# Good Rews

# FOR YOUNG AND OLD,

WITH

SOME PAGES FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

"Suffer Little Children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of God."—Luke xviii. 16.

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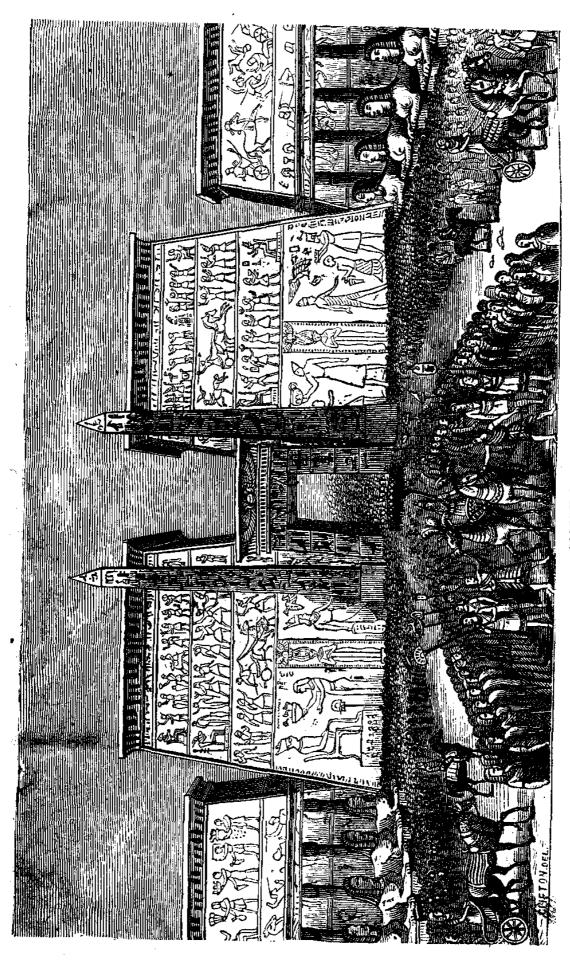
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THE LITTLE MAID OF AVEYRON, AND THE BIBLE OF NIMES.

In a small village among the mountains of Aveyron, one of the departments towards the south of France, there lived a little girl, who by some means had been led to feel a great love for the Bible, and had long wished to have a copy of that precious book as her own. But in that part of France the people were mostly Romanists, who did not read the Scriptures, and they were never visited by colporteurs, from whom the Bible might have been had. Now, this little girl had been told that she

could get a Bible at Nîmes for three francs, or about half-a-crown. But, then, Nîmes was some seventy miles off from the village she lived in, and the poor child had no money and no means of getting so far, except upon her two little feet. What then was she to do to get a Bible? Well, she had two pet rabbits, and, though she liked them very much, she felt that a Bible was of more value to her, and so at last she made up her mind that, if possible, she would make an exchange. But then there was the journey to Nîmes; how was she to get there? Seventy miles were a long, long way; and as she had no money at all, you know, but only the rabbits, of course she could not pay anything to be taken there. Well, she thought and thought how she should manage, and at last, after many a wistful look down the long, long road she actually resolved to set off on foot to Nîmes; and one fine morning, with her basket on her arm, away she went trudging along, mile after mile, all alone, with no other companions than her two little rabbits. How many days it took her to go that weary journey I don't know, nor can I tell where she slept at night; but cottagers are often very much kinder than the rich, and, no doubt, would give shelter to the lonely little pilgrim at night. One thing I do know, and am quite sure of, that He who had made her His own, and given her such an earnest desire to have His blessed Word, would watch over and care for the lonely child; and I am sure you will agree with

#### THE LITTLE MAID OF AVEYRON.

me that it would be hard to find a more beautiful sight than this dear little lamb of the flock going on such a journey only that she might get the Word of God. What a striking lesson to you, dear little reader, who, I dare say, have the Bible close at hand all day long, yet, perhaps, seldom even think of, or look into, it!

Well, this little pilgrim, plucking green meat by the way to feed her pets, and provided for herself by Him who feeds the birds of the air, got to Nîmes at last. There she asked and asked till she found a shop where Bibles were sold, and then in she went straight, and, telling the bookseller what she wanted, offered her two rabbits in exchange. Her offer was accepted, and she got the treasure she had travelled so far to possess. And now there was all the long journey to go again, but she had got the Bible now, and, with that under her little arm, she trotted off so full of joy that the way seemed nothing to her, and when she was weary of her long walks she could sit down beneath a tree, or the shadow of a rock, and read her own dear Perhaps she sometimes thought of her lost pets, and the spots where she had stopped to pick green leaves for them would of course remind her of her loss; but then she would open her new book, and a verse from its treasures of Divine wisdom and love would comfort her, and so, "walking and talking with Jesus by the way," she tripped along till she got back at last to her loved village-home among the mountains. And now, how do you

think she used her Bible? Every day she read a verse at least from its pages, and the Word to her soul was like the showers on a thirsty hill, causing it to "blossom and bud and bring forth fruit," and send out "rivers of living water" to all around (John vii.)—living streams which would

# "Still gladden as they go,"

and give glory to God in "that day."

Thus the Word of Christ dwelt in her richly. She could truly say, "I rejoice in Thy Word as one that findeth great spoil," and "I have rejoiced in the way of Thy testimonies as much as in all riches" (Psalm exix.). For had she not parted from all that she had to get God's precious Word? You may depend upon it that He, the fruit of whose grace it was, would not forget "her labour of love" in that long journey to and fro of a hundred and forty long miles! nor would He forget to bring glory to His own name and "magnify His Word" in the village of Aveyron by means of His dear little disciple and her much-loved Bible. Book was ever at hand, and the sayings of Jesus were always on her lips, to "comfort them that were in any trouble." I have no doubt that some will have to own in that day that, under God, they owe their everlasting salvation to the Little Maid of Aveyron and the Bible of Nîmes. Κ.

#### JOSEPH IN EGYPT.

#### JOSEPH IN EGYPT.

(See Frontispiece.)

Has the little reader ever been away from his father and mother for a good long while? If so, he will remember the joy he felt when at last the time came for him to see them. Many of the young readers of Good News have just come home for the holidays, after being away for months, and will understand this at once. But none of them have ever known the long, long separation from all those whom he loved, which Joseph, when still but a youth, was forced to know. If you will look into Gen. xxxvii., you will there be able to read all about it. Joseph had gone "about his father's business" to Dothan, and there his own brethren wickedly sold him into the hands of strangers. Carried into Egypt, he became a poor slave, then was cast into prison, because he would obey God, and there he was kept a long time, forgotten by all like one in the grave. Only his father never forgot him. He mourned him as dead, and said, "I will go down into the grave unto my son, mourning." This shows how he loved him, and if you will read the whole history, you will see that Joseph loved his father as much as he loved him. At last the time came when Joseph was delivered out of prison. "The king sent and loosed him; even the ruler of the people, and let him go free" (Psalm ev. 20). But this was not all—"he made him lord of his house, and ruler over all his

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possession; to bind his princes at his pleasure, and teach his senators wisdom" (21, 22). Thus God rewarded Joseph's faithfulness, submission, and love to Him and to his father, and, indeed, toward all with whom he had to do.\* Exalted almost to the throne, Joseph married a Gentile wife, and through all the seven, years of plenty waited in patience for the moment when in God's own time he should once more see those whom he so dearly loved, and from whom he had been so cruelly parted. At last the period of famine came, and Joseph's brethren, in their distress, went down into Egypt to buy corn. For a while, Joseph "made himself strange unto them, and spake roughly to them," though his heart was yearning over them all the time. But he knew they must be brought to repentance for their evil deeds, and so he seemed as if he knew them not, and dealt so wisely with them, that at last they saw the hand of God in what was happening to them, and confessed the sin they had been guilty of in selling their brother and heeding not "the anguish of his soul." Then "Joseph made himself known unto his brethren," for he could refrain himself no longer. Ah, dear little reader, it is a sweet lesson of love to read what God's Word tells us about Joseph's way of making himself known to those who had dealt so bitterly with him. How he "gave forth his voice in weeping;" how he called them to come near. him; how he entreated them not to be grieved nor

\* See "Voice of Flowers," p. 113.

angry with themselves that they sold him; how he encouraged their hearts by reminding them of the link between himself and them in the dear old father left behind in the land of Canaan, still in his long, long sorrow. All this is very beautiful, and teaches us all how to forgive. But it is sweeter still to know that all this is only a little picture of the blessed Jesus.

For was not He sold for thirty pieces of silver, the price of a slave?

Did not He go down to prison and to death itself because He would prove His faithfulness, submission, and love toward God? (John xiv. 31). Yes; and now, exalted at God's right hand, He brings poor sinners of the Gentiles to Himself, washing them in His own blood, gathering them together into one Church, and so forming them into

# "His body and His bride,"

waiting in patience for the moment when, having "presented her to Himself," He shall come forth in the Father's own time (Acts i. 7), to "make Himself known unto His brethren," the people of Israel, so dear to Him still, though

#### "They set at nought and sold Him, Pierced and nailed Him to the tree."

Oh, what love can equal this *l*—love even for the worst of sinners. In the meanwhile, this is the time of plenty, for the Word of God is spread abroad in all lands, the Gospel is preached, and a

full and free salvation is offered to all. Have you received it? Have you come to Jesus? If not, if the trumpet sounds and the Church is caught away, you will not be there to be "presented to Himself" by Him who loved us and gave Himself for us. You will not be with Him when He comes "in His glory" to make Himself known to His brethren. Don't wait until it is too late. A time of famine is coming, "even a famine of the Word of the Lord," and we don't know how soon. Oh, then, go to Jesus now, believe in Him, and then, when "the Lord shall come with all His saints," you will be there in such blessing as your heart cannot now conceive.

But to return to Joseph. After he had made himself known to his brethren, his first thought was of him from whom he had been so long separated. He had been torn from him in his youth, and, though long years had passed away since then, and Joseph had known many sorrows, though he was now ruler in Egypt, and surrounded with every earthly joy, neither sorrow nor joy could make him forget his dear aged father. sure the heart of the little reader will understand this, and that he will readily see that if there was one thing more than any other that would make Joseph rejoice in the power and wealth he possessed, it was that he was now able to make those whom he loved happy with it. And how much this reminds us again of God's dear Son! He is now at the right hand of God in all the glory that He had with His Father before the world was. He passed through deeper sufferings than Joseph ever knew, yet neither sufferings nor the glory that followed could make Him forget His own that are in the world. He still watches over them all through their wilderness journey.

"Now seated on Jehovah's throne,
The Lamb once slain in glory bright,
'Tis thence He watches o'er His own,
Guarding them through the deadly fight."

He still has "a heart to feel their smallest woe," and His great joy is that He can now bless with infinite blessings those whom His Father has given Him. When on earth He was "straitened till the baptism wherewith He had to be baptised" was accomplished, that is till He had borne all the penalty due to our sins even down to death. But now there is no let or hindrance, and so He sends out His gospel message to bring home to Himself every poor sinner, young and old, who will receive His word, that He may make them happy for ever. In all this, He seeks His Father's glory still (John xvii. 1) even as when on earth He could always say, "I honour my Father;" and as Joseph is in many things a little picture of Christ, he too sought to honour his father. As I have said already, his first thought was of him. "Haste ye," said he to his brethren, "and go up to my father, and say unto him, Thus saith thy son Joseph: God has made me lord of all Egypt,

come down unto me, tarry not;" and then, having provided everything for his father's comfort by the way, he sent them off to fetch him. And then at last the happy hour came—which is portrayed in the frontispiece of this the first number of Good News for 1872—when "Joseph made ready his chariot and went up to meet Israel his father to Goshen." Who shall tell out what he felt as he rode on in all the state that belonged to the ruler of the first and most wealthy country, then, in all the world? What was all that state and earthly glory to him compared with the father he so dearly loved? "And he presented himself unto him," going before him with the reverence that became a son, though lord of Egypt, in the presence of an aged, honoured father. How beautifully the Scriptures teach truth in a few short meaning words! Quite as beautifully, too, they tell the affection of Joseph for his beloved father, when we read, "and he fell on his neck and wept on his neck a good while." Though a grown man now, he had not lost the love of his youth for him who had nourished him in his childhood, had made him the coat of many colours. and whose favourite child he was. Though a prince and a ruler, he was not ashamed to weep on his father's neck, and thus tell out before all his court the love of a child for a parent. Never forget, dear little reader, that God has said. "Honour thy father and mother." Joseph's mother was dead, but he honoured her in the person of his

youngest brother Benjamin (Gen. xlv. 22), and now he used all the glory he had gotten in Egypt to honour his aged father. When you look on the picture remember that, and remember, too, what Joseph's great Antitype, Jesus, said—"My meat is to do the will of Him that sent me, and to finish His work;" "I honour my Father," and "That the world may know that I love the Father, as the Father gave me commandment even so I do."

J. L. K.

#### MY SUBSTITUTE.

Rom. v. 8.

When I was a boy at school, I saw a sight I never can forget—a man tied to a cart and dragged, before the people's eyes, through the streets of my native town, his back torn and bleeding from the lash. It was a shameful punishment. For many offences? No; for one offence. Did any of the townsmen offer to divide the lashes with him? No; he who committed the offence bore the penalty all alone. It was the penalty of a changing human law, for it was the last instance of its infliction.

When I was a student at the University, I saw another sight I can never forget—a man brought out to die. His arms were pinioned; his face was already pale as death; thousands of eager eyes were on him as he came up from the gaol in sight. Did any man ask to die in his room? Did any

friend come and loose the rope, and say, "Put it round my neck; I die instead?" No; he underwent the sentence of the law. For many offences? No; for one offence. He had stolen a money parcel from a stage-coach. He broke the law at one point, and died for it. It was the penalty of a changing human law in this case also; it was the last instance of capital punishment being inflicted for that offence.

I saw another sight—it matters not when—myself a sinner standing on the brink of ruin, deserving nought but hell. For one sin? No; for many, many sins committed against the unchanging laws of God. But again I looked, and saw Jesus, my Substitute, scourged in my stead, and dying on the cross for me. I looked, and was forgiven. And it seemed to me to be my duty to tell you of that Saviour, to see if you will not also LOOK AND LIVE (Numb, xxi, 8; Isa. xlv. 22; John iii. 13—17).

#### HOPE.

On, who, in such a world as this,
Could bear his lot of pain,
Did not one radiant hope of bliss
Unclouded yet remain?
That hope the sov'reign Lord has given,
Who reigns above the skies—
Hope that unites the soul to heaven,
By Faith's endearing ties.



A TREE IN AFRICA, CONTAINING SEVENTEEN HABITATIONS, SEEN AND DESCRIBED BY MR. MOFFATT.

#### THE LONELY DISCIPLE.

The following anecdote was told by Mr. Moffatt, the African missionary, at a meeting of the London Missionary Society. He and his party had travelled in the interior of Africa all day and night without taking any food. They drew near to a village inhabited by some people belonging to the Coranna tribe of Hottentots, who were of a blood-thirsty and dangerous character. A man whom they met on the way warned them against entering the place, and pointed them to the heights beyond the village, where he said they could sleep.

"We tied about us the fasting girdle, to prevent the gnawing of hunger. We looked at each other; for we were hungry and thirsty, and fatigued bevond measure. At last an individual came: we asked for water. It was refused. I offered two or three buttons remaining on my jacket for a little milk; it was refused with scorn. It was evident something was brewing in the minds of the people, and we had good reason to be alarmed. We lifted up our hearts to God; there we sat; and as we gazed saw a woman descend from the heights, and approach us. She had a vessel in her hand, and a bundle of wood, and having set them down, she immediately returned to the place she came from. The missionary looked into the vessel and found it was full of milk; but before they could recover from their surprise, they saw the same woman coming down the hill again, and as she drew near. they noticed that she had another vessel full of water in one hand, and a leg of mutton in the other. Again she drew near, and having set down her gifts, began to cut up the meat in silence, Mr. M. asked her name, but she gave no reply. They asked whether she had any relative, to whom they had perhaps shown kindness, thinking that this would account for her strange generosity; but still she answered not a word. Mr. M. asked her again and again as she went on with her work, to tell him something about herself, but all in vain. At last, when the fire was lighted, and the meat cooking, and her labour of love was done,

what do you think she said? With the tears flowing down her dark face she exclaimed, "I know whose servants ye are, and I love Him who hath told me that he who shall give but a cup of cold water to one of His disciples shall in nowise lose his reward." Her words seemed to glow with the warmth of her love for Christ and those who bear His name; and on asking further questions, it came out that she was the only believer in all those parts, a solitary light in a dark place, a lonely disciple of the Lord Jesus Christ. How do you think her faith was sustained in that wild heathen place, where all around her, "hateful, and hating one another," worshipped idols? Drawing from her bosom a Testament, and holding it up, she said, "That is the fountain from which I drink; that it is which keeps my lamp burning in this dark place." How strongly this reminds us, dear little reader, of the words of the Apostle Paul, "I commend you to God and the word of His grace, which is able to build you up, and to give you an inheritance among them that are sanctified" (Acts xx.). And when we think of that lonely believer in Jesus "kept by the power of faith unto salvation," and showing forth the strength of her love to His name in the labour of love I have described, how much it should make you value the many blessings you enjoy, the books you have, the Christian friends around you! blessings she had never known.

But are you as ready to do good as she was?

See her hurrying down the hill to meet the famished, fainting travellers, bringing forth the best she had to feed and nourish them, because they belonged to Christ! How beautiful is the grace of God, thus seen shining out from those in whom His blessed Spirit dwells! Do you admire this lonely disciple in the African wilderness? If soif you are a believer in Jesus, "Go thou and do likewise." You may not have legs of mutton and vessels of milk to give away, but there are a thousand ways in which you may "do good and communicate" if you have the heart for it; if you really wish to glorify that worthy "name by the which you are called." Ask Him to show you, and you will not pass a day without doing something that will show forth your love to His name.

# "SUFFER LITTLE CHILDREN TO COME UNTO ME." (Luke xviii. 16.)

A SHORT time ago, a little girl, about eight or nine years of age, the child of poor parents, was seized with an illness from which she never recovered. In the time of her health, a kind gentleman, who had taken an interest in her, had spoken to her of the sweetness and blessedness of the name of Jesus, the Saviour of sinners. He had also given her little books and some hymns for children, and the good seed which he had thus sown was not lost or thrown away, but bore

# "SUFFER LITTLE CHILDREN TO COME UNTO ME." 19

precious fruit, to the praise of Him from whom it came and to whom it returned. The child, shortly before her departure from this world, said to her mother, "I want to go to Jesus." "Well, dear," replied the mother, "Why don't you pray?" "I can't," said the child. "You pray for me, mother." "My dear, I can't. Can't you say, 'Our Father?" (by which she meant the prayer which the Lord taught His disciples.) "No, mother; that won't do." Presently she said, "Mother, will you read 'Gentle Jesus' to me?" The mother then commenced reading the well-known hymn—

"Gentle Jesus, meek and mild, Look upon a little child; Pity my simplicity; Suffer me to come to Thee."

When the mother had read the first verse the child asked her to read it again, and also the third time. She then said, "That will do," and, putting her hands in an attitude of supplication, and, looking upwards, she said softly, "Suffer me to come to Thee," and fell back on her pillow and expired.

Is not this beautiful? See how the Lord blest the sowing of a few simple words of truth in the heart of this child; how He watered them by His Spirit, and revealed Himself to her soul! And how tenderly He helped her to a suitable expression, in her last moments, of the want of her heart; "to be with Jesus." Surely she departed to be with Himself, and being "absent from the body" is "present

with the Lord." "Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings Thou hast perfected praise."

Dear child. Is the desire of your heart to be with Jesus? Think of His love in dying for us. Remember His gracious words, "Suffer little children, and forbid them not, to come unto me: for of such is the kingdom of heaven." Think of Him above in heaven, willing and waiting to receive in the arms of His love every one that wishes to find a home and resting-place there. Would you not like to be with Him, and to dwell with Him in holiness and happiness for ever? Oh, then, believe in His love. Go to Him as the Saviour of your soul now; and He will keep you and care for you during the short time that you remain in this world; and then take you to be with Himself for ever. Т.

# "BEHOLD, HE COMETH."

THE writer was speaking the other day with a believer in the Lord Jesus Christ on the coming of the Lord for His saints. He had been hearing some lectures on prophecy which showed how near the day of the Lord is. Now, we know that the Lord Jesus Christ will come for His saints before the day; therefore, if the day is near, His coming, as the "Morning Star," must be still more near. If you have ever watched through the night, you may have noticed that before the day breaks the

morning star is seen glittering brightly in the sky. Thus, Christ is called "The Bright and Morning Star" (Rev. xxii. 16), because He comes to His saints before the day breaks in judgment on the world. "For the Lord Himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel and the trump of God: and the dead in Christ shall rise first, then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds to meet the Lord in the air" (1 Thes. iv.). Those few little words "in the air" have been overlooked by a great many people. think the Lord will come at once to the earth; but, you see, it says, "in the air," and that we meet Him there! Now, when we who have believed are gone, God begins to deal in righteousness with a Christ-rejecting world; and then, after a while, the Lord comes with His saints to execute judgment (Jude 15). But, between their being caught away to meet Him in the air, and His coming with them to the earth, many things have to take place, so that some time must elapse between these two stages of His coming. Therefore, if the word of prophecy shows that the "day of the Lord" is near, how much nearer must the moment be when the saints are caught away? Now, this was what that believer felt, and he felt it so much that he said very solemnly, "I seem like one who has packed up everything, and is just going to move away. I don't want to touch anything. All is ready, and I am just taking my last look round before I go;"

and, suiting the action to the word, as he stood in the street of a country town, he gazed round about him, as if he was then and there actually taking his "last look round" before departing to be "for ever with the Lord." His manner of doing it was so very natural, that it was quite clear he felt exactly what he said, and the writer could not help thinking what a happy thing it would be if every believer just felt as this one did. Do you? Are you "like one who has packed up everything," so that your hands are free "to serve the living and true God," while you "wait for His Son from heaven"? Are you so loosened from the world that you "don't want to touch anything" that is "of the world." As a pilgrim and a stranger who has no place here, do you seem as if taking your "last look round" before you "move away"

# "On clouds to meet Him in the air,"

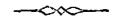
who, to fit us for the Father's house, "was delivered for our offences, and raised again for our justification"? He has trodden "the path of life" before us right up into the glory; and before He went He said, "I will come again and receive you unto myself, that where I am there ye may be also" (John xiv.). What a joy to see Him who, "having loved His own that were in the world, loved them unto the end," right through everything, down to death itself!

Oh, that our hearts were so set upon *Himself*, that we really longed to see Him, while waiting patiently

for the blessed moment! A mother who has been long parted from an only child, and hears that he is coming home in a ship from a far distant land, keeps thinking of his coming all day long. He is never out of her mind for a moment. Whatever she is doing, she keeps thinking of the moment when she shall see him. She may be very patient about it, but she so wants to see him, and can't forget that he is coming. Why? Because she loves him.

So it would be with us, dear reader, if our hearts were rightly constrained by the love of Christ for us. I hope you know His love? If not, His coming has no joy in it for you. O may you be drawn to Him by the Spirit's power through the truth! Did He not come into the world to save sinners? Yes; He died for the ungodly once. And now He is coming to judge a Christ-rejecting world! Would you not rather be with Him when He comes than here on earth among those whom He comes to judge? Well, then, only look to Him now, and believe in Him, and you shall be shortly caught up to Him, happy for ever.

I would not work my soul to save,
For that my Lord has done;
But I would work like any slave,
From love to God's dear Son.
Rom. iii. 28; Titus i. 11-14.



# DICTIONARY OF THE BIBLE.

(Continued from Vol. xiii., p. 331.)

Ba'al (lord, possessor), the name of the principal god of the Zidonians and Phænicians. His service was always connected with that of Ashtaroth, and the chief seats of worship were Tyre and Sidon. Altars to Baal were commonly built on roofs of houses, tops of mountains, and other raised places; and his priests and prophets were very numerous (1 Kings xviii. 19-25; 2 Kings x. 19, &c.). Incense was offered to him, and oxen and even poor little children were sacrificed (2 Kings xxiii. 5; 1 Kings xviii. 23, &c.; Jer. xix. 5). I Kings xviii. we read of his priests cutting themselves with knives and lancets because their prayers were not answered. Homage was paid to him by bowing the knee and kissing his image (1 Kings xix. 18), as to kiss was an act of worship (Psalm ii. 12; comp. Hosea xiii. 2). It was customary also to swear by the name of Baal, just as the Romans used to swear by the name of Jove or Jupiter (Jer. xii. 16).

From the days of the Judges to the Babylonish captivity, the people of Israel were continually guilty of the worship of this idol, which, together with that of Ash'taroth, seems to have prevailed throughout the world, and exists to this day in China. It is really the idolatry of the sun and moon under these and other names. (See Ash TAROTH.) Baalim is the *plural* of Baal. On a

cylinder found among the rubbish at the foot of the Great Bulls of Konyunjik, a king is represented worshipping before a sacred tree, over which is the usual figure of Baal with three heads instead of one. This appears to be the "Baalim and Asherah" of the Scriptures.

Ba'al Be'rith (lord of the covenant) was a god of the Canaanites, whom the Israelites wickedly substituted for Jehovah as soon "as Gideon was dead" (Judges viii. 33, ix. 4, 46).

Ba'al Pe'or (lord of Mount Peor) seems to have been the chief idol of Moab (Numb. xxv. 1—9; Deut. iv. 3; Josh. xxii. 17; Psalm cvi. 28; Hos. ix. 10), and also of the Midianites (Numb. xxxi. 15, 16).

Ba'al-ze'bub (fly-lord, or, as Josephus renders it, "the god-fly") was the idol of the Philistines of Ekron (2 Kings i.). It is said that the Hottentots of South Africa pay homage to a similar god, a kind of fly peculiar to the regions in which they live. It is described as being about the size of a child's little finger; the back is green, and the belly sprinkled with white and red. It has two wings, and on its head a pair of horns. Whenever they see this fly, they gather round it, singing and dancing, sacrifice two sheep, and sprinkle the powder of Bachu over everything around the spot where it has alighted, even on the tops of the houses, fully believing that its visit brings prosperity to the inhabitants of the kraal or village. The name of Baal is frequently found as a kind of

prefix to the names of places, as Baal-zephon, Baal-hermon, Baal-gad. In these cases it is supposed to mean the place which possesses, which is the abode of the thing signified, as Baal-zephon, the place of Zephon, &c.

Ba'alah (mistress), called Baale (2 Sam. vi. 2), and Kirjath-Baal (city of Baal, Josh. xv. 60), a city in the tribe of Judah. Baalah is also the name of a town called elsewhere Balah and Bilhah, once situated in the tribe of Simeon, but the site of which is now unknown (Josh. xv. 29, xix. 3; 1 Chron. iv. 29).

Ba'alath, a town in the tribe of Dan (Josh. xix. 44; 1 Kings ix. 18).

Ba'alath-be'er (mistress of, or having a well), supposed to be the same as the Baal of 1 Chron. iv. 33; a city of Simeon called Ramoth-nigel, or South Ramoth (Josh. xix. 8; 1 Sam. xxx. 27). The site is unknown.

Ba'al-gad (possessor of fortunes, or of the idol Gad), a very old city situated under Mount Hermon, in Coele-Syria (Hollow Syria), or in the valley of Lebanon (Josh. xi. 17, xii. 7, xiii. 5). Coele-Syria is that great plain enclosed between Lebanon and Anti-lebanon, and now commonly known as the plain or valley of Baalbek, and supposed to be the same as "the plain of Aven" (Amos i. 5), which derived its name from the worship of idols (see Aven and Coele-Syria). Ruins of ancient heathen temples abound on the slopes of Anti-lebanon, and just where a small valley opens on

to the plain are found the ruins of an ancient city, which the natives call Baalbec, said to be the same in meaning as the Heliopolis, or Sun city of the Greeks, and once famous for a splendid temple to the Sun, some fragments of which still remain. In all these ruins a silent testimony is borne to the terrible apostacy of Israel, to the long-suffering of Jehovah, and the truth of the Scriptures.

Ba'al-Gur (2 Chron. xxvi. 7), supposed to have been situated in Arabia Petraea.

Ba'al-Ham'on (Cant. viii. 11).—There was a Hamon in Asher, which is supposed to have been the Baal-Hamon of Solomon's Song (Josh. xix. 28).

Ba'al-Hazor, where Absalom kept his flocks (2 Sam. xiii. 23).—It was near a city called Ephraim in the tribe of Judah (2 Chron. xiii. 19; John xi. 54).

Ba'al-Hermon (1 Chron. v. 23; Judges iii. 3) seems to have been near Baal-gad, if not the same city.

Ba'al-Me'on, or Beth-Meon, and Beth-Baal-Meon (Numb. xxxii. 38; 1 Chron. v. 8; Jer. xlviii. 23). a town in the tribe of Reuben, beyond Jordan, but possessed by the Moabites in the days of Ezekiel (xxv. 9).

Ba'al-Pe'razim (place of breaches), a name given by David to a place in the valley of Rephaim, or near it (2 Sam. v. 20; 1 Chron. xiv. 11.

Ba'al-Shal'isha (2 Kings iv. 42), in the district of Shalisha (1 Sam. ix. 4).

(To be continued in the February Number.)

#### GENESIS I.

IT was enough that God should say, "Let there be light!"

That wondrous thing He then called Day, The darkness, Night;

And, first, as last, His work all lay Good in His sight.

The second day, at God's command,
The firmament behold!

Above, below, the waters stand, Divided and controlled

By Him whose great Almighty hand Created all of old.

The third day, while the gathered sea Receives its bounds by God's decree, The firm dry land appears; Then, lo! where all had barren been, A lovely robe of varied green The silent desert cheers.

The fourth day tells of glories bright, The sun ordained the day to light, And lesser moon to rule the night. What mighty works of God they are, As also every beauteous star That shineth in the heaven afar!

Fresh wonders still the fifth day's record brings,
At God's creative word,
By multitudes of moving, living things
Is the vast ocean stirred;
While through the firmament on upward wings
Speeds many a joyous bird.

And still surpassing wisdom, power, and love,

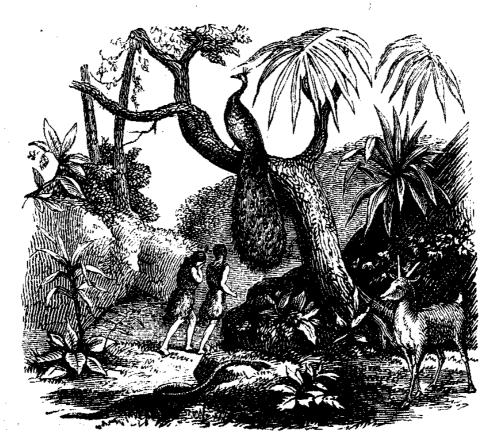
The sixth day gives to faith's adoring view;

What varied forms on earth to live and move,

Each after its own kind, each perfect too!

And man, as ruler, in God's image made,

Stands in His presence, and is not afraid.



#### GENESIS II. 1-3; GENESIS III.

Finished His works, the seventh day God did rest,
Himself the blessed God—His creatures blest!
How beautiful the earth! No sin, no stain,
No thorn, no curse, no sorrow there, nor pain,
Alas! man fell: though "good," a creature ne'er could stand
Except as evermore upheld by God's own hand.

A subtle enemy had ruin wrought,—
Yes, man's eternal ruin he had sought;
But, though he seemed to triumph for awhile,
God's purpose was poor man to reconcile.
The cross unfolds His way (our thoughts so far above!),
Declares God's righteousness, and manifests His love.

Behold the second man, the Lord from heaven!
In Him is life eternal, freely given;
Through faith in Him the sinner's bonds are riven,
And man in Christ is raised from earth to heaven.
Nor this alone—for soon creation's self shall be
All reconciled, new-made, from sin and sorrow free,
And God with men shall dwell through all eternity!

#### THE DAISY AND THE THISTLE.

In a dry dyke, by a green hedge-side, a tall and stately thistle threw its prickly leaves abroad, proud of its armed stem and party-coloured coronet; and just beyond his shadow a wild daisy grew, but so low down among the grass and herbage of the hedge-bottom, that little more beside its crimson-tipped and golden florets could be seen peeping out to get a glimpse of the fading light of an autumn day. The birds were carolling their evening song, and the dews were beginning to fall. The day had been so very hot and sultry that many a wild flower hung its head, waiting till the rising mist should condense and refresh its weary petals. Even the old thistle felt the power of the heat, and, though he would rather . break than bend, his head, usually so erect, drooped a little in spite of himself.

The Daisy alone looked brightly up, all sparkling in the dew that had already settled on her little rounded leaves and tiny stem, and altogether she seemed happier than her neighbours. And well she might, for, nestling there, she had not felt the heat as they had, and was first to get the dew. Many of them looked worn and faded, while some, indeed, had lost their blossoms altogether; but hers were fresh and blooming, for she had died and risen again since first in early spring-time she had decked that grassy dyke; and ever since then the sole occupation of the little

daisy seemed to be to bask in the light and watch From the moment that the twitter of the sun. the birds announced his rising, until he set, her gaze was ever on him, and when at last he sank in the western horizon, she closed her golden As to the eye and folded her florets to rest. Thistle, he had stood there all through the spring and summer time, growing only more firmly rooted in the earth, more rough and thorny, more stern and proud (Job xxiv. 13), often soiled with summer dust and rustling harshly in the summer wind as though wrestling with it (Isa. xlv. 9); but the breeze had never bent his head, though it had sometimes disarranged his thorny panoply and broken some of his leaves. The little daisy, half hidden in the herbage, looked by contrast so very small and lowly that he had never deigned to know that she was there; but the extreme heat of the day that was now closing in had for the moment rather humbled him. At all events, on this. autumn evening his head was not quite so erect as it was wont to be, and perhaps it was owing to this that he happened to catch sight of the daisy, gazing, as usual, at the setting sun as he gilded the west with his golden rays and turned the diamond dewdrops on her leaves into rainbow colours.

"You seem to think that an object worth looking at," sneered the Thistle; and there was a harsh rustle in his husky voice, as the evening wind stirred his dry prickly leaves, that was not at all

pleasant. The daisy at first did not hear him, so intent was she in looking at the setting sun; but the remark being repeated in a louder tone, she quietly replied, "He is my object" (Phil. i. 21).

"Well, I should think you must know him by this time?" grumbled the Thistle.

"I am glad to say I do," replied the Daisy; "and wish to know him more" (Phil. iii. 8—10).

"For my own part," rustled the Thistle, "I am not sorry to be rid of him" (John vii. 7).

"Yet you owe everything to him" (Gen. viii. 20—22), said the Daisy.

The Thistle had an idea that his present drooping and exhausted condition was owing to him (Job xxxiv. 26, 27), but he did not say so, for he was too proud to own that anything was too much for his strength and armed resistance; so he lifted his head a little higher as the dews began to fall more copiously, and said nothing.

"Where should we be without the light and heat his rays afford?" continued the Daisy. "How should we look in perpetual cold and darkness? Yellow, sickly, 'without form, and void' of all beauty and colour! Indeed, I question whether we should be alive at all" (Gen. i. 1, 2; John i. 1—3).

"Pooh! pooh!" cried the Thistle; "those are your opinions, but not mine. Such notions may suit poor grovelling things like you, but I prefer to depend upon myself. My own industry has gotten me the growth and strength I have" (Isa.

x. 13); and, refreshed by the evening dews, his prickly leaves expanded, his stem grew stiffer, and he drew himself up more proudly than before.

"And yet," said the Daisy, gently, "the dews you drink, the food you feed upon, are owing to him; his power gave you birth and has sustained you ever since (Col. i. 16), and to his rays you are indebted for the colours that deck your coronet."

"You are insolent!" cried the angry Thistle, bristling in every leaf, and looking as if he would willingly impale the Daisy on his thorns. that you are beneath contempt, I would teach you to be more sparing of your words. You don't owe much, I fancy, to the rays you talk so much about," he added, in a taunting tone. "I should think they seldom reach you grovelling there, and hardly able to lift your head above the dirt. sun's light and heat have not done you much good. I wonder you seem so fond of him, considering the little benefit you appear to have received. If you were tall and majestic, armed and ornamented as I am, you might have something to show in favour of your "object" as you call him; but as it is, the less you say the better;" and as the Thistle looked on the lowly Daisy, whose tiny head was hardly to be seen in the fading light above the dewy grass, he laughed outright.

"I am content with my lot, and all I ask or care for here is to look unhindered on him to whom I owe all I have and all I am" (2 Cor. iii. 18); and the Daisy turned to gaze once more upon

the setting sun as he threw his farewell rays upon wood and wold, and changed their autumn tints into a flood of glory (2 Cor. iv. 6).

Like the Daisy in the fable, the believer in Christ has died and risen again (Rom. vi.; Eph. ii.); and, as the Daisy takes its name\* from its well-known habit of keeping its floral head ever turned towards the sun from morn till night, so should the believer seek to live in ceaseless communion with Him who loved him and gave Himself for him (Gal. ii. 20). Like the Daisy, too, he may be lowly and despised, for "it doth not yet appear what we shall be"—it is not yet manifested; but it will be presently, when He shall appear, who is our life. Then we shall be like Him, and shall appear with Him in glory. In the meantime, our place is that which Mary chose (Luke x. 39) and John enjoyed (John xiii. 23).

Like the Thistle, "the fool hath said in his heart, There is no God." All his ways are marked by this, for "God is not in all his thoughts" (Job xxi. 6—18; Luke xii. 16, xvi. 19). But "God shall judge the wicked," and not the openly wicked only, but all who are not in Christ. "They that are in the flesh" (they that have not died and risen again in Christ) "cannot please God." Reader, to which class do you belong? Have you come to Christ? If not, you are yet "in the flesh," and "the mind of the flesh is enmity against God."

J. L. K

<sup>\*</sup> Day's Eye.—Chaucer.



### MISSIONARY WORK IN CHINA.\*

Che Hwang-te has been called the Napoleon of China, and there is a great resemblance between the characters of the two men. Both were remarkable for their energy, skill, and thirst for self-glory and renown. The next dynasty was that of Han, said to have been founded by Kaoutsoo, a military commander, who took possession of the capital, and who used the soldiers placed under his authority to establish his own claim to the throne. The date of his accession to the government is placed at 205 B.C., and this is reckoned as the commencement of modern Chinese history.

The Han dynasty is distinguished for the number of heroic warriors and noted writers who lived at the time of its rule, and to this day the Chinese delight in calling themselves "sons of Han." The first fourteen princes of the Han dynasty reigned in Shense, but Kwangwoo (the 15th) removed the capital to Lohyang, in Honan, for which reason he and those who reigned after him are called the eastern Han dynasty. Ming was the next after Kwangwoo; and to him it is owing that another religion called Buddhism was brought into China, A.D. 66. The founder of this sect, Sakya Mini Buddha, is said to have been born in Magadha in South Bahar, about B.C. 1027. The aim of this foolish man all through his miserable life was to destroy all natural feeling in himself, and thus become, as he considered it, perfect. After living a hermit's life among the hills for sixteen years, he succeeded in completely stultifying himself; and then at last was, as his deluded disciples pretend, "absorbed into nothing," which they consider the highest bliss. How strange it sounds to call that happiness which consists in being wholly destroyed and becoming extinct! yet to an evil conscience it were better not to exist than to face the judgment to come. know the Lord said of Judas, "Good were it for that man if he had not been born." there are those even in our own country who teach what they call the doctrine of annihilation, and try to persuade themselves and others that it is

true, because they "love darkness rather than light because their deeds are evil," and so "will not come unto Christ that they might have life." But God has said, "It is appointed unto men once to die, and after this THE JUDGMENT;" and there is no escape, whatever men may think or teach, except in Christ.

Well, the religion of Buddha was, as I have said, brought into China through Ming, who, hearing of "the holy man of the west," sent messengers to India to find him, and they came back bringing the books and priests of Buddha. This was in A.D. 66, or just about the time when the labours of that dear servant of Christ, the Apostle Paul, were closing. What a complete contrast there is, dear reader, between the wretched prospect set before the poor Buddhist and that of the Apostle of "the Gospel of the glory!" How refreshing, in the face of all the rubbish of these vain philosophers, to read his closing words: "I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day: and not to me only, but unto all them also that love His appearing"! (2 Tim. iv. 6—8).

<sup>\*</sup> An extract from "China and the Chinese," now on sale, price One Shilling.



#### THE HISTORY OF A BIBLE.

WHEN I was a very little child, my grandmother, who was a Roman Catholic, gave me my first lessons on religion out of a large French pictorial Bible, which was given to my mother, and which she made good use of, by God's grace, as, some time before my lessons began, she died in peace, trusting in Jesus only. As I could not then read, my grandmother explained the pictures, and told me the stories of the Bible so beautifully, that I was delighted with them. After some years one of my grand-aunts, who was a very devout Roman Catholic, asked me, as a favour, to lend her my pictorial Bible for the rest of her life. She read it constantly. and to such purpose, that when she came to die, she also, to the astonishment of her friends, left this world joyfully and triumphantly, saying she was going to a better land, to be with Jesus.

The Bible then lay comparatively useless for a few years; but one day I received a letter from my cousin in Canada, saying that his children had begged of him to lend them my Bible, which he had charge of, and that they were so interested in its contents, that he hoped I would not object to their having it. I wrote at once, to say that I begged he would accept it as a remembrance from me, and that I trusted the old pictorial Bible might be blessed to all their souls, and bring them to a true and saving knowledge of the Lord Jesus. As my cousin was a devout Roman Catholic, I felt it a privilege and duty to offer it to him.

# SCHOOLS FOR THE BLIND AND LAME IN SYRIA. 39

The lessons I was taught as a child out of that old book were the first that interested me in the things of God. When I grew older, I began to search for myself, and afterwards, by His grace, I was induced to try and make known to the Italian navvies and soldiers the blessed truths which are able to make wise unto salvation, through faith which in Christ Jesus (2 Tim. iii. 15).

## SCHOOLS FOR THE BLIND AND LAME IN SYRIA.

There are a great many blind people in Syria and the Holy Land, as there were when Jesus Christ was upon earth. A gentleman and lady, named Mr. and Mrs. M——, have set up a school for them in Beyrout, near Mount Lebanon. Here they learn to read, not with their eyes, but with their fingers.

The lady writes as follows concerning this school:

—"We have, in the Blind School, a few young people who are learning English: one among them especially, the young man Ghandoor Zeytoon, has, from the first, shown a thirst for the Word of God, such as I have very seldom seen. He is now able to instruct other blind persons with ease, and his knowledge of English is very fair. He is desirous to be baptized, and is evidently in earnest. There are six or seven in the English class; they also learn to sing some of our sweet English hymns, which are printed for them in the raised character

by Ghandoor. When any of the blind scholars leave, they are presented with a copy of one of the Gospels. I was lately in Hashbeya, near Mount Hermon, and was delighted to find a poor blind orphan boy who had learnt with us, and was teaching a few poor blind people in his native village.

