph. 1:22; 4:15) ; it was His own purchase (Acts 20:28) ; He had loved it, and given Himself for it, and it was His care (Eph. 5:25-27); He supplied it with its needed daily spiritual nourishment and strength (Col. 2:19); the men who ruled and taught in the Church, and the evangelists, who were the means of increasing its numbers, were all Christ's own gifts to the Church (Eph. 3:7-16). Thus was the company of believers who formed the Church furnished by Christ, and truly it was a body distinct in every way from Jew and Gentile, being the habitation of God by the Spirit.

## Ephesus

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THE mention of Ephesus brings up thoughts of some of the most interesting and affecting facts of early Christianity.

When the truth of God had so prevailed in Ephesus that it injured the trade of the shrine-makers, they created an uproar, and gathered a crowd, which shouted for some two hours, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians." The wise town clerk, having reminded the tumultuous assembly that all men knew their city worshipped the, great goddess Diana and the image which fell down from Jupiter, adroitly added that, if the silversmiths had any cause of complaint against the Christians, the law was open to them, and so he dismissed the crowd. Here lie potent arguments in favor of the goddess and her image, and similar arguments hold for the images and relics of our own days. The voice of the people was in favor of the goddess; popular belief was in the image, and, behind all this, this religion brought much money into the city.

Now in idolatrous Ephesus the word of God grew mightily, and prevailed. There the Apostle Paul labored for some three years, going from house to house, and also publicly testifying of Christ. We have but to read his Epistle to the Ephesians to discover how the great truths of the Christian faith had entered the hearts of the church there. Moreover, from our Lord's address to that church, we find how remarkably powerful the Ephesians were in spiritual wisdom, and not only so, but how zealous they were in works for God. At the close of St. Paul's Epistle Christians are presented as soldiers for God, strong in the Lord and in the power of His might, fighting for the truth in the midst of the forces of Satan—and that Satanic force was no light energy in Ephesus, the early part of the nineteenth chapter of the Acts testifies. Indeed, the Epistle to the Ephesians gives to us the highest of Christian privileges, and the greatest of Christian responsibilities, and ends with the array of Christian soldiers engaged in the most vigorous Christian warfare. In the presence of such things we might suppose that the last that would be foretold of Ephesus would be victory.

But as we read St. Paul's leave-taking of the elders of the church what do we discover? Among the sheep of Ephesus grievous wolves—men, apparently servants of Christ, but really ministers of Satan, were about to enter, not sparing the flock ; and, more sad still, St. Paul told the elders—the guides and leaders of the church—"of your own selves shall men arise, speaking perverse things, to draw away disciples after them " (chap. 20:30). Havoc and division were to fall upon the church of Ephesus. Our Lord's own solemn rebuke, "I have somewhat against thee, because thou hast left thy first love " (Rev. 2:4), and His warning that the candlestick of Ephesus should be removed is sadder still, showing the state of the hearts of the church to have been cold towards Christ personally. If the heart be cold towards Him everything else that is good will in time lose its goodness, and so the light will become darkness.

The candlestick of Ephesus has long since been removed by Christ Himself; and now we have but the ruins of the old city to remind us of the past. But the Spirit of God, who spoke through St. Paul, gives not only to that old Christian church, but to us this day, the only sure guiding star in the time of difficulty and darkness—He gives us unchangeable faithfulness, unchangeable light on which to

rely "I commend you to God, and to the word of His grace." Ever does our God present the way of deliverance and of power before the soul, and we trust that we may all begin a New Year with this text upon our hearts, " I commend you to God, and to the word of His grace, which is able to build you up, and to give you an inheritance among all them which are sanctified." (Acts 20:32.)

And as we look back upon our lifetime may we have eyes to see and hearts to discern, lest our first love to Jesus wane, or, if it has waned, to " repent, and do the first works " (Rev. 2:5), for our individual Christianity will be weak and our little light will grow dim unless our first love to Christ remain.

## The Story of Old Fred

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HOW full of deepest meaning are these words of the Lord Jesus, "My sheep hear My voice, and I know them, and they follow Me: and I give unto them 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. I and My Father are one." (John 10:27-30.) And as they are exemplified in the calling and final deliverance of one known as "Old Fred," I have undertaken the pleasant task of writing a short account of the matter for the benefit of the readers of FAITHFUL WORDS.

Rather more than five years ago, on one Good Friday, I took my stand near to the gate through which the people pass on their way home from the parish church. And as they passed me I gave a tract to each one, inwardly praying that it might be a message to some weary heart.

Among the number to whom I gave tracts was old Fred, the subject of this paper. From his youth he had possessed a most violent temper, and frequent and excessive indulgence in drinking intoxicating liquors had been as fuel to the fire, and thus, before he reached the prime of life, his temper had got such a hold on him, that the sound of his footstep was sufficient to make his wife tremble for her safety.

To make matters worse, he met with a serious accident, in which his skull and jawbone were fractured, and though he recovered bodily strength, his brain was permanently affected. After this Fred was more susceptible to outbursts of temper than before, and had less power to control himself. He became a slave to passion, and as he became feeble through advancing years he was carried away by it as chaff before the wind.

Such was the man in himself, and his outward appearance was anything but inviting, as he tottered along by the help of two sticks.

Going up to him, I accosted him by name, and asked after his health. In response he shook his head, and said, "I've got no recollection of ye, and I can't hear what ye says, my poor head is so bad. I have been to church, but I couldn't hear what the parson said, and I haven't heard the bells for this three months."

Drawing very near to him, and raising my voice, I asked the question, "Are you ready to die?" He understood what I said, his countenance softened, his eyes filled with tears, and he replied, "No, sir, I bent." I went with him to his home, and taking my Bible from my pocket read to him what God declares the sinner to be. Indeed, the terrible position of the sinner drawn in the third chapter of the Epistle to the Romans, which I read to him, seemed too well to describe his case. Old Fred acknowledged his awful condition before God, and then I read to him of the Savior. Old Fred listened attentively, the tears trickling down his cheeks. When I began to speak to him of Jesus being ready to save him, it seemed as though the thought of looking to Christ for salvation was entirely new to him. So having prayed with him I departed, leaving him with a far brighter look than I had found him.

I called again in a few days, and found him overjoyed to see me. He seemed to have taken the message to himself without any questioning. He had nothing but sins to bring to Jesus, and he came heavy laden with them. "As a little child," he entered the kingdom. Having spent some time with him I rose to go on my way, and his parting word was, "Thank the Lord, I be happy now." From that time I visited him often, and with the exception of such occasions as when he was suffering with his head, I always received a hearty welcome, and generally a request to read a bit out of the Book. The "old, old story" would melt the poor old man to tears, and he would confess, "My blessed Savior shed His blood for me, and I can't help shedding tears for Him, my blessed Lord and Savior."

When his brain was clear, it was his delight to hear the Scriptures read several times a day, but when the periodical attacks came on he was unable to bear it, and oftentimes he was raving and violent. This made it very trying for his wife, and all who had to do with him. It was a great comfort at such times to remember the words of the Good Shepherd, "Neither shall any pluck them out of My hand."

For nearly five years I continued to visit old Fred, and I spent two nights with him just before he died. Up to the last he suffered much with his head, but in his rational moments he was always ready both to hear and to speak of the Lord Jesus. Many a time he has remarked, "It was a blessed day for me when you came to see me. I should never have known the Savior if you hadn't come."

Shortly before he died, I asked him, "Are you afraid to die, Fred?" He replied, " No, George, I bent afraid, my Savior shed His precious blood that I might have life eternal, and I longs to go when He sees fit to take me." He was very peaceful, and as the end drew near, he called his wife to his side, and having prayed, lay back and quietly breathed his last, the name of the Lord being his last utterance on earth.

Thus passed away one who had, at the age of seventy-six, been plucked as a brand from the burning. His sins, which were many, were forgiven, and he loved much. The short period spent on earth after his conversion was often clouded, yet He who " knoweth our frame and remembereth we are dust" did not forsake or cast off this feeble one, but ever in abounding grace restored him to communion and joy again. Having begun a good work in him He carried it on, until He called home His blood-bought treasure to see Him face to face, to know, even as also He is known, and to prove that however blessed it may be to know the Lord and have Him with us here, it is far better to depart and be with Him there.

"He and I, in that bright glory

One deep joy shall share,

Mine—to be forever with Him,

His—that I am there."

Dear reader, do you know the Lord Jesus as your personal Savior? Remember this —no sin of yours can change Him. And though you can truthfully say—

"I've sinned for years

My sins are dark and foul,"

yet if you can believingly add—

"But Christ has died for me,"

you may now know on the same Divine authority that you have eternal life. Thus it is your portion and privilege to rejoice in all the grace and power set forth in the Scripture, quoted at the beginning of this paper. G. G.

## A Warning Voice

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A FEW years back, several young men were induced to attend a gospel preaching; they seemed impressed by what they heard, and some among them even professed to be converted, But, alas! the good seed had fallen upon " stony places " (Matt. 13:20, 21), and that which sprang up soon withered away.

The hearts of those who watched for their souls were saddened after a short time by the young men absenting themselves from the gospel services, and eventually they gave up the outward profession of Christianity, and joined a company of freethinkers.

Ah! how little these deluded ones imagined that their professed free-thought was but a veil drawn over their eyes by Satan, that they might not see the chain with which he bound them to his cruel service ! How little they knew that those only whom the Son makes free are free indeed! How little they thought that, while they were hardening themselves against God, and blaspheming His Holy Name, He was mercifully forbearing with them—holding back the judgment they deserved and defied—yea, that He was waiting to be gracious, even to them, if they would but turn and confess their sin and folly !

One of these young men, through God's infinite grace, had his eyes opened eventually to see the fearful abyss towards which he was hastening. He heard the voice of mercy, "Turn ye, turn ye, why will ye die?" repented of his sins, came back to God, and, believing the message of His love, found pardon and peace through the precious blood of a crucified Savior, and became a bright and happy witness for Christ.

Another of them went farther and farther in the way of evil; he denied the existence of God, and laughed at the thought of heaven and hell. He had been warned—he had been offered pardon, salvation, and eternal life, but he had scorned the grace of God.

One morning, not very long ago, he went out with some companions, bush-felling—a common occupation in the colonies; he expected, of course, to return in the evening.

Perhaps he had looked forward to another clever speech from the infidel lecturer—another opportunity of laughing at eternal realities, and at those who believed them—another opportunity of defying God and mocking at His Word—but it never came, and never will!

In the midst of his work, without warning, a large branch fell upon him, and in an instant he was dead.

There we must leave this poor man, who had rejected God's grace.

"There's no repentance in the grave;

Nor pardon offered to the dead."

"Today, if ye will hear His voice, harden not your hearts!"

You have not a moment to lose. Flee to the refuge provided in Christ; for God will soon "sweep away every refuge of lies"; and those who trust in them will stand exposed to that withering word, "Because I have called, and ye refused ; I have stretched out My hand, and no man regarded. . . . I also will laugh at your calamity; I will mock when your fear cometh." (Prov. 1:24-26.) P.

## No Man Shall Ever Convert Me

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YES, I had said so many times, and I meant it, but at last the Lord's love broke even my hard and rebellious heart;" said a man to me some years ago. "I could not resist the loving messages He sent me by one of His servants; and once convinced of sin by His Holy Spirit's teaching, I could not rest until I knew my sins were all pardoned. The first gospel-message to which I gave any real attention, I heard at a meeting a few miles from my own home, where I had gone one Sunday afternoon out of mere curiosity. So clearly did I see my own sins, through the Lord's messenger, that I resolved I would never go where that same preacher was again, but God willed it otherwise, and a few weeks afterwards I was again listening to the same voice, pleading earnestly with me and others to come to the Savior. I did not see God's way of salvation that evening, but left the meeting more anxious and miserable than before, and could not rest, A few mornings afterwards I went into a neighbor's house, and asked him to pray for me, and when he ceased, I prayed for pardon for myself, and arose from my knees a new creature in Christ Jesus.

"When I went to work the next day, the men in my employ said, ' I cannot think what is the matter with our master today, he has never uttered a bad word.' As the week went on they asked if I were not well, and then I told them that Jesus had pardoned my sins, and that I meant to live for Him."

These are very simple words, but they are quite true. And now I ask, reader, How is it with your soul? Can you say, "I am saved, my sins are pardoned, and now I mean to live for Jesus?" If you can say this, there is a change in your outward life; you will love to honor and praise the precious Savior who has bought you with His own blood, and every time you tell your experience it will be made a blessing to others, If you cannot say this, why not come to Him now?

When this man was converted, several in the village where he lived, exclaimed, "If his mother had only lived to see him saved! We have heard her pray for him many times."

Mothers, pray on, plead on, and though you may not live to see your prayers answered, yet they will be-they must be, for our God is in heaven, and He doth hear.

Oh, reader, have you had a praying mother? A praying father? And is there not in heaven a Savior for you, One who is "able to save to the uttermost all that come unto God by Him"? Come to Him now.

M. A. W.

## Gleanings From the Harvest Field

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### A SIGHT OF CHRIST CRUCIFIED.

THE following is from the writings of Anne Dutton, to whom Whitfield frequently bade his converts write for spiritual help. She was very largely used of God through her letters:—

The blessed Spirit did, as it were, take me by the hand, and led me to take a survey of Christ, in all the steps of His humiliation, from His birth to His death, as the Man of Sorrows and acquainted with grief for me!

He led me to take a view of Christ on the cross, in the agonies of His soul, and torments of His body, as bearing my sin, enduring my hell, giving up Himself a sacrifice in my room and stead; to redeem me from endless misery to eternal glory! I viewed all my sins meeting upon Jesus, and saw Him wounded for my transgressions, and bruised for my iniquities. And, oh! the infinity of grace which I saw, both in the Father's and Christ's heart, in this wonderful contrivance of infinite wisdom to save me by a crucified Jesus !

In the finished work of redemption I viewed my salvation wrought out, and a perfection of peace, pardon, life and glory came flowing down to me in the freest grace, through the blood of Christ. And, oh! the power of the cross, the display of boundless grace herein set my soul a-burning!

I looked and loved! yea, I looked and mourned. The fire of divine love melted my soul down, and made mine eyes a fountain of tears. Now I looked on Him whom I had pierced, and mourned, indeed, with the sweetest, and yet the bitterest, mourning that ever my soul felt. The exceeding riches of grace in the free, full, and eternal pardon of all my sins through a bleeding Jesus, filled my soul with unspeakable joy and sweetness. And, yet, at the same time, as I viewed my sins against Christ, meeting upon Him, piercing and wounding of Him, I was in such bitterness for Him that I never before found. Oh f thought I, were my sins the whips and nails? Did these cause His agonies, wound His soul, fill His bitter cup, which in infinite love He drank off for me? Oh, evil worm that I am! Oh, hateful sin! thou art the most loathsome, abominable thing in my sight ! It was me the dear Lord Jesus loved; and yet it was I that pierced Him! and, oh, how this pierced my soul ! Thus I was in bitterness for Him, which yet was very consistent with those unspeakable joys of redeeming love, which at the same time filled my heart.

This was one of the sweetest days I have enjoyed in this world. And, in a word, the manifestations of God's love to my soul in this affliction were so great, that I have thought I could freely endure the same agonies again, if I might have the same comforts. It was the time of my espousals, and the day of the gladness of my heart.

## **Christ, Our Sacrifice and Priest: 1. the Human Fitness of the Lord for His Priestly Office**

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WE pursue our theme of last month respecting the personal glory and exaltation of Christ, our Sacrifice and Priest. As the first chapter of the Epistle to the Hebrews is chiefly occupied with Him as Son of God, so is the second with Him as Son of Man. Jesus is God, Jesus is Man. He has entered upon His priestly glories in heaven, He will enter upon His kingly glories on earth. As Man He is now exalted to the throne of heaven, and as Man, in the day to come, He will occupy the throne of earth. In order to fit Himself for His service for man on high, He took the place of a servant, not, indeed, that of the angel-servants of Jehovah, no, He became a little lower than the angels; as man He served, suffered and died ; and as man He is now exalted in heaven above all angels.

According to the purpose of God, man was set over the works of His hands on earth, and all things were placed under man's subjection, but, because of sin, suffering and death have entered the world, and the people of God now wend their way through trial and difficulty to the rest prepared for them in heaven, But by faith we lift our eyes and behold the Man,

**CHRIST JESUS, CROWNED IN HEAVEN;**

the same Jesus, who, by God's grace, tasted death, for everything. For He has appeared once in the end of the ages to put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself (Heb. 9:26), and by virtue of His sacrifice, the sin of the world shall be removed, and all the earth smile in the sunshine of God's favor. Until that expected day, we have in Jesus in heaven—the Captain of our salvation—the Friend who is not ashamed to call us brethren—our mighty Deliverer from the devil and from the fear of death—our merciful and faithful High Priest—our tender and compassionate Succorer.

**JESUS IS THE CAPTAIN OF OUR SALVATION.**

He is Savior; He saves; and thus stands alone. He is also the Leader; it was He who went the foremost into battle, and of all was the most deeply wounded, and He has deigned to associate Himself with the saved as the Captain of their salvation. This salvation is to the glory of God. Weak, sinful men are saved from their sins and for the glory of God, where their Captain now is, He has won this gracious Captaincy by sufferings; so that none of His own can be more than followers of Him. Even among men some hearts are more capacious for suffering and more capable of sympathy than others; the heart of Jesus was the most filled with grief and is the most full of tenderness. Our Captain has won the fight and has entered into glory, and He will save His own out of every danger and from every foe, and bring each to the glory whither He has gone.

But temptations and, it may be, death, lie before us, and more—the false accuser, the devil—is ever on the watch to afflict and obstruct the sons on their way to glory. Trials, afflictions, persecutions, martyrdoms, have beset their path. Be it so. In the Captain of our salvation we have

**A MIGHTY DELIVERER**

both from the power of the devil and from the fear of death.

Jesus has rendered the devil powerless over His followers, and has done so through death. By suffering death Himself, He has removed its sting, and has disarmed the devil. The fangs of the serpent have lost their venom, the poison is abstracted from the scorpion.

In His own person our Captain has endured the pain and borne the stroke, so that the serpent can strike with venomous fangs no more. By His own death Jesus has rendered the devil impotent against true believers, and has thus freed His people from the fear of death.

The array of martyrs, of overcomers, testifies to the might of Jesus. More than conquerors through Him who loves us, they witness to the power of Jesus and His grace.

As we fill our hearts with thoughts of Himself, the Victor, passed into glory, the Spirit of God teaches us that His meekness is as noteworthy as His might, for

**JESUS IS NOT ASHAMED TO CALL US BRETHREN.**

Now it is the will of God that the Sanctifier and the sanctified, that Jesus and His people, should be all of one. The Captain and His company are all of one army, and the Mighty One condescends to call His weak followers—brethren Even in this world great men can do lowly things, to which small men could not stoop. Jesus is so great and glorious, that without detriment to His majesty He can call us "brethren." He is not ashamed to do so for His grace enhances His glory. Let us with reverence conduct ourselves towards Him, and as we rejoice in His grace, presume not on His meekness, and call the Lord of all, "brother!"

The children whom God has given to His Son are not mighty, they are not spirits like the angels-servants of Jehovah; they are weak and frail, being partakers of flesh and blood. Hence has Jesus humbled Himself to humanity, and partaken of flesh and blood.

In the glory He will lead the victorious songs of men; He will associate Himself in praise with the sufferers of earth, as He presents them to God, saying, " Behold, O and the children Thou hast given Me," and while His own are on earth He associates Himself with them in their conflicts.

Thus has the Lord most perfectly taken upon Himself the cause of the seed of Abraham. He passed by the angels and grasped man, and, such being His purpose, He fulfilled it perfectly in every detail— "it behoved Him in all things to be made

**LIKE UNTO HIS BRETHREN."**

It was right and fitting in His eyes that He, the Lord of all, should experience the suffering and the weakness of humanity. He hungered, was thirsty and weary, He had not where to lay His head, He was despised of men, buffeted by the devil. Sin apart, He tasted the cup of human sorrow in all its varied bitterness. Neither should it be forgotten that He ever was the obedient servant of His God, the dependent Man obeying the written word, the Man of prayer.

We beg our reader's attention to the way in which the Holy Spirit thus introduces Jesus as High Priest, first fixing our thoughts on Him as the victorious Leader, the condescending Friend, the mighty Deliverer, and then declaring, "it behoved Him to be made like unto His brethren, that He might be

## A MERCIFUL AND FAITHFUL HIGH PRIEST

in things pertaining to God, to make propitiation for the sins of the people." His character is not to be separated from His office. He is a merciful High Priest, for He is merciful. There is not a single believer who needs not His mercy, Every day calls for mercy, and in Jesus is an exhaustless fund of mercy. He is a faithful High Priest, for He is faithful. What He has promised He will perform. Not one good word of His can ever fail. How good is He to the erring, how tender to the wanderer, how patient with the ignorant! Would that Jesus were better known among His people as their High Priest; for then the pretensions of men whose character often defiles the name of priest would be disregarded. Never in the followers of Jesus can character be separated from office, save at the cost of the desecration of His Name.

All priests profess to serve for men in things pertaining to God, and unless they can render effective service their priesthood is vain. What does God require in relation to His holiness of those who would approach Him? First, and foremost, atonement for sins. If we are to approach the Holy God, we must do so in moral consistency with His holiness, and this can only be based upon atonement for sins. Our Lord has made atonement, and He serves for His people, whose sins are atoned for.

Before we close this paper, we ask our reader to ponder over the lovely verse which ends the chapter before us, where are unfolded gracious things respecting the tenderness and the compassion of our High Priest, "For in that He Himself hath suffered, being tempted,

### HE IS ABLE TO SUCCOUR

them that are tempted." He has acquired this gracious ability by exposing Himself to the weakness of humanity and the sorrows of this life. He was pleased to enter the school of affliction, and thereby to learn as Man the needs of men. As God, He knew all things; as Man, He has acquired the experience of suffering. As the tenderness of Jesus is before us, how strange it seems that any should betake themselves to men calling themselves priests, who teach the pity of saints and angels as comfort to oppressed hearts! Jesus is our Succorer; He hears the cry of the heart, and hastens to its help; He knows all things, and knows the temptation of the souls of His people. To Him, our High Priest, we will ever go for succor.

## The Little Teacher

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HANNAH had God-fearing parents; her mother taught her at an early age to read the Bible, and when she was four years old she could do so almost fluently. When thirteen, her parents wished that she should teach her three youngest brothers, as well as pursue her own studies. Being so young, of course sometimes Hannah had to call in her father's authority, but he decided that in school hours the brothers should obey their sister as they would any other teacher. About this time our young friend was brought to Christ; she then became a teacher in the Sunday-school, and had a class of girls, some of whom were much older than herself.

In going to her Sunday-school Hannah, had to pass another school, and to bear the ridicule of some of the bigger scholars who attended it, and who would call out as Hannah passed, "Oh, here comes the little teacher."

On one particular Sunday, a bold looking girl of about seventeen years of age, who lived near to our young friend, said in a sneering tone as Hannah passed, "Here comes the Hide governess! Look at her curls "Hannah was naturally sensitive, and being a favorite with the children at her Sunday-class, she felt her color rise to her face. The next Sunday, on arriving at school, what was her surprise to find this very girl sitting in her class and with every appearance of staying there!

Hannah nodded to the new comer,, asking if she intended to come regularly, adding, "I thought you attended the— school, and we do not wish to get scholars from other schools."

"Well, I'm cum 'ere now, un here I means to stop," was the ungracious answer.

With a blushing face the youthful teacher found the lesson, and handed a Bible to the girl; she took it, and read in her turn, but Hannah was frequently disturbed by her sneers and whispered jokes during the lesson. Our young teacher was not willing to go on reading without having order in her class; and as young people know, those who will have order have it. But with the tall girl present this was not easy. However, Hannah did not intend to have her class infected without an effort, so at the close of school she requested the new girl to stay behind.

Emma H— stared, and reluctantly enough, again took her seat. Then Hannah whispered to the superintendent that she desired to have the key of the school left with her. So, after the school was dismissed the key was handed to Hannah, and she quietly locked the door, put the key in her pocket, and sat down by Emma.

"What do you want me here for?" enquired Emma.

"I want to have a little talk to you, which we cannot have during school; for I want to know why you came into my class today."

"Well, I reckon it was 'cos I'd a mind to, and I wanted to know what the girls see in you to like; I don't see anything. I think you are awful proud with your curls and you."

Hannah may be excused for feeling rather badly, her heart beat and her face was aflame, and as she looked at the determined strong girl before her, she felt her own weakness and insufficiency, but casting herself upon God for strength she gently laid her hand upon Emma's shoulder, and said—

"I am afraid, Emma, you are right about my being naturally proud, but I have no wish to be so. And as for my hair," she playfully added," well, it grows in curls. Now I want to tell you we must not talk during lesson hours, for there must be order while reading the word of God," and then—for the strain was too much for her—she burst into tears. "I want to love you, Emma," she said, "and I want you to love the dear Lord Jesus, and be happy as I am myself. Won't you kneel down and let me ask the Lord to make us love each other and Him?"

Emma sat still, with a defiant expression on her face. She evidently did not believe any power could or would make her kneel down or submit to a teacher so much younger than herself.

"Will you kneel?" enquired Hannah. "Very well, I cannot make you, for you are stronger than I, but my Lord can, for He is stronger than you." So saying, Hannah fell upon her knees by the side of Emma, and taking one of Emma's reluctant hands in hers, she prayed, "O Thou great God, Thou seest me, and seest Emma, and art acquainted with the reason why we are here this afternoon. Oh, Lord Jesus, Thou hast died to give us eternal life, and I am so glad I have come to Thee, but poor Emma does not feel, and does not seem to want to feel, the need of Thy grace. Lord Jesus, Thou hast made me happy in Thy love. Give Thy power to subdue the rebellion in her heart, O Christ, come and reign over us both."

"Oh, Miss C—, stop, do stop, I cannot bear it," cried Emma. But Hannah went on as if she heard not, with tears and prayers, crying for the salvation of her companion.

At the close of her prayer, the first thing " the little teacher " was conscious of, was a pair of arms around her neck, and kisses upon her cheek, while poor Emma was crying for the pardon of her sins.

Upon going into school early the next Sunday, the first thing that met the eye of Hannah was Emma carrying a chair for " the little teacher," and placing it for her, as she met her with a smile and a kindly greeting.

Emma's subsequent life proved that she was truly changed. She continued in the class until her marriage, and shortly after became a member of a church. She removed from the neighborhood of the Sunday-school some years ago, but we can safely predict she has never forgotten "the little teacher." RHODA.

## The Gossner Mission

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THE Gossner Mission in its origin was in many respects unique in its character, and bore on its plans and management manifest traces of the force of character, strong will, earnest devotion, and the practical good sense and steadfast faith in God, of the founder, John Gossner.

Gossner was one of a group of Bavarian priests who became obedient to the faith of Christ. He owed something to Martin Boos, something to the writings of Garardt Tersteegen and Lavater, and some others, but his first awakening was by means of a revival, that took place in his neighborhood, when Sailer, Fenneberg, and some others were brought to Christ. The account of the truly spiritual work, which took place simply through the reading of Holy Scripture and prayer, does not sound like the record of men who, for the most part, lived and died, priests of the Church of Rome. Prayer meetings and small conferences were held in many places, chiefly in private houses, where humble men, and even women, spoke their thoughts, and told out their experience, and poured out their hearts in prayer. They were persecuted, imprisoned, and otherwise ill-treated by their ecclesiastical superiors, but that did not quench the flame of devotion, of love to God and Christ, and love for the souls of men. None of these things moved them in spirit and heart.

Gossner, when twenty-four, was ordained a chaplain. In that very year (1797), he experienced the power and love of God in Christ, and began to proclaim the gospel with great fervor, though decried as a fanatic and a heretic. More pronounced in his preaching than others of his evangelical associates, he had a larger share of the same persecution, which brightened his character, and strengthened his faith.

The beautiful simplicity of these men may be gathered from an incident which occurred while Gossner was living with Fenneberg. A poor traveler asked the latter to lend him three dollars, that he might be able to continue his journey, as his purse was empty. All the money Fenneberg had was three dollars, and, as the poor traveler pleaded the name of Jesus with much importunity, he lent him every penny.

Some time after, Fenneberg was in much distress for want of money, not knowing what to do. Pleading with God in child-like faith, he said, "O Lord, I have lent Thee three dollars, and Thou hast not given them back to me, though Thou knowest how urgently I need them; I pray Thee return them to me." The very same day a letter arrived containing two hundred dollars, sent by a rich man at the solicitation of the poor traveler. Gossner, as he handed him the letter, said, "Here, sir, you receive what you advanced." Overcome with surprise, Fenneberg said, "Oh, dear Lord, one cannot say a simple word to Thee without being put to shame." In such a school Gossner became strong in faith.

Gossner was soon both popular and useful as a preacher in Bavaria and elsewhere, and, in 1820 having been banished his own country, he became minister of the Maltese Church in St. Petersburg. Here he drew multitudes to listen to his sermons, and numbers were blessed. Once, while preaching, there was such an outburst of feeling, that he stopped and gave out a hymn

before he could proceed. His many enemies secured his expulsion from St. Petersburg in 1824, when we find him at Altona and other places using his pen with good effect, having no opportunity of preaching.

In 1829, having joined the Lutheran Church, he was appointed to the Bethlehem Church, Berlin, and here he ended his days. His great missionary enterprise was started, and its home is still in the Prussian capital. Gossner saw the need of missions conducted on different lines from those of the German and English societies, combining a kind of colonization with spiritual work, and being to a large extent self-supporting. On these principles his mission was founded and continued, and events proved how well adapted were his methods.

Sir Donald McLeod had been advanced in India to an important post in the Central Provinces. Here he made the acquaintance of those hill tribes known generally as Gonds, one branch of which were named Kohls or Coles, who were the original inhabitants of the plains, but who, some twenty centuries before, had been driven to the hills by the invading and victorious Hindus. These races, though terribly degraded, were not strictly idolaters. They believed in two supreme deities—the Good Spirit and the Evil one. To some extent they worshipped “the unknown God,” but more commonly they sought to propitiate the evil principle. In habits, manners, mode of life, knowledge, or rather ignorance, they were at the bottom of the social scale, being barbarous, even savage, and to some extent cannibals. But they were free from such subtleties as are innate in the Hindus, especially those of the higher castes, and equally free from the violent prejudices of the Mohammedans.

Like most aboriginal tribes in America and Africa, they have been found more or less accessible to the gospel. For three or four years Sir Donald McLeod had been calling the attention of the Christian Church to these people and their needs, but whichever way he looked he obtained no help. All societies had their hands full, their resources over-taxed. Help failing, as a last resource he applied to Gossner, and he did not appeal in vain.

This mission work was thrust upon Gossner, without his seeking it or at first being willing to undertake it.

In 1839 a gentleman in Berlin applied to Gossner concerning three or four young men artisans, who felt a call to devote themselves to mission work. They had been refused admittance into the Missionary Seminary at Berlin, because they were incapable of going through the course of study thought necessary there; but they could not give up their hope of being missionaries. Gossner was requested to see and examine them, and, if he found them suitable, to find some way of employing them. Gossner could not refuse men so disinterested and devoted. He undertook to give them instruction, such as they needed, on two evenings in the week and on Sunday afternoons, while they continued at their trade and supported themselves.

These men were of the first party who went to India, accompanied by three ordained ministers and two schoolmasters. The difficulties which beset the mission at first were very great indeed, largely from the character of the Kohls themselves, and partly from the jealousy of societies of earlier date. These difficulties, however, gradually disappeared.

In 1844 Gossner sent four young men to India without any definite destination. These were their instructions: Believe, hope, love, pray, burn, waken the dead! Hold fast by prayer! Up, up, my

brethren! The Lord is coming, and to everyone He will say, " Where hast thou left the souls of those brethren?— with the devil ? Oh, swiftly seek those souls, and enter not without them into the presence of the Lord."

Meeting with many Kohls in the streets of Calcutta, where, as in many other places, they are the "hewers of wood and drawers of water," their hearts were drawn out towards them. They learned that no mission had been sent to them, and they longed to carry the "good tidings "to their native hills and "break up the fallow ground." Sir Donald McLeod's application seems to have been made subsequent to their leaving Germany, and Gossner's later instructions marvelously coincided with their own longings. They were thus fully prepared to take up the work—making Choto Nagpore their centre. They reached their new home and scene of labor and trial on 4th November, 1845, and on, 1st December laid the foundation of a large mission house.

For some time the people were shy and timid, and when they were more disposed to gather and listen, they seemed to have no hearing ear. Years passed and there was no conversion, and the hearts of the laborers were faint, and their hands feeble. There had been additions made to the missionary band, but in as many years, five brethren and one sister had been removed by death. Still there was no fruit ; and they felt discouraged. They wrote to Pastor Gossner, wishing to be appointed to some other field of labor, telling him that the Kohls would not be converted. His reply was to the point: "Whether the Kohls will be converted or not is the same to you. If they will not receive the Word they must hear to their condemnation. Your duty is to continue to pray and to preach to them. We also at home will pray more earnestly."

In a short time the dawn came. Four strangers, after attending regularly for some time, avowed that they believed in Jesus, but they wanted to see Him. "Show us Jesus and we shall be satisfied." The missionaries sought light for them, and at length, they came to realize that the presence of Jesus is spiritual, and therefore not visible. They then abandoned their heathenism, and sought instruction sitting at the feet of Jesus. Enquirers increased Sunday by Sunday, and in June of the same year, the first baptism took place. The converts brought their wives and children, and others followed in quick succession. Schools were established, an orphanage was founded, and a church edifice was built. At the laying of the foundation stone, hymns and chants were sung by the natives. The people came long distances, and stayed all day on Sunday, some returning on Monday. One poor man, in shaking hands with one of the pastors, was asked if he had far to go home. "No," said he, "not far, only thirty-five miles."

Showers of blessing now descended, the living waters rose, the field brought forth abundantly. In eight years from the first baptism, there were some two thousand converts, fifteen thousand who had renounced heathenism, eight hundred orphans and children in the schools, while the work had extended to eight hundred villages. Pastor Gossner was sixty-five when he originated the mission, and for twenty years he maintained it with singular courage, faith, and prudence, abounding in prayer.

He was a faithful man. The King of Prussia once visited the Elizabeth Hospital. He was pleased with what he saw, and asked Gossner if he had any special wish it would be in his power to grant. Pointing his finger to heaven, Gossner replied, "My wish is, your majesty, to be certain of your being a subject of my King there!"

Very many deeply interesting facts and incidents have been necessarily passed over, and our space only affords room to say that the Gossner Mission is still continued under the name of the Gossner Missionary Union. R. S.

## Sketches of the Early Days of Christianity: the Church and the Jew

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WHAT was the attitude of the Church of God towards the Jew in the early days of Christianity? This is our present enquiry, and we turn to the Scriptures to find the answer to the interesting and important question, and to learn to govern our course today in accordance with that pursued by the apostles and the Church of old.

The precise number of Christ's disciples on the earth at the time of Pentecost is not told us. St. Paul speaks of about five hundred brethren at once seeing Christ when risen, of whom the greater number were alive when he wrote. (1 Cor. 15:6.) St. Peter tells us that the number of names of men and women together, who were in Jerusalem continuing in prayer and supplication, was about one hundred and twenty. (Acts 1:13-15.) It was upon these, who were together in prayer in the upper room, that the Holy Ghost fell early on the day of Pentecost. So marvelous was the result, that by nine in the morning, people, of all dialects, dwelling in Jerusalem, had assembled together to know what the wonder meant. To them, Peter declared, that Jesus, whom God had raised up to be King on David's throne, and whom they had crucified, was risen from the dead, and was exalted by God to His right hand in heaven, to sit there till God made His foes His footstool, and that He hath shed forth this" which ye now see and hear" (2: 33).

This solemn declaration, given in divine might, convicted the people of their sin in rejecting and crucifying the Christ of God. They turned to Peter and the rest of the apostles, saying, "Men and brethren, what shall we do?" Could there be hope for the murderers of God's Christ?—Him of whom the prophets had spoken, and for whom all the faithful had looked? Could mercy come to such men from Jehovah? Yes, such is the grace of God, and terms of mercy were offered by God even to them. They were to save themselves from their untoward generation, to repent and to be baptized; "Yes," said St. Peter, "every one of you in the name of Jesus Christ for the remission of sins."

That same day there were added to the small company of Christ's disciples about three thousand souls.

Again, shortly after, when the call to repentance was further made in Jerusalem, St. Peter said, "Repent ye therefore, and turn again, that your sins may be blotted out, that so there may come seasons of refreshing from the presence of the Lord ; and that He may send the Christ who hath been appointed for you, even Jesus : whom the heaven must receive until the times of restoration of all things, whereof God spake by the mouth of His holy prophets, which have been since the world began." (R.V., Acts 3:19-21.)

Our reader will note, on considering the scriptures quoted, that the individual Jew who repented had placed before him the forgiveness of sins through Christ; and, also, that upon the repentance of the Jews generally, the seasons of refreshing and the times of the restitution of all the things foretold by the prophets, should come from Jehovah. Such were the terms offered to the Jew individually and nationally by God; and His church in Jerusalem, filled as it then was by His Spirit,

proclaimed this gospel in every tongue and dialect to the people.

Many individuals submitted to God, and convicted of their sins, repented; and by baptism in Christ's name, openly took their stand on the Lord's side. But the rulers and the mass of the people maintained their hardness of heart and their rejection of Christ; and they added to this sin, that of rejecting the testimony of God the Holy Ghost. Then Peter and the other apostles answered and said, "The God of our fathers raised up Jesus, whom ye slew and hanged on a tree. Him hath God exalted with His right hand, to be a Prince and a Savior, for to give repentance to Israel, and forgiveness of sins. And we are His witnesses of these things; and so is also the Holy Ghost, whom God hath given to them that obey Him" (ch. 5:30-32).

Now the lapse of years does not alter God's will, These things, declared in the earliest days of the Church Of God, stand fast; the Jew must repent or he cannot be saved; the times of refreshing are yet to come, the old prophecies of bliss upon the earth through the Messiah, are yet to be fulfilled; but since the Jewish people would not accept the gracious offers of those early days, the opportunity as a nation is for the present lost to them.

As the numbers of the disciples multiplied, and the testimony to Christ's exaltation and coming again grew in Jerusalem, so that even "a great company of the priests were obedient to the faith" (ch. 6:7), the elders and the scribes made a very great effort to destroy the truth. Laying hold of Stephen, whose wisdom and spirit were irresistible, they brought him before the council of the Temple, saying, "We have heard him say that this Jesus of Nazareth shall destroy this place, and shall change the customs which Moses delivered us "(v. 14). Stephen's face was as that of an angel, and caused the eyes of all the council to be fastened upon him. Did his countenance recall to their minds the face of Moses, when he had come down from the mount, after having been there with God? What heavenly beams were they that those proud rejecters of Jesus saw?

Then said Stephen, "Ye stiffnecked and uncircumcised in heart and ears, ye do always resist the Holy Ghost; as your fathers did, so do ye. Which of the prophets have not your fathers persecuted? and they have slain them which showed before of the coming of the Just One ; of whom ye have been now the betraders and murderers: who have received the law by the disposition of angels, and have not kept it."

On hearing these things, they were cut to the heart, but so far from repenting, they gnashed on Stephen with their teeth. Then he, being filled with the Holy Ghost, looked up steadfastly into heaven, and saw the glory of God, and Jesus standing at God's right hand; he cried, "I see the heavens opened, and the Son of Man standing on the right hand of God."

At this declaration the religious fury of the council was raised to its fiercest heat. Starting up and stopping their ears, they rushed on Stephen and swept him outside the city walls to die the blasphemer's death. As they stoned him, he cried, "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit," and praying for their forgiveness, fell asleep.

A violent persecution arose against the Church in Jerusalem on the occasion of the death of this great witness to Christ's exaltation. The disciples were driven out of Jerusalem, and scattered abroad, except, however, the apostles, who remained at the post of death, and whose labors led others to become the Disciples of Christ. But the offers of hope to the Jews for the return of their Messiah were closed; they had, as a people, definitely and finally rejected Him by slaying with the

blasphemer's death His servant, who had declared His glory at the right hand of God.

Immediately after this, we find Samaria, with which the Jews had no dealings, believing the Word of God, and the believers there receiving the Holy Ghost (ch. 8:8-17) ; then the eunuch of the queen of the Ethiopians, on his return from Jerusalem, taking home with him the love of Christ in his heart to a Gentile land (v. 39); Paul commissioned by Christ to be the apostle to the Gentiles (ch. 26:17) ; and the apostle Peter preaching to the Gentiles, and " the Holy Ghost " falling " on all them which heard the word " (ch. 10: 44). God's hand henceforth was towards the Gentiles. True, that when the gospel of God was brought to a fresh town, the synagogue was first visited, but invariably the Jews became the chief opponents of God's

Christ, and, at length, though many individuals were added to the church, these solemn words were addressed to them, " Be it known therefore unto you, that the salvation of God is sent unto the Gentiles, and that they will hear it " (ch. 28:28).

The Scriptures teach that the attitude of the early church towards the Jewish people was in accordance with that which Jesus Himself in heaven had taken up, and, when we consider this, a light is thrown upon the spirit of the dark ages, when Jews were tortured and destroyed solely because they were Jews; also upon the spirit which prevails in parts of Christendom this very day, where thousands of God's ancient people are driven from house and home, and left to perish, merely because they are Jews ! No wonder they hate this perverted and corrupt Christianity, and scorn the notion that men guilty of such crimes can be of the church of God.

We will now enquire into the attitude of the early church towards the Jewish worship. We must remember that Jerusalem and the Temple maintained their glory for some forty years after the crucifixion of their King. The sacrifices were continued precisely as if the Lamb of God had never been offered; the holy place remained, even as if God had not rent the veil on the death of the true sin-offering, unveiling Himself to men; the high priest maintained his functions unconscious of the fact that God's High Priest had entered the true sanctuary in heaven in the power of His own blood; and the law and the prophets were expounded as if the Messiah had not fulfilled them. The whole system of the Jewish faith had become a vain show, an occupation with vanished shadows, a denial of Him of whom sacred types and holy service spoke.

In the earliest days of the church the temple was resorted to by the apostles—in its precincts Peter preached; Solomon's Porch was the great gathering-place for the company of the disciples (ch. 2:46; 5: 12, 25), and in the edifice was heard again and again the testimony, " Jesus is the Christ " (v. 42), while from its chambers priests and officers issued to intimidate or to arrest the disciples.

At the first the character of the constitution of God's church, in which there is neither Jew nor Greek, as such, but all are one in Christ, was a great difficulty to the Jewish disciples. An explanation from St. Peter of his behavior towards the Gentile centurion and his friends was demanded.—" Thou wentest in to men uncircumcised, and didst eat with them " (ch. 11:3), said they, but upon hearing how God had acted in grace towards the Gentiles "they held their peace, and glorified God" (v. 18). The question how the Gentile believers should regard circumcision was so momentous that a council was called to determine the matter, and it was decided that the Gentiles could not be called to practice Jewish rites (ch. 15:2-29). Thus Jewish and Gentile disciples were placed on a different footing regarding Moses. Indeed, there were two streams of

teaching as to circumcision and the law prevailing in the church after the Gentiles received the Word of God.

Then we find God by His inspired Word determining the matter; Judaism and Christianity were not to be mixed, and the teachers who would do so were solemnly denounced. (Gal. 5:7-12.) To the Gentile believers it was said, "If ye be circumcised, Christ shall profit you nothing " (5:2); "Whosoever of you are justified by the law ; ye are fallen from grace" (5:4) ; and to the Hebrew believers it was declared, that the way into the holiest was open to all (Heb. 10:19-22) ; that a further sacrifice for sins was a spiritual impossibility, the sins for which the sacrifice had been made being remitted (v. 18), that the law was unable to give the worshipper a perfect conscience (5:1, 2), and that the priesthood was weak and unprofitable (ch. 7:15-19).

Thus as God gave men His thoughts by His word, His church, energized by the Spirit, drew away from the Jewish worship, and exalted Christ as Sacrifice and Priest, worshipping God in the Spirit, rejoicing in Christ Jesus, and having no confidence in the flesh (Phil. 3:3). Jewish and Christian worship stood in contrast and separate the one from the other, as indeed the church of God to this day should testify.

## Shamgar and His Ox-Goad

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SHAMGAR is a man immensely to our liking. He slew of the Philistines six hundred men with an ox-goad. His weapon proves his peaceable calling, he was busy with the oxen, but the uncircumcised invaded the land, and if they conquered, Shamgar would have not an ox left. Now most men would say, "Give me a sword, and an armed following, and then I will go out against the enemy." Not so Shamgar. He used the implement that was in his hand, and fought and conquered. The Lord gave him the strength and the endurance, and Shamgar's name stands on the honorable roll of the deliverers of God's people—" He also delivered Israel." (Judg. 3:31.)

Now let the soldier of Christ pursue his peaceful calling, for however dexterous a man may be with the sword, if he be too often fighting he will cultivate too little soil. But let him use what weapon God may put in his hand, and what weapon he understands, when the enemy comes up against God's people. David knew how to use the sling, the sword he was not conversant with, and with the stone and the sling he conquered. Do not let young men, with little education, try quoting Greek to learned skeptics; let them be content with some humble weapon, with an implement they understand. It is wonderful what can be done for God by simple means. Samson used the jaw-bone of an ass and slew the enemy in heaps. God was his strength, and by the contemptuous bone he overcame. Use what you understand, or what God seems good to place in your way. Do not wait for the last new weapon issued, nor tarry for a following.

Shamgar had a work to do, and he did it. He was the man for the moment of difficulty. We do not read that he judged Israel—he delivered Israel. It is a pity that some who are great and brave for Christ in spiritual warfare should think that therefore they must control the minds of God's people. Let us learn from the Spirit's record of Shamgar to do what God calls us to do, and to do no more. There will ever be plenty to do—of that there is no question—but when our Shamgars try to become judges they do but cause evil instead of good amongst the people of God. The courage and the wisdom for offensive warfare is quite distinct from the patience and the wisdom of controlling the hearts and minds of believers.

It is well to return to our oxen and to plough the land after a victory—well to be nothing after the Lord has granted a season of overcoming—well to do what we may be called to do for Christ, and then not to be heard of again. May there be amongst our readers "deliverers of Israel," and may we all learn a lesson of faith and courage from Shamgar.

## Cracking the Stony Heart

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A TRAVELLING preacher was passing a quarry at Torquay, where the stones are cracked by machinery. Hearing the noise of a machine, he walked in and stood looking at the process of breaking. He observed that some stones were ground very small, and others were broken in larger pieces.

The men soon began to make remarks about the black coat and the hardness of their toil.

Mr. D. turned round upon them, asking, "What is that I heard you say about hard work?" He then told them it was evident from their appearance that they knew very little about real hard work.

"Look," said he, "at your great strong limbs I You could wheel up three times as much as you do, could you not? "

"Dare say we could," replied the men.

"Very well, then, you are not overworked; but you joke about my black coat, and you suppose I know nothing about hard work. Tell me—would twenty miles be a day's walk for you? "

"Shouldn't like to do more," was the reply.

" Well," continued the preacher; "I do that walking in addition to my work of visiting and preaching ; and frequently after evening service I start back on a nine or twelve miles' journey when you are at rest in bed, and sometimes reaching home covered with snow and wet. But more than all that, and far harder than all else of my work put together, I have stones to crack. Hard stones they are too, for sometimes it will take many months to crack one of them. Once I remember it took eighteen months to do so, for the stones my Master employs me to crack are stony hearts. The work is so hard that it can only be accomplished by the greater part being done upon the knees, and only the hammer of God's Word and the powerful lever of His Spirit can crack such hard stones."

As the preacher walked on his way the men looked after him, but one of them followed him, and gave him a little of his history.

He said he was at one time a professing Christian, but, that going to London, he had fallen into bad company, which had led him away from the Lord Jesus. He now expressed his pleasure at finding a servant of God bold enough to come and speak plainly to the quarrymen.

The hard, stony heart which the preacher had mentioned as taking eighteen months to crack was that of Ned L. He was the son of a godly mother, but a wicked father.

The salvation of Ned was much upon the mind of the preacher, Mr. D., and for about eighteen months he had made it a habit to knock at Ned's door every time he went into the village. But as the man of God knocked Ned would reply: "Go on, I don't want you nor your preaching neither." But still Mr. D. continued to knock, again and again, saying as he knocked every Tuesday evening: "We are going to have preaching in the hop-house tonight. We shall be glad to see you over,

friend."

The preacher knew that Ned had a praying mother, and he believed in the efficacy of a mother's prayers.

One day as Ned was at work, one of his companions said to him: "I say, Ned! I would like to go to the meeting at the hop-house tonight, if you would care to go with me."

"Why, Jim, I was thinking the same, but did not like to tell you, lest you should laugh at me."

So the Holy Spirit drew them both to the meeting, and as the preacher walked to the bottom of the crowded room he heard Ned joining in the singing.

"Why, mate!" enquired the preacher; "are you singing that?"

"Yes, and I mean it," was Ned's reply as the tears ran down his swarthy cheeks.

The preacher answered Ned by saying: "At the other end of the room your old father is down upon his knees crying for mercy; and God, who hears prayer, will answer his cry. Ned was brought to Christ, as was his father; and his after-life proved that his was truly a broken and contrite heart, and thus was the stone in the preacher's quarry cracked.

RHODA.

## The Precious Blood

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THE morning service of the Lord's Day was just ended when the request was made for me to visit a young person, who was reckoned to be in the last stage of consumption. As I should have to pass her house to reach my own, I decided to call on my way home. I found the sick one was a young widow, whose husband had died some months before. She was dressed and sitting up, but her appearance clearly indicated that the disease had so far advanced as to make the course of her earthly life a short one. Her pale countenance, as well as showing extreme weakness, also evidenced great anxiety. A very little conversation with her revealed the fact that she was exceedingly anxious about her soul's welfare.

She was well acquainted with the main facts of the gospel truth. She felt her responsible position as a sinner before God, and knew that salvation was altogether of His grace, and that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners. The way of salvation by the death of a sinless Substitute was also clear to her mind. Her difficulty was her unbelief. She would admit that God was merciful, that Christ had died for sinners, and that she needed such a Savior, yet she could not see that the blessings of pardon and justification could come to her by her receiving the Lord Jesus Christ.

On that day and at other seasons I brought before her many passages of Scripture, full of gospel promises; also using the simplest illustrations of faith which I could think of; and still faith seemed to her so difficult.

One of those seasons of instruction was remarkable. There were but three of us present, herself, her father-in-law, and myself. I had been again endeavoring to explain the way of salvation and peace, when the father-in-law joined in the conversation, trying also to give explanations of faith, and urging her to believe in Jesus as her Savior. Shortly after that interview, I was made acquainted with the strange and sad experience of this man. The Spirit had striven with him, and at one time he was so near the kingdom that he was on the point of publicly professing his faith in Christ, and of associating himself with an assembly of believers. Just about that time he was led into the company of persons who made some profession of religion, but who also dealt with the Holy Scriptures very freely, receiving what pleased them and rejecting what they did not like. Influenced by these persons, he accepted the teachings of science, falsely so-called, as to man's origin and nature, altogether setting aside God's testimony in His Word concerning those subjects. As a consequence he soon also set little value on the atoning work of the Lord Jesus. He was in that sad state of mind when he strangely sought to help another to believe in what he had rejected. Little by little he drifted away from all evangelical doctrine until, when I visited him in his own sickness, about two years after our meeting in his daughter-in-law's house, he seemed to be utterly indifferent to all divine claims upon him. He recovered from that sickness, but not from his unbelief; and from information received respecting his latter years I fear that his skepticism remained with him to the last.

The young widow's end was very different. The Holy Spirit gently constrained her to confess her sins to God, and to seek His mercy through Christ. She did not try to believe, but was led without

effort to trust in Jesus as the sacrifice for her sins, and as her living High Priest and Lord.

One afternoon I called, and found her and her godly mother-in-law together. The invalid was lying with her face to the wall. On my leaning over to speak to her she recognized me, but could say but little, by reason of her extreme weakness. I spoke a little to her, and prayed. We then heard her speaking softly.

I bent over her and heard her say, "Thy blood." Other words followed, which expressed her trust in the Savior's blood, and her sense of being thoroughly cleansed by it. She was afterwards silent, and apparently went to sleep. I quietly bade adieu to her mother-in-law and left. I had gone scarcely a hundred yards from the house, when a young person overtook me to say that the young widow's spirit had passed away. She never spoke again after having uttered the sentences by which she so clearly expressed her faith in the blood of Jesus Christ, She evidently knew the meaning of such scriptures as " Unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood " (Rev. 1:5), and " The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin "(1 John 1:7). Do you know their meaning?

## What God Did for Me Thirty Years Ago

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I AM going to tell you how God dealt with me thirty years ago. I was an erring and dead sinner, never regarding the Lord's Day, or even thinking of Christ's name, except when sickness came, and I was dreadfully frightened of death. There was a great terror in my mind when I heard of people dying; I wondered whither they were gone; but still I went on and on for years, till my husband was taken very ill. At last the doctor said he could not do anything more for him, for he was dying.

"Dear doctor" I exclaimed, "what do you mean?"

He answered, "I will try one more medicine, and if that does no good he can't live."

When the doctor had left my cottage I found myself with my dying husband alone. One terrible thought filled my heart:—if he dies he will go to hell! I ran out of the cottage crying bitterly; there was a young man passing, and seeing me in tears he asked what was the matter, and I told him the doctor had said that my husband was dying. He asked me if he should go and send another doctor; I begged him to rather send a clergyman. The only thought still on my mind was, if he dies he will go to hell.

The young man started off, and sent a servant of Christ, who quickly came. As he entered, he enquired, "You have a husband very ill, have you?"

I answered, "Yes, I have; please walk upstairs," and I followed him.

He approached the bedside and said to my husband, "Do you know if your sins are forgiven?"

I told him he must not talk so to my husband, for that he had not sent for him; but if he would please tell him where he could find comfort as he was very ill. So this Christian read the Scriptures to him, and then knelt down and prayed. In his prayer he asked God to make the sick man's wife a blessing to him. I told him he must not pray so, since I was a far greater sinner than my husband, as I could read and he could not, and yet I had never read the Bible to him.

God's servant spoke of the poor woman that touched the hem of the Savior's garment, and was made perfectly whole, and then left us.

After this I felt that I should be the one to go to hell, and not my poor husband, for I had not only my own sins to answer for, but his. Ah! the dreadful state I was in ! I could not eat; I could not sleep; I paced my room and cried to God to save my husband's life, pleading that he was a poor heathen, and all through me. Yes, it was all my fault, my whole life had been spent in serving Satan. Oh what a wretched woman I felt and was now! with no hope for my husband's life or for his soul, or for my own soul.

I went upstairs and knelt down beside my husband and cried so, that for a time I could not speak words to God. Then how earnestly I besought Him to forgive me, and not to send my husband to hell through my sin.

The same dear Christian friend came often to see us, and oh! how I welcomed his visits ! Not a word that he said or read ever slipped my memory. After he left, I would sit by my dear husband and read the same Scriptures all over again to him, hoping he would get comfort. I then knew nothing of the salvation of God; we were so ignorant, and the Bible had been a strange book to us up to this time.

My husband gradually got better ; and, after a time, when he could be left, I said to him " Now, dear, you can do as you like, but as long as I live I shall go on the Lord's Day to worship," and I started off. In the evening, he asked, "Going again?"

"Oh, yes!" I answered, "and as soon as you are able to go out you must come too."

My eyes were now opened. I saw God's way of saving sinners was through the gift of His beloved Son, the Lord Jesus Christ. But yet I had not taken Him for myself, and I could not rest, for I kept looking in at my wretched self, and at what I had done. The kind Christian, who had come to me in my great trouble, still came occasionally to see me and talked with me; but my sad state of soul continued twelve months.

One day I was speaking to a woman about God's wonderful Book, and asked her if she knew she was saved. "Oh, yes!" she said, and quoted this passage of Scripture, "By grace are ye saved, through faith, and not of yourselves, it is the gift of God." I saw it immediately, that God had given Christ for me, yes, for wicked me, and that I was saved through faith in Him. Ah! the joy, I could not contain more. I was constrained by His love to tell my dear husband of the wondrous peace I now enjoyed, and that I had now in Christ all I wanted, for this world and for eternity. He seemed quite afraid of me, and perhaps thought I was off my head. How differently I prayed now by his bedside; it was all praise and thanksgiving!

I took my precious Bible, and went from house to house in our village to tell of the blessed Savior of sinners. Especially I went where I heard anyone was dying, and most blessedly did God work. Many, hearing of my joy in Christ, came to my cottage to hear the Bible read, and to enquire what they must do to be saved.

My dear readers, twenty-nine years have passed since this great change took place, and my blessed Savior seems more and more precious to me, and nearer and nearer every day. What joy to be even now all day in His precious company; but what will it be to see Him as He is when in the Father's House above! Oh, let us fill up our time for our Lord and Master, who loved us unto death. Souls surround us on every hand who are treading the broad road to hell; what are we doing who have God's Holy Spirit dwelling in us to help them into the narrow way? Are we so living that others maybe blessed through us? We are not saved to live to ourselves, but unto Him who died for us and rose again. F. T.

## "As Thy Days, so Shall Thy Strength Be."

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AS influenza has in the providence of God again visited us, it may interest the Christian readers of FAITHFUL WORDS, and strengthen the faith of some, to read the experience of one who remembers its visitation in 1836, when first known by that name. It was a strange and unknown disease, and thousands in the town of R—, many whole households, were stricken down by it. The sick looked in vain to friends and neighbors, for they also were suffering, and could give no help, so that people compared it to the "plague" of former years. In this state of things parents were naturally anxious about the delicate ones in their families, and C. W., the one of whom I write, having but recently recovered from severe illness, was carefully guarded by her loving mother, as being most liable to an attack.

She was young, and had a few months before found peace through the precious blood, and finished work of Christ, after long anxiety and fruitless striving to make herself acceptable to God.

Having found such a Savior, her great desire and hope was soon to be with Him—to see Him who so loved her; but He had other thoughts for her, and instead of being taken ill herself, she saw her father and mother take to their bed. Then the servant was stricken, and had to be sent home; and it was in vain that she and her sisters sought another—neither servant, nurse, nor charwomen were to be found. Finally all the family were laid aside except C. How was it possible that the weakly girl should nurse five people, and do all that had to be done? She was indeed cast upon the Lord, and learnt what a real thing it was to have to do with Him.

God can never fail the trusting heart, and He assured her that He was her "Refuge and strength, and very present help in trouble." For some weeks she nursed and worked; and

when at times ready to sink, such words as "My grace is sufficient for thee," "My strength is made perfect in weakness," etc., were given to cheer and invigorate her ; and the blessed lessons she then learnt have helped her again and again through fifty-six years of wilderness life.

Dear reader, if under the pressure of trial, look to the Lord. He knows all about you, and "will not lay upon you more than you can bear." Nay, by this very trial He will teach you more of what He is in Himself, " patient, gracious, powerful, holy," so that you will learn to "joy in God," as well as to rejoice in His salvation.

