

FAITHFUL WORDS FOR OLD AND YOUNG VOLUME 9

by H.F. Witherby

A collection of articles and writings by H.F. Witherby from Faithful Words for Old and Young Volume 9, covering various biblical topics and Christian teaching.

172 Chapters

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Faithful Words for Old and Young Volume 9

Introduction

WE have the satisfaction of presenting our Readers with another volume of FAITHFUL WORDS.

We have kept faith with you, dear friends, and told you true things. Every effort has been made to prevent any statement from appearing in our pages on the veracity of which you may not rely. It is necessary to reiterate this assurance, as, despite the yearly announcement heading our volumes, we have had private inquiries made whether all our stories are of real life.

It is not needful, in speaking of God's ways in bringing sinners to Himself, and sustaining His children day by day, or in lighting up their dying hours with His joy, to resort to human coloring in order to give the record interest to the reader. For that such ways of His should be otherwise than fraught with the deepest interest is impossible. The more simply and humbly God's ways with a sinner or a saint are told the greater is the charm of the story. Heaven will resound with sweet histories of the love of God. Each child of the innumerable family will have his own wondering tale to tell of divine love to himself. What eager listeners will there be in those radiant courts above! Happy, indeed, the servants of the Lord who, looking forward to rest in heaven, anticipate their hope and joy, and crown of rejoicing there, in sinners saved by their instrumentality on earth! And now, this very day, it is our gladness to know that thousands read the simple tales of God's converting grace, and in His mercy learn by the testimony of their fellow-sinner's words the saving efficacy of the precious blood of Christ.

We heartily thank our kind Correspondents for their past labors, which are not in vain, and hope they will send us a goodly store of true stories of holy living and holy dying, and papers suitable for old and young. The time is short, eternity is at hand, men are perishing, superstition and infidelity increasing, and the word to the Christian in the last hours of a closing day is, "Preach the word; be instant in season, out of season." Thank God for the hundreds of thousands of sermons that have been preached, even by our Magazine, and for the happy instances of good He, by His Spirit, has permitted His truth thus circulated, to effect.

These are no days, Christians, for sleep and idleness. They are limes for the use of the sword of the Spirit, the word of God, with all prayerful earnestness and untiring zeal. Hundreds and thousands are yet to be won for God and His Son by the gospel. In our land, rich as well as poor, in sadly many instances, are utterly ignorant of the way of salvation. In numberless houses and cottages the truth is not even known, nor has it been so much as heard. Let the Christian awake. Had he an hundred lives to live he would not have one moment to waste in worldliness or selfishness, argument or idleness. Let Jesus, who died, who is risen, who is coming, be the constant stay of the Christian's affections, and then out of the abundance of the heart his mouth will speak, and love will readily discover endless ways of reaching the souls of the unsaved.

The Two Friends

LAST year, in the town of R., two friends met after a long separation, during which much had happened in the history of each of them. They were old school-fellows, and, when last together, had been both alike without the knowledge of Christ as their Saviour, but now, in behalf of one of them a mother's prayers had been answered; divine grace had visited her, and after a period of deep anguish of soul on account of sin, the Lord Jesus had said to her, in the silent midnight hour, "Thy sins be forgiven thee," and had filled her soul with the joy of salvation.

Sealed by the Holy Spirit, and having the love of God shed abroad in her heart, she had been the means of blessing to many a weary one in the town and neighborhood until she married, and went to live near L. Changes, trials, new responsibilities came, but nothing could rob her of that divinely-given, divinely-sustained joy, which found its expression in speaking of Him who is its source and its object, Jesus, the Saviour, now in glory.

When the fondly attached schoolfellows met again there was much to tell on each side, but how different the tale!

The young wife's reply to the question of her friend, on meeting her, "How are you?" was, "Happy, inside and out." "Ah! You look so, indeed," answered Mrs. W., who also was married; and her countenance fell as she sighed, and said, with tears, "I am neither,"

Hers was a sad tale of suffering and wrong; her husband, who like herself, was unconverted, had caused her the deepest anguish a tender, womanly heart could feel; but the deep gloom in which she was plunged was only intensified as she listened to the story of her friend's conversion from her own lips. She forgot, for the time, her husband's sin against herself, in the sense of her own deep sin against God, now, for the first time brought home to her by the Holy Spirit.

For a fortnight Mrs. W. remained in great distress; the preaching which she heard only served to deepen her sense of guilt, and to make her realize more intensely her danger.

It was at this time that her friend, accompanied by her husband, went to see Mrs. W., who, in order to support herself and her child, had opened a girls' school at R. Mrs. W. at once left her sister and a friend, who had called to see her, and went with them into a room where they could be alone and undisturbed, for she was still in deep anxiety. They knelt in prayer, and then spoke of the Lord Jesus, and His finished work, that work by which, when He gave up His life on the cross at Calvary, He met God's just and righteous claims, and became our Substitute and Sin-bearer; they spoke of Him, once dead, and laid in the grave, now raised from the dead for our justification, alive for evermore at God's right hand in heaven; but nothing seemed to bring rest to Mrs. W. At last one of her friends said, "Suppose you were taken up to heaven today, whom would you look out for first?"

"For Jesus," she replied.

"But would you not be afraid of Him?"

“No; because He died for me.”

“Why did He die for you?”

“Because He loved me,” she said.

“Then will you not trust the word of Him who loved you enough to die for you?” said her friend, pointing to the words which our blessed Lord, when on earth, spoke to one who was a sinner, “Woman, thy sins are forgiven” (Luke 7); and then added, “Will you not believe Him?”

“I will,” she said, as the light of life and love shone into her soul, and lit up her countenance with newborn joy. After together praising their heavenly Father for this touching proof of His gracious favor, and commending Mrs. W. to the Lord, especially asking Him to make her a means of blessing to others, the friends took their leave. How speedily that prayer was answered I hope to tell on a future occasion. I will only add now that when Mrs. W. returned to the room which she had left on her friends’ arrival, her sister exclaimed, “Why, Polly, what can have happened to please you so?” and she at once told her that the Lord had pardoned all her sins, that He had washed her from them in His Own blood, and had saved her soul with His everlasting salvation. G. L.

Joy Unspeakable and Full of Glory

ONE afternoon in summer, I was met by a respectable middle-aged woman, who requested me to go and see her husband, who was lying very ill. As I paused at the threshold of the house, I caught sight of the invalid, and marked the sad havoc which disease had made in him. I afterward learned that for eight years he had been an acute sufferer, and during the last two had been entirely confined to bed.

“Edward, dear,” said his wife, “would you like to see a visitor?”

“None but Christ—none but Christ,” was his reply.

“But, would you not like to see one who belongs to Him?” she said.

“O yes! anybody, anything, that belongs to Him,” he replied with fervor.

I immediately went to his bedside and said, “My friend, you have been a great sufferer, but are evidently awaiting that home which is prepared for you; and how delightful the prospect of home, after all this pain?”

“O yes, but it is not on account of suffering I want to go home, but to see Jesus; I want to fall at His feet, and bless Him for all he has done for me,” he said. And then with clasped hands, and with upraised face repeated “I do so long to see Him. Yes, to go home this night if it were His blessed will,” adding, “I do not want to be impatient, but do you think I shall go home tonight?”

I knew not what to reply, for although I had life in Christ, and knew Him as my Saviour, I was a stranger to the still more blessed knowledge of Himself as the absorbing object of the heart’s affection, which this dear sufferer so richly knew.

After a short interval I asked Edward whether he would like me to read a portion of God’s word to him.

“Anything about Christ,” was his reply; so I opened my Bible at John 14, which he knew by heart, and read “I go to prepare a place for you.”

“What a glorious and blessed promise,” I said; when Edward raised his face with a bright smile as he replied, “O yes, but it is not the ‘I go to prepare a place for you,’ that I love so much, but the ‘will come again and receive you unto Myself.’”

As I finished the chapter, I again asked Edward if there was any other portion of God’s word in which he took peculiar delight; he mentioned Rev. 7;13-17. When I had concluded, he exclaimed, “Oh! I have washed my robe and made it white in the blood of the Lamb;” while an indescribable expression of joy and peace beamed upon his suffering face, which made me feel that God had set His stamp upon him.

I gazed upon this trophy of redeeming grace, and then kneeling down, could only thank and praise the Lord Jesus, who had bestowed upon Edward the highest good, even the consciousness of His own immediate presence.

When about to go I asked him if he often thus enjoyed the Saviour's countenance; he replied "Sometimes I am troubled by seeing shadows flitting before me, but they vanish away and then the Saviour comes, and sits down beside my pillow, and talks with me." He said his sufferings at night were very intense, but added "I would not do without these sufferings, for the Saviour comes and sits down on that chair and talks with me; Oh! I could suffer years longer, if it were His holy blessed will, but I long to see Him, to fall at His feet, and bless Him for what He has done for me!" After a pause he said earnestly, "Oh, do you think I shall go home tonight?"

Not far from this poor man had lived a lady, in a stately mansion, surrounded by every luxury. When she was dying, she first offered the doctor half her property, if he would only grant her life for a few days longer; he faithfully told her that she had only a few hours to live. She then turned to a clergyman, and offered him the whole of her property, if he would only go with her through the dark valley. He too was faithful, and replied, "I cannot, Jesus only can be with you there." She immediately exclaimed "Oh, I do not know Him," and passed away.

I repeated this sad story to Edward. He replied "Oh, I am rich, 'tis she who is poor; for I have Christ, and in having Him I possess all things." And, as I bade him goodbye, he again asked eagerly, "Do you think I shall go home tonight?"

When leaving the room so sanctified by the presence of the Son of God, I longed for the same realization of His blessed presence who alone "Can make a dying bed feel soft as downy pillows are."

The next day was the Lord's Day, and I went again to see Edward, accompanied by a friend and a young evangelist. The day was lovely, but we were permitted to witness a grander sight than any which nature can afford. On arriving at the house, we found Edward had passed a trying night of pain; and from sheer exhaustion was unable to say much, but the impress of the peace of God was upon his countenance, and he at once began to speak of his favorite theme, the anticipation of home; dwelling on the words of our Lord "I will come again and receive you unto Myself." And as we sang to him,

"I'm a pilgrim bound for glory,

I'm a pilgrim going home,

Come and hear me tell my story

All that love the Saviour come,"

his countenance beamed with glory; and with upraised hands and feeble voice he tried to join, and never shall I forget his expression as he burst forth with what was truly for him a song of victory—

"I shall soon with joy behold Him,

Face to face my Saviour see;

Fall in rapture and adore Him

For His love to me.

“Nothing then shall e’er be wanted

In the land of full repose,

Jesus stands engaged to bless me;

This my Father knows.”

In the happy appropriation of his faith he laid especial emphasis on the “Him” and “me.”

Knowing that the small weekly sum allowed by the parish, and the little his daughter could earn by dressmaking, must be very insufficient to meet the wants of such a sufferer, we asked his wife, who was standing close by, if there was any little delicacy Edward might fancy. “You must ask him yourself,” she replied, “for he would not tell me.” He replied “Oh, do not talk to me of earth and, earthly things: I have Christ, and in having him I possess all things.”

“Yes,” we answered, “but what if it came from Him?” upon which he said, and so emphatically that I could scarcely refrain from smiling, “Yes, if I was quite sure it came from Him.”

We rose to go; he clasped our hands, and again inquired, “Do you think I shall go home tonight? I do not want to be impatient, but if it were His blessed will I would wish to go tonight!”

I longed to see him go home; he believed the Lord would not send any messenger, but come for him Himself; and fully the Lord granted the desire of His servant’s heart. I asked his wife to send for me when she believed the time was due for his release; however, it was not the Lord’s will for me that I should be present. His wife told me that a priest who had come in to inquire after him, seeing his holy joy in the Lord, remarked, “Well, if this is infatuation, it is the happiest infatuation I have ever beheld;” and then, addressing the sufferer, said, “I would give anything to be in your place, cancer and all.” Once, when I referred to his suffering, which, as the end approached, increased greatly, he said, “I would not do without these pains, which bring Jesus so very near. I enjoy more of His presence at night: He then comes and stays with me.”

As I rose to go, after commending him to the Lord, he remarked how delightful it was to see one of the Lord’s people, and then again asked earnestly, “Do you think I shall go home tonight?”

We parted, never to meet again, until the dead in Christ are raised, and we who are alive and remain are caught up together in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air.

For a fortnight before Edward was taken, his sight and hearing failed entirely, and his frame had become so shattered by disease that it was impossible to move him in bed, but he said, “I do not suffer more than God enables me to bear.” On the Saturday before he went home, he was much distressed on finding his daughter in tears, and entreated her not to cry, because he was going home; again repeating the old saying, “If it were His will to call me tonight!” She replied, “The Lord is worth waiting for, father,” and he gladly acquiesced.

During his last two days on earth, his sight and hearing were quite restored to him, and late in the afternoon of the day on which he was taken he said, “I am going to a new situation, and the Lord

Jesus is to be my Master.” His wife thought his mind wandered, but not so; it was only the conscious joy of his Lord’s approach. He then turned to his little grandchild and bade her love Jesus best of all, and to his wife he said, “I love you, but I love Jesus more!” and then bade her and his daughter goodbye, saying they must part for a little while.

For two hours after this he gazed upward, entranced by a glorious sight, and then, stretching out his arms, he raised himself and exclaimed, “O, Lord, Lord Jesus!” and fell back, and was present with the Lord.

“Tis not so much as e’en the lifting of a latch—

Only a step into the open air;

Out of a tent already luminous,

With Light that shines through its transparent walls.”

H.

Christ and Our Need

IF the troubled sinner did but know who Jesus is, his troubles and his fears would flee away. He is Almighty and Eternal, the Maker of all worlds, the everlasting God, in time stooping to humanity, and becoming a very man upon this earth. We think of His shedding His blood to put away sins, and at once the heart says, His blood cleanseth from all sin. There can be no doubt as to this. He who became a Man in order to die is the Almighty. The sins of a sinner are less than nothing in view of the almighty efficacy of the blood of Jesus. There is no room, no standpoint for the question as to whether the blood is capable of meeting the depths of our darkest sins when we view the greatness of the Lord.

Still, there may be room left to say, But how can I hope in Him? A knowledge of the unfathomable grace of His heart alone enables us to answer this question.

His love is like His power, measureless. If we would compare ourselves in our sins to a tiny shell covered with mire, and the cleansing efficacy of the blood of Christ to a boundless ocean, we may have a thought of the illimitable value of His blood to meet our need; and if we suppose the tiny shell dropped into the ocean's depths, we may see in it a figure of ourselves in all our need and nothingness, dropped into the fathomless love of Christ. Trouble ceases in that love. The ocean has filled the shell.

An Impossibility

OLD Mrs. A. had been a God-fearing woman for many years, but was without full peace before God. Mrs. A.'s great trouble was her ungodly husband, whose conversation weighed her down sadly. One day the woman was much tempted of Satan, and she exclaimed, "Oh! I shall go to hell someday, yet."

"Still," cried her husband, "still, woman. If thou wast to go to hell, the devil would not have thee there for long, for thou wouldest always be harping upon thy Jesus."

These words were used of God to clear away the poor woman's doubts, for she saw that for a soul who loved God, to be with Satan was an impossibility.

A Plain Direction

THE best way of showing an erring Christian where he is wrong, is to show him by your own good deeds what is right.

Self-Infliction

Occupy your mind with the evil which you see in your neighbor, and the result will be that your mind will become so stained with evil, that you will scarce know how to get it purified. Now, if you want to be miserable, adopt this kind of self-infliction.

Voices From Heaven

God has been pleased, from time to time, to send His word to man by the ministry of His angels. True, the words first heard by man in Paradise were spoken by an angel fallen from his high estate. Dark and lying was his utterance, yet man refused it not, and so it is that, from that day till now, the human heart has learned—oh! how bitterly—the misery of untruth and darkness. It was to the serpent, the fallen angel, that Jehovah spoke the good news of blessing to fallen man. The woman's seed "shall bruise thy head, and thou shalt bruise his heel." (Gen. 3:15) And in his weakness, and subject to death, man heard Jehovah's words, and those who believed the good news, took God's side against Satan and themselves.

As centuries rolled by, Satan-spread falsehood as to God increased, and demon-worship reigned over the greater part of the earth. Evil grew greater, darkness denser: man listened to the voices from hell. Satan played with man's intellect: learned heathen in their devotions reared their altar to "the unknown God." Man by wisdom knew not God. The religious Jew in his departure from God substituted ceremonies and observances for dealing with God Himself. The reality of God's presence was known but to a small remnant upon the earth. Thus terribly had the power of falsehood triumphed, and man in his weakness had become the slave of darkness.

Then it was that were heard on earth voices from heaven! But not such as those recorded in the Old Testament—not such as the angels sent from heaven brought to worldly Lot in guilty Sodom, "Up, get you out of this place, for the Lord will destroy this city" —nor such a voice as that with which Jehovah answered Moses, when Sinai shook with thunders, and all the people of Israel trembled. No: far different for THE GLAD CHORUS of heaven-sent angels was heard proclaiming glory to God in the highest, peace on earth, and God's good pleasure in men! The natural darkness, which night wraps about the earth, was dispelled by the shining of the glory of Jehovah. This the humble shepherds of Bethlehem saw, and were sore afraid, for the sight of Jehovah's holy messenger and His light made them tremble. But the angel said, "Fear not; for behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people, for unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ, the Lord."

The bright messenger from heaven gave his message lovingly to man: "FEAR NOT," said he. Thus, when the blessed Babe was born, the very first heaven-sent words to man were calming and assuring: "Fear not." How often did the Saviour, who was born that day, utter them, when a Man amongst men! And afterward when seen in His glory by John, who at the sight of Him fell as dead at His feet, still once more Jesus said, "Fear not."

These words from heaven are in the records of the New Testament, bound up with the ways of the Saviour towards men—records which unfold to us the Person of the Son of God, who came from heaven to tell us of the Father. "Fear not," anxious heart; "Fear not," troubled soul. There is heavenly music in the angel's words for poor, sin-stricken, dying man—music so sweet, so clear, that the heart rejoices. "Fear not," for Jesus has entered this world, and He is a Saviour.

“I bring you GOOD TIDINGS OF GREAT JOY,”

the angel said, speaking from out of “the glory of the Lord,” that night. What a joy it must have been to this heavenly messenger to bear such news to man! The angel had no mysterious words to utter such as had he who was withstood twenty and one days on his way to Daniel with the message of times and seasons to be accomplished upon this earth. (Dan. 10) Satan had not power for one moment in holding back the good tidings spoken from the glory of Jehovah, of the Babe born in David’s royal city. From that bright, shining glory issued the cheering words, “...Good tidings of great joy.” How sweet are they for weary and longing souls!

Dear reader, how does your heart concern itself with the great fact that a Saviour has been born? Is it tidings of great joy to you? Perhaps you hardly estimate the misery of what sin has wrought, even in your own case? It may be you are indifferent to its consequences even in your own person! The angel had seen the working out upon this earth of the woe of sin for some four thousand years, seen it in individual cases, seen it in the history of nations, and not on earth only, but in what is to us the unseen world, and in the places where the spirits of men go after death, and his voice attuned to God’s thoughts, uttered the heart of God to man, when he said, “good tidings of great joy.” And many a child of Adam has echoed his words, for Jesus is a Saviour for poor dying man for time and for eternity, and gives great joy on earth, and greater joy in heaven, and when we have Him near us, then heaven has begun for us.

“And this shall be A SIGN UNTO YOU,”

the angel said, “ye shall find the Babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger.” The royal Babe was born an outcast from men. There was no room for Jesus in the inn. Even the common shelter of the wayfarer was denied the woman’s seed. He was despised and rejected of men from His entrance into this world until His exit from it, from the manger to the cross! And this was to be the sign by which to recognize the Babe of whom the angel spake. Strange direction given by the heavenly messenger, swift from the shining courts of glory above, to proud man. And so it is on this day, if you would find Jesus, you must take the angel’s directions to do so, and look for One whom man rejects, whom man despises, for whom man has still no room. He is still outside the wayfarer’s resting place, and thither must you go to find Him. Who else save the Lord was to be cast out from His very birth, and being cast out and rejected, to be the peace and the center of happiness of all who come to Him!

Have you sought Him? Have you looked for Him? Has your heart inquired diligently after Jesus? You shall not seek in vain. Seek and ye shall find. Have you found Him? Who is like Him, whom man despises and rejects? Ah! poor troubled heart, having found, the Lord, you shall re-echo the angel’s voice from heaven, and repeat to your fellow men, as those only can do who know Jesus, “I bring you good tidings of great joy.”

The shepherds having been told, who the Babe born that day was, and the sign having been given to them as to how they should distinguish Him from all other babes in Bethlehem, suddenly the glory of heaven answered the indifference of men—a multitude of heavenly voices broke forth in chorus, praising God, and saying,

“GLORY TO GOD IN THE HIGHEST, and on earth peace, good will toward men.”

Now what man on earth shall ever measure the full meaning of the first words of this loud acclaim, "Glory to God in the highest"? We read that "The heavens declare the glory of God"; yes, we know that even the humble daisy beneath our feet proclaims His praise as Creator; but this marvel of divine wisdom and grace—the eternal Son emptying Himself, and laying aside His honors in heaven, and assuming the form of a servant, not an angel-servant, but a man—exceeds the glories of creation, and unless we are taught by God the Spirit, is to us incomprehensible.

No glory of God is like that which issues from the person of His Son, once humbled upon this earth. In its fullness, and in a day yet to come, the wide universe shall be filled with the glory which issues from Jesus, become a man, having suffered in the body prepared for Him, and having died to put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself. The mighty angels, the creatures God made, beheld the weak Babe in the manger, and instructed by divine wisdom, proclaimed over Him, "Glory to God in the highest." How paltry is short-lived human infidelity in the presence of the words of these beings who saw the earth's foundation laid!

First and foremost the thought of the creature should be, Glory to God in the highest. Strange that these servants of Jehovah, who excel in strength, should speak thus to many human hearts in vain! "Glory to God in the highest!" ah proud man, creature of a day, this is not earth's chorus. Glory to man, is earth's gospel; but he who would hear heaven's good tidings of great joy, must learn as his first article of faith, Glory to God, and God's highest glory is the Babe of Bethlehem, now the exalted Man at the right hand of Divine Majesty in heaven.

From the shining glory of Jehovah that night, these sweet words, distilled as the dew, fell upon this weary world—

"ON EARTH PEACE."

On earth peace! How so? Yes, ask the question in reply to heaven's greeting, and answer it, Jesus is here. Yet let us inquire as those who desire it, Where is peace on earth? Where the Saviour dwells, where Jesus is. In that heart, in that home where Christ the Lord is welcome. Not in those hearts which are full of strangers, like the inn of Bethlehem.

As the multitude of the heavenly host looked down upon the shepherds of Bethlehem, they could but have recalled to mind strange scenes of earth's sin and sorrow and strife. How that centuries before some of them had visited Sodom, and witnessed its corruption and its doom of fire. How that some of them had stood round about Elisha in fiery chariots, when the iron chariots of the Syrians compassed Samaria. How that the pride and strength of Sennacherib, one hundred and fourscore and five thousand had perished in a night in Isaiah's days.

But now since the Holy Babe was born the mind of God was expressed by the heavenly host in sweet chorus, and in these words, "Peace on earth."

Yet more wonderful, still, if possible, were the last words of these voices from heaven

"GOODWILL TOWARD MEN,"

it good pleasure in men. There is something very beautiful in this, and especially as uttered by the angels. For God's good pleasure is not in angels; He taketh not hold of angels, but on the seed of Abraham He taketh hold. The fallen angels are left in their fall, but fallen man is visited by a

saviour, by the Son of God in human form I know what shall our hearts say in response to these voices from heaven? God has pleasure in us. Sinful creatures, and creatures of a lay as we are, He loves us. He loves man. He so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life. (John 3:16.) The Father sent the Son, the Saviour of the world. (1 John 4:9.) Have you yourself laid hold of this reality? Have you, as a poor guilty child of Adam, a worm of this earth, asked yourself the question, "What is man, that Thou art mindful of him?" (Psa. 8:4), and answered it by these words, "He gave His only begotten Son." Is the heart overwhelmed by this love? Why should God have pleasure in man? There is but one reply, Because He is God, He is love.

Would that each of our readers might numbly take the love into his or her own bosom, and cry, "Thanks be unto God for His unspeakable gift."

H. F. W.

The Well

It was in a far-off land, on a hot day, long ago, that a woman came to draw cool water from the deep well outside the town, she found a tired Traveler sitting upon the brink of the well, and as she came near the Stranger spoke to her, and said, "Give Me to drink!"

Do you not know where that woman came from? Yes! The well upon which this Traveler sat, wearied with His journey, was close to the village of Sychar, in Samaria, and it was a Samaritan woman who came to draw water.

You are wondering whether she looks like the woman in the picture, who wore such a curious necklace. Perhaps she did wear just such a string of gold or silver coin; round her head and face, for the women in some parts of the country still wear these strange headdresses. I have seen one, made of pieces of silver money. We should think it a dreadful weight to carry upon the head but the woman to whom it belonged prized it very much, and only sold it because she was very poor indeed.

What is that strange thing into which the woman is pouring water?

Ah! that is a skin bottle. I think it must have been the skin of a goat. You see that the places where the four legs once were, are tied up very tightly that the water may not run out, and, when the bottle is full, the string round the neck will be tied fast. And then, I daresay, the skin of water will be thrown across the back of one of the good Syrian asses, and so travel a long way.

But who was the Stranger who said, "Give Me to drink"? Had He come a long journey: "Yes," you say, "He had come a long journey, for He was very tired, and hungry and thirsty. The Stranger was the Lord Jesus, and He was all alone, because His disciples had gone to the village to buy food."

My child, it was indeed the Son of God who thus sat weary by the wayside fountain and He had come a long journey—longer than any of us can understand—even from heaven to earth.

But why did the woman think it strange that Jesus should ask her for some water? She did not know He was the Son of God.

It was because He came from Judea, and the Jews were not friends with the people of Samaria. They would not say a word to them, nor touch any of their things, if they could help it.

Why did Jesus go on talking to the woman when she answered Him so?

Because it was always His delight to do the will of His Father, and it was God's will that this poor woman, who had been trying to be happy away from God, should hear about His gift—the living water which could satisfy her forever.

The water in Jacob's fountain lay deep down, and must be drawn up with labor by anyone who was thirsty, but the water of which Jesus spoke is the gift of God, given to all who will come and take it, freely.

The woman of Samaria had all her life been crying, "More, more!" but there was still a great place in her heart which had never been filled. The Lord Jesus knew all about it, and He gave her the water of life, to be within her a living fountain springing up unto everlasting life.

The same Lord Jesus, now in heaven, thinks of you, a little child, and asks you to come to Him that you may find all you want, now, and for evermore. This is a beautiful verse for you to say in your heart to the Lord in heaven—

"Jesus, I will trust Thee:

Trust without a doubt;

Whosoever cometh

Thou wilt not cast out.

"There is none in heaven

Or on earth like Thee!

Thou hast died for sinners,

Therefore, Lord, for me."

P.

Saw—Chose—Pitched His Tent. (Gen. 13:10, 11, 12.)

UPON two footstools, put on a chair, I mounted; then on the ledge of a tall bookshelf, and with much difficulty turned the key of the glass door. A little more climbing, and I secured the prize I wished for—an old yellow book, with “Miscellany for the Young” outside. I was quite a child, and had often longed to peep in it, but did not find it so interesting as I expected. One question, however, I read, in the few minutes I looked in it, which I have always remembered— “What uncle and nephew parted in peace to meet again after a battle?” I did not then know the right answer, but I daresay you could say at once that it was Abraham and Lot, of whose parting we read in Gen. 13.

I want you to think for a few minutes about Lot, and the choice he made. His father was dead, and he was living with Abraham, his uncle; but both being rich in flocks and herds, they found they must separate, and Abraham told Lot to choose in which direction he would go. It was an important moment in Lot’s life, let us see how he acted. We do not hear of his asking wisdom of God at all; the Bible says he “beheld,” he “chose,” and “he pitched his tent,” but it never says he asked God to “instruct and teach” him in the way in which he should go, and he chose to dwell near the wicked men of Sodom, “who were sinners before the Lord exceedingly.” The choice was quickly made, but its results he felt all his life. And Peter tells us that he “vexed his righteous soul from day to day with their unlawful deeds,” but he seems to have lacked courage to give up the fruitful well-watered plain, for even when, after being carried away prisoner, he was rescued by Abraham, he went back to Sodom, and would have been destroyed when the Lord rained brimstone and fire upon it and Gomorrah, had not God brought him out, “the Lord being merciful unto him.”

We see from Peter’s account that Lot was a servant of God, but his was anything but a happy life, and we may trace back much of its misery to the choice he made in early life of his home and companions; he deliberately went into temptation, and though God delivered him, he brought upon himself much trouble and danger, for “the way of transgressors is hard.”

Have you ever noticed in so many of the Bible stories how we are shown that people do not commit great sins all at once, but Satan leads them on little by little? Lot at first did not go into Sodom, but “pitched his tent towards it;” however, in the next chapter we read that he “dwelt in Sodom.” Eve first “saw,” then “desired,” afterward “took” the forbidden fruit. (Gen. 3:6.) Achan “saw,” then “coveted,” and in the end “took” the spoil at Jericho. (Josh. 7:21). And Lot “beheld,” next “chose,” and lastly “pitched his tent” in a place of temptation.

F. E. T.

Living With Jesus

NOT long ago a mother was telling me about the last moments of her little girl, who had been converted in a remarkable way some time before. Ever since her conversion she had been a bright testimony to all around her that she was indeed the Lord's.

When little K. was taken very ill, and suffered much pain, medicine was given her, of which she said she liked the taste. Her mother was about to give her the third dose when she said—

“Mamma, I would rather not take any more.”

“Why not, my child?”

“Because, mamma, Jesus loves me. If I get quite well, I can't go to Jesus now, and I want to go to Him, oh so much; I want to go and live with Him. I love you, mamma, but I love Jesus much better; I want to live with Him!”

A few days passed, and the Good Shepherd who so loved little K. gave His precious little lamb her “want,” and took her to “live” with Him forever.

E. O'N. N.

A Little Singing Bird

I HARDLY know why we call her “little” Mary, for she is quite seven years old.

I think it must be because she is just the same sweet, simple child now as when she really was “little” Mary, and wound herself round our hearts by her winning ways and pretty artless sayings. It is certainly not because she is childish, for she can read and write very well indeed for her age; and, although the youngest in her class, she knows more of the Bible than any of the others, and had the prize for Scripture last prize-day.

She is such a merry girl, too; no one enjoys a bit of fun, or a game more than she; but when at play, you never hear her say cross words. Mary’s little schoolfellow, Ruth, happened to be ill, and Mary felt so sorry for her when she thought of her lying in bed all day, instead of playing about, that she went to her mother, and asked if she might come in and play with Ruth. The mother was very glad, and poor Ruth almost forgot her dreadful pain while Mary was with her. And when she had stayed as long as was good for the little sufferer, she got some other little girls to are with her into the beautiful meadows which lie all around our hamlet, to gather for Ruth the lovely flowers which she could not now gather for herself, and the mother put them in water on a stand near the bed, where she could see them all the time.

If you were to ask Mary’s mother whether she is a good girl at home she would tell you that her little Mary is the most obedient child one could wish to have, and she would tell you how pretty it is to see her on Sunday evenings, pouring over the big Bible, trying to find out the psalms she is taught in the Sunday school, and the stories we read from it in the day school, and so delighted when she finds them. She would tell you, too, how like a bird Mary is! In the thick wood opposite the school, just one field off, there are all kinds of singing birds, from the tiny wren, with its tiny one song, to the full-voiced nightingale of many, and I have noticed that as soon as the dawn opens their bright eyes they break out into those wonderfully sweet songs without words in which they praise their Creator; then, and not till then, they fly down from the trees and bushes and hedges where they have been sleeping all night to find the food which He has provided for them.

Well, Mary’s mother would tell you that it is the same with Mary; that as soon as her bright, but large, soft eyes open in the morning, she begins to sing over the sweet hymns she has learned at school. How pleasant it must sound in the quiet house in the early morning. And Mary’s mother is a happy woman to have a singing bird like this in her house all the year round. I was looking only today at such a funny little notebook of Mary’s own making, and I found that the first thing she had written in it was this pretty verse—

“The morning bright, with rosy light,

Has waked me from my sleep.

Father, I own, Thy love alone,

Thy little one doth keep.”

I thought to myself, "This is so like little Mary's self."

I will now tell you two little incidents, which will explain what makes dear little Mary so different from most of the children in our school, so that, if you really admire her sweet, happy, loving spirit, and desire to be like her, you may know the secret.

The first thing we do on assembling in school in the morning is to thank, and pray to, God; we then sing, and very often talk over, some sweet hymn together; and after that we have our Scripture lesson. One morning the hymn was "Children of Jerusalem," one verse of which is:

"We are taught to love the Lord,
We are taught to read His word,
We are taught the way to heaven,
Praise for all to God be given."

And, when I had read it, I said to the children, "You are going to praise God in this verse for having been taught the way to heaven. I wonder, now, how many of you know it? Suppose you were to meet a person who didn't know it, would you be able to tell it to him?"

A few held up their hands to signify that they thought they should, and I asked them what they would say. One said, "I should tell him he must believe," another, "that he must come to Jesus," and another, "that he must be washed in the blood of Jesus." Then it was little Mary's turn, and this was her sweet and pretty, not more correct answer, "I should tell him Jesus is the way." "And how do you know, Mary, that Jesus is the way?" I asked.

"Because He do say 'I am the Way,'" was her ready reply.

This was one of the texts she had been taught in the Sunday school, and I was so pleased to find that she understood it well enough to put it in her own words.

It is one thing, however, to know the way, and another thing to walk in it, and I used often to wonder whether Mary had found the Way for herself. But one evening, not long ago, as she and another little girl were playing before my door, I heard Mary say, in a very low whisper, "Shall us tell governess that we do believe in Jesus?" The other little girl must, I think, have replied that she didn't believe, for Mary then said, "I believe in Him. I believe that He died for us."

Dear child, do you know that God has determined that the name of His Son, Jesus, shall be believed on and praised, not only by grown-up people, but also by children? Yes, even out of the mouths of babes and sucklings He will perfect praise. Will you join the number? You will never be happy really till you have believed in Jesus.

E. B-R.

William Farel's Two Days at Geneva

IT was on a fine autumn day, October 2, 1532, when Farel and Saunier caught sight of the three old towers of Geneva Cathedral. They rode into the town to an inn to which they had been recommended. It was called the Tour Perce.

Farel went out at once to deliver the letters he had brought from Berne for the chief Huguenot leaders. Great was the surprise and delight of the Huguenots when they found that the bearer was really William Farel. How often had they heard of the wonderful preacher, whose voice of thunder had, as they thought, overthrown popery at Aigle, at Morat, at Neuchatel, at Orbe, at Grandson, and in towns and villages far and near! To them, it was Farel who had done this work. The natural man understands not that all power is in God; that we but "receive power" when "the Holy Ghost has come upon" us, and so become the witnesses of Christ even to the ends of the earth. They looked, therefore, at Farel with wonder and joy. All were ready to hear him, and the news spread like wildfire through the city that "the scourge of the priests" was come.

One of the nuns of St. Claire, Sister Jane, of whom we shall hear more, wrote that evening in her journal, "A shabby little preacher, one Master William, a native of Dauphiny, has just arrived in the city."

Next morning, one by one, the Huguenots arrived at the Tour Perce. The chief citizens of Geneva were amongst them. Farel welcomed them with courtesy. They readily told him how they longed for freedom, and for Bible teaching. They would gladly have neither pope nor priests.

But Farel observed they had no thought that they themselves needed the gospel as lost and guilty sinners. "Their thought of true religion," he said afterward, "is to eat meat on a Friday and abuse the priests." He had not come to Geneva to free them from the pope or the duke, but from Satan, and from themselves.

"You need the gospel for yourselves," he said, "there is a freedom for the soul, the freedom with which Christ makes free, and He has sent me to tell you of that."

They said they knew they needed teaching; they were ready to listen. The landlord brought in benches and stools. Farel stood up before a little table, upon which he placed a Bible.

"It is this book," he said— "this book only—which will teach you to know Jesus Christ. If it is lawful for you to throw off tyranny in earthly things, it is needful for you to throw it off in heavenly things—to shut your ears to popes, to councils, and to priests, and to listen to God only, speaking in His Word."

There was to be a second meeting that same day. The tidings came to the priests and canons, and filled them with fear and grief. Farel had appeared amongst them as a thunderbolt. What was to be done!

The second meeting was far more crowded than the first. Farel had in the morning spoken chiefly about the authority of Scripture. He now spoke of the free grace of God—the free pardon for guilty sinners—spoken not by a priest, but by God Himself.

When the preaching, was over, many citizens entreated Farel to come and explain the Bible to them at home. It was beginning to dawn upon them that the glad tidings meant something far beyond freedom and happiness here below. They were beginning to see in Christ some beauty that they should desire Him.

Meanwhile other citizens, urged on by their wives, and by the priests, came in hot anger to the Tour Perce, and commanded Farel to leave the town at once.

The magistrates, alarmed at the commotion, sent for Farel and Saunier to appear at the town hall and give an account of their doings. Most of these magistrates were neither for nor against the gospel. They did not wish to offend the priests. They wished still less to offend Berne. They had no clear idea what course they ought to take.

As the preachers were brought in, all looked with curiosity at the man, of whom they had heard “that he set the country in a blaze from the Alps to the Jura.”

Meanwhile another council was being held at the house of the bishop’s vicar, where the priests were gathered together. The heretics, of whom they had heard for years, were amongst them at last. What was to be done?

“Not only the preachers,” they said, “ought to be punished, but all the citizens who have invited them to their houses, and who want to live differently from what their bishops and pastors have taught them.”

“We must condemn nobody unheard,” said the vicar.

Most of the priests agreed that it would not do to hear Farel’s defense.

But some of the priests opposed this. “Let him come,” they said, “and explain what he preached at the inn.” These priests gained their point. But they had made this plan for the same reason as that which led the chief priests of Jerusalem to request that Paul might be again brought before the council. They had “banded themselves together” to kill him.

A messenger was sent to the Tour Perce to desire Farel and Saunier to appear, and to explain to the priests what it was they taught.

They had had hard work to get from the magistrates’ council to the inn, so great was the crowd that had gathered. They had far harder work to get from the inn to the vicar’s house. The streets were filled with armed priests, who were urging on the mob to mock and insult them. “Look at the dogs! look at the dogs!” shouted the rabble. But otherwise unhurt they reached the house where death awaited them.

The vicar sat in his gorgeous robes; the chief priests, also dressed in their various trappings, sat on his right hand and on his left.

One of them, called De Veigy, rose up and said, “William Farel, tell me who has sent you, and for what reason you come here?”

“God sent me,” replied Farel, “and I am come to preach His word.”

“Poor wretch!” said the priests, looking at him with disgust.

“God has sent you,” continued De Veigy; “can you show us a miracle to prove that, as Moses showed Pharaoh? If not, show us the license of the bishop—no one ever preaches here without leave from him;” and then, looking Farel over from head to foot, he continued, “you are not dressed like our preachers—you are dressed like a soldier or a thief. How dare you preach! Don’t you know the church has forbidden laymen to preach? You are an impostor and a scoundrel.”

“Jesus Christ,” replied Farel, “has commanded, ‘preach the gospel to every creature.’ The true successors of the apostles to whom He spake those words, are those that conform to Christ’s order. The pope and all his tribe have no claim therefore to that name. They no longer care for the words of Christ.”

But Farel’s words were drowned in the sudden uproar which arose. The priests, pale with anger, clattered with their feet, and arose, speaking all at once, and shouting names of insult and contempt. They rushed upon Farel. Some pulled him one way, some another. “Farel, you wicked devil!” they shouted, “what business have you to go about turning the world upside down?” One asked him one question, one asked another; and neither Farel’s voice nor the vicar’s could be heard in the frightful din. At last by signs and gestures the vicar compelled the priests to sit down and be silent.

Then Farel, lifting up his head, said boldly and simply, “My lords, I am not a devil. If journey to and fro, it is that I may preach Jesus Christ—Jesus Christ crucified—dead for our sins, risen again for our justification—so that whosoever believeth in Him hath everlasting life. He has sent me, therefore I am compelled to teach Him to all who are willing to hear. I have no other right to speak than that God has commanded me. My only desire is so to speak that all may be saved. It is for this cause and no other that I came to Geneva. You have sent for me to give an account of my faith. I am ready to do so, not only at this moment, but as many times as you please to hear me peaceably. What I have preached, and still preach, is the truth. It is not heresy, and I will maintain it even unto death. And as for what you say about my disturbing the land, and this city in particular, I will answer as Elijah did to Ahab, ‘I have not troubled Israel, but thou and thy father’s house.’ Yes, it is you and yours who trouble the world by your traditions, your human inventions, and your dissolute lives.”

The priests, who had listened in awestruck silence till these last words were spoken, now sprang to their feet. “He has spoken blasphemy!” shouted one of them. “What further need have we of witnesses? He is guilty of death.”

Farel turned and faced him. “Speak the words of God,” he said, “not the words of Caiaphas.”

This speech raised the fury of the priests to its highest pitch. “Kill him! Kill the Lutheran hound! To the Rhone! to the Rhone! Kill him! kill him!” rang from every corner of the council chamber. “Strike him! beat him!” shouted the proctor, and in a moment the furious priests fell upon the three preachers. They abused them, beat them, spat in their faces, yelled and shrieked, till the uproar

was deafening. The vicar told Farel and his friends to leave the room, that the assembled priests might consult what should next be done.

The three preachers went out into the long gallery, bearing many marks of the blows and spitting of their assailants.

Meantime the crowd outside the house were becoming impatient at the long sitting of the priests' council. Their numbers increased with their noise. The preachers in the gallery heard on the one side the loud and angry voices of the priests in the council chamber, on the other side the shouts and cries of the crowd, who filled not only the street, but the court and garden.

Eighty stout priests had posted themselves before the entrance, "all well-armed with clubs to defend the holy Catholic faith." They watched every door, determined that neither of the preachers should escape.

As the shouts rose louder, and the tumult in the council-chamber increased, Farel and his friends paced the gallery. A servant of the vicar, Francis Olard, stood at the further end. He had been posted there as sentinel, a gun in his hand.

Excited by the shouts, and by the sight of the "great heretics," he leveled his gun at Farel, and pulled the trigger. There was a flash, but the gun did not go off. Farel turned to him, and said coldly, "I am not to be shaken by a popgun." God had again, as on so many former occasions, turned aside the weapon aimed at His servant.

The door of the council-chamber was at last opened, and the preachers were called in to hear their sentence. The threats and persuasions of the two Huguenot magistrates had gained the day. The priests were terribly afraid of the wrath of Berne, and this, said the Huguenots, they would have a taste of, if they dared to touch William Farel. The vicar, therefore, arose, and commanded the three preachers to leave his presence, and depart from the city within six hours. If they refused, they should at once be burnt.

The news of this sentence quickly found its way to the crowd in the streets. As Farel approached the door they thronged around it. The priests with their clubs were foremost, gnashing their teeth like enraged tigers, and yelling in their fury.

Farel stood for an instant to consider what he should do. The next moment would most likely be his last.

"The villain dared not come out," writes Sister Jane, "he feared the church people would put him to death."

Two of the priests from within now rushed upon Farel to drive him from the house. "Go out!" they shouted, "in the name of all the devils, whose servant you are!" But the kicks and blows of the two priests within the house were as nothing in comparison with the raging sea of furious priests without. For a moment all seemed over with the preachers. But suddenly the crowd fell back with terror in their faces.

The magistrates with an armed guard, had been on the watch. They made their way through the mob. They placed the preachers in the midst of the guard, who cleared a way with their halberds,

and took the road to the Tour Perce.

The priests saw their case was hopeless. They now contented themselves with hissing and hooting, and the cries "To the Rhone with them!" sounded in the ears of the preachers till they were safely lodged in the Tour Perce. A guard was placed before the door.

The three friends now consulted together what was to be done. They felt that they must go.

Christ had said, "When they persecute you in this city, flee ye into another." It was very sad to them to leave the hungry souls who had welcomed them so gladly.

"They shall hear the gospel yet, in God's own time," said Farel. "He will make the way for it."

Very early in the morning, four Huguenots came to the inn. They had made ready a boat to convey the preachers over the lake. But the priests were earlier still. They were gathered in the streets ready for an attack. "There go the devils!" they shouted as the little party appeared. Seven men—four Huguenots, and the three preachers. But they dared not touch them.

The hand of God was again over His beloved servant. They reached the boat in safety. The Huguenots seized the oars, and unharmed as God's three servants from the fiery furnace of Babylon, the three preachers were borne away over the waters of the beautiful lake, leaving the angry crowd hooting upon the shore.

Far away they went—the Huguenots would not land them at any town or village, but took them to a lonely place on the shore between Morges and Lausanne. Here they all disembarked. They embraced each other with warm affection. Then the Huguenots returned to Geneva with Robert Olivetan, and the two preachers took the road to Orbe. Thus ended Farel's two days at Geneva.

F. B.

The Young Student

AMONGST the passengers who left Dublin, one day in the autumn of 1865, en route for Easky, a small town in the west of Ireland, was a collegian named P. M., a young man possessing rare mental powers, but a skeptic. His tendency was to cast ridicule upon everything, especially upon sacred subjects. Seldom would you meet with a stranger contradiction. At one time he would be found advocating the cause of total abstinence to an attentive and delighted audience, having, according to his own confession, drunk freely of whiskey before going to the meeting, to prepare himself for the occasion. At another, he would be the confidential friend and adviser of Fenian conspirators. In his rooms secret meetings were held, and treasonable schemes concocted and debated. At the same time, he held a responsible post as schoolmaster and church organist. His chief delight, however, was to surround himself with his college friends and fellow students, and to mimic and ridicule well-known evangelical preachers. His powers of mimicry were considerable, and he became the admiration of a set of godless young men, who, like himself, were on the broad road to destruction.

Having introduced P. M., and briefly described his general characteristics, I want to tell you of three links in the marvelous chain of God's providence towards him. And as you read, let me ask you to remember that God who moves in such mysterious ways in the actings of His providence, and who wrought so marvelously to draw this slave of Satan to Himself, is He who so loved the world as to give His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish, but have ever lasting life.

LINK No. 1. —The train from Dublin arrived in Sligo two hours late. The coach carrying the mails from thence to Ballina, and calling at Easky, had left before the train reached its destination. It was the last conveyance to Easky that evening; there was, therefore, no alternative for the traveler but to remain in Sligo until the next morning. P. M.'s active mind sought for some congenial way in which to pass the evening, and his eye caught sight of a placard announcing addresses by certain well-known evangelists. He quickly decided what to do—he would go and hear what might furnish fresh material for ridicule, or at least, help to wile away the time. He went, he hastened, and upon leaving was addressed by one of the preachers. His clever reasoning powers were brought to bear upon the preacher, and apparently P. M. gained an easy victory; but the preacher's earnest manner, and plain pointed words, pierced beneath the garb of seeming indifference, and rankled uneasily in the conscience. Vainly he tried to stifle his convictions, and free himself from the impressions they had produced.

The vacation over, P. M. returned to Kingstown, but not to peace or rest. The remembrance of that evening at the Gospel Hall in Sligo haunted him, and caused him many uneasy and sleepless nights. In vain, reason, skepticism, and infidelity were brought to bear upon his restless conscience.

Infidelity gives its votary no solid resting place, nothing sure and certain to hope in; no balm for a troubled heart, no comfort to soothe an uneasy conscience. As day after day rolled away, his

trouble and anguish increased. "There is no peace, saith my God, unto the wicked"; the truth of this he was now learning.

At length Satan whispered, "End it all; death is the sure way to rest and peace." The poor unhappy skeptic gladly caught at the suggestion. He would end all his troubles by ending his existence.

LINK. No. 2.—After due consideration, he deliberately made up his mind to drown himself. He selected a spot off Kingstown at a place where the tide runs out very rapidly from which to throw himself.

Upon consulting a tide table, he found that two hours would elapse before the, turn of the tide. Stoical and determined, he went to his rooms in Kingstown, ordered some coffee, then sat down and wrote a paragraph headed "Mysterious disappearance," the substance of which he intended should appear in the Dublin and Kingstown papers. This done, he took down a textbook, and spent the remainder of the two hours in solving mathematical problems. When the time was up, he put on his hat, and walked out to the spot which he had selected for the act. As he went along, he said to himself, "Ah, M., you will soon know all that is to be known of the hidden world. The great secret will soon be out, the great mystery solved!"

Having reached the place, he slid down several feet to a projection immediately over the dark waves. He paused for a few moments gazing on the restless waters, ere he took the plunge—a plunge through the portals of death right into the endless horrors of a sinner's eternity! The night air was calm and still. As he lingered a moment, softly, solemnly, distinctly, he heard a voice a short distance of singing; and these words fell upon his ears—

"Guide me, oh! Thou great Jehovah,

Pilgrim through this barren land."

A strange awe and solemnity fell over him at hearing these unexpected words. "Others, then, as well as myself, have found this a weary land, and yet they have not left it," he thought; "ought not I to try it a little longer?"

At once a revulsion of feeling set in: and he shrank with horror from the act he had been so eager to commit.

To retrace his steps, however, was not so easy, for an almost perpendicular wall was above him. The love for life returned with tenfold ardor, and each nerve and muscle was strained to climb the wall. How he did reach the top he knew not. Lacerated and bleeding, he dragged himself to his rooms, and such was the effect of the reaction, that he was confined to his bed for many days.

As he lay alone in his room, his guilt and sins passed in dread array before him. The Spirit of God had truly convicted him of sin. He dreaded to go to sleep, lest he should awake in hell. His conscience was thoroughly plowed up, he was indeed a miserable sinner. He had now reached the point where God could come in as Jehovah that forgiveth all iniquities, and healeth all diseases—a point where the laboring and heavy laden can hear of rest—rest for time and eternity—rest on the bosom of Jesus, the Saviour and Friend of sinners.

LINK No. 3.—We now reach the third link in the chain of God’s providences over the poor skeptic, once on the point of suicide, now a suppliant at the throne of grace.

The postman’s knock is heard, and a package addressed to P. M. is taken to his room. He looks at the handwriting: it is strange to him. He opens the cover, but there is no clue in it as to who is the sender. He proceeds to investigate the contents. It proves to be a little book entitled “The Blood of Jesus.” The blood of Jesus! surely that was what he needed. The blood that made an atonement, the blood that made peace, the blood that purges the conscience from dead works. He read the book over and over again, and God blessed its contents to his soul. He cast himself by simple faith upon Jesus, and found that blessed word true, “Him that cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out.”

Having believed with his heart unto righteousness, he soon made confession with his mouth unto salvation. He forthwith purchased several copies of the little book which God had used to his blessing, and posted them to various friends and fellow students.

The last tidings we received of P. M. were from the far west of America, where in spite of much physical weakness he was laboring successfully for the salvation of precious souls.

Reader, are you skeptic, infidel, or aught else naught but the precious blood of Christ will cleanse your sins away. None but Christ can give you rest.

Are you vainly seeking in the chaos of human philosophy to solve what is to such seekers the dark problem of the unknown world, the mysteries of eternity?

Would you know them? The word of God lifts the curtain and tells us that “tribulation and anguish” is the portion “of every soul of man that doeth evil.” That to the “fearful and unbelieving,” there will be weeping, wailing, and gnashing of teeth, where the worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched.

But to him who trusts in Christ there will be “no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying,” but a home in the Father’s many-mansioned house, a glorious body, and a harp of God, and the endless song adoring the Lamb who was slain to redeem the vilest of sinners. Reader, which is your portion?

Ah! I Have Rest Now

A FRIEND, in a village in the west of Ontario, directed me to an invalid, who was seeking the Lord. I found a girl of about eighteen sitting in an easy chair. She had been ill for a year, but had recovered in some measure. As nearly as I can remember, the following conversation took place:

“Do you believe on the Lord Jesus?”

“Oh yes!” she replied, earnestly. “I couldn’t save myself, and I had no other way but to trust in Him.”

“How happy for you, then, to know that you have everlasting life!”

“Well, sir, I think I have.”

“But God’s word says, ‘He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life.’ Do you not believe on the Son of God?”

“Indeed, I do.”

“And does not God tell you that you have everlasting life?”

“Yes, I see it now. I know I have it, because God says so, and what He says must be true.”

“Did you ever think how it is that God, who is so holy and righteous, can forgive you your sins?”

“I have often thought over it, and it has troubled me a good deal.”

“There is a verse in the first epistle of Peter which will help you. In the second chapter, 24th verse, you will find it written of Christ, ‘Who His own self bare our sins in His own body on the tree.’ You are a believer, and God’s word says, ‘Christ bare your sins in His own body on the tree.’ You see, God took the sins off you, and put them on Christ. God loved you, and, therefore, would save you; but God is righteous, and cannot look on sin with the least degree of allowance—so, in order that you might go free, someone had to be punished in your stead. Then the Lord Jesus, ‘the Son,’ in answer to the desire of God’s heart, offered Himself. God accepted Him, and punished Him instead of punishing you, and now, because God is righteous, you can never be punished again.”

“Yes, I see that; but if I should sin again—oh! I see—Christ was punished for that sin, too! Ah! I have rest now. You don’t know how wearied I used to get while I was lying sick trying to do something to satisfy God when I knew I had done wrong.”

How is it with the reader of these pages? Are you a believer on the Son of God? If so, God says you have everlasting life. He does not say you have life so long as you believe: the word is, “everlasting.” Is it not better to cast away our thoughts, and to accept thankfully what God says? The song of the redeemed in heaven, “To Him that loveth us, and hath washed us from our sins in His own blood,” should be the song of the redeemed now. J. J. S.

Reuben Garman

REUBEN GARMAN, a careless young man who had spent many years in the service of sin and Satan, was at length laid upon a bed of pain. During his illness, an aged aunt, who was a child of God, came to see him. After a few words about his illness she said—

“This is, indeed, a world of sin and sickness; but, oh! Reuben, there is a brighter world above, where sin and sorrow can never come, and sickness can never enter: would you not like to go there?” Reuben made no reply, but his aunt continued to speak to him of the Lord Jesus— “You know He gave up His life for such as you,” she said, “and even now He is waiting with arms outstretched to save you. He has said, ‘Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out;’ if you will only ask Him to save you, Reuben, He will do it.”

“I tell you, aunt, I have prayed, and I will not pray again; it is no use,” said the young man.

“You are right, Reuben,” replied his aunt, “it is no use praying if you never believe. Look not to your prayers, but look to Jesus, and you will be saved; for ‘the blood of Jesus Christ, God’s Son, cleanseth us from all sin.’”

His aunt then took her leave of Reuben, and returned home to pray that the Lord Jesus would make Himself known to him before it should be too late.

A few weeks passed, and she again went to see him. His illness had made rapid progress, but his eye lit up with pleasure as she entered the room where he lay.

Reuben begged his mother to leave him, saying, “Aunt is going to stay with me a little while.” Then calling her to his side, he put his arms about her neck, and kissed her tenderly. “Oh, aunt,” he said, “it was all true what you told me when you were here before; there is a brighter world than this!”

“Yes, Reuben, but do you think you will, get there?”

“I am going there,” replied the young man, “I know that I have nothing to do to get there—Jesus Himself has done it all for me. Oh, Aunt, I am so happy! I am not afraid to die now I know that He has washed my sins away.”

The aged aunt could only lift up her heart and thank the Lord for His great love to this soul for whom she had so earnestly prayed. It was not the Lord’s will that they should meet again on earth; he fell asleep in Christ, the One whom he had so lately learned to love, and went to the “brighter world” of which he and his aunt had been speaking together.

S. E.

Spiritual Warfare

SPIRITUAL warfare calls for courage.

The only courage of any worth for a Christian comes from communion with God. “God has not given us the spirit of fear,” cowardice—but Christians are as a rule shocking cowards. Many a man physically strong when converted, trembles in the presence of his companions, fears to tell them what God has done in the saving of his soul. The flesh profiteth nothing. Also, when Satan attacks God’s people, how much fear is evinced by them. “Resist the devil, and he will flee from you,” is the word of God.

Satan cannot stand a bold front—the boldness being God’s strength. “Greater is He that is in you, than he that is in the world.” (1 John 4:4.)

We must expect wounds in a battle, and the heart gets wounded in spiritual conflict, but every wound that leads us practically into truer dependence upon God, is a real benefit to us; and if we take our wounds to God, we shall not shrink from conflict because of them. God will heal, but we shall carry the scars.

Perhaps the most difficult thing for a young Christian is the beginning. A bad beginning seldom ends well. A cowardly beginning clings to us for a long time. When a young Christian hoists his flag, and lets his friends and companions know that he is for Christ, half his battle is over. Do not be afraid to confess Christ, and seek to live solely for Christ. The very worst piece of work that you can possibly effect in your whole lifetime, will be signing your name to a temporizing policy with the world and the devil.

Corners

BEWARE of corners, Christians! Not only of those sharp things against which your brother so foolishly will run and hurt himself, instead of giving them plenty of roadway, and against which you, too, will do the same. For, say what we will, there seems to be a disagreeable instinct in us for hurting our feelings by running against sharp and hard things. But also beware of those projections, behind which people hide to obtain a look at the passer-by. Whether the sharp corner, which seems to be in everyone's way, or the projection, from behind which sly eyes peep, is the more unchristian, it would be hard to say. Perhaps the latter: for it is less bad to be an angular Christian than to be a spying one.

Beware of corners! Seek to be gracious, and offend none if possible; but, whatever you do, do not fail in openness and honesty.

Voices From Heaven

ABOUT thirty years after the voice from heaven of the angels had been uttered, another voice was heard upon the earth. Angels had spoken in the hearing of man before Jesus was born, but never before in the history of the human race had been heard that voice of which we are about to speak.

It is recorded in each of the three historic gospels, Matthew, Mark, and Luke. The Spirit of God has distinct lessons to teach us by the record of each separate evangelist, as well as common lessons to be gathered from them all. We will look first at the record by Luke. He it is who told us of the voices from heaven of the angels. He it is whose appointed work it was to show to us the life of Jesus on earth as the perfect Man.

The Baptist's Testimony

John, the Lord's forerunner, had preached repentance to Israel; they were not to boast in their birthright, as if being children of Abraham in the flesh rendered them members of God's family; and more, the ax was about to be laid to the root of the tree, every man, woman, and child should be known by his fruits. Such as bore good fruit should be reserved for blessing; the others should be cut down and cast into the fire of judgment. God looks at the heart; He judges not as man judges; privilege enhances responsibility, but does not fit for God; the end is before us all. What are we individually in His presence? We may apply John's teaching to ourselves, for we are brought up within the circle of the blessings of Christianity, even as Israel was encircled with the blessings of the truth of God in their day. Yet woe to us if we assume that because we are professing Christians we are also God's children. The ax will soon be laid to the root of the trees, and the question will be what fruit did we bear? not in what garden were we planted. Thank God we are planted in Christendom, where we have an open Bible, and hear of God and of Christ! But are we living trees, bringing forth good fruit for God?

As John preached, the hearts of the people were moved; the Holy Spirit made them feel their sins, and multitudes came into the desert to be baptized with his baptism of repentance unto the remission of sins. There was in those days an attractiveness to men's hearts in a testimony to human vileness and hypocrisy. Publicans and sinners, Pharisees and teachers, came to hear the truth about themselves. They left their cities, and sought the unsparing preacher in the wilderness, who denounced their sins and falsehoods, and warned them of wrath to come. True, indeed, now it is the day of grace, and God's testimony is of completed righteousness for and grace to guilty man; but we may err in using soft words only. Open sin and religious hypocrisy are now as surely dragging men's souls to perdition as in the time when John, the forerunner of Jesus, awoke the sleepers of Judea by his thunders against evil and iniquity.

