

# *Faithful Words*

*For OLD and YOUNG.*



LONDON:

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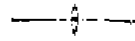
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XXIV.

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## TO THE READER,

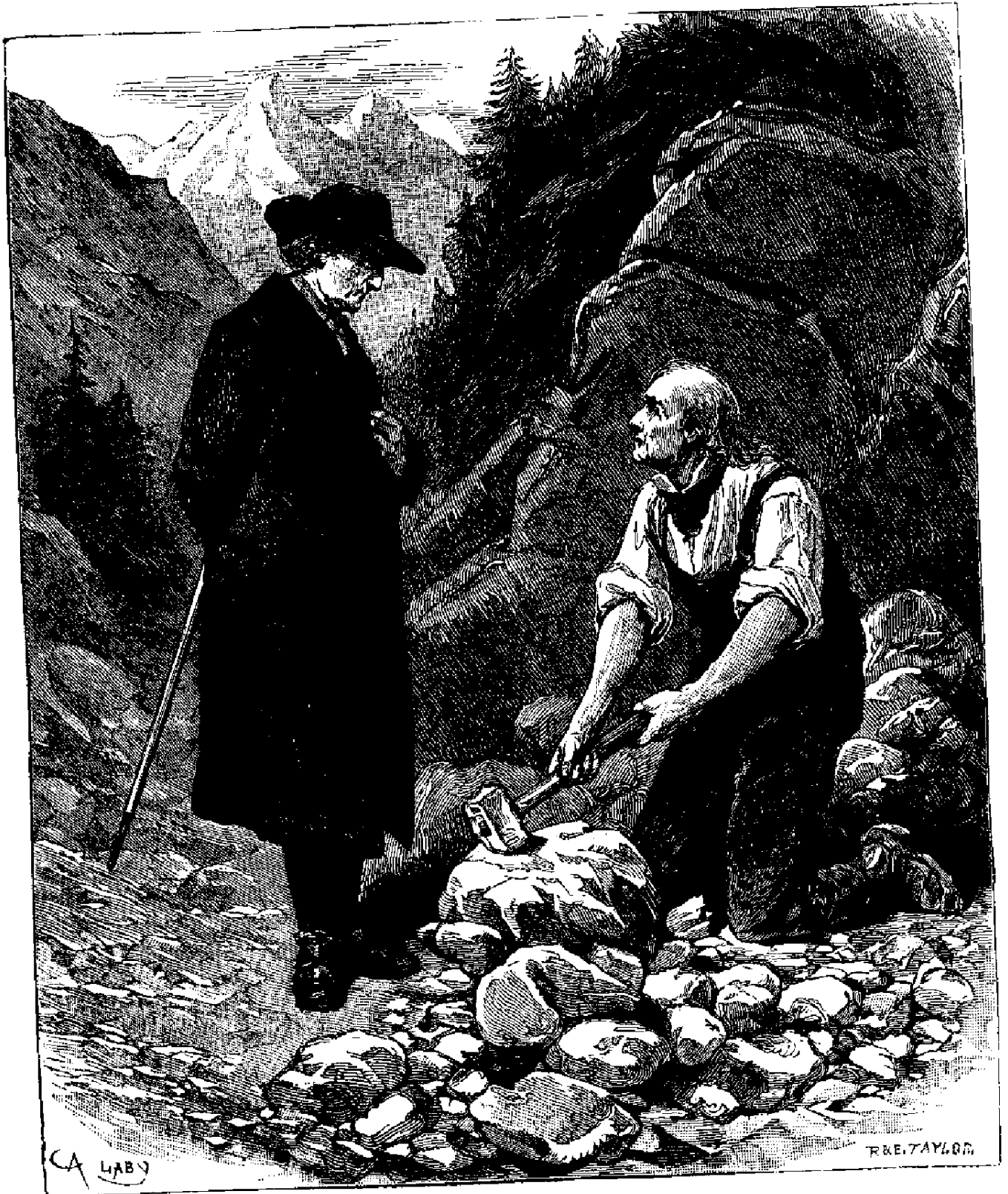


*WE trust that our little volume may afford the reader genuine interest. The stories related in it are all true, and are faithful records of incidents in real life. The environment of present-day thought, leaves the longing of the human heart exactly the same as was the case in the generations gone by. Man needs rest and peace. His conscience and his heart demand a satisfaction which the world can never give, and which can only be gained by the divine gift. Our stories indicate how true rest and satisfaction may be obtained, and witness to the reality of God-given peace in circumstances of the greatest human need.*

*The peculiar religious energy which has arisen in England, demands the watchful observance and diligent labour of every lover of the Scriptures. The Pope would never have written his letter to the English people had he not been informed that there was an influential section in the country that would welcome his words! Every lover of the Scriptures, and of liberty to read and obey them, should be thoroughly awake to the efforts of the party which moved the Pope to ask our nation to submit to him! The best way in which we can answer that letter is by distributing evangelical truth in England far and wide, and also by informing our forgetful countrymen of what Rome did in the past, and of what Rome is doing to-day.*

*In the same manner the efforts of those who would reduce the authority of God's word to the level of human thought, or who would remove Bible instruction from the young, reach towards us all in every position of life and in every quarter of the country. Christian parents are more than ever responsible to train up their children in the fear of God and in reverence of His word. There would be less of juvenile lawlessness if the young generally had the fact that the all-seeing God is taking account of our ways and words impressed upon them.*

*The Scriptures exhort us that, in the presence of infidelity and of laxness, the remedy for these evils is the enforcement of the Truth. In this we can all unite, and we trust that our old friends and readers, whose sympathy has so often cheered us in our work, will join with a greater earnestness than before in making our Magazine known and in increasing its circulation. Ours is a reading day. The cheap publication is in every one's hands, whether in town or country, and we trust we may count on the co-operation of our friends, so that FAITHFUL WORDS may go forth as a messenger of the gospel to many a village and many a street, where, alas, the simple story of God's love is seldom heard.*



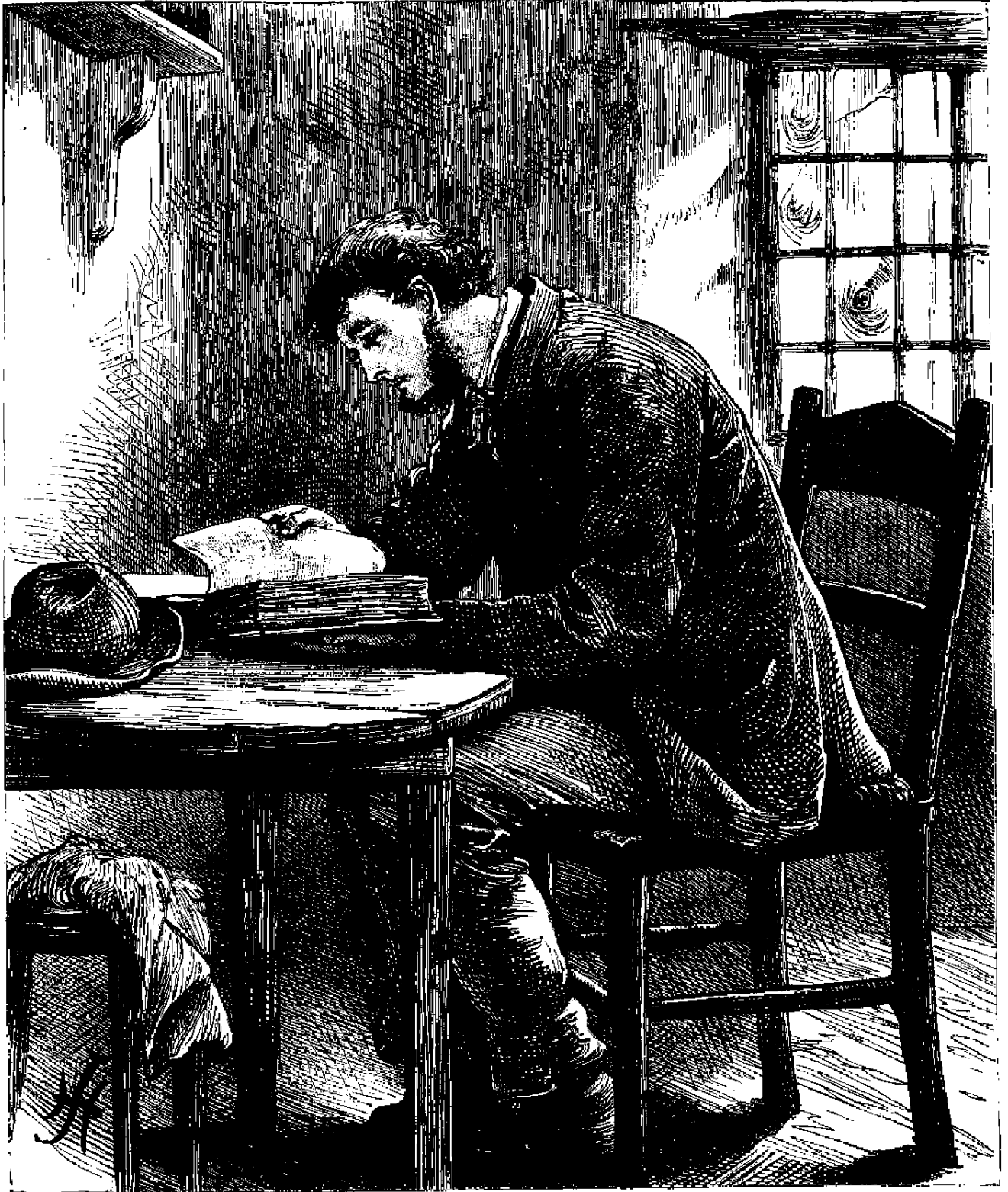
I BREAK IT ON MY KNEES. (See p. 31.)



# FAITHFUL WORDS FOR OLD AND YOUNG.

EDITED BY H. FORBES WITHERBY.

[*New Series and Re-Issue.*]



SEARCHING THE SCRIPTURES.

## Our Aim.

**O**UR aim is to magnify the gospel of God, both by direct Scripture testimony and by records of God's work in men's souls and lives.

Let us then begin the year with bracing up one another in the truth of the gospel. "All Scripture is given by inspiration of God" (2 Tim. iii. 16)—is God-breathed. Thus does God Himself, by His Spirit, instruct us in the character of His word. Such language cannot be used of any other writings upon the face of the earth. No mere human author's writings are inspired, save by his own spirit, but the Scriptures of God are breathed by God for our blessing. They are able to make us "wise unto salvation through faith which is in Christ Jesus" (2 Tim. iii. 15); they speak to us of God's character and being, of eternal judgment, of eternity, of heaven and hell, and they tell us how to be saved, and how to reach everlasting bliss. No other writings are "able" to do this. The Scriptures tell us how God values them, for though heaven and earth may pass away, not one jot or tittle of the divine word shall do so until all be fulfilled (Matt. v. 18). A considerable amount of the Scriptures is fulfilled, and that which lacks fulfilment will be as surely realized as that which has been already fulfilled.

The abiding character of the word is enforced upon us; we are like the grass, or at our best like the flower of the grass, and we must fade away and be no more, but "the Word of the Lord endureth forever." (1 Pet. i. 24, 25.) It is for us to shape our course in view of eternity by obeying the word of divine truth.

In the Scriptures God pictures to us the changed lives of men who believed His word. There we see the demoniac, whom no man could either tame or bind, changed to a gentle and loving spirit, and sitting at the feet of Jesus. (Mark v. 15.) There we see a greater wonder still, one of the most religious and intellectual of men, who hated Christ with a profound intensity, changed and made the apostle of Christ to the Gentiles. And in this our day, God shows to the world men who were

cannibals and savages, changed to men of holiness and of peace, and thus becoming examples to multitudes. Nor need we go to the islands of the ocean alone to find such examples, we may see them in our own land. Probably such are known to us—we can speak as eye-witnesses of their changed lives and longings. But more than this, we can speak of men of culture and education, atheists and proud, who are now the joyful soldiers of Jesus Christ. These men are as verily changed as the islanders who were not so long since savages and cannibals. The well-educated and the uneducated have alike become disciples of Jesus, and earnest workers for His glory.

In such witnesses we behold what the Scriptures of God are "able" to do. And since the word of God has gone out over the earth within the last few years in its millions, need we be surprised at the attacks which are now made upon it? But every assault should force the true Christian to greater earnestness and a stronger determination to spread abroad its holy realities. May we all join hands in this great work, as once again God spares us to begin a new year.

Let us further listen to the word of God as to that which is spoken to our very selves. We need it. We need its comforts, its promises, its hope. Here we have bread for the soul, and support for the heart in every season of trial; here we have the pillow for the dying hour, and here beams before us the hope of everlasting bliss with Christ in heaven.

## Searching the Scriptures.

**N**OT long ago a poor man was listening to some earnest preaching of the gospel in the West of England. He remained unmoved till about the end of the address, when suddenly the words, "Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation" (2 Cor. vi. 2), earnestly repeated by the preacher, arrested his attention, and struck like an arrow home to his heart, awaking for the first time the

## FAITHFUL WORDS FOR OLD AND YOUNG.

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dormant state of his soul. The address being ended, he left his seat sad and sorrowful. "Well," he thought to himself, "if those are really God's own words, I had better begin now at once and work for salvation," and, going home, he walked straight up to a high and dusty shelf, where for many years his unread Bible had lain, and taking it down, after having wiped off the dust with his hand, he began to read at the first chapter of Genesis.

Poor man! He thought, if only he read a chapter of the Bible every day, when he came to the end he would be sure to feel "all right"—by that he meant he would be sure to feel saved and happy, and not afraid to meet the piercing, holy eye of a righteous God. He did not know that God is Love as well as Light.

The speaker's words, or rather, God's words, "Now is the day of salvation," seemed to haunt him day and night. He could think of nothing else. Ah! we know it must ever be so when God Himself speaks to a soul with power through His mighty word; "For the word of God is quick, and powerful, and sharper than any two-edged sword, piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, and of the joints and marrow, and is a discernor of the thoughts and intents of the heart. Neither is there any creature that is not manifest in His sight; but all things are naked and opened unto the eyes of Him with whom we have to do." (Heb. iv. 12, 13.)

Thus God, in His wondrous love and mercy, awoke for the first time a need in this poor man's soul. And let me tell you, dear reader, there is never the faintest longing in your heart towards God, nor any desire to know His Son, whom He sent to die for sinners, unless Christ has first been yearning in His wondrous love towards you; indeed, it is His very yearning after you that kindles in your heart the desire after Him.

Not only had God awakened a need in this dear man's soul, but He meant to show him that the more and more he worked to obtain salvation the more wretched He would make him, and this we constantly have to learn before we get to the end of ourselves, a lesson which, alas! we are so slow in learning!

He did not know that God says we are dead—"dead in trespasses and sins;" and, therefore, that we need a new life to become "alive unto God." But the moment we own we are dead, utterly undone and helpless before Him, able to do nothing of ourselves, then God takes us up, and shows us what He can do, and all that His Son has done!

Day after day, as soon as his work was over, W. read steadily through his Bible, till at last he came to the end of Revelation. But it was a hard, irksome task. What! reading God's own word "an irksome task"? Yes, because it was not from love to God he did it, but because he thought he ought to do so. He was working up to God, instead of working down from God.

What was W.'s utter amazement when he found that, instead of feeling happier when he came to the end of Revelation, he was much more wretched! And thus he read through the Bible three times, from Genesis to Revelation, each time feeling more and more wretched and disheartened!

At last, after the third time of reading it, he thought to himself, "Well, if reading the Bible through three times does not give me peace and joy, and make me less frightened to meet God, I am afraid nothing will; I shall try no more;" so saying he reached up again to that high and dusty shelf, and there he left his Bible.

He did not know that God's loving eye had been following him all these years, and that He had tenderly been leading him to this very point—in other words, bringing him to the end of himself, and making him see that if he insisted on having any part in his own salvation God would not act. Neither did he know how near, how very near God was, nor how soon He was going to act for him, and indeed did act, the moment He saw W. had learned that it was useless for him to work for his salvation, and that it is God's own free gift: "For by grace are ye saved through faith; and that not of yourselves: it is the gift of God: not of works, lest any man should boast." (Eph. ii. 8, 9.)

It must have been rather more than two years after this that W. heard that the same

preacher who had been used of God in first awakening him to a sense of sin and need was going to speak again at the same place.

He determined to go, and the first words that greeted his ear as he tried to find a place in one of the back seats, were, "To him that worketh not, but believeth on Him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted for righteousness." (Rom. iv. 5.)

"What!" he thought, "does God say that? — 'To him that worketh not!' Impossible!" He listened again. Yes, it was no mistake; he again heard those five words distinctly repeated, "To him that worketh not!" "What!" he thought, "God tells me not to work, and here have I been working for two years, and that to get peace, and God tells me I am not to work, but that I am justified by believing in His Son! Thank God, I see it all now! I have been working instead of believing, and God tells me to believe instead of work. Now I see how reading the Bible could not save me. It must be God's free gift from beginning to end!"

From that hour W. had peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ; God's light had shone into his dark soul, and he saw, like a flash of lightning, that Christ had done the work by shedding His own precious blood on the cross eighteen hundred years ago, the very work he, in his blindness of heart and proud presumption, had been trying to do! And eighteen hundred years ago Christ Himself had said, "It is finished," and yet he never knew it was finished till that moment! Yes, finished; and how perfectly! God gave him to see not only that the work of Christ is finished, but how perfectly that work has glorified Him. And that now His Son is at God's own right hand in the glory, where He ever liveth to make intercession for His people. Truly it could be said of W. that, like the eunuch of old, "he went on his way rejoicing."

"Now is the free accepted time;  
Now is salvation's day;  
Now whosoever will may come;  
Now Christ's the Life, the Way.  
Now pardon's offered, full and free;  
Now heaven is open wide;  
Now peace is offered through the blood  
Of Jesus crucified," R. O' N. N.

#### LIFE AND LIGHT.

"IN Him was life: and the life was the light of men." It was The Word who gave life to the natural world, and none but He can give life to the soul "dead in trespasses and sins." Jesus is a life-giving Saviour. When we come to Him we have life. But as the young plant will not flourish in the dark, but requires light and the bright rays of the sun to make it strong and vigorous, so the Christian must dwell near the Light, the "Sun of Righteousness," would he grow in grace. "With Thee is the fountain of life: and in Thy light shall we see light."

E. M. S. R.

#### Our Leper Children Fund.



WE are glad to announce that at the end of last year we sent a fresh gift of £16 to Purulia for the leper children in the home there. Knowing this, our young friends will have the satisfaction of being aware that four poor leper children, or children of parents who are lepers, will be sheltered in that home this year. We shall be receiving before long, no doubt, some further letters from the leper children, as we sent them last autumn a number of dolls and little presents for Christmas. In any future gifts, we are asked not to send wax dolls, as, alas, the wax melts in India, and also we must not send flaxen-haired dolls, as the children think such represent *old* women with grey hair! All the babies they see have jet black hair.

It is very gratifying to be able to be the means of linking hearts together in Christ's love, though our native lands are situated so widely asunder, and the letter following these words will speak more forcibly than lies in us to do on this happy theme, and it will also, we trust, stir up some Sunday schools in England not to be behind that in Chicago, United States.

"1042, 71st Street, Chicago, Ill.,

"U.S. America.

"Dear Children of Purulia,—We were very much pleased to hear your letters read in our

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school. It was kind of you to tell us so much about yourselves ; we are living in America, a long, long way from your country ; but, we know, that the same good God, who watches over you and cares for you in your home in Purulia, is here with us in Chicago ; and that the same loving Jesus, who in the land of Palestine took little children in His arms and blessed them, saying, ' Suffer the children to come unto Me,' is tenderly watching over you and us. And we need His care and His cleansing blood just as much as you do, for, although we have not the dreadful sickness you speak of among us, we have the worst of all diseases, *sin*, right in our own hearts, and the saddest part of it is that many little boys and girls in our midst do not know Jesus as their Saviour from sin, and care not that He died for them.

"We hope that all the dear brothers and sisters in your home may learn about Jesus, and know Him as your Friend, your Redeemer, your Life, your All. For it is only those who trust in Him, who can hope to meet each other in heaven ; and often, since reading your kind letters, have we thought how delightful it will be to hear Jesus saying, ' Dear children of Purulia, here are some of the children from America who, although they had never seen you on earth, yet loved you and sent their pennies to help give you a home.'

"We will be very glad to hear from you again.

"We send love to all, both children and friends in the home.

"From the children and teachers of  
71st Street Sunday School.

"Signed on behalf of the school,

"CHARLES LANCASTER, Superintendent."

The following subscriptions are gratefully acknowledged—

H. G. Bygrave (Brantford, Ontario), 4s.; "A Friend" (through Loizeaux, Bros., Canada), £2; Mabel and Grace White (Rahway, U.S.A.), 4s. 2d.; W. Tait (Ontario), 2s. 4d.; G. P. Humpidge (Gloucester), 3s. 1d.; The Children and Teachers of 71st Street, Chicago, Sunday School (per Chas. Lancaster), £3; 1s., Post mark, Hereford. This came in a letter which was not stamped, and 4d. was charged by the Post Office. Gifts of dolls, scrap books, &c., from "Little Jack," Annie P. Yetman, J. W. D. Hazelwood, and an anonymous sender, have been forwarded to Purulia.



## A Little Boy's Conversion.

**L**ITTLE TOM was a bright, sweet child of the age of four. One day, while he was being dressed, he said, "Mamma, I have asked Jesus to give me a new heart so often, and He has not done it; I think He must have given them all away."

His mother told him this was not so, for she felt sure he had one for Tommy.

Not long after this, his father and mother, on returning from a gospel meeting, were met by little Tom with a face radiant with joy, and before they had time to ask what had made him so happy, he exclaimed, "Oh, mamma, I have got a new heart now. When papa and you went to the meeting I went and asked God for a new heart, and He has given me one, and it is here," pointing to his breast.

Next morning, Tom's mother, who was in the habit of taking her three children away by themselves and praying with them, asked God to save Jeannie, Maggie, and Tommy, and this she did purposely.

When they rose from their knees, Tommy came to his mother with such a sad little face, and said, "Mamma, that will never do, I told you last night that Jesus had given me a new heart, I don't need two new hearts."

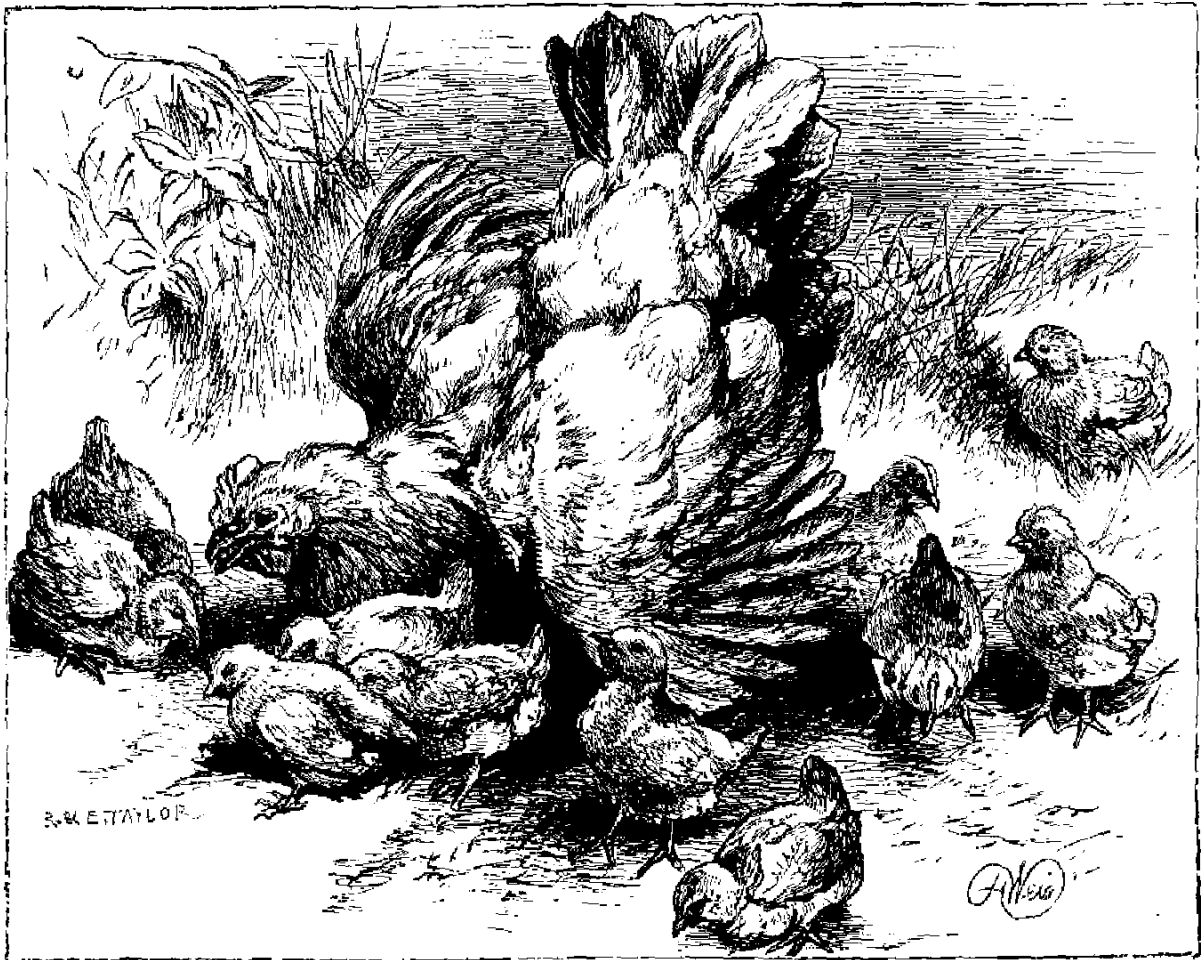
From that time he showed to all around that he was a true Christian child. Whenever he wanted anything, if it were only a fine day, or a toy, he just spoke to the Lord Jesus about it, feeling quite sure in his own mind that all would be right. It was only a year after this—at the age of five—that the blessed Saviour took Tommy to be with Himself.

I have written this with the hope that many boys and girls may early give their hearts to Him, who so loved little children that, when He was on earth, He took them up in His arms and blessed them, and said, "Suffer little children, and forbid them not, to come unto Me; for of such is the kingdom of heaven." H. C. S.

## The Bird of Tenderness.

**N**EVER was there a child who did not watch the hen gather her chickens under her wings with pleasure ; and each summer the helpless chicks, at home beneath the outstretched wings, or safe while near their noble mother's side, giving

us, so that we might the better understand His instruction, has taken the tenderness of the hen over her chicken as a text for one of His most loving appeals. He had been laying bare the hypocrisy of the Pharisees, and He had been warning them of their certain destruction, when, with His heart of love yearning over poor self-willed Jerusalem, He said, "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets, and



GATHERING HER CHICKENS.

out their contented little chirrup, have charmed us again and again, and taught us lessons of tenderness. When the hovering hawk or prowling cat draw near, the hen instantly calls her young to the shelter of her wings, and there they are secure so long as she has strength to protect them.

Our Lord and Saviour, who so often used illustrations from the every-day things around

stonest them which are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not " ! (Matt. xxiii. 37.)

Dear children, all that we think, as well as all that we do, is known to the Lord. He looks into the heart and sees its working. He saw that the Pharisees' hearts were full of

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uncleanness, although their clothes and their manners were of a religious appearance. Yet, while angry with their pretended goodness, He longed for those whom He had so often called to come to Him to be saved, and grieved that they would not listen to His voice. He is willing to receive the worst and most wilful.

How does the hen gather her chickens under her wings? Does she force them under, or drive them to the shelter? Have you ever watched her when danger threatens her brood? Then you have heard her call-note bidding them hasten to her wings, and you have seen how quickly the little creatures have run to their mother's side. Sometimes we may have seen one of the brood so busy in picking an insect off a flower that it has delayed to run at once to its mother, and so it has been snatched up and carried off by the enemy; but as a rule the little chickens teach us a lesson of ready obedience.

But has not many a poor child delayed to obey the tender call of Jesus to come to Him for shelter from destruction? Have not many chosen the pleasures of sin for a moment and have perished for ever? "Ye would not," said the Lord. "Ye would not be saved, would not have Me." His heart was and is full of pity and of love. He wept over Jerusalem. He grieved over the city's end. "If thou hadst known, even thou, at least in this thy day, the things which belong unto thy peace! but now they are hid from thine eyes." (Luke xix. 42.) The same love is tenderly calling you, dear young reader, to peace and safety. Oh! may you hear, and your soul shall live. "He that heareth My word, and believeth on Him that sent Me, hath everlasting life." (John v. 24.)

When we hear the cock crow during the still hours of the night, a text of Scripture comes to the mind. "The cock shall not crow, till thou hast denied Me thrice." (John xiii. 38.) Peter loved Jesus very truly; he was ready to lay down his life for Jesus' sake; yet Peter denied Jesus. He sat down by the fire in the hall of the high priest's palace, where the servants were, while Jesus was being struck and cruelly used by the officers. There one of the maids, looking at Peter, said that he was

one of Jesus' disciples. But Peter was afraid to confess his Master, and denied Him three times, and then the cock crew. Then the Lord turned and looked on Peter, and he remembered his Master's words, and broken-hearted went out and wept bitterly.

Alas! Peter is not the only disciple who has denied Jesus, and many a little boy or girl has gone to some secret place to weep repentant tears because of having been ashamed of Jesus in the presence of His enemies. If you distrust yourselves, and pray to the Lord for His strength, then you will be full of calm courage for Him, but ever remember that Jesus loves His own who are in the world to the very end.

### Tidings from Mission Stations.

#### THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A CATHOLIC PRIEST.

**A**BOUT seven years ago I was an officer in a cavalry regiment in a large town in France. I was a strong Catholic, and if ever I met a Protestant, I looked upon him with pity and contempt. "You a Protestant; are you not ashamed of it?" I said one day to a young non-commissioned officer in the regiment, whom otherwise I highly esteemed. "No, sir, I am not," he replied, rather surprised at my question.

I could not bear people standing up for Protestantism and Protestants, and I could not understand the obstinacy of the latter in making a religious sect of their own, especially in France, where they are so contemptibly few in number.

On another occasion, after I had been to the opera of "The Huguenots," I got into hot discussion with brother officers, to prove that the church of Rome had nothing to do with the massacre on St. Bartholomew's day, but that it was purely a political affair. And I was intensely indignant at the scene where priests are represented bestowing their blessing on the daggers with which the heretics were to be stabbed, though at the same time I thought that the latter quite deserved it. "No," I said, "the Catholic church has always



had a horror of bloodshed; so far from persecuting, she has always been the one that has suffered persecution." Later on I had to learn how profoundly ignorant I was on the subject.

I had an unbounded veneration for the church and her priests, and a voice from on high seemed ever to be calling me to leave the world, and to follow Christ Jesus in the path of self-denial and sacrifice, which path to my mind could be none other than that of the priesthood. One evening in particular I remember, I was alone in my room, and had just finished the life of Lacordaire, which had made a great impression upon me. The idea of really following his example, and becoming a priest, seemed to lay hold of me more forcibly than ever. I began to avoid the society of my brother officers, and to spend much time in solitude and serious meditation; and at last, after two months, I left the army, to go into a Catholic college.

Here I got more and more enchanted with the prospect of becoming a priest. Among the students and professors I found kind friends and honest hearts, for whom I shall always maintain feelings of warm attachment. I accepted enthusiastically all the doctrines of the Romish Church, and was perfectly sure that she had always been in the right throughout, even if she did put heretics to death. Ever having been guided by the Holy Spirit, it was impossible that she could have made a mistake in anything.

After five years of this training I left the college, was ordained priest, and appointed as curate in my native village. It is impossible to describe my sensations on the day when I first celebrated mass. The whole village had turned out, with the priests of all the neighbourhood round, in spite of wintry weather and a heavy fall of snow. At last I was at the pinnacle of my wishes and my dreams. All around me was joy, affection, and sympathy. My father and the other members of my family could hardly contain their delight; the whole village felt the honour of one of their number being raised to the priesthood, and public rejoicings were kept up for a whole week.

According to the Romish Church there is no honour that can be compared to that of being a priest. He is greater than Moses and Aaron, patriarchs and prophets, and even above angels and archangels. In fact, he is a second Jesus Christ, literally a mediator between God and man. As the prescribed physician of souls he may be made acquainted with the most hidden secrets of other people's hearts, and may penetrate into matters that the individual is himself ashamed of. The most painful burden of the heart may be made bare to his gaze, in order to obtain his absolution and pardon. Hence, in countries where this idea is preserved of the sublime dignity of the priest, he is perpetually surrounded with the most profound respect and veneration: even his family and his own parents must speak to him with reverence, and not in the familiar language of everyday life.

It was in this sort of religious ecstasy, therefore, that the first days of my ministry passed by, and I only wished that my dear mother had lived to see the height of blessing that her son had been brought into. But after five or six months of this happy illusion, painful circumstances arose. I heard of scandals and troubles among my brother priests, and gradually I began to discover how widespread the evil was. This led me to serious reflection, and, instead of simply condemning the unfortunate victims, I began to see that the cause of the mischief lay in the Church of Rome herself, and her cruel requirements. I set to work to study the gospels in a new way, to see whether the church was warranted in insisting upon the celibacy of her priests, and I was not long before I saw how entirely this was devoid of divine authority. Evidently then the church could not be considered infallible, and if she has erred on one point, why not on others?

I now craved for the full light, but how was I to obtain it? Could there be anything in Protestantism that would enlighten me? I determined to try. I knew that there was an English church in a neighbouring town. Accordingly I made my way there late one evening, and with much secrecy crept up the garden of the clergyman's house, rang at the door,



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but only to find out, after a little difficulty, that he was away in England. I returned to the hotel, wrote and posted a letter addressed "To the French Pastor," though really without knowing whether there was one in that town. However, the next day, he sent me his address. I went to see him, and we had a long conversation. The chief point that he insisted upon was salvation by grace without any merit on the part of man. This seemed to me so preposterous that I said to myself, "Why, these people are as deluded as any. Where is the truth to be found?"

However, he lent me several books, among others, the little work by M. Cadot, "Why we have separated from the Romish Church," which puts in a concise form the chief charges against Romanism. The reading of this thoroughly shook all the remaining faith that I had in my church, and I now commenced to see to what an extent she had become corrupt by error, bigotry, and cruelty. All my attachment to her vanished, and I felt disgusted at the thought of remaining in such a false system, though at the same time I shrank from embracing Protestantism. My father, relations, friends, my own character, as well as the position that I had gained at such a cost, all seemed insurmountable obstacles in the way. To give up for ever all the affection and esteem with which I was surrounded, and become a Protestant, an object of hatred and disgust to all; to break my father's heart, and bring him to an early grave, with myself banished from home for ever, even at his dying hour—no, it seemed impossible. It would be better to give up this idea, and to trample on my scruples of conscience, rather than venture into such a life of misery.

My soul shrank into utter darkness, and awful doubt crept in. "If there is a God," I cried, "why does He allow such wickedness to be perpetrated in His name?" I used to wander out into the woods, and as I looked at the birds, free as air, warbling out the praises of the Creator, I cursed my own existence, and kept on with my sad cry, "If there is a God, why does He permit such wickedness?"

Day by day my wretchedness increased. "Obey this church, which has brought me into such awful misery, and pass my life as a hypocrite, secretly cursing the chain which binds me? No," I said, "I cannot stoop so low as that. Whatever it may cost me, I must break with this, and even risk all the calumny that will be heaped upon me. Only then, my father, my poor father: how will he stand the fearful blow, after all his hopes had centred upon me as the support of his old age?"

Still, the terrible break had to come, and the day when I was to give up everything and leave. It was about seven in the morning; I had packed up my things, when my father came up to me with the tears flowing down his cheeks, and as he kissed me, he sobbed out, "My boy, I cannot stand the thought of your leaving," and with that he went off. That was all; not a word of reproach, nor the slightest effort to turn me from my resolve. Dear man! he knew what fearful struggles of conscience I must have gone through before I could have come to such a decision as to leave him in his old age; and so he would not add to my sufferings by a sight of his own, but would rather go and weep in solitude.

I had a terrible journey—my soul a prey to the conflicting emotions that raged in me. I went over and over all my sad past childhood, boyhood, and then military life, culminating at last in the enthusiastic joy of entering the ministry, and having the dreams of my life fulfilled. How I had been duped by the honied words that had captivated my boyish imagination by depicting the beauty and purity of clerical life, only to lure me into its awful bondage! At last in my despair I could only cry to God to have pity upon me, and show me His will, which I was ready to do, whatever it might be.

I was at length so utterly worn out that I felt I could not continue my journey, and that I had better stop at Orange, where my brother was living, tell him everything, and seek his advice and sympathy. I did so, and in a few words explained to him the painful difficulty I was in. For a moment he was

completely taken aback, but then burst out in an explosion of wrath. "A priest turn Protestant! You don't know what you are saying. It's absurd. You must be laughing at me. A scamp or a blackguard might do so, but a priest . . . You must be mad!"

In vain I tried to explain to him my agony of conscience.

"Nonsense," he replied, "I don't know what you mean by conscience. You are a priest and must remain so. How do others manage? You know how outraged I was at your giving up the army, and did all I could to dissuade you, only you would not listen to anyone. And now that you are a priest, you want to change, and bring dishonour on the whole family! Why, I'd sooner that you got crushed to death by the train."

When I told him the next morning of my intention to go on to Paris, he became even more insolent, and declared he hardly knew how to keep from blowing my brains out. At last he dashed out of the house, and that was the last I saw of him.

I continued my journey to Paris, utterly miserable and broken down, and thought I would stay for a few days with one of my cousins there. He had always been irreligious himself, yet he was extremely surprised at the step I was taking, which seemed to him like giving up religion altogether.

"You know," he said, "how strong the feeling is against people who change their religion; and for our family such a thing would be an everlasting disgrace. You will never be able to return home, but will be an outcast for ever, as one that has quite gone to the bad. At any rate you had better stop here for some time, and if you really feel that you cannot go on as a priest, you can get some employment here, so as to be at ease in your mind, but in any case don't become a Protestant."

Both he and his wife were exceedingly kind and pleasant to me, and I therefore accepted his advice, and stayed with them. But it was a miserable life. I wandered about the streets of Paris day after day in a state of hopeless perplexity and profound melancholy. What was I to be? Priest? I can't. Protestant? I have

not the courage. And then the thought of my family, and especially of my father—in fact, I afterwards learnt that the blow had been so severe, that for three months he never went outside the house, so bitterly had he felt the shame and disgrace of the step I had taken. I seemed to sink more and more into despair, and could see nothing but death to put an end to my misery; indeed, I was only saved from suicide by the fear of God, as well as the consideration of what a blow it would be to my family.

This went on for months. Several priests, in pity and compassion tried to persuade me to return, but I had seen too much of what Popery was to retrace my steps. At last my cousin, seeing that all was useless, allowed me to go on to London. And then in English family life I saw for the first time what Christianity really was and the last remains of prejudice that I had had against Protestants vanished. I now saw what the Gospel can do when it has free scope, and for the first time I really took in what Christ had done to bring true liberty, and to deliver men from bondage of all sorts. Previously I had only thought of His rule as set forth by the Romish Church, which I saw was injurious in its results on humanity at large, and on priests in particular. But now I saw Christ in His true character, the One who came to deliver the captives, and heal the broken-hearted. Peace and joy came into my heart, notwithstanding some sad thoughts still of my dear old father, and of what he and my relations were going through on my account. However, I have a firm confidence that God will even yet bring them into the light. His arm is not shortened, the power of the true Gospel is as strong as ever, and I wait on Him.

J. T. COSTA.

The above paper was handed to us by Mr. Hathaway, of Chasseneuil, par Angoulême Charente, France, who opens his house to priests that have left the church of Rome, and who have no friends. Numbers of Romish priests in France are leaving their old church, and many of them are seeking a better way. They require help and sympathy, for they are followed by unrelenting enemies, who do

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their utmost to injure their characters, and thus to prevent them obtaining employment. Any information on the important and sacred work undertaken by Mr. and Mrs. Hathaway will be afforded by them. It should be added that when M. Costa heard it was proposed to print his story, he wished that his name should be added to it, as a seal to its veracity.

### Away in Congo-land.



MILLION tons a second! That is how the mighty Congo comes surging into the sea—one of the natural wonders of the world—flowing out from what was until recently a great unknown land. But in 1877 H. M. Stanley found the key, opened the gate, and thenceforth trooped in traders, adventurers, and many others, but also a little band of men, in whose hearts glowed the eternal fire, and who went for another purpose—to plant among a people lying in darkness the standard of the gospel of Christ.

So the whole aspect of things began to change, and what had been hitherto regarded as a dreary region of no-man's-land was realized to be teeming with human life.

Mission stations began to spring up here and there—fragile affairs at best—but somehow they have stood the storm and stress of things, and to-day are lengthening their cords and strengthening their stakes as never before.

Of the missions on the Lower River, noble records may be read elsewhere. At present we are sailing up the broad river towards the Cataract region, until Nature's veto, "No farther," compels us to trudge overland two hundred weary miles on foot. Then at Stanley Pool we start afresh up the smooth waters in the mission steamer "Pioneer." Up and up, and at last here we are in the heart of Congo-land, the sphere of labour occupied by the Congo Bololo Mission. First comes the station of Lulanga, situated at the junction of the great river of that name with the main stream, the Congo. A pretty little place it is, and, as one of its missionaries lately wrote,

"deserves to be as much improved as possible." With this end in view, the missionaries, in addition to their spiritual work, the other week burnt no less than ten thousand bricks for the purpose of building a good double-storied house.

Thirty-five miles up the Lulanga river we come to Bouginda, a place of special interest in C.B.M. annals, for on this spot in August, 1889, the missionaries first set foot and claimed the land for Christ.

From a diary written at that time we cull the following:—

"In the cool of the evening we went in a canoe to visit some of the neighbouring towns. We first crossed over to the island which lies a few hundred yards from us. A great crowd gathered on the beach to receive us, and we marched through the town at the head of nearly a thousand people. They were not at all shy, and the children, particularly the boys, were very bold, shouting and laughing all round us. We entered a palaver-house, capable of holding five hundred people. The inside was dark, and very smoky, ten or twelve fires being kindled in different parts of it. In a few minutes the place was full, men, women and children crowding eagerly in to look at the white man and hear his words. Truly an open door is before us!

". . . We then paddled across to another large town on the mainland, and there found the same thing—hundreds of curious, expectant people. After speaking in the palaver-house, we were walking back to the canoe, when a man ran up, saying—

"'Give us a little bit of *Innakmba*' (God).

"We willingly consented, and, standing still, sang the first verse of 'Jesus loves me' in Lunkundu. We made the people repeat the words several times, and they soon picked them up. To-day for the first time in their lives many of them have heard the good news."

Several miles up from Bouginda, where two streams unite to form the Lulanga river, another station, Ikau, was opened in the second year of the mission, and in the following year Lulanga and Bougandanga.

Besides these four stations, there are in connection with them four transport stations

on the Lower Congo — Matadi, Nkengi, Lukunga, and Leopoldville.

Owing to the malarial climate, death has made sad havoc among the ranks of the missionaries, but there are at present twenty-nine, either on the field, on furlough, or on the way out.

It is interesting to find that these poor Africans have some idea of the Trinity, and also traditions corresponding to those of the fall and the flood. They have no idols, but put great faith in charms, and are very superstitious.

There are now bright Christians at each station, and some are going out to evangelize in the towns, carrying to others the gospel they have themselves received.

The little native congregations present

some rather amusing features, not quite in accordance with our views of propriety. Occasionally, wishing to appear educated, they may be seen singing from books held the wrong way up, the books being perhaps "Robinson Crusoe," or something else equally incongruous. Now and then a skirmish occurs between the deacon sitting by the door and some intrusive goats, dogs, or stray fowls. Then again when all is still comes the sound of a smart slap—someone killing a tormenting fly, on himself or his neighbour.

The preacher himself, too, is not exempt from odd experiences. One of them wrote the other day :—

"While speaking in the chapel this evening I felt some creeping thing under my coat, and put my hand to take hold of it, but found

that the reptile, whatever it was, had got inside the lining, so I left it there. When I returned to the house I found upon hunting for it that a long lizard had entered the lining by a little hole, and had made its abode there. It might have been a snake, but was only a harmless lizard."

Much of the missionaries' time is taken up with settling palavers, which are of frequent occurrence, and are now invariably referred to the "*Mundele*" for settlement. An opportunity is, however, often gained in this way for speaking of the Prince of Peace, and any opening is gladly hailed for proclaiming Him, whom to know is life eternal.

The sufferings of these people from sin and ignorance and disease are terrible. One only remedy exists, but that is in the power of each of us to some extent to supply. Let us then, in view of this "open sore of the world," pray on, pray earnestly for Africa, and ask with truly consecrated hearts, "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?"

A. A. M.



A CATARACT OF THE CONGO—FROM THE BAYNESTON STATION.

# FAITHFUL WORDS FOR OLD AND YOUNG.

EDITED BY H. FORBES WITHERBY

*New Series and Re-Issue.*



THE HEART DRAWN HEAVENWARDS.

## Contend Earnestly.

**W**E are bidden to "contend earnestly for The Faith which was once for all delivered unto the saints" (Jude 3, R.V.), and because of the efforts of men within the Church, who are really traitors to the Truth. Let the reader ponder over Jude's epistle, and apply its exhortations to our own times. We note the words, "The Faith": these words refer to the Christian Faith. St. Paul says, "I have kept the faith" (2 Tim. iv. 7); he speaks of "holding the mystery of the faith," of "boldness in the faith" (1 Tim. iii. 9, 13), and so on, regarding The Christian Faith as that which was known to and understood by his readers. The Faith was delivered to the saints, it was entrusted to them; "I have received of the Lord that which also I delivered unto you" (1 Cor. xi. 23), says St. Paul of a very notable instruction of The Faith. The inspired teachers of the Church received from God the truths they delivered to the saints; and this they did *once for all*, hence our minds are carried back to the writings of the New Testament to find there the instruction as to what is The Faith.

We further observe that this delivery of The Faith was made over to "the saints." This form of speech is most important for us. When Jude wrote, there were men in the Church who were "ungodly," "dreamers," and despisers of dominion, who spoke evil of those things which they knew not (ver. 10), and these were the very men against whom he warned "the saints." He does not say, therefore, The Faith was delivered to the Church, for, alas, the worst enemies of the Church were within the Church, but these enemies were not saints, not true believers sanctified by Christ's sacrifice and by the Holy Ghost,—no, they were "spots in" the "feasts of love" of the saints (ver. 12).

In our own times the greatest enemies of The Faith are the infidel teachers in Christian churches. For many centuries the heathen world has not persecuted Christendom, but the persecutors of the saints, and the false teachers

and corrupters of The Faith have been such men as those of whom Jude speaks.

Our orders are plain. On the one hand, we are to contend earnestly for The Faith; on the other, we are to build up ourselves on our most holy Faith (ver. 20). We are to be determined in our conflict for The Faith; once let go any doctrine, any truth, any part of The Faith, and we have surrendered so far to the enemy. We have betrayed our trust. We cannot say, "The great men say so and so," for we who are "saints" (and every sincere believer is a saint) are called to this contention. It is not a battle for commanders-in-chief and generals only, it is a struggle for the rank and file. We are also to build up one another on our most holy Faith, we are to try our best to help every saint. No believer has a right to regard any knowledge he may have of the Scriptures as his speciality. We are to be mutual helps, we are to stand shoulder to shoulder. Oh! that some, at least, of the many jealousies which separate "saint" from "saint" might be repented of and buried in the presence of the enemy, who now threatens to overthrow the faith of the weak.

"The Faith" itself, the Christian faith, cannot be overthrown, but a man's personal faith or trust in The Faith can be. If there was a great combination on earth to extinguish faith in the shining of the moon, the best way to accomplish that end would be to put out men's eyes. It would be impossible to touch the moon! So with The Faith which was once delivered to the saints: it shines, it lives, it endures, and will do so for ever, but infidelity is blinding men's eyes to its light and life and being. Let each one be at his post of duty, and doing his duty at the post.

## The Heart drawn Heavenwards.

**F**ATHER, do come with me this evening to hear the preaching," pleaded little Alfred.

"No, my boy—no; I went once to please you, and you have never given me any peace about it since."

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"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 longing 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 in."

"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 week-night 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 labourer 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 them 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 flowers 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'yorth of medicine for their sick neighbour."

"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 led 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-waggon. But, alas! spent with the quick run, the usually sure foot missed its aim, and he was thrown backwards by the heavily laden waggon, 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 vigour 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 arm-chair.

"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 neighbours 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 dishevelled 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 dying 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 eye-lids 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 waived 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.

## The Love of Christ to the Church.

**T**HE intimate and eternal union of Christ with His Church is unfolded with marvellous fulness in the Epistle to the Ephesians. That which "in other ages was not made known unto the sons of men" (ch. iii. 5) is now revealed, and thus, in our day, we are aware that the Gentiles and the Jews who believe in Christ are of the same body, and one in Christ. A very gracious unfolding of the love of Christ to His Church is presented in the following words taken from the fifth chapter of the Epistle—

"Christ . . . loved the Church,

and

Gave Himself for it ;

that

He might sanctify and cleanse it  
with the washing of water by the Word ;

that

He might present it to Himself  
a glorious Church,

Not having spot or wrinkle, or any such thing,  
but that it should  
be holy and without blemish."

As we read these wonderful words, the past, the present, and the future are before us, in what Christ did, what Christ is doing, and what Christ will do for the Church. And the fountain head for the threefold stream of grace is His own love—*Christ loved the Church*. With such a source we need not wonder at the flowing stream! Every question, every amazement, is stilled by these words, *Christ loved the Church*.

The Church is the company of "all saints." Not one is omitted, but all true believers from Pentecost are included in this assembly called The Church.

Our Lord in His love for the Church did the greatest thing that even He could do—*He gave Himself for it*. The Church was to Him the pearl of great price, and He purchased it for His own peculiar possession by no lower cost than Himself. He became Man, He was incarnate, and as Man He died, and with the cost of His blood, His life, Himself, He bought the pearl and made it His for ever.