"At the same place there is a school for the The porter of this Cripples' School, a poor black man, who has lost both his legs, has learnt to read, and is deeply interested in the study of the Bible. Some weeks ago he was seated in the class by the side of a Moslem man, and both were busily reading the Bible together, when another Moslem came in, and, seeing how his fellow was engaged, he ran in anger on poor lame Saleem, and struck him so violently several times upon the face that the blood came. Saleem, it appears, did not retaliate, but mildly rebuked him. master interfered, and the Moslem intruder was turned out of the school. About ten days after, he came up to Saleem, and told him that he had been daily expecting the soldiers to come and arrest him for the assault; 'but,' continued he, 'your patience and meekness have won my heart, and I now sincerely beg your forgiveness, and I want to learn to read that book which has given you such a quiet spirit.' And there he now sits, night after night, learning to read the Word of God."

"The Gospel of Christ is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth" (Rom. i. 16).

#### THE BEST BOOK.

#### THE BEST BOOK.

I SUPPOSE the little reader of GOOD NEWS will guess at once which book is the best book that ever was written or printed. What the world was without this book we learn from the sixth chapter of Genesis; what it would be now we can see from the state that the Chinese and all other heathen nations are in at the present day. even those countries where the Best Book is kept back by the Romish priests from the great mass of the people show what the world would be without it. Those dreadful scenes, too, of bloodshed, fire, and ruin, which lately took place in one of the first cities of the world, namely, Paris, speak plainly enough. Yet these people consider themselves to be the most refined people in the world! But, then, they do not read the Best Book because their priests teach them to do without it. Well. the first copies of this book that were ever printed in Philadelphia (in America) were published by a Mr. Aitkins, who kept a bookstore in that city. One day, a man called at his shop, and asked whether he had a book by T. P-, a bad infidel work, full of folly and falsehood from one end to the other. Mr. A. told him he had no such book in his store, but that he had another, the best book that had yet been printed in Philadelphia, and that if he would promise to read it, he would lend it him. The man was an infidel, but his curiosity was roused to know what such a book could be

about, and so he promised he would read it. When he had made the promise, Mr. A. brought forth the book; I need hardly tell you it was the Bible, and, on seeing it, the infidel looked disappointed, and smiled in contempt, for infidels are always very full of conceit, and think themselves wiser than all other men. But his own pride of heart constrained him to keep his promise, and so he took the book and left the store, saying he would not break his word.

Time passed on, and Mr. A. had almost forgotten the circumstance, when one day the same man came again. I say the same man, and yet he was not the same. Instead of a gloomy, conceited look, his face now wore a bright and happy smile; instead of being an infidel, he was now a believer. Full of joy, he warmly thanked Mr. A. for what he had done, and told him that he was now what infidelity could never make him—a happy man; for, in reading the Best Book, he had found out his need as a lost sinner, and, "taught of God," had come to Christ and received forgiveness through His precious blood, and everlasting life in Him. Will not that man have cause to say throughout eternity that the Bible is the Best Book?

But do you know it to be so? Has the Word led you to Christ? If it has, I hope you will prize it greatly, read it often, and so "let the word of Christ dwell in you richly." Then you will be a happy and fruitful little believer.

J. L. K.



ONLY ONCE.

My little girl, one day, had a flower, which she seemed disposed to pull to pieces. One pretty bud she was just about to break off the stem, when I stopped her, and told her it was God who made it grow on the stalk, and if she pulled it off, she could not put it on again. She then asked me if *God* could not put it on again, but I told her He had put it on

once, which was enough, and if she broke it off, it must remain so. Did you ever think, dear children, there are many things God does once that He never does again? It is a solemn thought, that every moment of our life is only given to us once, and, if not used for the right purpose, we can never bring it back to make it right. We have come into the world once, and it is appointed unto men, and children, too, "once to die."\* If your life is wasted, and you die without having heard the voice of Jesus, the "Good Shepherd," and become His sheep, you can never come back to hear about The blessed Lord Jesus "was once Him again. offered to bear the sins of many" (Heb. ix. 28). If He did not fully bear them, and bear the punishment of them, instead of us, they never will be borne, for "there remaineth no more sacrifice for sins." He hath appeared once "to put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself" (Heb. ix. 26). He has "once suffered for sins, the Just for the unjust, that He might bring us to God." If the work is not perfectly done which puts away the sin from God's sight and brings near the sinner into God's favour, it never will be, for "He died unto sin once," and now says, "I am alive for evermore." He will not suffer or die a second time.

"No," you say, "I am sure Jesus will never 'come down to die' again; once was quite enough." And you are right. Once the Son of man "must be lifted up," again He cannot be.

<sup>\*</sup> All Christians will not die (1 Cor. xv. 31).

But are you saved by this offering of the body of Jesus Christ once? your sins put away, and you brought near, into God's family, to know Him as your own Father, and to wait for His dear Son Jesus to come from heaven to receive you unto Himself?

The cry has been made, "Behold! He cometh!" and He will soon come. The cry went forth once, and the next thing was that the Bridegroom came (Matt. xxv.). It was not repeated! "And they that were ready went in with Him; and the door was shut." Shut once, and it could not be opened again. "When once the Master of the house is risen up, and hath shut-to the door," in vain will any knock and think to get it opened a second time.

God has spoken to you more than once about your need of the "great salvation," but the last time will come; perhaps this once is the very last. Then, remember, dear young reader, or old one, it is the blood of Christ that God accepts as blotting out all your sin, if you believe in Him. That has been shed once-for-all, and will never be again. If it is imperfect, it will be so for ever; if perfect, why should you not rest in it now? W. T.

#### THE LITTLE ANGEL.

I TOLD you last month about the lonely disciple in the African village, who showed the power of God's grace and magnified His name by doing good to His servants; and now I want to tell you of another disciple—a very little one—not like the other, in the wild interior of Africa, but in this country; not alone, as the other was, in the midst of the heathen, but living among professing Christians, too many of whom, alas! are little better in their ways than the poor ignorant heathen. see the grace of God is not confined to any country, nor to any circumstances or situation. It can shine in the solitude of the desert, or in the crowd of a great city; in the heart of a poor Hottentot, or of a little English girl: and in both it is the same grace coming from the same source, and giving glory to the same name—the name of the blessed Jesus. Well, one day a person went to see a poor woman whom he was in the habit of visiting, because she was laid up ill in bed, and unable to do anything to earn a living, and therefore obliged to depend on the kindness of any who might come to see her.

On entering the room where she lodged, he was surprised to see a little girl kneeling by the poor woman's bedside, and in the act of praying for her. As he did not wish to disturb the little girl, he would have gone out again, but she, having seen him enter, rose from her knees, and,

colouring to the eyes, hurried out of the room without saying a word.

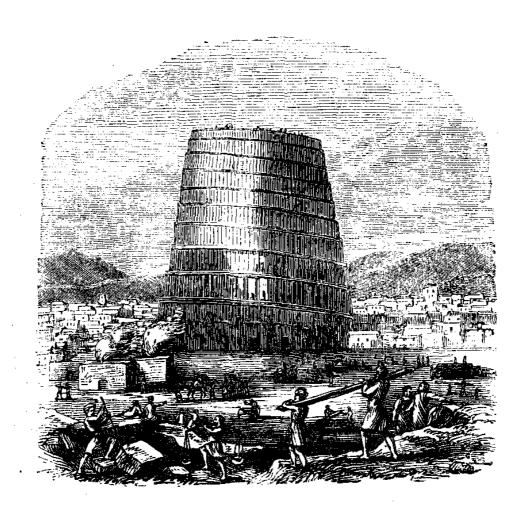
- "Who is that?" asked the stranger, as the child disappeared through the door.
- "That, sir," replied the poor woman, looking up with a grateful smile, "is a little angel."
  - "A little angel?" echoed the visitor.
- "Yes, sir," said the woman. "She comes to me often to read to me about Jesus, and to pray for me: and that is not all. She gives me all her little savings, and has just this moment put sixpence into my hand, which someone had given to her."

Now, dear little reader, an angel is a messenger, and in the Bible it generally means a heavenly messenger. God's angels are "ministering spirits sent forth to minister for them which shall be heirs of salvation." The word also means one who represents or comes in the name of another. don't you think that this dear little one, who went about "ministering" thus to the need of the helpless and destitute, might well be called an angel? In her way she was just as devoted to God's glory as the African woman I have told you of. If she had not a leg of mutton to give, she gave all that she had, and that, you know, is what the Lord commends in the poor widow who cast two mites into the treasury (Mark xii. 41—44). Children like to have playthings and sweets, and I dare say this little girl liked them as much as other children. They also like to have

a game after school hours, and amuse themselves, and no doubt this dear child liked that too; but, you see, instead of buying toys and nice things for herself, she gave every penny she could get to help this poor woman, and, instead of playing with her schoolfellows, she hurried away when school was done to give her only sixpence to one who deeply needed it. What a beautiful lesson to little Christians—ay, and to big ones too! This was real self-denial for the Lord's sake. Those who love the Lord Jesus Christ should represent Him. "He went about doing good." "He gave Himself;" He kept back nothing. Devoted to His Father's glory, He went on right down to death itself, "even the death of the cross." He was, indeed, the heavenly Man, and those that love Him should be heavenly, and not earthly, in all their ways. Thus they would represent Him to all around them, and be His messengers of mercy in word and deed to the wretched and the lost. A little believer in Jesus, walking as He walked, might well be called

"A LITTLE ANGEL."

J. L. K.



### DICTIONARY OF THE BIBLE.

(Continued from p. 27.)

Babel (Tower of), in the land of Shinar, where the descendants of Noah, being of one language, sought to "build a city and a tower, whose top might reach unto heaven," as a gathering-point and centre of union (Gen. xi. 4). Thus, very soon after the flood, men sought to form an association in lawless independence of God, and in the pride of life to make to themselves a name. But the Lord defeated their purpose by confounding their language, so that they could not understand each other's speech, and scattered them abroad upon the face of all the earth. Hence the name

of the place was called Babel, which means Confusion.

The temple of Belus, described by Herodotus, now called Birs Nimrud, is supposed to be the same as the Tower of Babel. It is now a mass of ruins, forming a great mound, with a solid pile of fire-blasted brickwork, twenty-eight feet broad on the top, rent, broken, and vitrified, as if by lightning from heaven. A desert plain surrounds it on every side.

Ba'al-Tamar, near Gibeah in Benjamin (Judges xx. 33).

Ba'al-Zephon, a town on the border of the Red Sea, and belonging to Egypt (Exod. xiv. 2; Numb. xxxiii. 7). Its site is unknown.

Babylon (Heb. Babel), the capital of the province and kingdom of Babylon, situated in a vast plain on the river Euphrates, which divided it into two parts, nearly equal. Its site was near Hillah, about forty miles from Bagdad. Its walls, according to Herodotus, were sixty miles in circumference, in the form of a square, fifteen miles along each side, eighty-seven feet thick, of solid brick and bitumen, 350 feet high, and protected by towers and a vast moat lined with the same material. The river ran through the midst of the city, having walls and gates of brass with steps leading to the water. It was through these gates that Cyrus took the city. They were left open on the night of the festival of Belshazzar (Dan. v.), and Cyrus, having drained the Euphrates into a neighbouring lake,

marched his army along the river bed, and so took the city, after two years' siege, B.C. 538 or 539 (Isa. xliv. 27, 28, xlv. 1; Jer. 50, &c.). The palace of Nebuchadnezzar (Dan. iv. 29) was of immense size and splendour, its outer wall being six miles in circumference, within which were two other embattled walls and a great tower or keep. Three brazen gates led into the court-yard, and the palace itself was decorated with statues and vessels of the precious metals, and furnished with every luxury that could be got together from Egypt, Palestine, Tyre, and other conquered places. An artificial mountain was raised some 400 feet, with terraces one above the other formed into gardens connected by flights of steps and watered from the Euphrates by machinery. These were "the hanging gardens" of Babylon.

The vast mound, now called by the natives Kasr, is supposed to be the remains of this palace. It contains inexhaustible quarries of the finest brick. Four capitals at least are said to have been built from the ruins of Babylon, besides towns, villages, and caravansaries innumerable, for the King of Babylon was "the head of gold," and all other succeeding kingdoms were inferior to his (Dan. ii.).

About 500 B.C. the inhabitants raised an insurrection against their Persian monarch Darius Hystaspis, who punished them by throwing down the walls and gates, and driving them from their homes. From this time the city slowly sank, until in the fourth century after Christ it became

a park or hunting-ground, the walls being kept in repair merely for the preservation of game by the Persian kings. It is now a desolate region covered with great mounds of rubbish furrowed by the rains, where the wandering Arab fears to pitch his tent, believing that evil spirits dwell among the ruins, and where the shepherds cannot fold their flocks on account of the wild beasts that prowl there; in short, its condition is that exactly foretold in Isa. xiii. 19—22. At certain seasons between April and June, many parts lie under water from the overflowing of the Euphrates.

Babylo'nia, called also Chaldea, a province of middle Asia, bounded on the north by Mesopotamia, on the south by the Persian Gulf, on the east by the Tigris, and on the west by the Arabian Desert. It was once very fruitful in corn and palms, but is now a vast waste, though there is still some cultivation, and flocks are pastured on its coarse grasses.

To defend this once fruitful region from attack, a wall, called the Median Wall, was built between the rivers Euphrates and Tigris northward from Babylon, where they approach each other. The Babylonians were famous for making perfumes, cloth, and carpets, also for carving in wood and working in precious stones, carrying on a very extensive trade, both by sea and land, with the eastern and western countries.

Nimrod, the son of Cush, seems to have been the founder of the kingdom of Babylon (Gen. x. 8). Other kings mentioned in Scripture are Amraphel, King of Shinar (Gen. xiv. 1); Berodachbaladan, the son of Baladan (2 Kings xx. 12); Nebuchadnezzar (2 Kings xxiv. 1, &c.); Evilmerodach, son of Nebuchadnezzar (2 Kings xxv. 27; Jer. lii. 31); and Belshazzar, his grandson (Dan. v. 1, 30), under whom the empire of Babylon ceased, by the conquest of the Medo-Persians (Dan. v. 31), when "Darius the Median took the kingdom."

Ba'ca (Valley of), mentioned only in Psalm lxxxiv. 6, is supposed to have taken its name from a tree now called Bak by the Arabs, a kind of poplar or aspen.

Badger.—It is doubtful whether the Hebrew word Tachash, translated badger, can mean the animal known in Europe by that name, because the badger has not yet been found in Southern Asia. It is supposed to be the tachaitze, or thacasse, of the Africans, a kind of stag-goat of considerable size, of a slaty and purple-grey colour (Exod. xxv. 5, xxvi. 14, xxxv. 7, 23, xxxvi. 19, xxxix. 34, &c.).

Bahu'rim, a place beyond the Mount of Olives, on the way to Jordan, where Shimei cursed King David (2 Sam. xvi. 5).

Ba'laam (a devouring of the people), a diviner or soothsayer (Josh. xiii. 22), of Pethor, in Mesopotamia (Deut. xxiii. 4), who seems to have had some knowledge of God, but loved the wages of unrighteousness (2 Pet. ii. 15). Balak, the King

of Moab, sent for him to come and curse the people of Israel, but God warned him against going, telling him that the people were blessed (Numb. xxii.). Balak, therefore, sent again "princes more and more honourable" than those he had sent on the first occasion: but Balaam answered them, "If Balak would give me his house full of silver and gold, I cannot go beyond the word of the Lord my God to do less or more." This sounded well, but did not express his real sentiments. He may have feared to go in open disobedience, yet secretly wished to earn the wealth that Balak offered him. Therefore he bade the messengers remain, on pretence of knowing the Lord's mind, which he had already (ver. 12 and 19). God said to him that night, "If the men come to call thee, rise up and go with them," but Balaam, who only wanted some excuse for going, waited not for the men to come and call him, for he "rose up in the morning, and saddled his ass, and went with the princes of Moab" (21). Thus the secret desires of his heart were proved out, and his whole after-course was marked by the effort to obtain "the wages of unrighteousness" under the cloak of religion. Finding he could not curse the people, and knowing they were secure so long as they were faithful to the Lord, he "taught Balak to cast a stumblingblock before the children of Israel" by tempting them to forsake Jehovah, and worship Baal-Peor (Numb. xxv. 3, 4, xxxi. 16), using what little knowledge he had about God for the destruction

of the Lord's people. He was afterwards slain among the enemies of Israel (Numb. xxxi. 8; Josh. xiii. 22), so that, although he had been dismissed in disgrace by Balak, he seems to have returned of his own accord to teach him how to bring about the ruin of Israel (Numb. xxiv. 10, 11, 25).

(To be continued in the March Number.)

#### HYMN FOR THE YOUNG.

CHILDREN once to Israel's King Did their loud hosannas sing: We can raise a sweeter strain To the Lamb that once was slain.

Thou, who now art crown'd above, Once didst die for as in love; Camest from Thy home on high, On the cross for us to die.

Life eternal Thou dost give,
'Tis in Thee we move and live;
Thou dost hold us with Thy hand,
While we tread this desert land.

What a day of joy 'twill be, When we all Thy face shall see; When Thine image we shall bear, And Thy home and glories share.

Till that day, O Shepherd, keep Safely all Thy lambs and sheep; Guard and guide us night and day, Keep us in the narrow way.

Τ.

#### CHRIST THE SHEPHERD.

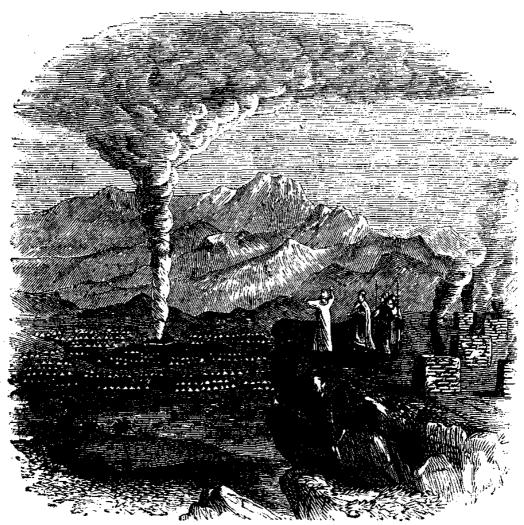
Shepherd of the Father's flock,
To Thine heart so precious,
Shield us from the tempest's shock,
Feed us and refresh us.
Thou our souls dost ever keep,
With an eye unsleeping,
Ev'ry lamb and ev'ry sheep
Watching o'er and keeping.

Thou of shepherds, first and chief,
True and faithful Pastor,
Keep us from the wolf and thief,
Save from each disaster;
Nourish us with tender grass,
Give us heavenly diet,
And by waters, clear as glass,
Grant us holy quiet.

With Thy blood, of worth untold,
Thou in love hast bought us,
And within the heavenly fold
Safe wilt soon have brought us;
Till that day, from ev'ry foe
Thou wilt still defend us,
And in all our wants below,
Graciously attend us.

When Thy sheep no more shall roam,
Safe from snares and dangers,
Gather'd round Thee in Thy home,
Far from foes and strangers,
Then wilt Thou Thyself disclose,
All Thy glories showing,
Joy impart (as they repose),
Deep and overflowing.

T.



BALAAM AND BALAK,

[See rage 77.

#### THE TEACHER TAUGHT.

A LITTLE boy was dying. He had been in the habit of going to a Sunday-school where Jesus was often spoken about by his teacher, and where he was at last brought under a sense of his sinfulness, and his need of Christ. After a time he was taken ill, and for a long while lay on a bed of weariness; but the Lord made it a blessing to him, and he was enabled to believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and to trust Him fully. He believed with all his heart that Jesus had put away all his sins, and, instead of being afraid to die, he was

quite happy to think that in a little while he should see Him that loved him, and gave Himself for him. And now I must say a word or two about the one who had been his Sunday-school teacher, and who had been used as the instrument in the Lord's hands of bringing this little boy to Christ. The teacher, I am sorry to say, had somehow got away from the Lord, and while the little boy was laid aside he had gone sadly astray, and had quite left off teaching in the Sunday-school. He did not know that the little boy was ill, nor that he was converted; nor did he even know that his own teaching had been used to bring the boy to Jesus.

But one day as he was going along the street a Christian friend met him, and asked him to come and see the dying child. Well, he went, and as soon as the little boy saw him, he began to talk to his teacher, and to tell him what a blessing he had been to him, and how he loved Jesus who had saved him for ever. Oh, how ashamed the teacher felt when he heard the words of the dying boy, and felt how he had grieved the Lord in departing from Him, and sinning so against Him. There lay. the child teaching his teacher, and as his gentle rebuke fell on his teacher's ear, he felt as Peter felt when Jesus turned and looked upon him, "and he went out and wept bitterly." Yes, it broke his heart to think of all his sins against his dear Lord, and before he left that house his soul was restored; and thus the little boy was used to bring back to the Good Shepherd a sheep of Christ's flock who

had gone astray, and became the happy little servant of the Lord in restoring one who once had been his teacher, and had taught him the way to Jesus. How wonderful are the ways of the Lord, and how true is that word, "Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings Thou hast ordained praise." See, too, what even a little boy may do when the Lord pleases to use him. If you love the Lord Jesus Christ, would you not like to be used by Him? Well, if you live to Him, think of Him, walk and talk with Him, He will use you to His own glory, as you will surely find "in that day" when you see Him face to face. What a happy day! And it is very near, too: therefore be in earnest, for the time is short, and "whether we live or die, we are the Lord's." J. L. K.

#### THE GIPSY MADE HAPPY.

VERY early on Sunday morning, June 9, 1844, I rose with a desire to inhale the fresh air from the hills of Sherwood, previous to entering on the engagements of my Sunday School. The morning was exceedingly lovely, and recalled to my mind those beautiful lines of Milton:—

"Awake; the morning shines, and the fresh field Calls us; we lose the prime, to mark how spring Our tended plants, how blows the citron grove, What drops the myrrh, and what the balmy reed, How Nature paints her colours, how the bee Sits on the bloom extracting liquid sweet."

I felt a little harassed, and clinging to worldly cares. I struggled in ardent prayer and supplication, that I might be delivered from them, and that I might experience the blessedness of walking in the Spirit that day. I sat down in one of Nature's rural bowers, which was beautifully decorated with wild roses and woodbines, and invited me to stay and "breathe the breath of flowers." I opened the Testament that I held in my hand. I thought the sixth chapter of the Gospel by Matthew presented some useful reading, in connexion with my present state of mind, and the lovely scene by which I was surrounded. I began to read at the twenty-fourth verse, and continued to the end of the chapter.

I felt my mind greatly relieved, and sweetly abstracted from worldly cares and anxieties, while reading this precious portion of Divine truth. arose from my rural bower with joy and renewed faith and strength, and bent my footsteps homeward, not in the same way as I came, but took a circuit towards Mapperley Common. I had not proceeded far when I perceived at some distance, and near to the Common, a gipsy camp. Two females were hanging some clothes on the hedge to dry, which they had been washing. When advancing very slowly towards the camp, these words (2 Timothy, iv. 2), "Be instant in season, out of season," came with great power to my mind. I felt some excitement. I pondered the words over, and wondered what season was alluded to. I was drawing near the camp, and the admonition was repeated. I drew near

the gipsies, and concluded this to be the season—that I must speak to these people. I first addressed a few words to the elder, who appeared to bend beneath the load of seventy years, but I could not understand a word she said in reply. I then made some observations to the other, who seemed to be about seventeen, of very interesting and prepossessing appearance—very tidy, though a little remarkable in her costume. She replied to me in the most modest and becoming manner, yet accompanied with a searching and inquiring countenance, and appeared to be much on her guard. I retired a step or two and inclined to withdraw. girl perceived this; and, finding my conversation chaste, she assumed more confidence, and advanced towards me a few steps. I advanced also. I could not help looking at her very steadfastly, and thought I could perceive the outlines of a consumptive habit and a sinking constitution. I made some inquiries respecting her health; and her answers only served to confirm my suspicion. While making these inquiries, she was tastefully assorting and arranging a bunch of beautiful wild roses, which she held in I observed that these flowers were lively her hand. emblems of man—which brought out the following conversation.

'GIPSY.—Do you think they are?

SUPERINTENDENT.—Yes, most certainly I do, for the Book of God expressly declares of man, that "He cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down; he fleeth also as a shadow, and continueth not" (Job xiv.

- 2). Again the Book of God says, "As for man, his days are as grass: as a flower of the field, so he flourisheth. For the wind passeth over it, and it is gone; and the place thereof shall know it no more" (Psalm ciii. 15, 16).
- G.—Oh, what full and great words! and how true! I never heard such words before.
- S.—They are indeed great words; and my young friend, if I am not greatly mistaken, I fear your own health is sadly drooping, and will soon, very soon, like these flowers, wither and decay.
  - G.—Do you really think so?
- S.—I do indeed think so. Permit me seriously to counsel you
  - "To set your heart on better things
    Than those on earth that bloom;
    The fairest earthly flower that springs
    Will find an early doom.
  - "And though you wander where you will, Believe me, while you live, A something will be wanting still,

This world can never give."

- G.—Oh, what sweet words these are! How they suit my feelings and condition; and how true they are!
- S.—Well, I have the little book with me in which the lines are contained, and as you admire them so much, you shall have it. I have also some other little things, which will afford you some instruction. Here they are—accept them; you are welcome to them all.

- G.—Oh, thank you; you are very kind. I am sure I shall love these little books. I am so glad you spoke to me. I have been very unhappy a long time; but I have never said as much to any one before.
- S.—Your present mode of life, I think, is not the best to make you happy.
- G.—Nor any other. It is not my being a gipsy that makes me unhappy. I feel as if no condition in the world could make me happy. I have no desires after the world; indeed, my heart and feelings are dead to the world. I have never before opened my heart to any one in this way.
- S.—May I be allowed to ask what it is that makes you unhappy, and dead to the world?
- G.—Oh, it will make me sorry and ashamed to tell you: but I will tell you. I am wicked. I feel very wrong. I am sure, were I to die, according to my feelings, I could not be with God, for God cannot be wicked. It is true that I am a very dark and ignorant girl, and know very little of what people call religion.
- S.—My dear young friend, take encouragement. God has taught you much, and is teaching you now; and I believe and am persuaded, that He will in a short time reveal Himself unto your soul, as a God of love and mercy through Jesus Christ. Almost everybody will confess that he is a sinner, and wicked; but I am afraid very few are unhappy, or have any godly sorrow in consequence thereof. You say you are dark, and know but little about

religion. I rejoice that you know so much. God has already caused the light to shine upon your understanding, which makes manifest your darkness, and leads you to lament and deplore your ignorance and condition: and therefore you should be encouraged. Your knowledge of heavenly things will increase, "as the shining light that shineth more and more unto the perfect day." May I ask, do you ever feel a disposition to pray?

G.—I really do not know how to answer that question. If at any moment I feel a little happy, or anything like prayer in my heart, it is when I am all alone, and looking up at the blue sky, and thinking about the great God that made me and all I see. I think I should like to know more about Him, and to love Him, and to be with Him, and to tell Him all I feel; but I cannot think this is prayer.

S.—My dear young woman, I am happy to hear you say what you do, and to inform you that there is prayer in what you say.

"Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered or unexpressed;
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.

Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear,
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.

Prayer is the simplest form of speech That infant lips can try; Prayer the sublimest strains that reach, The Majesty on high."

- G.—That is very pretty. What you say does make me so very lightsome.
- S.—You admire the streams, and they are sweet, but let me lead you to the fountain itself. "Likewise the Spirit also helpeth our infirmities: for we know not what we should pray for as we ought: but the Spirit itself maketh intercession for us with groanings which cannot be uttered" (Romans viii. 26).
- G.—That is very encouraging, and makes me feel very lightsome and blithe. Oh, how surprising these things are to me! I am so glad you spoke to me.
- S.—I am pleased also. Permit me to read a very encouraging word to every poor broken-hearted sinner, "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest" (Matt. xi. 28). It is Jesus Christ, God's Son, that gives the invitation; and it is addressed to all such poor, heavy-laden, sin-burdened creatures as you feel yourself to be. Jesus encourages us to come to Him, and to rest upon Him, as our only Refuge; and to confide in Him as the Rock of our salvation. Jesus Christ is the good Shepherd of the sheep, who goeth into the wilderness, seeking out and bringing back that which was lost.
- G.—Oh, they are very sweet words, and full of comfort. I am so glad!

(To be continued.)

#### "THEY PARTED MY GARMENTS."

MATT. XXVII. 28; JOHN XIX. 23.

"THE naughty men! They took His coat, they did, and His undercoat, and His hat," said a little one of two summers, as she thought and talked of a picture she had been looking at of the Lord Jesus on the cross, and remembered that He had neither coat, nor overcoat, nor hat, such as her papa wore.

And it is true, dear children. They did strip Jesus before they nailed Him to the cross, and then they parted His clothes among themselves! And one of them had his coat. It was made all in a piece, and they would not tear it, but one of the soldiers had it whole. And Jesus did not stop them. He who was about to suffer the judgment of God and death, that they might enjoy the favour of God and life, did not complain that when they took the rest of His clothes they took His "coat also." But it was just like Jesus to let them do it; to suffer nakedness that they might be clothed. He came to bestow many good things, even on His enemies, but they were evil things that fell to His lot. In His life He went about doing good and healing; here we find Him suffering evil and being wounded! He came to "bind up the broken-hearted;" but of Himself He had to say, "Reproach hath broken my heart" (Psalm lxix. 20). God sent Him, and the Holy Ghost anointed Him, to "preach the gospel to the poor,"

# "THEY PARTED MY GARMENTS."

but none were more poor than He, and no one cared to comfort Him (Psalm lxix. 20). He came to "preach deliverance to the captives," but they "took Jesus, and bound Him" (John xviii. 12). He came "to set at liberty them that are bruised;" but who was ever bruised as He was? Bruised by the seed of the serpent (Gen. iii. 15). Bruised by wicked man, who "scourged" His precious body. Bruised by God! for "it pleased Jehovah to bruise Him, He hath put Him to grief" (Isa. liii. 10). "He was bruised for our iniquities." For our sins, dear little ones, because we had sinned against God, and God hates sin, and must punish it. But God loved us, although we had offended Him, and He gave Jesus, His only Son, whom He loved so much, to "bear the punishment instead." And Jesus loved us, and took our place, to bear the "stripes" that ought to have fallen upon us. And all that was against us as sinners, He bore Himself. He was "led as a lamb to the slaughter," that we might be led as "sons unto glory" (Heb. ii. 10). He was like that good Samaritan in Luke x., who "set on His own beast" the poor Jew who had been garotted, and was willing to walk that stony road himself, to let the poor fellow ride. Jesus "was rich," but He became poor, so poor, that we might be made rich through His poverty. But, more than this, He allowed Himself to be exposed to all the wrath of God against our sin, that we might be sheltered from that wrath, and brought near to Him in love (Eph.

i. 4). Clothed, not in His "coat," nor in a "coat of skin" (Gen. iii. 21); but in the "best robe" of God's own righteousness (Rom. iii. 22). For God, having made Jesus to be a sin-offering for us (2 Cor. v. 21), and having treated Him in judgment (Rom. viii. 3) as we deserved to be treated, He is now "righteous" in forgiving our sins, if we believe in Jesus, and in treating us according to what He deserves. And the blessed God, who loves us, and has given His Son to die for us, does, as it were, put on us a "change of raiment" (Zech. iii. 4), a "wedding garment," which He Himself, holy as He is, will never find fault with, because it comes to us through what His dear Son did on the cross. And God is so well pleased with that work, that "whosoever" comes to Him as nothing better than a poor sinner, but trusting in that "precious blood," is perfectly welcome.

Dear little reader, do not wait till you are a great sinner before you believe in the Lord Jesus. He is a great Saviour, and full of goodness. You cannot be too bad for Him, for His blood cleanseth from all sin (1 John i. 7). And however good you are, or think yourself to be, you need Him for your Saviour, just as much as the worst person you know. And He wants you. He would not let even His disciples drive away such as you, when He was here. And if you are a believer in Him, He will soon take you to dwell with Him for ever (1 Thess. i. 10).

W. T.

## HEART'S-EASE.

## HEART'S-EASE.

MATTHEW xi. 28-30.

THERE is a flower
Which must our admiration claim,
For beauty's dower,
Soft-blended hues and graceful frame;
The "heart's-ease" is its pleasing name.

But though this name
Is pretty for a lovely flower,
Yet who can claim
For aught that's rear'd 'neath sun and shower,
To give heart's-ease the precious power?

There is but One—
A Plant of rare renown and worth—
God's only Son,
And He of heav'n, though once on earth,
Who gives heart's-ease and holy mirth.

God's pleasant Plant!

The Flower of fame and virtues rare!

'Tis He can grant

A soothing balm for ev'ry care,

And fragrance yield beyond compare.

To Him, then, turn.

He calls thee now. The moment seize,
And truly learn

The cure of sin's severe disease,
And find in Him, indeed, heart's-ease.

T.



THE TOWER IN THE ISLE OF MAN.

THERE is a tower in the Isle of Man which is connected with the history of one of the best governors the island ever had. During the civil wars of former days, he was accused to the King of treachery, and was sentenced to death; but his friends made intercession for him, and pardon

was at last granted by the King and sent to the island. Unfortunately for him, this pardon fell into the hands of one who was his most bitter enemy, and he, instead of forwarding it at once, kept it back until it was too late. The day of execution came: the poor governor ascended the scaffold in the tower. No pardon came, and he was hanged! Thus the man who had the pardon in his pocket, and did not show it, was the cause of the governor's death. We don't know whether this governor was guilty of the charge brought against him or not. One thing is quite certain: there was a pardon for him, and he who kept it back was therefore his murderer. I am sure you will feel that this was a shocking thing for this man to do; and yet I fear too many of those who believe in Christ are sometimes guilty of doing that which is very much like the act of this ill-fated governor's enemy. Every believer has, so to speak, a pardon in his pocket for every sinner he meets. "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." But "all have sinned and come short of the glory of God;" therefore, every unconverted person you meet with is a sinner, and needs pardon. Yet every one, no matter how guilty he has been, who believes in the Lord Jesus Christ, is pardoned at once. Does not the Word say so? "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." How solemn to think this pardon is in the hands of everyone that knows the Lord, and yet how many of us keep it back too often! The governor lost his life in the old tower of the Isle of Man, because the pardon was not made known in time to save him; but those that do not get this pardon before they die—those who do not receive the forgiveness Christ has purchased for all who believe, will lose their never-dying souls in the lake of fire (Rev. xx). May this awful thought stir up all who love the Lord Jesus Christ to be more in earnest with all to whom they may have a chance of speaking! There are many ways in which even a child who loves Jesus can show this pardon to those around him. He can shew the power of it in his ways, in his behaviour at all times. If he behaves as a little Christian should, he proves that there is reality in his belief in Christ. He shows that "the love of Christ contrains" him. Surely one who can say "Christ loved me, and gave himself for me" ought to be different to other children: ought he not? And that, not merely by trying to be different, but because he should feel what a wonderful thing it is that Jesus Christ, God's dear son, should love him so much as to have died for him; and also, because every believer has the Spirit of Christ in him, and ought therefore to "walk by the Spirit." Then again, he can show this pardon to others by lending this little book to his little friends, and by

speaking about Jesus to them. I told you in December last about a little child, who, on being asked to write out a list of what she remembered about Jesus, added at the end—"And He is my own dear Saviour." Now I am quite sure her little heart was full, just then, of the love of Christ, and that is the great thing, after all, for a young believer; because you know the old proverb says-"When the heart is full, the mouth will speak," and, you may depend upon it, if you think about Christ and pray to Him, and read about him until your soul is full of His love, you will take every opportunity of showing to others what a Saviour you have in Him, and what a pardon He has brought, at no less a cost than His own heart's J. L. K. blood, for all who will receive it.

#### BIBLE ENIGMA.

Ir every storm outlives,
Rage as the tempests may;
A gift which none but Jesus gives,
Which none can take away.

They cried to Him in dread alarm, He spake the Word, and all was calm. When Israel from their God depart, Zeal for Jehovah fills His heart. How blessed is the Name He bears, Who for His failing people cares. A Word of welcome winged by love From waiting saints to heaven above. Who by the Church's Head are given, As heralds of good news from heaven?

## PRAY FOR YOUR FRIENDS.

A Young man, the son of a farmer, was one day passing along a country road all alone. He knew nothing of Jesus, and, what was worse, he did not want to know Him. He had been spoken to about Christ, but he would not hear, for he "loved the world, and the things that are in the world," and ' so did not wish to come to Jesus. Well, as he was going along the road, he heard a voice near at hand. There was, just by the roadside, a deep dell or pit, surrounded by a dense growth of underwood, and the voice he heard seemed to come from this dell. It sounded like one reading or praying aloud, and he stopped to listen. No other sound broke the stillness, and he could clearly hear every word that was spoken. You may guess how surprised he was when presently he heard his own name pronounced, and, peeping down through the branches of the trees, saw his own brother on his knees, pleading earnestly with God for his conversion. His brother was a believer, and had often tried to persuade him to turn to Jesus, but only to meet with anger and scorn. And now this dear brother had sought out this lonely spot, where, as he had thought, no eye but God's would see him, and no other ear would hear his supplications, and there, all alone in the wilderness with the Lord, able, like Hagar of old, to say, "Thou God seest me," he pleaded for his brother.

> "God moves in a mysterious way, His wonders to perform;"

and, just when this dear child of God was crying to his Father in Heaven, He led the one for whom he prayed to the very spot.

As the poor young man listened to his brother's earnest supplications, he became fixed to the place, while the other, thinking he was all alone with God, told out all his heart, and poured out his complaint in the ears of that gracious One who is never weary of listening to the wants and sorrows of His own. No, never! He knows all about them, "knoweth what things we have need of before we ask Him;" but He loves our confidence, and delights to have us tell Him all. Well, this believer told Him all his sorrow about his brother, and how he wished him to be brought to Jesus; and as the other listened, his brother's love touched his heart. There he stood among the trees on the edge of the wooded dell, listening as word after word fell upon his ear, and went like an arrow to his soul. Before he left that never-to-be-forgotten spot, God had begun His gracious work in his heart, and very soon the brother who had prayed so earnestly for his conversion, had the joy of seeing him a saved sinner, saved by the precious blood of Christ which "cleanseth from all sin." God says so. Do you believe Him? and, if you do, will you not pray for those you love, and try to set Christ before them in word and deed? J. L. K.



## DICTIONARY OF THE BIBLE.

(Continued from p. 55.)

Ba'lak (empty or emptier), son of Zippor, was king over the Moabites in the time of Moses (Numb. xxii., xxiii., and xxiv.). He and his people were so terrified at the near approach of the victorious Israelites, that they sent out elders to Pethor, in Mesopotamia, with a message from Balak to Balaam, the son of Beor, praying him to come over and curse the people (See Balaam).

Balm.—This substance is mentioned in Gen. xxxvii. 25, xliii. 11; Jer. viii. 22, xlvi. 11, li. 8; Ezek. xxvii. 17, as a medicinal aromatic. balm or balsam tree, having been often described by travellers in Arabia, is now pretty well known. It is a middle-sized tree, with a smooth ashcoloured bark and with spreading boughs, which have small thorn-like branches upon them, on which very short branchlets appear, bearing at their ends the leaves and flowers. It produces a kind of pointed berry, from which some kinds of balm are prepared. Sometimes the small twigs are used, as in Egypt and India, from which countries large quantities are exported. But the best way of gathering the balm appears to be by making incisions in the bark in July, August, and the beginning of September, at which times the juice is in its strongest circulation. The quantity of this substance yielded by the balsam-tree is but small, as the reader will well understand, when he is

told that, when Selim in 1516 conquered Egypt and Arabia, three pounds of balm were ordered to be sent yearly as a tribute to Constantinople.

Bar, a Hebrew word, meaning son, which is found in several of the proper names in the New Testament, as Bar-timeus, which means son of the blind, or of Timeus.

Barabbas, a rebel and murderer, and, therefore, condemned both by Roman and Jewish law, but whom the Jews chose to pardon rather than Christ (Matt. xxvii. 16—26; Mark xv. 7—15; Luke xxiii. 18—25; John xviii. 40).

Barak (lightning) was the son of Abinoam, of Kedesh-Naphtali, a city of refuge in Galilee (Josh. xxi. 32). He was summoned by the prophetess Deborah, to take the lead in a revolt against Jabin, King of Canaan, who for twenty years had "mightily oppressed the children of Israel." With 10,000 men of the tribes of Naphtali and Zebulun he fought against the mighty host which Sisera, Jabin's commander-in-chief, had called together, and destroyed them to a man (Judges iv.).

Barbarian.—This term, as used in the New Testament, and by classical writers, seems to denote those nations of the Roman empire speaking any other language than the Grecian or Latin.

Barley was the only grain usually given to cattle and horses, though bread was sometimes made from it for the use of the poorer classes of people. It was planted at the time of the latter or autumnal rains, October—November, and then again in early spring. The first crop was gathered in during the month of Abib (March—April), at the time of the Passover, and this, being the largest crop, is called in Scripture the barley harvest (see Lev. xxiii. 4—21; comp. 1 Cor. v. 7, xv. 23, and Acts ii. 1; James i. 18).

Barnabas (son of prophecy or exhortation) was of the tribe of Levi and a native of Cyprus. His original name was Joses, and he received the surname Barnabas from the apostles. He was an early convert to the Christian faith, as is shown by Acts iv. 36, 37, where his name occurs for the first time. He and Paul were set apart by divine direction (Acts xiii. 2), and hence he is termed an "apostle," or sent one (Acts xiv. 12, 14). After the account, in Acts xv., of his contention with the Apostle Paul, he went to his native island, and his name disappears from the narrative.

Bartholomew (son of Talmai; see 2 Sam. xiii. 37) was one of the apostles of our Lord, and supposed by some to be the same as the Nathanael of John's gospel, because, in the first three gospels, Philip and Bartholomew are always named together, while Nathanael is not mentioned; and in St. John's gospel Philip and Nathanael are so conjoined, while Bartholomew is not spoken of.

Bartimeus (son of Timeus), the blind beggar who sat by the wayside when Jesus and His disciples went out of Jericho, and who, when called, "casting away his garment, rose and came to Jesus,"

saying, "Lord, that I might receive my sight." When the Lord had given him sight, "he followed Jesus in the way" (Mark x. 46—52).

Baruch (blessed), the son of Neriah, of the tribe of Judah (Jer. xxxii. 12), and the friend and scribe of Jeremiah the prophet, to whom he dictated all his prophecies, that he might record them in "a roll of a book," and read them in the ears of the people in the temple. He faithfully performed this duty, and when the King Jehoiakim cut up and burned the roll, he rewrote the whole from Jeremiah's mouth, with additional prophecies (Jer. xxxvi.). Baruch was carried captive with Jeremiah by the rebellious Jews into Egypt, after which we know nothing of his history, except that the Lord had promised that He would give him his "life for a prey" whithersoever he went (Jer. xlv. 5).

Barzillai, a wealthy old man, eighty years of age, an inhabitant of Rogelim in Gilead, who provided King David with sustenance when he fled beyond the Jordan from his son Absolom (see 2 Sam. xvii. 27; xix. 32).

Ba'shan, the region beyond the Jordan, given to the half tribe of Manasseh. The peculiar richness of the soil in this province is often alluded to in the Scriptures, as well as by travellers both in ancient and modern times. The oaks of Bashan are coupled (in Isa. ii. 13; Zech. xi. 2) with the cedars of Lebanon, and the pasturage was so rich that the "strong bulls" and the rams and goats of Bashan were always celebrated (Deut. xxxii. 14;

Ezek. xxxix. 18; Ps. xxii. 12). In the description of Ezek. xxvii., of the glories of proud Tyre, we read (ver. 6), "Of the oaks of Bashan have they made thine oars."