The hills were laid low, and the valleys exalted under his testimony; the proud fell down, and the humble were lifted up, and thus were hearts prepared for Jesus.

Is there not a want of the hammer that breaks the rock in pieces in the preaching of our day? If the awful verities of sin and hypocrisy were exhibited before the consciences of men, there would be more heart-need of a Saviour from sin and hypocrisy in their souls. The Holy Ghost wrought mightily in those days, convincing of sin, and creating a need for Him who was then coming; may God revive a sin-convicting, soul-stirring testimony before the Lord's coming again.

The Baptist's Death

Having touched upon John's preaching, Luke next speaks of man's sin in slaying him for testifying of sin, thus, according to his appointed work, grouping the moral characteristics of things together. Where a sinner does not repent under God's testimony against sin, his great desire is to be quit from the testimony. Hearing the truth either breaks us down, or we harden our hearts against it.

The Baptized People

All the people who were baptized, all whom need had drawn to the water of death—i.e. the Jordan—are next presented to us by Luke—all whom the sense of sin had impelled to that stream. And we see them, a company, owning their sins, and marked off by the baptism of John from the proud and the lofty who rejected the counsel of God against themselves, not being baptized with John's baptism. (Luke 7:30.)

Thus, one thing after another is brought up for our contemplation, and passed in review before us by Luke John's preaching, his death, the multitudes whom he baptized—and then all are left so that we may be occupied with Jesus only—with Him, too, in His dependence. We are led to see Him in His perfection, being baptized—Luke does not even say that John baptized Him—we are led to look upon Himself alone, who is

The Perfect Man

However, before listening to the voice from heaven, let us turn for a moment to the gospel by Matthew. He tells us that John saw Jesus coming to him, and said, "I have need to be baptized of Thee, and earnest Thou to me?" But it was not need in the sense of want that drew the holy and the blessed Jesus to the waters of Jordan. Need, indeed, drew thither sinful men, but He came there to "fulfill all righteousness," to do His Father's pleasure, in the path of perfect obedience, Jesus took His place with the people, who confessed their sins, who owned their need, who by their submission to John's baptism expressed their sense of unfitness for the kingdom and the King, whose coming he proclaimed. He did so in grace and condescension. He associated Himself with the poor in spirit. And as He did so He was praying. He, the eternal One, being a Man upon earth, and coming forward at the appointed time in public service for God, commenced this His path by prayer. Prayer marked each step of that path. The perfection of the creature is dependence. He who is Head overall, took the servant's place, and in His perfection as a man was "praying."

Then it was, at this moment of the Lord's unutterable condescension, that took place what had never before been

The Heaven Was Opened

unto a Man. Was “split asunder,” Mark, in his graphic manner, testifies. What a sight, beloved reader, the heavens rent open, and all their brightness smiling upon this earth no, not upon this earth, but upon the Man, Christ Jesus, who will yet bring this earth into blessing. This was more than the glory of God coming out of heaven shining upon the earth for a moment when the holy Babe was born. The heavens, long grieved because of human sin, opened in perfect satisfaction upon one Man, Who perfectly pleased God. Jesus alone unites heaven with earth. Man is at a distance from God. In Christ we who were afar off are brought nigh. But we are brought near by His blood, Who knew no sin, and was so full of moral excellence, that being upon earth, heaven must needs delight itself by opening upon Him.

Then from the opened heaven the Holy Ghost descended upon the Lord in bodily shape as a dove, and a voice arose from heaven—

“Thou Art My Beloved Son; in Thee I Am Well Pleased.”

Thus do we behold the Son, the Holy Spirit, and the Father, the three in One, the One in three, the holy Trinity. And Jesus, the perfect Man, addressed as the Father’s beloved Son. There is in the voice from heaven as thus recorded a peculiar personal emphasis. “Thou art My beloved Son; in Thee—” The words are addressed to Jesus privately. They are not official, and about Him, but to Him as the Man, the perfect Man whom the Father loves. We may well thank God that such a record is given for our joy. Jesus is the beloved of God the Father, and in Him the Father has everlasting satisfaction. He has pleasure in Him. “In Thee I am well pleased,” was the voice of love from heaven the moment that Jesus began His service of love on earth. The path that the Lord trod on earth was for men, but in working for men He magnified God.

The Father’s voice from heaven had never before been heard upon this earth. God, as Jehovah, had spoken in majesty and from the midst of the fire, and men had heard that voice, and lived, but, when God speaks as the Father, Jesus alone hears that voice, and alone sees the sight of the opened heavens, and the Holy Ghost descending upon Him. It is for us to read the record, and bless God for having given us such a privilege.

Let us listen to the testimony of Matthew.

“This Is My Beloved Son,

In Whom I am well pleased.” This is a call to us, to which we are bidden listen. It is the record of a voice from heaven for us to heed. It is about Jesus, not a personal address to Him. Luke shows us the Lord alone with His Father, and seeing the Holy Spirit descending upon Him. Matthew records what took place, and in such a way as to appeal to us. He points out the Lord as the beloved of His Father— “This is,” not “Thou art,” “my beloved Son” —for us to inquire of ourselves what are our thoughts and affections concerning Him.

Look upon the Father’s blessed Son—He is well pleased in Him—and inquire, Is Jesus the joy of your heart? It is a personal question, dear reader. Heaven was opened upon Him when in His weakness and humiliation on earth, and assuredly heaven is open to each of the children of men who love Him.

The great need on this earth at this present hour is

A Heart for Christ

Christianity is more simple than many think. It is a heart for Christ. What say we to this voice from heaven? God, even the Father, has permitted us to hear His words, and to meditate upon His thoughts concerning His Son. As we think of Jesus, the perfect Man, the willing Servant, the rejected King of the Jews, that is according to the three-fold testimony of the three evangelists who record the words of the voice from heaven, let our hearts declare themselves. There is heaven on earth, and heaven to come for such as love the Lord.

H. F. W.

In the Light

IT is in the light of God that we discover the love of God, and dwelling in His love we rejoice in His light.

If the eye be single the whole body will be full of light. The only way to know whether the eye be single is to be without reserve in God's presence. If we have reserve towards God in our hearts, we are not full of light.

Human Perversity

GOD gave a law to convince of sin. (Rom. 7:7.)

FLESH uses the law to work out righteousness. (Phil. 3:9.)

GOD acts in grace to lift us above sin and its dominion. (Rom. 6:14)

FLESH would use grace as an occasion to sin without restraint. (Rom. 6:2)

Happy Childhood

I ONCE knew a little girl who used to often wonder because she heard grownup people say so much about the happiness of childhood. She did not for a moment think that all they said was not perfectly true, but she felt sure that there must have been some grand mistake made about her; for, do what she would, she could never feel really happy.

I do not mean to say that she never enjoyed a merry game, or that she never forgot her sadness in eager efforts to win praise and prizes at school, or in “building castles in the air,” as it is called, a thing she was but too fond of doing; but when not engaged in any of these exciting occupations, and especially on Sundays, and when left alone in her bedroom, before going to sleep, this feeling of sadness was always present.

She was a city-bred child, but once she was taken for a walk in the country, when she saw a glorious sunset, a sight which made her more unhappy than she had ever been before.

“But why,” you will say, “should a beautiful sunset make anyone sad?”

It was just because it was so beautiful; for the little girl thought she beheld the glory of the city of God, the very gate of heaven, and she said to herself, “Oh what must it be to be there!” But she remembered what she had so often read in her favourite book of revelation, “There shall in no wise enter into it anything that defileth,” and she thought “Those angels at the gate would never let me pass in. Oh, shall I ever be clean from my sins!”

It was “a sense of sin!” that was troubling this little girl, and this spoils, as it well may, all the pleasures of life.

“Well,” I think I hear someone say, “I hope I shall never be troubled with a sense of sin.”

Ah, not so fast, dear young friend; you would not think that you are a sinner, I suppose? And if so, you surely must know that you need a Saviour. “They that be whole need not a physician, but they that are sick,” and there is no more fatal sign in one who is very ill than to have “no pain.”

It is a terrible thing not to have “a sense of sin,” painful though the feeling be while it lasts, for if you do not know your need as a sinner, you will not be likely to seek the Saviour.

“Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning.”

This is how it ought to be; only “a night” of sorrow, as it were, enough to make you welcome the joy of the morning without any clouds, whose rising brightness never sets. But it was far otherwise with this little girl, for she was taught the gospel in this way— “It is true that God does for Christ’s sake forgive sin, but we must be sufficiently sorry first. It is true that He saves sinners, but we may not know whether we are saved or not till the Day of Judgment, though now and then very good people are permitted on their death beds to feel sure of going to heaven.” Is it any wonder that her night was a long one? It was years long, and although the morning broke at last, and she became truly happy, she never ceased to regret her beclouded childhood, which might have been so

different. The other day a friend gave her this pretty, artless letter of a dear little girl to read

“—My dear little brother,— Papa and mamma send their love to you, and so do I. Tell Aunt that baby is one year old. Edith came with me to the Sunday school on Sunday, we all read the fifth of Luke, about a poor man who could not walk, so four, men carried him on the housetop, and let him down through the tiling, because they wanted to get him near Jesus. The men did not go down, and Jesus made him well, and forgave his sins; dear George, was it not kind? And that same Jesus forgave mine, did He forgive yours? He died on the cross for you. There is now such a beautiful rainbow, have you got one?

“I am, your loving sister,

“ELLA.”

“Oh,” she exclaimed, when she had read it, “what would I not have given when I was a child to have been able to say what this little girl says! That same Jesus forgave my sins. Happy child, to have been taught the gospel in its sweet simplicity!”

Yes, that childhood must be happy from which the burden of unforgiven sin is thus removed. And who, that has heard of what Jesus did on the cross for all who trust in Him, need bear the burden about from day to day? “He Himself bare our sins in His own body on the tree.” The forgiveness of sins, through faith in His name, is preached. Let no one deceive you. John wrote these words, “I write unto you, little children, because your sins are forgiven you for His name’s sake,” for the believers he addressed knew that their sins were forgiven. The knowledge of forgiveness of sins should mark the beginning of the believer’s course. There can be no joy till it is experienced. But man’s thoughts, are always as opposite as possible to God’s thoughts. In conclusion, I would ask you the; question the little writer asked her little, brother— “Did He forgive yours?”

E. B.—R.

Nearly “Drowned”

TWO little boys went out to bathe in the sea one beautiful morning. The sea was rough, and the tide was going out very fast. The boys were jumping about, and went out further and further into deeper water; they were not at all afraid, and were laughing and talking together. But in a few minutes, getting tired, they tried to walk to the shore; however, they found that the waves were too strong for them, and the current was sweeping out so fast, that instead of getting nearer the shore, they were carried farther and farther away from it.

All this time many people had been watching them, and two kind gentlemen, fearing that the boys would be drowned, took off their coats, and swam out and caught them. One of the little boys was insensible when the gentleman reached him, but his deliverer picked him up in his arms, and brought him to shore. The little fellow was put into a warm bed, and by and bye he was well again.

Think, my dear young friends! For you are in greater danger than those two boys were! All the while they were laughing and talking they were getting deeper and deeper in the water, and little did they think that they would not be able to get back to shore, and would be drowned had not a saviour rescued them. How many children think themselves quite safe, and who are daily getting further and further from God. “I will be a Christian when I grow up,” says one. But day by day you are getting further away from the Lord Jesus, and your young hearts are getting harder and more thoughtless.

The Lord Jesus came down into this world to save sinners, and died on the cross, that our sins might be washed away, and now He is bringing one after another in His arms to the place of safety. The little boys could not save themselves, they were saved. You cannot save yourselves, but Jesus saves. May you feel what it is to be lost, and know what it is to be saved by the Lord Jesus Christ.

F.

The Priceless Treasure

A LITTLE girl of about eight years of age went to a class, where she was taught about Jesus. She believed the simple truth concerning the blessed Lord, and, knowing that she had found Him, she went home and said to her mother, in the joy of her heart, "Oh, mother! I have found a priceless treasure!" Her mother wondered what was the matter with her little girl, and said, "What do you mean, child? Where is this treasure you have found?"

The child answered with emphasis, "In heaven, mother; it is the blessed Jesus I have found, and He has made me happy;" and she went on telling of the love of her Saviour, in bringing her to the knowledge of Himself.

Dear child, I will ask you one question: Do you know the loving Saviour as my little friend did? Is He the Priceless, Treasure of your heart? Jesus loves little children still, even as on the day when He took them up in His arms and blessed them. Will you trust Him? He has died on the shameful cross to save you from eternal woe. The blessed God had no other way whereby He might save poor sinners, such as we, save by sending His only begotten Son to suffer and die in our stead.

I beseech you to rest not until you know that the Priceless Treasure is yours.

Working for Love

SOME people, and little people, too, work for love, others for money. Happy is the child who takes real pleasure in helping his parents, or those who cannot help themselves! We know a poor Christian woman who is sick, and cannot go her own errands, and we know the little boy who every morning comes to her room to run her errands for her. The kind boy's face, as he calls each morning at her house, is like a gleam of sunshine to the invalid. A rich person said to the little boy's mother, "Do let me pay you for your kindness;" but the mother answered, "It is our joy to do this little thing for our Lord Jesus Christ."

Now the Lord will remember in heaven all those who work for love to Him.

What have we in our picture? A number of men hard at work in the winepress, some treading the grapes, others bringing them from the vineyard to be trodden, and in the front a man gathering them up to cast them into the press. The Lord Jesus tells us how a householder hired men for his vineyard, who were standing about idle in the marketplace. They were like many Christians, for they did not know what to do. "Why stand ye here all the day idle?" said the householder to them, and he sent them into his vineyard to work. If you wish not to be idle, listen to the Lord's voice, and you shall hear what you are to do, for He has some sort of work to be done by you your own self, and by nobody else in the world. There is much to be done, and few to do it— "Go ye also into my vineyard."

The householder was very good; he went first early in the morning to the idle people, he went again about nine o'clock, again at noon, and then once more about three o'clock, and every time he went he found idle people. And just as the day was about to close, and when all opportunities for work were nearly over, at the eleventh hour—that would be just before sunset—again the householder went out to the idle people in the marketplace, and said to them, "Why stand ye here all the day idle?" And thus, by his own earnestness for their good, he sent many to work in his vineyard. I think, if he had waited till these idle people had knocked at his gates for work to do, he would not have had many laborers in his vineyard.

The Lord is like this householder; He says to the young, the middle-aged, and the old, who love Him, "Go ye also into the vineyard." He says this to all who love Him, from early morning till the eleventh hour, for His people are sadly given to the sin of idleness. Idle children are generally in mischief. They get selfish, and grumbling, and quarreling. God has made man to work; and the Lord in His tender grace bids us work for Him.

Now when the day's work was over, the laborers came to be paid. And some thought a good deal of all the work that they had done. They spoke of the burden and heat of the day, and thought that their work was worth a deal of money. Poor foolish men! It was the grace of the householder which was so precious. Why should the Lord allow us the privilege of doing anything for Him? Why should He take the trouble of seeking us, and stirring us up to labor for Him? It is your privilege to work for the Lord; the favor is from Him in asking you to go and work in His vineyard. So these

men were quite in the wrong. All received the agreed wage, the Eastern penny, which was a full allowance for a full day's work; for the lesson taught us is, that it is all grace in the Lord who rewards His people, and does not forget a cup of cold water given to a disciple in His Name.

Some have their thoughts on reward, they are working for the penny; others have their thoughts on their Master, they are working for love. Are you, dear young servant of the Lord, working for the Lord, or are you still standing idle in the marketplace, Satan finding some mischief for your idle hands to do? And if you are working in the vineyard, are you working for love or reward?

The little boy who ran the errand for the poor invalid, teaches us a lesson; for, as his mother said, "We love to do it, to serve the Lord Jesus Christ." Happy are the people of God, who are working in the Lord's vineyard out of love to the blessed Saviour Who died for them, and Who will very soon take them to His rest!

The Little Schoolmaster

THE two days at Geneva had by no means discouraged Farel. On the contrary, the thought of the hungry souls whom he had left behind, only strengthened his longing for the day when Geneva should “be taken for Christ.”

After a few days at Orbe, he journeyed on to Grandson. At this place he found Anthony Froment, who, young as he was, had become the pastor of the little flock at the village of Yoonand. Anthony was not wanting in courage. But he was scarcely twenty-two years old. He was of mean appearance, he was shy, and he was small in stature. He had, however, one qualification which was a great one in the eyes of Farel, and which he possessed beyond many others. This was, that he was “nobody.” To Anthony therefore Farel betook himself. He related his adventures at Geneva, and said, “Go and try if you can find an open door at Geneva.”

Froment stood speechless. “How should I dare,” he said at last, “to face the enemies who drove away even you, Master Farel!”

Farel said, “Begin as I did at Aigle. I became a schoolmaster, and taught little children, and taking any opportunity I could find to speak of Christ to one and to another, till the door was opened for me to preach.” “Fear nothing,” said Farel, “it is a great thing to be nobody. You can then be free of everybody. Nobody will attend to what you do. God will guide you, and will guide you in His own path.”

Anthony felt that the message came to him from God. It was not to please Farel, but to please Christ, that he would dare to go. He fell on his knees. “O God,” he said, “I trust not in the power of man, I place myself entirely in Thy hands. To Thee I commit my cause, praying Thee to guide it, for it is Thine.”

Arriving at Geneva, he asked a man, whose acquaintance he had made in the street, if he knew of any room that he might hire for a school. “There is the great hall at the Golden Cross,” replied his friend. So they went there together, and Anthony hired it. He then returned to his inn. In his best handwriting he wrote the following placard:

“A man has just arrived in this city, who engages to teach reading and writing in French, in one month, to all who will come to him, young and old, men and women, even such as have never been to school; and if they cannot read and write within the said month, he asks nothing for his trouble. He will be found at the large room, at the sign of the Golden Cross. Many diseases are also cured gratis.” Anthony made several copies of this placard. He then went out, and stuck them up in conspicuous places. Many people stopped to read them. Some felt inclined to go to the new school.

Very soon the whole city had heard of the young Frenchman and his school. And it was not long before fathers and mothers determined to go too, and hear for themselves.

Some of the Huguenots were the first who went. They hoped that the schoolmaster would say something in his little sermons against the priests and the mass. They sat behind the children, waiting till the lessons were over. They were charmed with the lessons. The children were taught even more than the placard had promised—not only reading and writing, but also arithmetic.

At last the little sermon began. Anthony read a Bible story, and explained the difficult words as he went on. He then spoke a few words, very simply and lovingly, telling his hearers what it was that God desired them to learn from the verses he had read. All eyes were fixed upon him as he spoke. The people as they went out, said they had never heard such teaching. Not a word about the priests, but much about Christ. They told all their friends of the beautiful preaching at the Golden Cross.

Soon the great ball became crowded with men, women, and children. They came long before the time, to be sure of getting places. We are told, everyone was full of the wonderful sermons. Every day the crowd at the Golden Cross was larger, and many returned, praising and glorifying God. They had learned the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge. The priests and monks thought it was time to bestir themselves. They went from house to house, warning the people. They harangued them in the streets and markets. “What can that little fool know?” they said, “he is scarcely twenty-two, and he is a devil.” “That fool,” answered the people, “will teach you to be wise. That devil will cast out the devil that is in you.” And thus day by day were souls saved. It was a great and marvelous work that God was then doing in Geneva—a work at which we must look back with awe and wonder—a work for which we may praise Him still. His strength was indeed made perfect in the weakness of Anthony Froment.

One day two ladies came in the crowd to the Golden Cross. One of them had a sweet, but grave countenance, and was plainly and simply dressed. The other was resplendent with all sorts of finery. She wore also a number of crosses and rosaries. It is by the cross of Christ that the world is crucified to us (if we are really Christians) and we to the world. Yet the crosses of gold and silver, wood and stone, are commonly to be met with in the company of costly lace and jewels, and worldly adornments. This bedizened lady sat down just opposite little Anthony, with a look of mockery and derision. Her companion sat beside her.

Anthony came forward with a book in his hand, and got up on a round table, as was his custom, in order to be better heard. He read a few words from his book, and began to explain them. Meanwhile the smart lady crossed herself again and again, and murmured the *Marias* and *Paternosters*. Anthony spoke on. He told of the love of God, who sent His only begotten Son, that whosoever believe in Him should not perish but have everlasting life. He told of the free forgiveness, and the perfect salvation which are for every weary soul that comes to Christ.

The look of mockery passed away from the face of the lady. She fixed her eyes with wonder and rapt attention upon Anthony. It was another voice that was speaking to her—not the voice of the little preacher, but a voice from heaven—that voice which the dead hear, and awaken to everlasting life. What was that book from which the preacher read those wonderful words—those words that seemed to her to come directly from the mouth of God?

The sermon was over: the children went out, followed by the older people. But the lady sat still in her place. Anthony got down from the table. “Is it true what you say?” asked the lady, suddenly

rising up. "Yes," answered Anthony. "Is that book really a New Testament?" "Yes." "Is the mass mentioned in it?" "No!" The lady hesitated a moment, and then said, "Will you lend it me?" Anthony gladly gave it to her. She hid it carefully under her cloak, and went out with her friend.

She scarcely spoke a word on the way home. When she reached the house, she went straight to her room, and shut herself in alone with the Book. She told her family not to come to her room, not to knock at her door, not to wait at meals for her.

Three days and three nights passed. She remained in her room, neither eating nor drinking, but praying and reading. The Book lay open on the table before her. At the end of the three days she came forth. She said, "The Lord has forgiven me, and saved me. He has given me the living water."

She now desired to see Anthony, and tell him what the Lord had done for her. A messenger was sent to fetch him. When he came in, she rose up, and went to meet him, but she could not speak. "Her tears," said Anthony, "fell on the floor." At last she begged Anthony to sit down, and she told him that God had opened heaven to her, sinner as she was, and had saved her by the precious blood of His Son. Anthony could only listen in wonder and joy. She went on to tell that she had been brought to the preaching by her sister-in-law, Paula Levet. Paula had very often entreated her to come, but she had refused again and again, for she feared lest she should be bewitched. The priests had said that whoever heard the heretic preach would be not only bewitched, but damned. At last however, out of love for Paula, she had made up her mind to go. She had fastened fresh-gathered rosemary leaves to her temples, had rubbed her breast with virgin wax, and had hung relics of the saints around her neck, with crosses and rosaries in addition. She thus hoped to be safe from the enchantments of little Anthony; and she thought that having heard the preaching, she might be able to prove to Paula it was heresy.

"And now," she said, "how can I ever thank God enough that He has opened my blind eyes!"

One day, just after this, Claudine Levet, for this was the lady's name, again shut herself up in her room. She there took off all her finery, her jewels, and costly attire, and dressed herself in a plain and modest dress. She sold her ornaments and trappings, and gave the money to the poor, especially to any of the Lord's poor saints who had come to take refuge in Geneva from the persecutions in France. She petted her house to these banished followers of Christ. She spoke openly and meekly of the precious truth the Lord had made known to her.

Her friends were grieved and astonished at this sudden change. One day when some of them were met together, they talked of nothing but the mysterious transformation of Claudine. "We loved her so much," they said, "that we lament all the more that she is lost! She has left off going to the mass, and to every sort of amusement. And so suddenly, too. Ah! she has heard that creature, and has been bewitched by him." And one and all resolved they would visit her no more.

For a while they kept their resolution, and held aloof. But they watched their old friend. And one by one, they began to feel uneasy when they saw her holy life, her usefulness, her meekness, and gentleness. Could it be, after all, that she was changed for the better? At last they took opportunities of talking to her. Claudine spoke to them lovingly and humbly, and gave them each a New Testament. She told them of the precious love of Christ. Those same ladies, who had talked her over in bitterness and anger, were won to Christ also. They, too, cast aside their fine clothes,

and gave their money to those who had need.

F. B.

Ruins of Tell Hum, Supposed to Be Capernaum

Capernaum was a place much frequented by the Lord. It is spoken of as His own city. Indeed, in Mark 2:1, where we read “in the house,” we might say “at home,” as we should say that our home was the town or village where we lived. Alas, what a home was Capernaum for the Lord! What a sad dwelling-place for unbelief was Capernaum! There were many of His “mighty works” done, there were many of His “gracious words” heard, but Capernaum was proud and lifted up, and it would not hearken to Jesus.

Whether Capernaum was a large town or merely a village, we do not know; the ruins of Tell Hum are supposed by some learned people to be those of Capernaum, but others think it stood a few miles nearer the lake of Gennesaret. God would have us all realize the terrible truth of the sentence which the Lord recorded against this Christ-rejecting city— “And thou, Capernaum, which art exalted unto heaven, shall be brought down to hell: for if the mighty works, which have been done in thee, had been done in Sodom, it would have remained until this day. But I say unto you, That it shall be more tolerable for the land of Sodom in the day of judgment, than for thee” (Matt. 11:23-24).

Pride was the ruin of Capernaum; pride produces hardness of heart, hardness of heart prevents the gracious words of Jesus’ love from entering in. Whenever I think of Capernaum, and the Lord’s solemn words we have just read, I think of the people of our land, who have heard so much about God and Jesus, and who still refuse to believe. There are no people on the great wide earth who hear so much of God, as those who speak the English language. Poor heathen people would be astonished if they heard that God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life! Many a poor heathen has heard the good news, and has leapt for joy to think that the Almighty God should love a worm like man. Dear young friends, how is it with you? You have those around you who tell you the way to heaven. Have you gone to Jesus? He wants your hearts. “Come unto Me,” He says, “and I will give your rest.” The rest He gives is rest from all your fears as to sin, and rest for your heart also. It is such happy rest!

May you give the Lord what Capernaum never did—a Home in your heart. May He be “at home” in your affections.

What Old Isaac Learned From Luke 15:1-7

OLD Isaac sat shivering in his chimney corner, though it was a bright, sunny day in May. All his bones ached with rheumatism, and even the large fire gave off no heat, as he sat looking moodily into it counting the months since he had last gone to his work. The long-looked-for sunshine had not brought the recovery he expected and his hopes of getting about again gray more dim daily.

Thus I found him sitting, as I looked into his cottage, that spring afternoon.

A few words of sympathy soon drew out the story of how he had been seized with rheumatism last Christmas, and had never done stroke of work since, and now he was getting thinner and weaker each day.

“Indeed, my opinion is, ma’am, that its something a deal worse than rheumatics that I’ve got. I think I must be going off.”

“Does it not frighten you, Isaac, to thinly you may be soon called away? What hope! have you for the other world?”

“Well, I can’t say as how it frightens me You see. I’ve never done no harm to any; and it seems to me I’ve as good chance of heaven as any one.”

“But is having ‘done no harm’ enough to satisfy a holy God? Have you ever done anything fit, for Him?”

“All I can say is I have been a good man all my life. I’ve always done my duty; then isn’t a man on the place the master give: such a good word to as he does to me. I’ve said my prayers reg’lar, and gone to, chapel and I should like to know, ma’am, what could God expect from any man more than that?”

Poor old Isaac! He seemed so satisfied in his self-righteousness that my heart sank, I tried to press upon him the just claims of a holy God, and put before him that even he was as good as he said, still he fell infinitely short of perfection; and nothing—nothing but divine righteousness would dc for God. All was powerless to break him down, and I felt I could say nothing more One last resource remained.

“Do you read the word of God, Isaac?”

“No, I’m no scholar, ma’am.”

“Well, can your wife read to you?”

“My missus can spell a bit, but she could not read a chapter in the Testament.”

“Should you like me then to come in sometimes, and read a little to you?”

“Thank you, ma’am, I’d take it kindly.”

“Well, let us have our first reading now.”

I opened my Testament, and, lifting up my heart to God to bring His own word to bear on the conscience of the poor self-complacent old man, turned to Luke 15, and read the first seven verses, commenting shortly on them.

From that day I often went to read a little to old Isaac, but, fearing that no impression was being made, only spoke about the Scriptures I read, without making any direct appeal to him. It was, therefore, a glad surprise to me when he said one day, in a very earnest tone “I do feel grateful to you, ma’am, for coming to see me—I have got good.”

“What good, Isaac?”

“I’ve got hold of Christ.”

The news seemed too good to be true. I dared hardly believe it.

“But you told me you were all right for heaven the first day I came to see you.”

“So I did, ma’am, but I know now I was going straight to t’other place.”

“How came you to find that out?”

“Do you remember, ma’am, the day you read to me about the Shepherd seeking the wandering sheep, and about the people, that thought they were so good, that they had no sins to repent of? Well, I’ve never got that story out of my head since, I may say night and day; it seemed to follow me like, and it will follow me as long as I live. It’s at the top here,” striking his hand on his heart; “it lies here.”

“And what did you learn from it, Isaac?”

“Well, I went over and over it in my mind, and thinks I to myself, I’m just one of them there folks, saying I’m so good, and all the while I’m a very wicked man. Oh! ma’am, I was a-wandering, and a-wandering, when God sent a friend to show me Jesus, and now the Good Shepherd has found me, and He is carrying me safe home on His shoulder, and I’m sure I’m for Christ.”

Yes, it was quite true the wandering sheep was found, and the news that old Isaac had got hold of Christ was not too good for the tender mercy of our God.

My visits to the little cottage are so different now, and our readings have become very happy and blessed since Isaac knew the Lord Jesus.

“I do always so enjoy a bit of the word, you know, ma’am,” is his answer when I ask if he is not in too much pain for me to read that day.

“Oh, I do thank God that you ever popped your head inside my door,” bursting into tears of gratitude; “to think I should have lived all these years, and not have found Christ before! The Lord is good. He is precious. Bless Him!”

And now Isaac wishes to tell to others the story of God’s grace, for in “a day of good tidings” none should hold their peace.

“I used to think I did not care much whether I ever got better or not, but now I should like to get just well enough to tell folks about Jesus.”

However, Isaac has not strength to leave his cottage fire, to tell what Jesus has done for him; but as the neighbors come in for a little chat, he gives his simple testimony to the One Who has loved him, and washed him from his sins in His own blood.

The rheumatic pains grow worse and worse, but the old suffering look is succeeded by a bright smile of peace and joy.

He says, “Talk of suffering, I do suffer, but it’s all naught now I’ve got Christ; and my sufferings are not worth talking of again’ His.

“What love it was of God to send down His Son to die! Just think of Him there on the cross, with the crown of thorns round His head, and the nails through His hands and His feet! It makes me tremble to think of what they did to Him; and He bore it all for the likes of us—not for some of us, but for all of us, if we’ll only trust Him. Blessed be God!”

D. & A. C.

Suddenly

HIGH in a large tenement of the city of Edinburgh, above its din and bustle, sat a poor lone widow. The house was one of the larger kind, which had seen better days, but which in course of time had become divided amongst a number of tenants, all the doors opening upon one common passage. The widow's little room was dismal enough, yet not devoid of a few comforts, saved from the wreck of former years. She had few friends, and little earthly hope to cheer her. Both sight and hearing were failing, but her faith and hope were strong in God. She sat alone that night, during the quiet hours of the fast-closing year, reading from the Epistles of Paul, gathering comfort from the words which the Holy Ghost speaks concerning the believer's blessed place in Christ Jesus, and the certainty of being forever with Himself.

There was no sound to be heard but that of a piano played in a room below. Young, skillful fingers, touched the keys, and tune after tune followed in rapid succession. But who was the player? Let us look downstairs and see.

The room whence the music came, formed in many respects a contrast to the attic above, being large, airy, and well furnished; at the piano sat a young woman of about twenty summers, with dark hair, and pale but pleasant features. Music was her passion, her one employment, and, as she said to the widow when they had met on the stairs a few days before, "All her consolation." Poor thing! she little knew as she spoke the words gaily, that eternity, with all its great realities of weal or woe, was so near; still less did she ponder the solemn words spoken by Him who is the truth, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?"

E. was the only child of her parents, loved, indulged, and prized; alas, she had no love for Jesus Christ, His name had no charm for her ears, and her heart and lips were not consecrated to sing His praise. A lover of pleasure more than a lover of God. That old year's night she sat with her fingers nimbly passing over the keys of the instrument, at times singing merrily to the strain. The sound of the music reached the widow's ears, and she thought "Surely E. is merry tonight." But in one moment the music suddenly ceased, never to be heard again. The musician lay stretched upon the floor. She spoke no more, and could only give her poor parents one look of recognition.

All was consternation, and hurrying to and fro. The alarmed father rushed for a physician, but too late, as every remedy proved unavailing. As the old year finished its course and the newborn year began, the soul of the gay young minstrel had passed from the bounds of time into the awful realities of a far-reaching eternity.

Let this brief, sad history carry to you, my reader, a word of earnest warning, yet of loving entreaty. You live in a world of which the word of God says that "the fashion of it passeth away." You have a choice to make. Let it be Christ. He is worthy of your choice. He suffered for sinners, tasted death; He is risen from the grave, and God declares that whosoever believeth on Him shall not perish, but have everlasting life. Will you have the Son? Do be persuaded; that word tells you that "he that hath the Son hath life, but he that hath not the Son of God hath not life." Satan, your enemy, will

use a thousand things to hinder you from being saved—the fear of man, love of dress, a novel, a pleasant companion, music, dancing, pleasure, a form of godliness, and last but not least, procrastination, the thief of souls. Perhaps you say, “I am young, strong, full of hope, the world lies smilingly before me, I have bright prospects for many years—mar not my peace with your dark forebodings”; or perhaps you seek to reassure yourself by the thought, “I intend to be a Christian before I die. I mean to think seriously some day; by-and-bye I will decide.”

Alas! my friend, do you thus slight God's great salvation and the Saviour, and for the present choose the world? Be warned, I pray you, by the solemn history I have related.

T. R. D.

Waiting for the Bright Side

HOW many of God's people there are lying upon beds of affliction uncheered and little cared for. May the following simple record of what God's grace can do in lifting a poor sufferer above the present grief, cheer many, and be the means of leading them to their Saviour God, and to patient, ever thankful submission to His will. The one we speak of had once enjoyed the blessing of health, which she had used for herself, and not for Him who gave it. Now, long bedridden, she is a bright testimony to the truth of the Scripture, "He doth not afflict willingly" (Lam. 3:33), and to what great things God can work in the soul.

S. S. has lain thirty-two years with half her frame paralyzed, speechless, often in pain, and penniless, except for the parish allowance, and the Lord opening the heart and hands of His people. Not unfrequently the last penny is spent, and the cupboard empty, but it is not for long, for her Father in heaven is sure to send her something, when, as she says herself, it is least expected.

On the afternoon of the day I made her acquaintance, she had not yet tasted food.

Let me introduce you to the presence of this child of God. An open intelligent countenance meets you with a bright smile, as one of the Lord's people; the hand waves you to the chair, and the lips move their welcome, but give no sound. You speak of One who doeth all things well; she lays her hand upon her heart, for He has won it for Himself, and gazes upward where He is, as though she would pierce those opened heavens where, by faith, she sees Jesus her Saviour (Heb. 2:9), crowned with glory and honor, and on the placid calm of her features His image seems reflected, for we "with open face, beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image." (2 Cor. 3:18.)

To one, who by long practice is able to interpret the movements of her lips, she said, pointing upwards, "I am just waiting for the bright side (meaning, I am waiting for glory with Christ above). I would have nothing undone. All is right," though before she had greatly longed to be able to move about. She had rested her soul on Him, who more than 1800 years ago finished the "work" putting away sin by the sacrifice of Himself.

It is now five years since she has been lifted off her bed, as the pain incurred by the exertion would be too much for her. In the room she shares with another, there is little quiet from morning until near midnight, and when all is hushed, enjoyment of the silence almost overcomes her, and He, who lives in glory and cares for His people, still comes and manifests Himself richly to her, for He is her only possession here and portion forever.

Dear afflicted sorrowing one, let this reality lead you to the "spring" of it all, "God's love," revealed in Christ, the righteous channel through whom it flows to every thirsty longing soul, who has but by faith to drink and never thirst again; and then like dear S. you will be able to say, "I am just waiting for the bright side. I would have nothing undone. All is right."

Twelve years ago in a workhouse this dear child of God had found joy and peace in the Lord, through the visits of a Christian, who had read and explained the Scriptures to her.

Saved reader! Go, and do thou likewise.

A.

The Circle and the Center

THE love of Christ to His people is a vast circle, immeasurable, from everlasting to everlasting, from eternity to eternity. Yet it is a ceaseless and abiding present. It has reached out from the past, and stretches out to the future; but it is still, and ever will be a continuous present. The praise of Him celebrated in Rev. 1:5, begins thus, "Unto Him who loves (not loved) us—" and continues, "Who washed us from our sins in His own blood," this is past, an act once accomplished, and never to be repeated, a perfect work which admits of no repetition, a complete work which cannot be added to. But the first strain concerning His love celebrates that which is ever the same, He ever loves us. Many a dear child of God is looking to the past love of Christ, and doubting His present love. Perhaps it would be more correct to say, such an one is looking to his past enjoyment of the love, that is, to his own enjoyment of Christ's love, and not to Christ's love itself.

A happy child upon its mother's bosom is in full enjoyment of the love; perhaps, in after years, the memory of the past enjoyment fills the unhappy child with anguish. But it is not the love, only the enjoyment of it that has changed. How shall that unhappy child be restored to the realization of the love once so consciously sweet? By once more leaning on the mother's breast. So it is with the Lord. Our place of happiness is His bosom—His heart.

Resting upon the heart of Christ, we are in the center of the immeasurable circle of His love. And when there, it is our constant desire to know Himself. It is no paradox, but a truism, that he who knows most of Christ, wishes the most to know Him. "That I may know Him," was the apostle's earnest desire. And in eternity there will still be this longing of affection, for it is not a disappointed expectation that so speaks, but the heart of one who has found the center of all joy, and whose knowledge only calls for more knowledge of the infinite.

The Two Friends

(Continued from Jan. No.)

ANY have doubtless read with interest the little record contained in the January number of our periodical entitled "The Two Friends," which tells of the happy consequences of the meeting, after many years, of two schoolfellows. To such the following brief extracts from the letters of one of them will be welcome, telling, as they do, their own story in their own simple way. The reader may remember that Mrs. W., after a time of deep distress of soul, was so filled with joy, when God gave her grace to believe His word, that her very countenance shone, and her friends marveled at its brightness.

"Last evening," writes the friend, whose confession of the happiness she had found in knowing the Lord first awakened in her old schoolfellow the desire to seek Him, "I went to call on Mrs. K. Scarcely was I seated, when she said that Mrs. W. had just left her, looking as happy as a bird; she had been to tell her of her conversion. I heard all she had to say, and then, on my way back, called on Mrs. W. When she recognized my voice, she came bounding downstairs, exclaiming, 'I am glad to see you; I have so much to tell you!' And soon her arms were thrown around my neck."

It appears that the story of her conversion told to her sister and her sister's friend, in answer to their exclamation of astonishment on seeing the face, long clouded with sorrow, lit up with a new joy, so touched the former, that she burst into tears, saying, "Oh, that I were saved!" Her friend also became anxious about his soul.

The letter goes on to describe an interview which Mrs. W. sought with one to whom she had thought the history of the dealings of God with her would be cause of deep thankfulness, and her disappointment when, in answer to her saying how happy it made her to know that her sins were forgiven, he warned her against such confidence as presumption. "She felt surprised that he did not rejoice with her," continues the writer, "and so my visit was grateful to her."

But there was yet another to whom the joy of salvation shining on the face of Mrs. W. had been telling its own tale, and we must again quote from the letter before us.

"On Saturday morning Mrs. W. called, bringing with her the resident governess. Her face was lit up with smiles as she said, 'Oh, dear Harrie, I have brought this dear soul, that you may rejoice with us—she is born again!' Mrs. W. then told me that last Wednesday, after she had retired to rest, hearing a knock at her bedroom door, she said, 'Who is there? Come in!' A voice, choking with sobs, replied, 'Do pardon my intrusion; I cannot rest, my sins press so heavily upon me! I can't bear the weight even of the bedclothes. Oh, do not let God go till He has blessed me, too!' She got out of bed, and by the light of the moon she saw the pale, anxious face of the governess, who said, 'Oh, Mrs. W., that afternoon when you rejoined us after your friends had gone, you looked so happy; and when you told us the cause, and asked me if I was saved, I could only slink up to my room and sob; and oh,' she added, 'the sadness over my spirits gets worse every hour—I am wearied of life, where shall I get rest?'

“Mrs. W. clasped her hands in hers; then, pointing to the words, she read by the moonlight the words, ‘Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.’ A long, long silence followed, broken now and again by a heavy sigh. Again Mrs. W. repeated the sweet words, ‘Come unto Me’; then, kneeling down, she earnestly that to this weary one also rest might be given. When they rose from their knees, the governess, smiling through her tears, said, ‘I’ve got it,’ and together they thanked God, the hearer and answerer of prayer. No sleep visited either that night, their joy was too great; and when school re-assembled in the morning, both were in their places, with glad looks, which were noted by the little scholars. one of whom went home and said, ‘Mamma, you can’t think how pleased Mrs. W. looks now, and she talks to us all so sweetly of Jesus; I believe she is a Christian, like you.’”

We give one extract more, for the sake of the picture it gives of an aged father’s joy over the news of his many prayers for a beloved child having been answered.

“When out with some of the children yesterday, I met Mrs. W. Her face was radiant with smiles, as she said, ‘Oh, Harrie, at school your joys and sorrows were mine, and mine yours. It was my dear old father’s birthday last Sunday, so I wrote to congratulate him, and then I told him of my spiritual birthday.’ He says, ‘The contents of your letter made the tears trickle fast down my cheeks, and, like Simeon, I could only say, “Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen Thy salvation;”’ and then goes on to say how he forgot to eat his breakfast for very joy that God had answered his prayers for his dearest child.”

Jesus on the Holy Mount

THE incidents in the life of our Lord recorded by the evangelists are but few, and even of these, both miracles and words given in the first three gospels are not unfrequently the same. The incidents are selected by divine wisdom from a multitude of gracious works, and arranged in each gospel for a definite purpose. Of what Jesus said and did, the half is not told, and what is told is not half apprehended by our hearts, John, who wrote last, tells us miracles, and gives us also many words which the other three do not. The work entrusted to him opens out to us an altogether new line of blessing, the knowledge of which is ours by the record he gives. There we are taught of Jesus as the Son of God.

When the beloved disciple says, "And there are also many other things which Jesus did, the which, if they should be written every one, I suppose that even the world itself could not contain the books that should be written," he more than expresses the unutterable fullness which dwells in the Lord; he seems to indicate, that while God has told us as much as He deems well, yet there are exhaustless treasures, which in His perfect wisdom, man shall not have displayed to him in this world. There will be no fifth gospel placed in our hands on earth. The great unwritten book of the Lord's ways and words on earth, will be ours to study in eternity.

It was, perhaps, about two or three years after the voice from heaven had been heard, to which we sought to listen in our last issue, that another voice from heaven was spoken concerning Him. Having taught His disciples of His rejection, and His death, and His rising again, and also of the value of a man's soul, the Lord took three of the twelve, Peter, James, and John, up into a high mountain apart by themselves, and they became the eye-witnesses of His transfiguration.

The glory of this scene pertains to Jesus as Son of Man.

As Son of Man He entered into human weakness, and became the dependent One.

As Son of Man He was rejected, and put to death. It is His title in connection with humanity.

From Luke's record we should consider that it was by night that this honor and glory of the Lord was seen. The three disciples were heavy with sleep—not actually sleeping, but oppressed by drowsiness; Jesus was praying.

The great incidents of the Lord's life below are introduced by Luke's showing us our Lord in prayer. On the occasion before us, with reverence we may assume that the things pertaining to the kingdom were at least part of the subject of His prayer, the Spirit of God by each of the three evangelists speaking distinctly of the coming glory and kingdom of the Lord before the account of the transfiguration is given. Some six or eight days before this prayer, He had promised that some should see the kingdom of God come in power, and now the hour was come. "And as He prayed, the fashion of His countenance was altered." The disciples were not fully awake to the light that began to shine from His countenance, they saw not clearly the increasing radiance of His face. How like to ourselves, who are His disciples? When Jesus is the object, are not the eyes of our

hearts too often heavy with sleep? How slowly do we take in the brightness of His personal glory?

“And His raiment became white-glistening.” He who was possessed of no earthly store, who knew what hunger was, and whose garments betokened His lowly earthly companionship, He who was the carpenter’s son, was now robed in such shining raiment, in garments of such snow-whiteness, that no fuller on earth could whiten like them. Mighty princes and kings—Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed as was the Son of Man in that hour upon the holy mount.

“His face did shine as the sun;” such is His personal glory, supreme and beyond all others. “His raiment was white as the light;” His lowly circumstances were changed, and, instead of them, the glory of His robes, which no human hand could ever fashion, betokened His regal honor. The King was there; the kingdom had come in power, and for a moment its glories shone upon this earth.

Would not you, dear reader, joyfully have seen this His glory—seen the “fashion of the countenance” of the Son of Man “altered,” till it shone upon that high mountain as the sun? Was it this brightness which at length roused the three disciples? “When they were (fully) awake they saw His glory.” Those three Galileans—those three fishermen—beheld then in the Son of Man that which no mortal eye had ever seen before, but that which we who love Him shall yet see, and seeing, see forever.

Following the glory, we read of communion with the Lord.

There was something deeper than the gaze of those three disciples. “Behold, there talked with Him two men.” They had communion with Him as He was; they conversed with Him. They, too, appeared in glory. It is not the purpose of God, neither is it the will of Jesus, that the Son of Man should shine alone. There were three men shining with brightness, but Jesus was the sun, the two were speaking with Him. What holy familiarity in heavenly circumstances have we here! What a prospect for each and all of the many sons whom He is bringing to glory! To be glorified together, and at home in glory to be “talking with Jesus.”

Following the communion of the glorified persons with Jesus, we are told that the death of the Lord was the theme of their conversation: they “spake of His decease, which He should accomplish at Jerusalem.” These two men, Moses and Elias, the great law-giver and the great prophet, being in glory, had an all-absorbing subject for their conversation, even His decease—His, the then radiant Son of Man. How these men, as they spake of the Lord’s sufferings, must have looked into His countenance, and, with overflowing hearts, have told Him how they loved Him! We remember His words: “Ought not Christ to have suffered these things, and to enter into His glory? And beginning at Moses and all the prophets” —(Luke 24:26, 27.) And now Moses and Elias, who had written and spoken of Him, were talking with Him, and conversing about that death so shortly to be accomplished.

In the glory, by-and-bye, when all His own shall see Him face to face, there will be many conversations respecting His death, which He accomplished at Jerusalem, and many myriads then shall sing together, “Worthy is the Lamb who was slain.” How does your heart at this hour deport itself before the Lord in view of His decease? Have you ever talked with Him concerning it? It is of all others the subject upon which His own hold communion with Him.

On this earth we learn first His death; then communion with Himself. Glory awaits us. But, whether here or there, it is our joy to talk with Him. (To be continued.)

What Think Ye of Christ?

IN the day that is at hand God will test all our ways and thoughts by Christ. We speak to Christians. What is the motive for—what are the principles of—our service? Can we say, Christ? Let us test our ways, and, above all, our thoughts, by His Name.

Position and Condition

“I Am a Protestant,” says one, “I have left the darkness of Catholicism, and glory, in an open Bible.” The Protestant boasts in his Protestantism. “I am a —,” cries another, “not a Protestant merely, but one of that really scriptural Protestant denomination,” and so boasts in his “ism.” No one should dare to deny the value of a pure faith, but the purer the faith, the more holy should be its confessors. The greater the light, the greater the responsibility to walk worthy thereof.

It is of small purpose to exclaim, “I am in a clean place,” if the garments of the speaker be dirty! Therefore, let us inquire whether our hearts be filled with Christ, as well as what place we fill in Christendom.

The Little Schoolmaster

In the meantime, the priests became more active than before. One of them, called Claude Pelliez, gave notice that he would preach against the heretics in the large church of which he was the vicar. The church was crowded by the papists. And several of the gospellers went to hear also. The vicar praised “the church,” and the head of it—not Christ, but Clement VII., the pope at Rome. The vicar further described our poor little Anthony as an ignorant liar, and a wolf who prowled around the fold to devour the sheep.

After the sermon, four Huguenots called at the vicar’s house. “Froment,” they said, “is a good and learned man. You say he has lied. Prove it by the Bible.”

The vicar said he would do so. The Huguenots demanded that he would give his proofs in public. But the vicar said he would only do so in the presence of a few friends at the parsonage. The discussion was fixed for the last afternoon of that year, 1532.

Anthony had, you see, been scarcely two months in Geneva. The work the Lord had already done by him had been as rapid as it was astonishing.

When the afternoon came which Claude had named, the four Huguenots went to the parsonage. Some priests whom the vicar had invited were already there. But the vicar himself was still shut up in his private room. He was looking vainly for texts. He had not yet found one. The Huguenots and the priests sat together for a long time. They drank some wine they found under the table, which Perrin, one of the Huguenots, paid for. The vicar did not appear. They were beginning to despair of him, when suddenly he walked in, a huge book under his arm. It was stuck full of slips of paper to mark the places. The vicar opened his book, and read a long piece in contradiction to Froment’s sermons.

“What book is that?” asked Perrin; “it is not a Bible.”

“Ah!” said the others; “you have not been able to find one text in the Bible to suit your purpose.”

The priest grew red with anger. “What do you mean?” he said, “this book is the *Postillae Perpetuae in Biblia* of the illustrious Nicholas Lyra.”

“But you promised to prove Froment wrong out of the Bible,” said the Huguenots.

“Lyra is the best commentator,” said the vicar.

“We don’t want commentators, we want the Bible,” repeated the Huguenots.

Perrin grew angry, and the vicar more so.

In fact they both lost their temper completely.

Perrin was one of those Huguenots who had taken part with Froment out of dislike to the priests, not out of love to Christ. One of the vicar’s friends stole out of the room, and called in a band of armed priests, who were ready waiting—the foremost with a naked sword in his hand. The four Huguenots were indignant at this treachery. They seized the swords they had taken off when they first came into the room, and making a way through the regiment of priests, rushed into the streets. One of the priests ran to ring the alarm bell in the belfry of the church hard by. Before the four Huguenots could get away, a crowd had collected. Huguenots and papists alike hurried to the spot.

“The Huguenots want to seize the church, and make Froment preach in it!” shouted the priests.

Meanwhile the magistrates came upon the scene. They dispersed the crowds, and followed the priests into a distant quarter of the town, where they had hoped afresh to raise a riot. The town council then met, to form plans for preventing any further disturbance. The chief Huguenots were summoned to appear.

The magistrates said, “We charge you to stop Anthony Froment’s preaching, either at the Golden Cross or in private houses.”

Now that Anthony’s preaching was forbidden, the Huguenots were the more determined to go in a body to the Golden Cross next morning.

When Anthony started from his inn that New Year’s morning to go to his school, he found the streets round the Golden Cross so closely packed with people that it was impossible to make his way. With great effort he succeeded in getting within a short distance of the door. But the doorway, the passages, the stairs, and the great hall were already crowded to suffocation. The mass of people still in the streets were anxious that Anthony should remain outside. If he once got in they had no chance of hearing a word.

A man shouted out, “To the Molard!” and in a minute the cry ran through the crowd, “To the Molard!”

The Molard is a large square near the lake, and not very far from the Golden Cross. It is the place where the fish market is held, and where it was held in the days of Froment.

Anthony was speedily carried off to the Molard. The Huguenots cleared a fish stall without ceremony, and hoisted up Anthony to preach from it. The crowd had followed, and the great square was completely filled.

“Preach the Word of God to us!” they shouted on every side. But so great was the noise, preaching was at first impossible. Anthony made signs to them to be silent. He then got off the

stall, and knelt upon the ground. The people were at once quiet. They uncovered their heads; some knelt also. Anthony at first could not speak. The tears ran down his cheeks. At last, lifting up his hands and eyes to heaven, he prayed in a voice so clear and strong that all could hear. He thanked God that He was the hearer and answerer of prayer—that He was bound by His own promise to hear the prayers of all who draw near to Him through His beloved Son.

“Father,” he said, “look down upon Thy poor blind people, led by the blind, so that they both fall into the ditch, and can only be lifted out by Thy mercy.” He prayed that the Lord would open their eyes, and open their ears to listen to the word, though preached to them by one “unworthy to be the bearer of so great a message—one chosen from among the weak things of the world.” “Give me, Lord,” he said, “strength and wisdom, so that Thy power may be shown—that it may be seen that Thy power is greater than Satan’s, and that Thy strength is not like man’s strength.”

The people wondered at this prayer. They knew no prayers, but those which the priests chanted out of their books. This prayer seemed a reality to them.

Then Anthony stood up on his stall, and took out of his pocket a little book. It was a New Testament. The text he read from it was, “Beware of false prophets, which come to you in sheep’s clothing, but inwardly they are ravening wolves.”

You can imagine, having heard the text, what was the subject of Anthony’s sermon.

In the midst of Anthony’s sermon, arrived a serjeant, sent by the magistrates, to whom the priests had carried the startling news that “the Lutherans had taken their idol to preach in the square.”

“In the name of my lords,” shouted the serjeant, “I command you to cease from preaching!”

Anthony stopped, and answered in a loud voice, “We ought to obey God rather than man.” He then continued his sermon.

The serjeant dared not do more, in the presence of the army of Huguenots. He carried back Anthony’s answer to the magistrates. Anthony went on to speak of the evil teaching of the priests—of their profligate lives, and of their human inventions. Suddenly a body of armed men entered the square—magistrates, soldiers, and priests, all alike well provided with swords and guns. Claude Bernard, one of the Huguenots rushed forward. “Save yourself, Anthony Froment!” he shouted at the top of his voice. Anthony, nothing daunted, refused to move, or to break off his preaching. “For God’s honor let us avoid the spilling of blood,” said Bernard, who perceived that a fight was beginning. Froment saw it was right to give way. His friends dragged him from the stall, and carried him by a covered passage to the house where Robert Olivetati was tutor. There they hid him in a secret corner. The magistrates dispersed the crowd, and sought in vain for the preacher. They then returned to report to the town council that he had suddenly vanished.

The priests were not willing that the matter should end by the disappearance of Anthony. They prowled about the streets, and before the day was over they had assured themselves of the fact that Anthony was somewhere in Chautemps’ house. They therefore collected in a crowd under the windows, shouting and threatening. Chautemps led Anthony out of the back door, in the dark, and took him to the house of the resolute Perrin, who had defied the priests the day before. But the priests soon found out what had happened. They rushed to Perrin’s house, and shouted loudly that they would set it on fire, and burn all who were in it. But Perrin, who was a match for them,

went to the door, and said, "I am free to keep an honest servant in my house without asking your leave, and I shall do so."

He then turned to Anthony, and said, "You are my servant—I herewith engage you." At the same moment a body of Huguenots appeared in the street, and the priests fled.

During the few days that followed, the magistrates and the priests consulted together as to what should be done next. Had not some of the magistrates been Huguenots things might have been speedily settled. But the town was divided, and so equally divided, it was impossible to decide between the two parties.

Meanwhile Anthony worked for his master, Perrin, being employed in weaving ribbon. He went out sometimes to visit those who had been converted by the preaching. Every now and then he was insulted and abused, but as some of his friends always followed him, armed with stout sticks, no one dared to touch him.

One day he met a procession on the Rhone bridge. The priests carried crosses and relics, and chanted prayers to Peter and Paul. Anthony stood upright, and did not bow to the images. The priests left off chanting, and shouted, "Fall on the dog! Drown him!" The women, always the most zealous, rushed upon him and endeavored to push him into the river. But his friends with their sticks ran to the rescue, seized Anthony, and dragged him into the house of our friend, Claudine Levet, which was at the corner of the bridge.

Anne, Claudine's husband, was an apothecary, and the lower part of the house was his shop. The priests led on the people to the attack. They flung stones through the windows, threw mud into the shop, and at last rushed in, and shattered the bottles, and scattered the drugs over the floor. The Huguenots put Anthony in a secret chamber, and then, armed with their sticks, drove priests, women, and all the mob speedily from the bridge. At night, Anthony returned to his master, Perrin, and told him he felt that the time was come for him to leave Geneva. His Huguenot friends were grieved, but they said he was right—it was no longer safe for him to remain there. Setting out in the dark, he left the city, and found his way back to his peaceful little home at Yoonard.

F. B.

COME ye children, hearken unto me; I will teach you the fear of the Lord. What man is he that desireth life and liveth many days, that he may see good? Keep thy tongue from evil, and thy lips from speaking guile. Depart from evil and do good; seek peace and pursue it. (Prov. 34:11-14)

Sowing and Reaping

WE place some sweet-pea seed in our garden, and by-and-bye gather the bright-colored and pleasant-scented blossoms, so familiar to us all. We lay some soft thistle-down in the hedgerow, and after a while the prickly leaves appear. We reap what we sow. We do not ever expect to find thistles where we sowed our sweet peas, nor sweet peas where we laid the thistle-down. In our picture the harvest has come, the reapers are busy, and those also who bind up the sheaves. What was sown is reaped. The beautiful ears of corn and the yellow sheaves would never have been found in the field had not good seed been sown there.

One of the most solemn texts in the Scriptures is about sowing and reaping. It is this: "Be not deceived; God is not mocked; for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap. For he that soweth to his flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption; but he that soweth to the Spirit shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting." (Gal. 6:7,8). This text seems to be especially addressed to the young. It is true of our spirits, souls, and bodies, true for time and eternity.

He or she who sows to the flesh by selfish ways will reap discontent, while the spirit of self-denial will produce a happy harvest. Whatever we sow, that we shall reap, and it would be as vain to expect to find a crop of sweet peas spring up where we laid thistle-down as to look for happiness to arise in our hearts where we have been living to ourselves.

Sometimes we reap almost on the very day that we sow; at other times, years will roll by before the reaping time arrives: but come it will, sooner or later. Many a patient Christian has gone quietly on for many months doing the Lord's will, and praying for His blessing, and it has seemed almost as if the thing desired would never come. But in due season the reaping came, and the joyful answer to prayer and patient continuance in well-doing was given.

God seems to answer little children's prayers more quickly than those of grownup people, perhaps because time seems so much longer to us when we are young than when we grow older.

A wise child, having a garden of his own, would ask his father to select the seed for him to sow in it. And the wise children in God's family ask Him to show them what to do. The secret of happy reaping is doing such things as God likes. Good beginnings make happy endings. The beginning of a thing is the seed. It is frequently the case that, having begun something to please ourselves, we find that we are in a difficulty, and then go to God to be helped. The happy plan is to go to God first of all, and thus to be taught by Him what seed is good. God is good, and hears our prayer, and answers in His wisdom; but it is too late when the prickly thistle covers the little garden to say, "Oh, I wish I had not sown such seed!"

We must earnestly press upon our dear young readers the importance of beginnings. Each beginning in life is like seed-sowing. Each beginning will have some kind of end. Our desire for you is that the end of what you begin may be happy. We are not thinking of the end for all who love. Christ-heaven with Himself-for that is made certain for us by the death of the Lord. To gain the much fruit of His dear people, and to have them all with Himself by-and-bye, the Lord became the

corn of wheat and died, and He shall see of the travail of His soul and shall be satisfied. He shall see all for whom He died with Himself in glory. No, we are not thinking of the end—heaven made sure to us by what the Lord Jesus has done, but of the end of each thing you yourselves begin. This end depends upon what you do, and for it you are responsible. Take, then, the beginnings of things to God in prayer. Ask Him for guidance and help, seek that what you undertake may be according to His word and for His glory, and then you will be happy reapers.

I Am on the Lord's Side

ONE Sunday afternoon, a great many children were gathered together for a children's service, and many grown-up people had come with them to hear of God's love.