From this unalterable past, this accomplished act of grace, and its eternal consequences, we turn to the present. Our Lord gave Himself for the Church for a specific end, first, that He might make it fit practically for Himself, and next, that this being accomplished, He might present it to Himself in glory, suitable for that glory and His glorious presence.

In this present time, the work of *sanctifying* and *cleansing* the Church Christ has purchased, is proceeding. And here let us first observe that Christ Himself is sanctifying, and Christ Himself is cleansing. He is the standard of holiness, He knows what is perfect cleanness, and He takes up and carries through the work of sanctifying and cleansing the Church.

To sanctify and to cleanse are not identical. First Christ sanctifies—He makes holy; next, He cleanses—He removes defilement. The positive and the negative are here before us. In Him and His God is the source of all true holiness. We in ourselves are not holy, but Christ effects in us sanctification. He also cleanses, removes the evil, and keeps the believer from sinning.

This gracious work is effected *by means of the word*—"with the washing of water by the word." The Scriptures of truth are the water Christ uses to sanctify and to cleanse His people. He applies the word to us individually. He fills us with its holy realities, so that we grow up into it, and He makes it come home to heart and to conscience in our every-day lives in such a way that it cleanses us from the evil that surrounds us, and enables us to walk holily before God.

Such is the constant present of the love of Christ to His Church—a continuous act of ever-flowing grace to each and to all the members of His Church. None are left out by Him, but, even as He gave Himself for all when on earth, so does He, now in heaven, care for all, sanctifying and cleansing them.

We now turn to the future. The work of the past upon the cross, the work of the present priestly grace on high, lead on the soul to what Christ will do for the Church. He has worked and is working "that He might present

it to Himself a glorious Church." The Lord's thoughts in reference to the future of the Church are widely different from those which stir human hearts. The future of the Church now-a-days usually signifies some great plan on earth. Christ in heaven is anticipating the time when the Church, being complete, shall be before Himself in heaven—a *glorious Church!* We can well afford to let prelates and people busy themselves with an earthly future for the Church, for Christ may come at any moment, and then His great purpose will be realized, and all earth's schemes will be set aside. He will present His resplendent Church to Himself in the fair glory where He is.

We note that it is written, "That He might present it to Himself." He will Himself, in His glory, present the Church to Himself! None other save the Man Christ Jesus, in His ineffable brightness, shall perform this mighty act of supreme grace. Earth may raise up its intermediaries between Christ and His people, but none shall have a place in the glory. Christ, who gave Himself for His Church—Christ, who has unceasingly cared for His Church, shall, on the completion of the Church, introduce it and present it to Himself.

And this shall be in a manner befitting Himself, for the Church perfected by Christ shall be before Him and His God a glorious Church. No angel glory shall be like that of the Church, for it shall reflect the brightness of Christ Himself. And in it there shall be neither spot nor wrinkle. No defect, no decay. Ever absolutely beautiful in His eyes, ever ceaselessly as beautiful as His grace and hand have made it. The standard of perfection according to Christ's own purpose and that of His God shall be attained, and shall never be lowered to eternity.

The Church shall be before Him, holy and without blemish. Holy according to the divine purpose and plan of holiness, and so fair in the eye of God, even in all its members, that no blemish shall exist.

Do we enquire what means all this? Here is the answer, here the power for our hearts—"Christ loved the Church."



## Two Little Sisters.

**T**WO little girls were sitting at their mother's knee one day, listening with deep interest to the daily Bible lesson. She was reading a story of which they never tired, the wonderful story of our blessed Saviour's life on earth. Often, as she read and talked to them about His holy life, and of all He did and suffered for them and for us all, she would be interrupted by the earnest little voices saying in a half whisper, and with intense feeling, "Oh, how good and kind Jesus was! I *do* love Him."

On this particular morning the beautiful story, which they had heard so often, was ended. The account was given of how the tender Saviour had taken His last walk with the disciples whom He loved so much; how He had led them to Bethany, and had His last talk with them; how He promised that the Holy Spirit should soon be poured down upon them, after which they were to go and tell people everywhere that He had died for them, and was risen again; and then how, as He was lifting up His holy hands in blessing, He was parted from them, and a cloud received Him out of their sight.

The children's eyes were intently fixed upon their mother's face, as if they feared to lose a word. When the book was shut, little Dora, the youngest, a plump wee maiden between three and four years old, heaved a deep sigh, and said, "Oh, mother! I shall pray to Jesus every day to make me good, that I may go and live with Him always. I want to be with Jesus."

"Do not forget, my child, that there must always be *trying* as well as praying," the mother answered. "Jesus told His disciples to '*watch* and pray,' and to '*strive* to enter in at the strait gate.' It is of no use to pray to God to make us good, if we do not intend to fight ourselves against sin. Satan tempts children every day, just as he tempts older people, trying to make them do wrong things; but—"

Here she was interrupted by little Dora's eager voice again: "When Satan tempts me, I shall pray to God and say, 'O God, don't let me listen to Satan. Let me do what *You* want, not what Satan wants.'"

"And I must pray to God to make me patient," whispered Ella, who was little more than a year older than her sister, and who knew well where *her* great temptation lay.

On the evening of that same day, the children had been peacefully sleeping in their little beds, when Dora suddenly awoke, screaming violently, and putting her hand to the side of her head in evident pain. It was only ear-ache; but those of my little readers who have ever suffered from it, know that the pain it causes is very sharp. Her kind



nurse tried to soothe her, but all her cry was for "mother."

So "mother" was quickly fetched; and as she took her little darling in her arms, the suffering child's first words, amidst her sobs, were, "I know God loves me, mother, though He sends me this pain."

Snugly covered up in a blanket, the mother held her on her lap by the fire, rocking her, and softly singing to her, till the sobs died away. So still she lay! not moving, except occasionally to press her little hand against her ear, when some sharp twinge of pain was felt.

But now came a plaint from the other little bed. "Mother, I can't go to sleep again, since Dora woke me. I am *so* tired, and I can't sleep."

"Be patient, my child," was the mother's answer. "Sleep will soon come; and how thankful you should be that you have no pain. You are only tired, and you are in a comfortable bed. Ask God to make you sleep."

"Yes, mother, I will," little Ella replied, in quite a happy and contented voice; for she already knew that to *pray* was always the best way out of all her difficulties.

Then a little voice came from the bundle in the blanket. "I must be thankful, too, mother, for God has taken a little bit of my pain away."

Soon afterwards, as Dora was laid in her bed again, she whispered to her mother, who was giving her a last good-night kiss, "Do pray to God to let me sleep."

And her parents did ask God for this blessing, and He granted it, and gave her a sweet and peaceful night: while, as for Ella, she was fast asleep before her sister was taken back to bed. God had answered *her* prayer too!

Jesus hears and answers prayer. Do you ever pray to Him? I know you "say your prayers," but do you speak to God from your heart, meaning every word you say? When you have done wrong, do you feel unhappy till you have asked God to forgive you for Jesus' sake? When you are in trouble or sorrow of any kind, do you tell Jesus, and ask Him to help you?

He will always listen to you, be sure of that; and He will either take away your trouble, or help you to bear it. He is always the same loving, tender Saviour; He never changes, and He cares for you so much. Even now He is praying in heaven for you.

Dear children, ask Him to make your hearts clean by his Holy Spirit, that you may love Him and obey Him upon earth, and afterwards live with Him for ever in heaven.

MRS. G. E. M.

### Plain Papers for the People.

A PRIEST CANNOT MAKE THE BODY OF CHRIST.

**T**HEN the struggle in this country years ago for the Christian faith, the great issue for which the martyrs laid down their lives was this: Christ is the Saviour, not the sacrament. To-day, old England is invaded by a host of priests, who declare that they turn the wafer in the sacrament into the body and blood of Christ, and that salvation is to be had by partaking of the sacrament; and you must take sides once more, and join in spirit either with the martyrs, who died for the truth of the gospel, or with the priests. Which shall it be?

In the year 1409, when Henry the Fourth was king, and when the Papists were in power, on a Sunday afternoon in March, John Badby, a tailor by trade, was brought up before the then archbishop and bishops, and was charged with the crime of heresy. And thus was his crime set out: The said John Badby "heretically taught and openly maintained" "that the sacrament of the body of Christ, consecrated by the priest upon the altar, is not the true body of Christ by virtue of the words of the sacrament; but that after the sacramental words spoken by the priests to make the body of Christ, the material bread doth remain upon the altar as at the beginning, neither is it turned into the very body of Christ after the sacramental words spoken by the priests."

After seeking in vain to turn John Badby from his confidence, the bishop presiding pronounced him to be a heretic.

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From the sentence given against John Badby we take the following. It begins with a list of great names of masters of divinity who had convicted the tailor, and tells how the archbishop commanded that the terms of the sentence should be read to him, and it states his answers, one of which is, "that after the consecration at the altar there remaineth material bread, and the same bread which was before: notwithstanding, it is a sign or sacrament of the living God." And another, in reply to the question that Christ, sitting with His disciples at supper, had not His body in His hand: "He would greatly marvel that if any man had a loaf of bread, and should break the same, and give to every man a mouthful, the same loaf should afterwards be whole." And a further is: "If every host being consecrated at the altar were the Lord's body, that then there be twenty thousand gods in England." As John stoutly maintained his faith he was put into a prison, of which the archbishop kept the key, and a few days after he was brought up before several bishops, dukes, and lords, and was called upon personally to answer to the charges of heresy made against him.

"The articles were read by the official of the Court of Canterbury, and by the archbishop, in the vulgar tongue, expounded publicly and expressly." But John Badby was not terrified by all the great people who sat in judgment upon him; he feared One who is greater than they, even the living God, and he remained determined in the faith.

Then the archbishops and the prelates pronounced him an open and public heretic, and delivered him over to the secular powers for punishment, but while so doing they very earnestly desired the secular powers not to put him to death or to allow him to be punished! This piece of hypocrisy deserves attention, for those spiritual authorities knew full well, whatever appearances of mercy they put on, that by their delivering over John Badby to the secular powers he would be put to death for his faith.

And so eager were they all for his death, that on the very afternoon of the day he was so handed over to the law officers, the king's

writ came, by the force of which Badby was brought to Smithfield, and was there put into an empty barrel, and bound with iron chains to a stake with dry wood piled about him!

Now it happened that the eldest son of the king was standing near at the time, and he put in his word to the "spiritual" authorities with the intent of obtaining relief for the poor man. He begged him to withdraw from his views, and also a celebrated preacher addressed a sermon to him on the faith of the holy church. Poor John Badby! what a position in which to hear such words from a king's son, and an address from a learned priest, as he stood chained in the barrel with the dry wood for the fire all around him. Would he receive the offer of life made by the king's son, or would he persevere to the end in the faith of Jesus the Son of God, the King of kings? Ah! good reader, you and I have but little to suffer for our faith in the Saviour, but God give us good courage to be faithful to Him, and to learn how to trust Him by the deeds of our martyred forefathers.

Presently there came the prior of St. Bartholomew's in Smithfield, with a procession of twelve torches preceding the "sacrament of God's body," as they called the bread they had consecrated, and showed it to the poor man as he was bound to the stake. "How do you believe it?" they demanded of him, and brave John Badby answered, "He knew well it was hallowed bread, and not God's body."

Then they set the faggots alight, and the pain of the flames made John cry out "Mercy," but he cried to God, not to man.

Hearing this bitter cry from within the tun, the prince was moved, and bade the officers quench the fire, and he himself asked John Badby whether he would forsake his heresy and "take him to the faith of holy church," adding, "if he would do so, not only should his life be spared, but that he would supply him with a yearly stipend out of the king's treasury."

The offer was made in all kingly kindness, but John refused every benefit, and preferred torment and death to having a bread-god in

the place of Jesus the Saviour. So the prince commanded that the fire should be re-lighted, and said no further hope should be proposed him. The fire was again kindled, and in its torments John Badby died witnessing to the England of those days, to the prince, the archbishops, and the bishops, the dukes and the lords, and the people, that Christ Jesus alone is the Saviour, and that He, and not the consecrated bread, saves us.

As you read this story, keep it fast in your mind that the struggle of the mighty against the weak, in those days, was to compel men to come to the faith of "holy church" and to look to a priest-made god formed out of a piece of bread for salvation, and not to Jesus our God and Saviour. This is precisely the real object of the popish party around you to-day, and the fashionable and the great people of England take up with these deceits, and try to make the poor people believe them. But, please God, we will do nothing of the sort; we will believe God's own word, and we will trust in Jesus only, and will say, with John Badby, "it is impossible that any priest should make the body of Christ."

#### LOW WALK AND HIGH TALK.

GOD hates hypocrisy; and he who professes the high things of Christianity, and who talks of heaven, but practises the low things of the world and walks in sin is a hypocrite. There are whited sepulchres now-a-days even as there were when the Lord was upon earth and cried woe against them. Be sure of this, God looks into the heart, and that there are no secrets the heart can hide from Him. Beware of using His name to establish your own will, and of saying that He leads you, because you tread the path of your own inclinations. Take not His name in vain.

#### PERFECTION.

WOULD you see perfection? Behold the love of God; look upon Jesus as He walked; observe Him in His ways with acknowledged sinners, and with professors; gaze upon Him

as His disciples understood Him not, as the people believed Him not; see Him bound to the cross a willing Victim, suffering for sins not His own. Yes, lift up your eye to heaven and see Him seated at God's right hand in glory, and, as you gaze upon Him, behold Perfection.

#### With the Colporteurs in China.



ABOUT seventy miles from Amoy stands a temple on a wooded hill. Its reputation has spread across the channel to Formosa and as far as Singapore and Penang, and even away to Peking. The wonderful cures said to have been effected by the idol in it, and the answers to all kinds of requests that men and women in their troubles have presented to it, have given men great faith in it. Twice in every five years pilgrimages are made to the shrine of this god, and men with every possible petition that the heart has ever learned to utter in this heathen land, and with every selfish passion that has ever stirred the heart of this people, come trooping to it in vast multitudes.

In the months of July and August—the very hottest season of the year—may be seen one long continuous stream of people marching with endless tread along every road that converges to this shrine. Some come in companies from far-off towns or villages, with banners flying and music going at intervals as though they were on a wedding march. Contrary to Chinese custom, women and young girls mingle in the procession. Some of the travellers lead goats or carry fowls, and others with more fortitude drive pigs, which they are going to present to the idol. Some again, whose determination to please seems more profound, or whose sense of wrong is more deeply impressed upon their hearts, kneel down at every three steps they take. One man was noticed doing this who had travelled many miles from his home, but still, with unflagging zeal, the painful process was repeated, as though salvation was to come to

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him through it. That this journey was telling most mischievously upon the weak and delicate was manifest to every one. Here and there bodies, lying on the road almost within sight of the shrine where they believed deliverance was to have come to them, showed how the toil had been too much for them, and their spirits had fled, overcome by the hardships of the weary road. Here could be seen men and women stretched along the road in profound slumber, heedless of the crowds that surged by, and now and again a man would be seen reclining against a wall, with eyes closed, caught in a moment when he was overcome with fatigue, and fixed by the gentle hand of sleep and held fast there, as the stronger and more sturdy passed on.

When they reached the temple the colporteurs were more than ever struck with the immensity of the pilgrimage. Standing at the great entrance through which the people passed, they watched the great tide of people, as it flowed steadily up the hill to the sacred fane, which they had endured so much to reach.

As the weary journey was over, everyone put on his best appearance as he climbed the hill. The weariness was forgotten, the wretched roads were left behind, the toil and sleeplessness of the way were no longer thought of, but with firm tread, and banners waving, and the shrillest tones of the instruments, they marched up through the trees that lined the road into the immense courtyard, and, without stopping, went right into the temple, where the great idol, the object of their hopes, was enshrined. The main room would contain at least a thousand people, and everyone was busily engaged in worshipping the idol. Some were saying prayers, others making vows, others again throwing the divining rods to find out what the will of the god was with regard to certain things about which it was consulted. Here a man was going to commence business—would it be prosperous?—another, a woman with agonized face, is telling the god that her son has gone abroad, and for many years she has heard nothing from him. Is he alive, and will he ever come back again to her, and will he

bring poverty or riches with him? Still again another, with intensity of look and absorption of mind, as though there was not another soul within a thousand miles of him, is telling that his wife is grievously ill, and he wants to know whether she will recover. And so everyone has his own peculiar request to make—some sorrow to soothe, and some aching of the heart to be taken away. The crowds come on endlessly, as though the whole province was in motion. It stops not day or night, and it is only by this incessant movement that the hundreds of thousands of devotees could by any possibility have a look at the god, and, after a hasty service, pass on.

Every pilgrim brings an offering of some kind, the chief being paper, which is given as a bribe to the idol to induce it to be favourable in its replies to the offerer. As the quantity given was enormous, it could not of course be burnt in its presence, as is the usual custom. An immense room therefore, open above, and with its walls made of brick, and no sign of wood in it, was standing conveniently near the entrance into which the money was thrown as each person approached. By day a dense column of smoke could be seen ascending from this great furnace, and by night this flame could be seen in the distance, now shooting up in great tongues of fire as heaps were cast upon it, and then again dying out as the fire was deadened by the heap of ashes that overloaded it. It was computed that an income of between two and three thousand dollars was brought to the temple merely from the tin-foil which is pasted on the paper, and which was collected from the furnace and sold after the pilgrimage had ceased.

The colporteurs began their work right in the large temple, where the devotees were making their offerings, but soon the priests gathered round, and, with angry looks and gestures, intimated to them that they would be in considerable peril if they dared to continue their work there. They accordingly went amongst the crowds that lined the road, some exceedingly irate that they dared to bring their Christian books into such a sacred

place. Others were friendly, and, when they began to discuss whether this idol had indeed fulfilled all the pledges it had given, there was a wonderful consensus of experience that many of its promises had been utterly falsified. The result was that the colporteurs sold over seven hundred Gospels, and besides had good opportunities, during the ten days they remained, of preaching the good news of salvation to large numbers.

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The chief religion of Japan is Buddhism, but the people worship many other gods besides Buddha. An Englishman was travelling one day in the country parts of Japan and came to a temple which was full of children's clothes and toys; he saw several women come carrying bundles, they were crying and looked very sad. When he asked what it all meant, he was told that when a child died the mother brought its clothes and toys to the temple as an offering to the god, and then she paid some money to the priest that he might write the name of her child on a shaving of wood which was dipped into a pool of holy water; and then the poor mother went home again believing that as the holy water had washed the piece of wood, so her child's soul had been cleansed and made for ever happy. How sad it is to think of the thousands who do not know that it is only the blood of the Lord Jesus that can make any of us clean.

Not long ago it was arranged by the Scripture Union to send a copy of the New Testa-

ment to each railway station throughout Japan, and a letter went with it to the station-master asking him to tell all those working at his station about it, and encouraging them to read it.

A gentleman thus reports the result of this effort:—"All the officials at — are reading in turn the copy of the New Testament, and the station-master himself wished also to study it."

Again he says: "I heard that the gift of the Bible to every station-master had made a great change among the men, because, although some of the station-masters themselves do not



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like it, they were obliged to speak about it to the men at least once, and those who had not before read it for fear, were now free to study it for themselves. The success of this gift is very great."

We who have had the Bible all our lives, and can read it when we like, can perhaps hardly realize what it is to read it for the first time; but let us pray that God's Holy Spirit may help all those who are studying it in Japan, and that they may be indeed made "wise unto salvation through faith which is in Christ Jesus." *From the Bible Society Monthly Reporter.*



# FAITHFUL WORDS FOR OLD AND YOUNG

EDITED BY H. FORBES WITHERBY.

[New Series and Re-Issue.]



"GOLD, SIR!"

## A Great Need of our Day.



REAT efforts are being made by various churches to reach the vast multitudes of persons who live in utter indifference to religion, and a variety of means are adopted to serve the end in view. Some of these means are of more than a doubtful character, from the standpoint of the Christian faith, but "we must go with the times," it is said, which generally signifies using attractions of a more or less worldly character, to induce the public to enter the place set aside for divine service. Some of these attractions are utterly opposed to the principles of evangelical teaching, and we may more than marvel at their adoption by professors of the Christian faith.

The levelling down of Christian truth, or rather the levelling down of the matter, and the manner of its exposition, to the ordinary worldly platform, must soon tell very seriously on religious life; nay, it is already doing so. When the church and chapel become the mediums for the dispersion of such pleasures as are afforded by theatricals, comic songs, and the like, how is it possible that the audience so attracted to the building set apart for divine service can do other than disbelieve the sincerity of those who, on serious occasions, bid the people turn to God? To see the chairman of the evening at the private theatrical converted into the pastor of souls at another meeting, is such a sight as may well make men infidels. Indeed, either such a chairman must be disbelieved as an exponent of Bible truth, or the Bible truths he reads in the service of God must be disbelieved. He and the Bible cannot be made to agree. In a few years this baneful seed will have sprung up, and will be bearing bitter fruits in our dear old country, which will multiply and increase in practical infidelity.

Turning aside from such efforts in the churches, we enter an old-fashioned and old orthodox place of worship, where the air of solemnity reigns. The pews are very thinly occupied, and both preacher and people are

taking the narrative of the most solemn realities about eternity as a matter of course. The truth of God is not dragged in the mire of the world, as is the case in the progressive church, but the people, generally, are unreached; indeed, no real effort is being made to reach them.

But what do we mean when we speak of the people being reached? Surely it is a poor thing, even for this world, to assemble them for the sake of amusement, while so to do, renders them harder than before, to the realities of eternity—we dismiss as utterly beneath the dignity of the messenger of God, and as utterly opposed to the glory of the divine message, such fashionable notions; when we speak of the people being reached, we mean reached by Divine Truth.

Now here and there, it matters not what the denomination may be, there will be found a thoughtful congregation and a hearty service, neither called together by worldly attractions nor drowsily orthodox. The very atmosphere of the place is different from the common. A life and power are present. Attention marks the audience. Earnestness inspires the preacher. The co-workers are on the alert and eager for the result of the priceless moments of the service. God is present. It is this which makes the strange and mighty difference between this favoured spot and the others. Where the presence of God is, there men are bowed and moved, and there the Word of God is in the power of His Spirit.

True evangelical testimony ever tells its own tale, and where it is given out, borne upon the abundance of faithful prayers, it cannot be in vain, and the infidelity and indifference of the day yield before it.

The great lack in the work of the day is prayer. Real prayer, which comes right up out of the heart, and which goes right up to God. Not the prayer of one alone, but collective prayer, definite and decided prayer for the souls of men. In union of hearts to the glory of God for the salvation of souls, prayer springs up as good seed in a fruitful field. Such prayer begets effort, for faith works by love. Faith without works is dead

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faith, when alone, and produces no fruit. The true worker is a messenger from God to men, for as the Father sent the Son, so the Son sends forth disciples with the message of peace to men.

The masses of men are not satisfied? Will theatricals and comic songs calm or awaken the soul? Will "entertainments" give rest to rich or to poor? There is an enormous amount of labour required to get up a successful entertainment, far, far greater than is expended by most missionary efforts to reach the people in a given locality on a given occasion. The one class of effort distances the labourer's soul from God and from Christ; the other, causes heart-searching and soul-humbling, and prayer for himself as well as for the work in hand.

If there were but real prayer we should receive showers of divine blessing. The indifference of man vanishes when God revives His work, and lays bare His arm. There is no stir in human hearts like that produced by the movings of the Spirit of God. Thereby there is a shaking and a noise in the valley of dry bones. Men cry "What must we do to be saved?" Divine power causes them to tremble. And this is what is needed in our day. The mere machinery of the religious service effects no end for eternity; it may fill a building, it will not help towards filling heaven. As we consider some of the means so largely used to obtain the presence of people at the Christian place of worship, may we not exclaim, "We have not so much as heard whether there be any Holy Ghost?" (See Acts xix.)

Do not many of us require a conversion to faith in the Holy Ghost? And this whether we believe in the Holy Ghost as a creed, or ignore Him by our efforts. The principles of evangelical teaching have in their first elements the belief in God the Holy Spirit, in Himself here on earth to testify to the Christ, absent from earth, but now in heaven, in Himself the Agent by whom man believes the gospel of God. But He is sorely ignored by many of our ways, whether they be ways of "amusement" or ways of "sleep" in relation to that sacred trust—the gospel of God.

## "Gold, Sir!"



HAD given away some gospel books to my fellow passengers in the railway carriage, when the train drew up, and on going towards the village I was overtaken by a farmer. He accosted me, and said he was glad I had been engaged upon a good work.

"Are you, too, a Christian?" I enquired.

"Do you see the lights in yonder chapel? we had a meeting for the Sunday school, there, last evening," he replied.

"Indeed! You are interested in such matters. Are you a Christian, sir?" I repeated.

"We had a collection last evening for the schools," said he.

"Really! But are you a Christian?"

"I gave ten shillings to the good work—gold, sir!" Besides doing the schools good, good example that!"

"Well, but are you a Christian? or, speaking more plainly," for the farmer seemed as deaf as a stone to my question, "are your sins forgiven, and should you die this moment are you right for God's presence?"

"Tut, tut," said the old man; "who knows that? Have I not helped the good cause for the Almighty?"

"Then do you think that God wants your ten shillings?" I asked. "You seem to set much store upon your gift. He tells us not to let our right hand know what our left does, and He loveth a cheerful giver."

"I have helped on the good cause," said he, and stepping out with fresh energy, he repeated, "Ten shillings, sir! Gold, sir!"

"Man!" I cried, "God does not want your miserable gift. Do you mean to go out of this world offering Him your paltry gold? He is presenting to us, lost in our sins, the value of the precious blood of Christ, and you turn from this unspeakable gift, His own dear Son, to boast how you dragged out a bit of money from your unwilling pocket."

Whereon the old farmer, annoyed at my plain speaking, yet full of self-satisfaction, turned down the dark lane where in the dis-

tance the light within the window marked his dwelling, and as he went repeated, "I gave ten shillings to the schools last evening."

The hard old north-country farmer let out the secret of his heart. His notion of his good works came out with native bluntness; but there are too many like him who, though they cover up with religious politeness their self-righteous thoughts, yet fancy that a piece of money cast into the bag on Sunday, or a good subscription to a charitable institution is, to say the least, one step up the ladder to heaven.

### Joy Unspeakable and Full of Glory.

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

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

Jamie was his mother's pride, and the pride of the village. Jamie received much love, but had you asked him if God had made him

happy, he would have told you that such peace and happiness were unknown to him. And, indeed, they *are* unknown to all (whether they own it or not) who do not know the Lord, and who cannot say "we see Jesus."

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

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

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

"Hush, hush, my child," cried the mother, "you're beside yourself; calm yourself a bit, take your supper, and go to bed. The Almighty don't love you nor me," she said, "or He'd a never given us such a husband and a father, that's sure, so don't go telling your mother such untruths. Your father's drunk, and is just a nigh coming in; if he hears this kind a talk he'll beat you."

"But Jesus *does* love us, mother," Jamie said; "He loves father, you, and me, only we must *believe* Him. Take away the bread,

## FAITHFUL WORDS FOR OLD AND YOUNG.

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mother, I want no supper to-night. I've seen Him *up there*, mother," and again his eyes looked heavenward, as if he were indeed up there already in spirit. "Yes, I've seen Him, and that's enough for Jamie. Good-night, mother; Jamie's last words to you are, Jesus is up there, loves you, and *died* for you"; and with these words, he climbed up to his garret and laid him down to sleep. Truly, he could say, "I sat down under His shadow with great delight, and His fruit was sweet to my taste." (Song of Solomon ii. 3.)

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

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

In her room below, his mother caught the faint murmurings of her boy's voice saying—

"Jesus, Jesus; Jesus died for Jamie; Jamie's too happy to live. Hallelujah!"

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

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

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

The drunken father came home, but he did not beat Jamie. The poor mother knew not what it was that made her little son so

strangely glad, far less did she enter into his words, "Jamie's too happy to live." But the next morning early she found to her astonishment and her deep, deep grief that her child's words about going straight to Jesus were no wild fancy of his, but a reality.

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

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

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

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

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## The Fashionable Colour.

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EACH season introduces to our eye some favourite colour which not to wear would be to be out of the fashion. Sometimes it is a cold tint, sometimes a warm one; a decided colour or a delicate hue, for so change the attractions. But in what is called the religious world the fashionable colour ever remains the same. It is neither cold nor warm, decided nor delicate. Neutral tint is the fashionable religious colour, if colour we may call that which means neither one thing nor the other. Not to be religious would not be respectable, but to be outspoken, to be decided, would not be fashionable. Soften down the strong words of Scripture; on no account offend anyone; let not your professions of Christianity interfere with your possession of the world—be neutral.

Yet this neutrality God hates. And Christ says He will reject the neither cold nor hot, and spue the lukewarm out of His mouth. What is the habit of our lives—are we dressed in the religious world's favourite tint, or are we wearing Christ's colours?

## FAITHFUL WORDS FOR OLD AND YOUNG.



## The Spezia Mission.

**T**HE Gulf of Spezia in Northern Italy presents a scene, the loveliness of which it would be difficult to surpass in Europe. The great and growing city of Spezia stands at the head of the gulf facing the sea. On the right hand and on the

left are the villages and towns, small and large, which day by day send their quota of busy workers into Spezia. One or two steamers take them to their work in the morning, and in the evening bear them home again.

Had we been standing upon the village quay one spring evening, we should have seen a strange sight as the steamer approached the landing-stage. An angry mob was awaiting its arrival. The hands of the mob were full of stones, for someone on board had deeply stirred their indignation. As the steamer drew near, amid fearful howlings, threats, and insults, the cry arose, "Away with this devil, away with him! Burn the Protestants!"

What was the meaning of all this? One of the evangelists of the Spezia Mission was returning from a service in Spezia at which he had been preaching the gospel, and this was his welcome.

The village in which this stormy greeting took place is a fair type of hundreds of villages in Italy. On the summits and sides of the mountains, in the beautiful green valleys among olive gardens and vineyards, in the most luxuriant spots, a terrible darkness—the darkness of ignorance, superstition, and scepticism—rests upon the people. And this, alas, is true not only of those numberless villages, but in a large measure true also of the towns and cities. Have God's people in England realised that within one day and a half's journey from them, there is a nation of 31,000,000 immortal souls, a nation to which Christianity owes an incalculable debt, among whom to-day *not one in five hundred* possesses the light of truth which floods our own land? Among this people something is being done, and one of the most deeply interesting and enthralling stories of modern missionary

## FAITHFUL WORDS FOR OLD AND YOUNG.

enterprise in Italy, or, indeed, in any land or any age, is that of *the Spezia Mission for Italy and the Levant*. Well did Sir Henry Havelock-Allan say, "the initiation of the great work in India which I know so well is not more wonderful than the work of the Spezia Mission, and it is my firm conviction that this mission should have a place beside the work of Carey, Marshman and Ward."

We purpose relating from time to time a few matters of interest respecting this mission. On the present occasion we will give some incidents of recent occurrence.

\* \* \* \* \*

It is a summer evening, and many are enjoying the cooler air after the burning heat of the day. Among the throng passing and re-passing are not a few officers of the Italian army. Yonder is a gentleman with a little packet of books in his hand. Every now and then, with a courteous word, he hands to one and another of the passers-by one of his books. Now he has stopped an officer, and asked him to accept a copy of a portion of the Scriptures, "It is a gift, signor; I would earnestly beg you to read it." With a polite bow the officer takes the proffered portion, and putting it carelessly into his pocket goes on his way.

Many months passed by, when in a town far removed from that in which the incident just narrated took place, almost identical incidents occur. The two men meet again, and again the one offers to the other a book bearing the glad tidings of a full salvation through the Saviour.

What would be regarded as a most extraordinary chance by any who did not believe in a God who works out His blessed will unerringly, a few years later a third time the same officer and the same servant of Christ meet in still another part of Italy. The officer on this occasion is offered a copy of the New Testament, and as the offer is made an intensely earnest request is added. He is entreated to look for salvation to the One Saviour of men, even Jesus Christ the Lord.

Now, although the officer recognised the distributor of the Word of God instantly, at the second and third meeting, the latter was

quite unaware of the fact! After the third meeting, the officer began to ponder over the stranger's words: "That man cares far more for my soul than I do myself. Why should he take such an interest in the salvation of my countrymen all over Italy? He has met me three times, though he does not know it, and I could read in his eyes the intensity of his longing for the blessing of my people. There must be more in him and in his books than I have imagined."

These thoughts led to deeper thoughts. The Spirit was probing the man's conscience. He went back to his home, and taking the three neglected books from the shelf, where they had been placed, read them with intense interest. He was deeply moved, and longed to know more of the things which were opening up to his mind, and his longing grew so strong that he made diligent enquiries for the man who had given him the Scriptures. Presently he discovered that the donor was the Rev. Edward Clarke, the founder of the Spezia Mission. It was not long before Mr. Clarke had the joy of leading him to Christ, and both rejoiced in the same Saviour.

Mr. Clarke was used not only to win the husband but the wife also to God, and now this day, that officer with his wife, are at the head of the orphanage at Marola, which is a part of the Spezia Mission operations. The high position in the Italian army held by the officer was given up, and at great pecuniary sacrifice and with not a little persecution, the noble couple took up the work to which Mr. Clarke was led to invite them. Faithfully and unselfishly they have for years now done that work, and the sight of the dear orphans at Marola abundantly testifies to the wisdom of Mr. Clarke's choice.

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"Would you like to live in a very nice house?" The speaker was a priest of the Church of Rome, and the person addressed one of the teachers of a school in connection with the Spezia Mission. She was puzzled by his question, and did not know how to answer.

Again he said, "Would you like to live in a very nice house?" but refused to explain what he meant, merely saying, "If she wished



to live in a very nice house, he could put her in the way to do so."

Again, and yet again, the priest came with the same strange question, and at length he divulged his scheme. He wished to commence a school conducted by the Roman Catholics opposite to the one in which she was teaching, and if she would leave the Protestant school and take the oversight of this new one she should have a larger salary and should live "in a very nice house."

The teacher was staunch to her principles, and deaf to bribes and persuasions, and is still bending all her energies to the great work of giving the Italian children the Word of God.

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In connection with this mission there are no less than eight Bible day schools and fifteen Sunday schools, and the blessed work which is being done therein is probably unique in all Europe. Considerably over seven hundred children are gathered in the Bible schools, not one day in seven, but *five days a week*. A few come from the homes of those who know the truth and have entered into the liberty of the gospel, but the great bulk of them are the children of those who still hold to Roman Catholicism, or who, disgusted or disappointed with what they have seen and heard in connection with the only religion with which they and their fathers have been familiar, have become absolutely sceptical. The teachers, all of whom are filled with an earnest missionary spirit as workers for Christ, prayerfully seek to use their influence well during the precious hours that the children are entrusted to their care, and their charges amply reciprocate their love. Home they go, these little Italian children, when school is over, streaming out from the *scuole* at Via Volturno, Casa Mazza, Piazza Maria Adelaide, and the various other stations, *themselves little missionaries* bearing into homes where spiritual darkness reigns, gleams of the Light of life in the Scriptures they have read, the hymns they have learnt, and the teaching they have received.

\* \* \* \* \*

It is a *festa*, and the children are looking for a grand day. The place of worship at

Casa Alberto, the headquarters of the mission, is not nearly large enough to hold all the Bible day school children—not to mention those of their friends who would like to be present. But all who could be packed in, have found seats, or, at least, standing room.

Oh, how sadly a building is needed where all these dear children could be gathered for united services, and where at least a thousand people could assemble to hear the Word of God. The need for more room to accommodate those simply craving for the Word of God is, oh, so urgent. Prizes are awarded to those whose regular attendance or proficiency in class entitles them to receive them. God's Word is read and simply explained—the beautiful

" . . . old, old story  
Of Jesus and His love "

is told once again. Several of the children recite pieces, teaching priceless lessons, and hymns are sung, with evident delight and great heartiness—some of them set to tunes familiar to English ears, and with words translated from those well known at home.

From the lips of Mr. Clarke and some of his helpers the crowded company hear short addresses, setting forth the love of Him who came "to seek and to save that which was lost," and who said "Suffer the children to come unto Me." With eager, strained attention every word is followed.

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We may speak at another time of the work at the widely-scattered mission stations, which for *three hundred miles* across Italy now constitute a great line of lights in the darkness, and of the earnest band of missionaries, evangelists and teachers who amid many hardships, discouragements and opposition, sometimes not unmixed with gravest perils, are seeking to win Italy for Christ. Italy's need is terrible. The Spezia Mission is doing a grand work, but with sorely straitened means. By earnest prayer and by practical aid how many could help who have not known of the work heretofore! Who will? H. H. PULLEN.

Any communications on this matter should be addressed to "Marola," East Finchley, London, N.



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## Tidings from the Mission Field.

## THE NEW HEBRIDES.

## AN UNLOVELY CUSTOM.

We had a nice service here in the afternoon, with an attendance of about fifty—women in the majority. They come freely about, and are so bright and confiding—only, among the heathen, I hardly know them from the men until they smile. They are dressed, or rather undressed, so alike, each wearing a small loin cloth. When they smile, poor things, the want of the two upper front teeth proclaims them to be the weaker vessels—slaves to a horrid custom, which still prevails and I suppose will prevail till Christianity has got a firm hold on Malekula. A dear little girl got hers knocked out last week by the usual *dentist* while we were out of the way. We were so vexed, as we had hoped to save her.

## A HORRID CUSTOM.

The last murder I *can't* get over. It was a poor woman who had been a long time sick—her husband could not keep her, so they *buried her alive*, she fighting hard to keep above ground, till the chief gave her a blow on the head to kill her before her face was smothered, because he was sorry for her. How terribly true it is that the tender mercies of the heathen are horrid cruelty! Mr. Gillan was telling us of one thing he has known to be done to women trying to run away from their husbands—putting a red hot stone under the knee and tying back the leg to keep it there till the stone grows cold. No running away after that—they are lamed for life.

## MAN-STEALING.

Charlie Lean (they nickname him "Charlie Fat," he is so stout), who had charge of the South Sea Island Home, has just arrived to be a missionary to his fellow-countrymen, after fourteen years' absence. He was kidnapped as a little boy, and taken to Queensland. His own story is very touching. "White man tell me come look at his big ship, and he give me things. Then, when I want

jump back in my canoe, he send it away and hold me firm—get up anchor and go away. Oh, I cry, cry, cry, *plenty*, but he tell me to dry up or he would *shot* me. I stop cry, for I no want him to shot me, but my heart break for my mother all the time, and I no can help myself—he got me there!" His home is two miles distance from Pangkumu, where he will be a great power for good.

*Quarterly Jottings. Extracts from Mrs. John G. Paton's letter.*

## CHINA.

*Notes from Mrs. Howard Taylor's Journal in "China's Millions."*

## THE PEOPLE.

Excellent, hard-working, ingenious people! Passing on from day to day over the green undulating country, we are continually surprised at the patient industry and skill that they display.

## THE ROADS.

Now we are getting up amongst the mountains. Oh, marvellous land! What roads—what means of progression! Down these sheer steps of rock—over these iron-hard footpaths, like ploughed fields baked in the sun—up the steep banks of mud—and across ditches and hedgerows of all sorts and sizes, persistently, relentlessly we travel on, from four o'clock in the morning until the sun goes down, our springless barrows creaking and squeaking like perpetual bagpipes. One never knew before how much the human frame could stand.

## A GODDESS.

We have just passed through a little wayside temple, which is quite a famous place in its way. Perched on a rocky height above the river, it stands right across the pathway, shaded by overhanging trees. The reigning divinity is the popular "Goddess of Mercy," and all round the deep recess in which the idol stands, the wall is crowded with little banners and tablets recording her responses to many a prayer. When we came up our barrows were wheeled right through, and put down just beyond the entrance on the further side. Then the men all went back to the door, washed their hands in a basin on the ground,

and trooped in to worship. Three or four together knelt at a sort of communion-rail in front of the image; crackers were fired off; the priest beat loudly upon a sonorous gong; the men bowed thrice, knocked their foreheads three times on the ground, bowed thrice again and rose; incense burning and the gong resounding all the while. They then came out in quite a merry mood, laughing and saying—

"*Ihkükong-hsi!*"—"All are congratulated!"

And taking up their barrows without delay, they ran on down the rocky path. Cheerful, pleasant, kindly creatures, but oh, how dark!

WE are pleased to acknowledge the receipt of £1 from Mrs. E. T. Holmes (Iowa), per Messrs. Loizeaux Bros. (New York), for the Jewish work referred to in the December number of our Magazine, and have forwarded the amount to Mr. D. Baron.

Further contributions for the Leper Fund are gratefully acknowledged.

J. M. Ingram (Aberdeen), 7s. 7; per E. Crosse, 8s. 4d.; per R. Thomson, Walton St. Presbyterian Sunday-school (Hull), 16s. 3d.; per Messrs. Loizeaux Bros., Sunday-school at Alton, Ill., U.S., £1; Miss Rymer (East Heslerton, via York), £1.



### An Angel's Visit.

"**M**OTHER, will you give me one of the small loaves all to myself, to do what I like with?" said Rose.

"And what do you want it for? It is to give away, I expect!" replied the little girl's mother, bidding her to be careful with her gifts, which were not always judiciously bestowed.

Rose exclaimed earnestly, "Oh, do please let me have it, darling mother! Indeed it is not to waste, and you would be willing if you knew, only I want you to trust me this once."

"Well, take one then, and be off!" was the laughing reply.

Rose departed, highly gratified with the success of her pleading.

Rose was the only daughter in a rather large family, and her mother had been giving her girl instructions in the art of baking, and it was when Rose was helping to take the batch from the oven that the little conversation took place.

Rose was full of fun and frolic, but latterly a serious mood had come to her; yet her face beamed with a glad light it had never before possessed, and her eyes sparkled with an added brilliancy, for at the time of which we write, the heart of Rose was full of a strange new joy, and was bubbling over with love to the precious Lord Jesus, whom she had lately received to be all she needed for time and for eternity. How could Rose help loving the One who had died to atone for her sins, and give her not only eternal life but a very present salvation?

Mrs. C., the little girl's mother, was one whose religion did not wholly consist of public worship, for to many a poor family her presence was as a ray of sunlight amid the gloom of poverty.

Sometimes Mrs. C. would take her daughter with her on her visits, and especially was Rose delighted to listen to the conversation with her honoured mother, of some aged Christians. One of these was a widow, Mrs. Anden; she was a member of the same church as Rose's parents. Sometimes with her mother, and frequently alone, Rose had visited this sufferer.

Mrs. Anden occupied the front room of a little cottage, situated about a mile from Rose's home; she had been for years confined to her bed with rheumatic gout, and it was for her Rose wanted the loaf.

About two hours after obtaining it, Rose came to her mother with another request—

"Mother dear, may I go out for a time? It is fine, and I shall be back before dark?"

"Yes, you may go," replied Mrs. C., for she guessed that Rose wished to dispose of the loaf.

Presently she was knocking at the cottage door. She knocked again, and yet again, but there was no response; then quietly lifting the latch, and gently closing the door, she

approached the bed. Mrs. Anden's eyes were closed. A sweet smile yet lingered about her lips, and the poor widow appeared to have forgotten her sufferings.

"What a pity to awake her," thought Rose; and then obeying a sudden impulse, she placed the loaf upon the pillow, and withdrew as quietly as she had entered.

Some weeks elapsed before Rose could pay another visit to Mrs. Anden. After some general conversation, the aged Christian exclaimed, "Miss C., let me tell you what happened two or three weeks ago. It was one Friday, and I shall never forget it! My pain had been very bad in the morning, and there was nothing in the house to eat! and my daughter had a day's charing to do, so I was alone. Well, Satan began to worry me, and to tell me all sorts of things about my dear Master. He told me that nobody cared for me, and that the Bible was not true! Then I lay a sweating, and a groaning, and a praying, and a crying as if my very heart would break! But I remembered the Bible was under my pillow, and got it out, and wiped my eyes and read, till I found the place where it says, 'Thy bread shall be given thee, thy water shall be sure.' So putting my finger on the place, I said to the Lord, 'Oh, God, I'm just going to believe Thy Word, in spite of all Satan can do!' Then, my dear, I felt so happy! and so sure God would send and feed me somehow, and I fell into such a sweet sleep—for I seemed to be right in the arms of Jesus!

"Well, what do you think? When I awoke the first thing I saw was a loaf of bread, right upon my pillow! At first it appeared to me as if an angel had put it there; and sure enough it came from God, for it was the most splendid bread I ever ate!"

Rose listened with tearful eyes, and as she remembered how all that afternoon she could not rest for thinking of the old widow, and especially how she felt that she must bring the loaf that very day, she was sure it must have been in answer to the old Christian's prayer for bread.

Though this little incident took place some thirty years ago, and Rose is no longer a little

girl, she loves to relate the pleasant story, and to recall the goodness of God upon that, to her, eventful occasion.

RHODA.

## The Titmouse.



WHILE standing at a window the other day, overlooking the garden, the writer saw a little Titmouse dart from the wall and snatch up a grain of Indian corn which had been thrown to the fowls. He sprang on to a shrub, and then, placing the grain of corn in his little foot, just as you would hold a ball in your hand, and, turning it round, began picking out all the softer parts until he had got all that he could eat; then, dropping the rest of the grain, went and took another, which he made use of in the same way.

Now, you know Indian corn is very hard, and much too large for a little Titmouse to swallow whole, but there are some parts of it which are softer than others, and these the tiny creature, not so big as a sparrow, picked out with a perseverance that really did him credit. There he sat on a spray, pecking and turning, turning and pecking the grain of maize which was as big as his own little foot, busily choosing that which was good for him, and casting aside all the rest.

That Titmouse is a wise little fellow, thought the writer: he knows how to refuse the evil and choose the good, for, although there is nothing "evil" in a grain of Indian corn, you know there is a good deal in it which is unfit for such a little bird, and therefore bad for him. Now, I wonder whether all the little readers of FAITHFUL WORDS are as wise as this little Titmouse? There he is, brought up on those wild hills of Somerset, and where it is hardly likely he had ever seen Indian corn before. Yet no sooner does he get hold of a grain, than he sets to work to get all the good out of it he can. And what is more, I think, he went and told all his Titmouse friends who lived in the copse that crowns the hill just opposite, for the next day, and every day since, there has been quite a

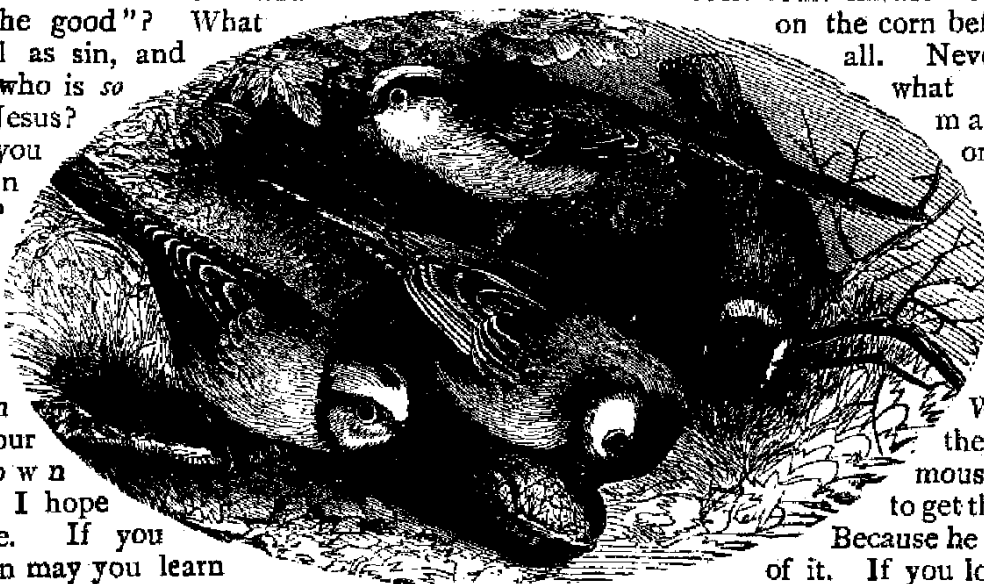
number of Titmice all doing the very same thing; and not only in the garden, but in the orchard, too, feeding with the doves and fowls, and snatching away grains from under the very beak of the great gamecock himself.

So you see the Titmouse is as bold as wise, neither daunted by difficulties, nor foolish enough to neglect what he can get any good from; a generous little bird, too, for having found something good for himself, he appears to have made it known to his neighbours. Now, again I say, I wonder whether the little readers of FAITHFUL WORDS are like this amusing little bird? First of all, do *you* "refuse the evil and choose the good"? What

is *so* evil as sin, and what or who is *so* good as Jesus?

Have you chosen Him? that is to say, have you really believed in Him as your very own Saviour? I hope you have. If you

have, then may you learn more and more to "abhor that which is evil, and cleave to that which is good," and, like the little Titmouse who only fed on that which was suited to him, and threw away all the rest, may you feed on the Bread of life, and cast aside everything that is unfit for one who loves Him. Like the little Titmouse too, may you go and tell others. He had little friends in the copse where he lived, and you have little friends round about where you live. When he found out that maize was good, he didn't keep it to himself, but found some way of making it known. If you have found out, through grace, the blessedness of knowing and feeding on Christ, you will not keep it to yourself, but will tell it to others, not only in words, but in deeds.



The fact is, I don't think the little Titmouse exactly told the others about the corn, but what he did was to lead them to it. People sometimes say that birds have a language of their own, and so they have, but it is language rather of action than of voice. I hope yours will be like it. Nothing is more pleasant than to see a dear little believer in the Lord showing out Christ in "the ornament of a meet and quiet spirit."

Then there is one thing more: the Titmouse was not to be daunted by difficulties nor frightened away from his food. Neither doves, nor fowls, nor even the fierce gamecock could hinder him; he fed

on the corn before them all. Never mind

what anybody may say,

or think,

or do, cleave

to Christ

in face of every-

thing. Why did

the little Titmouse risk all

to get the maize? Because he was fond

of it. If you love Jesus, you will risk anything for His

sake. Thus, you see, we may learn something even from such a little bird as the Titmouse.