We are at school now, and some of our lessons are difficult, but they are appointed by infinite wisdom and unbounded love; and soon the Lord will come, and take us home. Then shall we praise our God (Father, Son, and Holy Ghost), not only for such an end, but for all His dealings with us on the way.

"Our hearts with rapture burning,

The path we shall retrace,

Where now our souls are learning

The riches of His grace."

P.

## Works Which Will Last

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VERY much of our Christian activity will be unrecognized in the day when we stand before the judgment-seat of Christ. That which makes the most show in the world is usually the most like the world, and such works will not find a reward on the great day. There is one thing, however, we know will be valued by the Lord, and that is, care for the sick and the sorrowful of His people.

## Knowing and Teaching

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WE cannot truly teach others what we do not know ourselves, and in spiritual matters this principle should be well considered. A little child who knows the path across the fields can lead a learned man in the way, and the simplest of God's children who knows the way of salvation can show what it is to others. Mere book knowledge when shaped out into teaching effects very little spiritual good.

## **Christ, Our Sacrifice and Priest: 3. Our High Priest Will Surely Bring Us Safely to the Promised Rest**

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HAVING displayed the glories of our High Priest, God the Spirit addresses us, through the inspired writer, as those who are called with a heavenly calling. As Israel was called out of the land of bondage to the land flowing with milk and honey, so are Christians called out of the world to the glad, sweet rest of God ; and as our Savior is so great, let us, the " partakers of the heavenly calling, consider the Apostle and High Priest of our profession . . . Jesus" (Heb. 3:1).

### **OUR PROFESSION,**

Our Christian faith, has for one of its component parts the High Priesthood of Jesus. This part of the Christian faith for centuries has been the especial aim of the enemy's assaults, and now in our own country it is being assailed with intense determination and vigor. When Christ was born king, man rejected Him as such, even from His birth, and nailed over His cross the inscription-" This is the King of the Jews." Now that He is High Priest in heaven, He is disowned as such. This Christian article of faith God bids us hold tenaciously. We need to grasp it with both our hands and with all our spiritual power. Jesus, the Son of God, whose throne the world denied to Him, has passed through the heavens into the holiest of all, and there He is the great High Priest. There He exercises His gracious service before God, and to lose sight of His great glories there is to let go a large part of our profession. The enemy would give us a priesthood of mere men, in order to deprive Christ of His glory as High Priest and His people of their blessing; the way to escape from the meshes of the net, which is being laid in churches and in chapels, is to consider Jesus. Let Him but possess our souls in His priestly office, and the pretensions of men calling themselves priests becomes utterly intolerable to us.

### **OURS IS A HEAVENLY CALLING.**

Christianity is not an earthly system of religion or of hope. We are on our way to God, and are under the leadership of Jesus. Moses led Israel out of Egypt; he conducted them to the borders of the Promised Land. He was an excellent type of our Lord, officially. Also, Moses was the meekest of men, being fitted by a long spiritual training to gentleness and mercy. To him God entrusted the burden of six hundred thousand men, besides women and children, and most nobly did this servant of Jehovah fulfill his service. But on one occasion, when God in His grace would give rebellious, murmuring Israel water, Moses as he struck the rock cried," Hear now, ye rebels; must we fetch you water out of this rock?" (Num. 20:10.) He spoke unadvisedly with his lips, he communicated the gift of God to the people, but not in God's way, for the manner of His bestowals is as gracious as the gifts He bestows. Thus did Moses on this one occasion misrepresent his God to Israel; he failed in grace, and therefore was not fitted to bring them into The Promised Land. But our Apostle and High Priest never fails. He is perfect in meekness, and in patience; He is never ruffled by the most distressing murmurings of God's people; ever gracious and full of mercy, He bears upon His heart their thousands and thousands as they journey to the promised rest. Let us

consider Him, who is worthy of more glory than Moses. He has entered into the land of rest; He will sustain and bear us to the end.

Aaron's service was a supplement to that of Moses, and Moses and Aaron together form the type of Jesus, the Apostle and High Priest of our profession. It was ordained by God that Aaron, arrayed in garments of glory and beauty, should bear into His presence in the holiest of all the names of all Israel engraven upon his breastplate, and upon his shoulder-pieces. Failing, erring Israel, from the eldest to the youngest, was to be carried, as it were, into Jehovah's presence on the shoulders of the high priest. Israel was to appear there, not in their own strength, but in that of their high priest, both of whose shoulders bore up the burden of their names in the presence of God.

And not only the strength, but the love of the high priest was to be exercised for Israel in the presence of God, for upon the high priest's heart was the sacred breastplate, whereon the names of the tribes were graven. Lovely picture of Jesus and His people! Let us consider the High Priest of our profession thus engaged for us. None can fall, none can be forgotten—our High Priest in power and in love is almighty.

But Aaron never entered into the holiest in these sacred robes—he failed. (Lev. 16:1, 2.) Jesus never fails. We see Him crowned with glory and honor, our weak names upon His shoulders, our worthless names upon His breast, as He has passed through the heavens and entered the holiest of all, where He appears in the presence of God for us.

Our heavenly calling is secured by our heavenly Apostle and High Priest. We shall gain the glory at last. It was necessary that a Moses and an Aaron should lead Israel to The Promised Land; it is the will of God that Jesus should lead and sustain us on our way to the rest of God

#### A WORD OF WARNING

is necessary. The circumstances surrounding Israel in the wilderness called for earnest exhortation to hold firm their confidence in Jehovah's word; but the spies brought a false report to them of the Promised Land, and the strong men of Israel disbelieved God's word, and they died by the way, while their little children entered the land. Our day has its difficulties and temptations, and tens of thousands in churches and chapels are being tempted away from the word of God to believe what men say! Alas, for the spirit of ornament and show which prevails so largely in religious matters! Strange enough it is, that the more men regard water, buildings, vestments, priests as holy, the less do they make of the great High Priest in the Holy of Holies of the divine presence. The more they teach the need of human intermediaries and preparations, the less do they make of the heavenly calling of the Christian faith. Earth and earthly things, sights, sounds, scents, fill the worship; heavenly things are removed to a distance, and seem too far off to be reached! As hope in benefits to be derived from sacraments and priestly services prevails, so does confidence in God's word diminish.

#### LET US CLEAVE TO CHRIST.

Israel did not hold fast their confidence in the sure word of God, they tempted Jehovah by accepting the false report of the spies and their mean testimony that He could not bring them into Canaan; hence "they could not enter in because of unbelief." Let us take heed lest we by unbelief

in God's word provoke His wrath, as did Israel of old. The system of substituting the word of men for God's word, of human authority for divine, must result in God's judgment against the evil-doers.

Neither Moses the prophet, nor Aaron the priest, gave Israel rest; but what shall be said of David the king! The king upon his throne spoke of rest as yet to come. If Joshua had given Israel rest, then would not David have spoken of another day? No. God would take our thoughts from the most noted of His servants to fix them solely on Jesus, Prophet, Priest, and King. There remains a sabbatism for the people of God—into that rest Jesus, and Jesus alone, shall bring God's people. Let us, then, as partakers of the heavenly calling, be up and ready ; let us labor to enter into that rest under the assured leadership of our Lord.

## Pastor Harms of Hermannsburg, and His Mission Enterprise

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TO the north-east of the kingdom of Hanover extends a plain some sixty miles in length. Its rather tame surface is broken here and there by a hill or a village. The inhabitants are chiefly of the peasant class, and the land they cultivate has been won by unceasing industry from the sand, the heath, and the briars. They are a sturdy race of people, very much Saxon in their origin. Among the villages there is one, containing about 500 inhabitants, whose name finds no place on maps, and which, less than fifty years ago, was hardly known beyond the Lands of Luneburg, of which it forms a part. This is Hermannsburg. On 17th November; 1865, a crowd of some 4000 or 5000 thronged its streets, a deep silence prevailing over all, mourning in every face, tears in every eye, and sorrow in every heart. Hermann Harms, the pastor of the parish, had ended a short but most laborious ministry, full of blessings for tens of thousands, at home and abroad, and this throng was gathered to attend his funeral in the village cemetery from the country around.

Pastor Harms was the son of a minister; he was born in 1808, and lived in Hermannsburg since he was nine years of age, till he went to school at Celle, and to the university at Göttingen. In Göttingen he remained three years, and carried everything before him in the way of scholarly attainments, including Sanscrit, Syriac, and Chaldee, and some European languages.

In Göttingen at that time, as in some other German universities, both before and since, human reason had taken the place of faith, and professors and students alike were almost all bound in the chains of false philosophy, scientific arrogance, and positive unbelief as to the Scriptures, the person and work of Christ, and the soul-saving operations of the Holy Spirit. Though in some respects free from the trammels of rationalistic theories, young Harms was in spiritual darkness. Moral, upright, and consistent in life, he yet needed to be converted to God; but he was apart from all favorable human instrumentality. There was, however, an inward hunger, a soul-craving, for something he did not know what, and there was no one to teach him. He was asking himself anxiously, "What is the truth? What is the end of life?" "The answer came in a way he looked not for.

One night, the whole of which he had passed in work, wearied and sad, he opened the Gospel of St. John, and read the seventeenth chapter, the prayer of the Lord Jesus when on the threshold of His final sufferings. Suddenly, light arose in his mind. The prayer of the great High Priest and Sacrifice touched and melted his heart. The crisis was decisive. The change was complete. He was a new man in Christ.

After obtaining high honors at the university, he became tutor in a family at Lauenburg. Ten years were spent in this sphere. In 1845 he became assistant minister to his father, and in 1848, on the death of his father, he became pastor at Hermannsburg. The long years of waiting had not been lost. He arose like a full-orbed luminary, shining with the clear light of the gospel. At once his ministry proved a power. People gathered from far and near, and he threw himself with his whole soul into the work. A Sunday at Hermannsburg meant something for the preacher, and a grand repast of good things for the hearers. The morning service lasted three or four hours, consisting of

reading and exposition of the Bible, prayers, singing, and sermon. At three o'clock the church was again full, the service being directed chiefly to the young. The pastor moved about among them like a father, questioning young and old, and conversing familiarly with all. Then came a service in Low German, out of doors, or in a barn or other building. In the evening the parsonage was full of those who wanted advice, counsel, or comfort, or who wished to make his closer acquaintance. Domestic worship, to which all who desired it were admitted, closed up the day.

The year 1848 was a stormy time in almost all European kingdoms, and Hanover felt the revolutionary impulse. In Hermannsburg, however, there were other impulses. The Spirit of the Lord wrought mightily with the people through the ministry of the Word and prayer. There was a deep, quiet, and mighty revival. Weekday services were as well attended as Sabbath gatherings. Laborers had prayer in the fields; plough-boys and weeding girls were singing at their work the grand old hymns of the Fatherland. Hearts were purified and homes were cleansed; quarrels were made up; drunkenness, poverty, and dirt became unknown.

The success of the ministry at home generally results in a blessing for those who are far from God in other lands. So the Psalmist prays, or, rather, prophesies: "God be merciful unto us, and bless us; and cause His Face to shine upon us, that Thy way may be known upon earth, Thy saving health among all nations."

In the midst of the inflow of the living waters, the people thought of the dry and barren lands where no water was known. A mission to the heathen was suggested. They needed not to ask, "Who will go for us?" They would go themselves. A young man gave up his own estate, including house and grounds, to found a missionary college, the sole condition being that he should be one of the first missionaries. A great number offered themselves, and Harms made a careful selection, and the work of preparation went on. All were to be prepared for Christian work, though the major part of them were to follow their respective callings, and so support themselves and families, while one or more of higher culture and training would superintend operations. Two matters were beset with difficulties. First, where were the men to go? and—which was a more serious matter—how were they to be sent out? Where would the money come from? Harms tells us how he overcame this difficulty. He says:

"Then I knocked gently on the dear Lord in prayer; and since the praying man dare not sit with his hands in his cap, I sought among the shipping agents, but came no speed. I turned to Bishop Gobat, in Jerusalem, but had no answer, Then I wrote to the missionary Krapf, but the letter was lost."

A number of young men had been sent to Harms from Bremen, sailors of the German Fleet, and some of them were in the missionary college. One of them said to Harms one day, "Why not build a ship, and then you can send out as many and as often as you will? The proposal was good; but the money! That was a time of great conflict, and I wrestled with God. For no one encouraged me, but the reverse; and even the truest friends and brethren hinted that I was not quite in my senses. When Duke George of Saxony lay on his death-bed, and was yet in doubt to whom he should flee with his soul, whether to the Lord Jesus and His dear merits, or to the Pope and his good works, there spake a trusty courtier to him : 'Your Grace, Straightforward makes the best runner.' That word had lain fast in my soul. I had knocked at men's doors, and found them shut, and yet the plan was manifestly good, and for the glory of God. What was to be done? Straightforward makes the

best runner,' I prayed fervently to the Lord, laid the matter in His hand, and as I rose up at midnight from my knees I said, with a voice that almost startled me in the quiet room, 'Forward now, in God's Name! 'From that moment there never came a thought of doubt into my mind."

The ship was built and launched at Harburg, and though it cost 2000 crowns more than was expected, the money was forthcoming, and in no great length of time the Candace was ready for her cargo and passengers.

There was ceaseless activity at Hermannsburg. Smiths, tailors, carpenters, shoemakers, coopers, were all preparing what was necessary in their different lines. Nor were the women idle. There was knitting and all sorts of work done by the mothers and daughters. Nor were the farmers backward. Pigs, fowls, and other provisions were sent in, and the heaths were stripped for brooms. Even a Christmas tree was not forgotten.

The eight candidates were ordained by the Consistory, and all passed their examiners with credit. The captain and crew were chosen, and the leave-taking came. A service was held ; the people thronged in ; a sermon was preached by Theodore Harms, and the men and their wives stood up and sang their parting hymn—Luther's grand old song of triumph.

"Strong Tower and Refuge is our God,

Right goodly Shield and Weapon;

He helps us free in every need,

That hath us now o'ertaken.

The old evil roe,

Means us deadly woe;

Deep guile and great might

Are his arms in fight;

On earth is not his equal.

With our own might we nothing can,

Soon are we lost and fallen;

But for us fights the Righteous Man,

Whom God Himself hath callen.

Ask ye, Who is this?

Jesus Christ it is,

Our sole King and Lord,

As God of Hosts adored;

He holds the field for ever."

On 28th October, 1853, the Candace floated down to Cuxhaven. At Hamburg there was another service on board the ship. The whole harbor population was alive with wonder. The solemn service proceeded, and Pastor Harms preached an earnest practical sermon.

Two things he chiefly insisted on in addressing the mission party: The reading of the word of God, and prayer. "I beg of you," he said, "with my whole heart, that every morning you will pray. You have such high reason to thank the Lord who kept you through the night, who can keep, and strengthen, and bless you through the day. And every evening pray. You would be the most unthankful of men if you did not thank the Lord for all the benefits which He has showed you. You must pray every evening for the forgiveness of sins, for there is not a day without sin, and where there is no forgiveness there is no blessing. Begin all your work with prayer ; and when the storm-wind rises, pray ; and when the billows rave around the ship, pray ; and when sin comes, pray ; and when the devil tempts you, pray. So long as you pray it will go well with you, body and soul."

After eighty days the Candice reached Cape Town, and then steered for Natal, the mission party intending, if possible, to settle among the Gallas, the most depraved and the farthest from God of all the African tribes. This they found to be impossible, so they found another location, and named their settlement "New Hermannsburg," to which place we propose to take the reader in another paper, as well as to notify other matters in the progress of the mission.

R. S.

## Missionary Activity

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GENUINE zeal for the heathen, and such as are far away from the sound of the gospel, is one evidence of a healthy character of Christianity. Without such a spirit the Christian lacks the energy induced in the soul by faith in his Lord's own words, " GO YE into all the world; " also his Christianity is not like that of the apostles, who were ever going to the regions beyond with the gospel. We trust the readers of our pages will be stirred up to a missionary spirit, and that by prayer and by practical aid, they will do their best to forward the great work of genuine mission labor. Genuine mission labor has for its aim the bringing of souls to God, and the instructing of those so brought to God in the truth of His word.

## Auntie's Great Reward

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SOME twelve months ago the dear sister of the subject of this story was called away from this earth. When this mother died, not one of her children was saved; all were apparently in total spiritual darkness. The burden of these children was felt heavily by their aunt, who earnestly prayed God to bring them to Himself, and who also did her utmost to lead them into the way of grace and salvation.

The eldest girl seemed much impressed by the earnest and loving words she heard, and oh, how rejoiced was her aunt some little time after, when this niece paid her a visit. She heard her say she had found Christ, and wanted to serve Him, and to praise Him. And all this was true, indeed, as the girl's changed life and desires most happily witnessed.

Her younger sister accompanied this happy Christian girl on this visit to her aunt, who, on hearing the good news, enquired of her, "And how is it with you, dear?"

"Auntie," was the cold answer, "you must not talk to me about these things."

A few months passed away, and the aunt again saw the younger sister, and again said to her, "Well, dear, and how is it with you now?"

Her bright, happy face gave me the answer before she replied, "Oh dear aunt, I have found Jesus. I know all my sins were laid upon Him, when He died, and I am so happy."

"You surprise me," said the aunt, "for I did not know you were even anxious, dear."

"Oh! Auntie, I have been wanting to know how my sins could be pardoned from a little girl, and sometimes I have been very unhappy, and since my dear mother died it has been a real, deep longing, I assure you. I have only known I was saved the last three weeks; I believed, but did not see it was for myself. And now, auntie, how I wish dear father was saved, and my brothers. Do pray for them."

It was joy indeed to see her joy, and her deep longing for all whom she knew.

God is faithful who has promised. May we not count upon Him to hear all our prayers for our loved unsaved ones, while we make every effort to bring them to the Savior's feet, let us take God at His word, and not hinder His work by our unbelief.

## A Bright New Year

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"HOW can I know that Jesus died for me?" exclaimed Minnie E. I looked upon the wasted form of the little sufferer so worn with disease. For, for many long months this little one had been laid aside, and now she was awakened to the fact that she was a sinner.

"Know, dear," I said, "for whom did He die?"

"He died for sinners," she replied.

"Are you a sinner?" I asked.

"Yes, I know I am a sinner," she said.

Seeing just then that Minnie was much exhausted, I committed her to the Lord and left.

The same night I was called to go and see her again. "She is so miserable," said her brother, who came for me, "and wishes to see you."

On entering the room she looked up eagerly, saying, "I am so miserable, I want to be saved. I may die tonight," she cried.

Looking to Him for a word, who alone can speak peace to the troubled soul, I read over and over again " 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.)

Twelve o'clock chimed, and just then the little face beamed with joy. "Then I have nothing to do, only to trust the Blood."

I assured her, from God's Word, that the blessed Lord Jesus had done everything, and that the "Blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleanseth us from all sin." (1 John 1:7.)

After thanking God for His unspeakable gift, I left her rejoicing in Jesus.

She was visited by others, and delighted to hear about Jesus and to speak of His love. I noticed from time to time, she was sinking under her complaint, which was a most painful one, but she was so happy in the Lord.

The last reading we had together was from Eph. 1, and, as I left, she spoke of the coming of Jesus, who will "change this vile body and fashion it like unto His glorious body." (Phil. 3:21.) That night was to be our last meeting on earth.

Shortly after I had gone, she said, "Mother, give me my Bible," but when it was given her she tried in vain to read a portion of the Word she loved; the film of death had stolen over her eyes and she was unable to see.

"I cannot see, mother; you read to me," she said. The poor mother's eyes were blinded with tears, her darling about to leave her, and she could not read.

"Never mind, mother, Jesus knows," the dear child muttered.

Slowly the old year was passing away, and as the new year entered, dear Minnie left this earth to be forever with the Lord.

Ah, truly that was a bright new year for her. And now, dear little friend, as you read this true incident, let me lovingly ask, Do you know Jesus as your own Savior? Not only as a Savior, or the Savior, but your Savior, so that you can say Jesus is my Savior? It would be such joy to you to live this year 1892 with this for your motto—Christ for me.

J. F. H.

## Sketches of the Early Days of Christianity: the Church of God and the Gentile

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WE must not omit to bear in mind that in the times of the earliest days of the Church of God, the Gentile world was in a state of the highest civilization, mental advancement, and intellectual progress, and also in a condition of the grossest immorality. This important fact should be remembered in relation to the efforts of our own day to advance an education which leaves out God. The gods of the Romans were mythical existences, frequently little better than human passions deified, while the religious beliefs of those old conquerors of the world were in large part colored by or acquired from nations that had preceded them, or which they had conquered. As to the moral nature attributed to their gods, the story of St. Agatha, in the third century, when brought before her pagan judge, is to the point. She worshipped Him who is holy, Him who is true, and during the interrogation of the judge, as to her religion, she asked him whether he could wish to resemble Jupiter, or that his wife should imitate Venus.

The immoralities attributed to these deities were such, that the judge ordered St. Agatha to be beaten for insulting him by her question! Nevertheless, St. Agatha was condemned because she would not bow to Jupiter and Venus, and own them to be divinities, but would worship God alone.

The religious condition of the Gentile in the earliest days of the Church of God was one of subjection to demon-power through false gods, and immorality of unmentionable horror. We must acknowledge, therefore, that, whether regarding the manner of life or the worship of the Gentile, the Church of God, indwelt by the Holy Spirit, could only absolutely refuse every kind of thing that characterized the Gentile spirit of that day.

Let us try to conceive what heathendom when in power is like—not an easy task in a Protestant land. The home is dedicated to special demons and their idols. The food eaten is offered to idols, or has some religious thought connected with it. The priestly class, which serves the power the idol represents, exercises a superstitious control over every one. The temples, with their processions and holidays, offer a great part of the interest and the entertainment of the hour, while the art and wealth of the district are largely connected with its religion. The whole life of the people is therefore colored and governed by its gods, and the idea of the individual obeying his conscience, as a Protestant would understand it, could hardly exist.

When a man became a Christian he broke away from heathenism absolutely, as was said of the Thessalonians; "Ye turned to God from idols to serve the living and true God" (ch. 1:9), or, as was said of the Colossians; delivered from the power of darkness, and translated into the kingdom of God's dear Son (ch. 1:13).

The surroundings of heathenism touched the Christian in the very details of his home-life.

The markets where, in the ordinary course, he would buy his food, proffered for sale meats sacrificed to demons, and, said the inspired word, "I would not that ye should have fellowship with

devils " (1 Cor. 10:20), which might be the case by the means of the very food they ate. Then in religious life, the Gentiles were "carried away unto these dumb idols, even as (they) were led" (ch. 12:2). For though the idols might be but wood or stone, and therefore "nothing" in themselves, behind them was the power which "carried away!" and "led" the worshipper.

The evil spirits knew well what the holy power was the apostles possessed. They, at least, recognized that God was in them of a truth. St. Paul and his companions at Philippi were followed for days by what would now be termed "a medium," a young woman possessed by a spirit. She was the telephone wire, as it were, for communicating with the unseen world of evil spirits; her masters, holding intercourse with some of the "hosts of wickedness " through her, and gaining much money through her by soothsaying. She cried out after the servants of God, declaring to the heathen of Philippi, who they were, and what their mission was. Solemn, but touching, was her cry, "These men are the servants of the Most High God, which skew unto us the way of salvation" (Acts 16:17). The extent of the intercourse with the world-rulers of darkness may be inferred from what transpired in Ephesus, where the word of God prevailed so mightily among the heathen, that the books of magic and charms burned by the converts amounted in value to fifty thousand pieces of silver

The power vested in apostolic and other hands astonished the heathen; they had no conception whence it came, or whose it was, At Lystra—where the poor heathen cripple believed the Word, as Paul preached, and was healed by the apostle—the people, seeing the miracle, regarded Paul and Barnabas as their gods come down among them in the likeness of men. Then the priests of Jupiter brought forth oxen with garlands to sacrifice to these servants of the living God, and only with much effort on the part of the apostles were they restrained from their purpose.

Such incidents assist us to realize what the Gentile world was like in the early days of the Church of God.

It was probably seven years after Pentecost that "the Holy Ghost fell on "the centurion and the company assembled in his house to hear St. Peter preach. The word went forth amongst the Jewish believers, "on the Gentiles also was poured out the gift of the Holy Ghost"; "He fell on them as on us at the beginning" (Acts 16:15). A few years later the mighty powers of the Holy Ghost amongst the Gentiles, with the grace of God that brings salvation to all men, was witnessed by the word prevailing in many of the countries bordering on the Mediterranean Sea, as we read in the book of Acts. And tradition assigns to India, Arabia, Scythia and Parthia evangelic triumphs through the labors of Saints Bartholomew, Andrew, Matthew and Philip. We may be sure the apostles obeyed the Lord's word, "Go ye into all the world and disciple all nations," and that they went. We have also to remember the order the Lord had laid out for their mission, "Jerusalem, and in all Judaea, and in Samaria, and unto the uttermost part of the earth " (Acts 1:8), and by the record of the Acts we find that this order of service was maintained.

The truth of Christianity extended even to Cesar's household, as well as to the poor slaves whose lives were held at the will of their pagan masters. Some few of the great and the noble were called, as Dionysius, of Athens, the Areopagite, and thus the truth of God penetrated in the very heart and centre of paganism.

We have, then, now before us the Church of God in the midst of heathendom, invested with divine power, indwelt by the Holy Ghost, and full of evangelic spirit to win other hearts out of heathen darkness for Christ the Lord. The Philippians were a church zealous for Christ and the gospel for many years; the word of the truth of the gospel brought forth its 'holy fruit in Colosse, and increased there; much people was brought to God in Corinth, and also in Ephesus; and the Ephesians, once so terribly under the power of evil spirits, were addressed as soldiers of Christ wrestling "against the world-rulers of this darkness, against the spiritual hosts of wickedness in the heavenly places."

An illustration is afforded in the fourteenth chapter of the 1st Epistle to the Corinthians of an unbeliever coming into their midst, "where the whole church was assembled together," and of his sense of God being among them. The Holy Spirit, acting in the company of Christians, so convicted the heathen, that he could but openly acknowledge the divine power present, which unveiled himself to himself in the presence of the Holy God. We may safely assume that many of the heathen were converted to God by such means, as well as by the preaching of the word through the divinely-sent evangelists.

The records of the early work of the Church abound in testimony to the energy of God the Spirit; indeed, we might almost term the book of the Acts of the Apostles, the book of the Acts of the Holy Spirit of God through the apostles and others. We survey the dark places of the heathendom, and behold here and there, like stars on a gloomy night, the assemblies of Christians shining for Christ as light in the world, holding forth the word of life. In a marvelous way God Himself had caused the light, the love, the life of the Christian filled with the Spirit to be seen on earth.

The hand of persecution was not raised against these early churches in the fierce spirit of later years; each local church had its story of persecution to tell, we cannot doubt, for many of the epistles bear testimony to these afflictions; but at the beginning, the Gentiles did not, as the Jews, seek to root out Christianity from the earth. The first persecutions of Christians were due to the fury of Jewish hatred to the name of Jesus of Nazareth, and at the beginning, to the Jews was frequently due the anger of the heathen against the Church. The heathen rulers often regarded the Christians merely as a sect of the Jews, and it was not until the Church of God had increased considerably in numbers, that it was exposed to systematic persecution at the hands of the Gentiles. So grew the word of God and prevailed in those early days.

## A Lesson From Hebron

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WE wonder whether our little picture at all represents Hebron as it was in the days of that grand old man Caleb! The surroundings of the city are no doubt very similar to what they were some thousands of years ago, so we can picture to ourselves the mountain side with its old city, and its giants, as Caleb saw them, and on which he set his heart for forty years!

Yes! for forty years ! Think of that, young friend, forty years of expectation, of determination, of faith in God, and of waiting for a promise to be fulfilled! What a fire was that like, think you, burning in his breast? A fire which neither the cowardice, nor the murmurings, nor the deaths of his comrades could put out. Some people let go their expectations and let slip their prayers after forty days of delay; would that we were all of us like Caleb.

The fourteenth chapter of Joshua is a favorite one for a lesson in courage. Caleb had trodden the mountain with the rest of the spies (ver. 9); his soul took in its glories and its charms; verily, to him, it was the land of promise; hence to him neither the walls of Hebron, nor the giants that manned them, were as anything; if God be for us, who can be against us? God had promised him Hebron, and Hebron should be his inheritance.

Murmuring, unbelieving Israel, had to work out their unbelief by treading the wilderness for forty years; they had to prove, step by step, the evil of their ways. Caleb all the while was looking onward, to the day when he might, step by step, win the promised inheritance for himself, and prove the faithfulness of his God. God had declared to him, through Moses, "Surely the land whereon thy feet have trodden shall be thine inheritance, and thy children's, for ever" (ver. 9), and now he was ready, old man of eighty-five, to prove the good word of God by his sword. "Hebron therefore became the inheritance of Caleb the son of Jephunneh the Kenezite unto this day, because he wholly followed the Lord God of Israel" (ver. 14.)

How small we seem as we stand beside old Caleb. But wherein lay his strength? He believed God. He was strong in faith. Faith in God makes a man strong, because God strengthens His believing people with power such as earth cannot bestow. What are forty years compared with a word of God? Caleb counted on God, and God's word can never fail. What he has promised He is able to perform. Shall we not believe He will be as good as His word?

The pertinacity of faith is here seen in great excellence. If the times were bad for Israel at large, Caleb reckoned on God and His goodness to himself, and there he stood like a true giant amongst the rebellious hosts of Israel.

We need not intellectual strength or superior ability to be Caleb's; we need faith. And it seems to us that in our present day, faith evidenced by works is the best of answers to the scornful giants who make light of God's word, and to the disheartened people who credit the false report of the false spies.

## The Nurse's Story

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"NURSE, I am sure the new maid is anxious about her soul." "Why do you think so, Mary?" asked the nurse addressed.

"I was speaking to her in the kitchen, and telling her how happy I have been since I am saved, and I told her all about my conversion, and she seemed touched. I saw the tears in her eyes, and I feel quite sure she is anxious."

"Do you think you could get her to come up to the nursery, and have a talk with me?" said nurse.

"I will ask her, at any rate," said Mary, and away she went down stairs to do so.

This conversation took place in the nursery of a gentleman's house, between the upper and under-nurse, one evening after the work was over, and the children put to bed.

Nurse had been a Christian for a number of years, although only comparatively lately had she seen clearly that she possessed eternal life, and was indeed a child of God. Since this light had broken in upon her, she had been learning daily in the word of God what He had saved her from, and what He had saved her for, and her heart was full of joy and peace. God had recently converted Mary, the nursery-maid, in answer to her prayers, and now both of them, in their zeal, longed for others to be won to Christ. They had tried in vain to reach the old cook's heart; she was stubborn and self-righteous, and told them to speak no more to her on this subject or she would inform their mistress. But a stranger-maid had lately come, and Mary could not help telling her of the Lord's goodness in saving her soul, and this night, in the cook's absence and while their mistress was out, the attempt was to be made to have Ellen up to the nursery for a talk.

In a little while Mary returned with Ellen, and all three sat down to their needle-work while they talked.

Nurse explained the need all had as sinners of being born again, and how the Lord had dealt with her to bring her to Himself, the danger to which she was exposed while in the far country, and she told of the pardon and peace she had experienced since she came to Jesus.

At the close, Ellen burst out with the cry, "I want to be saved, but what shall I do?"

"Oh!" said nurse, "you have nothing to do, all is done."

"I can't understand you," replied Ellen, surely I have something to do."

"Oh, no!" said nurse. "Read these words," and she handed her a testament. Ellen read as directed John 3:16: "God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

"You see," said nurse, "God loved us, and gave Jesus to be our Savior. He has done the work of our salvation, and now we have only to believe, and receive life everlasting. Read this," and she

pointed to the 36th verse, "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life," Then turning her to chapter v. 24, Ellen read again, " Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that heareth My word—"

"Now," said nurse, "you have heard His word, go on—"

"And believeth on Him that sent Me."

"Don't you see?" said nurse. "It is not to do, but to believe on Him who has done all. Now read it out."

"Hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation; but is passed from death unto life." "I do believe in the Lord Jesus Christ," said Ellen slowly, "and I know it is all true, that He died for us while we were yet sinners ; but I can't understand about this having eternal life."

"Oh," said nurse, with a smile, "that is the gift of God to every one who believeth. He gives it to you. Turn to 1 John 5:13, and read."

She did so, and read, "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."

"Now, dear," said nurse, "do you see God sends us the Scriptures to tell us we have it as a gift from Him?"

"Oh! my mind only gets more bewildered," exclaimed Ellen. "I seem to see it all, but I can't take it in. I haven't got it surely, or I would feel it! "

The nurse's eye fell on a ball of knitting worsted that lay on the table; she lifted it up, and said, "Do you see this ball of wool, with all its color and beauty, that I hold in my hand?"

"Yes," replied the bewildered girl.

"I give it to you," said nurse, holding it out. Ellen put out her hand and took it. "Now," asked nurse, "have you got it? Is it yours? "

"Oh, yes!" answered Ellen.

The light was breaking, and the bewildered face was getting happy and bright, as nurse continued, "God holds out as a gift eternal life. We just take it, and He says it is ours, and we believe His word, and have it."

"Oh!" exclaimed Ellen, "I see it all now. Will you thank God for me? "

Together the three knelt down, and from that nursery to the throne of God there rose that night the voice of praise and thanksgiving. Full of joy at possessing eternal life, Ellen went down to the kitchen, and when the cook came in threw her arms round her, and cried, "I am saved tonight! Since you went out the Lord has saved me, and I know it." The cook repulsed the girl, declaring she was mad, and that she knew nurse had made her crazy.

" Oh, no!" said Ellen, "I am not crazy; I was just in danger of being lost, for I was under God's wrath and condemnation ; and so are you, until you believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and then you will be saved too."

Ellen, in the buoyancy of her heart, could not but confess Christ to her mistress, and tell her of the joy and peace she had found through believing.

A few days later Mary said, "I fear, nurse, something is going to happen, that you are to go away, and me be left without you. I have a dread of it."

Nurse cheered her up, and said nothing could come from their loving Heavenly Father but goodness and loving-kindness, but owned that she too feared that a cloud was gathering, which would soon burst upon them. Later in the day nurse was called down to her mistress, and told that she was to prepare to leave in a few weeks. Then Mary received notice, and Ellen too was told she was to leave. All had to go because they had confessed to Christ.

They had but a few weeks to spend together, but these will never be forgotten; they had many sweet times, praying with and for each other, and rejoicing that they were counted worthy to suffer for His Name's sake.

Leaving their situation thus without commendation, they had to take places of a very inferior kind; but this too they did cheerfully, the head nurse becoming a maid of all work, and the under-nurse a maid in a boardinghouse. Thus they learnt to go down for love of Christ; but what will the sequel be, when the Lord of heaven, in the presence of those myriads of angels, and before His Father, shall confess their names, and tell of what they did, and of what they suffered out of love for Him?

J. S.

## Doing Something

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"A MAN must do summat." Such was the curt reply of an old man to whom I had been speaking of salvation by grace, through faith, and not of works. And verily, his case was but one of many. Men spend their lives for their own pleasure, and then, as they draw near the end, with mind alienated, and foolish heart darkened, they begin to think of doing something to set matters right! And though they think that something must be done, they are entirely at a loss to decide what to do.

"Believe! Why, I always have believed!" he again retorted.

I replied: "But if you have always believed that Christ suffered for your sins-yea, bore them all in His own body on the tree, how is it that you have never loved Him, but have lived in sin, and delighted in sin?"

With a serious look he replied: "You have done me there, sir. I have got ne'er a leg at all now. I had only got that one leg to stand upon, and you have knocked that away. I have delighted in sin, and it's no use to make it out otherwise. I can see, if I am to be saved, He must do it, or it will not be done at all."

"Well, as you acknowledge your helplessness, let me read to you of God's willingness to save you just as you are. 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.) 'God commendeth His love toward us, in that while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us.' (Rom. 5:8.) Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.'" (1 Tim. 1:15.)

"He must have loved me, or He never would have suffered as He did."

"Well now, you trust in what He is to you, apart from anything you could do to merit His love. Look for peace in what He has done for you, and not in what you can do for Him."

"That is all I can do, for it won't do to trust in anything else."

Thus ended our last conversation. Illness prevented me from seeing him again. But I hope to see him in glory. He was a truly repentant sinner, and the scripture gives us reason to hope for such, for "there is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth."

Reader, are you a repentant sinner? "Except ye repent ye shall . . . perish." The time is short.

G. G.

## One of Satan's Suggestions

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WE had had a most stirring gospel preached one Sunday evening, and as the people were leaving the hall, a young woman, who knew what it was to rejoice in the Lord as her salvation, noticed a girl coming down the aisle, looking, oh ! so miserable!

"Dear friend," asked the Christian, " have you decided for Christ Jesus; and can you say He is your Savior?"

"No," she replied, in a very sad tone.

"Then will you not come to the Savior tonight? Jesus is waiting to receive you, and longing to bless you. Do come now, just as you are."

"No," again she replied, " I will not decide tonight; perhaps some other time."

And she passed on, with her sad face, and heavy heart, and her soul unsaved!

SOME OTHER TIME—NOT TONIGHT."

And the Lord Jesus heard that deliberate refusal.

Dear unsaved one, have you ever put off accepting Jesus as your Savior? If so, just think of it for a few minutes. "Boast not thyself of tomorrow, for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth." (Prov. 27:1.) "Tomorrow " is the devil's word." Today "is God's.

"Tomorrow " is a day you will never see. Have you ever thought that when it comes it is again "today"? And Satan will still whisper, "Oh, never mind today, tomorrow will do!"

Before another twenty-four hours, the Lord may have come; for we read in Matt. 24:44, "Therefore be ye also ready: for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of man cometh; " and there will be no TOMORROW then.

Before another day dawns you may be stricken down by fever, and be unconscious of anything going on around you; and you cannot come to Jesus then. Before another day is passed your heart may have ceased to beat, and you lie dead.

Listen no more to Satan's suggestions about tomorrow, for he will make you put off coming to Jesus, and delay salvation, until it is too late. He will tempt you on and on, till he lands you in hell, and you are lost for eternity. On the other hand is salvation, and if you trust in Jesus as your Savior, you are saved, and saved for ever. Which is it to be? Jesus or Satan, heaven or hell, saved or lost?

"Today if ye will hear His voice, harden not your heart." (Psa. 95:7, 8.)

M.

## Sowing and Reaping

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ANN Rentill was born in a quiet little village. Her parents were worldly people, but very industrious. John Rentill was a shoe-maker by trade, and brought up his children in comparative comfort in a humble way. Ann showed marks of piety at an early age; she took great delight in the Sunday-school; she loved her teacher dearly, and much enjoyed committing hymns to memory. Ann's teacher was a godly young person, who sought to show her pupils their need of a Savior, and who tried to lead them to Christ. She instructed them that children will be called to give an account to God for their every thought, word, and deed, and consequently need the blood of Christ to wash them and make them clean, quite as much as people of mature age. She tried to make them see the evil of trusting to works and morality to save them from judgment, and sought to prove to them that Christ and Christ alone must save every sinner who enters heaven.

Ann Rentill loved her Savior, and all went well during her childhood, but when she grew up she accepted the friendship of a worldly young man. He made promises of amendment, saying that if he had a good counselor and a home of his own, he would be a better man. He often told her his home was not a happy one, and that if she would consent to marry him he would turn over a new leaf. Alas! without seeking guidance from her God she accepted him, and they were married early in the spring.

For a time Job Senstill kept his promises; he regularly attended the house of prayer with his wife; he left his worldly comrades, and outwardly there was a change for the better, but, alas! his heart was not changed. His attendance at the chapel was soon irregular; his visits to the public-house increased, and, sad to relate, Ann began to be dragged away from God by him, and would go for a holiday upon the Lord's day to please him. At the end of two years Job's life was as wicked as before, and his wife had been led by him into evil. She had disobeyed the plain word of scripture in marrying a man not a Christian, and the influence she at one time possessed for doing good was gone. Time went on, and Job became a drunkard.

Poor Ann cried to God for forgiveness, and was brought back to the Savior from whom she had strayed, but she had to travel the path of life in sorrow as regards this world. Lonely and sad, she could see, alas! too late, that she had chosen her own way instead of her God's ways, and though God in mercy had looked upon His wandering sheep, it was after much suffering that she was brought back to the Shepherd she had left.

She was often beaten by her drunken husband, and sometimes he even threatened to take her life. In these dark hours she found her Savior precious, and the promise, "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee," very sweet.

Job would not hear one word of counsel; he was determined to fill up the measure of his iniquities. Poor Ann could only carry her heavy burden to God in prayer, and stay herself upon Him. So was a long life spent! Ann reaped as she had sown. There was no cheer in her sad life, save her hope in God. At the age of seventy-nine she died.

As her husband saw her happy death he thought, as have many before, "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his." Then God in His mercy began to answer Ann's prayers. The funeral being over, Job was left alone, and he thought over all his cruelty to his wife; he thought of her patience and love; he was ashamed of his wickedness, and grieved over the hopeless past. Nor did he grieve alone for his cruelty towards his wife! The Spirit of God showed him the depths of the sin of his heart, and he was humbled and contrite before the holy God. He cried aloud in the agony of his soul: "What must I do to be saved?" Then he bethought him of his wife's Bible, and there he read the tender and compassionate words of Jesus, "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest;" and, oh! how he longed for rest.

After turning over the leaves of the Bible, and reading many underlined passages, which seemed to him as his wife's voice appealing to him from the grave, he read "Thine eyes shall see the King in His beauty: they shall behold the land that is very far off." (Isa. 33:17.) The light shone in upon his dark soul as he read on, and the 22nd verse was blessed to him: "For the Lord is our Judge, the Lord is our Lawgiver, the Lord is our King; He will save us." The Spirit of God showed him that Christ had done all for him, when nailed to the cross: he might come with all his sin to Jesus, and trust the gracious call. He came, and found Christ to be "as an hiding place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest; as rivers of water in a dry place, as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land."

Some time afterwards Job was taken ill, and died trusting in his Savior.

In the quiet little graveyard Job and Ann lie side by side, and upon his stone the words are engraved: "Is not this a brand plucked from the burning?"

E. B.—y.

## Christ, Our Sacrifice and Priest: 4. No Mediator but Jesus

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ONE great truth of the Christian faith is this, There is "one Mediator between God and men, the Man Christ Jesus." (1 Tim. 2:5.) Alas, over a large area of Christendom it is taught—There are many mediators between God and men, and—by means of a long mediatorial chain of angels and saints—the mind is led up to a woman, the Virgin Mary, as their chief. A woman's heart is substituted for the heart of Christ, her tenderness for His, her compassion for His. "Go to her," the writer heard a preacher in a notable cathedral say—"go to her with your burdens and your cares, make her your friend, for you are working men and poor, and sadly need a friend ; she will be a friend indeed to you—she will give you rest." And the sermon being ended, the sweetest of strains to the honor of the woman filled the lofty arches of the peerless gothic pile, and, when the Ave Marias had whispered themselves away, hundreds of kneeling men responded with strong voices to her praise. Such was a most "impressive " service of what is termed the Christian religion!

### THE EFFECT OF GOD'S WORD ON THE SOUL

should be considered. Where God's word is either unknown or discredited, we need not wonder at honors being paid to a woman, to saints and holy angels, which belong alone to Jehovah-Jesus. A mind ignorant of the Scriptures, and versed in the legends of the church, and in the lives of the saints, may very naturally turn to many mediators, and especially to such a pleader as a woman may be conceived to be. But a mind taught of God by the word of God, and recognizing God's holiness and perfections, can allow none other than the Man, Jesus Christ, the one Mediator between God and men.

A statement regarding the Scriptures of the most solemn kind, introduces to us Jesus Christ in His priestly activity for us in the presence of God. "The word of God is living, and active, and sharper than any two-edged sword, and piercing even to the dividing of soul and spirit, of both joints and marrow, and quick to discern the thoughts and intents of the heart." (Heb. 4:12.) The divine word, unlike tradition's dead words, lays bare souls, and, unlike rationalism's morphia, rouses souls to the reality of truth; it wounds, it cuts, opens the conscience, discerns secrets and hidden purposes, and exposes man to himself before the eyes of God, with whom all must have to do.

When man's hour comes and death's boundary is over-stepped, neither the arm of the church nor the drugs of reason can avail. Without Christ we shall stumble out of this world into outer darkness, and fall into the unutterable depths of despair.

The word of God penetrates our beings, proves to us that God is what His word declares, absolute in holiness, everlasting in righteousness; it discovers to us our own personal sinfulness and deceit of heart, and it cuts away in us every hope save Christ. It tells the plain truth, which never changes, and reveals God, who is unchangeably the same. Now herein lies a riddle. The believer in God's word sees himself; in measure, as God sees him, yet seeks not to hide from himself the truth about himself, nor wishes to weaken the truth about his God, who is a consuming fire. He feels his sinfulness, he believes God's holiness, and desires in himself to be what he knows he is

in God's sight—transparent; yet he can be perfectly confident and reverently bold. What shall solve this riddle? The authority of the church? The nostrums of rationalism? We smile at their impotence.

Open your Bible, Christian, and read once more the verse respecting the word of God already quoted, and then proceed—" Seeing then that

WE HAVE A GREAT HIGH PRIEST,

that is passed into the heavens, Jesus, the Son of God, let us hold fast our profession . . . let us . . . come boldly unto the throne of grace." The person of Christ, our Sacrifice and Priest, in the presence of God for us, solves the riddle. Christ died for us, Christ lives for us, Christ has put away our sins by the sacrifice of Himself, Christ appears in the presence of God for us—let us therefore come boldly unto the throne of grace. The unchangeably holy God has given us an unchangeably efficacious Sacrifice, an unchangeably perfect Priest; God is glorified in His Son, and in His Son we are at rest.

OUR HIGH PRIEST MAGNIFIES GOD.

As Aaron, the high priest of Jehovah for Israel, on the great day of atonement, passed through the veils of the tabernacle and entered the holiest of all, so has Jesus, the Son of God, passed through the heavens, and has entered into God's presence in the power of His atoning blood. God is magnified by His presence there. The holy angels bow before Him there. The blessed Virgin with all saints in paradise honor Him there. And so will we by grace, by holding fast to our Christian faith.

OUR HIGH PRIEST IS SUITABLE TO US.

We have Him there. What a possession! We have not to win His ear by feeing a priest to catch the attention of a saint, in order to procure the interest of an angel, in order to move the heart of a woman, in order to induce Jesus to kindly use His offices before an angry Being, who is already frowning upon us, and who is waiting but to hurl us into perdition! Oh! no. We have, by the will of God, by the purpose of God, by His own action in making His Son a Priest forever, a High Priest who is in God's holy presence for us.

And how suited is He to us: "For we have not an high priest which cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities, but was in all points tempted like as we... without sin." He has been a babe, a child, a youth, a man. He has wept, He has hungered, He has been assailed by Satan, forsaken by His disciples, betrayed by His friend; He has passed through the school of affliction, He can be touched with the feeling of our infirmities. He is sensitive to our grief, our afflictions, our weakness. The memory of His sacred life of love on earth is fresh with Him in His exaltation in heaven, and out of the stores of His tenderness, He can be touched with the feeling of our infirmities.

And if He be so graciously suitable to us in our infirmities, how suitable is He to us in relation to the holiness of God.

"SUCH AN HIGH PRIEST BECAME US—

Holy, harmless, undefiled, separate from sinners, and made higher than the heavens" (ch. 7:26). We think of the holiness of God, and prize the holiness of Christ. Yes, indeed, such an High Priest became us, unholy as we are, so often harmful, so sadly at times defiled. He in His moral excellence becomes us, for how much do we need Himself on our behalf in the light and perfection of the moral glory of God.

It became God that our High Priest should be a sufferer here (ch. 2:10), such grace was morally fitting to the infinite God. It behoved Jesus to be made like unto His brethren (ver. 17); such grace was morally fitting to the eternal Son. It becomes us even as we are to have One absolutely holy, harmless, undefiled, and separate from sinners, in the sacred presence of God on our account.

It is remarkable, that those professing Christians, who affirm the honor of a man-made priesthood, also declare that the office of the priest may worthily exist even if his character be base. We can well understand a priest of Bacchus being drunk, or a priestess of Venus being impure, and remaining ornaments to their profession, but God forbid that the pagan idea of a Christian being a priest, and also a drunkard or impure without being utterly unfit for Christian duty, should prevail in England. Such recognized religious immorality would lower the morals of the country to a heathen level.

No man can worthily serve God whose life is unworthy of God. God hates hypocrisy. Whether it be the Sunday-school teacher, or the most exalted servant in God's church, office confers no spiritual power, and unless a man be spiritually-minded it is death with him.

A pagan priest might be unholy, harmful, defiled, the lowest of sinners, and carry on his religion right worthily, but the professors of the name of Christ must be Christ like.

## Witnesses

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WHEN Jesus was about to leave this world, to go to His Father in heaven, He said to the men and women He loved, and whom He was leaving behind, "Ye shall be witnesses unto Me." (Acts 1:8.) Now, I want to talk a little bit to you boys and girls who love Jesus about this, because, you see, Jesus has not come back yet, and you and I are to be His witnesses in His absence, just as those disciples were when first He went away.

Last autumn I was staying with some friends near a little village in Hampshire, which was all in a fuss about a trial that was going on as to the fishing in the river. There were two gentlemen, who each said that this fishing belonged to him, so that the other had no right to catch any of the fish. I cannot tell you which of the two was in the right, but the whole village was in great excitement, and everyone taking sides with one gentleman or the other, and more and less angry with those that did not agree with them.

It was of no use anyone saying he did not want to be on either side, for the villagers were all so hot about the matter that they were sure to prove everybody was with one party or the other. I was only a visitor, you know, and out of it all, yet one afternoon, when a gentleman from this village was calling at the house where I was staying, he pressed me to say which side I was on. I replied, "Oh! I am on neither; but naturally I sympathize with Mr. So-and-so, as he has now the property which belonged for a long while to this family, and they always had the fishing."

"Ah, then, you are on his side!" he exclaimed, laughing.

As the proverb says, "A straw shows which way the wind blows," so my few words had proved which side I favored. Just in the same way, perhaps some of you think that you will not let others know that you love Jesus, for fear it should bring you into trouble with those who are not on His side; but, oh! dear children, if you have it in your heart to be true to Him, you cannot help it coming out in your ways, and those who are watching you will very quickly know whether you are for or against Him.

Boys and girls often think they will not take sides with either Christ or the devil, but will comfortably keep along in a middle course, and be friends with the followers of both. But this will not do—it cannot be! Jesus said plainly, "No man can serve two masters. Ye cannot serve God and mammon." So everyone of us is siding with either one or the other. Though you may think you would rather like to serve Christ and be on His side, yet, if you are still undecided for Him, you are really serving the devil, and are taking His side.

When the trial about the fishing was coming on in London each of the gentlemen took up a number of men to Town to witness for him, and it was all the talk I heard about these witnesses that made me think of the Lord's words when He was going away, and of what He requires in those who are to testify for Him.

Now, in the first place, these men had all to know something about the case, or they would have been of no help whatever, and so, as witnesses for Jesus, we must really know something of Him. It would have been of no use if these men had only been able to say what their neighbors, or fathers, or grandfathers knew about the fishing in that river; the question was, what did they know themselves? And let me ask you, what do you know of Jesus that you can bear witness for Him? You will be useless if you can only testify that father or mother, brothers or sisters, are Christians, and cannot state that you know the Lord yourself.

Then it would have been quite in vain to take up a man to London who would say one thing in his own home, and another in public, one thing one day, and another thing another day. Men were wanted who would stick to what they held, through thick and thin. So, in like manner, if you are a witness for Jesus, you must pray for grace and courage to stand firmly for Him every day and everywhere, or your testimony will be worthless.

I was told that one of these countrymen was in such a great hurry to give his witness that as soon as he came into court he called out, " I am here to speak the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth " Upon which he was requested to keep silent until spoken to. I thought myself it was doubtful whether that man would not say rather more than the truth, as he was so quick to brag of what he would do—don't you think so, too? Peter said, in a boastful spirit, that he was ready to bear witness for Jesus, but when he might have done so in court he turned coward, and said he knew nothing about Him. So it does not do for us to boast of what we will do or say for Jesus, but we should pray that when we are called to speak for Him, we may have courage given us to speak" the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth" about Him.

I heard that both of these gentlemen took great care of their own witnesses while up in London, providing in every way for their comfort, and making such a good time for them. And so Jesus takes very tender care of those who are bearing witness for Him in this world, and fills their hearts with joy and gladness. He promises, too, that, if we confess His name now before men, He will confess ours hereafter before His Father and the holy angels. Only think of that! What a grand moment that will be for those who have been true to Jesus down here, and have bravely declared themselves on His side, while the god of this world was disputing His rights!

The judge has not yet decided the fishing case, so none of us can know which of the two claimants will win. But there is no doubt at all as to which is the winning side in the more important things, of which we have made it a parable. We, who love Jesus, may sometimes seem to get the worst of it while witnessing for Him, but let us never lose sight of the great fact that the crowning day is coming, when all things shall be put under His feet, and when those who have stood for Him shall share His throne, and enter into His joy.

A. P. C.

Sketches of the Early Days of Christianity

AN EARLY CHURCH OF CHRIST.

LET us endeavor to picture to ourselves an early church of Christ, planted in the midst of heathendom. We must draw the materials to form our picture almost entirely from the Acts of the Apostles and the earlier epistles, for tradition or testimonies of the heathen can render us but little

assistance. One thing is important to begin with. We must divert our thoughts from what we see around us in Christendom, and not fancy that the churches of Christ in apostolic days were just like the churches of our own times. In the early days men and women were called the church, now, buildings as well as persons are so designated. The apostles and the early Christian workers labored to find living stones for God in the quarry of paganism, and these were built up together upon the one foundation—Christ Jesus. So St. Peter addresses the scattered strangers in many parts of the world "as living stones, built up a spiritual house," (1 Peter 2:5), and St. Paul teaches that believers, whether Gentile or Jew, "are builded together for an habitation of God through the Spirit" (Eph. 2:22).

We can easily understand that some time must have elapsed, and the ideas of heathendom must have been greatly affected by the teaching of Christians, before the buildings in which Christians assembled began to be called churches.

So far as buildings are concerned, wherein Christian service is conducted, we may gain an idea of the early days of the church from the efforts of missionaries among the heathen in China. There a missionary will penetrate into the dense darkness of paganism, perhaps one lone Christian in a huge city of idolaters. He speaks of God and Christ to one and another. Some are turned to God from their idols; they hold together, they have one God and Father, one Lord and Savior, one Holy Spirit amongst them. A cottage, the shelter of some trees, a secluded spot on a river's side; such are die places where the persons who form the church of Christ in that special part of China assemble together.

When St. Paul first spoke of Christ in Europe, it was by a river's side, where some pious Jewish women were wont to meet outside the heathen city for prayer (Acts 16:13).

Then they went to the home of one of these women, the devout Lydia (vers. 14, 15). His own hired house in Rome, was the great preaching station for St. Paul for the space of two years, and there he "received all that came in unto him" (ch. 28:30, 31) Sometimes, if a Christian had a house of his own, the church of Christ would assemble there, as was the case with Nymphas (Col. 4:15), or, if there was ability, and number sufficient, the church would assemble in an appointed spot, as they did in Troas, in the upper chamber. (Acts 20:8.)

At Athens, Paul preached in the open air, standing in the midst of Mars Hill, with the loveliest of heathen temples near, and the wisest of men for his audience, whose wisdom had not taught them to worship God save ignorantly (ch. 17:22-31) Anywhere, everywhere, was the word proclaimed. Frequently, a heathen city would have a Jewish synagogue in it, and thither usually St. Paul would first go, but, alas! too often to find there greater enmity to the Fatherland the Son than amongst the heathen.

There was nothing outwardly great in the church—nothing in early Christianity to answer to the pomp and processions of the heathen temples and worship. But there were words—divine, holy, beautiful—that had come from heaven, from God Himself, and by which the heathen might be saved. Words of life, of light, of love, never before breathed on earth; words of forgiveness, of glory; words of holiness, of peace.

In those early days, heathendom in a marked way had failed to give men's hearts rest. And this many among the heathen acutely felt.

Similarly we hear today of heathen in China sighing for rest of soul; yet not knowing, or in any way guessing what rest is as God gives it. The State religion exists, but often as a mere empty show, so that the moment the service to Buddha is ended, the very priests that chanted it together throng around the foreigner to hear him preach Christ. The pagans of Rome's olden days, like the pagans of China today, were dissatisfied, and this condition of mind was one preparation used by God for their reception of His salvation. However, the State religion, even if not really believed, had to be obeyed, and not to do this often entailed suffering even to death.

The Jews held the early Christians in supreme hatred; they called them The Way. To them Christ crucified was a stumbling-block. The Gentiles despised the gospel—to them it was foolishness—simple nonsense. They neither believed in the cross of Christ meeting the need of man—for they had no notion of God's righteousness—nor in Christ's resurrection, for they had no idea of God's power. But the contempt in which the Christians were held by the heathen began to be changed for hatred of them. The Christians had no State religion—no religious position whatever—and no religion the State could own, for they affirmed they belonged to heaven! They had no glorious temples; they were themselves stones of God's temple! They possessed no signs of greatness the world could recognize; the sign of their union was their love one for another.

It was urged against them, that they had no gods to worship, but one Christ who had died, whom they affirmed to be alive! And the strange puzzle of the heathen of this day, when they see Christians pray to the unseen God and not to or before an image, picture, or relic, helps us to comprehend this old pagan difficulty. Idols are the “abomination” of Scripture, they are the works of man's hands, and misrepresentations of God, and "what agreement hath the temple of God with idols? for ye are the temple of the living God." (2 Cor. 6:16)

Then it was said of them, They were moody and sour, and haters of mankind, they would not join in the homage of the gods, or partake in the shows and displays of the times. They were not fit to live who so regarded life. .Ah! if some of those ancient pagans could now visit Christendom, and see the theatrical performances and other gaieties there proceeding in church or chapel room, under the presiding care of Christian teachers, they would not be able to recognize the Christianity they hated.

But the sour and moody Christians loved one another, cared one for another, served one another, and they worshipped God in Spirit and in truth, and waited for His Son from heaven.

How came this strange and new faith to grow upon the earth? What was it that caused these churches of Christ, like stars in the rents of a cloudy midnight, to shine in the gloom of paganism, holding forth the word of life? God the Holy Spirit was among them! The Holy Spirit of the living God dwelt in the church! Hence the psalms and hymns and spiritual songs; hence the joy unspeakable and full of glory. The word of God was proclaimed in the energy of the Spirit by the apostles and their coadjutors; the hearts of men were opened to it to believe the things spoken, and "joy in the Holy Ghost" filled them.