Let us look at a small group in the large hall. It is a nurse and two little children. The eldest is between five and six years old. Her large, bright eyes light up a most endearing face, with a very unusual look of intelligence upon it. As the child shakes back her fair, curling hair from her face, her fragile look makes us feel that she will need tender care and love to enable her to pass through this rough world.

The speaker arrives, and few of his young hearers pay more eager attention than our darling little F. With flushed cheeks, she listens to the story, how that the Lord Jesus left His glory, and came down here, becoming a little child, and growing up in this world, and at last dying on the cross for sinners. She listens to the message how that old and young may have all their sins forgiven, and be ready to go to be with the Lord when He calls His loved ones home, and how that they all should be really on the Lord's side.

Little F.'s heart was full of joy. Young as she was, she had known and trusted the Lord for many months. When, in closing his address, the speaker asked all the little ones who were "on the Lord's side" to come and speak to him, little F. slipped down from her seat, and stole gently up the room, and then clasped her little hands in those of the speaker.

Many a grown-up person's heart was stirred at the sight! The little child, forgetting herself and the crowds around her, and thinking only of the Lord, whom she had already learned to love!

After the meeting was over, and the children had gone to their homes, little F.'s first greeting to one who dearly loved her, and had taught her about the Lord Jesus, was this: "Oh, auntie dear, I am so happy! I danced nearly all the way home. I am so happy I am on the Lord's side." Her auntie knew that this joy was not the work of a moment, for, when only four years old, F. had learned for the first time that the Lord loved her, and that He had died for her, and her intelligence in understanding the truth was most marked. Her heart entered into it, and she learned by God's teaching that she had a sinful nature, as well as that she needed forgiveness of her sins. But little F. saw in Jesus all that she needed, and often said, "I do believe on the Lord Jesus, and I am saved, for He died for me."

The dear child was anxious for her friends to know Him too, and would ask them all if they were saved, telling them that Jesus the Lord had died to save sinners. Many a time she would leave her dolls and toys to talk to her aunt about the Lord, and when she had learned to read, it was her joy to spell out the chapters she loved so much, chiefly those commencing— "Now, when Jesus was born in Bethlehem," and "Now on the first day of the week."

Our little F. also loved to hear of the Lord's coming to call all who love Him to meet Him in the air, and to be forever with Him, and she knew she would be one of the happy children who would be

called then. Dear little readers, will you meet our darling F. there in the glory?

L. T.

I Will Wait Till I'm a Man

WHEN I was visiting a friend some time ago, she asked me to speak to her young relative, a boy of about fourteen years of age. His parents were godly people, but he was still unconverted.

We spoke together on the necessity of repentance towards God, and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ.

He listened attentively for some time, and then said that it would be very difficult for him to become a Christian.

“Why so?” I asked.

“Because all the boys would laugh at me.”

“Don't you know any Christians amongst your schoolfellows?”

“No,” he answered: “none of them speak of these things.”

At length he said, “I will tell you what I will do; I will wait till I'm a man, and then I shall get away from all my companions, and go into the country, and live there away from all temptation, and I will turn a Christian then.”

“Oh!” said I, “what a cowardly thing that would be! What would any king think of a man who said, I am going to be a soldier, but I will wait till all the wars are over, and the fighting done.”

My young friend then told me that the boys in the school had once agreed to play a mischievous trick on one of the teachers, and that they had all joined in it but three.

“Were you one of the three?” I asked.

“Yes,” he replied.

“And why did you not join in it? Did you think it would please God if you did not?”

“Yes,” he answered.

“Why did you wish to please God? I thought you told me that you had not come to Jesus, and that you did not belong to God!”

He owned again that he was not the Lord's.

“Yet you did this to please Him. Remember there are only the two masters—the Lord or Satan. If you don't belong to the one, you must belong to the other. The Lord Himself says, ye cannot serve two masters.”

“Now,” I continued, as he was silent, “suppose there was a king, and this king had an army, and some of his soldiers deserted, and went over to the ranks of his enemy, and when the king heard of it he was grieved, and sent word that he would freely pardon every deserter who would come

back. Now suppose some of them did not come back, but while still in the ranks of the enemy, said, 'Well I know the king would like me to do this, or would not like me to do some other thing'; they might do many things to please him, but would the king be pleased with anything they did as long as they were on the side of his enemy? No, he could not. They must first change ranks. Now, is not this what you have been doing? God is now offering you pardon; and He offers it today—not tomorrow. You might be in eternity in a few minutes. His word is, 'Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation.' All that you are now doing," I said to him, "and all that you are refraining from doing, in order to please God, will go for nothing. He cannot accept your service while you are in rebellion. First, be His, and then serve Him."

As we parted, he promised me very solemnly to consider what we had been speaking of. The Lord Himself perfected the work, and some months after when I again heard of him, my dear young friend had openly confessed Christ.

After going on well for about a year, this dear boy's health began to fail, and in little more than two years from the time of that Conversation, he was in eternity.

How very different might his end have been had he delayed repentance to a future time. He never lived to be a man!

Many boys are just in the same condition. Halting between two opinions, seeking to serve two masters, doing many things, but neglecting God's way of salvation.

My reader, remember that you have a soul that can never die. If you have not been born again, you cannot enter the kingdom of God. You are either on the broad road, which leadeth to destruction, or on the narrow way that leadeth unto life.

I can never forget a remark made by an old woman in a country town where an evangelist had been proclaiming the glad tidings.

The people were very dark, and some of them got angry with the preacher, saying one to another, "What presumption to tell people that they can know that their sins are forgiven, and that they have eternal life!" This old woman on hearing their remarks, made the following reply: "Weel, sir, the twa roads are no sae very like one anither, as that ye may mistake which ye're on; they are just as opposite as night and day, or light and darkness!"

Be honest, then, dear young reader, with yourself, and judge your state, not by your own thoughts, nor by comparing yourself with others, but by the word of God. If you find that you are indeed a lost sinner, remember that the Lord Jesus said, "The Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which is lost."

I. D.

Singing Praises

LITTLE Paulina Schloss was at the Sunday-school treat in Georgetown, and enjoyed it as much as any of the others present. She received as a prize a Bible, with which she was much delighted. The following Sunday she was at school, and in her accustomed seat, and appeared to be much interested in what her teacher spoke upon that afternoon. At the close of the school, she remained behind the others, to tell him that she would be leaving with her grandmamma and little cousin for Surinam on the coming Wednesday. The teacher then spoke to her of the uncertainty of life, and told her that "she might never live to reach Surinam, and would she be sure of going to heaven if the vessel should be wrecked?" Her reply was "Oh yes." He gave the child a little book, with which she was much pleased, and she promised to learn some hymns to say to him on her return. On reaching home, she related to her mother all that had been said, and told her "she was sure that her teacher loved her, but that Jesus loved her better; and that she would not be in the least afraid to die, but that she would like to go to be with Jesus."

The mother then asked Paulina whether she wished to grieve her father and herself by wanting to die and leave them; to which she replied, "I love you, mamma, very much, but I love Jesus better." The Sunday-school hymnbook was seldom out of her hand, and the few days previous to leaving Georgetown she was always singing and speaking of Jesus. They sailed on the day fixed, and at 12 o'clock at night, she began singing one of her favorite hymns, when she was told to go to sleep, as it was too late to be singing. But little Paulina replied, "Must I not sing God's praises, grandmamma?"

In less than five minutes after that, a sudden squall struck the vessel, and having very little ballast, she heeled over, and all the passengers were launched into the deep. Four only were saved, one of them a friend of little Paulina's father; and the last thing he says he remembers hearing was Paulina's voice above the noise of the water, singing her little hymn, "The new Jerusalem." This saved passenger was in the water from seven in the evening until one or two the next afternoon, and was then picked up by a passing steamer. He was clinging to some article washed from the deck.

Little ones, is your trust in the Saviour sure, like Paulina's? Are you ready, should you be called, to die? You know not how sudden the call may be. Come to Jesus while it is called today.

w.

1. Awakened

IN an hospital at Fyzabad, India, during severe outbreak of cholera, lay a private of the — Regiment, seriously ill. On either side of him was a man who had been suddenly attacked by cholera. Like the thief; upon Calvary, one of these feared God, and the other did not. As J. D. lay upon his bed from the lips of the Christian he continually heard passages of the word of God repeated over and over again, as if the poor man in his last moments would extract from them all the sweetness they contained—perhaps, too, with the desire that other might be led to that Saviour, whose love was lighting up his last hours on earth. J. D. was not a Christian. Hitherto living the life of thousands of other soldiers in India, he was a careless and godless man; but the presence of death all around—the word of God repeated by the lips of the dying man by his side—sobered him, and for the first time made him seriously inquire, “What must I do to be saved?” In a day or two the body of the Christian was carried out, his happy spirit already at home with the Lord, and the day after the man on the other side breathed his last. But though death was on his right hand and on it is left, J. D. was spared. The fever left him, and again he entered upon active life. The enemy of souls did his utmost to efface the solemn impression of the hospital ward and of the dying testimony from the Christian’s lips, but in vain. A soul was awakened from the sleep of death! J. D. could find no rest for his conscience, and a second visit to another hospital still further deepened the impression made, and caused the voice of the living God to sound still louder in his soul.

2. Saved

Five years after the above events, J. D. was stationed at Aldershot still unsaved, and still unhappy. Time had not effaced the memory of the hospital at Fyzabad, and the voice of the dying Christian still sounded in his ears. He constantly attended the barrack church, but could get no peace; indeed, he could not understand much that he heard.

One Sunday morning he asked himself, as he marched to church as usual with his company, "Of what use is all this church-going to me? I get no peace; I am not saved. In spite of all my efforts and my prayers, I seem as far off as ever." He entered and took his seat. The usual service began; the prayers were finished, and the sermon commenced. But J. D. neither saw nor heard! He had opened his Bible carelessly enough, thinking that, since he could not understand the service, perhaps he might get more good if he read a chapter to himself. His eye rested on the first chapter of John, the 11th and 12th verses: "He came unto His own, and His own received Him not." He thought of the hatred of the Jews, of their crucifixion of Christ,, and he read on: "But as many as received Him, to them gave He power to become the sons of God, even to them who believe on His name."

It was enough. Church, preacher, and congregation were all forgotten as the newborn soul drew the first breath of that life that was never more to end; and peace—perfect peace—filled the soul of J. D. at last. He saw it all! The scales dropped from his eyes; He believed on His name; he was a child of God; he had received. Christ Jesus, the Lord—nay, more, that Lord had Himself spoken peace to his soul as he sat spellbound in his pew. Only when he heard the men rise and begin to move out of the church did J. D. remember where he was. Oh! what joy now followed the newfound peace! He longed to tell every one of his new treasure. It seemed too long to wait to get to the barrack room; but, once there, he could keep it in no longer and to about twenty-five of his comrades he explained, with a glowing heart, the glories of that scripture which had pierced his heart—of that gospel which had filled his soul with joy, and called him out of darkness into God's marvelous light. He preached unto them Jesus. Many said he was mad, poor fellow! Some mocked; others would hear him again. J. D. heeded not the jeers or the scorn; he had found what he had sought for five long years—Jesus, his Saviour.

It is now ten years since the above events happened. Many a trial has followed, but J. D. still walks with His Lord, and He with him. May God bless this simple record to some weary soul, for His name's sake. Amen

A. T. S.

An Old Man's Story

AN aged man, whose every joint and limb seemed contracted and strangely distorted by rheumatism, passed almost daily by our window. I had often noticed him, and longed to know if he was of the household of faith. After some time, an opportunity of conversing with him occurred, and, as nearly as possible in his own words, I give the story of how the grace of God had reached him.

“Am I saved? Do I know the Lord Jesus? Yes, Miss; I can truly thank Him that I do, and perhaps you would like to hear how it was that the Lord brought me to Himself, for often as I sit in my little room, thinking it all over, it seems as if there could hardly be a greater miracle of grace upon earth than myself.

“Well, Miss, you may have heard of Tom Paine; you don't remember him, for he lived and died, aye, ‘as the fool dieth,’ before you were born. But my father was what he called his right-hand man, and my brother and myself were taught to deny the very being of the God who created us. I was a wild, wicked youth, and truly did sow to the flesh—the harvest being what the word of God calls it—corruption. While I was still a young man, it seemed as if already I was worn out in the service of Satan.

“I had lost a good situation through my own evil habits; brought my wife and family to such poverty that the only refuge before them was the workhouse; and then came the tempter's whisper that the way of escape from all the sorrow I had caused was in my own hands—to take my life, if the doctrines held were true, would be an end of all existence. I caught at the terrible suggestion. Way and means for carrying out the purpose were not far to seek, and with almost feverish eagerness I waited for twilight. It came at last, and hastening to my room I secured the door; and, while engaged in trying the strength of a rope I had hidden there earlier in the day, looked round to be sure that I was alone. Yes, I was alone, but not alone, for at that moment such a sense came over me, not only of the being, but of the power and presence of God as I can never forget, but cannot describe. The rope fell from my hands, my horrid purpose was abandoned, my whole frame trembled, large drops of perspiration started from every pore, and throwing myself upon my knees, I cried out in agony of soul, ‘O God, for Thou art God, have mercy on my soul, for I have a soul!’

“Through the night I wept and prayed. But did I get peace? No, only a deeper sense of sin, and a terrible certainty that if I died as I was, hell must be my everlasting portion.

“I soon became outwardly a changed man, broke with my infidel companions, and gave up my old habits, but still no peace; for the thought followed me night and day that if even for the rest of my life I could perfectly please and obey God there would be a terrible debt of long years of sin still unpaid. But I had begun to read the Bible, and to seek the company of Christians, and before long I saw it all—how that the work I could not do had been done for me by another—that One the Son of God. And so having faith in His work—His blood—my sins were taken away. And more, knew that the work was God's, and that I was a new creature in Christ Jesus, and His word sets a

glorious future before even this poor, shrunken body of mine. For His servant Paul says of Him who died for me, that He 'shall change our vile body, that it may be fashioned like unto His glorious body.'" (Phil. 3:21.)

C. J. L.

Not Many Wise

“SHE is a very good scholar, and has plenty of learning,” said one woman of another to whom I had been talking about her soul. So had Nicodemus, and yet he knew not that before he could enter the kingdom of God, he must be born again.

So had the Scribes and Pharisees, when they “suffered not them that were entering into the kingdom of heaven to go in.” So had Saul of Tarsus, when he “made havoc of the church,” but was injurious and an unbeliever. So had the princes of this world, who “crucified the Lord of Glory,” and were ignorant that He was God’s wisdom; for, “had they known it,” they would not have crucified Him.

Some of my readers, likewise, may think that scholarship and learning will be helpful in the matter of salvation. It is true, that to be able to read the Bible is an untold blessing; yet it is equally true that to read it, and not to receive its truths, only adds to our condemnation. The Bible is very plain; the Lord Himself said, “He hath anointed me to preach the gospel to the poor” (Luke 4:18); and it is written, “Not many wise men after the flesh. . . are called: but God hath chosen the foolish things of the world, to confound the wise... That no flesh should glory in His presence.” (1 Cor. 1:26-29.)

If salvation depended in any way on the wisdom of man, we should still have something to boast of before God, instead of making our boast only in “Jesus Christ, and Him crucified.” Learning and scholarship belong to the mind and the head, and it is your heart, dear reader, that God wants to reach; the Bible is His voice to conscience and heart. Listen to His words, “The word is nigh thee, even in thy mouth, and in thy heart: that is, the word of faith, which we preach; that if thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised Him from the dead, thou shalt be saved. For with the heart man believeth unto righteousness; and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation.” (Rom. 10:8, 9, 10) With your natural ear you listen to someone who reads the Bible, or you read it yourself; you accept it as God’s word; with your heart you believe in the One of whom it speaks, for you must have to do with a living Person, the Lord Jesus, whom God has raised from the dead and all the learning in the world cannot help you to that.

“Whosoever believeth on Him shall not be ashamed.” Thank God for that “whosoever”; learned, or unlearned, wise, or foolish, there is no difference in God’s sight; but, “the same Lord over all is rich unto all that call upon Him.” Think not that the wisdom of this world will help you to understand the truth of God; had it been so, what need for the Lord to say, “Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven.” (Matt. 18:3.) Does not a child receive the thoughts of another, because it has no knowledge of its own of which to boast?

The Bible is a book which may well interest the mind of man, for it is a revelation of infinite wisdom; but many a man reads it as a study, who never has had his conscience reached, or his heart broken, over its pages. Oh, read the Bible as a message from God to you, and you will not fail to find what will meet your need.

An aged person said to me lately, "When I was young, I used to think differently, but I see it all now. Reading the Bible over won't save the soul; nothing but the blood of Christ can do that." This person had read the Bible as a duty, but now finds there Christ Jesus of whom it testifies, and who "of God is made unto us wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption." (1 Cor. 1:30.) Have you, my reader?

H. L. H.

Christ Jesus Came Into the World to Save—Whom?

CAN you, dear reader, answer this question, and say, “He came to save me?”

The apostle Paul, in writing to Timothy, says, “This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners; of whom I am chief.” (1 Tim. 1:5.) And again (Gal. 2:20) he says, “The Son of God... loved me, and gave Himself for me.”

The other day I asked a very little boy the question at the head of this paper, “Whom did the Lord Jesus come to save?” He immediately replied, “Me.”

How simple! A little child can grasp it.

Have you ever been into His presence, and can you say, not only, “Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners,” but that you are a sinner He came to save? Have you ever had your eyes opened to the fact that you, a sinner, need a Saviour, and that if you should die in your sins, “without God,” without Christ, you have “no hope” for eternity, nothing before you but the lake of fire? (See Eph. 2:12; Rev. 20:15.)

Let me entreat you to take God at His word now. He is not willing that any should perish. He bids you look to Jesus—believe in Jesus, and Jesus only. A little child who has believed in the Lord Jesus may understand very little, but it is not the full understanding of the work of Christ, or the amount of our appreciation of it, that saves—it is the preciousness of that blessed work to God. Directly you believe, God’s thoughts about the work of His beloved Son are made good to you.

Let me again press the question, “Can you put the word me to the end of the quotation at the head of this paper?”

E. G.

Receiving the Word of God

THERE is a living freshness in the Scriptures, when read in faith, that brings us into direct communication with God Himself. This freshness ever exists in the Scriptures, but we realize it solely as we read them in simplicity. Do we really hear God speaking to us when we open His Book?

The way in which the Thessalonian believers received the word is most instructive on this point “When ye received the word of God, which ye heard of us,” says the apostle, “ye received it not as the word of men, but as it is in truth, the word of God, which effectually worketh also in you that believe.” (1 Thess. 2:13.) This their reception of the truth accounts for very much of their state of soul, for which the apostle could and did give God thanks.

We may be sure that, as Christians, we are what we are in proportion to the depth of shallowness with which we receive the word of God as the word of God. It does not effectually work in us who believe, unless we truly believe it. As a matter of fact, believers but faintly believe the word of God as the word of God. There is very great trifling with it. We do not now refer to that Christianized infidelity, which sits in judgment upon the Scriptures, and believes only what it professes to understand, for that is not faith at all. That is to say—it is not faith in God at all, but faith in the ability of human reasonings. No, but we refer to the daily life of true and devout believers. Do not we take hold of a great deal secondhand? We take it rather as the word of man than as it is in truth, the word of God. What does Mr. — say? we inquire. The question should be, What does God say?

When the word of God is received by us, as it is in truth the word of God, we are in direct hearing of God’s word. We listen to Him as a child to his parent. We are then spirit, soul, and body commanded by His word. Hence it works effectually within us.

It never occurs to us either to question or to evade His word, and such a spirit soon tells its own tale to the world around us, for as the lives of the Thessalonians sounded out the word of God far and wide, so does the word sound out from every believer into whose heart it has been received as it is in truth the word of God.

Pardon Offered

A PREACHER of the gospel was holding a series of meetings in a village schoolroom. Amongst the people who came to hear was a farmer, who listened with intense eagerness to the wondrous story of redeeming love. At the close of the meeting the hymn was sung:

“Pardon is offered! Pardon is offered!

A pardon, full, present, and free.

The mighty debt was paid

When on Calvary Jesus died

To atone for a rebel like thee.”

These words made the farmer feel uneasy. He went home, and, after a sleepless night, found himself very unhappy in the morning.

Next day, as he was coming home from the plow after a hard day’s work, still unhappy, his son, a boy of thirteen years of age, who had been with him on the previous evening, began singing the verse given above. Immediately the truth broke upon his father’s soul, that there was pardon for him, and that he had simply to believe on the Lord Jesus who had borne his sins away on the cross, coming to Him just as he was.

He there and then believed, and now he can say, as the apostle Paul said, “I know in whom I have believed, and that He is able to keep that which I have committed to Him against that day.” It is nearly five years since the farmer knew Jesus as his Saviour, and he is still rejoicing in the knowledge of sins forgiven.

Dear reader, may you, like him, be enabled to trust in Jesus, and to know Him as your Saviour. God tells us in His word that “Now is the accepted time, and that now is the day of salvation.” Come, just as you are, and accept the free gift.

A. C.

Soul-Thirst

IT has been my happy privilege to have a Christian father, and many a time in my youth did he speak to me about my soul! At the age of twelve I made a sort of profession of religion after attending revival services, but it did not last long; and by-and-bye I began to get reckless, and went on from bad to worse.

After a time I joined the Royal Navy, and the very day I went away from home and friends, the Lord showed me that my soul was not saved. I tried to be good, and betook myself to praying and other religious exercises. At night, in my hammock, I used to pray; and oh, how I used to weep! And then I would hope and wait to feel a change, but all in vain. I joined the "Good Templars," and, believe me, I thirsted more than ever, and was always thinking what I could do to obtain peace of mind. Then the feeling would come that there was nothing to rest upon, and that my house was built on the sand. My friends believed me to be a very religious lad, but if they spoke to me, I was plain with them, and often told them that my soul was not saved. I was in this state for four years and eight months, when at last it pleased the Lord to show me, that salvation was not to be obtained through doings, or feelings, but simply by what the Lord Jesus had done long before, by His finished work on the cross. I think it was the work of an instant, when I realized that the blessed Saviour had suffered on the cross for me. Oh! what joy filled my poor soul, when I learned that the unsearchable riches of Christ were mine!

If you have not already experienced soul-thirst, may you be led by the grace of God to yearn for that living water, which "Whosoever will may take freely."

J. R.

First Love

THE first love of a child to its parent is exceedingly sweet and simple; the bright eye and gay step upon the parent's entry into the room; the joyous laughter of the morning greeting, or the infant's cheery repetition of the parent's name as the little one is carried to the object of its heart.

How sweet are these unconscious proofs of love! But tenderness too often grows dull with increasing years; self-will, self-pleasing assert themselves; then rivals enter the heart and dispute its possession, perhaps the parent sometimes learns that even the dear love of childhood extends not to maturer age, and that the delight of calling his name belonged but to infancy.

We have heard of the heart, first won by Christ, and for Christ, whispering to itself continually, "Jesus, Jesus"; of each letter bearing that fragrance upon its pages; of each conversation being musical of Him. Does the simplicity of early love to Jesus wane in our hearts as knowledge increases? Is the outpouring of early Christian life slackened? Have we grown formal, and has our springtime lost its unconscious sweetness? Ah! if so, there are rivals in the heart. Self-will, self-pleasing, have entered its chambers.

If the parent remembers with sadness the days of his children's simple, though oftentimes strangely-expressed, affection, the Lord Jesus looks upon His people, grown wise in knowledge, but cold in love, and His grieved Spirit says, "I have somewhat against thee—thou hast left thy first love."

Jesus on the Holy Mount

WE must refer our reader to our previous number for the beginning of this paper. We there saw our Lord as the Son of Man shining in His glory, and with Him also in glory, Moses and Elias, who were holding converse with Him upon the subject of His death, which He was about to accomplish at Jerusalem.

The three eyewitnesses of His honor and glory were oppressed with drowsiness: they did not fully see or comprehend the brightness of His countenance. When, however the three disciples were fully awake, Peter began to speak to the Lord.

The Lord's glory and majesty had not so completely overwhelmed him that Jesus glorified was not Jesus to him still. But Peter wist not what to say, for he was afraid. How different were his thoughts from those of Moses and Elias! His were earthly, human, thoughts. It seems as if we are either drowsy as to the Lord's glory, or, being awake and seeing it, we see it with mere natural eyes, and speak of it with human thoughts. Moses, Elias, Jesus—three glorified men: the lawgiver, the great prophet, the Messiah—each glorious, all alike—all to be placed, as it were, upon one platform; such were the thoughts of Peter. How hard it is for man to realize that Jesus is the sun, and that He is supreme! And harder still to believe that His death alone can bring in God's kingdom and man's blessing. More, Peter would have retained in three tabernacles on this earth, without the Lord's decease, the three glorified ones. Divine righteousness would have been ignored, human sin made light of, and the very hearts of men left in their darkness. Had not the law of Moses been broken, and the prophets persecuted and slain? What could answer these questions to God, or what could give men's souls liberty before God respecting them, save the death of Jesus, the Son of Man?

The misjudged thoughts of the disciple were at once answered from heaven, for "while he yet spake, behold, a bright cloud overshadowed them." Herein we have unveiled to us God's thoughts. God made at once a fitting tabernacle for Jesus. He spread over Him the shekinah, the glory cloud. For long, long years this had not enveloped aught on earth in its folds of light. Sin had driven it away from earth, and the shekinah had retreated to heaven, but now it was spread as a tent over the glorified Jesus, and the two men who appeared with Him in glory.

As Peter and the two other disciples saw Jesus, Moses, and Elias enter this cloud they were afraid. It was a new thing that men should enter the glory of God, and, seeing this, fear in presence of the majesty of the Lord filled the hearts of the disciples. It was a very different thing men passing into the light of God in heaven, from the light of His presence shining upon this earth amongst men. No building made with hands—no earthly erection—was a fitting tent for the Lord to dwell in. The glory of God, the shining cloud, alone was a tabernacle suitable for Him, and the heavenly men with Him. Neither did three separate tabernacles consort with God's thoughts, for Jesus and His glorified people are to dwell together in the same glory, though it is solely through the Son that the glorified shall enter and dwell with Him in the glory of God.

The Father's voice from heaven was also heard. The glory of God and the voice of the Father are to fill our hearts. There is a rebuke to our poor thoughts about Jesus in the words "This is My beloved Son, hear Him." It is a voice for us in our day, as it was for Peter and the disciples in theirs. "Hear Him" —Listen and attend to what He says. He hath declared the Father, dwelling in the Father's bosom, He teaches us Him. Away with infidelities and the miserable speculation of our times— "hear Him" —He came from heaven, who is the Word of God. Hear Him, the Father bids you. We shall never know aught aright of God or of glory save as we hear Him. The thoughts of men cannot but misjudge God; philosophy must needs blunder concerning glory—hear Him!

Nor is it rebuke only that these words convey, for the love of the Father bids us hearken to Jesus. "This is My beloved Son, hear Him." Moses and Elias had but one theme of which to speak to Jesus in that hour—His decease. It is Jesus who now speaks to us—hear Him. Listening to His words, life and peace shall be our portion. He has died, and in glory "He dieth no more," and He tells us the words of salvation. We honor the Father by hearing the words of His beloved Son. Jesus is supreme; He is preeminent; fix your eye upon Himself as the Father's voice from heaven bids you; beholding Him, it is impossible to be led astray from the Father's thoughts. He would have His people look upon and listen to His beloved Son.

The evangelist, who portrays the Lord as man, and who notes His prayers, adds these words, which the first two, who treat rather of His ways than the workings of His heart, omit— "in Whom I am well pleased." We heard similar words when He was baptized, when He began to preach the kingdom of God, and by miracles to evidence its healing power. We hear them again now, when as the sun, He shines in the midst of the bright heavenly tabernacle, which glows over the earthly kingdom represented by the three disciples. These words are strictly addressed to man. They are the unfolding of God the Father's pleasure in His Son to us. Look upon Him, hear Him, in whom the Father is well pleased! Let us address these words to our readers in affectionate exhortation, and inquire, Have you thus regarded Jesus? Our eternal happiness depends upon our present pleasure in the object of the Father's delight. To be pleased with our own works or religiousness is, in the contemplation of this glory, a base indignity to God's purpose and pleasure. Of this we are sure, that when men's eyes see Him in His glory, there will not be, by any possibility, one single thought of self-esteem left in their hearts. In the day of coming judgment every eye shall see Him and to those of our readers who do not know Christ in their hearts, we appeal at once to turn the gaze from every other object, and to look, in this day of grace, to the Lord.

With the voice from heaven the vision passed away. Moses, Elias, and the shekinah were seen no more. The confused spirits and trembling hearts of the disciples, as they lay upon their faces in their fear, were assured by the touch and the voice of Jesus. They lifted up their eyes. It was not the glory which they had been permitted for a moment to see that they then beheld; it was Jesus only. His heavenly attendants, His heavenly tabernacle, and the voice from heaven were passed away. The Son of Man stood alone before them, and in His presence they were at home. Here let our hearts rest. Fear flies before His face. "Jesus only" is joy to the heart of His disciples, whether in life, or death, or glory.

H. F. W.

If Jesus Was to Come, Would He See Me?

“SHALL I tum in and sing zoo a pity ‘ittle hymn?”

I do not remember ever opening my cottage door in answer to Ruth’s little knock, without hearing this pretty petition; and, unless very much engaged, I would say, “Yes, Ruth, come in!” which she would do on tiptoe, for fear of soiling the matting, and, with a sigh for very pleasure, seat herself on a footstool. “And what are you going to sing, Ruth?” I would ask, and the invariable reply was, “Jesus loves me, this I know,” which she would sing quite prettily.

Nothing delights the school children more than to go for a walk in the flowery meadows. One day I went with them for a stroll in the dinner hour. The little girls ran hither and thither, plucking flowers to put in the basket I had brought. When we came to what we call “the singing stile,” we perched on it and sang a song. Then we jumped down into another field, where the children wandered about singing merrily, each one, like the birds, singing his and her own song. This field led into another, in which a flock of sheep and lambs was feeding. Here little Ruth met with an accident, and she did not come to school that afternoon, and next day word was brought that she was “very bad” — “had something coming under her knee.”

Little Mary went to play with her in the dinner hour next day, and when she came to school in the afternoon she said to me, “Oh gov’ness!” Ruth said to her mother, “Would Jesus see she if He was to come?” When went to see Ruth, the mother told me that when she had lifted her into the armchair Ruth said, “If Jesus was to come, mother would He see me? would He see me in the armchair?” “I thought it such a knowledgeable thing for a child like that to say,” the mother added.

But I thought, “Yes; but Thou, Father hast hid these things, from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes for so it seemeth good unto Thee.” And I thanked Him in my heart that He had taught this “little one” to wish, like the dying thief to be remembered at the coming of His Son from heaven.

Yes, Ruth, He who calleth His own sheep by name, is not likely to care less for the lambs of that flock, He who gathers the lambs with His arms, and carries them in His bosom, is not likely to forget even one of them. No “none of them is lost.” And what a beautiful sight it will be for the angel, in that day, “when He cometh,” to see all the children, “the little children who love their Redeemer,” flying upwards to Him like doves in clouds to their windows, from many a lowly home, and many an unmarked grave.

Poor Ruth was crying sore with the pain when I went in, and neither her mother no: I could soothe her; but after a little she spoke, and this was the first thing she said “I used to sing zoo a pity hymn, gov’ness.”

“Yes, Ruth,” I said, “and you shall come and sing me one again the very first time you are able to be out. But don’t you think you could say me one now?” Then she said two of her own choosing, and chatted quite brightly for a long time.

The pain got worse and worse, however, and after a few days the doctor came and lanced the knee. What a relief it was to poor Ruth! As soon as her leg was bound up, and the doctor gone, she began to sing her hymns, and sang herself into a sweet sleep, which lasted all through the night, and far into the morning, when her father's kiss awoke her. E. B—R.

My Conversion

WHEN I was a little girl I lived in a large old farmhouse in the country. In front of it were four very large old trees, and some soft grass. Under these trees my little brother and sisters passed many hours in merry play. But I was not a happy child—a continual burden seemed to rest on my young mind; all was not right between my soul and God. I thought sometimes of my sins, but oftener of that peace of mind, which I knew I had not, and which I wished so much, to obtain. I had a pious mother, and one of my earliest recollections is of sitting by her side in a high chair, while she would read to me chapter after chapter of God's holy Book. She often warned me of the danger of neglecting my soul's salvation, but she could not tell me clearly the way of safety through Christ, for she did not then rejoice in the value of His finished work, as she did afterward. Often I resolved to become a child of God by beginning to read my Bible, and having stated times for prayer, and then, I used to think, surely I shall have entered on the narrow path that leadeth unto life eternal. So I would begin, and go on perhaps for a day or two, or a week, and once I think I persevered a month or more, and then it seemed all to come to nothing, and I was as unhappy as before.

I think I should have been brought earlier to know the Saviour, whom now I love, had anyone been near to take my little hand, and kindly say, "Dear Mary, you cannot become a child of God by your prayers and reading the Bible, but through faith in Christ Jesus. God has so loved you, a poor sinful little girl, that He has given His own well-beloved Son to die a shameful death on the cross, that you might be saved. Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, for on Him God has made to meet the iniquities of us all." I was often cross and unkind to my brother and sisters, and did many things which, if I had been following the meek and lowly Lamb of God, I should not have done.

I will tell you now how God saved me. It was when I was nineteen years of age. The Lord had sent into our village a faithful minister of His truth. I began to see I was a sinner, and then my soul asked the deeply important question, "Who is Jesus?" The Spirit of God answered, "He is the Saviour of sinners." Then He is the Saviour and I am the sinner, He is just the One I need. I will trust in Him to save me, for I cannot save myself.

A great change came over my conduct, and the pastor's wife, calling me to her house, lovingly said, "Mary, we see a great change in you, we should like to know the cause." I replied, "I am trusting in Christ." But when she proposed to me to join the church, I was quite astonished, for I thought I still had something to do before I could become a Christian. Soon after this, I saw plainly that the moment I trusted Christ, I became a child of God.

Since then I have known real happiness, and though, dear children, many years have passed away, I can truly say, I am happier now than when I first believed. That you may know Christ while you are young; is the earnest desire of your affectionate friend who has written these few lines. M. E. T.

A Disciple, but Secretly

Such was Joseph of Arimathea, and such are many young people of many towns and villages today. They would not like their friends to know that they were followers of Jesus. They might be ridiculed, or, perhaps, persecuted; therefore, they are ashamed to own the Lord who died for them upon the cross.

The evening when Joseph came to Pilate, and brought the body of Jesus, was the turning-point of his life. The sight of the Lord's death, and of His sufferings, made Joseph brave for Christ; and so it will each one who is now "a disciple of Jesus, but secretly for fear"! We know of some young people who, for two or three years, have kept the secret of their being disciples of Jesus from their own parents and nearest friends. They did not like it to be known, lest they should lose the enjoyment of the things in life which they valued. We say to the "disciples of Jesus, but secretly for fear," look you at your crucified Lord! See His wounds for you! Remember how He endured the shame and the spitting on your account. And the more you think of Him dying on the cross, the more often do you say, "Lord, it was all for me, all for me!"

The Pool of Bethesda

IN Jerusalem, in our Saviour's days, there was a pool called Bethesda, which signifies House of Mercy, or, Place of the Flowing of Water; and this pool, as is the case with many others in Eastern lands, had a colonnade round it, where people could rest and be shaded from the heat. The wonderful thing connected with this pool or tank was, that at certain times in the year God sent an angel from heaven to disturb its still, cool waters, and when this was done, whoever stepped first into the pool was cured of whatever disease he had. How the sick people of Jerusalem must have valued the pool of Bethesda; this place of flowing water was to them indeed a House of Mercy! And very many poor, helpless people, were often carried to the porches or colonnade, and laid down there, waiting and hoping for God to send the angel and for the troubling of the water.

But one day a greater than the angel visited this well-known spot. He came and looked at the poor sick people, and, as He looked upon them, their longings for health filled His breast with divine compassion. It was Jesus, the great Healer of men's diseases, who came that day to this House of Mercy. The eyes and thoughts of the sufferers were fixed upon the water; but the eye and thought of Jesus were fixed upon the sufferers. And He came to one man and looked upon him, He knew that the poor man had been a long, long time in his helpless and hopeless state, and Jesus said to him, "Wilt thou be made whole?"

No one, during the thirty-and-eight years the poor man had been ill, had asked him such a question. He had been an invalid before Jesus had come from heaven into the world, and all the years that the Lord had been going about doing good the poor man had been helplessly lying under the arche round the pool, and becoming more and more hopeless as time went on.

When the Lord's words, "Wilt thou be made whole?" fell upon his ears, the poor man did not even understand them; he only thought of his own weakness, and how others not so bad as he pushed by him and got into the water before him, and how he who pushed in first came back quite strong and well. To lie for so long quite close to the place of healing, to see so many others healed, and yet to have no hope whatever of receiving the mercy of God himself, was a sorrowful state indeed in which to be.

You need not feel as he did, since you have heard of Jesus, and of His loving heart, and how He says to you in your helpless state of soul, "Wilt thou be made whole?" He is near to make us whole, and He can do this by one word. How happy it is to believe on Him!

It is a great comfort to be able to say, Jesus knows all about me; He knows how long I have been a poor helpless sinner. He knows all my thoughts, difficulties, and disappointments, and He it is who, today, says to me, "Wilt thou be made whole?"

Jesus does not ask you to do anything to make yourself whole, for a helpless sinner can do nothing. The impotent, that is, the powerless man, the man having no strength, could do nothing for himself. And his heart was as lifeless as his body. He did not even understand what Jesus said to him. How like ourselves, for how dull and stupid we also often are when the Lord speaks to us!

But, dear young reader, Jesus still speaks to you, and may you hear His voice. The great Healer of the soul is near you just now. Hearken as He says to the impotent man, "Rise, take up thy bed and walk," and see how at His bidding immediately, the man, who for thirty-eight long years had been carried about, was made whole, and he arose and took up his bed and walked.

Yes, the Lord's work is perfect. He heals for time and for eternity the very moment He speaks. Do you know the healing power of the Saviour's words? Are you made whole, and are you walking to the glory of God? May it be so, and may you glorify the blessed Jesus, who died for us that we might live. "When we were yet without strength in due time Christ died for the ungodly."

The Last Prince-Bishop of Geneva

THE priests had triumphed! They had got rid of Farel—and now, three months later of Anthony Froment.

Thus the Lord's servants, one after another had been driven from Geneva. But when God has set the door open, no man can shut it. The preachers were gone, but they left behind them a multitude, to whom their words had been the message of life.

On the 4th of May the priests determined to make a great display of their power. That day was the feast of the Holy Winding-sheet. If you had wished to know what was the Holy Winding-sheet, the priests would tell you as follows. When the Lord Jesus was buried, the print of His face remained upon the linen cloth in which He was wrapped, and now, fifteen hundred years later, was still there. Moreover, this Winding-sheet had by some means found its way to Geneva, and was shown once a year with great pomp.

The stout canon, Peter Wernli, was to perform the service. He dressed himself in his finest robes, and sang loudly. Meanwhile his thoughts were far away from the sepulcher in Judea, and from the Saviour who was laid in it. He had scarcely finished the service, when he hurried off to the vicar's house—that house, where twice before the priests had met in council. This time they were again met to form a fresh plan for murdering all the Huguenots. Meanwhile some of the Catholics had gone down to the Molard, and were stirring up any they could find to attack the Huguenots at once. Several times the Huguenots who were passing by were challenged to fight. But they desired peace, and refused to strike a blow.

At last, our hotheaded friend, Ami Perrin, being attacked by a Catholic, rushed upon him, and nearly killed him. Some Catholics ran straightway to the vicar's house, shouting loudly, "Help! help! they are killing all good Christians!"

Peter Wernli sprang to his feet. He armed himself on the spot, seized his sword and halberd, which he had brought with him, and, "burning with the love of God," he called to the priests to follow him to the Molard. "And this good knight... being very expert, was armed at once, and, not having patience to wait for the other gentlemen of the church, he went out first in his ardent courage, and ran to the Molard, where he thought to find the Christians gathered. And he cried in his fervor, 'Courage, good Christians, do not spare those rascals!' But, alas! he found himself amongst his enemies." Thus writes Sister Jane, the nun of S. Claire.

The truth was, that a riotous crowd were now gathered in the Molard. The night was dark. Shouts and threats were heard on every side, and Peter Wernli knew not whom to attack. He stood in the square, swearing coarse oaths in his stentorian voice, and at least succeeded in urging on some of the Catholics to fight.

Wernli could not see where his enemies were, and knew not in which direction to strike. He therefore dealt his blows to right and left, till a Huguenot snatched his halberd, and broke it in

pieces. The canon then drew his two-handed sword, and flew upon the Huguenots around. He was so well defended by his heavy armor that no blow could touch him.

As he was thus hewing down his enemies, a poor carman came up, and determined to put an end to the fight. He looked for a weak point in the priest's armor, thrust in his sword, and Peter Wernli, having staggered to the entrance of a house, fell dead upon the stairs.

Peter Wernli had belonged to a family at Friborg. The city of Friborg called upon the council of Geneva to avenge the death of their old townsman. As the council had not been able to convict anyone of the murder of Peter, nobody had been punished for it. And now the council of Friborg, backed by the priests of Geneva, turned to their runaway bishop, who was at this time at his castle in France, where he had been "enjoying himself," he said, having his pinks and gilly-flowers, and being "much better fed than at Geneva." But the Fribourgers and the priests insisted upon his return to his forsaken diocese. They looked to the bishop as the last hope of saving the cause of the tottering church. On the first of July, with great pomp and splendor, the bishop rode into the city.

The town council was then called together. The bishop rose up, and asked the assembled magistrates and people whether they owned him for their prince and lord. If they said no, they would declare themselves as rebels. But they well knew if they said yes, it was all up with their liberty—more than that, there would be an end to the gospel in Geneva.

They replied that they owned the bishop as their prince, due regard being given to their ancient laws and liberties; and sent some of their number to a vaulted chamber, where the old parchments and charters of their liberty had been preserved. They looked out the most important of these ancient rolls, and carried them forthwith to the bishop's palace, whither he had returned.

The bishop looked with scorn and disgust at these unwelcome parchments. He gave no answer to their remarks. Calling together the priests, and the chief of the Catholics, he desired them at once to make a list of all the heretics and Huguenots who were to be seized as accomplices in the murder. The list was speedily made. The chief Huguenot, Baudichon, was away, he had started for Berne.

"How were they to be caught?" was the next question. The bishop resolved to send them a friendly invitation to his house. The next day this invitation was sent out. Some of them had suspicions, some were surprised at the bishop's amiable conduct—all were perplexed as to what it might mean.

Scarcely had they reached the bishop's antechamber, when they were loaded with heavy chains, and carried down to the dark dungeons below. There they were left, their feet fast in the stocks, their hands manacled. Meanwhile the magistrates had heard of the arrest of their fellow-citizens. They called the council together. What was to be done? Should they submit to the awful tyranny of the bishop? The bishop was waiting his opportunity to remove them from his dungeons at Geneva. The council again demanded that they should be brought to trial before the judge, according to the laws of Geneva. But the bishop replied, "No, I shall judge them myself." In vain was one message after another sent to the bishop, to warn him that he was setting at defiance all the laws and customs of the city. He still only replied, "I shall judge them myself."

Greater and greater became the wrath of the magistrates. The great council of sixty was called. Fresh messages were sent. The oldest magistrates and citizens went in procession to the palace, and told the bishop he was trampling upon their ancient liberties.

Then the great council of two hundred was called. They decided, as before, not to yield to the bishop. And the bishop decided, as before, not to yield to them.

Meanwhile the prisoners remained in their dungeons, and strange rumors filled the town as to what the bishop meant to do with them.

Baudichon returned home. He had been out in the harvest fields from the early morning. As he came home after dark, he met a party of armed men at the city gate. He asked them what was the matter. They replied the bishop was going to carry off the prisoners. A sudden thought came into Baudichon's mind. He called together fifty of his most trusty friends. He told them to take each an iron-tipped staff, with five unlighted matches at the end. He then went with them to a house near the palace, where they remained hidden till the hour of midnight. Then Baudichon ordered his men to light their matches, to hold their staves in their left hands, their swords in their right hands, and to follow him.

And thus suddenly, none daring to resist them, did they walk straight into the bishop's palace, and up to his chamber.

The bishop "stared with amazement," and trembled with fear. Baudichon spoke for the rest. "We demand the prisoners," he said.

"Surrender them at once to their lawful judges." The bishop was now completely terrified. He had already been alarmed by the sight of a comet, and this sudden apparition of armed men, with drawn swords, and with 250 lights, so bewildered and scared him that he made no resistance. He delivered up the prisoners, one and all. And without striking a blow, did Baudichon carry them off in triumph, and deliver them up to the magistrates.

And not only were the prisoners delivered from death—but, strange to say, that daring act of Baudichon had delivered Geneva forever from Peter de la Baume, and from Catholic prince-bishops from that day to this.

The poor bishop could not recover from his fright. He could not sleep; he thought his life was hanging but by a thread in the wicked Huguenot city. He told his servants he would fly at once for safety. Some Catholic magistrates, hearing the rumor, came next day, which was Sunday, to entreat him to remain. But the more the bishop thought of it, the more terrified did he feel. He gave secret orders to his servants to pack up a few needful articles. He sat up on Sunday night, and wrote a letter to the council, commanding them to put down the gospel meetings, and to defend the holy church "tooth and nail." Early on the morning of Monday, July 14, the news spread through the town that the bishop had fled. He had escaped in the darkness of the early morning, by a little postern door, had hurried through the silent streets, had sprung into a boat, which his servants had prepared, and having ridden to a safe distance, had mounted the horse that was waiting for him, and had galloped away, never to return.

He retired to his tower of May, and rejoiced to think he should see Geneva no more.

And the free citizens of Geneva say to this day, when they want to express their utter contempt, "I don't care a Baume for you!" F. B.

Modern Bethany

The village which stands where the Bethany of our Lord's time is supposed to have stood, is composed of a few poor cottages. Bethany lies on a slope of the Mount of Olives, and in times gone by was a fruitful spot, as the meaning of its name, House of Dates, indicates. The olive, the palm tree, and the fig tree, used to grow in abundance on the slopes of Mount Olivet; the almond and the pomegranate also, and thick and shady woods covered the mountain's sides. Bethany is but a short walk from Jerusalem, and our Lord often went thither. Some of the dearest memories of His life and ways upon this earth are connected with this quiet little village among the palm trees.

Here it was that the house of Martha was situated. Here, too, was that of Simon the leper. Jesus loved Martha, and Mary, and Lazarus, and the village of Bethany saw His tears of sympathy at Lazarus's grave, and His almighty power in raising Lazarus from the dead. But who can tell what the Lord's heart felt as He returned to Bethany during those nights prior to His last griefs, and His suffering, even to death. He was then looking forward to His passion and His cross, and then it was that those who loved Him in Bethany gave Him a resting place; and after His death, and when risen from the dead, it was as far as to Bethany that Jesus led out His disciples, that they might see Him leave them for the heaven whence He had come to bless us. The hands of Jesus had been stretched out upon the cross, nailed to the accursed tree, for our good; there He wrought out our salvation, and by His death we are blessed with forgiveness, and peace, and everlasting life. And when the Lord had reached the place on the Mount of Olives ordained by God, He lifted up His hands and blessed His disciples, and even as they looked upon Him, He was taken up out of their sight.

They saw the Lord go back to heaven, they saw Him enter the cloud of glory, and then they steadfastly looked up into the heavens till the two men spoke to them. It was joy to see those uplifted hands, once nailed to the tree, blessing them, and joy for His disciples to wait awhile on earth and work for Him, till He should come again.

The time is at hand when Jesus, who went away from this world blessing His people, shall come again in like manner. And the day is not so far distant when His once-pierced feet shall stand once more upon Mount Olivet (Zech. 14:4), and when this earth shall rejoice at His coming. When He comes to this earth to reign over it, poverty and sorrow shall flee away, and the wilderness shall blossom as a rose.

God Is Love

J.B. was a young bricklayer, of a gay and careless disposition, He led a somewhat dissipated life, though happily free from the ensnaring vice of drunkenness.

One day, after working rather harder than usual on a new house, he lay down at noon in a shady corner to rest. He soon fell asleep, and as he slept the sunshine crept on inch by inch around the corner, till at last its full blaze beat upon his bare head. When the other men resumed work after dinner, they looked about for him in vain.

The heat was intense, and they thought, perhaps, he was exhausted and had returned home. At last one of them, walking round the house, found him still asleep, and tried to wake him, but in vain. For three days and nights, like Saul of Tarsus when blinded with a light above the brightness of the sun, he remained without food or drink and lay utterly unconscious. At last he displayed a little consciousness, but could not utter a word. For nine long months he continued thus, unable to move or speak.

But though he could not speak, he could listen, and though he gave no sign of hearing the loving voices around him, all the while his soul was listening to the voice of God. By what means light broke into his soul, of how God had spoken to him, and called him out of darkness into light, we do not know. But God had shed abroad His love in the poor troubled heart, and after the long months the silence was broken, but only to utter these three words, "God is Love." And this was the first utterance since the laughs and jokes while building, nearly a year before!

His friends tried to make him say more, but in vain. Having had strength to declare but once where his heart was, he could not speak again. All that could be got out of him were slight sounds. From this time even the sound he made were only given when the theme of conversation around him was the love and goodness of God. To all other subjects he was apparently absolutely deaf.

After a time, J. B. recovered the use of his partly paralyzed limbs sufficiently to allow him to follow the trade of a book-binder. When once more moving in the world his Christian character was soon owned by others, and to this day he is a witness of the grace of God. A. T. S.

This Life and the Next

IN the course of business, I became acquainted with S.; he was evidently the victim of a terrible malady, and for some time I had longed for an opportunity of asking him whether he knew the Lord Jesus. At last I met him, and after a little conversation, said plainly, "I am sorry to notice your extreme weakness, and fear your medical attendant can give you little hope of recovery. Tell me what you are looking for beyond this present life, which appears to be rapidly closing for you. I trust you know the Lord Jesus Christ as your Saviour."

"I am not encouraged to hope for a much longer life," he quickly replied; "but I have no doubt I shall fare as well as others in the next world. I don't believe in the Christian religion as I once did, for I find it is all based upon the Bible, especially upon the book of Genesis; this, in itself, is enough to satisfy me of its character. Have you read any of Professor —'s lectures? if not, you shall have an opportunity of doing so. I will lend you the book, and you can read it if you will."

"Thank you," said I; "but tell me first what in the book of Genesis is so obnoxious to reason."

"The account of the creation of Eve, for example," he said; "it is so unreasonable."

"Thank you," I replied, "for making such a choice. Let me ask you to read the whole account, which tells us that God created Adam innocent, and that whilst he was in a deep sleep God formed Eve out of one of his ribs, and presented her to him; and Adam said, 'this is now bone of my bone and flesh of my flesh.'

"The very thing which you count unreasonable and unnecessary is the picture of God's most wondrous grace; and you, though you have despised His word, may even in your last days, by believing in the Lord Jesus Christ, be in the enjoyment of the reality, of which the passage you have quoted is the type. In the New Testament," I continued, "the Lord Jesus is spoken of as the last Adam. He through His death, of which the deep sleep of the first Adam was a type, gave Himself for His church, that He might present it to Himself a glorious church; while of believers it is written (Eph. 5:30), 'For we are members of His body, of His flesh, and of His bones.' Now you, with the natural eye, cannot see this great mystery, cannot enjoy this wondrous exhibition of God's love to poor ruined sinners; for from the professor's standpoint you can see nothing whatever of God, as a God loving the world; in fact, your conclusion casts reproach and doubt on the all-wise Creator, and on His very existence. Tell me, will this religion of doubt help you, dear friend, in the moment of death? Will it comfort you? You must, as God's creature, give account of yourself to Him: will you come before Him spurning the very record that pictures His most wondrous act of grace?"

"Of course," said S., "I understand your being in earnest about what you believe; but, after all, you know I have had a short life; the sins of twenty years will surely not be a sufficient cause for my being cast into hell, though it should exist."

Finding the argument likely to continue, I wished him farewell, leaving with him a few passages from God's word, and begging his kind forbearance if I had been over-pressing.

Meeting him some days afterward, I again quoted some passages of loving invitation from the word of God, with others speaking of the consequences of the rejection of Christ, and then determined to ask all I could to make him a special object of prayer. On other occasions I met him, and he still seemed as hard as ever; yet surely, I thought, God would use His word.

To complete my story, S. found his health failing more rapidly, and whilst sufficient strength remained, he felt he must go home. When there he rallied so far, that he told his father he expected to see the summer out, but suddenly he became prostrate.

Then he told his believing parent that he was really anxious; that he had not peace, and could not face the God he had despised!

Even then the Lord met him, and S. believed in Jesus. He sent for his schoolmates, some of whom were believers, and said to them "I have been wrong; I have been looking at it from a human standpoint; I see my error, but I have confidence in God; my sins are forgiven, I have no doubts, for the finished work of Christ has accomplished all."

Racked with agony, he was hardly able to speak, yet when death came near, the pain ceased, and he quietly fell asleep in Christ. B.

Evidence

IF you are resting for salvation on what Christ has done, you will not be thinking about what good works you are doing. If you are occupied with Christ you cannot be occupied with yourself. People who talk about their goodness and their badness are talking about themselves.

Humility

A TRULY humble person escapes being humbled. Himself and humiliation are widely different. As a matter of fact, humble people are very scarce, and there is not a man on earth who does not get humbled. Usually we learn the humbling lesson of the unsuitability of the flesh to God by our own individual failures and follies. Perhaps in no school is this lesson learned more bitterly than in that, where we attempt to serve God by our own fleshly ways and wisdom.

The Heart Opening to the Word of God

THE sinner, too often, is like a prodigal in a far country, who has received a letter from home—he knows the handwriting and the postmark, but he does not like the contents of the letter, so he puts it aside. He knows its language, but he thrusts from his soul its appeals to him to return.

Now the sinner knows whence the Scriptures come; he knows that it is God who speaks, and that he is called by God's word to heaven, but he likes not the words—he loves his sins, he loves the world—so he thrusts from his conscience the words of love which reveal to him his evil ways.

As time rolls on, the prodigal finds that the warnings of the letter are coming true. After all, the far country is not what it promised to be, neither are the friends what they professed to be. Love, he finds, is not to be had away from the old home, and in his straits the prodigal needs love, for it is when we are in need that we require kindness most. We do not expect to find the world disinterested, but our own people care for us naturally. So the wanderer thinks of home. He opens the letter laid aside for years, and as he reads it his heart rises into his throat. Proud and bad as he is, he cannot but weep!

Which had been dead those years his soul, or the letter? The letter is the same as when it was written—not a dot of an i, nor a cross of a t is altered, but his soul is changed. Then the prodigal bows his soul; he believes the message of love, and returns home at the letter's bidding. So does the word of God work within our hearts, when, by God's grace, we at length feel our need of His goodness. We may have His word upon our shelves or in our hands for years, and yet be dead to it. The word is living, but we are dead. At length our souls feel their need, and we open the Book. It is God who speaks to us. It is the word we heard in our childhood; it is the same old, old story, but now it comes straight home to a broken and contrite heart. It is all true, and ever was true; but now we believe it, henceforward it is true to us. We learn that God is love—that He loves us—and, with tears and penitence, we turn to God; we return to Him at His bidding.

Prejudice

PREJUDICE is wry-eyed; it cannot look truth straight in the face. How do you look at the truth, gentle reader?

A Plain Question Answered

AT a preaching of the gospel I noticed an oddly-dressed woman sitting on a front bench in the hall. Her wrinkled face was strangely set off by dark bright eyes, which gazed intently upon the preacher. Several times during the address her bare arm was brought from under the tattered shawl, and her rough hand was raised to her face to wipe away the fast-falling tears. Thinking her to be a seeker after salvation, and one to whom I might be helpful, I went to her at the close of the meeting.

Gently putting my hand on her shoulder, I said, "Will you let me ask you a plain question?"

She turned around quickly, and said, "Certainly, ma'am."

"Are you a believer on the Lord Jesus Christ?"

"I should say I was!" was her reply, as a half-amused smile came over her face.

"But," said I, "do you know Him as your own Saviour?"

"I should think I did!"

"If you will, tell me. I should like to hear what He has done for you."

"So you want to hear something of His goodness to me, do you? Well, then, I'll tell you a bit." She rose from her seat as she spoke, and looking at me earnestly said, "He died for me, a guilty sinner—He did. He bore my sins upon Him: He has paid for me with blood, and He saved me from hell—He did, and he told me so Himself."

"Haven't you more to tell me?" I asked.

Her face lit up with a bright smile, and she almost jumped as she answered, "Yes, bless His Name, He's a-coming for me—He is. Do you want more?" she added, looking at me triumphantly, as I stood amazed at her earnestness.

I nodded assent.

"Well, He's a-going to have a poor old creature like me up in His glory with Him. Will that do for you?"

"Yes, thank you very much; you have rejoiced me wonderfully; and more, you have made the Lord glad by such a hearty confession to His praise."

I had some further conversation with this happy believer in the Lord. Though apparently so poor in circumstances, no complaint came from her lips, and there was a dignity in her demeanor which struck me greatly. I found that she was a street hawker, "but nevertheless, I'm the King's daughter," she said exultingly. I spoke of the glorious time we shall have throughout eternity—of the new song—of Himself! But little more came from her lips; wishing me goodnight, and hurrying

from my side, she was soon lost to sight in the moving throng.

Reader, are you rich in faith, as was this poor woman? And can you speak as confidently of being in the glory with the Lord Jesus Christ, as she could? E. E. S.

The Entrance of Thy Word Giveth Light

SOME few weeks ago I received a message from a poor woman, asking me to go and see her. Her daughter, who brought the message, told me that her mother had been given up by the doctors as incurable. She was very dark and ignorant of the way of salvation; but she knew that she was dying, and that she could not save herself, and she listened attentively as this verse was read from John 3 “God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.” She listened attentively, for two reasons. She was dying, and she knew it; she was not saved, and she knew it. This knowledge made her thoroughly in earnest.

The next day I visited her, and to my great joy I found her resting in the finished work of Christ. She told me that the words of Scripture read to her the previous day had let light into her soul. “I used to be so afraid,” she said, “of being spoken to, that I always kept out of the way; but now I should be glad to see anyone who would speak to me about Christ.” For months she lingered on, but was kept bright and happy in the Lord, daily—even hourly expecting to be with Him. Thus was the saving grace of our Lord sweetly manifested to a poor, ignorant old woman, who was not even able to read.

A Friend of Jesus

John 15:14, 15.

A FRIEND of Jesus! what a Name!

How wondrous passing sweet;

It lifts the soul o'er grief and shame,

It brings us to His feet.

With deep unuttered thanks we bow,

And bless Him for the grace,

That raises us from servants now,

To give us such a place.

A friend of Jesus! yes, dear Lord,

If bowed at Thy command,

If ruled and governed by Thy word,

And guided by Thy hand.

Ah! henceforth may it be our joy,

Conditions to fulfill

Which earn that name—our lives employ

To do Thy Holy will.

A friend of Jesus none can tell,

Save those whom He has blessed,

What joy, what rapture 'tis to dwell,

Leaning upon His breast.

With child-like trust to tell Him all,

To bare the inmost heart,

Concealing naught, nor great, nor small

Disclosing every part.

A friend of Jesus may I be,

I seek no other name;
Then the world's hate I shall not flee
Nor shrink from scorn, or shame.
Exultant in this mighty Friend
All dangers I shall brave,
And journey safely to the end,
Triumphant o'er the grave.
L. L. MC. L. B.