J. L. K.

#### TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

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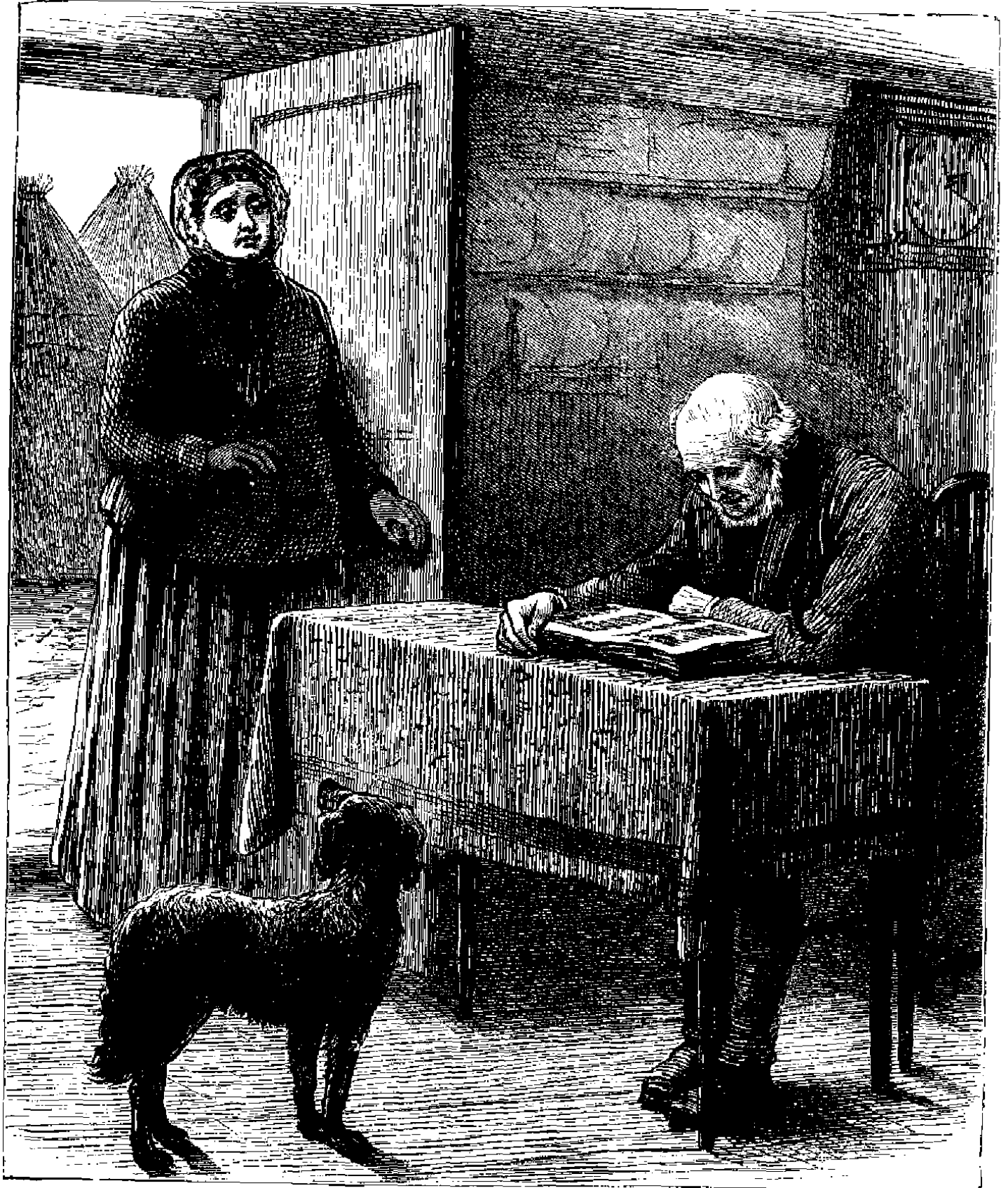
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# FAITHFUL WORDS FOR OLD AND YOUNG.

EDITED BY W. FORBES WITHERBY

*New Series and Re-issues.*



THE FARMER'S WIFE.

## Salvation and Reformation.

**I**N the ways of God with man, He begins with salvation, and goes on to reformation; in the ways of man with God, almost always, man begins with reformation, and trusts this will lead to salvation. God works from His own righteous and gracious standpoint, He magnifies Himself in His ways with sinful man, and He blesses man after the counsel of His own will, and such being the case, it need occasion no surprise that man, instead of rising up to the wonderful ways of God, thinks out his own thoughts and works on his own lines. God is glorious in holiness, and mighty to save, but we are poor, mean creatures, and, therefore, are slow of heart to believe Him. Such as say, "Faith is a poor thing; what man needs is reformation," know next to nothing about God in His thoughts and ways. Faith is altogether wonderful—if faith in God be that of which we speak—and to have faith in God means not to have faith in oneself, nor in that which we see and feel, but just to take God at His word.

When the idea of divine salvation enters into the mind, it will be allowed to be but reasonable that salvation should precede reformation. But in natural things we can learn the same lesson. It is very proper that sailors should be taught how to swim, and the practice of being a seaman, and yet having no power to keep up the body when in the water, should be reformed. But no one preaches on reformation to a drowning sailor, but away goes the boat to save him. Save him first, teach him to swim afterwards. The idea bound up in the salvation of man is the lost state of man, and a lost man needs to be saved. In the spiritual world men are lost, they are perishing; hence, as the first necessity, "Save them."

Recognizing that a man is lost, it is obvious that power outside himself is requisite for salvation—and that power is divine. The Scriptures speak of "the salvation of God" (Acts xxviii. 28), and declare that the Gospel of God is the power of God unto salvation (Rom. i. 16). The salvation of God is worthy

of its Author; it is, like Him, perfect, and, being of Him, it is absolute. The handiwork of God is perfect, and no man has yet attempted so much as adding to the beauty of the pink petals of the little daisy or to the shining yellow of the buttercup, but whole communities of sinful men labour together to add their finishing touches to the salvation of God. Did Christendom act towards the salvation of God as it acts towards the flowers of the field, the business of its religion would come almost to a standstill. There would be nothing left for man to do; he would but fall down before God, and admire, and rejoice. Where would be a place for the prayers of penitents, the labours of pilgrims, the prayers purchased of priests, and where a place for the religion of resolutions and self-effort? Instead of these laborious performances, these profitless undertakings, Christendom would resound with the song of heaven, "Salvation to our God which sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb" (Rev. vii. 10).

The salvation of God is absolute as well as perfect. A man owes £5 19s. 11<sup>3</sup>/<sub>4</sub>d., and has not a penny wherewithal to pay his debt. A stranger, moved with compassion, settles the whole, and obtaining a receipt for the full amount, the claim is absolutely met. What does the debtor? Rejoice, or try to wipe off the three farthings? Or does he try his hand at the pence, and leave the shillings and the pounds to the stranger? Or does he perchance try how he can manage the nineteen shillings? No, he rejoices in the absolute discharge of the whole sum, pounds, shillings, pence and farthings. Thus does God's salvation meet our debt of sin; the whole is discharged at once, and man has nothing to do but to rejoice.

When a man is saved, absolutely and perfectly, a new manner of life is demanded of him. "The grace of God that bringeth salvation hath appeared to all men, teaching us that, denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, we should live soberly, righteously, and godly, in this present world." (Tit. ii. 11, 12). He comes under the divine rule here laid down; his life is required to be altogether different from what it was previous to his sal-

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vation. And whatever position in this world he may occupy, the grace of God, which brought him salvation, teaches him how to deport himself worthily of his God and Saviour.

### The Farmer's Wife.

**M**RS. B. was a farmer's wife, and much respected. Her husband was honest and industrious, but very violent. They occupied a pretty little farm in one of the well-watered valleys of Devonshire.

With much to make her comfortable as to this life, Mrs. B. had deeply serious concern for her eternal salvation. For many years, at times, she was much distressed about the wrath to come. She was greatly afraid of death and judgment, for she knew she was a sinner against God. In extreme anxiety, she would sometimes suddenly run out of her house, in the vain hope of hiding herself from the eye of God. Again, when almost in despair, she would set off to a neighbouring farmer, who had the reputation of being "religious," that she might pour out her sorrow to him. His reply, however, was generally to the effect that her sinful ways were the cause of her distress, and if she tried to keep the commandments, do her duty, and be a better woman, she would be happier. This unscriptural counsel *appeared* for the time to mitigate her sorrow, but the more she endeavoured to keep the commandments, the more she proved the truth of Scripture, that "by the law is the knowledge of sin." In this way she became more heavily oppressed with guilt, and more racked with distress of conscience than ever.

In agony of mind she would enquire, "What can I do? Where shall I go? I am such a sinner. God must cut me off; He *must* banish me from His presence for ever," and the like. Her repeated visits to the religious farmer gave her no relief. Thirteen years of more or less misery of soul thus passed away. Sometimes she resolved to *be* better, and to *do* better, but it only ended in plunging her in hopelessness and despair.

Her medical attendant was a converted man, who for many years had known Christ as his Saviour. One evening in the week he had a Scripture-reading in his dining-room, and this reached the ears of the farmer's wife. She resolved to go to his house. It was a winter evening when she set out on a walk of two miles to reach the doctor's house. On nearing it, she hesitated to intrude; but the need of her sin-stricken soul was all important, and her agony intense.

When she opened the door, she heard someone read these precious words of our adorable Saviour, "Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in Me." Like a flash of lightning, divine grace shone upon her. These words were a gracious balm to her wounded soul. At once she perceived that salvation was not by works, but on the principle of faith. She knew now that Christ saves all who believe in Him. Instantly she seemed to have passed from death unto life. The Lord Jesus became the refuge of her burdened heart. This precious Friend of sinners was now the object of her faith. She knew the precious reality that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners, and that His blood cleanseth from all sin. How could she doubt her own salvation, seeing He said, "Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in Me"? What a wondrous change! So sensible did she seem to be of the reality of this great salvation, that she could now sing—

"My doubts and fears for ever gone,  
For Christ is on the Father's throne."

Thoughts like these occupied her mind. She returned home that night a happy woman. The darkness of the religious farmer's counsel was made manifest to her. She saw that sinners were not saved by keeping the commandments, but by Christ, and she was sure that He had saved her through faith in Him.

She soon knew that she had passed from death unto life, that she had remission of sins, and was a child of God. Her joy was to speak of the Lord Jesus. Her husband, however, was bitterly opposed to her, and upon one occasion, as she was about starting to attend a religious meeting, he became



so violent that he ran after her armed with a stick, and declared that if ever she returned he would do for her. But, attracted by the Saviour's new-found love, she thought but little of these threats, or of the difficulties that seemed to beset her path, and went steadily on filled with joy and comfort. The Lord was everything to her. She found Him enough to satisfy and fill her heart. She could truly sing—

“ To save the sinner Jesus came,  
To set the captive free ;  
And now my willing lips proclaim  
That Jesus died for me.”

The time now arrived for her to return home, and knowing the extreme violence of her husband, she dreaded meeting him. Doubtless she longed and prayed for his salvation. On nearing the farmyard, she expected every moment to be the object of his fury. She approached the house slowly and quietly, and opening the kitchen door saw, to her joy and amazement, that her poor husband was sitting at the table attentively *reading the Bible*. She could scarcely believe her own eyes, until he said, “We have had our dinner, Johanna, and have put some into the oven for you.” The farmer's heart was broken. He saw there was reality in his wife's confession. He knew that he was a sinner, and soon began to cry out, “What must I do to be saved?” To hear of the love of God in giving His only-begotten Son, was now welcome to his burdened soul, and 'ere long both the persecuting farmer and his faithful wife were rejoicing together in willing obedience to His word. Thus the Holy Spirit wrought in their souls.

After the farmer knew that he was saved, he told the writer of these lines, that in his unconverted days he was so violent at times, as if the power of Satan were working in him, that, without any reason, he would cruelly wound his horses when at work with him in the field. He also said that the first sense of softening of heart he experienced, was during the late harvest, when he had such a heavy crop of corn in one field that it seemed as if he would never draw it all away. The sense of God's mercy in this temporal way

affected him much for the time. However, it soon passed off.

The writer of this paper would only add that he knew the farmer and his wife for some time after their conversion, and that they were greatly esteemed for their godly walk and testimony for the Lord Jesus. H. H. S.

### Better than being a Bride on Earth.

“**P**oor Fanny is dying,” said a young factory girl; “and the saddest thing is, she is not saved. Her mind is set upon being married, yet she lies in the hospital sinking with galloping consumption, and there is not one amongst her friends who will tell her the truth. Will you go and break it to her, for it is cruel to let her die thus?”

“Let us first pray about it,” said I, and we earnestly sought wisdom from the Lord to speak to the poor young girl.

I hastened to her bedside, and saw it was too true that death, with his cold grasp, was near. A voice seemed to whisper to me, “There is not a minute to lose; tell her of the Lord Jesus before it be too late.”

“Your friend Martha asked me to come and try and comfort you, my dear Miss Harris,” I said to the sufferer. The poor girl smiled, and with my help raised herself on the pillow, then, with much painful effort, slowly said, “Tell Martha, with my love, that I am much better—oh, yes—I am better—stronger—and shall soon be well.” She stopped for a few minutes, coughing and gasping for breath, and then looking at me very earnestly continued, “I am engaged, and I must be married. Everything is ready, my home and my dress, everything,” and her large, deep blue eyes filled with tears, while a hopeful anticipation expressed itself upon her countenance.

Gently taking the small wasted hand, I replied as tenderly as I could, “Married, my dear, but not on earth! You surely mean you are of the Bride of Christ.”

“Oh, no!” she quickly interrupted, “you don't understand me. I am engaged, and



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must be married. It has been put off several times on account of my health, but now it is quite settled, and as soon as I leave this place I shall be his bride." The exertion of speaking then overcame the sufferer, who fell back upon her pillow.

Some minutes passed before I could reply, so sad was it to have to undeceive the dying one. At length I said, "Fanny dear, we cannot fight against the settled purposes of God; and if He has determined otherwise, and is about to call you from this earth, would you not rather seek to belong to Christ, to be dressed in the wedding garment of divine righteousness, and to dwell in the home above? My dear girl, you cannot possibly live long; I solemnly believe your days are numbered. I implore you not to waste your few precious remaining moments in indulging in a dream which cannot be realized." I could not refrain from weeping while speaking thus, and at the same time called inwardly upon the Lord to make the poor deluded one believe in Him.

"Don't you think, Miss V.," replied Fanny, "that God can make me well if He pleases? The doctors here say I am better."

"My dear, it is a great pity so very few doctors have the courage to tell their patients the truth," was my response, and then, after praying with her, I left.

What a terrible struggle passed within this poor sufferer's soul as the fact of death being near, forced itself upon her! And not only was it the truth of her position as dying, but also her state as a sinner in God's sight, which became real to her mind. Yet so tenderly and graciously did God work in her, that she meekly bowed to His will, and surrendered every cherished earthly hope. Can our reader answer, What was the power which enabled this dying girl thus to bow to God's will? God poured into her heart His own sustaining grace. He showed her, by His Spirit, that Christ died to save sinners and to bring them to Himself. He established her soul in the solid and enduring blessedness which there is in Christ. Hence it was she was enabled to surrender her cherished dream and her longed-for earthly expectations.

It is not, perhaps, to one in dying circum-

stances that we now appeal, but it is, nevertheless, to one whose joys must necessarily wither and decay, for all is vanity and vexation of spirit here. The prattle of the child will cease, the pleasant tones of the parent's voice will be hushed, the song and mirth of this life will 'ere long be silent in the grave. Where, then, is peace, solid, enduring? Are your joys, beloved reader, those which this world gives, but only to take away? or have you, in Christ, "joy unspeakable and full of glory"?

So remarkably did God give this dying one to realize His saving mercy and love, and so firmly did He set her heart upon Christ in glory, that she expressly desired not to see him to whom she was engaged, lest her heavenly joy should be disturbed. She could pray for him that he might be saved, but, dreading her weakness, the dying girl preferred to spend her last moments in the company of Christ and His people.

What a triumph of divine grace is before you in this simple and true story, dear reader! What a bright evidence of the sustaining power of the love which passeth knowledge!

A little while before her spirit was called away Fanny said to me, with a smile lighting up her face, "I am going to be with Christ, and that is better than being a bride upon earth. I am happy, longing to go to Him. Alas! how blind I was. Thank you, Miss V., for telling me the truth." We gave each other a farewell kiss, and shortly after my friend fell asleep in Christ.

Will you not, dear Christian reader, be encouraged to speak faithfully and earnestly to the sick and dying, by hearing of this grace of God? Surely you will not be so cruelly unfeeling as to let them sink and die without letting them know the truth respecting their position! J. L. M. V.

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### "A Little Child shall Lead Them."

**W**E have seen from our Bible stories about lions, the Lord Jesus overcoming Death and Satan. We have also seen in the story of Daniel how that by faith the believer is mightier than every foe. Let us learn a final lesson from the Bible about the lion. You have looked already at the picture, and you have guessed that we shall speak of a day not yet come.

We will read the Scripture, which tells of the time when the lion's nature shall be changed, and when, instead of being the terror of man, he shall be kind and tame, and obey even children. "And there shall come forth a rod out of the stem of Jesse, and a Branch shall grow out of his roots : and the Spirit of the Lord shall rest upon Him, the spirit of wisdom and understanding, the spirit of counsel and might, the spirit of knowledge and of the fear of the Lord ; and shall make Him of quick understanding in the fear of the Lord : and

He shall not judge after the sight of His eyes, neither reprove after the hearing of His ears : but with righteousness shall He judge the poor, and reprove with equity for the meek of the earth : and He shall smite the earth with the rod of His mouth, and with the breath of His lips shall He slay the wicked. And righteousness shall be the girdle of His loins, and faithfulness the girdle of His reins.

"The wolf also shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid ; and the calf and the young lion and the felling together ; and a little child shall lead them. And the cow and the bear shall feed ; their young ones shall lie down together : and the lion shall eat straw like the ox. And the sucking



child shall play on the hole of the asp, and the weaned child shall put his hand on the cockatrice' den.

"They shall not hurt nor destroy in all My holy mountain : for the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea." (Isaiah xi.)

Before long there shall not be one single cottage or tent where the Lord shall not be known.

Ever since the Lord Jesus left this world and went up to heaven, there has been a great battle going on between the friends of evil and the servants of God. Sometimes the powers of darkness have sorely pressed God's people. Then, again, a mighty rousing has taken place, a great army has sprung up, telling all around them of the blessed Jesus, and winning thousands for Him. But never since the Lord left this world have all parts of the earth heard of Him at one time. And now, while in our own dear country and in some other lands the knowledge of the Lord is widely spread, yet by very far the greater part of this world lies in utter ignorance of God, and in total spiritual darkness.

This darkness will continue and increase until, as we read in Thessalonians iv. 16, the Lord Jesus comes to the air ; and when He so comes He will call to meet Him in the sky every boy and girl, man and woman, that has ever known Him, and He will take them all away to His Father's house and make them just like Himself.

And what then ? Yes, what then ? Schools will go on, and churches and chapels, too, but the knowledge of the Lord will have left the earth, and God will send men strong delusion, and they will believe Satan's lie. This will be God's great punishment upon all who heard the truth about Jesus, but who would not love and obey Him. In that dark and terrible night every one who wishes to love God will have to suffer—yes, probably to die a martyr's death. May none of you who have read, and thus, so far as your minds are concerned, known about God and about the way to heaven, be left behind for this time of judgment.

The earth shall be full of the knowledge

of the Lord and how will this be brought about ? When we awake in the winter morning we light a candle in our room ; but a little after eight the sun rises, and his glorious light fills not only our bedroom, but all the houses and all the fields and woods as far as we can see. So will it be by-and-bye in a spiritual way. Jesus, the Sun of Righteousness, will arise over the dark world ; He will come from heaven to the earth ; there will be healing in His wings ; ignorance of God will flee before Him, and sorrow and sadness depart. All wickedness and sin will be punished and put down.

Then the poor heathen at the ends of the earth shall turn to the Lord, and become worshippers of God and servants of Jesus. None shall be poor or unhappy then ; none shall be ignorant of God, as now.

"Peoples and realms of every tongue  
Dwell on His love with sweetest song ;  
And infant voices shall proclaim  
Their early blessings on His Name.

"Then all the earth shall rise and bring  
Peculiar blessings to its King ;  
Angels respond with songs again,  
And earth repeat the loud Amen."

The poor animals which have shared with man in many a famine and in many a hardship, shall then come in for the blessing of the happy earth. There are groans rising up to God from the creatures He has made. Do we not know that He feeds the sparrows and hears the young lions when they lack and suffer hunger ? And He has willed that when Jesus the Lord makes all men happy by His reign, even the beasts of the field shall also get kindness and plenty. The savage wolf shall dwell with the timid lamb, the crafty leopard lie down with the playful kid, and the great lion, whose voice makes the cattle tremble, shall be gentle and good, so that they shall browse in his company. Moreover, God, who in the beginning made man to control the animals, shall in that day so bring all creatures under man's sway that even the little child shall lead the king of beasts, as now he leads the docile dog. And the secret of all this lies in the fact that the fierce and savage nature of the beasts shall be changed, even to their no longer preying

upon each other, but to their eating the herbs of the field together.

As you get older you will hear persons speak of what fine things are to take place in the world by-and-bye, but never forget that God has promised fine things for this world when the kingdom of His Son is set up upon it, such as man never dreamed could be.

### Plain Papers for the People.

#### II.—FIVE HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

**E**NGLISHMEN hardly realize how little religious liberty was enjoyed in their land until comparatively recently, and perhaps they as little realize how strongly the spirit in favour of such liberty prevailed for centuries in England. Where Rome commands the king's sceptre in a country, liberty is impossible, and in the old days, when the kings of England were Papists and the bishops had authority to imprison, the spirit that demanded liberty, of necessity struggled with Roman authority. Perhaps it is also as little realized by people generally, how true to Bible teaching, was the spirit that longed for liberty in this land hundreds of years ago; and long before that which we understand by Protestantism had an existence. We date back our emancipation from Roman rule to the time of the Reformation, but long prior to that great deliverance, our forefathers struggled and fought for freedom—freedom from the power of the priests, freedom from the errors of Romish teaching and their attendant iniquities.

Five hundred years ago there were men in England, who regarded many of the evils of Rome in a way very similar to that in which we now regard them. These men were what we should call Romanists, though members of the English Church, but none the less were they protesters against the evils of Rome. The national religion was Romish, and necessarily such protests against error and for the truth, were made by members of the Romish communion. The bad character of the priests,

the greed of the Church for wealth, and the evils of Romish doctrine worked out in the lives of men and women, induced a body of brave men to lay before Parliament, and to set up at the door of St. Paul's and other places twelve "conclusions" or "reformations," as they were termed, some of which we lay before the reader.

The first reformation referred to the Church of England doting "in temporalities after her step-mother the great Church of Rome,"—and therefore being slow in divine love.

The second dealt with the priesthood, which "feigned to be a power higher than the angels," and the "signs, and pontifical rites and ceremonies and benedictions" pertaining to it. "We do not see," the document declares, "that the Holy Ghost doth give any good gift through any such signs or ceremonies, because He, together with all noble and good gifts, cannot consist and be in any person with deadly sin." We have to remember that Rome teaches that the private life of a priest does not invalidate his spiritual offices.

The third is concerned with "the law of chastity enjoined unto priesthood," which it says "induceth infamy into the Church." So that five hundred years ago the opinion of laymen on this matter was very much the same as it is still.

"The fourth conclusion that most harmeth innocent people is this—that the feigned miracle of the sacrament of bread induceth all men, except it be a very few, unto idolatry; forasmuch as they think that the body which shall never be out of heaven, is, by virtue of the priest's words, essentially included in the little bread, which they do show unto the people."

Here we are face to face with the very doctrine which is being spread again over our land, that of priestly power to change bread into the body of Christ, by the use of words, a veritable pagan practice, and we may wisely use the very words with which this conclusion ends: "We know it very well, that every lie openly preached and taught, doth turn to the rebuke and opprobrium of Him, who is always true without any lack."

In the fifth we read, "That the exorcisms

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and hallowings, consecrations and blessings, over the wine, bread, wax, water, oil, salt, incense, the altar stone and about the church walls, over the vestment, chalice, mitre, cross, and pilgrim staves, are the very practice of necromancy, rather than of sacred divinity." By such "exorcisms the creatures are honoured to be of more force and power than by their proper nature." Then pertinently and quaintly thus the conclusion ends: if the "conjuring of holy water, which is sprinkled in the Church, were altogether faithful and true, . . . certainly holy water . . . were the best medicine for all kinds of sickness and sores! The contrary whereof daily experience doth teach us."

The men who wrote this had had long experience of "the devilish art" of the exorcisers, and their words are a solemn warning to our land in these days. In our times an appeal to the Parliament in such matters of religion is no longer possible, but the appeal can and shall be made to those who elect the Parliament—the English people! Making bread, water and wax (candles) holy, making vestments, chalice, and cross holy, are all parts of pagan worship. Let not the voice of five hundred years ago be lost to us.

The sixth conclusion, we are thankful to say, does not at the present day affect us; it relates to the temporal power of priests, who then were judges and officers, but who now are unable in this land to cast any man into prison, or to make him do penance or be excommunicated or burned!

In the seventh conclusion we are once more in the midst of the evils of our own day. The priests, and orders of men and women, who teach that prayers and masses can save souls, require money for the masses recited, but "Spiritual prayers made in the Church for the souls of the dead . . . is a false foundation for alms." . . . "The merchandise of special prayers now used for the dead, maketh mendicant possessioners and other hireling priests, who, otherwise, were strong enough to work and serve the whole realm, and maintaineth the same in idleness, to the great charge of the realm." Five hundred years ago there were numerous monasteries

which were in part supported by the money given to the priests to pray for the dead, and a very good business it was. A great trade is still done in the purchase and sale of masses for the souls of the departed, and as such prayers are increasing in our country, we say we are in the midst of like evils to those which England lamented five hundred years ago. Our forefathers had long and large experience of the priests; in our own time people, generally, are absolutely ignorant of their real aims.

The eighth conclusion should be carefully heeded. It relates to images. These are being largely introduced into places of worship in our land; and it relates also to pilgrimages which have already re-commenced among us! It is "needful to tell the people be guiled," runs the document, "that pilgrimages prayers, and oblations made unto blind crosses or roods, or to deaf images made either of wood or stone, are very near kin to idolatry." "The service of the cross, celebrated twice every year in our Church, is full of idolatry." Let this old appeal to Parliament and the people, be a warning to the people in England and let them be determined not to enter a church where these idols are set up.

The ninth conclusion comes home to us also, and very closely. It concerns "auricular confession, which is said to be necessary for salvation," and "keepeth the people low." This "feigned power of absolution, exalts and sets up the pride of priests, and gives them opportunity of other secret talks." "Lords and ladies do witness that, for fear of their confessors they dare not speak the truth. And in time of confession is good opportunity ministered of wooing . . . or to make other secret conventions to deadly sin!" The priests "affirm and say, that they are commissaries sent of God, to judge and discern of all manner of sin, to pardon and cleanse whatsoever please them. They say also, that they have the keys of heaven and hell; and they can excommunicate, curse and bless, bind and loose at their own will and pleasure, insomuch that for a small reward, or for twelve pence, they will sell the blessing of heaven by charter and clause of warranty, sealed by their

common seal." . . . "But here every faithful Christian may easily perceive that there is much falsehood hid in our Church."

The tenth conclusion relates to the power of the priests in making war and the like, upon which we need not in our day, thank God, enlarge.

The eleventh deals with "the vow of chastity made in our Church by women," which led and leads to terrible iniquities. The twelfth deals with the waste and folly of giving the arts the place they used to hold in the ancient Churches:

The last sentence of this old document is as follows: "Wherefore we earnestly desire and beseech God, for His great goodness' sake, that He will wholly reform our Church, now altogether out of grace, unto the perfection of her first beginning and original." And as we look upon our beloved country and see what infidelity and Romanism are doing in the Church of Christ in England, we add to this their desire our Amen.

### The Great Hindrance.

MARK VI. 6.

**A**ND He marvelled because of their unbelief!" What words are these? Jesus wondered at the poor, dull hearts, which would not take in His love and His power. And what was the result of this unbelief? "He could there do no mighty work, save that He laid His hands upon a *few* sick folk, and healed them." The most awful forms of leprosy did not hinder His healing power, neither did death and the grave hinder Him from giving life, nor did a thousand devils possessing a sinner hinder Him from driving them all out; but unbelief, unbelief, unbelief did stay Jesus from working the wonders of His grace and love.

Believer! Unbelief is the great hindrance. "O thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt?"—"If thou canst believe, all things are possible to him that believeth."

The Lord was ready to bestow His bless-

ings, but "His own country" lost them because of unbelief. The cloud laden with bounties, which appeared to break in blessings upon their heads, rolled on to the district round about, where "*many*" sick were healed, and "*many*" devils were cast out; for mark the contrast between the *few* and the *many* in this chapter.

And so it is at this very day. The progress of art and science, the rapidity of travelling, have not lessened the number of the "*many*" sick or the "*many*" under the power of Satan who have need of healing. Only One Person can meet their need, Jesus; only One can bind up their aching hearts, Jesus; only One can set peace upon the throne of the human heart, Jesus. Oh! let us ask, is He driven away from doing His great and glorious work in our midst because of unbelief? It is said, "He marvelled because of their unbelief," and still it must be said, "He marvels because of their unbelief." The present is too much like the past. Our hearts are too much like those of the inhabitants of Jesus' "own country."

Christian reader, while you can, by grace, trust in God for your soul's salvation, are you daily trusting in Christ for your daily needs? Do you rest in Christ not only for the glory which shall be revealed in you, but for His present glory to be wrought out in your life and conduct upon this earth? What blessings there are hanging over your head! What clouds laden with bounties! Ask yourself, Do I hinder the manifestation of the Lord's love by my unbelief?



### The Blind Bible Reader.

**M**ANY of the dear young readers of FAITHFUL WORDS, while walking through the streets of some of our large towns and cities, have seen blind men sitting who gain their livelihood

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by reading from Bibles which have the letters raised in relief from the paper. They glide their fingers slowly along each line, and are able to understand by the touch what each letter is. Of course they cannot read as fast as we can, who have eyes to see with. These poor people, who are denied so many pleasures which we enjoy, are dependent upon the generosity of the passers by, who occasionally drop a penny into their money boxes.

Well, dear children, I want to tell you a short story about a poor blind girl who lived in France. It was several years ago, soon after this new kind of Bible was invented by Mr. Moon, who himself was blind. This dear girl I am telling you about was very poor, and had to work from morning to night with her hands to earn her daily food. She, however, heard about this new Bible for the blind, and after a time managed to obtain a copy of St. Mark's Gospel, accompanied with a card containing the alphabet in embossed letters.

Being quick and intelligent, the girl soon learned the alphabet, and within a few days was able to decipher a whole page of the gospel. With great interest she would read line by line—words which unfolded to her wondering mind more than she had ever heard before—about the precious Saviour who came down from the glory above to suffer upon the cross for her sins.

She had heard about Him from her friends many times, but now she read for herself with her own fingers from that blessed Book—the Bible, in which He is fully revealed. Filled with joy, and with intense eagerness to make faster progress at reading, she took a penknife and pared the skin from the tips of her fingers, thinking that by so doing she would render their touch more sensitive, and so discern the characters more speedily. But, alas! this only rendered them in a few days even more callous, and she found to her deep sorrow that she could no longer read at all.

Poor girl! how she would think of those happy hours she had spent reading word by word of her sacred volume: but now all her

joy and all her bright hopes of learning more about her Saviour were blighted.

In a moment of despair she took up her treasured volume and pressed it to her lips to bid it a last farewell, when, lo! to her great joy, she discovered that she could thereby discern the letters by the sensitiveness of her lips, and from that time forth she always read the book by moving it across the lips.

After the day's toil was over, she would take her much valued book, and, placing it to her lips, would read page after page, until at length she read the whole of St. Mark's Gospel, and not only so, but actually committed it to memory.

Dear children, don't you think there is a lesson for us here? Let us ask ourselves the question: Do we love to read the Bible? Are we so eager to learn more about the Lord Jesus as the poor blind girl of France? God has given us the use of our eyes, which is a gift that we value very much, but He has given us something even greater than that—a revelation of Himself—which we can read with our eyes.

Perhaps we have loved to read other books more than the Bible, or it may be we have spent too much time at play. This is very nice in its place, and what every child loves more or less; but don't let us forget to give a due portion of our time to the study of God's Word, for the more we read it the more we shall love to read it. Think of the goodness of God in preserving that precious book through the many centuries which are past, when wicked men have tried their utmost to destroy it in the flames. It was for our sakes that He has preserved it, dear children, that we might learn of His great love to poor sinners, such as we all are by nature, in giving His only begotten Son to die for us, "that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life" (John iii. 16).

Hundreds of years ago people had to pay a great many pounds for a copy of the Scriptures, and the poor-class people could very seldom see one. But now, through God's mercy and goodness, we can obtain a copy of the Bible complete for fourpence, and a copy of the New Testament for one penny. Let



us then thank and praise Him for it, and let us read it prayerfully and carefully, and hide it within our hearts while we are young in years, for we shall surely be rewarded both in this life and also throughout eternity.

It is through simply believing what God has written in the Bible that we are saved, and know our sins forgiven. It is by taking heed to His Word that we may learn how to live as Christians in this world. We may find sweet comfort in whatsoever path of sorrow or trial we may be called to pass through, from that same precious book; and when this short life is ended, it is all brightness before us, for we are going to be with Jesus who "loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood" (Rev. i. 5), and "we shall be like Him" and be "with Him for ever." (1 John iii. 2; 2 Thess. iv. 17). Indeed the Bible is the most precious book this world contains. Let us, then, make it our daily companion, and use it as a chart to guide us along life's journey till we reach that land of rest. E. B. J.

### "Plenty of Time yet."

**O**NE evening, as I was standing at the door of a hall where the gospel was to be preached, I noticed a little girl looking at me. When the others had gone in, I said to her—

"Will you come in?"

"Not yet, sir," she replied, "I will come in presently; but there is plenty time yet."

About a quarter of an hour after, I was again standing outside to keep the boys quiet. The same little girl came up to me and said—

"Please, sir, may I go in now?"

"No," I said, "there is no more room, the hall is full; you are *too late*."

"But I was asked in only a few minutes ago."

"I know you were," I replied, "but you did not want to come in then. When I invited you, you refused, and *now* that you would like to come in there is *no room*."

Dear children who read these lines, let me ask you, Are you like this little girl? Do you say, "Plenty time yet" to believe in Christ? Oh, be wise, remember what God has said in His Word: "Because I called, and ye refused, I have stretched out my hand, and no man regarded; I also will laugh at your calamity, I will mock when your fear cometh." (Prov. i. 24-26). God has no doubt invited you many times—have you refused? He has stretched out His hand, and stretches it out still. Will you look? Listen to Christ's gentle



voice, saying, "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." (Matt. xi. 28.)

"All things are ready, come,  
To-morrow may not be.

O sinner, come, the Saviour waits  
This hour to welcome thee.

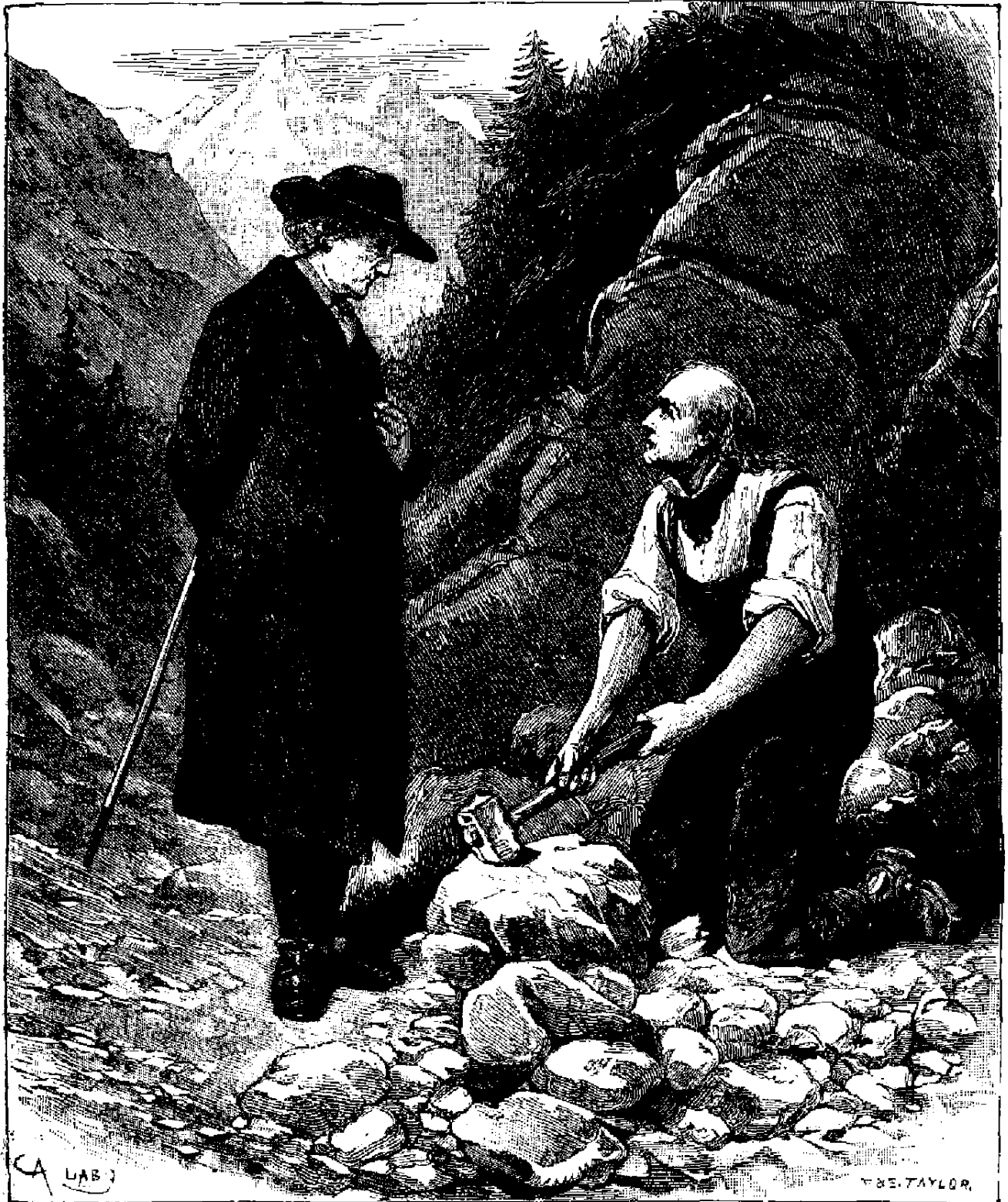
B.



# FAITHFUL WORDS FOR OLD AND YOUNG.

EDITED BY H. FORBES WITHERBY.

[New Series and Re-Issue.]



I BREAK IT ON MY KNEES.

## Sacrifices Ordained by God to Foreshadow the Sacrifice of Christ.

**L**IKE veins of gold, certain truths run through the inspired word. What is first to be observed in Genesis, is again to be seen in the other books of Moses, and appears again and again in the later writings of the Old Testament; and, when the New Testament is reached, the ancient types and figures are expounded in the form of accomplished facts and doctrine. The continuity of one thought and purpose through different ages, existing in the minds of different writers in those ages, is a sure evidence of the divine inspiration of the sacred word. But not only is there this continuity—an expansion of details, an unfolding of the seed-thought, is also apparent; “first,” as it were, “the blade, then the ear, after that the full corn in the ear.” (Mark iv. 28.) What at the first was written in the lives of our first parents, is enforced by the law-giver later on, and, after the lapse of centuries, is detailed by prophet after prophet. One mind, one hand, marks the whole of the divine testimony, while the method adopted to communicate the design to the children of men, is the utilization of many minds and hands, during many centuries.

The fulness of the truth relating to sacrifice, like various other great truths of God, was communicated to man progressively. In the earliest times, after sin had entered the world, and death by sin, God revealed to man that the way to Himself was by sacrifice; and Abel, by faith in God's word, offered to God a more excellent sacrifice than did Cain. Both men were instructed in the truth that God was to be approached by the altar, but the one employed a kind of offering which did not satisfy God, while the other brought to God the kind of sacrifice which accorded with His mind. Both were religious men, but the religion of one was distasteful to God, while that of the other was pleasing to Him. The test for their obedience to God's word, the line which separated the one from the other,

was the nature of the sacrifice; and we may say that all the world is divided upon this very point to this very day. Cain's offering was of the fruits of the earth; Abel's was that of a lamb. The one was the perfection of earth-life in its glory and beauty; the other the end of earth's history, death—the death of the substitute for sinful man.

The first offering was the “sweet savour” sacrifice. And this it was that Noah offered to the Lord after the flood, when he “builded an altar unto the Lord . . . and offered burnt offerings on the altar.” (Gen. viii. 20). In like manner Abraham offered up a “burnt offering” (Gen. xxii. 13), and, indeed, when we come to the time of Jethro we find the same rule prevailing, for he “took a burnt offering and sacrifices for God” (Exod. xviii. 12); so that for at least some fifteen hundred years, pious men, acting upon the divine revelation, offered the burnt offering to God. And to this may be added the “eating . . . before God,” for men partook in a solemn feast of the sacrifice of the peace offering, and in fellowship with each other and with God, ate before Him of the sacrifice. The burnt offering was wholly consumed upon the altar; the peace offering was offered to God and in part consumed there, and in part eaten by man. As it were, God partook of the offering through its consumption upon the altar; man partook of it by eating thereof before God.

Now, divine truth is divinely proportioned, and no one part of it detracts from another part, but, on the contrary, each part tends to complete the symmetry of the whole. In course of time, God revealed Himself in His righteous requirements from man, He spake “out of the midst of the fire” the ten words of His law. Those words laid the hearers under the tremendous responsibility of doing them if they would live. Man heard, but transgressed the words almost upon receiving them, and then it was God instituted for his deliverance the sin offering. The revelation of His righteousness, and His demand upon man for obedience, was immediately and graciously associated with His provision for human sin and transgression. (Lev. iv. 1, 2.) The sin offering in no way detracted from the

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burnt offering but was quite distinct from it. It opened up a fresh teaching respecting sacrifice; it spoke of the divine abhorrence of sin, hence it was to be consumed without the camp (ver. 12) instead of upon the altar (chap. i. 9); it spoke also of the divine satisfaction in the offering itself, the fat and parts of the inwards being burnt upon the altar.

The burnt offerings symbolizes the excellence of the sacrifice of Christ before God; His perfection, His voluntary act of giving up of Himself—all, every part of His work a sweet savour to God. The sin offering expresses the perfection of the sacrifice in relation to a man's own particular sins and transgressions, viewed in the light of divine righteousness, and in it the doctrine of such a text as "Christ also hath once suffered for sins, the Just for the unjust, that He might bring us to God" (1 Pet. iii. 18), is presented.

God waited for some fifteen hundred years before He taught man respecting the sin offering! Such was His divine purpose, but a very brief time after the giving of the revelation concerning the sin offering, God discovered to man a further part of the truth of sacrifice in relation to sin. The sons of Aaron, the high priest, had offended in the most holy things. They, who, of all others, should have maintained holiness before God, most grievously transgressed in their sacred office, and they perished, cut off by Jehovah's hand. (Lev. x.) After their death, and in a way as a result from it (ch. xvi.), a sin offering, which stands by itself, was instituted. In this sin offering, sin in its exceeding sinfulness is distinctly taught, but more, the very throne of God in its relation to sin, is presented to the mind of man. A man's particular sin and transgression led him to bring the blood of his offering for sin to the altar, but on the great day of atonement, the blood of the sin offering was rendered on Israel's behalf, and was sprinkled upon the throne of the divine majesty! Thereby God's own throne was vindicated, and the sin of all Israel was atoned for.

It was but a type, "for it is not possible that the blood of bulls and of goats should take away sins." (Heb. x. 4.) Nevertheless, the type was such an unveiling of divine

righteousness as had never before been made. The acceptability of the sacrifice to God, the suitability of it to man in his sins, had been shown, but beyond all this, the glory of the divine throne, honoured in relation to human sin, was manifested by the service of the great day of atonement.

The typical meaning of the service of that day is explained in the ninth and tenth chapters of the epistle to the Hebrews. Not only are our sins put away by the sacrifice of Christ, but the very holiness of God in relation to sin is glorified by the sacrifice. Hence the way into the Holiest of All is now laid open for man, and the believer has boldness to approach God in His holiness. Such is the privilege of all Christians, and every conception of sacrifice, which lowers this reality, casts its dark shadow on the glory of the sacrifice of Christ. And in view of this fact, the idea of constantly sacrificing Christ on the altar is most distressing to the true Christian, as it is most evil before God. Such efforts really cast contempt upon the purposes of God respecting the sacrifice of His Son, and render His sacrifice of Himself upon the cross unprofitable in the minds of multitudes. Not only are sinful men deprived of the rest and peace which faith in His work produces, but His work is in their eyes deprived of its true nature.

I break it on my knees.

**T**OILED all the night, and have taken nothing!" and the man of God turned wearily homewards, treading the dusty road, with head bent down, in anxious thought why so few yielded before the power of the Word of God.

Plead as he might of "righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come," hearts remained as hard as the rocky precipices of the Swiss mountains that surrounded them.

But not only thoughts of the unsaved knit his brow so sorrowfully, and brought that care-worn look to his face; the lukewarmness of the children of God he felt even more deeply; the cold indifference with which they

listened when he tried to rouse them to return to their "first love," and to be more wholly for Christ. Turn which way he would, his path seemed hedged around with trial and difficulty, and now each perplexing circumstance came before him to add to the depression caused by what he feared had been hours of unsuccessful toil in the Master's service.

A cheerful "Bon jour, monsieur!" ("Good day, sir!") broke in on his reverie.

Looking up, he saw a poor man sitting breaking stones by the roadside. The tired preacher stopped and returned the greeting, hoping this might be an opening to speak of his Saviour.

"You have a heavy job for this hot afternoon, my friend."

"Ah, monsieur, no rest for old François until the broiling sun has set; and I find some very hard stones in this heap."

"You are not the only man, François, who has hard stones to break. I have many very hard ones, and, try as I may, I cannot manage to break them."

"Well, monsieur, I can only tell you how I break mine. When I find a stone so hard that it will not give way before the hammer as I sit here, I just get down, and break it on my knees, and I never found that fail yet."

The man of God turned away. He had thought to speak a word to the poor stone-breaker of the Christ he served, but the Lord had sent by him a word to his own heart—a lesson he felt he sorely needed: "I get down, and break it on my knees." D. & A. C.

### The Way the Lord Led Me.

"**T**HOU shalt remember all the way which the Lord thy God led thee these forty years in the wilderness." (Deut. viii. 2.)

It is now turned forty years since I first had a desire to know the Lord Jesus Christ as my Saviour, and to serve Him as my Lord. But I did not confess His name before the world until 1865, and since that year I have never

doubted my security through His precious blood which was shed for me.

There was no time in my childish days when I did not love to hear about the things of God, and I greatly treasured little books that spoke of Him, which were lent or given to me at the Sunday-school. Two that I remember still, were my great favourites, "A Good Soldier of Christ," and one by a Scotch minister, "Show me myself, and show me Thyself."

I often prayed the Lord to teach me and show me Himself, but, like the poor, helpless man at the pool of Siloam, there seemed no one to put me into the water.

Still many of my childish prayers He did distinctly answer, praised be His name, and in His own good time He led me to the fountain that cleanseth from sin, and I can say it was good to wait on the Lord.

I was about two and twenty years of age, and was truly hungering and thirsting after righteousness, when I heard of a situation with a lady about my own age, who was going to be married. I was told she was a dear Christian, a true follower of Jesus, and I longed to go to her on that account, and prayed that she might be made willing to engage me.

When everything seemed about settled to my liking, there came a sore upset. There was a death in the family, and the devil said to me, "You don't need to build up yourself with the idea of going there, for the lady won't be married now," and I was heartbroken.

I went to my room and poured out my complaint unto God, and He heard and answered my petition, for in a day or two I heard that the marriage was not put off for long, and that the lady still wished me to come to her. So I saw that the angel of the Lord had rolled away the stone.

But the light that my soul craved did not dawn for me yet awhile, and before many months had passed the young lady I was serving had to go away for change of air, and I had to leave.

I went then to live with her parents, and here, to my joy, I found that several of the young ladies had recently been converted, and were very bright in the Lord, holding gospel

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meetings, to which I and the other maids were invited. I should have been happy now, only that I was nervous to find myself among so many servants, and one of the maids especially was a sad trial; she seemed to me to hinder all blessing among us, and no sooner was the good seed sown in our hearts than the devil, through her, snatched it away before it could take root.

At last I felt obliged to tell of some of the secret sins that were going on among us, feeling sure God would not bless me if I winked at them. And now every servant in the house turned against me, and I was in sore trouble. For some days I went without food, for I could not endure to sit at table with them. I was tempted that I should never get over this, and heard the whisper that I had better drown myself. So I went out one night with the intention of doing so, but God in mercy held me back from this great sin, and I turned and wandered up and down a gentleman's garden, while I cried to the Lord.

All at once it came to me: "Do thyself no harm, the Lord shall fight for thee."

With that I took courage, and went home. I was thankful that no one said anything to me when I came in. I went straight to my room, and one of the maids brought me something to eat. I took it from her, but could not touch it. The next morning I was about my work, when one of the young ladies (now with Christ in glory) came to sympathize with me and comfort me. I shall never forget how sweet she was. It was as though the Lord Himself had come to me; and after she had prayed with me, I felt as if I could face the powers of hell. God cared for me when I went among my fellow-servants, and shortly after this, to my joy, a very bright Christian came to us as cook. She was quite a Mary, sitting at the feet of Jesus, and she and I had many happy times together over our Bibles, and encouraged by her, I professed at length to be the Lord's, although not so openly as I should have done.

There was a text on an almanac, in one of the young ladies' rooms, which made me uneasy every time I looked at it. It was this: "If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart . . .

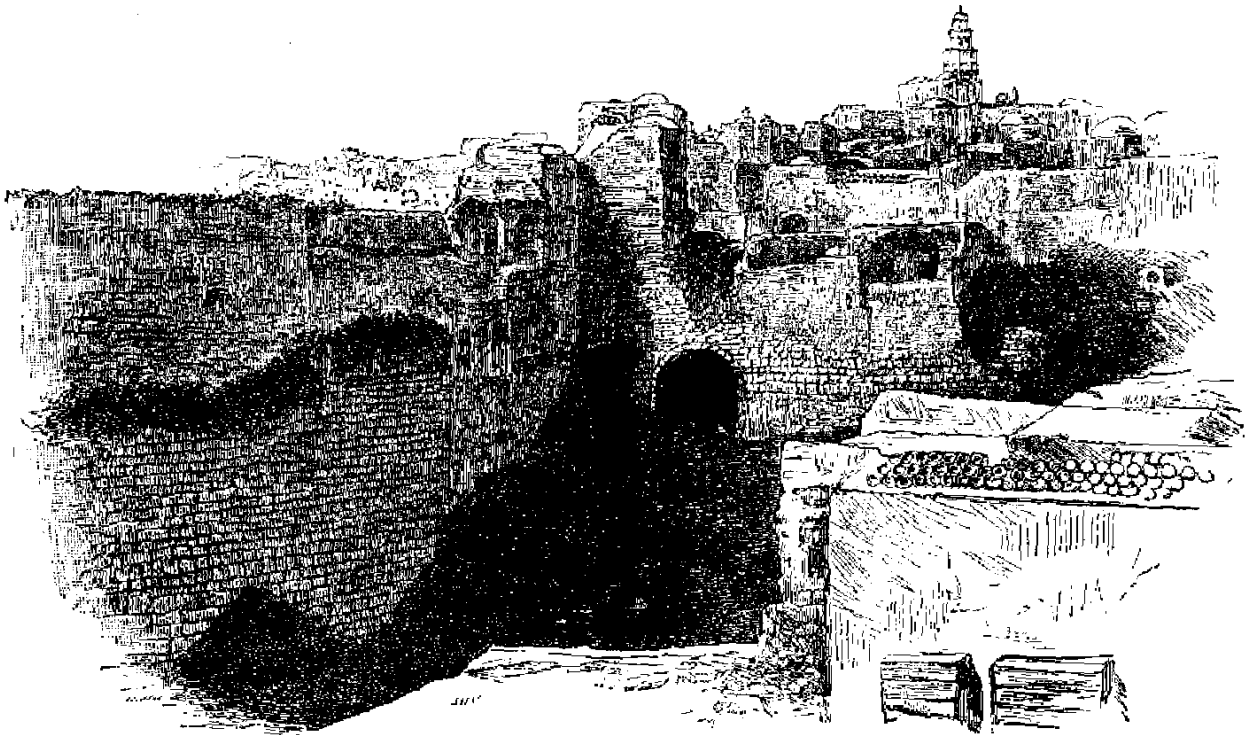
thou shalt be saved." (Rom. x. 9). Now I was ready to own myself the Lord's when with other Christians, but I had not dared to take my stand for Christ before the world, and consequently, I was not at peace. I knew I ought to make a bolder stand for Him, if I was indeed one of His. And this is how the Lord helped me to confess His name. A Christian lady, who was staying in the house, asked me if I should not like to begin the new year with going to the partaking of the Lord's supper (that year beginning on a Sunday). She said: "We all think you are the Lord's, and that it would be a joy to you to own His love, who died for you." And so I went. And after that, I thought now I must confess Christ, so I confessed Him to all, and thank God I have never doubted my safety through the blood of the cross since. I believe it was just because I would not confess Him openly for so long, that I was so often troubled by doubts and fears, and had so many trials. I have often thought since that I was like poor Peter, so afraid that anyone should know I was a disciple; and that it was almost the same as saying, "I know not the Man."

I am sure it is best to own His name as soon as we know we are His soldiers; not to be ashamed of our colours, and the Captain of our Salvation will then teach us how to fight our battles, and bring us off more than conquerors. Praise God I have, for many years, proved that He is able to do this, and able to do far more abundantly for us than we ask or think, for He is faithful.

A. J.

## TRIALS.

THE apple-tree laden with blossom requires no prop, but burdened with fruit it must be upheld, or its riches will be its ruin. Faint not, Christian, under your trials. True, you had not such severe ones in your spring, but these are given in your autumn as props, by the Heavenly Husbandman, to preserve you from falling. The apostle had his thorn in the flesh, lest he should be puffed up by the abundance of revelations given to him. It was a prop for that richly-laden tree in Christ's garden.



THE SITE OF THE POOL OF BETHESDA.

### The Pool of Bethesda.

**T**HE pool of Bethesda had five porches, and these were the harbour of hope for the diseased and the sick of Jerusalem. For some centuries no prophet had spoken in Jehovah's name to Israel either in comfort or in warning; for a still further period of time the temple in Jerusalem had had no ark and no glory-cloud of the divine presence; but God had not left His people without a witness to His mercy, and the pool of Bethesda was one evidence of this; for, at certain times, an angel descended from heaven, stirred the waters, imparted to them a healing power, and whoever first availed himself of the heavenly favour was made whole of whatsoever disease he had. Such an opportunity drew together in the five porches a multitude of helpless people, all of whom waited for the moving of the water. Yet the very favour seemed but to intensify the sadness; for only one could be healed

among all the multitude of sick people, and that one was either stronger than the others or better befriended—more swiftly put into the water than the rest; certainly the most helpless and most friendless stood in the worst case upon the angel's visit.

However blessed the ministry of angels, it is of small avail for a helpless sinner. In this sense the pool of Bethesda is not an unfitting type of the house of ordinances, tenanted by sinners who feel their need. And, without doubt, the most helpless sinner, and the most sinful, will be the last to benefit by ordinances, simply because such are spiritually too far gone to avail themselves of them. Such a mode of spiritual healing may suffice for the ideas of slight cases, but the state of an incurable sinner can only be met by a Saviour.

Now, amongst the multitude of impotent, powerless people in the porches, there was a poor man who for thirty and eight years had been in a helpless and hopeless condition! He had had his hopes, yet he was carried to

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the pool side rather in the spirit of mechanical duty than of expectant deliverance. Thirty-eight years seems to us the very limit of hope in such a case. Forty years is the Scripture period assigned to probation, and but two more years, and the paralytic man would have reached that span of time.

Upon a day the blessed Healer visited Bethesda and walked through its five porches. Can we not almost see Him on His way, as He looks down upon one and another of the sufferers? Many visited the porches, but now for the first time there stood amongst the sick the Healer and the Saviour. How did the sufferers look upon Him? Listlessly, incredulously? Perhaps they sought for alms. They did not cry aloud to Him for healing!

Now He approaches the infirm man, whose sickness had held him fast for thirty and eight years. He stands over him and beholds him lying there in his weakness. Poor man! He seems a very type of Israel itself, waiting in its spiritual paralysis for an angel's visit, and ignorant that the Lord, the Healer, was in their midst—ready to save.

"Wilt thou be made whole?" asked the Lord.

But the man understood not the question. "Be *made*, be *MADE* whole?" The words were too wonderful for his comprehension. Ah! how many "infirm" in church and in chapel are like him. "Wilt thou be made whole?" And in response they address themselves all the more eagerly to ordinances and to angelic stirring of the waters!

"Wilt *thou* be made whole?"

"Sir, I have no man, when the water is troubled, to put me into the pool, but while I am coming, another steppeth down before me."

Friendless, helpless, hopeless, and all his sorrows aggravated by the sight of the healing others obtained.

We have said a downright helpless sinner needs a Saviour. Did the man look up into Jesus' face and read divine compassion there? We hardly think so. The Healer and the Saviour stood by his side, but his thoughts were in the water and upon the angel. So near to Christ, and yet in heart so far off. What a picture of religious man!

Then the Lord in His sovereign power said unto him, "Rise, take up thy bed, and walk." His word gave life and strength, and in a moment "the man was made whole, and took up his bed, and walked."

We will not pursue the wondrous story further. We will end with the realization of our Lord and Saviour looking down upon us in His tender love, and gently asking us, each one, in all our sin and folly, and in all our vain efforts after perfect healing and life, "Wilt thou be made whole?"

Is it altogether a new doctrine? Be *made*—not make thyself; *whole*—not improved or bettered, no, but *WHOLE*, perfectly cured! Wonderful words! And it is Jesus who utters them to us, to us one by one, personally. "Wilt *THOU* be made whole"? (John v. 6.)

### Waiting for the Lord.

**D**URING 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 to-day?"

"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 to-day."

"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.

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#### 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.

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#### WHAT WE ALL NEED.

In the ark of Noah, there was room for the lion as well as the mouse, and there was more, there was a home for the mouse as well as the lion. Now in Christ there is room for the great as well as for the small, though some of the great in the church seem to require a great deal of room. They hardly deign to look down—at least with a kindly eye—upon their insignificant brethren, but we will not grudge them all the room their greatness requires. But the smallest and the most insignificant in Christ does require a home, and he has one! The least of us has his own aches and wants; the poor widow, in her one small room, needs as truly as the most abundantly favoured, her own peculiar daily supply. And the smallest in the church needs his own peculiar, particular, personal portion in Christ. He needs the tenderness and the grace of the Lord Jesus for himself, and having this he has all he wants; he is at home in the ark.

#### PULLING DOWN.

WHEN looking up at St. Paul's the other day, we overheard a man exclaim, "Why, a man with eighteen shillings a week could pull that down!" And most fools can pull down. The wisdom lies in building up.

Our nineteenth century is a magnificent day for overturning; levelling down is characteristic of the times. But the pickaxe of scepticism has never yet built and never will build up anything. The sceptic looks at the Word of God as the man with eighteen shillings a week looked at St. Paul's: as something to be pulled down. But the Word of God stands and will stand for ever, though earth and heaven and sceptics pass away.

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### Tidings from Mission Stations.

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#### INDIA.

##### BARANAGORE.

**O**NE of our sheaves has been safely gathered in. Shorot Mukerjee passed away to her heavenly home on the morning of July 30th. A friend is hoping to write fully of her life in a separate booklet, so I will only just repeat a remark about her, made by one of our teachers, which struck me much. "Why should you weep for Shorot?" she said: "you like to gather the best roses in your garden, so does our Lord. You could not keep her."

##### A REFUGEE.

I must tell you about Horiedasbie, a married girl of sixteen, who came to us every day for a month. She had, when very small, been in our school, and she came to us, saying, "Will you not teach me about God and your religion? Our idols are all false." She listened nicely, and constantly said, "Oh! I must be a Christian. My husband has deserted me; my mother is trying to persuade me to take to a bad life, but I will not do what I know is wrong."

When her friends discovered she was coming to us for instruction they were very angry



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and beat her cruelly. The following day she came to us, saying she would never go back.

While Miss Highton and I were considering what was to be done, the mother of the girl collected all the neighbours together, who soon surrounded our street door, which they would not let us shut. The passers-by all joined in the cry, "Give out the girl," and the mother threw herself about on the steps, beating her head most madly. Then she feigned death, and water had to be thrown on her. We tried to send for police aid, but a man tore the note from our bearer's hands and would not let him go. We said, "Let the father and mother come and we will give up the girl," but the father did not appear. While we were engaged in trying to pacify the crowd, the training home girls were praying with the little *Bow*, asking God to give her courage to stand firm. When we found it was useless to try to hold out against the rabble, we said, "Let the mother come," whereupon she suddenly revived and rushed in, and others with her, and they seized the poor girl by the hair of her head and dragged her cruelly down the steps and along the road.

The shout of joy from the crowd was very terrible in our ears, and we were sad to think how unable we were to protect the girl. We went afterwards to the police and magistrate, but could get little help from them. Her "so-called" parents tied her to a post for two days after this, and the latest reports tell us that she is still determined not to do wrong; and when she gets the opportunity, we believe she will come to us again. Will you not pray that God will protect her and give her strength and courage to do right?

## A BENGALI LADY'S HOSPITALITY.

One of our Zenana pupils has learnt to paint texts on the cards sent out from home. She is one whose heart is full of spiritual longings. She told me lately that the twenty-third Psalm and the Gospel of St. John make her quite happy. Then she thinks over the sweet words of Christ, and the Psalmist; but she added, "The sad thing is, I do *not* remember these good words when things happen that annoy me." Is not that like us all?

This lady invited us all (nine of us living in this house) to a Bengali dinner at her house. We went at half-past six, and were received in the long verandah. At the other end were placed nine little grass mats, nine large plantain-leaves, and nine little earthenware pots. These were our seats, our plates, and our drinking-vessels. For cutlery we had our fingers. The lights were two brass stands, eighteen inches high, with a saucer on the top and a wick floating in oil; also a stable-lantern, which came and went during the courses. We were served by the ladies of the house, S. and her aunts, who had also cooked our dinner, which was excellent. They piled up good things for us, and were full of reproaches that we ate "nothing"; but they would not sit down with us, neither will they come and eat in our house, in return for their hospitality. After we had eaten abundantly, water was poured over our hands, and in case that was not sufficient, towels and soap were also provided, but no basins or bowls; the water just ran away through a hole in the floor. We had some conversation, and the Bengali teachers sang a hymn, and then we came away.

In going to the different houses at Andul it is interesting to meet with former school-girls, but, alas! disappointing to find how little they remember. Most of them remember about Adam and Eve, but either they do not choose to say anything about the Lord Jesus, or have quite forgotten. It is very seldom I can get them to answer questions about Him and His work. The older women will generally say what they know; that He died, and rose again the third day, is the fact that they get hold of most easily, but that this in any way concerns them, Hindus as they are, they cannot take in. "We have our gods, and you have yours; yours may be better than ours, but He is not for us," is often the sad end of a long time spent in reading and talking in a house where the Bible is known, but the truth not received in the heart. "As many as *received* Him, to them gave He power to become the sons of God," is a truth very vividly brought before us in mission work.

*From "India's Women."*

## A Few Words about the Jews.

BY MRS. BARON.

**T**HE poor and the suffering, and the sorely tried, are all about us, but I am going to write to-day about some of our neighbours who have a very hard lot—full of perils, and adventures, and sufferings, such as writers of romances little wot of.

They are an alien race, outcast from their land; they and their fathers have wandered in every country of the globe for two thousand years. They have been persecuted, and hunted, and driven hither and thither until now, and yet, wherever they are, in whatever nation, they keep separate, and are everywhere known by the name of "Jews." What a terrible history theirs has been! What sad lives so many of them lead! They are full of pathetic interest, which might read well in a novel, but which, however, is no romance, but only bitter, bitter experience to those who have lived through such sorrow.

It may seem to my readers that, though in some countries the Jews are still oppressed, yet in our England, and in Europe generally, they have nothing to complain of, and that their lives cannot be so sad here. It is hardly credible, yet true, that neither the rich nor the poor among them can escape from ill-feeling, even here. I will give you two examples.

But the other day, when the cold was so intense during the skating season, a friend of ours was watching some skaters, and saw at a little distance an unfriendly mob surrounding some well-dressed youths who were on the ice. She at once went nearer to learn what the cause could be, and her ears caught abuse such as this: "Away with you, you Jew dogs; we won't have you here!" As our friend is a lady of character, such conduct did not pass without rebuke.

One day in the East-end my husband saw a poor Jew, a new-comer, passing a public-house, outside of which a number of lazy men were lounging. What was his grief to see one of these men rush at the poor Jew

and give him a stunning blow, which made him reel. As soon as the poor fellow could collect himself he foolishly tried to retaliate, though quite unknowing who had assailed him, and consequently blows fell thickly upon him. My husband remonstrated with the men on the cruelty of their conduct, but their angry retort was: "Serve him right! What did he come here for? We don't want Jews here!"

These examples just show the bitter feeling which exists even in England to the Jews, although we profess to tolerate all foreigners. The fact that they are aliens in all lands keeps them unsettled and always on the move, and makes it very difficult indeed for those who would try to overcome their bitter opposition to the Lord Jesus Christ. It is, perhaps, very strange to you that there should be such deeply-rooted hatred among the Jews to this holy name. And it might be well to ask what the Jews in some at least of so-called Christian countries know about it, for we must remember that they are ignorant of the New Testament. They only know that for nearly two thousand years their nation has been dispersed, a scattered nation, among the nations of the earth, and that among these nations they have been despised and hated, subject to humiliating, cruel laws, hounded, and tortured, and branded, and put to violent deaths—all in the name of Christ! What wonder, when they see a wooden image by the wayside, meant to represent Christ on the cross, and people kneeling and kissing it, and decking it with flowers, that this Christ is to them only the idol of the cruel heathen!

There is in Prague a fine bridge across the Moldau, with statues adorning it, one of which—a very large one, with two groups of figures—represents Christ on the cross; it has an emblazoned scroll surmounting it, on which are these words in Hebrew, "Holy, holy, holy is the Lord of hosts," and below is an inscription to the effect that the statue was erected at the cost of money exacted from a Jew who had blasphemed the mass. Is it surprising that generation after generation of Jews has taught its children to abhor the name so misrepresented to them, and that now a Jew

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who, having listened to the truth and read the New Testament for himself, has indeed a terrible cross to take up, when he confesses that he believes Jesus to be the Son of God, and the Messiah and Saviour? It means to him suffering indeed—the sight of bitter sorrow and lamentation; it means to have curses heaped on his head, to have wife and children torn from him; it means to be cast out into the street, with no one of his own people but would gladly see him die in the gutter. It is “through much tribulation that he enters the kingdom.” There are very many in such circumstances who shrink from a knowledge of Christ. Do we wonder that, if they begin to seek, they often draw back from fear of the consequences? A Jew who believes on Jesus must indeed take up his cross and follow Him.

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We have before called attention to Mr. Baron's labours amongst his Jewish brethren, both in England and abroad. Vast numbers of Hebrew New Testaments have been distributed in different countries on the Continent of Europe, and many hundreds of Jews have heard of the Messiah, Jesus Christ, the Lord and Saviour. Let us do our best to forward this great and good work!



### Father's Fist.

**T**HE Master set a little child in the midst of the disciples, who needed teaching humility, and surely “out of the mouths of babes” our God would have us learn many a lesson. So I thought as I heard the words of a little child recently

It was a tiny boy—not yet three years old. He was being taken to school by the maid, and he loitered and lingered by the way, as small boys will do who have no great desire to reach the goal. Poor Marguérite was at her wits' end to know how to entice or drive

her little charge onward, impatient to get back quickly to the young madame, who was ill, and would be wanting her.

Presently a fierce-moustached gendarme came along, and Marguérite determined to make the most of the opportunity.

“Now, *petit*,” she cried, “if you don't make haste this big monsieur will catch you up and run away with you.”

Clement looked incredulous, but the man in uniform made right for him, calling out—

“Yes, that will I! There's room in this big pocket for the little one!”

Then the child doubled up his tiny hand, and shook it in the man's face menacingly, saying, “Ah! but *my father has a big fist!*” The policeman turned away, laughing at the brave little figure, and Marguérite began again her coaxing and driving.

I thought the matter gravely over, saying to myself, “Here's a lesson for me!” When dangers threaten, when sorrows as sea-billows roll, how wise if I were to remember, as little Clement did, the might of my Father's arm, the strength of His right hand, to shield, to rescue, to uphold His feeble child. A. P. C.

### Faith for a Sixpence.

**A** FEW evenings since, I heard the following touching incident, illustrating the faith of a little child.

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

“This attracted the notice of the girl, who, running up to me, said, ‘Cigar lights, sir!’

“No, my dear,” I replied; ‘I do not smoke.’

“‘Oh, do buy a box, sir,’ she urged, in a kind of teasing tone.

"Not wishing to drive the poor child away, I said, 'I do not smoke; what use have I for lights?' To this she again replied, 'But do buy just one.' The more I argued the more the little girl pressed me to purchase her lights.

"'What do you do all day, and when do you go home?' I inquired, feeling an increased interest in her: it was then past eight o'clock.

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

"'How much have you now? Let me see what money you have?'

"Half afraid, after fumbling about in the tiny pocket of her cotton dress, she brought out a few coppers, which, being counted, amounted to three-pence.

"'Why,' I exclaimed, 'you have been here more than four hours, and only earned three-pence; you will never get the sixpence to-night.'

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

"'But to-night you cannot earn it; it is so late,' I added.

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

"'What makes you so sure, my child?'

"For some moments she made no reply; but upon being pressed, looked up into my face and said, 'Because before I come out mother and me always ask our Father to help me earn sixpence, and He always does.'

"I was struck with the answer, being wholly unprepared for such a beautiful exhibition of simple faith in one so young, and in such circumstances.

"I then said, 'What would you do if I gave you three-pence?'

"'Why, I would run home sharp to mother now.'

"And so she did, poor little thing, and left me wondering at her true confidence in God's ability to hear prayer and send direct answers.



"Surely our Father in heaven is rejoiced by the trust thus displayed in this poor distressed mother and child."

How many, dear children, there are who, being surrounded by every home-comfort, know nothing of the simple faith and trust in God, exhibited by this little match-girl. How small her wants—only sixpence—and that not to spend on herself for toys or sweets, but for mother—a sick mother. Yes, dear children, love to the Lord will ever make us happy, contented, and unselfish. Can you say

as she did of God—That He is your Father—and do you "always" go to Him in prayer? If God is your Father, you will not be afraid to go to Him with all your cares and wants, for He can hear and will help, even as He always answered the prayer and gave the needed sixpence to the little girl. Remember the simple words, "We always ask our Father, and He always helps me to earn the sixpence." The little girl had "faith for sixpence"; but Jesus says, "Ask and it shall be given you."

G. D.

# FAITHFUL WORDS FOR OLD AND YOUNG.

EDITED BY H. FORBES WITHERBY

*New Series and Re-Issues.*



SINS GONE FROM GOD'S SIGHT.

## God Revealed.

**T**HE finite cannot grasp the infinite ; man cannot imagine God, and the attempts of man in this direction ever end in lowering God to the human level or that of animals or monsters. The pagans in their times have produced thinkers as great as ever lived upon earth, but these great thinkers only thought out ideas of God that are contemptible. Man's notions of God are in themselves foolishness, for man can only think according to his knowledge, and of himself he knows not God. But God has revealed Himself to man, He has taught us who He is. In Christendom, infidel thinkers can never avoid having their thoughts coloured by the revelation which they refuse to believe, hence Christian infidelity is more deadly than pagan infidelity, for it is mixed with a determination not to believe the facts which God has been pleased to reveal to man. A very great deal of what is called higher criticism, for example, proceeds upon the plan of ignoring Scripture testimony. To put it in a familiar form, it goes forward on the same lines as Nelson, when he put the telescope to his blind eye, and said he could not see the signal ! Not that we wish to place our higher critics in the same category as the great English hero ; but they do not see certain facts, they do not see certain signs, they do not see certain moral and prophetic truths, because they turn their blind eye towards them. We admire Nelson because of his courage ; we despise these critics because of their dishonesty.

In God's ways with man, He was not pleased to fully reveal Himself until His Son came to this earth. Before the incarnation of our Lord, God instructed man in a variety of ways concerning Himself ; He taught by types, by ordinances, by prophetic words, often difficult to be understood, but when His Son came to the earth, God, who previously had spoken in divers ways to man, spoke in His Son. In the words of the Son we shall therefore find the plain exposition of the nature of God. "This then is the message which we have heard of Him . . . . *God is light*"

(1 John i. 5) ; and again we hear from the same blessed One that *God is love* (iv. 8). God is light ; God is love ; herein is God's nature unveiled to man.

The heathen conception of a god never arose to a Being who is truly holy. The reason hereof is plain ; man is a sinful being, his nature is not holy, and his notions of a deity could only be such as were in conformity with himself. All paganism and all infidelity tend towards unholiness, towards darkness. Indeed, very much of the religion of the pagan world to-day is a religion of doing wickedness, and we can see enough in our own land of the effect of the infidel teachings of our times, to make us shudder at the manner of life and morals, which will grow out of such teachings within a few more generations. A pure and holy love was, and is, utterly unknown to the heathen philosopher, and the same may be said respecting the infidel teacher in the Christian country.

Our Lord, in the following well-known words, teaches us that God is only to be known as He is revealed : "No man hath ascended up to heaven, but He that came down from heaven, even the Son of Man which is in heaven." Who but He could tell who God is, and what heavenly things are ? And then He shows us that God is light and that God is love. "And as Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of Man be lifted up : that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life. For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." (John iii. 13-16.)

The grace which imposed upon the Blessed One the necessity to die, shows that God is light ; the grace that led God to give His Son, shows that God is love. Since the Son came to this earth to finish the work He undertook to perform (Heb. x. 7), a needsbe constrained Him. In His obedience to His Father and His love to sinful man, there was a gracious necessity upon Him to go on to the end with the work He had undertaken. That work was salvation. The only way whereby our salvation could be effected was by the putting away of sins, and the only way whereby the putting

away of our sins could be effected was by His sacrifice of Himself (ch. ix. 26). In the incident referred to by the Lord, the Israelites, by reason of their sin, were hopelessly under the power of death; they were perishing. Then, in the mercy of God, the way of salvation and life was made open for them, through the serpent of brass lifted up upon the pole. And this way of salvation and life was applied to them individually thus: "If a serpent had bitten any man, when he beheld the serpent of brass, he lived." (Numb. xxi. 9.) In such passages as these, "He hath made Him to be sin for us, who knew no sin" (2 Cor. v. 21), "Christ . . . hath once suffered for sins, the just for the unjust" (1 Pet. iii. 18), the absolute holiness of God is plainly expressed, and we see how that God is light; and such as believe in our Lord suffering to death for us shall not perish, but shall have everlasting life.

Love, that is His own love, moved God to give His Son. God loves because He is love. No creature opened this fountain, no creature ever formed it; love was the fountain, the giving was its outflow, and both the fountain and its outflow are absolutely and exclusively divine. Here, indeed, was a "heavenly thing" that none but the Son who was in the bosom of the Father could express to sinful man, yet one concerning which He said, "How shall ye believe, if I tell you heavenly things?" (Jno. iii. 12.) Jesus Himself was the expression to the world of God's love for the world, and he who believed on the Son believed not only on Him, "but on Him that sent" Him. And he who believes now on the sent One shall not perish, but have everlasting life.

Now, though the finite cannot conceive the infinite, when a man believes on the Son of God the Holy Spirit is given him, whereby, or by Whom, he knows all things. He is wiser as to God than the wisest philosopher; he knows concerning the Infinite, that which all the learning and all the wisdom of this world can never communicate. He understands in its simplicity the way of God in saving sinful men; worldly wisdom and its unbelief are outside him, for God has become his instructor, and has given him knowledge of heavenly things, and of grace.

## Sins Gone from God's Sight.

**A**N old applewoman in a country village, after hearing the gospel preached, believed, in all its simplicity, the wonderful record of God's love, and rejoiced in her newly-found Saviour. She knew that all her sins were washed away by His blood, and that she was saved. One and another tried to shake the old woman's faith, but in vain; her stronghold was God's word, in which He tells us that His gift is eternal life, and that those accepting Christ shall never perish. And her resting place was the work of the Lord.

A friend, educated in the doubting school, sought to test the old woman's faith, but her simple reply, "Jesus was delivered for my offences, and raisened again for my justification," stopped his arguments upon the question of her past sins being forgiven.

"Ah! but what about the sins you have committed to-day?" asked the questioner.

"Well," she replied, "when I sin, I go to God and confess what I have done, and He forgives me;" triumphantly adding, "why, to be sure, aint Jesus a-sitting up there a-purpose?"

May it be yours, reader, to know in your inmost soul with this simple woman, that "if when we were enemies we were reconciled to God by the death of His Son, much more, being reconciled, we shall be saved by His life," for it is "Christ that died, yea rather, that is risen again, who is even at the right hand of God, who also maketh intercession for us."

H. N.

## The Pardoned Deserter.

**B**ESEECH you therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service." (Rom. xii. 1.) To any who have tasted that the Lord is gracious, to any who would gratefully acknowledge the claims of Him, who, having loved



them unto death, demands that they should live no more unto themselves, this little story will, I trust, be eloquent.

It was the year of our Queen's jubilee. Who does not remember how, during that glorious summer, the very trees of the wood seemed to rejoice, the little hills to clap their hands, as though our sweet country shared the joy of the people who hailed the fiftieth year of their loved sovereign's reign?

Back from his work on a glorious August evening trudged a broad-shouldered navvy, with steady, heavy step. He had the dusty country highway all to himself for a long stretch, and then another traveller came hastily from the opposite direction. There was something about the man, as he drew nearer, that awakened in the navvy some long-sleeping memories, but not being able to make out the why or the wherefore, with the reserve of north-country men, he turned his head from the other as they met, and passed him in silence. He had not, however, gone by many steps, when a voice called after him: "Hallo, Dick, why, it must be you! I could never mistake you! I said to myself, can that be Dick, before ever I got up to you—but to think we should meet here!"

"And who would have thought to see you in these parts, Ted? I could not make you out as I saw you coming," answered Dick, as they grasped each other's hands with all the heartiness of old comrades.

"And what are you doing over here? and where are you going Ted, as fast as your legs can carry you, this hot evening?" asked Dick, the first greetings over.

"Well, Dick, as you're an old friend, and I've proved can be trusted, and as you know more than most do of what I've been, I don't mind telling you how things are. You know that I deserted from our regiment some while back, when you and I were serving together over in Ireland. And a sorry time I've had of it since, as you'll guess. Well, you see, this being our gracious Queen's jubilee, she has offered a free pardon to all such as me, if we'll but claim it. I can tell you I have been uncommon glad to claim it, and it's mine, and I am pardoned.

"Now this is how things are with me just now: I've been in with a bad lot, a very bad lot indeed, and they suited me down to the ground up to this. But you see, as I have had my pardon given me, which was indeed more than I deserved, I don't want to be getting into a scrape again; it would look so, after having been forgiven, if I was found breaking the royal laws, as if I had no feeling about it, and the Queen been so kind in her jubilee. So I am making tracks as fast as I can to get right away from my oldmates, and I mean to start clear and live respectable, clean away from them all, and not let any of 'em know where I am, and have nought more to do with any of them."

"Right you are, Ted, right you are," said Dick, and with another hearty grip of the hand, the old comrades parted, and Ted passed quickly on down the dusty road, in the golden light of the setting sun.

Dick walked on slowly homewards, turning over in his mind Ted's words. Interested as he was in his former comrade's career, his tale spoke to Dick of higher things. He could praise the Lord that he had himself claimed God's free pardon, offered to all for the remission of sins, in this "the day of salvation." He felt deeply that, as one of our poets has said, "a soul redeemed demands a life of praise," and that having accepted the gift of God, he must now walk in newness of life. For would it not be mean to be found among the enemies of the Lord, after He had shown such grace to one so hell-deserving? Would it not be heartless, to say the least, to be caught "in a scrape" again (as Ted had said) when, at the cost of the Saviour's life-blood, He had washed him from his sins?

And may I not plead with each of my readers, who know the mercy of God, "so speak ye, and so do, as they that shall be judged by the law of liberty"? (James ii. 12.) A. P. C.

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

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



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## WORDS FOR THE WAY.

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

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

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

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*"I'm Going to See my Jesus!"*

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**A**N aged man was dying. But a few hours before he was in good health, and now his earthly life was fast ebbing away! He had been knocked down by a heavy vehicle while crossing a busy roadway on his way to a prayer meeting. He had been carried home and laid upon his humble bed. Kind Christian friends gathered round him, still he knew them not; but as one leaned over him he opened his eyes, and, gazing upon his face, said, "I'm going to see my Jesus." Then his eyes closed, and he relapsed into a state of unconsciousness until he fell asleep.

When I heard the last words of that aged man I thought more of the blessedness of resting upon such an One as the Lord Jesus than I ever had before. There he was, his whole being absorbed with the One who had died for him, who had washed him from his sins in His most precious blood, who had given him eternal life in Himself! And he was going to see Him! He thought not of his poor, bruised, aching body, nor of his friends, but of his Jesus!

Happy man! He sees Him now. He is absent from the body, present with the Lord.

Reader, are you longing to see Jesus? Is your soul saved? If it is not, you cannot wish to see Him. Let me lovingly entreat you, then, to accept His invitation: "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Here is balm for a troubled conscience. Will you have Christ? Do take Him at His word—for He means all that He says—and rest and peace will be yours, both now and for ever.

As a believer in Christ, and only thus can you calmly look up—above sorrow, above pain, above death—and say, in the words of my dear aged friend, "I'm going to see my Jesus!"

E. E. S.




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*The Bird of Kindness.*

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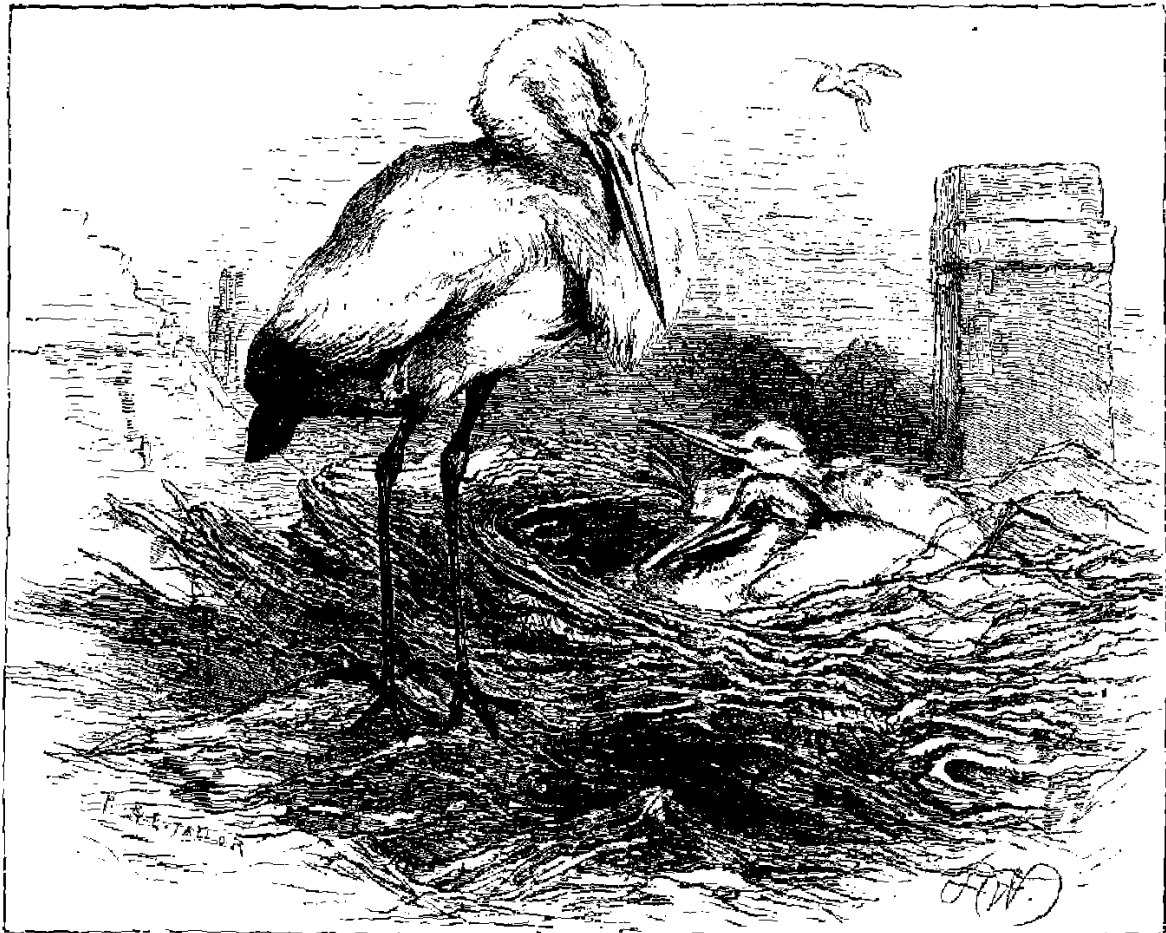
**T**HE stork is a bird held in high esteem in the countries where it is found. In various parts of the continent you may see what at first seems to be a bundle of sticks upon the top of a house or chimney, and this is the stork's nest. To the same nest the faithful birds return year after year, and should one of the pair die, still upon finding a fresh mate, the old quarters are resorted to, so that for many years in succession the favoured house has its favourite bird. And favoured the house is accepted to be, which has these birds, and very often in building a house in a locality frequented by the stork, a special breeding-place high up upon the roof is made for the bird of kindness.

Both in the East and in several parts of Europe to kill a stork or to destroy its eggs is a punishable offence, so that being thus protected no wonder it loves the home of man. The tradition is, that the stork when grown old is cared for by its young,

and that the feeble old birds are cherished and fed during the helplessness of age; be this as it may, its kindness towards its young is remarkable. The stork keeps its offspring in the nest longer than any other bird, and it is a pretty sight to watch the old birds teaching their young to fly around their nest before allowing them to soar away. There

would not desert her post, and perished with her little ones in the fire. The fame of this stork was spread far and wide beyond its native Holland, a lesson to us all of devotion to those whom we love.

The meaning of the Hebrew word for stork is derived from one that signifies benevolence, thus showing us that in times long passed by



THE STORK.

was a stork which built its nest upon a house that, together with several others, was subsequently burned down. Misfortune often makes men selfish, but during the misery occasioned by the dreadful fire in question, the poor, houseless people were taught a lesson of kindness to each other, by seeing the stork trying, though in vain, to protect her young with her wings from the devouring flames. Presently the roof blazed up, but the mother

this bird was known, as in our own times, for its kindness.

There are many direct instructions in God's word to us about kindness. "Be ye kind one to another, tender hearted," we read in the fourth chapter of the Epistle to the Ephesians. And how many a sorrowful hour, nay, year, might have been prevented by kindness. How many an unhappy home might be again bright if its inmates were only like the stork!

Kindness flows from a tender heart just as scent rises from a flower. It costs little, but gratifies much. A few kind words will take away a child's tears, and will often help to soothe sharp pain. Even a kind look or smile will light a fire, as it were, in a cheerless heart.

May you all be known as kind and tender-hearted, loving to serve and soothe others, because God loves to see His children acting thus. And may it be said of each of you that in your "tongue is the law of kindness." (Prov. xxxi. 26).

### Twice Captive, Twice Delivered.

**I**N one of the pretty lanes close to the village of B., lived a little girl, whom we will call Carrie. It was a scene of peace and rest; the stillness of the summer air was broken only by the gentle murmur of the wind among the trees, the hum of the bees, and the warbling of the feathered songsters as they flitted here and there. Wild flowers grew in the hedgerows, and the busy little ants were at work; the swallows skimmed gracefully through the air, the lark soared to the clouds with his triumphant notes, and the cattle were lowing in the meadow, as little Carrie, unconscious that any danger was near, wandered beneath an avenue of trees that spread their canopy of light and shade over the lane. In her childish way she enjoyed the ramble all alone, for as yet only six summers had rolled away since baby Carrie's name was written in the parish register.

Carrie had lost sight of her father's house, and went wandering along, picking a flower here and there, when all at once the dusky form of a gipsy woman came in sight, who, in a moment, caught the little thing in her arms. Poor Carrie! her heart was filled with sorrow, and she trembled from head to foot, as she was hurried away from her home. Mile after mile was passed, her terror increasing each instant; but she had no power to get out of the strong grasp of the gipsy; poor little weak thing, her struggles were of no avail;

but there was one thing she could do, and that was scream for help. That she did, longing that some one would come and take her away from her cruel captor. All seemed in vain, till suddenly a strong man jumped over the hedge; he had heard the screams and cries of the child, and, leaving his work in the field, had hastened to see what was the matter. At a glance he saw that the gipsy was stealing the child, so he came, and with his strong arms, took little Carrie away from the gipsy and carried her back to her home. How glad and thankful her parents were to receive their lost child when they learned all the sad trouble through which she had passed. How grateful, too, they were to the strong man who rescued her. Poor little Carrie was too ill to speak; and when she got over the fright it was found that the shock had taken away all power of speech, and for nearly twenty long years she was unable to express herself in words. At the end of that time a doctor, who understood her case, took her in hand, and gradually her power of speech came back.

We must now pass over three score years of Carrie's life, and I must introduce her to you again as she sits listening to the preaching of the Word of God. The Holy Spirit began to work in her conscience as she listened, and she discovered that for nearly seventy years she had been in the grasp of a far more cruel and relentless foe than was her gipsy captor; she learned that sin and Satan were hurrying her on to eternal ruin, and that she was utterly powerless to deliver herself. A long list of black sins all unforgiven rose against her—terror filled her very soul; and now, thoroughly aroused, she began to long for deliverance. Day by day her anguish increased, as, to use her own words, she "saw that she was hanging over the very brink of the pit of hell." Alas! she had been there all those years, but now her eyes were opened to see her dreadful condition in the sight of God.

Again she is found where the gospel is preached; there she heard how God had come down to save, to rescue, to deliver, all who felt their need, just as when His people Israel were in bondage in Egypt, He had

heard their cries, He had seen their tears, and He had come down to deliver them. That was just what she needed, a Saviour, one that was mighty to save. She heard of Jesus, and saw in Him a mighty rescuer; she believed not only His power, but His love, and trusting herself entirely to His word, she found herself on His bosom as one of His sheep, close to His beating heart of love. Nay, more, her tongue was loosed, and she gave vent to the praises of a grateful heart, acknowledging that the blessedness she was tasting was beyond all her brightest dreams. "I did hope to get to heaven some day; but to know my sins forgiven now, deliverance now, this is more than I had hoped and longed for," she would say.

It is now her joy to be with the people of God, and to tell others what a dear Saviour she has found. My dear young friends, I would say to you, that if unsaved, you are captives, and that you need a mighty one to save you; and I can tell you of One who "led captivity captive," a victorious Conqueror over sin, death, and Satan. His name is Jesus. He waits to save you. Is there one of my young readers who owns the need of a Saviour, who feels the bondage of sin? Will you have this gracious Saviour and Deliverer? If so, you will be able to sing with Carrie—

"Now I have found a Friend! Jesus is mine."

And add—

"Christ delivered me when bound,  
And, when wounded, healed my wound.  
Sought me wandering, set me right,  
Turned my darkness into light."

H. N.

## Plain Papers for the People.

### III.—LIBERTY AND THE POWER OF "HOLY CHURCH."

**B**Y the goodness of God, the people of England for many long years have loved liberty, and have risen up against such as would enslave them, and, by degrees, the English have become the freest people on the earth. Amongst the lords and rulers, who, in former genera-

tions, held down the people, the greatest tyrants were the bishops and archbishops. These were the times when the Church in England was under the power of the Pope of Rome and his counsellors. In all the strifes after liberty that have occurred in our land, the strife for religious liberty was the longest and the most keenly fought. We go back for hundreds of years, and considerably before the Reformation, to find godly men striving to make the truth of God known in England, and prelates doing their utmost to prevent it. It was a long and severe struggle, but at last the victory was with the free.

In a former paper (see page 21) we narrated how brave John Badby was burnt for Christ's sake in Smithfield. Shortly after that event a cruel statute was enacted, forbidding any man, without special license, to preach, teach, either openly or in secret, or to write any book "contrary to the Catholic faith and determination of Holy Church," and all people holding such books were called upon to deliver them up within forty days of the issuing of the statute. The penalty for non-obedience was prison. Further, if any should offend by preaching or teaching as forbidden, the law ran that, "after the sentence," the officers shall cause the persons so offending, or any of them, "to be openly burned in the sight of all the people; to the intent that this kind of punishment may be a terror to others, that the like wicked doctrines and heretical opinions, or authors and favorers thereof, be no more maintained within this realm and dominions, to the great hurt (which God forbid) of Christian religion and decrees of Holy Church." This statute, the original of which is in the British Museum, was issued in the year 1409, in the reign of Henry IV.

The prelates were alarmed at the progress of gospel, or Bible truth, in the land, and it was determined to burn out of the country the books containing the truth, and also the men who had the truth in their hearts. Thank God, we have the Bible and liberty! Our forefathers gained the day, and "Holy Church" may not now burn us for preaching and writing about the love of God, and the all-atoning efficacy of Christ's sacrifice for sin. But, if

"Holy Church" could have her way, she would do this present year what she did in the year 1409. And this is made evident, as, for example, by the longings of the priests and their adherents in Spain, for a renewal of the Inquisition and its horrors, which desires are printed and circulated in certain public papers.

In order to strengthen this statute, Arundel, Archbishop of Canterbury, added to it; for bishops and archbishops in those "good old times" had a vast amount of power in putting plain people into prison, and in getting them burned. He was afraid lest amongst the clergy of his diocese any should be found willing to assist the preachers of the truth, and he restricted them from allowing any man "to preach within their churches, churchyards, or other places whatsoever," unless such persons should be agreeable to the archbishop. No "schoolmaster" who instructs children in "grammar" or "science" was to be permitted to say a word to them about the sacraments, save as "Holy Church" explains. Every mouth was to be stopped, and man in every condition was to be the spiritual slave of the prelate.

Why all this stringency, persecution, and cruelty was adopted the archbishop explains, "For," saith he, "our province is being infected with divers and unfruitful doctrines." These doctrines were chiefly those of the father of the English Reformers—John Wickliff, who laboured to give the English God's Word in English.

The archbishop laid a heavy hand on the seats of learning, and any doctor or master, teaching, or in any way assisting in the knowledge of those truths which, in our land to-day, all Protestants value, was subject to the severest punishment. A sort of inquisition was set up, and everyone was under suspicion. This decree was given at Oxford, and very soon, men were brought up before Arundel to give an account for their belief. Some recanted for fear of the dungeon or the stake, some died or were made away with in prison, and some were burned.

Such was the tyranny of the spiritual rulers of this land in the days when "Holy Church"

had sway, and to a similar tyranny men in our own days are anxious to return in their desires for union with Rome. Even to-day in free England, deliberate efforts are made under the patronage of Roman ecclesiastics, to stop free speech, and many houses and families are spied by the servants of "Holy Church." The kindness which the English nation has shown to the Roman Catholic priests and the Jesuits is being returned by attempts at intimidation, and by threats of persecution under the patronage of the rulers of "Holy Church."

One thing is evident in the history of our beloved land, for hundreds of years the English people have fought against, or have refused, the rule of the Pope of Rome. We do not want Italian priests over us any more than did our forefathers, neither do we want in England such men as Arundel for Archbishop of Canterbury. Our liberties and our children's liberties are in the hands of the people, and every one of us must use his utmost endeavour, by the grace of God, to maintain absolute Christian freedom in the country, and not to give way one inch to "Holy Church," as that wonderful institution of false doctrine, hatred of the light of divine truth, and persecution of God's saints, the Church of Rome, loves to denominate itself.

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#### 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 enquire whether our hearts be filled with Christ, as well as to what place we fill in Christendom.

"I am Jesus."

**T**HERE is One in heaven who loves sinners, a Man who once trod this earth, and Who learned the varied trials of life by passing through them.

He came from heaven to tell men of God's love, and proved God's love to the world by dying for sinners upon the cross.

Take, as a sample of the goodness of the glorified Jesus to sinners, His way towards a blasphemer, a persecutor, an injurious man, some eighteen hundred years ago! Saul hated the very name of Jesus, and, in his fury against that name, murdered all whom he could find loving it. Saul did not believe that the Jesus of Nazareth, who had been nailed to the cross, and who had died and been buried, was in heaven! Saul's religion consisted in obedience to the outward part of the law, and in hatred to Jesus. As he went on his way, wholly occupied with vengeance against the believers in Jesus, suddenly the heavens opened above him, and a light, brighter than the noon-day sun, poured about him. Saul fell to the earth, powerless, and a voice spoke to him from heaven, "Why persecutest thou Me?"

It was the voice of Jesus from the throne of heaven addressing His enemy upon earth. Then Saul asked, with trembling, "Who art Thou, Lord?" and Jesus replied, "I am Jesus, whom thou persecutest." Saul learned from the Lord's own lips, and by the spectacle of His glory, that the Jesus who had been crucified was seated at God's right hand.

From that day Saul, the persecutor, became the true, zealous servant of Jesus. His life was spent in telling men of the great fact, that Jesus who died upon the cross is the Son of God, exalted in heaven.

Had Saul died a persecutor he would have seen Jesus in glory one day, but upon the great white throne of judgment, whence he would have heard the Lord's voice condemning him for his sins.

Whoever we may be, some day we must see Jesus in glory; "Every eye shall see Him," every knee shall bow to Him, every tongue confess Him *Lord*. Those who in their hearts

believe Him to be the Son of God, who love Him because He died for sinners, will see Him in glory and joy; those who are careless as to His suffering for sin, or unbelieving of His person, must bow to Him as Lord, as Almighty, when they see Him upon the great white throne.

What says your heart to the good news God announces, that His Son is in heaven—His Son who was cast out of this earth and slain? Have you ever enquired, as in God's presence, why is Jesus in the glory above? He came to the earth to reign over it. He came in love to earth's inhabitants, but man crowned Him with thorns, mocked Him with purple, and fixed the scornful writing to His cross, "This is Jesus, the King of the Jews." The answer is, God raised Him up from the dead, declared Him His Son with power, placed Him upon His throne, robed Him with majesty, crowned Him with glory and honour. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."

Viewing Him upon the throne on high, we see our sins gone, ourselves accepted, and the certain future of glory with Him. Upon the throne of God Jesus is the Saviour of sinners still. He shed His blood to cleanse away their sins. He takes away the guilt of all who believe in Him. He lives on high to deliver them from every enemy. There is "now no condemnation" for His people, and such as believe on Him as He is cannot doubt the divine word, since He who bore their sins and endured their penalty is upon the throne of the divine majesty. The sins of His people are left upon that cross where man nailed Him, and where God made Him to be sin for us. There is no distance between Christ and His people now. They are one with Him. His home is theirs; His God, His Father, theirs. Blessed be His Name, though man crucified Him, spat upon Him, and jeered Him, His heart remains as it was from everlasting—love. The many waters of our hatred could not quench His love. He has not gone back to heaven to shut Himself up in the palace of glory, but to bring all who believe where He is, to be with Him, and to enjoy His presence for ever.

## FAITHFUL WORDS FOR OLD AND YOUNG.

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## ONE SIGN OF HEALTHY CHRISTIAN LIFE.