When Og, the King of Bashan, attacked Israel, and was so thoroughly defeated by them, Argob, one of his provinces, contained sixty great cities, all fenced with high walls, gates, and bars, besides unwalled towns a great many (Deut. iii. 4, 5,; 1 Kings iv. 13). These were all taken and possessed by Israel, and all the men, women, and children utterly destroyed. Part of this region is mentioned in Gen. xiv. 5 (compare Josh. xii. 4), and in this region, also, Golan, one of the cities of refuge (Deut. iv. 43), was situated. Solomon appointed "twelve officers over all Israel" to furnish supplies, "each man his month in a year," for the king and his household; to the son of Geber he allotted "the towns of Jair, the son of Manasseh, which are in Gilead," and the region of Argob (1 Kings iv. 7, 13) in Bashan. Towards the close of the reign of Jehu, Hazael, King of Syria, came and smote the Israelites in all their eastern territory, "even Gilead and Bashan" (2 Kings x. 32, 33); but it was recovered by Joash, in three battles, from Ben-hadad his son (2 Kings xiii. 24, 25), as Elisha (ver. 19) had foretold. After the captivity, Bashan became divided into Trachonitis, Auranitis, Gaulanitis, and Batanæa, the latter being only the Latinized form of the original name of the whole region-Bashan. All these provinces were granted by Augustus to Herod the Great, and on his death Batanæa formed a part of Philip's tetrarchy. It next became a part of the empire of Tiberius (A.D. 34); but in A.D. 37 it was given by Caligula to Herod Agrippa, son of Aristobulus (see Acts xii.). From the time of his death, which occurred in A.D. 44, until the year 53 it belonged to the Romans, but it was then restored by Claudius to Agrippa II. (Acts xxv. 13).

Bat (Lev. xi. 19; Deut. xiv. 18; Is. ii. 20).—The Hebrew word (othelaph) implies flying in the dark, which, when the 18th and 19th verses of the 14th of Deuteronomy are connected, as they should be, clearly indicates the kind of animal referred to, and shows our translation to be here correct: "and the bat and every creeping thing that flieth is unclean unto you; they shall not be eaten." At first sight it might appear incredible or strange that so small, lean, and repugnant an animal should have been mentioned in a list of rules concerning food; but it cannot be doubted that the bat, or some animal closely allied to it, is referred to, and it is worthy of notice that, in the great Australasian islands, the Pteropi, a kind of harpi called by English seamen the "flying-dog," is used as an article of food by the natives to this day.

Bath-sheba (daughter of oath), or Bath-shua (daughter of help or salvation), the wife of Uriah, and afterwards of David, was a daughter of Eliam or Ammiel, and a granddaughter of Ahithophel

(2 Sam. xi. 3; 1 Chron. iii. 5). Her name also occurs in Matthew's genealogy of Christ (ch. i. 6), and in 1 Chron. iii. 5, and 1 Kings ii. 19.

Bdel'lium (Heb. bedolach) is twice mentioned in Scripture, viz., in Gen ii. 12, as a product of Havilah, and in Numb. xi. 7, where the manna is compared to it in colour (see Exod. xvi. 31); but it is not certain what substance is alluded to. The Jewish Rabbins translate it pearl, but the Hebrew word for pearl occurs only in Esth. i. 6, and is quite distinct from this one: so others identify it with the aromatic gum called by the Arabians bdellium, which appears to be only the modern form of the original word bedolach. The Persians called it Budleyuon, and the best kind (which is obtained from India) is of a whitish colour, that of a dark colour being adulterated, or the product of different sorts of trees. The bdellium of India and Persia is said to be the product of the Amyris comiphora, a native of Assam and Silhet as well as of Madagascar, and it is probably gathered in other lands from different varieties of Amyrideae.

Beans are named in 2 Sam. xvii. 28, and Ezek. iv. 9, and are very commonly grown and eaten in Syria. The ancient Italians and others were in the habit of making bread of bean-meal, or of bean-meal mixed with rye or wheat flour; but it was heavy and indigestible like the pease bread of Scotland unless thus mixed.

Bear (1 Sam. xvii. 34; 2 Sam. xvii. 8; 2 Kings ii. 24; Prov. xvii. 12, xxviii. 15; Isa. xi. 7; Lam.

iii. 10; Hos. xiii. 8; Amos v. 19).—The Syrian bear is closely allied to and differs but little from the brown bear, which is the most dangerous of the Old World species. It is still found in the elevated woody parts of Lebanon.

## THE HONOUR OF HUMILITY.

The daisy is a slighted thing,
Yet bless'd with beauty's dower;
The lark is little, but can sing
A song of thrilling power;
The glowworm in his narrow sphere
Emits his ray of light;
The sparkling stars, which specks appear,
Are lamps to cheer the night.

Behold you grand majestic oak!
An acorn is its sire;
The smallest spark, which shows no smoke,
May prove a raging fire;
A village in a sylvan scene
Became the mighty Rome;
And Nazareth, despis'd and mean,
Was Jesus' parents' home.

Oh, we should walk with humble mind
And lowly seeking eyes,
Prepared some hidden good to find
In things we might despise;
For God Himself the poor doth choose,
The foolish, weak, and base;
The great and worldly-wise refuse,
But gives the lowly grace.

Т.



"By faith Abel offered unto God a more excellent sacrifice than Cain, by which he obtained witness that he was righteous, God testifying of his gifts: and by it he being dead yet speaketh."—Heb. xi. 4.

GENESIS iv. 3, 4; HEBREWS xi. 4.

Who dared to bring the fruits of earth In sacrifice to God? He could not know a Saviour's worth, Nor feel of guilt the load.

'Twas Cain who thus approached the Lord With labour of his own; But man's best works must be abhorred, Nor can for sin atone.

While Abel's faith still speaks to you,
Who feel of guilt the load:
His offering points, with meaning true,
To Christ the Lamb of God.





"IS THAT ALL?" OR, IS IT ONLY TO BELIEVE?

Acts xvi. 31.

Now, Children, I dare say that you are, like most children, very fond of stories. I know I was when I was a girl, and always glad of the opportunity of hearing one—so I will do my best to tell you a story about a boy who lived with his grandfather, who kept a publichouse, which for a certain time every Sunday was open for customers, and there

were generally a good number sitting in the taproom smoking, drinking, and swearing. Well, poor George had very often to wait on these customers, carrying in to them beer, tobacco, pipes, and anything else they wanted, and you may be sure that hearing the men swear did not do him any good, and he soon began to make use of the bad words that he heard from time to time. But one Sunday afternoon, he was standing at the door, when he saw a boy coming along who lived in the same village, and as he came nearer he saw that he had some books in his hand, so he called to him and said, "Arthur, what are those books you have in your hand?" Arthur walked up to where George was standing, and showed him a Bible and a hymn-book. After looking at them, George said, "What are you going to do with these ?" "Why," said he, "I'm going to Sunday-school, and we read out of this Bible, and sing out of this hymn-book." And then he said, "George, I never remember seeing you there; would you not like to come?" "Well," said he, "I should just like to come once, but I cannot come now because I have not washed; but if you call for me next Sunday, I will come with you-but mind, I shall only come once."

Arthur went to school, and listened while his teacher told him about the Lord Jesus: how He loved us, how He died for us, and how He lives for us, and wants us to live for Him. As Arthur thought of what his teacher was saying, he wished

# "IS THAT ALL?" OR, IS IT ONLY TO BELIEVE? 87

that George had been there to hear also; and after the class was over he told his teacher who he was going to bring next Sunday.

When the teacher reached home, he remembered what Arthur had told him, and he felt sorry, because he had heard what a naughty boy George was; but then he thought afterwards that Jesus died for such as George. So every night during the week, he prayed to God about him, and asked Him to show George what a sinner he was, and to lead him to trust in Jesus, and so have his sins washed away.

At last, Sunday afternoon came again, and George was at the door washed and dressed; but he had not got a Bible or a hymn-book, so Arthur promised to let him look over his, and on they walked to school and sat side by side in the class.

After the teacher had shaken each boy's hand, and spoken a kind word to them individually, they read from the Testament, and then the teacher said: "Dear boys, when the Lord Jesus came into this world, He was born a little baby, and as there was no room for Him in the inn, he was laid in a manger. Think of that—the Lord Jesus, who was the Son of God, and who made the world, and made us, had no better place to be laid in than a manger where the animals fed; and then, when He had grown a man, He went about doing good to people who were ill, curing all manner of diseases, as your little hymn says,—

'He went about, he was so kind, To cure poor people who were blind;' And many who were sick and lame, He pitied them, and did the same.'

And yet, instead of being loved by everybody who saw Him, they only hated Him; that was because He was holy, spotless, and without sin, while everyone else were sinners; and at last they thought they would put Jesus out of the way, because He told them they were sinners, and that unless they repented they would all perish (Luke xiii. 3). So they took Jesus and after spitefully using him, they put a crown of thorns on His head, and hung Him to a cross of wood, by driving nails through His hands and feet. But while you think, dear children, how cruel they were to Jesus, you must not think that you are any better than they, for God says that we are all sinners alike. 'None good, no not one' (Rom. iii.). But when man was doing his worst to Jesus, God did something too: he took the sin of the whole world and laid it on Jesus (John i. 29). So now, if any one believes that Jesus died for them they are saved (Rom x. 9, 10). And God says that they can never be punished, because Jesus was punished instead of them; and Jesus wants us all to believe on him as our Saviour, so that we may never perish, but have everlasting life; and when once a person believes in Jesus, it makes them so much happier because they are not afraid of death or anything else, because if they die it is only to go to be with Jesus, and if they live they can live for Jesus."

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As George listened to the story of the cross, he felt as he never felt before; and as his teacher went on to say how that it was our sins that caused Jesus to die such a death, and that it was on our account that He cried out, "My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me?" the tears came into his eyes and rolled down his cheeks, and then the teacher said that this same Jesus had gone up into heaven, and from His seat at the Father's right hand was looking down to see if there was not one boy in the class who would begin that Sunday to trust in Jesus, and give his heart to Him; and then George thought how he would like to know there and then that he was Christ's, and that Christ was his, so when school was over he stayed behind, and said to the teacher, "Will you tell me how I may be quite sure that I am saved ?"

The teacher answered, "If you believe that Jesus died for you, and that God is satisfied with the work of His own Son, you are saved" (1 John v. 13). George said, "Is that all?" He then closed his eyes, and said, "Lord Jesus, I do believe, Amen." And he left the schoolroom happier than he had ever felt before. And it so happened that it was his only opportunity of hearing the Gospel, for the following week, while walking in the street, he was knocked down by a horse, and so injured, that although he lived for years after, yet he never left the house; but if anyone went to see him they would always find him so happy, knowing that all his sins were forgiven, and he

was only waiting either for the Lord to come, or for death to release his soul, that it might at once fly to the presence of Jesus, and so to be for ever with Him.

And just a word to Nelly or John, or whoever may read this. If you want to be happy for ever, you must come to Jesus just as George did, and trust the salvation of your soul in His hands, and say, as he did, "Lord, I believe," and then you may have the happy assurance of knowing that you are a child of God (Gal. iii. 26). May the Lord Jesus incline your young hearts to receive Him for His name's sake!

## THE GIPSY MADE HAPPY.

(Continued from p. 65.)

"This is worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners; of whom I am chief."—
1 Tim. i. 15.

GIPSY.—Oh! what words are those! They do go to my heart and make me blithe. Did you really read them out of the Book?

SUPERINTENDENT.—Most certainly. Look over me, and I will point out every word with my pencil.

G.—I am not a very good reader.

S.—Well, then, this Testament will just suit you, and you shall have it. Every syllable is divided, and every hard word is explained at the foot of the page. You will soon be able to read it well.

- G.—You are very kind. I am so glad you spoke to me. I shall love this blessed Book; there are so many kind things in it.
- · S.—Yes, there are indeed many kind things in it; it is a blessed Book.
  - "Kind is the language of our Lord,
    There's heavenly grace in every word;
    From His dear Book a stream divine
    Flows sweeter than the choicest wine."
- G.—Will you be so kind as to mark the places where you have been reading?
- S.—All the passages I have read to you are marked with pencil; but, lend me the Book, and I will mark a few others. Let me recommend you to read all the Book; and I hope it will please God to convey the truths it contains to your mind with power. My time is spent, and I must leave you.
- G.—I am sorry to part; but I am sure I shall never forget the things you have said to me. Will you stay and take some breakfast? It shall be ready in a trice.
- S.—I thank you, but I cannot stay another minute. I have a long way to go home, and then I have to go to Nottingham to my Sunday School.
- G.—Oh! a Sunday School! I have heard talk of Sunday Schools. I should love to see one, for they must be delightful places.

- S.—They are indeed; and I think you might see one.
- G.—Oh, no! I cannot. We leave here early in the morning for Cumberland.
  - S.—Pray, how did you learn to read?
- G.—An old man that was with us taught me to read; but he is now dead. He had an old Bible, but they buried it with him in the coffin, which I thought wrong.
- S.—Is that aged person your mother? the reason that she appears so cross?
- G.—Oh! never mind. She thinks we are talking about religion, and nothing can offend her more. She is a fortune-teller.

I now took my leave of this interesting wanderer, but not without much feeling on both sides; the poor girl was all in tears, for her heart was full. I now hastened towards my home, full of thought, believing that the few things spoken to her would be useful. When about three hundred yards from the camp, I thought I heard her voice; and, on looking round, beheld her running swiftly towards me. I felt greatly excited, wondering what was her reason for running after me. In another moment she was with me, and hoped I would not think her rude. A thought came into her mind, How she should like to write to me, if I would allow her to do so. I answered, I should be happy to hear from her, and encouraged her to write a few lines to me at any time. I then took the Testament out of her hand, and with my pencil wrote my name and address; after which we shook hands, and bade each other farewell. Many months passed away without hearing from her. I often had anxious thoughts concerning her, and much regretted I had no means to make her out. I often visited the spot where we held our conversation, and frequently had my mind engaged on her account. I at length began to despair of ever hearing from her any more. On the evening of February 1, 1845, I had many thoughts about her, and on the next day, to my surprise and satisfaction, I received a letter from her, of which the following is a correct copy:—

# "Blackwood, Maidstone, Feb. 1, 1845.

"DEAR FRIEND,--Perhaps you have forgotten the young woman you discoursed with on the Common, near Nottingham, several months ago; but if you have forgotten me, I have not forgotten you. Since that time I have been very ill, and in great trouble and distress, and I am now informed that I cannot live many days, being in the last stage of consumption. I feel as if I could not die happy without letting you know how precious Jesus Christ has been to my soul. The precious words you spoke to me on the Common have been more precious to my poor soul than a thousand worlds could possibly have been. By night and day I have almost thought I could hear your sweet voice declaring again and again, 'This is worthy of all acceptation, that Jesus Christ came into the

world to save sinners, of whom I am chief.' blessed—a thousand times blessed—have those words been to poor me, since you pointed them out to me on the Common! Oh, how good and gracious was the divine goodness of God, to lead. your feet to the Common that blessed Sunday morning, and speak to me, a poor wandering gipsy! For the sake of the cross of Jesus Christ I have suffered many things from the old woman you saw; but God's Spirit has comforted me in it all. The little books and Testament you gave me have been made very precious to me; I could almost say they have been my meat and drink by night and by day. Oh! what has not God done for me, a poor orphan girl? I can truly say, when my father and mother forsook me, then the Lord did take me up. My blessed Jesus has been father, and mother, and brother, and friend, and everything beside. Oh, my dear father Hervey, I hope to see you in heaven, where we shall sing together, 'Unto Him that loved us and washed us from our sins in His own blood' (Rev. i. 5). I cannot write any more. Good bye, my dear Mr. Hervey.

"MATILDA HARRISON."

I sent a reply to the above on Feb. 2, 1845.

On March 23, I received the following letter, announcing the death of Matilda—

"Blackwood, Maidstone, March 20, 1845.

"DEAR SIR,—Matilda Harrison, our dear sister in camp, is no more. I am instructed to give her dying words and affections to you. She received your letter of the 2nd of February on the 27th. I am sorry you had not a correct direction, which was the reason it did not find us sooner. Matilda was dying when we received your letter, but she was sensible to hear it read, and was very happy to hear it. She then directed me to send you ten shillings, which was all she was worth in the world; and then said, 'O my blessed Jesus, take care of dear Mr. Hervey, and bring him safe to heaven. And now, Lord, let Thy handmaid depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen Thy salvation, and all my desires are fulfilled!'

"We are overwhelmed in sorrow at the loss of Matilda. She was more like an angel than a mortal being. She was always speaking about you, and praying to Almighty God to bless you. We hope we shall not forget the good counsel she gave us. Should we come again to your town, we shall try to see you. A few hours before Matilda died, she sang very sweetly a verse out of one of the little books you gave her.

'The Saviour sought me wand'ring far From happiness and God; And to redeem my guilty soul, He shed His precious blood.'

"Hoping you will receive this,

"I am your obedient servant,

"George Tindal."

"In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand, for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good."—Eccl. xi. 6.

The inscription over the grave of the writer of the "Sherwood Gipsy," in the General Cemetery, Nottingham.

# In Memory of ANTHONY HERVEY.

HE DIED IN THE TRIUMPH OF FAITH ON THE 26TH OF MARCH, 1850, AGED 54 YEARS.

His last word was "Victory."
HEBREWS 6 Ch., 17, 18, 19, 20 Ver.

He was the Author of the "Sherwood Gipsy," and was engaged as the humble and devoted Missionary amongst the Aged Inmates of

COLLINS AND LABRAY'S ALMSHOUSES IN NOTTINGHAM.

Reader! the monumental stone we raise
Is to the Saviour's, not the sinner's praise.
Sin was the whole that he could call his own,
His good was all derived from Christ alone;
His conflicts, pains, and griefs to sin he owed,
His conquering faith and patience Christ bestowed.
Oh, mayst thou too obtain like precious faith
To smile in anguish and rejoice in death!

As the bird, beneath her feathers,
Guards the objects of her care,
So the Lord His children gathers,
Spreads His wings, and hides them there;
Thus protected,
All their foes they boldly dare.

# A LITTLE CHILD'S WISH.

A LADY had a little child whom she loved very dearly, and one way of showing her love to this little one was, that she had put by a sum of money which was to be given to her on her birthday, when she had reached the age of ten years.

In God's Providence she never reached that age, for He took her to Himself, beyond the reach of earthly treasures. After her death her kind mother did not consider the money her own, but thought, "How shall I spend it as my child would wish?" So she purchased some Bibles, and gave one to each of the departed child's young friends. When we tell you a little more, you will say her mother knew that this was the best way of fulfilling the wishes of her little girl.

Not long before she died she said, "Oh, mamma, I wish I could take one little child home with me to Jesus—if it were only a baby. I would be so thankful if it were a beggar child—I would be so glad if I could take it home with me to Jesus. Mamma, tell every child I know, that it is my last wish that they would all come home to Jesus."

Three times, you see, she called *Heaven* her *Home*. And who was it that taught her to do so, and to speak of Jesus as her friend? It was God who taught her out of His own Word.

Her parting words on earth were, "Jesus—Jesus;" and with that precious name on her lips she breathed her last.



## THE DECOY.

Along a country lane,
And being in a tranquil tone
I gave my thoughts the rein.
The scene was dreary all around,
For snow had fallen on the ground
And cover'd field and plain;
The sun just smil'd with sickly hue,
And then behind the clouds withdrew.

I saunter'd on, to thought inclin'd,
And many objects saw;
I listen'd to the whistling wind
And rooks' concerted caw;
Then here and there a bird would rise,
And, with a twitter of surprise,
My fix'd attention draw.
And so, though dull was road and field,
My walk did yet some pleasure yield.

## THE DECOY.

The lane at length a circuit took,

Just where the hedge was green,

And formed a snug and pleasing nook

That could not well be seen;

It might be call'd a small preserve,

And for a shelter well might serve

From eyes not over keen;

And here a plaintive song I heard,

The ditty of some homely bird.

On nearer view a sight I saw
Which fix'd my wond'ring eyes,
Some birds in cages, set to draw
Their fellows from the skies.
Each cage contain'd an open'd door,
And held of crumbs and seeds a store,
To hungry birds a prize;
And seeing there their feather'd kin,
They might perhaps be tempted in.

One foolish little fellow there
Within the trap was caught,
And look'd the picture of despair,
Or so at least I thought.
I've little doubt that gladly he,
Who lately roam'd so wide and free,
His freedom would have sought;
But, oh! for effort was too late,
He could but yield unto his fate!

While thus I view'd, with mind engaged,
The poor imprison'd bird,
And felt regret to see him caged,
A rough, rude voice I heard;
The utt'rance of a surly man,
Whom at a distance I could scan,
Whose anger I had stirr'd;
The fowler, who had spread the snare,
And fear'd lest I his prey should scare.

My footsteps, then, I homewards bent,
But this adventure clung
Fast to my mind, as an event
To tell unto the young:
So now I've told the simple truth,
And for your sakes, dear Christian youth,
My rhymes together strung;
While some, who are of riper age,
With profit may peruse my page.

The bird that on the buoyant air
Ascends with rapid wing,
And chants his carol, free from care,
And makes the welkin ring,
Is like a soul, by Christ set free,
Who roams in heav'nly liberty,
And joyfully doth sing;
Releas'd from ev'ry earthly cord,
Though bound by love to serve his Lord.

But Satan, our malignant foe,
Such bliss will try to spoil,
And many morsels will be throw
To catch us in his coil.
He Eve deceiv'd; and many more
Have had good reason to deplore
That they have touched the soil;
The Serpent he, he charms his prey,
Beguiling only to betray.

Full well he knows how to beguile
The hearts of young and old:
The frivolous, with Pleasure's smile;
The covetous, with gold.
He Esau tempted with his meat,
Who, led away by his deceit,
His birthright madly sold,
And by a prophet's evil way,
A "man of God" was led astray.

T.

#### THE DECOY.

No more successful lure has he
Our blessing to destroy,
And work our souls an injury,
Than an entrapp'd Decoy;
A truant saint, whose heart is cold,
On whom the world hath laid its hold,
He often will employ
The weak and foolish to ensnare;
Then let us of such friends beware.

The bird that in the trap is caught
May never more be free;
His folly has his ruin wrought,
A captive he must be.
But if a Christian man or child,
Through sin's deception be beguiled,
To Jesus let him flee;
Who, in His grace, will break the chain,
And set the captive free again!

The Scripture shows us that in vain
The artful net is spread
For birds who on the wing remain
And shun the snare with dread;
And so, while we in Christ abide,
And make Him both our guard and guide,
We shall not be misled;
For He will keep the soul secure
From Satan's cunning trap and lure.

2 Corinthians xi. 3, 14; Genesis iii.; Genesis xxv. 29 to 34; Hebrews xii. 16; 1 Kings xiii.; Proverbs iv. 10 to 27; 1 John i. 9; Proverbs i. 17.

Who for the forest songsters careth,
To their daily portion leads them,
For sheep and ox enough prepareth,
Slakes their thirst, with plenty feeds them.
He'll care for thee.

THE BIBLE IN THE SCHOOL, AND WHAT IT DID. A GOOD many years ago, a school was begun by some Christians in Dublin, into which poor Irish children were invited. Many of the Irish, you know, are Roman Catholics, and don't like to have their children taught anything about the simple Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ, because their priests pretend that it is not the truth. So, in order not to offend them, it was agreed that the teachers should not attempt to explain the Gospel to the children; only they were to read the Bible in their classes, but without any note or remark from the teachers. I have no doubt that those who conducted the school felt very often much pained at not being allowed to explain anything that was read, or to set Christ before the children from the Word; but if they had broken their promise to the parents, they, being poor ignorant Romanists, would have taken the children away. So all that the teachers could do was to look to the Lord to bless the simple reading of His precious Word to the souls of the young Irish Romanists. Of course the children would talk among themselves about what they read; and, as the Irish are naturally very quick and clever, they could not help noticing how different things were in the Bible to what their priests taught them. They could not find anything about praying to Mary, the mother of Jesus, nor to any of the saints. Not a word did they see in all the Bible about setting up crosses

#### THE BIBLE IN THE SCHOOL.

and candles and images and pictures; nor anything in the New Testament about long white gowns and bells and incense; in short, those of them who thought about it at all could not help feeling the religion of the Bible and that of their priests were two different religions. One little girl seemed to see this very plainly and very soon. She was, like many Irish children, very witty, and would sometimes say some very funny things about all this, which, if the priests had heard of it, would have troubled them not a little. Perhaps it was as well they did not hear of it, because, if they had, they would have tried to hinder the good work which was quietly going on among these poor children, and especially in the heart of this little girl. Well, time passed on; the Bible was read every day; and, though nothing was said by the teachers to explain it to the children, they prayed about it, and the Holy Spirit was using it for blessing. For a long time there was no proof of this, except that the teachers often overheard, from what the children said one to another, that they were getting light. At last the little girl I speak of was missed from the school, and some feared that perhaps the priests had kept her away; but, when a visitor went to see what was the matter, they found her very ill. Instead of getting better, she rapidly got worse, and then at last the truth came out. The simple reading of God's Word, without note or comment or any explanation by the teachers, had brought her to Christ.

Now, I think this is worth knowing. A great deal is being said just now about the reading of God's Word in schools, and some who profess to be religious, but are half-infidel people, want to shut it out altogether; others, not perhaps having full confidence in God's precious Book, think it will be of little use merely to let the children read it unless it is explained. Of course it is better to explain it when those who do so do it according to the Lord's mind, but where that is not done, or cannot be done, you see, from this little tale, that only the reading of the Bible may be blest to the salvation of a soul. If you are a believer in Jesus, you will rejoice in this, and I hope it will increase your confidence in the power and value of the Bible. There is no book like it in the wide world. What a wonderful thing it is to think that God should speak to us in a book! Have you ever thought of this? When you look up to heaven at night and see the countless stars His hand has made; when you look on the wide, wide sea, rolling its mighty waves on the sands, and think of the power His hand controls, and then turn to that little Book, which your own little hand can hold; has it ever entered into your mind that that Book is more mighty than the ocean, and worth more than all the stars, even though every star were a world, and every world bigger-than our own? And yet it is so. "For the Word of God is living and powerful, and sharper than any two-edged sword." "It is

mighty to God to the pulling down of strongholds, and the casting down of imaginations, and of every high thing that exalteth itself against the knowledge of God." It is of more worth than all the stars, for it brings us to the knowledge of One who is more precious than all worlds, than all the angels, than all the myriads of saints whom His blood has saved—even Jesus! Well, the little girl died a most triumphant death. When the priest came to her she told him she didn't want what they call "the rites of the Church," for she had got Jesus. And what reply do you think the priest made? He said she was right! Yes, and so she was. The blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, had cleansed her from all sin; and what could the priest do more? She had got Jesus, and He "is the true God and eternal life." What more did she need? Nothing. And so, at last, she "fell asleep," rejoicing in the Lord, and her happy spirit is now with Him waiting for "the resurrection of the just." And, remember, all this blessing came through the simple reading of the Bible, without a word from any man. I hope, then, if you are a believer, that you will prize it more than ever, and try to get others to read it, asking God's blessing on it in earnest prayer, that so He may be glorified in the salvation of precious souls.

J. L. K.



#### HYMN.

Saviour, Thou art coming, Coming very soon; Suddenly, some morning, Eve, or night or noon.

Quickly, in a moment, We shall quit the earth; See Thee in Thy beauty, Glory, grace, and worth.

Then, oh, wondrous blessing!
We shall be like Thee,
Never more have sorrow,
E'er from sin be free.

Then, with Thee in glory,
Brightly we shall shine;
Know Thy love more fully—
Love so true, divine.

Yet, alas! how many
All this joy will miss;
Only those who love Thee
Can with Thee have bliss.

Lord, we've many lov'd ones,
For whose fate we fear;
Show them Thy salvation,
Ere Thou dost appear—

That, when Thou descendest For us in the air, And we rise to meet Thee, They, too, may be there.

Τ.

### DICTIONARY OF THE BIBLE.

### DICTIONARY OF THE BIBLE.

(Continued from p. 83.)

Beast.—This word in the Bible means the brute creature as distinguished from man (Ps. xxxvi. 6), or sometimes the four-footed animal as distinct from fowls and "creeping things" (Lev. xi. and xxvii. 26, 27). In Acts xxviii. 4, 5, it is applied to a viper.

Beds.—In the East it is still the custom to sleep on mats which can be carried about (John v. 8, 9) rolled up under the arm. The covering used at night by the poor is the outer garment worn during the day. In the warm season this outer garment can often be dispensed with during the day, but the nights are frequently very cold, so that in the law it was provided that if a poor man pledged his raiment, it should be returned to him at sun-down (Exod. xxii. 26, 27), showing how the Lord cares for and pities His people, thinking of and providing for the comfort of a poor man in the chill of an eastern night, which, after the blazing heat of the day, would be more keenly felt. Thus even in the law of Moses we see that He is "the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever," caring for His own, for He "is gracious." When travelling, the poor use a stone for a pillow, covered, perhaps, with a cloth or spare garment (Gen. xxviii. 11). That Jacob, the son of a wealthy father, should have travelled thus, shows the disgrace and sorrow he had brought on himself by his deception. Persons in better

circumstances sleep on a low square frame-work of wood or iron, seldom more than a few inches longer than the stature of the person using it. This will give the reader an idea of the size of the giant king of Bashan (Deut. iii. 11).

Bee.—The vengeance with which bees pursue their enemies is referred to by Moses (Deut. i. 44), and many anecdotes, both of ancient and modern writers, show the correctness of the figure. Park tells us that some people at Doofroo were in search of honey, and happened to disturb a swarm of bees, which came out in such numbers that they compelled both men and beasts to fly in all directions: one ass died the same night, and another the next morning, from the stings of the insects. country they have been known to kill a horse in a few minutes (Ps. cxviii. 12). Bees, when wild, will build, not only in hollow trees, but even in the skeleton of a human being or a beast. Herodotus tells how a swarm built a honeycomb in the skull of Silius, which was suspended over the gate of a city of Cyprus. (See Judges xiv. 8.) In Isa. vii. 18, we read, "The Lord shall hiss for . . . . the bee that is in the land of Assyria." The word "hiss" has been translated by Bishop Lowth hist, alluding to the practice in the East, and even in our own country, of calling people's attention in the street by histing. Thus the Lord threatens to call the enemies of His people to the attack. (See also Isa. v. 26.)

Beel'zebub (or Beelzebub), the name of the prince of the demons, or Satan (Matt. xii. 24, &c.).

Beer (a well).—The place where the Lord gave the people water was so called (Numb. xxi. 16), and is probably the same as the town to which Jotham fled (Judges ix. 21).

Bee'roth (plural of Beer), a city of the Gibeonites, and reckoned in the tribe of Benjamin (Joshua ix. 17; 2 Sam. iv. 2; Ezra ii. 25).

Beer-lahài-roi (the well of Him that liveth and seeth me).—The name given to a well in the wilderness, in memory of the words of Hagar (Gen. xvi.).

Beer-shèba (well of the oath), a place in the most southern part of Canaan, where Abraham dug a well, and which took its name from the oath which confirmed the covenant between him and Abimelech (Gen. xxi. 31). A town was afterwards built on the spot, and called by the same name. Being the most southerly city in the land, it was used as expressing the southern boundary or end, in the phrase "from Dan to Beersheba" (Judges xx. 1; 2 Sam. xvii. 11; 1 Chron. xxi. 2; 2 Chron. xxx. 5). It is frequently mentioned in the Old Testament (1 Sam. viii. 2; 1 Kings xix. 3; Amos v. 5, viii. 14; Neh. xi. 27, 30); but not at all in the New Testament. Dr. Robinson discovered two deep wells, called Bir-es-Leba, on the northern side of a wide water-course called Wady-ir-Leba, circular and stoned neatly with masonry, containing abundance of good water. These wells were very ancient, and about fifty-five rods apart, surrounded with drinking troughs for

camels and flocks, and traces of former habitations, as if of a small straggling city. The site of these wells is nearly midway between the southern end of the Dead Sea and the Mediterranean, or twenty-seven miles south-east from Gaza.

Be'hemoth (Job xl. 15) is thought to be the plural of behemah, but its true meaning is uncertain. Some have supposed it to mean the hippopotamus, others the elephant, while others, again, think it a poetical personification of the great herb-eating animals (herbivoræ). The same word occurs Ps. l. 10: "For every beast of the forest is mine, and the cattle [behemoth] on a thousand hills."

Be'kah, half a shekel.

Bel, the name of the god of the Babylonians (Isa. xlvi. 1; Jer. 1. 2, li. 44). (See Baal.)

Be'la (Zoar).

Bell.—The first bells read of in history are those fastened to the skirts of the high priest's ephod of blue, which were made of gold and placed together with a pomegranate of blue, purple, and scarlet, "a golden bell and a pomegranate, a golden bell and a pomegranate, upon the hem of the robe round-about." "And his sound shall be heard when he goeth in unto the holy place before the Lord, and when he cometh out, that he die not" (Exodus xxviii. 33—35).

"Bells of the horses," mentioned in Zech. xiv. 20, are still common in the East and other countries, hung from the necks of the animals, so that in travelling along open plains at night, if a pack-

horse should stray it can be followed and found by the sound of its bells. A traveller who may have lingered behind can also by means of the bells discover and regain his party even in the dark.

Bellows, mentioned only in Jer. vi. 29, in connexion with the casting of metal. Fires in the East are usually raised by means of a fan, and bellows only used by workers in metal. Anciently, as represented on Egyptian monuments, they consisted of a leathern bag, fitted into a frame with a long pipe to carry the wind to the fire. They were worked by the feet, one under each foot being alternately pressed, and pulled up, when exhausted, by a string held in the hand.

# ANSWER TO BIBLE ENIGMA FOR MARCH, 1872.

"P EACE, be still!" They must obey,
And winds and waves their fury stay.

E lijah's zeal for God was shown, When all the altars were o'erthrown.

A dvocate, the name that's given To Him who intercedes in heaven.

"C ome, Lord Jesus, quickly come,"
Thy waiting people sigh for home.

E vangelists the Gospel tell, That sinners may be saved from hell.

Jesus gives rest to weary souls,
Who on His name believe;
And blessing, joy, and "Peace" to those
Who do His truth receive.

Creeting, Needham Market.

H. J. L., aged 12.

#### BIBLE ENIGMA.

Ir stops the boaster's tongue,
And creature works denies;
A theme which saints have ever sung,
Which Jesus magnifies.

A Saviour from their foes, Whom God to Israel gave, When by the enemy brought low, In den and mountain cave.

There thirsting Israel saw
The stream which God's free love
Caused the hard rock to freely pour,
His people's faith to prove.

By faith He saw the day,
When from his seed should spring,
The God whom heaven and earth obey,
His Offspring and his King.

His record in God's Word,
Through forty weary years,
"He wholly followed the Lord"
'Mid faithless Israel's fears.

A precious Name He bears,
Which faith delights to tell,
Who, in His lowly birth declares,
How God with men can dwell.



THE LITTLE BOY AND HIS BROKEN BOTTLES.

A LITTLE boy was sent one day from a chemist's shop with a dozen bottles of potash-water to a lady's house. He was told to make as much haste as he could, and so, being a good boy who minded what he was told, which some little boys, I am sorry to say, do not, he hurried along as fast as he could go with the bottles in a basket on his head. Well, just as he got near to the house, there was a hole in the pavement, and his foot caught in it, and down he went, bottles and all!

Poor boy! he didn't mean to do it, you know, but, being in a hurry, he forgot to look where he was going, and so stepped into the hole. Seven of the bottles were smashed to pieces, and all the water was flowing over the pavement, never to be gathered up again. What to do he didn't know. Afraid to go back to the shop and tell his master, he stood for a moment looking at the ruin he had made, and ready to cry for very sorrow. Then, remembering that the lady was in a hurry for the water, he picked up the broken pieces, and put them into his basket along with the five sound bottles, and hastened to the house. There he told the servant all about it, and how afraid he was to go back to the shop, because his master would think it was all carelessness, and perhaps turn him away from his place. And then, poor boy, he had got a mother ill at home, and a father out of work, and his own little earnings were all they had to live upon. So, you see, his trouble was very great. He was troubled for the sake of his poor father and mother, as well as for his own sake. the servant went and told her mistress what had happened, and what a sad way the boy was in, and her mistress, being a kind Christian lady, sent for him into the drawing-room.

When he entered she said to him-

"Why do you think I have sent for you?"

"I think," said the poor boy, looking very red and ashamed, "you sent for me to say, 'What for did you break the bottles?"

# THE LITTLE BOY AND HIS BROKEN BOTTLES. 115

"And how do you think I feel about your breaking the bottles?"

"Very angry," said the boy.

But no, she did not. So far from that, she felt very sorry for him; for, you know, she was a believer. Now, a believer knows what it is to be forgiven, and therefore ought to be always ready to forgive. So this lady thought, and, besides, she knew he had not done it willingly. Perhaps he had not been so careful as he should have been, for if he had looked where he was going he would not have caught his foot in the hole in the pavement, and so would not have fallen down. But then she remembered that she herself had not always been so careful to see where she was going, as she ought to have been. There had been a time when she was walking in "the broad road that leadeth to destruction," when she was "without God" in the world, and sinning against Him every day; when she did not love the Lord Jesus Christ, and did not believe God. Yet God had borne patiently with her, and had led her to Jesus, and washed all her sins away in His precious blood, forgiving all her sins and iniquities, and rémembering them no more against her. Nor was this all. She knew that even since she became a believer in Jesus Christ, God's dear Son, she had not always looked to her footsteps so carefully as she might have She had not always walked circumspectly in the narrow path, and so had sometimes tripped and fallen through heedlessness. She knew that

Jesus said, "He that hath my commandments and keepeth them, he it is that loveth me, and he that loveth me shall be loved of my Father, and I will love him, and will manifest myself to him" (John xiv. 21); but she knew also that she had not always kept His loving commandments. How many things He had told her in His blessed Word which she had through carelessness neglected, forgotten, and broken! Yes, if the poor boy had broken seven bottles, she knew that she had broken many more than seven words of her dear Saviour's. All the New Testament contains the commandments of God's dear Son; for when Jesus speaks of His commandments He does not mean only just the Ten Commandments given to Israel, but he means His whole Word, given to His own dear people (v. 23, 24). She knew that, and she knew she had broken that Word too often, and that, too, without half the excuse that might have been måde for the boy. Yet God had forgiven her freely and faithfully (1 John i. 9); and so she felt she must freely forgive the boy. Therefore, instead of scolding him for his carelessness, she told him how good the Lord had been to her, and how, though she had broken much, Jesus had borne the punishment Himself and paid for all that she had broken with His precious blood. Then she told the boy that she would pay his master for all the broken bottles just the same as if they had not been broken at all, and, besides this, she gave him seven whole bottles to take back to his master with the money. Thus she "restored that which she took not away," and completely cleared the boy of all the consequences of the fall he had had. Was not this kind? And then, having given him a little book with her name in it, and the date on which he had met with his accident, she sent him away with a glad heart; bidding him tell his parents all that had happened, and try to explain to them why she had done this for him, for her chief purpose was to show him thus the way of salvation through "Christ Jesus, who came into the world to save sinners," and whose "blood cleanseth from all sin." Thus "the broken bottles" gave the boy a lesson which it is hoped he never forgot. Will you ? J. L. K.

### "A DAUGHTER OF ABRAHAM."

L—— S—— was born in London, in the year 1818, of Jewish parents; her grandparents being German Jews. She was her father's only surviving child, her two brothers having died in infancy. Her mother also died while she was yet very young, so that almost the only thing she could remember of her was, that she showed her the family name in the Bible. She was at first a pupil of the Jews' Free School in B—— Lane, until she had entered her ninth year, when she was admitted an inmate of the Jews' Hospital, Mile End Road. Always fond of reading, when some of the girls would be in the play-ground, she and one or two others would be looking over the book drawer. On one of these

occasions she took out a book called the "History of the Jews," and, while reading about Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, and Judah, the words, "From this time the co-equal Son of God went about doing good," met her eyes and touched her heart. laid the book down on the desk, left the schoolroom, and went upstairs into the part of the synagogue used by the females. There alone, with no human eye to see, or ear to hear, she knelt down and asked God if He would please some day to make her a Christian. This remarkable request, made on the impulse of the moment, seems to have been forgotten as soon as made. She went down stairs and thought no more of the matter, and for years afterwards, though the subject of occasional impressions, remained a Jewess. Fond of reading, no book came amiss to her: at one time a novel; at another, "Hervey's Meditations" or "Pilgrim's Progress" would fall into her hands, and seem to have been alike acceptable. On one occasion, a schoolfellow had a little book lent her by a young Christian friend; its red cover attracted attention, and several of the Jewish girls were eager to look It proved to be "Watts's Hymns for Children," and L—— S—— and another girl not only read, but learned and sang some of the hymns. That the praises of the Lord Jesus Christ should be openly sung in the midst of a Jewish Institution was, of course, against all rules, and so displeasing to the Jewish officers of the establishment that the girls were formally reported to the House Committee, and

compelled to discontinue the practice. Strangely enough, the governess of the Institution was a Gentile, and L——S—— would sometimes look into her Testament. There the words, "God is a Spirit, and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth," met her eye, and became indelibly fixed on her memory; so much so, that when in the synagogue engaged in going through a meaningless form of Hebrew prayers, she would leave off saying the prayers aloud, and try only to think them, supposing that this was worshipping in spirit.

Thus the Lord was working even in her childhood; and while patiently bearing with heedlessness, He was, unconsciously to herself, gradually removing the prejudices of Judaism, and opening her heart to attend to the things spoken In her sixteenth year she left the Instiof Jesus. tution, and earned a living among her own people as a lint-maker. Several years passed away, and her early impressions and desires seem to have been utterly forgotten. But in June, 1855, she took lodgings in the house of a Christian in Three Colt Lane, and this proved the turning point in the history of her course. The great difference which she saw between Mr. V—— and nominal Christians struck her forcibly; he seems to have been an earnest Christian. In praying with his family, she often overheard him pray for her, and he appears from the first to have sought to bring her to Christ. Sometimes, when opportunity served, he would

read a tract to her, while she was at her work, while the consistency of his walk commended the doctrine he taught, and took away all occasion of offence. Being a tract distributor, he supplied her with books, which he appears to have selected with judgment.