Sin

SIN leaves a trail behind it. It has a more slimy track than the snail. Give sin liberty, and it will soil your soul. And when you have judged yourself for the sin, and confessed it to God, none but He can cleanse you from its unrighteousness. There are children of God whose souls are and have been defiled for months together by the pollution of sin—of sin given way to, indulged in, and unconfessed.

Voices of Men and a Voice From Heaven

THE echoes of those hosannas, which welcomed the Son of David as He rode into Jerusalem upon the ass's colt, had hardly died away, when the Gentiles inquired after Him, "We would see Jesus." Jews and Gentiles were thus honoring Him, and were unconsciously proclaiming the coming day when all the kingdoms of the earth shall recognize the King.

The path of the Lord was marked by almost unbroken rejection, but for one brief hour it seemed as if He were about to be welcomed by man. The hour of His entry into Jerusalem was one of glory. The angels had proclaimed to the earth from the shining light, God's thoughts of good pleasure in man when Jesus was born in Bethlehem King of the Jews; heaven's voice had been heard over Him when He had begun His work of service; and, again, the Father had spoken when the words of even a disciple had expressed misjudged thoughts concerning Him: but now the very voices of earth give Him honor. "We would see Jesus" were joyful words; they gladdened the Lord, for not only did the utterance give heart-tribute to Him, but in seeking to see Him men sought the secret of happiness. And the Lord Jesus owned in the desires of these Gentiles the earnest of the longings of men, who should yet seek His face. As they spoke, His grace reached out to men—not to Jews only, but to men—and He replied, "The hour is come that the Son of Man should be glorified." When the hillsides of Olivet resounded with "Hosanna to the Son of David," it was the acclaim of the chosen nation, but when the Gentiles said, "We would see Jesus," it was the voice of the human race. The Saviour replied—as Son of Man—speaking of glory accruing to Himself in relation with man generally, not with the Jews only.

This glory of the tribute of Jew and Gentile to the Lord occurred during the last few days of His life on earth. His disciples must have greatly misunderstood Him, as they hastened to tell Him how that men were moved to seek His face. They knew not that within a few short days the Lord they loved would be lying in the grave. The Man of Sorrows was acquainted with grief, even while the hosannas rang around Him, and while the palm branches were waved before His face. In the city, which shone in its fair brilliancy beneath Him, as He looked upon it from the slopes of Olivet, were Pharisees and Scribes plotting His death. The noble buildings and the temple were storehouses of crime; and the very multitude which cried hosanna to Him, was composed in great part of men whose fickle hearts could, and soon would, as easily cry, "Crucify Him, crucify Him!"

What were the fair scenes of this earth, and what the shoutings of the multitude to the Lord! Oh! reader, sin is here, and like the worm within the bud of spring it is gnawing through earth's fairest promises, and developing death. Let the presence of sin and the fact of death be the explanation of the trouble of our Lord's spirit, which seems at first sight so strangely out of accord with the glory of the glad hour when Jew and Gentile were seeking to see His face.

As Son of God, He had triumphed over the grave, and robbed death of its prey in the person of Lazarus. As Son of David, He had entered the city of the King in royal state. As Son of Man, He had received the tribute of the Gentiles. The world had gone after Him, the multitudes assembled to keep the Passover were at His feet, the Pharisees prevailed nothing; and yet the Master was

sorrowful. These are His words “Now is My soul troubled.”

Reader, we pray you ponder over this sorrow of the Saviour. With all these outward tokens of reverence, He was still solitary. Sin and death stood between Him and the men He had come to bless. His answer to the disciples, who bare to Him the wishes of the Gentiles, was, “The hour is come that the Son of Man should be glorified. Verily, verily, I say unto you, except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone.” He was alone, alone in His purity, alone in His holy humanity. He could, and did, partake with men in their sorrows; but none could partake with Him. He was ever their friend and their consoler; but He was solitary. Man was not united to Him. Nothing is more notable in the life of Jesus than His deep loneliness; yet He was not alone, for His Father was with Him.

“But,” and there was the alternative—the solitariness could be exchanged for companionship. The record of His eternal thoughts is that His delights were with the sons of men. Yes, there was one way by which the solitary corn of wheat might be fruitful—but only one way, “if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit”

Again we pray you to consider the Saviour’s sorrow; He loved the men He came to bless, He would have them see Him, and forever; and be with Him, and forever: but in order to accomplish this end He must needs die, and by dying put away sin, and by rising up out of death empty the grave and fill heaven with resurrection fruit.

“Now is my soul troubled,” —now that the hour had come for Him to be glorified; for the trouble of death was near upon Him. He was about to be lifted up, not to David’s royal throne, but on the malefactor’s cross. And there, as the sin-bearer, forsaken of His God, He was to become the mighty center attracting all unto Himself. There, a multitude innumerable was to assemble around Him, women and children, Jews and Gentiles, people of every clime and generation; and they were to fix the eyes of their hearts upon Him—to look and to live. But who can conceive the depths of His sorrow, who can fathom the sea of His sufferings?— “And what shall I say?” Weigh well this question of the Lord’s— “And what shall I say?” as He looked into death and into its darkness, into the deep and unutterable woe of sin bearing, and the inconceivable sorrow of the cross.

Yet as the blessed Lord thus spoke, it was not only the suffering that was before Him, He also saw the “much fruit” —the harvest of souls saved, and men risen from among the dead. If we cannot fathom His griefs, neither can we measure the results of them. If we stand dumb before His cross, we are silent in the consideration of its gains. Still more, as the Lord looked into the Father’s counsels and love, for in the volume of the book it had been written of Him, “Lo I came to do Thy will, O God.” Once more, this His question falls upon our hearts— “What shall I say?”

“Father, save me from this hour?” This hour of the bearing of sin, of being forsaken of God? No, Jesus came into this world to save, He came to wash away sins, He came to bear the wanderer home to God. As you wonder at His sorrows, and weigh over His question, consider His own words, “But for this cause came I unto this hour.” For the cause of your salvation, of your peace and pardon, He came to suffer and to die. And since you believe on Him, you are part of the much fruit He brings to God.

The answer of the Lord to His question is “Father, glorify Thy Name.” He came, here to do the will of Him, who sent Him, not to do His own will. The ways of the Lord on earth are an unsolved

mystery to us, so long as the name of the Father is unknown. The glory of the Father's name was the object of the Son when He was upon this earth. At the cross the whole moral being of God was magnified. From the death of Jesus life has come to God's children abundantly. The world has been judged, and evil set aside, and through righteousness grace reigns. On the other side of the cross of Christ rises up the great harvest of the much fruit of resurrection. Each believer is a child swelling the glory of God, and each is a child in resurrection. The Father has many children, and the children have life in the Risen One. In that resurrection, and in its present acquired blessings, there is no hindrance to the outflow of the Father's love. His Name is known in association with His Son, Who is the firstborn from among the dead.

The Lord having said, "Father, glorify Thy Name," a voice from heaven was heard, for the fourth time, and for our sakes.

"Then came there a voice from heaven, saying, I have both glorified it, and will glorify it again."

God had glorified the Son (when He brought Him into the world), then the angels gave Him honor; the Father had glorified the Son when He stooped to the servant's place, and began His lowly ministry, then the heavens opened upon Him and gave Him honor; the Father had glorified the Son when, in His shining brightness, His supremacy had been almost questioned by a disciple, then He Himself gave Him honor; thrice previously had the heavens uttered their voices, but now, and for the fourth time, in response to the Son Himself, the Father declared that He had glorified, and would glorify His own Name. This voice has its own peculiar character. It is uttered in direct response to the Son's desires, and the glory of which it speaks is in connection with resurrection.

At the grave of Lazarus was seen the glory of God. That death was "for the glory of God, that the Son of God might be glorified thereby." In one sense the Son of God will be glorified in everyone whom He raises at the resurrection of life. Each of His own, brought up out of the grave by the bidding of His voice, shall come forth an eternal witness to His power and His grace. The Lord's ways at the grave of Lazarus teach us of His glory. As the weepers sorrowed round the sepulcher of Lazarus, poor human thought could not contemplate, without shuddering, the removal of the stone where the dead lay, for human thoughts stop at the grave. There the eyes of the bereaved are often fixed. But Jesus, having comforted Martha, lifted up His eyes to heaven, and said, "Father I thank Thee, that Thou hast heard Me." Then He called the sleeper forth from death's slumber, and the house in Bethany was once more home.

In the hour of our Lord's sorrow the voice from heaven, addressed to Him for our sakes, leads our hearts to think of His resurrection, and how He was raised up from the dead by the glory of the Father. (Rom. 6:4.) The Father's name was glorified then. The Holy One who had accomplished the work given Him to do could not be holden of death.

Jesus risen is our Saviour. His resurrection is proof of the glory His work has brought to God. The Name, the character of God the Father, is abundantly magnified in that resurrection. Now we have life in Christ who is risen, presently we shall be raised with Him. Then the children will be gathered together, the Father's house will be filled, and the Home above will be in every sense Home indeed. H. F. W.

A Child's Answer

A VERY little boy, only three and a half years old, who is fond of looking up at the stars, was asked one evening, when gazing at them, "Who made them?"

"God," he replied.

"And what can you tell me of God?"

"God is love," he said.

What glorious news, dear reader! "God is love." Do you know Him as the God who is love? I don't ask you whether you have heard about the love of God, but has it had any influence on you? Do you believe it? God's word says that "God is love," and it also declares that He has proved Himself by His acts to be love. Man's sin had brought in a distance between him and the holy God. God loved the sinner, even in his sins, and desired that this tremendous distance should be removed; so He sent His only-begotten, His well-beloved Son, down into this world to become a man, and as a man to go to the cross, and there bear in His own body all that was righteously due to the sinner.

Is not this love? Can you be indifferent to the truth that God so loved this world, so full of sin, misery and wretchedness, that He gave the one most precious object that He could give—His beloved Son, that whosoever believeth in Him might have, as a present and divine reality, everlasting life? This is good news to believe. Trust wholly and simply to the blessed, and now glorified Saviour, and you will know a joy to which, if you are unsaved, you have as yet been a stranger.

May you be able, my reader, to say, now and for all eternity, "God is love." (1 John 4:8, 16.) E. G.

Little Rosie

“I DON’T like to think of dying,” were the words of a young girl who was sitting in a pleasant room of one of the mansions that overlook a lovely bay. Many a happy time had Rosie had on the wide sweep of yellow sands, where she could sit and see the waves roll in and break on the shore; sometimes the sea was so calm that there was only a ripple at the edge of the waves; and then, again a gale would rise and send huge lines of white breakers dashing upon the shore with a noise like thunder.

Poor little Rosie had not always known such pleasant times as at the period of which we write, for she was an orphan, and had been sadly neglected in many ways, though she had very much of the luxury that money can give. Of that which concerns the soul and eternity she knew next to nothing; but now she had come to stay for a time at G—to see if the fresh sea breezes would bring health and strength to her weak body, for she was often very ill, and not able to walk about, and she had a cough that made her very tired. A lady who was visiting at the same house felt very sorry for the little orphan, and tried to win her love, and be a real friend to her; and so it happened that Rosie often came to Miss P.’s room, and that is where she was sitting when she said, “I don’t like to think of dying.”

Kind Miss P. was not easily tired of telling Rosie the sweet Bible stories of the Lord Jesus, and soon she became anxious to read them for herself, and out of her pocket money she bought herself a beautiful Bible, and spent many an hour in reading it. It was all new and strange to Rosie, for when in some other book she had read the tale of the woman of Samaria, it had only been a sweet story to her, and great was her surprise to find it in the fourth chapter of John’s Gospel, and she came running to Miss P. to tell her about it. Soon after this Rosie felt anxious to be saved herself, and then she sought out such verses as the following—“Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved,”—and joyfully, gladly, little Rosie believed the precious words, and trusted herself entirely to the Lord Jesus as her own Saviour. Then she said, “I did not like to think of dying once, but it’s all different now I am sure Jesus loves me.”

Dear Rosie! Before very long her faith was to be tried. Her friends took her away to her own home, and there, surrounded by the wealth and gaiety of the rich world, she lived for a little while, trying to show her friends that she wanted to live for the Lord who had saved her. But soon she grew very weak and ill, too ill to get up, and for some weeks she was lying pale and suffering in her room, but always bright and happy, sending many a loving message to her friend Miss P., and telling her that she was not at all afraid to die, adding “for Jesus is always with me.” She knew that blessed Saviour was going to take her to His own bright home, where she would never suffer again.

Soon the end of dear little Rosie’s short life came, and she went to be with the Saviour whom she had learned to love and trust, and very beautiful it was to see how happy she was to go.

Dear children, the same Jesus who taught Rosie is ready to save and teach you, if you, as she did, will believe His word. You are not too young to die. Ask the Lord to teach you, and believing on Him, you will be saved, and then, like Rosie, you will not be L. T.

Lighthouses

LIGHTHOUSES are erected for a two-fold purpose, and those who have been at sea by night can easily understand and value their double use. The lighthouse warns sailors of danger; there may be a rock partly hidden by water; what great danger to the ships passing by if they should strike upon it in the darkness of the night! But if a lighthouse is raised upon it, in the dark nights of winter when ships are plying from port to port, and when winds are high and waves roar, what cause of deepest thankfulness the sailors have, as they see the warning light shining all the brighter as the night becomes darker! When they see that light they know what it means—namely, danger—and they steer their course accordingly.

But then another use of the lighthouse is to point ships into the harbor; many such lighthouses may be seen along the coasts, where large cities are situated on the banks of rivers, some distance perhaps from the sea. At the mouth of the river, a lighthouse stands to show the ships the way into the harbor. How gladly after a long, long journey over the sea must the sailors on board ship hail the sight of the lighthouse which they know is just outside the harbor for which they are making!

In our magazine we seek to do just what the lighthouses do. In the first place, we warn both old and young of their great danger so long as they neglect God's great salvation; for He Himself says, "how shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation?" (Heb. 2:3.)

If a ship were sailing along on a dark night, and the sailors saw a lighthouse which they knew well to be a "danger" lighthouse, and yet if they kept on their way, neglecting the warning light, until the ship was aground upon the rocks, and broken to pieces; you would think such conduct on the part of the captain folly and madness—surely it would be so, but yet hundreds and thousands of people are doing a similar thing at this very time.

God is warning people in the gospel of their very great danger so long as they are without Christ, for their souls are unsaved, and God's judgments may soon break upon their heads. We read (John 3:36), "He that believeth not the Son shall not see life, but the wrath of God abideth on him."

You have sometimes seen a black cloud hanging over a city, and you wonder when the rain is coming; at last the big drops begin to fall and the rain comes down in torrents; so it is with the unconverted man; the wrath of God, as His word says, "abides on him" —like the rain cloud, it has not yet broken, but there it is, hanging over the person, and soon it will break in everlasting judgment.

We warn our dear readers, then, whether young or old, rich or poor, to flee from the wrath to come; we warn them of their danger, their terrible danger; there are rocks ahead—are they going again to neglect this the warning voice of the gospel?

But then there is another aspect of the gospel, and that is the good-news side of it. As the lighthouse guides the sailor into the harbor of refuge, so we can point you to the Lord Jesus; we

not only warn you of the danger you are in, but we point you to where you can find safety and rest—Jesus Himself says, “Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest,” the very thing which a laboring one after a hard day’s work needs, the very thing which the sailor wants after having been tossed about for weeks on the restless ocean. Oh! what joy to the heart to come to such a Saviour and to get such a rest as there is to be found in Himself Dear reader, will you not apply these truths to yourself? Are you still on the broad road that leads to destruction? then would we warn you most solemnly of your great danger, and beseech you to come to a Saviour who says now to you, “Come unto Me.” A. F. R.

Could You Keep a Cardboard Clean?

WHAT a strange question to ask!

Well, listen, while I tell you the story that makes me ask it you, and then you will be able to answer me.

Amy was what people call a very good little girl; everyone told her so, and she quite believed it. But God saw more than those around her did, and she had yet to learn that though she might seem fair enough to others, He saw that down in the depths of her heart there was sin. This terrible thing sin was working, too, every day, in her thoughts, and words, and ways, showing that she was not fit for the holy God, though the loving friends around her found no fault.

Now God loved little Amy, so He took care to show her what she was in His sight. For, you see, it would have been of little use to tell her how that God had thought of the only way of saving naughty sinners by giving His own Son Jesus to die for them on the cross, while she did not really believe that she was a lost sinner, but was quite satisfied with herself.

Amy had a great many pretty story books, of which she was very fond. One was a special favorite; it was an allegory, that is, a story like a parable, with a hidden meaning and lesson in it. Now this allegory told of some children who had been given very bright and beautiful shields by the prince whom they served. These shields were so wonderfully made, that every fault or failing of their little bearers dimmed their brightness. The object of each child, therefore, was to be as good as possible, so that the shield might be kept just as brilliant and spotless as when the prince gave it.

Amy was delighted with this story; she wished she was one of those children, and had got a shield from the prince to keep bright, for being, as I told you, a very good little girl, she fancied how beautifully clean she would have kept it, and how that never a spot should have tarnished its surface.

“A piece of white cardboard will do quite as well as a shield,” thought she.

At once she got a nice large piece, intending to put a black mark for every fault of failure, and at the same time determining to keep it spotlessly white by her good behavior.

Do you think the cardboard kept clean very long? Could you keep a cardboard clean? That was my question at the beginning, and now you can answer it.

For the first few days Amy was very strict, marking with a little black dot every failure, and with a special large blot any untruthfulness, for that she had been taught was a very evil thing; and so it is, for we are told a lying tongue is an abomination to the Lord. (Prov. 6:16,17.)

Poor little Amy! She had thought there would be so few marks on her white cardboard, but alas! they came thick and fast, and its pure spotless surface was getting sadly marred and dirtied. In dismay, she tried for the next few days how it would do to pass over the lesser faults, and only mark what she felt was very wrong. But still the black spots followed each other very quickly on the

once white card; there was not room left to mark off many more such days, and Amy felt she could not trust herself to do any better than she had already done in those past sad days of failure. How horrible the sight of that card was to her now! She could not bear to look at it, and, disgusted and disappointed with herself, she threw it away.

But it was not of any use for Amy to throw away her dirty cardboard, as if that could put an end to all the many sin stains on it. Each one had been written down in God's book, with very many more than she had marked. And if unforgiven she would be brought up before the great white throne at the last dreadful judgment day.

Through God's grace Amy has long since found out that that blotted card was just a picture of her own poor sinning heart, that she was not the good child she had thought herself, but a naughty little sinner who had nothing in her fit for God.

In His tender mercy He did not let her discover what a poor weak child she was, only to vex and grieve her. He has taught her now that the blood of Jesus Christ, His own dear Son, cleanses from all sin; that that precious blood has washed away every spot, not only those marked on the dirty card, but the many more His holy eye alone had seen.

So now Amy is not afraid that her sins will come up at the judgment day, for she believes what Jesus has said, "He that heareth My word, and believeth on Him that sent Me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into judgment, but is passed from death unto life."

Do you think that knowing she is forgiven, and is going to heaven, makes Amy less careful to watch her words and ways, than she was in the days when she thought she could keep her cardboard clean? Oh, no! she knows what it cost Jesus to wash away all those ugly black marks that her sins and naughtiness had made; she loves Him because He first loved her (1 John 4:19), and gave Himself for her, and she tries in everything to please Him, and not to grieve that Holy Spirit, by which she is sealed unto the day of redemption.

If you have found out, dear child, that you cannot keep your cardboard clean, let me tell you a little verse that may well make you glad, as it did me long ago—it is in the fifth of Romans, "When we were yet without strength, in due time Christ died for the ungodly." D. & A. C.

Walking by Faith

FAITH is necessary for the salvation of the soul, and unless we believe God we cannot please Him, for no works which we can do are of any value until we believe what the Lord has done for us. But if we have faith to believe the Lord Himself, and to cast ourselves upon Him as our Saviour, we still need faith day by day for our joy and strength as we journey on to eternity. It is one thing to believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and to be saved; it is another thing to walk by faith. And sometimes we find it almost more hard to walk by faith than we did to cast ourselves on Jesus the Saviour, for life and for salvation. The cares and pleasures of life seem so to take up the heart that God is not really looked to hour by hour, and when this is the case, the young Christian becomes dull in spirit; and if the cares and pleasures which surround us all are allowed to fill up his heart, he will go back to worldly things and so become an almost useless Christian.

In the 24th verse of Heb. 11 we have a bright example of faith. There we read how by faith Moses refused the glories of Egypt. The, honors and the pleasures of the world were laid at his feet, but he said “no” to them. It must have been very hard for him to have refused to be called the son of Pharaoh’s daughter, for she had rescued him when a babe from the waters of the Nile, and he had been brought up in her palace, and she had made him the great man in Egypt that he was. But he was decided for God, and said “NO” to all the offered pleasures and glories of Egypt.

Do you not find it hard to say “NO” to the things the world offers to you? How many a young Christian has stumbled and fallen because he had not faith to refuse for Christ’s sake?

When the youthful Daniel was exalted in the palace of Nebuchadnezzar, the first act of faith in him of which we read was his saying “no” in his heart to the temptation of eating and drinking things which were forbidden by God. It is evident that he acted respectfully, for “he requested” that he might not take the things which were contrary to God’s law, but he was firm, and we know that he who honors God, God will honor. Daniel had faith to refuse.

Had Moses or Daniel failed to walk thus by faith, they would not have been the great servants of God they proved to be. The first step in the path of faith is usually saying “NO” —refusing for Christ’s sake. You must seek to be firm, and also respectful; and if you are thinking about the Lord, the Holy Spirit will enable you to be a follower of the great men of faith.

True Stories of God's Servants: Geneva and the Preachers

THE Huguenots breathed freely, now that the bishop was gone. The rescued prisoner! were brought to trial before the lawful judges They were all acquitted, for there was no charge to bring against them.

One victim of the bishop's wrath was still in peril of his life. This was Aimé Levet. He kept securely in the dungeons of the Castle Gaillard, and the governor refused to release him. Tidings came of the insults and the cruelties heaped upon him. But it was not without purpose that God thus left His servant in the hands of the enemy. Aimé Levet was being tried as gold in the furnace, and he was to come forth brighter than before.

As he lay in his dark dungeon, fresh beams from the glory lighted up his soul, and he resolved that if ever the Lord led him forth again, he would make Christ known far and wide. Claudine was praying for him, and she was to have a better answer than merely his life and liberty.

Two months passed by, and then some Bernese ambassadors appeared at the Castle Gaillard, and demanded the prisoner. It would be a bold man who would dare to refuse Berne—and Aimé Levet was delivered up.

His first act was to write to Anthony Froment, and entreat him to return to Geneva. Anxiously did Aimé and Claudine wait for the answer. Though the bishop was gone, they knew that it would be at the risk of his life if Anthony again appeared at Geneva.

A few days passed, and then the most welcome answer arrived, being none other than Anthony himself!

He brought a friend with him, a preacher from Paris, whose name was Alexander. At once the preaching began.

The priests wrote off to the bishop, who wrote in return forbidding the "new-fangled preaching." But the magistrates turned a deaf ear, and commanded in their turn that the gospel should be preached. From that moment the meetings became lawful—none could hinder them.

At last, in November, came a great letter from the bishop to the council of two hundred. "We command," he said, "that no one in our city of Geneva preach, expound, or cause to be preached or expounded, the holy page, the holy gospel, without our express permission, under pain of perpetual excommunication, and a fine of one hundred pounds." The letter was read to the assembled council. One and all, the two hundred rose up, and without saying a word, left the council-room. Their indignation was too great to allow them to answer. And the preachings were held far oftener than before. Testaments and tracts were given away in numbers by Anthony and Alexander; crowds came to the preaching, and the most careless began to read the books.

The priests were in despair. At that moment they heard of a learned doctor from Paris, who was just then preaching in Savoy. They entreated him to come.

The doctor, whose name was Furbity, lost no time, and one Sunday in November a troop of armed priests and their friends forced their way into the cathedral where it was not usual to have preaching, and took possession of the pulpit for Furbity. To give you a small portion of one of his sermons, will be better than a description of it.

“All,” said Furbity, in a thundering voice, “all who read the Bible in the vulgar tongue are gluttons, drunkards, lewd persons, blasphemers, thieves and murderers! Those who encourage them are as wicked as they, and God will punish them. All who eat meat on Friday, are worse than Turks and mad dogs. Beware of them, as you would of lepers. Have no dealings with them. Do not let them marry your daughters. You had better give them to the dogs.”

“A priest,” he said, “is above the Holy Virgin, for she only gave life, to Jesus Christ once, whereas the priest creates Him every day, as often as he likes. If he says the words of consecration over a sack full of bread, or in a cellar full of wine, all the bread by that act is transformed, and becomes the precious body of Christ, and all the wine is changed into His blood. The Virgin never did that! Where are those heretics, those rascals, those wretches worse than Jews, Turks, and heathens? Let them come forward, and they shall be answered. Ha, ha! they will take good care not to show themselves, except at the chimney corner, for they are only brave enough to deceive poor women and fools.”

Here Furbity stopped and looked around him. And suddenly, like David before Goliath, rose up our little Anthony in the middle of the cathedral. “For the love of God, good people, listen to what I have to say: I offer my life; I am ready to go to the stake, if I do not prove to you that the words of Doctor Furbity are false.”

And Anthony, opening his Testament, read passage after passage, and the Huguenots called out, “That is the truth, let him answer that.” But Doctor Furbity sat dumb, and hid his face. The priests waited in vain for his answer. Anthony continued to read. Then the priests, drawing their swords, rushed upon him. It was the only answer they could make. “Burn him!” shouted some. “Drown him!” shouted others. But Baudichon stepped forward, his sword drawn in his hand. “I will kill the first man who touches him,” he said. “If he has done wrong, the law may punish him.”

The Huguenots carried him off to Baudichon’s house, and hid him in the hay loft. A catholic magistrate speedily followed with officers and halberds. They searched the house, stuck their spears into the hay, but the hand of God was over His servant, and they went away without finding him.

The magistrates consulted together, and ordered that these “two Mahometans” (Anthony and Alexander) should be banished from the city within twenty-four hours, never to return. The officers of the city led Alexander out of the gates, followed by a large crowd. As soon as it was dark that evening, Baudichon coded Anthony out of the hay loft, went with him secretly out of the city to join Alexander, and then the three friends set off along the road so often trodden by Baudichon—the road to Berne.

You can now have some idea what sort of people were the Huguenots of Geneva. And you can understand that there was by the time the Bishop left, far more real faith and light amongst them, than at the time when William Farel first came to Geneva a year before. There were many of them who had truly turned to God. At the same time you will perhaps have remarked that they had no

small faith in man's power and strength. "The word of God," the "Sword of the Spirit," was not the only weapon to which they betook themselves.

Father Furbity and the priests were in great spirits when the "two Mahometans" were gone. Sunday, December 21, was the Feast of S. Thomas of Canterbury. Father Furbity preached a sermon on that day. He said that all who follow that cursed sect, are nothing else than people given up to lust, gluttons, unclean, ambitious, murderers and thieves. After the sermon the Captain de Pesmes went with many of his band to thank the reverend father for his good discourse. The reverend gentleman replied, "Sir Captain, I entreat you and all good faithful Christians to make good use of your swords to defend the truth."

Scarcely had these words been spoken, when, like a sudden peal of thunder, the terrible news ran through the city— "Baudichon has come back from Berne, bringing—not an army of soldiers, but the banished Alexander and William Farel!"

"What! that wretch! that devil!" exclaimed the priests; "he is come back!"

And before the day was over, the Captain de Pesmes, seeing Baudichon and Farel in the street, put Father Furbity's words into execution, and rushed upon them, followed by his "Christians." But the Huguenots were on the watch, and dragged off their friends to a place of safety.

The next day Baudichon appeared before the council, and handed in a letter from the great lords of Berne.

"You drive away the preachers of the Holy Word," said the Bernese. "We ask for a place in which William Farel may preach the Gospel publicly."

The council knew not what to do.

William Farel meanwhile preached in a large room to the crowds who came there.

The Catholics had been in arms ever since the fourth Sunday in Advent. Their reason was to prevent the gospelers from bringing "their idol," William Farel, to preach in St. Peter's church, a plan which had been talked of by the Huguenots.

In the midst of the tumult caused by the bishop's message, the Catholics were roused by a fresh arrival. Anthony Froment had come back! and scarcely had he appeared, when the Bernese ambassador himself demanded admittance at the city gates. He brought with him a young man, pale and ill. It was Peter Viret. He had been stabbed in the back by a priest at Payerne, but he was ready to preach, weak and exhausted as he was. F. B.

The Rent Paid

SOME little time ago I fell into conversation with an old farmer about the things of God, and spoke of having everlasting life in Christ.

“Ah, well!” said my companion, “I am one of those people who do not believe in the assurance of faith.”

“Assurance of faith!” I repeated. “I confess I do not quite understand what you mean. Would you make it a little more clear to me?”

“Well,” said he, “people did not speak in that way when I was a young man; but I hear young men and young women nowadays say they know they are saved. Now, to my mind, it is presumption. They must wait till their deathbed, or until the day of judgment, before they can know that.”

“Ah!” I answered, “now I think I understand you. I suppose, if I were to tell you that I know I am saved by Christ, you would say, ‘I don’t believe you’?”

“Yes,” said he, “that is what I mean.”

“Let me see,” said I, apparently changing the subject, “one day last week was rent day, was it not? Did you pay your rent?”

“Oh, yes,” was his prompt and evidently proud reply, “I have paid my rent.”

“Now, if I were to say to you, ‘I don’t believe you have paid your rent,’ what would you say?”

“I can prove it,” he answered, sharply; “I have got the receipt, with my landlord’s name upon the stamp, my good man.”

“But what if I still should tell you I don’t believe you have paid it?”

“Well,” said he, in a tone of indignation, while taking a bunch of keys from his pocket, “you say you don’t believe I have paid my rent. Do you see that key, sir? It unlocks the desk in which I keep all my receipts, and if you come to my house I will unlock my desk, and take out the receipt, and let you see it, with the landlord’s name upon it. You say you doubt my word, indeed! Do you think I care for you, or for anybody else?” and as he spoke he grew quite excited and snapped his fingers in the air. Then, changing his tone, he added contemptuously, “If all the people in the world said they did not believe I had paid my rent, it would not cause me to sleep a bit the less soundly tonight, for I know I have paid it, and I hold the receipt for the money.”

“Now don’t be angry,” said I; “you will understand my meaning presently. Do you see this book?” and I took my Bible from my pocket.

“Oh, yes,” said he, quickly: “it is the Bible. I know it all through, from beginning to end.”

“But do you believe it all? Do you believe these verses: ‘There is none righteous: no, not one’; ‘There is none that seeketh after God’; ‘They are all gone out of the way’; ‘All we, like sheep, have gone astray: we have turned every one to his own way’? Do you believe all this? You trust the word of your landlord—a mortal man, like yourself. Do you believe God?”

“Oh, yes,” said he, “I believe all you quote from Scripture. have never doubted it from my childhood.”

I repeated the words, “As by one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin, and so death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned,” and then asked my friend, “Do you believe this? Do you believe that you yourself are lost, and need a Saviour?”

“I know,” he said, “that Christ died for sinners.”

“Then,” I asked, “did He die for you? Let me ask you to read this verse aloud to us slowly.”

The old man wondered, and, as he said, “felt strange” as I handed him my open Bible, and pointed to the sixteenth verse of the third of John, but he put on his glasses, and read the verse slowly—very 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.”

“Tell me,” I said, “who loved the world?”

“It was God,” was the quick and unhesitating reply, and I saw the countenance of the old gentleman gradually lighting up.

“Then,” I asked, “what did God love?”

“The world.”

“The whole of it?”

“It says so.”

“Then we in the world form a part of the world which God so loved. But what did God do, because of His love to the world?”

“He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.”

“What is the meaning of ‘whosoever’?” “Why,” he answered, “anyone, to be sure.” “Now, may I ask you to read the last verse of the third of John?”

The eyes of the old man filled with tears as he read these words of the living God, “He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life.” “Read it again,” I said. He did so. Then, turning to him, I continued—

“You told me just now that if I said I was saved you would not believe me. Do you think I care what a man says? No! If all the people in the world said they did not believe I was saved, it would be enough for me to know that God says I am saved. It will not cause me to sleep a bit the less soundly because a man doubts me. God says I am saved.”

The old man grasped my hand, saying, "I am glad I met you; I never saw things before as I see them now; I shall never again speak as I did. God and His word are enough." He shook me heartily by the hand, and wished me goodbye, saying, "We shall meet again; if not on earth, up there," pointing to heaven.

Can you, my reader, "read your title clear to mansions in the skies"? Can you look back to Calvary, where Christ suffered and died, and say, with full assurance of faith, "The Son of God loved me, and gave Himself for me?" J. G.

Tests

As a rule, the worse a man's heart is, the louder he talks of its goodness. The more holy we are the more humble we shall be. The nearer a man is to God, the less he thinks of himself. If a man is quite near God he does not think of himself at all, but of God.

The Simplicity of the Truth

WHEN paying a visit to some friends, who had been brought to the knowledge of the Saviour by means of the study of the holy Scriptures, I was introduced to a gentleman, a friend of theirs, who had been in attendance on a royal personage. He had traveled much with his royal mistress—had visited most of the courts of Europe, and seemed to take a sad pleasure in describing the wickedness to be found in high life. My heart ached for this old man, and silently but earnestly did I look up to Him who is the disposer of all hearts to give me a word to speak in due season. I will relate as nearly as possible the substance of the conversation which we had together.

M. L. L.'s royal mistress, whom he described as being as wicked as she was devout, was in the habit of paying her devotions to the statue of a weeping virgin, which, when she approached, was seen to shed tears of sympathy and compassion. M. L. L. informed us that these tears were caused to flow through heating some water inside the figure by means of a spirit lamp.

M. L. L., though convinced of these absurdities, was yet proud to assure me of his entire confidence in the authority of the religion to which he belonged. This I did not attempt to dispute, but believing that the word of God, by the power of the Holy Ghost, alone can convince the conscience of the true nature of sin, and touch the heart with a sense of the amazing love of God, I urged him to study that word for himself, and this he promised to do.

He went on to describe some of the evil practices that had come under his notice, adding, "But I know that I, too, am a good-for-nothing man."

This gave me the opportunity for which I had been watching.

"I am glad," I said, "that, like myself, you have discovered that you are bad, because it was for such that Jesus died. Monsieur," I continued, "I am speaking of real Christianity, and not of Protestantism or Catholicism. Did not our Saviour Himself say, 'I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance'? Now it is evident that if I do not know myself to be what God describes me to be, I do not see my need of a Saviour."

After this interview, I sent this gentleman a New Testament, which I learned he read with interest. He was anxious to see me again, to hear more of the Saviour of sinners! When I met him again, he came forward, and with a pleased expression, said, "I have to thank you for your present."

I exclaimed, "The New Testament!"

"It is my constant companion," he said "Do you remember our first conversation and what you told me of the true nature of sin, and of Christ, the Saviour of sinners? That conversation has remained engravers on my memory. Do you know I had lived to be sixty-five, and had seen so much wickedness in the world, that I had ceased to believe in anybody or anything? But some of your words have remained here" (touching his forehead); "and I can tell you that you have shown me the railway to heaven!"

My doubting heart would hardly allow ME to believe what I heard, and, after a little further conversation, I took my leave of him, promising to see him again shortly.

For some time after my departure, he remained talking, with evident delight, of God's wonderful salvation, exclaiming again and again, "How could I have lived to be sixty-five without knowing before of this simple way of being saved?" He showed his friends several passages in the Bible on which he dwelt with great delight.

One evening, soon after this, being apparently in good health, he retired to rest as usual. At half-past eleven the next morning the servant observed that his door was open, and that he had fallen on the bed, and found that he was dead! His New Testament, which had shown him the way to heaven, was at his bedside.

Reader, what use are you making of that wonderful treasure, the word of God? M. A.

Characteristic

IF you have not a character of your own, no one can give you one.

Saved and Satisfied

SOME years have passed since the following facts occurred, which speak most truly of what the Lord is to those who take Him at His word, and who, like Mary, have chosen that good part which shall not be taken away from them.

I shall never forget how sad I felt when, on approaching a public building near Dublin, I noticed these words in large letters on the outside—“Hospital for Incurables.” The inscription seemed to speak of hopeless sorrow for those who were compelled to seek shelter within its walls. There was no fault to be found with the pleasantly-situated, fine building, or with those who conducted it, and who sought by every means in their power to secure the comforts of its inmates; but the sick who once entered within those doors knew that hope was over, and that they had bidden farewell to scenes in which they had formerly mingled. To many of them it was bitterly hard to be helplessly shut out from all they cared for, with a certain but unknown eternity before them.

Thoughts like these were passing through my mind, when I was arrested by a remark from a friend who accompanied me, and who was a frequent visitor, “You need not look so sad,” she said; “you will not, when you have seen some of those to whom I shall bring you.” I made no reply.

We were met by the Christian matron, who asked us whom we wished to see, reminding us that some were so weak that a few words were as much as they could bear; to one she especially referred, and to her ward we at once repaired. Here we found a young woman sitting up in bed—unable, from distortion of the spine, to lie down. Nine long years she had been in this state, and her sister, also suffering from the same disease, was in the room. The one was always confined to her chair; the other, night and day, was obliged to be kept in the same position.

My friend addressed the sufferer who was lying down, saying she had heard how weak she was, and therefore did not wish her to exert herself by talking. Her face lit up with joy as she exclaimed, “I must speak, I must tell what the Lord has done for my soul.” The beaming expression of her countenance so struck me that I exclaimed, “I came prepared to pity you, but I cannot, for you seem so fully to realize the Lord’s presence.”

“Yes,” she replied, “He sits down on that chair,” pointing to one beside her bed, “and talks to me.”

My friend afterward told me of the reply given by this happy sufferer to a deeply-trying lady, who had visited the hospital. The lady was sad by reason of the loss of her promising boy, who, when at school, had met with his death from the effects of a blow from a cricket ball. Before the mother could reach her boy he had ceased to breathe, and hard thoughts of God came into her soul with her sorrow. She had never known Him as a God of love, and therefore could not trace His hand in this affliction. She visited my poor friend, and gazing upon her suffering form, so long laid upon a bed of intense pain, her thoughts found vent in these words: “Well, I thought God had dealt very hardly with me, but it is nothing to what He has done to you. What have you ever done that He should afflict you so?”

The poor tried one looked in wonder for a moment, then, bursting into tears, said, "I could not hear my Lord so spoken of. What has He done? He has shut me out from the world to shut me in with Himself! What, of all the world could give me, could supply His presence now?"

The lady was silenced; the Lord had spoken through His servant. Whether the voice was heard I cannot say.

One case I especially wish to refer to, a young woman suffering from acute gout. No words could describe her intense pain, and none her joy in the Lord! Never known to complain, she proved in the night His song to be with her, and her prayer unto the God of her life. Never have I seen such untold anguish—never have I heard such untiring praise; for as another of the Lord's prisoners sweetly sang—

"Naught have I else to do

I sing the whole day long;

And He whom most I love to please

Doth listen to my song.

He caught and bound my wandering wing,

And still He bends to hear me sing."

A poor sufferer, having a paralyzed arm, said to me, "I bless the Lord for that arm, for it was the means of bringing me to Himself." Her heart was so affected that she could not lie down, as they feared the consequences of the pressure of the poor helpless arm, so she was obliged to be kept propped up in a chair. While conversing with her, she suddenly burst into a loud laugh; she apologized, saying, "Do you know, miss, I am sometimes so happy in the Lord that the joy is too much for this poor weak frame, and I often have to laugh aloud." truly it was joy unspeakable and full of glory. I said to another, who was also rejoicing in the Lord, "You are not to be pitied, for you realize the Lord's presence so fully." "Yes," she said, "He walks up and down these wards, and talks with us."

(To be continued)

Flying and Walking

“BIRDS that fly high walk badly,” said a friend to us the other day. Whether to excuse bad walking, or to condemn high flying, we do not know. The proverb is intended to teach, that Christians who are occupied with high truths are not practical. But do birds that fly high walk badly? Some do; not all. We have never seen an eagle walk, except in a cage, and that is no evidence. We have seen the king of birds soaring on high, and no more believe that upon his crags he walks badly than that he flies badly. An eagle walking upon a turnpike road might likely enough walk in a strange manner. He would be out of place there. The apostles John and Paul would be the eagles in the New Testament, for they soar highest above earth, and tell us most of Christ as the Son of God. Neither of them walked badly. High truth and high practice went together in them. But, perhaps some of our readers are not eagles.

There are birds which do not soar high, and which do walk badly. The domestic duck is a sample of uncomely walking, and also of low flying. In its wild state there is higher flying; but the domesticated bird neither flies nor walks well. There are plenty of Christians who are so domesticated in the world that they fly low, and also walk badly.

The lark flies high, and has, to our thinking, a comely walk; and there are Christians like this bird. Eagles are rare; larks are plentiful. If our readers cannot rise to the greatness of the king of birds, they may emulate the familiar songster of the summer’s day. There is something in the lark which speaks to us of what a Christian should be. The higher he flies the louder he sings, and when he is out of sight his voice sounds the sweetest. We look up into the blue of the summer sky, but in vain, to catch a sight of the speck which is singing. Up there, on high in the heavens, he is at home, as it were, and from thence comes to the earth his morning, noon, and evening melody. We hear his strains from early morning till the sun begins to cast long shadows. When he comes down to his nest, his first thought seems to be to get out of sight—neither to be heard nor seen! And the way he walks as he seeks to get out of sight is exceedingly elegant and wise.

Some years ago, when there was a great rush to the gold diggings, it happened that one Sunday morning a man, who kept a store near the diggings, placed a caged lark outside his door. The sun shone, and the prisoner began to sing. One and another of the diggers passed by, and stopped to listen. Presently more came along. They, too, halted, and as the lark sang, the men stood in silence. The familiar notes spoke to their rough hearts of dear Old England and of home. More than one bowed his head and rubbed the tear from his face as the memories of the past rose up, and as the lark’s song recalled the mother and the father forsaken for the sake of gold. Some of these diggers went to their huts, and, urged by a kind of instinct, brushed themselves up, and tidied their clothes, returning, to sit down and listen, with their caps off, to the lark’s song on that Sunday morning.

It was human nature to which the voice of nature appealed, and it was the memory of a home on earth which drew the tear to the eye, but Christians may well learn the lesson. We are not caged birds. Songs from heaven, in the form of heavenly love, do appeal to the souls of men. When self

is lost sight of, and Christ fills the heart, there is a heavenly song which to our fellows is irresistible. None can walk as Christians—none can sing as they. The higher they soar into the fathomless blue, the less consciously they are in themselves practically, and the sweeter is their song. The nearer we get to God consciously the less conscious are we of self, and the more heavenly is our testimony.

We do not for a moment believe that a Christian in the true enjoyment of high or heavenly truths of God and of Christ, walks badly while in such enjoyment. If we walk badly, we are denying the truth instead of enjoying Christ. But as there are some eagles which were caught when young, and straightway caged, and which never flew high in their miserable lives, so are there Christians who, though heavenly by calling, have been captives almost since they were born.

Christian Character

We find in nature the vigorous and the weak the strong and the feeble characters, as well as the gentle and the sweet, the severe and the harsh. But a man is not simply what his natural character is. Far from it. He may perceive his defects and address himself to the remedy, or he may yield to his passions and become worse than a brute. Man's will exercises a large control over the character with which he entered the world, and so we find that "made" characters are very frequently finer than those whose owners seem to have taken but scant trouble with themselves. It is a well-known fact that some of those generals who have been the coolest in battle were naturally timid.

The Christian character is of the deepest importance. There are children of God who really do not seem to take any pains as to their character. They seem satisfied to be ever discontented with their ways. We cannot change ourselves, but we can mortify our members, and then a great change in our ways will ensue. We have not simply a strong will of our own to command ourselves with, we have none other power within us than the Spirit of God. Conversion does not alter our natural characters, but when converted we have a new life—we have Christ in us—and more, we have the Spirit of God as the power and force of this new and holy life.

We cannot, therefore, excuse ourselves by saying, "We are what we are, and cannot help it." To do so is simply to indulge in base spiritual laziness. We need to rouse our souls to earnest and holy determination to yield ourselves to God. He stands by and strengthens those who follow His word with purpose of heart. Suppose a child of God addicted to tittle-tattle. Is he to be all his natural lifetime a trouble to God's family, and a disgrace to his God? See another, who is a fault-finder by spiritual profession. Well, is it necessary that he prosecute this painful occupation till death happily terminates it? Not for one moment is such a notion to be tolerated. There is no necessity whatever for a Christian to be tattler or fault-finder. He is a disgrace to his God if he continue so to be.

One of the most melancholy features of Christian life is the fact that there are children of God who, after forty to fifty years' experience of what this world is, of what their brothers and sisters are, and of what they are themselves, remain, as to their characters, very much what they were when first converted. The reason hereof is idleness. There has not been grappling with the evil thing; holy decision to mortify the members which are on earth has been lacking, and instead, there has been self-indulgence and giving way to evil, till the very evil given way to has hardly been noticed.

We speak of persons ripening for glory. In what does the ripening consist? Is it not in becoming more like Christ, and in self being resolutely refused? Let us inquire of ourselves whether the things under the power of which we used to be are still our rulers, or whether by yielding ourselves to God we are ruled by His Spirit? It is a very grave question, indeed—one which, though passed over on earth, must be gone into in eternity.

Repentance and Faith

“REPENTANCE toward God, and faith toward our Lord Jesus Christ” (Acts 20:23), was the apostle’s testimony to men, whether Jews or Gentiles. God is holy; He is light—in Him there is no darkness at all; He hates sin, which is contrary to His nature. Man is by nature a lover of sin—he is unholy. Hence, when man in his natural state approaches God, he cannot but feel what he is—his conscience tells him what he has done, and what he has done the truth teaches him God hates. The first right thoughts we had of ourselves were like those of Job when brought into God’s presence; he said, “I abhor myself and repent in dust and ashes.” The holiness of God, brought by the light of His truth to bear upon what we are, withers up every vain pretension in which we may have indulged concerning our goodness, and consumes within us every idle hope to satisfy God in our strength with which we comforted ourselves. As the human heart learns God, there is repentance—entire change of mind as to what we are, and as to what we have done, whether our thoughts or our ways; and the end is entire abhorring of self.

Together with this sense of what we are and of what sin is, there will be a doing of works meet for repentance, as the apostle preached, “That they should repent and turn to God, and do works meet for repentance.” (Acts 26:20.) That kind of repentance which does not carry with it works meet for repentance, is merely a name for a real dealing with God as to our own personal sins, and is therefore a delusion. There may be a so-called repentance for having done a bad act, and yet the same kind of evil deed may be straightway and willfully repeated. This is not turning to God, for if we truly turn to the holy God we must turn from evil, as did the Thessalonians: “They turned to God from idols.” Lot’s wife turned her face to Sodom, and so was lost. Many a poor sinner is professedly on the way to safety who has not turned from sin; his heart is not repentant, and he goes on, like Lot’s wife, without reality of soul.

We must not sit down and measure out what we consider is a sufficient quantity of repentance, and say, “Now I have repented sufficiently,” or “I have not repented enough,” for then we shall be thinking about our repentance, and not of God. The point is, turning to God, and those who turn to God do turn from sin. It is no light thing for a sinner to turn to the holy God. Naturally we shrink from having to do with God. Like Adam, we hide from His voice. A vast amount of the world’s pleasures—and religion, too—is simply machinery to keep us as far as may be from God’s presence. The best test to prove where we are, is to inquire if we are now, at this very moment, in God’s presence as to our sins and ourselves. Unless this be the case, and unless we have made a clean breast of our doings to God, we have hardly learned what repentance towards God is.

It was by a long process that Job at length came into God’s presence. There was muck dealing of God with him to bring him to learn himself. And if it were so with Job one of God’s people, who needed a deer sense of God in his soul, what is the case respecting sinners who, not having the new life, have thoughts of God and holiness which are mean and worthless?

Never, until the cross of His Son, had God fully revealed to man what His thoughts of sin and of righteousness were. The law demanded righteousness of man; and, in the days of the law some

thought, as SOME think in the days of the gospel, that there was ability in man to fulfill the demands of the law. The cross of Christ requires no righteousness from man—far from it; the cross is the proclamation that God has condemned sin in the flesh. The cross leaves man in himself utterly hopeless. And faith submits to the sentence, saying, “We thus judge, that if one died for all, then were all dead.” (2 Cor. 5:4.)

How, then, shall a sinner come into God’s presence? Only as utterly undone and lost. The cross of the Son of God is the most terrible witness to what sin is, and to what sinners are. It leaves us without the faintest trace of expectation to discover one single good thing in self. Therefore a complete bowing of the soul alone befits him who turns to God. And we repeat, that to practice sin in the face of the light of God’s holiness and hatred of sin, is to approach God with a lie in the right hand. Nay, no sinner really repentant towards God could thus act. Wheresoever there is turning to God, there is turning from evil, and doing works meet for repentance. We see it in young and old—even a child is known by his doings.

Now, where there is this repentance toward God, faith toward our Lord Jesus Christ comes very simply to the soul: for when there is true turning from self, Christ in His death for the ungodly is mostly deeply valued. The Lord Jesus Christ has accomplished all the work of sin-bearing, and by that work God is fully magnified, and the Scriptures testify that “by Him all that believe are justified from all things.” The Lord is the Saviour, and His work has accomplished salvation. What has the sinner to do but to believe? “What must I do to be saved?” is the cry of a sin-convicted man, who has repented, and the answer is, “Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.”

The answer is most simple. On God’s side all is done, and we know man can do nothing. No wonder, then, that the sinner, having been awakened to the realization of what his sins are, and having a yearning desire for mercy upon hearing the simple word about the Lord Jesus, leaps forward by faith, and is saved. “By grace are ye saved through faith.”

Thank God! in our day there has been very much of this springing forward into the open arms of the Saviour: still we may justly inquire whether, with the spreading of the testimony of the freeness of grace, there is a sufficient accompaniment of the need of repentance.

Broken hearts need binding up, but hard hearts need breaking; and it is an easier thing to bind up than to break the sinner’s heart. A broken heart is repentant, and there is joy in the presence of the angels over one sinner that repenteth.

Willie's Letter

HAVE you ever heard of the Island of St. Helena, where the great Napoleon was banished and where he died in exile? It lies off the southwest coast of Africa, and is a very pretty island, and the climate is much better than the sultry air of the West African Coast. The tomb of the great Napoleon is to be seen there, and also the house where he lived and died. There is a well of bright clear water near the tomb; it is said Napoleon found this well, and would not drink of any other water in the island but this favourite spring. Many English ships go to St. Helena from sultry Cape Coast Castle, to give the officers and men a little leave and change of air, to recruit their health. Not long ago two English ships went there, one was a man-of-war and the other a gunboat. There were two Christian sailors in the man-of-war, named James and William, and one named Morgan in the gunboat. They had leave to go on shore and spend a few days, and you may be sure they chose out persons who loved the Lord to go and visit and spend their time with.

One of these Christian friends had a little son named Willie; he was just eleven years old, and although his father and mother were servants of the Lord Jesus, Willie had not as yet felt the need of having forgiveness of his sins, or given his heart to his Saviour. I suppose he was like many boys and girls—fond of play, and the foolish little things of this life. The sailor William felt much interest in his little namesake, and wrote him a letter, telling him of the love of Jesus and the great value of his soul. Willie did not say much about the letter at the time, but he and sailor William became fast friends, and he usually accompanied the seamen in their walks when they were on shore. At last the leave was up, and Morgan had to say goodbye to his friends on shore, and go back to the gunboat; little Willie followed him down to the spot where the boat waited to take him away. When Morgan went into the boat, he did not sit down with the others, who were a rough lot of men, shouting and singing; but he sat down alone in the bow of the boat, and waved farewell to Willie and his friends.

Parting from his friend made Willie feel sorrowful, and he went home and shut himself up in a room alone with his Bible. The next morning his mother remarked how pale and ill the child looked, and asked him whether he was feeling ill, There, in his room alone with God, I feel sure the Lord spoke to his little heart and conscience. Willie threw his arms round her neck and burst into tears, telling her how unhappy he felt because his heart was so sinful. "Mother," said he, "what must I do to be saved?"

His mother pointed to a text on the wall, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." After some little time, Willie wrote the following, letter to his father—

"Dear father,

"I write to tell you I have just found out what true happiness is. When I went down with Mr. Morgan to the boat, and saw him in the bow all alone, it made such an impression on me that I could not help thinking how nice it must be to be sure of going to heaven, and I wished I was a Christian. When I spoke to mother, she told me to believe on the Lord Jesus Christ. At first I doubted, but

then I remembered it was God who said it, and I was able to believe in Him. Now I can say my sins are all forgiven for Christ's sake.

"I remain, your loving son,

"W. H."

I trust if the Lord spares Willie to grow up to manhood, he may be enabled to tell many of the love of Jesus. Even now he can serve the Lord, and be a little witness for Him; for a boy can be a light-bearer as well as a grown man—the glowworm is a very small insect, but it can give a bright light on a dark night, and its little lamp glimmers out on the still and lonely wayside. We can all do something for the Lord's glory; the quite example of a pious sailor was made a blessing to the heart of a thoughtful child. I have a photograph of Willie, sitting at the feet of his three sailor friends; he is a gentle-looking little boy, with dark eyes, just like any little English child, although he is a dweller in one of the distant islands of the sea.

And now, my dear children, have you felt your need of a Saviour, and, like Willie, believed on the Lord Jesus Christ, whose precious blood cleanses all who believe from all sin? K. B. K.

Our Lord's Example

CHRIST also suffered for us, leaving us an example that we should follow His steps. (1 Peter 2:21.) And as the Christian thinks of Him in His ways upon this earth he can but desire that he was more like Him. Jesus bore the cruel things man said of Him, and answered nothing, and, though He was Lord of all, yet He threatened not His persecutors, from whom He suffered so deeply.

The Lord is an example for the young, as well as for the old; and patience in bearing trials for Christ's sake is being in some measure like Him, and is well-pleasing to God.

Answering again, or threatening when persons are unkind, is not like the Lord. You must seek to show by your life and ways that you really belong to the Lord Jesus. To say that you are Christ's, and not to do what Christ did—at least not to seek and to pray for grace to it—is having a name to live, and, we fear, a name only.

The Ramble on the Hillside

“IT’S unkind of mother!” exclaimed Lina, angrily.

“Hush, Lina,” said her grown-up friend, “your mother knows what is best.”

“But, M., you know I have been looking forward to go with the girls to the ‘Fields’ for several weeks, and now the day has come I’m disappointed.”

“I am very sorry, Lina, that you cannot go, but perhaps we may find another opportunity of going before the summer is over, and then you may be allowed to go with us. Do try, dear, and submit cheerfully to your mother’s wishes.”

“I can’t take disappointments pleasantly,” said Lina; “I feel that I am old enough to take care of myself. Why should mother be afraid to trust me out of her sight?”

“No doubt your mother has good reasons for denying you this pleasure, and really, Lina, you seem to forget that your mother loves you. Think of all her patience and care over you up to this time, and then see if you cannot give up something for her who has done so much for you.”

But Lina was angry, and would not listen to her friend’s words. It was a lovely afternoon, and Lina’s companions looked as bright as the sunshine as they started off accompanied by M. for a country ramble.

The happy party had scarcely left the town when quick footsteps were heard behind them. On looking back, Lina was seen hot and nearly breathless from long running.

“How is it that you’ve come, Lina?”

“I persuaded mother to let me come, and I am so glad.”

“I trust you will not have to be sorry for it,” said M., as they resumed their walk.

Those young people who live in close and busy streets will understand the delight of these girls as they walked amid the smiling hedgerows. Woodbine and wild roses were eagerly plucked by their busy fingers, and praises of their beauty came from their lips.

But, alas! their pleasure was soon spoiled. They had just seated M. on a fallen tree, and were having a game at “hide and seek,” when Lina’s voice was heard shouting, “Look, M., I’m going to jump from this fence,” and before a word could be said to prevent her, she had taken the leap, and was lying half-unconscious upon the grass.

“My leg is broken,” said Lina, when able to speak; “I wish I had listened to my mother’s wishes, then it would not have happened.”

All play was now over. Some of the girls ran to fetch water, others sat round with hearts and voices full of sympathy. But what was to be done? There they were at the foot of a steep hill, far away

from any road, and the nearest cottage a long distance the other side of the hill.

“Take me home,” murmured Lina.

“We must carry you then,” said the girls.

But this was no easy task, for Lina was a tall, strong girl of thirteen. With great difficulty they got her to the top of the hill, and up to the cottage, where they found a kind woman, who bade them enter her little parlor. She fetched a strong man from a field near, who carried Lina to the nearest doctor, and she was for nine long weeks in a London hospital.

I am sure Lina will long remember the suffering she brought upon herself and other; through having her own wish gratified. She wrote many interesting letters to her young friends while in the hospital, and in most of them she spoke of the loving way that God was leading her, of His goodness to her and expressed great sorrow at her own wit-fullness. And I think, too, she began to understand that Scripture verse which says, “Children, obey your parents in all things: for this is well pleasing unto the Lord.”

(Col. 3:20.) E. E. S.

True Stories of God's Servants: How God Saved Geneva

FAREL, Viret, and Anthony Froment were all in their midst. Alexander had left. We shall hear news of him later. The bishop had forbidden preaching, and now the three great gospel preachers were all there together, all preaching, and none dared to hinder.

The Huguenots cared but little for the threats of the priests. But just as a discussion was going on in the Town Hall, they were startled by the news that some Catholics had stabbed in the street two Huguenot citizens. One was dangerously wounded, the other, a worthy respectable tradesman, was dead. Neither of them had given any cause for the attack made upon them. A large body of Huguenots drew up before the Town Hall. Four of them went into the council room, where they found the Bernese ambassador. He had just arrived to warn the council that a massacre was about to begin. The four Huguenots brought the same tidings. They said the priests had resolved upon another riot.

The council sent out officers immediately to arrest the murderers. But where were they?

"No doubt they are hidden in the bishop's palace," said the Huguenots. "He is most likely at the bottom of the plot."

The magistrates commanded the palace doors to be opened, and they searched the house from the garrets to the cellars, but not a trace could they find of the murderers. They left a guard of Huguenot soldiers in the house, and went to search elsewhere. An hour or two later, when it was quite dark, as the Huguenot soldiers sat keeping watch in the hall of the palace, a low voice was heard through the keyhole. It was some one speaking from the street outside. A soldier put his ear to the keyhole. A voice repeated the name of one of the maids. One of the Huguenots, imitating a woman's voice, said "What do you want?" "I want some keys," replied the speaker outside, "I want them for Portier, and Claude Pennet."

Portier was the bishop's secretary, the same who had stabbed the young Huguenot a year before in the cathedral. Pennet was one of the murderers on the present occasion.

"What will you do with them?" asked the Huguenot.

"I shall take them to S. Peter's church, where they are hidden," replied the voice through the keyhole.

That was just what the Huguenots wanted to know. They threw open the door, and the speaker, who was a priest, seeing an armed man, instead of the maid, fled in terror. The magistrates, hearing the tidings, went themselves to the church, or rather the cathedral. They took a number of officers with them, carrying torches. They wandered over the great cathedral—through the side chapels, the galleries, the vestries—all in vain. At last, after three long hours, they determined to go up the winding stairs into the tower. The officer who first reached the top of the tower caught sight, in a dark corner, of some sparkling eyes, which shone in the light of his torch. Pennet and his accomplice Portier were crouching in the corner, shaking and trembling from head to foot.

Very speedily they were locked up in the prison of the Town Hall.