It has been well said that when a church is spiritually prosperous, that church is eager for mission work. We may say the same about the individual believer, for a Christian whose soul is enjoying the favour of divine grace cannot do other than seek the good of his fellow men.

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 Tidings from Mission Stations.
 

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BONGANDANGA.\*

BY ARTHUR J. BOWEN, C.B.M.



GOOD work is going on here at Bongandanga, and many people are being reached by the gospel. Quite a number of young people are anxious to be baptised, and some I believe are genuinely saved. Praise God for this!

The ladies have a class for inquirers at their house, and four other classes in the towns and on the station, and besides our daily morning service we have two meetings every evening.

We had a regular field day one Sunday recently, going from place to place and holding little meetings. Some of the people were much interested, but others actually ran away as fast as they could, to escape being told of their lost condition. I feel sure that many of the townspeople are beginning to understand this now.

On one occasion when out preaching at Bosilela we came across some men who were roasting three human fingers. They had killed some Ngombes during the week, and were preserving their fingers as trophies!

The work at Bongandanga requires much walking, the people are so spread about, and I thank God continually for my good health.

We now preach outside instead of inside the chapel on market days, and in this way muster a large congregation, as the townspeople come in from all parts with their palm-nuts, plantains, bananas, fish, meat, etc. They sit on either side of a broad road which has been

made between the house belonging to the Rubber Company and ours. At a given signal there is a rush to buy, and for a few minutes the place is like Bedlam; then the noise and confusion suddenly cease, for the stuff is bought up and all is over.

Wife-selling is a great hindrance to the gospel work. Even some of our workmen have several wives, and think it anything but wrong. The women, too, have been kept down so long that they have no desire to rise, and cannot see their claim to a higher position than the life of a slave.

The other morning I saw one of the workmen's wives carrying a huge bunch of plantains, while the husband walked leisurely along empty-handed. The wife was very unwilling when I took the bunch from her and made the man carry it.

Coming home from a little meeting at Jimponge one day, we passed a poor old woman apparently in the last stage of bronchitis, left right out on the grass behind the hut to die. Oh, the cruelty of heathenism! They do not care as much for their old people as they do for their dogs.

"The old men and women only cumber us," they say, "we wish to get rid of them; but our dogs are meat."

Is it not dreadful how little value is set on life here?

## A MEETING IN A SMITHY.

I had heard a great deal about Basakoia, and determined to visit this place, so one day off we went, Bamboli, the deacon, and one of the workmen accompanying me. What a long distance it was! We walked and walked, passing plenty of houses, though but few people were about, many being away hunting. At last we arrived at the Basakoia smithy, not unlike such as we have at home, only rather more primitive. The small furnace is blown by a pair of ingeniously contrived bellows, made of buffalo skin and worked up and down by a long stick. The smith works out very decent pieces, as may be seen by the curios sent home from this country.

As in our own land, the smithy is a great place for gossiping, and therefore a good spot

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\* Bongandanga is the farthest outpost of the Congo Balolo Mission.



for gathering a congregation. After beating the native drum, and telling a few of the people, we soon had a crowd around us, and though not very long, it was a real good time. God willing, I hope to visit this place again.

I should like to be able to write a clear account of the superstitions of these people, but at present I am not sufficiently acquainted with them to do so. They have an idea of the Trinity, though a very vague and erroneous one. They believe in Yibanza, the creator; Nsongo, the niece; and Anzakanzaka, the spirit. They have also traditions resembling the story of the Fall of Man and of the Flood. Though they have no idols whatever they have countless charms which are regarded as sacred, and rites and ceremonies which they try to hide from us.

Among other superstitions is that of the *Lokilo*. In the case of almost everybody there is some particular food which must be abstained from; for instance, a boy may be told when very young that he is never in his life to eat fowl, or else he will die. The forbidden food is called the *Lokilo*, and this observance is very strictly kept.

Our time is a good deal taken up with settling palavers, which occur nearly every day. But there are many advantages to be gained in this way, for we have thus an opportunity of telling the people about Jesus, and it also gives us a better grip of the language. We feel we are the guardians of the natives; they often tell us it would go hard with them if we were not here.

"You are our father, and we always come to you first," said one of them in a palaver the other day.

They are such inveterate flatterers that we cannot believe all they say, but still in many ways they trust us implicitly.

It has been exceptionally stormy and wet lately, and the poor unclothed natives have been shivering and walking about with their arms tightly folded over the shoulders to get a little warmth. In cold weather they huddle close together, the neck of one generally folded over the shoulder of another.

Through some extraordinary condition of the atmosphere one day, a little time since, just at sunset, we had the wonderful sight of a view of the Congo. The oldest of our workmen cannot remember having seen it from Bongandanga before, but there it was, a wide stretch of water on our left, far beyond the Lopor river and the great forest which fronts our station.



A NGOMBE WARRIOR.

# FAITHFUL WORDS FOR OLD AND YOUNG.

EDITED BY H. FORBES WITHERBY

*New Series and Re-Issue.*



BURNED FOR READING THE BIBLE.

## The Divine Purpose.

**I**T is absolutely impossible for man, with his unaided intelligence, to form a just idea of the ways of God, for the simple reason that God's ways are not as man's; but as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are God's ways higher than man's ways, and God's thoughts than man's thoughts. (Isa. lv. 9.) Man judges from his own standpoint, and forms the standard of his thoughts from that which is human, and, whether he reason or imagine, his ideas are necessarily on the human level. The Christian is not free from the evil of bringing his thoughts into God's thoughts, and by so doing, of rendering in his own mind, the pure stream of divine grace more or less sullied by the infusion into it of human conceptions. Had we not the divine revelation we should be in utter ignorance of God as the God and the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ. We should, indeed, be able to know something of creation, and thus of God's eternal power and His divine ability, but of the thoughts of God and of His future plans we could not know anything whatever.

There is one great principle which we do well to ponder over when meditating upon God's ways and God's thoughts—they are *according to God Himself*. We turn to the Epistle to the Ephesians to obtain our instruction. We read in chapter i. 3, 4, "Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who hath blessed us with all spiritual blessings in heavenly places in Christ: according as He hath chosen us in Him before the foundation of the world." The divine purpose dates back from a past eternity, before the world was, before men existed. We may be the subjects of the purpose, but with it, we can have absolutely nothing to do. The breadth of the blessings, their character, their security in Christ, the divine choice in Him, are all *according to God*.

Again, the chosen are predestined to a marvellous position before God. The angels are His servants, God has "predestinated us

unto the adoption of children by Jesus Christ to Himself." His Son is the firstborn among many brethren, and this relation to the Son is the destiny determined by God respecting such men as believe on Him. Here, again, this glory is "according to the good pleasure of His will" (ver. 5). He is Sovereign and acts in sovereign favour "to the praise of the glory of His grace." The measure of the glory in store for God's children is divine, and its marvels are *according to the divine pleasure*.

Now, had God so preferred, these wondrous things might have remained a secret to this day. For hundreds of years they were a secret, and men knew them not. But in His ways of wisdom and prudence, God has "made known unto us the mystery of His will." The secret is out, the hidden purpose of God is revealed, and is revealed to us through the apostles. Christ is risen and is glorified, and we shall be raised and shall be glorified like Him. Why is the secret told? Why is the veil removed? The unveiling is "according to His good pleasure which He hath purposed in Himself" (vers. 8, 9). Most emphatically this revealing of the destiny of God's people is *according to the divine good pleasure*.

Undoubtedly the knowledge thus communicated affects the minds and lives of those who receive it. It is impossible to believe the purposes and the ways of God without being spiritually enlarged and ennobled by the faith.

The eternal past has been referred to, and the eternal future is also unfolded to us—even that "dispensation of the fulness of times" when God shall "gather together in one all things in Christ, both which are in heaven, and which are on earth; even in Him" (ver. 10). We feel so small, the world and its progress becomes so little in our eyes, as this great glory in heaven and on earth beams out before our anticipative gaze. And as we meditate upon the coming glory, our hearts go up in praise to our God and Father, for in Christ "we have obtained an inheritance." We shall have our share, "being predestinated according to the purpose of Him who worketh

## FAITHFUL WORDS FOR OLD AND YOUNG.

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all things after the counsel of His own will" (ver. 11). Once more we are rooted and grounded in the purpose of God, else we might stagger in the presence of such wonders, but our faith is steadied, for all we are bidden hope for is *according* to God's ways and will.

We need not wonder that after such an unveiling of the purposes and the ways of God, the apostle, inspired by the Holy Spirit, is drawn out in prayer. None but "the God of our Lord Jesus Christ" can truly endow us with the wisdom necessary to know and acknowledge Him; none but the Spirit can truly open our hearts and eyes to see and to know what God's great prospect and wealth in His saints are. And as we realize this, we feel that His own divine power alone can accomplish His plans. But the power is before us. It has already been exercised. God has raised Christ from the dead, and set Him at His own right hand, far above all authorities and names, and has placed all things under His feet. His Son, who from everlasting was with Him, who in time stooped to the earth and became the Son of Man, who died upon the Cross, is Himself supreme, the Man upon the divine throne. This raising up from the dead and the exaltation of Christ to the highest glory were by the "working of God's mighty power"! And "*according*" to this very power "is the exceeding greatness of His power to us-ward who believe" (ver. 19). The identical character of divine power which raised up Christ and exalted Him, is exercised towards each and every believer. Each true Christian is raised up and seated *in* Christ in the heavenly places, and each will presently be raised and seated *with* Christ where He is. Such is the divine purpose and power respecting man, and we do well to pray over the prayer of the first chapter of the Epistle to the Ephesians, so that we may know what these things are.

There is a second prayer in the epistle. It is addressed to "the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ" (ch. iii. 14-21). In some respects it is more remarkable than the first prayer, for it views us here upon earth, yet being filled with the divine fulness. And once more the

marvel is explained by the very character of God the Father Himself, for the apostle prays "that He would grant you, according to the riches of His glory, to be strengthened with might by His Spirit in the inner man." The measure of the experimental favour is divine, and the standard *according to the riches of His glory* explains the otherwise incomprehensible. The riches of His glory are untold and untellable, yet *according* to their wealth, the blessing of an enriched heart is sought for. And the petitions are made in the faith that they will be granted, for the Father is "able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think." He can fill the heart, day by day, with Christ, so that Christ shall dwell in our hearts by faith. It is not only the future inheritance which is our portion; in the riches of the divine glory, there is the grandest experimental portion for the believer on earth, and this is made good to the heart "*according to the power that worketh in us.*" Again, the measure of our blessing is divine, and is *according to the divine power which is in us.*

We shall be better Christians, or at least we shall have better and greater thoughts of God, if we lay hold by faith of God's way of blessing for us—which way is ACCORDING TO HIMSELF.

### Plain Papers for the People.

#### IV.—BURNED FOR READING THE BIBLE.

**S**OME three hundred years ago in England in many of the churches a large copy of the Bible was kept, laid upon a desk and chained to a pillar, and to it anyone might go and read what God says. But, with the accession to the throne of Queen Mary the Papist, it became unlawful to read God's Word, and to do so might result in one's being burned to death.

William Hunter was an apprentice in London. He feared God and loved His word, and when the cruel decrees of the papist queen were issued, Hunter's master sent him

home lest he should be implicated by the young man's faith.

So William returned to Brentwood, where his parents lived. When he had been there some six weeks, he longed to obtain some food for his soul, so he quietly stole into the church, and went up to the spot where the chained Bible was placed. After he had read a little, an officer of the bishop said to him, "William, why meddlest thou with the Bible?" He replied that it was for his comfort and edification. Then the officer told a priest what William had done. "Sirrah," he cried fiercely, "who gave you liberty to read the Bible and expound it?" William Hunter boldly replied that read God's word he would, as long as he lived, as that word enjoined him.

After a little, the priest informed a neighbouring magistrate, and he sent for the youth's father, who, with tears, told him that William had left home, and that he could not seek out his son in order that he should be burned. Then the Pope's persecutors found him and put him in the stocks for twenty-four hours.

After a while a Bible was brought to him, and the sixth chapter of St. John's Gospel was opened, and he was asked whether he believed that in the sacrament of the Lord's Supper the bread really contained the body of Christ. This William stoutly denied, whereupon his doom was sealed.

So William was brought before the Bishop of London, who asked him to say that Christ's body is in the sacrament of the altar; and when William would not do so, the bishop threatened him that he should be burned before he was twenty years old. After imprisoning the Christian youth, and otherwise punishing him, the bishop sought to bribe him into denying the faith; but William told him that he counted all his worldly offers "loss and dung in respect of the love of Christ."

As neither threats nor bribes moved him, they sent William back to Brentwood, and there his parents saw him, comforted him, and helped him in the faith; his mother saying, she blessed God for a son who could find it in his heart to lose his life for Christ's sake. "Mother," said William, "the little

pain I suffer will soon be at an end. Christ hath promised me, mother, a crown of joy; should not you be glad of that?"

While William was a prisoner in Brentwood, many people came to see him, to whom he spoke of Jesus, of His great love, and of the joy of being with Him in glory; and he besought them to beware of the idolatry of worshipping bread consecrated by a priest.

When the last morning came, a company of archers and men-at-arms brought the young martyr to the place of burning. On one side of William walked his brother; on the other, the son of the very sheriff whose office it was to witness the death of the martyr. These two young men encouraged William to suffer for Jesus. Then his father met him with, "God be with thee, son William." "God be with thee, good father," he cheerfully replied, "for I hope we shall meet again, where we shall be joyful."

As everything was not ready when the place of martyrdom was reached, William knelt down and read the fifty-first Psalm. Then a letter from the queen was brought him, containing these words, "If thou wilt recant, thou shalt live; if not, thou shalt be burned."

"I will not recant, God willing," was his answer, and he went to the stake, and stood upright against it.

Queen, bishops, magistrates, priests, were all against the simple youth; but the Lord stood by him and strengthened him. He held his ground for Christ in the face of them all, noble witness as he was for Jesus.

A priest now came to him, and bade him recant; but "Away, thou false prophet!" William cried, and called to the crowd, "Beware of them, good people, and come away from their abominations, lest ye be partakers of their plagues!" Upon which the priest said, tauntingly, "Look how thou burnest here! So shall thou burn in hell." "Away, thou false prophet, away!" repeated William.

"I pray God have mercy on his soul," said a gentleman; and the people answered, "Amen, amen!"

Immediately after this the fire was made. Then William gave his precious book to his brother, who said, "William, think on the

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holy sufferings of Christ, and be not afraid of death!"

"I am not afraid," the noble youth answered, and, lifting up his eyes and hands to the glory where the living Lord Jesus is, he cried, "Lord, Lord, receive my spirit!" Then his head fell upon his breast, and he was gone to be with the Lord.

By such noble deeds, the martyrs of our land, under God, won for us our freedom. "The truth shall make you free." (John viii. 32).

### Are You Ready?

**T**HE words rang out in clear, silvery notes on the still evening air as, in the lengthening shadows of a lovely summer day, I sat musing in my garden.

I had been thinking of the Lord's coming, of how long I had waited for Him, and how sweet it would be to hear His voice just in the calm of that evening hour, and to rise up quickly and go to Him—to enter into that home which He has prepared for His redeemed ones.

"Are you ready?" The question fell upon my ear so in keeping with my thoughts that it did not startle me. "They that were ready went in with him to the marriage: and the door was shut" (Matt. xxv. 10) came to my mind. And what about the unready ones, when the great pearly gates swing shut at His word? Oh! to carry faithfully the message of coming judgment, as well as of God's grace, and of the cleansing blood, to the unsaved around while yet it is "the day of salvation"! Paul could say, "As much as in me is, *I am ready* to preach the gospel." (Rom. i. 15.)

"Are you ready?" came again the questioning voice, shrill and strong, and I mused on "Ready!"—yes, but when it entails shame, scorn, love? How strong and brave are Paul's words to those who would hold him back from full discipleship: "*I am ready* not to be bound only, but also to die . . . for the name of the Lord Jesus." (Acts xxi. 13.) And again, at the end of his glad course of service for Christ,

he says, in the abandonment of a heart that He had filled, "*I am now ready to be offered.*" (2 Tim. iv. 6.) What need, in these days of easy-going religiousness, for a like spirit—not only to will, but also to do, His good pleasure at any cost! There was one who said, in self-confidence and boastfulness, not knowing the strength of the enemy and his own weakness, "Lord, *I am ready* to go with Thee, both into prison, and to death" (Luke xxii. 33), but it did not do. Peter failed utterly then, and had to learn that, if he were to follow closely, it must be in humble dependence upon Him who can give strength and courage to the weakest and most cowardly.

"Are you ready?" That dear glad voice on the summer air—was it the voice of an angel? Oh, dear, no—only a little child in a neighbouring garden, calling out in play to his brothers and sisters as the merry game took its course; but it was the voice of God to me that evening. Reader, may I put the question to you in all its breadth—"Are you ready?"

A. P. C.

### SPIRITUAL GROWTH.

MANY young Christians make a mistake in fancying that they ought to mark out a line of conduct and walk for the testimony of Christ; whereas the way we honour Him most is by daily sitting at His feet and contemplating Him, like Mary. Spiritual growth, unlike natural, begets increasing knowledge of our own weakness, and produces distrust of self, till Christ becomes all to us.

### TRIALS.

THE apple-tree laden with blossom requires no prop, but burdened with fruit it must be upheld, or its riches will be its ruin. Faint not, Christian, under your trials. True, you had not such severe ones in your spring, but these are given in your autumn as props, by the Heavenly Husbandman, to preserve you from falling. The apostle had his thorn in the flesh, lest he should be puffed up by the abundance of revelations given to him. It was a prop for that richly-laden tree in Christ's garden.

*LIFE AND LIGHT.*

"IN Him was life, and the life was the light of men." It was The Word who gave life to the natural world, and none but He can give life to the soul "dead in trespasses and sins." Jesus is a life-giving Saviour. When we come to Him we have life. But as the young plant will not flourish in the dark, but requires light and the bright rays of the sun to make it strong and vigorous, so the Christian must dwell near the Light, the "Sun of Righteousness," would he grow in grace. "With Thee is the fountain of life: and in Thy light shall we see light." E. M. S. R.

*MEDITATION.*

THERE is not over much meditation in these times. The spirit of haste and rush, which urges all on in a course of doing, lest they should be left behind, is contrary to the cultivation of meditation. But nothing is more helpful to the Christian than to sit still and calmly consider what God is for him. It will be found an ever-availing tonic for the soul to ponder over, even for five short minutes at a time, such facts as these: "God is my Father;" "The Son of God loved me, and gave Himself for me." The Christian will rise up from his meditation strengthened in spirit, and will go on his way as a man who, upon a sultry journey, has slaked his thirst at the wayside spring.

*Our Leper Fund.*

**T**HE following letters from the children in Purulia have been sent to us; they will interest all our readers, and especially those who so kindly contribute to our Leper Fund, and more particularly they will interest the many young friends who sent out presents to these poor children. Many others also sent out presents and for those the lepers give us their thanks.

We have arranged to send aid in future to a

smaller home than Purulia, which, we are glad to say, is assisted by many. A full account of our plans shall be given either in our next number or in that following it. We think we may thus perhaps get into closer touch with our poor suffering friends.

*Letters from the Girls.*

Susilla writes as follows:—

"I was exceedingly happy to see all the pretty things you so kindly sent us. I can now read the Bible, and have learned to know what will become of me after I am dead. I have now got an idea of God's happy and peaceful kingdom, where there is no disease, no misery, no sin, and no one wants more. All this would have remained secret to me had I not become a leper.

"Accept my hearty thanks for all that you have done for us poor despised people.

"Yours in Christ,

"SUSILLA."

Ruth writes:—

"I got a doll, cloth, pictures, and many other kinds of articles and various kinds of sweetmeats which made me so happy. I thank you very much for them with my whole heart, and I pray that God may bless you for the same.

"This disease has taught me the love of God. I also know that our bodies are not only suffering from dreadful disease but that our souls are doing the same. Our bodies shall fall asleep, but our souls shall remain alive; therefore pray for me that I may choose the good part as Mary had done."

Shantimoni and Hanna:—

"Our family consists of four souls here. My father's name is Dhormodas, my brother's name is John, my name is Shantimoni, and that of my sister is Hanna. We received also a portion of all the gifts you so kindly sent us, and we were extremely happy. We have all what we need here. I am learning in school. My sister is of very tender age, my brother is a compounder in the hospital, my father's leprosy is increasing day by day and perhaps he will not live much longer. My brother and we two sisters have not got that disease I am



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INDIAN CHILDREN.

thankful to say. We close our letter with our united many thanks, for all the kindness you have shown towards us."

Susana writes :—

"I have one brother. When my mother died my father got another wife, and I had to beg our bread from door to door with my little brother on my lap. We have not as yet got leprosy. We received a great many articles which made me as happy as I could ever be. Many thanks to all who take an interest in our sufferings."

*Letters from the Boys.*

"Dear friends,—We beg to express by the following letters, and in the name of God the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, our gratitude to you for your kind acts of charity shown towards us.

"Now we have learnt to read and write, and have learnt love, and in our case we have found that happiness came after misery. We

had no end of distress, and could not support ourselves, and that increased our misery, but we have now sufficient food and comfortable houses and clothes, for which we have to thank you very much.

"We have nothing to give you in return.

"HABEL YUSEF RUBEN,

Moti, the carpenter, writes :—

"I got all so beautiful things that I at first thought I myself was the only fortunate boy, but afterwards I saw that I was mistaken, because the other children had got just the same, and I was very glad to see that. We all were in a degraded condition before we came here, and we knew nothing about sin, and lived a sinful life, but now we have got some knowledge of higher

things than this world can offer us. I have become a carpenter."

John, the compounder, writes :—

"I cannot express the joy I felt after receiving so many articles from you. My father was at first a Boistom (worshipper of Besnu), and was honoured by the surrounding people, but when he got leprosy people began to avoid him. Now I praise the Lord with my whole heart, especially that He has brought me here. The name of my father is Dhormodas, and that of my sisters Shantimoni and Hanna, and my name is John. Please pray for John the compounder."

Radhanath Denur Livsar writes :—

"I got a kurta and clothing. My father was a Derman of a manki of Pulkan, and was in possession of honour. There are Christians in that village, and my father used to go to their church or services, but never the least did he accept this true religion ;

but the kind God made some secret arrangement for him — he got leprosy, and was, instead of honours, dispraised by friends and relatives, and lost his honourable post as well, and that was the secret arrangement God made to bring him here. I have one brother and one sister. My mother died here, I am sorry to say, without being baptized. I am now going to school to learn to read and write. I thank God for this disease, because He has given me by that some understanding."

Moshichoron writes :—

"For all your love and kindness, and what you have sent to me, I bring you my hearty thanks. I got a long coat, and when the dogs saw me in it they ran upon me and made an awful row, as if they did not like me in such a dress."

Shanti writes as follows :—

"The disease of my mother and that of my brother is increasing, and their days in this world are becoming fewer, but I hope they will enjoy eternal happiness, as I do enjoy the worldly bliss as far as permitted.

"The editor of the Bangobashi newspaper in Calcutta (a heathen publication) has written in his paper the following paragraph :— 'Woe to the lepers in Calcutta—they are never happy; there are no sinners like the lepers, unfortunate as they are. Their leprosy is incurable, though the European doctors are trying to serve them, but in vain. During their lifetime they are eaten up by worms, and after death they will have to suffer awful torments.' The editor may write what he likes; we do not care for that, but we are happy to say we are fortunate. The editor and his fellow men are unfortunate, because fortune is derived not from bodily health or honour or wealth, but the heart that has found forgiveness in Christ is fortunate. Our ignorance, darkness and worms came from our sores, but their ignorance and darkness comes out of their souls. God is just, and He takes no bribe, nor does He look at the nobility. We pray that ye may be filled with the Spirit of God, and that He may bless you abundantly for all you have done for us."

#### Further contributions for the Leper Fund:

Katie and Maggie, Bolton, rs. 6d. Per W. Banford, Phillip's Square Sunday School, Montreal, 1 dollar; Jack Rogers, Montreal, 5 dollars; Marie Kerchie, Chicago, 1 dollar; Dr. Mac Intosh & children, V.K. Hill, 3 dollars; Walter Temple, Troy, N.Y., 1 dollar; W. Banford's children, 2 dollars. Sunday School children, per G. P. Humpidge, Gloucester, 3s.; per Bessie van Vleck, Children's Lord's Day School, De Kalb Avenue, Brooklyn N.Y., £1.

## The Spezia Mission.

### THE STORY OF THE YOUNG MONK.

**S**OME incidents in the life story of one who is now being trained in connection with the Spezia Mission for the service of Jesus Christ will be of interest to our readers, not because that story is exceptional, but because it gives a fair illustration of the trials which, in one form or another, nearly all have had to endure in taking their stand for Christ in Italy. With such men and women in the ranks of workers it is no wonder, that by God's blessing, the Spezia Mission has become so great a power among Italy's millions.

A few years ago there was living in an Italian town a youth whom we will call Teodoro.\* His parents were of high social standing and thoroughly devoted to the Roman Catholic church. Very early he developed a most earnest spirit, remarkable for its intensity and devotion, and gave himself up to a search for the truth. Passionately he strove to get a clearer idea of right and wrong, to know what God would have him do, and in whole-hearted devotion to the religion in which he had been trained, he strove to find rest and satisfaction in the forms and ceremonies of the church of his fathers.

At twelve years of age he was a shy, reserved lad, shunning the outside world, and, eschewing much of the recreation in which boys of his age delight, he gave himself with ardour to religious exercises. Never was he so happy as when he could gather a few hearers round him to whom he could tell of his longing to preach, never so full of joy as when pouring out his soul to God in prayer, and seeking for the light and truth of God. His reverence for the priests was very great. How good it

\* It is not considered wise to state his actual name.

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must be, he thought, to be wholly set apart for the service of God, and to live all day and every day a life of piety and holiness in the congenial atmosphere of prayer. After much careful consideration his parents determined that he should become a priest, and with intense joy he fell in with their wishes and entered upon his course of training. To this end he was sent to a seminary, where he hoped to find that purity and that peace and rest of spirit which he so intensely desired. But he was doomed to disappointment. Theft, profanity, and intoxication marked the unholy lives of his associates, and the two years he spent here were years of unhappiness and of trouble. He who so fervently longed for the holiness of God and the light of His truth was grieved to the heart at the carnal lives and sordid aims of those whom he expected to find filled with his own high ideals. But he would not lower his standard nor be satisfied with less than he had set out to attain. At length he left the seminary to pursue in another order his preparation for the priesthood. By this time it had become evident that his was no ordinary ability, and that he had a large measure not only of talent but of genius.

At the monastery to which he was now admitted as a novice, he was put under a course of training which, to the minds of us who live in a happier land, seems extraordinary. He was confined to a cell where no fresh air and hardly a ray of light could come. He had to ask humbly for permission of his superior before he could wash his face, and when he had washed it he might not dry himself till again permission had been sought and obtained. His meals had to be taken in a kitchen or a stable, frequently off the same plate from which a big black cat was feeding, or else he was sent to eat in the fowl pen.

This, and his many other strange and useless experiences, he patiently underwent, but was as far as ever from the rest and satisfaction which he sought. As he said, "I was searching for the Lord, and I thought I should have found Him here, but what have these things to do with my soul and my God?" He was constantly kept under strict watch, and

subjected to severe and trying cross-examinations at unexpected hours of the day and sometimes of the night. His good life and eager desire after light and holiness roused the resentment and anger of his companions in the monastery, and they strove with all their might to bring him down to their own level.

Not without exposing himself to great peril he effected his escape, and made his way to the bishop. Before him he laid his complaint, and expressed his grief and disappointment at the unexpected and terrible contrast which he had found between the professions and the lives of the novitiates and priests among whom he had been preparing for future service.

"They feast, they get intoxicated, they do not pray," said he. But the bishop was very indignant, and exclaimed, "Unhappy one, you are blaspheming, and unworthy of my pardon."

After a time Teodoro, who amid all his trials steadfastly held to his holy purpose, was persuaded to become a monk, and, taking a new name, the young *frate* (brother) sought in the secluded precincts of the convent that peace which he had searched for so far in vain. But here, too, he was to meet disappointment. Striving with all his might to escape from the world, he found the world with all its sinfulness within the convent. Feasting, impure conversation, luxury, all surrounded him with their evil influence; and again, where he sought for holy and helpful companionship, he found prayerlessness, and a distaste for spiritual things.

What grieved him most was the conduct of the *padre* (superior), whom he accompanied on some of his preaching and collecting tours. This man carried concealed arms upon his person to be used against his "much-beloved children" at any moment. He collected six thousand francs, but delivered only three thousand francs up to the exchequer of the convent, retaining the other three thousand for himself.

The *frate* resolved to again make his escape, but before doing so he determined to witness for God boldly in the convent. It was a brave but perilous resolution, and we can well understand the earnest prayers which

he put up for courage to carry through the difficult task to which he felt himself called. Not without some shrinking the noble youth stood up in the corridor of the convent, and, to the utter astonishment of his brethren, preached to them the way of righteousness as far as he knew it, denounced their sins, and proclaimed the anger of God against their unholy lives. Their indignation was aroused, and he was imprisoned as a madman. On his release he boldly repeated his offence! This could not be endured, so he was reported to the bishop, who forthwith expelled him.

His soul now passed through deep waters. He lost faith in God, and in all religion. He shunned all who professed even to believe in the existence of God, and became a sceptic. Despair settled down upon his soul, and he attempted to commit suicide. But man's extremity is God's opportunity. A Latin copy of the Bible fell into his hands, and by the Divine blessing upon his eager study of it he found the light and truth he had so perseveringly sought, and he entered into the joy of pardon and peace.

It is significant of Rome's character and of Italy's sore need, that a young man at the close of the nineteenth century could be brought up in a devout Roman Catholic home, could pass through a seminary and a convent, associating for years with those who were set apart for the work of God, and that after all this on finding a Bible it should be to him a strange and unfamiliar book!

Oh, how we who are working for the blessing of Italy long that those who have the priceless privileges of an open Bible, and a clear knowledge of God, would help us to spread far more widely in that sin-darkened land the glorious rays of the Sun of Righteousness!

Teodoro made the Bible his meat and drink. The Sermon on the Mount became the motive power of his life. He sought and obtained secular employment, and joined himself to a Protestant church. The Romish bishop whenever he happened to meet him made the sign of the cross, as if to protect himself from the powers of hell. The neighbours, and the very boys in the street, vied with

each other as to who could heap upon his meek and quiet spirit the worst insults. He was a hated Protestant, and, like all Protestants, had sold his soul to the devil! Those in authority in his city contemned him. He was denounced as a heretic, and his touch was said to do children grievous harm. When in his situation, one under government, he asked for the increase of salary, to which he was justly entitled, but was told that he was a *reformer*, and, that therefore, he could not have his request granted.

At home he was treated as "the excommunicated one." His mother, acting upon the priest's instructions, forced open his boxes and drawers and burnt his books and papers. His brothers and sisters, encouraged by the priest, led him a dog's life. They would pour ink over his writing-paper, put soap in his soup, and in a hundred ways persecute him. The priest actually said to his mother, "If you wish me to pardon your sins, and not abandon you, as a dog, in the day of your death, then you must not only chase your son from the house, but burn the very bed he has slept on, for the whole place is contaminated by him." \*

He left home, and for a little while took refuge with an uncle, but he could not stay away from the spot, of all others in the world, where he ought to have found loving hearts. So he came home again, and a period of relentless persecution and real suffering began. His face became pale and emaciated; a corner in the roof was the only refuge permitted to him; he was called mad, and treated as if he was really so; all his earnings he faithfully brought home to his mother, but she fed him on boiled herbs; he had to secrete his Bible, and the oil of his lamp was watched lest he should read at night. His own touching words were: "If, as I pass along the street, they throw stones at me, the stones are but as sugar; it is Christ only who gives me strength to bear all. When I think of the imprecations of my old father, whom I love so much, then I suffer terribly in my heart, but my soul is kept joyful in the Lord."

Through the great kindness of a Christian lady in England, who holds herself respon-

sible for the cost—part of which she gathers from generous friends, and part of which she gives herself—Teodoro was taken into the Spezia Mission to be trained for the work of a missionary to his own people. As soon as his father knew of this, he had a priest into his house to conduct a burial service over his son, declaring that he was dead to him, and that he put him out of his life for ever.

Teodoro threw himself with all his wonted ardour into his studies and work of preparation. An earnest, humble, devoted young Christian, he gave great satisfaction from the first to his new friends, and soon showed exceptional ability and brilliant promise of future usefulness. He has proved himself not only eager to learn, but to be possessed of a meek and lowly, Christlike spirit, and we, who have been concerned in rescuing him from his trying surroundings and helping him towards future usefulness, are filled with thankfulness for what God has already wrought in and by him.

He is now beginning at one of our village stations to preach Christ crucified, and already God has greatly blessed the message of salvation which he has joyfully proclaimed. He has commenced, too, to use his pen in the service of his Lord. A few weeks ago, one of the dear orphans in our orphanage, near Spezia, passed away, her heart full of triumphant faith in Jesus her Saviour, and with glad songs of heaven upon her lips. The young monk has written in beautiful and chaste Italian the touching story of the closing months of her life, and it has gone far and wide through Italy. By it he has preached the gospel very powerfully to his own people. He closes his story with these words: "Oh, that the death of this dear child might be the life of many, and that what I have written might be the means of the conversion of many!"

Our next article will tell of the orphan children, and include Teodoro's story of the little one who has gone into God's sunshine.

H. H. PULLEN,  
Co-Director of the Spezia Mission.

Our former paper on the Spezia Mission called forth two gifts from New York; £3

from one who desires to be known as "A brother in America," and £1 from a friend by the favour of Messrs. Loizeaux. We gratefully acknowledge these sums. We should very much rejoice if our readers would send in sufficient help to enable us to make up the sum necessary for the maintenance of Teodoro for this year! It would be very pleasing if our readers are able to help this devoted and self-sacrificing young man, who is cast out from all his old friends for His Master's sake.



### The Stolen Apples.

**W**E lived in the country. Our garden led into a large field, in which the gentleman to whom it belonged gave us leave to play. Beyond the field was a market-garden, where our parents bought fruit and vegetables, and in this garden a young apple-tree, bearing several fine apples, reared up its head.

These apples had such rosy cheeks, and looked so nice! How I should like to have some, I thought; and, little boy as I was, thus reasoned: There are not many on the tree, perhaps the gardener will not miss them, or mind much, or if he should, my father knows him, so there cannot be much harm in my taking them.

So, confiding in the little daughter of a labourer living near, we crossed the field and came to the boundary over which the apples could be seen. Clambering over it, I was soon up the tree, and transferring the coveted apples to my pockets, all the while peeping timidly about to see if anyone was looking.

Had any one detected? No eye but that of the allseeing God, who has said, "Thou shalt not steal."

But no sooner were the coveted apples in my pocket than they had lost their charm. I was as anxious to be rid of them as before I had been to get them, and fearful and

wretched, ran back across the field. I dared not taste one of them, but gave them all to the little girl, hoping never to see or hear more about them. Nor did I, but I could not forget the stolen apples, as you will read by and by.

If you wonder how a small boy could conceive such a wicked act and carry it out so boldly, you must turn to God's holy Word, Gen. iii. 6, and you will find how our first parents disobeyed God, and lust and sin entered into their hearts. Eve saw that the tree, the fruit of which was forbidden to her, was good for food and pleasant to the eyes, and she took of it and ate, and her husband with her. After that the fruits of disobedience had also to be eaten! Our first parents' hearts became filled with the fear of God, and more, God's judgment upon them, because of their disobedience, had to be endured.

And now sin is in all our hearts, even in those of little children. By looking on the nice apples I began to wish for them, and then my evil wish led me into the sin of stealing.

Do you know that you have sin in your hearts? You have. It was just as much sin against God when I coveted the apples as when they were in my pocket, and God's eye saw the sin that was at work in the heart before my hands stole the fruit, and He hated it as much when it was in my heart as when my hands had wronged a neighbour.

Years passed by, and the sin just related was but one of many others. But I was not

happy—I had a guilty conscience—knowing that I was a condemned sinner. At length I tried to reform, so that God might accept me, and in my anxiety tried to make amends for every wrong doing of which I could think. One Sunday I remembered stealing the apples, so I found out the gardener, and told him what had happened years before, and paid him for them. He was perfectly satisfied, as you may well believe, but I had to learn that paying the price of the apples to my neighbour in no way relieved me from the weight of the sin as in the sight of God.

It was some time after this that I found from the Word of God that what Jesus did upon the cross satisfied God about sin. Jesus by His blood paid the penalty for the sins which we have committed. And the Bible says, "The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin." And by Jesus there is forgiveness of sins, and all who believe are justified from all things.



LONGING EYES.

Now I know that all my efforts in striving to obtain peace with God are unavailing, for all our righteousnesses are as filthy rags, and what we could never do, God has 'done by giving His dear Son to die for sinners on Calvary, when He made peace through the blood of His cross (Col. i. 20). And when we simply believe in God's own word about the value of the death of His Son, God no longer reckons sin against us, but justifies us from all things. The blood of Jesus has paid the penalty, which no efforts of ours could ever pay, and from which no tears of ours could ever save us. A.

# FAITHFUL WORDS FOR OLD AND YOUNG.

EDITED BY H. FORBES WITHERBY.

[New Series and Re-Issue.]



I CANNOT GET AWAY FROM GOD.



## True Union.

**T**HERE is much being said on the union of Christians, or, more correctly, of churches, and from Rome downwards the matter is discussed. Rome settles the question in her usual style, and, according to her, everyone should unite himself to the pope. However, Rome affords us a valuable text on the subject, by allowing no divergence from her own standard, and by allowing no quarter to each and every person who does not submit to her dictates. Now, if instead of Rome and the pope we could substitute the Bible and Christ for true authority, we should be on the solid ground which God alone owns.

We will endeavour to show on certain points what the union is that is pleasing to God. To begin, it is necessary to define what sort of persons they are who, according to Scripture, should be united. They are true believers, true Christian people. Rome, with some other churches, does not contemplate anything approaching to this first necessity, but if all the churches in the world were merged into one church, the union that Scripture contemplates would not be necessarily one step the nearer. Such an union would be a grand worldly success, and might be carried out without any sort of submission to divine authority. The union the true Christian has before him is of the divine character, and its first necessity is that all the persons united together should be genuine Christian people. When our Lord uttered the prayer to His Father, which is recorded in the seventeenth chapter of John's Gospel, He expressly said He prayed not for the world, "but for them which Thou hast given Me" (ver. 9). Hence the union contemplated by the Lord is one which in no sense pertains to the world. The true Christian is a child of God, and all the children of God are the subjects of the Lord's prayer, and of all such the Lord says, "They are not of the world, even as I am not of the world" (ver. 16).

The character of the union of the children of God is thus stated, "that they may be one, as we are"—God the Father, and God the

Son (ver. 11). The oneness of the Father and the Son is supreme in holiness and love, and the union for the children of God, which our Lord desires, is none less than that of the Father and the Son. We may form some idea of what this is by studying our Lord's life, and especially His words as recorded in St. John's Gospel, where over and over again the absolute identity of purpose, of words, of works, of the Father and the Son, are enforced.

A mere visible unity would have no right moral effect on the world. The world has seen visible unity in the church for many generations; it has witnessed the ecclesiastical power using the secular arm, to burn, to destroy, to murder thousands and thousands of human beings, who would not submit to its unity. The world thereby has learned nothing of God the Father and God the Son. Far from it, such unity, enforced by cruelty and sin, has educated a great part of the world of Christendom into pure unbelief of God the Father and God the Son. Where in that great unity was there one single act performed that witnessed to the nature of God the Father and God the Son? To apply the sacred names of Father and Son, with all the holiness and love contained within them, to the dark deeds of Rome and her followers, would be but to blaspheme. That huge unity was and is a greater hindrance to faith in God than all the divisions of Protestants put together, lamentable as they are.

The union contemplated by our Lord relates to all the children of God, and we may safely affirm that, in proportion to our Christ-like holiness and love will be our desire for union with "all saints." The more like our Father we are, the more like His beloved Son, the more shall we think, pray, and act after the divine pattern and character, and the more shall we personally, and in the sight of God and our Father, cultivate the union He values. And we shall seek with all our hearts, through the Spirit, to cultivate the grace that shone in Christ, so that we may do and say as Christ did and said.

We must never forget that all the children of God are of the one family of God. We should ever recognize this gracious reality,

and our acts towards one another should take form from our faith in the reality. We have not to make ourselves one, for we are one, and we have to live out what we are. Every true believer, whether Protestant, Papist, or Greek Church, is a child of God, and of the one family, and we should pray and act accordingly. We should try to help God's children, and be ready to share with them every spiritual favour we enjoy. Never will the Christian be the poorer for giving spiritual bounty, rather the more he gives the more will his store grow. We act in this fashion to our brothers and sisters in the flesh, and may we not say "Doth not even nature itself teach" (1 Cor. xi. 14), as we consider the family of God?

When Christians do really exhibit by practical behaviour the union which exists between them, they are a testimony to the world concerning their God and Father and the Lord Jesus Christ. The world can see by their ways that a power not of the world actuates them, and though the Bible is much despised, the life led according to its precepts is an overwhelming testimony to divine grace. We can each do a little in a little way. We can try to glorify God by our personal behaviour towards such children of God as are known to us. We can pray for those whose names are known to us, and possibly we can show others personal attention. We can serve them to some extent in spiritual things, ever remembering the apostolic exhortation, "Where-to we have already attained, let us walk by the same rule, let us mind the same thing." (Phil. iii. 16.) The Holy Spirit has made all the people of God one. We are all members of the one body of which Christ is the Head, and we are exhorted to endeavour to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace. We are to keep or maintain that which God has made. We are not exhorted to make or form the unity; it exists by virtue of its divine formation. And how are we to endeavour to keep it? By doing and being as Christ was when He was here on earth—"In all lowliness and meekness" (see Eph. iv. 2), following His steps and learning of Him who was meek and lowly of heart.

As each of us becomes more like the Lord our Master, so shall we thereby contribute by life and ways, our little atom towards the holy and loving union between the children of God, for which our Lord Jesus asked the Father.

## I Cannot Get Away from God.

**N**OT many years since, a young coachman was living in a gentleman's family near London. He had good wages, a kind master, and a comfortable place; but there was one thing which troubled and annoyed him. It was that his old mother lived in a village close by, and from her he had constant visits. You may wonder that this was such a trouble to him. But the reason was that, whenever she came, she spoke to him about Christ and the salvation of his soul.

"Mother," he said at last, "I cannot stand this any longer. Unless you drop that subject altogether I shall give up my place and go out of your reach, when I shall hear no more of such cant."

"My son," said his mother, "as long as I have a tongue in my head I shall never cease to speak to you about the Lord, and to the Lord about you."

The young coachman was as good as his word. He wrote to a friend in the Highlands of Scotland, and asked him to find him a place in that part of the world. He knew that his mother could not write, and could not follow him; and, though he was sorry to lose a good place, he said to himself, "anything for a quiet life." His friend soon got him a place in a gentleman's stables, and he did not hide from his mother that he was glad and thankful to get out of her way.

You may think it was a pity she thus drove him to a distance. Would it not have been wiser to say less, and thus not to lose the opportunity of putting in a word in season? But she believed, in her simplicity, that she was to keep to the directions given her in the Word of God—that she was to be instant, not

in season only, but also out of season. And true it is, that the foolishness of God is wiser than men.

The coachman was ordered to drive out the carriage and pair the first day after his arrival in Scotland. His master did not get into the carriage with the rest of the party, but said he meant to go on the box instead of the footman. "He wishes to see how I drive," thought the coachman, who was quite prepared to give satisfaction. Scarcely had they driven from the door when the master spoke to the coachman for the first time. He said, "Tell me if you are saved." Had the question come to the coachman direct from heaven it could have scarcely struck him with greater consternation. He felt simply terrified. "God has followed me to Scotland!" he said to himself. "I could get away from my mother, but I cannot get away from God!" And at that moment he knew what Adam must have felt, when he went to hide himself from the awful presence of God behind the trees of the garden. He could make no answer to his master, and scarcely could he drive the horses, for he trembled from head to foot. His master went on to speak of Christ, and again he heard the old, old story, so often told him by his mother. But this time it sounded new; it had become a real thing to him. It did not seem to him then to be glad tidings of great joy, but a message of terror and condemnation. He felt that it was Christ, the Son of God, whom he had rejected and despised. He felt for the first time that he was a lost sinner. By the time the drive was over he was so ill, from the terrible fear that had come upon him, that he could do nothing more. For some days he could not leave his bed. But they were blessed days to him! His master came to speak to him, to read the Word of God, and to pray, and soon the love and grace of the Saviour he had rejected became a reality to him, as the terror of the Lord had been at first. He saw that there was mercy for the scoffer and despiser; he saw that the blood of Christ could put away even such sin as his had been; and he now felt in his soul the sweetness of those blessed words, "We love Him because He *first* loved

us." He saw that Christ had borne his punishment, and that he, who had tried to harden his heart against God and against his own mother, was now without spot or stain in the sight of that God who had so loved him as to give for him His only Son. The first letter He wrote to his mother was to tell her the joyful tidings: "God has followed me to Scotland, and has saved my soul." F. B.

### A Greek Story.

**I**N a far off Greek island, in an old-fashioned, comfortable country house, two men stand in earnest conversation. The dark-eyed, swarthy southerner is the master of the house, a striking contrast to the fair-haired medical student, his only son, with whom he is speaking. The father's heavy brows are knit as he listens to the words of his son.

"Father, the mass of the orthodox Church, with its oft-repeated sacrifice as it terms it, is an offence to God. The Lord Jesus Christ was *'once offered to bear the sins of many,'* and the Holy Scriptures declare that He *'after He had offered one sacrifice for sins for ever, sat down on the right hand of God.'*"

Alex, heedless of the gathering storm-cloud on his father's face, drew from his pocket a much loved little Bible, in which he had but lately found God's way of salvation.

Opening it at the Epistle to the Hebrews, he pointed to chapter x. 12, handing the book to his father.

"What corrupt version of the Scriptures have you here, Alex?" roared the angry old man. "This is not a copy of the sacred writings, sanctioned by our church. Go to my study, and bring from thence a large folio copy of the Bible, which you will find among my books. Bring it quickly, and I will show you that what you have dared to say as to the holy mass is wicked and false."

In a few moments Alex returned with the ponderous old volume, and placing it on the table he opened the brass clasps which kept it but too constantly closed, and again rever-

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ently he read the words : " This man, after He had offered *one sacrifice for sins* for ever, sat down on the right hand of God."

" See, father," he said earnestly, " it is the same as in mine."

The old man still held his son's Bible, and now, in uncontrolled rage, he grasped the pages in his hand, and tearing them from the book he flung them in fury upon the floor.

Alex, in grief and silence, stooped and picked up hastily the fragments, and with a bursting heart rushed to his own room. Then he knelt before God and wept. He felt that his father had definitely rejected the truth he had sought to bring before him, and his disappointment and grief at his want of success to win him to the Saviour seemed more than he could bear.

" Oh, my God!" he cried, " life is too bitter for me, *let me die*, let me enter into the bright rest above. I cannot live on where my Lord is rejected."

So prayed poor Alex in the bitterness of his wounded spirit years ago.

Elijah prayed in a similar strain (1 Kings xix. 4), " It is enough; now, O Lord, take away my life;" but God did better for him than to answer his unwise prayer, for He strengthened him for further testimony and service for Himself, before He caught him up to heaven by a whirlwind.

To Alex, also, did He grant grace and courage to go on, living Christ and witnessing for Him. In the busy capital of Greece he is now leading an active life for God. He is thankful that his prayer was unanswered, as, in patient service for his Master, he toils among the poor and suffering of that great city.

God may yet give him joy over his own people, for whom he still pleads and waits. Will not our Christian readers remember him in their prayers, and join with him for the conversion of his parents? A little Testament left by him accidentally on the sick bed of one of his patients speaks sadly of what his childhood's home still is to him, for the only verse that is marked in it is this: " A man's foes shall be they of his own household." (Matt. x. 36).

E. D. G. O.

## Make the Men sit down.



WHEN our Lord saw the multitudes of people that had followed Him from village and city to the desert place belonging to Bethsaida, whither He had retired to rest with His disciples, His heart was moved with compassion. How frequently in the gospels does the record stand of the sight of human need or misery moving the heart of Jesus. So He taught the people many things, and healed their sick and the evening came, and they were weary. He well knew what distance each of the thousands had come, and how long it would take them to return home.

Then the disciples came to Him with the request that He would send away the people so that they might distribute themselves in the villages near and obtain food and shelter but the Master said, " They need not depart give ye them to eat." (Matt. xiv. 16). Two hundred pennyworth of bread, so that each might have a little, was the highest hope to which the disciples arose, and the two hundred pennies, we may be sure, would sorely tax their resources, if, indeed, they possessed so much money. Yet had they given away their all, still they could only give " a little" to each of the people, for man's gifts go but a little way.

The Lord had answered, " Give ye them to eat," and He willed that the disciples' kindly thought for the people should be met out of the disciples' stores. He bade them go and see what they had of their own, and bring the store to Him; so they brought to Jesus the " five barley loaves and two small fishes" which the lad who was amongst them had. The Lord makes to avail that which we have. He uses the little which is ours. That lad was greatly honoured when his humble store passed into the hands of Jesus.