Never let us forget, as we look back upon the early days of the church, that God the Spirit was the power by which the " word of God grew mightily and prevailed," or that the early church was supplied with divine power to effect its mission. In it were men who had spiritual gifts; some to speak in tongues, and thus ability to proclaim Christ and Him crucified in various languages ;

others to heal the sick, others to cast out demons, and thus to show what Christ's kingdom will be like when He establishes it upon the suffering earth. No picture that we can portray of an early church of Christ could be of the slightest practical value, did it not appear before our eyes glowing with the power and the grace of the Spirit of God; so let us seek to think more and more of the Holy Spirit in His wonderful ways in those early days.

## Lazarus

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LAZARUS, of whom the Lord speaks in His parable, was sorely tried. Life was bitter indeed to him. He was afflicted with a suffering body and with sore poverty, and saw continually the hale and the strong enjoying themselves, for He was laid at a rich's man's gate, desiring to be fed with the crumbs which fell from the rich man's table. When Lazarus died such was his poverty that his burial was not mentioned. Such is the picture Christ drew of misery and poverty in this life, while He unveiled the joys and the misery of the life to come.

The Lazarus the world saw was destitute indeed, but the poor casket contained a precious jewel. His name was written on no tomb, it stands recorded in the imperishable word of God. No funeral honors attended his last journey on earth, but as his spirit left its mortal tabernacle, the holy angels carried him to perfect bliss-to Abraham's bosom.

The world judges by appearances, and judges as happy those who seem the most to enjoy life's pleasures; of the secret springs of peace and calm, of the cherished hope in things to come, the world must needs be ignorant. The true believer in God and His Son, our Lord Jesus Christ, carries within him a spring of joy which is ever welling up into everlasting life. And not being visible, as is purple and fine linen, the world regards the joy of the believer in God as a thing of no value, or perhaps but as a fond imagination! While death ends the career of the worldly man, it but opens the door to the beginning of the home life of the sons of God.

The rich man at whose gate Lazarus lay, was not a gross living man, he enjoyed life, as almost all would do had they opportunity, but in this life-time he had his good things, and herein was his sad reward. He reaped what he had sowed. He lived for the world; he received all that this world had to give him, and he died without hope. For the world cannot give what it has not! Everlasting life, everlasting happiness, are not at its disposal.

As the veil is lifted, we see Lazarus and also the rich man in the world to come. Each is himself. Memory is keen. Feelings are acute. The persons are unchanged though their circumstances are altered. Let us learn the lesson, our eternity will be what we are when we bid this life farewell.

## New Hermannsburg

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### Chapter 2

THE missionaries and emigrants planted themselves at a place which they named New Hermannsburg, and it figures on the recent maps of South Africa. But the planting was not so soon done as said. Indeed, they encountered many difficulties.

They did not lightly give up the purpose of settling among the Gallas. The Gallas were an inland tribe, and the way to their location lay through the territory of the powerful and despotic Imaum of Muscat. After negotiations with him, in which their hopes were raised only to be entirely dashed, they were driven out of his territory. They proceeded to Natal. There, three courses were open to them: to place themselves under the English Bishop; to settle on government land; or to purchase ground for a colony. The first was decided against, and the second, as the least expensive, they determined to adopt. But here again difficulties beset them. The English governor refused to allow them to settle.

It had been given out that they were all Jesuits; and the captain of the Candace—out of sheer wickedness, it must have been—reported that they were revolutionary demagogues. Their blowing of German chorales on their long trumpets contradicted the one falsehood, and their letters to well-known missionaries gave the lie to the other. However, they were not allowed to settle on government land, so they were compelled to purchase land for a colony. At a low price they secured six thousand and eighteen acres. It was a good location, and formed a valuable centre for missionary operations. Much of the land was arable, the rest pasture. There was coal, and stone, and lime; and a river flowed through it. Wood was scanty, and timber for building was four hours' journey off. But there were other advantages. It was under English protection ; it was not very distant from the seacoast ; it touched on the most important tribes of Southern Africa ; and by penetrating to the north, it was still possible to reach the Gallas, Within the Natal colony were at least one hundred thousand Zulu Kaffirs ; to the north was the largest body of the Zulus, under their king Umpanda ; further on were the Metabele; the Boers of the Orange River to the west, and beyond them the Bechuanas, among whom Dr. Moffat labored so long and so successfully. In their immediate neighborhood were twenty-five Germans, sent out to grow cotton and the sugar-cane, who had one of Gossner's missionaries settled among them. So that there was work enough to do, whichever way they looked.

And, indeed, there was need enough for the work they chiefly desired to do. The white population, according to the census just returned for Cape Colony, forms only one in four of the aggregate inhabitants, and the whites were much fewer thirty-five years ago. While the native Africans were in a low and debased condition, that of the white population was not much better, for they showed less and less of the outward form of Christianity. Their measure of civilization was no effectual barrier against the barbarism of the natives, who adopted the worst habits of the whites. So true it is, that nothing short of the Gospel in its purity and power, as an abiding, ruling principle in the heart and life, can sustain men in the fear and love of God, or prove a converting agency among

barbarians, savages, and the dissolute and ungodly of any race or color. The mere forms of religion are not proof against the evils of a wicked and deceitful heart, on the one hand, and the wiles of the devil and the snares of the world, on the other. Union with Christ, and fellowship with Him by faith and prayer and obedience, alone can sustain a man amid the most corrupting surroundings. Where there is no spiritual life, there can be no divine renewing.

Having secured their purpose in obtaining an excellent location, every hand went to work diligently. Wood had to be felled for building; ground had to be broken up for gardens and corn-growing; bricks had to be made; a wagon had to be built, and various kinds of work performed by the smith and other artisans. The dyer had no need of his craft, so he became cook for the whole settlement. Sheep were bought, and a tolerable farm-yard sprang up. Maize was plentiful, but there was scarcity of money, and everything was dear, so that a pound sterling would not go so far as a dollar in Germany.

Meanwhile the missionaries did not forget their vocation. If they had to angle for fish to supply their table, or shoot a buck or a peacock to help their larder, or tame the oxen to do their plowing, they also fished for men, drew their gospel bow at a venture, and sought to tame the rude Zulus of various ages. To master the language was no small toil, especially to men who had had more to do with spades than grammars. Nevertheless they persevered. Around the camp-fires the workmen would try their hand at Kaffrarian, and when one got knocked up with excessive toil, he would recruit his energies with a month's study of Kaffir, with Posset, the Gossner missionary. "I have seen them," says that good man, in writing to Harms, "struggling with their clicks and clacks till their eyes turned round in their head. It is a hard nut for them to crack; but they are indefatigable, and they never flinch; real martyrs in the cause." It would have been far easier for them to have acted as missionaries among the Germans scattered everywhere, but they had come to evangelize the heathen, and to this work they adhered.

They spoke to the natives through an interpreter; but this was slow and uncertain work, and involved many misconceptions, some of them ludicrous enough. This urged on the missionaries with even greater eagerness to master the language. And thus it was that with grammars, building, farming, study, cookery, tailoring, exploration of the neighborhood, missionary tours among the whites, and the necessary services of their own worship, and the practicing of chorales, they had no time to spare. Harms warned them of the African laziness. They replied "A bell rings us up at half-past five; we have worship at six; after coffee everyone hurries off to his work; for breakfast we have bread and milk; the bell rings from work to dinner at twelve; at half-past one there is coffee, and then to work again as long as our dear Lord lets the sun shine."

New Hermannsburg prospered. Around the mission premises other houses were built; Kaffir huts were dotted here and there; the settlers kept their stores there; the arable land reached to the jungle; and it became a place of sufficient importance to attract the attention of a friendly English magistrate, and through him of the Government. A dispatch from Lord Clarendon recognized the admirable character of the mission, recommending it to special care, and on the arrival of Sir G. Grey, still brighter prospects arose. He on one occasion, is said to have remarked, that if he were not a governor he would be a missionary. He allotted three thousand acres of land to New Hermannsburg, and so far favored all new missionary settlements as to make grants of six thousand acres to all new stations, of which favor the New Hermannsburgers availed themselves from time

to time. Meanwhile New Hermannsburg was again and again replenished by emigrants and missionaries from Old Hermannsburg, which prospered all the more by reason of these branches "running over the wall."

There was no lack of money with Harms for his great work. "All things are possible to him that believeth," and he that asks in faith for the glory of God is never ashamed. If the demands of one year exceeded, or even doubled, those of the year preceding, so did the income, and that without any expensive organization, such as is employed by most missionary societies in England. The rich and the poor, and the rich of all grades, joined in helping forward the work.

The service in Kaffrarian was well attended, and blessed results followed. The converts settled around the mission, and learned habits of cleanliness, industry, and thrift. Others, not professing conversion, were attracted to them, either for education or some other benefit. Among the whites a marvelous change was wrought. Drunkards became sober and diligent; gamblers destroyed their cards; where the Bible had been an unread book, there was now a confession of Christ; entire families were transformed, and many of them converted, and those who had been so degraded as to have scarcely any sense of religion became obedient to the faith.

The proofs of this mission being in a special sense the work of God may be seen, in addition to what has been already noticed, in the facts that almost insuperable difficulties were overcome, that the Holy Spirit worked mightily among the superstitious and ignorant heathen to turn them to the Lord, and that this was accomplished by the instrumentality of men who were mainly humble peasants and artisans, with no earthly patronage and no human power or authority at their back. Their only power was in and through Christ, and in His glorious gospel, which is "the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth." Individual cases of conversion would occupy too much space to narrate; but the sort of converts—the thoroughness of their conversion from all the grossness, stupidity, superstition, and paramount selfishness of heathenism—may be seen in such cases as that of the Bechuana chief, Sechele, mentioned by Dr. Livingstone, who, when a Boer (one of the descendants of the old Dutch settlers), passing through his territory, had been seized and brought to him for judgment, said: "Your white brothers have killed my young men they have stolen my wives, my children, and my cattle, and I did them no wrong. If I would act like your white brothers, I would shoot you dead and seize your goods. But the good white man preached here the Word of God to the poor Bechuanas; and I will follow that Word, and send you away with your life and your goods."

Another case, in which faithful obedience to the claims of the Lord's Day is illustrated, is related. Six English officers, riding through Hermannsburg one Sunday morning, one of their horses lost a shoe. They stopped to have one put on. "It is Sunday," said the smith, "and we do not work." Our Lord's word about the ox or the ass falling into a pit, was urged. "But a horse's shoe is neither an ox nor an ass," was their reply, "and there is no necessity." The party had to be content to leave the shoeless horse with a servant until Monday.

Thus in Old Hermannsburg and in New Hermannsburg the word of God had free course, and was glorified. The Spirit of the Lord triumphed over the darkness and sin and thralldom of the people. As before the six days' creation, there were chaos and darkness and void, until God said, "Let there be light," so He who commanded the light to shine out of darkness manifested His grace, power, and glory through the gospel of Jesus Christ.

The Zulu war wrought terrible mischief among the New Hermannsburgers, but the work still goes on and prospers, notwithstanding, alas, the too early death of Pastor Harms.

R. S.

## The Publican's Prayer

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IN nothing more than in man's approach to God does the immense difference between God's and man's thoughts evidence itself. Invariably man's first thought about himself in his approach to God is, Let me improve myself, Let me make myself worthy ; unchangeably God's first principle for man in his would-be approach to Himself is, Let man own his sinfulness, Let man confess his guilt.

This principle is to be seen in the Old Testament, as well as the New. The leper that had but one spot of leprosy upon him was unclean, while he who had not one spot of sound flesh left was pronounced clean (Lev. 13:12, 13), and in such Psalms as the thirty-second and the fifty-first the experiences of the contrite heart plainly express the principle. The deep sense of sinfulness in the presence of God, and the open confession to God of transgression, are there, and the result is a gracious sense of God's pardoning mercy.

When our Lord was on earth He laid bare the error of religious man's thoughts as to drawing near to God, and the consequence was, that such as felt their sins came to Him, while such as trusted in their good works conspired to destroy Him. Publicans and sinners loved Him, and rejoiced in the gracious words which fell from His lips; Pharisees and Scribes were filled with enmity against Him, and against God who sent Him, as He announced pardon to the contrite.

There is perhaps no instance more solemn in exposing the lengths of man's religious self-satisfaction than that of the Pharisee who went up to the temple to pray. He made quite a little speech to Jehovah about his own superiority, as with unabashed ignorance of himself he lifted up his eyes to the throne of God in heaven. Yet that man could boast in the knowledge of the Scriptures—that is to say, in their letter, for he had not learned through them of God who wrote them.

The publican, on the other hand, who also went up in the temple to pray, was awed with the sense of God's holiness, and ashamed in the sight of his own sinfulness. He would not so much as lift his eyes to heaven, but smote upon his breast, saying, "God be merciful to me, the sinner"! He felt himself like the leper whose leprosy had covered him, he had not one good word to say for himself.

Over and over again the sweet word mercy is breathed in the Scriptures, and the sin-convicted man needed mercy for himself, yes, he singled out himself in his prayer, as if he alone were a sinner—God be merciful to me, the sinner! He recognized in God the Bestower of mercy, and looked to Him for the mercy He was willing to bestow.

Such was believing-prayer—such was true coming to God, and he went down to his house justified rather than the Pharisee. The Publican's practical religion arose by faith to God; the Pharisee's was no greater than himself, and rose up no higher than his own level.

## Are You Really a Christian?

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I HAD seen her many times, and I am sure she was leading a good life. She was kind and generous, yet very strict in doing all things uprightly and well. No one that ever knew her could do aught but respect her for her outspoken candor, her hatred of everything that savored of hypocrisy, and her love of truth and goodness. She was beloved by all. Her seat in the parish church was seldom empty, and she seemed always so attentive and devout, joining in the service with such heartiness that one would have thought her a model in almost every way.

We had known each other intimately for years, and I had never seen anything which would have been considered inconsistent in any one who posed before the world as a Christian. However, one day when I called to see her, I began to feel an unusually great interest in her. Something seemed to whisper a doubt to me that perhaps after all she was not really the Lord's! I looked upon her, as we conversed together about the things of God. She seemed to love everything connected with Jesus as much as ever, but still I could not shake off the powerful misgiving that had quite seized me. I do not know how or why it had come, but it was there, and I could not help it.

I felt constrained to ask her a direct question, but how to do it I knew not. I felt a choking sensation, for I knew it would be a great ordeal, but at last, after asking God to lead me, I ventured to ask her, "Are you really a Christian? Have you really been born again, and made a child of God by adoption and grace?"

She seemed bewildered, and was astonished beyond measure. "Whatever has induced you to put such a question to me?" she exclaimed. "Why do you doubt about me?"

I could only say I did not know, but somehow or other the thought had struck me that perhaps after all she was not quite happy, and I wished to help her.

"Do I not seem happy?" she exclaimed. "Yes," I said;" but still I don't seem at all convinced that you are built on the right foundation, and I want to be sure." I could now see by her looks she was much disturbed, so, as I had to leave at that time, I made her promise to write to me, and tell me about her soul.

The next morning I received a letter saying my words had made her very miserable, and she wanted so much to become a Christian. She had been uncomfortable for some time, as she was not sure she was right with God, but no one had spoken to her, believing her to be a true Christian. She did not know what to do, where to begin, or how any change was to be effected in her, but, however it might be brought about, she would be thankful to really know Christ, and to be assured she was His!

This opened out a most earnest correspondence, in which, by God's guidance, I pointed out to her that, amiable and good as she was, yet she must take her place as a poor lost un done sinner, who deserved nothing but God's wrath. Jesus died for her as a poor helpless sinner, and it is His substitutionary sacrifice that atoned for sin. Jesus would readily accept her, cleanse her; God

would make her a new creation in Christ Jesus, and give her His salvation. All had been done by Christ; we are only the recipients of the blessing.

These things puzzled her greatly. She could not grasp them at all. She began almost to despair of ever realizing the truth.

God put it into my heart to pray for her as I had never prayed before. I saw plainly that none but God and His power could avail her anything, and that He must make the change. Hour after hour I pleaded; I could not cease. At business, during meals, in the street, where-ever I went, the anguish of prayer was upon me, and like Jacob I said I would not cease till God's power had prevailed, and the victory was won.

This lasted for three days, during which I did all I could to bring the gospel clearly and simply before her, but feeling terribly helpless, and realizing that it was "not by might, nor by power, but by My Spirit, saith the Lord." However, I was convinced that sooner or later, in God's good time, the change would come, but meanwhile I was getting exhausted. My earnestness in prayer had been so intense and so constant that I began to feel quite unwell through the strain.

The third night I went to bed praying as usual until I fell asleep. During the night I awoke, and prayed until I fell asleep again. About six o'clock the next morning I got out of bed, and went on my knees to supplicate the Lord as before, but no words would come. I tried to pray, but could not. I began to upbraid myself for not praying, and besought the Lord to enable me to pray, but all in vain. My heart and lips resisted every effort to pray, and I began to feel miserable about it, when all at once it dawned upon me that God must have answered the prayer, and saved her soul. My heart was now filled with joy, for I felt convinced it must be true, and I began to praise Him with all my power. I was filled with quite an ecstasy of delight, and felt that my best words were very feeble indeed in expressing the joy I had.

I made arrangements immediately to go and see her, which I did about eight o'clock that morning. The moment I saw her I exclaimed, "Thank God for showing you His salvation, and revealing His dear Son to your soul."

She looked at me in silent amazement for a moment, and then said, "However do you know, who could possibly have told you?"

"God told me," I answered, and then related my experience, how I had tried to pray at six o'clock that morning, how each effort had failed, and how I had been led to praise instead.

She said she never heard anything so wonderful, for it was exactly at that time that God's light had been shed into her soul, and she had indeed been led to Jesus as her Savior.

Imagine how we both rejoiced together, and how we praised the Lord for His goodness. God had led me to speak to her, God had opened my mouth to pray, God had used these humble efforts for His glory, and had, through His blessed word, led her to see her acceptance in the Savior.

Fourteen years have since passed away, years of trial and testing. She has ripened since then, has stood firm for her Savior, and has even, through much bodily weakness, shone out amongst friends and acquaintances as one who is not ashamed to testify for her Lord.

I write this to encourage any dear worker for Christ who may have opportunities of speaking for Jesus. If God bids you speak to any soul, do not neglect the opportunity. It may cost you a great effort at first, but God will open the way, and lead you on to glorify Him. We are too apt to magnify difficulties, to make mountains of molehills, because our faith is weak. Plod on, dear brother or sister, let God lead the way, walk in the way, do all God prompts you to do, and His blessing will support you and make your life a happy psalm of praise.

## The Greatest Miracle

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ON the right bank of the river Pau, in the South of France, is a little town of about six thousand inhabitants. A hill rises above the town, crowned with the ruins of an ancient castle, and from these ruins we may have a beautiful view of the valley below, with the winding stream, and the Pyrenees in the background'.

But it is not to visit the old castle that the many trains convey crowds of visitors to the little town of Lourdes. It is towards a grotto in the rocks by the river side that the pilgrims to Lourdes direct their steps. At the side of this grotto, which is closed in by an iron grating, stands a statue of the Virgin, placed on a piece of projecting rock. A miraculous rose-bush grows beneath it. The statue is clothed in white, with a blue scarf. Within the grotto may be seen waxen hands and arras and feet, and wooden crutches hung upon the rocky walls.

To the left of the grotto is a spring, the water of which is drawn off by taps in the wall, which conceals it. Not far from the grotto is a panorama of the apparition. What apparition? It is this apparition which is the explanation of the crowds who flock from the station on summer days—not only from the ordinary trains, but from special trains heavily laden with the sick and infirm, with friends who accompany them, and with tourists sound in limb, who are drawn by curiosity to see the scene of the apparition, and the cures performed by the Virgin, through the means of the sacred fountain of Lourdes.

The apparition was seen in the year 1858; by a little peasant girl, thirteen years old; called Bernadette. No less than eighteen times, said the little girl, did the Virgin Mary appeal to her at the mouth of the grotto. She was dressed in white, with a blue scarf, and she commanded that a sanctuary should be built to her at that place, and that it should be a place of prayer for the faithful.

A church was therefore built above the grotto with the miraculous rose-bush. A branch railway was constructed to bring the pilgrims who should come to pray and to be healed. A bottling establishment was formed to send far and wide the waters of the sacred spring. For the clergy of the neighborhood had decided that little Bernadette had really been favored by visits from the Virgin herself, and that her behests must be carefully obeyed. They carried the matter before the Bishop of Tarbes, who having, as he said, "weighed it in the balance of the sanctuary," declared it to be an authentic miracle.

We cannot now ask little Bernadette what it was which led her to relate these wonders, for she was sent to a convent, where she died. Nor should we venture to ask why the bishops and priests of the neighborhood prefer the waters of Vichy and Bagnères as a cure for their ailments, to the sacred fountain of Lourdes! But they will tell us, without our asking, that many great and wonderful miracles are still worked almost daily upon the sick and infirm who come to drink of the holy spring and to worship before the statue with its white dress and blue scarf.

It was on a summer's day some years ago, when one of the great pilgrimages was over, that the pilgrims collected for a parting act of worship in front of the grotto. The priests who stood by, then

called upon any who had been healed by miracles to stand forth and give their testimony. "Is there no lame man who has cast away his crutches because he now can walk? Are there no blind men or women who will tell how the Holy Virgin has given them sight? Hark, my friends! there is one who will tell us." For a young man had suddenly climbed upon the rail with a radiant face. How well he looked! and how active he was!

"My friends," he said, "a miracle has been worked upon me, and I rejoice to tell it to you. But it is a greater miracle than those of which the reverend father has spoken. Friends, it is true that I was blind, and that now I see, that I was deaf, and that now I hear. But I was also dead, and I am now alive, and I shall be alive for evermore. 'FOR GOD SO LOVED THE WORLD, THAT HE GAVE HIS ONLY BEGOTTEN SON, THAT WHOSOEVER BELIEVETH IN HIM SHOULD NOT PERISH, BUT HAVE EVERLASTING LIFE.' I was dead, dead in my trespasses and sins, and I looked up to Jesus, believing in Him who died for my sins on the cross. And He kept His holy promise, for when I came to Him He gave me the eternal life which I can never lose again. He has saved me, and healed me!"

But the voices of the priests rose loudly—"Pull him down, he is a Protestant, a heretic! "and the man who " had been dead and was alive again " was speedily dragged from the rail and hooted through the crowd of angry pilgrims.

Let the Virgin Mary heal lame feet and crippled hands, but let not the God of love and power raise from the dead the souls His Son died to save!

Beloved friends, all around you is this great miracle being worked by Christ at God's right hand. Every day are the dead raised, and the blind receive their sight, and the lame walk and this hand which now writes for you the true story of the miracle of Lourdes, is moved by the power of the Spirit who works in all who believe to will and to do of God's good Measure. Yes, in each one is a spirit working—either it is the Spirit of God, who leads the sons of God, or it is the spirit that now worketh in the children of disobedience.

"You talk about the Bible," said a man, in mockery to our friend from Lourdes, "but you can't explain it. It is full of words that have no sense. Look here, the natural man!" and the spiritual man! you can't explain to me what that means I am well aware. What is a natural man? and what is a spiritual man? tell me that."

"I can readily tell you," replied the man from Lourdes. You are a natural man, and I am a spiritual man. You see only with your natural eyes, and understand with your natural mind. I did the same till God the Spirit gave me sight and understanding, and now I see and know Jesus my Lord."

May God in His endless love work the miracle of miracles upon the dead who may read these words, and may they, too, come forth to bear witness to His almighty power, and His faithfulness and truth. For has not Christ said, "This is the will of Him that sent Me, that every one which seeth the Son, and believeth on Him, may have everlasting life: and I will raise him up at the last day?" Are these words true? Go to Him, and you will know, and another miracle shall prove that the river of eternal life flows still from the Rock that was smitten, from Him who is the fountain of living waters.

"Let him that is athirst, come: and whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely."

F. P.

## I've Always Done Without Him

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ONE Sunday afternoon a group of people was gathered round a street preacher, some apparently listening, while two or three seemed bent on drowning his voice, or frightening him into silence. The ringleader of these, in a thick, unsteady voice, which told that he was by no means sober, shouted just as I came up, and evidently in answer to the preacher's remarks, "I've always done without Him." And then, as the evangelist still went on speaking, his antagonist in yet louder, more defiant tones shouted again, "I've always done without Him."

That was all I heard—I had to hurry on, but that unhappy man's words have often rung in my ears since. If he has not yet seen what a terrible confession he was making in his vaunt of independence, may God open his eyes to the truth before, it is too late!

From one point of view those boastful words of his were a lie, for in the very God whose Name he despised, he and you and I "live and move and have our being." Still, looked at in another light, they were but too true, and true not only of the poor drunkard, but of everyone who has not yet had to do with God about his sins. Yes, the Name of Jesus may be on the lips twenty times a day, but if the utterer of that Name has not come into Christ's presence as a lost, helpless sinner, and by faith looked to Him as his Savior, he, too, "has always done without Him."

It will be a terrible thing in the ages to come to look back upon the past, and to have to say, "I have always done without Him," for you will then have to look on into the unending future and cry, "I shall always have to do without Him!"

C. H. P.

## A Young Clergyman's Conversion

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A GENTLEMAN came to my cottage for a night's lodging about four years ago. He arrived at seven in the evening, and as I showed him into his bedroom, asked me for some hot water, saying he wanted to dress for a ball. On taking it to him, I enquired, "Is there anything else I could do, sir?"

"No, thank you," said he, "only please to call me at six o'clock in the morning, as I must take duty on Sunday, and I have a long journey tomorrow."

I then said, "Take duty, sir? I presume you are one of God's servants? "

"I am a clergyman," he replied.

He was very gracious in his manner, and after some conversation I said, "May I ask you, sir, how long you have known the forgiveness of your sins?"

"No one can ever know that in this world," he answered quickly.

"I beg your pardon, sir, in so saying, but the Scriptures say we have the forgiveness of sins' in Christ, redemption through His blood." (Eph. 1:7.)

"That may be," he replied. "But we go on sinning every day."

"Yes; but are we pardoned sinners or unpardoned ones? What does this mean: 'Your sins are forgiven you for His name's sake?'" (1 John 2:12.)

"Well," said the gentleman, "I am a clergyman, but I have never been spoken to in this way before in my life, I must confess," and then a companion of his called, and asked if he were ready. I begged his pardon for having delayed him.

"Oh, no," said he, very kindly, "I should like a long talk with you."

I called him early next morning; he was soon dressed, and came to my room and said, "I do wish I could have a long talk with you, but I must catch the train."

"It is a most solemn thing," I said, "to preach to poor souls without knowing that one's own sins are pardoned, and to think that you will have all those souls to give account for to God."

"Will you pray for me?" he asked; "that will do more good than anything."

I told him I would indeed pray for him, and, if he would allow me to do so, I would send him a book I valued.

"Oh, yes," he replied, "if you will be so kind," and, taking out his pencil and a piece of paper, he gave me his address; and so we parted.

For some two months I heard nothing of him; and then I received a long letter, in which he said he did not yet know the forgiveness of sins.

Again a long silence followed, and then I heard from him again. It was to tell me that he was very ill, and I at once wrote him a line of sympathy. As soon as he was able to take up his pen, he wrote and thanked me for my letter. But, ah! what a different letter was this one. He wrote: "Oh! what desire and yearnings I have to see our Savior face to face, and to know Him even as we are known!" He went on to say that he would never be satisfied until he had seen Jesus, that his soul and heart longed after God, and that his illness was brought on by anxiety for the sick and dying, with whom he had been sitting all night to speak to them of God's love.

Such is the zeal of a new-born soul, who must tell others of the dear Savior. This servant of God yearned over the sick and dying, to whom he could now truly preach a blessed Savior's love.

F. T.

## Man's Way and God's Way of Salvation

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MAN has a variety of ways of salvation, perhaps an endless variety, God has but one. The heathen have their ways of salvation, though what salvation is they know not, but they often seek after that which shall deliver them from a bondage of which they are conscious. Christians too, at least Christians by name, have their ways of salvation. There have been for hundreds of years in Christendom various efforts and plans for salvation, sometimes with the idea that salvation is obtainable in this life, at others, with the thought that only after long years of purgatorial pains can it be attained. But God has one way of salvation, and that is through the Savior, His Son, our Lord. His is the only name given among men whereby we can be saved, and Jesus says, "I am the door: by Me if any man enter in, he shall be saved."

## The Authority of God's Word

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THERE is no truth more severely assailed in our day than that of the authority of God's Word. At the first Satan's temptation was, "Hath God said?" and in these last times, on every hand it is being asked, "Hath God said?" "Higher criticism " calmly assures us God hath not said a very large amount of the Bible, and that all of it is to be measured by human reason! Thus does infidelity take away from the soul the truth of the authority of God's Word. Romanism and its allies tell us that had not the church so decided, we could not know whether the Bible was God's Word, and that to the authority of the church we are indebted for our faith in the authority of the Scriptures! Herein do Rome and infidelity show their close relationship, both go to man for authority, both deny the Divine authority.

## **Christ, Our Sacrifice and Priest: 5. the Excellency of Christ's Sacrifice**

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TO the careful reader of God's word the truth is familiar, that unless a man bring to God an offering acceptable to Him, the offerer is not accepted. This truth is one of the very earliest which God made known to man. Cain brought to God an unacceptable offering and was rejected; "Abel offered unto God a more excellent sacrifice than Cain" (Heb. 11:4), and was accepted (Gen. 4:4). Abel acted by faith—faith in God—he believed God's word, and was obedient thereto, while Cain acted by the rule of his own thoughts. Speaking of the men of the last days, St. Jude says: "They have gone in the way of Cain " (ver. 11); they have gone in the way of their own thoughts, rebelling against God's word, and in nothing does this rebellion evidence itself more painfully than in venturing to approach God other than by the sacrifice of Christ.

Cain's priestly act at the altar was distasteful to God, "to Cain and his offering He had not respect" (Gen. 4:5), and no priestly service is owned by God which is not based upon the acceptable sacrifice of Christ. They have gone in the way of Cain, who approach God through consecrated bread, and they are in danger of perishing "in the gainsaying of Korah," who rebelled against the high priest, whom God had called for the service of His sanctuary.

All true religion begins with God, and unless ours so begins it will end afar from God. Let us then first consider the excellence of the Sacrifice in relation to God.

**CHRIST, BY HIS SACRIFICE, ACCOMPLISHED GOD'S WILL.**

The perpetual offerings and repeated sacrifices under the law failed to give God pleasure. Their frequent repetition declared their inefficacy, for had they accomplished the end for which they were ordained, they would have ceased to be offered. A man whose debt is paid, does not repeat its payment. He who is satisfied does not continually require satisfaction. "The offering of the body of Jesus Christ" was "once for all" (Heb. 10:10); it everlastingly put away the sins of the sinners for whom it was made; it everlastingly magnified God as to sin.

The sacrifices under the law were, moreover, only shadows; they were not the very image of perfection, "the law made nothing perfect" (ch. 7:19). The blood of beasts that perish possessed no atoning efficacy; "It is not possible that the blood of bulls and of goats should take away sins " (ch. 10:4) ;and in naught save Christ's blood is there intrinsic value which can render God glory and honor in reference to putting away sin.

The Spirit of God attaches in the Hebrews to Christ's sacrifice a word which should be dear to all believing hearts in our day, and that word is ONCE.

Once and only " once in the end of the world "(or ages) "hath He appeared to put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself"(ch. 9:26). And, having so put sin away, "He needeth not daily . . . to offer up sacrifice . . . for this He did once, when He offered up Himself" (ch. 7:27). Daily tampering with doctrines of transubstantiation in the sacrament of the Lord's Supper is daily denying the efficacy

of Christ's sacrifice.

Once, and once for all, the Lord went into God's presence for us in the power of His sacrifice once offered on earth. "By His own blood He entered in once into the holy place" (ch. 9:12). There He abides, and priestly appeals to obtain an entrance into God's presence by virtue of their sacrifice are insults to the heavenly position of Christ, our High Priest in heaven.

Once, and once for all, God's people are set apart to God by the virtue of the sacrifice. "We are sanctified through the offering of the body of Jesus Christ once." (ch. 10:10.) The work is perfect, and by it we are "perfected for ever." Therefore, to appeal daily for mercy through a sacrifice offered to God on earth is to turn the back upon the gracious realities and accomplished grace of Christ's one sacrifice.

Christ, by His ONE offering of Himself,

Once for all:

put away sin,

entered heaven,

perfected His people,

and thus exalted and magnified God's will.

**CHRIST'S OWN SESSION IN HEAVEN AT GOD'S RIGHT HAND TESTIFIES TO THE COMPLETENESS OF HIS SACRIFICIAL WORK.**

The priests under the law stood at their service, Christ has sat down ; indeed the law gave the sacrificing priest no seat, he was constantly ministering ; God has given His Son upon the conclusion of His work to sit upon the throne of His majesty in heaven. The priests of old offered oftentimes the same sacrifices, repetition was an essential of their service, Christ offered Himself once; completeness is an essential of His work. Their sacrifices could never take away sins, His has taken sins away forever. Hence, Christ's position in heaven witnesses His work of sacrifice to be complete. "After He had offered one sacrifice for sins, for ever sat down ...for by one offering He hath perfected for ever them that are sanctified."

FOR EVER are characteristic words respecting our Lord's sacrifice and priesthood

For ever

a priest (said four times)

consecrated (ch. 7:28),

sat down (ch. 10:12).

**THE HOLY GHOST WITNESSES TO THE PERFECTION OF CHRIST'S SACRIFICE.**

By virtue of that sacrifice, God has forgotten as well as forgiven the sins and iniquities of His people, which none but God could do. And such being the case there is no more offering for sin (ver. 18). Sin offerings were needed to obtain remission of sins, but where sins are remitted a sin

offering is no longer required.

NO MORE, are words intimately associated with Christ's sacrifice.

No more

are sins remembered,

sacrifice for sins is required.

ONCE FOR ALL; FOR EVER; NO MORE, is the witness of God, the Son, and the Spirit, and we may indeed rejoice before God in the excellency of the sacrifice of Christ.

The system of religion which is growing so rapidly in our country denies these three great realities—once for all, forever, no more—respecting the sacrifice of Christ. It supplies in their place a continual offering in the sacrament of the Lord's Supper; a perpetual coming to God for forgiveness only to be perpetually needed; an offering of the same sacrifice, which, by its repetition, proves that it can never take away sins. Such, alas! is the set of the tide, which bears away the souls of hundreds from the salvation of God.

## Don't You Wish You Was Me?

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TO the natural heart it is a very pleasing thing to be admired. Little Fanny Heal, a child of about eight years of age, proved the truth of this. Her father, also, gloried in the very general expressions of admiration of his sprightly little daughter. Night after night, when his day's toil was over, he would bring her, dressed in her very best, to the Concert Room, where her nightly performances, were greeted with general applause. The spirit of vainglory took possession of her, and her unwise father encouraged her vain conceit. He had made an idol of her, and her foolish little heart was given over to the pleasure of being admired.

It so happened that one night her father brought her on the stage dressed in brand-new attire. Fanny was so vain that she thought all must envy her, and, addressing the audience, said, "Don't you wish you was me?"

How little she thought that that same concert room, which had been to her the place of her very highest enjoyment, would soon become the scene of her extreme bodily anguish. Only about a month after she had put her vainglorious question to her audience, she was dancing in that same room, and carelessly approached too near one of the footlights upon the stage; in a moment the applause of the audience gave place to screams of terror! Every effort at extinguishing the flames that quickly encircled the little dancing girl was in vain, and in a very short time all was over. That quivering frame, from which the life ebbed so swiftly, was all that remained of pretty little Fanny.

We will not dwell upon a scene so terrible. Take warning, dear child, seek not to win the applause of the world, rather seek the Lord while He may be found, call ye upon Him while He is near.

Follow me now to where a dear child lies upon a sick bed. His young life has been almost from its commencement one of suffering, oftentimes very acute. He is sitting up, but has no power to walk, and the little of the world he can see is from his bed-room window. His little cousins and friends must come to him, for he cannot go to them. But his face is bright. "What do you want, Bertie?" his father asked.

"Oh, papa, will you please take these books with you, and give them to someone this afternoon, and will you give this one to some child?"

"All right, Bertie," says the father, who is rather in a hurry to start for the hospital. As he proceeds on his way, however, he takes occasion to open the books, and discovers that his dear little Bertie has placed in each one a piece of paper upon which he has carefully written, "God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

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

Dear Bertie loves the Lord Jesus Christ, and desires that others may also receive the truth as it is in Jesus, and this is his way of scattering the precious truth, which has made his own little heart glad in the midst of all his sufferings.

Youthful reader, I would rather you were like dear Bertie, happy in the Savior, than that you should love this present world like poor little Fanny.

Oh! that every dear child were like a boy, of whom the Sunday-school teacher wrote a few days ago. "Last Sunday afternoon one of my boys confessed Jesus before all the other boys in the class. He wishes to devote his life to Christ as a missionary. Is not it nice? I do feel so glad."

There are many ways of serving God besides going out as a missionary. Which child is prepared to confess Christ openly before his or her companions? How many young believers are ready to devote their lives to the service of Christ?

A. J.

## Sketches of the Early Days of Christianity: Instruction and Sacred Writings

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HAVING before us the early and apostolic days, we will try to form an idea of the character of instruction a church of Christ then received, both from oral and written sources. Following the dates given in our New Testament as to the probable times in which the books of it were written, we observe that the first Epistle to the Thessalonians is the earliest, being written in the year of our Lord 54. This would be twenty-one years after Pentecost. So that for twenty-one years the inspired teaching the Church received was by word of mouth, excepting the Old Testament Scriptures, which were in every place where the Jews had synagogues (Acts 15:21)

The work of God amongst the Gentiles formally began in the period between the years 40 and 44; Cornelius, the Gentile, was admitted into the church; the great apostle of the Gentiles was called by Christ from heaven; the Gentiles at Antioch turned to the Lord (Read Acts 11:19-26); and at the end of 44, even barbarian Briton heard through the Christians among the Roman soldiers there something of Christ. At this time it was that the disciples began to be called Christians, and were thus distinguished from Jews and Jewish sects. We cannot doubt that the name was given in scorn by the pagans of Antioch to the disciples of Christ, who had been crucified, but whom His people worshipped, glorified, in heaven.

The earliest churches of Christ, being composed of Jewish believers, and being situated in or close to Jerusalem, had the advantage of the instruction and authority of the apostles themselves, and, for written authority, the writings of the Old Testament, in which Scriptures so many of their teachers were mighty. But with the entrance of the Gentiles into the church a fresh energy commenced according to the purposes of God, and the New Testament began to be written.

When the church was planted in Antioch it was immediately brought under authorized Christian instruction, for on the tidings of the conversion of these Gentiles coming to "the ears of the church which was in Jerusalem, they sent forth Barnabas, that he should go as far as Antioch." Barnabas joined with him in his work Saul of Tarsus, and these two for "a whole year assembled themselves with the church and taught much people. And the disciples were called Christians first in Antioch."

Here we have two apostles teaching the Christians, most of whom had been heathens and idolaters, and we are expressly told that Barnabas was "full of the Holy Ghost." A pure stream of sacred truth therefore flowed into that church for a whole year. Further, some two years afterwards, we are told of "certain prophets and teachers "ministering to the Lord in the church, and of Barnabas and Saul leaving Antioch for further work among the Gentiles.

After a missionary journey of about two years, Barnabas and Saul returned to Antioch, "from whence they had been recommended to the grace of God for the work which they had fulfilled. And when they were come, and had gathered the church together, they rehearsed all that God had done with them, and how He had opened the door of faith unto the Gentiles. And there they abode a long time with the disciples" (ch. 14:26-28).

In several parts of heathendom, Christian churches had now arisen. Antioch was a great centre, and there liberty in Christian things prevailed, unknown in Jerusalem. This Christian liberty gave rise to certain men coming from Judea, and teaching legality. They are designated "false brethren," who came, not openly, but "unawares," with the object of entrapping the Galatian churches into legal bonds. They added ordinances to Christ's salvation, saying "Except ye be circumcised after the manner of Moses, ye cannot be saved." In short, they wished to make Jews of the Christians. This perversion of the gospel of Christ unsettled souls, and so stirred up the church at Antioch, that it was determined that Paul, Barnabas, and others, should go up to Jerusalem and meet there with the apostles and elders (ch. 15:1, 2).

To this journey is due the first council of the church, and the first letter or writing to the Christian Gentiles, indeed the first writing of authority to a church of Christ in heathendom. It is a very simple letter, and one which we do well to consider in the light of the extraordinary intricacies of present church documents and judgments.

"The apostles and elders and brethren send greeting unto the brethren, which are of the Gentiles in Antioch and Syria and Cilicia.

"Forasmuch as we have heard, that certain which went out from us have troubled you with words, subverting your souls, saying, Ye must be circumcised, and keep the law : to whom we gave no such commandment: it seemed good unto us, being assembled with one accord, to send chosen men unto you with our beloved Barnabas and Paul, men that have hazarded their lives for the name of our Lord Jesus Christ.

"We have sent therefore Judas and Silas, who shall also tell you the same things by mouth. For it seemed good to the Holy Ghost, and to us, to lay upon you no greater burden than these necessary things: that ye abstain from meats offered to idols, and from blood, and from things strangled, and from fornication: from which if ye keep yourselves, ye shall do well. Fare ye well" (ch. 15:23-29).

The difficulty being settled, mission labors amongst the Gentiles recommenced, which brings us up to A. D. 53, according to the dates of Our Bible, which is for us a memorable occasion, as it was in that year the gospel first entered Europe by apostolic power (ch. 16:9-12).

Philippi, Thessalonica, Corinth are familiar names as we open the Scriptures and read the epistles to the churches in these places, all of which were visited in the years 53, 54, while in Corinth St. Paul remained eighteen months, the Lord telling him He had much people there. In these years the first and second Epistles to the Thessalonians were written; others to different churches soon following.

St. Paul remained only a short time in Thessalonica, but there "of the devout Greeks a great multitude, and of the chief women not a few "believed, also "some" of the Jews of the synagogue (ch. 17:4). The Jews of Thessalonica were not of the noble character of the Bereans, who "searched the Scriptures daily," whether the things preached by Paul were so (ver. 11), but the church of Christ in Thessalonica, composed chiefly of Gentile converts, was most earnest and holy.

And when we bear in mind that the apostle had been among them for only some few weeks (ver. 2), we are amazed at the spiritual wisdom that prevailed amongst them; for none but such as had spiritual capability could comprehend the most gracious words of the first Epistle to the Thessalonians.

As the word of God prevailed amongst the heathen, the churches of Christ arose in the dark parts of paganism, away from the helping hands of apostles, so did God by His Spirit give His people inspired words in writing to be read in their own and in different localities. (Col. 4:16.)

The church in Thessalonica had the privilege of the apostle's presence but for a short time, but in the year of its foundation it received his epistle. And how that church would value this inspired word! It would be copied and, probably, committed to memory. Thus we trace back to within some twenty years after the ascension of our Lord the first New Testament writing, which, of all others, teaches us of His coming again.

Here is introduced a subject of deep significance. Between the receipt of the first and the second epistles—that is within the space of some twelve months—the Thessalonians were perplexed by the receipt of forged epistles, purporting to be written by the apostle Paul. (2 Thess. 2:2.) As teachers, teaching Judaism, had troubled the church at Antioch in its earliest days, while Christian teaching was oral; so did false teachers, by writing, endeavor to disturb the early faith of the church at Thessalonica, while the first inspired writing of the New Testament was in its hands. The struggle in the church between truth and error, between light and darkness, began almost as soon as the church was established.

During the lives of the apostles, special powers of the Holy Spirit were bestowed upon the churches. So was it with the handful of believers in Ephesus, who, on hearing of the Holy Ghost, and on the laying upon them of St. Paul's hands, spake with tongues and prophesied (Acts 19:1-7). In Ephesus the apostle remained for two years, and it became as Antioch, a great centre from which the truth spread abroad, "so that all they which dwelt in Asia heard the word of the Lord Jesus, both Jews and Greeks" (ver. 10). We have only to peruse the epistle addressed to the Ephesians to feel what wonderful knowledge and grace they possessed who could understand such words!

The epistle to the churches of Galatia, warning them of their departure from the gospel, and that to the saints in Rome unfolding it, were written shortly after the period of time we have looked at, indeed, the record of the Acts ends in the year 64, and St. Paul's martyrdom occurred but a short time afterwards.

Another thirty years gave to the church the last labors of the surviving apostles, and the last holy writings God has given us; St. John's being the latest of the inspired penmen, his death occurring in the year 100.

In the brief space at our disposal, our sketches are of necessity meager, but we think we have said enough to show that in apostolic days, and almost to the end of the first century, there was instruction and guidance, and authority, also, in the church; and more, a manifestation of the power of God the Spirit; such as was never seen again. Yet the New Testament scriptures abundantly prove that in the church of these early days evils and heresies, and departure from the truth occurred even as they do in our own days. We have not teachers such as were the apostles

or the elders of their appointment, far less have we apostolic authority existing now, but we have the truth of God—the Bible, and we have the Holy Spirit of God with us, and He will and does teach and guide every faithful Christian, and will continue so to do unto the end.

## Pioneers of Missionary Work in Jamaica

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MANY of the early English settlers in Jamaica were either Puritans or Quakers. George Fox requested the latter to endeavor to train up their slaves in the fear of God, to treat them kindly, and in due time to set them free. How far they acted in accordance with his injunctions there is no possibility of knowing. This only we know, that there were no traceable marks of compliance, and no record of evangelical labors among the slaves until 1754, when three Moravian missionaries were sent out at the request of certain proprietors in the parish of St. Elizabeth. Their difficulties, sufferings, and ultimate success are recorded in the annals of that excellent body.

Much larger results, however, followed the labors of certain Black preachers, some of whom came from America.

The first of these was George Liele, an emancipated slave from Virginia, North America.

George was a member of a Christian church, which had called "him to exercise his gifts as a preacher. His master was a deacon of the church, and gave him his freedom. When George arrived in Kingston, in 1783, and saw the wretched state of his enslaved brethren, living in ignorance and vice, without God and without hope, he was filled with compassion for their souls. His pity took an active form. He went to the racecourse, and boldly proclaimed the gospel of Christ; afterwards he hired a room, and preached regularly. Numbers flocked to listen to the preaching, and not a few received the Word joyfully. Persecution arose, and a restraint was laid upon the slaves, so that their meeting in public worship was forbidden. A petition to the House of Assembly resulted in a temporary restoration of their privileges.

George Liele sought no earthly reward, but only the salvation of his brethren. He worked with his hands for his bread, and preached the gospel quite freely. He employed a teacher to instruct the children, and sent out such of his converts as gave promise of fitness to preach the gospel in other parts of the island. In little more than seven years, five hundred persons had made a profession of their faith in Christ. In 1793 the contributions of the poor slaves sufficed to purchase a piece of land, and by the aid of a number of white gentlemen, the first meetinghouse was erected in the island.

During the earlier years of his work, Mr. Liele had to endure much opposition, and no little of contumely and reproach. The moral condition of not a few of the planters was of the lowest, and their profanity and bare-faced wickedness appalling. There was a club called the "Hell Fire Club," the members of which went to the extreme of blasphemy and horrid profaneness. One of this too well-named club was rescued by sovereign grace, but all the rest came to an untimely, and some to a tragic end.

One day, when Mr. Liele was preaching, preparatory to the celebration of the Lord's Supper, a so-called gentleman rode his horse into the chapel, and urged him to the front of the pulpit, where he exclaimed with equal profanity and insolence, "Come, old Liele, give my horse the sacrament!"

"No, sir," replied the godly preacher, with equal courage and coolness, "you are not fit yourself to receive it." The intruder soon rode out.

On another occasion, three young men of the same impious character walked into the chapel during service, and, going to the table where the bread and the wine had been placed, one of them took the bread, and, breaking it, gave it to his companion, who, with a horrid oath, swore that it was good ship-bread, and presented it to the third, who refused to take it. Not a week had elapsed, before the first two were ushered into the presence of Him whose sacrament they had profaned. One died raving mad of brain fever, and the other, going out of Kingston Harbor the boat was upset, and he was never seen again.

More than once Mr. Liele was charged with preaching sedition, and was thrown into prison, loaded with irons, and his feet made fast in the stocks. But when brought to trial he was honorably acquitted.

There was a debt on his chapel, and, being unable immediately to satisfy the claims of the builder, he was sent to jail. When urged to take advantage of the Insolvent Debtors' Act, he refused, and remained in prison until he had paid the whole.

In the neighborhood of Kingston was a poor mulatto barber, named Moses Baker, a refugee from America. He was sunk in ignorance, and given to drunkenness and other bad habits. A godly lack man faithfully warned him and his wife of their sins, and entreated them to turn to God. His earnest efforts and prayers were the means God used for their conversion, and Moses Baker and his wife became genuine disciples of Christ, attending the ministry of Mr. Liele.

Soon after this, a Quaker gentleman, named Isaac Lascelles Winn, bought some slaves who belonged, to the flock under Mr. Liele's charge. They were much distressed at the thought of losing their religious privileges. Mr. Winn pitied their sorrow, and set on foot inquiries for a Christian teacher. He was directed to Moses Baker, who at that time was threatened with blindness. The benevolent planter placed him under the care of an able physician, and he soon regained his sight. He sent a man, and horses and money, to bring Moses with his wife and child to his estate, one hundred and twenty miles distant, and gave him a cordial welcome. He commenced his labors there about 1788.

Moses found the people imbued with the singular and grossly superstitious delusion known as obeak, said to have been imported from Africa. Obi-men were a kind of priests, who manufactured and sold their obies, which were bottles filled with such things as feathers, parrots' beaks, dogs' teeth, alligators' teeth, grave-dirt, rum, egg-shells, and similar things. They were used for purposes of sorcery and this gross delusion held the people in terrible bondage, resulting in abounding wickedness and superstition. Moses faithfully told them of their sins, and warned them "to flee from the wrath to come." Unruly at first, they afterwards became attentive, and invited others to hear the gospel.

Multitudes abandoned their evil habits, and not a few received the gospel message, and became obedient to the faith. He soon had access to the Africans on about twenty other sugar estates, and Christian societies were formed at Crooked Spring and Montego Bay. But he was not unmolested, and had a large share of persecution to endure.

On one occasion, when conducting service at Crooked Spring, he gave out the hymn—

"Shall we go on in sin

Because Thy grace abounds,

Or crucify the Lord again,

And open all His wounds?

- - -

We will be slaves no more,

Since Christ has made us free,

Has nailed our tyrants to the cross,

And bought our liberty."

A book-keeper present informed the authorities that Moses Baker was teaching sedition, and stirring up the slaves to rebellion. He was arrested, and taken down to Montego Bay in irons. Subsequently he was admitted to bail, and at the assizes acquitted.

During the wide-spread rising, known as the " Maroon War," not one of the slaves under his instructions joined the insurrection, so great was his influence over them, and the peaceable results of the preaching of the gospel.

On the death of Mr. Winn, Moses Baker was transferred to the estates of the Hon. Samuel Vaughan, who bore high testimony to his worth and the beneficial results of his labors. For eighteen years he continued his work, until, in 1806, a law was enforced forbidding all teaching and preaching on plantations. This continued in force for eight years.

In 1813 Moses came over to England. His appearance at that time has been described by the Hon. Richard Hill, whose father befriended him.

"He appeared a plain, home-spun man, rugged as a honeycomb rock. His eyes were then failing, his head was bound with a handkerchief, for he had suffered torture in America, which had injured both his eyes and ears. His appearance was that of no common man. His language was direct, and his delivery was marked by simplicity."

A Moravian missionary thus wrote of him: — "Moses Baker . . . is a man of the right stamp—a blessed and active servant of our common Lord and Master—notwithstanding old age has almost blinded his eyes, and made his legs to move slowly. . . . I know one man who had him a whole night in the stocks; and others would have destroyed him had they had him in their hands; but God had him in His."

Another black man, who was greatly used by God for gathering in His own, was George Lewis, a native of Guinea. Taken as a slave to Jamaica, he was afterwards removed to Virginia, where he heard the gospel, and was brought to Christ. Returning to Jamaica, he resolved to devote himself to make known the gospel among his fellow slaves, and had good opportunities to do this. Upon paying a monthly sum to his owner, he was allowed to travel the country as a peddler. He often

visited the large parishes of St. Elizabeth and Manchester, where nearly all the slaves were living in heathenism, worshipping the cotton tree, keeping idols in their houses, and living in malice and enmity. He preached at first to a few; these brought others; God the Holy Spirit applied the word to the hearts of the people, and great numbers renounced their idolatry, and sought Christian instruction. So much was he loved that the poor people purchased his freedom for one hundred pounds. He continued his labors, though often imprisoned for preaching to the slaves, and was the means of a considerable revival in connection with the Moravian Brethren.

All these men—and there were others little less distinguished—were destitute of human learning, but with the apostle they might have said, "We also believe, and therefore speak." Thus God built up His church, using these humble and godly men, as useful pioneers, and His approval was their reward.

"Not seeking recompense from human kind,  
The credit of the arduous work they wrought  
Was reaped by other men who came behind;  
The world gave them no honor—none they sought;  
To one great aim their heart and hopes were given—  
To serve their God, and gather souls to heaven."

R. S.

## Carmel

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THOUGHTS of Carmel ever stir the heart of the believer in God, for that mountain top witnessed the rise out of the sea of the little cloud as of a man's hand, which became the covering of the skies, that poured out their abundance of rain upon famine-stricken Israel. But Carmel saw more than the cloud, it witnessed the man of God bowed to the ground pleading with Jehovah and waiting for the answer to his prayer. Elijah's servant saw the cloud, Elijah prayed as seeing Him who is invisible. "Elias was a man subject to like passions as we are, and he prayed earnestly that it might not rain: and it rained not on the earth by the space of three years and six months. And he prayed again, and the heaven gave rain, and the earth brought forth her fruit." (James 5:17, 18.) We might almost suppose such a man was not subject to like passions with ourselves, were it not that we are told to the contrary, and bidden find in Elijah an instance that "the effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much."

Elijah's prayers were for the good of Israel. The nation had departed from Jehovah to serve Baal, the voice of God was unheeded, and it was only by deep suffering that Israel was brought to bow to the might of Jehovah's arm. God often recovers men and nations by means of affliction, and when man denies His Name, He lifts up His finger and proves the folly of man's pride. Thus, through the famine brought upon the land by the prayers of Elijah, did He open the eyes of rebellious Israel to their sins.

What the battle of three and a half years in Israel between Elijah and the powers of the nation was like we can hardly conceive. The end of it, the destruction of the priests of Baal and the abundance of rain poured upon the land, we know. And in Elijah's eventual weariness of the strife, his prayer to be relieved from his post, we perceive that this mighty prophet of God was a man of like passions as we are.

One thing Elijah failed to understand. In his lament over the desperate apostasy of Israel, he said to Jehovah, "I, even I only, am left," but the Lord replied, "Yet I have left Me seven thousand in Israel, all the knees which have not bowed unto Baal, and every mouth which hath not kissed him" (1 Kings 19:10, 14, 18).

The great leader as a leader and a marked man stood alone; however, in secret there were found by God seven thousand true hearts in Israel. And in a day of departure from God, He surely has His own, though they be unrecognized and unknown. Neither will God forsake them, though they be feeble; and thus when the mighty Elijah's work was over, God raised up in His goodness Elisha to wield the sword of His word in the midst of erring Israel, and to comfort and support the faithful few who revered the holy Name of Jehovah.

We may well pray God in our own day of departure from His word that He may raise up men of His choice filled with the Spirit; men of faith and courage to do battle for Him in the church. A man or a movement induced by God the Spirit has ever influenced the church, but the arm of flesh avails nothing. May we not justly believe that much prayer went up to God from the seven thousand who

had not bowed to Baal ; may God's faithful people pray much in this our day for servants who shall arouse His church to the reality of His word.

## The Unwelcome Visitor

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IT was a dull, dreary afternoon. Mrs. N. settled down in a comfortable chair in her pleasant London drawing-room. She was thankful she need not go out, for she was unwell and very tired. She remembered with dismay that she would have to go out in the evening, but there was the afternoon still before her—a quiet time for rest and reading.

At that moment a visitor was announced, and Mrs. E. entered. Mrs. N. had known Mrs. E. for some years back, but they had nothing in common, and had seen little of one another. Mrs. N., in spite of much lukewarmness, was truly one of the children of God. She knew, and believed, the love He had to her, and she desired, however faintly, to bring others to the knowledge of His love. But when Mrs. E. was announced, no thought but that of annoyance took possession of her. On, what possible subject could she talk to Mrs. E.? To speak of anything above and beyond the earth and earthly things, would be like talking Chinese to her! And what could more add to her weariness than to spend the time in small talk about things in which she had no manner of interest?

Yes, alas! her weariness was the uppermost thought, and she consoled herself with the hope that in a quarter of an hour this visit would be over. But the quarter passed, and half an hour passed, and three quarters of an hour, and Mrs. E. sat there with no apparent intention to move. Her sleepy, expressionless face grew more and more wearisome to Mrs. N. Her languid voice, too; even her dress, in the height of fashion, which told a tale of little interest in anything but the concerns of this world—all was wearisome.

Slowly it dawned upon Mrs. N. (strange that it should have been so slowly!) that the Lord had sent Mrs. E. to her house that day, and had given her an opportunity she might never have again. And that, unlike the Lord, when weary with His journey, He sat upon the well, she had thought only of her weariness, and had not thirsted for the soul whom God had sent in her way. But what should she say? and how should she begin? Her visitor looked as if no subject in heaven or earth could be of the slightest interest to her.

Mrs. N. asked her where she went to church. Mrs. E. answered by naming the church, and there was a silence.

"Mr. M's sermons at St. Paul's are very interesting," said Mrs. N., "I advise you to go and hear him."

"Oh, indeed!" was the reply, in sleepy tones; and again there was a silence.

"Or Mr. R.," continued Mrs. N.; "I am sure you would find his sermons would help you, and it would be nearer."

"Yes," answered Mrs. E., slowly, "but I go where my husband goes."

A longer silence—broken by some insignificant remark of Mrs. E.'s about the weather, and again a silence. Then Mrs. N. talked about some little trifles, whilst thinking what to say next. Mrs. E.'s

answers became shorter and more languid, and the silences became longer. An hour had passed away!

Mrs. N. now made a reflection it would have been well to have made before, that the way to reach the heart is a straight and not a circuitous road, and almost desperately she said, looking earnestly at her visitor, " Mrs. E., tell me, Are you saved ?"

In a moment the expressionless face of Mrs. E. lighted up into the intensity of interest.

"No," she said, "I am not, and that is why I came to you. I have been utterly miserable. I knew we were none of us saved, and longed—how I longed—that my husband and children might be saved; but then I knew was not saved myself, and that I could be of no good to them. And I thought I would give all I have if I knew how to be saved. I went to the houses of all the people I know, who belong to what we call the 'good set.' I thought they would tell me, but I dared not begin; and they talked about pictures, and. about riding, and I don't know what, and they never spoke of God. At last I thought I would come to you, and I waited all this time, hoping you would say something about Him; and, oh! how thankful I am you have asked me that question. How I was longing to ask you what I should do-but I was afraid to ask. Will you not tell me now?"