Meanwhile the Huguenot soldiers who had remained in the palace, were chatting and joking with the bishop's servants. They talked about Portier, and made various disrespectful remarks concerning him. "Indeed," said the servants, "Portier is not such a nobody as you suppose. He has confidential letters from my lord the bishop, yes, and from his highness the Duke of Savoy himself."

"Indeed!" said the Huguenots, who saw they were on the eve of making a great discovery; "you don't mean us to believe that such grand people trouble themselves to write to Portier. You must have dreamed it."

"There are the letters in his cupboard," answered the servants. "If you don't believe it, we should only have to get the cupboard open, and you would see them, with the duke's great seal, too."

Up sprang the Huguenots, and in another moment the cupboard was broken open, and the letters all cleared out and carried off to the council. Great was the horror and consternation of the citizens of Geneva, when these startling letters were read before them. They now saw the fearful pit upon the brink of which they had been standing.

Their bishop himself, had written to Portier appointing a governor, who was to have absolute power in Geneva, with no law but that of his own will. He was to put to death whom he would, being answerable to no one but the bishop. To carry out this plot, the bishop had entered into a compact with his old enemy, the Duke of Savoy. The duke had sent blank warrants, with his seal attached to them. Any citizen might thus be seized in the name of the duke, and according to the pleasure of the bishop. Just as Herod and Pilate had forgotten their enmity, in order to join in the murder of the Son of God, so had the duke, and his rival, the bishop, now joined hands, to put down the blessed gospel, which was hateful alike to both. The bishop, whom the council had trusted, had betrayed them to their bitterest enemy.

Portier had now enough to answer for. He was kept in prison awaiting his trial. Pernet, who had murdered the good tradesman, was tried at once.

His brother, who had stabbed the other man, could not be found. He was hidden in the house of a beggar-woman, where Sister Jane and her nuns supplied him with food.

Claude Pernet, the murderer, was condemned to death by a Catholic magistrate. There were some amongst the Catholics who cared more for the laws and liberties of their city, than for the praise and goodwill of the priests.

One Sunday in March, when the people were leaving the church, our friend Baudichon stood up in the midst, and announced that William Farel would preach there that same day, and that the bells would be rung to give notice to the city. The monks stood aghast; but Baudichon and his friends proceeded to the belfry, and rang loud peals during one hour. In the meanwhile the Huguenots took possession of the convent cloisters, which would hold more people than the church—perhaps as many as four or five thousand. By the end of the hour the cloisters were crowded with Huguenots and Catholics alike. The Catholics waited anxiously to see the wonderful preacher, of whom they had heard such tales.

To their utter astonishment he appeared in his usual dress—no robes, no gown but the Spanish cloak he always wore, and the brimmed cap which was only worn by laymen.

The sermon began—such words of life and power as had never before been heard in the old cloisters. None listened more attentively than one of the monks, who was a bitter enemy to the gospel. The words came to him from heaven, and that day, for the first time, Christ shone down in His love and grace into the heart of the poor Franciscan. This monk was James Bernard, brother to Claude Bernard, the Huguenot of whom you have heard before.

The next day the priests and their friends appeared before the council, to complain of the strange doings at the convent. At the same moment the Bernese came into the council-room. “We have long asked you for a church,” they said, “and now a place has been provided by the inspiration of God, without our help That cloister has been given to Farel by the Lord Himself; beware lest you hinder him.” The council thought it best to leave the matter alone. The ambassadors now left Geneva. “We commend our preachers to you,” they said to the Huguenots. Claude Bernard took the three preachers thenceforth to live in his house, where they were in better quarters than at the “Black Head.”

The council of Friborg now sent messenger to Geneva. They were bitterly displeased at the welcome given to William Farel; but finding that the council of Geneva was unable or unwilling to stop the gospel preaching, they declared the alliance between Friborg and Geneva at an end, and returned home. The priests thus lost their best friends.

Every day the gospel meetings were more crowded—every day the believers were multiplied. On a Sunday in May, after the sermon, the believers met in the Franciscan Cloister to break bread. To their surprise, a priest, in his splendid robes, came up to the table. One by one did he take off his gorgeous trappings—his stole, his cope, his alb—he flung them on the ground, and stood there in a plain citizen’s dress. “I throw off,” he said, “the old man, and stand here a prisoner to the gospel of the Lord. Brethren! I will live and die with you, for Jesus Christ’s sake.” The gospellers looked at the priest with tears of joy, and the layman Farel held forth to him the bread and wine, and all together thanked the Lord for His grace and goodness. This priest was Louis Bernard, the brother of James and Claude.

God had greatly blessed this family. Claude’s little daughter, only seven or eight years’ old, was a bright witness for Christ. The priests, who could not answer the texts she repeated to them, said she was possessed. It must have been a happy party who met in Claude Bernard’s house—the three brothers, the three preachers, and the wife and little daughter. James Bernard, who saw the truth but dimly at first, grew daily in grace and in the knowledge of God.

The bishop of Geneva had not ceased to think of his deserted flock. But he thought of it as the wolf thinks, not as the shepherd. One night, in July, the chief magistrate, who was just gone to bed, was roused up by his servants. A stranger wished to speak to him on business that would admit of no delay. The stranger was a gospeller from Dauphine. “I should grieve,” he said, “to see Geneva and the gospel brought to destruction. The army of the duke of Savoy is already before your city, and very early this morning the bishop left Chambery in order to force an entrance by means of the Savoyards.”

The news was too true. The enemy was already at the gates. The bishop, with his followers, had halted at a village about two miles off. The Catholics in the town, who had long been in the plot, had made all ready for the entrance of the enemy. They had lodged 300 Savoyards in various Catholic houses. They had spiked some of the cannon—had stuffed some with hay. They had a locksmith in readiness to open the city gates. In the middle of the night the Catholics were to make the signal to those outside by waving lighted torches from the roofs of their houses. A great gun was to be fired in the Molard as a signal for the armed priests inside the town to assemble, and before morning Geneva was to be given over to her two deadly enemies: The duke had asked the help, of France, and he had agreed with the bishop that, as soon as he was restored to his see, he should give it up to a young son of the duke's, receiving in return a large sum of money.

These strange tidings fell as a thunderbolt upon the ears of the magistrate. The whole city was speedily in arms. The priests, who were about to unfurl the red flag—the signal for the murder of the Huguenots—fled to hide themselves in their houses. The troops outside waited impatiently for the beacon lights, and they wondered that no torches had as yet appeared upon the housetops.

Suddenly a bright light shone forth, but it rose higher and higher—far higher than the roof of the tallest house in Geneva. It stood still at last upon the spire of the great cathedral. "It is the light of the city watch!" said the Savoyards, who knew Geneva. "We are discovered!" And suddenly a panic seized the army. The two generals gave the signal for retreat.

The bishop, who had observed the strange light, knew not what to make of it. Some soldiers hurried to give him the alarm, and terrified, as on the night when Baudichon, with his torches, had suddenly appeared, he sprang on his horse, and galloped away at full speed. When the sun arose not an enemy remained in sight. God had saved Geneva! F.B.

The Ruins of Gadara

The ruins of the city of Gadara are evidence of the former greatness and prosperity of the place, whose citizens besought the Lord to depart out of their coasts. Our illustration gives the hilly country where the city stood, and the remains of one of its theatres. The hill sides around the site of Gadara are dotted with tombs—caves for purposes of burial being cut in the limestone cliffs in great numbers. These tombs are almost like little houses, being chambers several feet square, with stone doors to them; some of which still remain upon their hinges—and to this day these chambers are the dwelling places of the poor people who now live in “the country of the Gadarenes.”

The unhappy man upon whom Jesus had compassion was a dweller in these tombs—he lived in the very abode of death, and in him Satan dwelt. When the Lord came across the Sea of Galilee, the moment He set His foot upon the coasts of the Gadarenes this unhappy man met Him, crying out and begging Jesus not to torment him. He owned the Lord’s power, but never dreamed of His love. The devils believe and tremble.

But Jesus came to seek and to save that which was lost—He came to deliver us from him who had the power of death, that is, the devil—and He quickly cast out the evil spirits from the man, and then gently asked him his name. He calmed him, clothed him, and the man sat down quiet and happy near the Lord. One word from the Lord was enough to accomplish the work, and by it the wretched man was brought to his right mind, and to his right place. Then he earnestly longed to go with Jesus into the ship, and to cross the Sea of Galilee with Him; but the Lord had a work for him to do for Him. “Go home,” He said, “to thy friends, and tell them how great things the Lord hath done for thee, and hath had compassion on thee.” And he, whom all the people feared, entered their city and told of Jesus, till they all marveled. And so it is still: the Lord leaves His people in this world a little while, that they may tell their friends what a Saviour He is. None can speak of His compassion as those who have felt its sweetness. The Lord has saved you, and brought you to sit at His feet, that you may show—in your home and among your friends, by your ways and your words—what a Saviour has found you, and has had compassion on you.

It is at home that our work of telling who Jesus is, and what He is to us, should begin. A little while ago we heard of a child who was very busy in all kinds of good works, as they are called, outside her house, but whose temper and pride at home were most painful to witness. Such is not the kind of religion the Lord loves. Seek, then, to begin at home to serve the Lord, by letting all see what He has done for you.

Rich, Though Poor

A FEW months ago, I met a poor old man on the road, who asked if I would buy some of his trifles. He was a poverty-stricken creature, and could only speak very inarticulately.

After a little conversation with him, I said, "Have you anything to look to when you shall have done with this world?" I shall never forget the expression of joy that lighted up his face as, holding up one of his hands, he said, in broken language, "Oh, yes—yes, the blood the precious blood"; and then, taking a Bible from his breast, added, "This book tells me of the precious blood."

Here his heart was too full for utterance. I grasped his hand, for I was sure that the poor old wayfarer was, indeed, a true believer in the Lord Jesus Christ. A little further conversation with him fully showed that he was clear as to his acceptance and standing before God. He was saved by that "precious blood," and he knew it. He did not hope to be saved, nor did he give a nominal assent to the cleansing power of the "blood," as thousands in christendom do—he was living in the full consciousness of all his sins being washed away in that most "precious blood." The blood in its "solitary dignity" had done for him what it has done for thousands—aye, millions—who believe on Jesus. "But if we walk in the light, as He is in the light, we have fellowship one with another, and the blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin."

I have not seen the old wayfarer since. For aught I know he may have gone to be with that precious Saviour whom he loves—to be with Him forever. I often picture to myself the poor old man, sitting by the wayside, with his well-thumbed Bible, drinking in its precious lessons: lessons which showed him his state by nature—a "child of wrath," "the wrath of God abiding on him," but which told him, too, of the wondrous grace which had sought him and found him, and which reaches down to man's deepest need.

If this should meet the eye of any who are still undecided, the writer would earnestly beseech them to decide at once, "For now is the day of salvation." In the closing book of God's word is an invitation of exquisite earnestness: "Behold, I stand at the door, and knock: if any man hear My voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with Me." (Rev. 3:20.) The Lord Jesus Christ is still outside the closed door of your heart—that same Jesus who left the glories of heaven, and by the manger, the cross, and the grave sought to win you to Himself, and His invitation is one of the purest grace.

The word is, "Come; for all things are now ready." (Luke 14:17.) Oh! let not the "piece of ground," the "yoke of oxen," nor the newly-married wife hinder you from coming to this precious Saviour. All is free; there is no hindrance. All is of grace—free, sovereign grace.

Reader, do weigh in the depth of your soul this momentous question, "How am I treating the offer of this free grace? Have I received it, or am I deliberately rejecting it?" Solemn question! You must either have to do with Jesus now as a Saviour, or, by-and-by, as a Judge, when the day of salvation shall be past, and the door of mercy closed forever.

The last time the world saw Christ was when wicked men, led on by Satan, had nailed Him to the cross. When next the world shall see Him, He will be holding the rod of power, and the sword of judgment. Oh! will you not meet Him in grace now?

Think of this dear old man. He could say, "My Saviour is the One who loves me, and shed His precious blood for me." Oh! the power of that "precious blood"!

Delay no longer: come to this precious Saviour. All the sins of all who believe on Him are washed away, and we cannot be judged for them over again, because Jesus died under the weight of them when He hung on the cross.

"Draw near, and hear Him cry,

"Finished it is!"

Behold the Saviour die.

"Finished it is."

"He came from heaven to be

Condemned upon the tree,

That pardon might be free.

"Finished it is."

J.H.

True Faith and Godly Sorrow

“All, yes! I once knew and enjoyed all this very much. I have been converted for five years, but I’ve been very unfaithful; but, bless His Name, He has brought it all back again to me.”

This was spoken by James C., whom I visited a few weeks before his death, at his own request, and to whom I had just been presenting “the love of God,” so wonderfully expressed in the fourth chapter of the first Epistle of John. He went on to explain that when I had spoken seriously to him on several occasions, when meeting him on his beat—he was a policeman—he had given me very little encouragement, for his heart had been all wrong; and I drew from him how that he had been ashamed to confess his Saviour before his comrades, and had taken part with them in their worldly and wicked ways.

Feeling anxious not to go on with him on false ground, and most desirous not to bolster him up with false hope, I looked him straight in the face, and said, “Dear C., this is, in all probability, your last illness; you may linger a week or two, but it would be wrong in me to encourage you to hope for recovery. Now, do you mean to say that if God were to call you into His holy presence before this week is over, you could meet Him—the righteous God—without a shudder or a thought of fear?”

He replied emphatically, “I could.”

“Then perfect love has cast out fear?”

“It has, bless His Name.”

“Bless His Name, indeed,” I echoed, and then, referring to the 19th verse of the chapter, I said “Then you love Him because He first loved you?”

“I do indeed, now, but I’ve been very unfaithful.”

After this C. had a very bad relapse, and the doctor said he must be kept quiet, as he was inclined to be delirious; so I did not see him for three or four days, but by-and-by he sent a message to me, begging that I would come to him.

He was calm, but very weak, and on my entering the room he was asleep. As I was sitting by his bedside quietly waiting, he awoke, and with remarkable vivacity reached out his hand, giving me a fervent welcome. I felt it was my Master that he was welcoming, and spoke to him of His love and grace. He soon sat up, and asked me to read to him the 19th chapter of John’s Gospel. At the end of the 3rd verse, he said, “There isn’t that lovely? Isn’t that plain? What can be simpler?”

I asked him if to be with Him was enough?

“Oh, yes, quite enough!”

“That’s all, that’s everything. It is heaven where He is.”

“Yes,” said C., “that will do.”

On another occasion we communed together of “life.” After saying a little on the words, “He that hath the Son hath life” (1 John 5:12), I asked him if he understood me. “Oh yes,” he replied, and it was evident that he followed me with keen enjoyment. He grew rapidly in grace; truly as the outward man perished, the inward man was renewed day by day; though getting weaker and weaker, he could listen to God’s truths without weariness for more than an hour at a time, and we never parted without prayer together, with which praise and thanksgiving were always largely mingled.

I often asked him if he needed anything, but each time he was full of gratitude for the bountiful supply of all that he wanted, and said that it was remarkable how many people had cared for him and sent him nice things. He gratefully acknowledged a Father’s hand in it all, saying that other sick folk were not thought of in such a way. I constantly spoke to him of his prospect of soon departing “to be with Christ, which is far better,” and, though in the fluctuations of his disease he occasionally fancied he was getting better, yet he was always more than calm—quite happy in the thought of “going to be with Him, bless His Name!”

One evening I told him the following story of a poor impenitent worldling who had been under the medical care of my uncle when I was a youth:

“Mr. N. had been transported as a convict to Botany Bay, but through good behavior had obtained much liberty out there, had traded, and at the end of his term had returned to England a wealthy man. He lived in a large house in the neighborhood, and drove about in his carriage, and being ‘well-to-do,’ was pretty generally received into society, for ‘men will bless thee when thou doest well unto thyself.’ But ‘it is appointed unto men once to die’; this poor man’s time came, and all the skill of my uncle, and of the physicians whose attendance wealth could easily command, could not arrest the power of the fell enemy. The poor man’s soul was racked with agony. He had a dim but terribly real sense that after death was the judgment—that he must ‘come into judgment,’ for he was unforgiven! His last evening on earth came—the doctor told him that the end was near.

“‘Die, doctor? No, I cannot die, I will not die!’ he repeated, in terror. ‘Doctor, I’ll give you two hundred pounds to save me!’

“‘Calm yourself, my dear sir, I can do no more for you, you will but hasten your end by this excitement. You must prepare yourself to die.’

“‘Doctor, doctor, I won’t die! Five hundred pounds for another day.’... but the doctor could give no hope, and left him.”

“There now, look at that,” said dear C., “and I wouldn’t give five hundred pounds—no, not five hundred pence—to keep me from dying. The Lord is my physician, the blessed Lord is my doctor.”

Just then he was taken with a severe pain in his side. I gently laid him down, and asked him if I could do anything for him. “Oh, no, it will all be over soon—the Lord’s my doctor,” he repeated. “I prayed to Him in my first illness to raise me up, and He did it, and now He’ll do as He pleases.”

On a subsequent evening I took him some wall texts, and nailed them up for him. One text— “I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee,” set him thinking, and after a minute or two he said, “What

troubles me is that I cannot pray, the words won't come straight."

"Oh, C.," I said, "but you can speak to God as a simple child to a loving Father; tell Him your wants, and bless Him for all He has done for you."

"Oh, yes," he said, touching his poor chest on the left side, "it's all right here! I can pray that way to myself, but the other night I told Bessie (his loving wife, who never left him) to kneel down by the bedside, and I tried to pray with her, but somehow the sentences wouldn't come out right."

"Ah, C.," I replied, "you said you had been unfaithful. 'God is not mocked,'—did you ever ask Bessie during the last five years, when you were well and hearty, to kneel down and pray with you?"

"Ah, no! there I've been all wrong! Oh, I've been too bad, too bad!" And the tears welled up in his eyes, while beads of sweat stood on his brow, and I thanked God for this evidence of real self-judgment.

"Now, now, James, you mustn't cry," said his poor wife; "you know the doctor said it's the worst thing you could do."

"Oh, let him alone," said I, "a few tears of real repentance will do him good. But, James," I said, "not 'too bad,' not 'too bad.'"

"Ah, no! there I'm wrong again; not too bad for Him—bless His Name!"

On the morning of Thursday, the 25th December I called, and found him bright and happy, not at all regretful that he wasn't to have a "merry Christmas," but rejoicing that before long he would be with Him whom the world had rejected, scorned, scourged, and cast out—a now risen, glorified Saviour!

On the Saturday morning I called again, and found dear C. very weak, yet remarkably bright and lively. I noticed, too, how he thanked his wife, and others who waited on him, for their little efforts for his care and comfort, so I said to him before them all, "I see grace has done something for you, I remember your impatience with your brother, the first evening I came, when he put your coat over you not quite as you liked it; but now your tone is very different." He smiled sweetly, and said, "Yes, I remember." We read together the last two verses of the fourth, and the first five verses of the fifth chapter of second Corinthians, especially triumphing together over the thought of "the eternal weight of glory," which shall be ours "when clothed upon with our house which is from heaven," or when "mortality shall be swallowed up of life;" and again we thanked the Lord for the rich provisions of His grace in Christ, and commended the sorrowing wife, and the dear children, so soon to be orphans, to Him who "relieveth the fatherless and the widow."

As I rose to leave, C. said, "I thought I was going yesterday morning, and was nearly sending for you—you will come, won't you I want you to be with me when I'm going home."

I said I would come with pleasure, if it would comfort him. He then asked vein particularly where my house was, and as I went out of the room he looked at me, oh so brightly! and with a cheerful tone and expression, as if he were speaking of some earthly journey to a pleasant land, he said "Mind, I shall send for you when I'm going you will come?"

“Oh, yes, willingly, at any hour; but He will be with you, dear C.—His rod and His staff they will comfort you.”

“True, true, but I should like you to be with me when I’m going home.”

I saw him no more alive. On Lord’s Day morning, about five o’clock, he awoke his tender, watchful wife, and asked for his bread and milk. He sat up and said—

“I’m going home, Bessie dear: I know I’m going! Come, kiss me, Bessie. You have been a kind, good wife, and nursed me patiently. But now I’m going, and I can’t cry, dear Bessie; I know God will take care of you and the dear little ones. You mustn’t think me unkind, Bessie, not to cry, but I can’t cry at going home!” He took a little bread and milk and leant heavily upon his kind but worn-out nurse. She laid him on his pillow, and he said, “Send for Mr. W.”; but in a few minutes, as she looked at him, his face shone with that brilliant light, so often seen on the countenances of triumphant saints on the threshold of “the glory,” and he fell “asleep in Christ.” Without a pang, a groan, or a flutter, he was “gone home.” And so “He giveth His beloved sleep.” W.

Spiritual Testimony

ON a day before Spring had fairly commenced, some friends were walking together near a hedgerow, when presently they stopped and cried out, "Oh! how sweet!" Then they began to search, and after some minutes diligently spent in looking, a solitary violet was discovered. It was the first time since the past year that these friends had smelt the delicious and welcome odor.

The unseen flower, surrounded with fragrance, is a happy illustration of a spiritual Christian. But there are violets and violets. The scentless flower is as beautiful in its color as its fragrant brother, yet even children hardly care for the "dog-violets." This is rather an opprobrious title to give so pleasant looking a flower, and whatever its origin may have been, it destroys in the mind all the associations of modesty and fragrance, which are connected with what children would call the "real" violet. Not that one flower is less real than another, which, for our purpose, we may apply by saying, that a Christian is always a Christian; but just as the characteristics of the violet are lacking where no fragrance exists, so when a Christian is only a Christian, and not a spiritual one, the savor of Christ is absent.

Alas! there are many of God's own dear people, whose pride and self-consciousness forbid the idea of fragrance surrounding them. They are like the "dog-violets," and are valued accordingly. People do not stop in their walk through life when near them and cry one to the other, "Oh! how sweet," and long to find the hidden blossom which pours forth fragrance out of its own abundance.

I think if violets could talk, they would say nothing about themselves; I except the poor "dog-violets," which, having no sweetness of their own, if they did not speak about themselves no one would speak about them, except to say, upon seeing the familiar little flower nestling amongst its dark green leaves, "How disappointing." For it is disappointing to gather a violet which does not smell. Yet how disappointing to meet a Christian, who is not spiritual, for we expect to perceive in those who are Christ's, some of the moral fragrance which ever emanated from Him.

It is not necessary for the genuine thing to call attention to itself. No listener in a wood needs to be told that it is not sparrows or tits, but the nightingale that is singing.

"Hark, silence, listen!" a dozen voices cried the other day in a thick copse. Why? Was it the cawing of the rooks in the high trees hard by that they heard, or the merry short song of the chaffinch? No, gentle reader, it was the clear emphatic trilling of a masterly songster. And immediately the clatter of the dozen voices was still to listen to the nightingale.

I know not why, but it seemed a kind of privilege to hear him pouring forth his volume of song, and he is a little bird, too, with a very modest attire.

Perhaps to utterly unaccustomed ears, the song of the thrush might be palmed off as that of the nightingale; but in spiritual things, unless people are born and bred in the city of Destruction, and have no ears to hear heavenly melodies, such impositions are impossible. And even in the world there is often an ability to distinguish between the reality and the make-believe. If the world cannot

sing the songs of heaven, it can at least listen to them, and recognize a distinction between the words of him, who utters the praises of Christ, and his, whose clamor is only about himself. Now we are living in a day of imitations; there is very much that is artificial in existence. I was taken into a complete flower garden of artificial blossoms the other day; they looked “better than nature,” as the exhibitor said, and, to add to the fond deceit, they were scented also! But for all that, personally, I had no pleasure in them; such things are useful for fashionable ends, for purposes of decoration and show, but for little else. In divine things, without question, we need reality. Let us beware, lest we are artificial flowers with an imitation scent!

Conformity to religious peculiarities is often accepted as genuine spirituality, so that “if he followeth not with us,” he, whoever he may be, is not regarded as “spiritual”; while the garb, the language, the current ideas, or the technical knowledge—as we might term the peculiar phrases which different coteries use—are accepted as indicating a real spiritual condition. But the truth is, such shibboleths are only artificial scent: they are not the real odor of true spirituality.

For this, Christ must be dwelling in the heart by faith. What is the mystery of the violet’s sweetness? What the secret of the nightingale’s song? The Creator of the flower and of the bird alone can tell. Man may analyze and discourse upon the construction of the flower and the anatomy of the bird, but God Himself gave to the one its fragrance and to the other its melodious powers. And if you would be truly spiritual, there is only one way of being so, you must have divine power—your heart must be full of Christ. No religious conforming can produce the reality in you, though some religious associations can and do hinder it. Your heart, we repeat it, must be full of Christ, if the fragrance of Christ and the songs of heaven are to be poured forth in your life.

We said that a Christian is really a Christian. This is true, for we are all “in Christ” and Christ is “in” all true Christians. But these things are very different from Christ dwelling in the heart by faith (Eph. 3:17), which is solely practical, and true spirituality is ever practical. It is “by faith,” and that is personal, and relates to our individual condition of soul. If the world is in our hearts, then Christ is not in them by faith. If self is filling our hearts, then Christ is not in them by faith. If pride and big thoughts of our own spirituality are filling our hearts, then Christ is not in them by faith. Christ dwelling in our hearts by faith, is the effect of the affections being occupied with the Lord Jesus, and Himself being their object. And this, which is deeper than all knowledge, and leads to that heart-knowledge which surpasses all the grasp of mental power, and which is the only way of being “able to comprehend with all saints what is the breadth and length and depth and height, and to know the love of Christ.”

I am sure that every one of us, who has Christ in his heart by faith, will show forth His praises, he will unconsciously give out the fragrance of Christ, and those who perceive it will give God the glory. He will be like the nightingale, and sing both day and night, both in the sunshine and in the darkness, the fullest, loudest, and sweetest song of all, and more, the most varied song, too. There will be no chaffinch-like repetition till the ear grows weary of the self-same iteration of words; and never—no, never—un-Christ-like language.

Need I add, dear reader, that no spiritual Christian is a mockingbird. Each such sings his own song, and has plenty to sing about. He does not retail to you the expressions of Mr. This and of Mr. That, as if such expressions were his own experiences. These mockingbirds are not spiritual persons, but deceivers of their own souls, and attempts at imposition upon others. Nor need I add

that the truly spiritual Christian never has a label attached to his neck, with the writing on it, "I am spiritual," for where such is the case not only does the advertisement demonstrate the absence of the thing advertised, but also the falseness of the heart of the poor self-deceiver.

We have taken up our parable of the new creation from the familiar scent and songs of spring, but we would not have our reader think that any disparagement is intended of the scentless violet or the chirping bird; no, dear fellow Christian, our God has made everything beautiful in its place in His wondrous creation, and whether a flower emits odor or not, and whether a sparrow chirps, or a nightingale sings, all are fulfilling the purpose for which their Creator made them.

The Christian is of the new creation, of which Christ is the head, and unless he is Christ-like he is not fulfilling the object for which God leaves him upon this earth. It is self which hinders our manifestation of Christ, but, if we did yield up ourselves to God, we each should be fulfilling that thing which God would have us be. Let it be our earnest desire that Christ may be magnified in our bodies, whether by life or by death.

Saved and Satisfied.

(Continued from June Number.)

ON passing through the wards, I went by mistake into one which it was against the rules of the institution to visit. I saw all around me very sad faces, as well as suffering bodies. Hanging on the walls were pictures of our Saviour and crucifixes.

I addressed one of the sufferers, longing to bring the comfort of His presence into their midst, and desiring simply to speak of Him, but a cold "You are not of our persuasion, miss," was all I received in reply.

Of what value is the shadow without the substance, the cold, lifeless assent without the living reality? I left the ward, having learned afresh the blessed position of those who know Christ in reality from the striking contrast I had seen. In the one case the sufferers might look upon the outward emblem of His precious death on the cross, of which the many crosses round the walls were a sign, yet apparently knew not that peace which He made through the blood of His cross, nor the rest and joy which He imparts. The others were sitting at His feet, Himself their all in all; having known Him as revealed in His word, they were awaiting that home which He had prepared for them.

Returning to the wards of which I have already spoken, I went to a child with sightless eyeballs and whose face was veiled. She said to me, "O, how good the Lord was, not to take my sight until I had learned the whole of Ephesians by heart." As I listened, I thought of the language of the psalmist, "Thy words were found and I did eat them, yea, they were unto me the joy and rejoicing of my heart."

Another, suffering from a form of paralysis, was so full of joy, that her poor frame could not be kept quiet. Yes, those afflicted ones were truly sad, suffering objects to gaze at,

"Vessels of the world's despising,

Vessels poor, and mean, and base,

Bearing wealth God's heart is prizing,

Glory from Christ's blessed face."

Each time I visited the hospital, I heard the same voice of joy and thanksgiving. When last I called to say goodbye, upon leaving for England, the young woman to whom I have referred, who was used as the Lord's messenger to the tried lady, was approaching her end.

I remarked, "I am sorry to hear you are in so much pain."

"Sorry," she repeated in a tone of reproach, "sorry to know I am nearing the golden shores—nearing the golden shores." Yes, faith was almost lost in sight, and like one of old, she saw the heavens opened.

Child of God, how have you learned Christ? Are you living in close intimacy with Himself, proving the child-like faith, that rests unquestioningly on His word, and knows all must be well? Or, as you read the account of this satisfied one, do you long for closer communion, to be more entirely shut up to Himself? Let me tell you He desires to have you living thus in the secret of His presence, and He will as surely fulfill your desires as He did those of whom I write, causing your heart to burn within you while He talks with you by the way. Should your path, like theirs, be lonely and tried, or suffering, Jesus will be with you every step of the way, and in having Him you have all.

"Oh to be but emptier, lowlier,

Mean, unnoticed, and unknown,

And to God, a vessel holier,

Filled with Christ, and Christ alone;

Naught of earth to cloud the glory,

Naught of self the light to dim,

Telling forth His wondrous story,

Emptied, to be filled with Him."

Soul-Sickness

PERHAPS eight out of ten of the Christians you meet are engaged with the state of their health, speaking spiritually. "I am so cold," "I am so heavy," "I am very dull," "Completely lifeless," and similar expressions, are most common. How is it that when there is this prevailing sense of soul-sickness the great Physician is so little sought! There has been faith to come to Jesus for life, and for salvation, but there is not faith to go to Him for the needs of every day.

The only way for the prosperity of the soul is continual going to Christ, looking to Him and leaning upon Him hour by hour and moment by moment. The life of faith is continued dependence on the Lord, and the Lord is ever ready to be continually depended upon. Faith in Him for each thing in Life will have the effect of calling out praise of Him, instead of the prevailing exclamation about self.

May's Little Letter

"BUT I am so unhappy, aunty," said a little girl just seven years old.

I want to tell you, dear children, the cause of little May's unhappiness, and how her trouble was removed. She and her little brother had gone with their grandfather and two aunts to the seaside for a short time, whilst their mother was away from home. On Sunday evening, May's aunts thought they would take their niece and nephew with them to hear a sermon, and the children were delighted to go.

It was a solemn subject that the speaker chose that evening. You will find the verses upon which he spoke in the beginning of 2 Cor. 5, and I will tell you the question which he asked all his hearers: it was this— "Should you be afraid to die this night, if the Lord Jesus Christ were to call you to do so?"

Just then Aunt J. looked at her little niece, and saw her bright eyes full of tears.

"What is the matter, May?" she asked softly, but May would not tell her then, only her sweet face was turned yet more earnestly to the preacher, and I doubt if in all his audience he had a more eager listener than that little girl. Well the preaching came to an end, but not so May's unhappiness, and when she reached home she confided to Aunt F. the cause of her grief.

What do you think it was, dear young friends? some childish disappointment or grief? Oh, no. Something far deeper was troubling May, and fain would we see you unhappy on the same subject. Looking up into Aunt F.'s face, she said, while her tears burst forth in real earnest, "Oh, aunty, shall I go to heaven when I die?"

Aunt F. talked to her lovingly and earnestly, and told her that if she came to Jesus and trusted Him she would be happy, and would certainly go to be with Him by-and-by; and then Aunt J. knelt down with May, and when her sobs were quieter, she told the Lord all about her trouble, and how May longed to come to Him and be happy—wanted to be with Him forever in His bright home if she died; and then they rose from their knees, aunty kissed her sweet little niece, and May went to bed.

About half-an-hour afterward, her aunts peeped in at the door of May's room, to see if all was quiet. May's little brother was fast asleep, but she was wide awake, though it was getting quite late. Do you think she was unhappy still? Oh, no; the traces of tears were yet on her cheeks, but her face was bright now, and when she was asked what had made her happy, she just looked up and said sweetly, "You know."

A little time after this May wrote Aunt J. a little letter. I will tell you what it said.

"My dear Aunty, I am not afraid to die now, for the Lord has saved me, and I am now quite sure I shall go to heaven when I die, because the Lord has saved me.

"From MAY."

Perhaps some of you can write a better letter, but little May's aunts thought it the very nicest one that could have been written, and it filled their hearts with joy and praise, so that they thanked the Lord for having brought little May to Himself.

And now, dear young friends, I would ask you affectionately and earnestly, Is little May's Saviour your Saviour? Oh believe on Him, and you will find He will make you happy, as He has done the child about whom I have written. And if any of God's children read this little paper, I would ask them to lift up their hearts in a short prayer for little May, that she may be preserved, "faultless and blameless," till we are in that bright glory with the Lord Jesus, praising Him, "Who loved us, and gave Himself for us." E. C. R

The Story of a Scotch Boy Who Was Stolen Away and Sold for a Slave

It sometimes happens that children who perhaps have not been very attentive at the time to those who have tried to teach them what the Bible calls “the fear of the Lord,” have remembered the wise and loving words they heard in childhood, long afterward, when they have been far from home and friends, in trouble or in danger.

I will tell you the story of a Scotch boy who thus remembered the teaching of his parents, when he was in a strange land, in banishment and slavery.

You may remember how we read in the history of our country that the Romans, the mightiest people in the world, who had conquered all the nations round the Mediterranean, at last conquered our little island, too, and ruled in Britain for four hundred years. During that long time the Britons learned many things from their conquerors, and before the Romans went home to defend their own city and country, leaving the Britons to take care of themselves, many of the people had become Christians.

The Apostle Paul, in his letter to the Christians who lived in Thessalonica, tells them that they had “turned to God from idols, to serve the living and true God, and to wait for His Son from heaven.” So, by God’s mercy, through the teaching of Christians from Rome, many of the Britons had turned from their false gods, and their dark, cruel ways of worshipping them, “to serve the living God.” They no longer believed the Druids, who sacrificed beasts, and sometimes even men and women, as you see in the picture, to their gods in the oak groves, or on the high hills, but they prayed to God in heaven. And instead of believing, as these “holy men,” the Druids had taught them, that the spirits of the dead passed from their bodies into those of animals, they knew that every soul whom the Lord Jesus had redeemed belonged to Him; and so when a Christian father and mother buried their little baby’s body, they thought of its glad spirit rejoicing in heaven. Their faith was very precious to the Christian Britons; some of them had given their lives for it, and we cannot wonder that when the child of whom we are speaking was born in a Christian village on the woody banks of the Clyde, his parents tried earnestly to instruct him in their own faith.

Succat, however, was fond of pleasure, and paid very little heed to the teaching of his father, Calpurnius, and his mother, Conchessa. His wild ways were a grief to his good parents, and at last God allowed a dreadful calamity to come upon him.

Before I tell you what befell Succat, I must ask you to think of what you have read in your English history about those savage people, the Picts, or painted folk, who kept rushing down from the highlands of Scotland upon the quiet hamlets of the Britons. They burned and plundered wherever they went, and the Scots—for that was the name of the people of Ireland in those days, though we shall call them “Irish,” that you may understand the story better—used to come in their pirate boats over the sea from Ireland, just at harvest time, and carry away the ripe corn of the poor country folk—sometimes even taking away any people they could catch that they might make slaves of

them.

While he was still a child, Succat's parents left Scotland, and went to live in the part of France which was then called Armorica. There it was that the terrible calamity, of which I will tell you, befell Succat.

He was near the seashore one day, with two of his sisters, when some Irish robbers landed, carried the three children off to their boats, and sold them for slaves as soon as they got back to Ireland. Succat, like the prodigal in the parable, was sent into the fields to feed swine. There, alone in his great distress, God spoke to his heart. At the thought that he was never more to hear his mother's voice, he remembered, with deep sorrow, the holy lessons taught to him by her, when he, a heedless child, had cared for nothing but his amusements. He particularly grieved over one fault he had committed, unknown to any but himself, and the remembrance of which pressed heavily upon his heart.

At last, like the prodigal in the far country, Succat said in his heart, "I will arise and go to my Father." His earthly father he might never see again, but God was near him in that heathen land, and when he prayed he "seemed to feel the arms of a father uplifting the prodigal son." I think you would like to read what he long afterward wrote about this part of his life. The words are his own, only translated from the Latin in which he wrote.

"I was sixteen years old," he says, "and knew not the true God, but in that strange land the Lord opened my unbelieving eyes, and, although late, I called my sins to mind, and was converted with my whole heart to the Lord my God, who regarded my low estate, had pity on my ignorance, and consoled me as a father consoles his children.

"The love of God increased more and more in me, with faith and fear of His name. Even during the night, in the forests and on the mountains, where I kept my flock, the rain, and snow, and frost, and sufferings which I endured, excited me to seek after God."

You will be glad to hear that Succat was rescued and brought back to his family, although I am sorry that I cannot tell you what became of his sisters who were carried away with him. But what will you say when you hear that he went back again, of his own accord, to the land where he had suffered such cruel slavery?

He thought of Ireland now, not as the land whence the pirates had come who had taken him away from home and friends, but as the land where he had found Jesus Christ, and he longed earnestly to preach the Christian faith to the Irish pagans. So, though his parents would gladly have kept their son with them, Succat, or, as he was afterward called, St. Patrick, went back to Ireland.

You will think he was a strange missionary, for he carried a large drum with him. When, by beating this drum, he had collected the people of a district into the fields, he would tell them, in their own tongue, "the history of the Son of God," and had the joy of seeing many of them leave their vain idols and joyfully embrace the faith of Christ.

Far away, in the west of Ireland, there is a beautiful mountain, which the Irish have called Croaigh Patrick, after the name of the missionary who came to their land to preach to them. They tell many foolish and untrue stories about the miracles which they say he wrought there; but if you ever see that grand mountain, with its lofty cone piercing the sky, you will remember this true story of the

Scotch boy who told the “history of the Son of God” in Ireland, so long ago. C. P.

The Lord's Colors

It is of the last importance that young Christians should show their colors in these days. Boys and girls of from ten to fifteen years of age—not to speak of those who are older—have a world of their own, in which they live and fight either for God or Satan. Dear young friends, do pray for decision of character, and seek to follow the faith of the men of faith. The great warrior of the Bible said in his old age, when his nation, which had won great victories in Jehovah's strength, was trying to make terms with the heathen, "As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord." Joshua's life was one long conflict. He is essentially the fighting man of the Bible, and he is such an one as the true Christian soldier should be, of whom we read in the Epistle to the Ephesians, "Wherefore take unto you the whole armor of God, that ye may be able to withstand in the evil day, and having done all, to stand." (Chapter 6:13.) The true Christian is a soldier from the day of his conversion until the end of his life upon earth. It is not safe for him to lay aside his armor day or night.

If you are not on the Lord's side, you are on the side of Satan. If you do not wear the Lord's colors, you bear those of the enemy. We find what the Lord's colors are by reference to the fifteenth chapter of Numbers. Where is the Lord? In heaven! He is not of this world: He has left it, and is seated on high. Therefore, the Lord's colors are heavenly. "Bid them that they make them fringes in the borders of their garments throughout their generations, and that they put upon the fringe of the borders a ribband of blue." There was not to be a change of this color to suit the times in which they might live—the fringe was to be always the same: "throughout their generations... that ye may look upon it, and remember all the commandments of the Lord, and do them."

It is comparatively easy to look up above, and to see the blue overhead. That is always the same, and always bright and beautiful. A dirty blue sky is impossible, and provided we get far enough up above the mists of earth, we may always see it. But the heavenly color, worn as a fringe near our feet, on the very borders of our garments, is in great danger of becoming soiled and splashed as we walk along the muddy paths of this world. When you are alone in your room, getting up in the morning, or retiring to rest at night, you can, in silence, look up to God, and think of Him, and of heaven; but the Lord's colors have to be worn throughout the day.

If you can be faithful to the Lord in little things, there is not much fear of your being unfaithful in great things. If you can be faithful and wear the heavenly blue for Him—that is, be like Christ—in your home, with your brothers and sisters, you can be faithful for Him in school, or in your going abroad into the world. For go abroad into the world we all must, unless we are taken in our very early years to heaven, and the school and the juvenile companions are as much the world to the young, as are business or profession and the adult friends to the older.

There will be no blessing attending your Christian life unless you wear the Christian's colors, and here let us press upon you, dear young friends, the importance of remembering where the Israelites were to wear their ribbands of blue. They were not told to wear headdresses of blue! They were not told to parade before all that which was to remind them of God, but the little ribband was to run through all parts of their garments, for you know that they wore flowing robes in those

days, which fell down to the feet.

Seek with all earnestness of desire to live for Christ in the little things of life; set the Lord always before you, from the time you rise from your bed till the hour you retire to rest. The Lord will enable you to fulfill your desire, for He is your strength.

Joseph's History

WE have received some very good papers replying to our questions of May on the Shepherd. The names of those who have gained the prizes will be found as usual on page three of the cover of the magazine.

We now ask our young friends to look into the story of Joseph; let the Bible be its own interpreter, and tell us what you can of (1) the history, (2) the moral beauties, and (3) the typical character of Joseph.

The history must be given briefly, and in your own words: that is, you will write as much as you can of the Bible story of Joseph, but in language strictly your own.

The moral beauties of Joseph's character will afford you more scope for thought and search. You will seek to discover in the story of his life, the noble and the lovely things which God has by His Holy Spirit written for our instruction and example. And in doing this you will derive real profit for yourselves, for Joseph's character shines among the records of God's people as a jewel of the rarest value.

The typical nature of Joseph's history will lead you into many happy considerations of the sufferings of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, and of the glories which follow them. In order to give you a leading thought on this part of the subject, we will say that the book of the Bible in which Joseph's history is written, contains great and far-reaching types, the fulfillment of which is not in all cases yet realized. It has been the way of God to give us in the book of Genesis; shadows of things which will happen amongst the last great transactions which will take place upon this earth. If you open the earliest chapter of this book, you will see that thoughts are there given and facts described, which are taken up again in the last book of the Bible, and which thoughts and facts lead us along the stream of time, from its earliest ripplings, even into eternity itself.

May you all learn much from this story, which is one of the very sweetest of the whole Bible, and may you be followers of Joseph in his ways and words of goodness; and, above all, may the consideration of his lovely character lead you to greater and more reverential joy in your thoughts of Jesus, the Son of God, whom Joseph typifies.

True Stories of God's Servants: Geneva's Decision

FERVENTLY did the gospelers thank God for this deliverance. And a month later they had fresh cause for thanksgiving. Baudichon, who had been seized by the Catholics at Lyons some months before, had been kept in prison, with another Huguenot, and, finally, had been sentenced by the archbishop to be burnt alive. But just after the retreat of the Savoyards from Geneva some Bernese ambassadors were sent to transact some business with Francis I., king of France. They took the opportunity of asking for the release of Baudichon. Francis had his own reasons for wishing to be on good terms with the Swiss. He sent orders to Lyons that Baudichon and his fellow-citizen should be set free. Warmly were they welcomed home by the Huguenots of Geneva.

But the dark days were not yet over. Darker days were yet to come—darker to the eye of man, brighter to the eye of faith—for it was because of the shining of the light of the gospel in Geneva that the prince of darkness mustered his forces against the city he feared to lose. The gospelers of Geneva were to learn how true were the words of Farel, "How nobly all goes on, when all is lost as to the world!" All was to be lost, except Christ, His gospel, and His messengers. It was very clear to the citizens of Geneva that the clouds were gathering. Tidings came that France and Burgundy had promised their help to the duke and bishop, and that a fresh attack would speedily be made. All the citizens were called to arms. The Catholics, who had so nearly betrayed their city, were closely watched lest they should bring enemies within the walls. But the Catholics had other plans. Most of them had determined to leave the city, and join the forces of the duke and bishop. Except the priests, few remained.

With joy the Huguenots saw the Catholics depart. Geneva, save for the priests, was now in their own hands.

The council determined on a desperate measure for the defense of the city. They feared lest the suburbs, outside the walls, should fall into the hands of their enemies. The suburbs were large, consisting of houses and gardens, convents and churches. Orders were given that they should be entirely demolished. The work began at once. The homes of rich and poor alike were pulled down to the ground—the beautiful houses of the rich citizens, the barns and storehouses, the ancient Priory of S. Victor, and the hovels of the poor. Six thousand citizens were thus left homeless and destitute. But the Huguenots within the walls took into their houses all alike—gospelers and Catholics—and shared with them their last loaf, and gave up to them every spare corner.

The last loaf was, alas! soon to be found in many houses. The bishop, from his retreat in Savoy, had sent orders to all towns and villages around his city of Geneva, that no provisions were to be supplied to the rebellious citizens.

The market which the country people had stocked so well with fruit and vegetables, was left empty and deserted. The bishop and the duke placed soldiers in the many castles belonging to them on all sides of the city. None could go out or come in, save at the pleasure of the soldiers. The bishop then took up his abode at Gex, about ten miles off, and ordered all his council to join him there, He

gathered around him a number of priests, with whom he took counsel. "We must crush these Lutherans," he said, "either by war or by any other means." He then solemnly excommunicated every person left in Geneva—all who should hear the preachers, or talk to them—all who should enter the city for any purpose whatever.

The village people all around now believed Geneva to be a place inhabited by devils. They avoided it, not only out of obedience to the bishop, but from fear and terror. Some bold peasants from one village ventured to go there, for they were curious to see "the devils." When they came back to their friends, they reported that "the preachers were really men, and not devils at all." The bishop speedily stopped their tales by sending them to prison.

Thus did the clouds gather over the devoted city. But all these things did not move the gospelers; they had their preachers, and the meetings were now unhindered. Every day the Lord added to the church such as should be saved, and, in spite of all that the enemy could do, "there was great joy in that city."

At night, when the soldiers were keeping watch at the gates and on the ramparts, the preachers would sit amongst them, and tell them the story of the cross, and of the glory of Christ. Many were thus turned to the Lord. "In the old times," said the citizens, "the soldiers used to while away their time with ill-conducted women, but now they care for nothing but preaching, and, instead of profane and filthy conversation, we hear nothing but the word of God."

God was indeed showing mercy to Geneva, in saving multitudes of blind and lost sinners. And He was teaching those whom He saved glorious and blessed lessons. They were soon to learn by experience, as well as from the words of Farel, what it is to lean upon an arm of flesh. If they had been trusting in Berne rather than in God, they were to find that there is but One who can never be as a broken reed. Berne stood aloof; and though not against them, their old allies seemed either unable or unwilling to defend their cause against the duke and the bishop.

The duke meanwhile offered them terms of peace. He would forgive them everything. But it was on the condition that they should send away "these new preachers; that they should allow no more such preachings in their city; that they should receive the bishop back, and live in the faith of our Holy Mother, the Church." They might have their choice—peace and plenty and the old forms and ceremonies, or the sword and famine, and the gospel of God.

But Geneva, which two years before had driven Farel from its walls, had another spirit now.

"You ask us," replied the council, "to give up the gospel of Jesus Christ. We would sooner give up father and mother, wife and children. We would sooner lose our goods and our lives. Tell the duke we will set fire to the four corners of our city, before we send away the preachers who preach to us the word of God." The duke and the bishop were astonished at this answer, and roused to the height of anger.

The object of the meeting of Thonon was, as you will have seen, to decide upon some plan for bringing back the insolent, rebellious city to its obedience to the bishop. On this occasion Berne declared itself on the side of the duke and bishop! Berne, which had been the hope and strength of Geneva, as the citizens had once thought, Berne was now, if not in the ranks of the enemy, consenting in part at least, to their demands. The hope and strength of Geneva was now to be

One greater than Berne—had they lost by the exchange?

Then followed the news that the great emperor Charles V., would also come to the help of Savoy. The duchess of Savoy was his sister-in-law.

“When things seem desperate,” said William Farel, “then is the time for faith to rest in God against all appearances, against all that man can see.

“And though you and I may see things all the contrary to that for which we are looking, though Satan stands up in greater power than ever before, then is the time to pray, for God will then show us His help, for the glory of His own great Name. And truly if there is any one who need be afraid, it is I. And then if there were a hundred thousand times more against you, and less. hope than there is now as to the flesh, I am well assured God would hear your prayer, and give you your heart’s desire. Faith looks at nothing but the fathomless depths of the goodness of God.”

Thus spoke William Farel, and his words did not fall upon deaf ears. In spite of emperor duke, and bishop, the king of France and the threats of Burgundy, in spite of Berne proving to be but a broken reed, the gospelers of Geneva stood firm. They were willing to suffer the loss of all things except Christ and His word.

Day by day the work of destruction went on in the beautiful suburbs. The fragments of the ruined buildings were piled into ramparts. The gospelers denied themselves needful food to give to those who had thus become homeless. All trade was stopped, and want stared them in the face on every side.

The bishop, who had forbidden the country people to enter Geneva, now forbade them to trade with the citizens who went into the country for provisions. No eggs, no butter, no cheese; no meat, could be had. The hungry people would go out by night to any villages where they had friends, and bring back bread or corn.

And just at this time several amongst them were called to suffer death itself for the sake of Christ.

The bishop’s band of robbers, who still kept watch in the castle of Peney, were daily committing outrages upon any passers by, who were suspected of having dealings with Geneva. Many had been thus seized and carried into the castle dungeons. Some were tortured, one hanged, one torn limb from limb by being tied to restive horses in the courtyard of the castle.

The good knight, Gaudet, was thus waylaid, and seized by the spies from Peney. You remember that he had been for some months preaching the gospel at Geneva. This faithful soldier of Christ was tortured for five days. His life was offered him, if he would give up the gospel. But Gaudet had a strength which could withstand all that the devil or man could do. “The Lord stood beside him and strengthened him.” He was condemned to be roasted alive over a slow fire, “for having settled at Geneva, for having attended sermons, and heard and preached the gospel.” Such was the charge laid against him. All the peasants of the neighborhood were invited to have the pleasure of seeing him burnt in the castle-yard. He was fastened to a post, with burning embers under his feet. He was then burnt, limb by limb, and pricked meanwhile with the spears and halberds of his tormentors. For two days was he thus kept in torture. Meanwhile he prayed for his enemies, and told them that Christ made all suffering light to him, and that he rejoiced to endure the torment for His blessed name. The peasants went back to their homes, weeping and horrorstricken. The

priests said, "Gaudet's death will do us more mischief than twenty of Farel's sermons."

Some of the Huguenots determined to avenge Gaudet's death, and drive the murderers from their stronghold. But they returned mournfully to Geneva. Some had been killed in the assault, others terribly wounded, and the castle was left in the hands of the enemy. "God can do greater things for you," said Farel, "than you can do for yourselves. He has ways and means which you do not understand, in order that He may have all the honor, and that you may look to Him, not to your human undertakings and your pieces of cannon."

Yes, in God's good time the help would come. But for the present the little flock at Geneva must learn to wait upon God. Their ambassador wrote back from Berne to say that many there were roused to grief and anger by the tidings of their persecution. Yet still Berne hung back from helping them. "God has all in His own hand," said the ambassador; "He will give us all that is needful; needful not to carry out our will, but His. And this is what we must look for, if we are Christians... Jesus, our Redeemer, will not let us suffer more than we can bear. To Him be honor and glory, to you His peace and grace." The ambassador also advises them in this letter to destroy the dens of the robbers, who were at the bottom of the mischief. By this, he meant the convents of Geneva. F.B.

Little Louisa's Last Wish

ALTHOUGH Louisa J. was only fourteen years old when she died, yet she had learned to trust in the Lord Jesus, and was very happy in knowing that, in life and in death, she belonged to Him who had loved her and given His own life for her. Louie had the good gift from God of a dear mother who loved the Lord, but her father seemed to have no thought save for the things of time. The Lord's Day found him busily working in his garden, and when he spoke of the holy things which were so dear to his wife and his little daughter, it was only to treat them with contempt.

Yet, though he had no thought of God or of his own soul, Louie's father loved, with tender affection, the child God had given to gladden his home; and bitter indeed was his sorrow when, after she had been ill for some months, he heard the doctor say that he could do no more for his little pet—that Louie was very ill, and could live but a short time longer.

About this time the writer of this story often visited the sick child and talked to her about Jesus, and very much did Louie enjoy these conversations and the sweet hymns, in singing which she would always join while her strength lasted. Louie's father was never present at these times, but sometimes when coming downstairs her visitor met him, noticed his sad looks, and said a word or two about the little sufferer.

Little Louie grew very thin and weak, and as her mother sat one day by her bedside, doing all she could to comfort her dying child, she found that though Louie was suffering great pain there was a grief which lay heavy upon her young heart, which she felt harder to bear than any bodily sufferings, which were to be so soon over. What was the sick child's sorest trouble?

Ah, it was not the thought that she was soon to leave her bed of pain, and, like a dove, flee away and be at rest—that was a welcome thought, that brought no fear or trouble with it. But with the thought of going soon to the arms of Jesus, came another thought, Louie must leave those whom she loved here.

She knew that from the dear mother, whose arms were round her now, the parting would be short—the farewell words might scarcely have died upon their lips before mother and child, both ransomed by a Saviour's death, should meet in His presence to go no more out. But her father! As Louie thought of him, in her agony she cried out, "Oh, father, if I could hear you pray before I die, I should die happy!"

The sorrow-stricken father heard that cry, and it went to his heart. Could it be that he, her father, should refuse the last request of his dying child? Could it be that she, his little Louie, who was so sure that she was going to heaven, so happy at the thought of being with Him whose love she knew so well, should be in anguish on account of her poor father? At last he could bear it no longer, and, kneeling beside the little sufferer, the strong man bowed his head, and, amid sobs and tears, prayed that God, who had saved his child, would save him too, and would suffer him to meet her in heaven.

Little Louie listened to her father's prayer, and in a few moments passed away to the presence of her Lord. Her poor father's prayer was answered; he, too, trusted in Jesus as his Saviour, and now both parents look to meet their child one day in that home of which little Louie loved to sing—the blessed place “where Christ is gone.” R. B.

All in All

JESUS is Life! when all within the heart
Is cold and desolate, and prone to die;
Jesus is Light! when clouds shut out the sun,
And mists of sin and doubt hang heavily;
Jesus is Love! when we have none to give,
And Pity measureless, to those who fall;
Jesus is Heaven! to the longing soul
Jesus is "First and Last,".. and "All in All."
H.

Filled up

EVERY open vessel is filled with something, if only with air. Your heart is a vessel with no cover to it; with what is your heart filled? Full of self, empty of Christ—full of Christ, no room for self.

It Is Free—For Nothing

A GOSPEL paper which I offered at a cottage door, in the country, one day, was refused by the person to whom I handed it, as she imagined that I wished to sell it. No sooner, however, did she learn that it was free-for-nothing, than it was gladly accepted, and I received her thanks.

That is just how it is with many poor anxious souls who often, even after hearing the Gospel simply preached, being plainly told, and that “the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord” (Rom. 6:23), instead of taking God’s gift, and thanking Him for it, go on for years in a miserable condition.

Now, let us suppose a person in abject poverty, penniless, and starving, and too ill to work to obtain what he so much needs. You, on hearing of his distress, go to him, taking with you an ample supply of all he requires. What would you think if, on telling him you had brought him food and clothing, he began to shake his head, as though he did not believe your word? You show him the comforts you have brought.

“Ah,” he says, “they cannot be for me; I have no money.”

“But,” you reply, “I bring you these things just because you are not able to procure them for yourself. Will you not accept them?”

What would you think if the needy, helpless sufferer still refused what was so freely offered, saying, “It is true I am in want of what you offer me, and I will do my best to try and obtain it; perhaps I may soon be well enough to do a little work”? Would you not reply— “Poor, foolish man, you are not asked to buy; you cannot work. While you are trying to do your best, you may starve to death. You are helpless. Just take what is offered you for nothing”?

My reader, it is just as idle for you to think that you can do anything to obtain salvation. Will you try and do your best? The very best an unconverted person can do is abomination in the sight of God, who has said, “There is none that doeth good, no, not one.” Will you bring to God your religion or your prayers? Do you imagine that after all your striving you will be able to produce something that God can accept in exchange for His salvation? Away, away with all such thoughts. If you want salvation you must have it for nothing.

If it had been possible for sinners to do anything worthy of God, what need for that Holy One to die to save them? Man is totally unable to help himself; by nature he is lost and far from God, yet since Christ has died, and made a propitiation for sin, God can righteously have mercy upon the sinner. This is why He now offers you salvation for nothing. To attempt to make yourself worthy, or to seek to do anything to obtain it, is clearly unbelief in what He says; it is an insult to the Majesty of heaven.

Will you not, then, beloved reader, just take your place as a receiver? Like the person who willingly accepted the Gospel paper I offered when she learned it was for nothing, so may you, ceasing entirely from all your own doings for salvation, simply accept what God is now presenting to you.

Then in the enjoyment of the gift, knowing that you are saved, that the blood of Jesus has cleansed you from all sin, you will rejoice to work, not for salvation, but because you are already saved. A Christian serves the Lord, seeks to please Him, and does good works, not to be saved, but because he is saved. Having a new nature, he now delights in what before could only be irksome to him. G. J. H.

Spiritual Freshness

WE cannot all be original, but as Christians we can all be fresh. No one is original who tries to be so. Originality comes without effort. Originality is not peculiarity. The former is agreeable, the latter a burden to people. We would on no account ask any one to try to be original, but we do ask all to seek to be fresh. By all, we mean Christians who speak of Christ. If in communion with Christ, we are fresh. If near Him in spirit, we are not dull and lifeless, nor can we be so. The welling spring by the wayside is not original, it is what it has been for a hundred years—but it is always fresh. It is fresh, and fresh every moment. Never the same drops over again, hence always refreshing. The water in the stagnant pond is of another description, though it is water as truly as that of the trickling brook—the secret is, it is not fresh.

Now some Christians are spring-water Christians and some are pond-water Christians! Some are in living intercourse with Christ and are ever bright and sparkling: others, though they seem to be very deep, are very dull. And you find the weary say, “Oh! so-and-so did me such good; those few words have refreshed me and gladdened me.” While of the other it is said, “How strange it seems, I have heard a good deal, yet I got nothing for my soul.”

Now as those who are in nearness to Christ are fresh, let us seek for the secret of freshness at all times, and we shall thus refresh those with whom we come in contact.

On the Waves

(A Sailor's Story.)

IN the year 187— I was on board H.M.S.—, outward bound; it was my first voyage in a man-of-war, and I had then no idea what it would be like. I had chosen the sea as a profession, having much desired to be a Sailor, to see foreign lands, and all the strange and wonderful sights I had read about; so I felt delighted to be on board ship, and outward bound.

We made our final start one Sunday afternoon; to my surprise, when the order was given to weigh anchor, the band began to play a lively tune. I had never spent the Lord's day in such a manner in my life before, and it made me feel very unhappy. We left the harbor under plain sail, but we were not long at sea before a storm arose. Oh! how I longed to be back at home with those I loved so dearly. I had read of storms, but now I was in one. I resolved that if God spared me through that storm, I would be a different person; but alas! I did not keep my resolution; I went on still in my old way, the downward road to destruction; but God pitied me.

I often felt very unhappy, and longed to be a Christian, and to experience peace of mind, and I thank God He did bring it to pass in His own good time.