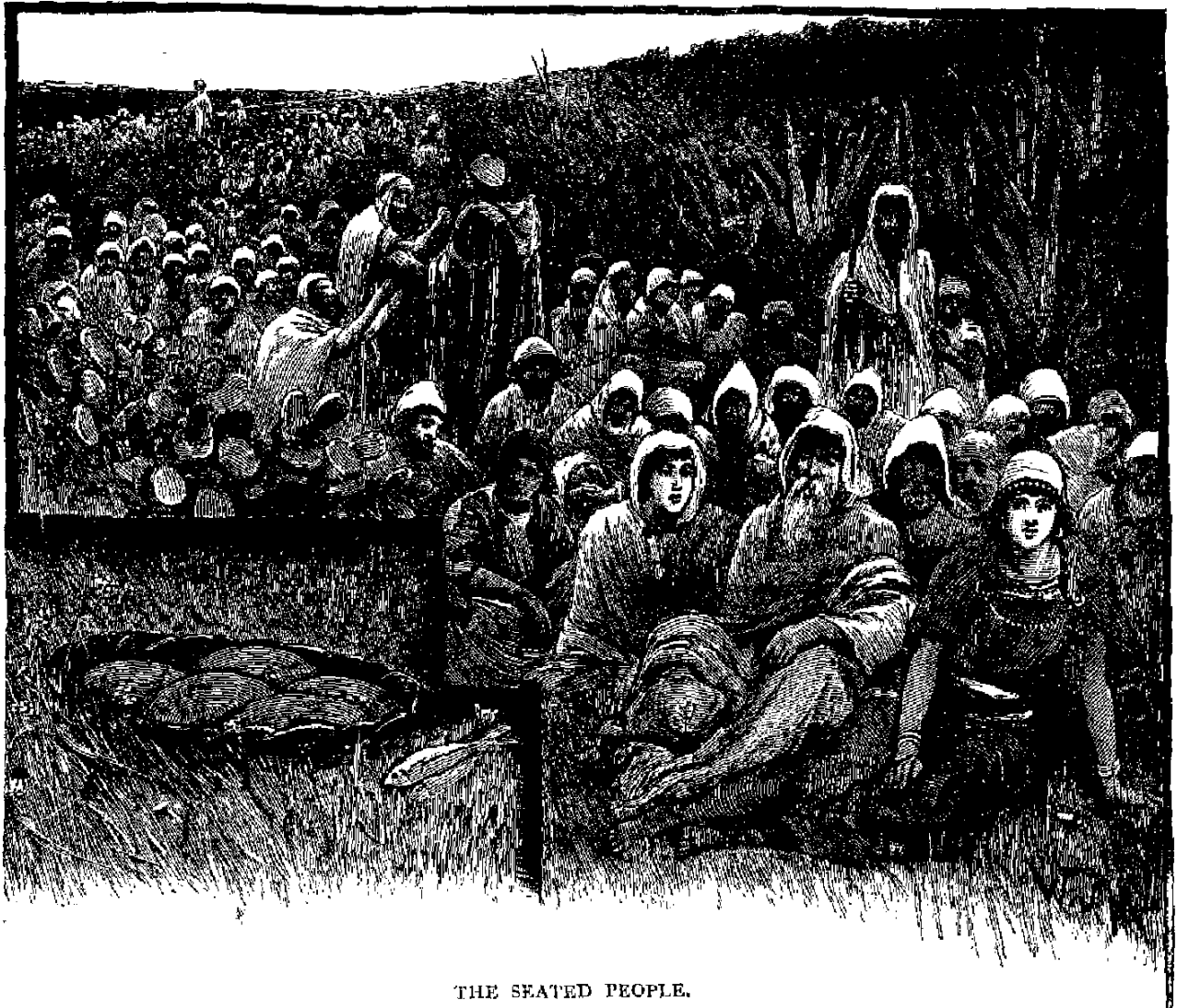
" Make the men sit down" was the Master's order to the disciples, and the thousands seated themselves by fifties upon the green grass. If we are to receive from Jesus, we must adopt the attitude of reception. He gives, we take. Such is ever His way with

needy souls. "Make the men sit down" is a fine evangelic word for the Lord's disciples to convey to the people. Be still, the command comes to the thousands, the Lord knows all you need, and He requires that the multitude receive from Him in His own way.

So the people being seated, in order to be

disciples receive to give what He has given to them, and the people take to eat and are filled. The miracle is vested in the hands of Christ alone. He is ever the Giver, and all spiritual bounties communicated by the disciples come solely from Him.

Taking the stories of the different evange-



THE SEATED PEOPLE.

served, the Lord "gave thanks" to God, and brake the bread He had blessed, and "gave to the disciples to set before the multitude." The miracle lay in the hands of Jesus, and the bread of His bounty was transferred to the hands of the disciples to be placed in those of the people. All were receivers, and He alone was the Giver. And thus it is we obtain our spiritual meat. Christ gives, His

lists together, we have two "alls" in relation to the people. They did *all* eat, and were *all* filled. Men, women, and children, they did all eat, and were all filled. It was not the Lord's way that each should have merely a little. Such may be the disciples' way, but our Giver gives abundantly. And had there been fifty instead of five thousand needing the food, it would have been just the same to

Jesus. He is the Bread of Life, and whosoever comes to Him shall never hunger, and he that believes in Him shall never thirst. He satisfies with Himself.

### A Modern Legend of Rome about an Image.

**W**HILE Rome adapts herself to the ideas of the English—at least to some extent—and keeps out of sight, as far as possible, in this island, her more gross superstitions, she may be seen in her idolatries and follies in full vigour in the South American Roman Catholic countries. We have been trying for some time past to obtain facts from these countries, which would be wisely pondered over by English people, who are willing to believe that Rome in the nineteenth century is quite different from Rome of the middle ages! The following legend is taken from a newspaper printed in Spanish, the language in use in the countries in question, and it describes what kind of religion the Romanists of Yucatan possess! Reading the legend may, perhaps, stir up some of our readers to assist our Fund for the Bible for Mexico, and the Spanish-speaking States of South America. We receive deeply interesting accounts from these countries of the way the people receive the Word of God, read it, and find therefrom what the salvation of God really is. And when we know a little of what these poor people are taught to believe, we can better understand how readily they grasp the wonderful words of life. This is the legend translated from the newspaper:—

#### THE TREE OF LIGHT.

In the north nave of the Cathedral of Merida (Yucatan), towards one side of the extreme interior, the curious seeker will find a beautiful chapel, a monumental sanctuary, in which is worshipped an image of the Crucified, known under the title of the "Holy Christ of the Blisters," an image most in favour with the Yucatecans of all those which represent the Lord. There is not in the country a sanctuary

more celebrated than this, and no image which obtains more general and fervid worship.

But how and why bring this to notice? What is the story in religious history of the sacred object which is known by this name?

When, full of lowliness and infinite compassion, the divine Nazarene surrendered Himself to the fury of His enemies, and they commenced to bind Him with cords and chains to drag Him to greater torments that would not terminate short of the bloody death of the cross, the blisters and wounds of His bonds were only the first steps to the terrible suffering inflicted on that holy body.

Then proceeds the paper: Why does the historical crucifix in the Cathedral of Merida present to us in a manner so distinct and conclusive the public reminder of the blisters? Ah! we know it is because there is a special history—a history that is local—a history such as fills the hearts of a believing people, and which fathers tell to their children in the sweet and confidential hours of the home circle, expressing in each accent their simple faithfulness to, and loyal sincerity in, the traditions of their religion, as on Mount Horeb.

We cannot refrain from interjecting a few words here. The legend is placed on a platform of faith as the story of God's revelation of His hatred of images and image worship, "as on Mount Horeb." But we proceed with the translation.

The first century after the conquest had scarcely closed, when already flourished, as one of the many parishes of the bishopric of Yucatan, that of the town of Ichmul, situated in the south of the peninsula. It came to pass that on a Friday, at the beginning of Lent, early in the night, the workmen of the neighbourhood observed that, in a certain grove of cedars, one of them excelled the rest, which at once they called "The Tree of Light." Amongst the branches of its bushy top, there shone, as on Mount Horeb the celebrated bush of Moses, a beautiful flame burning, which, nevertheless, neither burned nor consumed it.

The wonder was repeated the following Friday night, and continued periodically during the whole of that Lent, except the Passover.

On this account, when the solemnities of the feast of Pentecost were finished, the parish priest, in agreement with his parishioners, formed the resolution to have the prodigious cedar cut down and kept in memory of the event, with the design likewise, that it might serve at some future time as material for some sacred image to decorate the village church. But this purpose had to be postponed, as there were no sculptors in the immediate country that could carve the image.

But some years afterwards there appeared suddenly in the place, a fine but unknown youth, who made known that he was a sculptor. At once the young traveller was called, that, from the piece of dry wood into which the tree of light had been converted, he might carve a beautiful image of the Virgin, the especial object of the general devotion of the province.

While the priest was speaking to the sculptor, he related to him the history of the wood, explaining to him the reason why it had been called the tree of light.

"Oh, Señor Cura!" exclaimed at once the young artist, not alone with manifest emotion, but with an accent and look full of angelic majesty, "there is no doubt that it would be very pleasing to God to make from this precious piece of wood a statue of the spotless Virgin, but this marvellous luminous apparition taking place three times before a people exactly on the Fridays of that part of the year devoted to fasting, prayer, and penitences, as Lent is, does it not indicate that the mysterious wood is intended by God for an image of Himself, in the history of His humanity and bloody passion? And a monument originated thus, will it not be an awakener to faith and penitence, a pledge of comfort, blessing, and hope? Will it not be in the eyes of the Almighty a monument of the greatest importance to the religion of the Yucatecans in the coming generations; an ark of the Divine covenant; a bond of union in times of discord; a pillar of light in the darkness of the miseries of life; a beneficent shade in the heats of lust and in the deceitful fires of lying prosperity; in times of deceit a—"

"Enough, young man!" interrupted the priest. "It appears to me that an angel

speaks by your lips. I give up my own thought and accept yours."

The work having been arranged, the artist occupied the room in the priest's house, which had been assigned to him for a workshop, bringing there the wood, but all noticing the circumstance that he brought with him none of the tools of his art, and that, whilst any carpenter of the village would have quickly prepared for himself a bench, yet he, for his part, took no pains to provide anything to use in the making of the proposed crucifix.

After being shut up for a single day, whilst it was supposed he was making the necessary preparations for the work, and without a single sound of a tool having been heard, the sculptor announced to the astonished priest that the crucifix was already finished, and that the next morning he could take possession of it. But how great was the surprise of the priest, when early the next day he found the sculptor had disappeared. On looking up he beheld the image of the Crucified suspended as if by an invisible hand over the ground! The people flocked to contemplate the prodigy. The wonderful image was placed in the church, where ever afterwards it was the object of great and extraordinary worship.

Such is the legend believed to day! The narrator refers to Horeb. Let us hear what God said from Horeb out of the midst of the fire to man about images: "Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of anything that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth." Further, God said, "Thou shalt not bow down thyself to them" (images), "nor serve them" (Exod. xx. 4, 5); therefore, every time men prostrate themselves before the image they break God's commandment. No wonder Rome cancels the second commandment in her teachings, and deliberately cuts it out from several of her catechisms! The words are too terribly strong to be evaded; the only way to deal with them is to get rid of them! But the ten words from Horeb stand, and stand for ever, and call woe upon all who worship images.



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We turn from the Spanish-speaking countries of South America to

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itself, and our readers will enjoy the stories of what God is doing there through His word. We have many opportunities of giving away tracts. On market days the people come from all the little villages around to Figueras, also the evangelists who are itinerating the whole of this province, every day evangelizing in different villages, are dependent on us for their supply of Bibles and tracts. One of the evangelists writes of his work in the neighbouring country villages: "You will be glad to know that I have had a time of grand opportunity at the fair, at which I distributed five hundred gospels without a refusal . . . . Many thanks for the two cases of gospels and tracts. I went over the prison with the governor, who allowed me to give books to the prisoners, who accepted them eagerly . . . . the library is most useful. In cases where one person cannot read, he or she gets someone to come to the house who can, and thus gather together to listen to the tract or book. The people much enjoy this when the day's work is done."

## TESTIMONY FROM A ROMANIST PAPER.

We quote from the "*Semanario*," a Carlist and Romanist organ published in Figueras: "For many years past, not only in this town, but in all the provinces the Protestants work by means of periodicals, gospels and tracts which that sect scatter over the entire province. In view of this effort we hoped the government would have aided us against them, but these hopes are illusory; consequently we must fall back on our newspapers, our pulpits, correspondence and propagation of tracts, and thus unite in the battle against these enemies of our faith and nation . . . . the most effectual way to combat these heretics is to make a general crusade against them in every town and village in the province."

Another evangelist tells us: "It would, I am sure, interest you to see little companies of working people meeting at a friend's house, after the day's toil is done, to listen to the perusal of your tracts. Those who cannot

read soon find a friend who can, and secure his help. In remote villages among the Pyrenees, to pass an evening thus relieves the monotony of a labourer's life, raising his heart and thoughts to a world of glory beyond."

The most recent result we have to tell is the good news just received from an evangelist in the department having the town of Bisbal for its centre, that an important little town, called Torenella de Mongri, has been opened to the gospel in the following way. He had distributed tracts there, and it being a fanatical place, did not expect immediate results, but sowed the seed in faith and hope. Soon after he received a cordial invitation from a man to whom he gave a tract, to make use of his house whenever a place should be needed for preaching the gospel. He at once availed himself of the offer to hold a meeting in that dark Romish town.

We ask your prayers that whilst we sow the seed provided by you, God may give an abundant increase.

J. A. H.

## DARKNESS AND LIGHT.

"Do you know anything about death and resurrection?" said an aged Christian to me the other day. "I know that the believer died with Christ and is risen with Christ, and has a new and everlasting life in Christ," was the reply. The aged man looked confused. "I don't mean that! I mean, Do you know what it is to live for years in a dark, dead state of experience, and then to have God come in and whisper you are saved, and give you the joy of life." Poor old man! this was his notion of death and resurrection—not Christ's for us, but his own experience and want of faith in God.

## PRECEPT UPON PRECEPT.

REMEMBER that the doctrines of Scripture have exhortations built upon them. First seek to be established in the doctrines, then erect good works upon the foundation. We are justified by faith: this is solid ground for placing works upon. We have life in Christ; here is the basis for living to God.

We are raised in Christ, and seated in Him in the heavenly places; see in this truth the place of power for setting the mind and heart upon things above, where Christ sitteth at the right hand of God.

If we put works before faith; living to God before having obtained life in Christ; setting the heart upon things above, before being seated in the heavenlies in Christ; we are only building upon sand. Upon the other hand, if we do not labour earnestly in good works, after we believe; if we do not live to God, when we have received life in Christ; if we do not set our affection on things above upon being risen with Christ; we are sinking down into the world, we are shrinking into ourselves, shrivelling instead of fruit bearing.

#### THE WORD OF GOD.

THE soul engaged with the Scriptures is like a man in a skiff upon a calm and boundless sea. Now he spreads his sail and skims across the broad water; anon he lets go his sounding line to fathom its depths; but whether exploring lengths, breadths, or depths, he is alike filled with wonder at the immeasurable water.

### The Secret of Evangelic Success.

**B**Y success we mean gathering souls out of the world for Christ and for eternity, such success as a fisherman whose net is filled with fishes longed for. The secret lies in our love for souls and in our personal dependence on the Spirit of God. Some love to hear their own voices far more than to hear souls saying, "We would see Jesus." Some fish on in their calm routine, and, though they toil all night and catch nothing, never tell out their failure to the Master. But here and there the spirit of the evangelist burns within the preacher's breast, and the result is, more are brought to God.

The curious shelter-places to which unsuc-

cessful evangelists resort are worthy of notice. Not a few are to be found comforting themselves that their preaching is so far above the ordinary ideas of men that, therefore, human ignorance cannot be expected to attend to their words. Well, if men are hungry, it is better to give them some slices of plain bread than to explain to them the chemical qualities of a loaf. Others resort to the state of the world at large, and its indifference to what it really needs. Be it so. But the best way to induce the sleepers in the burning house to escape is to awake them. Others state that, though they preach the gospel, evangelizing is not their occupation. In ordinary life we usually carry on our own trades or professions, and certainly in a case requiring the urgent skill of the physician we should not (as one of the public) call in the passing bricklayer or postman to prescribe for us. It takes a man who knows how to fish and where the fish lie, and what influences them, to be successful (according to the ideas of a fisherman), and it takes an evangelist who is led by God the Spirit to catch men.



### Faith and Unbelief.

**L**ET me tell you the simple story of a young girl about fifteen years of age, who had learned, in the village Sunday-school, to trust the Lord Jesus Christ as her Saviour. She knew that her sins were pardoned, and she believed that the Lord would never leave nor forsake her, and that He was always a very present friend. Her father and mother did not love the Lord, and this was a great sorrow to Emma, as they did not like even to hear about such things. The father was a stonemason, and being very slack of work, he resolved to go to London, to seek employment there, with his wife and child. On reaching the great city, he posted a letter of recommendation from a gentleman

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for whom he had worked in the country, and then took up his abode in a small top room near Westminster, awaiting the answer to the letter, which would say when he might call for work; but, alas, no answer came. In a few weeks their little stock of money was all gone; and Christmas morning, the weather cold and frosty, the bells sending forth their joyous peals, and the sun peeping brightly into the little room, found this poor family without fire in the grate or breakfast on the table. The man and his wife sat in gloomy silence, whilst Emma was kneeling in prayer at the foot of the bed. She rose up, looking bright and happy, and said, joyfully, "Father, this is Christmas Day; I am so pleased."

"Leave off that noise," said the father, angrily, when Emma began to sing a hymn. "If God was love, as you make out, why does He not send us something to eat, and coals to warm ourselves on this bitter cold day?"

"Oh, father," said the child, "God is love, and I can trust Him this morning quite as firmly as ever. I feel quite sure that He will send us something before the day is gone. Let me sing to you the other verses of the hymn, for it is so pretty—it will do us good while we are waiting. Jesus will not fail us, I have been asking Him in prayer."

The father made no answer, so Emma went on singing.

Twelve o'clock struck by Big Ben, and the family began to feel hungry. Emma was very sorry that her parents had nothing to eat, especially as her mother was not strong, but she still trusted the Lord. Just at the stroke of one, they heard a man's footsteps on the staircase coming up to their room, then a knock at the door.

"Come in," cried out the three together. A gentleman made his appearance, and asked, "Are you the person who sent me this letter?"

"Yes, sir, I am," said the mason. The gentleman then said he was very sorry not to have answered it, but that he was away from home when it arrived. "It was written," he continued, "by a friend who speaks of you as being a good sober workman. I shall be glad to employ you if you come to me the day after to-morrow."

"Thank you very much for coming, sir," said the man, "as we have spent our last shilling, and to-day we have neither food nor coals."

"Well," replied the gentleman, "I shall be most happy to offer you five shillings to get you some dinner; and hope you may have a brighter Christmas Day next year."

When he was gone, Emma sang again with all her voice. "Yes, father," she said, "I must give God the glory for having answered my prayers. I felt sure that something would come to-day."

"Well, I never," said the mother; "this is a wonderful thing—next to a miracle—that the gentleman, the master himself, should come here on a Christmas Day."

"This is to show you, mother, that with God all things are possible, and that He puts into people's hearts what to do."

"It seems like it, my child," she replied, looking wonderingly at Emma.

"Don't you remember, mother, what I read to you out of the Bible, that once upon a time God commanded the ravens to feed the prophet Elijah? They brought him bread and flesh in the morning, and bread and flesh in the evening. The God of Elijah is our God, and He it is that sent the gentleman to us."

Thus may we say, "Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings He hath perfected praise."

J. L. M. V.

### The Cripple of Formosa.



YOU will like to hear a story about the island of Formosa, which the Chinese have surrendered to Japan. Formosa means "richly beautiful."

Grand mountains tower up in the centre of the island; abundant rice fields wave on its plains; pleasant fruits grow on its sunny shores, besides other products.

In times long gone by, the Dutch preached the "good news" there when they held the island, but after they left, two hundred years passed, before others came to fill their place. Then it was a Scotchman who first preached

the gospel there again, and his was soon a post of danger. At first the common people heard him gladly, but after a little while he was obliged to leave the city in which he had taken up his quarters. Nothing daunted, with his brave wife, he re-established himself there soon afterwards—the only Europeans in the place. A hospital has since been opened, where he laboured, wherein sick bodies and souls have been healed.

The account of these labours is interesting, but I would tell you now only of one person—a poor cripple. He was not rich, learned, or noble; he was one of the weak things of this world whom God has chosen. I cannot even tell you his name; but it is written in heaven.

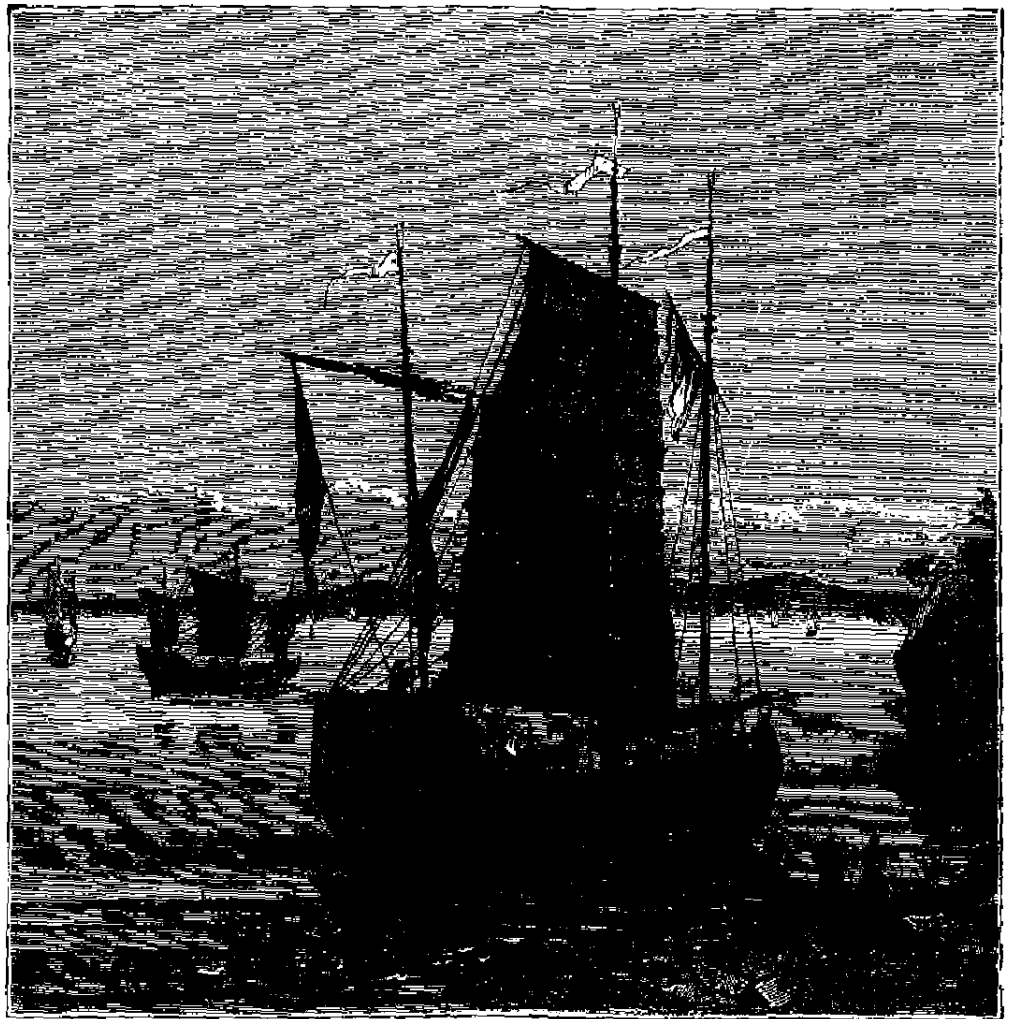
This poor man lived in a village amongst the hills, where he earned his daily bread as a barber. He could not do out-door work on account of his weakness, but his bodily infirmity did not make him a coward, nor did it hinder him from labouring hard in Christ's service. He had a hymn book, which used to accompany him when, with the help of his staff, he hobbled through the village, testifying to the people of the living God. The anger of some of his neighbours was aroused by his earnest words, but the faithful soldier was not to be frightened from his post. By and by he lost his customers; but he would not lose his Sundays, and, mounting the bullock cart, he went

week after week to a neighbouring town where some Christians were, and all the village saw he meant what he said.

A little while afterwards a missionary was examining those who were professing to be converted. Forty names were given to him. He looked through the list, and one-third were from the cripple's village! Had he not spread the "good tidings" indeed!

Will not the cripple of Formosa have a bright crown prepared for him? Though poor, weak, and unknown, he was the means of "turning many to righteousness." If we work for Christ out of love and according to His Word, the Lord finds pleasure in what we do for Him. Let us make it our joy to earn His approval, and He will reward us by and by.

E. E. F.



A CHINESE JUNK.

# FAITHFUL WORDS FOR OLD AND YOUNG.

EDITED BY H. FORBES WITHERBY.

[New Series and Re-Issue.]



SAVED OR LOST.

## Submission to God's Word.

**I**N one special way the Holy Scriptures differ from all other writings. They command our obedience. In other writings, the reader occupies in certain ways one platform with the writer, for he can with impunity accept or reject the arguments presented, and without injury to himself exercise his opinion upon that which is brought forward; but in the Holy Scriptures, the reader occupies the place of the learner, and he is bound to obey what he reads. There is a widespread effort in Christendom to remove from the reader of the Scriptures that submission of heart and mind without which the Scriptures are not to be understood. It may appear pleasant to suppose the mind of man capable of sitting in judgment upon the ways and words of the Most High; but the end of this spirit is blindness of heart. Very many truly learned people have dealt with the Scriptures as they are entitled to deal with mere human writings, and by so doing have arrived at agnosticism! We are not uncharitable towards them in our remark, for they tell us that the result of their learning is this—*they do not know!* They do not know whether there be a future for man, neither do they know whether there be a heaven or a hell—they do not even know whether there be a God. Had they not refused to submit to the divine authority of the Holy Scriptures, they would have escaped the darkness and ignorance into which, entrapped by their own wisdom, they have fallen.

At the very first God *commanded* man's obedience to His word; and, at the commencement of his ways with man, Satan sought to undermine in the heart of man the necessity of submission to the Almighty. "Of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, thou shalt not eat of it" (Gen. ii. 17) commanded God. "Hath God said?" insinuated Satan. Man yielded to the temptation, and fell from his innocence, acquired the deadly knowledge—for the knowledge of evil was gained at the price of doing evil and of death.

As time proceeded, man became wholly

corrupt in his purposes and desires (vi. 5, see margin), and then it was written of righteous Noah: "Noah did according unto all that the Lord commanded him" (vi. 22; vii. 5, 9, 16). He submitted himself to believe that which, according to the science of his day, was the impossible; and in the faith of God's words he found safety both for himself and his house.

After the flood, man's lawlessness arose to its old level, when once more the principle of submission to God's word indicated man's path of prosperity. "Abraham . . . obeyed" (Heb. xi. 8). Abraham's faith was tried in a different way from Noah's, but none the less did Abraham believe God in the face of what in nature was an impossibility. Both *knew* because they believed, and God was as good as His word to each of them. Both had to submit their every question to the unchangeable word of God, and both men triumphed because they believed.

In our own times, the identical principle remains unchanged. God demands of man submission to His word. He "commandeth all men everywhere to repent" (Acts xvii. 30), and over and over again sets before man the result of believing or of not believing His word. It is hardly reasonable to regard the words of God, His expressed ways and purposes, as difficult to believe, because they do not, perhaps, coincide with what proceeds around us in this world. Such a bent of thought supposes that God is no greater than that which man knows. "*We do not know*, because we know nothing outside human knowledge" is, to the Christian, merely an enunciation of ignorance of God. In natural things, if a man refused to believe that a message could be sent thousands of miles in a moment, from one part of the earth to another, because he knew nothing of electricity, he would receive no attention; but infidelity receives a great deal of attention simply because it knows nothing of God.

We need to remember, when reading the Holy Scriptures, the necessity of submission in faith to their statements, and we shall find that the simplest way of understanding the divine word is by asking God to teach us by His Holy Spirit so much as it may be good for us to know.

## Saved or Lost.

**F**IRE! fire!" cried the passers-by. "Make way!" and in an incredibly short space of time the thronged road is cleared—omnibuses, wagons, cabs, pulling aside. The long shout of the fireman is heard in the distance; it grows louder. Down comes the fire-engine, steam up, at full gallop. It dashes by, with brass helmets, shining machinery, surging steam, and crimson wheels, and you follow the runners at top-speed. They are not a moment too soon. The urgent haste was needed; for from the upper windows the thick smoke rolls out in black volumes, while the roar of the flames and the cracking of the timbers of the lower part of the building make you shudder.

And now there is intense silence in the crowd, for the fire-escape man has fixed his ladder, and is mounting to the uppermost floor. He quickly enters the burning house; at the farther end of that upper room lies a child asleep. It knew not its danger, but only dreamed of strange sounds; and before it is half awake, the strong man has borne it upon his shoulder to the window. He places his foot upon the ladder, and as he does so, a shout louder than the roar of the fire rises up from the crowd below, welcoming his return; and down he gently bears his burden clear out of the ruins to safety.

"Whenever I am fearful whether I can be saved, I take courage by the fire-escape; for it is made high enough to reach the highest houses," said one to us; "and Christ can reach me." If the fire-escape could not reach the highest rooms, it would be a mockery and not a security. And, reader, Christ can save you where you are. Do you realize that like the child asleep, with only the thickness of the floor between it and the flames, you are separated from eternal fire by only this frail life? Oh! should the floor give way!—oh! should life break!—where would your soul go?

Christ takes us clear out of the place of ruin and judgment, and clean into a place of peace and security. Salvation is nothing less than

complete deliverance. You are now, this moment, either with the wrath of God abiding on you, or you are "in Christ," where there is "no condemnation." Which is it?

Alas! too many remind us of a poor wretched man, who met his end as a "fool dieth." The flames had laid hold of the house, or rather the block of houses, in which his rooms were. They poured forth in fierce streams, roaring as they swept on in their irresistible course. There were thousands of persons congregated in the vast square witnessing the grand but fearful sight, when high up upon the roof they thought they saw the figure of a man! Was it possible? Yes; and he was soon recognized, and people passed his name from one to the other. What was to be done to save him? They shouted in terror, but the man only waved his hat crying, "Hurrah! hurrah!"

Again they shouted for him to come to a corner of the block of buildings where there seemed a slight hope of affording the man rescue; but he continued his mad hurrahs and waving of his hat, as if it were for him a day of feasting and delight, instead of destruction! "He is drunk or mad!" said the people, while they trembled at his certain and horrible doom. Presently he gave another jovial shout, and then fell back into the surging flames and perished.

Like this madman are the men who delay accepting salvation—who run on in their course of riot and of folly. They die as "the fool dieth," perish, falling into the lake of fire which burneth for ever and ever. Oh, think what the horror of awakening from life's folly and madness will be to the anguish of hell and the fire that burneth for ever! We almost hear him say, "I am tormented in this flame, Oh! for a drop of water to cool my tongue."

But why art thou in the place of torment? Hapless man, didst thou never hear of salvation? Ah! yes, it was brought to his very doors; the escape was put before him, but he would not be saved, he would go on the madman's way. He grasped after pleasures and folly, and now that the world is burned up and gone, he lives to die for ever and yet never to die.



## A Modern Miracle.

**T**HE following communication from a prisoner in the New York jail will be of great interest to our readers.

The man was converted to God while in the jail, and he then tried to help a fellow prisoner, and what might seem to man utterly hopeless, by the grace and power of God, became a triumph. The letter is difficult to render into everyday English, but it has been translated as literally as possible.

30th September, 1894.

The French tracts that I received have been a great blessing to a young French fellow prisoner, W., who was sent here two and a half years ago.

I was much interested in him because of his sad story. He had hardly landed in this country forty-eight hours, when by mistake he was arrested for a crime of which he was innocent. He had no relations or friends, and did not know how to establish his innocence. He got as an interpreter for his defence a German Jew, whose French was absolutely unintelligible, and who wanted him to plead guilty to a minor offence, assuring him that then he would only get two years imprisonment. W. was so utterly beside himself with rage, that in court he grossly insulted judge and jury, and at last was sentenced to nineteen years imprisonment with hard labour, though he might have been let off with ten, which is the minimum.

While in jail here, he has told me the whole of his past life, and I was so sure of his innocence that, as he cannot write well himself, I wrote for him to the French Consul, and to the Charitable Aid Society. While doing what I could in this way for the poor fellow, who is only twenty-six years old, I tried, though very timidly, I acknowledge, to speak to him of God, and of the loving Saviour who died for us; but I found that the keen sense of injustice under which he was smarting, was a hopeless barrier to all my efforts. How was I to persuade a man almost mad with rage and thoughts of vengeance against his accusers, to believe that God was

good and just, a God of love, Who only sought the good of His children? I could only reply that His ways are not our ways, and that *all* things work together for good to those who love Him.

"Love God!" he used to say, "never, never; He is my worst enemy, for allowing such awful injustice." And his mind seemed completely taken up with plans of escape and revenge, or else of suicide. I tried to show him how foolish it was to keep on with such thoughts, and I hoped I had made some impression. But it was all of no use, and on the night of the first of January last he hanged himself in his cell, and was found by the night warder, on his rounds, apparently dead.

He was, however, taken to the hospital, and though his case seemed hopeless for some hours, he was at length restored to life. I heard of it the next morning, and got permission to go and see him. I was completely overwhelmed with emotion, and with tears in my eyes I could do nothing but tenderly remonstrate with him.

He sobbed bitterly, but still insisted that his life was so unbearable, that he had given up all hope, and even though he had failed the day before, yet he would make a more successful attempt the next day. I implored him to do nothing of the sort, and left him with some little French tracts, "to amuse you," I said. One tract was "Liberté," which I discovered afterwards made a great impression upon him. I promised to come back the next day.

"No, no, don't take any more trouble about me, farewell, farewell!" said he, earnestly pressing my hand; and I left with a strong conviction that he was determined to try and end his life by some other means.

I therefore communicated my fears to the warders, begging them to keep an eye upon him; and instead of sending him back to his cell, the doctor kept him in hospital some days longer to treat him with sedative medicine. I was more than ever drawn out in prayer for him, with a feeling of intense regret at not having been more persevering before in my efforts for his soul.

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On Sunday some Christian ladies came as usual to visit the sick, and to hold a little meeting in the ward. One young lady, who was nearest to his bed, and who had been told about him, spoke to him with much earnestness and sweetness about Christ's marvellous love for the lost. She spent more than two hours by his bedside, praying and pleading with the poor fellow with tears and deep sympathy.

"What touched me most," he afterwards told me, "was not so much what she said, and which I did not fully understand," (his knowledge of English being very limited), "but it was the devotedness and self-denial which led her to come and shed tears over my wretchedness, when she might have been enjoying herself with companions of her own age. Such love as that I felt could only come from God as the Source of Love, and so somehow you must be right, though I cannot understand it all." I begged him not to try and understand it, but to yield up to God in faith, and to believe, spite of all appearances, that He can make *all* things work together for good to them that love Him.

The sequel shall be given in a letter of his own:—

"— Prison, Sep. 1894.

"To Monsieur E. Favre,

"23, Grande Rue, Geneva.

"Honoured Sir,—Excuse the liberty which I take in writing to you. It is because I am full of gratitude to you, for you have rendered me one of those services which can never be forgotten on earth. I am saved by one of your little tracts, called 'Liberté, liberté.'

"That humble sheet of paper has made me shed floods of tears, and I still cannot read it without weeping. Since then I have received thirty-two others, and they have made me a new man—a Christian. By them I have learned to enjoy the blessing of God, and to know that peace of heart which I had never been able to find elsewhere. If I were like other men, I should not tell you what I feel, but between an ordinary man and myself there is an immense difference. I think, honestly, I was the worst man in the whole world.

"If you knew all the wickedness I have done,

and what I was intending to do, you would marvel at God's goodness to me. I was one of that bad sort which end at the Bastille. Young as I am, I have been through the lowest depths, and nothing had any effect on me; kindness, tears of my old parents, force, prison, nothing. I have wandered about, seen the world, trampling under foot all that is good, without the slightest regard for men or things. A man who did nothing but evil, thought of nothing but evil, a man that nothing could stop in his course of crime, who at twenty-seven years' old, by continued misconduct, had incurred all the penalties of the law, civil and military, and who, twenty-four hours after landing in America, got arrested, and then sentenced to nineteen years with hard labour, and then your little tract pulls him up, and makes him shed tears, when he had so trampled on other people's feelings, that he did not think he had any feelings left! What poor things we are (or what insignificant things we are)!

"If you were not a true Christian yourself, you would not believe that God could possibly pardon such a sinner; but you know the means that God sometimes uses to bring a lost creature into judgment before Him. His ways are unlimited.

"And if ever you meet a man who complains of his lot, (however sad it may be, however great his misfortune, it cannot equal mine), say to such helpless one: 'I know a young convict condemned, though innocent, to nineteen years imprisonment, shut up in a living tomb, 10 feet by 3½ feet, with two iron doors, to say nothing of bars and walls of an absurd thickness. That man goes to sleep every night, or tries to do so, wondering why ever he is in that cell, for he is perfectly innocent, and no such crime as what he is accused of was ever committed by him. And that man asks me to tell you that he knows more of what suffering is than you do, and to crown all, unjust suffering; and yet since he learned to know God, on the 7th January, 1894, *nothing troubles him*. Having Christ in his heart, he is the happiest of men: his soul is free from all earthly care, and he belongs entirely to God.

What does all the rest matter? He is now lifted up above everything, though once always

dissatisfied, and his heart is filled with an overwhelming joy, which he knows is beyond the gift of man. His happiness is perfect, for he is yielded up to the Saviour without reserve.

"Yes, dear sir, I am innocent, absolutely innocent as far as man goes; but as to God (for the punishment is from Him), I acknowledge His mighty hand. Only He could stop me, and He so hedged me in by the most extraordinary circumstances that there was no escaping His almighty justice. By a strange irony of fate, though actually innocent, yet I was really *going* to commit a crime, for though I had only been in New York twenty-four hours, I was on my way to the railway station to meet a woman who had led me wrong all along, and for whom I had deserted country, family, and the last remains of honesty.

"I feel sure that it was God who stopped me just in time. And then for two years I suffered in a way that I cannot describe. I rejected God with contempt, and seemed actually going mad, and then, as I found my reason giving way, I tried to hang myself in my cell on the night of the 1st January, but I was not allowed by God to die, any more than I had been allowed to escape His punishment.

"On Sunday, the 7th January, while I was in hospital, still with my dreadful thoughts of suicide, trying to starve myself to death, as I felt that this wretched existence was unbearable, a Christian young lady came to see me, and in the name of God tried to comfort me. At first I repulsed her with roughness, but she did not go away, and kneeling down at the foot of my bed, she prayed for me with tears, having somehow been told about my misery.

"I know you are all alone in this country," she said, "with no friends. I live near here, and will send you something to read, and shall pray every day for you, and I shall pray with such confidence, that God will, I know, put into your heart the same peace that I have myself."

"Well, dear sir, when I saw that young lady kneeling by the bed of a convict, I felt ashamed of the bitterness and stubbornness of my heart. I felt ashamed of my cowardice, when I saw the courage with which one, young and fair as she was, could come and pass her Sunday

afternoon in that awful place—a prison hospital.

On going away, she gave me her own Bible, opened at the fourteenth chapter of St. John's Gospel, and marked for me. I read that chapter; at night I could not sleep, and I prayed God earnestly for the first time in my life that He would make me a new creature. I have no room to tell you what I felt.

"The next day I left the hospital, went back to my work like a man, and since that happy day what peace I have had! I am perfectly happy. I have forgotten all my trouble, I work for the future, and have learned to read and write English. Since that day, and for all the rest of my life, I do not wish to waste a moment, and if God spares my life, I wish to come out of this prison, not a criminal but a man.

"I must tell you before I finish, that all the officials are very kind to me. We are very well treated in every respect, and I am helped in my new life by the chaplain, who is extremely good to me. I have a real friend in the prison, a Swiss, from Geneva. Knowing my sad history, he has been a brother to me all through—a real living Christian. It was he who gave me your little tracts, and a book called '*Solitude*,' which greatly helped me.

"Ever since that absolute yielding up to the will of God, for the first time in my life I have entered into real happiness. I feel that it is only God who can turn such depths of misery into such heights of joy. He is so good to the soul which loves Him with real faith, and it is so sweet to live in Him, for Him, and by Him, that I think nothing of the trifling matters of this earth.

"Your grateful brother,

"M. W."

#### TO MAKE PROGRESS.

"Ye have not passed this way heretofore" (Joshua iii. 4), said Joshua to the children of Israel. Onward, ever onward, is the law of our being. Where there is life we look for progress. What is it to make progress? In nature it is growing up, but in grace it is growing down. "Rooted and grounded in love" (Eph. iii. 17). "Rooted in Christ" (Col. ii. 7.).

## The Bible in Many Lands.

### PING YANG IN KOREA.

**P**AST summer this city was the centre of much interest in connection with the war in the Far East. It has been somewhat associated with the Bible Society, and will, in the future, we fully expect, be a great centre for Bible work. Ping Yang, the capital of the important province of Ping-an, was once the capital of Korea, and previously the chief city of a very ancient kingdom. Politically it has been and will be of great consequence, a fact the Japanese have never failed to recognize, for about three hundred years since they penetrated Korea to this point and made a desperate attempt to hold it against the Chinese, who came to the assistance of their Korean vassal. They were, however, driven out of Korea, and last year the fate of the nation hung again around this city.

The inhabitants are notorious as being the bravest in Korea—the most warlike, the most intelligent traders, and generally the most energetic of this wretchedly oppressed nation. The mouth of the river forms a fine natural harbour at no great distance from the city. The country is beautiful, the valleys are rich, and would, if well cultivated, yield abundant crops of wheat, rice, millet, beans, cotton, maize, tobacco, ginseng.

The country has been misgoverned

for so many years, and the people, though physically a fine race, are steeped in wickedness and immoral to a degree, whilst lying, cheating and double-dealing are the order of the day. Hence a mere lifting of the oppressor's yoke, or the introduction of Western material improvements, such as machinery and manufactures, will not raise the people and make them noble and zealous for the public good.

Christian countries, with all their imperfections, are vastly superior in their laws, education, and charitable institutions to any non-Christian, and but for the God-man Christ Jesus the world at this day would have sunk in utter wretchedness. One has only to live in an Eastern land to realize how far its civilization is behind the Christian, and it is the ideal Christian which must be aimed at. "The individual must be reformed, then the family will flourish and the land be peaceful," is an Oriental maxim, and Korea must be reformed by teaching the men that they are made for a higher destination than the brutes; that woman is the equal with man; and that the country is the commonwealth of the people.



[By permission of the British and Foreign Bible Society.]

The Bible Society, years before any Protestant missionary was able to enter the Hermit kingdom, obtained through the zealous labours of Dr. Ross a Korean version of the New Testament, portions of which were sent into the country by pedlars, colporteurs, and all possible means, and they penetrated to Ping Yang, and even to Seoul. Much of this seed was necessarily lost, much fell among thorns ; and though it certainly did take root and flourish here and there, it was often choked for want of proper husbanding. The missionaries found at Aichom and Ping Yang not a few believers who had been cleansed by the Word, and, whilst many have failed, at least one in ten of these poor sin-stricken lepers remained faithful witnesses for the Master, and some are pillars in the churches.

Many houses have portions of their walls papered with leaves of the gospels. This is a common practice with the Koreans ; they delight to place printed matter on their walls just as we do pictures on screens, etc. It may be regretted, but could not be helped. Yet is it not better that a page of the gospel should be visible to all than, as often in Christian lands, it should be in a closed book that is never read ?

[From the Bible Society Monthly Reporter].

## The Spezia Mission.

### TEODORO'S STORY OF THE ORPHAN IDA.

**I**N a beautiful garden on the shores of the Mediterranean, with the murmur of the almost tideless waters in their ears, two friends who loved Italy dearly were talking together of God's work in that land. It was a lovely Lord's Day afternoon, and in the quietude of that hour their theme was as to the best ways of extending the beneficent influence of the Spezia Mission which God had, in a very wonderful way, used one of them to found and sustain. Out of that conversation arose the resolve to commence an orphanage in Italy. To undertake such a scheme on the scale contemplated required a resolute heart and daring faith, but

to Mr. E. Clarke, the founder of the mission, these most certainly belong.

God works in strange ways. A terrible visitation of cholera came to Spezia and spread sickness and death over a wide area. Mr. Clarke, with a quiet confidence that God would preserve him, visited night and day among the sick and dying. His brave and unselfish conduct won the attention and admiration, not only of the people of the city, but of the authorities. The extraordinary success which attended his ministrations could not but be observed by all. God so worked that while that awfully fatal disease was raging not a single man, woman, or child, whom he had entirely under his own care, perished ! So struck were the city authorities with this that they came to him and offered to put the city into his hands, and to carry out his sanitary and medical instructions if he would tell them what to do.

He laid the matter before God and, seeing the divine hand in the matter, accepted the responsibility. It was very wonderful. There in Papal Italy the chief authorities of one of the chief cities entrusted the care of their city to a humble servant of God, whom they had despised and opposed as a "heretic." God remarkably blessed Mr. Clarke's efforts, and speedily the plague was stayed. By these events, the full details of which would form a most thrilling narrative, the way was opened for progress in evangelical work as it never had been before ; many enemies were turned into friends, and some of the bitterest foes ceased at least from active opposition.

After the fell disease had passed away, it was found that many children had been bereft of their parents, and after those who had friends had been cared for, and kindly help afforded to as many as possible, there were still left eleven poor orphan girls, absolutely friendless and defenceless, exposed in such a land as Italy to terrible hardship and peculiar peril.

What was to be done ? To offer help in such a need was a grave matter with all the heavy responsibility already resting upon the workers of the mission. But could those little children be turned adrift ? Mr. Clarke nobly faced the difficulty, and with a simple

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childlike faith that the Lord, who had stood by him in his steadily-increasing work, would provide the means, and feeling assured that he was acting under the clearest divine guidance, he took the whole eleven into his heart and into his love.

"By persistent labour," he writes, "under great difficulties a beautiful home was prepared for the orphans, a matron and her husband, and an assistant, and after a series of special meetings for prayer that the rich blessings of God might eminently rest on the undertaking, and on all who had assisted in the work, the doors were opened to receive eleven girls."

The number of the children has grown greatly since that day, and one of the brightest spots in all Italy to-day is the orphanage at Marola. The glad sunshine of the presence of God is there, and the merry laughter of little children whose lives were overshadowed with a dark sorrow, but who are now being patiently and wisely trained in an atmosphere of heaven's own love and peace. Oh, what absorbing interest there would be in the touching stories of these children had I space in which to tell them. But one story shall be told, and the young monk, the outline of whose remarkable life was given in FAITHFUL WORDS for July, shall tell it. Teodoro was working at Spezia when Ida Barbieri passed into the glory, and he tells in his own beautiful Italian the following story, which we translate

"The Victoria Adelaide Orphanage for girls, founded in Marola by the Rev. Edward Clarke in 1887, is at the present time under the sad influence of the loss of one of the children sheltered there.

"Signora Barbara Cartei, who has the direction of that institution, an energetic and indefatigable worker, knows so admirably how to impart to the children entrusted to her that healthful and strong evangelical training which leaves an indelible impression on the character and softens the natural disposition of the more wayward. Thus it is that those who enter these walls perceive the beautiful simplicity pervading everything, and are sensible of the holy influence of Christ in all things there. Now, alas, the natural vivacity of all the children of the institution has been

overshadowed. The short and beautiful story of the death of Ida Barbieri deserves truly to become known. Ida was scarcely fifteen years old when she died. Four years ago she was rescued by Signor Clarke and placed in his orphanage, where she found Jesus. She was a quiet, docile little maiden, good and submissive, she had a childlike and robust faith, simple and immovable, and it was *such* faith that gave her such comfort, peace and joy in the trials of her severe illness.

"Two months ago she was smitten with rapid consumption. In one crisis it seemed certain they would lose her, but the Lord willed to keep her on her bed a little while longer as an instrument of salvation for others and of edification and comfort to many. These were two months of agony; every day it was believed she would cease to breathe. Round about her bed was a continuous succession of friends anxious to know how poor Ida was. One scarcely had recognised her and said, 'How are you?' but she at once responded, 'Well, thanks, and you?'

"Upon that face which appeared so death-like a splendour shone, those joyous eyes sparkled, those pale lips spoke thoughts sincere and sweet.

"One beside her bed read and unfolded to her the gospel, and she listened with eyes dilating, lost in wonder and holding her breath. Like one wrapt in a divine ecstasy, she told of having seen Jesus one night surrounded with His angels, who sang with most beautiful voices.

"The brave Signora Cartei was assisted at night by many good sisters connected with the Church in Spezia. Ida always said she should not sleep, that she was always thinking of going to heaven, and again and again during the night she would beg them to sing the hymns she so delighted in. In the morning of the day of her death, March 14th, she foretold that that day she would depart and that she would go to the bosom of Jesus.

"A minister having come to visit her, and saying farewell, asked her if she had anything else to say to the friends. She answered 'Only good-bye; tell them I want to meet them above in heaven.' Towards two o'clock she asked

that her companions might sing hymn 272 (in their own hymn book), 'Oh, think of the home over there.' Whilst they sang some wept. 'Do not weep, do not weep for me,' Ida exclaimed, 'for I am happy.'

"Towards evening she asked to speak to all her companions, and when they were brought near to her, pointing them to the Most High, she exhorted them all that at once, that evening, they would give their hearts entirely to Jesus, that all would love each other, that they would respect and love dear Miss Clarke, and that they would always pray to the Lord that He would give greater means to Mr. Clarke, in order that he might rescue other little ones and bring them to that home, that they might find Jesus as she had done. Most precious words!

"Afterwards she asked that the light might be taken away, and that all would leave the room. They having said to her that it was necessary that someone should remain with her, she at once said, 'But am I alone? Do you not see Jesus? My Lord is beside me; is *He* not here, and is there not a great light here? Leave me alone with Him, leave me!'

"They left her alone, and heard her with feeble and sweet voice praying, 'Yes, my Lord, come, come; I am here; Lord, I pray to Thee for my companions. I want all to meet me up there at Thy right hand; Lord, touch all their hearts; Lord Jesus, come!'

"There was silence, they hastened to the bed-side. Ida lay with hands clasped, still praying. 'Death, come. O happiness, O joy, my Jesus come! Come, O Lord; death come! Look, Jesus opens His arms, He receives me! O happiness!' She turned her head, and closing her eyes, passed away.

"The doctor had always been impressed by the faith and the conversation of this little invalid. One morning she had asked him if he had not yet found Jesus. He by this time arrived, and himself weeping, exclaimed, 'Oh, that I might have such faith!'