It is needless to say that the second hour passed only too quickly. Mrs. N. forgot her weariness, and Mrs. E. listened as for her life. It was all new to her—how new we often forget when with those who have been well-taught the knowledge which is to fit them for this world, but never taught the knowledge of Him, Whom to know is life eternal.

It was new to her that she had nothing to do, that Christ had done the whole work which saves the soul. It was new to her that He had loved her even when she was dead in sins—that He had died and lived to save her, and to make her to be a well of living water in her turn to the dead souls around.

Mrs. E. believed simply, as a little child, and became a faithful and loving witness for Christ in her home, and amongst her friends and neighbors. Four or five years later she died, rejoicing in the Lord. And Mrs. N. never forgot how nearly this soul had been left in darkness through her indolence and self-seeking, through her little faith and little love, and she asked the Lord to remind her continually how many troubled hearts and awakened consciences are hidden behind the faces which often look expressionless, because the things of the earth have ceased to charm them, and there is nothing to fill the void.

O Lord, give us Thine eyes to see, and Thine heart to care for these hungry souls—souls more hungry than are the bodies in famine-stricken Russia, more hungry, and less pitied—overlooked and neglected, except for Thy care and love.

F. B.

## As a Little Child

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"EXCEPT ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven." (Matt. 18:3.) The Lord abhors the pretensions to goodness which man is so ready to entertain, but delights to unveil the beauty and simplicity of His grace to the humble soul.

One Lord's day evening, some three or four years ago, a preacher, who had been speaking of Christ to a small company in a room in one of the London suburbs, was asked to talk to a middle-aged man, who remained after the service had closed. He had listened attentively throughout the evening, and now his face wore a troubled expression.

"Do you know the Lord?" said the preacher to him. The man shook his head.

"Are you a sinner?" was the next question. And the answer was "Yes;" spoken with deep feeling. It was evidently not the "yes" of carelessness, but of true conviction of sin.

"Well, if so," said the servant of God, "what are you going to do?"

After a short pause, he replied, "I shall say my prayers."

"That is of no use," answered the preacher, "If you could live as long as Methuselah, and pray all the time, that could never save you."

The man started at these words, and said: "What must I do then?"

The Divine answer in Acts 16:31 was at once given: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." And in a few simple words Christ was pointed out as the Savior of sinners, who had already done all that had to be done in order to clear the guilty. The man's face brightened as he listened. He believed the word of God. He was entirely uneducated, and unable to read or write, but that was no hindrance that night to his receiving the gospel as a little child, and owning the Lord as his Savior.

He still rejoices in Christ and His salvation. Though unable to read the scriptures for himself, the Lord provides for him; and he finds amazing comfort in the texts that he carries in his memory. The widow's stock of meal was small, but it did not fail. However little we may possess, the Lord can make it sufficient, if there be only simple faith to look to Him. H.

## The Shepherd and His Dog

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A YOUNG shepherd one night, instead of tying up his dog indoors as usual, put him in a shed near his house, and went to bed. After awhile the dog began barking loudly. The shepherd, seeing no possibility of sleep with such a noise, got up and went to see what was amiss, and let him out. No sooner had he opened the shed door, than the dog, possibly in his fury not knowing his master, flew at him, and bit his hand. What horror in a moment filled the young man's mind! He remembered all the terrible stories he had read in newspapers, of people dying from dog-bites, and thought he should die thus, and he was unprepared! Wholly overcome he went indoors, and lay down on his bed, almost stunned at the thought that shortly he might have to meet God.

This event was the turning point in his life. He realized fully what it was to be a sinner in the presence of a holy God, and began crying to Him to be saved. After this, when alone with the sheep, he would pray till he was really exhausted. For two long weary years this went on, and sometimes he would think he was saved, and then again he would be plunged into the depths of despair.

After this time a gospel meeting was held in a cottage two miles off; and the young man went to it, to see if he could get any help for his poor soul. He sat eagerly listening, while the speaker said: "Now, friends, if you want to be saved, you must look away from yourselves entirely. Jesus has accomplished on the cross all that is needed that sinners might be saved. Look not inside at your feelings, but look to Jesus, and at what He has done." The shepherd's eyes followed the speaker's upraised hand, and the truth flashed into his mind directly—"Jesus has finished the work, and, by my believing on Him, God says I have eternal life." And, reader, you should have heard him putting such a stress on that word "hath," when telling his neighbors what the Lord had done for him. You may guess he did not want much pressing to go down on his knees and thank the Lord for this full salvation.

More than twelve months have passed away since this happened; and he is still so full of joy that those who, like him, know the Savior's love, can but rejoice with him.

Reader, do you understand anything of this joy? Have you grasped the fullness of Christ's salvation? W. C.

## "She's Said 'Our Father.'"

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ONE evening a young lady received a message begging her to come at once to see old Mrs. G., who was dying. Now Miss S. knew that Mrs. G., had lived without God in the world, and, filled with anxiety for the immortal soul about to pass into eternity, she set off immediately for the poor woman's home.

"Home "did I say? Mrs. G.'s dwelling was a dark, miserable cellar, without windows, and only lighted by a pane or two of glass at the top of the door. When Miss S. reached the door, she stood still for a few moments to accustom her eyes to the gloom into which she was going.

What a scene lay before her! On a wretched bed in a corner of the cellar lay poor Mrs. G., and the visitor could just distinguish amid the darkness the figures of four Irishwomen, who were standing around her, wailing over her as though she were already dead, and they were "keening" at her "wake." Over the bed hung the dying woman's daughter, clothed literally in rags, and eagerly crying, "Mother, mother, say 'Our Father!' say it after me!" And then she went through the prayer, mispronouncing the words, and mixing them in such a fashion that they made no sense at all.

The visitor, who had been standing unobserved in the doorway, now came forward. The Irishwomen ceased their wailing. "Here's the Teddy!" they cried; "here's the blessed angel!" and they made way for her to approach the bedside. "It all right, miss," said the dying woman's daughter; " it's all right, she's said ' Our Father.' "

Oh, how successful Satan is in blinding the eyes of his victims! Where do we read in the Holy Scriptures that a soul is made fit for the presence of God by saying, " Our Father which art in heaven " ? Scripture points us to Christ Jesus, whom God set forth to be a propitiation through faith in His blood " (Rom. 3:24, 25), but this poor dying woman was not asked to trust in the precious blood, which alone could cleanse away her sins, and be her passport to heaven. Could she truthfully call God her Father? How could the repetition of the words save her soul?

Miss S. bent over the bed, and spoke of the love of Jesus, but could not tell whether the poor creature heard her or not, for she was very deaf, and showed no signs of consciousness.

"She always went to her chapel when she was young," said one of the Irishwomen. As if her chapel-going could atone for a life of terrible sin!

Then the visitor knelt down and prayed, while the Irishwomen kept up a chorus of groans and exclamations of "Oh, the blessed angel! Hark at her! oh, the blessed angel!"

All this time the dying woman lay apparently unconscious, and feeling that she could do no more, the visitor left.

The next day old Mrs. G. died—" died and made no sign."

Most likely our readers are shocked at the ignorance of the poor degraded women who surrounded Mrs. G.'s bedside, and would not expect to be saved by repeating the Lord's prayer;

but if resting on a respectable life, church or chapel-going, saying prayers or alms-deeds, in what consists the difference between such religion and that of poor Ann G. when she said, "It's all right, miss, she's said Our Father "? God's way of salvation is through faith in Christ! "By grace are ye saved through faith; and that not of ourselves: it is the gift of God: not of works, lest any man should boast." (Eph. 2:8, 9.)

C. H. P.

## Praise

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AN elderly man was ill. His wife carried a basin of hot soup to his bedside. As he took it, he exclaimed, out of the fullness of a grateful heart, "My praises do not keep pace with my mercies!" He was in the habit of tracing God's hand in all the circumstances of life, and felt that he never praised Him enough for His care. Christian reader, can we not all say the same? Do we not find that our praises lag behind? Yet the Lord even "daily loadeth us with benefits." "In everything give thanks; for this is the will of God in Christ Jesus concerning you."

H. L. R.

## Ever the Same

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GOD'S word is like God, unchangeable. The progress of thought of the nineteenth century may sound very great, but the everlasting truth of God and the tide of human thought are not to be confounded. Thought does not make truth. Man thinks out his own notions; the truth is, and ever is the same. However, generally speaking, men are more concerned with the progress of human thought than with the unchangeable reality of the truth of God.

## **Christ, Our Sacrifice and Priest: 6. God Magnified by Christ's Work**

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IN the great question of sinful man's approach to the holy God, the first consideration is God's righteousness. What man's ideas may be on the question are not to be taken into account, for if God be not satisfied as to the ground on which man would approach Him, it is evident man can never draw near to God at all. Our knowledge as to God's thoughts we gain from God Himself through His word; every other source being merely the imagination of the human heart; unless, indeed, as in paganism, there be also the thoughts of demons mingled with the imaginations of men.

Before the cross of Christ, God had not fully made known His righteousness; in a sense He looked lightly at the ignorance of the heathen (Acts 17:30), and He did but shadow, through the sacrifices He ordained from Abel downwards, His righteous requirements concerning sin; but now

### **GOD'S RIGHTEOUSNESS IS REVEALED.**

Through the sacrifice of Christ, God has manifested His unqualified and absolute judgment on sin. On the cross, God made His Son to be sin for us (2 Cor. 5:21.) and He forsook Him while so made sin (Matt. 27:46).

In the light of Christ, the Sin-Bearer, being thus forsaken of God, every pretension of man to ability to satisfy God as to sin perishes. Neither in this life nor in the next can man atone for his own sins, purge them away, or glorify God about them.

But while God has thus revealed His righteousness, He has also shown that He is perfectly and eternally magnified in the question of sin by the death of His Son, that thereby He, the Just, can be the Justifier of sinful man (Rom. 3:26), and that He makes those for whom His Son was made sin, the righteousness of God in Christ.

Thus by the death of Christ, God's own absolute unyielding righteousness as to sin is revealed; and also the absolute righteousness before Him of the sinner, whose sins Christ bore, is established. To be without the benefits of the cross of Christ is to be in the darkness, to be within them is to be in the light as God is in the light.

But not only is the righteousness of God revealed, it is revealed also that

### **THE WAY TO GOD IS OPEN.**

Before the sacrifice of Jesus, God signified by means of the veil of Temple and Tabernacle, that the way into the Holiest was not yet made manifest (Heb. 9:8), but when Jesus died God rent the veil from heaven to earth (Matt. 27:51), signifying that the way was open. Open because God's righteousness had been magnified, because sin, which had barred the way, was atoned for, because the majesty of God was honored by the satisfaction made for sin by the death of God's Son.

Human efforts could not open that way, it was opened by God Himself when His Son died for sin upon the cross and magnified Him upon the question of sin. Before the cross God dwelt in the thick darkness (2 Chron. 6:1) ; in the day of the highest glory of the Temple He abode in His unapproachable holiness (ch. 5:11) ; but now when He has declared that He is Light, He has also bidden the feeblest draw near to Himself (Heb. 10:19-21).

The priests of the Temple, in their sin, restored the veil Jehovah had rent, they set up again the barrier He had removed, they denied thereby that there was access to God by Christ. But of what value was the ritual of the Temple, or of what meaning the service of its priesthood without a veil. The solemn service of the great Day of Atonement without a veil was futile; for the distinction between the Holy of Holies and the Holy Place was gone, and priests and sacrifices under the law were unnecessary. Only let us remember that, since God in His holiness came forth, as it were, from the place where He had been hidden for ages, He came forth in His holiness, so that now no veil hides Him, who is Light, from sinful man, and that while the way to God is open, there is no hope for any who approach God save in His own way.

In natural things men accept a fact. The sun shines; who controverts the fact? In spiritual things divine facts should be reverently respected. In natural things we smile at the notion of a law being affected by ignorance of its existence. Be it so, that the millions of China believe the world to be flat, does their ignorance affect its rotundity? The way to God is open; if millions in Christendom, by reredos, rood-screen, re-erect a veil, a barrier, like the priests of the Temple, does their unbelief affect the fact of the way being open? The believer in the truth will not less believe the truth because millions disbelieve it, any more than the European in China will believe the world to be flat in deference to the popular opinion of the Chinese.

Not only is God's righteousness revealed, not only is the Way to God open, a further fact exists,

#### CHRIST APPEARS IN THE PRESENCE OF GOD FOR US.

As the high priest of Israel passed through the curtain doors forming the entrance into the court of the Tabernacle, the Holy of the Tabernacle, and the Holy of Holies, on the great day of atonement, so did Christ pass through the heavens into the presence of God for us, and in Him, in heaven, we have " an High Priest over the house of God."

The great fact of Christ's glorious position in heaven allows not the occupation of priests on earth, busy with their veil, their rood-screen! Or, we may say, priests on earth, busy with their rood-screen and its equivalents, deny thereby the fact of Christ being in the presence of God for us. How entered He God's presence? In the power of His own blood. "By His own blood He entered in once into the holy place, having obtained eternal redemption" (Heb. 9:12). We may almost stand amazed that such a truth is recorded in the Bible; or shall we say, we stand amazed since such a truth is in the Bible, that men bearing Christ's name dare by their acts to deny it. For to what purpose then the "altar," the "sacrifice of the mass," the "offering priests"? To this—to teach men that the way to God is not open; that Christ has not entered in; that His blood needs to be flowing constantly; that His sacrifice needs to be offered perpetually; in a word that the truth of the Christian profession is false.

But all the thousands of offering priests of Christendom vary not the truth of God a hair's breadth—

Christ has appeared on earth to put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself (Heb. 9:26);

Christ appears now in heaven itself in the presence of God for us (ver. 24);

Christ will appear again at His coming the second time, apart from the great settled question of sin, to the great result of His work—to salvation (ver. 28).

Christ has finished the sacrificial work 'given Him to do on earth; He is continuing the intercessory work for which He is called of God a High Priest in heaven. He was the Offerer—no man ever offered Christ to God—and He offered Himself. He is the Intercessor, and no man can trench upon this His work. His past sacrifice is the foundation of His present work. His sacrifice in death was ONCE; His intercession is CONTINUOUS. He ever liveth to make intercession for us.

God's righteousness is magnified; the way to God is open; Christ is in God's presence for us—these truths are part of the Christian profession.

Let us add a word respecting

#### THE HOLY PLACE IN HEAVEN

where Christ is. His dignity and glory, risen from the dead, ascended on high, demand a holy place in heaven worthy of Himself. Gold, jewels, and other of earth's products; purple, fine linen, and such tokens of human skill, did but represent to man God's thoughts about Christ. Take these things out of their representative place, and presently there will be idolatry. These things were earthly "patterns of things in the heavens," object lessons to the children of men of the truths of God they signified. Do we think that the ascended Christ of God needs a chamber of gold and jewels for His presence, or purple and fine linen for His adornment? What did God with the temple of old, fitted and appointed with the holy things of His own ordaining? He razed it to the ground by the armies of the heathen, for its veil and its costly stones were used for purposes of rebellion against His Son.

Christian reader, it is not in materialistic or symbolic erections the Son of God, our High Priest, carries on His loving service, but in "a true tabernacle," in that which "Jehovah has pitched; not man." The "shadow of heavenly things" is no more; Christ is in heaven in the true, which the things of old shadowed. "The worldly sanctuary " made of jewels and gold, " of this building" of earth's things is exchanged for heaven. And our High Priest is in that fitting dignity and glory in the presence of God for us.

When the eye becomes centered on gold and jewels, robes and buildings, it is occupied with earthly things and cannot look up into heaven where Jesus is, and wherever such visions prevail, little of Christ is seen. Have we not observed how small Jesus is represented in the Virgin's arms? Ever a very small infant! He is the Man in Glory! The crucifix presents Him dying in His weakness; but " though He was crucified through weakness, yet He liveth by the power of God " (2 Con 13:4), being raised from the dead by the glory of the Father. The idea of the altar is a still dying suffering Jesus ; God shows us Him seated at the right hand of the throne of His Majesty, resplendent in glory, all angels serving Him, all spirits of the just honoring Him. Christ grows less and less as ornate ritual prevails, and by it man grows greater and greater; Christ is ever viewed through the wrong end of the telescope, He is seen, as it were, afar off, and man's view of himself becomes more and more important; till at length, like the believers of their own fable in China, the people of

Christendom reject the word of God to believe in the folly of what they call Christianity.

## He Died on Purpose

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"PLEASE, teacher, Polly Moran says she is very poorly. Will you go to see her?" Of course I said I would, but rather wondered at such a message from the dull, uninteresting child, whose absence from the ragged school I had scarce noted. I here would say to all teachers whose eyes this may meet, do not gauge your work by apparent results, but patiently sow beside all waters, for, it may be, the good seed of the kingdom is taking root where you least expect it.

I accordingly set out to look for Court, in the centre of a labyrinth of streets, in one of the most disreputable parts of Manchester, and, going to No. 3, found the door ajar and heard a terrible oath uttered within. With a silent prayer for protection and guidance, I timidly knocked, and was bidden "Come in."

I stepped in, and saw three rough-looking men seated at a table, on which stood a gallon jug of beer and a pack of dirty cards. They looked up in surprise at my entrance, so I said, "Does Polly Moran live here? I am her Sunday-school teacher."

"If you're our Polly's teacher, go upstairs; nobody shall hurt a hair of your head whilst I'm here," replied one of the men, holding on to the table to steady himself.

On reaching the top of the stairs, I found myself in the one bedroom of the house—a more comfortless place it would be impossible to describe—entirely destitute of furniture, with several heaps of dirty rags upon the floor, upon one of which lay poor Polly.

As I advanced towards her, she tried to raise herself, but the effort brought on a fit of coughing, which, with the sunken cheeks and hectic flush, told its own tale of another life sacrificed by parents to the demon drink.

"My poor child, I am sorry to find you so ill," I said.

"Yes, I cannot get up now, teacher," she answered, "or I should come to school."

"I am afraid you will not come to school again for a long time, Polly."

"I shall not come any more, but I am going to heaven ; for the doctor said this morning, when Mrs. O'Neal brought him, that it was no use moving me to the hospital, as I was dying."

"Are you afraid to die, dear?" I asked.

"Oh! no, teacher ; I am so glad, for people don't get drunk in heaven, do they ? "

Wishing to test the ground of her confidence, I enquired, "Why do you expect to go to heaven, Polly? Because you have always been a good girl? "

"No, oh, no! I have been a very bad girl, I used to say bad words and all sorts once, before—" Here the sentence, which had only been spoken in gasps, was interrupted by a fit of coughing.

My heart was lifted up in prayer as I administered the nourishment I had brought with me, and soon she recovered her breath.

"Why did you give up saying bad words?" I asked.

"One Sunday night you told us that Jesus loved us so much that, though He was a great rich King, yet He came to be poor like us, and I thought that means that He loves nice, well-dressed people like teacher; and just when I was thinking that, you turned right round, and looking straight at me you said, Jesus loves you."

"Yes, dear Polly," I said, "Jesus does love you dearly, quite as dearly as if you were rich or great."

"When I got outside," continued the child, "I did say thank you ' to Jesus for loving me, and promised Him I would do everything He wanted; for nobody ever cared for me before, only you, teacher."

"Why did you not tell me this sooner?" I asked.

"I didn't like, but it made me so happy that, when father got mad drunk and beat me, I just whispered Jesus loves me,' and then I didn't care a bit."

I prayed with the dear girl, and, with my heart full of praise, went away feeling that "His ways are past finding out."

Twice more I visited her, and read to her of the Savior whom she loved, and prayed with her. Each time she was weaker in body, but strong in faith.

"When I get to heaven, I shall just say I am Polly Moran, that Jesus 'died on purpose to save,' and then they will let me in quick, won't they?"

Oh that everyone who reads these lines may have like simple faith! "Being justified by faith, we have peace with God." He died to save you, even you; whether you be poor or rich, learned or ignorant, young or old. He loves you, and gave Himself for you, and now He asks you to repent of your sins and believe in Him.

The next time I went, the neighbor, Mrs. O'Neal, told me Polly was dead. "The last words she said, ma'am, were Tell teacher Jesus has come for me,' and she just fell back and was gone."

What a glorious change!—from poverty to infinite riches, from pain and misery to endless joy!

You may have had far greater advantages than Polly had of knowing Jesus, yet have you, dear reader, accepted His love for yourself, and committed your soul into His keeping?

However good and moral your life may have been, if you have not come to God through Christ for pardon, you are now under sentence of death; guilty of murder, for your sins crucified the Son of God; guilty of robbery, for you have robbed God of the service due to Him, ever since you could tell right from wrong; yet He is waiting with open arms to receive you as soon as you are willing to come to Him as a SINNER. He will receive you on no other ground, for He "came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance."

He never yet turned away one penitent sinner who came to Him, for He says, "Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out."

Just as soon as you are willing to forsake sin, Jesus will pardon the past, and give you grace to live for Him in the future, and then it will not matter whether, like Polly, you are called home in early life, or whether He needs you on earth for long years of blessed service. "There is . . . now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus."

R. B. V.

## Sketches of the Early Days of Christianity: the Volume of the New Testament

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WE endeavored last month to present to our readers the character of the spiritual instruction received by the early churches of Christ; we will now offer some suggestions as to the way in which the respective books of the New Testament came to be gathered together.

The following table, giving the accepted dates on which the various books of the New Testament were written, will be to the purpose.

1st Thess. . . . 52

2nd . . . 53

Galatians . . . 54

1st Corinthians... 56

2nd ... 57

Romans . . . 58

James . . . . 61

Philemon ... 62

Ephesian... “

Luke... “

Colossian... “

Philippian... “

1st Peter... 63

1st Peter... “

|Acts... 64

1st Timothy... 64

Matthew... 64

Mark... 64

2nd Timothy... 65

Titus... 66

2nd Peter... 67

Jude... 64, 75

John... 86

Revelation 96

1st John... 69, 96

2nd... 85, 96

3rd... 85, 96

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Now here it is seen that the whole of the New Testament was written within a space of forty-four years. Indeed, excepting the writings of the Apostles John and Jude, it may be said that God gave the New Testament to His Church in the brief period of fifteen years, that is from 52 to 67. It is self-evident, that God purposed that His church should have His inspired word in its hands when the apostles and prophets upon which it was built were removed. When the mighty action of His Spirit, through these holy men who were moved to tell men His mind, was about to cease, God prepared His written word to supply their place.

But how did the scattered books become known in the Church as the very word of God? Here is a question of the deepest moment for our own times; and to answer it we turn to the New Testament itself. On what principle, for example, did the church of the Thessalonians judge that the letters written to them professedly by the Apostle Paul were false? By the force of the true-by heeding the epistles God had sent them through His servant (see 2 Thess. 2:2); in other words, by the innate authority of the Scriptures. How were the churches of Galatia to discern whether the Apostle Paul's epistle was of God, or whether the system of legal teaching leavening them was true? By yielding to the authority of the written epistles And this principle the apostle so urgently put forward, that he bade them obey the inspired word (Gal. 1:12), even in the face of the supposed event of himself or an angel from heaven preaching a gospel different from that which he had already preached (vers. 8, 9). The authority of the word in this epistle is placed before the authority of an apostle. The word is infallible; an apostle might err. Even the Apostle Peter, we are told, on one occasion "walked not uprightly according to the truth of the gospel" (ch. 2:14), apostle though he was, but the truth can never change. Surely such an incident is related by the inspiration of the Spirit, not for us to cast a slur upon an holy apostle, but to teach us the importance of obeying God's word. God shows us that His word is above and beyond that of angels and apostles, who, however great, are but servants of God. Here lies a vital principle for our own day, in which strenuous endeavors are made to account for what is inspired by human authority.

His word is given to the Church, and the Church is bound to obey it because it is God's word. The Thessalonians were bidden "obey" the word (2 Thess. 3:14); in the Epistle to the Romans we read of the "gospel... made manifest...according to the commandment of the everlasting God, made known to all nations for the obedience of faith "(ch. 16:26) ; and to the Corinthians St. Paul said, " If any man think himself to be a prophet, or spiritual, let him acknowledge that the things that I write unto you are the commandments of the Lord." (1 Cor. 14:37.) The Scriptures are a class of writing distinct from all others, Spirit-breathed and "profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness." (2 Tim. 3:16.) The truths of the Scripture were

communicated to its writers (1 Tim. 1:11), and form the exposition of the faith once delivered unto the saints (see Jude 3).

How the Scriptures were gathered together and became known in their entirety by the Church, as the word of God, is a very interesting question, but one on which not very much light is at present thrown, beyond this, that they were gradually collected together at the beginning.

That the inspired writings were known as such in the Church from the first, is self-evident. There is proof that they were so known as time went on. The Apostle Peter (A.D. 67), writing about the period of the Apostle Paul's martyrdom, says, "As our beloved brother Paul also according to the wisdom given unto him hath written unto you,"—i.e., "to them that have obtained like precious faith with us" (2 Peter 1:1)—"as also in all his epistles," and refers also to "the other Scriptures," and does so to establish the Christians in steadfastness of faith (see ch. 3:15-18). In the Epistle of Clement to the Corinthians, one of the earliest of the writings of the early Church, he says, "Take the epistle of the blessed Paul the Apostle into your hands," showing they were familiar with it.

It is impossible to imagine the early Christians, or churches, to whom parts of the inspired word were addressed, not being jealous over them. The Jewish converts were accustomed to revere every letter of the Old Testament Scriptures. Could such men treat the New with less care? The laborious interest at the time of the foundation of the Church with which the ancient holy writings were copied, and the diligence with which they were read publicly in the synagogues Sabbath by Sabbath, and the earnestness with which they were taught privately in the family (2 Tim. 3:15) are well known facts. These facts throw a light upon the attitude of the early churches generally towards the whole word of God. In later years we hear of the Scriptures being committed to memory, and also being written out and valued with the highest esteem.

Regarding our question with simplicity as to how the New Testament Scriptures were gathered together, we select a few of the epistles for suggestions. Let us open the Epistle of St. John to the elect lady. This, as we are aware, was one of the very latest portions of the inspired word, and was written by the aged John long after the death of the other apostles. That letter was the lady's safeguard, and her divine order how to conduct herself in her house in relation to the false teachers who had entered the Church, and who visited her parts. Such a letter a devout Christian woman would certainly make public, and produce as her cause for closing her doors against the false teachers, and, as a faithful servant of Christ, she would be careful to supply a copy of it to others situated as she herself was.

We may say as much also concerning the letter to Gaius. That letter would be his defense against overbearing Diotrephes, and Gaius and such as felt the misery of masterful spirits in the Church would have in the apostle's letter their deliverance. Ours may be an age of criticism, those early days were the age of life, and the struggle of the true against the false.

How would Timothy and Titus prize the writings addressed to them individually and officially. They also would assuredly make the contents known to the men over whom they had been placed by God through the apostle.

These suggestions refer to parts of the New Testament addressed to members of the Church, who had to fight for the truth in the Church against teachers and errors that had entered it. The truth is greater than the Church. The Church may be corrupted (see 1 Cor. 3:17); the truth abides

incorruptible, and by the truth we are to save ourselves and those that hear us from the evils of our times. (1 Tim. 4:16.) In those earliest times evil doctrines in the Church occasioned some part of the New Testament, hence the Church had to be corrected by the Bible.

It was the express command of the Lord that each of the seven churches addressed in the Revelation should have the Book sent to them (Rev. 1:11), and the Epistle of the Apostle Paul to the Galatians was written to the churches-how many we know not-of Galatia. Thus, at once on the receipt of these writings, various churches were made aware of the word of God being among them, and the faithful would do their utmost to make the truth so communicated known.

Such simple means as reverence, love, and toil would suggest, sufficed to give the churches in the various parts of the world the New Testament as well as the Old; and we cannot suppose the early Church, influenced by the apostles, and assailed by false teachers, neglecting to supply itself with the Scriptures of truth. Nor can we allow the idea that apostles who bade churches read their epistles to other churches, as did the Apostle Paul, or who, as the Apostle Peter, exhorted the believers to obedience to the recognized inspired words of the New Testament, would do other than influence the churches to the care and the making known of the books as the New Testament. There was a considerable amount of intercourse between different churches, as we observe in the Acts, for over and over again the Apostle Luke says, "the brethren met us"; hence they must have heard of the intended coming of the Apostle Paul and his companions.

But, whether by adopting such means as were used by the Jews for the distribution of the letter of the Old Testament, whether by energetic efforts, or by slow degrees, as a matter of fact the whole of the New Testament became, with the Old Testament, known as the inspired word of God, and learned people assure us that many thousand copies were in circulation at the end of the second century.

But, going back to the first century, we find the words of Scripture quoted by the early Christian writers. Clement, for example, whose Epistle to the Corinthians was written, most probably, before the death of the Apostle John, quotes the inspired word considerably. In the following sentences, words from the inspired Epistles to the Hebrews, Corinthians, Ephesians, and Romans can be easily traced:—

"This is the way, beloved, in which we may find our Savior, even Jesus Christ, the High Priest of all our offerings, the defender and helper of our weakness. By Him we look up to the highest heavens, and behold as in a glass His spotless and excellent visage. By Him are the eyes of our hearts opened; by Him our foolish and darkened understanding rejoiceth to behold His wonderful light. By Him would God have us to taste the knowledge of immortality, who, being the brightness of His glory, is by so much greater than the angels as He hath by inheritance a more excellent name than they." He also evidently refers to the Apostle Peter's epistles and to that of the Apostle James, to the epistles to Timothy and Titus, and to the Apostle Luke's Gospel. The Epistle of Barnabas (by some regarded as more ancient still) makes a few allusions to the gospels, though hardly any to the epistles. The "Teaching of the Twelve Apostles," as another ancient Christian manuscript is called, also bears in it quotations from the evangelists. These writings quote from the New Testament Scriptures, and use them as authority. They are of an exhortative character, not doctrinal, and Ignatius's epistles, written in the second century, have also some few references to the Scriptures.

Thus we have evidence that the books of the New Testament in the very early ages of Christianity had become widely recognized in the Church.

It is true that in after years such an epistle as that called after the name of Clement was looked upon for a time as almost inspired, but only to be disregarded as such, when again in a yet later period the various books of the New Testament became once more to be better known in the Church. As to such early writings, we feel assured that our Christian readers generally, would perceive at once that they are no more inspired by God the Spirit than the ordinary good books of Christian doctrine and practice that may be written in our own times. Some parts of these ancient writings are painfully mystic, and some even very childish, while some advance doctrines that the New Testament condemns. We again remind our readers that much of the epistles relates to evil teachings current in the Church, and, therefore, to allow that the Church determines what is and what is not inspired, and that our faith in the Scriptures is obtained from Church authority, is but to despise God who speaks. That such ideas found place in epistles to different churches is in no way surprising, since Scripture teaches us that heresies, already in existence in the apostles' days, were to increase after their departure, and thus in Scripture itself, then as now, were the faithful in the Church to find their guidance. "God and the word of His grace" was their safeguard in the midst of the countless ideas and determined self-will of false teachers, even as ours.

## The Burning Bush

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WHEN Moses was a stranger in the land of Midian, learning God in the desert, as he one day tended his flock he came to the mount of God, and there his eye was attracted by the spectacle of a bush burning with fire, and as he gazed upon the flame, lo, the bush was not consumed! "And Moses said, I will now turn aside, and see this great sight, why the bush is not burnt" (Ex. 3:3). A bush! not a tall tree, but a lowly bush! And a bush burning, yet living, yet remaining still itself, not consumed! Here was, indeed, a strange sight. What was it? What could it mean?

Now "when Jehovah saw that Moses turned aside to see"—mark this, Christian reader, for there are many wonderful sights to be seen on the earth which none care to contemplate" God called unto him out of the midst of the bush!" Here is a greater wonder. The angel of Jehovah (Jehovah-Jesus) was in the flame of fire that arose out of the midst of the bush, and was there to reveal to Moses God's thoughts about afflicted Israel. For Israel in their affliction was the bush that burned with fire, and since the Lord was with them Israel was not consumed. "In all their affliction He was afflicted, and the angel of His presence saved them" (Isa. 9). Moses had a sight of God that day, such as had never before been seen on earth. The poor feeble bush burning with a strong flame, yet unconsumed, for the angel of the Lord was there.

What a lovely sight of Divine grace, and condescending tenderness, and of supporting mercy! There are such bushes burning with fire to be found on the mount of God still. Tried and tempted, suffering and sorrowing saints with whom Jesus is, sustaining and supporting, and they are not consumed.

"I have surely seen the affliction of my people which are in Egypt," said the Lord, "and have heard their cry." Yes, He sees the affliction of His own, and, blessed be His Name, "in His love and in His pity He redeemed them; and He bare them, and carried them all the days of old." He hears the cry of sorrow, and though it may be, at times, almost despairing, His love and His pity effect deliverance.

## John Chamberlain

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IT has pleased God, in the choice of His ' instruments for the carrying on of His work, oftentimes to employ persons of very humble origin. George Whitfield was potman in his mother's inn in the city of Gloucester; William Carey was the son of a poor schoolmaster, and himself a cobbler; and, to go back farther to more notable instances, several of the apostles were fishermen.

It was so in the case of John Chamberlain. He was a village lad, and his parents, though industrious, were poor and lowly. He was born at Welton, Northamptonshire, in 1777. Of feeble frame and health, he was sent, at twelve years of age, to Market Harborough to be a farm servant, with the hope that agricultural work would invigorate his constitution. From Harborough he removed to Braunston, and here, when eighteen years of age, he was led to Christ, and, the following year, made a public profession of his faith. The young man felt his heart stirred and his mental powers invigorated by the Christian life upon which he had entered.

Removing to Naseby in 1797, he was favored in having an earnest Christian man as his master. At Naseby, a hundred and fifty years before, Oliver Cromwell had won one of his greatest victories. There the future missionary began his life-long fight with error and sin, ignorance and crime, by starting a prayer meeting, and originating a Sunday-school.

The missionary fire which had been kindled at Kettering, a few years before, warmed many hearts, and young Chamberlain felt its fervent glow. The periodical accounts from Mr. Carey and the formation of the London Missionary Society, reports of which John read from time to time, caused the fire to burn yet more strongly.

He resolved, by God's grace, to be a missionary. An ambitious resolve, some would say, for a farm servant. But let us see.

Young Chamberlain had already begun to preach in the neglected villages, and Mr. Haddon, his master, was so satisfied as to his abilities and sincerity, that he recommended him to the missionary committee, as a candidate for the mission field. A year under a well-qualified pastor at Olney served to prove both his capacity for learning and his zeal in the cause of the Redeemer. For some reason or other, but probably from want of funds, his candidature was dropped, and his hopes for the time dashed, though far from quenched. At length the Academy at Bristol opened its doors to him, and he set out to walk to that city "very low-spirited because of the indifference of the roads." Being called to preach at Coventry, he was enabled to take the coach, and reached Bristol on the 24th of September, 1800.

Here he became a diligent student, an early riser, and a careful reader of theological works, especially the practical and the devotional. Here, too, he continued his evangelistic labors. He visited and preached in the lowest parts of the city, both indoors and out of doors.

In the month of May, 1802, having been accepted for work in India, Chamberlain left the shores of England with his young wife, and proceeded, by Way of America, to Serampore. This route it was

necessary to take because the East India Government forbade making the voyage in a British ship. He reached the Danish colony of Serampore in 1803.

If before he left England the young missionary's heart was on fire, it burst into a stronger flame, when he met the brethren who had preceded him, and heard their reports, and especially when he saw for himself the ignorance, superstition, follies and abominable wickedness of idolatry.

But his impressions did not waste themselves in mere feeling; he applied himself vigorously to acquire the language, that he might proclaim the gospel of God of pardon, cleansing, and salvation through faith in Christ. His diaries are full of the record of his labors, his compassion for souls, and his faithful testimony against sin and concerning the one way of forgiveness, cleansing and eternal life.

In order the more effectually to convey the truths of the gospel to the minds of the natives in a manner to engage their attention, he not only studied their language and read their best authors, but made himself familiar with their shasters, or sacred books; and seeing these are adorned with the graces of poetry, he sought to set forth the truths of the gospel in a similarly attractive manner, and his hymns were much in use.

"The number of places he would visit, together with the number of times he would address different congregations in one day," says Dr. Yates, the eminent translator of the Bible into Indian languages, " was truly astonishing. I attended him several times, . . . and the simple travelling from village to village, and from place to place in the different villages where he preached, appeared to me a sufficient exertion for one day; while he, from the hour he set out, about eight in the morning till five in the afternoon, continued to travel and preach without cessation, allowing himself time to take a little dry provision only as he went from one hamlet to another. In this manner he would visit five or six villages in one day, and in some of them preach at two or three different places, a considerable distance from each other."

While still at Serampore he was sent, with Felix Corey and two native helpers, to the Island of Gunga Sagor, which is one of the most celebrated places of pilgrimage in India. It is situate at the junction of the Ganges with the ocean, where the so-called sacred river is supposed to possess the most purifying virtue. Here, at that time, the people came from immense distances, and in numbers varying from one to two hundred thousand. There is no great town or city there, but the pilgrims make it a vast camping ground, full of streets and lanes, and bazaars, where everything to eat, drink, and wear might be bought, especially all the requirements for their worship of Gunga.

Chamberlain has left a record of this visit :—

"We soon left the boats, and went among the people. Here we saw the works of idolatry and superstition. Crowds upon crowds of infatuated men, women, and children, high and low, young and old, rich and poor, bathing in the water, and worshipping Gunga, by bowing, making salaams, and spreading offerings on the shore, consisting of rice, flowers, and cowries, for the goddess to take when the tides rose. The mud and water are esteemed very holy, and are taken hundreds of miles upon the shoulders of men."

He spoke to them of the folly of their conduct, and of the message of salvation by Jesus Christ. "Turning to the Bengalees," he says, "I spake to them after this manner:—

“On what account are you come hither?”

“To bathe in Gunga Saugar, sahib.”

“By bathing in the Gunga what fruit have you obtained?”

“Holiness,” says one; ‘Good for the future,’ says another.

“Thus you say, but how do you know? Is not all this without evidence? Are you so void of reflection as to suppose that Gunga can save you? What is Gunga? Is it larger than other rivers? No, I have seen larger. Is its water better than other water? Certainly not.

Why do you act so unwisely? There is but one God; worship Him. Know that your minds are defiled by sin; which defilement, Gunga, though you should bathe in it a thousand times, can never wash away. Hear, brethren, why we are come hither. Not to bathe in Gunga, but to publish among you the good news of God. What is this good news?

It is this: God, the Maker of the heaven and the earth, the Maker and Preserver of us all, seeing us all overwhelmed with sin, hath had very great compassion on mankind, and hath given His own Son to be our Savior. He came down from heaven, assuming our nature, and, to procure our salvation He has suffered in our stead. He performed many wonderful works: to the blind He gave sight, to the deaf He gave hearing, the sick He healed, and the dead He raised to life. Afterwards He gave His own life a ransom for us. After three days He arose from the dead and ascended into heaven, first giving this command: Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature. He that believeth, and is baptized, shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned.’ Besides Jesus Christ there is no way to heaven. Repent of your sins and believe in Jesus Christ, and you will be saved. God will pardon your sins, and receive you into His presence forever.”

In this simple way he spoke to them; they listened attentively, and who can tell into what hearts the good seed fell, and what was its result in the different and distant regions whence they came?

After leaving Serampore, he established a mission at Cutwa, seventy miles from Calcutta, and here, in the midst of his labors in the town and the villages around, he lost his beloved wife.

He was much blessed of God at Berhampore among the soldiers in cantonments, fifty-three of whom professed Christ by baptism.

Towards the end of 1810 he removed from Cutwa to Agra, where, among the natives and the soldiers, his labors were crowned with success. In less than two years, however, he was expelled for the crime of preaching the gospel to the military, for which full liberty is now granted in India as elsewhere. But God opened a door for him at Sirdhana, where he became tutor to the great grandson of the Begum of that principality. He accepted this post on condition that he should have freedom to prosecute his beloved work of preaching the gospel to the heathen. This he did to large audiences, sometimes extending to thousands. His success aroused the timeserving government of the East India Company, and a letter was sent to the Begum by the Governor-General, requiring her to dismiss Chamberlain from her service. She was compelled to do this, though it cost her many tears and much distress. Chamberlain returned, in February, 1815, to Serampore.

His next station was Monghir. He was now an invalid, worn down by excessive toil, and the climate had done its work. His zeal, however, knew no abatement. He held services in an old disused heathen temple, and was spared to see a more suitable building erected, largely through the liberality of Captain Page, a military officer who had been brought to Christ by his instrumentality. Captain Page had a son, whom he named, after his pastor, John Chamberlain Page. This son became a missionary, and one of the most efficient it has been the writer's happiness to know.

Chamberlain pursued his usual course of preaching in all the villages within reach, and distributing Christian literature. At length, however, his overtaxed strength gave way. He was so ill that a voyage to England was recommended as his only hope of recovery. He embarked on board the "Princess Charlotte," and sailed November 18th, 1821. Twenty days after, he surrendered his spirit to God, and his body was committed to the deep to await the resurrection.

A missionary who has himself recently gone home, after many years of work in India in a prominent position, says of him, "Mr. Chamberlain, like many others of God's servants, was made strong 'out of weakness'. Those who knew him at the outset of his Christian course, little thought how much of excellence and of ability would be developed in his afterlife. His history shows that the least promising beginnings may issue in great things in the kingdom of God. The untaught plough-boy, who had enjoyed almost no earthly advantages, under the influence of a grand, self-denying ambition (purpose, we would rather say), soon became, perhaps, the most efficient missionary of his day."

He had a strong and unshaken faith in the great truths of the gospel, and he labored to spread them with equal humility and zeal. He was bold in declaring the truth of man's utter ruin by sin; of his guilty, condemned, and hopeless state as a sinner apart from Christ; of the love of God in the gift of Christ, of His all-sufficient merits and precious atoning blood; and, while relying on the Holy Spirit to make the truth effectual to the salvation of the soul, he warned every man, and everywhere proclaimed the freeness and completeness of salvation to whomsoever believeth in Jesus.

R. S.

## Father Jacob

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ONE day, twelve years ago, Father Jacob was sitting with his family in his cottage on the mountains of Dauphine. He was a laborer, living in a wild and remote little village, himself as untaught and unenlightened as his Roman Catholic neighbors.

One generation followed another in this old far-away village, and men heard little of that which went on in the great world, and if they could read they had neither books nor newspapers. Father Jacob could read, but a book was a rare sight to him.

The day on which our story begins, there suddenly came into his cottage an old friend, a soldier, just come back from Algeria. A book was in his hand. "Look here," he said; "when we landed at Marseilles, a lady was there on the quay giving away books, and this one she gave to me. A nice book I thought it was, and just now I showed it to his reverence at the parsonage. But only think! he said it was a dangerous, wicked book, and he told me to burn it. Seems a pity, doesn't it? However, I don't care to keep it, so, Father Jacob, if you like to have it you may."

"Give it me," said Father Jacob. And afterwards he related, "When I took that book in my hands, somehow I felt that I had got hold of a treasure. And when I opened it at the title page, I read these words, 'The New Testament of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ.' Oh, what a wonderful book! A kind of awe came over me. I thought, it is a book about Jesus Christ! No, it can't be a bad book. It must come from God." "Therefore Father Jacob said, ' Thank you, kindly. I'm right glad to have it."

When the soldier was gone, Father Jacob went into his little room with his book all alone. But a terrible fear came over him. The priest had said it was a dangerous, wicked book. And yet it was about Jesus. Was it a sin to read it? "But if it comes from God will He not tell me," thought Father Jacob, "if I ought to read it or not? Will not the book tell me?"

And Father Jacob knelt down with the book in his hand, and said, "O my God, if this book comes from Thee, and I ought to read it, show me in the book that I should do so."

Then Father Jacob opened the book, and saw these words before his eyes. "If we receive the witness of men, the witness of God is greater; for this is the witness of God, which He hath testified of His Son." And he opened it again, and he read these words, "He that believeth on the Son, hath everlasting life.

Father Jacob needed no more at that moment. He had the witness of God, how much greater than that of the priest! And further, he said to himself, "God says, I have everlasting life. For I believe in Jesus: hath is the word—hath everlasting life. Yes, I have it!" And Father Jacob thanked and praised God for giving him this glorious gift.

And very soon after that happy day, he was seen continually with a radiant face, and the book in his hand, going from house to house to tell his friends and neighbors that God had given His Son, and that He gives eternal life, and full, free forgiveness to all who believe in Him.

In vain did the priest rebuke Father Jacob for his mad ways. He only thought " The priest may say what he likes, but the witness of God is greater, and this, this," and Father Jacob clasped his book lovingly and reverently, "is the witness of God, which He has testified of His Son."

Soon the news spread from village to village, that Father Jacob had wonderful tidings to tell out of a book that came from God. And people came from far and near, over the mountains and torrents, to hear the witness of God. And sometimes a messenger would come to Father Jacob from some distant place to ask him to come and tell the good news and read the book.

As years went on many of these men and women of the mountains believed and were saved, and they would meet together to pray and to thank God, and Father Jacob found means of getting Bibles and New Testaments for them also. For a colporteur met him once on his journey, and sold to him a whole Bible, and Father Jacob said, "Now I have a double treasure, the Old Testament and the New." And these poor men and women began to take the Lord's Supper together in some of the mountain cottages, in remembrance of the death of Jesus. And thus they do still.

It came to pass last winter (December, 1890) that a message was sent to Father Jacob from a mountain village a long way off. It was a very strange message, which needs explanation. In this mountain village, quite out of the way of the world, there had long been a priest who was much beloved by the people. This poor man was as dark as his neighbors, but he was kind-hearted and generous, and made everyone fond of him by this means.

And trusting that he was out of sight and out of mind of the bishops around, he had taken to himself a wife, with whom he lived happily, though of course, being a priest, his marriage was not a lawful one. As time went on, the bishop of the diocese discovered that the priest was married and that he had several children. He, therefore, banished him from the village, and put in his place a priest who would better conform to the rules of the church.

But the people were filled with anger, and not only did they hate the new priest, but they tormented him in many ways. They liked to hold Dutch concerts with tongs and tin kettles under his windows at night. They hooted him and called him every bad name they could think of. And as none of these means had the desired effect of driving him away, a new idea occurred to them. They would one and all become Protestants.

But what is it to be a Protestant? they asked one another. They had heard of such people, but had never seen them. All they knew was this, that Protestants did not go to mass, and that the priests warned everyone against them. How could they find out the way of becoming Protestants?

"I know!" said one; "there is Father Jacob. The priests hate him, and say he's mad. No doubt he's a Protestant. Let us send for him."

Thus did the message reach Father Jacob, that he was wanted at once in the village of M. to teach all the people, old and young, how they were to become Protestants. Accordingly Father Jacob lost no time, but started on his journey, despite the wind and snow of December. When he came to the deep mountain torrent that had to be crossed, behold, the wooden bridge had been swept away by the wintry storms. And in place of the bridge three lengths of telegraph wire were stretched across the ravine, the foaming waters dashing wildly from the mountains far below. The three wires were placed one above the other. You were supposed to grasp the top one with your

hands, pass the second under your armpits, and plant your feet on the lowest.

"Surely, Father Jacob," said a friend, who had come thus far," you will never risk yourself, at the age of sixty-three, on those bits of wire! I wouldn't trust myself to them for a thousand francs."

"I am going over for the Lord," said Father Jacob," and if I go to heaven instead of the other side, what then? "And singing a cheerful hymn, Father Jacob went on his way, and safely reached the other side.

When he came to the village he was welcomed by everyone, great and small, except the unhappy priest.

"And now you will teach us how to be Protestants," they said.

"I will teach you how to be Christians," said Father Jacob," but I don't know much myself about Protestants. Anyhow, I would have you know that to make a din beneath the priest's windows, and to insult and ill use him is not Christianity, or Protestantism either. But if you want to be that which God would have you be, I have a book that will tell you all,"

Then Father Jacob opened his book, and preached Christ to them. How little had they imagined what it was they were to hear! But they heard eagerly, and one after another was saved.

Amongst these people who believed to the saving of their souls, was a poor woman, the wife of a man who was known far and wide as a "drunken brute." He had been the terror of his village, and of the villages round, and when all his neighbors went to hear Father Jacob, he stormed at them and threatened them. He was not going to be such a fool as they were-not he!

But after a while his good and patient wife began to astonish him by her loving words and ways, and when he had many times asked her how Father Jacob had managed to bewitch her with his sorceries, she said, "Come and see." And against his will he came.

A power stronger than his will was leading him by a way that he knew not.

Father Jacob opened his book and read out of it a short story. It was the story of Nathanael. He was a man, said Father Jacob, who was very unwilling to come to Jesus, but he had a kind friend who entreated him to come, and when he said he thought there was no good thing to be found in Jesus, his friend said " Come and see."

Then the angry man started up, shook his fist, and shouted, "Who told you all about me?"

And Father Jacob explained to him that he knew nothing whatever about him, but that the Lord Jesus who saw Nathanael under a fig tree when he was far away, had seen him also, and was waiting to welcome him, for he loved him, and was calling to him.

Then the man fell on his knees, and said, "It is no use, I am too wicked; I am far, far too great a sinner!"

And when he went home with his wife he could not go to bed, but he threw himself on the ground, and cried and groaned, and said he was lost, lost, lost forever!

But Father Jacob knelt beside him, and told him of the blood of Jesus, and of the Shepherd who went after the sheep that was lost until He found it. And at last the poor man believed the blessed news, and he, too, was saved.

And now, if you were to go to his village, and ask for his little cottage, you would hear no longer drunken shouts, and the terrified shrieks of wife and children, but you would find the " terror of the village " sitting with his children round him and on his knee, teaching them to sing hymns, and to read the Book, Father Jacob's precious Book.

Now in that village from fifty to one hundred meet together on the Lord's Day to pray and read the word, and to remember the Lord's death, and to comfort themselves together, and to edify one another. And when they have a visit from Father Jacob, it is a high day and a festival, and it is in vain that the priest warns them that he is but a lunatic. They have received the witness of God, and they have believed the record that He has given of His Son. Shall we not pray that Father Jacob may yet win many souls for Christ? And shall we not thank God for Father Jacob, and also for the lady at Marseilles? And, most of all, shall we not praise Him for the Book?

F. B.

## The Bible, a Dead Book

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ONE afternoon, when visiting a few houses with gospel papers, I knocked at a door, and was invited inside. The woman, to my surprise, refused to accept the little book, saying, "We don't take in any of those; we are Catholics"; adding, "There is only one Church."

"And what is that?" I said.

"The Roman Catholic," said she.

"Well," I said, "if there is only one Church, and you are in it, and I am not, how am I to get in?"

"Oh!" she said, "you must go to the priests and ministers of religion."

"But the Lord Jesus said," I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life; no man cometh unto the Father, but by Me." (John 14:6.)

"Well," replied the woman, "that may be; but the Bible is a dead book; it is not fit for you and me to read."

"But listen again. These are the words of the Lord Jesus: 'The words that I speak unto you, they are spirit, and they are life.' (John 6:63.) So how can the Bible be a dead book? "

It was in vain that I told her I believed the words of the Lord Jesus, and had everlasting life, according to John 5:24, and also how blessed and important it is for each one to read the precious truth of God for himself, for to her the Bible was not the Word of God, but a DEAD BOOK. G. S.

## Dead to the Voice of the Bible

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WHILST riding through some of the pretty woodlands near the town of S-, I came to a farmhouse. Being thirsty, I dismounted, and asked for a glass of milk.

On entering the house I was pleased to see several texts and scripture almanacs hanging on the walls.

"Surely," I thought, " these people must be children of God, having texts hung upon the walls."

Having drunk the milk, I stepped across the room to where this portion of scripture was hung: "Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." Placing my finger on the word "sinners," I said to the woman who had supplied me with the milk—

"Can you read this scripture, and instead of saying sinners, 'say ' me'?"

She looked at me with surprise, and said—

"What do you mean?"

I repeated my words: "Can you say 'Christ Jesus came into the world to save me? '" and awaited the answer.

How solemn! the word of God on the walls of the house, but no entrance into the heart.

The woman's answer came at last; it was a slow decided "No."

It seemed that such a thought had never entered her mind before.

After a few words more I left her, hoping that God might use that simple pointed question to show her her need. Like too many others, she could read the words, but had left out the application of them to her own soul.

C. S.

## Then I Must Be Saved

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ONE day I was thrown unexpectedly into the company of a young farmer, when our conversation turned upon the inconsistencies of professing Christians, which evidently stumbled him. To bring matters to a personal application, I told him MY HOPE, that the Lord Jesus would soon come from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the Archangel and the trump of God, and that then every man should be given a reward according to his work; adding, that the coming of Christ might take place even while we were talking together. The young man was much impressed with the thought of Christ's coming, indeed, he almost allowed himself to be too late for the business he was going to engage in at the next town, in his anxiety to hear more of the subject. As we parted, I pressed upon him the reality that the Lord might come for His saved ones 'ere he reached his destination, and "If not saved, what would then become of you?" He hung his head and walked away.

I met the same young man some months afterwards, and asked if he remembered our conversation, and he immediately replied that it had never been out of his mind. "Are you saved?" I enquired, and he answered "No." A long conversation followed, but my young friend had not yet his eyes opened.

Again some time elapsed, when I found myself sitting with the young farmer and his wife over their parlor fire. It was a winter's evening, the day's work was over, and the Word of God was opened. We read and commented upon many precious passages, which show how God in His infinite mercy has provided a way of salvation for man who is ready to perish, and that faith in Christ the Savior is the only way by which a sinner can be saved. It seemed passing strange that for two hours we talked together, none of us growing weary, and yet the light had not shone into either of them. I was just about to give up, when one other passage like the lightning's flash came into my mind. These are the words, "He that believeth on the Son of God hath the witness in himself; he that believeth not God hath made Him a liar ; because he believeth not the record that God gave of His Son. And this is the record, that God hath given to us eternal life, and this life is in His Son. He that hath the Son hath life; and he that hath not the Son of God hath not life. 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, even unto you that believe on the name of the Son of God." (1 John 5:10-13.) I turned to the young man and said, "Look at this 13th verse. You say you believe?" "Yes, I do," he answered. " Well then, God by His Spirit 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.' "

"Then," said he, "I must be saved!" "To be sure you are," I answered. "Yes," he said again, "of course I am."

His wife said, "Do you see it, Charley?"

"Yes," he said, "I do. It's only believing."

From that moment he was satisfied, and his heart overflowed with joy, and he abundantly proved the reality of it by his subsequent life. Dear reader, do you see it also? Do you believe on the name

of the Son of God? Then on have eternal life. But if not, why not?

## Christ Our Sacrifice and Priest: 7. Christ's Glorious Exaltation

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WE touched upon the Lord's glory and exaltation in our last issue: we now return to the theme again, for it is a great verity of the Christian faith, and which, if duly recognized, delivers from a variety of religious notions unworthy of His Name.

Truth never changes. What do we believe? Our faith governs our spiritual experiences. Do we exalt Christ by our faith in the truth respecting Him, and bring our thoughts to His feet? or do we lean to certain religious ideas because we live in the nineteenth century? Things are none the less true whether believed or not by us. Before Christ came, Jehovah ordained that His people should have a system of worship which was of an earthly character. Gold, purple, fine linen, and the like, were used of God as symbols of heavenly things, and, through these things of earth, God purposed that the minds of men should reach up to Himself. But now all that is changed. Spiritual and heavenly things are presented by God for the occupation of the Christian's mind.

Let us consider some of the changes God has made for the honor of His Son, and, while so doing, remember that, if we return to the things in their former state, we are thereby denying the changes God has made, and are so far acting in disobedience to His revelation.

Such as would by their worship perpetuate types and shadows of the good things to come, are really turning their backs on the glories of Christ.

Melchisedec preceded Aaron, and the priesthood of Christ resembles the order of Melchisedec, not that of Aaron. Aaron was a type of many of Christ's offices as High Priest, Melchisedec was a type of Christ in His essential glory, without genealogy, without end of days, abiding a priest continually,

The priesthood is changed. (Heb. 7:12.) Once it was vested by God in a peculiar class or tribe on earth, in men who died and transmitted their office to their successors, but now it is vested in One Person, in God's Son, whom He has made a Priest for ever after the power of an endless life (ver. 16), whose office is not transmissible, as was Aaron's, but is exclusively personal.

It is of great moment for Christians to consider this, for on every hand are men rising up calling themselves priests, boasting in a transmissible office, and the power of making priests. Now from Christ Himself in heaven does the making of priests flow out. He "hath made us . . . priests unto God and His Father." (Rev. 1:6.) This the Lord does Himself, delegating to no one the power. He loves us, He has washed us from our sins, He has made us kings and priests. No earthly notions, no Jewish thoughts Christianized, must be allowed into this sacred work; Christ, whom God has made Priest, and Christ alone, must have the glory of priest-making to God and His Father.

The priesthood is changed, and not changed from one earthly channel, or channel on earth, to another, but from men who were types of Christ to Christ Himself.

A change is made in the law also. (Heb. 7:12.) There is a divine necessity—one becoming God—for this change. Christ was the Priest of God's counsel and purpose, long before the

Levitical priesthood was set up, or the law was given. Before Christ, the priesthood and the sacrifices of the law passed away. A transmissible priesthood—men not continuing by reason of death; a system of approach to God which could not make the worshipper perfect as pertaining to the conscience; sacrifices which could never take away sins; all have imperfection marked upon them. The character of such things, viewed according to God, is designated by God the Spirit as "weakness and unprofitableness." These things were fitting and right, and their use was godly "until the time of reformation." But "Christ being come, an High Priest of good things to come" (ch. 9:10, 11) they all had to make way for Him.

It would be most sorrowful unbelief to place the Lord on the same platform as the holy men or sacred things that figured Him. Such things as meats and drinks, and divers washings," are, in themselves, but "weak and beggarly elements," though, alas! Many "desire to be in bondage" (Gal. 4:9) to them, or to the system they express. But such principles do not accord with Christ's dignity. He has, by the sacrifice of Himself, perfectly glorified God respecting sin, and, by His blood, purged our consciences from dead works to serve God. The whole system of approach to God is therefore changed of necessity; the "shadow" of the "good things" is no more; the "better," the "true," the "more excellent" exists.

Thus by the revelation of Christ a change is made in the thoughts of believers concerning God.

Instead of bringing to God sacrifices for the remission of sins, we rejoice in the remission of our sins through Christ's sacrifice; instead of holy places on earth, we have the Holiest in heaven; instead of worshipping upon a holy mountain or city, the true worshippers worship the Father in spirit and in truth (John 4:23). We are brought nigh (Eph. 2:13); we have holy liberty before God (Gal. 5:1); we have access to the Father (Eph. 2:18); we have the Spirit of adoption, whereby we cry, Abba, Father (Rom. 8:15).