When we were within four days of Hong Kong, a boy fell from aloft, and was killed. I felt it to my heart, and thought, "If that had been me, where should I be now?" I was wretched. "Oh," I thought, "if I had wings I would flee away," but I knew I could not flee from God. I felt the burden of my sins more and more daily, and the thought arose, "If I remain in a man-of-war I shall surely go to hell!" I told all this to my chum, and I resolved to run away. I burned all my letters; and wrote a letter home to my parents, telling them of my intended desertion; this letter was to be sent after I left the ship, but on arriving at Hong-Kong I changed my mind.

Some weeks rolled past, and I still felt miserable. I had two mess-mates who loved the Lord; how I longed to have a talk with them! I remember one day one of them, called Weston, was speaking to a mess-mate about his soul; I listened, and as he spoke, the words penetrated my heart. I went on the upper deck with him, and he told me of the love of Jesus. How sweet and precious those words were to a thirsty soul! The following night I was asked to keep the signal-man's watch, as he wanted to go on shore. I did so, and as I was walking the bridge, and thinking of what had been said to me on the previous day, that passage from the epistle to the Romans came into my mind, "The wages of sin is death, but the gift of God is eternal life." As I thought thereon, I could picture to myself the two masters—God and Satan. "Well," I said, "I can be a faithful follower of the devil, live hard, and die hard, and go to eternal death afterward, but that is a hard lot indeed." Then I thought of God's gift, eternal life! and Satan's wages, death. Oh; what a contrast!

I decided that I would serve God.

Memory recalls the next day—everything seemed changed. I felt myself a new man, trusting in Christ Jesus, and inexpressibly happy; and the desire arose to tell all around what a Saviour I had

found. I soon found that God could be served on board a man-of-war ship, through His grace, which is sufficient for all trials: for He has promised that His strength shall be made perfect in weakness.

Dear reader, may these simple facts encourage someone who is situated in a similar position on the rough waves of life to that in which I am. J. E. M.

If That's True, Then I'm Saved

"IF that's true, then I'm saved." So said a young woman, who had long been anxious about her soul, when a passage of Scripture was pointed out to her by one of the Lord's servants.

Mrs. M.'s husband was a believer, and had constantly prayed for her conversion. About three months before she was enabled to rest on God's testimony concerning His Son, a Christian called and found her under deep conviction of sin, and longing to know whether eternal life and forgiveness were for her. She said, "I am longing and hoping that God will soon give me the assurance that others have. Oh! I want to feel a change!" and she burst into tears, saying, "Oh, that I knew it was for me!"

A lady, when calling upon her, pointed out that God was satisfied with the death of His Son, and that the invitation was, "Whosoever will may take of the water of life freely," and that that word shuts out none; but it was all of no avail, she still said, "Oh, that it were for me!"

Some time afterward, an evangelist was staying in the little town where she resided, and, on being told of her case, called to see her, and tried to help her. He said, "You say you believe every word of the Bible—you have believed for years that the Lord Jesus died for sinners: now listen to His message, 'He that heareth My word, and believeth on Him that sent Me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation, but is passed from death unto life.'" The Spirit had done His work with the word, for she looked up, saying, "If that's true, then I'm saved, for I do believe on Him." He then turned to other passages which show how repeatedly God assures those who believe on His Son that they have eternal life, but she would look at this one which had brought peace to her troubled soul. She needed no other, and her eyes now filled with tears of joy.

The next evening, the lady, who had been much interested in her, asked if she had any doubts left. "Oh, no, miss. To think that I could not see it before; it is all so plain. God has taken all the doubts away, and now I want Him to take away the fears, that I may not be ashamed to confess Him before men. All the glory and all the praise belongs to the Lord."

"Then you have no doubts now?"

"No. Satan sometimes says, 'How do you know you believe aright?' and I send him away with God's word, and he can't stand that."

Dear reader! do you, too, say, "I have believed in Jesus for years, but still I am not saved. I want to feel a change. I want to know that my sins are forgiven"? God says if you believe on the Son you have eternal life. (1 John 5:13.) Now, which is right—which is to be trusted, God's word, or your feelings? Rest on His word at once, and you will be filled with "joy and peace in believing."

Cease from looking for inward evidences, and believe God's testimony concerning the finished work of His Son. "And this is the record, that God hath given to us eternal life, and this life is in His Son. 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."

“And doubt not thy welcome, since God has declared
There remaineth no more to be done;
That once in the end of the world He appeared,
And completed the work He begun.”

M. W.

It Is Finished

THE work which God gave the Lord to do, the salvation of His people, the bearing of their sins, the enduring of the wrath of God on account of their sins; yes, and the sufferings of the atoning sacrifice—all are finished.

Voices From Heaven.

WE must ask our readers to recall some papers, which have already appeared in this year's issue of our Magazine, in order that the voice from heaven, of which we are about to speak, may have its place distinctly in the mind; for assuredly it has its definite place in the ways of God, and in the word of God.

Each of the four occasions on which voices from heaven were heard during the lifetime of our Lord upon earth, marked the special pleasure of God in His Son as a man. The four occasions were those of His lowly birth, the commencement of His gracious ministry, His coming glory as Man, and His prospect of death, even the death of the cross.

The last of these four voices was uttered only a few days previous to the death of our blessed Lord; before another was heard, Jesus had died, risen, and gone up on high. The four related to Himself; the last three to Him as the beloved Son of the Father—a Man upon this earth. The voice of which we would now speak fell from heaven to the earth, where He no longer was, and the Lord Himself was the speaker, and His own upon earth the subject of His words. "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou Me?" What a contemplation for our souls is the fact of the absence from this world of the Son of God's love, over whom heaven was opened, and the Father's pleasure was expressed! Can we be insensible to the fact that the death, the resurrection, and the ascension of Jesus necessarily, alter all things, morally speaking, not only in the attitude of God towards the world, but also in His relationship with His people? "God was in Christ, reconciling the world unto Himself" (2 Cor. 5:19), but Christ has been rejected by men (Isa. 53:3); and now, since the world has cast out the Son of God, God in perfect grace associates His people with the Lord in a way that never before was known.

As for the world, we remember the Lord's words very shortly before He left it for heaven: "Yet a little while, and the world seeth Me no more." (John 14:19) He had come into the world, and it had not known Him. (Chapter 1:10) He had spent some time in it—the great and the small of it had seen Him—but the world, which He had made, was ignorant of Him. Being about to leave it, we read, in the seventeenth chapter of the gospel by John, He asked not for it at the hands of His Father, for other desires were in our Lord's heart. True, the time will come when He will ask of Jehovah, and He will give Him the heathen for His inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for His possession (Psa. 2), but up till now other desires, we say, are in His heart.

The absence of the Son of God from this world convicts it of its crime. "Where is Abel thy brother?" inquired Jehovah of the first murderer; Cain; and he lied, saying, "I know not." (Gen. 4:9.) Abel was absent from the earth. Why? He was slain! And now the question for this world is, "Where is

Jesus?” and its heedless reply is, “I know not,” and as said Cain, “Am I my brother’s keeper?” so are men today careless as to the fact of an absent Jesus, and ready to shake off the sense of their being part of this world which has slain Him. But, beloved reader, Jehovah, who said to Cain, “What hast thou done? The voice of thy brother’s blood crieth unto Me from the ground” —has His controversy with this world, and the question, “Where is Jesus?” must be answered, though judgment tarry.

The presence of the Holy Ghost upon this earth, testifying to the absent Jesus, the Father’s beloved Son, in whom He was well pleased, convicts the world of righteousness, because the slain One has gone to His Father. (John 16:10). The presence of Christ as Man in heaven is proved by the presence of the Holy Ghost on earth, testifying to Him there. And now the wrath of God is revealed from heaven against all unrighteousness.

There is nothing left for the world, which has cast out the well-beloved Son of the Father, but judgment. The world will never see Him again until it sees Him coming in judgment. This fact is of the utmost solemnity, and it forever bars out all prospects of progress in goodness for this world, and leaves it with this terrible question to answer, “Where is Jesus?”

On the other hand, the absence of Jesus from this earth and His presence as a Man in heaven affects the relationship of God with His people. The seventeenth of John, to which we have referred, opens to us the thoughts of Jesus and the Father respecting the people of God. If He did not ask for the world, He asked for His own, who were in it but not of it. He looked at them as distinctly not of the world, as He is not of the world, and so the Lord looks upon His people still. The Lord’s thoughts now are upon His own: He asked for them. And as the Lord’s own are not of the world, so they are in the Father, and in the Son. In the world, but not of it, even as Christ is not of it. Loved as He is loved, and of heaven as He is of heaven.

The people of God now are directly associated with the world-rejected Christ where He is. They are not simply “forgiven all trespasses” (Col. 2:13), redeemed to God (1 Pet. 1:18), “delivered from this present evil world” (Gal. 1:4), and “delivered from the wrath to come” (1 Thess. 1:10), they are also “in Christ,” and His portion in heaven as a Man is theirs. (Eph. 1:3.) The Scriptures unfold to us this all-important truth—a truth so important, we may safely assert, that, if it is not apprehended, true Christianity is unknown—for Christianity runs upon the great truths of Christ’s death, resurrection, and ascension. Christians have been crucified with Christ to the world (Gal. 6:14), are risen with Christ (Col. 3:1), and are in Him, who is ascended into heaven, and seated on the right hand of God the Father. (Eph. 2:6.)

We cannot too earnestly press upon our readers the consideration of these truths, for much that is for their own joy in Christ, and much that issues out in their lives for the glory of their God, results from these truths being consciously theirs by the power of the Spirit of God. Note, dear reader, that we say consciously yours, for what is needed is that the heart and the affections, and not simply the understanding, be filled by the Holy Ghost with the truth of God.

In the absence of the Lord, the Holy Spirit, the other Comforter, has been sent from the Father and the Son to this earth, to dwell in the hearts of the people of God, and to lead them into intelligent relationship with the Lord in heaven. It is by His gracious work within us that we really lay hold of the truth, or, we might more appropriately say, that the truth lays hold of us. We read, “Having your

loins girt about with truth" (Eph. 6:14), that is, having the affections encircled by it, braced up and strengthened for our conflict. This, beloved reader, is what we should most earnestly long for and seek after in getting the truth, that the truth should get hold of us.

When our Lord was crucified, the career of humanity came to its judicial end. The world can do nothing worse than it has done in the crucifixion of the Son of God's love, and no progress that it can make, can ever efface its deed. It may, indeed, add to its guilt, but it cannot perform any act which will exceed that awful crime. The cross of Christ also proclaims, concerning each individual sinner, that God has "condemned sin in the flesh" (Rom. 8:3), therefore, whatever human thoughts may be of human reformation, the divine truth is that, so long back as eighteen hundred years ago, man as man, good or bad, as to his nature—whether religious or heathen is not material—was by God regarded as condemned in the cross of His Son, "who was made sin for us."

After the death of the Lord, and His ascension to glory, the course of the world ran on to all appearances as before. The rulers of the world and the religions of the world continued their way uninterruptedly. This proceeded for a short and given period of time, even in the very city where our Lord was crucified, where the religious people rejoiced that they were no longer troubled with His presence. But, suddenly, Jerusalem was aroused and shaken by the mighty energy of the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven, and the testimony from heaven to Christ in heaven on the day of Pentecost, made the stout hearts of the impenitent tremble. Some were cut to the quick, and fearing the wrath of God, consequent upon the slaying of His Son, repented and believed, and then it was that Christianity was formally established upon the earth. It was built upon the facts of Christ's rejection by the world, His absence from it, and His presence in heaven, to which the Holy Ghost on earth was witness.

The leading thoughts in the hearts of the early Christians were the death, resurrection, and ascension of the Lord, and also His coming again to execute judgment upon the wicked who had cast Him out. The Holy Ghost was the power for this testimony to Christ, and the heavenly walk of those primal times.

There was no such idea prevalent in those days in the minds of true believers as that the world is not so bad as the death of Christ proves it to be; and as the early Christians lived in the expectation of the Lord's return, they could not settle down into the ways of the world which He is coming to judge. As God gave His people more instruction, as He unfolded by His apostles the truths now familiar to us in the New Testament the heavenly privileges and joys—the portion and inheritance of believers—the fact of His own being one with Christ above, and the world which had crucified Jesus being reserved for judgment, became more and more distinct to faith.

We have thus enlarged in order to place definite considerations before our reader's mind, so that he may give more weight to the meaning of the words of the voice from heaven which was heard after the crucifixion of our Lord.

(To be continued.)

Testing Faith

THE troubles and the exercises of soul through which the believer passes, just bring out what is in him; they test the quality of his faith. If you took a piece of ore to a goldsmith, he would put it in the crucible to prove what its character was—and thus does God prove our faith.

True Stories of God's Servants: Allies for Geneva

DURING the summer of 1535 we read of the constant preaching, not only in houses but in churches. The citizens carried Farel to preach in one church after another, and at last in the cathedral itself. We read also of the breaking of the images by the citizens, a work which was begun by some children, who went into the cathedral whilst the priests were chanting at vespers the 114th Psalm. It would seem the words of the psalm that follows were remembered by some, for a voice in the crowd called aloud, "They sing curses upon those who make idols, and trust in them, but they leave the idols standing there!" and, in a moment the children rushed upon the images, and broke them upon the pavement. The citizens were unwilling to stop short in this work of destruction till every image was demolished. They went from church to church, from convent to convent, till none remained. "It is the work of God," they said, "and we must do it." The priests fled in terror.

And now at last came the turn of the church of S. Gervais, where the dead saints sang under the pavement on Christmas Eve. The pavement was taken up, and under it were found a number of large empty jars, all put in a row, with a pipe which passed from one to another, and the end of which fitted into a hole in the wall of the church. If anyone outside sang or spoke into this hole the sound was carried under the pavement, and echoing from these hollow jars it made an unearthly noise, like that of hollow voices speaking in a tomb.

The Council of Geneva had not ordered this destruction of the images; they had even forbidden that the preaching should be in the churches, fearing that the gospellers were going too far. They wished all changes to be made by slow degrees; but finding that the whole city took part with the gospellers, the council at last summoned the priests. "Speak up now, gentlemen," they said, "and prove to us from the Bible that the images and the mass are right. If you prove this, we will have every image restored, and the mass shall be commanded; but if you cannot prove these things, we must own that our citizens have the right on their side." The priests replied, they were poor simple men, who could not argue, but only wished to live as their fathers had done. The council did not consider that this was a proof of their being in the right. In August the command was given that the mass should cease in Geneva till further orders.

The enemies of Geneva were preparing to strike their last blow. The emperor Charles V. was up in arms. He had called upon the popish cantons of eastern Switzerland to go to the help of his brother-in-law, the Duke of Savoy. The duke could also count upon his nephew, the King of France. And all around the little city were his own Savoyard subjects, ready at any moment, when he gave the word of command, to close in upon Geneva, and take matters into their own hands, by means of sword and fire, of massacre and of pillage.

That part of Switzerland along the northern shores of the lake of Geneva, which is now the canton of the Pays de Vaud, had been for some time back the property of the Dukes of Savoy.

Lausanne, the capital of the Pays de Vaud, was as you will remember, the stronghold of popery. On all sides were the enemies of the gospel and of Geneva—but above there was God.

It was still in vain that the ambassador of Geneva appealed to the Council of Berne. With all against them, it would seem that the little flock had none who would raise a finger in their defense. But their ambassador, Claude Savoye, bethought him of one man from whom at least he would get sympathy, though he despaired of help. This man was honest James Wildermuth.

Do you remember the old captain at Neuchatel, who had given such a warm welcome to William Farel? To James Wildermuth did Claude Savoye betake himself.

James Wildermuth listened with grief and anger to the story of Geneva. His blood boiled when he heard that the Bernese hung back from the defense of their persecuted, brethren. “If nobody else will go to the help of Geneva, I will go!” said he. “I will take my stout-hearted cousin, Ehrard of Nidan, and he and I and a handful of brave men can at least lay down our lives for the brethren, if we can do nothing else.” So the old soldier went forth to call together his little band from Neuchatel and the villages round. About goo men answered to the call—nine hundred men, and a little handful of brave women also.

One of these women grasping a two-handed sword, turned to her husband and three sons. “If you will not go,” she said, “I will go alone and face the Savoyards!” But the husband and sons were quite as ready to go themselves. Thus the little army set forth. At the head of it were James Wildermuth, his cousin Ehrard, and Claude Savoye.

Was this the way in which the Lord Jesus has desired His followers to defend the gospel? We who have been taught the Bible from our youth up, have learned otherwise. But if we blame these good people for their want of light, let us be very careful that we are not far behind them in another matter. It may be we are far more wanting in love. Are we always ready to go to the help of a brother or sister?—to “spend and be spent” for the church of God? We may not be called to lay down our lives for the brethren, but are we ready to put ourselves to inconveniences, to deny ourselves, to suffer loss, for the good of God’s dear people? Let us in this matter remember that there may be a beam in our own eye, whilst we are talking about the mote in the eye of James Wildermuth.

On the other hand, it is needful to remark that the mistake made by these good people was a real and serious mistake. If a Christian man is contented to take the ground which was a right ground for an Old Testament believer, it is by no means a small error. Such a man is overlooking the value which God has set upon the mighty work done—by His Son. He is overlooking the marvelous consequences of the death, the resurrection, and the ascension of the Lord Jesus Christ. He is making nothing of the wonderful fact, that as a seal to this glorious work, God the Holy Ghost has come down from heaven, that He (not swords and guns, armies and governments) may be the power of the saints of God.

But these things were little known to the Christians of Switzerland 300 years ago. And alas! they are too little known to the Christians of England now. So we will give but this glance at the blunders and mistakes of James Wildermuth, and thank God for that love to the brethren which filled his heart.

The little army went on their way. It was needful to choose the wild mountain paths, to avoid the Savoyard troops who were posted around Geneva in every direction. Although it was still early in October, the snow was falling fast upon those high mountains. But it seemed the only safe, road, and they pressed onwards.

Soon they were overtaken by messengers from the governor of Neuchatel. The Princess Jane, who was, you remember, the owner of the little state of Neuchatel, was also a friend of the house of Savoy. The governor forbade the little army to go further; they were to return at once to their homes. In vain did the officers sent by the governor command and threaten. Some of the men looked perplexed, but none left their ranks.

“Comrades,” said James Wildermuth, turning to his troops, “if your courage fails you, go about your business!”

The soldiers, men and women, knelt down and asked the Lord to guide them aright. Then about half of them said that they thought it right to obey the governor and return. The rest marched on, amongst them the woman with her family.

I cannot here relate to you their many adventures. For two days they wandered on the tops of the snow-covered mountains. They were themselves heavily laden with the frozen snow. Food had they none, except that here and there they found a few cabbage-stalks and turnips in the gardens of the deserted villages. The women and children had fled away at the sight of these “men in white,” and had carried their food with them.

At last, late on Saturday evening, three men came up the mountains to meet them. “We have been sent from Geneva,” they said, “to guide you by the safest road down to the valley. The duke’s soldiers are on the watch, and there is only one road by which you can avoid them.”

Wildermuth was thankful. He determined to rest one more night on the mountains, and go down to Geneva early next day. On Sunday morning, therefore, they started. They shouted with joy, when from a turn in the rocky path; they saw the towers of the gospelers’ city. At the foot of the mountains they found themselves in a deep and narrow ravine, where two men could scarcely walk abreast. On one side were the mountains, on the other a wooded bank which screened them from the village of Gingins. They were by this time faint and hungry.

“We will run to the village,” said the three guides, “and get you some food. You cannot go there yourselves without being seen by the Savoyards, but here you are safe.”

The three guides then went straight to the Savoyard general, at the castle of Gingins, and told him how well their trick had answered. They had landed the Swiss in the trap in which they were to be caught by the Savoyard army. Immediately the general called out his men: four or five thousand were ready to march. The first division, of about 1500 well trained soldiers, and a number of priests, were speedily at the mouth of the ravine. The brave old captain now saw into whose hands he had fallen. He rushed forward with his little band. They dealt their blows right and left, using their muskets as clubs, for they had no time for reloading. The priests caught the eye of Wildermuth. He thought of Elijah and the priests of Baal. The Savoyards knew not what to make of their desperate enemies. Even the woman with her sword made a fearful slaughter. The fearful din, the echo of the guns, and the shouts of the Swiss were heard far away. The Savoyards held

out for a while, then they turned and fled in wild confusion. One hundred priests were left dead upon the field. A second battalion had come up to the rescue, but they too fled before the victorious Swiss. Many hundred, some say 2000 Savoyards, were slaughtered. The Swiss had lost but seven men and one woman; one of these men was the husband of the brave woman who had fought so desperately; the three sons were wounded.

Claude Savoye was not in this battle. On Saturday evening a message had come to him from a friend, who was staying with the governor of the Pays de Vaud, at the castle of Coppet, not far from Gingins. This friend had sent word that two Bernese officers had just arrived at Coppet. The Council of Berne had heard of Wildermuth's expedition, and these two officers had been sent instantly to Coppet to endeavor to make terms with the governor, and prevent a battle. It was needful, Claude Savoye thought, that he should be thereto see that no hindrances were put in the way of Wildermuth. He had at once set off; in the snow and the darkness, to the castle of Coppet. The governor was only too glad to have caught one of the Huguenots, and Claude Savoye was speedily locked up. Very soon on the Sunday morning the Bernese officers were startled by the sound of musketry.

The battle had begun. But the governor, knowing that the Swiss were but a handful of men, was only anxious to gain time for the Savoyards to demolish them completely. He kept back the Bernese, who were anxious to find out what was happening. He was obliged to hear mass and have his breakfast before he could possibly attend to anything else. At last, thinking all must be well over, he set out with the Bernese, riding Claude Savoye's horse, and leading his prisoner mounted on a donkey. He thought, by this means, more thoroughly to humble the defeated Swiss. But great was his horror and astonishment to meet the terrified Savoyards flying for their lives. All they could tell him was that the Swiss were behind them, and that nobody could stand against them. The governor quickly returned to the castle of Coppet. James Wildermuth and his soldiers knelt upon the field of battle, to thank God for their deliverance.

Meanwhile the tidings of the battle had reached the city of Geneva. It was rumored that the little Swiss army was hemmed in on all sides by the Savoyards, and would be cut in pieces to a man. You can well believe that our friend Baudichon was at once up and doing. At the head of about 1000 men, he marched instantly in the direction of Gingins.

The two Bernese ambassadors had proceeded from Coppet to the field of battle; they commanded the Swiss to return home. They had been sent to make peace, they said, between the two parties. There must be no more fighting. Besides, it would be useless to fight more: such a handful of men could do nothing in the long run against the great number of Savoyards.

"As to the Savoyards," replied the Swiss, "they are too much scared to know what they are about, and it is no use to talk about them."

The Bernese were perplexed. To gain time they proposed to the hungry Swiss to go to the village of Fonez, hard by, and get something to eat. Here they supplied them plentifully with "meat and drink." The ambassadors then returned to Coppet, where they too were soon busily employed in "eating, drinking, and banqueting." Claude Savoye and his donkey disappeared; but how he managed to escape we are not informed. It is only mentioned that he was "miraculously delivered from his enemies."

The Bernese lords were suddenly startled by the news that Baudichon and his army were almost at the gates of Coppet. If he once joined his forces with those of Wildermuth, all would be up with the Savoyards. The governor saw his danger. He sent some gentlemen to meet Baudichon, and to desire that three of his officers should come at once to the castle. He and the Bernese, he said, had made terms of peace very favorable to Geneva. This peace needed but to be signed by all parties. Baudichon, brave and honest as he was, suspected nothing. Three Huguenot citizens went at once to the castle. The governor put them in a boat, tied up hand and foot, and sent them off to the strong castle of Chillon.

Baudichon waited in vain for the return of his friends. At last came a message to say that the peace was concluded, that the three citizens were only waiting till the papers were ready for their signature, and that in the meantime the best thing Baudichon could do would be to return to Geneva and tell the good news. Baudichon returned. The governor then sent the same message to Wildermuth; and the honest man, who believed in the good faith of his enemies, now thought it right to obey the orders of Berne and return home. F. B.

Lizzie's Choice; or, the White Robe

ONE morning our Bible lesson in school was the choice of Solomon. It is a short and beautiful story, which you can read for yourselves in the first chapter of the second book of Chronicles. When I had read the seventh verse, which, you will see, is, "In that night did God appear unto Solomon, and said unto him, Ask what I shall give thee." I stopped and said to the children, "Now, suppose God were to give you your choice! Suppose He were to say to you 'Ask whatever you like, and you shall have it,' what would you ask?"

It was curious to watch the puzzled expression on some faces as they sat thinking what they would like best of all things to have. Most of the girls were thinking, as their answers presently showed, of all the beautiful dolls and fine dresses they had ever seen; and the boys of cricket sets, and ponies, and other things that boys delight in. You can easily imagine the answers these gave; but two gave answers which it would take you a long time, I think, to guess.

The first child I asked to tell me what he would choose was Theodore, a very manly little fellow, and I felt sure he would choose something fit for only a very big boy; but to the surprise of us all, this was his choice—and we could not help laughing when we heard it— "A new suit!"

It seemed all the more odd as he was then, as he is always, well and warmly dressed, and had, as we all knew, a very nice Sunday suit. I did not know then, what I have since found out, that Theodore thinks much of having plenty of what the Bible calls "changes of raiment," a strange thing, I think, for a boy to care about. Not long ago, when we were out for a walk, he confided to me the exact number of shirts, stockings, waistcoats, and other articles of dress which he possessed, and the list I thought did credit to his mother, who is no better off than many other women whose children are covered only with rags.

When we had done laughing—and it takes some time for a school of children to have done laughing, especially when the teacher has joined in the mirth—I went on questioning, and when I came to Lizzie, a shy, meek girl, nine years old, I received the other answer, which I said I did not think you would ever be able to guess. And what do you think she said she would choose—rather than anything else? "The white robe."

The most thoughtless were touched as they heard her say that, and looked at her tattered brown linsey dress, shapeless stockings of no particular color, and big old boots. Poor little girl! I cannot remember seeing her dressed in any better attire, and unless God raises up a friend for her, who will clothe her from head to foot, so that she may come tidy to the Sunday school, she will never be any better dressed till she is old enough to go to service and clothe herself.

A deep blush suffused Lizzie's rich nutbrown complexion, and her eyelids drooped over her large mild gray eyes, as I commended her choice, and assured her that if she desired this fair and beautiful robe with her whole heart, it would indeed be given her; "And then, Lizzie," I said, "will you not say again and again—

“Clad in this robe, how bright I shine!

Angels possess not such a dress.”

And looking upon her, I thought “Yes, she will indeed be fair and lovely then, and Jesus will say to her, ‘Thou art all fair. There is no spot in thee.’” And I cannot help thinking of her as one of those of whom the Lord said, “Of such is the kingdom of heaven.”

We did not speak anymore about Solomon that morning. I thought it better to speak of the necessity of obtaining that robe, and how it is to be obtained—by faith in the Lord Jesus Christ.

Only those children who are washed from their sins may wear it; for who would put a clean white robe upon a dirty child? And what did it cost the Lord Jesus to procure the dress for us? I read not long ago of a lady who has a dress worth more than a thousand pounds; but as I read I thought, “Ah, that is nothing compared with what the white robe cost!”

I have no doubt my young readers could tell me that it cost our Lord His life, His very heart’s blood; but I would like to ask you whether you ever, for even five minutes, have sat down and thought on what He suffered when thus dying? Ah! were you to do so I do not think you could help being drawn to Him by the cords of love, and there and then believing on Him with all the faith of your young heart. And then He would take away your sin, and put this robe upon you, without which you cannot enter in through the gates into the city.

You know that He says, “Buy of Me white raiment,” and you know too, I daresay, that God’s way of selling is just “giving.” Have you ever gone to Him to buy without money and without price?

And do not you, who possess this robe, seeing it has cost the Lord so much, and that in it you will enter into the glorious holy city, try to walk worthy of Him here. I trust that you do so indeed.

Perhaps some poor ragged girl like Lizzie may be reading this story. If so, I would say to her, “Dear girl, do not trouble about your poor clothes, excepting to mend them, if you at all know how. Make Lizzie’s choice yours, and comfort yourself by thinking of the time when you will stand among the great multitude who shall be before the throne, clothed in white robes, and with palms in their hands. No one, then, will proudly pull in their fine skirts, lest your poor rags should touch them. Oh no! your heart will never so be wounded; you will be ‘like other people’ there. Neither will you ever be hungry, as so poor a girl must often be here. Oh no! ‘They hunger no more, neither thirst any more. For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them to living fountains of waters, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.’” E. B.

His Heaven

A FEW weeks ago little Arthur was alive and well, playing about merrily; but he has gone away, and no one will see him again in his earthly home. “Where is he now?” you ask.

He is with the Lord Jesus, and never more will he say a naughty word, or even have a sinful thought. Arthur is with the Saviour whom he loved when he was here, and in that place where nothing naughty or sinful can enter. “How did he get up there?”

Because the precious blood of Jesus was shed on the cross to wash away sin, and dear little Arthur believed in Him; and now the Lord Jesus, who is the “Good Shepherd,” has taken this young lamb of His flock to be with Him forever.

One day Arthur felt very ill, and he said to his mother, “I am going to Jesus.” His mother answered, “I hope you will soon get better;” but he said, “Jesus is at the door, waiting for me.” Little Arthur really loved the Lord Jesus, and when he felt sure that he was going away to be with Him, it made him so glad, because he knew that Jesus was his best and truest Friend.

Whenever his mother said, “I love you dearly, Arthur,” he would reply, “And Jesus loves me; He died for me to take me to heaven—His heaven!”

His mother once Said, “I could not give you up to anyone.” He looked up and said, “Only to Jesus, mother; you must let Him have me!”

Dear child! he did not wait long, for very soon after he passed away up to be “with the Lord” in heaven— “His heaven!”

A friend called to see him the day before he died. This friend has two little girls, of whom Arthur was very fond. He told her that he was going to heaven, and asked if she would let her little girls go there too.

Arthur was a loving little boy. He would often throw his arms round his mother’s neck and kiss her, and you may be sure that now she misses her darling very much; but what a comfort it is to her to know that he was ready to go, because he knew that the Lord Jesus was his Saviour.

You would like me to tell you little Arthur’s age, and when he died.

He was four years old, and he went away to be “with the Lord” on the 2nd of January, 1880. He had a very short life here, and suffered a great deal of pain at the end of it; but now he will live forever, and never have another pain or shed another tear.

When the Lord Jesus was on this earth He took little children “up in His arms, put His hands upon them, and blessed them.” (Mark 10:16) Was not that kind of Him? And the Lord Jesus has just the same heart of love now as He had then, for He is “the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever.” (Hebrews 13:8). He is willing to receive any dear children who will come to Him—to make them His own now, and take them some day to dwell with Him for ever.

And now I must ask a question of the little boys and girls who read this. Can you say, as Arthur did? "Jesus loves me; He died for me, to take me to heaven—His heaven!" H. L. T.

Ephesus

WE have here a little picture of the site of the once noble city of Ephesus, and of its theatre. There, according to the custom of the times of the early Christians, men were made to fight with each other to the death, or with wild beasts, in order to render amusement to the people who assembled to see the cruel sight. We note in our picture the circles of rows of seats where the spectators sat, and the open space at the bottom of the building where the shows used to take place.

It was, it is believed, into this building that the crowd rushed, and then shouted for about the space of two hours, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians!"—when Demetrius, the silversmith, vexed with the apostle Paul's preaching that idols are no gods, stirred up his fellow-craftsmen, who made shrines for Diana, with the cry, "Our craft is in danger." This ruined theatre is reckoned to have held over fifty thousand persons.

The site of the temple of the goddess Diana is not now visible; the trade of the silversmith of Ephesus is gone, and the shoutings of the poor heathen in favour of their trade, and in honour of their goddess, has not been heard for centuries, but the word: which the apostle Paul preached lives and abides forever. Jesus, of whom he spake, is seated upon the throne of God, and the angels in heaven see a Man glorified and exalted to the highest place in heaven. All power is His, and He has sent His Spirit down to this earth to give power to men to contend against and to overcome the power of Satan. The word of truth has delivered thousands from the worship of idols, and it has made thousands happy in the knowledge of the forgiveness of their sins, and of their place and home being with Jesus in heaven.

If you will read through the Epistle of Paul to the Ephesians you will find that the believer is spoken of at the commencement of it as being seated in the heavenly places in Christ, and that at the close of it he is exhorted to stand as a good soldier, fighting against the power of Satan. It would be a happy thing, indeed, for each of you to learn these lessons—your place in Christ in heaven being rest above the strife, and confusion, and sin of the world—your place for Christ on earth being standing for Him, strong in Him, and in the power of His might, like good soldiers.

In the Epistle to the Ephesians the people of God are said to be a habitation of God through His Spirit, and a holy temple in the Lord, which figures seem to receive greater force in the mind as we consider the magnificent glory of the heathen temple which all the world could see, and which was filled with idolatry.

A Mother's Love

I WAS lately allowed to see a letter, which touched me by its deep tone of earnest affection, and I feel assured, that the few words which I shall copy from it will not fail to tell their own tale to my reader's heart. We all know what it is to love, and our sympathies readily respond to the story of affection, sorely tried, but found faithful.

The writer of this letter is a poor working woman—how poor, the letter itself unconsciously tells us, for in the early part of it, as she entreats the long-lost daughter to whom she writes to return at once to her home, she says, “We would send you the money if we could afford it, but we have not got a penny to buy bread” —yet in her deep poverty her heart is overflowing with joy and thankfulness to the Good Shepherd who had gone after her lost one until He had found her.

“It nearly broke my heart,” she says, “when you left home; I have never let anybody take your bed since you have been away, and I have never turned the key since you left home, thinking you might come some night when it got dark. Your little sister often cries about you, and wonders where you are. Do come, do come home; we shall never tell you what you have done in the past, for we know you will never do it again, as you have been washed in the precious blood of Christ, and your sins have been forgiven.”

Those to whom the writing of a letter is an easy task, a thing done every day, can have little idea of the labor which it costs a poor woman, who knows she is “no scholar,” to put her thoughts into words, and then slowly and painfully to transfer them to paper. The letter which you have just read cost its writer much trouble, and if you could see the torn sheet of blue paper which lies before me, with the words traced upon it in large uncertain characters, you would wonder the more at the eloquence of the language. The words are simple, truly, but how touchingly in their simplicity do they tell the deep yearning of the mother's heart over her wandering child—the faithfulness of the mother's affection! As the daughter read them she must have seemed to see the little bed kept sacred for her, the door left on the latch, if by any means the lost one should be saying in her heart, “I will arise,” and should be seeking the home of her childhood; and then, as she read on, it may be amid blinding tears, and came to the sweet words which told her that in that home there was no one who would reproach or upbraid her, that what she had done should never be mentioned to her, she must have felt that there was no love on earth for her like that mother's love which had known neither weariness nor decline; no shelter on earth for her like that poor home, so lightly forsaken, which had been ready for her coming back during all the long days and nights of her absence.

My reader, let this story of human love, so tender and true, speak to you, if as yet you know it not, or that love of which it is but a faint picture, even the kindness of God to you.

It may be you are the light and joy of your earthly home, yet from the true home of the soul you are, perhaps, as far as this poor girl was from her father's house, nay, infinitely farther— “a great way off,” yet not too far for the eye of God to see you, not too far for the hand of Christ to reach

you, not too weary in your long wanderings, for the voice of Christ to say even to you, "Come unto Me, and I will give you rest."

Truly "God deviseth means that His banished be not expelled from Him," and if He allows us thus to look into the secrets of a mother's heart, and to note the strong yearning of that unconquerable affection, is it not that we may think of His mighty love to His lost creatures, and of the welcome that awaits the wanderer who, like the prodigal in the far country, says, "I will arise, and go to my father"?

You remember that the lost son had a long and pitiful story to tell, and you remember how he told it, at least so much of it as was comprehended, in the "Father, I have sinned against heaven and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy son!" It was while his father's arms were around him, and his father's kisses were upon his face. We, too, have our story to tell; our Father in heaven hears it, filled with a compassion unspeakable, and when we have told it out to Him who "knows all, but loves us better than He knows," He gives us the sweet assurance that, as the mother said to her daughter, "what we have done shall never be mentioned to us again." None in heaven will speak to the redeemed, as they walk in the light of the golden city, arrayed in the best robe the Father could give, even garments made white in the blood of the Lamb, about those soiled rags in which they came from the far country; none will say of any in that company, which no man can number, "There is a story about that one—a terrible story, which might be told." No, the forgiveness of God is a perfect forgiveness, and His righteousness in Christ is a perfect righteousness, and heaven is a place where we shall find that all

"Dark memories have vanished

In endless, cloudless day."

The lost child, to whom the letter of which we have been speaking was written, did return; then, and not till then, did she know how sweet a word is home to the wanderer. When she had read the loving words of entreaty, she knew there was a welcome for her, in spite of all the grief and wrong she had caused; but the deep joy of that welcome she could not know until she had crossed the threshold of the door so long open to receive her, and found herself in her mother's arms. I think, although she might remember the tender assurance, "We shall never tell you of what you have done," the lost child's first words must have been those of the prodigal. She could not fully taste the sweetness of forgiveness until the whole sad story was told, and now that she was indeed at home, and her mother's arms were around her, what need for reserve or excuse?

"I have sinned against heaven and before thee, and am not worthy," were the prodigal's words, and such words must be ours dear friend, each having a different story to tell, but all speaking the same language before we can know what the "kindness of God" to the returning one can be, or before we can be clothed with the best robe which alone can fit us for the Father's house. C.

A True Unvarnished Tale

“I went to hear the ‘Messiah’ last night,” said a lady, “and it was most beautifully performed; and all the ladies were dressed charmingly! But there’s one part which I can never hear without shuddering. I wish they did not bring it in; I think I’ll never go and hear it again.”

“I suppose you mean ‘and the trumpet shall sound?’” I asked.

“Oh! no,” she said, “at least, I don’t mind the words so much, but when those horrible trumpets begin, I feel as if I should die with fright, and nearly always scream out!”

“Why, what are you afraid of?” I asked, though I guessed the true cause of her terror.

“Well,” she said, “it makes me think of the ‘last day’ and the ‘judgment,’ and all sorts of dreadful things. Oh! I’ll never go and hear it anymore,” said she, burying her fair face in her hands.

“But, my dear Mrs. R.,” said I, “the trumpet really will sound one day; and who knows how soon? Are you ready to answer it? Do you not want to hear it?”

“Oh, stop, for pity’s sake! do stop talking like that; it is very late, and I could not go to my room this night—much less go to sleep, if we went on with such talking.”

This poor lady was an inmate of my house at the time of this conversation, only a year ago. She was a fair young widow, holding “extreme views,” quite a devotee, but not, so far as I could see, a saved soul. Sometimes she was very anxious, as it seemed, about her salvation, and often confessed that she was lost, and should she be called upon that night to die must perish. Many a time I implored her to consider her eternal happiness—just to give to the solemn future a little of the time and thought that she lavished upon earthly amusements. My husband, too, had some earnest conversations with her, and endeavored to lead her to Christ. But all our entreaties that she would but pause, and hear Christ’s invitation to such as she acknowledged herself to be, fell on ears too full already of Satan’s deadly whispers, and his deceitful wiles. This world lay before her, too smiling, too alluring to be so lightly given up. Alas! she lent her ears only too readily to be charmed by the intoxicating strains of earthly music, to care for, or even to perceive anything of melody and beauty in that which is divine. How true it is that the natural heart has no taste for, no delight in the things of, God! But the terror of death, and the thought of dying, haunted my friend’s soul day and night; that I could plainly see, and I told her it was so. However, she would not admit it.

External religion was everything to her; Christ was nothing. There were in her breviary many prayers beginning, “Sweet Jesus,” or “Adorable Jesus”; but she said she only “used” them in “church” —not in her own room.

“Oh!” I said, “dear Mrs. R., do stay and listen a little longer, you may not have another opportunity. God says, ‘Now is the accepted time’; you are going away from us in a day or two, we may never meet on this earth again; how glad I should be to know from your own lips that you are saved!”

"I can't talk tonight, Mrs. S.," she answered, "not tonight; you don't know what a day I've had! In the cemetery all the morning with Miss M., who would go to see the stone they have put over young R.'s grave: well, while she was enjoying herself among the tombs, there were a great many funerals coming in, and of course a great many of the coffins were brought past me. Of all things I hate the sight of a coffin! It is such a horrid, repulsive looking object! I said to Miss M., 'I can't think, when there are so many changes and improvements in everything now, why people do not try and improve on the shape they make the coffins.' Miss M. said they were going to introduce a new shape; they were to be made like a pretty basket, of wickerwork, all covered with flowers; don't you think that would be much nicer than the old-fashioned shape?"

"Ah! dear Mrs. R., death will be all the same! They may alter the shape of the coffins, but they cannot alter the fact that death will come in and spoil all man's fairest hopes. To the natural man death is the most awful thought. Man may hide, or beautify and adorn the dead, putting the flowers of a sin-spoiled earth over the sad consequence of man's sin, but still death goes on, unaltered, during all the ages: still, ever the same, and able to turn all our thoughts to nothing, with the reality of its presence. But to the soul that knows Christ, the sting and the terror of death are gone. I wonder that you, who have so much natural shrinking from the very thought of death, do not at once seek the only remedy—the only Saviour; who has abolished death, of Whom you have heard so often."

"Well, of course I do know He is the Saviour; but you have such very peculiar views on religious subjects, no one can talk to you."

"I don't want you to listen to me—listen to what God says in His word, of everlasting life in His Son, and of pardon and peace through His death for sinners."

"Oh! I daresay I shall be all right in the end. I'll pull through somehow," was Mrs. R.'s light answer, and so we parted, at least for a time.

A short time after this conversation my friend married again, and went to live in "the bush," as the country in Australia is called; strange to say her husband was a Christian. She did not have much of earth's happiness, however, for within the space of a very few months she returned to Melbourne, as it proved, to die.

I saw her two or three times, and she did not hide the state of her health, or the doctor's opinions concerning it. But though well knowing that the end was not far off, still the poor lady would shut her eyes to its reality—its terrible reality to her. She told me, as she had done before, that, "she was not at all afraid to die," she would "take her chance," "she would pull through somehow or other." I felt sick at heart at hearing her speak thus. I said all I could say, but literally with her dying breath she talked everything down.

Then, at the last, her reason went; sometimes partially returning. No one knows after this what may have passed between her soul and God; what cry may not have gone up to His ever open ear; what prayer, in lucid moments, may not have been sent up; or, whether the Lord may not have seen the turning of the poor weak heart to Himself. This is now only known to Him, and must remain hidden from us till that day when the secrets of all men's hearts shall be made bare in the light of His glorious presence. Her husband was obliged to be away in the bush, her mother was living two doors from my house, when, one morning, as the nurse was in the act of raising her up,

in order to dress her, she sank back, with a single moan, and died.

When I looked upon her face in death, I felt I never could forget it. I could only hope that the Lord had had mercy upon her. And so I turned to go away, feeling sad at heart, knowing I should one day see her again as I often told her; but, ah! “where,” and “when”?

Oh! dear reader, what an ending to a life of this world’s delights, and religion, fashion, and pleasure! This poor lady’s religion consisted of prayers offered up in a church odorous with incense, and decorated with fresh flowers daily; but her prayers were never “used” at “home,” nor “in secret.” Let me entreat you to ask your heart whether Christ is indeed your Saviour. J. S.

I See, I Have Been Robbing God of Half His Character

THE above words were uttered by a lady, as her soul received the truth that “God is light.” Before this, she had been thinking of God only as a loving and merciful God. To her it was as if God could make little of sin, because He is merciful. She had read in the Bible, “God is love,” and had drawn the very false inference that God can look at sin lightly and that He will not judge the sinner eternally, who dies unrepentant.

She had not seen that God’s love is a pure love, and as far separated from sin as He Himself is. But it pleased God to bring before her, and to give her to take in, the truth that God is light, as well as that God is love. She was brought face to face with the truth that “God is light, and in Him is no darkness at all” (1 John 1:5); and that He is “of purer eyes than to behold evil, and cannot look on iniquity.” (Hab. 1:13.)

This truth, unknown before, broke in upon her soul, and commanded her attention. Sin in the presence of a holy God is rebellion, and must be judged; and so this lady exclaimed, “I see, I have been robbing God of half His character.”

The fact is that God is “light,” as well as “love.” He is not one more than the other, and consequently there is a moral necessity in God to judge sin. God is the Governor of the universe, and He is light. If He were to allow sin to go unpunished it would tarnish His holy character, connect sin with Himself, and deny His own nature. This can never be. In all God’s dealings with His creatures, He acts in consistency with Himself in all that He is as “light” and “love.” In the Scriptures we have the ways of God spread before us, and the consistency of those ways, whether in saving or judging.

It is terribly true that Satan and his angels have fallen, and there is no hope for them (2 Pet. 2:4; Jude 6); God has not espoused their cause, but left them to the just consequences of their rebellion, “the lake of fire, prepared for the devil and his angels.” Fearful and yet just retribution!

It is also true that man has departed from his Creator, and fallen under the power of Satan. He has sinned and earned for himself a portion in the lake of fire; but God has espoused his cause, and has not left him to hopeless and everlasting misery. But if God has espoused man’s cause, surely it is not in a way that will bring dishonor upon Himself, or tarnish His glory in the least. If there is in God the moral necessity for the judgment of sin, there was also the necessity of love in the death of Jesus to put sin away. “The Son of Man must be lifted up.” (John 3:14)

My dear reader, it is of the utmost importance to mark the word “must” in the text quoted from the 3rd of John, “The Son of Man must be lifted up.” There was an absolute necessity for the death of the Son of Man. If God would save, His Son must die; for “without shedding of blood is no remission.” (Heb. 9:22). The cross then stands out where God was displayed as “light” and “love”: as “light,” in the execution of judgment upon sin laid on Christ, the Lamb of God; and as “love” in the gift of Him who died there. “Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that He loved us, and sent His Son to be the propitiation for our sins.” (1 John 4:10) In the cross, then, we learn that God

loves the sinner, but that He hates the sinner's sins.

It is an immense thing for the sinner to learn that man can do nothing, absolutely nothing, for his own salvation; but we can say, "Behold, I am vile"; "I am undone"; "I have sinned"; and this being so, God meets us with full forgiveness, and a free salvation, through the finished work of His blessed risen Son. M. L. A.

Saving Mercy

NOT long ago, a young man in delicate health, named Horace W., came to San Remo; he was about twenty-one years of age, naturally intelligent, but of a reserved disposition. I visited him, and began to speak of the comfort of being safe in Christ, at peace in life, ready for death, but the poor fellow had a hopeless, weary look upon his face, which it was most painful to me, and to his loving, praying mother, to see. I asked him one day whether he had peace with God, and whether he knew that his sins were pardoned.

“I don’t know,” he replied, “I hope they will be, for I have tried very hard to pray and do what is right.”

“Well,” I said, “have you succeeded?” “No,” he answered, “I cannot say I have, so well as I ought to have done.”

I looked up for direction, and then spoke to him of our Lord’s words (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,” trusting the Holy Spirit would teach Horace to apply them to himself.

Next day he told me he had thought over all I had said, but could not quite understand what I wished him to do, as he believed all the Bible, and always had done so. Again I spoke to him, from the same passage of Scripture, of the love of God in the gift of His Son, and directed him to Christ as the only way of salvation. God in mercy showed him that he had been going all wrong, and he asked earnestly if it could be true that to be saved he had only to believe what God said, adding, “But it seems so easy.” My heart went up to God in silent praise at these words, and I said nothing. After a time, he added, “But it is so new! I never heard of such a way before, how is that?”

“I don’t know,” I said; “but it is written in God’s word, and that is what you and I have to go by.” When I next saw Horace W., I found Him resting upon Christ, and believing that eternal life was his through His name. Deeper and brighter grew his knowledge of the Saviour, his very face showing the change, so that all about him remarked it; and at the same time the knowledge of his own sinfulness and weakness made him daily more dependent upon the strength which is made perfect in weakness, and upon the grace which is ready for every time of need. W.

A Personal Question

“IT is most important that we should read good books, and above all, the Bible, which teaches us of God, and shows us the way to heaven,” said a shrewd-looking old peasant, with a quick eye to us, the other day, as we were giving some books to his neighbor.

“Quite so; it does show us the way to heaven, friend,” we replied; “but have you got over the stile yet?”

He proceeded with a further general dissertation upon the importance of religion in the abstract; so, thinking he did not catch the allusion to the stile, we said, “You did not, perhaps, understand us, Are your sins forgiven? Are your feet on the way to heaven?”

“I understood ye fast enough,” the old man replied, fixing his eye upon us, “and when you come so particular, I tell you—no, I have not got over the stile.”

How is it with you, reader?

Voices From Heaven.

“Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou Me?”

LET us briefly trace some leading incidents, which led up to the utterance of the voice from heaven, which we commenced to speak of in our last issue. Stephen, the first Christian martyr, had testified in the power of the Holy Ghost to seeing the Lord standing at the right hand of God in heaven; and Stephen’s face, like that of Moses of old, witnessed, by its radiancy and heavenly luster, that he was in the presence of divine glory. Then the assembled council of the religious notables rejected with all fierceness the Holy Ghost’s testimony to an ascended Christ. They rushed upon Stephen, and stoned him to death; and at Saul’s feet the clothes of the witnesses to Stephen’s blasphemy were laid.

Fresh from that rejection of the Holy Ghost’s testimony to the ascended Jesus, Saul issued forth in his unquenchable zeal for the destruction of every soul who believed on the Lord. Saul’s heart was a very depository of hatred against the name of Jesus, and “the Way,” as the faith of early believers was contemptuously designated. He was also a devotedly religious man, and moral to the full measure of an enlightened and sensitive conscience. Such a combination of religion, and morality, and hatred to Christ as existed in Saul will, perhaps, never be found again upon this earth. He is a pattern for all who should come after him, as an evidence of the saving power of the grace of God. He was one of the worst amongst men in the sight of God, Who looks not to outward religion or to the light of conscience, but to the heart; and the heart which hates Christ the most is the worst heart upon the face of this earth.

On, on went Saul, indifferent to the noonday heat, in his terrible mission of wrath against every poor believer on Jesus. Little did Satan dream, as his herald hurried forward towards Damascus, that Jesus, Who had died and risen again, and to Whom all power was given, would overwhelm

and astonish the persecutor by His own brightness, and bring Saul to Himself in His grace, and make him the depository of His thoughts and the medium for the communication of heavenly things to His people.

But so it was, for as Saul urged on his way, the heavens were opened, and a light, exceeding in brightness that of the noonday sun, shone around him and his company, and the voice from heaven was heard, "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou Me?"

The heavens above testified to the love of Jesus for His own, and their union with Himself. Christ and His are one, and are termed "the" Christ by the apostle in his writings.

The people of the Lord upon this earth are the objects of His heart—His blessed heart is toward them; they are His members, part of Himself. They are one in Him, and one with Him, though poor and despised and hunted to death.

The hatred of the religious world against them was really its hatred against Jesus. Saul's fierce zeal against them was the proud, hard, religious heart of man hating Jesus, Who died for sinners, and Who rose again. Any day man prefers religion to Jesus—his own works to the blood of the cross. The blows falling upon them were really aimed at Him—persecuting them was persecuting Himself.

Jesus in the glory, and the people on earth, who love Him, are one. The Father had said of His Son, when a man on earth, "My beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased"; His Son, no longer upon earth, but ascended to His Father, and the Father of all who put their trust in Jesus, says of His people, from the least to the greatest.

Let us consider what this really means. The Lord was King in Israel, and He shall reign before His ancient people gloriously, but the union of His church with Himself is a relationship such as was never made known to the nation of His choice. The glory of the ascended Man is the key wherewith to unlock the mystery of the union of Christ's people with Christ on high. The earth had denied Him its honors, the world and Israel had set Him at naught and cast Him out, but God the Father had given His Son the seat upon His right hand, and for the honor of the Lord, for the praise of the glory of God, the believers are now one with Christ.

The union, beloved reader, is ours (whoever we may be who are Christ's), with Christ who is in heaven. True, because united to Him we are one with each other, but the great consideration for our hearts is the fact that Jesus, speaking of all His own now upon this earth, says of them "Me." If we have right faith respecting our union with Christ, we shall have more true thoughts respecting our union with each other. The union of true Christians results from their all being one in Christ—one body—members of His body.

Let us quote a few Scriptures which speak of this union with Christ. "We are members of His body, of His flesh, and of His bones." (Eph. 5:30). "Ye are the body of Christ." (1 Cor. 12:27.) "Your bodies are the members of Christ." (1 Cor. 6:15.) "He that is joined unto the Lord is one Spirit." (1 Cor. 6:17.) Here we have the figure of the most absolute identity possible, for if we were to remove a little finger from our body, the body would be mutilated, and no longer be perfect. And not only is the figure of the body used to show us how absolute the union is, but the same Spirit, Who is in the Lord, is in us. That which gives energy to our natural bodies is our spirit, and the Spirit of the Son

is in us. "One spirit," says the Scripture, and this teaches us practical holiness, for the union of Christ's people with Himself is a truth which, when truly believed, must disassociate us from the world. Christ's people are in Christ and one with Christ who is in heaven, and hence their walk and their hopes should be heavenly.

This voice from heaven was the commencement of the Lord's unfolding to Saul deep and wondrous things relative to the heavenly joys and hopes of His people, and their oneness and identity with Christ. Let the believer seek to understand the word "ME," as uttered by the Lord to express His thoughts about the persecution to which His members upon the earth were exposed. He is the Head; His own are His members, and also members one of another. What holy union in thought and word and deed should this produce amongst Christians! For unless a truth have its practical effect upon us, it has a cruelly deadening one; if the knowledge of divine things does not affect us for holiness and grace, that knowledge becomes in us an instrument of Satan for our spiritual destruction. And how is the good effected, and the ill avoided?—by the Spirit. We are one spirit with the Lord. What is in Christ's heart should be reproduced in ours: no doubt in degree, but even as a tiny cup when dipped into the ocean is filled of its fullness, so should each believer, who is one spirit with the Lord, be filled by that Spirit.

The fact remains immovable, whatever man's feelings may be, Christ and His own are one, and all His are one with each other. The Spirit is in each one, and in all, and before long in glory these things shall be manifested. Till that longed-for day come, and the Lord's people see Him in His glory, may His Spirit be ungrieved in His gracious operation in giving the people of Christ to rejoice in their Head in heaven. H. F. W.

"Lord Jesus, are we one with Thee?"

O height, O depth of love;

With Thee, who diedst upon the tree

We're one in heaven above!"

True Stories of God's Servants: Geneva Set Free

BY the 1st of November Geneva was blockaded by the armies of Savoy. The villages around were plundered and burnt. The distress in the city was terrible. Food and fuel were scarcely to be had. The vestments and altar-cloths were taken from the church and cut up into clothes for the poor.

Meanwhile Farel prayed and preached, and Baudichon, who was in the neighborhood of Berne, was looking around for someone who would take up the cause of the persecuted city. "Believe me," he wrote to the Council of Geneva, "God will deliver us from the hands of our enemies. And do not be dismayed at the long delay. You will see wonders before long, and know how God can help us. Therefore be on your guard, and consent to no terms which are not, in the first place, for the honour of God and His holy gospel, and see to it that the word of God is not bound."

The council were of like mind with Baudichon. They determined that mass should be said no more. Some of the priests decided that they would leave Geneva—the others were willing to obey the orders of the council. They might remain in the city, on, condition that they dressed themselves as other citizens, and conformed to the laws. They were to be priests no more. And now the deed was done which Farel had so long and so vainly urged upon the council. "It is not enough," he had told them, "to conform yourselves personally to the gospel. It is right that you should make the public acknowledgment that the mass is idolatry, and that the word of God is to be put in the place of the inventions of men." The council had, at last, made an open confession of Christ, and they were now to see the deliverance of God.

When Geneva was reduced to the last extremity, a messenger from Berne made his way into the city. "In three days," he said, "you will see the Castle of the Pays de Vaud in flames. The Bernese are coming!" The Bernese soldiers had been charged to destroy these dens of robbers, to break the images in the towns and villages through which they passed, but spare all men, women, and children, except those who came in arms to meet them.

The Pays de Vaud was in the hands of Berne, and on the 2nd of February, 1536, the victorious army entered Geneva. The city of the gospellers was free!

"In the year 1536, and in the month of February," wrote Anthony Froment, "Geneva was delivered from her enemies by the providence of God."

The Duke of Savoy could make no resistance. The King of France was in arms against him. The emperor had deserted his cause.

The Bernese did their work thoroughly and completely. The Castle of Peney was utterly demolished. The Castle of Chillon was taken. The governor had received orders from Savoy to torture first, and then kill the prisoners of Geneva as soon as the castle should be threatened by the Bernese, There were there not only the three officers from Coppet, but the prior of the Convent of St. Victor at Geneva, whose name was Bonivard. He had been one of the first of the Genevans who had risen up to defend the liberties of the city. He had been six years in the dungeons of

Chillon. If you go there now, you are still shown the traces on the rocky floor worn by the feet of Bonivard, as he paced round the pillar of the dark vault where he was kept. The Bernese soldiers scarcely hoped to find the prisoners alive. But the governor had been too much afraid of Berne to touch a hair of their heads. With joy and triumph they were brought back to Geneva.

On the 21st of May the Council of Geneva called the citizens together. Having consulted with William Farel, they had determined to put the question to them whether they would now decide for popery, or for the gospel. The Council-General was therefore to speak for the citizens. They met together in the great church, or rather the Cathedral of St. Peter.

Claude Savoye rose and spoke to the assembled crowds. "He reminded them of the flight of the bishop, the arrival of the gospel in Geneva, the glorious deliverance granted to the city;" and then he added, in a voice that was heard all down the nave, "Citizens! Do you desire to live according to the gospel and the word of God, as it is preached to us today? Do you declare that you will have no more masses, images and idols? No more popery? If anyone knows, and wishes to say anything against the gospel that is now preached to us, let him do so." There was for a while a deep silence. Then, in a loud and solemn voice, one of the citizens answered, "We all with one accord desire, with God's help, to live in the faith of the holy gospel, and according to God's word, as it is preached to us." Then the people held up their hands. and said, "We swear to do so. We will do so with God's help."

The meaning of this pledge was not so much that each person, saved or unsaved, undertook to love and serve God, but rather that the citizens of Geneva thus owned that the preaching of the gospel was not forced upon them by the council against their will. It was as much as to say that it was with their full and free consent that the mass was abolished, and the gospel put in the place of the old popish forms and beliefs; that henceforward the word of God was to be to them the rule and standard, not rubrics and canons, decrees of councils, and commands of popes.

The council then ordered an inscription to be fixed over one of the city gates, and afterward over the entrance to the Town Hall, that all men might see what was the faith which was owned by Geneva:

"The tyranny of the Roman Antichrist having been overthrown,

And its superstitions abolished in the year 1535,

The most holy religion of Christ

Having been restored in its truth and purity,

And the Church set in good order,

By a signal favor of God:

The enemy having been repelled and put to flight,

And the city, by a striking miracle, restored to liberty,

The senate and the people of Geneva

Have erected and set up this monument,

In this place,
As a perpetual memorial,
To attest to future ages
Their gratitude to God.”

This inscription was to be to Geneva as the stone of Ebenezer. And we cannot but be thankful that the city which had driven forth Farel as a “heretic and devil” not four years before, was now willing to confess Christ before all men, and to return public thanks to God for the gospel He had sent them by the messenger they had despised and hated. F. B.

Little Eliza

I AM going to tell you of the death of a dear little Sunday-school girl, which took place a short time ago; and yet it is not so much of her death that I want to speak as of her life, for had she not loved the Lord Jesus, and been a follower of Him while she lived, there would have been nothing happy to say about her death.