Taking courage from the readiness with which she received them, he one day offered her the New Testament; but this was too much for her prejudices as a Jewess, and she refused it, saying, "If you can show me any places in the Old Testament, I will look at them." Mr. V immediately pointed her to Isa. liii., and many other portions of the Old Testament, such as Psalm ii., "Kiss the Son, lest He be angry;" and particularly Isa. ix. 6, 7, "For unto us a Child is born, unto us a Son is given: and the government shall be upon His shoulder: and His name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, The mighty God, The Father of eternity, The Prince of peace." This last quotation had great weight with her. the fundamental articles of the Jewish faith is. "I believe with a perfect faith that all the words of the prophets are true." Here, then, according to the prophet Isaiah, was to be a Child born, and yet the mighty God; born in time, yet the Father of eternity. "This," she says, "puzzled me much." As a Jewess she could not forget that word, "Hear, O Israel, Jehovah our God is one;" yet that the prophets must be right was equally her conviction, and the more she weighed the

# A DAUGHTER OF ABRAHAM.

subject, the greater the difficulty on this point became. Reasoning here was in vain, as it ever must be. "Faith cometh" (not by reasoning, but) "by the Word of God." The impossibility of understanding how a Child born could be "the mighty God" has proved a stumbling-block to many a son of Israel, and the mistake made by too many Christians of expecting the Jew to receive it on the faith of the New Testament has no doubt turned many away from the subject altogether. That the New Testament is the key to the understanding of the Old is well known to every believer, but to the Jew it is of no authority whatever, and in dealing with him our first care should be to lead him to accept the authority of his own Scriptures, and that in their own purity, quite independently of, and apart from, "the traditions of the elders," the glosses of the Rabbins, which "darken counsel by words without knowledge." Even in the reading of the Old Testament there is a veil on the heart of the Israelite, but "when it shall turn to Jehovah, the veil shall be taken away." To the Jew who "turns to Jehovah" from the traditions of men and his own vain reasonings, and takes up the Old Testament Scriptures as the Word of God, "faith cometh." The authority of God's Word overrides everything; reasonings, improbabilities, prejudices become folly or worse, conviction grows, light dawns, and soon all is plain to the once-darkened understanding. So it proved eventually to L----S----. more she searched the Old Testament Scriptures,

the stronger her conviction grew that He whom Israel "despised and rejected," was indeed their own long-looked-for Messiah. That the time of His promised advent, foretold in Dan. ix. 24, was long past was plain enough; that He was to be "born of a virgin" (Isa. vii. 14) in "Bethlehem-Ephratah" (Micah v. 2), "whose goings forth have been from of old, from the days of eternity;" that He was to be "cut off and have nothing" (Dan. ix. 26), and that for the transgressions of the people (Isa. liii. 8), became, as she "searched the Scriptures," abundantly clear to her mind, and all that now remained for her was to ascertain whether the history of the facts agreed with the word of prophecy. Her convictions were now so strong that of her own accord she asked Mr. V— for the New Testament, and, comparing the gospel with the prophets, found that, to use her own words, "truly Jesus was the Messiah." Great distress of mind was the first result of this discovery, as it will be to Israel in the future (Zech. xii. 10—14). That she had been wrong all her life; that she had allowed the teachings and prejudices of later years to quench the yearnings of her earlier days; that she had rejected light then offered her, and gone on for years a rejector of "the Christ of God,"—was enough to bow down the heart of the Jewess; but He who "raiseth up all those that be bowed down" manifested His grace to her, as He will do to the bowed remnant of the future.

(To be continued.)

CHARLOTTE H---; OR, PEACE MADE. 123
CHARLOTTE H---; OR, PEACE MADE.

In the village of B—— there once lived a halfwitted man who was a widower, and whose house was kept by his daughter Charlotte. Now, poor Charlotte was also rather weak in mind, something like her poor father; but, for all that, she had got what too many of the wise in this world have not. What do you think that was? By grace she had been brought to know Him of whom too many who think themselves wise do not care to hear. They may be wise and clever as to the things of this world, but surely they are fools for eternity; are they not? And, besides, is there anything in their world—the world they love so much—is there anything so precious as Jesus? I trust you are able to say, No, there is not indeed. Well, poor Charlotte had got Jesus. To have Him who is all heaven's Delight, who was God's Delight from all eternity, was a blessing indeed; and, though she might be thought weak by the worldly wise, you see she had One with her and for her who is stronger than the strongest, and better than the best on earth—a Friend that sticketh closer than a brother—

#### "A Saviour from sin and from thrall."

But poor Charlotte had to bear a good deal of persecution, for the rich and the great of the village where she lived were against her because she would worship the Lord in the Lord's own way; and so even the naughty boys and girls of the village took advantage of her lonely and helpless state

to worry and tease her and her poor half-witted father. But at last, when her father was dead, she removed to a distant place, where I trust she had more peace and quietness for the remainder of her days on earth. But, at any rate, she was not left long in this poor wilderness; for the gracious Saviour who loved her and gave Himself for her after a few years took her home to be for ever with Himself. A short time before she fell asleep she was visited by one who called himself a minister, and the following conversation took place between them:—

- "You are very ill, Charlotte."
- "Yes, sir, I am."
- "I fear there is not much hope of your recovery."
  - "I am told there is none, sir."
  - "Well, have you made your peace with God?"
  - "No, sir."
- "Do you not think it is time you began to do so?"
- "It was made by Jesus, sir, when He died upon the cross."
  - "But you were not then born."
- "Neither was I born when Adam sinned; and yet, 'by one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin, and so death passed on me, but now I live through Christ."

This was more than her well-meaning, but mistaken, teacher could understand; and, after telling her how much he pitied her for her foolishness, he

# CHARLOTTE H——; OR, PEACE MADE. 125

went away, thinking that a weak mind had led her into error.

But which was the wiser of the two? He thought she could make her own peace with God; she knew that Christ made peace by the blood of His cross. He thought she was to do something to get it; she knew that Jesus said, "It is finished." Now, you see, one was wise in his own eyes, and the other was like a little child, just taking God at His word, and simply believing what He had said. You know Jesus said, "Except ye become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven;" and it was that which just made all the difference between poor Charlotte and her wouldbe teacher. If she was weak-minded by nature, she was, by grace, "strong in faith, giving glory to God." If he was strong-minded by nature, he had neither grace nor faith.

Which would you wish to be like? I am sure you will say that it is better to be like poor Charlotte than like the other person, and I hope you will take God at His word as she did; that you will believe what God's Word tells you about Jesus; and so, by trusting in His precious blood, you will know that your peace has been made by Him whose last word to us upon the cross was, "It is finished," and whose first word to His disciples after He rose from the dead was "Peace be unto you."

J. L. K.



# WINTER.

Though Winter seldom deigns to smile,
He does not always frown;
He has a bold and cheery style,
And wears an ivy crown.
His mantle is of frosted snow,
And at his feet doth holly blow.

#### WINTER.

He is a friend to ruddy youth,
And all who've strength in store,
But somewhat surly and uncouth
To those who're weak and poor.
How thankful we, who're blest with health,
Should be for this, the best of wealth!

What graceful forms the frost congeals
By night upon the glass!
The shapes and crystals it reveals
All human works surpass.
The beauteous figures, thus emboss'd,
Proceed from God, who breathes the frost.

How pure and white is driven snow!

What else so fine and fair?

There's nothing that we see below

That with it can compare;

And yet to God, whose search is keen,

A blood-washed soul is far more clean.

But wait awhile, and, Winter past,
The Spring-time will be here;
When, gone the last tempestuous blast,
The flowers again will cheer;
While woods will echo with the song
Of all the feather'd tuneful throng.

And soon, far from this wintry earth,
Shall those who're Christ's arise,
For ever leave its drought and dearth,
And dwell above the skies;
Their Saviour see—be like their Lord—
And praise His name in full accord.

1'.

#### A HAPPY NEGRO.

It was on a fine morning in the month of May, says a correspondent of an American publication, I left the dwelling of a friend residing in the great valley of Virginia, and took a ride for the benefit of my health. I followed the course of a small stream for some miles, without seeing the habitation of man: at length I espied, near the end of the valley, and at the foot of a mountain, an aged negro at work on a small farm. His head was whitened with age, and the deep wrinkles in his face and a stoop in his shoulders indicated that he had seen many years and suffered many hardships. to see and converse with a human being after my solitary ramble, I alighted from my horse, and addressed him as follows:—

- "You seem to be enduring the curse pronounced on fallen man—getting your bread by the sweat of your brow."
- "Ah, massa," said he, "I have no reason to complain, I have a great many blessings left yet. I have Jesus Christ and his gospel, and that is enough for poor old Moses."
- "As you seem to be quite shut out from the world here, I suppose you have but few temptations?"
- "Ah, massa," said he, "wherever I go I carry this bad heart with me," putting his hand to his breast; "and that it is which lets in the world. I have to pray against the world at night, and in the morning, and then I have to fight against it all

day. The devil can get up here in these mountains as well as anywhere else, for you know he tempted our Saviour on a mountain."

"My good old friend, you seem to have been long a pilgrim to the heavenly country?"

"For forty years," said he, "I have found that the Lord has been good to me, and that he who trusts in the Saviour shall never be moved."

"But are you never tempted to forsake the Saviour?"

"I know that my heart is very deceitful, and Satan keeps trying to get old Moses; but my Master in heaven says, 'By grace are ye saved through faith, and that not of yourselves; it is the gift of God.' This is my hope, that He who has begun a good work will finish it. When you plant corn, massa, you don't go away and leave it to let the birds pull it up, or the grass and the weeds to kill it; so, when God plants the good seed in the sinner's heart, he does not go away and leave it to die."

"You say you are tempted sometimes?"

"Yes, massa, sometimes the devil will come and whisper in my ear, 'Moses, you serve a hard Master; he sends sickness and poverty, and trouble; he sends the fly, and kill all your wheat;' but I say devil liar, he is no bad Master; for He knocked at the door of my heart, and I would not let Him in; and then He knocked again and again, till I was obliged to open the door; and ever since I have found Him to be good. He has bound up my

heart when it was broken, He has come to my bed when I was sick, He has not cast me off because I was poor and old and did not love Him as much as I ought; and then He died for poor Moses' soul. Oh, no! He is not a bad Master. He may take away my wife and my children; He may burn my house, and lay me on a sick bed, and smite me with His own dear hand; still I would love Him, and say it was all for good."

As he said this, a silent tear stole down his cheek. I could not help saying to myself, "What would I give for such tears and for such heavenly gratitude which seem to dwell in the heart of this pious old negro!"

- "You have preaching here, I suppose?"
- "Yes," said he, "and sometimes when I go to preaching, my heart feels cold and dead; but then the minister preaches so good, that my soul gets happy, and then the Bible preach, and woods preach, and everything preach; and when my hand is at the plough my soul is in heaven."
  - "You have a Bible, then?"
- "Yes, I have; I learned to read thirty years ago, and now, when it rains all day on a Sunday, I read, and sing, and pray; and find that Jesus Christ can come to the ugly cabin of poor Moses."

I bade the old man farewell, with a confident hope of meeting him in heaven. I afterwards learnt that he was remarkably punctual in attending Divine worship, and was considered by the congregation to which he belonged, as remarkable for piety.

#### THE YOUNG IVY-LEAF.

I saw the other day a young ivy-leaf growing out from among the older leaves of the ivy vine in a little thicket. It was just bursting into life, and looked so young and fresh and beautiful that I could not but admire it, as I am sure you would have done, could you have been there. Its bright emerald green shone in the sunlight as polished silver shines; it looked so tender, too, and yet so brisk and full of life, while its living green contrasted so strongly with the more sombre hue of the older leaves by which it was surrounded, that I could not but think how much it was like a little child, or rather a very young believer in Jesus; some dear little lamb of Christ's flock just opening into the Divine life, and shining "in His perfections," who "carries the lambs in His bosom," that bosom where you know "the beloved disciple" lay and learned the secret of His heart, when that heart was "troubled" at the heartlessness which could sell Him for thirty pieces of silver. If you want to know about that, you must read the thirteenth chapter of John. Well, but to return to the little ivy-leaf. It was just peeping out into the bright April sunlight for the first time in its life. The older leaves had lived all through the winter, and though they shined too in the noonday sun, they looked a good deal sobered down by experience; for you know winter is a trying time, and they had all passed through it. And though,

when other leaves were dead and dry and sapless, they were ever green, yet they had known the storms of winter and its biting blasts. storms had not been able to shake them from the vine, it is true; the snow and the sleet and the cold wintry rain had not been able to destroy the life that was within them, yet many of those older leaves were variegated (as people call it) with grey lines, as though those storms had left their traces behind them. But of all this the young ivy-leaf knew nothing. It did shine! You would have thought the light came from it, instead of being only the reflection of a stray sunbeam, which had found its way into the little coppice where the ivy grew. Well, as I said, this young ivy-leaf reminded me of a little lamb of the flock of Christ. Like a little believer, just opening out in all the freshness and beauty of the "new birth," so was this young ivy-leaf; its tenderness and vigour reminded me "how gentle, yet how strong," is the life that is in the very smallest child that believes in Jesus; "its silvery sheen," unbroken by a line or trace of any other thing or colour, told how a dear little believer may reflect Christ Jesus, be like Him in all his ways; and as the ivy-leaf grew upward into the light pointing heavenward, so should a little believer grow up into Him in all things, who is the Head, even Christ, and have his "affections set on things above, where Christ sitteth at the right hand of God." What a bright little witness for Jesus such a young believer would be!

Are you like that? If you have believed in Jesus you have a life that nothing can destroy, for Jesus says, "My sheep shall never perish," and "He that heareth my word and believeth on Him that sent me, hath EVERLASTING LIFE." Christ is your life, and you know He liveth for ever. And the life that you now live down here should be Christ-like, as the sheen of the young ivy-leaf was sun-like, because it gave back the light of the sunbeam in which it was basking. It had no light of its own; all its brightness came from that sunbeam; and so must all your light come from Him who is the Light, even Jesus. Do you understand this? Christ must be your all in all, and then, and then only, you will be able to shine as a dear little witness for Him. Look up to Him who sits at God's right hand, (He is looking down at you,) and think of Him, pray to Him, study Him, and let Him be everything to you, and then you will be a little witness for Him in the world. Will you remember this when you think of the young ivy-leaf? J. L. K.

ANSWER TO "GOOD NEWS" ENIGMA FOR APRIL, 1872.

When conscious of our sin and woe.

Liverpool. T. F. C., aged 131.

G IDEON conquered Israel's foe, Saved them from their fearful woe.

R ephidim, where Moses' rod Proved the faithfulness of God.

A braham, called the friend of God, Stranger on the earth he trod.

C aleb sent to spy the land, God gave Israel by His hand. E mmanuel, name of God's own Son, Who the atoning work has done.

Grace is the spring of peace to man, It is too high for us to scan; It is the sweetest sound we know



# DICTIONARY OF THE BIBLE.

(Continued from p. 111.)

Ben at the beginning of a proper name in Scripture usually means son.

Benai'ah (Jehovah-builded), son of Jehoiada, was chief of David's guards, the Cherethites and Pelethites (2 Sam. viii. 18, xxiii. 22; 1 Chron. xi. 25), and was afterwards made commander-in-chief of the whole army by Solomon (1 Kings ii. 35, iv. 4; see also 1 Kings i. 32—36; 1 Chron. xxvii. 5). Another Benaiah, "the Pirathonite," is named as one of David's thirty-seven valiant men (2 Sam. xxiii. 30; 1 Chron. xi. 31, xxvii. 14). Four per-

sons of the same name are mentioned Ezra x. 25, 30, 35, 43; and besides these we have Benaiah a Simeonite (1 Chron. iv. 36), Benaiah a Levite (1 Chron. xv. 18, 20, xvi. 5), and Benaiah a priest (1 Chron. xv. 24, xvi. 6), in the time of David. In the reign of Hezekiah the name again occurs (2 Chron. xxxi. 13).

Benha'dad (son of Hadad or Adad, the Syrian god).—This seems to have been both a name and a title taken by the kings of Damascus, who, in common with pagan kings of other countries, called themselves after their idols. Three Ben-hadads are mentioned in Scripture.

- 1. Benhadad, son of Tabrimon, son of Hezion, whom Asa, king of Judah, failing in his faith in Jehovah, hired to invade the land of Israel (1 Kings xv. 16—22; 2 Chron. xvi. 1—10. See Asa).
- 2. Benhadad, the son and successor of the above, who made war with Ahab twice with an immense host (1 Kings xx.). On each occasion he was signally defeated, according to the word of Jehovah, whom he had defied in attacking His people. But Ahab made a covenant with him on the second occasion, and thus displeased Jehovah; so that Israel afterwards suffered from the King of Syria in the reign of Jehoram, Ahab's son (2 Kings vi.). Yet the Lord again interfered, and while Benhadad was besieging Samaria He caused the Syrian host to hear a noise as of a great army advancing upon them, and they, supposing that

the King of Israel had hired the kings of the Hittites and of the Egyptians to attack them, fled in complete disorder, so as to leave their tents and everything in the camp just as it was. Thus the people of Samaria were not only delivered from their enemy, but also from the famine that had come on the city through the siege; and "two measures of barley were sold for a shekel, and a measure of fine flour for a shekel, in the gate of Samaria," as Elisha the prophet had foretold only the day before (2 Kings vii. 1), when all the people were starving for want of food, so that one woman had actually eaten her own child! (Chap. vi. 29; comp. Lev. xxvi. 27—29.) Benhadad was afterwards smothered in his bed by Hazael, who then usurped the throne, and reigned in his stead. Thus, while the Lord delivered His own people, although they had so grievously sinned against Him, He punished the wicked man whom He had used as the instrument of chastisement to Israel.

3. Benhadad, son of the Hazael who murdered his master. He was defeated three times by Jehoash, king of Israel, according to the word of the Lord by the mouth of the dying prophet (2 Kings xiii. 14—19, and 25).

Ben'jamin ("son of my right hand"), so called by his father Jacob, after his mother, just before her death, had named him "Ben-oni," "son of my pain." He was the youngest of Jacob's sons. The tribe of Benjamin, although the smallest in Israel, was nevertheless a very numerous race (Numb.

i. 36, ii. 22; 1 Chron. vii. 6—12; 2 Chron. xiv. 8, xvii. 17). This tribe gave the first king to Israel, as Saul was a Benjamite (1 Sam. ix. 1, 2). At the division of the kingdom of Israel after Solomon's death, Benjamin and Judah remained under the house of David, and after the Babylonish captivity, the two tribes were mingled together in their return to their own land (Ezra x. 9).

Bere'a, a city of Macedonia on the river Astræus. It is now called Boor. It was here that the Jews were said to have been "more noble than those of Thessalonica, in that they received the word with all readiness of mind, and searched the Scriptures daily," to see whether what the Apostle Paul and Silas taught was according to God's word. "Therefore many of them believed" (Acts xvii. 10—12).

Bernice, the eldest daughter of Herod Agrippa I. and sister of the younger Agrippa. She was the wife of her uncle Herod, king of Chalcis, and after his death married Polemon, king of Cilicia. When divorced from him she returned to her brother, and afterwards became the mistress of Vespasian and Titus. It was this wicked sinner who, with her brother, also living in sin, presumed to sit in judgment, "with much pomp," on God's dear servant Paul (Acts xxv. 13, 23, xxvi. 30).

Ber'yl, mentioned Rev. xxi. 20, is supposed to be the same as that translated onyx (Hebrew, shoham) in Gen. ii. 12; Exod. xxviii. 9, xxxv. 9—27; Job xxviii. 16; Ezek. xxviii. 13). The

beryl is of a pale sea-green colour, sometimes inclining to a water-blue and sometimes to yellow.

Be'sor, a brook now called Wady Gaza, to the south of Gaza. Its bed is about thirty yards wide; but even as early as the month of April it has been found almost dried up, only some stagnant pools remaining.

Beth at the beginning of a word means house, as Beth-el, house of God.

Bethab'ara (place of the ford), mentioned, John i. 28, as the place where John baptized; but it should be Bethany. Origen is said to have changed the word to Bethabara, because he found no such place in his day as Bethany near the Jordan, but knew a town of the name of Bethabara, where John was said to have baptized. Thus he tampered with Scripture on mere conjecture.

Beth'any (house of dates).—The place where John baptized, now unknown (John i. 28). Also the name of a town or village beyond the Mount of Olives, about fifteen furlongs south-east-by-east of Jerusalem, where Lazarus and his sisters, Mary and Martha, lived, and where Jesus often went with His disciples (Matt. xxi. 17, xxvi. 6; Mark xi. 1, 11, 12, xiv. 3; Luke xix. 29, xxiv. 50; John xi. 1, 18, xii. 1). It is now a poor little village of about twenty families, on the eastern slope of the Mount of Olives. Some hewn stones from more ancient buildings are found in the walls of some of the houses, and these are the only marks of antiquity now seen in Bethany. The monks pre-

tend to show the house where Lazarus dwelt, and the tomb from which he was raised; but, like all monkish legends and statements, they are not to be trusted.

Beth-ar'bel (Hos. x. 14) supposed to be the Arbela of Josephus, a village in Galilee, near which were some strongly-fortified caverns, which once formed the retreat of bands of robbers, who greatly distressed the inhabitants of the whole neighbourhood, but were at last destroyed by Herod. These caverns were afterwards fortified by Josephus against the Romans, while he had the command of the Jewish forces in Galilee. The place called Kulat ibn Maan and the ruins known as Irbid are supposed to be Arbela.

Beth-a'ven (house of idols), a name given to Bethel after it became the place of the worship of the golden calves. But there was also a town of this name to the east of it, not far from Bethel, and also a desert of the same name (Josh. vii. 2; 1 Sam. xiii. 5; Josh. xviii. 12).

Be'ther (dissection or division).—These mountains are only mentioned Song of Sol. ii. 17, viii. 14; perhaps only as a figure, as no such place is known.

Bethe'sda (house of mercy).—A dry basin outside the northern wall around the Temple Mount, 360 feet in length, and 130 in breadth, is believed to be the pool of John v. 2—9. It was formerly surrounded with porches, where a great multitude of helpless people lay waiting for the "mercy" they needed. The presence of so many Jews in such a

state shows that the whole people had departed from Jehovah (Deut. vii. 11—15; and that in "going about to establish their own righteousness they had not submitted themselves to the righteousness of God." Yet, although they had so sadly proved that "the law could not give life," they nevertheless rejected THE LIFE when He (Christ) came among them. (See John v. and i. 11.)

#### BIBLE ENIGMA.

Tell me What the Christian needeth,
As he runs the heavenly race;
Tell me how endured the faithful,
Who God's promises embrace;
Then you'll find the names which follow
Give each letter in its place.

He wrote the truth for all to read, Who came to view the dreadful deed; He vainly sought to keep a part From Him, whose Spirit reads the heart. Jehovah bears a glorious Name, And calls His people by the same. God sent him with His Name to prove In their distress His power and love. A Type of heaven where there is The tree of life, whose fruit is bliss. The Name the Church of God shall bear, When reigning o'er creation fair. And now another Type of heaven, Possessed by twelve, defiled by seven. There did the weary pilgrims rest, With cooling springs and palm-trees blest.



# PRECIOUS TRUTH.

I AM going to tell you a little story which shows how precious the Word of God was in the eyes of the poor Malagasy, or native people of Madagascar. One dark night (for the nights are often very dark indeed in that country) Mr. Ellis, the missionary, was sitting in his house, when a gentle knock came at the door, and, on going to see who it was,

two men stood before him. They turned out to be believers. They had once been heathens, that is, worshippers of wood and stone idols, but they had heard and believed the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ, and had "turned to God from idols, to serve the living and true God, and to wait for His Son from heaven."

Knowing that he was a Christian missionary. they had come to see him in hope of getting a little more instruction in the truth of God. how far do you think these two dear believers had travelled only just to get a word with the Lord's servant? Why, a hundred long miles, and that on foot, through wood and wild and trackless waste where all sorts of perils of the wilderness abound.\* Just think of that! Some believers, little and big ones too, will sometimes hardly go the length of a street to gather round the word — a little a little heat, a little rain, will hinder them vet these two men had walked a hundred miles to see and talk with a Christian! Well, while Mr. Ellis's talking together in room, he asked them whether they had got a Bible? "We have seen it and heard it read," said one of the men, "but we have only some of the words of David, and they do not belong to us; they belong to the whole family." "Have you the words of David with you now?" asked Mr. Ellis. men looked at each other and did not answer. Perhaps they were afraid to say "Yes," for at that

<sup>\*</sup> See "Madagascar and its Martyrs."

time there was great persecution against those who became Christians, as the wicked Queen of Madagascar was using all her power to hinder the Gospel of Christ; and if any of her subjects was known to have any part of the Word of God he was sure to be punished very severely. But Mr. Ellis spoke kindly to them, and encouraged them to trusthim; and so, at last, one of the men put his hand into his bosom and drew out a roll of cloth. he unrolled till he came to some wrappers, and then, on opening these very carefully, he showed Mr. Ellis a few old torn leaves of the Psalms, dingy with age and frequent use, and almost worn out. These, it seems, had been passed round from hand to hand, but read and re-read until they were hardly to be read at all, and yet were so prized that, you see, this poor man carried them in his bosom carefully preserved in several wrappers; and that, too, at the risk of severe punishmentperhaps even of death! How very precious the truth these old leaves contained must have been to these poor Malagasy!

Tears came into the eyes of Mr. Ellis when he saw these leaves uncovered, and he asked the men whether they had ever seen the words of Jesus or of Paul or John? "Yes," they said, "we have seen and heard them, but we never owned them."

The missionary then went and brought out a New Testament, with the Book of Psalms bound up with it, and showed it to them. "Now," said he, "if you will give me your few words of David, I will

give you all his words, and all the words of our Lord Jesus Christ, and John and Paul and Peter besides."

You may guess how astonished and delighted the poor men were; but first they wanted to see whether the words in the book were the same as those in the old leaves they had so often read and profited from; and when they found that they were, and that there were thousands of words of the same sort beside, their joy was unbounded. They willingly gave up their tattered leaves, and, taking the new book, hurried away in the darkness, filled with thankfulness and gratitude to the Lord for His goodness, and rejoicing like those who had found great spoil.

What a lesson, dear little reader, for you! Do you value God's Word as these poor men did? They had been worshippers of wood and stone, perhaps only a few months before, and now see how precious the Word was to them! I have seen some persons who seemed to value the covers of their Bibles and the bright gilt edging more than they did the leaves and the truth they contained; for, while they often looked at and admired the outside, they seldom looked within. But, you see, these Malagasy Christians prized a few old leaves so much that they had read them and pored over them until they were almost worn out. They wrapped them in rolls of cloth and carried them from place to place; they would not part with them for a well-bound new book till they had proved that it was the same Word of God.

Ah! it was the Word of God that was so dear to them, because they knew God and loved Him. Do you? Have you ever come to Jesus and so got all your sins washed away in His precious blood? Can you say, "He loved me and gave Himself for me?" If you can, how precious the truth should be to you! because it tells of Him who is "the Way, the Truth, and the Life." And if it be indeed precious to you, will you not often read it, and think and pray over it? You know Jesus said, "If a man love me, he will keep my words, and my Father will love him, and we will come unto him and make our abode with him." Do you love Him? If so, I am sure His words will be precious truth indeed to you. J. L. K.

#### "A DAUGHTER OF ABRAHAM."

(Concluded from page 122.)

Walking one day in Whitechapel, she lifted her heart to the God of her fathers, crying to Him for light, and vowing that if she could know from Himself that Jesus was the Son of God she would not fear the wrath of man, but openly confess Him before all. Scarcely had she done so when light and joy broke in upon her soul, and she went on her way praising and blessing God till she reached her home. As soon as she got there she knocked at Mr. V——'s door, exclaiming, "I don't want you to tell me any more. I know now that Jesus is God." His reply immediately was, "Blessed art thou, Simon Bar-jona: for flesh

and blood hath not revealed it unto thee" (Matt. xvi. 17). For some time after this she was at a loss to know how to act towards her Jewish friends, but the news of her conversion soon spread. While sitting one day engaged in comparing the Hebrew of Psalm ii. with the English version, a Hebrew teacher came in, and, on seeing how she was employed, he remarked that it was a bad thing to have a little knowledge. Her reply was that she had knowledge enough to know the truth, and he left her with threats. Persecution soon followed, and she was deprived of her means of livelihood as a lint-maker—a trade carried on principally, if not exclusively, by Jews. But the Lord opened a way for her; and for some time she got a living by washing; yet even here persecution followed. The laundress for whom she worked had many Jewish families among her employers, and one of them, who was a chief customer, on hearing that she employed L-S-, took away his work. But the laundress remained her friend, and, instead of dismissing her on this account, set Jewish influence at defiance, taught L- S- to become an "ironer," which was a more lucrative employment than that they thought to deprive her of, and thus enabled her to get a better living than ever. Thus the Lord proved better to her than all her fears and stronger than her persecutors, and for five years she continued to earn a subsistence in this way. But while thus labouring for the bread that perisheth

#### A DAUGHTER OF ABRAHAM.

she did not forget to serve the Lord. Having been baptized by the name of Lydia, "whose heart the Lord opened that she attended unto the things that were spoken of Paul," she became a tract distributor and a visitor for the Benevolent or Stranger's Friend Society, seeking in this way to bring other sinners to Christ. After being connected with this society for about three years, she was led to apply to the Bible Mission for a situation, and was appointed as Bible-woman among her own people, her business being to visit amongst them and seek opportunities of speaking to them about their long-rejected Messiah, her Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, selling Bibles where she can induce them to buy them, and holding what are called Mothers' Meetings. first meeting of this kind that she conducted was opened in Newcastle Street, Whitechapel, in 1860, and from that time she has continued to labour for Him who loved her and gave Himself for her. She loves her own people and desires their salvation; but, as they naturally regard her as an apostate from the faith of her fathers, she has much to contend with; yet her labours have not been in vain in the Lord. He has delivered her in many a peril arising out of the fanatical zeal of the Jews, which is as strong as in the days of Paul, against those of their own people who become believers in the Lord Jesus Christ. would perhaps listen more willingly to a Gentile, but the Lord is above every difficulty; and she

closes her account of His dealings with her by saying, "I bless His holy name, my labours have not been in vain in the Lord; and both Jews and Gentiles have found the name of Jesus very precious to them."

One cannot read this short narrative of the conversion of one of God's ancient people without feeling the great responsibility which devolves upon believers, in this and other countries, both as to their walk and testimony. It was evidently the consistent walk of Mr. V --- that weighed so much. with L-S-. He owned the Lord in daily walk and conversation. She states that, even when she applied for lodgings in his house, his first answer was that he "must pray about it." When she went again, his reply to her application was that "it seemed to be the Lord's will that she should come." And so it proved. Thus Mr. V---- owned the Lord: "If any man serve me, him will my Father honour." Mr. V—— served the Lord Jesus Christ, and His heavenly Father honoured him, making him the happy instrument of bringing one of the ancient flock of Israel to the feet of Christ. That she narrowly watched his walk we can well believe. What opportunity would have been given to Satan, how readily unbelief would have found excuse in any inconsistency in Mr. V---! Who shall tell how long she might have been turned aside by a false step on his part, or even by behaviour unbecoming a believer, either at home or abroad? His very efforts to lead her to

#### A DAUGHTER OF ABRAHAM.

Christ would necessarily make her the more watchful of his ways; his open confession of "the Lord" would have made anything unbecoming His holiness the more striking. May the Lord's people, the saints of God, consider these things! Israel is scattered; those over whom the Blessed One wept in days of old are among us on every side. The Lord loves His ancient people; He yearns over them still: for "He is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever." And He would not have us ignorant that they will be blest in the day that the Deliverer comes to Zion, lest we should be wise in our own conceits (Rom. xi.). "Can a mother forget her sucking child? Yea, she may forget; yet will I not forget thee," saith the Lord. Joseph on the throne of Pharaoh did not forget his brethren. When he saw them, he "could not refrain himself before all them that stood by;" yet his love for them is but a faint shadow and type of the love of the Christ on His Father's throne for His "brethren, His kinsmen according to flesh." How many believers in Him forget this! How many more are utterly ignorant of it, and apply to themselves the promises and prophecies of the Old Testament which belong to Israel; thus, by their gross misapplication, and ignorance of truth too plain to be misunderstood, to say nothing of their other inconsistencies, confounding the Jew, and driving him to the conclusion that they must be wrong on all other points. "Is Christ the minister of sin?" Does His Spirit teach error? But sin and error sur-

round the Jew in professing Christendom; error too palpable to escape his attention, too gross to be excused, and that even among believers! When such portions as Isa. lx., lxi., lxii. are applied to the Church, when the truth of Israel's future restoration to their own land, and Jehovah's favour is either questioned or openly decried in the face of God's plain word of prophecy (Isa. iv. ch. xi.; Ezek. xxxvi. 24-38; chap. xxxvii., &c.), and that by some who call themselves ministers of the New Testament, can we wonder that the Jew is stumbled? He knows that these and other Scriptures which teach the same truth are the words of Jehovah; he does not know that the New Testament is so. If, therefore, those who profess to believe and teach the latter flatly contradict the former, his unbelief is justified in his own sight, and he refuses to credit, or even to consider, the truth held by those who teach as to Old Testament truth much that he knows to be May the Lord give grace to those who love Him to be more consistent both in their walk and testimony!

"Give ye glory to His name."

#### THE FIDDLER.

Sam was a servant in a gentleman's family in Jamaica. Though a slave, he had a comfortable situation, and little to do except to wait upon his master. He excelled in playing on a violin, and was accustomed to play that instrument at the merry-makings of the negroes and the balls of the

Europeans. He was brought, however, to listen to the Word of Life. It reached his heart, he believed the Gospel, and became a decided Christian. Fearing that his musical instrument might now prove a snare, he broke it. One day his master told him that he would soon be wanted to play his favourite instrument. He replied, "Fiddle broke, massa."

- "It must be mended, Sam."
- "Broke all to pieces, massa."
- "Well, we must get a new one, Sam."
- "Me tink dat no good, massa: be soon broke."

The master began to suspect that this breaking of fiddles must have something to do with Sam's religion, to which, unhappily, he was no friend.

- "I hope you do not go to pray, and go after these madheaded folks, Sam?"
  - "To tell de truth, me gone, massa."

His owner now threatened him with punishment, and told him he should be flogged. The negro, however, was firm.

"Dat no good, massa, whip no flog de Word out."

His master then declared that he should be turned out of his comfortable situation, and sent to work on the plantation. He, however, had counted the cost, and remained unmoveable, so that his owner's threat was executed. Dismissed from a situation of comfort, to toil in a field of labour under the burning sun of Jamaica, he felt for a time dejected; but soon perceived that an

opportunity for doing good was now before him. In his master's family he mingled with a few domestics; now he was in the midst of three hundred slaves. He began, therefore, to tell them about his Saviour, and to invite them to go and hear the Word of God. Many of them yielded to his invitations; and in a little while, of these three hundred, about a hundred and fifty became regular hearers of the Gospel. His master heard of this, and felt still more incensed. He called for him, and addressed him with severity,—

"How dare you trouble my negroes? I will have no praying negroes."

"Me no tink they are troubled, massa; they do not seem much troubled, massa. Do they work much worse, or are they more saucy, massa?"

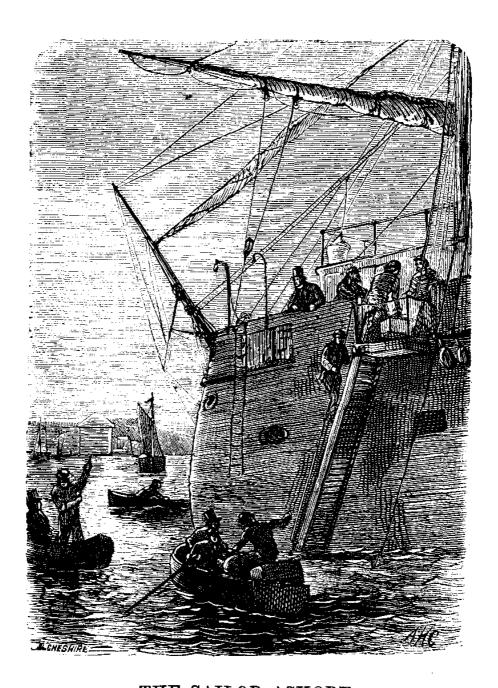
"That is nothing to you; how dare you trouble my negroes?"

"To tell de truth, massa, me tink dat de bread dat is good for my soul is good for brother nigger; and me pray, and me pray for my rich massa, and me tink dat if my rich massa would once go and hear de missionary, he would always go afterwards."

This was too much for the master's patience: he called the negro "Parson Sam," banged the door, and sent him away. The poor Christian departed with a grateful heart, thankful to God that he had escaped with nothing worse than angry words, and began to think what more he could do for his good and gracious God. His owner possessed other estates, and had from a thousand to two thousand negroes

Sam turned his attention to them. upon them. When his hard day's work was finished, he would steal away to one or other of these plantations, to talk to those slaves about his Saviour, and invite them to go and hear the missionary. Sometimes he did this as often as two or three nights in the week. At other times, when the Saturday came, which was allowed for himself, he would embrace the opportunity thus afforded, and visit a plantation, and invite the negroes to go with him to hear "massa missionary." Thus he persisted in this course of benevolent zeal till he had brought about five hundred persons to become regular hearers of the Gospel, many of whom had felt its power, and of whom, at the time this narrative was given, upwards of forty had been baptized, while a number more were serious inquirers after salvation.

While thus zealous for the salvation of others, he knew where, in time of trial, to look for strength and grace. The missionary, being obliged for a time to leave the station, expressed to this poor Christian his fears, that when the shepherd was gone, the flock might suffer; the negro, however, reminded him that the chief Shepherd is for ever very near: "Massa minister must go; Massa Christ no go: poor nigger all weak; Massa Christ all strong." At another time the missionary overheard him exhorting some of his acquaintances, so that the Gospel might be sent to some of their neighbours who had not heard its blessed sound.



# THE SAILOR ASHORE.

Some six or seven years ago—
It seems but as a span—
As I was trav'lling up to town,
I met a worthy man.

He had a grave but gracious face
Of weather-beaten hue;
He carried well his threescore years,
And wore the naval blue.

Believers both, of Christ we spake, His boundless love and grace, And of the bright and blessed hope Of seeing soon His face.

Then told he of his chequer'd life
Since he to sea had been;
Of tempests, wrecks, hair-breadth escapes,
And dangers he had seen.

For forty years had he sail'd o'er

The restless raging main,
And now, said he, would he no more
Go out to sea again:

A sailor's life was hard and rough, He car'd no more to roam, And, having wander'd long enough, He'd anchor now at home.

Then, sailor-like, he told his mind,
And open'd out his plan,
In such a free, confiding way,
One could but love the man.

He long had toil'd, and sigh'd for rest,
And strong was his desire
To settle in his native place,
And now would he retire.

His sons and daughters were upgrown, And could their burden bear; They needed not their father's help, Nor now a mother's care.

So he should choose a pleasant spot In some sequester'd scene, And look him out a cozy cot Where fields were fresh and green;

And there himself and ailing wife In peace would pass their days, And crown the closing years of life With gratitude and praise,

I smil'd, yet sigh'd, to see his glow,
And tried, in tones of love,
To lead his thoughts from dreams below
To fadeless joys above;

And though my words might not prevail
His ardent heart to reach,
His God and Father, well I knew,
His child would train and teach.

Then, soon we parted, each his way,
With words of kind adieu,
Till we should meet some future day,
Our converse to renew.

The ways of God are strangely wise;
He orders each event,
Prepares the arrow ere it flies,
And gives the bow its bent.

A few days thence my friend I found O'erborne by trouble's billow, His body with affliction bound, His head upon his pillow.

The very day that we had met, He home return'd in pain, And never from his bed arose To walk the earth again.

'Twas sad to see the burly man By dire disease oppress'd, But sadder still the saint to see In spirit sore distress'd. A heavy cloud hung o'er his soul,
The shade of unbelief,
Which hid from him the Light above,
And bow'd his heart in grief.

His cherish'd hope and pleasing scheme Of making here a nest, Had vanish'd like an empty dream, And mock'd him like a jest.

He had forsaken (who has not?)
The Fountain-Head of old,
And found that broken cisterns could
No living water hold.

But God is good and merciful, And having prov'd His child, And shown the folly of his heart In being thus beguil'd;

He pour'd the beams of Love Divine So brightly o'er his soul, That clouds and mists all pass'd away, As far as pole from pole.

And now his fancies all had fled,
And faith regain'd its grasp,
His mind on things above was set,
And held them like a clasp.

The Lord did not detain him long In suff'ring here below, But took him to Himself above, Beyond the reach of woe.

With calmness he the world resign'd,
His Father's love confess'd;
His setting sun serenely shone,
And thus he went to rest.

And there above with Christ the Lord,
Where all is bright and fair,
He has the longing of his heart,
And breathes his native air.

His fancy for a rural cot
Was but a wayward whim;
For him had Christ a better lot,
A bless'd abode with Him.

The fairest flowers that bloom on earth
Are born but to decay;
But pleasures of celestial birth
Can never fade away.

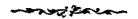
And till the Lord Himself shall come
To take us all above,
With Him he waits for that blest day,
Reposing in His love.

What joy and blessing to our souls
The ways of God to trace,
Who has not only sent His Son,
But keeps us by His grace;

Restoring all, who go astray,
To truer, greater strength,
Bestowing mercy day by day,
And bringing home at length.

Then let us all His love proclaim
With sweet and glad accord,
And worship His most holy name,
Declar'd in Christ the Lord.

Т.



#### THE DESPISER'S DEATH-KNELL.

#### THE DESPISER'S DEATH-KNELL.

A FEW days ago, when standing on a railway platform, I heard a faint shriek in the distance, and at the same moment a porter ran and snatched up the signal-bell which was lying at the further end of the station. He had only just time to give two clangs with it, when an express dashed through with frightful velocity, and in a moment was gone. Now, there was at one end of the platform what is called a level crossing, by which persons wishing to go from one side to the other passed over the metals. Many persons were standing about, and several going to and fro, some to get their tickets or speak to friends, and some to wait for the train, up or down, which they intended to travel by; but just at the moment that the bell was sounded, it so happened that no one was in the act of crossing. If he had been, he must have lost his life. Escape would have been impossible, and the signal, which no doubt the servants of the company had orders to sound as a warning, would simply have been his death-knell. You could not count two seconds—nay, not one—between the clang of that signal-bell and the instantaneous rush of the train. They came together; indeed, I am not quite sure whether the train was not first, but certainly the second note of the bell's iron tongue had hardly been given when the train was already out of sight. Was it by mere chance, as people say, or was it not rather through the goodness of God,

that of all those who had been going and coming along that level crossing just before, no one happened at that instant to be there? To me it told a sad tale as to the cause of too many so-called railway accidents. Those porters knew that that train was coming; they had known it long before; yet, until it was actually there, no warning note was sounded, no caution given to any. The double clang of that warning bell would have been a fearful mockery indeed to any man on the level crossing. As the engine's shriek, and the rush and roar of the train, shook the station, and drowned his dying groan, that iron note twice sounded would have filled his ears, the knell of death to him, as he fell dashed to pieces by the railway side. But who would have been responsible in the sight of God for that man's terrible death? The porters, whose duty it was to sound that bell in time, and the station-master, whose business it is to see that the porters do their duty. Well, now, I think we get two solemn lessons here: one for the believer, and one for the unbeliever. You know "the day of judgment and perdition of ungodly men" is coming. Time, like the rushing train, is hurrying it on, and every moment brings it nearer. Too many mere professors having, indeed, "the knowledge of the truth," but no faith in it, and "a form of godliness," without the power, pass to and fro like men upon the level crossing; now meeting with God's people, now mingling with the world of the ungodly, heedless alike of the danger

and of the warnings given in God's blessed Yet that Word declares that "when they shall say, Peace and safety, then sudden destruction cometh upon them . . . and they shall not escape." Now, believers know that that day is coming—coming fast. Already the harbingers of its approach may be heard and seen by those that watch. Yet some, alas! neglect to sound the warning, and leave the careless sinner in his peril and false security to meet "the terror of the Lord." You know it is written, "The trumpet shall sound, and the dead in Christ shall be raised, and WE shall be changed." But "where shall the ungodly and the sinner appear?" Ah! that trumpet-sound will be the harbinger of endless joys to the believer; but to the rejector of Christ it will be as the knell of everlasting death.