Instead of coming to God through the priests, the sons of Levi, we come to God direct through Jesus Christ, His Son. All intermediaries are swept away by the hand of God, and save by Christ there is no way to God. Even where, as in many parts of Christendom, intermediaries are set up, such as verily draw near to God do so in spite of these intermediaries. Neither tasting, touching, nor handling (Col. 2:1) forms part of the Christian faith, nor leads one step to God. We must turn our eyes from the earth and lift them to heaven, where Jesus is in the Holiest of all; nor let us be dull of comprehension and suppose that earthly things of sense and sight will aid our devotions, or that by looking on them we shall at length attain to looking at Jesus only; such occupation is burdening the mind with obstacles, as if obstacles were aids to faith. The more our religion is after the pattern of the Jewish model, the less do we see of Christ, and the more it resembles the system which God has changed.

Christ "is gone into heaven, and is on the right hand of God; angels and authorities and powers being made subject unto Him" (1 Pet. 3:22). He is supreme in His exaltation: He is set by God the Father "at His own right hand in the heavenly places, far above all principality and power, and might, and dominion; and every name that is named, not only in this age, but also in that which is to come." No one on earth with impunity can traverse the divine fact of Christ's exaltation, and we must beware lest powers, angelic or human, or names, whether of angels or of saints, be allowed by us in the remotest way as recipients of those honors which belong to Christ only.

When He was on earth men rejected Him as King; now that He is in heaven many reject Him as Priest. We trace His pathway on earth, and behold the sick and the afflicted being brought to His feet and see Him healing them all. If He were King, ruling over the earth, in His kingdom such sorrows should not prevail. He is perfect in His ways, and peace follows His steps. Never before on earth was such a King, but at length men crowned Him with thorns and crucified Him. He will come again, King of kings and Lord of lords, and to Him all shall bow.

We behold Him in heaven, a Priest in the presence of God. Never before was such a Priest. His priesthood is full of power, gracious power. No soul has ever been to Him in vain; no one has ever brought the sickness of his soul and the suffering of his heart to Jesus and has not been healed. But, alas, His priesthood is denied by men calling themselves priests, whose only boast is authority, for power they have none. Authority without power! Miserable spirituality. In a peculiar way, through the popular religion of the times, Christ is set aside as Priest in the presence of God for us, and we shall honor Him by considering Him in His essential glory and in His divine exaltation, and by rendering Him obedience.

## Antonio and the Figs

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ANTONIO was a little Italian boy, who lived in a village not very far from Naples. Antonio's uncle and aunt live in England, and his three little cousins—quiet, serious-looking Luigi, roguish Alfonso, and ragged, wistful little Michele—come to my little Italian Sunday-school. It was Antonio's uncle who related the story I am going to tell you.

Antonio was very fond of figs, and, like some other boys, he did not always know when he had had enough of his favorite fruit. One day his father brought in a basket of fresh figs, and Antonio, who had already eaten a good many, wanted some more. But his father told him that to eat so many would not be good for him ; and then, knowing his little son was not to be trusted, hid the figs in a small room, which was only used as a lumber-room, and which was quite dark.

Antonio guessed where the figs were, and made up his mind to get them. Poor, foolish boy! it was in love for him, not in unkindness, that his father had refused what would be likely to do him harm, but Antonio cared neither for his father's command, nor for his own good; get those figs he would.

So when the good contadino's (a peasant) back was turned, his little son got a light, and opened the door of the dark room. A few moments more, he thought, and one of those delicious figs would be in his mouth!

But there was one thing Antonio had not thought of. In that little room his father kept stored up several pounds of gunpowder.

The disobedient boy opened the door, and went forward, light in hand, when in a moment there was a fearful sound like the crash of thunder.

Look! oh, look! What is it? For an instant the noise, dust and confusion were so great that nothing could be seen. Now all is still. All is still—and what is left? Nothing but four broken, ruined walls, and a poor little form lying crushed and helpless beneath the fragments.

. . . Antonio was not dead when they dug him out, but he only lived a few hours, and then his poor father and mother were left to weep over the lifeless body of the child, whose last act had been an act of disobedience.

Antonio had sold his life for a few figs, and he did not even get the price for which he had sold it.

You are very sorry for poor naughty Antonio, are you not? But, dear child, I want you to think of yourself, for in his sad, sad story you may read your own.

There are three things in the Italian boy's story, which begin with the letter "D," and the same three things are to be found in our own story.

What was the sin he committed?

Disobedience.

There were other sins mixed up with it, for sins generally travel in company; there was distrust of his father's love, and there was theft in intention, though he was prevented from carrying it out. Those were just the three sins which entered into Adam and Eve's hearts in the Garden of Eden, and they are in our hearts too. But the sin which the Italian boy actually committed was the one beginning with, D—Disobedience. Ask yourself whether you are not guilty of that great sin.

Then into what did Antonio's disobedience lead him? Into

Danger.

You have disobeyed God, dear child, and your sin has brought you into danger. Every day, every night, whether you are working or playing, eating, drinking, or sleeping, you are in danger.

And what came after danger?

Death.

Yes, Antonio is dead now—dead through his own sin.

Disobedience, danger, death. What a terrible chain! And the last two follow the first, Just as the links of a chain hold together.

But, thank God, though He is the very One you have disobeyed, yet He is able and willing to snap that strong chain for you. The Lord Jesus loved you so much as to bear the punishment, to die the death you had deserved, and if you will come to Him, owning your naughtiness, and thanking that precious Savior for dying in your place, then that strong chain will be broken forever, and you will be free.

Yes, instead of the three black D's, you will have three golden L's instead:

Life, Love and Liberty.

Won't you make the happy exchange? Won't you escape from the danger while there is time?

If, while poor Antonio's hand was on the handle of the door, someone had come up and shouted: "Antonio, come away! come away! there is gunpowder there: you will be killed if you take a light into that room," what would the little boy have done? Oh! surely he would have run away from the place of danger as fast as he could, and if a grateful boy, he would have thanked the kind friend who warned him.

But what are you doing? You have been warned: oh, do escape to Jesus before it is too late! C. H. P.

## It's in Already

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CHARLEY S., with his sister Grace, had been listening with deep attention to the touching account of little Willie's death given in the December number of FAITHFUL WORDS. He was afterwards told to pray, that "Jesus would write Charley's name in the Book of Life." That night the request was included in his simple prayer.

A few nights after Charley said his prayers at his father's knee, when it was observed that the new petition was left out. Thinking the omission was due to forgetfulness, he was asked why he had forgotten to ask Jesus to write his name in the "Book of Life," he replied, in a tone of exultation, "It's in already!"

H. L. S.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

Patient, gentle, meek, and wise,

The servant of the Lord must be;

If young, let none his youth despise,

But may they all his fervor see.

1 A prophetess, whose course was nearly run,

Who, in the temple, spoke of God's dear Son.

2 One whose kind deeds and helpful acts, of love,

Shewed that she was a "saint," "born from above."

3 A man who saw, and when he saw, believed,

More blest by faith, not sight, to have received.

4 She who with busy fingers helped the poor,

Nor sent the needy, shivering, from her door.

5 A valiant man, who, conquering, won a bride,

Israel's deliverer, when to God they cried.

6 Ambitious man his boasting was in vain;

His followers scatter'd, he himself was slain.

7 Servant of Christ, a man of earnest prayer,

Who made the saints of God his constant care.

8 A meeting-place, where one, from shipwreck free,  
Fellow-believers did with gladness see.

9 A man in Herod's household--give his name,  
Whose wife a helper of the Lord became.

10 One who with cruel hate caused blood to flow,  
A holy man's revengeful, bitter foe.

H. L. R.

## Judson

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ADONIRAM JUDSON was born in 1788, in the town of Malden, in the United States. His father was a Congregational minister, whose ambition for his son was that he should excel in learning. Adoniram was no ordinary boy, and at school earned the nickname of "Old Virgil dug up," and books were his delight. He possessed great powers for work, and fully satisfied his father's wishes, and was as prosperous in college as at school. A brilliant success in life seemed assured to him, in whatever path he might choose to seek it.

The moral and religious influence of college life was sad indeed on Judson. Infidelity was the fashion with young America of that day; learning and skepticism were united together in the seminaries of liberal education. Amongst the most eager of the skeptic young men in his college was E., and Judson made him his idol. E. was a deist, and under his influence Judson deliberately turned his back upon God.

Having completed his education, Judson set out for a tour on horseback through the Northern States, and on his journey met a clergyman, whose earnest Christian appeals shook the young man's infidelity. The day he left the pious clergyman's company, Judson ended his day's ride at the door of a country inn. The landlord told him he could only give him a room next to that occupied by a young man who was dying, but Judson assured him it would not, disturb his rest. However, he could not sleep, questions would arise in his mind about the future state; was the dying man prepared for the change which awaited him? Was there indeed a hell and a heaven? The sufferer was young, Judson could but think of himself, and also of E., his friend the skeptic. In vain he tried to argue himself to the assurance that death was a perpetual sleep. The appeals of the clergyman he had just left followed him, and he passed a night of wretchedness.

The next morning the landlord told him the young man had died, and on Judson asking if he knew his name, replied "E., from Providence College."

Judson returned to his own room, and there for several hours the awful words "Dead! Lost! Lost!" ran through his soul. He was overwhelmed with the sense of his sin and misery, and as he returned home, he did so with the longing for salvation.

By slow degrees light entered his soul, and at length he was enabled to trust in God. Being truly converted, desire to work as a missionary possessed him. One day, during a walk in the woods near his college, the words "Go into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature," were presented to his mind with such clearness and power that he came to a full decision; and in spite of great difficulties, resolved to become a missionary.

Some two years after this, Judson, together with four others, set sail for India. They were welcomed at Calcutta by the Christians there, but the East India Company regarded them with no favor, and finally drove them away from their missionary purposes. "We were reported to the police," says Judson, "and an account of our arrival forwarded to the supreme government in Bengal. It became, therefore, a moral certainty that as soon as an order could be received at

Madras, we should be again arrested, and ordered to England. Our only safety appeared to consist in escaping from Madras before such an order should arrive. I enquired after the destination of vessels in the Madras Roads, but found none that would sail in season. However, there was one bound to Rangoon A mission to Rangoon we had been accustomed to regard with feelings of honor But it was now brought to a point. We must either venture there or be sent to Europe. All other paths were shut up; and thus situated, though dissuaded by all our friends at Madras, we commended ourselves to the care of God, and embarked."

Judson and his brave wife reached Rangoon, and established their home in the mission house, which had been erected by a former missionary about half a mile outside the town walls.

Rangoon they found miserable and wretched; hut its long dirty streets led up to one of the most magnificent temples of Burmah, in which it is said are enshrined some of the real hairs of Gautama, the father of that huge and awful system of idolatry, Buddhism, which enslaves millions of the human race. The temple is thus described by Dr. Malcolm: —

"What terrible grandeur! What sickening magnificence! What absurd imagery! What extravagant expenditure! What long successions of devotees to procure this throng of buildings of such various dates! What a poor religion that makes such labors its chief meritoriousness! Before you stands the huge Shoo-da-gon, its top among the clouds, and its golden sides blazing in the glories of an eastern sun. Around are pompous zayats, noble pavements, Gothic mausoleums, uncouth colossal lions, curious stone umbrellas, graceful cylindrical banners of gold, embroidered muslins hanging from lofty pillars , enormous stone jars in rows to receive offerings, tapers burning before the images, exquisite flowers displayed on every side, filling the air with fragrance, and a multitude of carved figures of idols, worshippers, guardians, griffins."

Here were the worshippers, with uplifted hands, repeating their prayers with the aid of rosaries, rendering offerings to the images and the priests of the temple. From the parapets of the temple opened out a scene of wealth and beauty, grandeur and power, utterly unlike Rangoon, "the city of bamboo huts "with its swarming population of poor.

Our reader should know something of Buddhism. Gautama, its founder, flourished in Hindustan about six hundred years before Christ, and his teachings were handed down by tradition, through five centuries and' then reduced to writing. In the tenth century of the Christian era, Buddhism became the established religion of Burmah. Dr. Judson explains to us, that the eternal existence of matter and of finite spirits— the rule of Fate—the transmigration of souls, and final extinction, as the supreme good to be looked for, are among its leading doctrines. "All beings are continually revolving on the great wheel of transmigration, from man to monster or the vilest reptile from the celestial inhabitant of the upper heavens to the blackest demon of the lowest hell," and the only hope for any is extinction!

Hopeless religion! offering no rest, no peace, having no atonement for sin, save a kind of purgatorial suffering, and entirely destitute of the knowledge of God. But this awful religion is that of some five hundred millions of the human race!

Such was the battle-field into which Judson had entered, and his plan of attack was to proclaim the one living and eternal God, the Judge of All, the Upholder of All, and His Son, the one and only Way to God and through Christ alone Atonement for sin.

The language of Burmah is most difficult for a foreigner to acquire, and Judson had neither grammar nor dictionary, nor any teacher to help him. But within three years Judson had prepared a grammar of the language! He studied the sacred books of the country, and despite his labor allowed his soul no chill to its ardor for the salvation of the heathen.

A few years later he acquired a printing press, and by the aid of the printers' art began a warfare against the darkness of paganism. In 1817 he writes: "Our hands are full from morning to night. I cannot for my life translate as fast as brother Hough will print . . . Will the Christian world ever awake? Will means ever be used adequate to the necessities of the heathen world."

And in the same year we find his wife writing of his printed papers: "They are well understood by those who read them. Many have called at the mission house to enquire more particularly about the new religion."

The excessive labors of the missionaries brought illness and exhaustion upon brave Judson, trials followed trials, so that the life of the mission seemed to tremble in the balance. He says: "One malicious intimation to the king would occasion our banishment, which would include the confiscation of all property. But as he viewed his lot, and the precarious position of his very life, he added, "Let us remember that the Son of God chose to become incarnate under the most unprincipled and cruel despot that ever reigned"—and he held on in firm faith in God, willing to live or to die as He might will. These are his words: "O for grace to strengthen faith, to animate hope, to elevate affection, to embolden the soul, to enable us to look danger and death in the face." "To your prayers I desire once more to commend myself—the weakest, the most unqualified, the most unworthy, and the most unsuccessful of missionaries."

## Sketches of the Early Days of Christianity: an Epistle of Christ

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GOD has given His written word to His people, and His people as an epistle to the world; and though there are many imperfections in these epistles, the world reads and judges of Christianity by the people who bear Christ's name, rather than by the Book of God. the Apostle Paul speaks of the Christians in Corinth as "the epistle of Christ," "known and read of all men" (2 Cor. 3:3, 2), and the heathen in that cultivated city witnessed through the Church a life altogether unlike that familiar to themselves. We may justly say that the pagans were the epistle of their gods to the world around them. Their gods were all more or less connected with various vices; unclean, immoral, and abominable were their deities; and as their worshippers committed evils in their honor, or yielded up to them part of their unlawful gains, these gods and sin were closely allied. Thus we may say the worshippers of Bacchus or Venus, by their evil deeds, became the epistles of these deities. People could read and know what those gods were like by studying the lives of their votaries. the Apostle Paul had ministered Christ in Corinth, and such as believed were separated by the truth from paganism, and their life of holiness, meekness, and goodness commended to the heathen about them the blessed Person of the Lord whom they worshipped.

We must bear in mind that no pagan has ever conceived a deity to be a holy Being existing from everlasting to everlasting, as a Savior from sin, a personal and constant Friend of man. Wonderful indeed then must the gospel of God have been to the heathen of old, and strange indeed to them the changed lives of God's people.

"Christians are not separated from other men by country, nor by language, nor by customs," says the author of the epistle to Diognetus. "With regard to dress and food, and other matters of every-day life, they follow the customs of the country; yet they show a peculiarity of conduct wonderful and striking to all. They dwell in their own native land as sojourners . . . They pass their time on earth, but they are citizens of heaven."

The brotherly love of the early Christians—a love which embraced people of all countries, characters, and positions—was one of the most striking features of the life of the early Church. "See how these Christians love one another, and are ready to die for one another!" said the heathen of them. The poor, the sick, the widows were regularly cared for, and if a church in one locality was too poor to nurture the suffering in its midst, churches in other places would, through the usual weekly or monthly contribution, send the necessary relief. All were of one family, all were brethren: the suffering of one was that of all.

Such practical unity deserves our earnest consideration and imitation. How lovely was "the unity of the Church " in those days—how different from that of later ages, and which, some centuries ago, was enforced by fire and sword, and for the honor of which unity many a saint was martyred; and which even now is in the minds of many a rigid obedience to ecclesiastical rulers. It was then a holy, Christ-like unity, produced by God the Spirit.

Though there are abundant evidences of tenderness and love existing amongst the heathen, the home life of the Christian possessed a beauty they knew not. "They are together at the church and at the Lord's Supper," says Tertullian, speaking of the Christian man and wife. "Neither conceals anything from the other freely the sick are visited, and the needy relieved psalms and hymns resound between the two." And in the grace of the life of the Christian home the bond slave shared. The slave, who at his pagan master's hands was liable to any cruelty or to death, was in the church as much to be regarded as any other believer. The touching epistle at the apostle Paul to Philemon respecting the latter's runaway slave, Onesimus, is an example in point. "Receive him," says the apostle, "not now as a slave, but above a slave, a brother beloved" (ver. 16).

Written upon the very banner of salvation are Christ's own words, "The poor have the gospel preached to them" (Matt. 11:5). Indifference to the poor is a characteristic of a false or a dead religion. The poor amongst the Buddhists today have no hope. "If the rich cannot be saved," say they, "there is no opportunity for us," and their expectation is the dark prospect of living on and on and on in poverty in future conditions of lives, and ever reproducing their present distress. How strangely must the gospel to the poor have been regarded by the heathen philosopher of old, who taught that the downtrodden artisan was of no account, since his life served no other end than the practice of his trade, and hence, if he fell sick, he must be left to his fate, being unable any longer to fulfill his calling! Another heathen philosopher scorned the gospel thus: "Let us hear what kind of persons these Christians invite! Everyone, say they, who is a sinner, who is devoid of understanding, who is a child, him will the kingdom of God receive. They assert that God will receive the sinner if he humble himself on account of his wickedness, but that He will not receive the righteous man, although he look up to Him with virtue from the beginning." This old satire casts a bright light on the gospel declared in those early days, and we feel at once that the gospel of our salvation is the same now as it was then!

The effect that the Christian's peace of soul and knowledge of forgiveness of sins had upon his pagan friends was very powerful. We know this day the effect such faith has upon the Christian world, which cares little for mere opinions, and less for controversy; but what must the effect have been then? What must have been the feelings of the heathen at the grave, where the Christians, instead of wailing and lamenting, sang hymns of praise, or at the unpretentious tomb inscribed with such words as these, "He lives!" "In peace!" Especially as we recall the hopeless grief engraven upon the heathen's tomb, as for example, "Our hope was in our boy: now all is ashes and lamentation," or that of a father over the loss of his girl, whom he describes as "the prey of the brutal Pluto."

Such testimony entered deep into the soul, and at times called out the bitterest jealousy and resentment. "We shall now see if they will rise," cried the pagans, as they cast the ashes of the martyrs, whose bodies they had burned, into the river.

Let the reader complete this sketch by presenting to his gaze him who had been a thief, stealing no more, but laboring with his hands to give to him that needed (Eph. 4:28); the once reveler and drunkard, now sober and holy, and spoken evil of in consequence (1 Peter 4:3, 4); the once frivolous woman, adorned no more with jewels and costly array, but with a meek and quiet spirit (3:3, 4); the once impetuous man buffeted for no fault of his, yet patient (2:20); slaves willing and gentle to their froward masters (2:18); masters just and right to their slaves (Eph. 6:9); parents firm

but tender towards their children ; children obeying their parents (6:1-4).

We may also behold the church assembled together, and listen to prayers offered for the pagan rulers (1 Tim. 2:1, 2), and exhortations to godly living. (Titus 3:2). Thus in familiar words does the pagan historian describe such a scene: "The Christians affirmed that it was their custom to meet on a stated day before sunrise, and sing a hymn to Christ, as to a god; that they further bound themselves by an oath never to commit any crime, but to abstain from robbery, theft, adultery; never to break their word, nor to deny a trust when summoned to deliver it; after that they would separate, and then re-assemble for eating in common a harmless meal."

In a similar strain, Justin says, "On Sunday, all who live in cities or in the country gather together to one place, and the memoirs of the apostles or the books of the prophets are read as long as time permits. Then, when the reader has ended, the president, in a discourse, instructs and exhorts to the imitation of these glorious examples. Then we all rise together, and send upwards our prayers." After this followed the Lord's supper, and then the giving of alms : these were " deposited with the president, who succors with them the widows and orphans, and those, who through sickness or any other cause, are in want, and those who are in bonds, and the strangers sojourning among us—in short, all who are in need."

The epistle of Christ, known and read of all men, bore unmistakable testimony to the character of Christ, and, though the cross of Christ was to the Gentile foolishness (1 Cor. 1:23)—for he derided the Christian's faith as that of the worship of a Jew who had been crucified—yet he could not escape from the conviction that his philosophy was unavailing to produce the life the Christian lived. "Your religion," said a heathen controversialist, "threatens to overturn everywhere the established sanctuaries, and the order of things confirmed by sacred customs and usages. Only see how your religion is distinguished from everything that has hitherto received the name: no temple, no altar, no image, no sacrifice "No, we may add, none of these things, but a Christianity which expressed Christ.

## Voices From the Mission Field

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INDIA.

### A GREAT RELIGIOUS CEREMONY

DURGA seems to hold the most important place among the Hindu gods. The figures we see of her carried about the streets, represent her with three eyes and ten hands. In one of her hands is a spear, which she is aiming at a giant; in another is a serpent, which is biting the heart of the giant, and she has other warlike instruments in her other hands. She is feared and propitiated, not loved.

Today, very early, musical processions began to pass and re-pass. Drumming and tom-toming are the principal ingredients in the music. A kind of squeaky instrument can sometimes be heard, and the sounding of a bell or gong at intervals. They carry with great gravity a plantain-tree. This represents Durga, dressed in a silk sari. It is conveyed to the river, and after bathing it the priests again solemnly escort it back.

The priests perform the ceremony of the consecration of the goddess Durga in the following words: " Oh, goddess, come and dwell in this image, and bless (so and so) who worships you." Durga is then supposed to come and inhabit the image, and offerings are given to her and all her family, and friends, and companions.

The sight of the image now gladdens and excites every one—especially the women, who gaze upon it with delight, and do not like to tear themselves away. On the second day the goddess is expected to descend from the Himalayas and to look at all the offerings of her worshippers. On the third day, farewell offerings are presented. Then farewell to the goddess; she may be forgotten now for a whole year. On the fourth and last day there is a great deal of drinking and wickedness, when all kinds of revelry is considered right. And the end of it all is when on this last day, with great pomp and show, the gorgeous images of Durga are taken from each house, with a large or small following, and great or little splendor, according to the wealth of the owner, and consigned to Mother Ganga—the River Ganges, or Hooghly. She is carried to the river-edge with torches and all manner of show, and thrown in—a splash in the water, and she vanishes! The females part from her with great grief, imploring her blessing and favor for the next twelve months.— The Church Missionary Juvenile instructor.

### WASHING SINS AWAY.

Next in order of time came the great Bathing Festival of February 8th—a special bathing such as only occurs after an interval of many years. To bathe at such a season will wash away the sins of countless former births; so say the Brahmins. It was even given out that after this the sanctity of the Ganges would cease, and it would become as ordinary water. So the people came from far and near; tottering old women and decrepit old men came to bathe but once in the sacred stream before they died, counting themselves happy if they died on the pilgrimage. Country people left their homes, travelling for miles on foot before they reached the railway. The trains were so

crowded that the people had to be taken like cattle in trucks. Rich women were carried in palkis to the water's edge, and grand "babus" laid aside their grandeur to bathe in public like ordinary people. All classes and all ages flocked to the sacred stream.—India's Women.

## Thessalonica

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THESSALONICA, or Salonica, still retains some of its old importance, but though its walls crumble and its buildings decay, its name lies graven in the imperishable Word of God. The Jews of the city were not like the noble Bereans, who searched the scriptures daily to see if the things preached by the apostle and his companions were so, but the church of the Thessalonians was one of the most devout and earnest of the early churches of Christ. To them the Word of God was most precious; it came to them "in power, and in the Holy Ghost and in much assurance," and they "received it "in much affliction, with joy of the Holy Ghost." The hand of God was seen unmistakably in Thessalonica.

These Christians became "ensamples" to their fellow believers in the districts of Macedonia and Achaia, and from them "the Word of the Lord sounded out," so that their "work of faith, labour of love, and patience of hope" became such a testimony for God, that the heathen all round witnessed in this church the reality of being "turned to God from idols to serve the living and true God, and to wait for His Son from heaven."

We may say the apostle's character and service was thus written upon this church of Christ; and when we ask in our day for a remedy for the ills in the Church over which so many grieve, we may find one in the excellence of example. The apostle and his companions had been an example and a witness for Christ in the midst of the Thessalonians, and that church became an example and a witness for Christ both to the churches and to the heathen.

In their preaching, the apostle, and those with him, spoke "not as pleasing men, but God, who trieth our hearts." They sought not "glory"; they would not be "burdensome" to the church. No, but as was Christ, so were they, "gentle among" them.

They were as the "nurse," who cherishes her children. And with such yearning love did these holy men speak, that not only would they impart the gospel of God to their beloved hearers, but their "own souls" also, had that been possible. Further, they toiled with their hands "night and day" for their own support, lest by being chargeable to the church, the gospel of God might seem to suffer.

Such examples were the outcome of the gospel of God, and we do well to remember, that the gospel of God is not conveyed to men merely in an exposition of doctrine; it is often brought to their heart-doors by the earnestness and the manner of life of those who proclaim it.

The holy care exercised by the apostle and his companions over each member of the church in Thessalonica is most affecting, not only as evidencing the kind of man of God he was, but also as a lesson to ourselves. Their individual behavior, which was a pattern to the converts, was holy, just, unblameable; and their personal care for them is thus expressed, "We exhorted, and comforted, and charged every one of you, as a father doth his children, that ye would walk worthy of God, who hath called you unto His kingdom and glory." We can understand, as we consider such facts, how it was that Christianity flourished in early days.

## Robert, the Sailor

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ROBERT was an old salt; he knew ships, from a man-o'-war to a rowing boat. He was in his third score year when I saw him. He lived in a seaside town, and kept a coffeehouse; in addition to which, he had a stall outside the barracks, where he sold cakes and other good things to the satisfaction of the soldiers, and also of the children who came to the seaside. Beside that barrow we had some pleasant talks.

Robert saw what harm the drink did, and, though he had signed no pledge, he believed in and practiced total abstinence.

"One cold day they wanted me to have some rum and milk," said he, "but by God's help I said 'No,' and I got more stimulant out of that victory than I should from any spirits." He believed in Christianity being a real power.

"To teach men to be religious without giving them the real force is like training men as soldiers, placing them in front of the enemy, and then not supplying them with ammunition." How foolish and fatal!

One morning he gave me quite a sermon on Saul, Goliath, and David.

"They are three characters," said he. "Saul was man's man, tall, grand, fine—human perfection; Goliath was the devil's man, more than a match for man's man; the one, perhaps, seven feet high, while the other was a nine-foot warrior. . So man's man was afraid, and not able to fight. But now comes God's man, David, a youth, despised, weak ; but as he slings the stone he seems to say, God will direct it,' and God did direct it, for He hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise ; and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty ; and base things of the world, and things which are despised, hath God chosen, yea, and things which are not, to bring to nought things that are : that no flesh should glory in His presence.'" (1 Cor. 1:27-29) One day he said to me, "Christ was born for me; Christ lay in a cradle for me; Christ grew up for me; Christ lived for me; Christ suffered for me; Christ died for me ; Christ rose for me, and now Christ lives for me."

As a result of believing this, he continued: "Suppose somebody says, Are you one of those righteous ones?" I should answer, Christ is my righteousness.' Are you one of those redeemed ones?" Christ is my redemption.' Are you one of those sanctified ones?' 'Christ is my sanctification.' All is in Him, and this prevents pride."

Robert believed in speaking out, and did it, even to the customers who stayed at his house. One Sunday morning he was talking to a young man, and happened to say, "I shall never die: I shall go to sleep when I am tired: and it does not matter if I have a moment's notice or a thousand years: I am ready."

A gentleman, who was in his coffee-house, overheard the remark, and was much excited by it.

"What! what! what's this?" said he; "you don't know what you are talking about."

Robert did, though the gentleman, who could boast of being a doctor, did not. So the doctor proceeded. "I see you have a hobby, and you ride it to death. The sooner you kill it the better." He then stated that he was an unbeliever, the editor of a paper issued expressly to put down this Jesus, whom our friend loved, and that he was training a class of young men to do the same.

"You put me in mind of a celebrated man who lived eighteen hundred years ago," said Robert, "who was struck down in the middle of his occupation, which, like yours, was trying to destroy the faith of Jesus. He was forced to give it up. You had better do the same."

"I know whom you mean," replied the doctor.

"Why, Saul of Tarsus," replied the coffeehouse keeper.

"I do not believe in that book," retorted the doctor.

"Have you read it through?" queried the simple Christian.

"No, I have not."

"If I condemned your paper without reading it, what would you say?"

"It would not be right."

"Then it is unrighteous for you to condemn God's book without ever having honestly read it. But if you deny the Bible, may I ask what is your standard of morals?"

"Conscience," said the doctor.

The Lord gave Robert a first-rate reply. "That won't do: conscience is a good monitor, but a bad guide, for it generally only tells a man he is wrong after the job is done: it does not help to avoid the evil. My Bible sets me a far higher standard. You are going to Boulogne, sir."

"Yes."

"What for? To visit the widows, look after the sick and poor, and teach ragged children?"

"No, to enjoy myself," said the doctor. "I have been hard worked, and need a holiday."

"Your conscience prompts you to seek your own good. God's word teaches His people to seek the good of the outcast: really, I do not value your standard of morals, your conscience."

Having thus far drawn near to the giant, Robert proceeded to sling a stone.

"Now, doctor, I was born fifty-two years ago, and this is my birthday. I have been all over the globe; I have eaten and drunk with all sorts. But twelve years ago I was born again, and led to turn my back upon all I had formerly followed. I found a Friend, who invited me to Himself when I was in trouble, and when others did not want me. This Friend has helped me, prospered me, blessed me, and made me happy; but if I accept your teaching I have been fooled and deceived, and am only fit for a lunatic asylum for my peace and joy during the past twelve years. Suppose I do give it up, and take you for my savior, what will you do for me?"

The doctor was silent; and Robert, the sailor, proceeded—

“Will you invite me to call upon you in distress? May I come to you in trouble? I tell you I shall be a troublesome customer. If you promise, can I depend upon you to fulfill your promises? I shall want to see your banking account, to know your position and character. Then there are my children; I shall want you to look after them, and be such as I can recommend them to follow.”

The infidel walked toward the door in a rage; but Robert had a kind word for him.

“Doctor, pardon me, one thing more. God loves you. You say you won't have His love, yet you must, for if you were not, even now, receiving of His love in the breath you draw, you would fall a dead man. Yield to His love in Christ Jesus, and be saved.”

It was too much. The doctor swore, packed up his things, and left the house.

Thank God for such simple-hearted, true-hearted, whole-hearted witnesses as Robert, the old salt.  
W. L.

## An Account of the Conversion of R. S. W

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I WISH to write a few words, dear reader, about one dear to me, who has gone to be for ever with the Lord; and to bear testimony to the long-suffering grace of God in the case of R. S. W.

Brought up by godly parents in the nurture and fear of the Lord, he was early brought to a knowledge of his state as a sinner, and, when thirteen years of age, was most anxious to be saved ; but by degrees the impression wore off, and Satan persuaded him that there was plenty of time. No doubt his anxiety was induced by the fact of his elder sister and younger brother being brought at that time to know the Lord. However, years rolled on; R. S. W. was called through his occupation to leave his home, and, like many more, went on with the world and its ways, during which the Lord spoke to him many times, but he turned a deaf ear.

At length the Lord took his father, and then a younger brother, twenty-two years of age, to Himself. Hearing of the sudden death of the latter, R. said, "Oh, how should we feel now, if we had not known he was saved!" clearly showing that his conscience was aroused, though not at rest.

About three years after the death of his brother, R. himself was laid low by what proved a fatal illness. During many weeks he was tenderly cared for by his mother and two sisters, who were in agony of mind as to his unprepared state. He seemed very unhappy himself, but could not be brought to say much, though he owned he had been anxious for some years, and that one particular prayer of his father's for him had continued with him through life, "and," he added, "that prayer will be answered." One Sunday evening, some little time before his death, the Lord brought him in His rich mercy to the knowledge of salvation in Christ. Someone had read to him for a short time, and R. said, "Satan has tried to hinder my hearing what you have been reading." He then became intensely anxious about his soul, and so great was his agony of mind that he had to be supported by two who were with him. His mother spoke to him of the love of God in receiving sinners, and of the sacrifice of Christ for sin, and quoted the words, "Only believe."

He looked up in a moment, his face beaming, all anxiety gone, and said: "Have I only to believe? I do, and Jesus has done all the rest." The peace and joy that followed upon believing were indescribable up to the last. "The very stones will cry out if I hold my peace," he exclaimed. The next morning he wrote the following letter to an absent sister, whom he eagerly wanted to see in order to tell her of his conversion, but he could not wait for the post, so had telegrams sent to her and his brother, who both came at once.

" Dear Sister,—I am very ill today, the doctor in and out in consequence, so you must only expect a line or two, but what upset me was the unspeakable joy I found in being plucked as a brand from the burning. Your prayers are now answered, and I am able to say that Jesus is my Savior. I had been for some considerable time trying to feel instead of simply believing and accepting the gift which Christ offers to sinners: nor could I find deliverance until last night at eight o'clock. The struggle was severe, but, thank God, I found the peace I cannot describe, and since then I have been completely prostrate with joy and thankfulness. We spent the night in weeping for joy. Poor

mother! you should see how her burdened mind was relieved. I cannot write much more, I am so exhausted.

"Yours hid in Christ—Bob."

Words of mine cannot describe the joy stamped on that face; it was the joy of Christ, and the calm settled peace of perfect rest in Him. To those who watched him to the end his countenance seemed radiant with glory. His one desire was to depart to be with Him who so loved him, and gave Himself for him. I have copied this letter, his own last testimony, and pray to the Lord that He will make it a blessing to many; that they may come to Jesus before death comes in view, and that they may tell out to others of the love that sought and found them. S. M. C.

## In a Railway Carriage

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A CHRISTIAN lady was travelling to R— She was alone in the carriage, but just as the train was starting, a woman with a very sorrowful countenance got into the compartment. The sorrow of the woman was so marked that Miss E. was constrained to ask her if she were in trouble. Some time elapsed before the woman answered, and then she replied rather sharply, "Yes! I am."

"Is it family trouble?" enquired the Christian tenderly.

Very reluctantly the reply came, "No," and the eyes of the woman filled with tears.

Both remained silent for some time, and then Miss E. asked: "Is it soul trouble?"

"Yes," replied the woman eagerly ; and then she told the story of her trouble-how that for six years she had been seeking salvation, going to hear different preachers-mentioning the names of some-and endeavoring in every way she could to find salvation, but all to no purpose.

"You have been looking to man and not to Jesus," said Miss E.

"Oh! no," replied the woman ; " there is no Savior for me."

"Do you mean to say that Jesus died for everybody in the world but you?"

"It seems like it," was the reply.

Sitting by the side of the woman, Miss E. read slowly, "God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life,"—laying great stress on the word " whosoever." She read it a second time, again pausing at the word "whosoever," and then said: "Are you included in the 'who-soever'? or does it mean everybody but you ?"

The woman did not speak for a moment, but presently, looking Miss E. full in the face, said, with tears: "I see it now. How clear you have made it! Why did I not see it before?"

Reading the verse once more, they thanked the Lord together.

They remained alone till the woman reached her destination, and she, who had longed and searched for salvation for six years, stepped out of the railway carriage rejoicing in Christ as her Savior.

Miss E. has since received letters from the woman, which tell of her thankfulness and joy in the Lord.

Dear reader, learn from the foregoing that "whosoever" takes in you. W. W. H.

## How God Called an Old Man

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AS I was taking my morning walk through a small village I met a very old man, stick in hand, and with a basket on his back. I had seen him several times before, and knew that he lived in the village, but I had not spoken to him previously, and after a few words I asked him plainly if he was prepared to meet God, seeing that according to nature, he must be very near his journey's end. As nearly as I can now remember, the following was his answer:—

"God has been very good and merciful to me, for I have been a sad and wicked sinner all my life, and I do thank and praise Him for His great and manifold mercy and goodness toward me, and for accepting me into His family when I had wasted the best of my life in wickedness and sin, and in serving the devil instead of Him. Oh! I do wish I could have seen when I was young as I can now," and as he spoke the tears ran down his cheeks. After a few minutes he continued, "You see, sir, I am not much of a scholar, as schooling was dear when I was a boy, but my wife was a very good scholar and a Christian, and she used to read the Scriptures to me, and talk to me about the importance of trusting in Christ for the eternal salvation of my soul, but it did not make any impression on me at the time. However, it pleased the Lord to call her to her eternal Home above. And after her death I felt very lonely, and used to sit alone for hours, and think of my wife, and what she used to say to me, and how earnestly she used to pray for my salvation. I also began to feel it would very soon be my turn to die, and I knew I was not prepared. It was my constant thought day and night. As I lay awake one night, thinking what I could do to be prepared to meet God, I heard a voice quite close to me say, 'Son, give Me thine heart.' I knew I had fastened the door quite safe before going to bed, so I sat up in bed for a few minutes, but I could not hear or see anyone, and then I knew it must have been God Himself who had called me, and I went on my knees at once, and told God how willing and ready I was to give Him my black and sinful heart if He would but receive me, and I am so very thankful to be able to say that He received me just then as I was, and before morning I was rejoicing over the knowledge that all my sins were forgiven, and that I had been brought to see that Jesus is 'the Way, the Truth, and the Life.' "

Dear reader, it is not necessary that you should have a wonderful vision or revelation in order to be saved. Some have experiences, as this old man had, but thousands have not, neither does God deal with all alike. But one thing is necessary—you must feel your need of a Savior, and then simply trust in Him. God is calling you now just as plainly as He called the old man of whom you have read. He is saying to you, "Come now, and let us reason together: . . . though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow," and Jesus says, "Him that cometh to Me I will in nowise cast out." S. S.

## A Free Gift

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THAT most beautiful chapter, the fifty-third of Isaiah, which contains a description of the Person and sufferings of our Lord, begins with the question, "Who hath believed our report?" That question was asked a very great many years ago, and yet if it were asked now-a-days, there are numbers who would have to confess that they have not truly believed the report; they have not believed that "He," the Lord Jesus, "bare the sin of many."

A soldier, who was in great distress about his soul's salvation, was taken by one of his comrades to a lady in a soldiers' home. After some time spent in prayer and conversation, the lady opened her Bible at the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah, and asked him to read the sixth verse. He read thus: "All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way; and the Lord hath laid on us the iniquity of us all." He was asked to read the verse again, and did so: "All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way, and the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all." On Him! The soldier realized the difference of having his sins upon himself and having his sins laid by God upon Jesus. He believed at that moment that if his sins had been laid on Jesus, he himself must be free.

"Who hath believed our report?" Many are trying to establish their own righteousness. They do not believe by His blood Christ thus made the sinner's peace with God. Yes, in spite of the fact that God is even now holding out His salvation as a gift, many are trying to buy it, trying to obtain salvation by means of their own works; but "the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord," and that gift is "without money and without price."

"Surely He hath borne our griefs and carried our sorrows." When we believe that Jesus Christ has saved us, then we have in Him One who feels for us, and is with us whenever we are in any trouble, an All-mighty and All-loving Friend, who will never leave us. We may not always be able to feel His presence, but we can always rest assured in Him, for He loves His own who are in the world even to the end.

Some hesitate because they do not feel they are saved, but there are no conditions about feeling mentioned in the Bible; the Scriptures bid us to "Believe." One whom I knew was in the state of "waiting to feel," when a friend pointed out to him the words, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved," adding, God does not say thou shalt feel saved, and this led him from building upon his feelings, and taught him to trust in Christ, and brought him into rest. With others again is the difficulty that they cannot "repent enough," but we do not obtain salvation by repentance; it is a free gift. If we trust in the Lord Jesus Christ as our Savior, we shall feel and mourn for our sins, and we shall know that He is worthy, but that He has taken our place on the cross, and that His blood cleanses us from all sin. C. B.

## **Christ, Our Sacrifice and Priest: 8. Atonement Made, and Some of Its Gracious Consequences**

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IT is a most solemn consideration, that the greater part of the human race gives Christ no glory for His atonement. The heathen offer sacrifices—for there lies in the human heart the knowledge that sin needs propitiation—but Satan has introduced himself, and has excluded God from the hearts of the heathen; "The things which the Gentiles sacrifice, they sacrifice to devils." (1 Cor. 10:20)

The Jew maintains sacrifice, informal and feeble, for without priesthood, altar, and temple the law of Moses cannot be obeyed; but the Jew in sacrificing to God does, by a solemn religious act, announce to Jehovah his rejection of the sacrifice of His Son, Jesus Christ, the Lord.

And in a large part of Christendom, alas, an altar is reared, and priests perform a sacrifice. An altar for sacrifice is a solemn religious denial of the truth that Christ has "put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself" (Heb. 9:26), and a total insensibility to the benefits which God says are ours through the atonement of His Son.

Of some of these benefits we will speak, but first would ask the reader to consider the atonement of Christ in relation to God. Under the law, there were sin offerings adapted to the special need of the offerer; there were offerings also, great and small, to be made by the offerer according to his ability; which things present the sacrifice of Christ from the side of the sense of our need, or of our realization of its value.

There was also the sacrifice made on the great Day of Atonement, when the blood of the victim was taken into the Holiest of All, and was sprinkled upon the mercy seat there, upon the throne, as it were, where God dwelt in the midst of a sinful people. Here was a transaction on behalf of all the sins of all Israel for a whole year, and made in the secret of the divine presence for the eye of God alone. Into the Holiest of All the high priest entered, shrouded in a cloud of incense; he was alone with God, and God accepted the blood of the victim, and forgave, nationally speaking, the sins of the people.

It is of the utmost importance for us to bear in mind what God has actually done by the atonement of Christ, and what His thoughts now are both respecting the atonement and its results. The sin of the Jew in rejecting Christ, and, therefore, His atonement, and the sin of the Christian in rearing an altar to God for the purpose of attaining the forgiveness of sins, will then be better realized.

God has made peace through the blood of Christ's cross. (Col. 1:20.) He has abundantly satisfied Himself in His infinite justice by the blood of Christ given on the cross of Calvary. Mark how God limits the occasion of this mighty work to the cross thus allowing no escape for such as now build an altar for sacrifice to Him. God sets forth His Son a propitiation through faith in His blood (Rom. 3:25), to declare His righteousness in the forgiveness of sins. God addresses the hearts of men, who seek the pardon of their sins, to Jesus, who is the mercy seat for us. There is none other mercy seat, and no other blood than that which was given on the cross, whereby we can be saved.

Now, whatever our thoughts, or faith, God thus sets forth for man's blessing, His perfect satisfaction in the blood of His beloved Son.

The sacrifice on the altar has been made, and by virtue of that accomplished work, God Himself declares the way of pardon for sinful man. Here is no matter for opinion, or for tradition; we are in the presence of the great work of God on account of sin, and in the presence of His declaration respecting that work.

'We turn now to some of the benefits accruing to the people of God by virtue of the sacrifice of Christ.

A purged conscience is one on which the Spirit of God lays considerable emphasis. The blood of beasts sanctified the Jew of old to the purifying of the flesh, but the blood of Christ purges the conscience from dead works to serve the living God (Heb. 9:14). The worshipper once purged has no more conscience of sins (see ch. 10:2)-he is cleansed, and therefore is not constantly exercised to bring a fresh sacrifice to God for his cleansing. He can, through grace, serve his God without fear, fully conscious that his sins are remitted by virtue of the blood of Christ. This is a wondrous state for a human being to occupy, and to occupy now on this earth but it is part of Christianity, and is won for us by the precious blood of Christ. Our consciences are emphatically our own—no one can delegate the state of his conscience to another; we know what we are; yet such is the gracious efficacy of Christ's blood, that our consciences are purged!

Following this, we may enter into the Christian privilege of having holy boldness in the presence of the holy God. God has granted His people this marvelous grace: we have "boldness to enter into the holiest by the blood of Jesus" (Heb. 10:19). A purged conscience is ours, though in the full knowledge that God is acquainted with all our ways and thoughts. Liberty to draw near to God is ours, yet in the full knowledge that God is absolutely holy! What privileges are these!

God has taken great care to tell us in varied ways that we are at full liberty to draw near to Himself ; He has taught us that by the death of Jesus we are brought to God (1 Peter 3:18), that we are made nigh by His blood (Eph. 2:13), that we have access to the Father (ver. 18). He has assured us of this gracious reality in such a way that we cannot show any good cause for doubting His word. There are some things in the Bible "hard to be understood," but on our privilege of nearness to our God and Father the Scriptures are plain and simple. And why is this? Because God would have His people honor the atonement of His Son by their practical faith, by rejoicing in God in holy nearness to Him.

In the nearness to God which is proper to Christianity, God Himself is no longer hidden, as of old, in darkness; on the contrary, He has come forth in His light. He is fully revealed in His holiness, and more, human sin is fully manifested before God. But His love with us is such that we may have boldness in the Day of Judgment (1 John 4:17). His love has cast out our fear, and His love is read in the death of His Son. "Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that He loved us, and sent His Son to be the propitiation for our sins " (ver. 10).

KEY- TO ENIGMA

" APT TO TEACH." (2 Tim. 2:24)

Anna... Luke 2:38.

Phebe... ROM. 16:1, 2.

Thomas... John 20:29.

Tabitha... Acts 9:36.

Othniel... Judg. 1:13.

Theudas... Acts 5:36.

Epaphras... Col. 4:12.

Appii forum... Acts 28:15,

Chuza... Luke 8:3.

Herodias... Mark 6:24.

#### SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

1. The place to which a son, obedient, went,  
Strictly on matrimonial errand bent.
2. A prophet he, who wrote in days of old,  
By whom the acts of many a king were told.
3. Mountainous land, rugged, barren, drear,  
Where dwelt an ancient race for many a year.
4. Who, covetous, with lying lips deceived,  
But soon a dire punishment received?
5. Flatter'd by one undutiful and vain,  
And at the end, most treacherously slain.
6. Sorrow to Israel, peace in Judah's day,  
Foretold by her—now give her name, I pray.

#### INITIALS:

The lofty summit of a mountain range  
Where once a patriarch, with longing eye,  
View'd the fair land whose soil he might not tread,  
And there, with sight and strength unchang'd, did die.

#### FINALS:

Though with an aching heart, yet strong in faith,

Seeing God's power the very dead to raise,  
Behold an aged sire. Mention the place  
Where soon his grief was turn'd to grateful praise.

H. J. R.

## Robert in the Snowdrift

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I WISH to tell you, young readers, the story of an occurrence which took place on Sheriff-Muir in Scotland. I don't intend to give you an account of that great battle which was fought there nearly two hundred years ago, which has made the moor famous, and when nearly one thousand men were killed ; you will no doubt learn all about that when you read your history books. That was an event in which some thousands of persons were concerned; what I have to tell you about was an event in the life of one person, which occurred about twenty-five years ago.

Robert was a Scotch laddie of a lively, energetic disposition. He was about fourteen years old, and like most lads, aye and lasses too, was self-willed and fond of having his own way. Whether he wore a kilt and a plaid, as some Scotch laddies do, I do not know, I forgot to ask him. He once had to walk from Stirling to another place, I believe over twenty miles away, and to do this he had to cross Sheriff-Muir, which you will find marked, if you look at your map of Scotland, in the southeast corner of Perthshire. It was winter time, and a deal of snow was on the ground, deep drifts being in some places. He was told to keep to the bottom well-beaten road for greater safety, but instead of doing so he took a pathway higher up on the hill-side. He thought he would be all right, and perhaps anticipated some little adventure. How easy it is for boys and girls to turn out of the right pathway, and do what they are told not to do. "Children, obey your parents," says the Word of God. Can you find that text in your Testament?

Well, when Robert had gone some distance along this forbidden pathway, he suddenly, without any warning, fell right into a thick snowdrift. He had got off the path without knowing it, a blinding snow-shower having come on. Do not you think he would wish he had kept to the proper road, as he was told at the first? There he was all alone, far away from any habitation, no one near to hear his cry for help. He struggled in the drift, and tried to fight his way out of it, but could not do so. He did not despair, however, but tried and tried again to regain the pathway, yet all his efforts to extricate himself were in vain.

But what was that which startled him so? The bark of a dog close to, yet above him. He heard the dog barking, though he could not see it; but soon a big, brawny Scotch-man appeared, and called out, "Who is there?"

Robert answered, "Me—a boy."

The man then got near to him, and, reaching out his long shepherd's crook, with some little effort pulled young Robert out of his bed of snow, and, without asking him a single question, lifted him up on to his shoulder, like the good shepherd did the poor, lost sheep in the fifteenth chapter of Luke, and carried him right away to his shepherd's hut. There this good Scotch shepherd placed him before the bright, warm fire, gave him some hot milk to drink, and oatcake to eat, and Robert soon recovered from the effects of his dangerous adventure in the snow. After a good rest, and under the shepherd's guidance, he set off again on his journey—this time on the right road—and at last arrived safely at his destination.

Robert is now a man with boys of his own—he is saved, too, and sometimes preaches the gospel—but he has never forgotten his fall into the snowdrift on that old battlefield, and his deliverance from it by the good, kind-hearted Scotch shepherd.

Now, what does the story of this Scotch laddie remind you of, dear children? When I first heard it I thought Robert in the snowdrift was just like what we all are as sinners in God's sight. You know what that is, do not you? Lost and unable to save ourselves, for we are all lost, and in danger of perishing. But Jesus came to die for sinners, that we might have life in Him, and be made fit to be with Him in heavenly glory. Do you love Jesus? Has He saved you?

If you get your Bible, and find the tenth chapter of the gospel by the Apostle Luke, you can there read the story of the good Samaritan, who, when he found the poor man that had been nearly killed by the robbers on the roadside, attended to his needs, and helped him to a place where he would be cared for, just like the kind-hearted Scotch shepherd did to Robert.

Do you see, dear children, that you need salvation, and that God loves you, and that Jesus died to save you? I hope you will all learn to love and trust in Jesus, who loves you so much, and that you will be able to say that the Lord Jesus has washed all your sins away in His own precious blood.

H. W. P.

Judson

## 2—THE PRINTING PRESS AND THE PREACHING OF CHRIST.

ESTABLISHED among the Burmans, Judson applied himself vigorously to master their difficult language, and so signally did he succeed that after three years he had actually prepared a grammar of the language! This work, involving un-relaxed effort, and being of a preparatory kind, tried his spirit severely. "I am sometimes a little dispirited when I reflect that for two or three years past I have been drilling at A B C and grammar, but," he continues, "someone must acquire this language by dint of application, must translate the Scriptures, and preach the gospel to the people in their own tongue, or how can they be saved? "Again, after some lapse of time, we have him saying, "A tract is ready for publication, which is intelligible and perspicuous, and will give the Burmans their first idea of the Savior and the way of salvation. A press and type have now arrived, and a printer is on the way, . . . As soon as health permits, we proceed slowly in the translation of the New Testament."

Here then was the foot planted down in the heathen land and amongst the idols; the work of active evangelization had actually commenced. "We are just entering on a small edition of Matthew, the translation of which I lately commenced. But we are in great want of men and money. Our hands are full from morning to night. I cannot, for my life, translate as fast as brother Hough will print. He has to do all the hard work in the printing office without a single assistant. . . Will the Christian world ever awake? Will means ever be used adequate to the necessities of the heathen world? "

This most laborious effort was crowned with success; the years of toil of the translator and the heavy manual work of the printer were rewarded. An edition of five thousand copies of Matthew's Gospel, together with a tract and a catechism, were put in circulation amongst the seventeen millions of Burmah. They were well understood, and many began to call at the "mission house to enquire concerning the new religion," How new to these heathen, who had never heard of an

everlasting, ever-living God, of a Being who is love and light, and who loves men and whom men may love, and of man's immortality! In this world it will not be known how widely and how deeply the truth of God, thus circulated, entered the minds of the Bur-mans. The Christian books affected people at long distances from Rangoon, where the mission was stationed, and persons travelled many miles to interview the missionaries. After a time the Epistle to the Ephesians was also translated, as to which Judson says: "It is with real joy that I put this precious writing into the hands of the disciples; it is a great accession to their scanty stock of scripture, for they have had nothing hitherto but Matt. 1 intend to give them Acts as fast as my eyes will allow." And it was a great joy to him to find that this translation was better understood than that of Matthew, though he had made it without any native assistance.

The first enquirer, who had read Judson's tracts, approached him thus : " How long will it take me to learn the religion of Jesus Christ?" adding, "I have seen two little books which describe Jesus as the Son of God, who, pitying creatures, came into this world and suffered death in their stead." "And who is God?" enquired the missionary. The enquirer answered, "He is a Being without beginning or end; who is not subject to old age or death, but always is!" Thus for the first time did Judson hear from the lips of a Burman the acknowledgment of an eternal God. The man did not care to converse-indeed, he merely, though earnestly, desired to obtain more of this kind of writing!

It is difficult for us to realize what the effect on the mind is of such truths heard for the first time A certain philosopher was wont to pass by the place where Judson instructed the people, and on one occasion his eye accidentally fell upon the tract we have just referred to, the opening words of which announce the existence of a living and eternal God. The man was arrested, and stood absorbed in thought. The idea was new to him, as, indeed, to all his nation. It was not human philosophy, but divine truth! Eventually he became a Christian, and was baptized, and labored as a Christian teacher. He was condemned to death by the government, but escaped the evening before the day fixed for his execution. Judson never saw him again, but heard of him from persons coming from the interior of the country in search of Bibles and tracts, who had been converted to Christ through his instrumentality.

Here will be a fitting occasion to mention the marvelous way in which, some years after the time we are considering, Judson's translation of the entire New Testament was preserved. He had fallen a victim to persecution, and was imprisoned for Christ's sake. The manuscript was taken to Ava, and when he was cast into prison it was sewn up by his wife in a cushion which he made his pillow. After the lapse of seven months, when he, with his fellow-sufferers, was thrown into the inner prison, the old pillow was taken from him, but the jailor found it too hard for his own use, and flung it back to its owner. Again it was taken from him, and the mat that formed its covering stolen, and, as a worthless roll of hard cotton, the treasure was again tossed back into the prison. Here it was found by a Christian Burman, who knew not what it was, and was taken home by him as a memorial of his beloved teacher. Several months afterwards the priceless manuscript was discovered within the old pillow—the very manuscript which now makes a part of the Burmese Bible!

Judson gave the highest importance to the translation and distribution of God's own Word. He maintained that every man should read for himself in his own tongue the wonderful words of God,

and thus he spent a great part of his earnest, self-sacrificing life in making known the Scriptures to the Burmans.

His tracts and his translations of the Scriptures spread far and wide, stirred up the deepest interest in his own times, and are still used of God in the wonderful work of the Gospel.

The Burman villages have attached to them a building larger than the dwellings of the people, which is used as a place of public resort, and is termed a "zayat" Here, before mid-day, a crowd of people is ever to be found trading or discussing, and, among the various ends for which the zayat is used is that of religious teaching. The Buddhist preacher, especially if he be eloquent, will here obtain an attentive audience, as he recounts the acts and the sufferings of Gautama.

Judson wisely adapted himself to Burmese custom: he erected a zayat for public preaching and conversation. This building was small, and was built in three divisions, the first of which was open to the road for the benefit of the passers-by, the second was the room where the missionary worked, and the third, a room for educational purposes. With very great exercise of heart was the zayat opened, and, within a month, great was the cheer to the faithful missionary—a Burman being converted to Christ through the preaching.

Sometimes the zayat would be thronged with visitors—sometimes hardly any would 'come. "Had more or less company, without intermission, for about eight hours," records his diary; and again—"For the last fortnight have but little company at the zayat, owing, probably, to the rains."

The little zayat did wonderful work; a variety of people came to it, and not a few were really turned to God from their idols to serve the living and true God. The Burmans proved to be severe reasoners, while in many of them Judson found great thinkers, some of whom, seeing the folly of Buddhism, had turned to the philosophy which believes in nothing.

One of these philosophers was ever quarrelling with his wife on some metaphysical point. When she had prepared their meal, and would say, "The rice is ready," he would reply, "Rice! what is rice? Is it matter or spirit? an idea or a nonentity?" Then on her answering, "Why! it is matter," he would respond, "Well, wife, and what is matter? Are you sure that there is such a thing in existence, or are you merely subject to a delusion of the senses?"

When this celebrity, for such he was, heard from Judson that man is not an evolution, but that in the beginning God created one man and one woman, he brought forward his wisdom with due politeness, thus: "I beg your lordship's pardon, I do not understand what a man is, and why he is called a man." The philosophy of Buddhism does not know either what God is or what man is! This worthy's wife was almost as sharp as himself, and harassed Mrs. Judson with a variety of questions about sin being permitted by God, and about its entering into the human mind—questions, we may add, which show that the world is the world all the world over.

The semi-atheists, who believe that there is eternal wisdom, yet believe not in God, found in the following argument the ruin of their system. Judson would say to them, "No mind, no wisdom; temporary mind, temporary wisdom; eternal mind, eternal wisdom." Glances would pass between the philosophers after this statement, and, generally, the opponent very politely accepted his defeat.

The following extract from Judson's diary gives an insight into his manner of dealing with men. A teacher, having heard that there is an eternal Being, came to Judson for advice. Many interviews occurred, and on one occasion, "after several hours spent in metaphysical cavil, the teacher owned he did not believe anything he had said, adding, Do you think I would pay you the least attention if I found you could not, answer all my questions and solve all my difficulties?' He then proceeded to say he really believed in God, His Son Jesus Christ, and the atonement.' Do you believe all that is contained in the book of Matthew I have given you? "enquired Judson, In particular do you believe that the Son of God died upon a cross ? " Ah,' replied he, you have caught me now. I believe that He suffered death, but I cannot admit that He suffered the shameful death of the cross.' Thereupon, said Judson, you are not a disciple of Christ. A true disciple enquires not whether a fact is agreeable to his reason, but whether it is in the book. Teacher, your pride is unbroken. Break down your pride, and yield to the word of God."

It was given to Judson to penetrate into a man's inner self in a most remarkable manner. "He knew us," said one of his native assistants, "through and through, much better than we knew ourselves. If we had done anything amiss, he called us pleasantly, talked and talked and talked, till suddenly, before we knew it, he pounced upon us, and held us breathless till we had told him everything."

On one occasion, when one of the native converts was about to engage in something Judson conceived would injure her Christian profession, he took a ruler from off the table at which he was busy, and tracing a line upon the floor, bade her beware of turning aside from the straight way. "Dare you," he cried, "deliberately leave this straight and narrow path, drawn by the Savior's finger, and go away for one moment into that of the enemy ; will you, will you, WILL You?" "I was sobbing so," said the woman, who recounted the story in after years, " that I could not speak a word, but he knew, as he always did, what I meant . . . I have made a great many crooked tracks since, but whenever I am unusually tempted, I see the teacher as he looked that day, bending over in his chair, the ruler placed on the floor to represent me, his finger pointing along the path of eternal life, his eye looking over his shoulder, and that terrible 'Will you' coming from his lips as though it were the voice of God."