Her name was Eliza, and she was the eldest in a family of three girls. Several years ago, their mother had a bad fall, and was so injured that she became lame, and entirely lost the use of her left hand, Little Eliza was a quick, active child, very loving and obedient to her mother, and it was really delightful to see how useful she was, always busy and industrious. She was merry and simple, although so thoughtful; and while she loved to play with her little sisters, she also took pleasure in caring for her mother, and showing in many ways that she would do all in her power to help her, When the mother was going out it was Eliza who always put on her bonnet and tied the strings for her, and as Mrs. D. could only use one hand, there were many things she could not do without Eliza's assistance. Thus the handy child was quite her mother's friend, and a little sunbeam in the house. It was not until after she went to the Sunday school, at seven years of age, that she learned the deep, true lessons that made a real change in her. Her mother's own words to me, a few days ago, were, "She was always a dear, obedient child, a true comfort to me, but very different after she had been a little time at the Sunday school. What her teachers taught her there was a real blessing to her; she was always thinking and talking about Jesus, and I am sure she really loved Him."

This did not make Eliza less kind at home; on the contrary, it made her even more dutiful, for she seemed to live in the conscious presence of her Lord and Saviour, and it became her delight not only to please her afflicted mother, but to do everything to please the Lord.

Eliza's father was a sailor, and was often away from home for many weeks at a time; his earnings were but small, so that this family had to be very careful about the little money they had to spend. One day the mother said to Eliza, "Your best frock is getting very shabby, dear—almost worn out; it will soon be too shabby to wear at the Sunday school, and I really cannot buy you another, However, we must trust to the Lord to send you one; Jesus can supply you if it is His will."

Not many days after, a friend, who had known nothing of the conversation just narrated, called to say that a dress would be made for Eliza at a "working party," and that she had come to ask for the size and length required, and, at the end of the following week, a nice warm frock was sent home for the child. As the parcel was opened Eliza looked at her mother with a beaming face, and said, "We know who has sent this—it was Jesus Himself; He knew that I wanted it." And this was most sweetly true, for the need of a dress had not been spoken of to anyone, and it was the Lord who had thus cared for the child. How comforting it is to see that not only our souls but our bodies also are precious to the Lord. He clothes the grass of the field, and gives the ravens their food, and He supplies everything that is right and needful to those who trust in Him. "He that spared not His own Son, but delivered Him up for us all, how shall He not with Him also freely give us all things?"

Last summer there was open-air preaching every Sunday evening, near the harbor, in the town where Eliza lived. The child's teacher often used to go there and stand to listen, and little Eliza went too. And now I must tell you that this dear child, who had learned to love the Lord Jesus, was anxious that others also should love Him, and wished to do what she could in her own little way. Therefore she asked to be allowed to have books and tracts to give away, that she might offer them to strangers whom she met in the streets and roads. She had seen her teacher do this; and when Eliza made her request, her teacher feared that she might want to do it merely because of her example, and not from a better motive; so she questioned her closely on the point.

"Why do you want to give away tracts and books, Eliza?" "For people to read them," was the simple answer. "Why, what good will it do if they read them?" "Because if they read them, and believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, they will be saved."

Early in the present year Eliza went to a funeral, which left a strong impression on her mind. It was that of a dear young Christian girl, twenty years of age. When Eliza went home, she said to her mother, "I do not think I shall be here very long. I think I shall soon die and go and be with Jesus; and, mother, I should like to be buried in that cemetery where Miss E. was buried this afternoon." This remark was made several times, and the mother felt it deeply, although, as her little Eliza was a strong, healthy child, she did not attach much importance to the words.

On Tuesday, the 3rd of February, Eliza appeared to have a cold, but was able to walk more than two miles, to visit her grandmother, with whom she stayed for a little while, and then walked home; but at night she was restless, and could not sleep. The next day, when she was going to get up, and busy herself about the house as usual, she seemed so poorly that the mother said, "You must stay in bed," and of course Eliza obeyed, although she felt sorry not to be able to help her mother. During the day she became worse. The father was at home, for, having met with an accident, he had been unable to rejoin his ship. It was with difficulty that he could walk, but he fetched the doctor, who told them that dear little Eliza would not recover.

This was sad news indeed for the parents, but still they hoped that the remedies applied might do their little girl good. Eliza was very still and quiet all the Wednesday night, as speaking seemed to hurt her very much, but on Thursday morning she said, "Mother, please send for Mrs. T. (a friend who lived near): she will come and speak to me about Jesus." After that, Eliza was very quiet again, her mother sitting by the bedside, watching her. Then the dear little one said, "I do want to go and be with Jesus—but what will you do with your poor hand?" The mother answered, "Never mind, dear, Jesus will help me." The child then said, "All right, mamma, then I can go."

These were the last words she uttered. When Mrs. T. got there, a few minutes later, Eliza could not speak, and seemed unable to hear; but in a short time, the dear child looked at her as if she knew her, and Mrs. T. then spoke a little "about Jesus," and the blessed prospect before Eliza of being soon "with Him." After looking most earnestly at Mrs. T., and at her mother, dear little Eliza closed her eyes, and soon she ceased to breathe, and we knew that she was gone! "Absent from the body, present with the Lord."

Her short life of eight years was over, her "day's work" done, and she had gone to rest as peacefully as a child falls asleep on its mother's bosom. "The Lord did not give her to us, He only lent her," said the weeping mother, as her tears fell fast; but even in that moment of deepest

sorrow, it was blessed to see how He comforts the mourning heart; for He gave the mother faith and confidence in Him, so that she could say, "It is far better for the child to go and be with the Lord." And sweet it was that the little one could so tenderly leave her beloved mother in the Lord's care, for when those words, "Jesus will help me," were spoken, the child seemed to feel that her mission here was ended, and that she was then free to go at once to Him whom she loved, to Him who "first loved her."

Is she missed in her home? Yes, indeed, every day and every hour, and the mother recalls the sweet words that of late Eliza had so often spoken in any time of trouble or anxiety: "Jesus will take care of us, mother, He will help us; He never, forgets us." With such comforting assurances Eliza always cheered her mother's heart, and even now their echo is as music in her ears; for the Lord Jesus is ever the same, He will sustain and strengthen all those who trust in Him, and He who in wisdom and love has taken the precious child to Himself, will not forget the sorrowing family.

Dear little readers, how are you spending your lives? You may be in this world only a few days longer, or you may live here for many years—God alone knows. Do you know Christ as your Saviour? and, if so, are you striving daily to please Him? Are you caring in your little way for the souls of others, and are you shining brightly in your home? Are you helping and comforting those around you?

May this true story about Eliza have a two-fold effect—one to encourage Sunday-school teachers, the other to teach the boys and girls who read about her to be unselfish and so to live in the presence of the Lord Jesus, that they may seek to please Him daily in whatever they do. H. L. T.

Hath Everlasting Life

ABOUT four or five years ago, there was a little girl who was very sad indeed, because of her many sins, and because she had not peace with God. She could not understand how she could be born again, and she wanted to have peace with God. Every time she went to the children's service she would try all she could to be good, and to do good, little thinking that Jesus had done everything in order that she might have peace with God.

After a little time she was asked to a Bible class, to which she went every week for three or four months. Still the little girl did not know the Saviour, although she heard of Him as the Friend of sinners, and was told that all who believe on Him have everlasting life. This girl continued to go to the class, thinking that it would make her happy, but she found that, instead of getting happy, she became more miserable than ever.

Another week came round, and again she got ready to go as usual. Then she said to herself, "I'm afraid to tell a lie, and I should do so if I were to say that I have everlasting life." Then she said again, "But I cannot go on like this any longer." As she was about to open the door, where this Bible class was held, she became so distressed that she said to herself, "I will not go home till I can say I have everlasting life." She went in, and was soon sitting before her teacher, with the other girls.

The teacher began to speak from the third chapter of John's Gospel, "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life," and said, "It does not say you shall have it, but that you who believe have life now, this very moment." Then the little girl said in her heart, "This is what the Bible says, therefore I have life, for I believe on Jesus." She went home a happy child, knowing, because God says so, that "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life." (John 3:36.)

J. V.

A Boy Wanted

I SAW a bill in a shop window the other day with the heading “A boy wanted,” which set me thinking. Two Scripture texts came to my mind in connection with it, and they were these: “No man can serve two masters,” — “Choose you this day whom ye will serve.”

Now there are three things that a boy is anxious to know when he goes after a situation: Who is to be his master? What kind of work he will be expected to perform? and what wages he will receive? If the boy be wise he will reject the situation unless all these questions are answered satisfactorily.

“Choose you this day whom ye will serve” is the appeal made to you. There is “A boy wanted,” and I am able to assure you that the Master, and His work, and His wages are perfect. The Lord Jesus is the best of masters, and the work He requires of His servants is obedience, and He says, “My yoke is easy and My burden is light.” The Lord gives joy here and forever. Hear His own words: “I give unto My sheep eternal life, and they shall never perish, neither shall any pluck them out of My hands.”

I am anxious that this “Good Master” should become yours—why? because if He is not your Master, then I know who is, even the devil. “How do you know that?” say you. Because the word of God tells me that “no man can serve two masters.” Therefore everyone is serving Christ or Satan.

Christ, when on earth, said of those who were not His disciples, “Ye are of your father, the devil, and his works ye do.” Yes, the devil is at present the master of every unbeliever.

You will acknowledge that he is anything but a kind master. How can you serve him? He is pleased and delighted when he sees boys taking that which is not their own, when he hears them swear, or utter untruths, and do as the children of disobedience.

Well, and what wages does he pay? He promises many nice things, but gives none. Ah, how sad to think that tens of thousands after serving Satan many years, to their own shame and misery, should at last find, when, alas, it is too late, that Satan has nothing to give them whatever, and that their portion is weeping, wailing, and gnashing of teeth, with the deepest poverty—even the need of a drop of water. How vastly different the two masters, and what their respective servants receive!

Jesus has given me peace, pardon, and eternal life, in place of doubt, uncertainty, and a fearful looking for of judgment, and He has given these blessed things to me in His own grace.

Listen to words of the Son of God—He who has proved His deep love for sinners by giving up His life’s blood on Calvary. “Come unto Me all ye that labor and are heavy laden and twill give you rest.” — “Him that cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out.”

“A boy is wanted” by Jesus, and each of you to whom I am speaking is he to whom these words apply. C. G. D.

Look up!

SOME years ago, a lad happened to be staying at a lonely place on the sea coast. It was wintry weather, and the northwest wind drove the great waves in upon the shore with tremendous force. Upon a headland stood an old ruined castle, which our young friend particularly wished to see from the rocks on the shore, so he clambered along them towards it; bent upon reaching the point on which he had set his heart, he did not observe the quickness with which the sea was running in, and before he was aware, his retreat was cut off.

Then it was a question with him, "Shall I stay perched up upon a crag on the cliffs till the sea goes down about midnight, or shall I try and climb to the top? Well," thought he, "it will never do to shiver here half the night"; so the climb began.

For a while all went well; he was getting on bravely as he thought. But he happened to take his eyes off the crags above, and to bend his head over his shoulder for a moment, just to see how far up he had reached. There was a piece of cliff jutting out at his feet, and then nothing more to be seen until the eye rested on the moving waves far down below. Not being accustomed to cliff climbing in stormy weather, upon looking down the young adventurer felt giddy, and began to question whether he had not better try to reach the ledge he had left at the first, and then to wait till the tide ran out.

But to descend he found was for him impossible. For, as any boy knows, it is far more difficult to climb down than to climb up. He dared not attempt it, one false step and he would have been hurled into the roaring sea below, which—by the time now spoken of—was beating against the bottom of the cliff. Then, in his perplexity, this lad learned the meaning of the two little words at the head of this paper, "Look up!"

"Look up!" said he to himself, "if you look down you must fall into the sea, and no one will know where you died." So with eyes fixed on what was above him, and by pulling with his hands and setting his feet most cautiously, he managed, after a time, to reach a kind of shoulder within some few feet of the top. There a new difficulty presented itself. Those feet were almost upright. What was to be done? The cliff was of a kind of sandstone, but soft, so taking out his knife he cut two steps, and putting his feet firmly into them, managed to lay hold of a tuft of grass near the top with one hand. He then began cutting another step, when the blade of his knife broke short off at the handle.

What would you have done, my boy; for difficulties you must meet in this world of ours, and which, in their way, will be far worse than this which beset our young friend on those lonely cliffs? To have looked down then, or to have tried to go back would have ended in certain destruction. There was only one possible way before him: he remembered the little words, "Look up," and by God's goodness—though how he never could exactly say—found himself in safety upon the top of the cliff. After lying still for some minutes, during which he was thoroughly frightened, he pulled himself together, and returned to his temporary home.

The memory of that struggle comes back to his mind at times during life's difficulties, and, thinking that the story may be interesting to some of our readers, he has recorded it for boys who love the Lord.

"Look up!" is our exhortation to you. You have entered upon a difficult path. Do not dare to look down: keep your eye steadily above. The Lord is before you: keep your gaze upon Him. The time will come in life when you will see no path before you at all, like the boy who tried cliff climbing. We do not want you to risk breaking your necks by like foolishness, but up the rugged cliff of life's difficulties go you must, and where there is no path, and where you will often not know where next to put your foot. One step at a time, dear young friend—one step at a time for faith. Perhaps sometimes you will be so situated that you will not know where to place hand or foot, as it were, and that is just the time to look up. And at what time you are afraid, that is the time to trust in the Lord.

Be sure of this, many more fall and dishonor Christ, and bring bruises or, may be, lifelong ruin on themselves by turning tail than by anything else. Do not try to get out of the troubles which come upon you by doing God's will; but go on, keep straight on, praying as you go. If you are a good climber, you know well enough that, though you hang on with your hands and cling with your feet, your eye does the work. The eye gives strength and firmness, as it were, to both hands and feet. In the difficulties of life the Christian works by his eye, he looks up, and the Lord strengthens him. God will give a steady foot so long as you keep your eye fixed on Him. Keep climbing on, and when you are brought to the top, and have surmounted your difficulty, do not forget to thank God.

Happy People

“BLESSED are they whose iniquities are forgiven, and whose sins are covered.” (Rom. 4:7.) These are the truly happy people. They would not exchange the “blessedness,” which is theirs, for all the fine things all the world could give. Well, we expect to see true Christians truly happy, whether they are young or old. It would be very strange if they were not so.

God forgives us who believe on Jesus, and then we are called to walk before Him, and while we are in His company we are happy. It may be that trials and difficulties beset our path, but when near the Lord we are kept in peace. Our business is to keep near Jesus, and He will never fail to hold us up. We do not ask our young Christian friends to try to be happy, but to seek to have their hearts near the Lord, and then they will be happy, peacefully happy. And this, while most cheering for the heart, is also a bright testimony to what the Lord is.

The Heart Drawn Heavenwards

“FATHER, do come with me this evening to hear the preaching,” pleaded little Alfred.

“No, my boy—no I came once to please you, and you’ve never given me any peace about it since.”

“Oh, but, dear father, once isn’t enough. You know I went many times before I understood that Jesus loved me, and had washed away my sins.”

“Why, Alfred, what sins had you got that wanted washing away? I am sure both mother and I can say there never was a better lad of ten years old in all the village than our boy. There! trot off alone, my child; perhaps I’ll come along with you next Sunday.” And with this half promise Alfred had to go, sorrowfully remembering many a like one given before only to end in nothing.

Wonderfully beloved was little Alfred; doubly dear, being not only the long-desired son, but also the sole child left to gladden the parents’ hearts; for the daughter, many years older, had now married and gone from the home. His father, who was a working man, indulged, so far as his means allowed, every wish of the child he doted on, and the tender mother could refuse nothing to the fair-haired boy who was the very light of her eyes.

Thus they delighted in God’s sweet gift to them, but knew not the great Giver, and no note of praise from their hearts went up to Him. Yet the God to whom they were so indifferent loved their little son far more than they did; while they sought to make the child’s path brightly joyous here, He gently drew the young heart to far higher, sweeter joys than any they could give, and attracted him by the beauty of the altogether Lovely One, Jesus Christ, His Son.

The work of grace in Alfred’s soul was so gradual that none could say exactly at what time he became the Lord’s. From his earliest childhood he had loved to listen to anything about Jesus; as he grew older he would leave his parents on the Lord’s day for the Sunday school and the preaching, where he could hear about the Saviour. Now, at ten years old, he had come out very brightly and decidedly for Christ, for the good seed had sprung up, and was bearing fruit abundantly. Eager to tell others of the precious Saviour he had found, Alfred begged to have a class in the Sunday school. Very touching was it to the older teachers to see that earnest young face surrounded by his little scholars; the child teacher who, by the Spirit of God, “understood more than the ancients.”

But the hour so spent did not satisfy his longings to serve the Master, and soon another opening was given. At the evening preaching he noticed lads of his own age and older, who, not having learned to read, took little interest in either the hymns sung or the word read; and Alfred, who so keenly enjoyed both, felt he must do something to help them. At once the kind father was appealed to.

“Let me ask some boys to come in of an evening, father: I want to teach them to read, for it makes me so sorry to see them on a Sunday not following the chapters and hymns.”

“But, my boy, a lot of rough lads would make such a litter for your mother; they haven’t services every night in the week; why can’t you get them in there?”

“You see, father, I could not teach them in the dark, and they would not light the lamps for us. Mother says she will not mind a bit any noise we make, if you’ll let me have them here.”

“Then have ’em, my lad, by all means, if it makes you happy; I should have thought it was dull work turning schoolmaster in play hours.” For the father did not understand the constraining love of Christ in that young heart that must find vent.

So the weeknight class, too, was begun, and doubtless more than the letter of the Bible was taught by Alfred to his pupils.

For three years the little laborer worked happily on, the only shadow across his path being the continued indifference of his parents to the things of God. The father would at times yield to the earnest entreaties of his idolized son, and go with him to hear the gospel; but the mother, busy at her little household duties, always had some ready excuse. Could God turn a deaf ear to His young servant’s many prayers for their conversion? No. He was about to answer then now, though not in the way that Alfred had so often pictured to himself.

It was a bright July day. The little cottage home lay bathed in sunshine; the very bees seemed to hang lazily on the flower! about the door, as if it were too hot even to gather honey. The busy mother, however was moving here and there at her morning work, with her usual energy, when Alfred looked in to tell her he was off to the town to get “sixpen’y’orth of medicine for their sick neighbor.”

“Poor thing, she’s worse this morning mother, and she has no one to send; it won’t take me long, and perhaps I’ll get a lift.”

“It will be very hot for you along that dusty road, my lad, but you always must be doing something for somebody.”

“Well, this isn’t much to do for anyone mother,” and giving her a loving kiss, he sprang away, down the shady lane that lee into the high road.

The mother, shielding her eyes with her hand, stood at the cottage door to watch till out of sight the lithe young figure; bounding joyously along, so full of health and spirits.

“Bless him,” she murmured fondly to herself, as she turned to her work again; “he does grow a fine big lad, and with such a loving heart, too.”

Not very far had Alfred gone before he came in sight of a traction engine, dragging a huge load of stone along the road he had to travel.

“I shall get my lift there,” thought he, and ran more quickly on to overtake it.

“May I get up and have a ride?” he shouted, as he came panting alongside the engine. A nod gave consent, and Alfred in haste sprang towards the advancing stone wagon. But, alas! spent with the quick run, the usually sure foot missed its aim, and he was thrown backwards by the heavily laden wagon, which, still pursuing its fatal route, came on, crushing with its frightful wheels that fair

young form.

Back to the little cottage home that he had left full of life and vigor so short a time before was carried the now dying boy. As tenderly as the rough hands could do it, the suffering child was placed in the father's great armchair.

"Oh! it's not my Alfred! it's not my Alfred!" cried the distracted mother, as she gazed at the mangled form and sorely disfigured features. "Don't tell me it's him: shouldn't I know my own boy? This isn't him!"

"Mother," gasped Alfred, faintly, "mother, it is me; don't take on so, perhaps I'll be better soon, and if not, I'm going to Jesus—going home—it's all right, mother," and the left hand, which had escaped uncrushed, was held tremblingly towards her, as the broken sentences fell from his lips.

The father, who had been hastily called from his work, was calmer and more collected, though his grief was no less deep and overwhelming. His first thought was to procure the best advice for his dearly-loved son.

"We must get him to the hospital," he said; "if anything can be done, they'll do it there."

A litter was quickly formed, and very tenderly the sympathizing neighbors bore the little sufferer to the town. It was not until the sad procession had got well on its way, that the poor mother grasped the thought that her dying child had been taken from her. Then she arose, and rushed wildly out, down the lane, and along the dusty road, where the sun poured its hot beams on her unprotected head. Heedless of her disordered appearance and disheveled hair, she ran on until, near the hospital, she overtook the litter and its bearers.

Alfred was soon laid on a couch, and doctors and nurses gathered round him; but the poor mother's frantic grief so hindered them that she had to be removed, to be lulled by opiates. She then lay in another room, unconscious, while the young life so dear to her was ebbing out. A very short examination satisfied all that nothing could be done. A kind nurse bending over the lying boy, asked softly—

"Do you think, dear child, you are going to heaven?"

"No, I don't think so," answered Alfred, and, pausing for breath, added earnestly, "I know it." Then, resting his hand lovingly on his father's head, who knelt sobbing by his side, he murmured, "Dear father, don't take on so; it's naught to die when you've got Christ; this is the valley of the shadow of death; but it's not cold, Jesus is with me. Tell mother she mustn't fret, it's all right; you must both follow me to heaven—comfort mother."

The voice was getting low and faint, and the eyelids closed heavily. No one stirred or spoke, or dared disturb the solemn calm brought by the presence of death. But one more sweet testimony was to be given by the faithful young servant to Him, who in his joyous days of health, had won and filled his heart. The eyes opened with a bright glance upwards, his hand waved triumphantly towards Him whom he alone could see, and "Jesus, lovely Jesus!" burst from his lips, as the happy spirit took its flight to Him who loved him. And so the idol was gone, and the cottage home left desolate indeed. Those cruel wheels had even more terribly crushed the poor parents' hearts than the limbs of their little Alfred. Never again could this world be anything but an empty place to them,

for the very light of their eyes had gone from it. Before the year had run its course, the father's head was snowy white, and his erect form bowed with age, while the once bustling, busy mother's step had become slow and heavy. God had in past years given them a full cup of earthly happiness, and it had but served to content their hearts at a distance from Himself. Now He had allowed it to be rudely and suddenly dashed from their lips, but still in love. He saw that the only way to draw their hearts from earth to heaven was to place their treasure there. As day by day they spoke together of their loved and early lost one, dwelling on each detail of the sweet Christ-like life, and in thought trying to follow him to the One, in whose bosom they knew he was now resting, the "lovely Jesus" of their little son became to their hearts also, "the altogether Lovely One."

Several summers have gone by since that July day, when Alfred was taken home; and though the wound seems ever fresh, his father speaks now with kindling eye and brightening smile of the soon-coming glad day of meeting. Having "turned to God from idols," he is now seeking to serve in his measure "the living and true God," while waiting for His Son from heaven.

D. & A. C.

Seed Sowing

LORD was one day passing through a town in which a former groom of his was engaged as a cabdriver, and being interested in the man, as intelligent and well-disposed, he sent for his cab to take him to the station. On the way, having asked for guidance, the earl selected a little book, and when they arrived at the station, gave it to the man, with a few kind words, saying, "I want you particularly to read this, Robert." Then he found that he had no change, and desiring Robert to wait until he got some, he disappeared among a crowd of people, who were going away by that train.

The cabman waited a short time expecting Lord's return, and then began to look at the tract, probably on account of his respect for the donor, or perhaps because it was better to be occupied than to gaze at the well-known sight of a bustling railway platform. In a few minutes, what he read produced an undefinable impulse in him to get out of sight of his fellow-creatures, and he shut himself into his cab, and went on reading with ever-deepening attention. Meanwhile the earl, having waited long before he could get his ticket, hurried into the train, forgetting all about the change, and Robert was left undisturbed to finish the little book. By the time he had done so the arrow of conviction had entered his soul, and had made him an anxious, unhappy man. The tract contained the Gospel, and bade Robert believe on God, who "so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." But Robert could not believe God. He could not trust in God's word, with the trust he exercised towards his late master, when he discovered that the earl had gone away without paying his fare. God was still a stranger to him; he knew not that God had given His Son to die to save him. His sins had just begun to press upon him, but he could not believe that the atoning sacrifice of Christ was a complete discharge for them, while he could feel as sure of receiving payment from the earl as though he saw the money now in his hand.

Many are like Robert in this. We trust our fellow-creatures—and not only the few who justify such faith by a transparent, noble life—while we do not believe the word of God, who cannot lie!

Robert went home to his wife, who wondered at his troubled looks, and the next day when a P.O.O. came from Lord —, he was still a miserable man. But God, who had been pleased to begin this work in his heart, according to His faithfulness did not fail to finish it. From the time of that visit of his old master, Robert had no peace of mind, until, by means of some evangelistic preaching, he was enabled to believe God, and so entered into peace. He knew that his sins were forgiven, that his burden was transferred to the Lamb, who was slain in his stead. The earl had dropped the seed, in the shape of the little book, and another laborer in the vineyard watered it, and it sprang up into life. This is an instance of the gracious manner in which God often uses small incidents for His glory with those whose single aim is the winning of souls. G. C. C.

Have Faith in God

“HAVE faith in God,” fellow Christians!

Faith for the things of the day, faith for the intervention of God in the difficulties and trials of life, and faith in God for the things which concern His own glory. Prayer is too often formal, not from the heart; it lacks faith, and so obtains no answer.

All true Christians have faith in God, in the sense that they believe God gave His Son to die that sinners might live, and they believe Christ, their Saviour. We may say that all true Christians have faith in God for their eternal good, even should their faith be at times clouded by doubts, but how few have steady faith in God for their present good! Indeed, some are quite astonished when they hear what and how God works for those who trust Him for the day—the record reads to them like a fable, or a tale of bygone times.

Let us borrow an illustration concerning faith from our daily life. A faithful father makes a promise to his little child. That father will do anything in his power rather than allow his promise to fail, and thereby his child to doubt his word; he will inconvenience himself in any kind of way, rather than be the means of one single hesitation as to his faithfulness springing up in the mind of his little child. That father feels that he is the guardian of his child’s confidence, and he knows well that absolute trust in his word is of the utmost importance for the present moral well-being, and for the future of his child. The character of the father thus becomes the ground of the confidence of the child, who thinks thus: “My father will do what he says,” not, “Can my father do what he has promised?” nor, “Will he do it?”

Our faith in God depends greatly upon our acquaintance with Him. If we walk with God, we shall learn daily to walk in faith. “Walking” is the general demeanor and conduct of the soul, and is governed by what governs the heart. “Have faith in God,” which is an exhortation of our blessed Lord to His followers, leads us right up to God Himself in His absolute faithfulness. We cannot have faith in one of whom we know nothing, and we have small faith in those of whom we know but little, but God has made Himself fully known to us in and by His Son, and Jesus bids us have faith in God, who is our Father.

If any of our readers should ask, “Where shall I draw the line, and cease bringing things to God?”—and many do so inquire, thinking that only great things may be brought to Him, and that we must not, as it were, intrude our trifles upon the Almighty—we reply, “Be like a little child who has no reserve whatever in his heart, and who brings all his cares and pleasures to his father.” A little child will run to his father with a pricked finger, or a broken toy, and the father is only too pleased to listen to the little one’s troubles, expressed in speech almost too infantile to be clearly understood. We want to be more child-like with our God and Father, dear Christian reader, and to bring everything to Him, and to have faith in Him for all things, all the moments of our life.

Now mark what our Lord says about our hearts as to faith— “Shall not doubt in his heart.” If we doubt in our hearts, we are mistrusting God. A little child would not doubt his faithful father, he

would credit him. Those who are most simple in their faith, receive the reward of faith. Faith is a reality, and if we do not doubt in our hearts, but believe that those things which we say to God in respect of the difficulties which are the subject of our prayer shall come to pass, we shall have whatsoever we ask. "Therefore I say unto you, What things soever ye desire, when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them." (Mark 11:24.)

Waiting for the Lord

DURING a visit to A—, I became acquainted with Mrs. Mac P., an aged Christian, who had experienced much trial and suffering, but who in early life had chosen that good part that cannot be taken away. In all her journey through life she has proved the reality of these words, “I will never leave thee nor forsake thee.” Though confined to her bed during long years, she was never heard to complain, but always spoke of the goodness and loving-kindness of the Lord.

On being asked, “Don’t you weary of lying there all day long?” she replied, “Oh, no; the Lord is good and kind to me. He has left me my sight, and I can read His blessed word, and He comes Himself and keeps me company.”

On another occasion, sitting down by her bed, I inquired, “How are you today?”

“Oh, I am very well,” she said; “but talk to me of Christ and the coming glory. It cannot be long now.”

When I last saw her she was suffering much, and very weak. Bending over her, I said, “You are suffering much today.”

“Yes,” was her reply, “but the Lord knows of me, and He won’t send any more pain than He will give me grace to bear.”

“Is the Lord Jesus near you? Is He precious to you?”

“Jesus, precious Jesus,” was all she was able to say, while a sweet smile lit up her countenance, truly testifying that hers was a joy unspeakable and full of glory. She still lives, always in the same happy spirit, patiently waiting to be with her Lord.

Reader, is Jesus precious to you? He is the One to be desired above all, He and He alone can cheer, comfort and sustain, whether in life or in death. His love is beyond the power of words to express. K. R.

Is All Well?

IS all well with you? I do not ask if all is well with you in things temporal, but is all well with you in things eternal? You may perhaps ask, What am I to do to have all things well with me in eternity? You can do nothing. It would be rather late in the day for you to do anything to obtain salvation, even if it were possible, seeing that God has done everything that is needful nearly two thousand years ago. And what has He done? You will find what He has done in John 3, ver. 16: "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." Though the world hated God, God loved the world, and proved His love by sending His only Son, "not to condemn the world, but that the world through Him might be saved." Come, therefore, before God, as a lost and ruined sinner, owning that you cannot do anything for yourself, and believe the good news, that "while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us."

Jesus came from His Father's home on high, and died on the cross for guilty man, and if you believe in Him, it is true of you—

All thy sins were laid upon Him,

Jesus bore them on the tree;

God who knew them, laid them on Him,

And, believing, thou art free.

What marvelous grace in the Son of God that He should die for the ungodly; but it is as true as it is marvelous, and if you now believe, you have everlasting life, and all the blessings which flow out to sinners from that death.

If you refuse God's grace, you are treating Him with contempt, whether you mean it or not; and remember that "God has appointed a day in the which He will judge the world," and while it is blessedly true that "he that believeth shall be saved," it is equally true that "he that believeth not shalt be damned." I entreat you therefore not to delay: your eternal interests are too serious to be put off to some future day, a day that for you may never come. Today God is offering you salvation, tomorrow may be too late. Come to Christ, the loving Saviour, now; and then if you are asked the question, Is all well? you shall say through God's grace, Yes, all is well.

All is well for the believer, however long his pilgrim days may be; all is well, should he be called to die. And if all is well during the present dark night, oh, how well in the coming day! The hours of the night are passing fast: soon, very soon, the day will dawn, and the darkness of the night change to "the light of the morning, when the sun riseth, even a morning without clouds." H. M. D. P.

Himself Took Our Infirmities

IN the autobiography of the poet Goethe, it is related that when Marie Antoinette, Archduchess of Austria, passed through Strasburg, on her way to Paris to be married to the Dauphin, a proclamation was published forbidding every person afflicted with any unsightly disease to appear along the royal route. Fortunately, we are not obliged to suppose that this command was issued at the request of the young and beautiful princess herself, so celebrated afterward for her own misfortunes, and for the dignified fortitude with which she bore them; for it is just in keeping with the utter heartlessness which prevailed at the court of Louis XIV., whose guest she became on entering Strasburg, and of whose grandson she was the betrothed, a king who could attend the rehearsal of an opera almost within an hour of his own brother's death.

Yet it is impossible to read the incident without its suggesting another royal progress; a progress throughout which those that were taken of divers diseases, the halt, the maimed, the blind, the impotent, and even the possessed, were conspicuous! The Prince of Life turned not away His eyes from the wounded of His people, but stood, and touched, and healed them all; He did more, He Himself took their infirmities, and bare their sicknesses. And this does not mean that He merely felt, in an intensified degree, the wistful sympathy of which even we are capable, but that in some mysterious way, which love can understand but not express, He made each human grief His own, and felt each pain He deigned to heal: this manner of His love betrays itself all through the gospels, it cannot be concealed. The Lord's habitual custom of touching those whom He healed is very significant of it. The act is intensely expressive of the love which impelled Him to identify Himself with the afflictions of His people, and was not dispensed with even when crowds came to be healed; as in the case of the multitude at Capernaum, "He laid His hands upon every one of them, and healed them." It is true that there were exceptions, but these were few, and always for some special, some divine reason. "In all their affliction He was afflicted, and the angel of His presence saved them."

Three times in the Gospel of Matthew we read that when He saw the multitudes He was moved with compassion; on the first occasion, because they fainted, and were as sheep having no shepherd. And again when they followed Him, bringing their sick with them, to the desert place to which He had withdrawn with His disciples to rest, "He was moved with compassion towards them," it is said; "and He healed their sick," and then, we learn, He fed them all. And yet again, when the "multitudes came unto Him, having with them those that were lame, blind, dumb, maimed, and many others, and cast them down at Jesus feet, He healed them." Then He called His disciples, and said, "I have compassion on, the multitude, because they continue with Me now three days, and have nothing to eat, and I will not send them away fasting, lest they faint in the way." Nor is to be forgotten that in Mark, looking up to heaven, He sighed 'ere even He said to the shut ears, "Ephphatha," Be opened; and in Luke, meeting the funeral at Nain, His heart was moved with compassion for the widowed mother, and He said unto her, "Weep not," 'ere even He touched the bier to raise the dead to life again.

But it is in John above all, that this suffering sympathy of the Lord finds most intense expression. At the grave of Lazarus, although He Himself knew what He would do, yet when He saw Mary weeping, and the Jews also weeping which were with her, He groaned in the spirit, and was troubled (or, as it has been rendered, “shuddered”), and said, “Where have ye laid him?” And when they said unto Him; “Come and see,” Jesus wept. And when He came to the grave, He again groaned in spirit. It would seem that we have no words which accurately convey the deep emotion which is expressed by the word “groaned.”

Thus, taking the infirmities, and carrying the sicknesses of His people, bearing then griefs, and sorrows, can we be surprised that many were astonished at Him? His visage was so marred more than any man. At thirty men felt it safe to say He was not fifty; and some thought Him the weeping prophet, Jeremias raised again! And how truly we can say “We have not an High Priest which cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities... Let us therefore come boldly unto the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy and find grace to help in time of need.” And let us often be found meditating on the sorrow, which the sorrows of men caused Him from day to day, that we may in some little measure know more of the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge. We often sing to Him,

“Oh, tell me often of Thy love

Of all Thy grief and pain”;

but how seldom do our souls sit long enough still in His presence to listen while He does it.

Spiritual Pride

SOME hundreds of years ago, when Christianity was in a low state, there were “saints” who sought to recover themselves to holiness by means of austerity. When one plan failed by reason of use and loss of novelty, another was tried, and amongst these, that of living upon the top of pillars.

Pillar “saints” would remain day and night for years together, in all weathers upon their elevations, suffering desperate privation, and receiving nourishment from the hands of wondering people, who admired their supposed sanctity. Who shall deny that amongst these “holy men” some real Christians were to be found; but one fatal objection exists to all such ideas of religiousness—crouching at the top of the pillar was pride.

The Star of Bethlehem and the Morning Star

WHO were the wise men that came from the East to pay homage to the holy Babe born in the royal city of Bethlehem? And from what country did they come? We must remember, when God, in speaking about Jerusalem, refers to the east or west, that we must suppose ourselves in that city, and having the sun rising over the mountains of Judea, and far away upon the lands of Arabia or Persia—perhaps India—and setting in the Mediterranean Sea. Jerusalem is the Bible center of the earth, and the Babe, whose star the magi, or magicians, saw, the center of God's thoughts and purposes for time and eternity, of earth and of heaven. No one can tell us who these wise men were, nor can we more than surmise from what country they came. One thing is certain, God gave them a sign in the sky in their own country, to show them what had taken place in the holy land, even the birth of His eternal Son in this world as a man, of whom they knew as the King of the Jews.

From the very early days of this world's history learned men of all nations have studied the stars. This world of ours is but as one grain of sand amongst the myriad of grains upon the shore—it is but one star amongst the countless host of heaven that God has made to shine in their glory. When Jesus was born, God taught the wise men of His advent by the means of a star. About two years after they had first seen the star they reached Jerusalem, for Herod, the king, knew very nearly the age of the child Jesus, through his diligent inquiries of them. The star was given to these Gentiles to teach them, and the holy writings of the Old Testament were given to the people of Israel for their instruction concerning the birth of the Saviour. As the wise men, when in their own land, looked up into the sky, there shone the star to teach them of Jesus. The light of the star was not required in Jerusalem, for in that city there was the book of God, by searching which the chief priests and scribes were able to answer the inquiry, "where Christ should be born," in these words— "In Bethlehem of Judaea: for thus it is written by the prophet, And thou Bethlehem, in the land of Juda, art not the least among the princes of Juda: for out of thee shall come a Governor, that shall rule (or feed) My people Israel." (Matt. 2:5,6).

God does not usually give signs to those to whom He speaks in plain words. In Jerusalem the wise men did not see the star, and probably did not after they had left the East, till they neared Bethlehem. Sad it was, all Jerusalem was troubled when the news reached it, of the birth of the King of the Jews, through the arrival of the magi, who said, "Where is He? We are come to worship Him." But wicked Herod, who wished to kill the holy Babe, answered them, "Go and search diligently for the young child; and when ye have found Him, bring me word again."

Having heard the record from the writings of the prophet, and the words of the king, the magi went their way, turned their backs upon Jerusalem, when lo, once more the star which they had seen in the East appeared to them, and went before them. They were overjoyed to see it again. Their long, long journey had not been in vain. The wickedness of Herod and of Jerusalem was no hindrance now to their spirits. "They rejoiced with exceeding great joy when they saw the star." It went before them, guiding their way, and wrong they could not be while they kept it in view, and then it stood

still, shining over “where the young child was.” Thus did the heavens render homage to the Lord, and then that evening these great and wealthy men saw Jesus, with Mary, His mother, and fell down before Him and worshipped Him, and they opened their treasures to Him, and offered their royal tribute to Him—gold, frankincense, and myrrh.

They saw the holy Babe and were satisfied, and then, receiving direct instructions from the Lord, departed into their own country another way. In every sense they were strangers in Israel; they had hearts for the already rejected King of the Jews, and God gave them directions how to come in and to go out again of Judea to their own country.

As we consider this beautiful story of the Star of Bethlehem, we can but think of the star of which St. Peter speaks. Do you remember where this star is said to shine? It is such a happy answer, “In your hearts.” What a strange place for a star to shine? Well, it will make the heart very bright in which it does shine. “Exceeding great joy,” will fill the heart in which this beautiful star of the Christian has risen. The sure word of God tells us Jesus is coming, and the star’s rays in our hearts say Jesus is coming. We can look to chapter and verse, as did the people of old when Jesus came to this earth; we can put our fingers on each letter of the sacred record, and read the “word of the Lord,” speaking of “the coming of the Lord,” saying, “the Lord Himself shall descend from heaven,” and showing us that all who love Him, shall “meet the Lord in the air,” “and so shall we ever be with the Lord.” (1 Thess. 4:15-18.)

There was no joy in Jerusalem, or in Herod, when they knew that Jesus had come to this earth; neither is there any joy—no, only sorrow, for those who do not love Him, in the thought of His coming again; but for the happy hearts, in which the hope of His coming shines, there is a star of beautiful brightness, and “exceeding great joy.”

I Am Going to Live With Jesus

ABOUT two years ago the girl who uttered these words was to be seen regularly at our Sunday evening meeting for children. But Emma —, at the time of which we write, had not known the preciousness of Christ; and although week after week passed on, and found her still regular in her attendance at our children's meeting, she had never really come to Jesus. One evening I missed her, and on the following, day received a message from her, saying, she was ill, and asking me to come and see her.

I loved to see Emma's bright face, and was much grieved to learn that she was ill; so you may be sure it was not long before I stood at her bedside.

"Well, Emma," I said, "supposing you were never to recover from this illness, is it all bright beyond?"

"No, Mr. H., it is not," was her solemn answer.

I spoke earnestly to her of the love of God, in sending His beloved Son to die for poor sinners; but, to use her own words, it was "all dark" within, for the love of Jesus had not entered her heart. I then left Emma, and besought the Lord to open her heart to receive the message of His love. A little time after I had reason to hope that the Lord Jesus was revealing Himself to her during this time of illness. One afternoon, she thanked me for some grapes. I asked her why she thought that it was I who had sent them to her? "Because you love me," she replied. Then I showed her from this how the believer expects good from the hands of the Lord Jesus, who laid down His life for us, because He loved us.

The same night, when her parents were about to retire to rest, they heard Emma's voice calling, for all to come round her bedside; and as soon as, they were all gathered together she sat up in bed, and said, "I want to tell you all that I have found Jesus. He is so precious to me; His blood has washed away all my sins, and I am going to live with Jesus forever. Now I do not want to live here, I want to dwell with Him." Then she added, "How I should like to creep down to the children's meeting, and sing those hymns once more; but I shall sing in heaven with Jesus by-and-by. You will all meet me there, won't you?" she said, turning to those who were standing near.

My young reader, let it not be said of you as it was of some of old, "Ye will not come unto Me, that you might have life"; but say now, as Peter said, "Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life." Yes, dear reader, He has them He has spoken them; but have you believed them?

R. H.

Faith

FAITH is a short word with a weighty meaning. What is its meaning? Simply this: accepting as true what another has declared. In the things of God, it is the accepting as true what God has declared in His word.

Let me tell you a little tale I read some time ago. An English missionary was in Central Africa, preaching the gospel to some poor black people there. He found it very hard to make them understand the meaning of faith; so he said to them: "Listen now to what I am going to tell you." Pointing to some water near at hand, he said, "You see that water?" "Yes," they answered.

"Well, you never saw that get hard, did you?" "Oh, no," they answered, looking at him with astonishment at such a thought, for let it be remembered that in Central Africa the water never freezes. "Now," said he, "if you believe me, in the country I come from the water sometimes gets so hard that I can stand on the top of it." Upon hearing this, one whispered to the other, "Our massa's telling lies." The missionary overheard this, and he remembered it.

After a time he returned to England, and asked one of those who listened to him, named Sambo, to return with him. When they reached England the winter came, and one clear frosty morning the missionary took Sambo out for a walk. The ponds and rivers were completely frozen over, and boys were sliding on the ice; then the missionary took the opportunity of making good the words he had spoken when in Africa. Turning to Samba, he said: "Do you remember my telling you, when I was in your country, that in this land the water sometimes gets hard enough to bear men on the top?"

"Oh, yes, massa, that I do," said Samba.

"Well, now look, there it is. You did not believe me then; now do you believe it? Look at the ponds and rivers; the people are walking on the hard water."

Sambo shook his head, thus showing that he still questioned the word of his master. Upon this his teacher said, "Take my hand, and let us get on the hard water and try it." Samba was still reluctant; but his master took his hand and led him on: and then jumping hard upon the ice, cried, "Now do you believe it?" So Samba gave in.

Being made to believe because he saw, it was not faith on Samba's part—it was sight. It would have been faith if he had believed his master when he was in Central Africa, where the water never freezes. Faith would have been accepting as true what the missionary said, although what he said seemed incredible.

Now, my reader, God has spoken. Do you believe Him? Do you believe His word? God loves the world, and loves you as part of it.

Christ saves, and faith lays hold of the truth, and rests on what God has said. No surer foundation could possibly be found than this. God's word declares, "Heaven and earth shall pass away, but

My word shall not pass away!" No power of man can ever break the word of God: it will endure for ever and ever. May you believe God. T. D.

Growth

GROWTH is generally slow where the tree is strong. So long as you are going on doing the things which Christ loves, there is growth. The troubles, as well as the joys of the life of the Christian, help towards his growth. Above all else, seek for grace to do what the Lord loves in the very little things of life. There is a saying, "Take care of the pennies, and the pounds will take care of themselves"; and we may say take care to please the Lord in trifles, and you will please Him in great trials.

True Stories of God's Servants: Another Free City

You will remember how many times William Farel had made vain attempts to get an entrance into Lausanne. The old city, with its proud bishop and its grand cathedral, its army of bigoted priests and ignorant monks, had again and again closed its gates against the gospel of the grace of God. But now the Pays de Vaud was in the hands of Berne, and the Bishop of Lausanne had fled. "They gave me a warm welcome at Friburg," he wrote to his nephew, "and I promise you we are having good cheer." The Bernese declared that Lausanne should have a bishop no more. They entered the town in triumph, and took possession of it in the name of the lords of Berne.

Lausanne, like Geneva, was now a free city.

The Council of Berne now determined that the priests of Lausanne should be brought face to face with William Farel and Peter Viret, and any other gospellers who were able "to give a reason of the hope that was in them." Farel had longed for this opportunity, and had told the Council of his desire. They fixed the first of October for the beginning of the discussion. This would allow the priests plenty of time to find able speakers.

In vain did the Emperor Charles V. write to the Council of Lausanne and to the Council of Berne to forbid these proceedings. The little Swiss cities turned a deaf ear to the great emperor who had Europe at his feet. And the emperor was just then too busy with his invasion of France to be able to attend to such small matters as the disrespect of Berne and Lausanne.

And now let us take a journey to the beautiful old city on the vine-clad hills of the Pays de Vaud, looking down on the blue lake of Geneva far below. High up on those green hills we see the towers of the cathedral. All around are the old buildings where the bishop, the priests, and the monks, had "had good cheer," and had thundered forth threatenings and slaughter against Lutheran heretics. We see churches and convents rising above the quaint steep roofs on the hill side. In one of these convents Peter Viret has been preaching for some months back, for the lords of Berne had demanded it from the Council of Lausanne. We see, across the still waters of the lake, the blue mountains with their snowy peaks, range behind range, till they seem to be lost in the white clouds, and we cannot tell which is cloud and which is snow. And down the steep hillsides we see the sunny vineyards and green, shady meadows. In the dark corner of one of the steep winding streets, some ill-looking fellows are waiting for the heretics from Geneva: they have been posted there by the priests to murder them.

But the heretics came in such a strong force that the murderers durst not attack them. Moreover their plot having reached the ears of the Council, they were arrested and sentenced. But the "heretics" entreated for mercy for these poor men, who knew not what they did, and thereupon they were pardoned.

On Sunday morning, October 1st, the great Cathedral of Lausanne was filled from end to end. Scaffoldings were put up all around to seat the immense multitude. They were interspersed with the painting and gilding, the jewelery and the pomp of the old times; and posted up on every side

were the sentences concerning which the disputation was to be held. Let us read the first sentence:

“The Holy Scripture teaches no other way of being justified save by faith in Jesus Christ, offered up once for all, and never to be offered again: insomuch that he who puts forward any other satisfaction for the remission of sins, utterly abolishes the truth which Christ has revealed.”

William Farel stands up. He says that the Lord Jesus Christ “came down into this miserable world in order that by Him we should have salvation and life. For this end He died that He might gather in One the elect of God. Satan’s work is to scatter the sheep, the work of the Lord Jesus is to gather them.” He then asked for prayer that the truth might be victorious, that the weakness and foolishness of those who speak the truth might hinder none from owning it—that all hearts might be turned to the Great Shepherd of the sheep, who gave His life for His poor people; that none might seek their own honor and glory, but only that Christ should be “known and owned,” and, having prayed together, they separated till the next morning.

At seven o’clock on Monday the cathedral was again filled. The varied costumes showed from how many different places the hearers had come. In the center of the cathedral were ranged the speakers on both sides—Farel, Viret, Calvin, Marcourt—and Caroli! This time Caroli was a gospeler. But Farel saw him arrive with sorrow and distrust. On the other side an array of about 174 priests and monks in addition.

Farel stood up. He read the first sentence which was posted up. “The heavens and the earth may pass away,” he said “but the word of the Lord cannot pass away. If then that word shows us no other righteousness than that which is by faith in Christ, it follows as absolutely certain, that there is no other righteousness. By being made righteous, we understand that sin is put away, that God imputes it to us no more. As a prisoner brought before the judge is acquitted, so God, having put away out sin, acquits us. And he who thus receives remission of sins, is counted righteous before God, as though he had never committed any sins at all.”

A priest rose up to speak for the rest. He said the Scriptures commanded peace, and forbade disputings. A disputation is therefore a sinful act of disobedience. They would rather bear in silence the reproach of being beaten in argument, than take upon themselves to decide questions which could only be decided by the universal Church. They would thus be bearing the cross in meekness and humility.

Farel then spoke at length, being interrupted several times by an angry monk. “It is now your turn,” said Farel, fixing his eyes on the monk; “stand up, and prove what you have preached during the past Lent, here in Lausanne.”

The monk said he would not do so except before competent judges. Peter Viret remarked that the word of God was the best judge. The monk replied, “The Church is above the Bible, For the Bible would have no authority, except that it is approved by the Church.”

“That is as much as to say,” said Viret, “that God is not to be believed except as He is approved of by men. And what judge do you desire better than One who is infallible? It is God who speaks in His word.”

“That is no answer,” said the monk; “Anyone can quote the Bible. You explain it in your way, and I in mine; who is to say which is right? The devil quoted Scripture when he tempted Jesus. One must not only quote Scripture rightly, but interpret it rightly.”

Viret replied that the best interpreter of Scripture is Scripture itself. And that the right interpretation must always be that which honors Christ, and makes Him to be all in all, not that which honors man, and, moreover, puts money into his pocket. “And that, as you say, the devil quoted Scripture,” he added, “furnishes me with a weapon wherewith to smite you: for the Lord Jesus did not therefore throw contempt on Scripture, but confounded Satan by replying out of Scripture. If therefore the Lord did so, you ought not to refuse thus to answer us: for you are not greater than Jesus, nor are we devils, but Christian brethren.”

But the monk stood firm. No one should persuade him to dispute with heretics. The Church had forbidden it, and the Church must be obeyed. Thus, the chronicler tells us, he persisted in refusing to speak, except to give reasons for not speaking, until at 11 o'clock the bell rang for dinner and the meeting adjourned.

Farel then preached to the whole assembly, and all the priests returned on the following day to their homes.

But some returned to preach the Saviour they had heard of at Lausanne, and amongst those truly converted to God were some who had at first been the chief speakers on the side of Rome. On no occasion of a public discussion had so many sinners been saved.

And now began the great work which was to prove that Lausanne too had received the gospel. The altars and images, the holy vessels of the priests, the robes and the jewelry, were carried forth from the cathedral and the churches, as the idols from the cities of Israel. The images and crucifixes were broken in pieces. The great image, called by the priests “our Lady of Lausanne,” by the gospellers “Diana of the Ephesians,” was reduced to atoms.

An inventory was made of the vessels and ornaments, literally “the merchandise of gold and silver, and precious stones, and of pearls and fine linen and purple, and silk and scarlet, and all thyme wood, and all manner vessels of ivory, and all manner vessels of most precious wood, and of brass and iron and marble.”

Any persons who had given these ornaments to the churches, or whose parents or grandparents had given them might claim them as family property. But the remainder was of such enormous value that, in addition to the value of church lands, a sum was paid into the treasury of Berne, which served for the founding of hospitals and colleges, and for a fund for the poor of the Pays de Vaud. Besides this, the old canons were allowed a pension for the remainder of their lives.

It was with this treasure that the present college, the Academy of Lausanne, was founded and endowed. F. B.

Tarsus

“No mean city.” Thus did the apostle Paul speak of his native place, Tarsus; the modern town that has taken its place is represented above. Tarsus was a city once famous for its learning, and also for its commerce, and was of importance in the days of the apostle. “Saul of Tarsus” is the most remarkable name that is known amongst the servants of the Lord Jesus Christ. There was none like him in hatred to Jesus until the Lord revealed Himself to him from heaven, and none like him in zeal for the Lord from that day. “Saul,” who also is called, “Paul,” is a pattern of Christian energy, and his life is one long lesson of absolute devotion to the Lord and the things the Lord loves.

Seek to gain an insight into his “manner of life” as well as his “gospel.” Mark his energy (Col. 1:28, 29), and his humility (1 Cor. 15:9). See in him the untiring racer (Phil. 3:12, 14), the tenderest nurse (1 Thess. 2:7, 8), and the wise father (1 Thess. 2:11). Behold in him the preacher of the greatest of divine mysteries (Eph. 3:3), the succourer of the poor (Gal. 2:10), and the servant of all (1 Cor. 9:19). Great men sometimes frighten ordinary people, but Paul was great like his Lord and Master, and as sent from the Lord showed the mightiest sign of apostleship first, even Christ-like patience, and power and miracles next. (2 Cor. 12:12). No weak believer was trodden upon but he felt it (2 Cor. 11:29); no kind of soul difficulty presented itself to him, but he entered heart and soul into the position of the person he spoke to. (1 Cor. 9:22). He laboured with his hands, supporting himself (1 Cor. 4:12), and at times others also (Acts 21:34, 35), and could say from the bottom of his heart, “To me to live is Christ, and to die. . .” (PhIm 1:21).

We would ask our young readers to copy out for themselves, for his or her profit, the references which we have given ; look well into the picture they present of a man of God, and the more you look the more you will love the portrait, and seek to be followers of him, even as he was of Christ. There is an exceeding attractiveness in a noble Christian life; it stirs our souls, calls up heavenly energies, stimulates to self-sacrifice, and teaches us humility.

The Blacksmith's Story

“ABOUT twenty-two years ago light first broke into my soul; and it was through hearing a sermon on this text, ‘Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye gazing up into heaven? this same Jesus, which is taken up from you into heaven, shall so come in like manner as ye have seen Him go into heaven.’ (Acts 1:11.) The preacher began with Bethlehem; he went through all the Lord’s life, and spoke of His death, and said it was, as it were, the week’s work, and the Saturday night came when all was finished. And this being so, said he, what comes next? It is the Lord’s coming again. And he asked us if we were ready to meet Him.”

The speaker was Joseph P., the village blacksmith; he was standing near his anvil, with his leathern apron on, over which his brawny arms were folded, while his mild blue eye sparkled with joy as he spoke of Jesus. Behind him stood his help, and as they worked the old shed gave forth its music, as alternately the forge roared to the blast of the bellows, and the ringing hammer beat the chilling iron into the required shape.

“I was about the age of my lad there”—a youth of eighteen years old—continued the blacksmith, “and for many a day after that sermon I was in deep trouble of soul. The Lord was coming, I thought, and I was not ready to see Him, My mother, who was a Christian woman, had prayed for us all, and, though she said little to me, she noticed my changed ways.

“After some weeks, when I was at work one evening, with my head bent over the anvil, it seemed as if there was a voice speaking to me, so I went and opened the door to see, but no one was there. Soon after it became time to go home, so I started off. It was a beautiful moonlight evening, and I could show you the very spot now, though it was twenty-two years ago, where I stood still on the road, and said, ‘I won’t go home tonight till I know my soul is saved.’

“Like lightning it came into my heart, ‘Then you won’t get home tonight at all.’

“This was the devil, I knew, and I answered to myself, ‘Better not go home at all than go to hell.’

“As I stood there, the Lord whispered to me, ‘Only believe—just believe that Jesus was your substitute, and died for you on the tree.’ And I told Him—I did believe on Him.

“Then I lifted up my head. I turned toward the south; the moon was shining brightly in the sky above the hedge by the roadside, and everything, looked more beautiful to my eye than I had ever seen it look before, and I thought, ‘The moon is the Lord’s, the hedge is His, and, better still, I am His.’

“How I got home I cannot tell. As I passed through the town, I said not one word to anyone, for my soul was too full. When I came to our cottage, and opened the door, there were my father and mother sitting over the fire, one on the one side, the other on the other; but I could not say a word even to them, so took myself straight up the stairs to bed. And when I was alone in my little room I knelt upon the floor, and praised the Lord in secret.

“As I was upon my knees, I heard my mother’s voice. ‘Father,’ said she, ‘did you notice Joe tonight?’ ‘No,’ answered my father; ‘does aught ail the lad?’ ‘Didn’t ye notice him?’ again asked my mother. ‘If he had been ill, he would’a told us,’ father answered.

“‘No, it was not that,’ my mother said, with her loving voice; ‘but I tell you I do believe that Joe is brought to the Lord, and that Jesus has spoken to him!’

“‘And so He has, mother,’ I cried from my knees; and upstairs she came, and put her arms round me, and wept for joy, saying, ‘My lad, the Lord has begun to answer my many prayers; He has now brought in one of my children. Joseph, you are the first;’ and she praised the Lord with tears.

“‘After this mother didn’t say to me, ‘You must be home at such an hour, Joseph;’ or, ‘Where have you been tonight?’ for she said, ‘It’s the others I am anxious to hear about, Joe, now, not you, for you are the Lord’s.’ So my supper used to bide in the oven till I came home, for mother knew that the Lord had hold on me.

“‘It is twenty-two years ago since the Lord spoke to me, and He has been good to me ever since. He has been my Friend from that day to this.’”

Two Blessed Storms

It is a happy thing to know and own the grace of God, which makes nothing of the creature, and which brings the sinner to be at rest and peace in His presence.

This happiness was truly exemplified in the subject of the following record—Henry F. He was in his twentieth year, surrounded by scenes in which there was nothing to speak to his heart about God, but the moment came when God’s voice was to be heard by him. The town in which he was living was situated at the mouth of the Bristol Channel, and the sea there in the autumn is to be seen in all its terrible majesty. One November morning, in a year noted for storms, Henry went for a walk to watch the waters; on his way he had to pass a building in course of erection, when suddenly a gust of wind came—tore away the roof of a temporary shed in which the masons were at work, and crushed Henry beneath its ruins. On clearing away the wreck he was taken up for dead, and was carried to his bed, bruised, bleeding, and unconscious.

Thus he lay week after week before his reason returned, and before he became at all sensible of the nature of the injuries he had received. His sense of feeling from the chest downwards was gone, the whole nervous system being paralyzed. Thus, in a few moments, his strength had been taken from him.

His case was pronounced hopeless by the doctor, and it was thought impossible that he could live. Such was man’s verdict; but God had His own purpose of blessing to accomplish in Henry.

As his reason returned, he had a great desire to be removed to his father’s house, that he might be with his parents, and especially that he might receive his mother’s tender care. Nothing could exceed her watchful love during the whole of his illness.

Months went slowly by, and Henry’s life was spared, but for nearly ten years he remained in his helpless state, unable to do more than move his hand and turn his head. His case excited a good deal of interest in the town and neighborhood, and the family being well known, many visited him, amongst them some Christians, by whose words Henry became awakened to his true state before God.

After two years of bodily suffering, and also of frequent distress about his soul, the Lord spoke to Henry. He said, “The Lord spoke peace to my soul one night in a terrible storm of thunder and lightning: and such was my joy I could have gone home right up in the lightning.” Of the storm of wind when he met with his accident, and of the tempest in which the Lord spoke peace to his soul, he said, “They were two blessed storms for me: in one He wounded, and in the other He healed. All danger is past now; I have only to look forward to falling asleep in Jesus, or to His coming to take us all up.”

So happy and peaceful was he, that fear became a thing unknown to him, and he lived a life of faith in the Lord, and of perfect peace. One little remark of his expresses this, when being asked if he wanted his pillows shaken, “No, thank you, it is all very comfortable; I have only to lay myself in

the arms of the Lord, and go to sleep.”