"Who shall say how many Ida Barbieri may have helped by her luminous words, which were astonishing and striking, especially from the lips of a little girl. Who can say how many have been edified by her peace and

Christian resignation to death, and by that beautiful joy which the Lord put into her heart, and which clearly could be read in her face when so near to death.

"On Friday, March 16th, Ida was followed to her last resting-place, and was buried in the Protestant cemetery in Spezia. Over her grave suitable and beautiful words were spoken.

"O! that the death of Ida might be the life of many, and that these lines might be the means of the conversion of as many."

Thus does the young monk speak to our readers.

Ida has gone to be with Jesus, and no longer needs the love and the shelter of our orphanage, but her place is vacant, and the number of poor neglected orphan children in Italy who need—oh, so terribly—the help and wise training which we strove to give her is so great, we long to stretch out our hands to them, but we dare not for lack of means. Who will help us? £14 a year is sufficient to enable us to feed, clothe and maintain one of these little ones, and Jesus says: "Whosoever shall receive one such little child, receiveth Me."

H. H. PULLEN,

Co-director of the Spezia Mission.

We have had the pleasure of forwarding towards the support and training of the young monk two gifts, one of £5, the other of £2; the latter being anonymous, our only means of thanking the kind donor is by this acknowledgment. The former was sent to us by two friends who in former years had often paid many a pleasant visit to Spezia, who state, "The beautiful scenery is all so familiar to us, and we now are praising the Lord for His saving grace and love to ourselves, and do so rejoice for the true light shining there too." A brighter light than Italy's sun, even the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ, shines now in the hearts of Teodoro and such as "see Jesus." Let such not forget Italy and the Spezia Mission. Any further help for Teodoro will be gratefully received for him.

"INASMUCH as ye have done it unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me." (Matt. xxv. 40).



## FAITHFUL WORDS FOR OLD AND YOUNG.

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## Watching—Doing.

**B**LESSED are those servants, whom the Lord when He cometh shall find watching."

"Blessed is that servant, whom his Lord when He cometh shall find so doing." (Luke xii. 37, 43.)

Watching for the Lord, who is coming—waiting for the Lord, who is coming! Herein is found the Lord's description of a blessed servant. In the watching is the true heart for the Lord Himself; in the waiting is the true heart for the Lord's interests. Blessed indeed will be the watcher and the worker for Christ at His coming.

The Lord is recalling His people to His coming again, and many have responded to His call. There has been a girding of the loins, in order to be ready to hasten to His knock when He comes; there has been a trimming of the lamp, in order that He may be honoured when He comes; and now He waits. Will His people grow weary, will sleep once more overwhelm them, shall the girdle be slackened so that the recumbent posture may be resumed, and shall the lamp grow dim for lack of care? Or shall the girdle be tight, and the lamp be bright? Then "if He shall come in the second watch, or come in the third watch, and find them so, blessed are those servants."

It is remarkable how the Lord combines in His instruction watching and working for Him, but the watching is placed first. And he who is girded to watch shall be served by his girded Lord, for so graciously does the Lord value the personal regard of His people for Himself. It is a very great blessing to have true and just thoughts respecting Christ's coming again, but better still it is to be watching and waiting for Himself. And no servant will serve so well as the servant who is waiting for his Lord's return, then everything will be done under the eye of the Master, as it were, or rather for the eye of the Master. And service done for any other eye will prove sadly deficient in the day that is at hand. A real spirit of watching for Christ gives a

peculiar tone and colour to the Christian's life. The main object amidst all life's duties in that case being readiness for the Lord Himself "Be ye therefore ready also; for the Son of Man cometh at an hour when ye think not."

Our Lord directs our hearts to Himself, not to the date of His coming. This He keeps as a secret; and attempts to unravel the Master's secret are not consistent with true servant character. We are to watch for the Lord's return, be it in the second or the third watch, but we are not to try to find out in which watch He will come. Such attempts usually end in the mind being taken up with dates in reference to Christ's coming, and with the heart being weak in desires after Himself.

The Lord's interests are now in "His household"—in His people generally, and what concerns them. In view of His coming again, He looks for faithfulness and wisdom on the part of His servants. In our own day faithfulness is greatly needed, for the fashion of the times is against speaking out the truth. Wisdom is equally required. Many of the Lord's household are languishing for lack of nourishing food, and are nevertheless so educated into a taste for indifferent spiritual diet, that they will hardly partake of the good things God has to give. Great wisdom is required in helping such, but God gives the wisdom for each case to those who wait upon Him.

May we all be found watching and doing for Christ according to His will at His coming.



## The Letter from India.

**M**Y dear little friends, I do not think anyone seems to remember the tiny little people, who cannot understand long words, and yet who like very much to have a letter to themselves.

And so I want to write to you, and a great ship will take my letter away over the big sea to England, where most of you live; and though I am so far away, in India, I shall

think of you, and ask the Lord to teach you to know Him and to love Him.

I have a little girl, she is six years old, and her name is Aline. A kind friend sends her FAITHFUL WORDS every month, and when the postman brings the packet, she likes to open it herself, and look at all the pictures. Then she brings it to me and says, "Now, mother, read me about this picture."

And when I have told her about that picture, she wants to hear about the next one, until she knows all that is in the paper.

She comes to me every day and says, "Read me about Jesus." And she listens, with her blue eyes fixed on my face; then she asks, "Does Jesus love little children *very* much?" And when I tell her that Jesus loves little children so much that He let the cruel men nail Him upon the cross and kill Him, because He wanted them to live with Him in heaven, she says—

"Dear Jesus! I do love Him. I wish He would come and take us all up to heaven now."

Dear little ones, do you ever think how much God loves you?

You know we have all been so naughty, that God would have to punish us by shutting us out of heaven, only that Jesus said He would be punished instead. And so He died on the cross.

Do not you think God must have loved you very much indeed, and must have wanted very much to have you with Him, to let His dear Son Jesus come down here, and be beaten, and nailed on the cross to save you?

Aline asked me a few days ago—

"Mother, can't I have my money out of my money-box, and buy Jesus a present? I want to give Him something."

I said, "Do you know what Jesus would like best of all, Aline?"

"What, mother?" she asked.

"He would like you to give Him your heart."

She looked at me for a minute, and then she knelt down by the bed. When she got up again she said—

"I have given Jesus my heart."

"How did you give it, darling?" I asked.

"I said, dear Jesus, I love you, and I want to 'bey (obey) you every day; that's giving Him my heart."

Will not you each give Jesus a present too, by giving Him your hearts? He will make you very happy, and as little Aline says, "He will hold your hand all the time, and take care of you."

Sometimes when you go to bed, and if you are left all alone, you get frightened, do you not? And perhaps the light goes out, and it



is quite dark, and you feel very much afraid. But if mother is by your side, and your little hand is in hers, *then* you are not frightened, are you, even though it is dark? Well, if you have given yourselves to Jesus, you need never be the least bit frightened, because He is with you all the time, and He says, "Fear not, I will hold thy right hand."

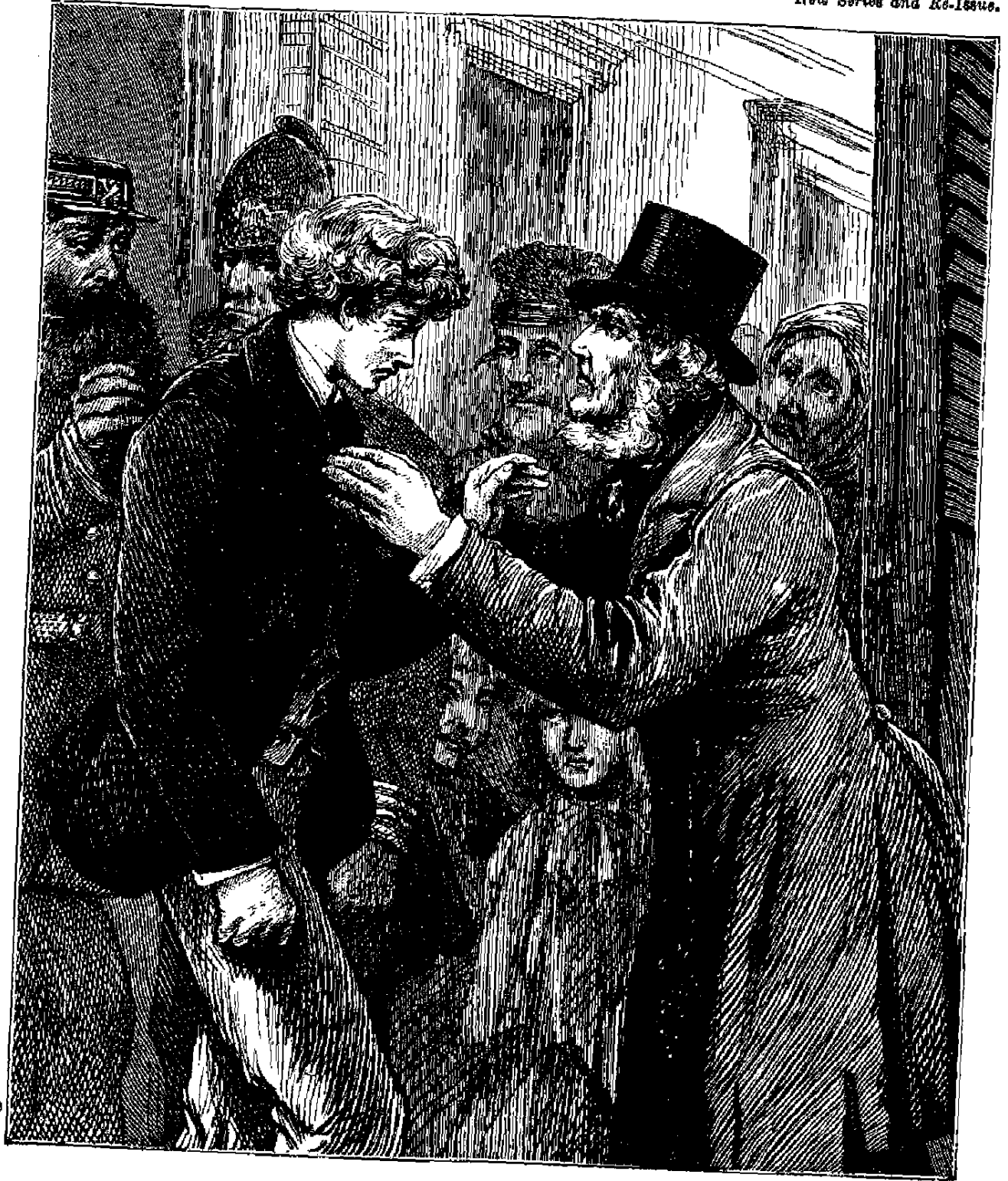
That little text is a great comfort to Aline, and I hope it will be so to you.

Aline and I both send you a great deal of love. Your affectionate friend, F. D.

# FAITHFUL WORDS FOR OLD AND YOUNG

EDITED BY H. FORBES WITHERSAY

*New Series and Re-Issue.*



MIGHTY TO SAVE.

## God Speaking in His Son.

**G**OD spake to the Jewish people by their prophets; He has now spoken "in" His Son. The words of the Divine Spokesman contain eternal verities, which none other speaker for God uttered. He told man of God's love, of peace, of salvation, in their divine fulness, and whether we regard the words uttered by the Lord in their plain meaning, or whether we regard them as His very own communications to us, our responsibility to heed what He has said is immeasurable.

It was an honour of the highest kind conferred upon Moses that he should be the means of communicating the mind of God to man as it was revealed under the law, but our Lord's honour eclipses that of Moses, for He brought to man the word of salvation. True, the prophets of old had prophesied of salvation, but our Lord announced it—in Him, the Saviour, salvation had come. The great salvation was "at the first spoken by the Lord" (Heb. ii. 3), and so glorious was the word that God Himself bore witness to it with signs and wonders and miracles, and with gifts of the Holy Ghost.

Our Lord's miracles frequently accompanied His words, as was the case, for example, when He fed the five thousand. In His healing of the paralytic man, who lay helpless by the pool of Bethesda, the miracle was a sign of the presence of One who is greater than angels—His word alone sufficed to heal. The first chapter of St. Mark's gospel, read in the light of God's witness-bearing to the Lord's words of salvation, is full of significance. The sick, the possessed, who were laid at Jesus' feet, and whom He healed, were not only wonders of divine power, but signs for all to see of the character of the words He uttered. In like manner, when He had gone to heaven, and His servants preached Him and His resurrection, the gifts of the Holy Ghost, whether of tongues or of healing, which accompanied the testimony of the preachers, were all God's witness to the great salvation which His servants proclaimed.

It was no light thing for God to speak to man at all; but since He has spoken, great indeed is human responsibility to attend to His words. Yet since He has not only spoken, but has done so in the person of His Son, who shall measure the weight of the burden which will lie upon those who do not heed His word? "Therefore we ought to give the more earnest heed to the things which we have heard, lest at any time we should let them slip." (Heb. ii. 1.)

The humblest messenger may convey a message of the utmost importance, but if the messenger be the greatest who can be sent, the importance of the message is necessarily intensified. But when we think of our Lord as the Spokesman of God, we have before us not only the intense importance of His words, but in a peculiar way the love and goodness of God in thus communicating His mind to us, thus our responsibility to hear is beyond the power of words to express; indeed, the inspired writer places it before us in an unanswered question—"How shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation?"

Again and again when the author of the Epistle to the Hebrews refers to the importance of the word spoken, he reminds us of that which befell the transgressors of the words of the law, so that we may be truly careful not to neglect the word of the gospel. "If the word spoken by angels was stedfast, and every transgression and disobedience received a just recompense of reward; how shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation?" (vers. 2, 3); and he reminds us of Israel who in the wilderness provoked God by their unbelief, adding, "Take heed, brethren, lest there be in any of you an evil heart of unbelief, in departing from the living God" (ch. iii. 12).

Further, he utters the solemn warning of the end of such as turn away from the gospel, but while he does so, he says to the true Christian, "But, beloved, we are persuaded better things of you, and things that accompany salvation, though we thus speak" (ch. vi. 9). Those to whom he wrote stood in great danger, for many around them had fallen away from the Christian faith and had returned to Judaism, and, by so doing, they had re-

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jected Christ, not only as the Spokesman of God's salvation, but also as the Saviour sent of God. There is but one Saviour and one way of salvation, and the return to Jewish sacrifices which were figurative of Christ's sacrifice was to "crucify to themselves the Son of God afresh, and put Him to an open shame" (ver. 6).

We cannot deny that in our times a similar danger is present, for the free and easy manner in which the word of God is treated, the absence of holy regard for the divine message and the Divine Messenger of God's great salvation, opens the door to the acceptance of false teaching, and to the rejection of Christ. Our own land has been abundantly blessed with the spiritual "rain that cometh oft upon it." For centuries it has been watered with the gospel message. It has been cared for by God in a truly wonderful manner, and we may assuredly say that it has been so tended that it might be fruitful for God's glory.

Divine favour to man, and man's responsibility to God, cannot be disunited. "The earth which drinketh in the rain that cometh oft upon it, and bringeth forth herbs meet for them by whom it is dressed, receiveth blessing from God" (ch. vi. 7). Not only does the heaven-sent rain fall upon the earth, but the earth "drinketh in the rain"; not only is the gospel of God given, but those to whom it is given receive it, take it in, make it their own, and as a result bring forth fruit acceptable to God. On the other hand the similarly favoured earth, which "beareth thorns and briers is rejected." If the divine favours are despised, if the heaven-sent showers are turned aside, as rocks repel the rain, the result is "thorns and briers," by which we may understand those evil fruits which characterize a fallen race.

The honour of Christ as the Spokesman of God should be before us when we read His words. It may be difficult for us to apprehend this glory; certainly such as trifle with His words do not acknowledge the honour, and we are naturally "dull of hearing," and slow to perceive the glory of God. How that God's glory is bound up with His ways with man is so infinitely above our thoughts that

we fail to grasp the idea, but none the less is it the fact that God has glorified Himself through His word in a way beyond all the wonders of His creation. God is winning man to Himself, and for eternal glory by His word, and the test He gives to man is His word. And just as we personally obey or disobey, drink in or repel that word, is our portion for time and for eternity decided.

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*"Mighty to Save."*

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**B**USINESS led me near the courthouse; the prison-van was driven up to the door, and a large crowd gathered round to watch the prisoners as they should be taken to the jail. One after another the prisoners were led out, each escorted by two policemen. The faces of most told plainly the sort of life they had led. The profligate and the abandoned were there, feeling for the moment that "the way of transgressors is hard." (Prov. xiii. 15.) But sin has its pleasures, and therefore its followers.

The last of the prisoners was unlike the others. He was young, his face was fair, he was neatly dressed, and as he saw the crowd gazing at him he hung his head in shame, and I observed the big tear stealing down his cheek. At that moment an aged man, whose hair was as white as snow, sprang out from the crowd, clasped the prisoner in his arms, and sobbing as if his heart would break, cried, "My son! my son! Oh, that I could die and save you from this disgrace—from ruin—from the jail! Why have you used your old father thus? I told you of God, and of heaven, but you would not give heed, and now they are taking you away—away! I shall go down broken-hearted to the grave."

"Cheer up, father," said the young man, weeping. He was going to add more, but "Bring him away!" cried the officer, and with rough hands they thrust him into the van, the door was shut, and the old man fell upon the pavement weeping.

As I turned away, wiping the tears from my

own eyes, I thought, "Here is love, indeed! But there is no power in this love. The broken-hearted father cannot alter the young man's condition. Into the prison-van and to the jail the guilty youth must go: the law must take its course. This love is not mighty to save."

Darius, the king of Persia, made a decree that whosoever should ask a petition of any god or man for thirty days, save of the king, would be cast into the den of lions. But Daniel knew God, and the king's decree was nothing to him. So with his window open towards Jerusalem, Daniel prayed and gave thanks to God, three times a day, as before. The king loved Daniel, and laboured hard to save him from the den, but the unbending laws of the Medes and Persians rendered his love powerless. He spent the night in fruitless sorrow and fasting. No joy; no sound of music was heard in his palace. But the king could not save. The *law* of the kingdom was more powerful than the *love* of the monarch. Love might weep, but the law triumphed, and Daniel was cast into the lions' den. *His love was not mighty to save.*

But listen, dear friend, to the love which is mighty to save. The word of God has declared in awful solemnity, "The soul that sinneth it shall die!" There is no power which can alter the decree. England's law could not be altered to ease the heart of the sorrowing father. The law of the Medes and Persians could not be altered to meet the wishes of the king, and not one jot or tittle of the holy requirements of Jehovah shall ever be set aside. You have sinned, judgment is pronounced upon you, the sentence must be executed.

But we tell you with gladness of love which is mighty to save—yes, to save you, the condemned sinner on the way to the eternal prison. We tell you of the Substitute—of Jesus who died, the Just for the unjust, that He might bring us to God.

Yes! wonder of wonders! the offended, yet loving God gives His Son! "God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son." (John iii. 16.) Eternal and universal praise to His name! His love is

mighty to save. He saw us in our ruin. But He found a Ransom; the debt is paid, the law is magnified, sin condemned.

"When nought beside could ease us,  
Or set our souls at large,  
Thy holy work, Lord Jesus,  
Secured a full discharge."

Oh! beloved, unpardoned reader, the work is all done: God has taken the offending thing out of the way, and He is now beseeching you to be reconciled to Himself.

His love is mighty to save. As a criminal under sentence of death, oh! receive the pardon that the hand of Divine mercy stretches out towards you. Believe that God is Love, that He gave His Son to die to satisfy His justice, and that His justice being met, we poor, guilty sinners may be freed for ever from condemnation.

J. MC K.

### He Satisfieth the Longing Soul.

**C**AROLINE G. had been brought up a strict churchwoman. She had been duly christened and confirmed, and was a regular communicant; she was punctual in her attendance at the services, walking two miles to church in all kinds of weather. She was ready at all times for deeds of kindness, and in some instances she performed acts of great self-sacrifice to the writer's knowledge, and she was looked upon generally as a most sincere Christian. Indeed, the vicar used to come and chat with her about the work of the parish, and all appeared for her as bright and fair as a summer day. Still Caroline G. was unsatisfied: nay, who can picture the darkness and uncertainty, the longings and strivings, the dissatisfaction and well-nigh despair that sometimes filled her soul?

She was an honest person, and was fully aware that her doings were far from perfect, and knowing neither present rest nor peace, she strove to get comfort from the hope that she would perhaps know it all before she died. And thus she went on till within a few months of her sixtieth birthday. Often would she long

to open her heart to someone who could help her, but she felt that no help could be gained from those who too plainly showed that they were as dark as herself.

But there was One who knew her soul's need, even better than she did herself. He had heard the cry of the burdened heart, and had seen the affliction of His beloved one, and according to His written word He came to her deliverance. Loving her with an everlasting love, with loving kindness He drew her out of her darkness and bondage into the glorious light and liberty of free and sovereign grace, where alone is found the heart's true rest and home.

Caroline G. moved into another village. The curate there was a man of God, who preached Christ as the *sinner's* Saviour. Caroline was very soon awakened to the fact that she had been vainly striving to work up to a condition that was only attainable through faith in the death and resurrection of God's Son. She learned, too, that eternal life was a gift to be received and enjoyed *now*, and not merely that which comes after death.

How gladly did she drink in the precious truths of salvation by grace, and, casting away all her false hopes of gaining life by works, she accepted the free gift of eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord, "who, His own self bare our sins in His own body on the tree, that we, being dead to sins, should live unto righteousness; by whose stripes we are healed"; and now for ten years she has known the blessedness of resting in the finished work of Him who alone could, and did, obtain eternal redemption for us.

And now, dear reader, how is it with you? Are you *striving* to get rest? Are you looking *within* for satisfaction? Are you seeking peace in human ordinances and an orthodox creed?

Take warning from the experience of one who had to learn that the longings and strivings, the deeds and the efforts, of over half a century were valueless as a means to attain to acceptance with God. And that if the sinner is to receive life, it must be solely on the ground of what Christ has done for him *as a sinner*. And that life and acceptance date only from

the day when, as a lost and helpless one, he accepts Christ as his Saviour.

While you look within, you are closing your eyes to the solemn truth, that *in the flesh dwells* no good thing, and *from the flesh proceeds* no good thing, for "they that are in the flesh cannot please God." And yet more solemn is the fact that you are disobeying the command of God in Isaiah xlv. 22: "*Look unto Me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth: for I am God, and there is none else.*"

Thus, and thus alone will you be free from darkness, doubt, and dread, whilst light, confidence, and joy shall be yours from Him who loved you, and loves you still, and is waiting to bless and satisfy your loving soul. G. G.

## The Higher Criticism and the Higher Life.

[Extracts from an Address given by the Rev. Dr. JAMES, Head Master of Rugby.]



HE Word of God lies at the foundation of everything, and without that we cannot build up any satisfactory superstructure in the honour and to the glory of God. I believe, despite of all the criticism that has been passed upon the Word of God in recent years—and, as we know, there has been a great deal of that sort of thing—that the national belief in the Bible as the Word of God and the foundation of all religion is not in the very least bit shaken. I think there are many who recognize that claims have been put forward by the critics which cannot bear examination. I have always thought that there is obviously a very great difficulty to be met before we can accept the results of what is called modern criticism of the Bible. We have to ask ourselves the question, when we find men who take a book like Genesis and dissect it into five or six different parts, and put their finger upon that portion and this, and say it has been written by this or that party, whether it is not possible to treat other languages thus over which a great deal



more study has been bestowed than over Hebrew. Take Greek, for instance. We do not know to-day whether Homer did or did not write the two great poems attributed to him. We cannot say whether they were written by one person or by half a dozen. And it is the same with English. If we look at Chaucer and Shakespeare, we find certain plays which are supposed to be composite plays, and yet we are asked to believe in the case of such books as Genesis and the books of the Pentateuch, written in a comparatively unknown language, that the critics can say that one section was written by one author, a second by another, and a third by somebody else. To make such a claim as that entirely contradicts what we know of the possibilities of linguistic criticism.

But, after all, we know very well that the real belief in the Bible does not hang one bit upon questions of that sort. . . . We know that there lies in that book that which has turned men from iniquity to God. . . . We know that the book has been the whole spiritual life of thousands of men in this country of ours, and that it touches alike men of a race far different from our own. It can comfort men upon the bed of death, when they have nothing in view but the other world to which we are all hastening; and it is really in the assurance and knowledge that it is so gifted that we believe it to be God's Word and the revelation of Himself, divinely given, divinely inspired, divinely sent to us.

#### KNOWLEDGE WITHOUT COMMUNION.

"THERE is nothing more dangerous than to use the Word when it has not touched my conscience. I put myself into Satan's hands if I go beyond what I have from God, what is in possession of my soul, and use it in ministry or privately. There is nothing more dangerous than the handling of the Word apart from the guidance of the Spirit. To talk with saints on the things of God beyond what I hold in communion is most pernicious. I know of nothing that more separates from God than truth spoken out of communion with God; there is uncommon danger in it."

*Extracted.*

## The Sanhedrim.

**T**HE Sanhedrim was the great council or governing body of the Jews, and in the time of our Lord its power was enormous, at least in Judæa. Excepting its ability to execute the sentence of death upon offenders—which right the Romans reserved to themselves wherever they ruled—the Sanhedrim commanded the people. And in the case of Stephen, the people became the executioners of the council, the fury of religious zeal overstepping the bounds established by Roman law. In a similar manner Saul went outside Judæa, and, fulfilling the theory that all Jews must be subject to the Sanhedrim, journeyed to Damascus to carry out its behests.

The Sanhedrim had its own officers, of whom mention is often made in the gospels. They arrested and brought offenders before the judges, and a fair trial was supposed to be granted to the prisoners. But religious determination seldom allows anyone a fair trial, and we need not be surprised that the Sanhedrim was like most strictly religious tribunals. The chief matter in religious questions to be decided upon appears to have been, Did the accused agree, or did he not agree, with his judges? "Have any of the rulers or of the Pharisees believed on Him? But this people who knoweth not the law are cursed" (John vii. 48, 49), was the way in which the council made short work of those who differed from it!

The members of the Sanhedrim were chosen from the nobility. At one time they were all of the high-priestly class, but Pharisees and Scribes eventually entered amongst the sacred seventy, and brought into the council their own peculiar views. Practically the body claimed the right of settling what the people should believe and what they should not believe. The members were formally accorded their position by the Jewish custom of laying on of hands.

The energy of this great council is to be traced flowing like a current through the gospel narratives. At the time of our Lord, Galilee



THE SANHEDRIM.

of the Gentiles was outside its jurisdiction, and thus He would occasionally retire thither when the Sanhedrim was plotting against His life. Its officers were sent to take Him, but His time had not come, and they returned baffled to their masters. His doom was decided upon before He was tried, and even its own laws were set aside in His case, for the sentence of death which could not legitimately be passed on the day of trial, was in His case carried at once. It was this sentence which Pilate, giving way to the wishes of the Jews, confirmed, though he could find no fault in the Holy One.

A religious body of judges, having its own laws and officers, is a peril to liberty of conscience, and in the Sanhedrim we have a terrible example of what religious law and order will dare to do in the name of God, against the Son of God and then against those who fear Him. Given a body of men

invested with absolute power, who rule in the name of religion, and persecution is the inevitable result.

The Sanhedrim is said to have been a purely Jewish institution, and which originated probably some two hundred and fifty years before Christ, but its general scheme, at least in its development, is remarkably like national institutions for maintaining the religion of a nation.

Certainly in our own times we have illustrations of the spirit of the Sanhedrim, and not many generations ago select bodies of the religious class governed and ruled, and apprehended and persecuted accordingly. The members of the Sanhedrim sat in a semicircle at the time of deliberation, and when the accused was before them. If there was not oneness of judgment, one surplus vote gave the accused his life, while two such cast against him sealed his death.

## Our Leper Fund.

**W**E have had various kind letters, especially from the United States and Canada, enclosing gifts to swell our Leper Fund. We are most grateful for the help, and more so for the loving spirit which has sent it. As not so many hundreds of FAITHFUL WORDS reach America as are circulated in England, we feel all the more indebted to the liberality and love of the young people there who have so kindly assisted the sufferers.

On a former occasion we stated we should probably think of another home in India besides Purulia, and Mrs. Bailey has forwarded to us particulars of the Almora Asylum.

"More than two miles from Almora, in a lovely spot on the slopes of the Himalayas, encircled by higher ranges and watered by a pretty brook, lie nestled the rows of neat huts occupied by the lepers. About one hundred and thirty souls live here, afflicted with various forms of leprosy, and in all its stages. Being built on the hillside, these mud huts present the picturesque appearance of terraces from a distance, and form a tiny village of their own. The rows of mud huts inhabited by the lepers have long verandahs on one side, covering a hard earthen floor on which the cooking of meals is done. On visiting the asylum in the evening, the verandahs will be seen full of lepers preparing their dinner. Those who are too ill to cook for themselves are being cooked for by others, in less advanced stages of the disease."

One hut may be described as being a type of all the others. The floor is of smooth earth. On each side of the door is a heap of clean straw, the sleeping places of two men. On the walls are hung some clothes and cooking vessels. Everything is orderly and clean, though perhaps bare of comforts to our eye; but the wants of a Hindu are few, and easily satisfied. "What a sight of human misery does the leper village afford. It is one impossible to describe. Very few seem to be scarcely touched with disease. One of these," says the eye-witness, "was a sweet-faced child of only

twelve years of age. Some could scarcely crawl, since they had lost their feet; others lifted handless arms with purple stumps as they made their "salaam"! Some had lost noses, and others were quite blind. But most touching of all was the testimony of many of these poor creatures as they bore witness to what God had done for them. One devout old Christian said, "I thank God that ever I was a leper; for if I had not been, I never should have heard of Jesus."

Another, blind from the sufferings of forty years, bore a noble testimony, such as any Christian might rejoice to make.

At the foot of the last row of huts are the little gardens where each man can grow his own vegetables and fruit. Just over the side of the hill is the sloping churchyard, the last resting-place of much human misery. Here and there is a white stone marking out the sleeping place of some poor sufferer who possessed a little more in this life than his brethren, and who had carefully treasured it up, purposely, that his grave should be so marked."

Almora is the homewhere poor Marcus lived, and of whom we have already spoken.

He is doing a good work amongst his fellow sufferers at Ambala, Panjab.

Not long since, one of the two ladies, who started the children's home at Almora, was in Scotland, and she related the following interesting little incident. One of the children there, was a girl difficult to manage, and she was one of those children whom friends at home supported, and, we believe, prayed for. On one occasion, these friends in "Wilayat" sent her some red material, which was made into clothes for her. She was very much pleased indeed with her red clothes; and after she had begun to wear them, if, when she was inclined to be troublesome, anyone said: "Well, I did not think a little girl, who wore *red clothes*, would do that," the effect was marvellous. She would at once do as she was told. Very soon it was seen that she had given her heart to the Lord Jesus.

We trust to be able to put before our readers, various little incidents respecting the Almora Asylum, and perhaps we shall succeed in obtaining help towards a third home. We shall bring, from time to time, details before

our young friends and fellow-helpers, which will, we trust, encourage them in their kindness to the lepers. We have just sent £5 to Purulia, and £5 to Almora.

CONTRIBUTIONS.—The Children of 71st Street Chicago Sunday School (per C. and J. Lancaster), £2 13s. 5d.; Children of New York Sunday School (per Loizeaux Brothers), 14s.; B. Blake (West Cowes), 10s.; from a few poor Children at St. Helier's, Jersey, 1s. 7½d.

## Our Bible.

**B**IBLE—a word formed from “Biblia,” books—is the name given to the sixty-six writings recognized as divine. The Old Testament contains thirty-nine, written in Hebrew, with the exception of three small portions, which were written in the Syriac, or Aramean, viz., Jer. x. 11; Dan. ii. 4—vii.; Ezra iv. 8 to vi. 18, and chap. vii. 12-26. The New Testament contains twenty-seven, written in Greek. Portions of the Scriptures were translated into Anglo-Saxon by Bede about A.D. 700, and portions of the Psalms, etc., by King Alfred, but when the Pope of Rome ruled the affairs of the English Church, he forbade any but Latin Bibles to be used.

In 1274 the price of a Bible was as much as £30—an enormous sum, for in 1272 the pay of a labouring man was only three half-pence a day, so that he would have been obliged to work for fifteen years before he could have bought a Bible. Between 1360 and 1380, John Wickliff, called “the Morning Star of the Reformation,” made a complete translation of the Bible from the Latin, which was the *first* English Bible; the New Testament of his version selling for four marks and forty pence (or £2 16s. 8d.). We should find his version very difficult to understand now, as the style of making the letters, spelling, and expression has greatly altered. Here is a specimen—“A man had twey sons, and the yonger of hem seide to the fader, geive me the porcioun of cattel that fallith to me.”—Wickliff’s Bible, Luke xv. 11, 12.

Next in antiquity to Wickliff’s comes William Tyndale’s translation. He lived a great part of his time abroad, and in 1526 he

printed and sent from Antwerp and Cologne into England a large number of copies of the New Testament. Strange to say, there was no legislation to prevent them being imported to this country, although diligent search was made for them when they had reached our shores, and they were bought up and burnt in great numbers; but this only supplied Tyndale with the means to print other improved and corrected editions. Tyndale was burnt at the stake in 1536, near Antwerp. Miles Coverdale, a friend of Tyndale’s, also produced a complete edition of the Bible.

In the reign of Henry VIII. permission of the King was obtained by Cranmer to have a Bible chained to the reading-desk in every parish church in the kingdom, and access was given to this Bible at all hours of the day. (William Tyndale’s and Miles Coverdale’s translations were used.) This continued until the reign of Mary, when the Bible was prohibited; but on the accession of Elizabeth it was restored to the people.

In 1604 James I. appointed fifty-four learned persons to make a new and more complete translation. They were engaged in the work for seven years. It was printed in the Roman character, nearly all the previous copies having been in Old English. The address of the translators to James I. may be read at the beginning of nearly all the copies of this version, which is the one still in common use in this country.

How thankful should we be for the Bible! But as Tyndale said (in his preface to his New Testament), “Thoughe a man hadde a precyous jewell and a ryche, yet yf he wist not the value thereof nor wherefore it served, he were neyther the better or rycher of a strawe.”

C. B.

“Lo! I come.”

**H**E coming of Christ to this earth entirely changed the relation between God and man. Before He came the greater part of the human race was left in its darkness, and the Jewish people, who had the oracles of God, were placed under

the obligation to keep the law in order to abide in God's favour. But when Christ came "God was in Christ, reconciling the world unto Himself"—the world, not the Jewish nation only; and, instead of dealing with man's sins in judgment, God was in Christ—"not imputing their trespasses unto them." (2 Cor. v. 19.) The boundary between Jew and Gentile was removed: "God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son" (John iii. 16); and our Lord took up the name of Son of Man—His relation to the whole human race—as well as that of Son of David—His relation to the Jewish people.

The contrast between God's dealings with man under the law and under grace is stated by the evangelist: "The law was given by Moses, but grace and truth came by Jesus Christ." (John i. 17.) When God gave the revelation of Himself in His righteousness on Sinai, the mount quaked and the people trembled, and Israel retired afar off from the fire, and the tempest, and the voice of the words; but when the Son of God came in divine grace, even "the publicans and sinners" drew near "for to hear Him." (Luke xv. 1.) The law convicted man of sin, and left him helpless and hopeless, but the Son of God was the Friend of sinners, and in Him is help and hope for the worst of all.

Holy men of old, before the coming of Christ, had walked with God, and had been the means of communicating His will to man, but none was able to fully please God—their lives were imperfect, their thoughts, however great, were feeble, for they were but men. But when the Son came, He could do exactly that in which God delighted, for He was divine as well as human. He was one with the Father, and ever did that which pleased Him. The whole of His life on earth was an unbroken continuity of thoughts, words and deeds, in unison with the will of God. We naturally connect doing the will of God with restraint, for we are sinful by nature, and God is holy. But there was no restraint upon our Lord in His doing the will of God—far from it, all that God loved and the Father valued was His pleasure, for He while very man was perfect in holiness.

We consider the blessed One, incarnate, and follow by faith His steps in His pathway over this world. He was "holy, harmless, undefiled, separate from sinners" (Heb. vii. 26), yet the most accessible of men, and the most tender to all. The circumstances of a sinful world and the surroundings of evil were ever a burden upon His spirit, but since He had come to do the will of God on earth His soul was always at rest.

But the will of God which He came to do consisted not only in a holy life lived on earth; the holy life was the preliminary to a holy death. From the earliest ages God had taught sinful man of the necessity of sacrifice as the means whereby access to Himself could be attained. In His revelations to His own and ancient people God had detailed the signification of sacrifice, He had added to the ancient sweet savour sacrifices those for sin and transgression; not only did He teach man of his acceptance in the sweet savour of the offering, He also taught man of the necessity of the sin offering. But none of these sacrifices gave God pleasure; none of them was intrinsically valuable before Him; none of them could really take away a sinful man's sins, "for it is not possible that the blood of bulls and of goats should take away sins." (Heb. x. 4.) If sacrifice for sin was a necessity, it was equally a necessity that the sacrifice should be of such virtue as God could eternally rest in it. Such a sacrifice only the Son of God could render to God.

By the accomplished "will we are sanctified through the offering of the body of Jesus Christ once for all." (Heb. x. 10.) The holy and the perfect life, the life of obedience and fulfilling of the divine will, was consummated by the holy and the perfect death. Had He not died for us, had He not become the corn of wheat falling into the ground, He must have remained for ever alone in His holy humanity (John xii. 24); but He has died, and is risen, and "much fruit" is now by Him brought forth.

We look back upon His life on earth and behold that which pleases God, and see in Him perfect rest, and peace, and joy. Rest in burden-bearing (Matt. xi. 29), peace and

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joy in obedience to the Father (John xiv. 27 ; xv. 11) ; but what will the rest, and peace, and joy be when the circumstances and the surroundings are the sacred pleasures of the Father's house ?

## MISSIONARY EFFORT.

"I THINK it a great impertinence for missionaries to go to countries where the people are happy," said a lady to a friend of ours the other day ; "let them stay at home and seek the good of their own people."

"But, madam, if you had a religion which you knew to be absolutely true, you would then desire that others should also enjoy it."

"I am a Unitarian," she answered.

"And that explains your position. For your religion, according to your own avowal, is no better than that of the heathen whom you consider it an impertinence for the missionaries, who speak of God and the Lord Jesus Christ, to disturb."

The few sentences above given occurred during a conversation upon the recent sad deaths of the missionaries in China, caused by the heathen. The lady was a high-minded and cultivated person, and one who truly valued benevolence and kindness ; but who, alas, had no just thoughts of God, and one, too, who as a matter of courtesy is called a Christian !

## Suddenly Called Away.

**THAT** which I am about to relate took place in one of our Yorkshire coal pits, not very long ago. Many boys of about thirteen years of age work in the pits, and Fred M. was one of these. He was busy one day at the end of a level, together with four miners and a deputy, and they had not been long at the work before an explosion took place. They were all exposed to its full blast, and were terribly injured. Two in the end died through their injuries, and one of them was Fred M. He was so shockingly burnt that it took some three hours to dress his wounds.

As soon as the explosion occurred, he said to the injured men, "If I should *die now* I shall go to heaven." Yes, this was the simple testimony to the grace of God of this lad, and he was the only one of the five who could say it.

The writer knew Fred M. well, for he had been a Sunday scholar in his class. Now Fred was no better than the other miners by nature, but he was washed in the blood of the Lamb, and all his sins were forgiven. He knew perfectly well that the Lord Jesus had taken his place, and had died for him upon the cross. In the midst of his pain he said to the writer, "My sufferings are nothing to what my Saviour suffered for me." I wonder if every one who reads this true story can say : "If I should die, I shall go to heaven."

The gracious Saviour says : "Him that cometh to Me, I will in no wise cast out," and the word of God declares : "Those that seek Me early shall find Me." W. B.

## DO NOT DELAY.

"BOAST not thyself of to-morrow," says the Lord to you, dear young friend. You do not know what may happen to you, or where you may be to-morrow. Perhaps in eternity ! Are you ready to go should you be called away at once from this earth ? Oh, be quite sure that your soul is safe. Be quite sure now. Do not let any thoughts of to-morrow hinder you from this very day coming to God and believing on the Lord Jesus Christ.



## Little Nicholas.

**DEAR** children, — Every now and then I hear a true story, which I should like to tell to children, and quite lately I heard one, which I will now write down for you, as I cannot tell

it you in any other way. It was on last New Year's Day that a Russian lady brought her three little children to pay me a visit. They were lovely little children—two boys of four and three, called Nicholas and Alick, and a tiny girl of two. The eldest boy had a sweet, innocent face, with great brown eyes, and long, shining brown hair. The second boy had the same long, wavy hair, and I was sorry to hear, a few days after, that when they were left alone in the nursery little Nicholas cut off his brother Alick's curls, and his own also, with the nurse's scissors. They wanted, they said, to be *real* boys. But it is another story of little Nicholas that I wish to tell you, for it pleased me more than to hear of the loss of the curls. It was just after this that Nicholas said to his mother—

"How did I come to be your little boy? Where did you get me from? Did you buy me at a shop?"

His mother said, "No. I asked God to give me a dear little baby, and He sent you to be my baby-boy, and you grew bigger and bigger, so that now you are a *real* boy."

Nicholas was pleased to think that he was a present sent from God.

The next morning he came running into the drawing-room, looking very bright and eager. He stopped short suddenly, looked all round the room, and his bright eyes grew sad. He looked as if he was going to cry.

"Oh, mother," he said, "*where* is the parrot?"

"What parrot?" said his mother, for no parrot had ever been seen in the house. What did little Nicholas mean?

"Mother," he explained, "you know you told me that you wanted to have a little baby, and you asked God, and He sent me. Now I have wanted for a long time to have a parrot, and last night, after you told me that, I asked God to send me one, and I felt *quite* sure that when I came down to the drawing-

room I should see the parrot there. Why did God not send it to me?"

The mother thought for a moment how she should best answer this question. But before she had time to speak the door opened, and the servant came in with a large and pretty cage, in which was a beautiful green parrot.

"It has been sent as a present," he said, "to little Count Nicholas."

Of course, the sender of the parrot, who lived a mile away, could know nothing of the little prayer of Nicholas the night before, but the kind thought to send it to him had been given by God, who loves to make His little children happy in every way that is good for them, and who answers the prayer of faith, even for the smallest things.

Do not think that every prayer will be answered by God giving us exactly what we ask, for, you know, we are not wise as God is, and often we wish for things that would in the end make us unhappy; so we must leave it to God to give or not to give, as He sees best. But, remember, He loves to give, and to give far more than we ask, and to give us thousands of things without our asking. Is it not so? No one asked God to make the bright sun shine,

and to fill the earth with lovely and pleasant things, flowers and birds, and woods and streams, and green meadows and heathery hills. Can you think of nothing more that God has given you—father and mother, and brothers and sisters, and kind friends and happy homes? And something more than all this? Yes, the great gift of God was given to us when none had asked for it, for none could have thought of it. It was beyond all that we could ask or think. What was it? I think you know a verse that tells us, but it is well to say it over again and again: "God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." (John iii. 16.)

F. B.





# FAITHFUL WORDS FOR OLD AND YOUNG.

EDITED BY H. FORMES WITHERBY,

*[New Series and Re-Issue.]*



THE DROPPED SACK.

## The Head of the Church.

**A**MONGST the present glories and honours of Christ, His headship stands conspicuous. God having raised Christ from the dead, established Him on the throne of heaven at His own right hand, "far above all principality, and power, and might, and dominion, and every name that is named." All things were put under Christ's feet, He was made absolutely the Lord. And not only so, but His exaltation and His power are directly connected with the redeemed among men, for God "gave Him to be the Head over all things to the Church, which is His body, the fulness of Him that filleth all in all." (Eph. i. 20-23.) Thus, in the most precise and definite way, God declares to us the present position, honour, glory, and power of Christ in heaven, and in the remarkable words of the passage referred to, we are taught that the Church—which is Christ's body—is associated with Him in His exaltation—Christ being Head over all things to the Church.

It will be observed that the Church is not described as being partly in heaven, partly on earth, but is regarded as a whole, as entire.

Our object is to draw some instruction for practical purpose upon the glory of Christ as the Head. And first we observe that since the Church is so related to Christ in this His glory, every member of the Church may take comfort from the fact that such is the case.

True, every thoughtful Christian should mourn over the inroads infidelity and superstition are making in the professing Church, but whatever the power of the enemy, Christ is "far above all power and might," and as He is Head over all things to the Church, the gates of hell can never prevail against it, for they can never prevail against Christ.

The final triumph of Christ's people is generally regarded—as it should be—as certain, but the despondency that often creeps over many is due to the difficulties of the present hour. Forces are at work, and are working together untiringly, unceasingly, to overthrow the Christian faith, and very little

action worthy of the name, is in operation to oppose them. But we may take comfort in the present hour in the assurance of Christ's present exaltation, and of His being Head over all things to the Church. He knows every secret movement of the enemy, and He has resources which will overwhelm him. "When He ascended up on high, He led captivity captive," hence all the powers that lead men captive were brought bound in the Conqueror's train, and the victorious Christ, from out of His resources, "gave gifts unto men." (Eph. iv. 8.) These gifts were bestowed by Him for the benefit of men, and these gifts are the powers on earth, which He now uses to conquer the forces of unbelief.

What, then, are these gifts? They are men—men qualified and fitted by the great Head of the Church Himself to conquer for Him upon the earth. Some of these gifts are "apostles, and some prophets, and some evangelists, and some pastors and teachers."

This array of forces does not seem very noble in the eyes of the world! But the fishermen of Galilee, Christ's apostles, turned the world upside down. Judaism and heathenism shook under their impulse. In like manner, in all ages, have the evangelists and the teachers Christ has bestowed upon men, affected the minds and lives of the men of the day in which they lived. We do not now refer to the "prophets" and the "pastors" which the Head of the Church bestows upon His people, as such gifts have not so wide a sphere of labour amongst men generally as have the others. The evangelist makes his words heard by the masses of men, and the teacher—at least, since the invention of printing—in even a more extended way affects the multitudes.

The divine truth, "The just shall live by faith," entering into the soul of Luther, arose from Luther's heart and mind, and, like a stream in the desert, poured forth life-giving waters to tens and hundreds of thousands of human beings who had been hopelessly toiling to save their souls by their works, and that stream still flows on over the earth. Here is a grand example of what Christ does for men through one of His gifts. The divine truth of justification through faith was taught

by the teacher to men, and Christ's Church arose to rejoice in the freedom Godwards which that truth brought with it.

When, only a few generations since, lethargy had steeped England in forgetfulness of God, Christ, the Head of the Church, thrust forth, as gifts to men, evangelists, amongst whom Whitefield and Wesley stood pre-eminent. Thousands of human beings gathered together to hear Whitefield denounce sin and preach repentance. Before his words, lethargy, indifference, love of sin, fled, and multitudes turned to God and became His servants.

The great and glorious work of spreading the Christian faith over the world is now wrought by the gifts of Christ to men, and chiefly by the teacher and the evangelist. We do not care to dwell upon such missionary efforts as are merely to civilize people, who would often be far happier without our English civilization, if accompanied with the trader's caravan, spirits and gunpowder. We speak of such missionary efforts as have for their aim the winning of souls to Christ, and the enforcement of His claims of holy living upon those who are won to Him.

Whether we look abroad at the pagan mission field, or Christendom generally, or at our own country, we see the battle of the true Christian faith fought and won by Christ's gifts to men. Acts of Parliament or legal enforcements have never made men Christians, or enabled men to live the Christian life; the power for effecting these great ends comes from Christ Himself, the ascended Son of Man, who from heaven above, where He is, gives the gifts to men which move men from sin and towards God.

These gifts are given by the Head of the Church for the Church's benefit, "for the perfecting of the saints, for the work of the ministry, and for the building up of the Body of Christ." And they will never fail, for they are given for the Church, that by them all true Christians—all real living members of Christ's Body—may come, "in the unity of the faith, and of the knowledge of the Son of God, unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ." (See Eph. iv. 11-13.)

We may take courage in our day of strange infidelity and superstition by fixing our faith more firmly upon Christ in heaven, the Head of all things to His Church, and by assuring ourselves that all power and might are in His hands, and that as He has given gifts unto men in former years, and in former periods of difficulty, He is able and willing to do so again.

Such gifts of Christ to men as Whitefield or Luther, now arising up upon earth, would shatter the opposing forces whose presence and activity we lament. What shall we do then? Shall we not in faith cry to our mighty Head to look upon His Church, and to give, even to-day, His gifts to it? Yet while so doing, we will thank Him for the gifts bestowed by Him—the men who are now fighting His battle in Christendom. But let us plead in faith, in the full unhesitating assurance that Christ is Head over all things to His Church, and that He occupies that exalted position, having led captivity captive. Lamentations over present day laxity or feebleness, unless accompanied by faith in Christ's power and in His care for His Church, merely depress and weaken; but faith in God produces vigour and courage.

### The Dropped Sack.

**W**HEN staying in a village in Nottinghamshire, I went out one afternoon with a companion, with the object of giving away some tracts, and we sought guidance that we might be directed aright to whom we should give them. We had not gone far when we saw before us a large wagon, with a man walking by the side. I felt a great longing to give him a book and to speak to him, but he was some distance in front, and we did not see how we could catch him up. Presently my companion said—

"Look! here is a sack lying in the road; that man in front must have dropped it;" and at once called out loudly to the man to stop. After the sack had been returned to the man, I spoke a few words to him about the Saviour. I found that he was one that

indeed needed comfort, for he was in great sorrow, having just lost his wife and two children. I told him of that blessed One who alone could fill the void in his heart, and give him true happiness here and hereafter—even Jesus, who says, "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest." I then gave him the little book, and asked him to read it carefully at home.

Some weeks after, when seeking to induce the villagers to come to a special service, several carts passed by; with one of them, to my astonishment, was the very man I had met three weeks before. He at once said—

"I am glad to see you, Miss, to tell you how the Lord has used that little tract you gave me, for I know now that Jesus died for me, and that all my sins are forgiven through His death for me, and it has made me so happy. The Lord bless you, Miss!"