## Sketches of the Early Days of Christianity: the Testimony of the Catacombs

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IT has been already observed that the writings, other than those of the inspired Word of God, coming to us from the early days of Christianity, are but few ; nevertheless, there does exist, graven on stone, a written testimony to early Christianity. This lay hidden from the Church for about one thousand years, but was brought to light in the providence of God in the year 1578; we refer to the testimony graven in the catacombs of ancient Rome. Close to the city, underground, there are literally miles upon miles of passages, where the early saints of Rome found both a shelter and a burying-place—indeed, the burials there are reckoned at some millions, while the inscriptions counted upon the tombs amount to thousands. What treasures of knowledge may yet be brought to light from this sanctuary of the dead we know not, but by it the life and faith of the early Church may be plainly seen.

Even so soon as the year 71—that is, thirty-six years after our Lord's death—there were deposited in this place the bodies of Christians. The heathen, we should remember, burned their dead—that is, provided the relatives of the deceased had money enough so to do; the bodies of the very poor about Rome were cast into pits. Christianity treated the body with godly solicitude, and laid it in the grave to await the resurrection of the just.

Thousands of the graves in the catacombs bear a symbol of faith in Christ, and hope of the resurrection of the body. Among the favorite symbols was the dove with an olive branch in its mouth, followed by the word "Peace." Sometimes the dove would have an anchor represented upon its heart, the token of security; or an anchor alone would be chosen. Again, a ship with its sail furled was a frequent device—the sign of rest upon entry into the harbor. Emblems of victory, the crown and the palm branch, often occur. Peace, security, rest, victory, are thus present as the enjoyed results of the faith of these early and persecuted believers in Christ. The inscriptions utter the same sweet testimony—"In the Home of the Eternal God"—"Borne away by the angels"—"Resting"—"Sleeping"—"He lives above the stars." Such testimonies in such circumstances are more eloquent than volumes of mere history, and far more definite than piles of tradition.

A fish was a favorite emblem, and for this reason: the word "fish" in Greek has for each of its letters the initials of the sentence, Jesus Christ, God's Son, Savior. This emblem meant much in those pagan days, signifying the faith of Christians in the living God, whose eternal Son is our Savior. As this most interesting symbol was one of the earliest used in the Church, so was it one of the first to be discontinued. The pure faith of the early Christians owned the Lord as Son of God and Savior of man, but as the Church grew older, this, His exclusive honor, became less and less respected. And as faith in Jesus Christ, God's Son, the Savior, diminished, so angels, and others, began to be regarded as having part in our salvation, and as angels and saints became to be regarded as helpers in the work of salvation, so did the hearts of men cease to have written upon them the gracious realities, Peace, Security, Rest, and Victory. Let anyone study the inscriptions upon the tombstones of a Romanist burying-place, and work out this problem for himself.

Figures of men and women with outstretched hands occur, this posture being that of the attitude of prayer. One of these is that of a man, and has written upon its tablet these words—"Paulus Pastor + Apostol us." A touching simplicity is here! Paul is first described as pastor. Christ "gave" men to the church, "and some...pastors." (Eph. 4:11) The personal service of Paul, the pastor, is graven upon the tablet, his toiling, tender care for the sheep and the lambs of the flock of God is commemorated, and then comes the mark of the cross, in which he gloried, and then his great and powerful title-apostle. A volume lies in these few simple words; no high-sounding eminence, no names of ecclesiastical glory, no, the titles of love and power which Christ Himself bestows. This tablet records that which the early Church highly esteemed.

Here it is a fitting opportunity for noting that the Scripture titles of bishop and presbyter occur many times upon these tombs, and by the mention of the wives and children of the bishops and presbyters interred, indicate that the Scripture order concerning such persons being married was honored in the early days of the Church.

These ancient testimonies to the inner life of the Church of God in Rome make no mention of a priesthood, nor of one who offers sacrifice, nor of an altar, save in reference to prayer and praise. No; the faith of Christ was then after the teaching of the Bible,, and we have to betake ourselves to the Church as she had developed in later centuries to learn of these unchristian innovations.

The love-feast, which was common in early Christianity, is also portrayed in the catacombs, a custom which, as formerly followed, has completely died out of the Church.

In this subterranean city there are spots where the galleries join, and the passages broaden into a moderately wide space, and where an air-hole over head lets in a glimmer of light. Here is an ancient meeting place. By what name shall we term the sacred spot where the Christians in these early days were gathered together? An old chain, from which once a lamp was suspended, still reminds us of the hours spent by the Church in prayer and praise, and round about the immediate walls are inscriptions in memory of beloved ones asleep in Christ, and also rude pictures or symbols of Scripture subjects.

That the Old Testament was familiar to these early saints is evident from the presence of such texts as these upon their tombs, " The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away: blessed be the Name of the Lord," and by pictures of Daniel in the den of lions, the symbol of the dove with the olive branch in its mouth, the representation of Jonah cast into the sea, the three children in the furnace, the ascent of Elijah to heaven, and other subjects. The New Testament in like manner was evidently their wisdom.

A matter of interest regarding the inscriptions in the catacombs is the position in life of those whose gravestones are our witnesses. The greater number of inscriptions bear but the name of the tenant of the tomb, and "In Christ," or other such comforting assurance. In several cases, however, the name of the tenant and the trade he followed occur, for example, under the inscription, "Banto and Maxima made thus during their lifetime," are the figures of a two-handed saw, a chisel, and an adze. "Veneria, in peace," has under it the representation of a comb, and shears, and other implements of the trade of a wool-comber. So also the tablet raised by "Marcianus, to his most worthy wife, in peace," has the sign of a pair of shoes.

The fossor, or sexton as we should call him, has also his honorable grave, and the inscription, "Diogenes, the fossor, buried in peace," with the figure of the fossor and his tools, his pick, spike and lamp, under the words. His work was carried on in the depths of darkness, the light of God being that alone which illumined the souls and cheered the hearts of these early believers.

Other tablets bear symbols in connection with the names of those whose memory they record. "Navira, in peace—a sweet soul who lived sixteen years and five months—a soul sweet as honey. This epitaph was made by her parents—the sign a ship." Navis signifies ship.

Here, too, as we should expect, are the graves of martyrs. Thus runs one record, "Here lies Gordianus, Deputy of Gaul, who was executed for the faith, with all his family. They rest in peace. Theophila, a handmaid, set up this." She added a palm branch to her memorial. In after years, and before the discovery of this tomb, records were found, showing how Gordianus, with his wife, Marina, became believers in Jesus through the preaching of Januarius, and how they, together with their household of fifty-three persons, were baptized. Theophila's palm-branch says to us, "Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors through Him who loved us."

Another inscription runs thus: "Primitius, in peace. After many torments, a most valiant martyr. He lived thirty-eight years, more or less. His wife raised this to her dearest husband, the well-deserving."

We will record but one other of these affecting testimonies from the catacombs. It is adorned on the one side by the emblem of the palm branch, and on the other with the monogram of our Savior, which was formed from the first two letters of the name Christ. "In the time of the Emperor Adrian Marius, a young military officer, who had lived long enough, when with blood he gave up his life for Christ. At length he rested in peace. The well-deserving set up this with tears and in fear."

This would be about the year A.D. 130.

This brief sketch gives us a distinct idea of the faith and the life of the early Christians and their habits of thought, and also an insight into the character of the organization—if we may thus call it—the early Church. And one, we consider, more graphic than those we may present to ourselves through the writings of the early fathers, for such writings are frequently but the opinions of the writers, whereas these express the life of the Church. These testimonies, moreover, are pure and unsullied, whereas it is not at all easy to say what is absolutely genuine of the writings of the early fathers, as they were tampered with by monks and others. The Christians of the catacombs had the Scriptures, and more, they had the gracious effects of the truths of the Scriptures brought home to them and made their own, and, in circumstances of utter bitterness, by the power of God the Holy Ghost. Pagan Rome, its military triumphs, its arts, its temples, its religious processions, its altars and its priests, were glorious overhead, the Church underground was despised, but at peace. The glory of pagan Rome, and its horrible vices, fill our hearts with pity and disgust, whilst the perusal of these inscriptions thrills our souls with triumphant joy, yet fills our eyes with tears.

Voices From the Mission Field

## SOUTHERN CHINA

IN the colporteurs' travels some months ago, they came upon a large village containing about three thousand inhabitants. It was most picturesquely situated. It was a long way off from the main

road, and surrounded by great mountains that served as huge barriers to keep its people from the outer world. One of the mountains that lay between them and an important city beyond, took half a day's continual walking to reach the top; so the colporteur told me, with a serious face and a far-off look in his eyes, as though he were recalling that terrible climb, and still had the difficulties of the road visibly before him. The place had a had reputation for murder and robbery, for it was so difficult to be got at, that the mandarins shrunk from the difficulty and expense of bringing the terrors of the law to bear upon the people.

Singular to say, in this unruly village there lived a man who was specially noted for his filial piety. He had become so famous for this virtue, that the Imperial Examiner of the province had given him a tablet with an inscription on it, praising him for his obedience to his parents. This tablet he was allowed to put up in a prominent place in his house. He was also conspicuous for his benevolence. He helped the poor in many a way unknown to his neighbors, and his heart seemed to delight in acts of kindness to those who were in need.

It is needless to say that he was a most fervent worshipper of the idols. He subscribed liberally to their support, and his offerings on their birthdays were given with no churlish hand. About six years ago, he had occasion to visit a town some twenty or thirty miles off, and there he stumbled into a church where preaching to the heathen was going on. He was very much startled to hear the speaker declare that to worship idols was a great wrong, and that they even committed sin who did so. He was perfectly indignant at this, and at once stood up in their defense, but idolatry is a desperately weak and vulnerable system, and will never bear the strain of logic or reason.

He left the town with his faith shaken, but with no teacher to guide him into the right way. Three years went by, but he had never lost the ring of the preacher's voice, or forgotten the arguments by which he had been worsted when he stood up to defend the idols.

One day the colporteurs, unconscious that such a man existed, came into his village, and taking their stand in front of the house next to his, began to speak to the crowd that gathered round them. To his delight, the man recognized in the words that caught his ear the very same as those that he had heard three years before, and which he had never been able to forget. Rushing out and pressing through the crowd till he came to the side of the speaker, he listened with breathless interest, and found to his delight that the strangers were Christians. He bought fifty gospels, and distributed them at once amongst the people, telling them that they were good books, and that they must read them at their leisure. He next invited the colporteurs to be his guests whilst they stayed in the village. This they gladly consented to do, for it was a treat to them to find a man with such a warm heart towards their work as he had shown himself to be.

Nearly the whole of that night was spent in explaining to him the meaning of Christianity. The hours went by, and morning was not far off before they retired to rest. He had so many questions to ask, and they had so much to explain, that they could not tear themselves away from each other. They urged upon him to give up his idolatry and become a Christian, but he was in the twilight yet, and could not see his way to abandon his ancestral worship. From that night, however, his belief in the idols completely vanished forever, and never again could he worship them.

Three years again went by, eventful ones in his life. He had had but two opportunities of hearing the gospel, and yet these had made a mighty impression upon him. The instruction, however, had

not gone far enough to deliver him entirely from his old beliefs, and he had been left alone with no one to encourage him, or to show him what were the next steps he should take in his new spiritual life.

By and by, he had great losses in business, and in the midst of his perplexities he had a dream, in which he was told that he ought to worship God, as many would imitate his example if he did so. His difficulty now was as to how he should do this. The colporteurs from whom he had learned so much were gone, and where they lived he did not know. He then made a special journey to the town where he had first heard the gospel preached, but the station had been given up, and the preacher had gone, whither he could not discover. Finally, after months of anxiety, in which he was longing after God, he accidentally met his lost friend in the streets of another large city, whither his business had led him. His joy at this wonderful meeting was intense. Every vestige of idolatry was now given up, and it was arranged that religious services should be regularly held in his own village, where not only the members of his own family might hear the gospel, but the villagers as well.

Last year the colporteurs again visited the village. Three years had gone by since they had last seen the man whose kindness they so well remembered, and whose earnestness had lived in their memory. What had become of him, and had he remembered the teaching of that night when they had sat up till nearly morning?—These were the thoughts that passed through their minds as the great mountains came nearer and they found themselves, as they entered the village, beneath their shadow. What was their delight and surprise to find that not only had the man become an earnest Christian, but also three others of his family, as well as four out of the village, and that every Sunday twenty-five people met for Christian worship.

The meeting between him and the colporteurs was most affecting. That night he told them the story of his deliverance, and the mental struggles that he had experienced before he found rest. He now thanked God for his losses in business, for they had been the means of making him more determined to break entirely with idolatry.

When it became known that he had become a Christian there was a good deal of excitement amongst the natives. Strongly worded letters were written to him protesting, but his only reply was to go to the writers, and tell them what God had done for him, and how He had filled his life with happiness. The gentry had determined to petition the Imperial Examiner to take his honorary tablet from him, but his gentle unassuming manners and the loving way in which he acted towards his fellow men disarmed their hatred, and they have now agreed to let him worship in his own way without interfering with him.—The Bible Society Monthly Reporter.

## "I Shall Pray for You!"

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ONE Monday morning, as an artisan was carelessly watching a gipsy encampment on Tooting Common, a gentleman entered into conversation with him, the latter explaining that he was a stranger in those parts. Presently he put this question to Thomas Percy: "Are you saved?" and received an honest "No," in reply.

"I am very sorry to hear that. Have you a bible of your own?"

"Yes, I have got a bible down at Southampton," said Thomas.

The servant of God expressed his sorrow that Thomas had no bible within reach, and learning that there was a bookseller in the village, gave some money to Thomas, begging him to buy himself a bible, and read a certain portion. "Ask the Lord to open your eyes, and to prepare your heart to receive the truth."

"Yes, sir, thank you, I will," said he, and again said, "I will be sure and buy the bible."

Thomas made off at once for the shop, saying to himself meanwhile: "Let's see; it was the . . . chapter of . . . I was to read." He had his hand on the handle of the shop-door, when he heard someone tapping at a window on the opposite side of the road, and looking round, whom should he see but Gaffer George at the window of the "Fox" public-house. George beckoned Thomas to come over and have a glass, and at the sight, Thomas let go the handle of the door and went over to the "Fox," saying to himself: "I can buy the bible presently."

Once inside the "Fox," however, the time passed swiftly. Having "just one glass" led to his having more, and in the end Thomas did not leave the public-house until it was "turn out" time. I need scarcely add that the bible was not bought, nor can Thomas to this day remember what chapter it was he had so definitely promised he would read. "When anyone heareth the word of the kingdom, and understandeth it not, then cometh the wicked one, and catcheth away that which was sown in his heart." (Matt. 13:19.)

When Thomas told his wife how he had acted, she was much grieved, and said, "I wish you had bought the bible." Now Thomas was naturally affectionate, and loved his wife dearly; but the power of old associations was so great that he could not break away from these. He would sing a song or crack jokes with his free-and-easy companions, who thought him rare good company; but he knew all the while that his faithful wife shed many tears on his account, and that she often prayed for him. Indeed, when Thomas saw his wife go down upon her knees to pray, he endeavored, but happily without success, to persuade her out of her habit.

The Lord has His own way of accomplishing His own gracious purposes. Thomas's health became very indifferent, and he and his wife decided to leave London for a while, and to visit some relatives in a village in Dorset. One morning, Thomas had occasion to go to a place about two miles from the village, he had intended to take the high road, but, without knowing exactly why, turned down a lane instead. He had not proceeded far before he came across an old countryman,

dressed in a long smock frock, sitting upon a heap of stones, busily cracking them.

"All alone," said Thomas to himself, as he recalled his own workmates and associates; what a wretched life that man must live!" But as he drew up, the stone-breaker bade him " Good morning" in a cheerful voice, and at the same moment a linnet upon the opposite hedge began to sing sweetly.

"You must feel very lonely out here," said Thomas.

"Lonely!" exclaimed the countryman with surprise, "How can I be lonely with these beautiful flowers on all sides of me, and with the birds around me singing so sweetly, and much more, while the One who made the flowers and the birds is always with me? I am seventy-six years old, and I have been a follower of the Lord Jesus for forty years. Do you know the Lord Jesus? "

"No, I don't."

"It's a blessed thing to know Him," said the old man, his face beaming with happiness as he spoke. And then out of the abundance of his heart he spoke of the preciousness of the Person of Christ, of what He is to the sinner who trusts Him, and of the joy that flows from simply believing in Him. He told Thomas of Jesus amazing love to poor sinners, how He suffered, the Just for the unjust, that He might bring us to God; how He glorified God, and how God is glorified in Him.

This was not the sort of talk that Thomas relished, and when the old man wound up with an earnest and heart-stirring appeal to Thomas to repent and to close at once with God's salvation, he felt very vexed for having turned down into the lane, and wished he had kept to the high road. Still, in spite of himself, there was a power in the old man's words that riveted him to the spot, for the old man evidently knew Whom he believed.

"Then you don't know the Lord Jesus?" he said.

"No, I don't. I wish I did."

"He is ever with me—in the early morning, all through the day, and even until night," said the old stone-breaker, with a smile.

"Well, I must wish you good morning." The old man took Thomas's hand, and, holding it firmly, said, "What is your name?"

"Percy." "But what is your other name?"

"Thomas."

"Well, Thomas Percy, I shall pray for you; I shall pray God to save Thomas Percy." Then in the assurance of faith divinely given at the moment, the old man added in a firm tone of voice: "And I shall meet you in heaven."

"I trust you may," said Thomas, passing onwards.

All the rest of that day, go where he would, and look in whatever direction he might, the old man seemed ever before his eyes, and his words to ring continually in his ears. The next day was very wet, obliging Thomas to keep indoors, but his searching of heart increased rather than otherwise.

A glorious summer's day succeeded, and Thomas set off in search of the old man whose words he could not endure two days before. But he was not to be found. However, at the side of the stone heap, Thomas lifted up his heart to God, and prayed earnestly that the old man's prayers on his behalf might be answered.

A few days after his conversation with the stonebreaker, Thomas returned to London, and, I grieve to record it, to his old ways and companions. In the workshop, the theatre, the music hall, or the tap room, he was as active as ever, but, go where he would, and seek as he might to fully occupy his mind with worldly amusements, the old man's words, "Thomas Percy, I shall pray for you," were ever with him. His very efforts to stifle wholesome convictions only made it more and more apparent to himself that there was in his heart an aching void, which the pleasure of this world could never fill.

After a time Thomas came to Southampton, and there, away from his former associates, he became more and more miserable, till one day he said to his wife he wished they lived near to someone who would talk to him as the old stonebreaker had done. Another change of habitation brought him to the Isle of Wight. He had not settled down there more than a few days, when one evening, as he was sawing wood in his garden, the next-door neighbor came up, saying, " Shall I come over and lend you a hand? " The proffered help was as readily accepted, as gladly rendered.

"Are you a Christian?" his neighbor presently asked. "No, I am not."

"That is very sad. Would you like to be one? "

"Yes, I should very much," said Thomas.

"Let us come indoors and have a little chat." And night after night these neighbors met to speak and to hear of God. Thus at length did Thomas hear again what the stone-breaker had spoken to him years before. He soon got to long for the time to come for his neighbor to drop in to tell him more of the good news. The stone-breaker's prayer was answered. "Faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the Word of God " (Rom. 10:17). Thomas was delivered from the bondage of sin and death.

All has been changed with Thomas Percy for a long time. It is now his delight to tell others of the great things the Lord has done for his soul. His heart rejoices when he finds his shop-mates inclined to listen to his testimony to Christ, and Him crucified! In former times others prayed for him. Now it is his unspeakable privilege to pray for others.

And Thomas Percy prays that this account of God's great mercy to himself may be productive through grace of good results in your soul, dear reader. The pleasures of this world are but husks; Christ is "the bread that came down from heaven." "If any man eat of this bread, he shall live for ever." "Buy, and eat, ...without money and without price." A. J.

## I Think He Wants My Heart

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HEARING that a man, to whom I had spoken many times about his soul's welfare, had been seized with paralysis, I set out to visit him. As I came near his cottage I lifted up my heart for guidance, asking God to give me the right words to speak. Holding out my hand on approaching his bedside, I saw deep emotion in the sick man's features, so I enquired gently, "Where is the pain, and what is really ailing you?" With half-concealed tears, he answered, "The Lord has borrowed my right side for awhile, I think."

"Nay, I do not think the Lord wants your side; I think He desires something within," said I, adding, "What do you think He wants?"

He said earnestly, "I think He wants my heart."

"Yes, that is just what He does want. God has two hammers which He uses to break our hearts; one is the golden hammer of love, and the other the iron hammer of affliction. He broke my heart with the golden hammer of love, but many will praise Him throughout eternity that He did not leave them to themselves, but that, when love did not bring them to His feet, He used other means to win them."

A few days passed, and I called again at this man's house. On entering, I noticed a restful, peaceful look upon his face, so I asked: "Has Jesus pardoned your sins?" To which he replied, "I hope—No, I will not say I hope—for I know He has done so."

Dear reader, can you say, "I know He has pardoned my sins?" If not, there is something not yet right between you and the God who loves you so much. I know He has pardoned my sins, and rejoice greatly that He has done so, and I know also He is just as willing to pardon yours.

Do not trifle with the Holy Spirit's strivings; do not trifle with the living God, who has the power and the will to save you—with Jesus, who died for you. As I write I am reminded of a true story of a dying man, which I cannot forget. "Two years ago," said he, "I asked God to take His Spirit from me. He did so, and now I know that prayer sealed my doom." M. A. W.

## How I Became a Church Member and a Member of Christ

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ABOUT the year 1873 I became a communicant. As a preliminary to this step I attended a Bible class, conducted by the minister of the church, composed of a number of young men and women, "intending communicants." Instruction on portions of the Bible was given by the minister, and he asked us questions on the scriptures. Having gone through this introductory course, which stretched over several weeks, along with the others, I was admitted to church membership. Had anyone put such a question to me, "Are you born again," conscience must have led me to say, "No," for I knew without doubt that I was not.

We were bidden remember the seriousness of the step we were taking, and I resolved to be as religious as I could, so as to be equal for the occasion. As the communion would only come once in six months, it did not seem 'very hard to try to be good and to feel a kind of solemnity for that one day. At any rate, I was determined to try my best. Before the close of the Friday evening service, tokens were put into our hands, which we were to present on the following Sunday when admitted as "communicants" to the Lord's table. In this way I was made a "church member," and had my name written on the communion roll, but it was not in this way that I was made a member of the Church of the first-born, whose names are written in heaven.

I remained very much the same as I was before, walking according to the course of this world, and delighting in things not according to godliness. I had tried the plan of putting a piece of new cloth on an old garment, but it did not improve matters at all. Probably the rent was made worse, certainly it was not made any better. Now and again the old life, the life according to the flesh, was reined in, and held more rigidly in check, but it was always ready to exercise its energies the moment that the reins slackened.

Things continued in this way for a few years, until one day an unexpected change came over me, a change for which I have had abundant reason to bless God ever since. I was at church one Sunday afternoon, and during the sermon was considerably affected and thoroughly stirred up, though, try as I might, I could not afterwards bring to my mind anything in particular which the minister said to affect me so much. A sense of contrition had so strongly laid hold upon me that all else was thrown into oblivion. God was certainly at work in my soul. Conscience was aroused, and I could not keep back the tears. These would flow, though I sought to brush them stealthily away, for I did not like the idea of being seen shedding tears.

But while I could brush away the tears I could not brush away the conviction that had entered into my soul. It remained with me after the service was over, and followed me all the way home. When I arrived there, feeling restless and uneasy, I went out into the garden, and walked up and down; but nothing could sooth and heal my wounded spirit. What my thoughts were I cannot now recall, nor put them into words, but before I re-entered the house I surrendered myself to Jesus, seeing in Him my all-sufficient Savior. In a moment perfect peace possessed me, a peace that all the intervening years have not sufficed to impair or destroy.

When I got inside I found that tea was ready, and, sitting down with my wife, I there and then offered thanks to God for the mercies provided. I had not been accustomed to do this.

Like others, when I had sat down to a graceless table, I would justify myself in not asking a blessing by the remark that the mercies were all blessed before they came there. Grace, however, immediately on its entering my heart, led me to give thanks. The instincts of the new nature, under the guidance of the Holy Spirit at once led me to pour out my heart in thanksgiving to God. All my old excuses for beginning meals without an acknowledgment of God at once disappeared, never more through His grace to reappear.

Tea over, I got the Bible in my hand, and read it as I had never read it all my life before.

I did not read it to find out an answer to a foolish and infidel question, but with intense eagerness of soul, to see what God said about salvation. I searched with diligence and with care, as a man will do who is on the search for hidden treasure. The way of salvation had been hid from mine eyes, and as the light of the glorious gospel of Christ began to shine in, I marveled how such a beautifully simple plan as "Believe and Live" had not been seen by me before. I did not then know, as I do now, that regeneration is necessary to an understanding of revelation. Christ had brought life, and this life brought light, turning darkness into day.

To me it was a gracious change indeed. Fourteen years have come and gone since then, each year serving to prove that blessed is the people that know the joyful sound. J. C.

## Religion or Christ

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IT is quite possible to take up the cause of religion very zealously and yet to have no heart for Christ. Let us enquire of our hearts how we stand in this matter. We live in a day when very many are, very religious, but being religious does not save us, or make us meet for God's presence. We must have Christ for ourselves, or we are without God and without hope in the world. Let us ask OUR own hearts, Have I Christ for myself?

## The Risen Shepherd and the Sheep

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THE record of the day of our Lord's resurrection affords us some of the sweetest incidents of His perfect grace. From dawn to dusk the once-smitten Shepherd was lovingly occupied with His scattered sheep, seeking them out, and bringing their hearts and minds into union and communion with Himself. We may indeed say, nowhere more graciously than by the four evangelists, in their records of the day of His resurrection is unfolded the truth, "Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever."

Before the dawn Mary had come to His sepulcher, drawn thither by love to Himself, whom she reckoned to be in the grave. She found the great stone that had been rolled down into its place over the doorway into the tomb in the rock removed. This wonderful news she communicated to the disciples, and then again repaired to the sepulcher. Led on by love, she entered the outer chamber—the hall, as we may term it—of the royal grave, and looked into the inner chamber, and lo, before her there sat two angels, one at the head, and the other at the feet, where the body of the Lord had lain. Mary seems to have been quite at ease in the presence of these angels. Was it that the spirit of adoration so possessed them all, that insensibly to her, she was one with them in heart? Was it that, in spirit outside this world, she was as are those who behold the angels in their dying hours? Was it that her heart was so absorbed with thoughts of Christ, that even angels who spoke to her had no place there? Be it what it may, she stayed not with the angels, but turned herself round towards the opening of the sepulcher, into the gloom of which was entering the light of the breaking day. There she saw One, whom she recognized not standing before her. It was Jesus!

He had come back to the very precincts of His tomb for her sake. She thought He was the gardener, and earnestly besought to know where His body was. So full was her heart of Jesus that she did not so much as mention the name of Him who filled it, "If thou have borne Him hence, tell me where thou hast laid Him."

Then spake the Good Shepherd. He uttered but one word. His sheep know His voice, He calls them by their names. Jesus said unto her, "Mary." In an instant she knew the voice; she cast herself at His feet, saying "Rabboni."

The Lord, risen from the dead, personally and graciously greeted the heart which loved Him. How will it be at the moment when the spirit of the believer enters His presence—absent from the body, present with the Lord? One word of His will be the eternal welcome home.

As we read His last words to His disciples, how often did He draw up their hearts to the fact that He was going to His Father. He was returning whence He had come. "If ye loved Me, ye would rejoice, because I said, I go unto the Father" (John 14:28), He said; and they told Him they believed, and knew surely that He had come out from God because of His words (ch. 16:30).

But when the secret thoughts of these beloved men are opened to us by God the Spirit, we find that the deliverance of Israel (Luke 24:21) rather than the presence of the Father was their

expectation. And how well did the Good Shepherd know all this, even as He knows our dullness and our want of union of heart with Himself.

He gave to Mary to be His messenger from the gateway of the empty grave to His church, leading us by His message, to His own thoughts concerning His Father and His people: "Go to My brethren, and say unto them, I ascend unto My Father, and your Father; and to My God, and your God." (John 20:17)

What He had said to them before His death respecting His going to His Father was surely to be accomplished; it would be all fulfilled, though they might think the grave was their Lord's resting place.

Wonderful was the message unfolding the grace-made relationship between God and God's people— His Father is our Father, His God our God. During His ministry He had told His disciples many things concerning Jerusalem and the world. He is the great Prophet, and prophetically had He spoken, but, just before His cross, He had opened to them secret things concerning Himself, and, when so doing, had dealt with them as friends: " I call you not servants...I have called you friends " (ch. 15:15). "His servants " are shown the things that must shortly come to pass, says the Apostle John (Rev. 1:1), but such an opening out of His heart of love as occurred just prior to His death was for friends, not servants. But now that the grave was passed, atonement accomplished, victory obtained, Jesus called His people brethren; "Go to My brethren!" Nearer than friends were they to Him now! He had lifted them up, and brought them to His God, and His Father, and to Himself, in the power of His victory over death on their account, and He called them brethren.

Before the early morning had passed, the Lord showed Himself to other of the holy women who were also coming to the sepulcher, burdened with their mistaken love-offerings of spices. They knew not that His body needed no embalming with earth's good gifts, no tribute of honor such as is paid to the dead. As they departed from His sepulcher at the angels' bidding Jesus met them. "All hail," He said, and they fell at His feet, and worshipped Him.

Thus had the Good Shepherd in His love waited near the place of His sepulcher in gracious recognition of the love of these disciples to Himself. They knew not the Scriptures; they had misunderstood His own words as to His rising again, but their hearts were void without Him, and Him (though dead, as they conceived), they would honor with their ointments and their spices. But He valued the holy fragrance of their love, and He Himself appeared to them, and none could deprive them of their assurance that Jesus had spoken to them.

The accounts of these holy women were the subject of much wonder among the disciples, "Certain women of our company made us astonished" (Luke 24:22), but their testimony was not fully credited. Peter and John, indeed, came to the grave to see for themselves, and found it empty as the women had said, and then they went away again to their own homes.

As this day of days wore on, the Good Shepherd sought out one sheep, one who of all others most needed His care. Peter had been within His empty grave, and had seen with his own eyes the unquestionable evidence of the Lord's resurrection. The linen clothes that had been wrapped about His body were in one place, the napkin that had been about His head lay in another, Reverent care had disposed them in order. Perhaps some of His servants, the angels, had done this service. And what were Peter's thoughts as he returned to his home! No true disciple could

ever deny the Lord without deep subsequent grief and shame. What were Peter's burnings of heart? What his self-reproaches? What his thoughts as to what his Lord would say? Here is a gracious occasion for the silence of scripture.

But we know that the Lord sought out Peter. He found him. And what He said to His servant He and His servant know. It is not like the Master to expose one of His servants to the rest; it is like Him Himself to restore the soul that errs. Peter's heart was full of Christ risen, so full that he was enabled to fill the hearts of the others with the joy of Christ's resurrection. It was no longer certain women of our company making us astonished, but the one common exultation of the company of believers. "The Lord is risen indeed, and hath appeared to Simon." (Luke 24:34.)

On the evening of this day, two of the disciples had left the rest and bent their way toward Emmaus. Their hearts were sad. They reasoned as they talked together by the way. One, only one theme was theirs—the suffering and the death of their Lord. And as they thus paced sorrowfully on, absorbed with their thoughts of Him, a Stranger drew near. Unconsciously He led them out. They told Him all that was in their hearts, minutely described their unbelief in the face of overwhelming testimony, and then upon their unbelief did they erect their shattered hopes for His eye to look upon. Then this Stranger opened to them the Scriptures. He spake from the whole book, Moses, Psalms, and Prophets, and as He did so, everywhere that book shone. And though unbelieving words escaped their lips, their hearts burned within them as they listened to His words. Their eyes were holden, so that they should not know Him, but their hearts were deeply stirred.

"Abide with us," they said, as He made as if He would go further. Their hearts needed Him, He was their Comforter, their Refuge.

"Other refuge have I none,  
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;  
Leave, ah leave me not alone,  
Still support and comfort me."

He entered with them into the house, and sat down with them. Had He not found them, and walked with them, to bring them into the position of being at rest with Himself? And then the evening meal was served, and as the Stranger—now, indeed, their Host—took the bread and blessed and brake it, their holden eyes were loosed, they recognized Him in His way in the breaking of the bread, and in His giving it to them. And in a moment He was gone from their sight.

What could these two men do? Just what the women in the morning had done. Hasten back to the rest, and tell them the wonderful things they had seen and heard. We may be sure they were swift of foot on such an errand. And when they reached Jerusalem, they found the disciples gathered together, saying, with one accord, "The Lord is risen indeed." And as they related how it had happened to them in the way, and how He was known of them in breaking of bread, and as all hearts were full of the great reality, Jesus Himself stood in their midst, and said, "Peace be unto you." The Good Shepherd had sought out and gathered the sheep together.

May we not say, that as it was on that His resurrection day, so is it now, and that that day is a sample of His loving care over His flock of the day that dates from the time of His resurrection to

that of His coming again.

#### KEY TO ENIGMA

1. Padan-Ara M...Gen. 28:2.
2. Idd O...2 Chron. 9:29; 12:15; 13:22.
3. Sei R ...Gen. 36:8, 9; Deut. 2:5.
4. Gehaz I...2 Kings 5:25.
5. Amas A...2 Sam. 20:10
6. Hulda H...2 Chron 34:22.

PISGAH (Deut. 34:1) —MORIAH (Gen. 22:2.)

#### SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

1. A man, who by a woman's hand was slain,
2. And she, whose earnest prayer was not in vain.
3. A city chamberlain, once only named,
4. And one in Asia, as backslider famed.
5. A valiant warrior, one of brothers three.
6. A town of much importance, near the sea,
7. Th' Egyptian mother of an archer bold.
8. A god, who prostrate fell in days of old.
9. A king, whose bed was noted for its size.
10. The father of a leader, strong and wise.
11. A queen, whose wisdom made her people glad,
12. She, who an offering gave of all she had.
13. A man who was a kinsman of St, Paul,
14. And he on whom a piece of stone did fall.
15. The birthplace of a noted man of God.
16. That which by wondrous change became a rod,
17. The grandson of an ancient patriarch.
18. The son of him on whom God set a mark.
19. A woman once in an Epistle named.

20. A land for rich and costly mineral famed.
21. He who once touched the ark with hand profane.
22. A king whose mother gave him counsel plain,
23. And he whose craft ensured him "no small gain."

O commendation sweet, from lips divine!

From One who knew her motive through and through.

How blest to have the Lord's approving smile I

May you, young Christian reader, earn it too!

## The Toy Soldier

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LITTLE Alfred had had a present given him , of some pretty toy soldiers, which charmed him very much ; but like most children, when he grew tired of his playthings, he would pull them to pieces and see how they were made. Now his aunt had told him when he had this last new present, that if he began to destroy it, the soldiers should be taken from him, so the little boy was trying his best to take care of them.

One winter's evening the child had his pretty soldiers out while his aunt was working in the same room, and he was busy putting up the little lead-men in rows to play a mimic battle.

Whether by accident or mischief, something happened that made him suddenly quiet, and his aunt looking across the table saw in Alfred's little hand a poor soldier broken off his steed, and Alfred's face covered with confusion.

His aunt felt bound to keep her word, so the child, having forfeited his toy, ran out of the room, while his aunt, equally full of sorrow, thought over what she could do about it, feeling that she must forgive him just this once, though she had always been very particular on every occasion to keep her word to the child. Just then she felt his little hands touching her dress, for Alfred had crept back very quietly into the room, and with a wistful look in his large sweet eyes said, "Auntie, I am so sorry I broke my soldier!"

"Well, dear," said his aunt," I will forgive you this once." When the little fellow whispered softly, "Auntie, has God touched your heart? I have been out and asked Him on the stairs to touch your heart, and to let you be willing to let me have my little soldiers again."

"Yes, dear," she replied, "God has heard your little prayer; go again and play, and be more careful for the future."

Dear little child, though hardly six years of age, yet he knew to Whom he should go in his childish sorrow, and the God of heaven deigned to listen to his little petition and answered him at once.

Dear children, this is all true what I have written, and the God to Whom little Alfred made his prayer will comfort you if you trust Him, and listen to all your little sorrows, and reward the prayer of faith, as He did when Alfred confessed his fault, and had again his box of pretty soldiers. But better still, the child's faith was strengthened by this little circumstance, and he learned for himself that God is indeed a prayer answering God. M. E. S.

## I Can't Understand It!

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IT was four o'clock on a bright Sunday afternoon, the last hymn had been sung, and the children were all eager to be let out of school, when the superintendent said, " We should be so glad if any boy or girl would stay with us to a short prayer meeting we are going to have this afternoon."

Several children remained, and amongst them a bright-faced little maid of about twelve.

She knelt very quietly in a corner, with her face buried in her little brown hands, whilst the short, earnest prayers were being offered up, and then tried to slip away without being noticed, but her teacher laid a hand on her shoulder, and said, kindly, "Why won't you trust Jesus, Dorothy?" The child laughingly shook off the detaining hand, and darted into the street. Then the little face grew very grave, and Dorothy said wearily to herself, "That's what they all say, 'Why won't you trust Jesus?' and they can't see how all the time I am longing to know Him, but I can't understand it. I don't know the way to be saved. I wish I did—oh, I wish I did."

Late that night Dorothy went up to her little room. All the evening she had tried to be her usual cheerful I self; but there was such an aching in her heart, poor child—she was seeking the Good Shepherd, and she knew not where to look for Him.

Kneeling down by the window, she laid her head upon the sill, and let the tears flow. "Oh, if Jesus was here, if He lived on earth now," she thought, " I would go straight to Him, and tell Him all about it. I would tell Him that I cannot understand how to be saved, and He would help me to find out the way."

Suddenly a bright thought came—" Wasn't Jesus there all the time with her in her little room? Even though she could not see Him, mightn't she speak with Him just the same? Why hadn't she thought of it before? "And there, in the deepening twilight, Dorothy told Jesus all—how unhappy she was, and how she longed to be saved.

Long she knelt there—she had so much to tell the Lord Jesus-and when she at last got up from her knees the little face was perfectly radiant with happiness. Jesus had taken the trouble all away; she had had found the way to Him at last. M. S.

Judson

### 3—THE MISSIONARIES AND THE KING.

ON one occasion, as Judson was engaged in his mission work in the zayat, the viceroy passed by, seated upon a huge elephant, and surrounded with a numerous suite. Presently he sent a message desiring to see the way in which printing is done, for he wished to have some Burman books printed, and much to the annoyance of his highness Judson had to inform him that the teacher who understood printing had gone to Bengal. However, Judson managed to assure him that he himself was ignorant of the art. It afterwards transpired that the viceroy had seen one at least of Judson's tracts, a testimony that even into the high places of the land, Christian truth had

penetrated.

The king who reigned in Burmah when Judson arrived in the country was not by any means attached to Buddhism, and under his rule the missionaries had considerable liberty. But one day a royal dispatch boat pulled up to the shore, and the messengers, calling the people together, proclaimed: "Listen ye. The immortal king, wearied, it would seem, with the fatigues of royalty, has gone to amuse himself in the celestial regions. His grandson, the heir-apparent, is seated on the throne."

With the old king's death religion revived, sacred offerings, and the building of fresh pagodas, recommenced with energy, and the great and sacred pagoda, containing six or eight hairs of Gautama, was regilt. The Christian zayat was seldom visited, curiosity as to the new religion rapidly waned, and Judson dreaded banishment for himself and death for the converts.

With such sorrowful surroundings Judson settled upon the bold step of laying his case before the king himself, and of seeking toleration for the Christian religion. He accordingly prepared as a present, the Bible in six volumes, covered with gold leaf, each volume being in a rich wrapper; and then, accompanied by his fellow missionary, Colman, set off upon his voyage up the river to the city of Ava.

The river was infested with robbers, and in parts notorious for murders, but God's good hand brought our missionaries and their crew safely through all difficulties and dangers. At the distance of some two hundred and sixty miles from Rangoon he visited the ancient city of Pagan—"Took a survey of the splendid pagodas and extensive ruins of the once famous city," and gazed upon the surrounding country filled with decay, and monuments and temples of every size. "Here," he says, "about eight hundred years ago, the religion of Buddha was first publicly recognized and established as the religion of the empire. Here, the first Buddhist apostle of Burmah disseminated the doctrines of atheism, and taught his disciples to pant after annihilation as the supreme good."

Rather less than another hundred miles brought him close to Ava itself, and he "distinguished the golden steeple of the palace amid the glittering pagodas" of that city.

He obtained leave for an interview with the king, and, in prospect of the event, says, "Tomorrow's dawn will usher in the most eventful day of our lives; tomorrow's eve will close on the bloom or the blight of our fondest hopes. . . . Thy will, O God, be ever done; for Thy will is inevitably the wisest and the best."

The magnificence of the palace exceeded all that our missionaries had conceived, and in the attitude of profound respect they awaited the monarch. "He came forward unattended, in solitary grandeur," carrying the gold-sheathed sword, which seems to have taken the place of the scepter. "But it was his high aspect and commanding eye that riveted our attention. He strided on, every head, excepting ours, was low in the dust. When he drew near we caught his attention. He stopped, partly turned toward us—

"Who are these?" said he. "The teachers, great king," I replied.

After a variety of questions, the petition was read. The emperor stretched out his hand, and the officer who had read it crawled forward and presented it, together with a tract on the Christian faith, and while he did so Judson prayed earnestly for the king and for Burmah.

The emperor perused the petition, but having read the opening words of the tract, which stated the fact of there being an eternal God, he dashed it with disdain to the ground.

In vain did the missionaries try to catch his eye by opening their beautifully bound volumes. The decree was, that the emperor had no use for their sacred books, and that he made no order as to their petition. A little more, and he rose from his seat, strode on to the end of the golden-pillared hall, where, throwing himself upon a cushion he watched the parade of his troops and listened to their martial music.

Private efforts were made in the missionaries' favor by some of the officers of the Court, but the emperor was highly adverse to the foreign "religion-makers." However, he was more amused than angry, "What," said he, laughing, "have they come presuming to convert us to their religion? Let them leave our capital." So the voyage back to Rangoon had to be made.

With the king—whose word was life or death—adverse to them, the missionaries were in the greatest anxiety for the future. They gathered together the few converts, and told the disappointing result of their interview, when, to their surprise and joy, instead of fearing, these believers in Christ proved full of faith and courage. At this time God began in a very marked way to strengthen the hands of the mission. The work prospered, though it had to be carried on in secret and with the greatest caution. Both men and women were added to the church, and the protecting hand of the Almighty shielded His servants from persecution.

About a year after Judson's return from his visit to the king, Dr. Price, a physician, joined him in the work. The prospects of the mission were brighter than they had been for a long time, and hope for greater things filled their hearts, when suddenly there came a summons from Ava, that Judson and the doctor were required at the "golden city"! It was impossible to refuse the king, and once more Judson found himself on his way to the capital, though he went with very great unwillingness.

There a welcome awaited them, occasioned by tidings of the doctor's surgical skill; indeed, so favorable was the Court now towards the missionaries that the king heard without displeasure that some of his subjects in Rangoon had received the new religion. Further, on one occasion, during a private interview, the king ascertaining that Judson was accustomed to preach Sunday by Sunday, enquired, "What, in Burman ? " and then immediately commanded, "Let us hear how you preach." Whereupon the whole Court was silent, as Judson proclaimed the eternal being of the living God before the monarch. He was not unfriendly towards the mission, and in the Court some of the high officers had obtained, at least, the knowledge of the teaching of Christianity.

Thus all seemed to promise well, yet in a moment, and from a most unexpected quarter, every hope was suddenly dashed, and the very lives of the missionaries were hardly spared to them ; so that this visit to Ava, apparently so favorable, ended with intense suffering and sorrow.

War had broken out between the English and the Burmans, and the former took Rangoon. Dr. Price and Judson were regarded as spies, and were thrown into a horrible dungeon, where they must have perished had it not been for the heroic efforts of Mrs. Judson. That noble woman, who had only just recovered from a most serious illness, with all the ingenuity and courage of a woman's love, brought the prisoners food, and again and again saved their lives. In vain did she appeal to the queen—were they not Americans, and not English; teachers of religion, and no spies? The white prisoners were held in irons, and for months death, in its most horrid forms,

stared them in the face. Once indeed they were appointed for sacrifice, but the officer who had prepared that fate for them fell himself a victim to his superiors.

Meanwhile the English moved surely on. Vain were the fleet of golden war boats and the strange devices of the Burman warriors, and at last the English army was almost at the gate of Ava.

Then, in their despair, the king and his advisers took Judson out of prison, and made him their interpreter, and sent him to the English camp, where he conducted the terms for peace.

Eventually, after exacting a huge ransom, the English withdrew, taking with them all the white prisoners, and the missionaries also, and thus, after an absence of two years and three months, was the mission home at Rangoon once more reached in safety.

Thus ended Judson's visits to the king and a most marvelous series of escapes from death. We can, however, see how God ordered that His servants should speak of Him in the highest places in Burmah, as well as to the poor of the land, and that the story of God and of His Son should be heard even in the palace of the " golden foot " himself.

## Sketches of the Early Days of Christianity: Heathen Philosophers and the Christian Faith

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WE have already touched upon the state of heathendom, or, as we might more correctly speak, of the world at large, excepting Judaism, at the time of the birth of the Church of God. However, our readers will not be unprofitably occupied by reading a few more pages on this subject, since a moral principle is laid bare by so doing, which is not without its value in the presence of the teaching of the unbelieving philosophers of our own times.

The pagan world had its religion—it also had its philosophers, and these men saw much in the religion around them, which they knew to be false and morally evil, yet they were unable to offer any better way to men. So far as the latter part of the statement is concerned, it is precisely the same with their class in our own day; the skeptical scientists believe nothing, and give people nothing to believe, unless their revived pagan schemes and imaginations respecting evolution and the past are their creed for mankind—anyway, they know nothing and affirm nothing concerning the future.

The Scriptures devote a place to the philosopher and scientist, so we do wisely in considering him for a moment. Let us first collect a few testimonies to the estimation in which these heathen thinkers held their deities: "All that ignoble crowd of gods which the superstition of ages has collected we will adore," said Seneca, "in such a way as to remember that its worship belongs rather to usage than to reality. The wise man will unite in all these observances as commanded by the laws, not as pleasing to the gods." This tribute to State religion is very suggestive. Its morality is apparent—worship as the State orders, but believe not what you worship. Such wisdom was profitable for this life.

And what did his philosophy effect for Seneca's soul? Let us hear him speak. "Seest thou yon steep height? Thence is the descent to freedom. Seest thou yon sea, yon river, yon well? Freedom sits there in the depths. Seest thou yon low, withered tree? There freedom hangs. Seest thou thy neck, thy throat, thy heart? They are ways of escape from bondage?" "The aim of all philosophy is to despise life."

Hereafter to the heathen was a kind of purgatory, or an elevation to the company of the "ignoble crowd of gods"; but when men gave vent to their inner feelings respecting it they spoke the language of misery or despair. Pliny says, "What folly it is to renew life after death! Where shall created beings find rest, if you suppose that shades in hell and souls in heaven continue to have any feeling? You rob us of man's greatest good—death. Let us rather find in the tranquility which preceded our existence, the pledge of the repose which is to follow it." All that philosophy could suggest was a sigh for annihilation.

However, associated with this non-belief, this learned atheism, was the strongest superstition. It is related of Cæsar, who openly professed in the senate, "Beyond this life there is no place for joy or trouble," that he never stepped into a carriage without uttering some magical formula in order to

preserve him from accident. Nero, who is said to have had merely one little idol for his devotion, nevertheless initiated elaborate ceremonies to appease the god whose temple had been struck by lightning, and treated an amulet he wore as a sacred charm.

Superstition lives in the human breast, whether a man be a philosopher or ignorant, and as the religion of pagan Rome consisted chiefly in ceremonies, we can understand how the ceremonial that constituted its religion, and the superstition which was its consequence, lived on, though faith in the subject of the ceremony, or in the thing dreaded, was dead. States, like churches, can decree and enforce ceremonial and its observances, and nations may revere ceremonial, though faith be utterly extinct. This is a great danger, to which multitudes in our own day are exposed in Christendom. Religion and ceremonial are pursued, but apart from faith in God's word and personal connection with Christ.

What we are in ourselves as sinful beings, and the hopeless task of changing ourselves were of necessity gloomy considerations for the pagan philosophers. Celsus, whose ridicule of Christianity had a great influence for about one hundred years, thus speaks on this subject, "It is manifest to everyone that those who are disposed by nature to vice, and are accustomed to it, cannot be transformed by punishment, much less by mercy; for to transform nature is a matter of extreme difficulty." Now, as we know, the Christian faith teaches that God implants a new nature within His children, the old nature is not transformed, indeed we are bidden reckon ourselves to be dead unto sin (Rom. 6:2). But "if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature" (2 Cor. 5:17), and with such a fact existing, the Christian is bidden live a new life. For example, the thief is to become an honest worker and a giver. "Let him that stole steal no more; but rather let him labour, working with his hands the thing which is good, that he may have to give to him that needeth." (Eph. 4:28.) The secret of the power is the finger of God, of which heathen philosophy and present-day philosophy are alike ignorant. Neither can philosophy deny the reality of the changed life, and this apparent fact the pagans were constrained to acknowledge, though scorning the men whose lives were so changed. Celsus thus ridicules the confessors of Christ; they were "woolen-manufacturers, shoe-makers and curriers, the most uneducated and boorish men who were zealous advocates of this new religion." Our readers will remember with the more interest that in the catacombs of which we spoke on the last occasion, we had gracious testimony to the power and the love of Christ from "woolen manufacturers and shoemakers."

The brave front which the philosopher assumes in the presence of the realities of death, and his own misgivings as to what comes after death, is well put in the story attributed to the Clement of the apostolic age. This story relates of this Christian Father that torturing questions as to the beginning and the end of the world, and of himself, filled his mind even from childhood. He sought aid from the schools of the philosophers. Some said the soul was immortal, others that it was not; some taught annihilation, others a sort of purgatory. Then he set himself to try spiritualism. He proposed to procure the aid of a magician, who for a large sum of money would raise a spirit, and Clement meant to obtain information about the state after death from this spirit. Very cautious were his plans; he was not willing to trust himself to the words of the spirit, he would get at the spirit's real mind by "his look, his appearance." "Uncertain words," said he, "cannot overthrow what I experience by actual eyesight." So far his philosophy had gained him wise caution. However, his friends seemed frightened at both the arts of the magician and the sight of the spirits, so that the plan was not carried out.

Be this story true or not, there lies within it, without doubt, truth relating to the uncertainty and distress of mind of the pagan philosopher. From Justin Martyr, once a follower of this wisdom, by which the world knew not God (1 Cor. 1:21), we have this testimony: "I found first in Christianity the only certain and salutary philosophy Christ is the glorious Rock from which the living water flows into the hearts of those who through Him love the Father."

Here, by way of parenthesis, we may observe that some of the fathers of the early Church, who had been so deeply under the influence of pagan philosophy, seem to have brought some taints of it into the Christianity of their times, and thus we may trace various doctrines and practices now prevailing in the Church to pagan sources. We refer to such palpable pagan conceptions as the doctrine of purgatory, and the ceremonial attached to the observance of days, and the homage rendered to relics.

As pagan Rome allowed and venerated the deities of the pagan lands it had conquered, and tolerated to the Jew his religion, there was a strange liberality prevailing at the time of early Christianity ; but the Christian religion had " neither temple, altar, nor priest "—it belonged to no particular nation, though it was professed by men of all nations. For Christianity pagan Rome had no place, "Your associations are contrary to the law," said Celsus, connecting thus his philosophy with the popular feeling and the authority of the empire.

Though Rome allowed men, with greater or less liberty, to worship their various gods, it demanded of all the payment of the tribute of divine honor to the emperor, and the penalty of transgression was death. It was in vain for the Christian to say, "By whom is the emperor more loved than by Christians? We supplicate for him unceasingly a long life, a just government of his peoples, a peaceful reign, prosperity for the army and the whole world." The answer was, "To prove your obedience, sacrifice with us to his honour." This the Christian could not do. "I pray to God for my emperor, but a sacrifice neither he should require nor we pay. Who may offer divine honour to a man?" said Achatius, the martyr, and died for his words.

The philosophers, though ridiculing their "ignoble crowd of gods," saw the propriety of obeying the law of their land, and of saving their lives by worshipping the gods they ridiculed, but they saw not their own moral baseness in their wisdom. As an example of this moral baseness we take Seneca's address upon the death of the Emperor Claudius, extolling him as a god. According to custom, the Emperor was transferred to the gods at his death, the appointed witnesses declaring on oath they had seen his soul ascend to heaven! However, this same Seneca, who had extolled the deceased, shortly after published a satire on the event, termed "The translation of Claudius into the society of the pumpkins!" Well, indeed, does the scripture say of these reasoners, "We are sure that the judgment of God is according to truth against them which commit such things." (Rom. 2:2.)

We especially enjoin upon our younger Christian readers, the duty of observing the moral principles of present day infidelity and philosophy in the Church of God, for there is a strong moral resemblance existing between the philosophers of pagan Rome and these of our own day. Men's minds become captivated by philosophy, but the simplest person should have honesty enough to see through moral crookedness.

The pagans could not comprehend the truth the Christians circulated. "What absurdities," said one, "do these Christians invent of the God whom they can neither show nor see! They recount that He is everywhere present; that He knows and judges the actions of men, their words, and even their secret thoughts." The Christians to them were atheists or fools. Thus a picture was circulated of a figure with the ears of an ass, clothed with a toga, holding a book in its hands, and with these words inscribed beneath, "The God of the Christians." Now we know that the preaching of Christ crucified was "to the Greeks foolishness," and that by the foolishness of that preaching it has pleased God to save them that believe. (1 Cor. 1:18-25.) The Christians spoke of a judgment to come, Rome was termed the "eternal city," therefore Christians were regarded as haters of the government. The Christians were denounced as despising the temples and abhorring the gods; they were generally unintelligible to the wisdom of their day, it was said of them they neither feared death nor dreaded that which is after death, while their desire for the salvation of the heathen was regarded as madness. Philosophy could not understand Christianity.

## Gehazi's Covetousness

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WHEN Elisha, the prophet of Jehovah, gave the word of healing to Naaman the leper, he acted by divine authority, and served the Prince of Syria in a way that became God. Naaman had come to be healed, full of his own proud thoughts, and also burdened with a great reward for his healer. Elisha would not so much as show himself to the prince, but sent him a message from God, which, while it proclaimed to him perfect healing, humbled him to a degree. At length Naaman yielded; he went to the Jordan, and he washed, and he became clean.

On his return he stood before Elisha, proclaimed his belief in the power of the God of Israel, and besought the prophet to take a blessing of him! And though he urged his request, Elisha, in the name of Jehovah refused. It would not have been consistent with God's grace to Naaman had a present been taken as a reward for the grace, and Elisha, as Jehovah's servant, was careful to guard his Lord's character.

But Elisha's servant had not learned God! Alas, though in close attendance on such a master as the prophet, he was in mind far from right and holy thoughts. "Behold," said he, "my master hath spared this Syrian, in not receiving at his hands that which he brought: but"—and then he, uttered the words the prophet used as God's spokesman with shameless presumption—"as the Lord liveth, I will run after him, and take somewhat of him."

So he hastened after the Syrian, who lighted down from his chariot and came to meet him. Gehazi had a shrewd lie ready to cover his covetousness, and Naaman gave him a costly gift, believing it was for some sons of the prophets that were paying the prophet a visit.

It is often remarked how one sin leads to another, and how the sinner tries to hide one iniquity by covering it over with another iniquity. Three of the Ten Commandments did Gehazi break in his short course of sin: He coveted; he took the name of the Lord in vain; he stole.

He came back with his riches, and full of ne prospects, "oliveyards and vineyards, and sheep and oxen, and menservants and maid-servants," and having disposed of his wealth he once more stood as servant before Elisha! There he capped all his evils by the familiar n that is supposed to hide our wickedness from the eyes of our fellow-men—a lie. And in a moment the judgment of God fell upon him. "The leprosy therefore of Naaman fall cleave unto thee, and unto thy seed for ver. And he went out from his presence a leper, as white as snow."

This terrible descent from sin to sin arose from the heart being full of covetousness he sin of the heart led to sins of action and of words, until the servant of the prophet, afflicted with the disease which is in the Bible typical of sin, was banished from the presence of the prophet.

We have also in this story a remarkable instance of God's way of leaving for its own explanation man's misrepresentations of His rays. Naaman would have to learn by the dings of Gehazi's punishment of Gehazi's sin.

## Three Conversions

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IT has often been noticed with wonder that, among the teeming myriads of mankind, it is impossible to find two faces exactly alike. But if people are dissimilar in outward features, how infinitely more diverse are they in nature; and yet however opposed their characteristics may be, there is that in the Lord Jesus Christ which can satisfy the longings of every nature, and the deep necessities of every soul. Thus a Peter leaves his nets, a Matthew his counting house, a Luke his pharmacy, a Paul his parchments; and Jesus, in the divine adaptability of His nature, is the attraction to them all. To illustrate this adaptability of His nature, and this attractiveness of His person, we would narrate the story of three conversions, only premising that, while in God's Word the possession of Life is connected with belief in the Person of the Son of God (John 3:36), the possession of Peace is always associated with the knowledge of Christ's work (Rom. 4:23—5:1); and that though two at least of those whose conversions we are about to record, received life, and knew it, through believing on God's Son, yet they, in common with all believers, would have to learn, though it were subsequently, that Jesus was not only the Son of God, but the Savior of sinners also.

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Gaily shone the sun upon one of our fashionable watering-places, and happy crowds thronged the shore, bent upon enjoying their holiday at the sea; while health, strength, and merriment seemed to pervade the scene, for "Youth was at the prow, and Pleasure at the helm." But as if to afford a contrast to the happy throngs, a little deformed woman, scarce four feet high, was slowly making her way along the Promenade.

And as we strode along, the loneliness of this poor little misshapen thing, and the terrible nature of her affliction, which debarred her from all those hopes which are most dear to a woman's heart, touched us most deeply, and we cried to God that, since so much that others had had been denied to her down here, He would recompense her by revealing to her His own love.

And now we reach our destination, for we are about to hold a children's service on the sands; and here, awaiting us, their sand cathedral already well advanced, are a godly crowd of little ones, and many grown-up people too, who are attracted daily by the simple story of God's grace. A few more finishing touches we give to the cathedral seats, and then, having dealt out the hymn-books to willing hands, we are soon happily employed in singing the Savior's love. And as the hymn proceeds, we hear just behind us a little shrill child-like voice piping away, and turning to see who this hearty singer may be, our eyes fall on our little deformed friend of the Promenade. And as the children resume their seats, and our companion is commencing his address, we whisper to her, sitting as she does just beside us, "We have just been singing of Jesus' love; may I ask you, do you know it for yourself?"