Three years from the date of his accident, he remarked, “It does not seem long to look back, it is but as yesterday, and as a watch in the night. I can say, He that is mighty hath done unto me great things, and holy is His name.”

From the time the Lord gave Henry peace, his growth in the truth was most marked. The eight following years he remained in the body were a striking exemplification of the word: “The path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day.” The Holy Ghost, the Comforter, was very present with him, taking the things of Christ, and showing them unto him, One who had taught him when a boy expressed her surprise at his knowledge of Scripture. “Ah!” he said, “the Lord teaches us with wisdom.” “But,” said the lady, “you did not learn so fast when I taught you in the Sunday school.” “No,” he replied; “and have I not a better schoolmaster now, even the Holy Ghost, who teaches perfectly?”

He often used to grieve and lament over the condition of God’s people, and compared it to that of his poor paralyzed body, saying there was life in all the members of his body, and the blood circulated through them, but all were helpless with the exception of his hands and head; so with the members of Christ’s body, each had life, but many were without power, not having in them the active energy of the Holy Ghost.

Henry’s life was a witness for Christ; he had a word for everyone who visited him. Many a word of refreshing has been given through him to those coming to refresh him, and who went away refreshed.

One Lord’s day, referring to a conversation with some visitors, he said, “I have been so happy today! I have been preaching.” His friend answered, “I hope you have preached the gospel.” “Yes,” he replied; “I have felt the joy of being able to say, ‘Behold the Lamb of God!’ I was so happy! I am sure the Holy Ghost told me what to say.”

On another occasion a gentleman called to see him, when Henry began to speak to him about the Lord. The gentleman listened attentively, but said, “I have so much to bother about in the world that I have no time to think.” Henry replied, “When we get the better thing, we do not lament giving up the other. Paul could say, ‘I have suffered the loss of all things, and do count them but dung, that I may win Christ.’”

The visitor having left, Henry’s mother told him she was afraid he had taken too much liberty in speaking. “God put me here,” he said, “so that I may speak of Christ at all times to those who come in.”

He seemed always to realize the Lord’s presence. Nothing appeared to damp his spirits or to depress him; and though often suffering acutely in body, he had a kind word and a bright smile for everyone who entered his room.

His mother remarked one day to a friend who came in, that he had been alone many hours. “No, indeed, I have not been alone,” he said, “I have had a happy meeting, there have been with me God the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. I have always got meat to eat.”

Henry would at all times, with the simplicity of a little child, refer to God's precious Book to discover the mind of God in everything, whether personal or in connection with His truth. Soon after his conversion he remarked, "When we get cured we begin to dig for gold," and, putting his hand on the Bible, added, "This is the mine we have to dig from." To a friend going into his room one day, he said, holding up his Testament, "This is my little comforter." He was asked if he ever grew tired of it. He smiled, as he replied, "No, I shall never get tired of it; I can't; in it is living water."

On one occasion this text was given him, "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." He replied, "I have not much to weep for, thank God. My present trials are nothing to the joys that await me." "Sorrowful, yet always rejoicing," was sent at another time. "What did she send me that for? I'm not sorrowful," he said, and sent back the following: "But I will hope continually, and will yet praise Thee more and more." (Psa. 71:14.)

Such was the constantly happy spirit which possessed him. "I will bless the Lord at all times; His praise shall continually be in my mouth" —he would say, adding with emphasis, "continually, no time for anything else."

One day a person who was with him remarked, "You are like a bird shut up in a cage, waiting to have the door opened."

Henry smiled, "I only wish I could have the door open, I would soon flyaway; but," he added, "I must wait."

In reply to a remark, "What a blessed change, when we have done with these poor old tabernacles!" he said, "Yes; but perhaps it is good for us to feel that we are in the wilderness; good for us to feel our weakness, that we may know the strength of Jesus. Our trials work out for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." When a friend asked him, "Won't you be glad to go and be with Him?" he sweetly smiled, and said, "I don't know about that; it is as the Lord wishes, He orders all things, and knows what is best for us."

One day, when his mother was arranging his room, he said, "Mother, that is what all God's children should do: have all prepared, ready to meet the Lord when He comes; and you, mother, ought to be doing the same."

"Why, Henry," his mother answered, "you are constantly talking about these things, and you make me afraid."

He was asked by a person who visited him, whether he was ever tempted to say, "My Lord delayeth His coming." With one of his happy smiles, he replied, "I can say; 'Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace'; I am ready to go, but I am not tired of waiting, for we may have a bright tomorrow; and, if not, we are marching homeward, every day bringing us nearer rest."

A friend called one day, and told him of a Christian who was near his departure, and very happy in the prospect, having, as he expressed it, "a beautiful sight of Jesus." Henry remarked, "It is very blessed to be so near home, it is nothing to depart; the great thing is, if we tarry on our journey, to glorify God by the way."

Increasing sufferings, and bodily weakness, in no wise affected him. He was ever patient and submissive, always thankful for every kindness shown to him. He said, "It is right to thank people

for what they do; but I cannot give the creature all the thanks, the Lord, too, must be thanked." Such was the wondrous grace ministered to him, that he could say, "The Potter hath a right to do as He pleases with the clay."

The end was drawing near, apparently, and he was asked, "Is the Lord about to take you?" "Yes, I think He is; but all I can say is, 'My soul, wait thou only upon God'; it is no use my wishing to go before His time;" and with his usual bright smile, he added, "It will be a happy release when I'm off."

In all his protracted sufferings he was never known to murmur or complain. Nine years from the date of his accident, when taking a retrospect of what the Lord had brought him through, he said, "I have had plenty of bitter, and plenty of sweet, receiving it all as from the Lord." J. H. S.

The Believer's Security

THE security of the believer is to be measured by the place Christ occupies as a man before God in heaven.

What Sin Is

WE learn truly what sin is, not by our sense of it, but by God's measure, and this is nothing less than His own Son made sin for us and forsaken on the cross.

Christ's Care for His People

MEASURE not the Lord's care for you by your feeling of your need of Him, but by His own perfect heart of love.

Christ Our All

CHRIST is the center of heaven's happiness, and the sun of His people's affections.

How Christians May Live in Peace Together

THE Lord has left us an example as to this, He washed His disciples' feet, and bids us do to one another as He did to them. It was in the full conscious dignity of coming from God and going to God that He stooped thus low. If truly great in the power of God, we shall be able to humble ourselves to wash one another's feet. True Christian humility is sure evidence of being in God's presence; and we may also say, unless in God's presence, the Christian is not truly humble. Christian humility moves on in unselfish love, seeking the good of others, and by this service Christians live together in peace.

It Is As Clear As the Daylight

HAVING been asked by some friends to visit a poor old man of the age of seventy-two, living in a small hamlet in Wiltshire, I found him laid upon his bed in agonies of pain.

The poor man was so ill that the doctor had given him up, and all hope of his recovery was gone. I sat down by his side, speaking a little of his sufferings, and then said, "Well, my friend, I want to ask you a question: do you believe the truth of what God has said in His word concerning you, that you are, as an unconverted man, a guilty sinner, lost and ruined, before God?"

He answered, "I am very ill, and I want to be quiet; I do not wish anyone to talk to me." Poor man! the devil was blinding him as to his true condition, and, after a few moments of waiting upon God, I read a portion of Scripture, to which he listened very attentively. I then showed him what God's thoughts are concerning guilty man, and what is the awful doom of a lost soul. Having pressed solemnly upon him his condition as a guilty sinner, and the fact that if he died in his sins he would have to suffer for his sins throughout eternity, I commended him to God and left him.

Two days after I found him much weaker in body, and still unconcerned about his never-dying soul, and again sought to get at his conscience by the word of God, which is sharper than a two-edged sword, reminding him of what the apostle says, "It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God." (Heb. 10:31.)

After visiting him time after time, and finding him still in darkness, I wondered if the light of the glorious gospel of the grace of God ever would shine in. But at length God, through His blessed word, and by His Spirit, made known to the dying man his true character—a lost and guilty sinner; and when he was awakened to see himself in the light as God saw him, his cry was, "There is no one so vile as I am."

One evening, when telling him what God had done for the guilty, in that He had given His only-begotten Son Jesus Christ to make atonement for us by the shedding of His precious blood, and that He had raised Him from the dead, and glorified Him at His right hand in heaven, I added, "If Jesus came into the world to save sinners, did He come to save you?" He paused for a moment, and at last he said, "I see it now; it is as clear as the daylight. I do believe that Jesus died for me to put away my sins. I never saw it clear before. Bless the Lord, I shan't be lost!—He died to save me." Then with a few words of prayer, I thanked God for His wondrous grace in revealing Jesus as a Saviour to this poor dying soul, and was about to take my leave, when I asked him if we did not meet on earth whether I should have the joy of meeting him above. "Yes, we shall meet in heaven," he said, and I left him rejoicing in the Lord his Saviour.

I saw him again; his pains were much greater, but his faith in Jesus was the same. He said many times, "I long to go to Him; I am ready when the Lord sees fit to call me."

Dear reader, are you saved, or are you lost? If you die in your sins, you will have to appear before the great white throne; and then, O poor Christless soul, you will be banished from His presence

forever and ever. May the Lord awaken you, and give you power to see your need of a Saviour before it is too late! R. B.

Come Home!

HAVE you not wandered long enough, and gone far enough away from peace, and from happiness, and from God? You know you have. You have often felt that it is so; then why wander farther? Oh, come home, for it is God Himself who calls you. "But," you may say, "how would He have me come?" and you do well to ask this question. My friend, as God loves sinners He will not receive you unless you come just as you are; you must come as a sinner, or you cannot come at all. Suppose the poor prodigal in the parable, when he said, "I will arise, and go to my father," had added, "but I must first get dressed in new and beautiful attire:" do you think he would ever have gone back to his father? No; he must go, just as he was, a guilty, pitiable object, or perish in the far country. The prodigal had nothing to say to excuse his folly and sin, yet he resolved to go home, and cast himself upon his father's mercy, saying, "I have sinned." You know what came of it; you know how his father ran to meet him, and clasped him in his arms, and welcomed him. Think of this exquisite and touching picture of God's joy in receiving the returning sinner, and if you feel you have wandered too long away from Him, remember that the blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth from all sin. Delay not another hour, but come to Him who loves sinners, and is ready to receive and welcome you. T. T. P.

Soothing for a Troubled Heart

“Are you saved?”

“I wish I could say that I am; it is what I should like to be certain about.”

“If that is your sincere desire, and you are willing to be saved in God’s way, you need be in doubt no longer. Do you know your need of a Saviour?”

“I do.”

“Do you truly own in the presence of God that you are a ruined, guilty, helpless sinner?”

“I can say that I am totally unworthy of anything; in fact, I am so unfit that God would not receive me—I am such a sinner.”

“You are the very person whose case God has met; for Scripture says, ‘While we were yet sinners, Christ died for us.’” (Rom. 5:8.)

“But I have no love to God in my heart.”

“And God does not look for any from you until you have known and believed the love that God hath to you. It is written, ‘We love Him because He first loved us.’ The believer can say it was ‘When we were enemies that we were reconciled to God by the death of His Son.’” (Rom. 5:10)

“But I am so helpless to do anything that is right.”

“And that is your title to salvation, for, ‘When we were yet without strength, in due time Christ died for the ungodly.’ In whatever way you look at yourself the death of Christ meets your every need.”

“But I have broken the law of God, and earned its curse.”

“Granted that you have— ‘Christ hath redeemed us from the curse of the law, being made a curse for us.’” (Gal. 3:13.)

“Then what have I to do?”

“Nothing, but believe. ‘The word is nigh thee, even in thy mouth, and in thy heart... that if thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised Him from the dead, thou shalt be saved.’ (Rom. 10:8, 9.) You have only to believe God, and this salvation is yours.”

“But I am afraid I have no faith; in fact, I am sure I have no faith; and ‘Without faith it is impossible to please Him.’”

“Yes, it says so in Heb. 11:6. But now let us talk that verse over a little. Do you believe there is a God?”

“Most certainly I do.”

“Then you have faith that ‘God is.’ Now do you think that God would turn away one who is really seeking Him? Does it not say that ‘He is a rewarder of them that diligently seek Him’?”

“It does say so.”

“Let me point out to you where you are wrong. You make your sins, your merits, your feelings, your faith a saviour, instead of taking God’s word in its simplicity, and resting on the finished work of Christ. The true question is, ‘Did the Lord Jesus die?’”

“Yes, there is no doubt about that.”

“Now the next thing is, ‘for whom did He die?’”

“For sinners.”

“In 1 Tim. 1:15 we read, ‘This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.’ If you admit that you are a lost sinner, then you admit that He came to die for you, for He came to seek and to save that which is lost; and, in the end of 2 Cor. 5., we read, ‘God made Him to be sin for us, who knew no sin; that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him’—that is, God put the Lord Jesus in the believer’s place, the place of judgment, and He now gives us a place in Christ in heaven.

“If God says that when we were sinners, ungodly, lawbreakers, lawless, and captives, Christ died for us, by the blood shed on Calvary’s cross propitiation has been made, all God’s claims fully met, and the ground of justification fully established, so that God can now freely justify by the blood of Christ. (Rom. 5:9.)

“The question really is, Has Christ died? Is Christ risen? Has God accepted Him? Everything depends upon this. The word of God declares that He died for our sins according to the Scriptures, and He was raised for our justification, and by His one offering on the cross every claim is met.

“Do you need cleansing? ‘The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin.’ (1 John 1:7.)

“Do you need washing? He ‘hath washed us from our sins in His own blood.’ (Rev. 1:5.)

“Do you want to come into the presence of God? ‘We have boldness to enter into the holiest by the blood of Jesus.’ (Heb. 10:19.)

“Do you need a purged conscience? The blood of Christ, ‘who through the eternal Spirit offered Himself without spot to God,’ (Heb. 9:14.) purges the conscience from dead works to serve the living God.

“Do you want to be made nigh? WE are made nigh by the blood of Christ. (Eph. 2:13.)

“Do you want to be sanctified? ‘Jesus, that He might sanctify the people with His own blood, suffered without the gate.’ (Heb. 13:12.)

“Do you want peace? ‘He has made peace through the blood of His cross.’ (Col. 1:20).

“Do you feel the need of atonement? ‘It is the blood that maketh an atonement for the soul.’ (Lev. 12:11.)

“Can you not say, ‘All, all I need in Thee I find?’”

“Yes, I do see all these blessed things.”

“Let us now turn to Rom. 10:13, ‘Whosoever shall call upon the Name of the Lord shall be saved.’ Now ‘whosoever’ means anybody and everybody, without an exception; and for that very reason it means you. Now, if you say you cannot believe, can you just call upon the Name of the Lord? The feeblest, weakest call is salvation! for He does not say, if you call long, or call loud, or call with certain feelings. It is a simple, unvarnished statement, that leaves no room for a question: ‘Whosoever shall call upon the Name of the Lord shall be saved’—not hope to be, but the positive, emphatic statement is, ‘shall be saved.’”

Will you set to your seal that God is true, and believe the record simply, solely, and wholly, because it is written in the word of the living God, which liveth and abideth forever? H. N.

How I Got My Sins Forgiven

“I WRITE unto you, little children, because your sins are forgiven you for His Name’s sake.” The apostle John was an old man when he wrote these words. In his youth he had followed Jesus, and was called the disciple whom Jesus loved. After the other apostles had been put to death, John was still permitted to live, although banished to an island called Patmos. While living there alone, God made him write several letters with kind and loving messages to believers, whom the aged apostle loved to call little children.

I need not tell you that there are little children young in years, as well as young in Christ, whose sins are forgiven. Perhaps you, dear young readers, know that your sins are forgiven; or perhaps you know of some young companions whose sins are forgiven. If you do not remember anyone whom you play with now, can you not remember some whom Jesus has taken to be with Himself, who were not afraid to die because their sins were forgiven for His Name’s sake? I could tell you of several who are now with the Lord Jesus—some were my companions, some my little sisters—whom I expect to see when Jesus comes.

I well remember their sorrow about their sins, their repentance, and how, when they turned to the Lord, He forgave them, and when their sins were all forgiven, they did not fear death.

I well knew about little children who were troubled by reason of unforgiven sins, for I was one of them. I could not bear the thought of dying, because I knew I deserved to be cast into hell. I had done many wicked things, and indulged in many evil thoughts. God had said that the wages of sin is death, and that all liars shall have their portion in the lake of fire, and that whosoever loveth and maketh a lie shall be amongst the dogs outside the gates of His heavenly city.

I was sorely afraid lest I should die young. When a companion died I was glad it was not me. I knew that my father and mother had the forgiveness of sins, and would be in heaven; and I feared God would bring me unto judgment and reveal the secrets of my heart: and then that my parents would be parted from me forever—they would go into life eternal, and I into everlasting punishment!

One night, when in my room alone, my sins rose before me. I buried my head in the bed clothes, and tried hard to sleep. Then I dreamed that the judgment had come. I passed through darkness, and stood in a great company, where one after another was passing into judgment. I awaited my turn, and saw dark angels claiming some, who wept and cried aloud, and bright ones receiving others with joy. My turn was very near: it came, and I was carried forward into the presence of the Judge. One glance and I saw that it was the Lord Jesus; I saw His look of pity, but I knew. He must utter that awful word “Depart!” and I sank at His feet in all the agony of the feeling that I was hopelessly and eternally lost. Crying for mercy, I awoke.

I determined then that I would give over sinning, and try to please God and be a better boy; but every day I felt I was only adding new sins to the old list, and imagined that there could be no creature on earth so abominable in God’s sight as I.

In almost every possible way I tried to ease my conscience or to be better, and to commit fewer sins; but the more I tried to cleanse my ways the deeper I got into the mire, until I felt it was useless to hope that I could ever be fit for heaven, or become a child of God.

One day a Christian gentleman wrote me a letter, and at a glance I saw the subject of it, and put it away to read it when alone. He told me in that letter that he had seen my anxiety and fears, that he had been praying for me, and that I must come to see him.

The sympathy of that friend was as a precious ointment; I wept, and yet I was glad. The secret of years was found out—the cause of my unhappiness—and I felt I had a friend. He spoke to me of the mercy of God, that He could forgive sins; and afraid as I was of God I at once set about to pray for pardon and mercy.

The feeling of what a sinner I was, made me pray in secret, lest my friends should think that I was a saint. Thus days passed, but all my prayers seemed in vain; I was yet in my sins, and conjecturing reasons why God should not have mercy on me.

One day when at my accustomed task, crying for mercy, the utter hopelessness of my case crossed my mind. I saw myself in hell. Must I perish? In agony, almost distracted, I said, "If I could see Christ I would cast myself in all my wretchedness at His feet, and if I must perish it would be there." Then the word of the Lord came before my mind about blind Bartimaeus, who, in his blindness, cried to the Jesus He could not see; and there rose then before my heart the tender grace of the One to whom the blind man cried, as He stood still and commanded Bartimaeus to be called, and the question, "What will ye?" and the ready response to the poor man's wish.

I saw the Lord then in a new light, as I had never seen Him; it was not an angry God, but a gracious, kind, tender-hearted Saviour—Bartimaeus's friend—that I had before me. Could it be possible? I asked myself. Is that God? the God I hated and feared? I saw then that I had been doubly blind, and I uttered to God my shame, that I had not believed in His love and tenderness, but had such wrong and wicked thoughts about Him.

I asked forgiveness for the sins I could not reckon up, for they were more than the hairs of my head, and He forgave them all.

The burden of guilt was gone, I did not know myself, my heart was as light as a feather; I wept for joy alone there in that room and blessed God; thanked Him and wept again for very joy, calling the Lord Jesus all the sweet names my heart could imagine, for He was so precious to me. God was my Father now; I knew and felt the God, who gave Jesus that I might not perish, was to me a God of love, and I His child.

I drew up the blind, and far away in the west the sun was setting, the clouds were tinged with gold, and the thought of a heaven and a glory for me, for the first time broke in upon my heart—my delight was rapturous. Again I fell down on my knees and blessed God, who had given me the knowledge of forgiveness and the joy of His love and the hope of glory.

I could add much more, but write only to tell you how I got in amongst the little children whose sins are forgiven for His Name's sake.

Many years have come and gone since then, and the little child has been carried to gray hairs; but the burden of sin that was lifted off my heart that day has never come back, and the joy that was put into my heart by God has never gone away; and I think if there has been one thing more than another that I have blessed and thanked God for, it has been because, as a little child, He gave me to know my Saviour, and to get my sins forgiven.

If you, dear child, are yet in your sins, I pray my precious Saviour to send some word to you that your heart may be broken, and that you may be brought to Him who says to sinners, "I would, but ye would not;" who has stretched out His hands all the day; who complains that they will not come unto Him, that they may have life; who says, "Whosoever will, let him take of the water of life freely; him that cometh unto Me, I will no wise cast out." S. S.

Where's the Stairs?

TALKING, one Lord's Day afternoon, as we so often do in my class, about going to heaven, little Willie asked, "Where's the stairs?" Before I could answer the question, Louie, an intelligent little girl of six, said, in the most simple manner possible, as if there was not the least difficulty about the matter, "Oh, Jesus will take us up in His arms." "How sweetly true," I thought.

Then I added, "And Jesus is the stairs to heaven. Louie was right, for it is Jesus who takes us up to heaven, and brings us to His Father." Then Louie repeated the lovely verse— "I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life: no man cometh unto the Father but by Me"; and I told the children that Jesus calls Himself "The Way" because He came down to this earth from heaven, and is Himself the way to His Father.

Then I spoke of the young man who had to flee from his father's house because his brother meant to kill him; how that when night came on he was yet many, many miles from the safe place to which he was flying, and had to lay himself down to sleep on the cold earth, with stones for his pillow; how he fell asleep, and dreamed the most beautiful of dreams—a dream which was no mere dream, but a vision of God: for he saw in his dream "a ladder (or steps, or a stair) set up on the earth, and the top of it reached to heaven: and behold the angels of God ascending and descending on it." The Lord stood above it, and told the poor, homeless runaway that He would be with him wherever he went, and would by-and-by give him the land he was lying upon.

But we have not to climb stairs or a ladder to reach heaven, for Jesus Himself is the Way, and, as little Louie said, He will take us up in His arms.

Little Willie remembered what Louie said, for one morning, a good while after, in the day school, when the children were all standing with their hands folded reverently for prayer, just waiting for the word, "All eyes shut," and I was telling the very little ones that we were going to speak to the good, kind God, Willie said, "He do give us all our things. He'll take us up in His arms wi'out any stairs." E. B. R.

One of Jesus' Lambs

ISABELLA, when a child of about seven years old, was staying, with her aunt in Ireland. Her aunt, who relates the following little incident, is a true believer in the Lord Jesus Christ, and took a deep interest in observing the various tokens of a divine work in the little one's soul. These tokens were to be seen by her conduct in the ordinary little events of daily life, and best seen there too, perhaps, for little Isabella was by no means a demonstrative child. The Lord had touched her young heart, revealing Himself to her in so distinct a manner that she found in His great love a sweet resting-place and a secure abode; and to love Jesus in return was the most natural thing in the world.

She knew Him as her Saviour first, then as her Shepherd, her Lord, and her Friend. Whenever she needed care she went to Jesus; for of Him it is written: "He shall feed His flock like a shepherd; He shall gather the lambs with His arm, and carry them in His bosom." (Isa. 40:11). And when she needed sympathy and comfort, she looked to Jesus too, and, as the little hymn says,

"Found in Him a resting place."

How fully this little child realized the Lord's presence with her, a conversation remembered by her aunt will show.

Her aunt had often noticed that in accompanying her up and down stairs, little Isabella carefully left a space between herself and either the wall or the baluster; and, anxious to learn the reason of this, once asked her: "Why do you not walk quite close to the baluster, dear?"

"I want to leave room for Him, auntie," replied the child.

"And who is Him, dear?" her aunt again asked.

"Oh, Jesus, auntie; He goes up and down with me."

So near had the Lord drawn His precious lamb to Himself, that nothing was more real to her than His presence, and nothing so constant and faithful as His love; and now that she is no longer a child, the love of Christ is still her precious possession, and the thought of spending eternity with Him who so loved her, her bright hope. J. K.

Little Mary's Disappointment

ONE thing sometimes troubled little Mary: her frock and her bonnet were not quite as nice as those of her little companions! However, although she felt this, and often wished that her clothes were more gaily trimmed, she kept it to herself, for she believed that her mother knew best.

Her mother told her that she would get her a new hat; when it arrived little Mary felt choked, and her eyes filled with tears, and she quietly went to her room and there wept over her first disappointment.

Her mother asked what was the matter. Between her sobs Mary said, "Why, mamma, it is not as pretty as the rest of the little girls' hats."

Mary's mother drew her little girl gently to her bosom, and quietly said, "My child, you will never be beautiful until you see Jesus, and are like Himself," adding, "The Lord is soon coming, Mary, then papa and mamma are going to dwell with Him. What will become of you? Will He take you, too?"

About two years after this Mary wrote her aunt a letter, in which she related one of her dreams, about having seen the Lord Jesus coming in the clouds. She said, "Oh, auntie, He was so beautiful, He had a white, white garment, and He had little children in His arms and on His bosom, and I was so happy. When I awoke I thought I was in heaven." It was only a dream, but Mary added, "Auntie, I'm sure I shall go to be with Him when He comes, for I have believed on Him, and He has washed all my sins away in His precious blood."

Now, dear young reader, how is it with you? Are you looking forward to seeing Jesus? He will soon be here, and all our little pleasures should be entered into in the thought of His speedy coming. If Jesus is the bright hope of your young hearts, I am sure that, as it was with little Mary in her disappointment so it will be with you—you will be glad to please Him in pleasing your parents, and you will be wishing to see the Lord who loves you. M. L. A.

Look on the Fields

NOON-DAY heat is great even in England on a summer's day, but in Palestine and in eastern countries it is intense, and labor ceases there during the height of the sun. The laborers are resting in the shade of the olives, from the branch of one of which you can see the skin water bottle hanging. The field is white to harvest, and the reaping has begun. "Lift up your eyes, and look on the fields," said the Lord, "for they are white already to harvest" (John 4:35); and if you have observed ripe barley you can understand the meaning of white to harvest. Wheat is yellow or brown to harvest.

"Look on the fields;" look on the number of little boys and girls who have never heard of Jesus! Look on the countries where the heathen dwell—on the lands crowded with Mohammedans—on the lands filled with so-called Christians— "Look on the fields." Yes, look till your eyes fill with tears of sorrow.

Children who love the Lord can do something for Him. I saw several very small children in the fields at work during harvest. One little girl brought a laborer a drink of water; she could do no more, but she did what she could. A little lad was picking up a few dropped ears of corn; he was not like a strong man, able to handle the sickle, or to cast up a sheaf on to the cart, but he did what he could.

It is when all work together that work prospers. "Look on the fields," look on the needy and perishing, young and old must long to help. And when the Lord gives longings He will give strength also. It was Jesus who said, "Look on the fields." He had just been telling one poor woman of God, His Father, and of Himself, the living water. It was hot noon-day when He thus spoke to her, and the joy of so speaking was to Him "bread to eat." He was very tired, but when He began to speak to the poor woman He became refreshed. So will all find it who love the Lord and follow Him.

"Look on the fields." Is there not a little boy or girl whom you can help? One to whom you may take the cup of cold water, or here and there a stray ear of corn which you may gather up for Jesus?

So many are like the laborers in our picture, resting because the day is hot, weary or at ease.

Obedience and Happiness

WHY is little Willie such a bright and happy boy? The secret is, he is obedient. A child determined to have his own way is always miserable, and the more he gets of his own way the more miserable he becomes.

It is not God's way that young or old should find happiness in self-will. Now while this is true as to the affairs of your homes, and with your parents or instructors, it is true in the fullest sense amongst the children of God. The obedient child is the happy one. There is a pleasure to be had from obedience, which tastes sweeter than anything else on earth.

Do you love the will of God? Then how sweet it is to do what He bids you. You see a little boy running to do what his mother bids him, and skipping and singing as he goes. He loves his mother's will, and is happy in doing it.

Jesus was full of joy when on this earth, and He tells us of "His" joy. A cross-looking Christian child does dishonor to the Lord by his very looks. How strange it seems that when upon a sickbed many a fretful face becomes gentle and peaceful! The reason is, that the little invalid has given up his own will, and lies patient and submissive.

We do very earnestly ask you, our dear young readers, who love the Lord, to seek in obedience to Him true Christian happiness.

True Stories of God's Servants: The End

YEARS passed by and Farel labored on. We hear of him at Montbeliard, again at Metz, and at Geneva, in Germany, and in various French towns near the borders of Germany and Switzerland. At last, in 1553, when he was 64 years old, the tidings reached Geneva that Farel was dying at Neuchatel.

Calvin, who so fervently loved him, hastened to his side. He stayed with him for a few days, and then he left him. He could not bear to see him die. But the Lord answered the prayers of many of His people, and Farel recovered. In a little while he was preaching as before.

In the year 1560 some of the people of Gap arrived at Neuchatel, and entreated him to come amongst them once more.

The old man set off, with a Bible and a staff, and was soon preaching by the hill sides, in the mills and fields, and in the streets and markets.

Having preached for a while in the marketplace of Gap, he was entreated to preach in a large chapel. Very soon, however, an edict was passed by the French Government, forbidding all such preaching, excepting in private houses. But as the chapel was the only place capable of containing the crowds who came to hear, Farel preached there still.

An order was sent to the king's proctor at Gap to seize the heretic preacher. But the proctor had himself believed the blessed tidings of the love of God and he would not lay hands upon Farel. Another proctor was sent, and with a company of officers and many armed sergeants, he proceeded to the "Chapel of the Holy Dove." The sergeants knocked loudly at the door, which was shut and locked. As no one opened it, they forced it in, and found the chapel crowded from end to end. But every eye remained fixed upon the preacher. No one moved, and Farel preached on. The sergeants made their way through the crowd, rushed upon the pulpit, and seized the preacher, "with the crime in his hand." "The crime" was the Bible.

He was carried off and locked up in a dark dungeon. By what means the gospellers succeeded in rescuing him from his prison I cannot tell you. But by some means or another, he was carried off by them in the course of the night. They took him through the dark streets to the ramparts, and, like one of old, "he was let down the wall in a basket." Other gospellers were waiting to receive him, and they conducted him safely back to Neuchatel.

But the next year we find him again amongst the hills of Dauphine. Another edict had been passed, allowing the gospellers to meet in the open air, provided the king's officers were allowed to be present. Just as in the old times the village people had flocked to the holy cross on the hill at the Tallard, so now they came from far and near to hear of Him who hung upon the cross of Calvary to put away their sins.

And amongst them came none other than the old Bishop of Gap. We are told by a priest, who wrote the story of those days, how this old man rose up when the sermon was over, and cast upon

the ground the miter he had worn and the crosier he had carried for five and thirty years. He trod them under his feet, and said he would follow the Lord Jesus with William Farel.

Very soon was he put to the test. Terrible massacres of the gospelers had begun in the neighborhood of Gap. The little flock of believers met together, and decided to leave their homes and fly to a place of safety. They set out, four hundred in number. At the head of the band marched the two old men William Farel and Gabriel de Clermont, once Bishop of Gap.

But the seed which had been sown sprang up when the gospelers were gone. And from that day to this light has never been extinguished in Farel's beloved Dauphine.

In the spring of 1564 a letter was brought to Farel from his beloved friend John Calvin.

"Farewell," wrote Calvin, "farewell, my best and truest brother. Since it is the Lord's will you should live when I am gone, never forget our friendship, which, so far as it has been useful to the church of God, will bear fruit in eternity. Do not, I entreat, weary yourself by coming to see me. I breathe with difficulty, and I expect every moment to depart hence. I am well satisfied that I live and die in Christ. To you and the brethren, once more, farewell."

Farel set off at once for Geneva. He found Calvin still alive. Once more they spoke together of the Lord whom they loved. And a few days later Calvin was absent from the body and present with the Lord.

Farel's task, too, was nearly done. He was now 75 years old. His ceaseless labors might have worn out many a stronger man. But till his Master called him hence, he would work on.

When Calvin was gone, Farel set out on his last journey to Metz. It was still at the peril of his life that he went there "to sow his tares," as said the bishop. But he was fearless as ever; and his preaching at Metz was with a power and freshness that cheered and stirred up the persecuted flock.

After one of these sermons he sank down exhausted. It was as much as his friends could do to carry him back to Neuchatel. There he lay for some time, too weak to move. But his room was thronged with those who loved him for his work's sake, and who came once more to look on his beloved face, and to hear his last words.

On September 13, 1565, he passed away into the presence of his Lord. It was 15 months after the death of Calvin, and he was about 76 years old.

He was buried in the churchyard of Neuchatel. But his grave is now unknown, except to Him who will ere long call him forth to meet Him in the air.

Those who visited him in this last illness had had a foretaste of heaven which they could never forget. Christ had been magnified in his body, both by life and by death.

"Those who saw him," we are told, "went away glorifying God."

He had given directions that his body should be laid in the churchyard, "until that God shall call it forth from the corruption here below, and bring it alive into the glory of heaven."

There was great mourning for "Father Farel."

Thus do we end our story of one who sought no higher honor here below than to be a workman “approved of God,” who desired no other joy than that the Lord Jesus Christ should be glorified. “It is not,” he said, “the wealth, and the honor, and the pleasure of this world that are set before us, but to serve the Lord, and that alone.”

And according to his faith, so was it to William Farel. He had the love of those to whom Christ was dear, but besides that, his reward here below was reproach and shame, insult and hatred, suffering, and toil. And whilst the names of Luther and Calvin are everywhere spoken of and their history everywhere told, there are comparatively few who have heard of the fifty years’ labor of William Farel. Few men perhaps have been, in proportion to their work, so speedily forgotten. Whilst Luther’s books are everywhere to be had, the few writings of William Farel are almost unknown.

There may be perhaps one reason for this which we little like to own. But is it not true that the message with which Farel was sent is one from which the heart of man will shrink, not only in Popish countries, but in Protestant countries also! F. B.

The Infidel Won

Two young Christian sisters lived with, and were dependent upon, their brother, an avowed infidel. He strictly forbade them to allow any of their Christian friends to come to the house.

One day, an old woman, poor in this world but rich in faith, came unawares to see them. While they were conversing together, the brother unexpectedly entered. He looked angrily at them, and was about to give vent to his wrath, when one of the sisters, taking her aged visitor by the hand, gently said, "Brother, allow me to introduce you to the daughter of a king!"

Comprehending her meaning, he at once, without saying a word, left the room. These words, "the daughter of a king!" struck home, and led him to ask himself the question, "What am I?" A still small voice answered, "A slave to Satan and sin."

Deep was the anguish of his soul, as he thought of the sins of his past life, of how he had despised the Son of God, and mocked at true religion, and refused subjection to "the King of Kings and Lord of Lords."

That night he never slept, but it was said of him in heaven, "Behold, he prayeth!" and during those wakeful hours he was watched with deep and loving interest by the merciful God who never slumbereth nor sleepeth.

Shortly after this, he who had so lately groaned beneath a load of sin, was enabled to believe to the saving of his soul. Taking up his sister's Bible (a book hitherto despised by him), he opened it, and his eyes fell on the words, "The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin." He was enabled to believe that the message of peace was true for him, that it is indeed "a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners."

"Lord, Thou hast won; at length I yield

My heart, by mighty grace compelled,

Surrenders all to Thee.

Now, Lord, I would be Thine alone,

Come, take possession of Thine own,

For Thou hast set me free,

Released from Satan's hard command

To be employed by Thee."

Such was the character of his soul he did not hide the light given him from above, but let it shine brightly around, thus leading others to the Saviour whom he had found.

Reader, have you joined this heavenly band who, saved in time for eternity, find their delight in doing the will of their God? The little band may seem poor, and mean, and despised now, but before long they shall enter the glory above.

Even as when He tarried on earth, the Son of God is this day saying, "Come!" Turn not away from that invitation, but come just as you are, saying, "Here am I, Lord, take me, even me." K. R.

Peace With God Through Jesus Christ

ABOUT half-a-dozen young men were sitting one evening in a comfortably furnished room, where they had assembled in response to the kind invitation of a dear servant of God, whose pleasure was it thus to gather young people together, and then to speak to them of the Lord Jesus.

Most of these young men knew the Lord as their Saviour, but one of the number had come there for the first time, and was as yet a stranger to the knowledge of His grace.

When all were comfortably seated, their host began to speak to one, who was a believer, asking him, gently and affectionately, how he was getting on in the ways of the Lord; and then he answered the young man's replies by sweet Christian counsel.

Turning to the stranger, he afterward for a few moments spoke to him in such a manner as to win his confidence, and then put to him the all-important question, "Do you know Jesus as your Saviour?"

The young man had often heard the gospel preached, had attended prayer-meetings, and had often wished he were a Christian. But this earnest question produced a feeling in his heart never experienced before. Bursting into tears, he replied, "No; but I only wish I did."

His kind instructor then, in simple words, told the sweet story of Jesus and His love.

The young man had "come to himself"; he had found he was in "a far country," but he had not yet arisen and gone to his Father.

On his way he thought of the prodigal, and began himself to say, "I will arise and go to my Father."

When he arrived he found his father reading aloud a portion of the Scriptures. After listening attentively until his father had finished reading, he took the Bible himself, and read the fifteenth chapter of Luke's gospel.

When the next morning came, Satan sought to remove the impressions of the past evening but a power stronger than Satan's way drawing this young man, and by the grace of God, while at his daily work, he determined to seek the Lord.

Like many more, he at first sought to do something to merit God's salvation; but he only found disappointment and sorrow. Acting on the advice of a friend, he shut himself up in his room, determined not to sleep until he had found peace. He studied, he prayed, yet again he was disappointed. Why? Because he was trying by efforts of his own to win peace, instead of simply coming to Him who is our peace.

He turned to the word of God, seeking to find something that would give him the peace he so longed after. There he read, "That ye might believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God; and that believing ye might have life through His name." (John 20:31.) By the eye of faith he looked to Jesus, and he found through Him peace with God.

He had no joy, no peace, no rest, until he saw that Jesus made peace by the blood of His cross, and that He is the sinner's only refuge.

It is his joy now to sit at the feet of Jesus, and to learn of Him; ready to rise at His bidding, to serve Him, and to tell to those who will listen the story of God's wondrous love to man displayed upon the cross.

Dear reader, will you refuse the love of Jesus? His is the joy of bringing even the wanderer home, upon His shoulders, with rejoicing! Oh, come to Jesus now, and you shall be saved, even as others! A. J.

Do Let Me in

MRS. S. lay dying in the infirmary connected with the C— workhouse, and it was said that her illness, which was a very painful one, had been caused by drink. She had a husband and a family of children, but she had lived a godless, careless life, and now she had come to the workhouse to die.

In the same ward with poor Mrs. S. was an elderly Christian woman, whose name was Mrs. C. She had become a patient in the infirmary on account of weakness in one of her legs, and she was much interested in the dying woman. One night Mrs. S. was in greater pain than usual, and asked Mrs. C. to rub her. The request was complied with, and while Mrs. C. was thus trying to soothe the poor sufferer, she remarked, "The only One that can really help you is the Lord Jesus Christ. Why do you not pray to Him?"

Mrs. S. answered, "I do; but I am so wicked."

"Then," said Mrs. C., "you are just the sort. He came to save sinners. You know we cannot help you, but I will pray for you." And even as Mrs. C. spoke, she thought of the woman "which was a sinner" (Luke 7.3 7) who drew near to the Lord, washed His feet with tears, kissed them, and anointed them with the precious ointment, and heard from His lips the blessed words, "Thy sins are forgiven." Oh! what a relief it is to the heart to be able to go to the Lord in prayer, and tell Him everything. Mrs. C. earnestly besought Him to draw this poor erring one to Himself, and speak peace to her troubled soul.

Mrs. S. slept during the greater part of the next day, and the nurse said she believed that she was "going soon." At night she was worse, and at midnight she began to cry out with great vehemence to the other patients, "Do pray for me, oh, do pray for me!" And then, in piercing tones, she exclaimed, "Lord Jesus, do let me in! I do believe!" Over and over again she cried, "Do let me in!" and in the solemn hours of night these imploring words rang out many times, and were heard by Mrs. C., who was herself crying to the Lord to answer the half-despairing petitions of the dying woman. "Do let me in, Lord I do let me in!" again she cried, and then there was silence for more than an hour.

Suddenly, in distinct tones, Mrs. S. said, "He has let me in! He has let me in!" and these were the last words she spoke.

When the nurse went up to the bedside, she exclaimed, "Oh, she is gone!" And then Mrs. C. thought to herself that this poor deplorable sinner had gone indeed, not only away from the humble workhouse bed, but to the presence of the Lord. H. L. T.

From Infidelity to Christ

THE case of H. had much interested the writer and several Christians who were in the habit of visiting him. He was an intelligent man, about forty years old, rather deaf, very reserved, and evidently quite unwilling to listen to the sweet story of the love of Christ; but he was very ill, and those who knew in some measure the value of the sou. could not bear to leave him alone.

Nearing his house one day, and quite dreading to meet him, I prayed earnestly that I might not be admitted unless the Lord had a message for him through me. The answer came quickly; quite contrary to his usual custom, H. spoke freely—told me that he was trusting in his repentance and good works, and quoted, as though it were his creed, the sentence, “Hard work and fair play are next to prayer.”

I pleaded earnestly with him, repeating the text, “Your righteousnesses are as filthy rags,” and said, “You would not venture into the queen’s presence clothed in garments unfit for that presence, and yet you are going into the presence of God clothed in what He calls ‘filthy rags.’” God’s word went home like an arrow; he was thoroughly broken down, and groaned like a man who feels the very ground slipping from under his feet.

The next time I saw him he said quietly, “It (meaning his own righteousness) may do for my neighbor, but it won’t do for God.”

After this, another Christian visited H. and God blessed his words to bring his soul into peace.

Next time I called all was changed. He was occupied with Christ alone—Christ risen—Christ in glory—Christ pleading for him. Indeed, so absorbed was he with the glorious theme that he seemed to have forgotten himself and even the fact of his being saved.

After this, I never remember hearing him express a doubt of his safety. All reserve was gone, and he loved to speak of his past life, and of God’s dealings with him. He said that what led him to decide was the remembrance of a text learned in his boyhood— “My Spirit shall not always strive with man”; and he thought, “If I don’t yield now, this may be my last chance.”

H. had been a deep thinker, fond of reading, and taking great delight in God’s works in creation, but an infidel friend with whom he had worked, had drawn him aside. This resulted in his eagerly reading the books, and hearing the lectures of avowed unbelievers, until he was lost in a maze of bewildering doubt. He even left his wife for some time, because she would not embrace his views, saying that a house divided against itself could never stand.

A publication which came in his way was the first means of shaking his infidelity, and gradually God led him on by His Spirit, till, with the simple faith of a little child, he trusted the Lord Jesus and was happy, resting in perfect peace after the long dark years of doubt and uncertainty.

It was good to visit him during the last few months of his life, and to see how he glorified God in the midst of intense suffering. He was most earnest in urging his wife to come to Christ, and to train up

their only child for Him. One of the last days I saw him, his wife said to me, "He's much lower than last time you called"; he caught the words, and said, most expressively, "I'm lower, but I'm better."

"You mean you will soon be home?"

"Yes, I shall soon be with the Lord."

As the end came he spoke to his wife of nearing "the great river," but said he knew the Lord would meet him at the landing place, and added, "Mary, you can come too." As he himself remarked, "How dark the death bed would be without hope"; but the Lord Himself had plucked him as a brand from the burning fire. C. S.

A Matter of Fact

WHEN a Christian begins to fancy that he is somebody as a Christian, he will have to learn that he is less than nothing. God is a jealous God, and abhors pride, and nowhere more than in His children; and deal He will with His children who walk in pride: them He is able to abase. It is not only men of the world or evil spirits in whom He breaks down pride.

True Holiness

TRUE holiness evidences itself by separation from that which is evil on the one hand, and by occupation with that which is good on the other.

The True Test

CHRIST is the perfect Saviour for sinners, the perfect example for saints, and the perfect Man to whose image they will be conformed. There is nothing less than Christ known in the standard of true Christianity. "What think ye of Christ?" tests all religion, and religion that will not stand the test of being all Christ is poor indeed. As sinners, it must be all Christ, or there is no salvation for us; as a saint on the earth, it must be walking as Christ walked, and no lower principle, or there will be looseness; while what He is in glory is the prospect of what we shall be.

“Have Mercy on Me.”

THIS was the cry of Bartimaeus, the blind beggar of Jericho. Jesus was passing by, and the blind man knew it was his one opportunity, and cried, “Have mercy on me.” There is all the difference possible between a general owning how bad we all are, and ourselves individually crying to Jesus for mercy for our very selves. Have you been thus before the Saviour? The blind man wanted and found mercy for himself.

Helping Words

“DID you say that all who believe on the Lord Jesus Christ have eternal life?”

Scripture says so (John 3:36), “He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life.” We will notice some things about eternal life. First, it comes to us in the way of righteousness. Grace is reigning “through righteousness unto eternal life by Jesus Christ our Lord.” (Rom. 5:21.) God has made His beloved Son to be sin, and by the means of the cross of Christ a righteousness suited to God Himself has been made on behalf of the sinner; and on the ground of this righteousness, which has satisfied God’s claims and met the sinner’s need, God is from His throne proclaiming that eternal life is a free gift. “The gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord.” (Rom. 6:23.) God stands towards the sinner as a giver. What does a giver require but a suited receiver? And it is to those who are perishing that God gives eternal life.

“Your life is hid with Christ in God” (Col. 3:3); there is its eternal security. No power on earth or hell can touch it; so that if we want to know where the believer’s life is, we look up to heaven and see by faith the glorified Person of the Lord Jesus Christ at the right hand of God.

God has specially said, by His servant John, “These things have I written unto you that believe on the name of the Son of God; that ye may know that ye have eternal life” (1 John 5:13), in order to give the believer a full, certain, present knowledge of the possession of life.

Paul, the chief of sinners, says, “I know whom I have believed” (2 Tim. 1:12); and also asserts of real Christians that “We have received the Spirit which is of God, that we might know the things that are freely given to us of God.” (1 Cor. 2:12.) God, who has given us eternal life, has written to tell us that we have it, and has sent the Holy Ghost to give us the happy consciousness of the things so freely given.

“But,” it may be asked, “are there any means by which I may know that I have this blessed gift?”

The apostle John gives us a very sweet and simple test by which a Christian may know if he has eternal life. “We know that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren.” (1 John 3:14.) Do you really from your heart prefer the company of the people of God to that of any others simply because they are His people? I well remember the time when I would rather be anywhere else than in the company of those who made Christ their theme. Now, through God’s grace, it is my joy to be with those who love Him? Is it yours? Paul, Peter, and John give it as a mark of a child of God. Loving the brethren will not save you, but John tells us that this is a sure sign to indicate those who are saved. Again, Peter says, “Ye have purified your souls in obeying the truth through the Spirit unto unfeigned love of the brethren.” (2 Peter 1:22). Paul also gives thanks to God: “Since we heard of your faith in Christ Jesus, and of the love which ye have to all the saints.” (Col. 1:3,4.) We can quote only a few passages. Let the reader take a pencil and underline in his Bible all the texts in which the word “know” occurs; and, if honest, he can never utter such a sentiment as this— “I cannot tell whether I have eternal life, and I do not think there are many who can do so.”

God has written with the utmost clearness, and with the most divine certainty, the precious assurance in His word that, "We know that the Son of God is come, and hath given us an understanding, that we may know Him that is true, and we are in Him that is true, even in His Son Jesus Christ. This is the true God, and eternal life." (1 John 5:20.)

In the Truth

SOME Christians keep themselves afloat in the fullness of their blessings by means of artificial support, as do make-believe swimmers when out of their depth. But there are others who are thoroughly at home, as it were, in the fathomless ocean of divine love. In it they disport themselves as in their native element.

Three Solemn Questions

WE close our volume with these three questions:

What shall it profit a man if he should gain the whole world and lose his own soul?

What shall it profit you, poor, unsaved sinner? You will never gain very much of the world—at the most, only a little money, honor, glory. Do, we entreat you, meditate upon this solemn inquiry which Jesus, the Lord of all, puts before you: What will all that the world can give you profit you if you lose your soul? “There is surely no harm in this,” said a worldly man to a Christian. “Well,” he replied, “but suppose it should cost you your soul!” You may think lightly of the way you live for your daily pleasures, but suppose you die as you are, and are lost?

What must I do to be saved? You are lost in sin already, but you may be saved. Your soul is not where there is no hope. Can you answer this second question? It is the question of all questions for you, poor unsaved sinner.

The Saviour of sinners died that we might live; He gave Himself to save the lost. Being lost, you cannot save yourself. If you could save yourself you would not need a Saviour. Look off from every hope in self, look alone to Jesus, crucified for sinners, and now in heaven, having finished the work of salvation. He is the perfect Saviour, the willing Saviour, able and ready to save you now, just as you are. While there is opportunity, oh! be entreated. “Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.”

How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation? Who can answer this solemn inquiry? Suppose you trifle with salvation, and play with time, and suddenly awake in eternity! Ah! sinner, it will be in eternity that this tremendous question will be groaned out. How shall we escape? How! Ages will roll on, and on, and on, but no one will find an answer—no one can say how escape can be. If you neglect Jesus, the Saviour, now, and die lost, you must remain lost—hopelessly, eternally lost.

Five Beautiful Pearls

I WAS sitting in the dining room reading my Bible, when a little girl, whom I shall call Mary, came in for some school book which she had left there. She was about seven years of age. As soon as she saw me in the room she came to me as usual, and we soon began to speak about Jesus.

As we were speaking, I said, "Suppose the Lord were to come tonight, Mary?"

She immediately replied, "Oh, it would be all right, Mr. E., I should go with Him."

"Should you, indeed?"

"Yes, I should."

"But what about all your sins, Mary?"

"Oh, Jesus has washed all my sins away in His blood."

"Never you don't mean it, do you?" I said, feeling a little surprised.

"Oh, yes, I do."

"You would not be afraid, then, if Jesus were to come today?"

"Oh, no, not at all."

"Well, tell me, when did this take place—when did you first come to know that all your sins were forgiven?"

"It was when you were here last year, one Sunday evening, just before I got my supper."

"Indeed!" I said, expressing more surprise than ever.

"Yes," she replied; "and would you like to know the verse?"

"Very much," I replied. So she jumped upon a chair and reached the Bible, and turning over its leaves, she found John 5:24, and read it to me: "Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that heareth My word, and believeth on Him that sent Me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation; but is passed from death unto life."

As soon as she had finished reading, she looked up and said, "That was the verse. It was that night you preached from that text, and spoke about the five beautiful pearls linked together. I was never sure till that night, but I have never doubted it since."

I could only lift up my heart to God, to thank Him for revealing His truth to babes, while it is hidden from the wise and prudent. (Matt. 11:25.)

Now, I would ask my readers to take their Bibles and read John 5:24. Look carefully at the verse, and note the five things that Jesus has linked together: HEARETH, BELIEVETH, HATH, SHALL

NOT, IS, and remember that any person who hears the word of Christ, and believes the Father who sent Jesus, gets the other three blessings, for they are all linked together, like five beautiful pearls on a gold ring. And whoever gets one or two gets all, for they go together. W. E.

A Dying Girl's Message

"OH, Susie, do tell everyone to believe in Jesus whilst they are in health; entreat them not to leave it to a deathbed!"

These words were uttered by a lovely girl, scarcely sixteen years old. I can picture her now, as she sat propped up with pillows, and can remember how her anxious sad face touched me to the heart, as she kept saying, "I am afraid to die; how I wish I could believe! Do tell me what it is to believe."

Satan tried to make her believe that, as she had refused to seek the Saviour when she was in no immediate danger, the Lord would not have mercy on her now. Up to this time poor Katie, in spite of her delicate health, would not give her precious soul one serious thought, although the Lord had blessed her with Christian parents, and several of her brothers and sisters were converted. She imagined that if she gave her heart to Christ, and thought about good things, she would never live to be a woman. She thought that all serious young girls were cut off early, and Katie did not want to die.

One physician after another was consulted, but still she grew thinner, and more fragile, and her cough seemed to try her more than ever. At last she herself suggested a change of air, and was soon on her way to the seaside, under the care of an elder sister. Just before she left home, I felt led to write poor Katie a letter, entreating her not to let Satan delude her with vain hopes of recovery, for I felt assured that her time was very short, and begging her not to put off seeking the Saviour. I heard that she was exceedingly angry with my letter, and said, "What a stupid thing Susie is! I will show her that I am not going to die."

The change by the seaside seemed to do wonders for her, and she came home full of spirits and hope; but this did not last long, she rapidly became worse, and as death in all its reality came before her, she said, in great terror, "I am afraid to die." I received a letter by the next post, asking me to come as quickly as possible, as dear Katie was so very anxious to find the Saviour. The dear ones around had told her how willing Jesus was to save her, but Katie asked, with Nicodemus of old, "How can it be?"

When I arrived, I found her in the state described at the beginning of this little narrative.

"It is very simple, dear," I said; "I will read you the very words of the Lord Jesus." (John 3:14, 15). This, with many more precious passages of God's word, were set before her, but the dear girl could not "set to her seal that God was true," and so she remained in agony of soul, fearing every minute might be her last, and knowing that she was not saved. Earnest prayer was made on her behalf by several friends who visited her, and tried to make the way of salvation plain. Ah, how welcome such visits were now to poor Katie! A few weeks before, her heart was at enmity with God's people, and she would have treated them with contempt, but now that an endless eternity stared her in the face all was altered.

Dear unsaved reader, let me entreat you to weigh this question seriously, "How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation?" Do not leave thinking of it until you come to a deathbed; the pain of body will be quite enough to bear without the terror of meeting God in your sins.

Katie lingered, as the doctor had said she might, a little more than three weeks. I cannot describe what an agony of soul she was in all this time, nor how earnestly she would listen whilst we told her of the Saviour's love; but she could not trust in Jesus. Just twenty-four hours before she died, God in His great mercy gave her peace. It was on a Lord's day morning that she said to one who sat beside her, "What shall I do? I am afraid I never shall believe. Oh, what would I not give to know that I was saved!"

"What!" said her friend, "can you not rest your soul upon one of God's promises? Do take this passage, 'Whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved.'"

Katie immediately said, "Lord Jesus, have mercy upon me, a sinner," repeating the words three times, as loud as she possibly could. After this she lay very quietly for a considerable time, and when she next spoke, she said, "I can see it all now, I can rest in Jesus."

The disease was making rapid progress; her friends saw a great change. I was again sent for, and arrived about two hours before she fell asleep. I need not tell you how delighted I was to hear Katie say, "I can trust in Jesus now, Susie!" She did not appear to have much joy, but was calmly happy, resting in the Lord, and so, in a few hours, she passed away to be with Him. S.P.

Fleeing for Refuge

JUST saved, but only just saved! Had he been a moment later the sword would have slain him. But he has reached the open gates willing, outstretched hands have drawn him into safety—the avenger cannot touch him now: the fugitive is in the City of Refuge.

Had we lived in the days of Joshua we might have often seen such a sight as is here pictured, for the Lord appointed six cities in the land of Israel where any man who had slain another by accident might run for safety. In that land, in those days, if any man by hap caused another's death, the relations of the slain man had a right to catch the transgressor and kill him. Hence the Lord set aside certain cities in His land into which the manslayer might flee for refuge, and, having entered the City of Refuge, the judges decided whether the manslayer had willfully or accidentally caused the death of the person slain. The willful act was not forgiven: the punishment was like the crime—death.

We read in the New Testament, “We might have a strong consolation, who have fled for refuge to lay hold upon the hope set before us.” (Heb. 6:18.) Who, think you, are there who so flee? I saw a little child run as fast as ever it could to the open door of the cottage where its mother was! That child was fleeing for refuge. Strong men also run into places of safety. Why do they make such haste? Because they fear danger. And those who fear the wrath to come flee from it—they escape as for their lives. Oh! children, be in earnest. Dear boys and girls, you will not live here forever—you have sinned, and you need to flee for refuge, where harm and wrath never come.

God has a safe place ready for all who flee for refuge. Had the man loitered and waited his time, the avenger would have caught and slain him; but, you see, he is running with all his strength—he is fleeing for his life from the sword to the City of Refuge.

Not one of you has ever really and earnestly sought salvation and been denied. Those who have read our pages this year, and cannot yet say, “We are safe in Christ,” have not yet fled to Him. Do you think, with the sword pursuing him, that the man would stop to pluck the flowers by the roadside, or to chat with the passersby? No; he would, in downright earnestness, escape for his life.

Do you think he would be satisfied because he was running so swiftly, and say, “Oh! I am doing my best; I am in earnest”? No, indeed, he would never rest till he was really in the city. It would be no use stopping short halfway, or even a step outside the gates—the man could never be safe until in the city.

We beg of you, be earnest, but be sure you are in Christ, for not your earnestness, but Christ, saves you. Whoever believes on Him in heart is safe—safe for ever. Perhaps the man, when he had entered the city, might fancy in his dreams he was still running for his life, but being in the City of Refuge he would be safe. His thoughts or fears would not alter the fact of his being in the city, and because in it, safe. A little boy, who had been on the sea in a boat, fancied he was there, tossing about, when he was safely in his bed. He was half asleep and afraid, but he was quite safe

and at home all the same. So many a child of God fancies he is not safe, because he thinks much of his own fears, and believes little the gracious word of God.

Dear young friends who believe on Jesus, who have fled to Him for refuge, you are quite safe, and there is strong consolation, strong comfort for you. The destroyer could not enter the gates of the City of Refuge, there the fugitive was protected by strong walls. You are compassed about with strong consolation, and you may sit down and thank God. Yes! and seek to live for Him. He looks for your happy and willing service of love, and in that service of love you will find perfect happiness.

As we bid you farewell this year, we most earnestly entreat every one of you, who is not yet in the City of Refuge, never to rest till he or she is in the happy place of safety.

Supposed Sight of Emmaus

There are difficulties in the way of determining where Emmaus stood, but the name of the village will ever fill the Christian's heart with sweet associations. Distant from Jerusalem some seven and a half miles, this place was the proposed destination of two of Christ's disciples the first Lord's day.

As they conversed, a stranger to their eyes drew near. His words of sympathy at once opened their hearts, and they told him their distress, and he, in reply, unfolded to them the Scriptures.

Though they knew it not, the apparent stranger was the Good Shepherd, who had died for the sheep, and, by the Father's commandment, had not only laid down His life, but taken it again. At their request, He sat at meat with them in Emmaus, and, breaking bread, blessed; and their eyes were opened, and they knew it was Jesus.

With this blessed assurance they rose up, and at once retraced their steps, with burning hearts, to tell the disciples and the little company gathered with them of the risen Jesus, and in turn to hear from them the welcome words, "The Lord is risen indeed!"

Now this is not mere history. Historically true the record is, but it is ministry as well as history—the ministry of the Lord, the Shepherd, gathering His sheep, who had been scattered at the time of His cross. And in the gracious ministry of Jesus, we find what is as much for ourselves as for the two disciples!

He joins Himself in spirit to us as we walk by the way, and enquires the subject of our discourse, asks the why and the wherefore of our doubts, and the sadness of heart which is theirs, who knew Him not risen from among the dead. By His Spirit He opens the Scriptures to His own, and their understandings to the Scriptures, and more, reveals Himself in the Scriptures to their souls.

None amongst His own have ever had their hearts engaged with Him to whom He has not made Himself known. "The law of Moses and the prophets, and the Psalms," all testify of Him—the sacred record has His name inscribed on its every page. Have we not heard His voice talking with us by the way, and opening to us the Scriptures? And did not our hearts burn within us?

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