But, though Time's Express is rushing on, and though "the day is near," there is yet time to sound the warning-note, for "NoW is the accepted time, NoW is the day of salvation." And "this is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." "He that believeth shall not make haste," for he is out of the reach of the dangers of the coming day. Caught away to be for ever with the Lord, he will be safe in the Father's house before the day breaks on the world. He is, so to speak, in the train, instead of being on the level crossing. Where, reader, would you rather be when the death-knell of the "despiser" is sounded?



BETHLEHEM.

#### DICTIONARY OF THE BIBLE.

(Continued from p. 140.)

Beth'el (house of God), an ancient town, called Luz at the first, where Jacob saw his wonderful vision, and set up a stone which had served him for a pillow, and poured oil upon it, calling the place "the house of God" (Gen. xxviii. 11—19). It is mentioned by this name prophetically even before

Jacob's day (Gen. xii. 8, xiii. 3), and very frequently afterwards (Gen. xxxv. 1—15, comp. xxxii. 28, and xxviii. 20—22; Josh. xii. 16, xviii. 22; Judges i. 22—26, xx. 26; comp. 1 Sam. x. 3, vii. 16). It was made the southern seat of the worship of the calves by Jeroboam (Dan being the northern), and became the more important of the two (1 Kings xii. 28-33, xiii. 1; Amos v. 5; Hos. iv. 15, v. 8, x. 5, 8). After the Israelites were carried captive by the Assyrians, Josiah, king of Judah, destroyed all traces of this worship, and so fulfilled a prophecy made 350 years before to Jeroboam (2 Kings xiii. 1, 2, xxiii. 15—18). After the Babylonish captivity the place was in the possession of the Benjamites (Ezra ii. 28; Neh. vii. 32). A place now called Beitin is supposed to be the Bethel of the Scriptures. The ruins are considerable, and lie on the point of a low hill shut in by higher land on every side.

Beth-ho'ron (house or place of the Cave).—Two places of this name are mentioned, the Upper and the Nether Bethhoron. The latter was in the N.W. corner of Benjamin, and between the two places was a pass leading from the region of Gibeon down to the western plain (Josh. xviii. 13, 14, x. 11). The five kings of the Amorites were driven down the pass (Josh. x. 11). Both towns were fortified by Solomon (1 Kings ix. 17; 2 Chron. viii. 5), and both still exist under the names of Upper and Lower Beit-Ur, as inhabited villages. The Lower is very small, and stands on a small ridge, separated

by a narrow valley from the foot of the mountain on which the Upper Beit-Ur stands. Traces of ancient foundations and walls may still be seen.

Beth'lehem (house of bread), a city of Judah sometimes called Bethlehem-Judah, to distinguish it from Bethlehem in Zebulon (Josh. xix. 15; Judg. xii. 10). It was also called Ephratah (fruitful), and its inhabitants Ephratites (Gen. xlviii. 7; Mic. v. 2). It is now a large straggling village, six miles north of Jerusalem, on the brow of a high hill, and inhabited by nominal Christians, whose principal employments are the keeping of bees and the manufacture of superstitious and idolatrous relics, such as beads, crosses, &c. To the north-east of the town, in a deep valley, there is a spring of excellent water, said to be that for which David longed, and which thereof his mighty men fetched at the risk of their lives (2 Sam. xxiii. 15—18).

Beth-sa'ida (fishing town), in Galilee, on the western side of the sea of Tiberias, not far from Capernaum. It was the native place of Philip, Andrew and Peter. Its exact site is unknown, but it seems to have been about midway on the shores of the lake (Jno. i. 44, xii. 21; Mark vi. 45, viii. 22, 23). Another Bethsaida is said to have stood on the north-eastern border of the sea of Galilee. This was at one time only a village until Philip the Tetrarch rebuilt and enlarged it, and called it Julias, in honour of Julia the daughter of Augustus. Philip died and was buried there in an elegant tomb. This is supposed to be the Bethsaida in the desert

neighbourhood of which the Lord fed the multitude (Luke ix. 10; Matt. xiv. 13, comp. 34; Mark vi. 32—45).

Beth-sha'n (house of rest), a city in the half tribe of Manasseh, on the west of the Jordan, about two miles from that river. It is now called Beisan, but is only a small place of about 70 houses. The ruins of the ancient town are still to be seen, and it appears to have been about three miles in circumference (Josh. xvii. 11; Judg. i. 17; 1 Sam. xxxi. 10).

Beth-shemesh (house of the sun), a city of refuge in the tribe of Judah (Josh. xv. 10, xxi. 16; 1 Sam. vi. 12—15; 1 Chron. vi. 59). It belonged originally to the Philistines, and they again got possession of it in the days of Ahaz (1 Kings iv. 9; 2 Chron. xxviii. 18). To this place the ark was carried by the milch kine, and a number of persons slain for looking into it (1 Sam. iv. 19), but the Syriac and Arabian versions read 5,070 instead of 50,070 people. It is now a mass of ruins.

Bethu'el (separated of God), son of Nahor, Abraham's brother. He was the father of Laban and Rebecca (Gen. xxii. 22, 23).

Beth'zur (house of refuge), a town in Judah on the road to Hebron fortified by Rehoboam (Josh. xv. 58; 2 Chron. xi. 7; Neh. iii. 16). Josephus calls Bath'zur the strongest fortress in Judea, but its site is now unknown. Israel knows not where to look for that true House of Refuge which he needs, while "the veil" is on his heart (2 Cor. iii. 15).

Be'zek (lightning), the city of which Adoni-bezek once was king (Judg. i. 4); and where Saul gathered his army for the deliverance of Jabesh Gilead (1 Sam. xi. 8).

Be'zer (fortification), a city of Reuben beyond Jordan, and one of six cities of refuge (Deut. iv. 43; Josh. xx. 8). Its site is now unknown.

Bible, the name first given in the fifth century to the collection of sacred scriptures which before this time were called sacred writings or sacred letters (Jno. vii. 15).

Big'than, an eunuch whose conspiracy against Ahasuerus was defeated through Mordecai (Esth. ii. 21).

Beldad (son of strife), the Shuhite, one of Job's friends. The Shuah, of which, according to the Septuagint, Beldad was prince or patriarch, is supposed to have been the region in the east country, named after Shuah, son of Abraham by Keturah (Gen. xxv.).

Bil'hah (terror), the handmaid of Rachel, and mother of Dan and Naphtali (Gen. xxx. 1—8).

Birthright.—The rights or privileges belonging to the first-born among the Hebrews.

Bishop, an overseer, elder, or presbyter (Acts xx. 17; comp. 28, and 1 Tim. iii. 1, 2, which is the same word).

Bith'ron (division), supposed to mean a region of hills and valleys, and not any particular place (2 Sam. ii. 29).

Bithyn'ia, one of the provinces of Asia Minor,

inhabited by a rude and uncivilized people called Thracians, who had colonized this part of Asia, and lived in villages (Acts xvi. 7; 1 Pet. i. 1).

Bittern occurs three times in Scripture, but it is uncertain what creature is intended by the original word (Isa. xiv. 23, xxxiv. 11; Zeph. ii. 14).

Blas'tus, chamberlain to Herod Agrippa (Acts xii. 20).

Boaner'ges (sons of thunder), the surname given to James and John by the Lord Jesus Christ (Mark iii. 17).

Boar, mentioned in Lev. xi. 7; Deut. xiv. 8; Ps. lxxx. 13; Prov. xi. 22; Isa. lxv. 4; lxvi. 3, 17. Wild boars are still to be seen in Mount Carmel, and are numerous about the sources of the river Jordan, and near the Dead Sea.

Boaz (in him is strength), the husband of Ruth and father of Obed (worshipping), who was the father of Jesse, the father of David. This name was also given to one of the pillars of the temple of Solomon.

Bo'chim (weepings), a place supposed to be near Shiloh, where the angel of the Lord rebuked the people for their iniquity (Judg. ii. 1).

Bo'han (thumb), a son of Reuben, whose stone or monument is mentioned (Josh. xv. 6; xviii. 17).

Booth, a hut or tabernacle made of branches of trees (Gen. xxxiii. 17; Lev. xxiii. 42, 43).

Bottle.—Skins of animals were commonly used for bottles, which in course of time would become old and rent (Josh. ix. 4). New wine in a state of

fermentation would be likely to burst the old worn skins, thus "new wine must be put into new bottles, and both are preserved" (Matt. ix. 17; Luke v. 37, 38; Mark ii. 22). The Christians of Lebanon, Armenia, and Georgia, still use ox-skins for keeping wine, and smaller skins of the goat or kid for that which is for immediate use. bottles were also formed of hard stone, alabaster, bone, ivory, and even metals, as bronze, gold, and silver. As early as the days of Tothmes III. (supposed to be the Pharaoh of Exodus), bottles or vases of elegant shape and workmanship were used, showing that the art of manufacturing such things was by no means in its infancy, even then. Glazed pottery or earthenware was in use among the common people.

Bow is frequently mentioned in Scripture. Those used by the mounted soldier were formed like the buffalo horn, and carried in a case hung on the girdle to protect the string, which was made of deer sinews. When about to engage, the bow was "made bare" (Hab. iii. 9). As a symbol it is often employed (Ps. vii. 12; lxiv. 4; lxxviii. 57; cxx. 4; Hos. vii. 16, &c.).

#### ANSWER TO ENIGMA IN MAY NUMBER.

P ilate. E den.

A dam. N ew Jerusalem.

T sidkenu. C anaan. I Am that I Am. E lim.

PATIENCE.

Seal.

E. M. B.

Answer also received from B. E. L., Creeting.



# TO YOUNG CHRISTIANS.—ABOUT THEIR ENEMIES.

READ EXODUS XVII. 8-16.

You see, dear young friends, that, however good the blessed God had been to His people Israel, whom He had chosen and redeemed, and now "led forth" out of Egypt, He still saw fit to permit new enemies to turn up and oppose their progress. Amalek never troubled them when they were slaves in Egypt, but now they are the Lord's freedmen, and making for the glorious land God

had promised to them, these wicked people, descended from Jacob's brother Esau, come against them, and they have to fight. At the Red Sea they were to "stand still," and the Lord fought their battle (Ex. xiv. 14); but now they are to "go out" and fight His battle with Amalek. Joshua leads them forth, and they fight as though everything depended upon their courage and perseverance. Sometimes they prevail, and Amalek seems to be beaten; and then he prevails, and they appear to be getting the worst of it: but they do not give up, and by the time the sun goes down they have gained a complete victory. Then they can rest, without having any more to either fight or watch against their defeated foe. Yet, after all, it was not their courage or the skill of their leader that gained for them the victory. By no means, for with all their bravery they could not stand before Amalek, not to speak of making him flee before them, except as Moses, "on the top of the hill," continued to "hold up his hand" in supplication for them. He had given them directions before he went on high, and then, while they were below, doing as he had told them, he was away from them, out of the battle, yet interested in them, pleading for them with God; and they prevailed over their foe, not when they made the greatest effort, but while he "held up his hand," as he is doing in the picture before you.

Now, all this contains lessons for us of great interest and importance. By-and-by, we shall

come to the end of our day of conflict, to our time of rest; the "rest that remaineth," not at the "going down of the sun," but at the going up of all "that are Christ's at His coming, called up by the well-known voice of Jesus, "to meet the Lord in the air." This moment, so bright and happy for all who have learnt anything of the love of the Lord Jesus, will soon be here, and He would have us looking for it and longing for it; though, alas! we are too prone to forget it, and think more about our own happiness down here than the Lord Jesus having the desire of His heart (John xvii. 24) in our being with Him where He is. He does not forget it, for it was what He died to bring about, "that we might live together with Him" (1 Thess. v. 10). And if we lose sight of the "blessed hope," and forget how short is our time here, there is another who does not, even our "adversary, the devil." And just as it is the desire of Jesus that our hearts be now where our home will be presently, with Himself in the glory; so it is the aim of Satan to occupy us with the world and its vanities, that we may set our mind, not on things above, but on things on the earth: not to live by faith in the place "where Christ sitteth on the right hand of God," but to find our home, and walk by sight, in the place where He was lifted up from the earth, the scorn of men, on the "right hand" of one malefactor, and the left hand of another!

We have indeed to pass through this world, but it is as those running a race through it, and for

our example in this race, the Word of God sets before us no less a pattern than the Lord Jesus Christ Himself, who, "for the joy set before Him, endured the cross." But in this "reaching forth unto those things that are before," we daily find hindrances: you meet with your difficulties, and I with mine, and many are the toys and follies that our great enemy throws in our path to turn us aside, if possible, from "running with patience the race set before us." Through the grace of God we know ourselves pardoned and justified through "the precious blood of Christ," and brought by the power of God, through the resurrection of Jesus, into a new place before Himself, to know Him as our Saviour-God; to joy in Him, and be at peace before Him.

Thus, standing in His favour, we "rejoice in hope" of His glory, into which He will bring us; and now Amalek comes. New temptations from our own wicked hearts, evil suggestions and wiles of Satan, that never troubled us when, like Israel serving Pharaoh, the prince of Egypt, we belonged to this world, and walked according to "the prince of the power of the air." And, as we meet with these things which would hinder us in our progress towards "the glory," the Lord's word to us is: "Resist the devil, and he will flee from you" (James iv. 7). We are not to make any terms of peace with the Lord's enemies, or "make provision for the flesh." It is as much a word from Him to us, to "abhor that which is evil," as to "cleave to

that which is good;" and we must bear it in mind, "giving no place to the devil," or allowing in ourselves the working of the old evil nature that we all carry with us.

But, on what must we depend for success in this warfare? Certainly, if we have ever learnt what we are in the presence of God, we can "have no confidence in the flesh," and we must know that if our victory was made to depend, for a single day, upon our strength or watchfulness, we must break down, and the enemy prevail. But, blessed be God, there is Another in His presence for us, in whom God is ever "well pleased," the "one Mediator between God and man," even the Lord Jesus Christ Himself, "who is even at the right hand of God, who also maketh intercession for us" (Rom. viii. 34). And our success, from day to day, as well as our complete final victory, is only secured by the perfection of His gracious work for us.

He is not now in the conflict Himself, as Moses was not. Before He ascended, He gave us His words for our guidance, and His own peace for our hearts to dwell in, even in the midst of the toil and conflict of this wilderness. And now, for "a little while," He is away, but He is still engaged for us, and never weary in His service. Never does He need Aaron or Hur to lift up for Him the hands that hang down, as poor Moses in the picture.

Now let me, in closing, commend to you, my dear young friends, these two thoughts about your

conflict by the way, with every thing that would hinder your growth in grace, and anticipation of the glory. First, that the "good fight of faith" must be kept up with unwearied diligence, until the end of the day, and the time comes for resting with Jesus. And, on the other hand, that we must never forget how thoroughly helpless we are, except as sustained by the grace and strength of the Lord; and how constantly dependent we are, while in the world, where He has been and we are still, upon His gracious work for us in heaven, where He is now and we are going to be. The Lord bless you, and give you "good success"!

#### GOING HOME BY THE WELL.

A FEW years ago there lived at a house in the country a little servant maid who was a believer in the Lord Jesus Christ. She had been brought early to Jesus, and knew that her sins were all washed away in His most precious blood, because God says so (1 John i. 7). Thus, having faith in Christ, she had no fear of death or of the judgment to come, because Jesus says, "He that heareth my word, and believeth on Him that sent me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into the judgment, but is passed from death unto life." The "love of God was shed abroad in her heart by the Holy Ghost given unto her," and she could say of Jesus, "He loved me and gave Himself for me." This made her love Him in return, and

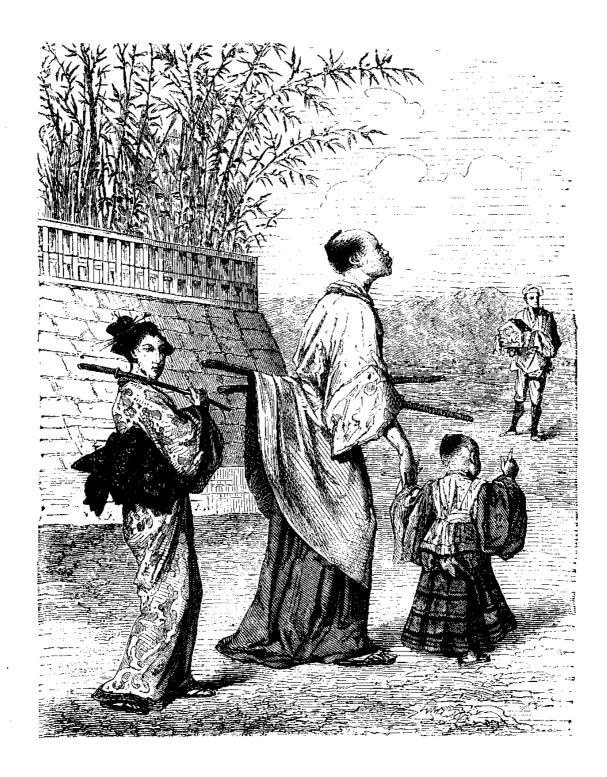
because she loved Him she sought to serve Him. In the family she lived with there were little children, and one way in which she sought to serve the Lord was by talking to these children about the love of Jesus, and telling them how He died on the cross to save sinners. Well, one day she went as usual to get some water from the well in the garden, and, being perhaps in a hurry, she forgot to shut the little trap-door which covered the mouth. On her return, when her work was done, she sat down with the children and talked to them about Jesus, telling them that He would soon come again to take His people home, as He promised to do before He went away to His Father, saying, "In my Father's house are many mansions. . . . I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go to prepare a place for you, I will come again and receive you unto myself, that where I am there ye may be also" (John xiv.). She seemed on that evening to be thinking very much about the Father's house, and she knew that, if called away from this earth before the Lord came, she should be "absent from the body, and present with the Lord." She was a happy little believer, yet she loved Jesus so much that she had "a desire to depart and be with Christ, which is far better." And so, as her heart was full of the thought of seeing Him, she talked much about it to the children that evening, her earnest wish being to bring them also to that same happy home through faith in Christ Jesus. Well, bed-time came at last, and

so when she had undressed them, and put them to bed, she kissed them, and wished them all "good night," none thinking that it was for the last time, and that before they opened their eyes in the morning light, she would open hers in the presence of the Lord and the light of the glory of God.

After the children were gone to bed, her mistress remembered something which had been forgotten, and, though she was sorry to send her out so late, the little maid went to get it. It happened to be a dark night, and she had not been long gone when her mistress suddenly thought of "What if it should have been left open?" the well. was the thought that flashed all at once on her Time passed on, and the child did not return, and at last, with a dread foreboding of the truth, her mistress hurried to the spot to which her fears pointed her. Dark as it was, she could see, on looking closely, that the trap was open, and, as she stooped to look again, she heard, far down the deep well, a gurgling sigh that told her her worst fears were realized. The poor child was in the well, and her last breath rose on the ear as her happy spirit went to be with Christ. shock was too great for her poor mistress, who fell fainting by the well-side, and though, when she recovered, the body of the girl was got out, and efforts made to restore life, it was too late. She had gone home by the well to Jesus.

J. L. K.





THE LITTLE BLIND CHINESE GIRL.

Many of the readers of Good News will remember the pretty verses on pages 72 and 73 of the volume for 1871 about the little blind Chinese girl of Foo-chow; and some will remember sending some

money to the publisher for the dear child. The following letter has just been received, which tells how she lived to know what her young friends in England had done for her; and, which is much better, how she learned that Jesus the Son of God had died for her on the cross, and we believe that through faith in Him she was ready when called away from the world, and, being absent from the body, is now present with the Lord.

"I have been requested to write some facts in addition to those some time since published in the 'Chinese Recorder' respecting Sik Chio, the little blind child, in the Girls' School in Foo-chow, and willingly accede to the request.

"But those kind hearts in far-off England who made this sightless Chinese orphan the object of their loving charity may be surprised, though, with me, rejoiced also to know that as the blind child one need no longer speak of her. She is now with open eyes—open for ever in that bright land where shadows and darkness are unknown. Her name, signifying 'Gathered Pearl,' was most appropriate, since she was gathered first out of the turmoil and unwholesomeness of the streets of a Chinese city to share the comforts of a peaceful home, and just now gathered again she has been, into the Home on high, to be numbered at last among His jewels when He counteth them. Her death—quiet and peaceful as the falling asleep of an infant in its mother's arms—occurred early on Sunday morning, the 8th of October. She had been ill for some

days, but was not considered dangerously so until a few hours before she died. The matron of the school, who has always been like a mother to the helpless little child, was startled by observing her short and quick breathing, and, hastening to her bedside, found that the spirit was just taking its flight. From a peaceful slumber she passed unconsciously into the last long sleep—the sleep of death.

"Sik Chio was seven years of age at her death, but so diminutive in size that she seemed a year or more younger than she was. The three years that have elapsed since she was received into the school produced quite a change in the neglected half-starved child. Though never robust, she grew strong and comparatively well, and seemed always very cheerful and happy. Kind and gentle in her disposition, she was quite a pet with the older school-girls, who taught her to repeat many hymns and passages of Scripture.

"She had thus learned over seventy hymns, and could recite the twenty-third Psalm and one or two others without hesitation, and had also learned three or four chapters in the Gospel of Matthew. At first she seemed disinclined to apply her mind to the task of committing to memory, but was at length induced to learn one hymn each week by the promise of an orange as a reward. After she began to learn Scripture, she received no reward for that, but three cash, a very trifling sum, was given her for each hymn. Her memory was very

retentive, and she learned much more rapidly than others in the school older than she, and blessed with eyesight.

"She usually took her meals by herself, seated in a low chair with the food placed on a stool in front of her. Before commencing to eat, it was quite touching to see her first cover her sightless eyes with one little hand, and then ask a blessing on her food. She never omitted this duty, and never waited to be reminded of it as children in Christian lands sometimes do.

"A few evenings before her death, the teacher, on going to the bedroom to see how the little patient was, found her seated near the bed unfastening her shoes. Supposing that she had already prayed, and knowing that she was quite weak, the teacher lifted her gently on to the bed, and turned to leave, when she saw little Sik Chio on the floor again, with hands clasped, for she had not prayed. The teacher left her still on her knees, but involuntarily the words of the Saviour came to her lips, 'For of such is the kingdom of heaven.' She was a mere infant—knew little of life as other children know it, but whatever she was taught of God's will or of her duty to Him she sought to perform. Can we older people always say the same?

"The letter containing the account of the gift from England came when she was in usual health, and when informed of how much money had been sent her, and that it came from a country very far away, she seemed much pleased.

"Her friends did not think then that it would be used to defray the expenses of her burial and to place a memorial-stone at her grave. The kind donors of the one-pound note will feel satisfied, I trust, with this manner of disposing of their gift. May every one who had a share in its bestowal receive evermore the choicest blessing of Him who has said, 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me.'"

#### PRESSING TOWARD THE MARK.

When one is in a thoughtful tone,
Enjoying sweet communion,
Some trifle, o'er our pathway thrown,
Will often blend in union.
Not long ago, I heard a child
Say to another, "Mind you,"
In playful language, while she smil'd,—
"You must not look behind you."

This simple word of childish glee
And sisterly affection,
A train of thought awoke in me,
And led to wise reflection.
I Lot remember'd, and the word,—
"Lest judgment here should find thee,
For life escape; come, haste, begird,
And do not look behind thee."

Lot's wife, we know, was turn'd to salt,
Regarding not the warning;
And many, now, are fain to halt,
The fear of judgment scorning.
Oh, ye whose lamps no oil contain,
'Tis Satan's aim to blind you;
Look to the Lamb who once was slain,
O haste! look not behind you.

Some put their hand unto the plough,
Professing Christ to follow,
But are not ready, even now,
Their faith is false and hollow;
They cling to kin and nature's home,
The word has power to bind them;
They're not prepar'd with Christ to roam,
They've turn'd and look'd behind them.

That dear, devoted, earnest Paul,
The true, unwearied servant,
Accounted Christ his all in all,
And e'er was fresh and fervent.
One thing he did,—his back he turn'd
On all that once could bind him,
And, reaching forth, for Christ he yearn'd,
Forgetting things behind him.

May we our Lord's soul-stirring word
Have on our hearts engraven;
Press on, as for its nest the bird,
Or ship unto its haven.
May He our being all control,
In Love's strong fetters bind us;
That we may stretch toward the goal,
And never look behind us.
T.

Gen. xix. 15-17, 26; Luke xvii, 28-33; Matt. xxv. 1-13; Luke ix. 59-62; Phil. iii, 13, 14,



THE PASSPORT.

An English gentleman, who lived with his family in one of the seaport towns of France, had a son who had successfully finished his college studies, and, wishing to give him a treat, he kindly offered to take him on a trip to England. Pleased with the idea of visiting his native land, the youth looked forward with great delight to the time when

he was to set sail, and made every preparation he could think of for the voyage. The day came at last, the trunks were packed, and he and his father, bidding "good-bye" to those at home, set off for the But one thing had not been provided. ship. France was at this time at war with Prussia, and it had been found needful to make very stringent rules about passports, because spies from the German camp were continually going about the country. From enquiries the father had made, he did not think it needful to provide a passport for a mere youth of fifteen or sixteen years of age, and so they went on board without one. But, when the officers came to examine the passports, and found he had none, they insisted that he should return to land. It was in vain that the father pleaded that he had lived in France for upwards of ten years; in vain the captain of the vessel, who knew the family well, tried to persuade the officers to let the lad sail; they were not to be moved, but demanded that the youth should quit the boat at once, luggage and all. As it was too late to get a passport in time to sail by that vessel, they were obliged to return home, greatly disappointed as you may On the following day, they went to the suppose. Consul and obtained a pass, which they were assured would be all that was needful. Satisfied now that it was all right, they once more went on board. Again the officers came, and the pass was presented. But fresh regulations, of which the Consul was ignorant, had been made, and, to their great surprise and mortification, the officer told them that the pass must be "visa," that is, must have the stamp and signature of the Sou prefect, or it would not suffice! The father reminded the officer of the poor boy's disappointment of the day before; of his being a resident of the town; of the testimony of the captain of the other vessel, but all was to no purpose; the rules must be obeyed, and they were again compelled to quit the boat and return to shore!

The poor boy could hardly restrain his tears this time, for it seemed as if he was never to have the joy of looking on the hills and dales of his native land. But there was one comfort, another boat would go next day, and so a few more hours, delay was, after all, the only trial he would have to bear. And so it proved. The Consul was again visited, the passport was properly corrected according to the new regulations, and, on going for the third time on board the boat, the officer with a smile told the youth that all was right, and he and his father were allowed to proceed on the voyage they had so long looked forward to, and been so strangely hindered in.

What a solemn thought it is that some who think they have get the right passport to heaven, will find out, when too late, that they are deceived! The youth was known to be a member of a respectable family, and they may have been well known as respectable professors and "members of churches," as some are called; they may have lived a very

moral life for many years, and, trusting to all this, they may think, when the time comes for them to leave this world, that their religiousness will pass them safely to "that better land" to which they wish to go. O how fearful the disappointment! The boy could return to land and get the passport that was necessary, but to those I speak of there will be no return. "There is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom in the grave." Again, you see the father had his passport all right, but the son had not, nor would anything that the father said in favour of his son persuade the officer to let him pass. It is very sad to think that too many young people, whose parents are believers, have no passport to that "happy land" to which their mothers and fathers belong. But do you ask, "What is the passport ?" It is faith in the blood of Christ (Rom. iii. 25). Without this there is no such thing as entering God's presence. "Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." "The blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleanseth us from all sin." "He that believeth shall be saved; he that believeth not shall be damned."

Nothing less will do; nothing more is needful nor even allowed. "Add thou not unto His words." Jesus said on the cross, "It is finished." To try to add any works of your own to His finished work is to spoil the Passport, and to insult the Son of God. To leave this world without it is everlasting death! "He that hath the Son hath life; he that hath not the Son of God hath not life." Have you

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this all-important, all-sufficient Passport? Oh do not put aside the question till it is too late! See to it now, for "Behold, Now is the accepted time; behold, Now is the day of salvation."

# "REMEMBER ME." FOR LITTLE ONES.

Many years ago a large ship, called the Dutton. was wrecked off the coast of Plymouth. All hope of saving the ship was gone, and nearly 600 persons were threatened with a watery grave, from which there seemed no possible escape. To add to their misery, all the officers, thinking only of their own safety, had forsaken the sinking vessel, so that there was no one to direct the crew or control the wild disorder into which despair had thrown them. Just as the last officer was drawn on shore by a rope which had been passed from the land to the wreck, Lord Exmouth happened to be on his way to a dinner party, and, seeing the crowds running to the Hoe, he learned the cause, and instantly hurried to the scene. The ship was full in sight, and he could perceive, from the confusion which reigned on board, that, unless some one was there to restore order the whole crew would be lost. In vain he tried to persuade the officers to return: there was not one among them who had the courage to attempt it, or the self-devotion to risk his own life for the sake of the 600 souls "ready to perish." There was no time to be lost, and so Lord Exmouth resolved that, if they would

not go, he would. But how was he to get there? No boat could swim through the furious surf, or live in the stormy waves, and there was no lifeboat to be had at Plymouth then. Well, what do you think he did? There was a rope, as I have said, which had been passed to and from the ship to save the officers, and so, tying this round his own waist, he gave the signal to those on board to pull it in, and in this manner, at the risk of his life, he was dragged through the stormy surf and waves right up into the ship. It was a most perilous thing to do, for the violence of the waves, as he was drawn through them, was enough to dash him to pieces, and the wonder is that he escaped being beaten to death against the rocks. or suffocated by the waters. But he passed safely through all the peril, and stood at last upon the deck. noble self-sacrifice gained the admiration and respect of all on board at once, and every man was ready to do his bidding. Order was soon restored, and the crew were all set to work to lash together spars and broken pieces of the wreck so as to make a raft. When it was ready a portion of the crew, at his command, got on to it, and the rest, controlled by his authority and influence, instead of crowding to the raft in wild disorder, stood calmly by while it was drawn to shore, and then drawn back again to receive another living freight. this manner batch after batch of the crew got safe to land, until all were saved; nor did this noble officer leave the vessel until the last man descended

with him, and when at last he stepped on shore he had got a little infant of three weeks old in his arms which he had persuaded its mother to entrust him with, because he thought he could better protect it through the stormy waves than she could do. Was not this a brave and a benevolent man? He went through the raging billows to save a ship's crew of 600 persons, and I am sure you will say that each man ought to have felt deeply grateful to him as long as he lived for risking his own life thus willingly for them.

But can you tell me what it all reminds us of? Who was it that could say, "All Thy waves and Thy billows are gone over me "--" Thou hast afflicted me with all Thy waves?" Who was it that cried, "My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me?" I am sure you will answer at once, "It was the Son of God when on the cross." But why did He thus pass through the waves and billows of God's wrath? Surely He had "done nothing amiss," as even His enemies were constrained to say. He was "holy, harmless, undefiled, and separate from sinners." He "glorified God on the earth," which no one ever did before, for "all have sinned and come short of the glory of God." Why, then, did He pass through such terrible suffering up on the cross? Was it not to save sinners? Yes, indeed. He did not merely go through the waves and billows of the sea tied to a rope at the risk of His life, but He went down into death itself, even the death of that terrible cross, and that for us—for you and me.

How great must have been His love for sinners! for you know it is written, "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners," and this He did by bearing the judgment due to sin—the wrath of God upon "the cursed tree." Yes, He drained the cup of wrath to the very dregs, so that NONE might remain for them who believe in Him. Thus all who believe are saved. All who trust Jesus—all who believe God's Word about Jesus—are saved. And what does the Word of God say about Him! It says that "the blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleanseth us from all sin"—that precious blood which He shed on the cross. You see God says this. Do you believe it because God says it? If you do then you are saved. Many, many thousands have thus been saved-so many that you could not count them if you tried. You see, in the little tale which I have told you that the sailors trusted their deliverer; they cast themselves upon the raft at his bidding and were all saved. Do you trust God -our Saviour God. Believe Him; take Him at His word; obey Him; cast your soul on Christ, for "He is able to save to the uttermost," and then you will be saved.

And being saved by Him—able by faith to say, "He loved me, and gave Himself for me"—will you not be grateful? Would the sailors soon forget him who saved them from death in the deep waters? I should hope not. Well Jesus says:

"REMEMBER ME."

J. L. K.

#### THE FOUNTAIN.

#### THE FOUNTAIN.

A MIRROR is Nature,
And oft, in her face,
Some semblance or feature
Of truth we may trace.
See! how, on the mountain,
Where rivulets teem,
The nearer the fountain,
The purer the stream.

The quietest current
That steals on its course,
The noisiest torrent
That rushes with force,
Proclaim, while they're flowing,
The truth of the theme—
The nearer the fountain,
The purer the stream.

Though men may, by study
And toil, learn to preach,
Their thoughts will be muddy,
And truth never reach.
Their learning is lumber,
Their wisdom a dream;
For man is their fountain,
And folly their stream.

Some, Christ own as precious,
In Him have their part,
Yet seldom refresh us,
Or comfort the heart.
'Tis plain that they hold not
This truth in esteem:
'Tis but at The Fountain
That fresh is the stream.

Our God, ever living,
Of joy is The Source,
And freely is giving
Us strength in our course.
May we on His Mountain,
Where life ever teems,
Be filled in His Fountain,
O'erflow with His streams.

T.

#### DICTIONARY OF THE BIBLE.

(Continued from p. 168.)

Beth-nim'ra, or Nimra, a town in the tribe of Gad (Numb. xxxii. 3, 36; Josh. xiii. 27), on the east of Jordan.

Bethpha'ge (house of figs), a small village between Jericho and Bethany. No traces of it now remain (Matt. xxi. 1; Luke xix. 29).

Box-tree. The application of the Hebrew word translated "box-tree" is not quite certain, but this tree is highly valued on account of its fine grain and firmness. It is a native of mountainous regions and grows on Mount Lebanon (Isa. lx. 13; xli. 19).

Bozrah (fortification), a chief city of the Edomites, lay southward of Edrei. It is now for the most part a heap of ruins, yet contains a few inhabitants who seem almost lost among the extensive ruins by which they are surrounded. It was long a place of great importance, and, as late as the seventh century, was in a flourishing condition, and called "the market-place of Syria, Irak, and the Hedjaz."

But God has foretold its utter desolation (Jer. xlix. 13; Amos i. 12; Isa. xxxiv. 6; lxiii. 1), and His word is sure to be fulfilled.

Bracelets.—These ornaments, which are much worn by females in Eastern countries, are sometimes of great size and value; but the materials of which they are made varies, of course, according to the condition and wealth of the wearer. Those who can afford it have bracelets of mother-of-pearl, or fine flexible gold or silver, the last being most usual. The poorer sort of people use plated steel, copper, horn, brass, beads, &c. It is not unusual to wear several on the same arm from the wrist to the elbow, and the value of some of these bracelets is shown in the gift of Abraham's steward to Rebekah (Gen. xxiv. 22; 2 Sam. i 10, &c.). The chief difference between bracelets and armlets is that the first is worn below, and the other above the elbow.

Branch.—Trees in Scripture are used as symbols of men (Judg. ix. 8; comp. viii. 22); cedars, &c., of great and lofty persons, such as kings and princes (2 Kings xiv. 9). A branch is therefore the symbol of a king descended from royal ancestors as a branch from the root (Ezek. xvii. 3, 10; Dan. xi. 7). Thus Christ as man is called the Branch, as the offspring of David (Isa. xi. 1, iv. 2; Jer. xxiii. 5; Zech. iii. 8, vi. 12, &c.).

Brass.—The word so used in our version is usually understood to mean copper. Brass being a metal compounded of others, has, of course, to be

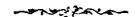
manufactured, and cannot be dug out of mines as copper is (Deut. viii. 9); but some think that, when we read, "Out of whose hills thou mayest dig brass," that the meaning is, that the materials of which brass, or rather bronze, is compounded, could be dug out of the mines of Palestine. Brass is frequently mentioned in Scripture, and is used as a symbol of insensibility (Isa. xlviii. 4, &c.); also of endurance and strength (Ps. cvii. 16; Mic. iv. 13; Jer. i. 18, xv. 20. See Altar).

Bread appears to be applied to, and to include, all kinds of food (Luke xi. 3), but is used also in the more limited sense, as meaning the cake-like bread made from wheat, or, in the case of the very poor, from barley. In the East, the corn is ground every day, generally in the early morning; the flour is then taken warm from the hand-mill and made into paste or dough in a small wooden trough or bowl; after this, if it is to be baked at once, it is leavened, and then made into thin round or oval cakes, when it is either baked at home or taken to be baked at the public ovens kept by those who are bakers by trade (Jer. xxxvii. 21; Hos. vii. 4), and who sell bread for such as have no means or time for carrying on the operation at home. The baker's recompense, in this case, is a portion of the bread so baked, and which he adds to his stock for sale. The public ovens are not much unlike our own. but those used for domestic purposes are very different, being usually large vessels of stone, earthenware, or copper, which can be carried about.

Inside these, when properly heated, small loaves and cakes are baked, while, on the outer surface, thin wafer-like cakes are also plastered till done through. Another kind of oven, common in villages, is a pit in the middle of the floor of the largest room, about four or five feet deep, and three in diameter, well lined with cement; this is heated by a fire lighted at the bottom, and then the bread made like thin pancakes is stuck all round the sides; these in a few minutes are baked through, and of course fall off. Wandering tribes commonly dig a shallow hole, some six inches deep, by three or four feet in diameter; this, being filled with brushwood, is set alight, pebbles are thrown on to retain the heat, and, when burnt all out, the hole is well swept, and the dough made some two fingers thick, is laid in and covered up all night; in the morning it is ready for use, and is said to be very palatable. For preparing only a small quantity in haste, the Arabs still use a primitive sort of pan made of earthenware or iron, either flat or slightly convex, which, being placed over a slow fire, bakes a thin cake very rapidly. This utensil is called tajen in Arabic, and seems to have been in use amongst the ancient Hebrews. The peasantry commonly have a cavity in the fire-hearth, which, when they wish to bake a cake, is filled with hot embers and covered with a plate of iron or copper on which the dough is placed. Travellers and wandering tribes use another and very expeditious

method of baking. Choosing a smooth spot on a sandy soil, a fire is kindled till the ground has been sufficiently heated; the red embers are then raked on one side, and the dough laid on the place and covered up again with the hot ashes; after turning it a few times it is sufficiently baked in about half-an-hour. This is called ash-bread (Gen. xviii. 6; 1 Kings xviii. 13, xix. 6; Ezek. iv. 12). As to the kneading-troughs, they are usually small wooden bowls in which only a small quantity of dough can be prepared at a time. But the Bedouin Arabs have a still more simple means for kneading, which is merely a leather that can be drawn into a bag by a string along the border, and in which, in case of sudden removal, they can carry their dough after having kneaded it (Exod. xii. 34).

Breastplate is a piece of armour for the protection of the breast, but that of the High Priest of Israel was made of embroidered cloth of gold, blue, purple, scarlet, and fine turned linen; in this twelve precious stones were set in four rows, each stone being engraved with the name of one of the tribes of Israel, so that he bore their names upon his heart when he went into the holy of holies (Exod. xxviii. 29; Heb. iv. 14—16, viii. 1, 2). This was called the Breastplate of Judgment (Exod. xxviii. 15—29; xxxix. 8—21).





# THE WIDOW OF ZAREPHATH.—TO YOUNG BELIEVERS.

#### READ 1 KINGS XVII.

This poor woman in the picture has just come out of the city gate to gather a few sticks to make her last fire, as she thinks. Her husband has died, and she with her little boy have been living together, but for a long time there has been no rain to water the earth, making it to bring forth and bud, to give "seed to the sower and bread to the eater," and the food of this poor woman has run so short that they are preparing to die together. A handful of meal in a barrel, and a little oil in a cruse is all they have left: about "two sticks" will make fire enough to bake it into a cake, and the mother has come out to pick them up. Yet she is the person whom God has appointed to "sustain" His

servant Elijah for at least "a full year!" (ver. 15, margin). One would have thought she needed to be sustained instead of taking in a guest and sustaining him; and such indeed is the fact. She has hardly anything left to live upon herself, only the very little she is about to eat and die upon she is willing to share with the man of God. Now, God sees and values "the willing mind" (2 Cor. viii. 12), and accepts "the will for the deed," where the will is real.

So here He graciously reckons that the widow sustained the prophet, although in fact it was only through his being there that she was sustained herself. She received him into her house, and the effect was that she and her son were saved from dying of hunger; and even when, a year after, he did die, and his mother clasped his dead body to her bosom, she found that the One of whom she had said, "The Lord thy God liveth," still lived, and would, by His servant, bring back the life of her little boy, that he might live too.

That blessed God, who had condescended to be "the Lord God of Elijah," enabled His servant not only to provide food for the living, thus keeping them alive, but to bring back life to one who was dead! What a happy thing to belong to such a God, and to know that He is ours! And He is now to be known even in a still more blessed way; not as the One who only sustains in life, or brings back to life the widow's son, but as One who has given up to death His own Son! Would the poor widow

rejoice to have again her child? How much more should you and I love and try to please our heavenly Father, "who spared not His own Son, but delivered Him up for us all;" has now raised Him from the dead, and given Him to be our Saviour and Lord, and will "with Him also freely give us all things"! (Rom. viii. 32.) And see how simple and happy the faith of Elijah was in this chapter. Judgment had come upon the guilty people for their sins, and he had to feel with the rest that it was now a "dry and thirsty land, without water." But he speaks of "the Lord God of Israel, before whom I stand;" and God does not forget or fail to provide for those who stand for and trust in Him in the midst of this guilty and barren world. He has, however, to learn for himself that each day's food does come only from God. Hiding away, at the word of the Lord, in lonely solitude, by a brook drying up before his eyes, he waits on God, who hears the ravens when they cry, and can so fill them, even in a time of "great famine" (Luke iv. 25), that those hungry birds, who not uncommonly forget to feed their own young, shall have enough and to spare, and take him bread and flesh twice a day! Not a day's supply beforehand, but food in the morning for his hunger, and again in the evening. How truly and constantly he must have felt his dependence upon his God for each next meal! And then the brook drying up at his feet, and no word yet from the Lord as to any more rain, or where he should go

next, until (it would appear) the brook he had been drinking of was quite dried up! And then to be sent a long way off, quite out of the land of Israel, to a "widow woman" he had never seen, to be sustained. He found her at the gate of Zarephath. as you see her in the picture, and heard how very poor she was, yet made no question abouther being the one to whom the Lord was sending him. he really expected to be dependent upon his hostess, he would have sought for some wealthy widow who could afford to sustain him. But no, it was "the Lord God before whom I stand" who had the confidence of his heart; and if it should turn out that both he and the widow and her house were still simply dependent on God for each meal, it would be only so much the better; they would realize all the more fully and simply that it was God who was feeding them from day to day. And so it was; we read nothing of the handful becoming a barrelful, but each day the oil and meal were fed on, and they did not "waste." And so the ravens, who forget to feed their young, are made to remember and feed the servant of God; and then the poor widowed mother, who had nothing to feed her son with, except part of one cake before he died, is enabled to sustain the prophet "a full year," and live herself upon the little that was increased through her sharing it with him.