"Oh, yes," she brightly replies, "I am glad to say I do."

"And how long have you known it, may I ask?"

"About eighteen months now."

"And what was it that led you to Him?"

"Oh, sir, I felt so lonely."

Yes, she had felt lonely once, but now she had the blessed company of Jesus, and she will feel lonely nevermore. Thus Jesus satisfied a lonely heart.

Let us next see how He satisfied a sinful one. Not that the person whose conversion we are about to narrate was an open sinner ; on the contrary, she was in every way a most moral and respectable woman, the wife of the pew-opener at a certain church, and one who was most regular in her attendance at it. But for all this she felt uneasy as to her sins. So, one day, when the district visitor called, she unburdened herself to her.

"Do you attend the sacrament?" asked the latter.

"No, I do not, ma'am," replied our friend, "for I have never been confirmed."

"Oh, then you ought to be confirmed," said the district visitor, and accordingly our friend shortly afterwards received a visit from the curate, who pressed the rite upon her, explaining at the same time that he had seven other grown-up candidates who would keep her company. "And," he added, "I assure you, Mrs. H., if you are confirmed you'll never regret it." So she was duly confirmed and attended at the communion, but the curate's forecast was destined not to be fulfilled; for looking around at the women who had been prepared for confirmation with her, and seeing their careless, godless, week-day lives, and then meeting them on Sunday at the communion-rail; and looking within at her own sinful heart, she began to regret that she had ever been persuaded to take the step.

It was in this frame of mind that, taking a stroll one evening, she saw a tent being erected in a neighboring field, and enquiring of one of the onlookers what it was being erected for, she received a reply that a gentleman was coming to preach "the new religion" there. Wondering what the new religion might be, and satisfied that her old religion had done her no good, she determined to attend on Sunday at the opening service, and hear what the preacher had to say.

But the new religion after all was nothing very new: it was at least as old as the Passover night; for the preacher took the twelfth chapter of Exodus for his text, and explained how judgment fell on every house in Egypt which was not sheltered by the blood of the Paschal lamb, and that, similarly, the judgment of God was overhanging a guilty world, and would assuredly fall on all who failed to take shelter beneath the blood of Christ. And if our friend was uneasy before, she was in an agony of distress now. Guilty? Yes, she was guilty, and she felt she had added to her guilt by attending at the communion: for what was the blood of Jesus to her? she was sure she had not taken shelter beneath it, and she was certain now that she had no right to be there. But at this moment the preacher gave out an announcement He said that next evening he hoped to tell the story of his own conversion; of how he, an infidel, had become a preacher of Christ: and accordingly next night found our friend once more in the tent.

The preacher began by assuring his hearers that all that religion could do for him, had been done. He had been christened in Jordan water, but he had been christened in his sins; he had been

confirmed at fourteen years of age, but he had been confirmed in his sins; he had attended at the communion, but he had partaken of it in his sins. And gradually the unsatisfactoriness of it all had been pressed upon his mind; besides, he looked around and saw the lives of so-called Christians, and began to think that if this were Christianity, then was Christianity a sham. Next he turned to the Bible, and because he could not understand it, he soon discarded that, together with the professors of religion, as a sham also. And one may well imagine how in all this God was speaking to our anxious friend, for step by step, their experiences had been almost identical.

People, then, were shams, and the Bible was a sham, Was truth to be found anywhere? If so he would find it; and as he read a novel one day he came across the tag end of St. Chrysostom's prayer, "Grant us in this world the knowledge of Thy truth, and in the world to come life everlasting." Here, then, were his longings formulated; he longed for truth, and for life everlasting. Now, though he had discarded revelation, he had not discarded God; he would have been glad to do so, but there was that within him that spoke of God and a future state. So he cried to God, "Grant me in this world the knowledge of Thy truth, and in the world to come life everlasting," and God heard his prayer; for directly afterwards someone met him and said, "By-the-by, I hear that old Mr. C. is coming to preach at the new church."

Now by this time he had given up going to church, save occasionally for respectability's sake; and if he went anywhere he went to the old church, because the singing was good and the sermons were short, and he thought that if you had religion at all, you had better have it lively. Still he had heard people speak well of old Mr. C., so he would go and hear him. He went and offered up his one prayer. But, alas, it was a begging sermon, from which he carried nothing away, and, it must be confessed, he left little behind, However, he thought he would give the old preacher another trial, so he went again at night. And now all was changed. The old clergyman was like an uncaged bird; he was full of life and fire, as smiting mightily the pulpit cushion he thundered forth, "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life": do you?

Do you? Where could our infidel friend be? Had he mistaken his way, and strolled into a Ranter's Conventicle? No, the Ten Commandments in front of him, and the lion and the unicorn behind, forbade the thought! And yet where were the proprieties?—where the generalities to which he had been from a child accustomed? This was no third-person-singular address, but a question which like a sharp-edged sword pierced him to the very soul. And life depended on the answer he could give to it; for "he that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life." Life was alone in Christ: he would, he did, believe in Him. And so, as he left the church, he said to one who had accompanied him, "Thank God, I know that I have everlasting life." He had asked God in this world for knowledge of the truth, and God had granted this portion of his prayer, and given him the knowledge of His Son, who is the Truth. He had asked for life everlasting in the world to come; but God had gone beyond this request, and given him the knowledge of it here.

And as the pew-opener's wife walked homewards with her husband, she, too, thanked God that everlasting life was hers; and later, with the tears running down her cheeks, she told the tent preacher of God's goodness to her, and added, "Oh! sir, what a different communion was the next one that I attended! What happiness! What joy! For now I know that His blood was shed, and His body given, for me."

Thus Jesus met and satisfied one who was lonely, one who was seeking after truth, and one who was anxious about her sins.

And, my reader, will you, who have followed me thus far, do me one parting favor? If you cannot truly say that everlasting life is yours as a believer in God's Son, will you kneel down, and, slightly altering and individualizing the ending of St. Chrysostom's prayer, say, " O God, grant me in this world the knowledge of Thy truth, and grant me in this world life ever-lasting, for Jesus Christ's sake "? J. F.

## I Am Ready

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RICHARD PICKETT was a native of Tockenham, a small rural village about three miles and a half from the market town of Wootton Bassett, in the northern district of the county of Wilts.

In early life he entered the service of the Great Western Railway Company as porter, and, when young, was promoted to the position of goods-guard.

One evening, after Richard had finished his work, he was attracted by some singing at an open-air gospel service, held between the railway station and his home. He stayed while the service lasted, and gladly accepted a hymn book which was offered him. He felt then, as he afterwards said, that these Christians had something he had not, and he went to his home deeply convinced of his need as a sinner, and anxious concerning the salvation of his soul.

From that time Richard was constrained to go to gospel meetings, for the Spirit of God was striving with him. At last he opened out his heart to an evangelist, and told him the state of his soul. Several Christians prayed for him, and pleaded with him as the Holy Spirit convinced him of the dreadful reality of living without God and Christ in this world, and of the awful future which lay before him should he die in the condition in which he had hitherto lived.

He was afraid to meet God, and trembled when on duty, and when getting under the railway trucks, lest he should be killed and perish forever.

At last, while on his journey to Aberdare, the light shone into Richard's soul; he saw that Jesus had suffered and died on Calvary's cross for him, and there and then he fled to Jesus for pardon. Then peace, like a river, flowed into his soul.

From that time he was very happy, and always had a cheerful smile and a warm shake of the hand for his Christian friends. Many noticed the change in him; but his worldly companions thought him strange. After he had received Christ he felt no fear of death.

The writer of these lines has been at many Bible readings and open-air meetings with Richard. His questions showed his earnest study of the Word of God. He would often say, "I want to know the right meaning, as I am only a babe yet; for when I meet my mates, if I am not correct, they would contradict me."

The Bible was Richard's daily companion; he delighted to feed on its sacred contents, drinking the milk of the word, and growing thereby. He ate of the heavenly manna, and drank from the living stream, and, living on Christ, he fed and watered others. Many times, when preaching the gospel, he would tell his hearers how well he once had worked for his old master, the devil, and what a bad master he had found him to be, for after he had served him faithfully he was afraid to meet death to receive his wages. But now he had changed masters, and was not afraid to meet his new Master, but longed to see Him. His new Master, was the Lord Jesus Christ, and He paid him good wages.

Nor was Richard unmindful of the bodily comfort of others.

"Shelter yourself, dear brother, as well as you can," he said, lovingly, to a fellow Christian one cold evening at the open-air preaching; "we that are stronger can stand the cold winds better than you." While speaking to the perishing with his strong manly voice he would extol his Savior, and point them to Calvary, and to Jesus, the sinner's Friend! He would often say what a grand thing it was to work for One who loved him so well as to die for him. When speaking of the bright home that awaited him, his eyes would sparkle with delight, but, when speaking of his Savior's agony, His cross and death, he was at times moved even to tears.

A few days before the accident that ended his mortal life, his friends remarked how anxious he was for others to be saved, and how happy he seemed to be. At a prayer meeting, two days before he fell asleep in Jesus, he prayed most earnestly that his wife might be preserved, and that his dear little ones might be saved.

He left Swindon the last time on a Tuesday, and, on returning the next day, overbalanced himself, missed his footing, and fell under the trucks, the wheels passed over both his legs, severing them from his body.

His comrades picked him up, and conveyed him to a hospital, and he begged them to communicate the tidings to his wife as gently as possible, so that she might not be frightened. His suffering was intense, yet he was very happy, and was sensible to the last, trusting the Lord whom he had faithfully served, and for whom he had waited.

The last few words he was heard to speak were, "Lord, take me! Lord, take me! I am ready, I am waiting." Then his happy spirit took its flight to be with the Lord, away from pain and toil, sorrow and death. The Lord had need of him.

His poor tabernacle was conveyed to his home, and, on the Sunday, over one hundred of his fellow workmen—railway-guards, porters, engine-drivers, and fire-men, together with a large number of his Christian friends, attended his funeral. Many hundreds watched the long train as they slowly conveyed him to his last resting-place on earth.

Over one thousand persons were gathered together in the cemetery, to witness the burial of that true follower of Christ. They laid him down in full and certain hope that he will rise again. (1 Thess. 4:16; 1 Cor. 15:52; Heb. 9:28.)

This guard was a Christian of only five years, and had to work hard to support his wife and family, yet he found time to work for his dear Lord and Savior, and many times walked eight miles on Sundays to preach the gospel to others.

Christian reader, what are you doing for your Master? Unsaved reader, if you were called away as suddenly as was Richard Pickett, could you say with him: "Lord, take me! I am ready, I am waiting"? W. B.

## Christ, Our Sacrifice and Priest: 9. Priestly Garments

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CEREMONIAL, unless it have a meaning, is mere folly. In religious life, it is true, that there frequently lingers some observance which has lost its ancient meaning and intention, and which is performed by the many without thought or purpose, but every ceremony in religion has some significance attached to it, and this is so, whether that which the ceremony signifies be considered or not by its observers.

All the ceremonial under the law, as recorded in the Old Testament, possessed a sacred meaning. No breach was allowed in its observance. Severe penalties were attached to its non-observance. The idea of observing a ceremonial being a matter of option or indifference did not enter the mind of those worshippers of old.

The manner of the priests in slaying the victim, and in placing its blood by the altar ; incense, vestments ; were all ordered by God, and were ordered by Him to teach lessons concerning Himself and His Son, and concerning the needs and comfort of His people. It was impossible for the high priest to carry out his priestly functions unless attired according to the character of the office he had to fulfill. Whether he wore the white robes, or the garments of glory and beauty, was all-important. The white robe was employed for sacrifice, the garments of glory and beauty for mediation; the two could not by any possibility be interchanged. So with every detail of his dress; each had its meaning, and none could be confounded with the other.

We read, in the eighth chapter of Leviticus, how Aaron was arrayed in the garments of glory and beauty (Ex. 28:2). There, the coat and the girdle, the robe, the ephod and its curious girdle are specified (ver. 7); also there, the breast-plate, and the Urim and the Thummim thereon are specified, (ver. 8); and the golden mitre for the head, and upon the mitre the plate and the holy crown (ver. 9). We see him thus, the High Priest of God for Israel, arrayed to appear in the presence of Jehovah, "that he may minister," said God, " unto Me in the priest's office " (Ex. 28:4), having the names of Israel upon his shoulders (vers. 9-12), and upon his breast (vers. 14, 21, 29).

The color of these robes was divinely ordered, "the robe of the ephod was all of blue" (ver. 31). The lace that bound the breastplate to the rings of the ephod was blue (ver. 28), that also of the mitre was blue (ver. 37). The ephod itself was of gold, blue, purple, scarlet, and fine twined linen (ver. 8).

Blue, we know, is the color of the heaven above us; it is essentially, and in all lands of the earth, the idea of the heavenly. So arrayed the high priest was to appear in the presence of God for the people of God. In attire that spoke of the heavens above, he was to bear in to the divine presence the names of all Israel. Israel rested before God, as it were, upon the shoulders of the high priest; Israel lay before God, as it were, upon the high priest's heart.

This most lovely type is so apparent that it is impossible to question it. Jesus Christ, our High Priest in heaven, bears us up in the presence of God in His own strength and love.

The ephod was a garment of glory—it was composed of gold, blue, purple, scarlet, and fine twined linen. The gold, the divine glory of Christ; the blue, His heavenly character; the purple and the scarlet, His royal glories ; the fine twined linen, His perfect humanity. Our Mediator is the God-Man; He is the Lord from heaven; He is entitled to all dominion.

Now, it is a very remarkable fact that Aaron did not enter the Holiest of All thus attired, on which fact we will enlarge presently. But we see his antitype, Jesus, crowned with glory and honor in heaven; we rejoice to know that all that those garments of glory and beauty signified—all that the wearing of the ephod and the mitre by the high priest signified—all that the shoulder-pieces and the breastplate engraven with the names of Israel signified—all is fulfilled and displayed to faith as we see our great High Priest in heaven in the presence of God for us.

He ministers in heaven for us in all His mediatorial excellence. Our names, “according to our birth” (Ex. 28:10), from the first day of our being born of God, are graven upon what should indeed be “stones of memorial” unto us. Ever let it be a memorial to us, that from the first day until we reach the glory, we are upheld with the everlasting strength of our High Priest. Further, our Aaron bears our names before the Lord upon His two shoulders as a memorial to God. (See ver. 12.) His strength maintains us before God to the end. The strength of Christ is a memorial to us and to God!

Further, again, “Aaron shall bear the names of the children of Israel in the breastplate of judgment upon his heart, when he goeth in unto the holy place, for a memorial before the Lord continually” (ver. 29). Our High Priest is now in heaven presenting Himself in His love with our names upon His heart to His God, who is love. The heart of Jesus, with our names borne upon it, is “a memorial before the Lord continually”; He bears our “judgment...upon His heart before the Lord continually” (ver. 30). We have His heart ever to fall back upon—nay, whatever we are, He changes not, He bears us up before the Lord continually, and this is a “memorial before the Lord.” The heart of the high priest sparkled with precious stones, engraven with names more precious, before Jehovah. What a picture to us of our Jesus in the presence of God for us!

As we meditate upon these things we see a little into the excellence of the ceremonial ordained by Jehovah, and the importance of all its details, as for example the color of those sacred vestments in which the high priest of Israel was robed.

We observed that Aaron did not enter into the Holiest of All thus attired. He did not fulfill that part of the type which shows the entrance of Christ into God's holy presence for us as Mediator. We have but to read the opening of the sixteenth chapter of Leviticus to learn this fact. “The Lord said unto Moses, Speak unto Aaron thy brother, that he come not at all times into the holy place within the veil before the mercy seat, which is upon the ark; that he die not for I will appear in the cloud upon the mercy seat.” There had been grievous sin in the priesthood, and God had smitten the priestly family. Strange fire had been offered, and the priesthood of Israel had had sin branded upon it even in its earliest commencement. Into the Holiest of All Aaron could henceforth enter but “once every year,” and then “not without blood”; “the Holy Ghost this signifying, that the way into the Holiest of All was not yet made manifest.” (Heb. 9:7, 8.) No, only Jesus could make that way manifest. None but He is our High Priest before our God.

Now when Aaron did enter into the Holiest of All, where Jehovah appeared in the cloud upon the mercy-seat, how did he go in? How was he attired? In blue? In the robe that speaks of heaven? No. The Lord said, "He shall put on the holy linen coat, and he shall have the linen breeches upon his flesh, and he shall be girded with a linen girdle, and with the linen mitre shall he be attired." (Lev. 16:4.) He was robed in white. He was robed in sacrificial garments, not in mediatorial robes. He went in, not with the names of Israel upon his shoulders and heart, to carry the people in the excellence of his own person (figuratively) before the Lord; but he went to deal before God with their sins. With sweet incense (16:12) covering him as a cloud, for he was but a type of Christ, he went in with blood for himself and for the people (16:15). By blood he made atonement. And when he had made the atonement he came out. He did not abide in the presence of God making a continual atonement.

Further, he was alone while he did this work, no one was allowed by God within the holy place while this work was being accomplished. No, God would not allow in the type that any one besides should have any part, however remote, in the great question and work of carrying in the atoning blood into His presence.

And having accomplished the work, he put off the linen garments, which he put on when he went into the holy place," and left them there (ver. 23), i.e., in the court of the Tabernacle. The purpose of the white and sacrificial robe was fulfilled when the offerer had presented the blood to God, and God had accepted it.

Do we fail to see the perfection of this ceremonial of Jehovah's ordering? It speaks in the most precise manner of Christ's sacrificial work, which was accomplished once and for all on the great Day of Atonement, when He offered Himself without spot to God, when His blood effected and completed the atoning work. Then was He alone, and none was with Him. The Christ of God, by His blood, magnified God in His infinite holiness as to our sins. And having done this work He left, as it were, the linen garments where none may touch them more. Speaking figuratively, none but He could wear them, and having done the work, none shall remove them from the presence of God.

On the cross Christ appeared for our sins; in heaven He appears for us, for whose sins He has made atonement.

The atonement being accomplished, henceforth our High Priest appears in the presence of God for us, crowned with glory and honor. Our Aaron goes into the Holiest of All in the garments of glory and beauty, and with our names upon His shoulders and His heart—a memorial to us, a memorial to God.

Ceremonial in religion is of the utmost importance. If divinely ordered, it speaks for the honor of Christ; if merely humanly ordered, it usually detracts from Christ's honor. By studying the ceremonial under the law, and reading the New Testament, we are taught its hidden significance, and see how excellent it is, and how important is the whole of it, whether the subject in hand be a mitre, or a blue or a white garment.

To the Christian, the ceremonial under the law that teaches of sacrifice and priesthood is, perhaps, more deeply significant and important than it was to the Jews of old. We are not to suppose they understood how these things all pointed to Christ, but let anyone ask a godly Jew whether one of

their high priests dared enter the Holiest of All other than in white linen garments, and he will see at what high value such ceremonial observance was held. May we, who are Christians, value the substance at least as highly as the Jew values the memory of the shadow.

A sacrificing order of priests within the Holiest of All—and there, and there alone, is God to be sought and found—have no garments of sacrifice wherewith to clothe them. The high priest left the white robes in the court of the Tabernacle. In the days of old, these garments were worn once a year in view of the necessity of the great Day of Atonement, and could not be used after the atonement was made. "Christ has entered in once into the holy place, having obtained eternal redemption." (Heb. 9:12.) Who, then, is bold enough, in the daring of unbelief, to assume the office of sacrificing priest? And who is so untrue to Christ as to deny Him the glory and honor of His sacrifice and its effects towards God and man?

As ceremonial grows in our land, let none be so dull as to say it means nothing. We could not accuse Romanists or Ritualists of mere folly in their solemn acts of religion!

Their ceremonial means a very great deal, and its whole tendency, as it surrounds the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, is to deny that Christ has made atonement once for all by His own blood; and that now He Himself, and none other, bears up upon His heart before the Lord God the names of all God's people, who are His, and His forever.

## Why Little Daisy Loved Jesus

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DAISY K. is only a little girl of seven years old—such a happy, rosy-cheeked child, and she loves fun as much as any little girl I know. One evening as we were coming home from our children's service, and she was skipping along at my side, I asked her, "Does my little friend Daisy love Jesus?"

"Oh, yes," she said, "I do."

"But why do you love Him?" I asked. She looked up in my face as if quite surprised I should ask such a question, and then, with a bright, happy smile on her face, and in a tone full of glad certainty, she said, "Why do I love Jesus? Because He loved me so much before I loved Him, and He died for me."

What a sweet answer Happy little Daisy! She knows the meaning of that beautiful text, "We love Him because He first loved us." (1 John 4:19.) He loved us "while we were yet sinners" (Rom. 5:8), and made us nigh by His own blood. (Eph. 2:13.)

Dear child, have you ever thought that it was to give you life eternal that Christ died; it was to give you the light of life that He endured those hours of intense darkness; it was that you might have joy unspeakable that He went through such sorrow? Have you ever begun to search out the love of God the Father in giving His Son, and the love—the strong, deep love of Jesus—in coming to die for you and me? If you have not, do begin at once, for, if you feel weary, it will give rest—lonely, it will give comfort as nothing in this world ever can. Is your heart growing cold, little Christian? There is nothing can set our hearts on fire like His love. Do you feel discouraged over your work—cast down by the little troubles of daily life? There is no power that can send us forward, and encourage even the most timid soldier, like the thought of His love—the remembrance of His goodness in the past. Oh, may this love of Christ so penetrate into every corner of your heart that you may be able truthfully to say, like dear little Daisy: "Yes, I do love Him"!

R. H.

Judson

ALTHOUGH Judson and his wife reached their home in safety, it was to find it desolated. Shortly after, Mrs. Judson died, doubtless worn out by her incessant sufferings and anxieties, and six months after her death, their little girl died also.

The heroic missionary was left lonely and bereaved amongst the heathen. A few of the native converts had gathered around him, and he labored incessantly, translating, writing, and preaching, but his heart was sad and his spirit was most deeply depressed.

But while the missionary's spirit was overwhelmed, and while he was passing through spiritual experiences of a very painful description, God was greatly using His servant. "Priests and people from the remotest regions are alike eager to get our writings," he writes. "I should have given away

double the number if I could have obtained sufficient supplies." He then refers to the great difficulty experienced by his fellow-worker, who was not thoroughly familiar with the language, in printing the Burmese tracts, and adds these strong words on the indifference of the Christians at home to the labors and straits of the missionaries, and to the vast opening for serving the Lord and souls: "We have not been well supported from home. It is most distressing to find, when we are almost worn out, and are sinking one after another into the grave, that many of our brethren in Christ at home are just as hard and immovable as rocks . . . ."

Soon after writing thus, sickness again invaded the mission station, and once more Judson was single-handed in his work. "I am left," he says, "as it were alone; there being not another foreigner in all the country that can preach the gospel to the perishing millions."

But the love of God and love for souls had become implanted by the Holy Spirit in the hearts of several Burmese, and they carried the good news, as well as the written testimony concerning the living God, over the country. And greatly by their means the remarkable work of God among the Karens took place.

A Christian Burman redeemed a Karen slave whom he found in Rangoon, and through the instrumentality of the missionaries this man became a believer in God and the Lord Jesus Christ.

The Karens inhabit the Burmese mountains, and are a race of whose origin little is known. Being much persecuted by the Burmans they live scattered in small groups on the mountain sides; they were in Judson's time a wild, strange race, far sunk in ignorance and destitution. Yet they proved to be affectionate and truthful. In one striking manner the Karens differed from their Burman masters, they did not worship images; indeed it could hardly be said they had any religion at all, beyond making offerings to demons, who are supposed by them to control sicknesses. However, in their old songs and legends, wherein lay their traditions, handed down from generation to generation, there existed the idea of the One God, invisible and supreme, and also the hope that someday from across the sea, white men would come who should teach the Karens the worship of God. Their legends were evidently derived from the truth, for one of them contains a story of the creation and the fall of man, But whence their legends came no one seems able to discover.

Judson himself did not labor much amongst these interesting people, but it was a great joy for him when he was able to do so.

The Karens received the truth with joy. And in a most remarkable manner the gospel spread among them. In the space of some thirty years Christian schools and Christian villages sprang up among them. Their language was reduced to writing, and the Bible was translated into their tongue. And these poor and despised people became bright examples of Christianity.

On one of his journeys, Judson thus describes the work amongst the Karens. He arrived at a village and "visited the little church, chiefly to receive the confession of two female members, who have been implicated in making some offering to the demon who rules over diseases—the easily besetting sin of the Karens. Spent the rest of the day in preaching to the villagers and visitors from different parts. Had a profoundly attentive assembly.

"Again took the main river. Met a boat full of men coming down the stream. On hailing to know whether they wished to hear the gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ, an elderly man, the chief of the

party, replied that he had already heard much of the gospel, and there was nothing he desired more than to have a meeting with the teacher." They went ashore, and after some hours of conversation, "the old man went on his way, rejoicing aloud, and declaring his resolution to make known the eternal God and the dying love of Jesus all along the banks of the Yoon-zalen, his native stream."

Judson's heart rejoiced over these people.

"I feel in my very soul," said he, "the dying words of an aged man of God, when he waved his withered, death-struck arm, and exclaimed,

'The best of all is, God is with us.' Yes, the great Invisible is in these Karen wilds. That mighty Being who heaped up these craggy rocks and reared these stupendous mountains, He is present by His Holy Spirit, and accompanies the sound of the gospel with converting sanctifying power. The best of all, God is with us."

There were some twenty thousand Karens received into church membership upon their confession of faith, and upon their walk being accepted as satisfactory during a period of twenty-five years.

The arduous, self-sacrificing life of Judson came to a close when he was sixty-two years of age. He was worn out with work and sickness, and it was hoped that a voyage might tend to rally him. But he died on the voyage, and was buried at sea.

Some of his words during the last year of his life, when he was slowly dying, have been preserved, and it will be well to ponder over them. We cannot all be missionaries, but we may all be earnest Christians. We cannot all labor as earnest missionaries for Christ, but we may all help those who do. The secret of all true energy for Christ is the love of Christ constraining us, and this love of Christ did most energetically move the life of Judson. He was known when studying the subject for his preaching to be, at times, so over-whelmed with its vastness as to weep over God's love, and even to be obliged to turn from the subject he had chosen and to select another, the marvels of which less overcame him ! Such preaching, we may be sure, would be full of power!

He was most earnest in prayer, and looked on in faith to the conversion of children's children, and to the meeting of all the family in heaven. He desired that his Christian brethren should be more truly upon his heart as the beloved of it. He did not regard it as sufficient that they should be generally remembered before God, but individually, and in view of Christ's love to them, and of eternity. "As I have loved you, so ought ye also to love one another," was a precept continually in his mind, and he would often murmur, as though unconsciously, "As I have loved you—as I have loved you," and then burst out with the exclamation, "Oh, the love of Christ, the love of Christ."

One day during his prostration he looked up from his pillow, with sudden animation, and exclaimed, "I have gained the victory at last. I love every one of Christ's redeemed, as I believe He would have me love them. Gladly would I prefer the meanest of His creatures, who bears His name, before myself. And now here I lie at peace with all the world, and, what is better still, at peace with my own conscience."

When his severe bodily sufferings prevented him from conversing, he would look up with a smile, and whisper, "Oh, the love of Christ—the love of Christ."

His favorite theme during the last months of his life was the love of Christ.

Thus filled with Christ, passed away one of the most earnest and most energetic missionaries to the heathen of modern times.

## A Bible Picture

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HERE is a Bible picture of the gospel story, which no one can fail to understand. May he who reads run, and flee to Jesus for life and healing; nay, if he cannot flee, may he look—" Look unto Me and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth."

On Israel's way to Canaan, Israel-like, the people murmured against God. "And the Lord sent fiery serpents among the people, and they bit the people; and much people of Israel died" (Num. 21:6). But Israel felt their sin: "We have sinned, for we have spoken against the Lord, and against thee," said they to Moses. In answer to the prayer of Moses, the Lord said to him, " Make thee a fiery serpent, and set it upon a pole: and it shall come to pass that every one that is bitten, when he looketh upon it, shall live " (ver. 8). And who of us is not bitten? Nay, who has not spoken against the Lord, and is not under the sentence due to sin-death? There is not one reader of this page who has not sinned, not one who is exempt from the consequences of sin, and the judgment of God against him is death.

Look upon our picture. Moses points us to the serpent of brass which he has set upon a pole. "Look and live, look and live," he seems to be crying, and his open hand invites all to life so freely offered.

"Look and live," those upon the mound, bearing the stricken man close up to the serpent of brass seem to be saying. They point to it, and they plead not to God for mercy, for mercy is brought to them by God, but to the sin-stricken sufferer to look and live. And behind them comes a mother with her child in her arms, and she is saying to her dying child, "Look and live."

Look to Jesus, look and live. For "as Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of man be lifted up, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have eternal life " (John 3:14, 15).

See, arranged at the foot of the mound, a group of people. Some stretch their willing hands towards the brazen serpent; but observe more carefully, there are three fiery serpents near them. But in vain do they seek to strike those who look. This is good and true. The old serpent, the devil, shall never, no never, wound to death anyone who looks to Jesus. Some in this group are more sorely smitten than others, some are young, some old, but whoever we are, whatever we are, Jesus will save everyone who looks to Him smitten and dying for sinners, bearing their judgment upon the cross. Come, old, come, young, look and live, look and live!

"And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all unto Me. This He said signifying what death He should die " (John 12:32, 33).

Oh, we know well what He signified, what He meant, when He spoke of being lifted up. The cross, the nails, the shame, the sin-bearing, were all before His gracious heart. And His cross, His wounds, draw us to Himself. Look and live! Look and live!

Observe the group at the right hand side of the picture. One fights the serpent and looks not at the serpent of brass ; one weeps, and prays, and hides her face with her hands, and looks not at the serpent of brass ; but one lifts both hands and both eyes thereto, and already life has entered her whole being ; she seems to be crying aloud, " Hallelujah! Praise the Lord."

Ah! how many are now fighting their sins, and fighting in vain. It is of no use. You will never win the day—you will perish. And how many are praying, and lamenting, and breaking their hearts over sin's bitter memories. You will never be saved by prayers or tears: you will perish thus. Look and live, and the serpent shall fall off from you. You shall be more than conquerors through Jesus, who loved us.

The left hand side of the picture is dark and sad. Fear has filled those two. See the two serpents hastening towards them! Their backs are towards the serpent of brass. They are in the darkness of their own shadows. They will perish. There is no hope for one in Israel, save in the serpent of brass. Death and dismay are their portion who turn their back to the divine remedy. Alas, how many are there in our day and to our knowledge who, though they hear the words "Look and live," turn their backs upon the cross of Christ, and thus give themselves over to the power of sin and the serpent.

A little more and the serpent will triumph, as is the case with those two, who, in the picture, lie dead with the serpent upon them!

The figure in the foreground is full of praise. The old man and his child have looked. "And it came to pass that if a serpent had bitten any man, when he beheld the serpent of brass, he lived."

"Any man"! Gracious breadth of mercy. "Any man"—words of individual cheer addressed to us by Jesus Himself. "If any man enter in, he shall be saved." (John 10:9.) "If any man thirst, let him come unto Me, and drink." (John 7:37.)

Look and live-look and live.

#### Sketches of the Early Days of Christianity

SUCH of our readers as have followed us in these brief sketches are fully prepared to allow that the Church offered no compromise to the world, that the world could but hate the Church, and hence the only result towards the Church could be persecution. The Jew, with all his religious zeal, most violently opposed the Christian faith: to the Jew it was a blasphemy against Moses. The Gentile, in whose hands was the government of the world, despised the Christians, and allowed the faith neither position nor tolerance.

In the records of the early life of the Church we are accustomed to consider a specific number of great persecutions as befalling it; but, while this is so, we do well to remember that almost the whole of the early life of the Church was one of persecution. Immediately after Pentecost, the apostles Peter and John were cast into prison and beaten, and very shortly after that great day, an organized effort was made by the Jews to crush Christianity out of the earth, and, almost in every place where the faith was brought, its messengers were met with antagonism.

Many of the epistles bear internal evidence of the persecutions and afflictions of the churches.

The Hebrews, though not resisting unto blood (ch. 12:4) had, nevertheless "endured a great fight of afflictions " (10:32-34) ; the strangers, to whom the apostle Peter wrote, had to suffer a "fiery trial " (1 Peter 4:12); the churches among the Gentiles were sorely wounded ; the Thessalonians, who turned to God from idols, received the word "in much affliction" (1 Thess. 1:6), and bore their "persecutions and tribulations" with exemplary patience and faith (2 Thess. 1:4) ; and in Pergamos Christ's " faithful martyr " ( Rev. 2:13) was slain. To the Corinthians the apostle Paul speaks of the horrors of the amphitheatre, where the well-known cry was heard, " The Christians to the lions " (2 Cor. 1:10) ; to the Philippians he wrote from the prison cell, and in imminent peril of his life (Phil. 1:13-26) ; and by the account of his years of imprisonments and sufferings he appealed to the somewhat worldly Corinthians to think a little less of their attainments than they were wont (2 Cor. 13). The story of the triumphs told in the Acts, abounds with incidents of persecution in either its most bitter or in its less severe forms.

However, it was not until Christianity had spread over a very large area of the world, and very many were of the faith, that the Gentile power made organized efforts to do what the Jews had attempted—to extirpate the followers of Christ from off the earth. But persecution does not destroy true Christianity, it aids its growth. It is a great work of weeding in the Church, and tends to strengthen those plants which our heavenly Father has planted.

So early as the year A.D. 64 a great persecution broke out in Rome against the Church, but due to the unexampled cruelty of the Emperor rather than to popular feeling against Christians.

Nero, whose name is a by-word for all that is base and horrible in man, was Emperor of great Rome at the time of which we speak. Never should it be forgotten that no uncivilized hordes of debased savages gloating in human suffering and misery is before us, but an exalted and mighty nation that prided itself upon its honor. Some of its philosophers, whose words we quoted in our last chapter, were then in their prime; arms, arts, and luxury, were in their glory ; and the senate and the laws held their authority; indeed, leaving out the name of God, all that makes a nation great was then in Rome in full energy.

Yet the head of that nation was a model of iniquity, and the nation not only accepted his evil deeds, but the senate, philosophers, and people partook of them; indeed, in the persecution of the Christians, Rome was as vile as its Emperor.

In the year 64 Rome was ravaged by a huge fire, which laid by far the greater part of the imperial city in ashes. From some cause or other Nero, whose cruelties were familiar to the people, was popularly supposed to have had a hand in this destruction. A victim was needed to appease not only the gods, but the feeling of the people, and the Christians in Rome were fixed upon. The burning of the city was attributed to them, or, at least, they not being of the religion of the gods, nor being partakers in the sins of Rome, were selected as the objects for popular fury to expend itself upon, and also for an expiation to appease the popular deities.

In a short time the prisons began to be filled with Christians, who, though not convicted of the crime under the charge for which they were imprisoned, could be condemned to death for being haters of the human race. So says Tacitus.

Then followed the death of the victims, and the more cruel their death was, the greater was their guilt supposed to be.

Rome, familiar with murders and gladiatorial shows, began to witness scenes of death more horrible than had previously been seen, every kind of ingenuity being called forth to torture the Christian devoted to destruction. Some were crucified in mockery of their once crucified Lord; others, half slain on the cross, were next thrown to the wild beast; some were sewn up in skins of wild animals and then cast to devouring dogs; others robed in scarlet were supposed to be undergoing the torments of the dead, and, after being tormented with nameless insults, were slain. Maidens were tied naked to posts to be torn and devoured by lions, and others were lashed to the horns of wild cattle to be so destroyed. Upon these horrors the Emperor, his Court, and Roman matrons gazed, and, day after day, he sat lolling upon his purple cushions, untired with his hellish pleasure.

But the victims were numerous. Their constancy was unchanged. They were more than conquerors. What was to be done? Some new torture was required. Then the thought of a fresh doom entered Nero's imperial mind. He had a lovely garden, rich in trees and fountains, and adorned with statues to the gods of Rome.

Here on one night would he invite all Rome to a spectacle never before witnessed. His garden should be illuminated, the illuminations should emit sounds, and the delighted eyes of the people should behold such a scene as had never been beheld, even in the amphitheatre.

All along the broad paths of the gardens at intervals he had great stakes driven into the ground. The Christians were brought from the prisons, robed in garments saturated with pitch, and were bound to the stakes, and lest the living torch should fall into the fire at its feet, a smaller stake was designed having an iron point, so fixed, that the victim's chin should fall upon it when the suffering body failed. As the dark of the evening fell, hundreds and hundreds of these torches adorned his gardens, and Rome poured in to see the sight. Nero drove round about the walks in his chariot garbed as a charioteer, applauded and adulated by the people, joking with the commonest as they looked into the faces of the martyrs and watched their agonies. To this sight parents took their children, and told them that these were the criminals who hated the whole of the human race.

We have enlarged a little on these terrible details, and with this object. Cruelty, such as this, is of the devil, and whether the persecutor be Pagan Rome or Popish Rome there is no difference. Certainly Popish Rome has copied, if it has not outdone, Pagan Rome in cruelty.

It was about this time that the Church lost by martyrdom the apostles Paul and Peter. The spokesmen of the Word of God to them were no more, John alone, and banished, remained, but the Church grew and flourished, though in Rome its chief home was the catacombs.

Other persecutions, besides this in Rome, at this time fell upon the Church of God, which had made conquests for Christ over a very wide area of the earth. But the persecutions by no means stayed the work of God. How could they do so? His hand is stronger than that of the devil. For one martyr slain for Christ many other confessors were raised up by Him to continue His work.

## The Bible in Many Lands

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### ALBANIA.

OUR colporteur started on March 4th for a tour in South Albania. He proceeded first to Philiates, where he sold forty copies, and had daily conversation with the people in the streets and the shops. After visiting four villages in the neighborhood and selling a few copies, he proceeded to Paramythia, where he stayed several days, was kindly received, sold fifty copies, and found a pleasing spirit of inquiry.

He had daily talks with the people, and found much interest to ascertain what the Scriptures really taught, whilst all acknowledged the urgent need for the preaching of the gospel as the only remedy, under the teachings of the Divine Spirit, for mankind.

The people are thirsting for the Word of God, and there is none to preach it to them.

In one town the bishop endeavored, but happily in vain, to induce the governor to drive the colporteur away, but attained his object more effectually by sending out everywhere an encyclical, warning the people against speaking to him or buying the Scriptures. In Leskovik, a large Albanian village, he found a great desire to hear the gospel, and stayed ten days, reading one evening and conversing upon Matt. 13 in a cafe, to the great joy of the people. Premet, which he next visited, he describes as superior to most other towns for intelligence and moral earnestness, for the people received him kindly and invited him daily to their shops for information as to how a sinner could be saved. He sold there forty copies, and left with joy for a cluster of six villages named Zagoreion, hitherto unvisited by any colporteur. In the first, Se■peri, he found the teacher a most excellent man, loving Christ and His work, and longing for the coming of the kingdom of God with power. He sold there thirty copies. In the next village he was barbarously treated, mocked, spit upon, and could not even get bread. He endured this for two days, and proceeded to Topovon, where he found the teacher friendly, and sold eight copies. In the next village he was treated worse than ever, and was struck, and thrice refused bread, till a stranger kindly relieved his wants. In the next village he met with cold indifference and neglect, while in the sixth and last he met still greater difficulties, the people meeting together one day to beat him and drive him away with disgrace. He quieted them, however, a good deal by reading to them Matt. 5 in Albanian, in consequence of which the priest bought an Albanian New Testament.—The Bible Society Reporter.

### BEAS.

BEAS, the latest child of the Medical Mission, is in some ways the most interesting. Here there is neither town nor village, but a railway station, the centre for a densely populated district.

The field is a most interesting one. The villages are not only those of Sikhs, but of the flower of the Sikh people. The friendliness of the people is something wonderful; they welcome the preacher as a dear friend, listen with intelligent interest to his message, and treat him with considerate

kindness because of the hospital which has brought "life even into this wilderness," as they say.

A curious feature of the work here is that while the low caste people will, in matters religious, as a rule, have nothing to say to us, though friendly in the extreme, the landowners, farmers, and people of the higher classes welcome us and gladly receive our message. "Stop!" said a stalwart Sikh in a village one day, as the preacher began, "we have that book of Christ's, but we do not understand it, do not preach but read it with us." They ran to their houses, and returned with several New Testaments, and the preaching in that heathen village resolved itself into a Bible-reading.

In another village, after some very happy preaching, a fine Sikh said, "Look here, brothers, we must know about these things; there is a lad here who can read. We will get this book of Christ, and in the evenings he shall read to us, when the day's work is done."

Short as has been the time this branch has been at work, Beas has already given its first fruits to the harvest of the Lord. A "holy man " has been baptized with his wife and family, five souls in all. We found him outside his village, sitting, as "holy men" sometimes do, in ashes—greatly respected. He had dived into Pantheistic philosophy, and believed himself to be God. He was almost naked, he had not washed, it seemed, for ten years—a proof of his extreme sanctity. The poor weary heart had, nevertheless, never found rest. After some talks, the "holy man "became a disciple.

We washed him; after repeated scrubblings we reached the real man through the accretions of years —no bad type this of what was going on in the inner man—the darkness of Pantheism melted away, in due time he saw himself as a sinner, and he accepted as his Lord and God Him who came to save the lost. He and his are now happy in the light. Beas stands by the river, on the highway to the South.— The Church Missionary Gleaner.

#### ON THE BANKS OF THE RIVER HO-NAN.

ONE old woman who must have been quite seventy years of age followed us all day long from one little group to another, and listened most attentively. In the afternoon the meaning of what was said seemed to dawn upon her, and she interrupted us and leaned forward and said, "But do you say that it is for me—that this wonderful SAVIOUR can forgive my sins? am an old woman of seventy, and I never heard about it before. Is it really for me?"

I shall never forget watching that old woman's face. She stood a little apart from the rest of the crowd who were saying good-bye to us with effusive kindness. I heard her say a little prayer that we had been teaching them that day—a few words, just a little sentence. She repeated it many times while I listened before I had to go away. "JESUS SAVIOUR, dear JESUS, I pray Thee to forgive my sins, and take me to heaven."—China's Millions.

## The Prodigal's Return

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MRS. WILKINSON and her son Charles lived in a small cottage in a charming Lancashire village. The great city roared only a few miles away, but in the village of N— a Sabbath calm perpetually reigned. Mrs. Wilkinson was a widow, thirty years of age, at the opening of our narrative, her husband having been dead a little over two years. Charles was a bright, active, willful little fellow.

As years passed on, willfulness and disobedience became the marked characteristics of his life. His conduct was a source of great anxiety to his mother. Hour after hour she spent upon her knees, anxiously, tearfully, praying to the Giver of all good for strength and guidance.

Daily she watched the developments of her child's character. With all a mother's weakness she admired, perhaps unduly, the good traits that were intermingled with the bad ones. She sought by every possible means to strengthen his moral purpose, so that he might be able to resist the many temptations which had already proved such a snare, and which, she apprehended, might, in after years, make his life a total wreck. She loved him, oh, so passionately. He was the one visible link which bound her to the happy years of union with one who had passed to his reward. She prayed that Charles might walk worthily and uprightly in the paths of peace and righteousness which his father had trod. Into the hands of God she committed him.

But despite his mother's prayers and loving watchfulness, Charles simply added sin to sin. His education was neglected because he would not apply himself to study. He refused to labor at manual toil because he had been delicately reared; he declined to attend the Sunday-school and village church because his companions jeered him. It was in vain that his mother pleaded with him to shun the companionship of the scornful. The lad chose a life of defiance to the cherished wishes of his only surviving and loving parent.

His mother bore her trial with patience. She had known many sorrows, but in every thing else the grace of God had been sufficient for her.

One day Charles startled his mother by rushing into the house, and crying: "I am tired of this drudgery, I am going off to sea."

Mrs. Wilkinson fell upon his neck, and wept over him, and prayed for him. But the youth's heart remained stubborn. He treated his mother with painful contempt; he declared he did not desire to be preached to; he had made up his mind what to do, and nothing would change him.

Nothing but the direct interposition of God's power could change that heart.

Though he bore the interview with his tearful mother with an apparently bold effrontery, Charles's conscience made him very much disinclined to listen again to her solemn pleadings. Amid the darkness of the night he stole quietly from that small bedroom, and left the home of his childhood. As he noiselessly crept along the staircase he heard a soft, subdued sound proceeding from his mother's bedroom. He felt compelled to listen. "O God, wherever he may go, whatever he may do, keep him close by Thy side; let Thy love and my repeated prayers draw him to Thee."

These were the words, intermingled with sobs, which fell upon his ears. For a moment there was a vital struggle between good and evil. Then he fled from that house.

The next ten years of Charles's life were full of excess and adventure. Then he found himself in a hospital at Alexandria, lying upon a sick bed, where he had time to contemplate his position. The bright dreams of his boyhood had not been realized. The reality was very different from the anticipation. Thoughts of his mother came to his mind. He had not thought very much of her during his years of willful wandering; he had never written a single letter to her.

When the doctors gravely shook their heads he determined to try to reach the home of his boyhood.

In that last voyage home, Charles could not be said to resemble the prodigal son of the Scriptures, since he could not be called repentant in the true sense of the word. The sense of his sin had not yet sunk deep into his heart. A natural, rather than a God-given instinct, made him retrace his steps towards home and mother. He knew his life had resolved itself into a case of a few months, nay, perhaps, only a very few weeks. He trembled at the thought of dying, alone and unknown in a hospital, in a strange land. In distress he turned towards his mother, as almost all men and women do.

The vessel steamed towards Liverpool, and when he had reached the great seaport, he was almost as weak as a child. It was dark when once again he faced the familiar cottage. Ten years, with all their delinquencies, with all their sorrows, culminating in despair, had passed since, amid midnight blackness, he stole away from its humble peaceful shelter, but everything seemed the same. All the old recollections flooded to his memory, as with hesitating steps, he walked through the small garden which led to the cottage door. He did not stop, even for a moment, to wonder whether his mother still resided there. A light burnt in the window, and, as though by mere force of habit, he raised the latch and walked in.

The poorly-furnished apartment was empty. Quietly he sat down in his mother's armchair.

The fire was almost extinguished, and the clock on the mantelshelf was pointing towards eleven. He knew his mother always retired to bed early.

For a moment he wondered whether to remain where he was through the night, or call her downstairs. He was touched by the sight of the burning lamp, the plate of bread and butter, and glass of milk. This was the supper he always had in the happier years gone by. Then suddenly he fell into a troubled sleep, from which he awoke with a start, crying, "Mother, mother, forgive me, forgive me."

Two or three minutes afterwards he heard a light footstep upon the stairs. He looked. There was his mother, with a large shawl thrown around her.

It was a pathetic meeting. "Charlie, Charlie, I thank God, you have come at last," and, sobbing for joy, she fell into the outstretched arms of her long-lost boy.

The wanderer's heart was softened by the evidence of a mother's undying love. Quietly he stroked her hair—as he had often done years ago. "Nay, nay, mother, don't thank God for my return, for I bring a curse with me."

"My boy, God can turn a curse into a blessing. I will thank Him with all my heart."

Then her eyes looked right into the face of her son. A momentary glance told her the whole truth. Death was written upon those once happy features. A groan escaped her lips—a mother's groan, for the expected loss of one of her treasures. A moment later she reproached herself for her ingratitude, and then fell upon her knees, and poured out her soul in prayer to God.

Oh, what a prayer it was. Great tears ran down the pale wan cheeks of the sailor as the passionate words of gratitude for his return fell from his mother's lips.

There was a long silence, and then the mother said, "Charlie, though I never heard from you, God put it into my heart to expect your return. Every night, for the last ten years, I have left the door on the latch, the lamp burning, and a little supper on the table. God's promises are so far fulfilled. Praise His Holy Name for answering your poor mother's prayers."

For an hour or so these re-united ones sat narrating their strangely different stories. One had walked closely with God; the other had wandered into almost every possible excess, but he had never been able to get away from a mother's prayers, or the influence of God's beneficent love.

The young man eventually went to bed—the small bed he had occupied years ago. Everything convinced him that his mother had everything ready for his return, when her prayers and God's purposes were fulfilled.

He never rose from that bed. The illness had almost reached its full development when he reached home.

A doctor was called in on the following morning. The only comfort he could give was that he might live for a few months. There was no immediate danger, as far as he could determine.

The mother then pleaded with her son to accept the ministrations of the old servant of God, who had for many years acted as a devoted shepherd to his small flock. Charlie stoutly refused to see him, and declared that as he had lived a bad man, as a bad man he must die.

The anxious mother placed the whole matter before God in earnest prayer, and even whilst she prayed God was answering.

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Dr. Johnson was a godly man. His life had been one of praise and devotion. He had completed a hard day's work, and late at night he sat in his study and rested. His thoughts reverted to his many patients, and the young sailor's case came prominently before him. He knew he had lived a wicked life; he knew also that his days for repentance were numbered.

Then it seemed as though God spoke with him. In the silence he thought he heard the words, "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin." He could thank God that that was his own personal experience. He thought a moment: "That is the message God intends me to take to that poor sinner."

The thought took full possession of him. He felt that God was calling him to carry the blessed message of peace to Charles Wilkinson.

It was some distance to the widow's cottage; it was very late; it was also snowing hard, and the thought entered the doctor's mind, "The case is not urgent—the young man will probably live a month yet," and he tried once more to rest.

But the text came again to him, and, rising up, in faith and hope, he went out to give it to the prodigal son.

When he reached the cottage he found the mother watching by the bedside of her boy, who was no worse.

Presently she left the sick room, and as soon as they were alone the doctor said, "God has sent me to you with a message, Charles Wilkinson."

The sufferer made no reply.

"I felt compelled to bring God's message to you tonight. I could not rest."

Still no reply. He lay in silence.

"The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin.' That is the message."

The Christian doctor had delivered his message. He left it and the invalid in the hands of God.

When Mrs. Wilkinson went into the bedroom soon afterwards she found her son with his head on his hand, evidently thinking.

"The doctor ought to have been a parson, mother," he said, after a long pause.

"He is a minister, for he does God's service. What did he say, my boy?"

"He told me he had brought a message from God to me."

"What was his message?"

"He told me that the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin. Is it true, mother?"

"It is true, my boy, graciously true. Repeat the message after me."

With faltering accents, intermingled with many a sob, Charles repeated, "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin."

"Oh, thank God! thank God, there is pardon for my sins. The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth me

He could not get any further. A violent attack intervened.

Let us hope that the mother's prayers were heard, and that Charles Wilkinson, wayward, willful, wicked, was cleansed from all his sins by Christ's precious blood.

J. J. L.

## "He That Believeth 'Hath' Everlasting Life."

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FROM early childhood I was taught by Christian parents to say my prayers night and morning, but I knew nothing savingly of Jesus, and only looked upon prayer as a duty to God.

When eight years of age my dear father died, leaving my mother without a home. My beloved mother had to leave me to work for her living, and I was sent to my sister's, where I found a very different home from the one I had just quitted. My friends were worldly, and I soon began to follow in their footsteps.

At times, in the secret of my heart, I longed to be good, as I saw Christian people so happy, and I could not find true happiness, whatever way I tried. My mother grieved very much because I seemed so indifferent about the welfare of my soul, and many were the prayers she offered up on my behalf. I sincerely thank God that in His own good time He has seen fit to answer those prayers.

It happened that I became greatly attached to a young girl of about my own age, who often spoke to me and explained things from the Bible, and thus the instruction of early training was graciously revived in my heart. However, I could not see what a simple thing is salvation. I thought I must do much good, and make myself very different before God would pardon me. I could not see the meaning of the words of the Lord Jesus, upon the cross, "It is finished " (John 19:30), nor understand that He had done all the work His Father gave Him to do, and that therefore there was nothing for me to do, but to accept with humility and thanksgiving, the salvation of God.

One day, when conversing with my friend, she asked me if I believed God's word. I replied "Yes." She then quoted this beautiful text, "He that believeth on Me hath everlasting life" (John 6:47), and as she took my hand in hers, she pleaded earnestly, telling me I belonged either to the saved or the lost.

Much more she added, earnestly and lovingly pressing Christ upon me.

During that conversation the Holy Spirit revealed the truth so plainly to me that I said, "Thank God, I am saved through the blood of Jesus. Nothing now shall daunt rue. I will go forth rejoicing to serve God, determined to live only for Him. I know that He will give me grace sufficient for each day."

I trust these few words, by the blessing of God, may help someone who is seeking the Lord Jesus, and who cannot see the way quite plainly. Trust in Him and He will never send you away, for He has said, "Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out." (John 6:37.)

A. M. M.

## From Darkness to Light

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WILL you decide for Christ tonight?" asked a Christian friend, as we were returning home together one evening after a stirring gospel address. "I will think about it," I said. He urged an immediate decision, saying, "Now is the accepted time; now is the day of salvation," reminding me that tomorrow might be too late.

"Not yet," I thought; "I am too young; it would mean giving up my pleasure, and going about with a long face"; so, giving him an evasive answer, we parted.

That night, when retiring to rest, I thought over the truths I had heard, and I thought, too, of the change that had come in my parents' lives since they had been converted. But I made up my mind that I would wait until older. The devil was rocking me in his cradle of "by and by."

My friends wished me to continue attending religious services, but I sat them out merely as a duty, and became completely gospel hardened. Thank God in His long-suffering love, He said not to me during this time of sin,

"This night thy soul shall be required of thee," or I should have been banished from His presence for ever.

For three years I remained in the awful condition I have described; but one Lord's Day evening, when I went as usual to the service, I felt as soon as the preacher began his address, that God was speaking to me.

The subject was the parable of the Sower, and we were implored not so to hear as to let the devil catch away the good seed. I listened with rapt attention, and resolved to come to Christ when I reached home. Then an awful thought came over me; what if I were to die suddenly on my way home, as others had done after leaving meetings like these. I felt I dared not leave without knowing Christ as my Savior, and yet I felt unable to trust in Him.

What was I to do? I saw myself on the brink of hell, my many sins flashing before my mind, and I thought of the times the Holy Spirit had striven with me, and how often I had resisted Him. I thought I was lost, lost for eternity! What could I do? I had rejected Christ once too often, I thought; while the words "Too late! too late! kept ringing in my ears. I could almost fancy myself in hell. "Don't you trouble, if you are to be saved, you will be," whispered Satan. But I heeded not what he said, and prayed earnestly that Christ would reveal Himself to me.

And what did I receive from the Savior I had so often despised? Rejection? Was I turned empty away? No, oh no. Jesus, who says, "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest," gave me rest. A flood of heavenly light poured into my dark soul. I saw Christ dying upon Calvary for me, and I could say in the language of the hymn—

"'Tis done the great transaction's done!

I am 'my Lord's, and He is mine:

He drew me, and I followed on,  
Glad to confess the voice divine."

And since then goodness and mercy have followed me every step of the way.

And you, dear reader, if you have not yet turned to Christ, do so now. "Now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation." Do not reject Him any longer. Do not trifle with your precious soul, do not sell it for a few fleeting pleasures of this world.

A. G.

## To Our Correspondents

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We tender hearty thanks to our correspondents for their papers which have appeared in our present volume, and also for those reserved for the coming year. We believe we have communicated with each of our correspondents privately; if we have not so thanked any we much regret the omission.

May we earnestly ask for continued help in the view of an opening year. We especially desire simple and pointed stories of conversion to God, or of His grace and providence, both among the old and the young. It is a very great assistance to the Editor when the papers are sent early in the year.

Next year we begin a new life, for we have reached our twenty-first year! We hope to start anew with fresh energy, and though we purpose making some changes in our Magazine, we shall, generally speaking, retain our old lines.

## The Grace of God

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THE greatest blessings that God has revealed to be the portion of His people are all the outcome of His grace, and are the common possession of the weakest saint as well as the mightiest apostle. Rewards will be given in glory according to our works, but grace bestows the greatest gifts.

Christ, Our Sacrifice and Priest: 10. the Order of Our High Priest's Priesthood and the Making of Priests

IF our Lord were on earth He should not be a priest (Heb. 8:4) He is a priest in heaven. His is a heavenly, not an earthly, priesthood. An earthly priesthood reckons a genealogy; its priests derive their position from their predecessors, whether by birth or otherwise. As priest, our Lord has no genealogy, neither is He a priest by virtue of succession. Our Lord is not, by His incarnation, of the priestly, but of the royal line; not of the tribe of Levi, but of Judah.

The order of our Lord's priesthood is peculiar to itself, and was in type foreshadowed before a successional order of priests was established by God on the earth. Before Israel was, before Levi was born, before God chose the family of Aaron out of the tribe of Levi for His priests, He appointed, in Melchisedec, the type of the order of the priesthood of His Son. Thus is the order of Melchisedec's priesthood, described by the inspired writer, "without father, without mother, without descent, having neither beginning of days, nor end of life" (ch. 7:3).

Aaron was the head of the line of the high priests of Israel, and from him they traced their honor. Their order flowed from its fountain head—Aaron, so constituted by the call of God (ch. 5:4). No one could be high priest unless he was the rightful successor of God's first high priest. God jealously protected the line. He allowed no intruders, and this the early doom of the rebels against His authority proved. Korah and his company arose to usurp to themselves the office of the priesthood; "They gathered themselves together against Moses and against Aaron, and said unto them, ye take too much upon you, seeing all the congregation are holy, every one of them, and the Lord is among them: wherefore then lift ye up yourselves above the congregation of the Lord?" (Num. 16:3.) But Korah and his company were not of the chosen family, this Moses told them, adding, "Seek ye the priesthood also?" (ver. 10). The judgment of God fell upon these rebels against God's decree, and against His high priest, they "went down alive into the pit, and the earth closed upon them; "and the fire from the Lord consumed the two hundred and fifty men that offered incense.

Korah's gainsaying is the climax of the threefold iniquity, which Jude tells us characterizes the presumption and the apostasy of the latter days. "Woe unto them I for they have gone in the way of Cain [who rejected the blood of atonement], and ran greedily after the error of Balaam for reward [who prophesied falsely for his own advantage], and perished in the gainsaying of Core" (ver. 11). A most solemn warning, and a most terrible example concerning the presumption and the doom of men who assume to be priests, but who are only priests by their own election, and are

not made priests by God.

The order of the priesthood of Melchisedec is totally different from that of Aaron. Melchisedec had neither predecessor nor successor—his order vested in himself. Christ, as High Priest in His order, has neither predecessor nor successor. Priestly predecessor, He evidently had none, for He was not of the priestly line; successor He can never have, for risen from the dead, He abides in heaven a Priest continually. "He continueth ever," He "hath an unchangeable priesthood" (Heb. 7:24).

How entirely different this is from His kingly glory, is apparent. His kingly genealogy is detailed in the royal gospel by God the Spirit (Matt. 1:1-17); "He was born King of the Jews" (Matt. 2:2); He witnessed a good confession before the Roman, under whom Israel was tributary, and declared He was "the King of the Jews" (Matt. 27:11); and on His cross His accusation, "This is Jesus, the King of the Jews," was written, in the great languages of the then earth, in Hebrew, Greek, and Latin, for the wide world to read.