After a little more conversation he went on his way, and I have not seen him since, but he left me with a heart full of praise to Him who had so answered my prayer, and had let me know of it while here on earth.

May this little incident teach us not to be weary in well-doing, ever remembering the gracious words, "Be ye steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labour is not in vain in the Lord." E. M. R.

### Put to Sleep.

"**HE** fell asleep!" (Acts vii. 60.) "Sleep in Jesus" (1 Thess. iv. 14), or, as we may read it, "put to sleep by Jesus," as a tender mother, in the most loving way, puts her tired child to sleep.

These gracious words have often been before my mind, and a few days ago they came with increasing freshness—a very dear young friend had departed to be with Christ.

We had been sorrowfully looking for this for some time, feeling sure that her days on earth were numbered. Our young friend herself was in perfect peace, and full of joy at the thought of going to be with the Lord. In

January of this year she was to have made a home bright for one who truly loved her, and who would have done his best to secure her happiness. But He who never makes mistakes saw well to lay her down in the end of the past year, with a prevailing sickness. Her weakness increased, and it was with great sorrow that we watched our dear one slowly yet so surely fading away. The sufferer, rather more than seven years ago, had believed that God had given His only Son to be made sin for her. She rested in Him now at God's right hand, and in Him there, had the proof that her sins were all gone. This assurance filled her soul with such true peace that she wanted everyone else to believe too.

Her mother, writing of her during her illness, said, "My dear child is still in her 'corner,' able, through grace, to shine there for the Lord Jesus by patience and submission to His will."

Month after month passed and she still continued in her "corner," a witness to the "peace which passeth all understanding."

Her face always wore a smile, so peaceful and happy. Only once during her long and painful illness did she express a wish for anything different from what she had, and then it was, that she might recover so far as to be able once again to ramble over the footpaths and in the woods around the dear old home they had left some years before.

Her illness was long and distressing. Yet when near the end, she said, "This has been the happiest winter I have ever spent." Once she said, "I could never tell anyone what the Lord has been to me." And what enabled her to be thus? Our dear one was not "perfect." She knew what it was to mourn over "shortcomings," and no doubt her "besetting sin"; but she *knew* Whom she had believed—she knew her Lord and Saviour.

Once on recovering from a faint she said, "I thought I was away, and, oh! it was pleasant; there was 'no sting.'"

Towards the end she fell asleep, and slept on, till she opened her eyes with Jesus. That the Lord may bless this short and simple record of living faith, giving victory over death, is the writer's prayer. S.

## Plain Papers for the People.

### V.—THE PAPAL CLAIM.

**EVERY** one in England should be deeply grateful to Cardinal Vaughan for his plain speaking. English people are not accustomed to hear such resolute, unmistakable words from a Roman Catholic Prelate, as his. The people of certain countries where the Papacy rules, may be accustomed to similar authoritative speaking, but the English have of late years been more cautiously, if not so truthfully, addressed. Cardinal Vaughan said on the 9th of September, 1895, as reported in *The Times* newspaper, "What is meant by re-union? Let us clearly understand what we mean by the term. . . . The first condition of re-union must be that all should accept—accept, mind, and not merely permit us still to hold—whatsoever the Church teaches and has defined on all matters of doctrine. . . . No honest and straightforward purpose can be served by allowing any doubt to exist as to the possibility of compromise on any matter of doctrine. . . . Now, it is best to be perfectly frank and definite. The kernel of the question of the re-union of Christendom consists in the admission of *The Roman Claim*, that THE POPE HAS RECEIVED BY DIVINE RIGHT AUTHORITY TO TEACH AND GOVERN THE WHOLE CHURCH."

Three plain facts should be kept in view in connection with these words—

First: The English nation for several centuries has refused to be governed by the Pope. It has rejected "The Roman Claim." As the Cardinal himself observes, the Church of England says "The Pope has no jurisdiction in England." And to this all nonconformist bodies add their "certainly not." The English people shook off Papal jurisdiction in its strongest form while they were still Roman Catholics. The people would be free. They would not be governed by foreigners. We have had centuries of liberty, and are now the freest people on the earth. A party in England may submit itself to the Roman Claim and become the Pope's servants, but the voice of the people of England is this: "We will

not be under the Pope's jurisdiction." Such is the national feeling of England to-day, and apart from religion, it lies in the blood and bone of the people.

Second: In England men do not believe that the Roman claim is of God. England, according to the Cardinal, declares "The Pope has not authority, by a Divine right bestowed by Christ on blessed Peter, to teach and rule the whole Church of God," . . . but he asks, "Did the Divine Founder give to His Church a visible head upon earth, and power to TEACH, DEFINE, SETTLE CONTROVERSIES, AND GOVERN?" and he continues, "I fail to see the use of discussing any other subject," the question lies "within a nutshell." "Settle this matter, and everything falls into its proper place and becomes easy."

"Settle this matter"—this matter of the Pope's right to govern. Quite so, but how? The Romanist settles it by simply accepting what his Church affirms. His Church declares that Christ did give "power to teach, define, settle controversies and govern—to the visible head of the Church, and he accepts "whatsoever the Church teaches and has defined."

The Protestant settles it by accepting what the Bible says, and, so long as the Protestant's determination to test the Church of Rome by the word of God remains, he will for ever protest against "the Roman claim."

Here lies the difference between Romanist and Protestant! One believes the Church—the other believes the Bible. The question truly "lies within a nutshell."

Let the Protestant surrender his will, his intelligence, his sense of right and wrong, to the Church, and he can after that accept any Roman claim whatever. Let him allow Rome to put out his eyes, let him hand over himself thus blinded to Rome, and then Rome shall be his guide.

Third: The Roman claim has no place in Scripture. To anyone who has sold his liberty of believing God's words, and who is the bond slave to the Church to believe "the authoritative interpretation given to those words by her constant teaching and by her general councils," it is immaterial whether the Scriptures support or refuse the Roman

claim. But to such as fear God and revere His words, what Scripture says or does not say, is of the utmost importance.

The Roman claim that "*the Pope has received by divine right authority to teach and govern the whole Church*" has become a very serious matter to all who love liberty, whether temporal or spiritual, since the last "general Papal council," when the better to enforce this claim the council declared the Pope to be infallible. The belief of this interpretation of Christ's words was then made a matter of necessity, and whoever now presumes not to believe the Pope's infallibility is accursed by Rome, and is accordingly consigned to the heretic's doom. This new claim, as "a dogma divinely revealed," is but of recent date, being no older than July, 1870. It is now impossible to allow that the Pope has received by divine right authority to teach and govern the whole Church, without allowing that the Pope is infallible when he defines a doctrine regarding faith or morals which the Church should hold. Hence, if the Pope called for another massacre, like that of St. Bartholomew's Day in France, or if he called for the removal of eminent Protestants in England by assassination, and declared that such murder was good morality, his infallible Holiness would have to be both believed and obeyed! While not to believe and to obey would be to fall under the awful anathema of Rome—that curse which according to the belief of a Papist extends even to the life to come.

Now, what says the Scripture upon the Papal claim? Christ bids us search the Scriptures (John v. 39), and we are but obeying Him in searching them. To begin with—

Not a word does Scripture give stating that Christ appointed a visible head of His Church on earth.

There is no scripture whatever to show that the apostle Peter was bishop of Rome, and none to show that the bishop of Rome was ever superior to the bishop of any other city.

"The blessed Peter" declares of himself he was not a lord over God's heritage (1 Pet. v. 3), but as successor of "the blessed Peter" the Pope claims "to rule the whole Church of God."

"The blessed Peter" speaks of himself as a stranger and a pilgrim (1 Pet. ii. 11), but, as his successor, the Pope claims to be king over all the kingdoms of Christendom.

The Papal Claim is in blank opposition to the Word of God. The claim to the spiritual power of ruling "the whole Church of God" is but a means to the end of ruling the whole of the earth's kingdoms. It was a terrible blow to Papacy when, in 1870—the very year in which infallibility was declared—the temporal power of the Pope was taken from him, and Rome cannot rest till she gets this back. And this is really why we are all now hearing so much about the Papal Claim. It is the flashing of the summer lightning which announces the brewing storm afar off. Papal infallibility will soon appear in a thunder cloud over the earth, perhaps in war and fire, and men will then need stouter hearts than are now required to resist it. But the masses of the English people will not willingly sell themselves to the foreign priest in Rome; their spiritual and their temporal liberty are too dear to them, and multitudes revere the Holy Scriptures too well and fear God too truly, to hear the brave words of Cardinal Vaughan without thanking God that they are not Papists.

In our next number, at page 136, we will give the words of the Constitution by which the Pope was declared to be the infallible teacher of the Church universal on earth.

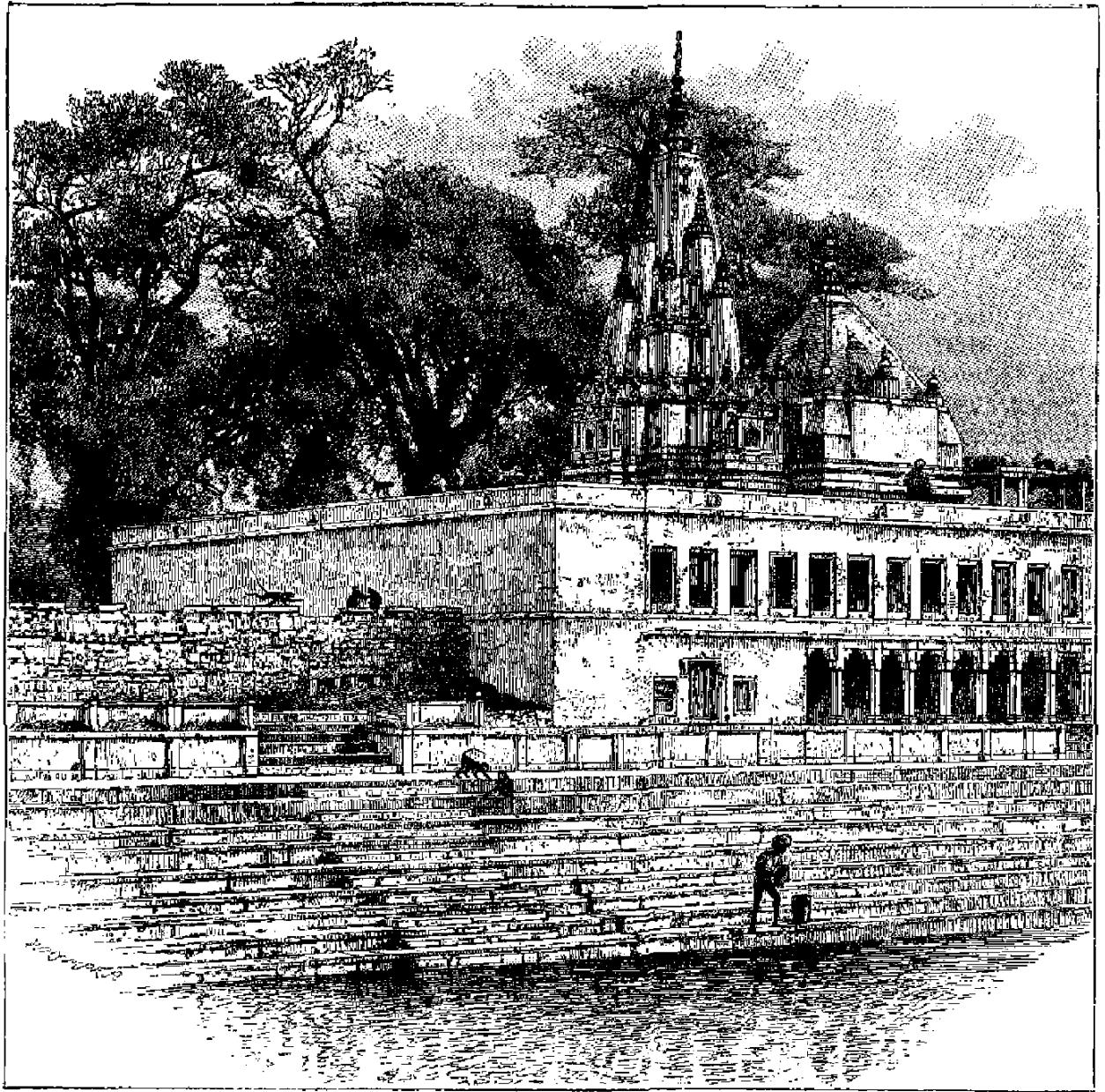
## In the Mission Field.

### BENARES.



HE ancient city of Benares is famous to the general reader because of its monkey temple, a picture of which is placed upon the following page. This temple (the Durza Temple) literally swarms with monkeys. They are regarded as deities, and are looked upon with high favour, and these gods and goddesses obtain food and comforts which the poor human beings of the city are denied.

Benares itself "is the capital of the Hindoo



THE MONKEY TEMPLE OF BENARES.

faith." The chief god of the various deities of its many temples is supposed to rule over the city, and for fifty miles round it, and offerings of food and water are continually made to him. Around the city, at a distance from its centre of ten miles, a road runs, and within this charmed circle all is holy, and whoever dies within the circle is supposed to be sure of entrance into bliss.

But even here are to be found the workings of the mighty power of God. Monkeys,

and idols of gold, water of the sacred river, or prayers and fastings of the lean faquires, with their golden chains and jewels, cannot give rest to the poor Hindoo, and we rejoice that even from the holy city the missionary writes:—

"There are a good many who come regularly to see me at Sigra; and there seems to me, without exaggeration, to be a spirit of greater friendliness extending everywhere; and not only that, but an earnest desire to



know what there is in the Christian Shastras that is worthy of reception.

"One old Sadhu comes to me regularly, with his Bible under his arm, to ask questions on what he does not understand. He also regularly comes to our Sunday services in Godanliya."

But more than inquiry, even the finding Christ as a personal Saviour, occurs in Benares. Let us again hear the welcome testimony of another missionary :—

"As a Hindoo, he was engaged as a teacher of Sanscrit, and in that capacity has attained to a good knowledge of the more important Hindoo Shastras. He came to us, saying that his search for salvation had been fruitless, and that Hindooism could not give him peace of mind. Some four or five years ago he therefore began secretly to attend the Evangelistic Church in Benares for the sake of the Christian teaching given there. He also went to any preaching which he knew was going on in the open-air, buying portions of the Old and New Testament. Afterwards, as so many Hindoos do, he left Benares and spent some two or three years in wandering about from place to place. At length he came to Calcutta, and eventually found his way to the Christian compound. By this time his belief in Christianity had become more deeply rooted. As he himself expressed it, 'I constantly hear a voice saying, Until you become a Christian you will have no peace of mind.' He read here for some weeks, and was most diligently taught by our Christian pundit. After careful examination, his faith and understanding being unmistakable, we determined to baptize him."

The above testimonies are taken from the "Church Missionary Intelligencer." Let us gather up a few interesting fragments from "India's Women." The women workers obtain an entrance to the hearts of the people, which the ordinary missionary often fails to do.

#### WORK IN NORTH TINNEVELLY.

"Our road," says Miss —, "lay mostly between palmyra and cocoanut groves, with deep blue hills in the distance, and solid rocks rising up here and there on either side,

casting long grey shadows across the ground, and making pretty effects of light and shade. Though the drive was pretty, we were glad to catch sight of our tents, and find ourselves at home. This village is a very interesting one, being the principal in the *zemindary* of Sivihiri. The *zemindar* has his palace here, a handsome, white, carved stone building, standing in a large compound. We were very anxious to gain admittance to the ladies of this palace, for two reasons. An entrance there would open to us the doors of all the other houses ; and also because we had heard that on account of a relation having last year embraced Christianity there was a secret interest excited amongst the household. We therefore despatched a note to the *zemindar*, requesting that we might be allowed an interview, in answer to which he himself drove down in his carriage and paid us a visit. He seems a nice man, intelligent, well-educated, and anxious for the improvement of his people. He expressed great willingness for us to visit his wife ; unlike his father, who had four wives, he has only one. That evening we spoke to some sixty or seventy women, whose high caste forbade them ever to go out of doors, and who assembled in one or two large houses. They heard for the first time the wonderful words of life. Oh ! that God would bless the seed which we sow in such weakness, and make it spring up and bear fruit unto eternal life. . . .

"We went to Rajahiri, about three miles distant, starting early in the morning. By one o'clock we were beginning to feel very tired, and in need of a little rest, for we had spoken to a large number of women. We went to the little prayer-house, and closing the windows (wooden not glass) we settled ourselves in the chairs we had brought with us. No sooner had we done so, than every window was thrown open, and half a dozen faces appeared at each one. It is all very well to be stared at for a little while, but when really tired, after a certain time it becomes trying ; so after a little patient endurance we closed every window again, and sternly told all outside to go away. Hardly had we sat down, when every window was thrown open once more. Then we tried to secure the fastenings by inserting paper.

But we were no match for our tormentors. Sticks were stuck through, and after a little poking about, the paper was pulled out and the little brown, triumphant faces appeared again. This sort of thing went on for more than an hour, when the climax came, by half-a-dozen boys throwing themselves against the closed door, bursting it open, and so falling helter-skelter into the church. We came to the conclusion then, we had better give up all thought of rest, have *tiffin*, and start for our evening speaking.

"We visited a Mohammedan village. How earnestly the women begged for a teacher. 'How can we understand? we have no learning,' they said; 'send us a teacher and we will learn all.'

"That same evening the *zemindar's* own mother came to visit us. We had only seen her once before, and then she was superintending the building of her own tomb, as we passed in the *bandy*. She appeared most anxious to learn all that she could of Christianity, and took a St. Luke's Gospel away with her, with much pleasure.

"Whilst waiting to start for our next camping place, the English-speaking tutor came to see us, bringing a fine-looking young man, a relation of the *zemindar*, who seemed quite willing to hear about Christianity, and promised to read a St. John's Gospel which we gave him. With the tutor, we spoke about opening a girls' school in Sivihi, and he seemed to think the *zemindar* would be quite willing to provide us a room for that purpose, so we are longing to open work in this place, which seems so full of promise, and are praying now for a suitable teacher and Bible-woman.

"Before closing, we should like to give an instance, which occurred on another tour.

"We had come to a little courtyard, my sister and I, and the catechist of the place. It was getting so dark that we could scarcely discern the faces of the women who crowded together to hear our message. As we came away, I said to my sister, 'I cannot help feeling some heart was touched to-night.' Though we knew it not, such was indeed the case. That evening one who was there, a high-caste widow from the *zemindar's* palace, decided she

would become a Christian. Three months after, when again at Vazihula, she came over from her village, and told of her great longing. She begged that she might be taken to our village as, should the *zemindar* hear of her determination, he would at once take her daughter of twelve, and marry her to a heathen. On being asked, what made her desire to become a Christian, and being reminded that she must give up much—such as caste, position, money, &c.—she said, 'All these things perish, my soul does not, and I want peace, and believe the Christian religion can give it me.'"

#### WORK IN KASHMIR.

"Let me take you to one or two homes before we part. Passing through a doorway, greeted by a dozen pariah dogs, with their intense hatred of the foreigner, I enter the house and walk upstairs. My special pupil, the little daughter-in-law, is away; but I had felt impelled to go and take a copy of the last translation of the Bengali Gospel of St. Luke, and read it to the mother-in-law, and to her mother-in-law. The precious volume is intended as a present for the husband, and soon he, too, appears and takes his seat.

"He has, he says, some questions to ask. So, on my right there is his widowed mother, a very picture of sweet old age; on the left his wife, who has buried all her children; and opposite, with a look on his face of earnest purpose, her grey-headed husband. The enquirer was a seeker after God, and his questions were those of one who has suddenly awakened to the great realities of life.

"'If my servant fails in the discharge of his duty, I am displeased. What can God think of me?' he said. 'I have never done anything for Him. See,' touching his grey hair, 'my hair is whitening fast.' He had set himself to the hopeless task of overcoming the sinful nature that had held so long undisputed sway. There was a tremendous seriousness about him that was deeply touching, and a child-like teachableness as I spoke of Jesus, who saved His people from their sins. He took the Gospel, saying, 'I shall find here all you have been saying.'"



### Because He Likes Me.

**T**HE other day, when I was in a cottage, I spoke to a dear little maiden named Alice, just four year of age.

"Do you know what Jesus has done for us?" I asked.

"He was put on the cross," was her reply.

"Why was He put there?"

"To make a way for us to go to heaven," said the child.

"And do you love Him, dear?" I asked.

"Yes," was her reply.

"Why do you love Him?"

"Because He likes me," said little Alice.

What a happy little answer! For we, indeed, "love Him because He first loved us." "Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that He loved us, and sent His Son to be the propitiation for our sins"; and "Hereby perceive we the love, because He laid down His life for us."

M. W.

### A LITTLE BOY'S ENQUIRY.

A MOTHER was startled one day by her little boy abruptly asking—

"Mother, what is the meaning of eternity?"

"Well, my boy, what do you want to know about eternity?"

"Mother, I want to know how many years are there in eternity?"

"My dear boy, I cannot measure the vastness of eternity; I cannot count out its endless ages; man cannot describe its space. Man can tell with tolerable certainty the distance from the earth to the sun, but with all his power of intellect man cannot comprehend eternity—it is from everlasting to everlasting."

Ask yourself, my reader, "Where must I spend eternity?" Were you to live to be a hundred years old, you must after that enter eternity.

J. C.

### A WORD ABOUT FAITH.

FAITH is just believing what God says, because God speaks. If your father tells you that he will do this or that, you believe him, because you know he speaks the truth. When anyone does not believe God's word, it is clear he does not believe God, who speaks the word. We know who God is by His word. It is written, "Without faith it is impossible to please God." You could not please your parents, whatever you did, if you did not believe them. Faith in God is of the first importance for us all.

Without faith, prayer is but a string of words. Suppose you wanted something very much which your father could give you, and you waited to ask for it until he was a mile off, and could not hear you speak. That would not be faith in your father, and your request would be worth nothing. Now God is ever near us, and always knows what our hearts think; but, if we pray to God as if we did not believe He heard us, our faith in our God is afar off. Remember God is very near you—He knows all your heart says—and, therefore, speak to God simply and believingly, even as you would to a tender parent, into whose face you rejoice to look up. Dear children, tell God everything; for though you cannot see Him, yet He speaks to your hearts, as you speak to Him. Speak to Him about your play, your lessons, your daily duty. Tell Him of your cares, and wants, and pleasures. He has counted all the hairs of your head, the Lord Jesus has said, and thus we may rest assured in the fact that our Father in heaven cares for us in everything, and the very least of things that we may do. There is no more practical way of showing our faith than by speaking to God.

### A Solemn Inquiry.

**C**ONSIDER, reader, for a few moments yourself! Take counsel with yourself about yourself, say, "I am ever to be," and seek to fathom the depths of your existence. You do not live by bread

## FAITHFUL WORDS FOR OLD AND YOUNG.

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alone, nor only for bread. At times you think, for you are a human being and cannot help so doing. And as you think, and as the eye of your mind pierces beyond the limits of the circle of present circumstances, you realize that you yourself are more lasting than the world, and all that is in it. Within you there is that which plainly testifies that there will be no end of yourself. Let the world decay, let death come, still you will ever be. For ever and for ever it will be yours to say, "I live, I feel."

In the presence of this contemplation how vain to you are the shifting ideas and scenes of time! What are the improvements, the discoveries of this age—its telegraphs, its electric lights? At the most but a change of attire—a fashion which our forefathers knew not. And what the "isms," the notions of this nineteenth century? Clouds which before the twentieth arise will have vanished away! But you yourself, where neither electric light nor telegraphic messages are boasted in, where neither "isms" nor notions exist, will for ever be, still yourself, even as your predecessors who centuries ago passed out of time into eternity; out of this changeful world into that state which is unalterable.

Now what are your thoughts respecting yourself in the eternity which is to come? Are they confused, uncertain thoughts? Have you but a dim notion before you? Is the future to you a kind of mist, wherein your mind wanders and is lost?

Let us present to you one definite reality, which for the Christian, answers great questions concerning himself in connection with his future, and in order to this we ask you to look backwards for a moment, and to consider the secret of the lives of many who once, as you, lived upon this earth, but whose spirits now live elsewhere.

In the oldest record this world knows—the Bible—we find stories of men who lived in different ages, men of varied characters, and surrounded with various circumstances—some rich, others poor—the wisest the world ever possessed, and men ignorant and unlearned—men of the times before the law, men under the law, and also living in God's day of grace.

These men are all characterized by one similarity, their souls all bear one moral feature plainly marked upon them. And, indeed, we might turn to numberless biographies of comparatively recent years—some of Roman Catholics, others of Protestants—some of little children, others of aged men—to find the self-same features which the Word of God delineates in those of whom we have spoken. There is in all of these one common soul-feature, and it is—happiness in God. God Himself the spring of the joy of each—all of them children of one family! Yes, each of their souls seems to utter one voice: "Lord, Thou hast been our dwelling-place in all generations."

Happiness in God is a definite reality, and surely it addresses us to the contemplation of these very persons, their spirits still living elsewhere, and their present utterance being, as it were, where generations are not reckoned, "Lord, Thou art our dwelling-place."

God is not the God of the dead, but of the living. He is the God of the fathers still, though they are with Him and not with us. God is their happiness. God will ever be their happiness. As you contemplate yourself, your existence, lay it well to heart whether God is now your portion, your present joy?

Perhaps it has been our reader's lot to witness the veil which hides the unseen world from our eyes almost lifted, as one dear and honoured has passed out of this world to be for ever with the Lord. And the assurance at that time was overwhelming, that the friend lamented had but left time for eternity to enjoy without distraction and more deeply, happiness in God and His Son. How paltry, then, did the greatest glories of this world appear before your soul!

Let this be your solemn inquiry of yourself, "Is God my portion? Is my happiness in God and in His Son?" We place ourselves, dear friend, by your side, and standing lovingly with you upon the very borders of the shore of time, and looking onwards over the boundless sea of eternity as we remind you that yours is an existence, which can never be extinguished, we ask, "Is your happiness in God?"

## The Merchant-man and the Goodly Pearl.

**OUR** Lord likens the kingdom of heaven "unto a merchant-man, seeking goodly pearls: who, when he had found one pearl of great price, went and sold all that he had, and bought it." (Matt. xiii. 45, 46.) It is not a little strange that this parable should sometimes be thus interpreted: the merchant-man is the sinner; the pearl of great price is Christ; the way to possess Christ is to go and sell all that one has, and with the result to purchase Him. The Scriptures never regard the sinner as wealthy in goodness, but, on the contrary, as a debtor who has "nothing to pay" (Luke vii. 42) — nor as capable of obtaining Christ out of his own resources, but as "without strength" (Rom. v. 6); the wealth and the goodness are vested in Christ alone.

Christ is the merchant-man: He is the seeker of the pure and precious in His eyes on earth, and He has found that which He sought; and the pearl of great price cost Him all that even He could give; for "Christ . . . loved the Church, and gave Himself for it" (Eph. v. 25)—He could not give more! He laid aside His glory on high—"Ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that, though He was rich, yet for your sakes He became poor." (2 Cor. viii. 9.) He sold all that He had and bought "the pearl"—"Ye are bought with a price." (1 Cor. vii. 23.)

Why Christ should designate sinful men

"the pearl" we may fail to comprehend, but such is His grace towards us. Over and over again God speaks of His people as His inheritance, and a portion of the inspired prayer given in the first chapter of the Epistle to the Ephesians is, that the eyes of our understanding may be enlightened, that we may know what is the riches of the glory of God's inheritance in the saints. (See ver. 18.) There are certain divine truths which are so absolutely beyond our comprehension that only as God the Holy Spirit enlightens the eyes of our hearts do we perceive their meaning.

The pearl is not unfrequently used to symbolize purity. "One pearl" seems to point to the undivided Body of Christ in beauty and purity. While we so contemplate it, our minds stretch onwards to the future—to the day of glory. Then the Church, in all her beauty, will be the glory of Christ, yet ever will all the beauty of the Church be ascribed to the giver of the grace and the glory which render it beautiful.



THE MERCHANT-MAN.

### NOTE.

MANY of our readers have requested us in

the new year to return to our penny form, and to enlarge ourselves to our original size! We hesitated some two years ago whether we should continue issuing FAITHFUL WORDS, as so many other calls were being made upon our time, but in response to the appeals of old friends of the Magazine, we maintained its existence. It certainly was not a wise step to change ourselves into a halfpenny magazine, and though it is a practical confession of an error, we shall, God willing, resume our penny form in 1896. This preliminary notice is made to apprise our subscribers in view of the new year.

# FAITHFUL WORDS FOR OLD AND YOUNG.

EDITED BY H. FORBES WITHERBY.

*New Series and Re-Issue.*



THE OLD SEXTON.

The  
**"Inheritance that Fadeth not Away."**

"All flesh is as grass, and all the glory of man as the flower of grass :

"The grass withereth, and the flower thereof falleth away ;

"But the word of the Lord endureth for ever."

(1 Pet. i. 24, 25.)

**W**ITH these affecting and solemn, but appropriate words, we close our volume for the year. The Spirit of God breathes them out to us from the heart and the innermost feelings of a man ; the truths are divine, but they are rendered into human language by a man subject to like passions with ourselves. Each of us comes in under the figure of grass—the short-lived grass of an Eastern land. Speedily it springs up into verdure, and in a brief time withereth away ; its bright, sunny day is soon over, and it is gone. And such are we ; our time will soon be over, and we shall be hence for ever.

The fair and the brave, the successful and the famous, are but as the flowers of the grass ; their life of prosperity is shorter than that of the grass itself, so soon do the flowers of the field fall away. They take some time to mature, they shoot up in the meadow, they are admired for their season, and then they fall away. These bright flowers of humanity are seldom remembered for long together. Where are the foremost in the race of but ten years ago ? The place that knew them knows them no more.

But——! But there is the enduring, the everlasting ! The "living hope" through the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead. The "inheritance incorruptible, and undefiled, and that fadeth not away." Of this there is no more question than of the glory of man being like the fading flower. Then of all considerations let this be with us the most urgent. Is that inheritance reserved for us ? Have we part and lot therein ? It is reserved for such as have faith in God and His Christ, whom God keeps by His power through faith unto that salvation which is presently to be revealed (vers. 3-5).

**Now are you going out of the World ?**

**A**N old sexton was digging a grave, and when we asked him for whom it was, he, in answering our question, said, "Be ye also ready."

"Well, but are you ready yourself?" we inquired ; "you have had a long time to prepare."

"Some sixty-five years," said he.

"Are your sins gone?"

He replied, "We came into the world in 'em, and we shall go out in 'em."

"If you go out in your sins you and your sins will meet at the judgment, and you will be judged for them and cast into hell. Now is the time to obtain forgiveness. The Scripture says, 'The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin.' So some are clean, you see. Are you washed from your sins?"

"No, that I ain't," he said warmly ; then added, "And 'turning compliment, sir, are you washed from yours ? What can you say?"

"Indeed I am, through God's mercy ; yet no thanks to me, but to Christ, whose blood has made me ready."

"Then you are the first man I ever heard on who is," exclaimed the old man with great energy.

"Do you read the Bible?" we asked.

"I do."

"Very well, you may remember what King David says, 'Blessed is the man whose iniquity is forgiven, and whose sin is covered'; and also what says the apostle John, 'Your sins are forgiven you for His name's sake.' Again, what the apostle Paul tells us, 'Be it known unto you therefore, men and brethren, that through this man is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins, and by Him all that believe are justified from all things.' So, you see, there are plenty of them in the Bible who could say their sins were gone and that they were ready."

The old man would hear no more. He hustled off to some other old men who were painting a tombstone, and then hurried to the clergyman to tell him what strange things he



had heard. The latter came to us expressing his surprise that the old sexton, having been present at the church service so often, should not have heard the news before—that there is forgiveness of sins in this life.

There is a lesson to be learned from the old sexton's notion, "We came into the world in 'em, and we shall go out in 'em," for the old man's idea, so quaintly expressed, is the common thought of thousands. Digging graves was his trade, and in the course of a long life he had made the last beds of many in his village. Death to him was a means of gaining a living, but the soul and sins, God's hatred against sin and God's love and grace in pardoning iniquity, his poor dull heart had never rightly considered; the burial of the body and the entrance of the soul into God's presence were alike matter-of-fact occurrences to him. He had grown so familiar with death and with burials that his heart had lost the solemn sense that the wages of sin is death.

But, reader, does your heart sometimes quail at the prospect of meeting God? You were "born in sin," you have lived a sinner; what are you now—Washed from your sins, or still in your sins? If you go out of the world in your sins you will never enter heaven. No sin-stained soul shall pass through the pearly gates yonder, but those and those only who have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.

If you are still in your sins, the wrath of God abideth on you. Jesus was manifested to take away our sins, and all who believe in Him are justified from all things. Ob, believe in Him and be saved. Then you shall be able to say, "I came into the world in sin, I lived in sin, but Jesus Himself bare my sins in His own body on the tree," and God says, 'Their sins and iniquities I will remember no more.' And now my sins are gone, and when Jesus comes, or I die, I shall go out of the world to the glory, straight into the presence of the Lord, without a spot or blemish or any such thing."

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"WHAT shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul."

(Mark viii. 36.)

## Plain Papers for the People.

### VI.—HOW THE POPE WAS DECLARED TO BE INFALLIBLE.

**I**T was exactly at half-past eleven on the morning of the 18th" (we quote from the Supplement to the *Tablet* newspaper of July 30th, 1870), "amid peals of thunder and flashes of lightning, that the Holy Father promulgated the dogma of infallibility. The storm was so violent that at times the Basilica was enveloped in darkness. Some of the multitude, we are told, 'thought of Gallicanism, and said, It is a funeral! Others thought of the future, and exclaimed, 'We are on Mount Sinai!'"

Readers whose memories go back twenty-five years will recall the strange phenomenon here touched upon. In the previous month of December a great Council of Archbishop Princes, Cardinals, Patriarchs, Archbishops and Bishops, Abbots and Generals of Orders, in all eight hundred and three persons, had declared the head of their Church infallible, and in June of the year 1870 the dogma was promulgated by the "Holy Father" himself. On every hand we heard it said that heaven itself had showed anger at the presumption, by the darkness and the storm, and, whether this were so or not, we know that darkness, lightnings, and tempest are the Scripture symbols used to express the display of divine judgment.

Was it a funeral that day performed? The suggestion is derived from the *Tablet*. Certainly, it was a funeral to liberty in the Romish Church, it was the interment of every trace of personal religious freedom, for all Papists, whether in the acceptance of teaching or of morals. From that date, what is believed by the Papist must first be defined by the infallible Pope. If Jehovah command "Thou shalt not make any graven image, nor bow down to it," or if He command, "Thou shalt not kill," Papists are bound to accept Jehovah's words merely as the Pope interprets their meaning. The command of God to man, "Thou shalt not kill," has been before now interpreted into "Thou shalt kill heretics." As we write, Constantinople echoes

with the cry, "Death to the infidels," even as non-Papist districts have echoed with the cry, "Death to the heretics." For thus do "faithful" men interpret morals when their religious ferocity is not restrained. Never was a more terrible political weapon placed in human hands than this power of Papal infallibility. And we have not to reckon with the Pope himself in the use of this weapon, but with the army that is behind him, that great plotting, secret society—the Jesuits.

The *Tablet* translates the Constitution, and from it we extract as follows:—

*Translation of the Constitution. "Pastor Æternus."*

"Pius, Bishop, Servant of the Servants of God, with the approval of the Sacred Council, for an everlasting remembrance.

"The eternal Pastor and Bishop of our souls, in order to continue for all time the life-giving work of His Redemption, determined to build up the Holy Church, wherein, as in the House of the living God, all faithful men might be united in the bond of one faith and one charity.

"... As then, the Apostles whom He had chosen to Himself from the world were sent by Him, not otherwise than He Himself had been sent by the Father; so did He will that there should ever be pastors and teachers in His Church to the end of the world. And in order that the Episcopate also might be one and undivided, and that by means of a closely united priesthood the body of the faithful might be kept secure in the oneness of faith and communion, He set Blessed Peter over the rest of the Apostles, and fixed in him the abiding principle of this two-fold unity and its visible foundation, in the strength of which the everlasting temple should arise, and the Church in the firmness of that faith should lift her majestic front to Heaven.

#### "CHAPTER I.

"ON THE INSTITUTION OF THE APOSTOLIC PRIMACY IN BLESSED PETER.

"We, therefore, teach and declare that, according to the testimony of the Gospel, the Primacy of jurisdiction was immediately and directly promised to Blessed Peter the Apostle, and on him conferred by Christ the Lord...

If anyone, therefore, shall say that Blessed Peter the Apostle was not appointed the Prince of all the Apostles, and the visible Head of the whole Church militant; or that the same directly and immediately received from the same Our Lord Jesus Christ a Primacy of honour only, and not of true and proper jurisdiction, let him be anathema.

#### "CHAPTER II.

"ON THE PERPETUATION OF THE PRIMACY OF PETER IN THE ROMAN PONTIFFS.

"... It is known to all ages that the holy and Blessed Peter, the Prince and chief of the Apostles, the pillar of the faith, and foundation of the Catholic Church, who received the keys of the kingdom from Our Lord Jesus Christ, the Saviour and Redeemer of the race of man, continued up to the present time, and ever continues in his successors the Bishops of the Holy See of Rome, which was founded by him and consecrated by his blood, to live and preside and judge; whence whosoever succeeds to Peter in this See, does by the institution of Christ Himself obtain the Primacy of Peter over the whole Church...

"If then any should deny that it is by the institution of Christ the Lord, or by divine right, that Blessed Peter should have a perpetual line of successors in the Primacy over the Universal Church, or that the Roman Pontiff is the successor of Blessed Peter in this Primacy, let him be anathema.

#### "CHAPTER III.

"ON THE FORCE AND CHARACTER OF THE PRIMACY OF THE ROMAN PONTIFF.

"... We renew the definition of the Œcumenical Council of Florence, in virtue of which all the faithful of Christ must believe that the Holy Apostolic See and the Roman Pontiff possesses the Primacy over the whole world, and that the Roman Pontiff is the successor of Blessed Peter, Prince of the Apostles, and is true Vicar of Christ, and Head of the whole Church, and Father and Teacher of all Christians.

#### "CHAPTER IV.

"CONCERNING THE INFALIBLE TEACHING OF THE ROMAN PONTIFF.

"... We, faithfully adhering to the tradition received from the beginning of the Christian

faith for the glory of God Our Saviour, the exaltation of the Catholic Religion, and the salvation of Christian people, with the approbation of the Sacred Council teach and define that it is a dogma divinely revealed: that the Roman Pontiff when he speaks *ex cathedra*, that is when in discharge of the office of Pastor and Doctor of all Christians, by virtue of his supreme Apostolic authority, he defines a doctrine regarding faith or morals to be held by the Universal Church, by the divine assistance promised to him in Blessed Peter, enjoys that infallibility with which the divine Redeemer wished that His Church be provided for defining doctrine regarding faith or morals, and that, therefore, such definitions of the Roman Pontiff are irreformable of themselves, and not from the consent of the Church.

"But if anyone—which may God avert—presume to contradict this Our definition, let him be anathema."

It is a fact not to be forgotten that the self-same year the Pope announced his infallibility he lost his temporal power, the city of Rome becoming the capital of the Italian kingdom. This, too, was looked upon by many as an act of divine providence rebuking the pride of the man who had dared to set himself up upon this earth. But twenty-five years obliterate much from the human memory. The cardinals and prelates who are now so loudly clamouring for the rights of Papal supremacy would have us forget the incidents of 1870, but we trust a few thousands of English people will refresh their memories on the subject through the instrumentality of our humble pages.

The simple throng who chant the pleasures of re-union with Rome should assume the true attitude becoming their wishes—a halter round the neck and absolute submission to Papal infallibility.


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We must all stand before the judgment seat of Christ, and then each one of us must give account of himself to God.

## Jottings from the Mission Field.

### THE NEW HEBRIDES.

#### THE THREEPENNY PIECE.

HE Island of Tongoa, in the centre of the group of the islands of the New Hebrides, has become a Christian land. As savages the New Hebridean natives are inveterate and incorrigible thieves. But listen to this story told by Captain M., fresh from those islands.

"Not long since a native of Tongoa, a convert, on a journey towards the coast, noticed something shining in the pathway, and on approaching found that it was a threepenny piece. He at once started for the missionary's house, and made known his find, assuring the 'missi' that the money did not belong to him, and asking what he should do with it. He described with minute detail the spot where it was discovered, which happened to be a principal pathway, along which most natives travelled. A tree stood near the spot, and the missionary suggested that the native on his return should cut a notch in this tree about level with a man's eyes, and in a conspicuous position, and then fix the coin in the centre, so that anyone passing might not fail to notice it. The man carefully followed this advice.

"Natives walk leisurely as a rule, and the spot was constantly passed, so that almost all, used as they are to notice everything, would be likely to go up and look at the coin. But not a hand was raised to remove it. The owner had not come! By and by, three months after the loss, the owner came past the spot, and seeing the white notch went up, as others had done, to discover its meaning, when lo, here was his threepenny piece. But neither did he remove it. Someone else may have lost a threepenny piece, thought he, so he went off to their unfailing friend the missionary with an enquiring face.

"Well, what is it?"

"Missi, I came down to tell you that about three moons ago I lost a threepenny piece, and to-day, as I passed along I saw

one put in the notch of the tree, and I wonder if it may be mine which someone has found and put there for me to see.'

"The missionary enquired whereabouts he supposed he had lost his money, and the man described the position, which tallied exactly with the spot near which the coin was found. He was told to go and take the money, which must certainly be his, since no other claimant had come forward, and no complaint of loss but his had been made."

This is how honesty is spelt amongst converts from cannibalism in the South Seas. Would this be done in Britain?

#### WHITE HEATHEN.

On one occasion two New Hebridean native teachers (from the islands of Erromanga and Aneityum) were taken to Australia in order to deepen interest in the Mission. At a public welcome given to Dr. Paton and the teachers in the Assembly Hall in Melbourne, the teachers were each asked to address the meeting. The first was called upon, and rose to speak, when, trembling with emotion, he only managed to say, "My dear friends, I am glad to see you; we are all the people of Jesus now," and then the sight of the white audience quite upset him, and he coughed and hesitated, but not another word could he utter.

The second teacher (Nimpwat) was then called upon. He rose and told, in his own simple heart-words, the story of his conversion.

"My friends, we are all the people of Jesus now, and we are glad to see you. But it was not always so on my island, we killed five missionaries before we began to receive the gospel, yet the words of Jesus came again to Erromanga. They were sweet words—words of power, and we trusted the Jehovah God who sent Jesus to die for us. . . . I had a great desire to come to your country and see all the wonders. I did not know there were *so many ships as I have seen in your harbour*; and the people and houses in your streets, and shops loaded with all good things, fill me with wonder. But when I see almost in every street shops filled with boots and shoes, I

have no words to express my astonishment. Yet, above all this, I am astonished to see God's goodness to you in giving you so many churches, and so many missionaries (ministers). You have churches in every street. Oh, God is good to you, great people of Australia.

"But I don't covet better clothing, or a horse, or a boat, or anything I have seen, except one thing," here his voice trembled, and choked with emotion, but with great sobs of effort, he continued, "we came to Australia with exceeding joy to see the dear people who sent us the words of Jesus, and to learn from them more about how to live as Jesus lived."

He then proceeded to describe the joyful expectation that had filled his heart and that of his brother teacher at spending the Lord's Day in a Christian land. But when they got to the wharf after leaving their ship, they saw the white people giving no heed to the Lord's Day. "An arrow," said he, "was shot through my heart. I cannot pull it out, and the pain is there still. . . . We did not know there were white heathen. I cannot draw the arrow out. Have you pity for us, and no pity for the poor white heathen men and boys who live among you? Are there no churches for them? Oh, do pity them and send a missionary to teach them the words of Jesus, or they will stand up in the judgment and condemn you for passing them on your way to church and leaving them to perish."

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#### SPECIAL NOTE.

As we stated last month, in response to the requests of many friends, we shall reappear next year at our old price of a penny, and enlarged accordingly.

Some twenty-five years ago we launched our little skiff upon the waters of time, and named it FAITHFUL WORDS. We have not changed one single purpose or varied one atom of evangelical teaching in our Magazine since that day; neither do we purpose so doing, but intend, by God's help, to continue in the announcement of divine verities, which are more real, if possible, and certainly more

glorious to our hearts than was even the case when we began our work.

To-day there is an enquiry after the intellectual side of Bible knowledge, and an appreciation of the exposition of facts connected with the Christian faith, which was not formerly the case. This change is very much to be rejoiced in, and we think we may also say that direct Bible exposition is more appreciated by many readers than was the case some years ago.

In our next issue we shall devote part of our space to instruction such as is valuable for Sunday-school teachers and workers who have not time to consult expensive and learned books, and we shall seek to give more space to Bible exposition. Another subject of great importance for our day is the dissemination of simple facts relative to Church history. With such considerations it will be necessary to reduce the number of our stories, but we cannot possibly do without their invaluable testimony; for, after all, if this generation differs from the former one, the longings of the heart and the exercises of the conscience are unaltered, and real life stories are amongst the greatest helps to hearts and consciences so exercised.

We have received the following further contributions to the Leper Fund:—

Hattie Miller, Spring Avenue, Troy, New York, U.S.A. (per Loizeaux Brothers), 10s.; Georgiana and Kent Grindlach Spokane, 408, South Oak Street, Washington, U.S.A. (per Loizeaux Brothers), 4s.; M. J. Pope, 3, Vernon Place, Cheltenham, 5s.; from Ida and Olivia, £1 12s. 6d., the result of little sale of their work, and that of other girls.

We have also received two parcels containing dolls and scrap books, but without any knowledge of the names of the senders. Mrs. Bailey wishes to convey her thanks for these gifts on the part of the lepers.

Contributions for the Spezia Mission:—

Hattie Miller, Spring Avenue, Troy, New York (per Loizeaux Brothers), 10s.; J. Bentley Pope, East Liverpool, Ohio, U.S.A. (per Loizeaux Brothers), £2.

In our new issue we shall have further interesting incidents to narrate concerning the Spezia work; we shall also be able to communicate matters of interest about the lepers and the work of God amongst them.



## Jesus Calling—Children Coming.

**T**HE snow had been falling fast, and after a heavy night's work the shepherds had succeeded in driving the flock to shelter. But where is Alec, the shepherd's son? He had dropped behind his father, and now, away on yonder highland mountain, in a pit of snow, he lies fast asleep.

The lad has been overtaken with cold, and the frost has numbed him to sleep. "Alec, Alec, you will die unless some one awake you." What could *you* do for Alec if you were near the pit? May be you could not pull him out, but you could call, "Alec! awake, awake, or you will die."

Now, children, though you are sitting comfortably reading this page, some of you are like the boy asleep in the pit. You do not feel what sin is; you run and play, learn and grow, yet you do not feel that you are sinners. Why is this? You are asleep. "Awake, awake, or you will die." While the boy was asleep in the pit he felt no cold, nor feared any danger; may be he dreamt he was at home in his warm bed. Dear children, do not let life's young dreams of coming to God by and by deceive you, for unless you are safe in Christ you will perish.

I knew a lad who used to say that it would be time for him to serve God and to be a Christian when he was old. This lad never grew to be a man: he died at sixteen years of age. Another lad whom I knew had godly parents. They chose a good man to instruct their son. He had everything to lead his young heart to Jesus; he had no bad example to mislead him, and no bad companions to tempt him into sin, so you might have thought it was easy for him to be a Christian. But when God awakened this boy to see what he was, he wrote me, "What can I say for myself but that I am a poor sinner who has proved the depravity of his sinful nature; I feel myself in a bondage of corruption;

I have a poor worldly heart, and do feel so rebellious. No one knows what a sad spirit I have—like gun-powder it only needs the least spark."

Do you see how unhappy he was? He called his heart a poor worldly heart. Why was this? Because his heart was awake. The boy who told us, "I will be a Christian when I am old" did not feel his sinfulness. How was this? Because he was asleep in sin.

God brought the lad who said he was sinful to Himself. He gave him to know that all his sins were washed away in the blood of Jesus, as you will see by the following words of his—"My soul is happy in my God, I have been and am a great sinner, but my sins are all forgiven."

Jesus calls you by His word now. When a boy or girl hears the call of Jesus he cries in return, "Lord, save me." Sometimes he thinks, "Jesus will not save me;" but the truth is, Jesus

loves to save. He is standing ready to save, and it is Satan who puts the thought into the heart, "Jesus will not save me."

Do you know how Jesus saves? He washes away every sin of those who believe in Him. He makes every one who believes in Him whiter than snow. He shed His blood upon the cross, and His blood cleanseth us from every sin. The more sinful you are the more you need Jesus. Do you say, "How am I to find Jesus?" Jesus bids you trust yourself to Him, and He will put down His arm where you are and gather you into His bosom.

There was a dear little girl of about six years of age I knew, whom Jesus had thus gathered, and whom He was carrying home to heaven. One evening a lady heard Nelly speaking to the Lord Jesus in a soft, sweet voice, "Make me Thine; I want to know that I am Thine; I want to be one of the lambs of the Lord Jesus Christ. Amen." The Lord Jesus made Nelly truly His. One day she saw a hymn-book upon the table, and began running over the leaves to search for her favourite hymn. Presently she exclaimed,

"Oh, here is my very favourite hymn, my own most precious hymn—

"Just as I am, without one plea  
But that Thy blood was shed for me,  
And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee,  
O Lamb of God, I come."

Nelly's friend asked her to read it to her.

"Oh, no!" answered little Nelly, "I could not read that to you; I only read that when I am alone," and she kissed the book, while a tear started to her eye.

"And why is this your favourite hymn, Nelly dear?" said the lady.

She hesitated a little, and then replied: "I never talk about or read that hymn to anyone, it is too precious. I will tell you, but you must not tell anyone. It is because I always go to Jesus 'just as I am.' When I feel naughty I tell Jesus I do, because I cannot make myself good; only Jesus can; I tell Him everything."

This is the true way of coming to Jesus. Will you be like dear little Nelly? and can you say, "I come to Jesus *just as I am*"? R.



HOW NELLY WENT TO JESUS.