Dear young fellow disciple, let us ponder this interesting narrative, and ask the Lord to remindus of our own constant dependence upon Himself, not

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only for "daily bread," but everything we need. Surely it is a world of dried-up brooks, and all blessing to our souls, as well as sustenance for our bodies, must come from the Lord who loves us and cares for us. May we learn also from the poor widow of Zarephath, that, however little we have or can do, it is the Lord's to "command" as to the use of it; and if we are enabled to devote it to Him, and share it with those He sends, our own blessing will be multiplied thereby, and His great name be honoured too. W. T.

### THE PHANTOM OF THE SWAMP.

In riding late one night along a lonely country road, a traveller observed at a little distance a dark object standing in the shadow of the thicket on the edge of a swamp by the roadside. His horse showed by his manner, as he pricked his ears and advanced more cautiously, that he saw it tob; but his rider, supposing it to be merely some rural policeman doing duty for the night, rode on, not even turning his head as he passed the spot to notice whether the person was still there or not. On several occasions afterwards the traveller in approaching the same place at night observed the same dark object, erect and silent in the gloom and solitude of the swamp, but, still assuming that it was a policeman, took no further notice. last one night, on seeing it again; it suddenly occurred to him as strange that a policeman should be always watching in that solitary place. There was no

farm-house or other dwelling near, no property to guard; a lonely swamp, a deserted road, and boundless fields on every hand, did not need a watchman, and if they did, it was, so the rider thought, an unusual place to choose to stand in. Well, thinking thus as he approached, he turned, when opposite the spot, to look more closely at his strange silent acquaintance, but when he did so there was no one there! The swamp bordering the road lay dark ' and deep beyond the thicket, in the shadow of which the silent object had so often seemed to stand, but he had vanished. What had become of him? Where had he gone to so suddenly? Behind the thicket there was no standing room-nothing but water and rushes—and he could not have plunged into the swamp without so much as being heard to move. Was it a policeman at all? had been plain enough in the gloom, seen from a distance of no more than a dozen yards, a dark bulky object about the height and size of a wellgrown man, dressed in clothing some shades darker than the bushes beside him, and now there was no one there! What could it be? No answer could be got out of that solitude to these questions, and so the traveller rode away resolved to try and clear up the mystery the next time he passed. Well, a few nights afterwards he went by the same place again, but this time on foot. Again, as he turned the bend in the road, he saw the same dark object standing at a little distance before him, just as a policeman may sometimes be seen to do, half con-

#### THE PHANTOM OF THE SWAMP.

cealed, in the gap of the thicket; and, as he advanced, the traveller thought he could even catch a glimpse of a face and hands, the latter appearing to be clasped in front like a soldier when he "stands at ease." This time the traveller crossed the road, and went right up to the spot as rapidly as he could, but even before he quite reached it he could see, in spite of the gloom, that the space where it had seemed to stand was vacant. There was nothing there! It was but a phantom after all! A white rail ran along by the swamp side, and ended at a little gap where the thicket Behind lay the swamp, and the dark sombre green of its herbage thrown into prominence by the white rail, and taking a form from the shape of the gap, had looked in the gloom like a man in dark clothes, standing night after night erect and still on the verge of the swamp; while the breaks in the foliage, where the grey sky shone through, gave the phantom the appearance of face and hands. The traveller felt some little disappointment to find there was really nothing there; and, although he has often passed the place since, he has never been able to conjure up the phantom again. The fact is, as the summer has advanced. the thicket in growing has altered the form of the gap, which of course has taken a different shape, and the dark green swamp has become bright with wild flowers, so that the sombre shade it once threw into the gap is gone, and the phantom of the swamp has vanished, to return no more.

Now, I think we may get some useful lessons out of all this. In the first place, you see how those foolish ghost stories which some people believe in, and frighten children with, take their It is not at all unlikely that if any of the country people, in passing that spot late at night, have seen what the traveller saw, they have given out that the swamp is haunted, and numbers will believe it without looking further into the matter; and this is the more probable because the traveller never remembers meeting anyone after dark near that spot. And yet, you see, it was nothing but a shadow, a delusion of the eye. And are there no other delusions, no other phantoms than those that shadows make? Yes, indeed. The hope of happiness which is founded on things of this world is a Phantom of the Swamp—all delusion, all unreal! At a distance it looks plain enough; the poor heart says, There is happiness at hand; the eye can see it not far off, and, eager to get it, people hurry onlittle people and big ones too; and, just when they reach the point where they thought to find it, there is nothing there. How many have been and are being thus deceived! There is really no such thing, nor ever has been since sin came into the world, and death by sin. This world, where the dear Son of God found only a cross and a grave, is "the valley of the shadow of death," darker than any wintry swamp, and its fancied happiness is but a phantom. King Solomon, you know, found it so, and no man ever had so much oppor-

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tunity as he of finding out what this world's happiness is (Eccles. xii. 8). True happiness is to be found in Christ alone. There it is real, there it is abiding; "He that cometh to me," says Jesus, "shall never hunger, and he that believeth on me shall never thirst." "Blessed with all spiritual blessings in heavenly places in Christ," the believer possesses a happiness that is real and everlasting. If, then, you have never yet done so, I hope you will come to Jesus now, that you may be made happy in Him for ever. To have all your sins forgiven will be happiness indeed, and this you may have now if you believe in the Lord Jesus Christ; and more than this: for "eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath entered into the heart of man the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him; but He hath revealed them unto us by His Spirit," and now offers them to all who come to Jesus. How much better is this happiness than the vain pursuit and promise of this poor world—that utter delusion of the enemy, The Phantom of the Swamp! J. L. K.

# A ROUGH RECEPTION AND ITS RESULTS.

THE following narrative, sent by one of the German colporteurs, is very encouraging. It teaches us not only what a blessed work these men are doing, but also how God stands by them and turns their efforts to good account:—

"I was at work in the University town of G-,

and found students lodging in almost every house. It is very hard to offer the Bible to these young gentlemen. At times I was simply turned out without ceremony, at times ridiculed and made fun of; but the Lord gave me courage to persevere and enter their rooms. At last I knocked at a door, and was let in. Half trembling, I asked the student if he would not buy a Bible.

- "'I buy a Bible!' said he. 'No; I am a law student, and I don't want one.'
- "'Oh, sir,' I replied, 'it makes my heart heavy whenever I hear any one say they have no need of the Bible, for we all need it.'
- "'I tell you I do not need a Bible,' said he, 'and that's enough. I don't want to hear one word more from you on the subject.'
- "'Well,' I replied, 'from me you shall not hear one word more, but before the judgment-seat of God you will one day appear, and then you must hear words on this solemn subject.'
- "'Get out of the room immediately,' he cried, in great wrath. 'There's the door!' And I left.
- "On the evening of the same day a woman followed me in the street, and asked me how much my Bibles with large print were.
  - "I said, 'Fifteen groschen.'
- "She said, 'I will buy one, but not for myself. The student who turned you so unceremoniously out of his room this afternoon requested me to find you out, and buy a Bible for him.'
  - "May God bless it to him!"

#### POETRY.

#### THE SWEET BRIER.

There is a plant in favour,
An unpretending tree,
Which yields a pleasing savour,
As sweet as scent can be:
Though some in fame stand higher,
The garden this adorns;
'Tis fitly nam'd Sweet Brier,
A Rose-tree fenc'd with thorns.

An emblem 'tis of Pleasure,
Which blooms and fades below,
Esteem'd beyond its measure,
For 'tis but scent and show.
If we unwisely clasp it,
We feel its prickly stings;
It withers, if we grasp it,
Like all such fragile things.

Upon the stem of sorrow
Our sweetest joys arise;
We weep a night—to-morrow
Brings glad and glist'ning eyes:
More sweet than scented Brier
Is grief, from God receiv'd;
To singing, lifts the sigher,
To blessing, the bereav'd.

When we have all ascended
With Christ, the Lord, to dwell,
Our sorrows will be ended,
Our bliss all thought excel:
The Tree of Life for ever
God's paradise adorns;
There sin can enter never,
And Roses have no thorns.

T.



PEACE.

"Calm as the full-orb'd moon, she sunk to rest, The peace of God reflected in her breast."

An observation made by one very dear to the writer, whom the Lord has taken to Himself, seems worthy of record, as showing the sustaining power of the grace and truth of God in the time of nature's extremity. Without wishing to write any lengthened eulogy upon the dear departed one,

it may truly be said that her kindly and consistent walk and demeanour for many years commended her much to those who knew her, whether believers or unbelievers. She had a quiet, deep-seated "peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ;" based upon an unhesitating acceptance of God's testimony as to the perfection of the finished work of Christ, in the putting away of sin "by the sacrifice of Himself." She loved Him who had first loved her, and the constraining power of that love was manifested in the general tone and spirit of her life.

In the illness, which was the messenger of God to terminate her career on earth, she suffered at times from great prostration both of body and mind. On recovering from one of these attacks of prostration, she said, "The Lord has been very gracious to me, and has sustained me; but I have been so low that I could think of only two things." Of course we were anxious to know what those two things were; she replied, "One is, that Jesus died for me; the other, that He is coming to receive me to Himself. Besides these I forgot everything." This was said with such calmness and composure, that we could plainly see that the Lord had indeed graciously supported His beloved one in her weakness with His own blessed presence. Gal. ii. 20; 1 Thess. iv. 16, 17.

The two precious truths connected with the person and work of her Saviour and Lord, which He so tenderly kept in her heart's remembrance,

are indeed the foundation and the top-stone of the believer's portion and hope. To know that Jesus "loved me, and gave Himself for me," is to have perfect rest as regards acceptance with God; and to know that "unto them that look for Him, He shall appear the second time without sin unto salvation," when we shall see Him as He is, and be like Him, is "joy unspeakable and full of glory." And the power which the perception of these truths by the Spirit of God imparted to her soul was evident, till she was mercifully set free from her afflicted body to be present with the Lord; waiting with Him till He shall come to receive unto Himself His own blood-purchased beloved ones. T.

# LIFE IN DEATH,

#### AND HEALTH FOR EVERMORE.

THE writer one day received a message asking him to go and see a young woman who had been suddenly taken very ill at a village inn. He was very ill himself at the time, and hardly able to walk, but as the message was urgent he felt he must go, more especially because he was told that the young person had been urged to see the Puseyite minister, and had flatly refused to do so, earnestly asking whether there was not some one in the place who would show her the truth. On reaching the old-fashioned country inn, he was shown up a wide draughty staircase, where the

### LIFE IN DEATH.

cold wind rushed in from both the back and front doors, into a large, but comfortless, chamber. There, on the bed, lay a young Scotchwoman. She had come all the way from Scotland, in broken health, in the hope of finding in a warmer climate and change of air that benefit which she needed. It turned out that she was consumptive, and before she had been many days in the village she was taken worse, and, instead of the improved health and lengthened life which she had thought to get by her long and toilsome journey, she was now suddenly found to be dying. Brought up a Presbyterian, she despised the mummeries of Puseyism and every other form of Romish error, and so, although conscious that she was now near death, she had made up her mind that she would rather die as she was than allow a Puseyite to visit her. How anxiously she looked at the writer as he approached, lest those who attended on her should have deceived her by bringing the one she had refused to see! But, although she perhaps knew enough of doctrines to know that Romanism is a huge falsehood, I am sorry to say she did not know Christ. The doctrines she did know pointed her to Christ, but she had never gone to Him—she had never really believed in Him, though she believed a good many things about Him. What a difference this makes! Her religion might quiet the conscience for a time, while health and strength remained, but could give no comfort now that death suddenly stared her in the face. All was uncer-

tainty; the awful future was dark, and oft-heard doctrines had lost all power to comfort. She felt she lacked something, but what it was she knew not until the difference between having knowledge and having Christ was pointed out to her. her anxiety became intense. Death was approaching with rapid strides, and she, who had probably thought herself a good Christian till then, suddenly discovered that she was a lost sinner! What a solemn state to be in at such a moment! Life was ebbing fast away, and all past opportunities having been wasted, all she had was a little knowledge of truth, which now only added to her condemnation and dread.

Dear reader, are you in this condition? Have you contented yourself hitherto with knowing the way, yet never taking it? If you could have seen this young woman in her anguish as she fixed her startled gaze upon the writer when the truth of her condition burst upon her mind, you would never have forgotten it. Perhaps the sight might have stirred you up to flee to Christ at once, and, in the hope that the narrative may do so, I relate it to you now. For a moment it seemed as if despair had overwhelmed her soul. She turned her face away as she lifted her arms and let them fall heavily on the bed, and, though she spoke not, her action said most expressively, "Lost!" Then, as the perspiration broke all over her pale deathstricken features, she turned again to the writer, and, though still she said not a word, her imploring agonized gaze plainly asked, "Is there no hope?"

Yes, blessed be God, there was hope, even for the dying thief, and more than hope; there was salvation for him in one look to Jesus! shalt thou be with me in Paradise." Prayer was offered for her that she who had so long rested in forms and doctrines might have power given her to look to Christ Himself, and that prayer was answered. On going again the next day, the young Scotchwoman was resting in Christ, and on the third day, after pouring out her praises to the Lord in loud, triumphant, joyous tones, she raised her arms to heaven, and crying, "It is finished!" breathed her last with a smile of peace upon that face so lately wrung with anguish. A Christian who witnessed her death declared he never saw a scene so full of joy and triumph, and, as he travelled much among the villages in his trade, and talked of it everywhere, the writer was wont to be sent for to every death-bed all round the countryside as long as he remained in those parts. young Scotchwoman was not soon forgotten. precious blood of Christ had put away her sins; His blessed Spirit had convinced her of her fatal error, and brought her to HIMSELF; and, though she had come far from her home to die among strangers, she had found life in the very jaws of death, and health for evermore in Christ.

J. L. K.

Good News for Young and Old 14 (1872)

### SUFFERING FOR CHRIST'S SAKE.

At a village near Warsaw there lived a well-todo Jewish couple with their two children. husband was compelled to join the army, and although his sorrowing wife did her utmost to release him, it was too late, and he was sent off with marching orders to Wilna. On his way thither he was accosted by a colporteur, who succeeded in selling a Hebrew New Testament to him. As he got time he began to read, and soon found out that, properly speaking, as it seemed to him, it was not a book suited for him, but intended for Christians. However, there being no chance of returning it, he thought to himself, "It will do me no harm, and I am curious to know what is the foundation of this Christain faith. I am sure it will not make me a worse Jew, and certainly will not draw me away from the faith of my forefathers."

As he read the Book, and read again, and kept on reading half his nights, the desire grew upon him to know more of this Jesus of whom the Book was full. His peace of mind was gone, and however much he struggled against the thought of becoming a Christian, he could withstand no longer, but was baptized in the name of the Lord Jesus.

This, however, was the beginning of troubles to him. The report of his conversion soon spread and reached his parents, who immediately cast him off. Meanwhile his wife's endeavours to get him free had succeeded, and he hastened home. Great as was the joy of the meeting, it was mixed with

bitterness, for the news of his baptism had preceded him here also. His wife's father insisted on immediate separation, and on her objecting to this he cursed both of them; and the mother-in-law, who had taken the daughter's part, had much to bear for her sake day by day. Still the man stood firm, and joyfully bore the burden of the Cross. But his unrelenting father-in-law gave him no rest, and unmercifully persecuted him until he was a ruined man.

This faithful follower of Christ now works as a labourer in a lime-kiln, and puts up with dry bread in order to bring home all his earnings to his wife and children, who cleave to him with wonderful affection and constancy.

## LIGHT SHINING IN A DARK PLACE.

ONE day, writes a German colporteur, I entered a house where I found a sick woman about thirty years of age. Her mother and sister, perceiving what I was, begged me on no account to speak to her about death, but, seeing that she was already at death's door, I could not refrain. I besought the Lord to put the right words into my mouth. I spoke to her of the Saviour's sufferings and death, and asked her for her Bible to read a chapter to her.

She replied, "I have no Bible."

I then took one of mine, and read to her the fifteenth chapter of the First Epistle to the Corinthians. When I came to the words, "By the grace

of God I am what I am," I asked, "Is your state such that you can regard yourself thankfully as a receiver of God's grace?"

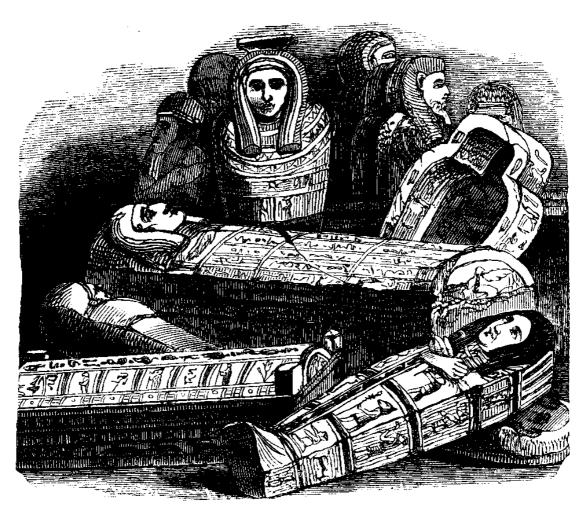
She said not a word, but her eyes answered "No."

I read further. When I came to the words, "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?" she was moved. I added a few words, and left her, promising, however, to visit her again.

But that same evening a messenger came to my lodgings to fetch a Bible, and to beg me to come again. When I went, she asked me if I thought her sins might be forgiven, and if there was grace for her? She noted the chapter I had read, and begged me to come every day as long as I was in the neighbourhood. I did so. In my last visit her expressions of praise were earnest and loud for the opportunity thus given her in her last illness to receive forgiveness through the Lord Jesus Christ.

Now the mother and sister were also delighted to hear God's Word, and were willing to talk about death, for the sick daughter spoke about it herself without fear.

A short time after I had left the place, she died, happy in the Lord. On her deathbed she had expressed a wish that I should be invited to her funeral; "for," she said, "next to the grace of God, he has been the most effectual instrument in my conversion; for if God had not led him to come to our house, I should have died without any thought of my sinful state."



EGYPTIAN COFFINS.

# DICTIONARY OF THE BIBLE.

(Continued from p. 196.)

Burial.—This, amongst the Israelites, was considered a sacred duty to the dead, and to be deprived of it was regarded as a great dishonour and a real calamity (2 Sam. xxi. 9—14; 2 Kings ix. 34; Ps. lxxix. 2; Eccles. vi. 3). Before burial, the body was usually washed in warm water (Acts ix. 37), after which it was swathed round with numerous folds of linen, with a napkin about the head (Jno. xi. 44), and anointed with a mixture of aromatic substances, the principal of which

were myrrh and aloes (Jno. xix. 39, 40); in some instances a shroud was used. When thus dressed, the corpse was laid out in an upper chamber, open to the view of all visitors (Acts ix. 37). From the moment that death took place, the females of the house uttered loud cries, and hired mourners were employed by the more wealthy to make lamentation (2 Chron. xxxv. 25; Matt. ix. 23; Mark v. 38). The burial took place within a few hours after death, the corpse being sometimes put into a coffin, but most commonly carried to the grave on a bier or bed (2 Sam. iii. 31 [margin]; Luke vii. 14), which among the poor was nothing but a board supported by two poles, the nearest relatives being usually the carriers. Where hired mourners followed the procession, they every now and then lifted the covering of the corpse as a signal to the company to renew their loud cries and lamentations.

The tombs were outside the cities and towns, with very few exceptions (1 Kings ii. 10; 2 Kings xiv. 20). The public cemeteries of Palestine are supposed to have been very similar to those of the present day in the East, which occupy a large space of ground, in which every family has a portion walled round like a garden, where each grave is distinct, having a stone at the head and feet, with the name of the deceased upon it; the rest of the space is planted with flowers, &c. Caves were also very commonly used for sepulchres, and the sides of vast caverns were cut into niches one

above another, or ranges of shelves were made, on which the bodies of the dead were laid, while the lowest places were reserved for the servants in family vaults. Kings and wealthy persons were often laid in stone sarcophagi; others, simply wrapped in grave-clothes, were laid on the ground, and the mouth or entrance-porch was secured by an immense stone (Jno. xi. 38; Mark xvi. 3, 4). It was not at all unusual for some to build a sepulchre during their lifetime, in which they were afterwards laid. This practice still continues in Africa and eastern countries, and will probably explain the words, "buried in his own house," meaning not his dwelling, but a sepulchre or family vault, erected by himself or carved out of a rock while living (1 Sam. xxv. 1; 1 Kings ii. 34; Isa. xiv. 18; xxii. 16).

Some of these houses for the dead were built of stone, and highly ornamented; others, carved out of the rock, had entrance-porches of tasteful mason-work, supported by colonnades. The valleys around Jerusalem abound with sepulchral caverns, often the retreat of lawless characters. Elegant monuments were often built by religious zeal in memory of prophets and holy men (Matt. xxiii. 29), and it was the custom at certain seasons to paint or whitewash all the tombs in the neighbourhood of Jerusalem, in order to make them plainly visible to all, and thus prevent ceremonial defilement by any persons accidentally coming in contact with them (Matt. xxiii. 27). The

time chosen for this was shortly before the Passover, when "the latter rains" were over, and fine weather had set in. During the first few weeks after a funeral the female members of the family paid frequent visits to the tomb, a practice still continued in the East (Jno. xi. 31).

Bricks.—These, in Egypt, were made of clay brought in baskets from the River Nile. Being thrown into a heap with chopped straw, and saturated with water, it was kneaded with the feet till properly tempered. This kind of work, in a hot climate, must have been very laborious and unhealthy; more fatiguing and painful than the treadmill. Brickmaking formed the chief employment of the Israelites when in bondage in Egypt, and the malice of the enemy of God's people was shown in setting Jewish taskmasters over their brethren, to compel them, by stripes, to labour on in the burning heat, footsore and weary. When properly tempered, the clay was cut by an instrument like a hoe, and then moulded in an oblong trough. The bricks thus formed were dried in the sun, although some have been found which, from their colour, appear to have been baked or burned. On ancient Egyptian monuments, captive foreigners are represented engaged in this work, and it is a curious fact that more bricks of the time of Tothmes III. have been found than of any other. This Tothmes is supposed to have been the Pharaoh who knew not Joseph. The Tower of Babel is thought by some to have been built of sun-burnt bricks;

but as the people proposed to "burn them thoroughly" (or, "to a burning"), it would seem that they must have used fire, as the heat of the sun, though great, would hardly have burnt the bricks thoroughly. They were cemented with a slime, which grew harder with time, until it became like stone.

Brook.—The brooks of Palestine were, for the most part, more properly torrents, numerous in winter and early spring, but dried up in the heat of summer (Job vi. 15, 17). Such is the River of Egypt, so often mentioned as the southern boundary of Palestine (Num. xxxiv. 5; Josh. xv. 4, 47, &c.). Some streams rising from subterranean springs, and flowing through deep and shaded valleys, continued throughout the year.

Brother.—A term applied in Scripture not only to the offspring of the same father or the same mother, but also to a kinsman or near relative. such as a cousin. Members of the same tribe were called brethren, and sometimes even a fellowcountryman, or an equal in station, was called a The sense in which the word is embrother. ployed can only be gathered from the context, but is not always clear. In the New Testament it is commonly used to denote the relationship existing between believers in the Lord Jesus Christ. (Gen. xiii. 8, xiv. 16; Exod. ii. 11, iv. 18; Ezra iii. 2; Job xxx. 29; Prov. xviii. 9; Matt. v. 47, xii. 46, xxiii. 8; Luke iii. 1, 19, vi. 14; John vii. 3; Acts i. 14, ii. 29, iii. 22, ix. 30, xi. 29;

1 Cor. i. 1; 2 Cor. i. 1; 1 Thess. v. 1; Heb. ii. 11, 12, 17, &c.).

Burnt-offerings (Heb. olah, "what goes up;" from alah, "to ascend") were offerings consumed by fire on the altar (see Brazen Altar). These offerings typified Christ as coming to do His Father's will, and then offering Himself "an offering and a sacrifice to God for a sweet-smelling savour" of His own voluntary will (Lev. i. 3), without spot or blemish; His entire course being in perfect unhesitating submission to His Father's will (Ps. xl. 6-8), never swerving one hair's breadth from the direct line of full entire obedience right down to death, "even to the death of the cross" (Luke ix. 51; John xiv. 30, 31; Phil. ii. 7, 8), so that all through every moment of His perfect life, and down to death itself, He was one whole delight to God (John iv. 34, vi. 38, viii. 29; Matt. iii. 17, xvii. 5; John xii. 28). The fire might search and try Him, but all was perfection both in life and in death. In the closing hours of His walk on earth He could say, "I have glorified Thee" (John xvii.), and even on the cross could ask, "Why hast Thou forsaken me?" (Matt. xxvii. 46). But His perfect life would have availed the sinner nothing, or only to prove by contrast how very far he is from God. Christ must become a sacrifice and shed His blood (Heb. ix. 22). The burnt sacrifice represents Him in this double character. "He offered Himself without spot to God," and the believer enters into the

full value of His act by faith, as if "putting his hand upon His head" (Lev. i. 4), and so approaches God in all the infinite acceptableness which He sees in Christ; a sacrifice of so sweet a savour that He is "the Preserver of all men" (Gen. viii. 20—22). For particulars as to offerings by fire, see Lev. i. to vii.; Numb. xxviii. 3; Exod. xxix. 38—42; Lev. xxiii. 18—37; Numb. xxviii. 11—14, 19—24, xxix. 2—39, &c).

Buz (contempt), second son of Nahor, Abraham's brother. (Gen. xxii. 20, 21). Elihu, who answers Job when his three friends had ceased speaking, was descended from Buz (Job xxxii. 2), and the tribe of Buz is also mentioned in Jer. xxv. 23, and appears to have dwelt in Arabia.

# HYMN FOR THOSE WHO LOVE THE NAME OF JESUS.

THEE we worship, Jesus, Lord— Thee we praise with glad accord; Lifting high the heart and voice, While in Thee our souls rejoice.

Thou, the Father's only Son, Wast with Him ere time begun; He Thy joy—Thou His delight, Ere appeared the day or night.

'Twas by Thee that He gave birth To the fair and fruitful earth; Powers and thrones, of every name, Thee as their Creator claim.

Thou, who didst the planets roll, Holdest them in Thy control; Not a sparrow e'er can fall, But by Thee, the Lord of all.

When we were by sin undone, Thou, the Father's only One, Took'st on Thee the form of man, On the cross didst bear our ban.

Thou didst shed Thy precious blood, Freely flowed its crimson flood; Thou in love didst yield Thy breath, Bow Thy head for us in death.

Thou, who wast for sinners slain, From the grave didst rise again: He, whom Thou didst glorify, Thee has thron'd and crown'd on high.

Now Thou livest, on the throne, Interceding for Thine own; Ever watching, Thou dost keep Faithfully Thy Father's sheep.

Thou wilt call us soon above, Thee to see whom now we love; Then Thine image we shall bear, And Thy throne and glory share.

Wondrous Saviour! Thee we praise, Heart and voice to Thee we raise; Thee we worship and adore, Thee we'll bless for evermore.

T.





### GONE ASTRAY.

One bright summer's Sunday morning, on passing through a corn-field on his way to a meeting, a wayfarer noticed a little bird lying dead upon the footpath, and, on taking it up, found it was a young skylark, just fledged, but rather too young to fly. I dare say you know that larks build their nests on the ground, among the tall grass or corn, and there the little hen lays her eggs, and sets to hatch her brood, while the male bird, singing overhead,

rises higher and higher in the air, pouring forth his melody till he looks like a speck in the sky. Then, when he is tired of singing, he drops again into the corn, and sets to work to feed himself and help his mate; and, when the eggs have been all turned into little birds, he feeds them too; and a busy time he has of it, I can tell you, working and singing from dawn to dusky twilight. Now, it was in just such a cozy little family as this that the poor little dead bird had once lived; and all day long the parent birds had toiled to feed him and his tiny brothers and sisters on the insects that dwell in the fields and dykes and hedges, thus helping the farmer to keep his lands clear of things which, if they became too numerous, would soon destroy his crops; and, thus cared for, this little bird had grown bigger day by day, until he was nearly old enough to take care of himself. Perhaps he thought he was quite old enough; but, whatever he may have thought about that, it was quite clear that he had, at some time or other, got out of the nest and gone away through the corn; and, once out of sight of the nest, it was not very easy for him to find his way back again. Perhaps he didn't want to. No doubt there were little paths among the green corn, well known to and often trodden by the parent birds in going to and fro searching for food,—paths they were treading all day long; but the little nestling either knew them not, or, if he did, he took no heed to them, and so he got right out of those pleasant green alleys into the

broad footpath. You see the summer sun was shining brightly overhead, and birds were singing, and insects were buzzing and moving on every side, and it must have been so very pleasant to walk away through those shady avenues of tall stems, instead of being cooped up in a nest where there was hardly room to turn about. I dare say the little skylark thought so, and flapped his tiny wings, and pecked at insects right and left, and hopped away rejoicing that he was free—free to go where he liked, and to do as he liked; and, as long as the summer day lasted, no doubt it seemed very much better than the confinement and restraint of that old nest. But evening drew on at last, and the cold dews began to fall. Then darkness gathered round him, and, all alone on the wide unknown footpath, what could the poor little fledgling do then? His feathers were all too few and small to keep him warm in the chilly night-dews, and you may depend upon it that, when he began to feel the cold and all his lonesomeness, he looked about to find the snug warm nest where he had been reared. But, ah, it was too late! He had wandered from "the old paths," where the parent birds walked, had left the green alleys that had so long sheltered him, and had got upon the broad footpath where there was no shelter at all, far enough from "the narrow way" that led to safety and rest.

Poor foolish little bird! the freedom he had enjoyed so much for a little while had cost him

dear indeed. He had quite gone astray, and there was no one now to guide him back; and so, all alone in the cold and darkness, wandering on in "the broad way," he found, as all will find who take that way, that it "leadeth to destruction."

It may be that the chills of night, or the heedless footsteps of some passer-by, had killed him; at all events, there he lay, as I have told you, on that bright summer's morning, dead upon the footpath where the wayfarer found him; and, as he looked on the little bird, he thought that the history of the foolish little fledgling who had gone astray and perished might be useful to little fledglings of another sort—I mean little boys and girls who read Good News. Many of them have Christian homes and Christian parents who are walking in "the narrow way that leadeth unto life," and seeking to guide their little ones into the same "old paths"—paths as old as Enoch, who "walked with God," and where many a saint of God has walked in ages past and present, and found them "ways of pleasantness and paths of peace."

Now, I hope that those little boys and girls will take that "way," and not imitate the little skylark who forsook the old paths and took the broad road to his own destruction. You know Jesus says, "I am the Door; by me, if any man enter in, he shall be saved, and shall go in and out and find pasture." Therefore, if you have not already done so, go to Jesus, and then, having believed in

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Him unto everlasting life, "walk even as He walked."

A time may come when, if you live to grow older, you may have to leave the home nest to go out into the world. Should that time ever arrive, never forget "the old paths" where those that love you are walking. They are "green pastures" "beside the waters of quietness," fresher by far than the green alleys among the corn. It is possible even for a young believer to go astray for a time and to come into much sorrow; but what shall we say of those that are not believers? Ah! they are "gone astray" already-they are on "the broad road," and that, you see, "leadeth to destruction!" The little skylark found it so, did he not? Well, where are you? If not in "the narrow way" that those you love are treading, you are, even now, like the poor little fledgling, Gone J. L. K. ASTRAY.

# THE GOSPEL IS THE POWER OF GOD. ROMANS i. 16; Hebrews iv. 12; Luke xv. 11—32.

The following short narrative is written as a testimony to the power of the Word of God, applied by the Holy Spirit to the soul, under circumstances apparently the most discouraging, without explanation or application by man, as an encouragement to the Lord's people, even when they feel themselves unable to speak much, to exhort them not to fail to put the Word of God itself before perishing

sinners, accompanying its presentation with the prayer of faith.

William —— was a navvy in the strength and pride of his manhood—a reckless, godless man, rejoicing in his present power, and not caring for or thinking of anything beyond the gratification of his bodily appetites and desires.

He lived at the outside of a wide scattered district, in a one-storied cottage, miles from any village, on the top of the mountain range called here Blackstone Edge, but really a part of the great "Backbone of England," stretching in uninterrupted line from the Grampians to Cardigan Bay. His mother I had known and visited before she was called home. She was a believer in the Lord Jesus Christ; often had her prayers ascended for her son, and, when she was removed, the last check upon his godless life seemed taken away.

In the year 1853 I heard that William and another navvy had been fighting, and that William was so severely injured internally that he was not likely to recover. I went at once to see him, hoping that, now he was cast down, he might be softened, and receive with gladness the mercy of the Lord; but, directly I had opened the door, and he saw who it was, he called out from his bed in the corner, "Go away! go away! I know you: I won't hear you! I have no more soul than a pig." I sadly left, fearing to injure him by persisting, and, as I went, lifted up my heart to the Lord for him. The next day I returned, and met with the same

## THE GOSPEL IS THE POWER OF GOD. 231

reception; on the third day I succeeded in getting into the room, and, seating myself on a little stool near the bed, I took out my Testament and com menced reading to him the parable of the Prodigal Whilst I was reading, I saw a great tear roll down his cheek, and my heart went up in thanksgiving; he looked at me earnestly, and, as I finished, said, "What book is you you are reading?" said, "It is the Bible." "What!" said he, "are such things as you in the Bible? Fetch me down my mother's Bible, and let me see if it is there." I stood on a table, and from a high shelf reached a large family Bible which his mother had been accustomed to use, but to which he had long been an entire stranger. I laid it open by the side of the dying man, earnestly but silently praying that the Lord would bless His Word: and the prayer was indeed heard and answered; for, as the young man gazed and gazed long, he looked on the sacred page with new eyes and new feelings. God's Holy Spirit had taken possession of his soul, and never can I forget how, having read of the prodigal's departure and distress, he, with closed eyes and uplifted brawny arms, with tears and sobs that almost choked utterance, cried out, "I will arise and go to my Father, and will say unto Him, Father, I have sinned against heaven and before Thee, and am no more worthy to be called Thy son." Oh, can I ever tell all I felt at that moment? The brand was plucked from the burning; Satan's bondsman was a freeman in Christ; a mother's prayers

for her son were answered; God's Spirit had confirmed His Word, and the prodigal was indeed brought home to his Father.

I need not enter into the sequel of his life—his agony of mind for the past—our prayers together, and the bright testimony he bore to the truth of the Gospel, and the reality of his conversion to all around. After many weeks he died—happy, peaceful, and filled with intense joy and hope.

Dear reader, have you returned with the cry of the prodigal? have you received the kiss, and felt the Father's loving arms around you? have you sat down to the feast of love? If not, may the Lord bless this little narrative to you! Satan's service begins with many a fair promise, and ends in bitter degradation and destruction. The Lord Jesus still cries to you, "Come unto me." Shall He call in such love, and you refuse to come?

And to you, dear fellow-believer, may this instance of the Lord overcoming all obstacles, and using just a few verses of His own Word by the power of His Spirit to redeem a soul apparently on the very verge of hell, encourage you to be instant in season and out of season in putting that Word before sinners—that Word which is quick and powerful, and sharper than any two-edged sword, and which the Lord has promised shall not return unto Him void.



# GRACE MAKES TO DIFFER; OR, THE MAN IN THE WELL.

Many years ago, while the heathen worshippers of Gum-puttee's temple at Ceylon were keeping one of their grand festivals, a man went to the well to get some water to boil the rice in, which they were going to offer to their idol. Just as he stooped to get the water, his foot slipped, and he fell into the well. The crowd, hearing of the accident, ran to the well and looked in, but not one of them offered to go down and try to save the drowning man. They only looked on and talked about the poor man, as if his danger were nothing to them, for the heathen think little of human life; and, you know, the Word of God says that "the tender mercies of the wicked are cruel." Not one of them seemed to think of offering any help, but, after looking into the deep well, walked back to their temple as if nothing had happened. At last one of the head men or chiefs came to the place and tried to get someone to dive into the water to save the sinking man, but no one would attempt it. The priest was known to be a good swimmer, and he was asked to do it, but coolly excused himself by saying that it would take too much time, as he had his duties in the temple to attend to, and he would lose a great deal if he stopped to get into the well. The poor man had been struggling in the water all this time, and at last had sunk to the bottom. Just at this moment a young man, a stranger to all present,

came up, and, as soon as he heard that a man was in the well, he stripped off his outer garment, and sprang into the water. Again and again he dived to the bottom, and at last found the body of the man and brought him to the bank; while the hard-hearted heathen crowd, excited by the scene, gathered round the well, wondering at the courage and devotedness of the stranger, but more concerned to know who he could be than about the safety of the poor drowning man. The stranger was a Christian. He had once been a heathen like those around him, and I dare say would then have showed as little concern as they about a drowning man. But the grace of God had brought him to Jesus, by whom he had not only received the forgiveness of all his sins, but also power to serve the living and Once he had no more pity than his true God. heathen neighbours; his heart was as hard as theirs, and his nature and practice the same. There was "no difference." But now, "the kindness and pity of God our Saviour," which He had shown him, had taught him to pity others, and the grace he had received was not in vain.

Thus he no sooner heard that a man was in danger than he was willing to imitate his dear Master, and to risk his life, if needful, to save another. How strongly this shows the difference which grace makes! You know, if you put black and white side by side, it makes the black look very black and the white very white. So, when you see the hard-heartedness and shocking cruelty

#### GRACE MAKES TO DIFFER.

of the heathen crowd on the one hand, and the ready help which the one Christian gave on the other, without even being asked, does it not make grace a very beautiful thing? Does it not also show us how needful it is—how wretched man is without it even for this world? And then, "the world to come!" Ah, what will those do who "die in their sins?" Even in this world they are "hateful and hating one another:" could they be happy even if they could go to heaven in this state? Impossible! But they cannot go there in their sins—no; and, more than that, "except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God." You see, he would not be happy even if he could. old nature would make him wretched—and not him only, but all around him. Thus his sins must be all washed away, and he must also have a new nature before he can enter the presence of a holy God, and be happy for ever. Now this he can only get through a crucified and risen Christ, only by coming to Jesus "who died for our sins, according to the Scriptures, and rose again the third day." So, then, no one—not even a little child—can be madefit for heaven and everlasting happiness but by Christ. Now, have you come to this blessed Jesus? Have you really believed in Him? If not, do not wait any longer, but come at once. But, if you do believe in Jesus, "be careful to maintain good works." The Christian I speak of put all that heathen crowd to shame, and proved before them all that the grace of God teaches us "to deny ungodliness and

worldly lusts, and to live righteously, soberly, and godly in this present world." "Go thou, and do likewise."

### FAR BETTER TO DEPART.

Риц. і. 23.

LITTLE sister! she is gone

To her loving Saviour's breast;

There with those who wait the morning

Of a never ending rest.

Little sister! she is now
With the angels bright and fair,
And with those who love the Saviour:
O how glorious to be there!

Father, mother, do not cry,
That our sister went away;
God has sent a shining angel,
Just as I have heard you say.

And he goes as children go, Gathering the flowers they love; So he gathers little children To the beauteous home above.

We will go and see the grave
Where our little sister lies,
Plant it all with flowers to blossom
Underneath the summer skies.

When the flowers blow white and red,
There we will kneel down and pray
To the Lord who gave our sister,
Who hath taken her away.

### THE ITALIAN SAILOR.

A MISSIONARY, who is working amongst foreigners in London, mentions the following fact in one of his journals:—

A large crew of Italians, who received me very kindly, eagerly seized the tracts and portions of Scripture which I had for them, and listened with pleasing attention while I read to them a chapter of the holy Word. When I had finished, one of the sailors went to his chest and brought me a Bible, saying, in Italian, "It is two years since this holy Book was given to me. In it is the truth, and the whole truth; in reading it I read the truth. I have read it much, very much, and some of it I have learned by heart."

Being desirous of finding out what good he had got from it, I inquired, "Have you tasted of the mercy of God?"

- "Yes, I hope I have."
- "Well, by whom are we saved?"
- "By Jesus Christ, through faith without works, because it is written (and this he quoted from memory), 'We are saved by grace, through faith, which is the gift of God.' 'For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him might not perish, but have everlasting life.'"

I further inquired, "Who has taught you so much precious truth?"

He replied, "I have had no teacher but this holy Book."



# THE BLIND BOY AND HIS SISTER,

One day I saw two children playing,
A brother and a sister, they;
And each to each such words were saying
As only happy children say.
'Twas spring, and scarce a shade of sadness
Upon the landscape one could find;
The children's faces shone with gladness,
But he, alas! poor boy, was blind.

# "I DO NOT WANT TO DIE."

'Twas I alone, not he, was sad;
The boy was joyous as the season,
And with his gentle sister glad;
His pleasing face was ever smiling,
And he her play return'd with glee,
The fleeting moments both beguiling,
Though happier of the two was he.

I oft have made the observation,

That they who're blind the blithest seem;
Though I can give no explanation

Why joy should on their faces beam;

Except that God in His compassion,

To give them special joy doth choose,

And cheers their hearts in such a fashion

As they know not, who've eyes to use.

My heart was cheer'd with this reflection,
And, as I then pursued my way,
"The ways of God are all perfection,"
Adoringly, I could but say;
And while I was this truth confessing,
This pray'r I with it did unite:—
"May God give that kind sister blessing,
And thee, dear boy, His heavenly light!"

Т.

## "I DO NOT WANT TO DIE."

A YOUNG lady was dying of consumption, and a Christian went to nurse her. E. S. found her very impatient and not at all resigned to the thought of death. Clinging earnestly to life, irritable and wretched, she sorely tried the patience of those around her, and if spoken to of Christ

would return no answer. Her guardian, her medical attendant, and her nurse, all tried to lead her thoughts to the solemn change which lay before her, and from which there was no possible escape; but all in vain; she persisted in saying that she ought to get better. E. S. had been a fortnight with her before she would even speak to her, and then her constant cry was, "I do not want to die. I want to live a little longer, and I think I can get patched up for a little while, and then you and I can go away to France together."

E. S. told her what the doctor said, but she would not believe him. "I know I shall get better," she would reply, and every time the doctor came she would persist in asking whether she might not go away to the seaside, or into the country, for change of air. On one of these occasions, when he assured her that if she went she would sink rapidly, she replied that she did not mind if she died away from home, and then added strangely enough for an unconverted person, "If Thy presence go not with us, carry us not up hence." But even unconverted people can quote Scripture, and so deceive their own souls. Yet it may have been that the Lord was working with her even at this time, although eleven weeks had passed away since E. S. first came to her, and there was as yet no evidence of a feeling after Christ.

But a few days before leaving for the country, she said to E. S., "I wish Mrs. D. would pray with me. She reads but never prays." Of course,

Mrs. D., on hearing this, did pray with her, and the doctor who accompanied her on the journey read and prayed with her also. Two days after reaching her destination, she was taken worse, and her nurse, on entering her chamber, in answer to her ring, was greatly shocked to find her sitting up in the bed spitting blood. The end was now drawing near rapidly, as the doctor had foretold; but the Lord was gracious to her; and now, at the last moment as it were, the work of grace was To her nurse's glad surprise, instead of murmurs and complaints, she received her with a smile, and as soon as the bleeding was stopped she asked her nurse, who had quoted several texts, to repeat John xiv. 1: "Let not thy heart be troubled;" and then immediately replied, "I am not troubled; I am safe in Jesus."