All nations shall be brought to His discipleship (Matt. 28:18, 19); the prophecies shall be fulfilled; Jehovah will yet set His King on His holy hill of Zion. (Psa. 2:6); the earth shall render glory to its King, "The zeal of the Lord of hosts will perform this." (Isa. 9:7.)

But earth's genealogies concern not heavenly glories—in heaven it is God has greeted His Son as Priest for ever after the order of Melchisedec. (Heb. 5:10.)

The Lord, the order of whose priesthood is peculiar to Himself—it being neither successional nor transmissible, but heavenly and everlasting—ministers in heaven in various ways after the types of the Aaronic priesthood; but in order to the fulfillment of these types and shadows such ministry cannot be exercised on earth. Earth is not its suited place. He appears in the presence of God for us.

For example, Aaron and his successors could not minister according to the office appointed by God unless the veil were in existence. No veil, signified that the Holy of Holies was not divided from the holy place. If no veil, then either God dwelt no longer in the darkness between the Cherubim upon the mercy-seat, or He had made the Holy of Holies one with the Holy by His presence. In either case the service of the high priest and the priests of Israel would be impossible.

God rent the veil of the temple from heaven to earth at the time of the death of Jesus, and destroyed by so doing, the office of the high priest of Israel, and the significance of the worship of the temple; but God has opened heaven for us, and He bids us now draw near into the holiest of all, by the blood of Jesus and through the veil of His flesh (ch. 10:19, 20). No veil exists now between God and men. God is Light—He has revealed from heaven His wrath against all ungodliness (Rom. 1:18); God is Light—"If we say that we have fellowship with Him, and walk in darkness, we lie, and do not the truth." (1 John 1:6.)

Let the true Christian, the partaker of the heavenly calling, consider the Apostle and High Priest of his Christian profession—Jesus.

He has put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself.

He lives to die no more.

He is in heaven, in the presence of God for us.

He alone is our High Priest.

He ever lives to make intercession for us.

He is our Advocate, our Comforter with the Father.

#### THE MAKING OF PRIESTS.

The priests of Israel were such by succession. No man was able to make another a priest. Priests were priests by birth; they derived their honor from their parentage. God selected the tribe of Levi for the office of priesthood and the teaching of the law, and none but Levites were able to fulfill the priests' office. God chose the tribe of Judah and the house of Jesse for the royal dignity, and none but a son of David could be king. God called whom He would, from what tribe He pleased, for the prophet's work. It is evident a prophet was not, and could not be, a prophet by succession, but whether prophet, priest, or king, men were such by the work and plan of God.

God has His own way in our Christian day for the making of priests, and no man can make another a priest to God, or a priest of God. God has only one way of making priests in our day, and there is no conception in the Scriptures of anything of the kind approaching to a Christian making anyone a priest. Only One makes priests to God, and that One is our Great High Priest—Jesus.

Jesus first washes sinners from their sins in His own blood, and then makes such as He has thus washed, kings and priests to God His Father. "Unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and His Father, to Him be glory and dominion for ever and ever. Amen." (Rev. 1:5, 6.) This high honor is common to all true Christians. It follows the grace which cleanses. It is impossible for a man who is a Christian not to be a priest to God; it is impossible for a man to be a priest to God unless he is washed from his sins by the Lord Jesus Christ, who thus washes in His own blood.

God's priests are "an holy priesthood" and "a royal priesthood"; they are chosen to fulfill a gracious service—"to offer up spiritual sacrifices acceptable to God by Jesus Christ," and to show forth His praises who "called them out of darkness into His marvellous light" (1 Peter 2:5-9). Unlike the earthly priests of Jehovah they obtain not their honor by natural birthright, but they are born of God; unlike the earthly priests of Jehovah they are not so by being of the family of Aaron, but they are made priests by God's great High Priest the Lord Jesus Christ.

Men may make their fellow men priests of this or that church on earth, but men cannot make men priests to God. Priests so made are usually designated priests of a church which has a name of earth attached to it. The priests made by Christ are never in scripture termed priests of a church at all, but they are priests to God the Father.

#### KEY TO ENIGMA

1. T. Sisera... Judg. 4:21.
2. Hannah... 1 Sam. 1:27.
3. Erastus... Rom. 16:23,

4. Hermogenes... 2 Tim. 1:15.
5. Abishai... 2 Sam. 2:18.
6. Tarshish... Jer. 10:9.
7. Hagar... Gen. 21:20.
8. Dagon... 1 Sam. 5:3.
9. Og... Deut. 3:11,
10. Nun... Joshua
11. Esther... Esther 9:22.
12. Widow... Mark 12:44.
13. Herodion... Rom. 16
14. Abimelech... Judg. 9:53.
15. Tarsus... Acts 21:39.
16. Serpent... Ex. 4:4.
17. Hanoah... Gen. 46:9.
18. Enoch... Gen. 4:17.
19. Chloe... 1 Cor. 1:11.
20. Ophir... 1 Kings 10
21. Uzzah... 2 Sam. 6:7.
22. Lemuel... Prov. 31:4.
23. Demetrius... Acts 19:24.

"SHE HATH DONE WHAT SHE COULD."

(Mark 14:8.)

## Alfred Saker, and the West African Mission

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THE West African Mission, first at Fernando Po, and afterwards at the Cameroons and Victoria, was really one of the outcomes of the emancipation of the slaves in the British West Indies, and notably in Jamaica. Some of the emancipated in that island had been torn from their homes in Africa, and sold into bondage. When liberated, they felt the very natural desire to return to, or at least to visit, their native land. And as, while slaves in the far off island, they had been brought to Christ, they felt a burning desire to proclaim the gospel to their brethren still in the darkness of heathenism. The project took shape, and found encouragement among the pastors of the native churches and others in Jamaica. Two brethren, worthy of the confidence placed in them, were sent to Africa to explore and prepare the way for a mission there. These brethren, Dr. Prince and Mr. Clarke, reported so favorably that the English society, with which the Jamaica churches were affiliated, resolved to enter upon the work, and they did so, with the assistance of brethren in Jamaica, both white and colored. Fernando Po was the spot fixed upon as the base of operations. Alfred Saker, though not the first missionary at Fernando Po in point of time, lived to become the most prominent, and the most successful.

The old coach road from London to Maidstone passes through the village of Wrotham. A little below Wrotham the road from Sevenoaks unites with it. From the village of Wrotham there runs a cross road, which intersects the one from Sevenoaks at the hamlet of Borough Green, and near the point where the cross road meets the other, there stands a plain and capacious chapel or meeting-house, with which some of Saker's early years stand connected.

Alfred was one of a large family, most of whom died young. He himself was such a weakly infant at his birth, that the old nurse said he was "not worth the rearing." He never attained to the usual vigor and strength of manhood, but he possessed a mind which, though sensitive and gentle, fitted him to do and dare, when many with twice his strength of body would have fainted by the way, or failed to make an effort. His father lived at Ightham, an adjoining village, where he carried on the trade of a millwright and engineer. Alfred's school education began and ended at the National School of Ightham. He was a quick, studious, persevering boy, and at ten years of age he had learned all the master could teach him, and had acquired some knowledge of Euclid besides. He now went to work in his father's shop, spending his small leisure in study, and in the construction of mechanical appliances. His pence went for such things as books, a pair of globes, a telescope, and before he was sixteen he constructed a small steam engine.

He had a fine voice for singing, and was in the choir of the village church, sometimes going over to Wrotham Church, where his future wife's father was the leader in psalmody. Up to this time, however, he was a stranger to the gospel, and probably had never had its loving appeals addressed to him.

The believing people of God can often look back to the workings of Divine Providence on their behalf before they were brought into the bond of the covenant. Who would have thought that when a millwright at Sevenoaks 'applied to the elder Saker to lend him a hand, and Alfred was sent,

what the issue would be for himself, for the Church, and the world? But

“God moves in a mysterious way

His wonders to perform.”

Passing down the High Street, one Sunday evening, Alfred's attention was attracted by singing; it came from the Baptist chapel, which lay back from the road. He entered, and heard words which turned the whole current of his thoughts, the whole course of his life, and, by the power of the Spirit, led him to Jesus, and made him a new creature. The preacher was not the venerable Mr. Shirley, the pastor, but a stranger, whose name Saker never knew, and who never knew what a blessing his preaching of Christ had been made to the young millwright and future missionary.

Alfred now found his way to the meetinghouse at Borough Green; he was baptized on a profession of his faith; became useful in the prayer meeting, in the Sunday-school, at cottage services, and, at length, as a village preacher. All these things and these places have a touching interest for the writer, he having had a personal knowledge of the places and people, and having preached the gospel in several of the places where Alfred Saker exercised his gifts.

On the death of his father, in 1838, Alfred, having passed a successful examination at Woolwich, was appointed to a post in Her Majesty's Dockyard at Devonport. In 1840 he married. This did not abate his desire to consecrate himself for the service of the Lord in Africa. His pastor encouraged him in his aspirations, and in 1843 he was accepted by the Baptist Missionary Society for mission work in Africa.

What preparation had he for so important a vocation? With only a common national school education, and that ending when he was ten years old, with no academic or college training, what fitness could he possess? Why, the very best he could have had. A mere man of books, stiffened with the learning of a university, would have cut a poor figure among the Duallas. His mechanical knowledge, his sound, practical good sense, his readiness to turn his hand to anything, besides the most important work of preaching the gospel as he had tasted, handled, and felt it, and his aptness in teaching the young, and his zeal in the Savior's cause, made him just the man that was wanted for the work he was called to do, and he had the blessing of the Holy Spirit working with him.

The centre of missionary operations in Fernando Po was the town of Clarence, where many of the colored people understood something of English.

The Chilmark reached Clarence by the way of the West Indies, 16th February, 1844. A cordial reception awaited the missionary and his wife. The same evening there was a meeting at the mission-house for thanksgiving and prayer. “It was cheering to our spirit,” writes Saker, “to meet such a company, and hear their simple, touching expressions before God. After a hymn of praise, we united in those sweet lines of Doddridge:—

“Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye,

And view the desolation round;

See what wide realms in darkness lie,

And hurl their idols to the ground.  
"Lord, let the gospel trumpet blow,  
And call the nations from afar;  
Let all the isles their Savior know,  
And earth's remotest ends draw near.'

Surely the poet must have stood on the shore of Fernando Po, so expressive, so appropriate are these lines."

On the following Sunday morning, at six o'clock, a large company assembled for worship, and Saker preached from John 3:16. Under that first sermon a young man was converted—Thomas Horton Johnson—who afterwards became a useful fellow-worker and friend.

"...But what a scene—a house crowded with thoughtful, attentive, and now respectably clothed hearers, listening with joy to the 'words of this life'! Who can forget that three years since they were all given up to work all wickedness greedily! But now ' what hath God wrought? To Him be all the praise."

Thus began a work, which continued for thirty-three years—years of toil, of sufferings and trial—years of sorrow and of joy, of wonderful achievements and blessed successes.

Saker was very far from thinking that civilization and education must precede spiritual work, and he was as far from thinking that when by the grace of God men are converted, they should be left to their own unaided efforts to ameliorate their social condition. His object was, first, to lead them to Christ, and then to take them by the hand and lead them on in all needed social improvements. In this country we know how seriously the social elevation of the people, both in city and country is impeded by a want of proper domestic arrangements. He had experience of the frailty of native houses. The wood ants destroyed the contents of his clothes chest, and a tornado tore off the thatch of his house, and deluged it and all it contained with rain. About the same time he was laid down with fever four times in twenty days.

But the narrowness of our space warns us that we must not enter into details of his great life-work.

Fernando Po is only twenty miles distant from the mouth of the Cameroons River on the western mainland. He cast his longing eyes thither, wishing there to plant the standard of the cross, and begin the conquest of "Africa for Christ."

The country on the banks of the Cameroons, and on the margins of the tributary rivers, was explored. The different tribes mainly spoke one language, the Dualla, but there was no alphabet, no book, no written language. Everything was only a little above savage life. Two or three stations had already been established by other missionaries of the same society, and Saker resolved to pioneer in other directions. He resolved, too, to give to the people, not only a written language, but books, and, first and best, the Bible, and he did it to his own infinite joy.

The founding of new stations meant building mission premises, houses, workshops, schools, and other erections; in doing which his own hands must do much, while he trained the young converts

to acquire various useful arts and work for themselves. The tilling of the soil, too, was not overlooked; for while, from house to house in the first case, and then in preaching and teaching, he dealt out to them the bread of life, he taught them to raise such products as their own needs, or the purposes of barter required. Thus, instead of a half-starved life for three parts of the year, they had abundance and to spare.

In 1858 the bigotry of Spanish priests and Jesuits succeeded in driving the missionaries from Fernando Po. Nominally it was Spanish territory, and it was determined that no religion but Popery should be taught. Saker and his co-worker, Mr. J. J. Fullers, a man of color, explored the region of Ambos, or Amboisis Bay, and there a colony of Christian settlers was established. Saker took possession of it in the name of the Queen, and named it after Her Majesty, Victoria. The illustration at the commencement of this article represents the mission station where Saker settled the refugees from Fernando Po in 1858. The tablet in the foreground marks the resting-place of Johnson, an African, who for years accompanied Saker in his toil. The British Government, however, did not annex the territory, and so, a few years ago, the Germans took it over and the Basle Missionary Society has purchased the mission property, and the British African Mission on the west coast has formed a new base of operations on the great Congo River.

Amid many interruptions, by reason of illness and needed visits to England, Saker carried on his work until the mission consisted of several stations, with chapels, schools, and resident missionaries. The work of translation proceeded, too, until, on 23rd February, 1872, he announced the completion of his great work of the Bible in Dualla. The work was immense; and it will give an idea of the greatness and thoroughness of his work as a missionary, when it is stated that the whole work of printing the sheets was done by him, with the assistance of Dualla youths, whom he had taught and trained. The writer has a sheet of the quarto Bible, and a bound copy of the Gospel of Matthew in Dualla. The type, printing, and binding are all good.

The toil of the work accomplished was great, Saker often working sixteen hours in the day, with little time for food. Even when too weak to rise from his bed, he would lie amid his books and pursue his beloved work. The writer's acquaintance with him was made in the latter years of his life; he was then the mere shadow of a man, worn to skin and bone by toil and suffering, but retaining an energy of mind truly wonderful.

Beautiful passages from his letters and his speeches at missionary gatherings could be given, but space will not allow it. They all show how fervid was his zeal, how sound his faith in the great verities of the gospel, how firm his grip of the promises, how full his realization of its hopes, how great his love to Christ and for the souls of men, especially of the African races. The project of a mission to the Congo filled him with joy. He would gladly live his life over again in such a cause. At length, in March, 1880, God called him home. There was little but a mere frame to lay in the grave. His last utterances were:—

“Jesus, the very thought of Thee  
With sweetness fills my breast;  
But sweeter far Thy face to see,  
And in Thy presence rest.”

And then, as a beloved friend read the fourth verse of Psa. 23, he faintly whispered, "For Thou art with me," and went to be with Him.

"Take it all in all," says Dr. Livingstone, "specially having regard to its many-sided character, the work of Alfred Saker at Came-roans and Victoria is, in my judgment, the most remarkable on the African coast." R. S.

## Little Kitty

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DEAR children, I am going to tell you about a little girl, called Kitty, and to what she owed her conversion. She is grown up now, and I shall tell you her story in her own words.

“I was an only child, and had dear, loving parents, who loved the Lord Jesus very much, for they knew He had loved them first (1 John 1:19). This made them long to see Him, and, as is the case with grown-up people, as well as children, they talked a great deal of what they longed for, Thus it was with my dear parents. It seemed to me that they thought and talked of hardly anything else but the joy of meeting the Lord Jesus when He will come to take all who believe in Him to be with Him forever.

I had been taught the beautiful story of God's love to poor sinners, and knew it very well in my head, but my heart was as hard as a stone. All I cared for was to have some of the amusements of 'the world,' which I was told was a wicked place, and though I knew what the Scriptures said about it in 1 John 5:19, yet I only the more longed for its pleasures. Two things which my parents were strict about, were smart dress and story books of which they did not approve. Now, I thought, 'the world' was a most charming place, and I did love pretty dresses and bonnets, and of all things story books.

So you see, my dear young friends, how widely different my parents' thoughts and wishes were from mine. It reminds me of what God says about His thoughts and ways, and ours, in Isa. 55:8. Oh! if that gracious and loving God and Father let us poor sinners go our own way and after our own thoughts, we should never be saved and made fit to live in that beautiful home He has prepared for us Himself, should we? So we will thank Him, with all our hearts, that He had His own loving way with us poor sinners young and old.

But now to return to my story.

Just because I did not have my way I was very naughty and rebellious, and became a discontented, unhappy child; and I do not think there is anything more disagreeable to meet with anywhere, than an ill-tempered, ungrateful child. Do not you agree with me? Of course I caused my parents much sorrow and trouble. Well, as I have said, the second coming of the Lord Jesus was what I heard more about than anything else—at least, so I thought then. At family prayers, in the selection of a subject, or for a Bible reading, my father was sure to choose the Epistles of Paul to the Corinthians or to the Thessalonians, or some portion that told of the coming of the Lord.

At last the constant thought of the Lord's coming became such a dreaded reality that I could not go to sleep peacefully, fearing that when I awoke I should find that all who were believers had been taken up to be with the Lord, and that I was left behind, for I knew how wicked I was. So you can imagine, dear children, what a miserable child I was. Much as I loved my parents, I dared not tell them, or anyone, how unhappy I was on this subject.

As time went on my dread increased. I went to bed early. My room was at the top of the house, and at times the greater part of the family would be out, attending religious services. The house was then very still, with not a sound to be heard. How often in my fright have I listened over the banisters for some sign of life, till I got into a sort of terror lest all had gone, and I was actually left behind. Suddenly a gleam of comfort came in the odd thought that surely, if the Lord Jesus had really come, the great clock in the hall would stop ticking. It was a great relief to my mind, when I heard it going on as usual, and I was comforted just for the time. But the next night, and the next, and the next, when bedtime came, the same dread returned. My play and my little pleasures during the day were spoiled, as I recollected that I should have to go to bed at night.

Time went on, and I was nearly grown up, when one Sunday evening I heard a sermon on Ex. 12:23, which was used as the means for my being made ready to meet that blessed Lord Jesus, the thought of whose coming had so terrified me. I understood from the sermon that it was the same Lord, who promised to pass over every Israelite upon whose house the blood was sprinkled, who passes over, even now, every sinner who shelters under the blood of His Son, because His holy eyes rest on the precious blood of Christ. I was enabled to take God at His word, and to believe that I must be safe, because He had said so. Oh I how happy I was when I went home, and for the first time told my dear parents all I had feared and dreaded, and how the fear was all gone now, for I knew and believed that Jesus, my Savior, had 'first loved' me."

And now, my dear young readers, Kitty has lost those beloved ones who so cared for her when she was a child, indeed Kitty is almost an old woman herself. She loves to work for the Lord and to tell people of His "great love" while she is waiting and longing to be "caught up together" with all who are ready "to meet the Lord in the air, and be for ever with Him."

Will you read 1 Thess. 4:17 and 18, and you shall see that what had been frightening little Kitty so long is the very best comfort the blessed Lord could give us? May the Lord bless every reader of FAITHFUL WORDS, and grant that not one may be missing when He calls every saved soul to dwell with Him forever.

#### Sketches of the Early Days of Christianity

FROM what we gather from the records of the early Church, in the first days of Christianity, "not many wise men after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble," professed the faith. In a very marked way the Christian faith prevailed amongst the poor and the simple, and by the testimony of Christ dwelling in the heart by faith, rather than by the words of accredited wisdom, were souls won to God. "God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise; and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty; and base things of the world, and things which are despised hath God chosen, yea and things which are not, to bring to nought things that are"; and in a most remarkable way this was made evident in the first days of Christianity. But by degrees the Christian faith reached upwards in society, slaves led their masters to Christ, and the common people influenced those who were superior to them in education, hence the Christian faith extended not only over a large part of the world, but in a variety of circles, until it was impossible for the heathen governments and rulers not to take it into account.

Christianity was an illegal religion, and was opposed by the state, and one which was frequently the object of the hatred of the mob. Early in the second century Christians generally came under the direct censure of the law, and were open to punishment. And though they were protected from unjust accusations, yet the law was such that at any time the Christian might be called to die for his faith, and in different localities there were severe persecutions, and many a martyr for Christ's Name earned the crown.

Whether the wise men, who at this time were to be found in the ranks of the Christians, advanced the truth of God by their arguments on the parallels existing between the teachings of the pagan philosophers and the truths taught by Christians, is more than doubtful, certainly if such arguments pleased the pagan world they could not benefit the Church of God. Light and darkness can have no fellowship. Whoever attempts to level up heathenism to true Christianity, merely succeeds in lowering Christianity. Tertullian's statement, "the human soul is naturally Christian," is one which practically denies the fall of man from God, and the salvation of God for man.

A very remarkable change had occurred in the heathen world about the time which we are now contemplating. Kindness and honor were largely accepted as right. The condition of slaves was amended, free labor gained ground, and institutions arose for the benefit of poor children. And in the emperor, Marcus Aurelius, Rome had one of her best rulers. He required of himself, that he should be just and true to others, and that he should follow the voice of his conscience, let men say what they would. He would spend days in investigating the right and wrong of a case, and he labored to do none an injury.

Let us then present to our minds heathenism in these favorable and amiable aspects, so absolutely different from the view which we presented in our last sketch, when the Emperor Nero and the bloodthirsty brutality of his day were before us. What do we think heathen justice and kindness would say to the Christian faith? It was precisely when heathen society was in this kindly mood, and when the emperor who ruled in Rome was so good, that the decree issued for the persecution of Christians generally was more than before "barbarously cruel." Such as should accuse Christians were to have the property of the accused, with the result that the Christians, simply because they were Christians, were often executed with the grossest cruelty, and their property divided amongst their enemies.

Every horrible iniquity was falsely imputed to the Christian, so that to say, "I am a Christian," was undoubtedly to earn torture and death. The sword slew the Roman citizen who named the name of Christ, and those who could not claim the citizenship were cast to the wild beasts.

This awful persecution was general and widespread—indeed, the heathen exulted, that if one or two Christians were left wandering in secret they were being sought out to be punished with death.

The times of refinement and kindness had produced a deeper and more determined effort to get rid of the name of Christ from the earth than those of the most resolute profligacy.

What adds intensely to the awful character of this hatred to the living God is the fact that the movers and originators of the persecution knew the theory of the gospel. Christian books had been studied, Christian doctrines were understood. The hatred to God and His people of the amiable and kindly human mind proved the worst hatred of all.

The decree, enabling the accusers of the Christians to take their goods, which led to their general persecution, was followed by a period of partial ease, but only to be succeeded in the year 250 by a persecution more terrible than before. The Emperor Decius attempted to bring back Rome to its ancient pagan splendor, and in so doing, sought to root out Christianity from the empire. All Christians, without exception, were required to perform the rites of the religion of the State. Should they refuse they were to be tortured into submission. The magistrates were to fix a date in all their localities, and on that day the Christians were to appear and to sacrifice to the gods.

Here we pause for a moment. The Church was not in those days the simple and holy living body of apostolic times. It was also, as it is in our day, divided in itself, and strange doctrines and heresies prevailed. There were those who lamented both the worldliness and the laxity that were so common, and, who before this awful decree was issued, had anticipated some great sorrow as a judgment from God upon His House.

The Church then, as now, numbered in its ranks hosts of merely nominal Christians, and, if the heathen temples were so largely deserted, the churches were largely filled with men who were at heart afar from Christ.

But when the decree was made, numbers hastened to offer incense to the gods, while many, who in the terror of the awful hour dared neither sacrifice to the gods nor be sacrificed for Christ, were seized with horror, which often ended in madness.

But God overruled these evils to His own glory—the devil's sieve became the means of separating the chaff from the wheat, and for giving greater purity within the Church ; the policy of bloodshed failed, and the emperors recognized the failure ; the Church arose out of the fire, and prospered. Once more there was rest. Once more the numbers of the Christians increased. Old paganism in the Roman Empire was falling!

The persecution under Decius was even exceeded by that which commenced under Diocletian. This was the last great struggle of the heathen to overthrow Christianity in the Roman Empire. At this time it is computed that possibly a twentieth part of the people were Christian by profession—that is, they were not heathen—so that the Church was a great power of its own in opposition to heathenism. The edict commanded that all Christian churches should be destroyed, and Christian books burned. Thus was the axe laid to the roots of the tree of Christian knowledge.

Tortures of the most desperate cruelty were inflicted upon the Christians, and every effort was made to lead them to offer to the gods, even were the offerings but a grain of salt or a pinch of incense. Christians were slowly burned, limb by limb, and the bodies of those who were slain by other means were left exposed for the dogs to eat, and this continued with greater or less intensity for some years, until at length the then emperor had to own the failure of persecution to destroy the faith, and from his dying bed he issued an edict, which brought it to an end. This was A.D. 311. The policy of persecution had failed; wild beasts, fire and sword had but aided the growth of the Christian faith.

## The Flood

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GOD exercised His power in a most marked way when He sent the flood to destroy the whole world, and His, "I, even I, do bring a flood of waters upon the earth," should never be forgotten, when the old story of judgment upon an ungodly world is made light of. On different occasions, in the time of judgment, God has thought fit to work a new thing, that is, something contrary to the ascertained laws of nature—fire fell from heaven and burned up Sodom and Gomorrah, "the earth opened her mouth " and swallowed up the family of Korah. And God has said that the present earth and heavens are kept in store, reserved for the judgment of fire which shall destroy this earth at the time by Him appointed.

In no less a way of marked power did God save and keep in safety Noah and his house during the flood. His almighty arm shielded His servant, and neither wave nor wind could disturb the covenant which the Lord had established with him. The covenant was expressed in words, and on God's word Noah rested. By the word of God the flood covered the earth, "by the same word" this earth is reserved for the fire, and by the word of God the believer, like Noah, is secured from judgment. As we build upon the sure word of God, so are we eternally secure, and so also are our souls kept in peace. God's perfect love casts out our fear, and "herein is our love made perfect, that we may have boldness in the Day of Judgment."

When the waters of the flood began to subside the ark rested upon the mountains of Ararat, and, after many days spent patiently there, Noah opened the window of the ark.

The window seems to have faced towards heaven. It was well to look up first—not to see the terrible, though subsiding, flood. We cannot at any time rightly view a divine judgment unless we first look up to God in heaven.

Then Noah sent forth a raven, and that bird at once made the crags of the earth its home. " Also he sent forth a dove from him, to see if the waters were abated from off the face of the ground ; but the dove found no rest for the sole of her foot " in the desolation around, and she returned to Noah in the ark.

The bird, emblematic of love and gentleness, was most at home where Noah was; she rested with him, whose name signifies "rest." A happy picture of the believer finding his home with Christ, and his rest in Christ.

Then, a week later, the dove was sent forth once more, and in the evening she returned to the ark with an olive leaf in her mouth—the answer of peace for which Noah was waiting. He knew that the waters of death had abated from off the face of the earth, which was once more beginning to smile in the favor of God.

We are looking forward to a new heaven and new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness, to the time when God shall have put down evil, and brought in the rest He loves. Like the men of the time before the flood, men now do not believe that judgment from God is coming upon this earth. Many

believe something is coming upon the earth, disquiet and uneasiness prevail when the future is regarded, but a judgment from God is not credited. Yet nothing is more clearly told us in the Scriptures than that judgment will fall upon the earth, and that God's people will be delivered from the wrath to come. He delivered Noah; He will deliver all who put their trust in Him. Happy are they whose confidence is built upon the sure word of God.

## A Remarkable Conversion

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### A STORY OF THE LAST CENTURY.

IN one of the populous coal-mining and iron-working districts of the north of England, is a busy, smoky, yet picturesque town of some forty thousand inhabitants. On elevated ground in the middle of the town, approached by hilly streets and steps, stands the interesting old church, with its heavenward pointing steeple; while in the graveyard around lies the moldering dust of the ancestors of many of the town's present residents.

This town, whatever its character today, had, in the early days of Wesley and Whitefield, the unenviable notoriety of being one of the most profligate and wicked places they visited, and where they met with the most active opposition to the ministry of the gospel. A stone in the churchyard marks the last earthly resting-place of the one who first and often entertained Wesley in that town. This man's life was constantly in danger at the hands of his fellow-townsmen; he was often very violently assaulted, and was once dragged through the streets by the hair of his head. His windows were many times smashed, his premises were forcibly entered, and some marvelous escapes of his from his persecutors' hands are on record. Yet God sustained him through it all; he could say, "None of these things move me; " and many were ultimately blessed by the example of his patient endurance, as well as by his faithful preaching.

It was in a village just outside this town that Charles Wesley, with a few friends, was caught in an ambush and most violently assaulted by a ferocious mob, and was only delivered from his assailants by the son of one of his friends driving a team of four horses into the crowd, and thereby opening out a way of escape.

On one occasion George Whitefield was announced to preach in this town. He had preached there before, but met with so much opposition that he almost decided never to go again. Learning, however, that some had profited by his ministry there, he decided to visit the town once more. When it became known he was coming, someone sent the town crier round to announce a bear-baiting, intending to make Whitefield the bear. This announcement brought together the most profligate of the people, to whom baiting a preacher would be even greater sport than baiting a bear.

Like those of whom Bunyan tells us, they would rather indulge in all the wickedness " Vanity Fair " afforded them, and persecute the " pilgrim " preachers, than hear what "Faithful" Whitefield had to say to them; and so extreme was their violence towards him that day, that instead of being able to preach Christ and Him crucified in their hearing; like Bunyan's "Christian " he narrowly escaped from them with his life. These " brutal outrages and savage excesses took place in the open light of day " in what was then a small, and otherwise quiet market town in " Christian England " less than one hundred and fifty years ago ; and all because the glorious light of the gospel of God was sought to be held up. They loved darkness rather than light, because their deeds were evil (John 3:19). But as the entrance of His words giveth light, so some dark souls by hearing and believing

the gospel, became illuminated with the light of God to their own joy and the Lord's glory. "For Thou wilt light my candle; the Lord my God will enlighten my darkness." (Psa. 18:28.)

Not only was violence shown towards these preachers, but the greatest contempt and ridicule were also heaped upon them. These "religious fanatics," as they were called, were made the subject of discussion and derision in the alehouses, and mock preachings were held for sport.

One of the ringleaders in this discreditable business was a man of considerable talent and wit, and his conviction of sin and conversion to God were most remarkable.

The night after the "baiting" of Whitefield, this ringleader, with three of his companions in evil deeds, undertook, in one of the public-houses in the town, to make sport for the assembled company by mimicking Whitefield's preaching. It was agreed that these four should mount the table in turn, and, opening a Bible which had been procured, "preach a sermon" from the first text the eye fell upon. This impious arrangement evoked much unholy enthusiasm; and wagers were made as to him who would best perform the self-imposed task. The mock preaching was commenced; three of them vied with each other in the wicked sport, and it came to the turn of the fourth to do his part.

Conscious of his powers of speech, he, the ringleader, sprang lightly upon the table, saying he would beat them all. The Bible was handed to him, and opening it to see what was to be the subject of his banter, his eyes fell upon those words of the Lord in Luke 13:5, "Except ye repent ye shall all likewise perish."

Those words immediately entered his heart like an arrow from the bow of God. The Spirit of God drove them right home; and there he stood before his companions in guilt with an awakened conscience as to his sinful state, the sharpest pangs of conviction seizing upon his soul. But as he looked at his text, the subject seemed to open itself out before his mind and rill his heart; and who could tell the extent of the operation of the Holy Ghost his awakened soul experienced during those few moments?

After a brief pause his tongue was loosened, and, out of the abundance of what he felt, he preached before his hearers—preached, not mockingly, but full of reality, finding no difficulty from lack of either matter or utterance. Some of his hearers at first thought it was a splendid performance, and showed signs of approval; but soon became amazed to find that he was terribly in earnest as he went on to show how they all were in danger of perishing unless they repented of their sins. All signs of merriment were cast aside, and none dare attempt to stop his discourse. The pointedness and earnestness of his remarks awed them, while this change in them only seemed to deepen the conviction in the speaker's own heart. As he afterwards said of himself: "If ever I preached in my life by the assistance of the Spirit of God it was at that time."

When he had ended his discourse, and come off the table, not a word was said about the wager, no one was inclined to go back to the subject, and he now hurried home in the deepest distress imaginable. His repentance was deep, for his sin was great; but God is rich in mercy, and "where sin abounded grace did much more abound" (Rom. 5:20); and so by faith in Christ Jesus, forgiveness and peace were obtained and enjoyed by him. Sometime afterwards, this ringleader in wickedness became the pastor over a congregation in the same part of the town as that in which he was converted in so remarkable a manner; and many owed their conversion and spiritual

growth to the faithful ministry of this earnest pastor, which he continued until he was called home some twenty years later.

This story is not written here merely to amuse or interest the reader, but to show the wonderful providence of God in over-ruling all for His own glory, and His marvelous grace in saving sinners of the deepest dye; in the hope that this little bit of local history may come home to the reader's heart and conscience if still unsaved. For whether you revel in wickedness, like those in that alehouse that night, or whether you are making a cloak of religion, like some who come to talk with Jesus, and as many do today, when to be religious is fashionable, let me remind you that it is still true: "He that believeth not is condemned already" (John 3:18); and warn you in the words of that text of nearly one hundred and fifty years ago, that, "Except ye repent ye shall all likewise perish." But if you will repent, trusting in Jesus, yours shall be a "remarkable conversion " too; for surely it ever will be remarkable that a sinner dead in trespasses and in sins should be quickened and brought into resurrection life, through our Lord Jesus Christ. May the knowledge and enjoyment of this be the reader's portion now. H. W. P.

## Lost or Saved—Which?

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FROM one of the fishing towns on the east coast of Scotland, where the herring fishery was prosecuted, a large number of boats might have been seen going out one summer morning. The weather had been stormy, but it appeared now to be more settled, and as the men had been idle for several nights, they gladly availed themselves of the opportunity afforded by what was only a lull between storms to go out in the hope of a fishing.

Towards midnight, without much warning, a new and more terrible squall burst out, making many tremble for the boats.

The storm was little abated as the morning broke, and with the earliest daylight crowds, mostly of women, gathered to the harbor and beach to see if there were any signs of the boats, and fearful lest pieces of wreck or bodies should be washed ashore.

Not a boat or ship, however, was in sight. Eyes were strained and glasses scanned the horizon; some seemed disappointed, but the old fishermen muttered, "Thank God, for no craft could take the harbor in such a sea."

The waves were sweeping over the piers, and dashing their foam high up into the air, where the wind caught it, and blew it in white spray against the houses. It was manifest that boats could not have lived out such a storm.

The early morning train brought a number of anxious women, mothers, wives, and daughters of the fishermen, who could not rest at home, but leaving their little villages along the coast, were hastening to the town, where they might chance to hear the fate of the boats. The excited state of some of these arrested the attention of other passengers, who knew little of the feelings that the outbreak of the storm had awakened in those breasts, and who now felt deep sympathy for those sad and almost frantic women.

One elderly woman, barely clad, her disheveled grey hair covered by a shawl held tightly over her head, asked the passengers and porters at every station for news of the boats, and receiving no satisfactory replies, at last fell back in the carriage with a wail of distress, crying, "They ken, but they winna tell me."

A fellow-passenger tried to calm her, and asked why she was so anxious, and if she had any friends in the boats at sea.

She replied, "My man's at the sea, an' my sons are at the sea, an' my guidsons (sons-in-law) are at the sea." The only rejoinder was a muttered "Puir body!" from the passenger, who seemed to have her own heart there too, if one might judge from the tears which accompanied the expression of tender sympathy.

Those arriving with the train joined the company at the shore, but as there were no signs of the boats, it was suggested that they might have been seen off the other towns, or have run for refuge

to better harbors, and that the telegraph should be used to gain information about them.

It was yet very early when the little post office was surrounded by the anxious and impatient women, and the postmistress compelled to rise and telegraph to towns along the coast.

For a time there was only increased anxiety, as boats were reported seen from different places. At length to some the anxiety was changed to sorrow or joy as news came of the boat they were interested in as having got into some harbor, or having been seen in distress or wrecked. Thus the hours of the day passed, the crowd at the post office thinning as some went home to weep, and others to pray; but as the day declined a good many still remained, and among them the woman I had met in the morning train, who had as yet got no news of the boats that carried those that were dearest to her on earth. I pointed her out to a friend, who said he knew her well and all her friends, and, indeed, he said, the boats are engaged to fish for me. We went to her, and begged her to go home, promising to bring the telegram as soon as it arrived.

"Oh," she said, "I'll go to them, but they'll never come back to me. I'll just gae home an' dee." We got her to go home, but she would neither eat nor drink, and at once lay on her bed.

Late in the evening a telegram arrived for her, and my friend asked me to accompany him, for he feared the consequences of the news either way, whether bad or good.

As we entered, the old woman begged him to tell her the truth at once that they were gone.

It was in vain to parley, or ask her to be composed. My friend opened her telegram, and passing his eye along caught, in a moment, the last words, and almost unconsciously uttered them, "all hands safe."

"Haud (hold), sir," cried the old woman, "Haud till I greet," and then the pent-up tears found vent, and she wept abundantly. Her treasures were safe, they had been dead and were alive again, lost and found.

Likewise, there is joy over one sinner that repenteth. "For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." Has the message gone up that has filled heaven with joy over you?

Lost or saved—which? J. S.

## "I Have It! I Have It!"

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AS the year 18— was drawing to its close I had a strange dream. I thought I was led up a long winding staircase, and found myself standing by the death-bed of a young man, whom I had never seen before. In the dream I felt God had sent me to deliver the message of salvation to the young man. I awoke, but could not forget the dream, and I wondered very much what its fulfillment would be.

On that same morning I took a walk along a pretty woodland path, close to our home. On my way I was stopped by a lady, whom I only knew by sight, and she, to my astonishment, asked me if I would without delay go and visit a young man who was dying of consumption.

I promised to do so, for the dream was still fresh in my mind. After some enquiries I found myself at the right house. The door was opened by the sick man's wife: she was glad to see me, and led the way to an inner room, in the corner of which lay the young man. He was the same I remembered seeing in my dream.

His once strong arms were wasted, and his pale cheeks and sparkling eyes told too plainly the rapid progress disease was making.

As I sat down by his side his wife told me the story of his sufferings. With another man he had been for two years employed in building a lighthouse, off the Cape of Good Hope. Exposure to the weather, together with insufficiency of food, had led to the disease, and he was brought home in a dying state to his sorrowing wife and little children.

Having narrated the sad story, the wife left the room, upon which I asked William G. how it was with his immortal soul.

He gasped out that it was not death he feared, but that within him there was no settled peace. He was in a most anxious state, and clung to every word that was said about the love of God towards sinners, as shown in His sending His only Son to be their substitute. I then read to him some portions from the word of God, but none seemed to help him until I was strongly impressed to give him this one verse, "He that hath the Son hath life, and he that hath not the Son of God hath not life." (1 John 5:12.) I bent over the bed and read it to him slowly.

Never shall I forget the joy which lighted up the dying man's face as, raising his thin hands, and clasping them together, he cried from the depths of his soul, "I have it! I have it! "

God had caused the light to shine into his darkened heart. I could say nothing more to him, but fell on my knees by the bedside, and there poured out our thanks to God for revealing Jesus to this dear one as his Savior.

What a change had taken place in those few moments Out of darkness into light; out of bondage into liberty; out of self into Christ.

He lingered some little time longer, and the day he was called home, on hearing my voice, he stretched out his hand and clasped mine, and then, with his head resting on his wife's shoulder, William G. fell asleep in Christ, perfect peace being stamped upon his countenance. The next day while standing by his open coffin, his weeping widow told me what he had not liked to tell me himself. He had said to her, while we knelt by his bedside to return thanks for his conversion, that a glory illuminated the room.

May this simple and true story encourage many to go forth with fresh energy to win souls for Christ.

E. T. S.

## God and the Lamb

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THE way in which God and the Lamb are spoken of together in the Book of Revelation is remarkable. The majesty and righteousness of God are associated with the sacrifice of the Lord Jesus for our sins. The eternal blessedness of the redeemed is established upon the sure foundation of the atonement of Christ. The opening songs of heaven attribute "Blessing, and honour, and glory, and power, unto Him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb" (ch. 5:13) and the great consummation of blessing for the redeemed is established in the power of "the throne of God and of the Lamb" (ch. 22:3). From that throne (ver. 1) the river of life flows, grace reigning through righteousness, God dispensing from His own seat of majesty and glory endless favors to His people by virtue of the atonement of His Son.

In heaven the glories of the Lamb are thoroughly recognized. All angels revere Him as the slain One, the Lamb (ch. 5:11, 12), and as the Lamb He shall manifest Himself on earth Lord of lords and King of kings (17:14),

## Our Last Word

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WE consider that nothing can be more appropriate at the close of the year than to address our readers, and particularly those who have had FAITHFUL WORDS in their hands for the twenty-one years of its life, to the Word of God as absolute authority. In relation to trust in the Scriptures, a vast change has come over the minds of English-speaking people during the last twenty-one years, and it is now the case that the confidence that God Himself has spoken to us in His Word is undermined in thousands of souls. This result has come about by a gradual process of thought, for Satan first softly entwines doubts about the soul, and then leads captive in chains of unbelief. We must expect further developments of infidelity as time goes on.

Let us beware of the first symptoms of this prevailing evil. A lady was telling us only the other day of her son, who is now a prominent Jesuit, and who forsook the evangelic faith of his parents some years ago. When he was a youth, writings were placed in his hands which sowed doubts in his soul as to the authority of the Scriptures, and, instead of the authority of God's Word, proffered to him the authority of the church! The logical end of such credulity is submitting oneself to the pope instead of to God, This is what this son of an earnest evangelical clergyman has, alas, done!

A young man, who professes himself a free thinker, gave us as his reason for his unbelief that he was following his conscience! One young man accepted "the church" as authority, and became a Jesuit; the other accepted his conscience as authority, and became a free thinker. Both rejected the authority of God's Word, and followed human authority. Both by the means of their individual judgment surrendered themselves to the dictates of man. These sorrowful cases are typical of the way the enemy is working in the souls of thousands.

One very apparent fact in reference to these two lines, "Hear the church," " Follow conscience," is, that in due time they unite in one, the incline of which grows steeper and steeper, year by year, on the descent into the dark regions of infidelity.

The best way to honor the authority of the Scriptures is to search them, and then to obey them. The Word of God needs no apology at man's hands; it has commanded, guided, and preserved God's people for thousands of years, and will be their rule and guide to the end.

When the apostle Paul foresaw the ills that were about to fall upon the favored church of Ephesus—the entering into it of "grievous wolves," and the arising within it of selfish men speaking perverse things—he commended that church to God Himself and to the Word of His grace. Apostles might die, evil times and evil men arise, but God and God's Word never change, and God's Word was "able to build (them) up." "Building up" is the need of the day. We need to be established, to be founded and grounded in positive truth. Then, whether the winds blow or the floods come, we shall stand firm upon the rock. As our from St. Jude, " But ye, beloved, building up yourselves on your most holy faith, praying in the Holy Ghost, keep yourselves in the love of God, looking for the mercy of our Lord Jesus Christ unto eternal life "(vers. 20, 21).

## The Story of Naboth

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ONCE upon a time, a long, long time ago, there was a wicked king, called Ahab, reigning in Samaria. This king had a wife, even more wicked than himself; and that was very sad, for when he would not have done quite such bad things, his queen, Jezebel, stirred him up and made him go on in his evil ways.

Now, Ahab had built a splendid palace at a place called Jezreel, and close alongside of his beautiful gardens was a fine vineyard belonging to a man called Naboth. One day, when Ahab was walking in his garden, in a discontented, covetous state of mind, such as evil men mostly have, his eyes fell on this nice vineyard of Naboth's, and he at once wanted to have it for his kitchen-garden, because, just as the proverb says, " Much will have more."

So he sent round to Naboth, to tell him that he wished to buy his land, and would either give him a better vineyard in another place, or as much money for it as it was worth. But Naboth sent back word to the king, "The Lord forbid it me, that I should give the inheritance of my fathers unto thee."

Now, this plain answer made the king very angry, and he went off home, and flung himself on his bed, as sulky and cross as could be, and refused to eat any dinner, just as naughty children will do. And thus his queen came and found him, and asked what it was all about; and when he had told her the whole story she was finely angry, and said, as proudly and scornfully as possible, "Dost thou now govern the kingdom of Israel? arise, and eat bread, and let thine heart be merry: I will give thee the vineyard of Naboth."

And how do you think Jezebel managed to do this?

Oh! in such a bad, cruel way ! She invented a lie about Naboth, making out that he was so wicked that he ought to be killed, and then she ordered the men of Jezreel to stone him to death, which they actually did.

So poor Naboth died rather than sell his vineyard, and the king went down and took possession of it.

Now is not this a sad story? Do you know that God tells it us in the Bible? (1 Kings 21), so there must be some lesson in it for you boys and girls, and I will try to show you what it is.

First, you must understand that it was not because Naboth was selfish and unkind that he would not sell his vineyard. You know, he said, "The Lord forbid it me"; now this was because God had said in His holy law, which He gave to the children of Israel, " The land shall not be sold, for the land is Mine, for ye are strangers and sojourners with Me." (Lev. 25:23.) Of course, no one has the right to sell what belongs to another. Naboth was the Lord's tenant, and in all honesty he acted towards his Landlord, and died rather than deny that Landlord's rights.

What does this mean for you, dear children? Have you ever thought that God has His claims on you, quite as fully as He had on that land of Naboth's?

He has not given you a vineyard, to bring to Him the fruits thereof, and to own His rights over; but He has given you a body, in which you dwell as His tenant, which He holds Himself responsible to keep in repair, and for which you have, as it were, to pay rent to Him.

It says (Acts 17:28), "In Him we live, and move, and have our being." When you are older, I hope you will read some of the interesting books that are written, explaining the wonderful workings of our bodies, so that you will understand something of the miracles that are always going on inside us. Miracles that no hand but the hand of God could work, in repairing, as Landlord, the beautiful little house in which He has put us to dwell.

Now this constant care proves His right to demand rent of us, the tenants. I daresay you have never thought that your body is not your own; yet so it is.

Therefore, you cannot spend all its various powers just on self-pleasing; you cannot injure it or destroy it with impunity; you cannot sell it, as it were, to the world or to the devil, any more than Naboth could sell his vineyard to Ahab, for the Lord God says, "It is Mine." It was little wonder that the wicked king should think lightly of the godly Israelite disposing of his land, for we read (vers. 20, 25), that Ahab had sold himself "to work evil," had dishonestly given himself away to the devil, heedless of the rights of his divine Landlord. The world and the devil may bid high for you by-and-by may you, by the grace of God, say to all their offers, as Naboth did, "The Lord forbid."

Perhaps, dear children, you have till now been living for yourselves, and forgetting God's claims upon you. Well, take care! for you know one of the landlord's rights is to give an unfaithful tenant notice to quit. That is what you find God doing to him of whom we read in Luke 12; he had made up his mind, as it were, to pay no rent, but to spend all the fruits of his land on himself. He was not "rich toward God," so God turned him out. He had "not been faithful in that which was another man's" (Luke 16:12), and he was suddenly called to give an account to the One to whom he belonged.

Now, dear boys and girls, you can never thoroughly and happily own yourself the Lord's until you know that you are His, not only by right of creation, but also His by right of redemption. Jesus Christ died to save us—to save us body and soul. He gave His own life-blood to purchase us for His own, so that those who have taken Him as their Savior hold that their body is the Lord's, in which it is their joy to serve Him. They refuse to yield their members to any other (Rom. 6:13), but try all they can to glorify God in their bodies, which are His (1 Cor. 6:20), and so their lives become very beautiful and noble, because Christ is magnified in their bodies (Phil. 1:20), "whether it be by life or by death." Do not put off any longer coming to the Savior, for remember, you are getting your rent in arrears all the time you are living without Christ.

To any of you that are His, I would say, determine by His grace, as did one long ago (when he looked at that of which God had put him in charge), "My vineyard, which is mine, is before me: thou, O Solomon, must have a thousand, and those that keep the fruit thereof two hundred" (Cant. 8:12) which means that Christ, who is the "greater than Solomon," is to have five times more from you than anybody else. Is this your intention?

A. P. C.

## Me Does Love Jesus

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IT was only last spring that our gentle May left our home, and went away. The heavenly Gardener plucked our beautiful flower for His, paradise.

Sweet child! Short was her stay in this sin-blighted world, yet our hearts are drawn after her where she is with Jesus with unutterable longings.

May was always different from other children. The day she sickened, her mother, noticing the unearthly prattle of the darling, exclaimed to her own father, "Do you think I shall be able to keep my child? She appears to me just like an angel."

Little did the mother imagine that before another week the sunshine of the house would have departed, and the charming voice of her child would be silent in death.

On Sunday evenings it was the custom of May's mother to gather her children around her, and to show them the pictures of Scriptural subjects, and to talk with them about Jesus. It was on one of these occasions that little May exclaimed, earnestly, and with great feeling, "Mother, me does love Jesus."

The darling child could speak very plainly ' for her age, and her fond mother used to watch her as she went about singing with her childish voice, " Hallelujah! to my Savior! "and at other times " Hallelujah, praise the Lord!" and as she watched her that mother's heart would give a sudden throb.

When the Lord designs to take one of our treasures, however, it is in vain for human love or human will to oppose, even in intention, the will divine of our loving Father—

"It needs that we be weaned from earth;

It needs that we be driven,

By loss of every earthly joy,

To seek our all in heaven."

And so May's mother had to part with one of her most precious treasures, for the "Lord had need of her."

A day or two previous to her death, while the mother was attending to some duty in the child's bedroom, she heard one word repeated in a musical voice, and that word was "Jesus! Jesus! Jesus!"

Bending over her, the mother said, " Was that you, darling, calling Jesus?"

"Yes," answered the child, and again in a faint voice came the one word, "Jesus."

Little May sleeps in Jesus. She was only two years and seven months old!

Yes, we thank the Savior whom little May loved that He is the Door leading into full redemption, and into the glory at last.

RHODA.

## Sketches of the Early Days of Christianity: the Church and the World

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IN our previous sketches we have had before us the Church in its rise and progress always opposed, and generally persecuted, by the world. On the present occasion an entirely new scene presents itself.

We saw in our last sketch, that in the year A.D. 311, pagan Rome, finding persecution unavailing, by its edict, tolerated the Christian religion. Upon this great change in the policy of 'the state, multitudes joined the Church, so that in a short time the opposing beliefs of pagans and Christians were almost evenly balanced in the empire. It was a time of great internal strife in the empire, and Maxentius and Constantine were contending for the purple. Constantine, leading a considerably smaller army than his opponent, marched to meet him, and, according to the tradition, in view of the vast superiority of the numbers of the army opposed to him, considered to which god he should turn for help. His father had worshipped as supreme, the god of the sun, and accordingly to this god did Constantine address himself. A sign in the sky was sent him (so he affirmed) by this god. As the sun was setting a bright cross appeared upon it, with an inscription over it, signifying, "In this conquer." Not comprehending the sign he was greatly disturbed, but his perplexities were removed by a vision in the night, in which he was told to make the cross his banner, and so to go to battle, confident of conquering. Indeed, the emperor said it was Christ who so appeared to him!

Such as are reverent enough to believe in the words of our Lord, that His kingdom is not of this world, cannot by any possibility credit that He instructed any man to fight for his own glory and kingdom. While to suppose that He had ordered a pagan to do so under the banner of His cross, by which the world is crucified to His own, and they to the world, is to be infidel enough to suppose that the Scriptures can be broken. But it is quite within the compass of the Christian's belief that the sign was seen, and that thereupon began the great departure of Christianity from Christ, and the substitution of the sign of the cross for the person of the glorified but once crucified Savior.

So Constantine went to battle a pagan still, with a cross for his banner, and with crosses painted upon the shields of his soldiers, and in that sign he warred and slew, and, at length victorious, glorified himself by setting up his own statue in Rome, carrying a cross in its hand!

The pagan emperor—shall we not say, the world—had appropriated the sign of the cross for itself in which to conquer. For centuries since then the cross has usurped the place of Christ in the minds of millions, superstitions the most hopelessly pagan have prevailed, and atrocities the most terrible, and wars the most abominable have desolated the earth under the sign of the cross. Alas, that it should be so, but the world of Christendom can worship the cross while it rejects Christ.

The result of the astonishing victories of Constantine was an edict giving full liberty to everyone to worship in whatever form of religion he might choose, and commanding that the property of Christians confiscated in the former time of persecution should be restored to them.

The old heathen emperors had been termed, and had held the office of chief priest. This headship of the religion of the state Constantine maintained, and not only so, he appropriated it to the

headship of the Christian religion. The head of the Church was the head of the world. Both spiritual and temporal dominion was centered in one man, and that man was really a heathen and respecter of the sun; for his laws which commanded the cessation of work on Sunday were ordained in honor of "the venerable day of the sun."

We are not discussing the personal faith of this most remarkable emperor, but merely noting the effects of his laws on the Church. However, we do well to remember that he was outwardly a heathen, even when he presided at the Church council of Nicea, and decided what Christians were to believe, being still, as had been his pagan predecessors, himself acknowledged as a god—a heathen deity! He would have Christianity preached at his court to convert the heathen of it, and, at the same time, he allowed the pagans to raise on their altars their sacrificial smoke to demons; indeed, he was only baptized upon his death-bed.

Henceforward there was no Church of Christ, such as the Scriptures portray, visible upon earth; but in the tares and the wheat growing together—the world and the Church combined—we find the fulfillment of the Scripture declarations of what Christendom would become.

In a very few more years the " Church," which now wore the shoes of the world, began to persecute the heathen, and in 341 it was made a law that "the heathen superstition must cease, the madness of offering sacrifices must be extirpated : whoever, contrary to this law, dares to offer sacrifices shall suffer punishment without mercy." Again, a little later, the state treasury was ordered to be enriched by the property of the pagans who had been slain for their religion!

Thus did the Church acquire the persecuting spirit of the world, thus, too, did it obtain the gold and jewels of the heathen for its own decoration, transferring these articles for its own use from the heathen idols! Indeed, in later years, the very images of heathen gods were absorbed by "the Church" to be regarded as images of saints, or perhaps of God Himself! And so true is "the Church" to the spirit of those early days, that the second commandment forbidding images is banished from many of its catechisms.

As we look upon the past and study the features of the Church as it appeared in these days of Constantine, and then turn to history of later years, and indeed to the Church of our own day, we cannot fail to perceive whence comes the persecuting spirit, the spiritual and the temporal headship, the superstitions attached to the sign of the cross, the images and their jewels, the incense and the altars, the processions and the feast days that now prevail. These things are one and all unchanged paganism, though christened Christianity.

The old, sweet simplicity of the early days of the Church is gone, and will never return, but if the Church have left her first love, and if she have embraced the world and become one with it, Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, today, and forever, never varies in His love and grace to all who put their trust in Him, and the happy path of the Christian is to make much of Christ, and the more he makes of Christ, the better will he serve the Church.

## Love to God's Word

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DAVID, with all his faults, was a man after God's heart; he rejoiced in God, and trusted God, even when God's rebuking hand was upon him. And how David loved the word of God Love to God and love to His word go together. "More to be desired than gold, yea, than much fine gold: sweeter also than honey and the honeycomb," he declares the words of God to be; better than wealth, sweeter than the sweetest things of earth.

A well-marked Bible, used in the time of trial, is a voice which speaks earnestly. Such an one lies before us. Almost the whole of the sacred book seems to have been read, but wherever some especially gracious or encouraging word occurs there is to be seen the pencil-mark. This Bible has been used as food, as strength, it is evident; it has been resorted to frequently for guidance, for help. Some specially loved texts are penciled out upon the fly-leaves, and a sweet testimony of love to God's word do they unfold. Yes, this Bible speaks, and, through the love its owner bore to it, the precious words of God come with a fresh power to our heart.

Whose was this little Bible? Was it the prized treasure of some preacher of God's word, or of some hoary-headed minister? Oh, no, it was the possession of a young schoolgirl, whose short course on earth is now ended. But that Bible, through grace, enabled that young girl to live a useful Christian life, and to die a noble Christian death.

Make much, very much, of your Bible. Live by its rules, live upon it as upon food. Read it for yourself, so that it shall become experimentally your very own. A text that has entered right into the heart will abide there forever. A young Christian was lamenting to us the other day she could understand so little of the Bible. Do not be disappointed at such a discovery—go on reading it, praying over it, and believing it, and by-and-by you will understand it, or so much as God pleases you shall understand.

## By Their Fruits Ye Shall Know Them

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SO taught our Lord. And a very simple method is this of testing a tree. Many persons can hardly tell one tree from another, but most people know what is the fruit of the tree. There are many professors of religion, whose lips might deceive us, and whose pretensions might almost command us to regard them with respect, but the Lord does not bid us gauge them by such things. There were no more strict professors of religion, and none more pretentious, than the Pharisees of old, but Jesus judged them by their fruits. Our young readers should take this test with them in their daily life.

Let us also try ourselves by the same test. We are what we do. Men do not gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles. We cannot cultivate a thorn bush into a vine, or a thistle into a fig tree, neither can anyone be educated into being a true Christian. The true Christian is one who is born again, and in him God the Holy Spirit dwells, and by that Spirit he is enabled to produce the fruits which are, acceptable to God.

Some of the trees of the Lord's planting do not bear so much fruit as do others, but all bear some fruit—some thirty, some sixty, some an hundredfold. Consider the multitude of acorns that grow upon one oak. Yet that oak was once a solitary acorn, but, as years rolled on, it grew and spread out its branches, and these in prosperous seasons gave forth their fruit, till millions and millions of acorns fell from that one tree. In some seasons trees bear more abundantly than in others, and so it is with the Christian, but ever does this word stand, "Herein is My Father glorified, that ye bring forth much fruit."

Fruit does not come forth in a tree all at once. The process is usually slow. However, whether slow, or comparatively quick of development, the whole life and being of the tree is in order to the bearing of fruit. And this principle is most true of the Christian; he lives not for himself, but for the glory of God, and if he do not bring forth fruit his life is so far wasted.

There is only one way of fruit-bearing, and that way Jesus shows to us in His words recorded in John 15 It is abiding, dwelling in Christ. When the heart is at home in Christ, the thoughts, the words, the actions of the believer are acceptable to God the Father. We are not the best judges of the character of fruit we bear—though we should live in self-judgment-others will discern what we are like by our ways and words.

Our influence is the most important part of our lives. Never underrate your influence, and never forget that though you should be but a little child at school, you cannot avoid influencing others.

The fruit of the Spirit in us is our love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance—and such excellent things anyone can take knowledge of, anyone can perceive to be beautiful and Christ like. Those things are of more worth than all the jewels this world can display, and by such fruits the humble follower of the Lord Jesus is known.

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