On the following day, she who but a little while before had said she ought to get better now asked, "Is it wrong to pray for God to spare me a little longer? I do not dread dying, but I do want to see my brother from India." And when told that if it was God's will, He would spare her to do so, she added, "You know He says, 'Ask, and ye shall receive;' but perhaps it's not according to the mind of God for me to ask such a thing. However, I'll leave it all to Him. I have asked that I may not suffer much, and I know He will grant it."

Thus, you see, dear reader, what a difference grace makes. All at once she who was so full of

rebellious thoughts, and clinging so tenaciously to the world and its empty joys, was now happy to depart, and full of trust and submission to the will of God.

A day or two after this, when her end was very near, a friend on approaching her bedside asked, "Is it peace?" and her instant reply was, "Perfect peace." To the doctor she said, "My presence shall go with thee, and I will give thee rest;" and on his telling her that she would probably depart before sunset, she called E. S. to her, and said, "He says I shall be at rest before the sun sets. How nice! I am so glad!" and then added, "You have been very faithful to me; Jesus is so precious to me now;" and then, asking for a pencil, her Bible, and a book she had been reading daily, she wrote in one: "To darling S .- Read it daily; pray over it; and meet me when God calls you.— John iii. 16." She wrote in another book and sent a message to a brother who was also dying of consumption, "Tell him," she said, "I go before, and will meet him up above." To her maid she gave a copy of John's Gospel. It was all marked as if she had been closely studying it, and on the fly-leaf was written, "God's way of salvation."

She expressed her sorrow to her maid that she had not been more faithful to her and spoken to her more of Jesus. "But," she said, "I am going to Him now. You must give Him your heart, and love Him, and trust Him, and have Him for your Saviour."

This was said only two hours before her departure, and her last words were, "Jesus, my Saviour!"

Thus we see how rapidly God can accomplish His own work when He pleases. But for His grace, that "gently forced her in," she must have perished for ever. No heart for Christ, no subjection to His will, refusing even to speak to her faithful Christian nurse for many days because she sought to lead her thoughts to Jesus, she would have resisted to the last, and "died in her sins," but that God in mercy answered the prayers of those around her, and drew her to Christ in spite of herself.

May this instance of His goodness lead those that know His name to be "instant, in season and out of season," in setting Christ before the unconverted around them, especially the sick and dying. He who saved the dying thief can deliver from the very jaws of death, and snatch the brand from the burning. And may those that do not know the Lord take warning! You see this young lady was only saved a few days before death. How near, how awfully near was she to everlasting perdition! On the very brink of the eternal abyss, she was, so to speak, snatched up into heaven through the power of that precious blood which cleanseth from all sin. How MIGHTY IS THAT BLOOD TO SAVE!



### ONE SIN THAT CANNOT BE FORGIVEN.

Though Christ died to put away sin, we must remember that there is one sin that cannot be forgiven—the sin of not believing in Him. True, He died for all, but to think of our being saved without faith in His blood, without being born from above—born of the Spirit—is a dreadful mistake. God is not thus to be mocked. When He gave Jesus for us, He meant that we should believe in Him, and not go on according to the thoughtless, careless way of the world, hoping to be saved at last, no one knows how, through the mercy of God, not caring what is said in the Bible, that sin must be punished, must be atoned for, which it has been, in the death of Christ, and that our believing in Him is as needful as His dying for us.

#### THE SUNFLOWER.

There is a Name that has the power
The wildest heart to tame,
And hold it fast, though nature cower
Beneath the scourge or flame.
Dost thou this wondrous Name confess?
It's accents with delight express?
"'Tis Jesus." Yes, the same;
The Name, all other names above,
For majesty, and grace, and love.

T.

#### THE SUNFLOWER.

The world He made, too, owns a law
That's witness'd all around;
By which the glowing Sun can draw
The seedlings from the ground.
Beneath his beams, and bounteous showers,
Upspring the bright and beauteous flowers
With which the earth is crown'd;
And one there is whose shape displays
Some semblance of his disk and rays:—

The Sunflower, which, from morn till e'en,
Upturns its open face
Unto the Sun, as, o'er this scene,
He daily runs his race.
Thus, ever gazing on the orb,
Some rays appearing to absorb,
A likeness we can trace,
Some slight resemblance of the Sun,
His image, though a feeble one.

And so, the soul in Christ who hides,
And life in Him receives,
Who truly in His love abides,
And firmly to Him cleaves,
Can but reflect some living rays
From Him, who thus his being sways,
And, loving, never leaves;
His spirit, actions, words, and mien,
Declare with Jesus he has been.

2 Cor. iii. 18; Acrs iv. 13.

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(See p. 250.)

## DICTIONARY OF THE BIBLE.

(Continued from p. 223.)

Cab.—A measure containing  $2\frac{5}{6}$  pints English corn measure. It was the 18th part of an ephah (2 Kings vi. 25).

Ca'bul (unpleasing).—This was the name given by Hiram to a district in the land of Galilee, comprising 20 cities which King Solomon gave to him for his services in the building of the temple (1 Kings ix. 10—14).

Cæ'sær, the title of the emperors of Rome from Augustus, who was the first Cæsar, down to Romulus Augustulus, who was the last.

The Cæsars mentioned in the New Testament are Augustus (Luke ii. 1); Tiberius (Luke iii. 1, 20—22); Claudius (Acts xi. 28); Nero (Acts

- xxv. 8); but Caligula, who succeeded Tiberius, is not referred to Cæsare'a. Two towns of this name are mentioned in the New Testament, both being so called in honour of the Roman emperors.
- 1. Cæsare'a Palestina, so-called to distinguish it This was the Roman from the other Cæsarea. metropolis of Palestine, and where the procurator resided. Herod the Great built it, about 22 years before the birth of Christ, and took up his residence there, after having greatly beautified it, and built a mole of a semicircular form, so as to protect the port of the city in such a manner that a whole fleet could ride at anchor in perfect safety in all This mole was constructed of immense weathers. blocks of stone sunk in the sea at a depth of 20 fathoms, and formed one of the most stupendous works of ancient times. This Cæsarea is mentioned in Acts x. 1, 21—23, xxi. 8, xxiv. is about 35 miles north of Joppa and 55 from Jerusalem, and is still called Kaiseriah; but it is now desolate, and its ruins are inhabited by jackals, wild boars, lizards, snakes, and scorpions.

Cæsarea Philippi, which was originally called Banias, was enlarged and beautified by Philip the Tetrarch who then named it Cæsarea in honour of Tiberius, adding his own name to distinguish it from Cæsarea Palestina. It was about 120 miles north of Jerusalem (Matt. xvi. 13; Mark viii. 27). It was afterwards called Neronias, after Nero, and it was here that Titus, after his conquest at Jerusalem, compelled

his Jewish prisoners to fight as gladiators in the public games. It is now a mean village, and is known by its more ancient name of Banias. The ruins of the castle of Banias, which seems to have been built by the Saracens, on the summit of a mountain, has a wall of 10 feet in thickness; and a substantial bridge, leading to another ruined castle on the south of the village, bears an Arabic legend of the date of the Crusades.

Cæsar (Luke iii. 2), succeeded Simon, the son of Camith about A.D. 27, and continued in office for about nine years. He was deposed A.D. 38. His wife was the daughter of Annas, who had been high priest at some time previously, and thus Luke calls both high priests, as the high priesthood was properly till death (Numb. xxxv. 25; Hebrews vii. 23). Thus the Lord Jesus was taken first to Annas and then to Caiaphas (John xviii. 12—24).

It was Caiaphas who prophesied that Jesus should die, not for that nation only, but that He should gather together the children of God which were scattered abroad (John xi. 49—52). It was he also who rent his clothes and condemned the Lord as guilty of blasphemy for answering his solemn adjuration in truth (Matt. xxvi. 57—65). Caiaphas was deposed A.D. 38, but what became of him is not known.

Cain (acquisition or possession), the first son of fallen Adam, and the firstborn of sin (Gen. iv). His entire history is that of lawlessness. This is

seen in his approaching God with the fruit of the curse (verse 3), in his wrath against Him (5), his rejection of the sin-offering (7), the murder of his brother (8), his rebellious answer against God (9), his going out from the Lord's presence (16), and in his building a city (17), so that he might be settled and stationary where the Lord had said he should be a fugitive and a vagabond. His decendants became chiefly remarkable as artificers and musicians, thus evading the sentence which the Lord had pronounced, as to the ground not yielding her strength to the tilling of Cain, and seeking to beautify a world stained by his brother's blood (21, 22).

Cainan (possessor), the son of Enos, son of Seth. Another Cainan is mentioned in Luke iii. 36, which is found in the Septuagint version of Gen. x. 24, xi. 12, but is wanting in the Hebrew.

Ca'lah, or Calach, a city of Assyria, built by Ashur or Nimrod (Gen. x. 11), or perhaps a street of the city of Nimock (see marginal reading)

Ca'leb (dog or rabid), son of Jephunneh, of the tribe of Judah. He and Joshua were the only two of all the men who came out of Egypt that entered the land of Canaan (Num. xiv. 22—24).

Calf.—While Moses was in the mount with God, the Israelites induced Aaron to make them a golden calf, so that before they received the law, they had already broken it, by the worship of the molten image which they had made (Exod. xxxii). Long after this Jeroboam, the king of Israel, set up two

calf idols, the one in Dan, and the other in Bethel (see Bethel).

Cal'neh, or Chalneh, one of Nimrod's cities, and supposed to be the Calno of Isa. x. 9, and the Canneh of Ezek. xxvii. 23. It was afterwards called Ctesiphon, and stood on the banks of the Tigris opposite Celeucia. It was for a time the capital of the Parthians, but was conquered by the Assyrians (Isa. x. 9). Its site was afterwards occupied by El-Madian, or the two cities, now in ruins.

Cal'vary (a skull), the Latin name for Golgotha (see Golgotha).

Camby'ses (Ahasuerus).

Camel.—Of this useful animal there are two First, the Bactarian camel, which is large and robust, possessed of two hunches, and a native of the highest table-lands of Central Asia, where wild specimens may still be found. Second, the Arabian camel, or dromedary, which has but one hunch, and is of Western-Asiatic or African origin. Among these there are two races or kinds, one being slow and able to carry burdens from five to seven hundredweight, travelling at the rate of about twenty-four miles a day, and the other sort being lighter and bred for the saddle. The fleetest of these can travel about two hundred miles in twenty-four hours, but the trotting motion is so hard that the rider needs severe training to endure The camel has four stomachs, one of which contains cells capable of holding an extra provision

of water, so that the animal can subsist four or more days without drinking. They are also small feeders, so that, when on the march, about a pound weight of dates, beans, or barley will suffice for twenty-four hours, with such thistles and thorny plants as they can snatch at with their long necks in passing.

The hunch on the back assists in sustaining them. This grows and fills with fatty substance when the animal is well fed, and supplies the want of sustenance when travelling in regions where no vegetation is to be met with. The camel is of lofty stature, very agile, has keen sight and sense of smell—often of great service to the traveller in the desert—is very patient, and able to endure both heat and cold. The dense hair or wool which grows on the skin is useful to the owner both for clothing and shelter, and the female supplies him with milk. The Arabs say, "Job's beast is a monument of God's mercy."

Camphire (occurs in Song of Sol. i. 14, iv. 13).— The Hebrew word is kopher. Its meaning is not certain. Camphire (which is old English for camphor) is a substance which does not seem to have been known to the ancients. Some suppose it to be the Greek kupros, a plant greatly esteemed in the east from the earliest times on account of the fragrance of its flowers and the colouring properties of its leaves. The Arabs call it alcana or henna. The leaves are used by women in a powdered state and mixed with the juice of

citrons to dye the nails and palms of the hands and the soles of the feet of an iron-rust colour. The plant is not unlike the English privet.

Ca'na, a town in Galilee, near Capernaum, where the Lord Jesus Christ turned water into wine (John iv. 46). This Cana is not named in the Old Testament; but Josephus mentions it as a village of Galilee, and the present Kefr-Kenna is supposed to be the site of the ancient Cana. Kefr-Kenna is a small place about four miles north-east of Nazareth. A ruined place called Kâna-el-Jelil, eight miles north-east of Nazareth, is thought by some to have been the site of Cana.

#### AN EPITAPH

COPIED FROM A HEADSTONE AT TRINIDAD, WEST INDIES, MARCH, 1871.

"Ye that the Name of Jesus bear,
His lovely steps pursue;
And let that life which was in Him
Be manifest in you."



THE KEY-FLOWER.

THERE are many strange old legends among the peasantry of Germany, some of which I suspect were spread abroad by Christian monks of old time (for there were Christians even among the monks), to teach the poor ignorant people truth in

the form of fable or parable. Now, among these old legends there is one which I think will not only amuse little people, but instruct them too. It is said that, once upon a time, many long years ago, there lived a cowherd who was wont to tend his cows in the grassy glades of the boundless forests that clothed the Thuringian mountains on the borders of Saxony. He was a very poor man, but very cheerful, and used to be always singing to himself as he roamed about after his cows, or sat on some jutting rock or fallen tree, watching them as they fed, while the cow-bells made tinkling music to his songs, rising and falling on the soft wind along the green glades; for every cow, you must know, had a bell on her neck, so that if she got astray in the woods the sound would help the cowherd to find her. Well, one summer's day, when the flowers were all in blossom, he was walking along as usual after his cows, near the ruins of an old castle, perched on a crag of the mountain, and thinking how he should like to have just a little more money, that he might not have to tend the cattle in the cold winter months, when all at once he caught sight of a beautiful blue flower, such as in all his wanderings on the mountains he had never seen before. It was so large, tooas large as his hand—and so bright that, although growing low down among the grass, it caught his eye directly. Wondering that he had never seen anything of the kind before, he stooped down and plucked it to look at it more closely, but had no

#### THE KEY-FLOWER.

sooner done so than another and a greater wonder met his view. What do you think that was? Well, the legend says that as soon as he had taken the flower in his hand he saw an open door before him in the side of the mountain on which the ruined castle stood, standing wide open, as if to say, "Come in if you like." Now, he had crossed that mountain scores of times, and knew every crag and every moss-grown boulder on it; and, as to the old castle above, though the mantling ivy might change its aspect every spring, and add to its shadow each summer, he was pretty well at home in its ruined archways, and knew exactly where to find shelter in a storm, let the wind come which way it would. A door in the mountain was therefore a marvel greater to him than the flower he held in his hand; and no wonder neither. Yet there it was plain enough, a real door, lowarched and stout and strong, studded with great nail-heads and iron-bound, as old castle doors were wont to be, to keep out unwelcome and not very gentle visitors. "Well," said he to himself, "this is very strange;" but he said it in German, you know, and not in English: and then, as he looked and wondered and whispered to himself, he drew nearer to examine it. "Perhaps," thought he, "it was hidden before by some earth that has since fallen down and so uncovered it;" but he could find no fallen earth on the hard grass-grown rock. Just within he could see a flight of narrow steps, cut in the rock, and leading he couldn't tell where

for the gloom. He looked a long while, now up at the mountain, now down at the door, and then at the flower he held in his hand, which somehow seemed to him to have something to do with the matter; but he could make nothing of it. At last it struck him that the best way to know all about it was to go in and see; but this he found no easy thing to do for very fear. Presently, however, he set first one foot in, and then the other, and then he took another step, and began to go slowly down, down in the dark. Ah, poor fellow, how he shook as he went! It is not pleasant, you know, to go down in the dark, especially when you don't know where you are going to, or what will come of it; and so poor Hans (I think that was his name) trembled at every step of the way, while, quite unconsciously, he clutched the flower that he held in his hand all the tighter as he went.

How this reminds us of the believer going down some ever-darkening path in this poor world of sorrow, clinging to that bright blossom, Promise, yet hardly conscious that he is clinging, and sometimes even forgetting altogether that he has it with him on the way!

But Hans was not a believer at all. His mind was set on quite other things, and, like the woman at the well (John iv.), who was occupied with her water-pot, his thoughts seldom rose above his cows and the little money he earned by tending them. If he had been a believer, what precious opportunities he might have had of communion with

the Lord when quietly tending his cows, ALONE WITH GOD in those solemn old woods! it is, that those who do not know Jesus have no idea what they lose, even in this world, to say nothing of those joys which are to come, which "eye hath not seen, nor ear heard," and which even the heart of man, with all its boundless desires, has never so much as been able to conceive of. the cowherd did not think that his heart was at all boundless or unreasonable in its desires. from it. He had often said to himself that, if he had but just enough to live upon in the winter time, so that he needn't come up there in the mountains in bleak weather, he should be quite content. You see, he didn't know his own heart, as we shall presently find. Who does? (Jer. xvii. 9). Well, one thing he knew just now was, that his heart trembled a good deal as, step after step, he went slowly down the mysterious hole in the mountain; and the worst of it was that the further he went the darker it grew. It seemed a long way to the bottom, and took a long time. Every now and then he would stop to listen and peer into the gloom, and try to see how many more steps there were in that strange staircase; but he could see nothing. And then it took him all the longer to get down, you know, because he had to feel with his foot before he set it down, lest there should be no step there at all, and he should take one long plunge to the bottom. How like the unconverted sinner, who knows not where he

is going! "He walks on in darkness." One thing is quite certain, and that is, that he is on the downward road, with his back to the light, as the cowherd's was, and in danger every moment of taking one long, long step into the bottomless pit!

Well, "it is a long lane that has no turning," and a long staircase that has no end; and so, although this one was very long indeed, Hans found himself at the bottom at last. Then the subterranean passage suddenly widened out into a spacious vault, dimly lighted somehow, yet sufficiently so to allow Hans to see all that it contained. And what do you think he saw Well, the legend says that, when he entered that strange vault, all the treasures of earth which this poor world delights in met his astonished gaze; gold and silver, diamonds, sapphires, and rubies sparkled in the dim dreamy light from every side of that mysterious place.

What further happened, and what we may learn from this old legend, I must tell you, if the Lord will, another time. In the meanwhile, I want you to try and find out what the Key-flower is. You see, Hans had no sooner taken it in his hand than a door was opened to him. Now, can you think of anything that deserves the name of the Key-flower?

J. L. K.



#### THE POWER OF THE WORD AND PRAYER.

Some years ago a servant of Christ was led to go one Friday morning to a distant village. He had no special purpose in going, no one particular to visit, but simply intended to call upon anyone to whom he might be directed of the Lord. The first person he visited told him that an old man, known to him as formerly an occasional attendant at the meetings, had been stricken that afternoon with paralysis as he was walking in his garden, and now lay in a very critical state, expecting death every moment.

On arriving at the house, he found quite an assembly of the aged man's adult children gathered around his bedside, for he had had a very large family, several of whom were believers. The aged mother was there too, and, as the visitor approached the bed, began telling him that her poor husband was dying, but that he had been a good husband and a good father, had done his duty in the world, and, in short, was "not as other men are." To this the dying man seemed to assent, although, from the partially paralyzed state of his tongue, it was difficult to understand anything he said, as he could not articulate without great difficulty. Lord's servant, while sympathizing with the truehearted sorrowing wife, who fain would represent her dying husband as the best of men, and who, in the very love she felt for the companion of a long life's journey through storm and calm, through 10\*

cloud and sunshine, verily believed him fit for heaven, was nevertheless deeply stirred to see a man on the very verge of eternity, apparently about to enter upon that most solemn scene with a lie in his right hand. That the poor old man had done his duty as a father, a husband, a neighbour, a servant—that he had led a moral and an industrious life—there could be little doubt. His stalwart sons and married daughters—not one of them a reproach to his name, but rather a credit to his memory—stood witnesses around his death-bed that he had not been a drunken, careless father.

The nervous haste of the heart-broken wife to soothe his dying pillow with kind words, seeing she could now do no more for him whose once strong, but now withered, arm had been her support and protection for many a long year, proved he had been no bad husband. She could not save his life, but she would, if possible, persuade both God and man to save his soul, and take him into heaven as he was! It was a solemn and a painful scene. wound a heart already so stricken was hard, yet love and truth and the glory of Christ demanded To disturb the quiet of the dying pillow, and stir up the agonies of conviction at the last moment, to awaken from the lethargy of a death in trespasses and sins to the alarms of a guilty conscience was but the duty of the Lord's servant, let who would think it cruel. But how was this to be accomplished?

Having formerly seen him at preaching meetings

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both in the open air as well as in houses in the village, the preacher knew that the old man had heard God's Word again and again. The message of grace had been sounded clearly in his hearing, and he had not received it. When, therefore, the poor old wife closed her tearful remarks by saying, "He has done no harm, sir, to anyone," the visitor instantly replied,—

"There is one thing he has done, to my knowledge, which alone would condemn him for ever: HE HAS MADE GOD A LIAR FOR YEARS! for 'he that believeth not God hath made Him a liar. because he believeth not the record that God gave of His Son." That this statement of truth, uttered aloud before all, must have pained the afflicted wife none can doubt; that it startled the dying man is most certain. But a moment before he appeared quite indifferent to all that was going on around him. His death was expected every moment, and he seemed about to sink into it without a thought or care concerning the future that awaited him. But now he was suddenly aroused, as if the Word of God had gone like an arrow into his inmost soul, "sharper than any two-edged sword;" he appeared to become instantly aware of his actual state and terrible danger. And when that word (1 John v. 10) was again repeated and explained to him, and he was reminded how he had heard the Gospel at intervals through many years, yet had still gone on not believing, conviction seemed complete.

He was then asked whether he wished to be prayed for, and, giving an anxious affirmative, all present knelt down and commended him to the throne of grace with earnestness, which the urgency of his case demanded. There were those there whose faith and fellowship the Lord's servant could count upon, in his appeal to his gracious Master, and he was especially led to plead that sweet promise, "If two of you shall agree on earth as touching anything that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of my Father which is in heaven" (Matt. xviii. 19). After prayer, Christ and His finished and all-sufficient work were again fully set before the now-anxious listener. He was told how God declared that "the blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth from all sin;" and he was exhorted to believe God. The Love of Christ in dying for sinners was pressed upon his attention, and he was persuaded to trust the love thus wondrously manifested, and be drawn by it to believe that, late as it was—yea, all but too late—Christ the Saviour of sinners would not reject him. How much seemed to hang upon the moments which were so rapidly fleeting by! How intently some there present listened to catch what the dying man might say! Would be continue only to fear and tremble in doubt of the love of God, and disbelief of the allsufficiency of the precious blood of Christ to meet his desperate need? Would those glazing eyes close in death, while yet looking in alarm at its approach? No, the Lord, ever faithful to His

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promise, gave the answer faith expected, and the power of His Word to quicken the dead was manifested. At first, on being asked whether he could trust the love of God and the all-sufficiency of the blood of Christ, the poor old man hesitated to reply. But soon power was given him, and while all listened to catch his words, and none more anxiously than his aged wife, he declared that he believed!—believed not merely that he might be forgiven at some future moment, or that God would perhaps have mercy on him, but that ALL HIS SINS WERE FULLY PUT AWAY BY THE BLOOD OF CHRIST!

Contrary to all expectation, he did not expire that night; his life was remarkably prolonged for four or five days, for God had a purpose of grace in it. There had been those in that village who had gone about for years, teaching that none can be assured of everlasting life, and a full and free forgiveness, till the day of judgment, or, at the very earliest, till they stand in the presence of God. The Lord is not indifferent to the deep need of the population of our rural villages, whatever man may be.

The old man's fast-failing breath was therefore spared, that his dying testimony might bring glory to God, and blessing to those around. Although assailed, on the day following his conversion, with grievous doubts and misgivings as to the certainty of his salvation, Satan was not allowed to triumph long. In a few hours the gloom departed; the eye, which had been for a-

while turned in upon self, looked once more to Christ, and he presently burst out singing aloud. On being asked what he was singing about, he replied, in broken accents, "Praise to Jesus!" And that there might be no question as to whether mere excitement or any self-delusion accounted for his happy condition (sometimes, alas, the case even in dying moments!), he was heard by the writer, on the day before he died, to speak calmly for nearly twenty minutes, though with the utmost difficulty; first, of the sins of a long life, and then of the full and free forgiveness he enjoyed through the precious blood of Christ. With stammering tongue he told of the sad past, the happy present, the eternally-blessed future. He had probably professed Christianity before, but now he knew and loved Christ Himself.

Two cases of real conversion are known to have sprung from the dear old man's death-bed scene. In one, the prayer first offered by his bedside, as mentioned above, was used to bring under conviction a married daughter who had come from a distant village to see her father die. In ill-health at the time, she subsequently went home to get worse; was followed thither by the writer; got settled peace before he left the house; and, after much suffering, eventually died triumphing in the love and finished work of Christ, testifying almost with her last breath to her certainty of everlasting life through the precious blood of Christ alone.

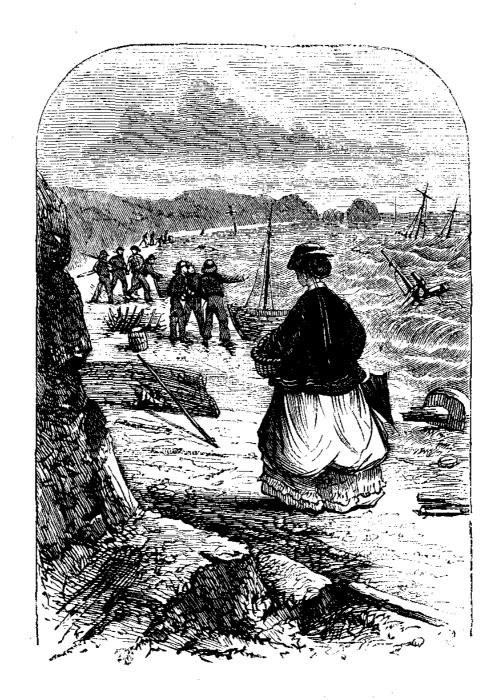
But the other case was even more important,

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taken in connexion with the false teaching so prevalent in the village, since the individual referred to lived long enough to discuss the question frequently with one of the very persons who insisted on the impossibility of knowing of sin forgiven till at least after death. This man repeatedly visited him, no doubt with the kindest intentions, but with mistaken zeal, during a long illness. for the ministry at college, he thought and asserted that he ought to know best, but an unlettered labourer, taught of the Spirit, convinced him at last that he was wrong, and he finally had the honesty and candour to acknowledge it! Thus God was glorified, His truth exalted, and the name and value of the blood of Christ triumphantly asserted in the very place where it had been so long denied. Might not one apply that word here, "Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings Thou hast ordained praise?" for this young man was but a babe in Christ when this occurred. The dying testimony of his aged father, who sent for and solemnly spoke to him concerning the things which belonged to his eternal peace, had come with power to his soul; and, when he was subsequently taken ill himself, got peace in believing, and lay for many months slowly wasting away under the ravages of consumption; no effort of man or Satan could ever shake his confidence in Christ, writer never saw him otherwise than calmly happy in the full assurance of everlasting life, and delighted with every opportunity of declaring it.

He, too, after a lingering illness, followed his father and sister into eternal rest, where now they are united again in joy for ever; and, though unknown to the writer, other fruit will doubtless yet follow the testimony of these three to the glory of Christ "in that day!" What a day will that be when the village churchyards of our native land yield up the dust of departed saints! Thence, "where the rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep," many a king and priest to God will rise to meet HIM in the air, whose precious blood washed them from their sins, whose love, working in secret, sought them out among the neglected and forgotten, and, raising them from the dunghill, set them with His princes to reign with Him in glory everlasting! How stupendous and how marvellous the change! With what glad and wondering surprise will these simple ones, often ignorant of their high destiny to the very last hour of life upon earth, and barely conscious of salvation, receive "the crown of glory that fadeth not away!" praise to HIS most holy name, whose love knows no distinctions, no hindrance, no end, and but for whose most precious grace the toiling rustic must have lived and died but little more regarded than "the beasts that perish," or the clods his sturdy strength has turned to fruitfulness!





ALMOST SAVED.

WE were standing on the shore at one of the many lovely seaport places in the Isle of Wight in the month of August. It was a beautiful morning, the sun shining splendidly, and the bright waves glittered in its rays all the more brilliantly from being a little ruffled by a fresh breeze that had

just died away, leaving them crested with a light foam. Upon our left, stretching far into the sea, was the bold promontory of the snow-white Culver Cliffs, whilst to the right, in striking contrast, towered majestic heights of dark-brown rock and The loveliness of the morning had enticed a great number of visitors to the water-side, where they were engaged in every variety of pastime so common at seaside resorts. Some, doubtless, were silently adoring the God whose power and goodness were so plainly to be seen in the natural beauties and grandeur of the scene around them; others were enjoying these His gifts, thoughtless of the Giver, when the attention of all was arrested by a solemn circumstance, and those who had an ear to hear listened as it were to a warning voice too plain to pass unheeded with impunity.

From one of the bathers a cry for help was heard, and it was soon evident to those who were gazing in the direction from which it proceeded, that he who had uttered it was being drawn out to sea without power to regain the land, although by some means still keeping his head above the water.

An attempt was made to launch a boat for his rescue, but, either from the roughness of the waves, or through its not being in sea-worthy condition, it was upset, and some little delay resulted. While this was going on at one part of the shore, from another point nearer to the drowning man two men plunged into the water and struggled towards him, for it was no easy task, still at every stroke

they came nearer. All this time the eyes of the anxious spectators were fixed upon the poor man, and those who had friends amongst the bathers were in great alarm lest he (whom no one at present knew) should be a relative. You can imagine what joy all felt as they saw his head continue above water until the swimmers' hands were laid upon him and he was almost saved.

Alas! it was only almost, for a strong wave at that moment swept by them, and, when it had passed, only the two would-be-saviours could be seen; for it had carried the helpless man from their arms, and we saw him no more.

The boat had at length been launched, and was now near the spot, and those who occupied it remained for some time seeking in vain for the body, whilst the swimmers returned to the shore, where they met the large company of disappointed persons who had seen them so nearly succeed. The one drowned proved to be a young man who had purposed leaving England in a day or two for a foreign country, and was only waiting until the vessel that should convey him would be ready to The member of a large family in comfortable circumstances, his prospects were doubtless as bright as the morning itself that proved such a solemn one to him. Thus, when least expecting it, he was summoned into eternity; and if it was with his soul as with his body, only almost saved, what an awful end such a one's must be! We trust it was not so.

Now, are there not among the readers of Good News those who are in a similar case with reference to the salvation of their souls? If you are not resting upon Christ, you are as surely passing on to destruction as the poor young man was. All this, with a Saviour as near, or nearer, to you than those men were who sought to rescue him; and you know it, and are thus, it may be, among the almost saved. The anxious eyes of believing friends are upon you, and as they pray for your salvation they watch for signs of divine life to appear, and long to catch from your lips the hearty confession of Christ as your Saviour, for, in Rom. x. 9, it is declared that "if thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thy heart that God hath raised Him from the dead, thou shalt be saved." You have often heard this, or read it in the pages of this Magazine, and yet are not at peace with God, although, like Agrippa, almost persuaded to be a Christian. What an awful thing to be only almost! for, if you are called from earth in this state, it will only add to your condemnation to have been so near the Saviour and yet not to be saved.

The young man of whom I have told you, perished because the wave was stronger than the arms of those who came to save him. Such cannot be your case. In Psalm lxix. you read of Christ as the One who passed through the waters of the judgment of God, and bore it all, so that for those who trust in Him no judgment now remains (Rom.

viii. 1). Once in His hand, He is too strong for any to pluck you thence and will never allow you to perish (John x. 28). But, until you know that you are there, let me entreat you not to rest satisfied short of the full and perfect assurance of safety which you may possess by trusting yourself wholly to Him who by His death fully atoned for sin, and in whom, as risen and glorified, every believer is seen by God, and thus "accepted in the Beloved." Then for you even death itself would have no terror, for the sting which is sin is gone, and the victory is given to all who believe through Jesus Christ.

### THE LITTLE MAID.

2 Kings v.

What great events, what mighty things,
To trifles owe their birth!
What noble rivers flow from springs
Half-hidden in the earth!
This truth in that sweet tale is seen,
Whose freshness ne'er can fade,
Of lep'rous Naaman, cur'd and clean,
All through his little maid.

Though mighty he, and braver none,
And she a captive slave,
Yet could this weak and humble one
Her master's blessing crave.
She Israel's holy prophet knew,
Her mind on God was stay'd;
And words of faith and love He drew
From this same little maid.

She had but breath'd her warm desire,

Her faith in God express'd,

When He convey'd the spark of fire
Into her master's breast.

He who on winds the seed can wing
To soil whence springs the blade,

To Naaman's heart His word could bring,
Spoke by the little maid.

The Leper to the Prophet went,
God's pow'r and grace were seen,
And Naaman soon in worship bent;
He'd wash'd and he was clean.
Thus by the weak was God made known,
His glory He display'd,
The seed was in His mercy sown
By her, the little maid.

We who are young, and Jesus love,
Should learn while others teach,
But we can ask the Lord above
To bless the Word they preach;
And though we are but frail and weak,
We need not be afraid,
But of our Saviour meekly speak,
Just like this little maid.

Τ.

#### THE WONDERFUL NEW DRESS.

ALICE found a poor herb-woman one day resting under the cooling shade of a tree outside the garden gate.

- "Do you want something?" asked Alice.
- "Yes, dear child," she answered, "I want a new dress."

- "A pretty calico?" asked Alice.
- "That will too soon fade," answered the poor woman.
  - "A black woollen?" asked Alice.
  - "That will too soon wear out," answered she.
  - "A silk?" asked Alice.
- "I have nothing fit to wear with it," answered the herb-woman; and Alice thought as much.
  - "A plaid, a beautiful plaid?" asked the child.
- "That will too soon go out of fashion," answered the herb-woman.
- "Do you care much about the fashion?" asked Alice.
- "I want the dress to last me a thousand years or more!" said the old woman.
- "Oh!" exclaimed Alice, drawing back, for she half thought the poor woman was crazy; "do you expect to live so long? A thousand years is a great, great while; and you are pretty old now."
  - "I shall live longer than that," said she.
- "I will ask my mother," said the little girl, much puzzled, "if she knows what dress would suit you, and perhaps she will buy it for you."
- "Your mother is not rich enough to buy it, dear child," said the old woman.
  - "My father is rich," said she.
- "Not rich enough to buy me the dress I want," answered the old woman.
- "Do you want to dress like a Queen?" asked Alice.

"No; but I want to be dressed like a King's daughter!"

"The old herb-woman is crazy," thought Alice to herself; "she talks so queer. I don't know where you will get such a dress," said she aloud; "something that will never fade, never wear out, never go out of fashion."

"And never get soiled or spoiled," added the herb-woman: "wear it when and where you may, it will always keep white and shining."

"Oh!" was all Alice could say; then she added, "I should like such a one, I am sure. Could a little girl have one? But a little girl would outgrow hers."

"No," said the herb-woman, "the dress would let itself out so as to suit you always."

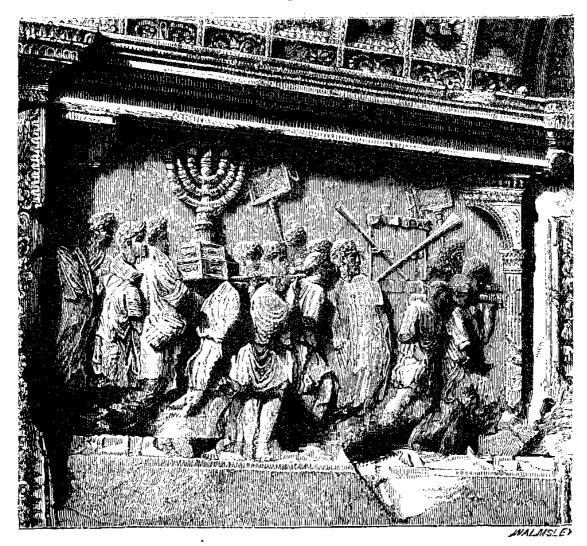
The child was lost in wonder. "Will you please tell me what it is, and where I can get one?" she asked.

"It is the garment of salvation, the righteousness of God which is by faith of Jesus Christ," said the old woman tenderly. "Christ came and died to take away the poor rags of our sins, and to put on us this pure white robe, thus making us children of God, and fit to dwell with Him for ever. Should you not like to have this garment, dear child?"

"Yes," answered the child; "I do want to be one of God's children; I always wanted to. Will He give me a heavenly dress, do you think?"

## THE WONDERFUL NEW DRESS

I do not know what the herb-woman said in reply, for, although knowing so much about the garment, she did not speak as one would do who knows she has it; but I do not doubt that many of the young readers of Good News will want an answer to the question, because, until you have this dress, you are not fit for heaven, and you must have it here, for, if you wait till by-and-by, you may die without it, and then you could never have it at all; but, instead of standing like those who are spoken of in Rev. vii., to sing the songs of heaven, you must be cast out from the presence of God, as the man of whom you read in Matt. xxii. was put away from the feast, because he had not on the wedding garment. Perhaps he thought his own clothes would be good enough, as some think their good works will make them a dress good enough for heaven; but this is a great mistake. As the herbwoman said, no one on earth can buy that dress, but God gives it now to all who trust in that precious blood of Christ which cleanses from all sin, and makes us fit to go at once into the blessed place where they sing, "Unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood." put upon all them that believe (see Rom. iii. 22), whether old or young; therefore, if you are a believer in Jesus, it is even now upon you, and as God Himself puts it there, you may be quite sure that it will be enough to cover you for ever, and will never be soiled, never wear out.



INTERIOR OF THE ARCH OF TITUS, SHOWING THE CANDLL-STICK AND OTHER HOLY VESSELS OF THE TEMPLE.

# DICTIONARY OF THE BIBLE.

(Continued from p. 252.)

Ca'naan was the son of Ham, and grandson of Noah (Gen. ix. 18).

Ca'naan (land of) was the ancient name of Palestine west of the Jordan (Gen. xiii. 12; Numb. xxxiii. 51). Eastward of the Jordan the country was called Gilead in a general way. It was in Gilead that the tribes of Reuben and Gad, and the half tribe of Manasseh, chose to dwell, and where

they were the first to feel the power of the enemy (2 Kings xv. 29). Phœnicia and Philistia were included in the general name of Canaan, and this name is found on Phœnician coins (see PALESTINE).

Ca'naanites, the descendants of Canaan, from whom the land took its name. These people were divided into several nations, such as the Hivites, Jebusites, Perizzites, Canaanites, Amorites, Girgashites, and Hittites (Josh. xxiv.). They were remarkable for their wickedness, even as early as the days of Abraham, under the general name of Amorites (Gen. xv. 16; 1 Kings xxi. 26). But God bore with them for nearly 500 years, until at last their iniquity was full. Every kind of wickedness was openly practised by them, and at last the Lord commanded the children of Israel to destroy and drive them out of the land. This was partially accomplished under Joshua; but it was not until David's reign that they were completely subdued, and the land possessed as far eastward as the Euphrates according to the promise of the Lord (Deut. i. 7, 8; 2 Sam. x. 19). In the reign of Solomon, the broken remnants of these nations were of bond-service under a tribute to Israel (1 Kings ix. 20, 21). It is said by Procopias that there were in Numidia, at Tingis, two columns bearing the following inscription in Phoenician characters, "We are those who fled from the face of Joshua, the robber, the son of Naue."

Canda'cc, queen of the Ethiopians, whose

treasurer was converted by the preaching of Philip the Evangelist (Acts viii.). She was queen of a region in upper Nubia, called Moroë by the Greeks, and supposed to be the province now called Atbara. It was long the centre of commerce between Africa and the south of Asia, and became one of the richest countries on earth. The "merchandise of Ethiopia" was celebrated in ancient times (Isa. xlv. 14). Both before and after the period at which Philip lived, Ethiopia was under female rule, the queens being called Candace, which was rather a title than a name, as with the Pharaohs of Egypt. Tradition says that Candace herself was afterwards converted by the eunuch, and that he also preached the Gospel throughout her kingdom. He is likewise called the apostle of Tagré, which was that part of Abyssinia that lay nearest to Meroë, and it is said that he extended his preaching afterwards to Arabia Felix and the island of Ceylon, where he was martyred.

Candlestick.—The candlestick in the tabernacle was "all of it one beaten work of pure gold." It consisted of a shaft (which is called "the candlestick") with three branches on each side, each branch having three bowls like unto almonds, with a knop and a flower; and in the candlestick (or shaft) were four bowls made like unto almonds with their knops and their flowers, while under each pair of branches there was a knop. To this candlestick and its branches there were seven golden lamps with tongs and snuff-dishes; the

whole, including the vessels, being made out of one talent of pure gold, according to the pattern shown to Moses on the mount (Ex. xxv. 31-40, xxxvii. 17-24). The lamps were supplied, and the light continually maintained, with "pure olive oil beaten for the light" (Lev. xxiv. 1-4). The lamps were expressly said to give their light "over against the face of" the candlestick (see Exod. xxv. 37, margin; Num. viii. 3; comp. Jno. xvi. 14), from which it would seem that the shaft or middle stem, which was expressly called the candlestick, was higher than the branches (Col. i. 18). As there were no windows in the tabernacle, the light of the sun was shut out, and the priests ministered within by the light given from the candlestick by the olive oil, and not by the light of nature, or of this world (1 Cor. ii. 12; Jno. iv. 23; Rom. viii. 15; Gal. iv. 6; Eph. vi. 18; Phil. iii. 3). And it was only in the light shed from the Candlestick (Acts ii. 33) that they could see the golden table with its "continual bread" (Numb. iv. 7; Exod. xxv. 23—30; John vi. 35), or the beautiful colours of the inner curtains of the tabernacle, never seen without (Song of Sol. v. 9-13; John x. 14; 1 Cor. ii. 10).

Christ is "the Light," and they that believe in Him are "the children of light" (John i. 9, xii. 36; comp. Phil. ii. 15, 16; Eph. v. 8; Rev. i. 12). And in the "Father's house" He will still be the Light of the glory (Rev. xxi. 23), when He and "the children which God hath given" Him (Heb.

ii. 13) are manifested ONE (John xvii. 22, 23), and the Glory throws its lustre on Israel (Isa. iv. 5, margin, Ix. 1, 2, xl. 5) as the Candlestick did on the twelve loaves in the tabernacle; and going even beyond Israel, so that "the nations of them that are saved shall walk in the light of it" (Rev. xxi. 24), its radiance shall enlighten the whole "breadth and length and depth and height" of that wondrous sphere which grace shall fill through the obedience and "love of Christ."

The candlestick carried away by the Romans after the destruction of the temple, and represented on the arch of Titus, is not to be relied on as exactly like that made under the direction of Moses, though it gives some idea of its form. In it the centre shaft or candlestick is level with the branches, so that they could not throw their light "over against the face of it." This trophy of Rome's victory over God's people was afterwards seized by Genseric (A.D. 455), when Rome in her turn was pillaged by him. It was taken to Africa, and then, nearly a hundred years afterwards (A.D. 533), was recaptured from the Vandals by Belisarius, carried to Constantinople and thence sent to Jerusalem. Since that time it has entirely disappeared, Israel is left without her light, and in "gross darkness" till He shall come in glory.

Cane.—Mentioned Isa. xliii. 24, and probably cinnamon (Exod. xxx. 23; Jer. vi. 20).

Can'neh (Ezek. xxvii. 23), probably Calneh (Gen. x. 10).



## STEPPING-STONES.

How nice for these two children coming to the brook, to find that some one else has been before them, and left stepping-stones for little feet that are not able to step over the water, and must not step in it! I suppose the person who put them

there had to get his own feet wetted; but this he did not mind, if he could so make a way for the little ones, or others, to go over with dry feet. And now see how easy it is for them to step from stone to stone, and save their dear mother the vexation of finding them with wetted shoes and socks and feet. They could not put these nice large stones themselves; the bigger girl, I suppose, could hardly lift one of them; but, now they are there, even the little one can step on them all. I hope they do not skip over them and quite forget the kindness that placed them there, very likely before they were born.

Now, my dear little ones, I want you to think, for a moment or two, of another picture; one drawn by the Lord Jesus Himself, when He was a man down here in this world. It is a very solemn one, but it is as truthful as it is solemn; for Jesus is "the Truth," and He never said a word to make anything appear worse or better than it really is. Well, in the sixteenth chapter of Luke, He speaks to us of a poor man, who was very miserable and in terrible pain, who wanted to get away from where he was; to cross over into a very different place, and to very different company, from those in which he found himself. But he could not: he was told that "a great gulf" was "fixed" between him and them, and there were no "stepping-stones" He had in his life been very rich, and Lazarus very poor, but now Lazarus is comforted and he is tormented. How very sad to think of a man being shut up in hell, wanting to come out, but cannot; and crying in vain for Lazarus to come with one drop of water to cool his burning tongue! What a difference between a little brook, and nice large stepping-stones across it, and a great gulf with no stepping-stones—no bridge—no way of passing it at all!

Dear little readers, do you wonder why I write to you about such a solemn subject? It is because I love you, and earnestly desire that you may be happy with Jesus for ever; and I know that you have a great enemy, whose name is Satan, who wants to keep you away from Jesus; to fill your hearts and minds with something else, like he did the poor rich man I have spoken to you of. filled his mind with thoughts about his riches, his fine clothing, and his fine eating every day; and the foolish man forgot all about another world, or would not think of it, until he found himself in it, and then he sadly wanted to change. But it was "too late" then, and he must remain for ever away from that blessed God, whom in his life he had despised and forgotten.

But, if there is no way out of the place of torment for those who are in it, there is, through God's grace, a way to escape being there. And although there is indeed no way to heaven from where the rich man is, there is a way from where you are. Do you ask, and really desire to know, what is that way? It is Jesus, the blessed Saviour of lost sinners. Not many "stepping-stones," but one

gracious and glorious Person, who loves you, and died for you (2 Cor. v. 15). The way from the condition of being lost to that of being saved is not step by step; works and prayers, and so on; but by simple trust, as a lost sinner, in the Lord Jesus. Then, when you believe His love to you, and rest in the value of His precious blood, as having cleansed you from all sin—then you will repent, as you never can before. You will say, "How very naughty I have been! how very sadly I have grieved, by my sin and folly, the dear Lord, who has never ceased to watch over me for good!" And then indeed you will pray as you never have before. You will feel you must tell Him all that is in your heart, and ask Him to help and bless you every day; you cannot do without Him, and do not want to try. But be sure you don't try to make "stepping-stones" of your prayers, or your goodness, or anything at all about yourself, as if they brought you nearer to God. They are bad stepping-stones, and will let you sink; but Jesus never will, if you confess your sins to Him, and put your trust in Him only.

Never forget what He said in John xiv. 6, "I am the Way:... no man cometh unto the Father but by Me." As these two children in the picture did not make their own way over the stream, but walked on stones that had been put there by some one else, so you and I have not to make a way, or find a way to God and heaven, but to believe in the Lord Jesus Christ who is "the Way;" whom

### MY ALL IN ALL.

God gave that we might through Him be saved from our sins, and from the punishment our sins deserved. Neither the wisest, nor the strongest, nor the holiest man could ever have found a way to be saved if God Himself had not provided one; but now that He has done so, it is open and free for the greatest sinner, or the feeblest little child. Saul of Tarsus, when he was "the chief of sinners," was quite welcome; and so was the dying thief, who had just been mocking Jesus; so also has been every poor sinner who desired salvation, and so will you be, too, dear little reader.

Sept. 25, 1872.

W. T.

### MY ALL IN ALL.

The Lord is my Keeper,
The Lord is my Guide,
The Lord is my Shepherd,
The Lord will provide.

The Lord is my Power,
The Lord is my Stay,
The Lord is my Portion
That ne'er will decay.

The Lord is my Master,
The Lord is my Friend,
The Lord is my Pleasure
That never can end.

The Lord is my Tower,
And none can appal;
The lord is my Refuge,
The Lord is my ALL.

J. J. K.

## "OH, DO COME HOME!"

MY DEAR LITTLE FRIENDS,—I suppose you all know what a Refuge is: if you don't know, I will try and tell you.

Refuges are places to keep little boys in who have got no homes of their own; and, if they have homes, they are very wretched ones—not like those of some of my little readers.

Now, what I want to tell you is about two little boys from one of those refuges. One day there was a boy brought into an hospital: his name was William Baker. He looked very ill, but seemed happy. He must have been a good boy at the refuge, because he had two red stripes on his coatsleeves, and he also got a Bible for answering in the Ten days after, another boy was Scriptures. brought into the hospital; his name was Tommy. He had hurt himself playing at leap-frog. We all knew he would never get well again. He had been in about a fortnight, during which time he seemed very patient. He never spoke unless asked how he was, and then all he'd say was, "Nicely, thank you," and smile very sweetly. One night his nurse went to see if he was comfortable before leaving him for the night. He seemed in a great deal of pain. She made him a poultice, which he refused for the first time. She sat by his side, and tried to comfort him. I also sat by his side. He asked me to put the pillow on my knee, which I did; he then laid his head on it. He was very quiet

for a few minutes, when, all at once, he opened his eyes and asked, "Nurse, ain't you coming home?"

I said, "To what home? Is it to the school?"

He replied, "No; my heavenly home. Ain't you coming? OH, DO come home!"

He then called across to Baker (who was sleeping in the same ward), "Come home, Baker; do come home!"

Nurse S—— told Baker to get up, and come and sit by Tommy's bedside, which he did.

When Tommy saw Baker crying, he said, "Don't cry, Baker: ain't you coming home? Don't you see Jesus waiting? Oh, do come home—come on!"

Baker made answer and said, "I am not going just yet, Tommy."

Tommy complained of cold, and then he would say, "There is no cold there" (meaning heaven). Dr. M——d came and spoke to him, and asked him what made him so happy. Tommy's answer was, "I am going to see Jesus. Ain't you coming? Come on!" He begged of every nurse he saw, or patient, to go home with him. He wanted every one to come to Jesus. Tommy knew nothing of Jesus a year before. He was then living with a lot of wicked people, and some kind people found him and brought him to the refuge, where he learned to love the Saviour.

He went home that night to his Saviour's bosom, and he saw Jesus.

Baker soon followed Tommy. He said to me one day, "Nurse, I am quite ready and waiting to

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go home to Jesus." I said, "You will see Tommy." He said, "Yes, but I think I shall like to see Jesus best." E. S.

[The persons mentioned in the foregoing paper are all known to the publisher.]

### HYMN FOR THE CHILDREN OF GOD.

(GALATIANS iii. 26.)

Blessed, gracious God and Father,
Ever be Thy Name ador'd,
In Thy Son, Thy Well-Belovèd,
Christ, the Saviour, Jesus, Lord!
We, in Him Thyself beholding,
Sing Thy praise with glad accord.

Abr'ham knew Thee as Th' Almighty;
Moses spake of The I AM;
Israel bowed before JEHOVAH,
Shedding blood of bull and lamb;
JESUS, dwelling in Thy bosom,
Hath declar'd The FATHER'S Name.

Lord, Thy greatness, pow'r and Godhead
From the first were unconceal'd;
But till Jesus came from heaven,
Was the Name of Father seal'd;
He, ris'n now, the Spirit given,
In His Face art Thou reveal'd.

God and Father, we adore Thee,

Thee we praise with heart and voice;
Low we bow our souls before Thee,

Who in Christ are Thine own choice;
And in Thee, HIS God, and Father,

As we worship, we rejoice.

T.

# "THOU KNOWEST NOT WHAT A DAY MAY BRING FORTH."—Prov. xxvii. 1.

WILLIAM F. lived at a watering-place in the county of Somerset. Some years ago he was a headstrong, unamiable, irreligious man. His occupation was that of manager of a salt-water bath-house. I cannot find that he was less honest than his neighbours, or less sober and industrious; but he was ungodly, "without Christ, having no hope, and without God in the world."\*

On the first Sunday evening of the year 1860, William F. heard a discourse, by which he was deeply impressed. At the close of the service he went up to the preacher, grasped his hand, and expressed the most intense desire that he might at once find peace for his disturbed soul. The preacher prayed and God graciously answered the petition. William F. left that place the same night a pardoned sinner, a saved man, rejoicing in Christ.

Let none be startled at the suddenness of this conversion. It is not a singular, it is not a rare instance. Saul the persecutor was suddenly converted; the jailer at Philippi was suddenly transformed into Christ's freedman; the three thousand on the day of Pentecost were suddenly converted under one sermon. But I need not specify instances, where cases are confessedly innumerable both in ancient and modern times.

One circumstance, however, is remarkable. On the same Sunday, during the greater part of the \* Ephes. ii. 12.

day, the godly wife of William F. was engaged in prayer for her husband's conversion. I use the word remarkable in its strict sense, as implying that which is worthy of being remarked, or noticed; not as meaning anything wonderful. No; there is nothing wonderful if a husband's conversion result from his wife's prayer. Has not God promised to hear and answer the prayer of faith? And shall He not keep His own word? It is written, "All the promises of God in Him (that is, in Christ) are yea, and in Him Amen."\* But it is worthy of remark, for the encouragement of others, that in the case before us there was connected with God's work the blessed instrumentality of a wife's prayer. Anxious Christians, carry your ungodly relatives to the mercy-seat; pray for them, and doubt not.

On the following Wednesday, William F. was struck with a sickness which appeared to be unto death. He was much distressed by the thought of dying so soon after conversion. He knew the doubts that many entertain, and rightly entertain, with regard to deathbed repentance. He was anxious that the grace of God should be magnified in his life as well as in his death. He therefore besought the Lord to "spare him yet a little," that he might have an opportunity of proving his sincerity in the sight of men, before he should go hence, and be no more. God heard his prayer as He heard the prayer of Hezekiah, † and added unto his days two years.

\* 2 Cor. i. 20. † 2 Kings xx.

During these two years, William F. went in and out amongst his fellows, a pattern of everything that is "pure, and lovely, and of good report." The crooked, headstrong temper was changed into the meek and lowly and loving spirit of a true disciple of Christ. His knowledge of Divine things appeared to have grown up with extraordinary rapidity; and, whether among his brethren or in the world, the integrity of his character, and the earnestness of his piety, constrained all men to acknowledge the reality of God's work in him.

Perhaps the two most prominent features of his renewed character were these—anxiety for the souls of others at home and abroad, and a constant desire "to be with Christ which is far better."

Two years elapsed. On the first Sunday evening of the new year, 1862, he listened to a discourse on the text, Rom. viii. 28, "We know that all things work together for good to them that love God." His mind seems to have been impressed by the great truth here affirmed; for he read the chapter in his family worship on the following Tuesday morning. On that day, after prayer and the morning meal, he went out, and was not heard of again until evening. Late at night he was found dead upon a rock adjacent to his house, in the attitude of leaning over the parapet of the reservoir whence his supply of bath-water was drawn.

Death must have been instantaneous; it was occasioned by disease of the heart. The coroner's jury delivered a verdict of "died by the visitation

of God "—a righteous verdict; but it was a visitation of mercy, not of judgment.

He died alone—upon the hard and cold rock. But it mattered not. He was ready for the change; his feet were firmly fixed upon the Rock of Ages, and he is now realizing in a brighter world the blessed truth that "all things" do indeed "work together for good to them that love God." "He, being dead, yet speaketh."

### JOSIAH.

2 Kings xxii., xxiii.

Josian was but eight years old When he a king was made; But for the Lord he soon was bold, Of nought but sin afraid.

The more he knew His will and Word,
The humbler he became;
His heart was tender, and was stirr'd
To glorify His name.

He evil quench'd, and others taught In God's most holy Word; And in His walk and ways he sought To own and serve the Lord.

He turn'd not to the left or right
Unto his dying day,
But walk'd well-pleasing in His sight,
Till he was call'd away.

When scarcely forty years of age,
By archers he was slain;
But left upon the sacred page
A name that doth remain.

#### HYMN TO THE LORD JESUS.

Why should not we, who still are young, Turn now unto the Lord; And find ourselves thus blest among All those who fear His Word?

The only happy life to live
Is having Christ as ours;
To love Him, and ourselves to give
To Him with all our pow'rs.

T.

### HYMN TO THE LORD JESUS.

Thou art worthy, Jesus, Lord,
Of Thine exaltation!
Crown and throne are Thy reward
For humiliation.
Thou our judgment's cup didst drain,
Bowing meekly, lowly,
When for sinners Thou wast slain,
Lamb of God, most holy!

Where the glories of the throne
Centre in a cluster,
Thou dost cast a deeper tone
Through Redemption's lustre:
Heaven's clear, unclouded light,
All its blaze of glory,
Thee reflecting, shine more bright,
Lamb of God, once gory!

When the harps of heav'nly chord
To the thron'd are given,
We will sound Thy praises, Lord,
To the verge of heaven.
And when round each brow a crown,
Brilliant with Thy glory,
Shall be plac'd, we'll cast them down,
With ourselves, before Thee.

T.



## A SUMMER MORNING'S RAMBLE.-II.

LEAVING the village to which I introduced my young friends last month, I approached the Manor House, which is a noble-looking structure between 200 and 300 years old. It is ornamented with an elegant garden, and nearly surrounded by an extensive park, containing an ancient rookery, and

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a stock of deer. I cannot help sometimes wondering whether the occupants of such beautiful residences are really happy. In many instances, I fear that they are not. Of one thing, however, I am certain, and that is that, if they are happy, and their happiness is to be enduring, it must not be based upon their high station, nor upon the many elegancies and comforts of life which attend them. Of all who ever lived, Solomon, I suppose, had the fullest opportunity of making the most of this world; and what does he say about it? Let us hearken. "I said in mine heart, Go to now, I will prove thee with mirth, therefore enjoy pleasure: and, behold, this also is vanity. I said of laughter, It is mad: and of mirth, What doeth it? I sought in mine heart to give myself unto wine, yet acquainting mine heart with wisdom; and to lay hold on folly, till I might see what was that good for the sons of men, which they should do under the heaven all the days of their life. I made me great works; I builded me houses; I planted me vineyards: I made me gardens and orchards, and I planted trees in them of all kind of fruits: I made me pools of water, to water therewith the wood that bringeth forth trees: I got me servants and maidens, and had servants born in my house; also I had great possessions great and small cattle above all that were in Jerusalem before me: I gathered me also silver and gold, and the peculiar treasure of kings and of the provinces: I gat me men

and precious stones heaped up like coals in a cellar are not seen every day; nor, indeed, any day except in German dreams, but whether Hans was only dreaming I can't say; if he was, he was very active in his dream, and very, very greedy too; in fact, his greed seemed to increase with every double handful that he grasped. How he trembled with excitement! what a hungry light glared in his usually dull and quiet-looking face! with what nervous haste he grasped the gold and jewels, clutching each time with each hand enough for two, nor waiting to pick up the coins which slipped from his covetous grasp, or to make any selection from the pile. Ah, depend upon it, it is the same covetous nature that leads the little boy to leap with greedy haste upon the marbles he has won in the playground, and grasp more than his little hands can retain! Yet God's Word says, "Thou shalt not covet." How can He allow it? Yet how can we obey it when it is our very nature to covet? And, if we cannot obey it, how can we escape the curse? Only through faith in Him who was made a curse for us (Rom. iv.). Then we become "dead to law by the body of Christ;" "dead to sin;" "new creatures in Christ Jesus," and "the righteousness of the law is fulfilled in us who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit." Well, but the poor cowherd knew nothing of all this, he had cast aside the key-flower, and his whole soul was occupied with the pile of gold and jewels before him. At last every pocket was full to bursting, his pouch was crammed, the breast of his shepherd's frock stuck out like a pouter pigeon's. Still upon his knees before the pile of gold, he looked around to see if he could spy a sack, a bag, anything he might fill, but nothing of the kind was visible in the dreamy light of that spacious vault; again that voice seemed to fall upon his ear, "Take what you wish, and don't forget the best."

"I can't," groaned Hans in reply, meaning he could not take what he wished, for he wished to take all. Suddenly it occurred to him that he would hurry home and get a wheelbarrow, and he staggered to his knees; yet how to turn his back upon that glittering pile he knew not. At last, making a desperate clutch, he crammed both hands. filled even his mouth till he was in danger of being choked, and then tore himself away.

Hardly able to stand beneath the load he carried, and still wistfully gazing on the wondrous scene of wealth, he stumbled on to reach the rocky stair. Slowly and laboriously he climbed the narrow steps. As he once more turned to take a last lingering look along the vault, that voice once more said,—

- "Take what you wish, and don't forget the best;" and the last words repeated by the echo in the staircase he was ascending seemed to fall like a whisper in his ear: "Don't forget the best."
- "I won't, indeed," said Hans half aloud, "if I get back with that wheelbarrow."

As to the bright blue flower which he had in his

hand when he entered the cavern, the gold and silver and precious stones had quite put that out of his mind altogether. It lay on the rocky floor where he had thrown it, shining like a bit of heaven's own blue fallen to the earth. With much difficulty poor Hans managed at last to climb the steps and stagger into the daylight, anxious to hasten home for the wheelbarrow. But before he left the place he turned once more to mark the exact spot in the mountain-side where the door was, that he might make no mistake on his return. Judge what his astonishment must have been as he slowly turned his head to find that the door had disappeared! He rubbed his eyes and looked again, but no door could he see! Had he been really dreaming all this time, and was he awake at last? Had the warm summer air lulled him to sleep as he sat watching his cows in the shadow of that old ruin on the hill, and were the key-flower, the door, the vault, and the treasure all a dream?

Well, but what of the gold and silver and jewels he had brought away with him, and the weight of which he still staggered under?

"Ah, well," thought Hans, with a heavy sigh, "if I can't get any more, I have something to carry home;" and, as he thought this, he opened his clenched hand to feast his eyes on the precious stones he held so tightly. Stones they were, indeed; but his bitter disappointment cannot be told when he found that, instead of the sparkling jewels he had seen, or thought he had seen, in the

vault, his hand was full of common pebbles! Nervously thrusting his hands into his pockets, he drew them forth filled with—what do you think? Stones and yellow buttercups, gravel and other trash! Yes, all his much-coveted treasure had turned to rubbish!

Alas, poor Hans! Was it indeed only a dream after all—a dream which had awakened all the latent greed of a covetous nature only to mock him with bitter disappointment? Or was it, as the tradition says, that all the gold and jewels had turned to rubbish because he had forgotten the best? The old legend says that the key-flower was the best—better than all the treasure he had borne away, because, had he not cast it aside, but kept it in his hand, the mine of wealth laid open by its power would, so the legend says, have remained ever open to him, and, instead of the trash with which his pockets were laden, he would have had real treasure—treasure which would not have changed into rubbish, but would have abided with him always.

However this may be, whether Hans really dreamt it at all, or whether some old saint of a fargone time invented this strange story about the beautiful blue key-flower and the treasures that it opened to the cowherd, doesn't much matter. One thing is very certain, and that is, that there really is a key-flower—a flower of heavenly beauty, aye, and of heavenly birth, too. Can you not guess what it is? Many have had the opportunity of

possessing it like poor Hans the cowherd, and, like him, have turned from it for the sake of other things. Some have even seemed, as it were, to hold it for a moment in hand, and then they have cast it aside, and "the cares of this world and the deceitfulness of riches" have caused them to "forget the best." And yet it is a precious flower—brighter than any star that shines. Its root is in heaven, and yet all on earth may have it if they will. Do you ask what it is? I answer, It is GRACE—the grace of God. Grace is the key-flower to every blessing in heaven and earth.

"By grace ye are saved."

"Grace is the sweetest sound
That ever reached our ears,
When conscience charged and Justice frowned,
'Twas Grace removed our fears.

'Tis freedom to the slave,
'Tis light and liberty;
It takes its terror from the grave,
From death its victory.

Grace is a mine of wealth

Laid open to the poor;

Grace is the sov'reign spring of health,

'Tis Life for Evermore."

It blossoms in the Gospel of Christ, its heavenly radiance shines in every word. It is offered to all who hear that Gospel: it is offered to you. Those who will but take this precious Key-Flower will find a Door open to them, not into a vault, but into everlasting life (John x. 9); they are "blessed

### I. JOHN I. 7.

with all spiritual blessings in heavenly places in Christ;" they "have promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come;" they possess the "true riches," and an inheritance "that fadeth not away." When the treasures of earth "shall melt with fervent heat" and be "burned up," their treasure will still endure and never perish. But he who "loves the world and the things that are in the world," and for their sake has cast away the grace of God, will find at last that he has indeed "forgotten the best," and only "laden himself with thick clay" (Hab. ii. 6). How bitter the disappointment he will feel when "the door is shut" to open to him no more, and he finds he has for ever lost The Key-Flower! J. L. K.

# "THE BLOOD OF JESUS CHRIST CLEANSETH FROM ALL SIN."—1 John i. 7.

One day a Christian was preaching from this text, "His blood be on us and our children," in the suburbs of a large and wealthy city of Germany. For some time previous, the speaker's attention, and that of his hearers, had been attracted by seeing a lady—her figure hid by a large mantle, and her face veiled—enter noiselessly, and take her place in a vacant seat near the door. She came regularly, but always slipped out before the conclusion of the last hymn. She was always very much affected, and often her sobs were heard; but on this particular day the words were more than

usually impressive, and as the preacher dwelt upon the fulfilment of that terrible imprecation which the Jewish people had called down upon themselves when they cried out, "His blood be upon us, and on our children," and spoke of their miserable condition as scattered and peeled among the nations, he was suddenly arrested by a piercing shriek which ran through the building: the veiled lady had fallen down in a fit. She was carried out and left alone with the wife of the preacher, to whom she told her history. She was the only child of one of the richest and most influential merchants in that city. She had been sent by her parents, when a child, to a Protestant school, and, whilst she was there, these words, "The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin," had taken root in her heart; they were the means of her conversion. She told the words to her mother, and the Lord had given the increase and the blessing to that precious seed, both in the heart of the mother and of the daughter. Some years after, when her mother was dying, her father ordered everyone to leave the room during her last hours; and then he found out that the faith which sustained and cheered her soul was expressed in these same words, "The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin." His resistance to the truth was long and determined. He had disowned his child and forbidden her his presence; he had cursed the name of her Saviour; but she remained steadfast in the faith. His health broke

down under the conflict, and then he sent for his daughter. She nursed him with the greatest tenderness and care, and felt that there was ground of hope. When he got well the conflict raged worse; he treated her harsher; and one day, when she was reading the Bible, he tore it out of her hand, flung it across the room, and, trembling with rage, was going to curse the Sacred Name; but, ere he could do so, he fell senseless. Yet God had mercy, and again restored him, and gave him pardon and peace through the One whom he had so lately despised. He could then well say, "Herein is love—not that we loved God, but that He loved us, and sent His Son to be a propitiation for our sins" (1 John iv. 10).

### DICTIONARY OF THE BIBLE.

(Continued from p. 280.)

Car'mel, fruitful place, or vineyards.—This name was given to a range of hills running about six miles north-west from the plains of Esdraelon to the Bay of Acre. The height is about 1,500 feet. On the north-east, at the foot of the mountain, runs the brook Kishon, and the river Belus, a little further north. Carmel well deserves its name, as it is entirely covered with verdure. Oaks and pines grow on its summit, and olive and laurel trees lower down. It is everywhere well watered, and numberless little brooks spring from it, hurry-

ing to the Kishon. It abounds also with caverns, said to be more than a thousand in number. One series, called the Monks' Caverns, consists of as many as four hundred close to each other, having windows and sleeping places hewn in the rock. Upon the summit there is a convent of the ancient order of Carmelite monks. The Carmel mentioned Josh. xv. 55; 1 Sam. xv. 12; xxv. 2; is described by Jerome and Eusebius as being in their day a village with a Roman garrison, ten miles from Hebron. It is now called Kurmul, and is utterly desolate, although the extent of the ruins show that it was once a town of importance. A ruined castle stands in the midst of what was once the town.

Car'pus, the disciple with whom Paul left the cloak at Troas, mentioned 2 Tim. 4—13.

Carbuncle.—Two words are thus rendered in our version. One (Nophech) occurs Exod. xxviii. 18, xxxix. 11; Ezek. xxviii. 13, and seems to have been a kind of ruby, or perhaps an oriental garnet, which is a transparent red stone with a violet shade and strong glossy lustre. The other word (Ekdach) is in Isa. liv. 12, and is evidently some stone of fiery brilliancy, but of what particular kind cannot be decided.

Car'chemish, mentioned Isa. x. 9, among other places in Syria, conquered by an Assyrian king. It appears to have been a frontier town and fortress on the Euphrates (Jer. xlvi. 2), and probably the kirkesion of the Greeks, which was a large fortified city, and was the remotest outpost of the

Roman empire on the western bank of the Euphrates.

Car'ia, a country at the south-western extremity of Asia Minor. Its principal towns were Halicarnassus, the birthplace of Herodotus, Myndus, and Cnidus, mentioned Acts. xxvii. 7, in the account of Paul's voyage to Rome.

Caper'naum, a city supposed to have stood northwest of the Sea of Galilee on the border of the tribe of Zebulun and Naphtali, but it has been so completely brought to ruin that its true site is quite uncertain (Matt. xi. 23).

Caph'tor.—The proper country of the Philistines, and supposed to have been the island of Cyprus (Deut. ii. 23; Jer. xlvii. 4; Amos ix. 7).

Cappado'cia, a mountainous province of Asia Minor, bounded on the east by the Euphrates and Armenia. Tiberius made it a Roman province. Cappadocian Jews were present at Jerusalem on the Day of Pentocost (Acts ii. 9), and Peter addressed Jewish believers there in his first epistle (1 Pet. i. 1).

Casluhim, the descendant of a son of Mizraim (Gen. x. 14; 1 Chron. i. 12).

Cas'sia.—Two Hebrew words are thus rendered in our version, Ketzioth, mentioned Exod. xxx. 24; Ezek. xxvii. 19; Ps. xlv. 8, the exact nature of which is doubtful; and Kiddah, Exod. xxx. 24; Ezek. xxvii. 19, which is supposed to be the Arabian Koost, an aromatic substance highly valued by the Chinese as an ingredient in the incense they burn to their idols in their temples and private houses.

Cas'tor and Pol'lux were in heathen mythology the sons of Jupiter and Leda. They were supposed to have a special care over persons shipwrecked, for which reason their figures were often adopted as the "sign" from which a ship had its name (Acts xxviii. 11).

Cater'pillar, mentioned 1 Kings viii. 37; 2 Chron. vi. 28; Ps. lxxviii. 46; cv. 34; Isa. xxxiii. 4; Jer. li. 14-27; Joel i. 4; ii. 25; and generally taken to mean the locust in its various states or transformations from the egg to the perfect insect.

Caves were very numerous in Palestine, owing to the geological formation being chiefly limestone. Some of these caverns are of immense extent, one being mentioned by Strabo as capable of holding 4,000 men. The cave of Machpelah, which Abraham bought for a burying-place (his only possession on earth) is said to be now under a Mahometan mosque, called The Harem. That this is really the burial-place of the patriarchs is well supported by evidence. It is mentioned Gen. xxv. 3, 10; xlix. 31; l. 13. Some of the caves mentioned in Scripture were formed by art (Judg. vi. 2). Vast numbers are found in the rocks and valleys around Wady Musa. The Horites, ancient inhabitants of Idumea Proper, were dwellers in caves, and even at the present day many persons live in caverns, as was formerly the case (see Numb. xxiv. 21; Cant. ii. 14; Jer. xli. 9; xlix. 16; Obad. iii.; 1 Sam. xiii. 6; Isa. ii. 19). Pits or large wells were

sometimes made, having excavations in the sides leading into chambers. These were also used as prisons (Isa. xxiv. 22; li. 14; Zech. ix. 11). Many of these vaulted pits still exist. The strongholds of Engedi (1 Sam. xxiii. 29; xxiv. 1) are well known even now, and are called Ain Tidy by Arabs. which means the same as the Hebrew name, viz.; "The Fountain of the Kid." In that same region, which abounds with caverns, many outlaws still find their retreat. The Cave of Adullam (1 Sam. xxii. 1, 2; xxiv. 4) is an immense natural cavern at Wady Khureitun. It is so large that David and his men might easily remain in the sides of the cave and not be observed. Some fortified caverns were situated in almost inaccessible places on a mountain side, having only a narrow precipitous path by which they were reached from below, and overhung above by rocks. relates how Herod attacked some of these strongholds by lowering soldiers down in large boxes with long hooks in their hands, with which they pulled out the robbers and hurled them down the precipices, then got into the caverns, and slew those who retreated, and set fire to the contents.

Cedar.—The cedar of Lebanon is generally from fifty to eighty feet high, its branches often spreading to a distance greater than its height, and growing horizontally in layers decreasing in length as they approach the top, where they form a head something in the shape of a broad pyramid. The branchlets are fan-like, and the leaves, growing in

tufts, are about an inch in length and taper to a point. The cones are from two and a half to five inches long, and abound with resin. The true cedar of Lebanon is said to be very scarce, but some very ancient trees remain. It is said that the worm will not attack the true cedar, and that a chest made of it will protect its contents from the ravages of the moth.

The cedar is often mentioned in Scripture, and its wood was applied to various uses. See 2 Sam. v. 11; vii. 2—7; 1 Kings v. 6, 8, 10; vi. 9, 10, 15—20; vii. 2, 3, 7, 11, 12; ix. 11; x. 27; 1 Chron. xvii. 6; 2 Chron. ii. 8; ix. 27; xxv. 18; Ps. xxix. 5; lxxx. 10; xcii. 12; civ. 16; cxlviii. 9; Song of Sol. i. 17; v. 15; viii. 9; Isa. ii. 13; ix. 8—10; xiv. 8; xxxvii. 24; xli. 19; xliv. 14; Jer. xxii. 7—23; Ezek xvii. 3, 22, 23; xxvii. 5; xxxi.; Amos ix.; Zeph. ii. 14; Zech. xi. 1,2,

#### SELF-CONSECRATION.

It grieves me, Lord, it grieves me sore,
That I have liv'd to thee no more,
And wasted half my days;
My inward pow'r shall burn and flame
With zeal and passion for thy name,
I would not speak, but for my God, nor move,
but to his praise.



## THE BOY MARTYR:

OR,

"MY GRACE IS SUFFICIENT FOR THEE."

DURING the short reign of Edward the Sixth, the Bible, which had been translated into English, was placed on a desk in most of the parish churches in

the land for the use of any who chose to go and read it. The precious book was scarce in those days, and only very rich people could afford to buy one, so that very few indeed had a copy. You may guess, then, how glad those who loved God's Word must have been to be able to go and read it in the churches. But this state of things did not last long. Edward died, and Mary, a bitter Papist, ascended the throne. As soon as she had done so, orders were given to have every Bible removed, though in some places these commands were either not received, or were disobeyed. Whatever the reason, it is certain that there still lay the old Bible on the stand in the porch of the little church at Brentwood, in Essex.

One day a youth named William Hunter, apprenticed to a London weaver, being on a visit to his parents, went to the church to read this Bible, for, being a believer in the Lord Jesus, he loved His Word. As he stood over it, lifting up his head in prayer to God, an officer of the popish bishop, called a "sumner," came that way and saw him. "Why meddlest thou with the Bible?" asked he sternly; "knowest thou how to read? and cans't thou expound the Scriptures?"

"Father Atwell," replied the youth meekly, "I take not upon me to expound the Scriptures, but, finding the Bible here, I read it to my comfort."

The summer then began to rail on the book as a hurtful thing.

"Say not so," said William, "it is God's book,

out of which every one that hath grace may learn to know what pleaseth God, and what is displeasing to Him."

"Could we not tell formerly as well as now how God was to be served?"

"Not so well as now," replied William; "if we might have His blessed Word among us still as we have had; and I pray God that we may have the blessed Bible among us continually."

Atwell now began to tell him that he was one of those who disliked the queen's laws, and that he had heard how he left London on that account, but that, if he did not turn, he, as well as others, would "broil for their opinions;" to which William replied, "God give me grace that I may believe His Word and confess His name whatever may become of it."

The summer left him in anger, and meeting a priest, returned with him to the church, where William was still quietly reading, when the priest began to upbraid and threaten him. Knowing what this meant, William returned home, took a hasty farewell of his parents, and fled from the town.

But the bitter enemies of the Lord's people were not to be so easily foiled, and a few days afterwards a justice sent for the father, and ordered him to produce his son.

"What, sir!" exclaimed the poor father, "would you have me seek my son that he may be burned?"

But remonstrance was vain; these cruel Romanists knew no pity, and the father was compelled to set off in search of his child. He rode about for two or three days, hoping to satisfy the cruel demands of the magistrate without finding his son. happily, the lad happened to see his father at a distance, and went to meet him. When his father told him how matters stood, he insisted on returning with him rather than place his aged parents in peril, and although the poor old father tried to persuade him to flee, he would not, but accompanied him back to Brentwood. news soon spread that he was found, and that same night young William was seized and put in the stocks. There he lay hour after hour suffering for Christ's sake, and because he loved his aged parents too well to seek his own safety at the risk of theirs. Was not this a beautiful instance of filial affection and love of the truth?

In the morning he was taken before the magistrate, who tried in vain to drive him from his stedfastness. Finding he could do nothing with him, he sent him to that notorious sinner, Bonner, the popish bishop of London. This man, who was as crafty as he was cruel, spoke to him gently and persuasively, and then roughly, but to no purpose; the young confessor, sustained by grace, was not to be turned from the truth.

"Away with him again to the stocks!" cried the exasperated bishop, and to the stocks he was taken, and there, for two days and nights, he was kept without any other food than a piece of brown bread and a little water. But none of these things moved him, neither did he count his life dear unto himself, for he loved the Lord Jesus Christ, and he found that precious promise true: "My grace is sufficient for thee."

After this the bishop sent William to prison in London, with strict orders to the jailer to put as many iron chains upon him as he could possibly bear. And there he lay, poor boy, confined in a dungeon for nine long months, yet still sustained by grace, and resolved to endure to the end. All these cruelties, remember, were exercised upon a mere youth by persons calling themselves ministers of Christ—priests of the Romish Church—merely because he loved the Bible; and, as Romanism is the same now that it ever was, or even worse, seeing that the Pope has lately assumed the attribute of infallibility, which belongs to God alone, these men only lack the power to do as they did to poor young William Hunter.

After a time Bishop Bonner remembered the Bible-loving youth, and, hoping that his long imprisonment had made him more willing to yield, sent for him to his palace. "If you recant," said the cunning bishop, "I will give you forty pounds (a large sum in those days) and set you up in business." The young martyr shook his head. "I will make you steward of my own house," added the crafty bishop.

"But, my lord," replied the lad, "if you cannot

persuade my conscience by the Scripture, I cannot find it in my heart to turn from God for the love of the world, for I count all worldly things but loss in comparison with the love of Christ."

Bonner's gentle and persuasive tone was now changed to threats and abuse, and when William Hunter again entered his native town it was to be executed in the cruel manner commonly employed by the Romish Church against so-called heretics -namely, to be burnt alive! How much and how deeply he now needed sustaining grace I need not tell you; but he still found it true: "My grace is sufficient for thee, and my strength is made perfect in weakness." As there was no prison in Brentwood, he was confined in an inn, with constables to guard him, and there his poor mother was permitted to see him. mark to her was, "For my little pain which I shall suffer Christ hath, at infinite cost, procured for me a crown of joy. Are you not glad of that, mother?"

Thus he sought to comfort his sorrowing mother, and so well did he succeed that, before she left him, though her heart was breaking, she was able to kneel down and thank God for such a son, and pray Him to strengthen him to the end. The morning came at last on which William was to die, and the inhabitants of the little town came out to witness the sad spectacle. Surrounded by guards, executioners, priests, and justices, the boy martyr was led along. His poor

### THE BOY MARTYR.

father threw his arms around his neck, crying, "God be with thee, my son," to which the youth cheerfully replied, "God be with thee, father; be of good comfort; I trust we soon shall meet where we shall rejoice together." At last the melancholy procession came to the end of the town, where the stake and chain and pile of wood stood ready. As they bound the poor boy, a pardon was offered him if he would confess himself a Papist. But his answer was, "I will not recant, God willing;" and then, turning to the people, he asked them to pray for him. Fire was now set to the pile of wood, and the flames began to rise around him; but, instead of showing any terror, his chief concern at the moment seemed to be to save a book of the Psalms which he had till now held in his hand, and which he tossed through the smoke to his brother. Catching the book, his brother exclaimed, "William, think on the sufferings of Christ, and be not afraid;" to which the young martyr replied, "I am not afraid. Lord, Lord, receive my spirit." The flames now fiercely and quickly wrapped around him, and in a few moments his sufferings were at an end for ever.

As lately as twenty years ago an old elm tree still marked the spot (and may do so still) where the boy martyr suffered for the truth's sake. His happy spirit has now been for some three hundred years with the Lord, and in "a little while" He who loved him and gave Himself

for him shall come again, and for that poor body which was burned to ashes for His sake will give him a glorious body like unto His own, and a crown of glory that fadeth not away. Don't you think the boy martyr will then rejoice that he was counted worthy to suffer for His name's sake?

J. L. K.

### CONVERSION OF A SELF-RIGHTEOUS LADY.

A BELIEVER in the Lord Jesus Christ, engaged in an hospital, was sent to nurse a lady who had come from New York on a visit with her family, and was now found to be dying of cancer. The nurse felt at the time very much depressed under the idea that she was leaving what seemed to her a larger sphere of usefulness, merely to attend upon one lady. However, she got to the house, and was shown into the room where her patient lay, who seemed a very kind and gentle person. Sitting up that night she spake to her of Jesus, but the patient appeared to take no notice; nevertheless she persevered with prayer to God to open her eyes, that she might see her danger and her need of Christ. For a time that prayer seemed unanswered, for on the following day, instead of giving any heed to her kind nurse's remarks, she appeared to be entirely occupied with worldly affairs. In the evening her husband happened to remark to the nurse, as he sat by his wife's bedside, "My wife is so glad to have you,

## CONVERSION OF A SELF-RIGHTEOUS LADY. 317

she is quite delighted to think both of you will be able to go away together in a month." Thinking that the patient was asleep, the nurse replied, "Ah, poor thing, I'm afraid she will never go back to New York;" but the husband perceiving that his wife was awake, put his hand up to hinder her from saying any more. That night she was very restless, for she had overheard the remark, and it troubled her, although she said nothing on the subject. who took the opportunity of a sleepless night to speak again to her of Jesus and His blessed work, made some observation which called forth from her the remark, "I am good, am I not?" to which E. S. replied, "You know you are a sinner, don't you?" "I am not," said the dying woman, "I am good. am very patient, I never murmur, I do not indeed love Jesus, but I never saw Him, and how can I love Him? He has not been kind to me; I love only my husband and those who are kind to me." Poor creature! Her husband it seems was an infidel, and had instilled his wicked notions into her mind, so that she pretended that, because she had never seen Jesus, she could not love Him, and would not believe that "the kindness and pity of God our Saviour toward all men HATH appeared" in that "Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners."

Again on the following day the nurse, anxious for her salvation, spoke to her frequently about Christ, but she still persisted in saying, "I am good." About five o'clock on the Sunday morning she said

to E. S., "Nurse, am I not good?" to which her nurse replied she was very patient and bore pain very well, but still that did not alter her case before God, because she was a sinner. To her nurse's glad surprise she then asked her to pray for her, which she did most earnestly, beseeching the Lord to reveal Himself to her dark soul, and show her the light of His Divine love. After this she fell asleep, and on awaking said, "Come now, tell me honestly why you said last night I should never go away to New York." E. S. was startled at her asking the question, and hesitated a little before replying, but she pressed for an answer, saying, "Come, be quick, tell me, I want to know, for I've got a lot to do before I die!"

Feeling that she was really dying, although no one told her so, but rather gave her to understand she would be well in a month and go back to her own home, E. S. dared not trifle with her, but honestly replied, "I am afraid you never will get better."

On this she turned to her husband, and asked him if he thought she was dying; to which he answered positively "No," and sought to hinder E. S. from saying anything further.

How terribly cruel is this practice so commonly pursued with dying persons, even by those who are not infidels! Rather than disturb the patient, they would let the dying sink into eternity wholly unconscious that so solemn a change is at hand! "The rich man died, and was buried; and in hell

# CONVERSION OF A SELF-RIGHTEOUS LADY, 319

he lift up his eyes, being in torments." What a sudden and an awful change!

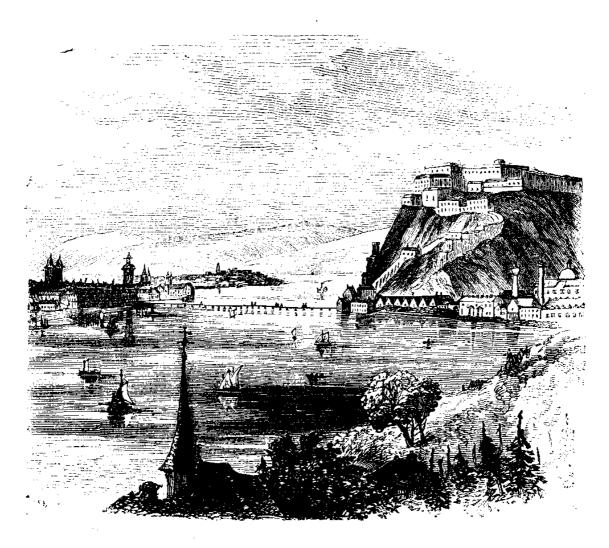
Well, before the middle of the day, which was Sunday, she was taken so much worse that concealment of the truth was no longer possible, and as they all stood by her bedside she turned to E. S. and said, "Nurse, if you are a Christian, pray for God to have mercy on me." This she did fervently, and then, feeling a little better for the moment, the dying woman said to those around her, "You ought all to go down on your knees and thank God I am spared a little longer."

What a change was this in one of whom it could have been said with truth but a few hours before, "God was not in all her thoughts." But a greater change was at hand, for the darkness was passing, and the true light about to shine into her heart.

Towards evening of the same day she turned suddenly to her nurse and said, "Will God forgive me? I am a sinner, Such a sinner! I always thought I was good, but now I know I am not." Thus the Lord had opened her eyes at last, and you may judge how gladly her nurse told her that it was sinners the Lord Jesus came to save, not those who said they were good. Long and earnestly E. S. spoke with her about the Saviour and His love to poor lost sinners, until at last she fell asleep, and when again she awoke she turned and said, "I think it was the Lord sent you to me; may God bless you; I am now resting in His blood, in His love; His blood has washed me."

When shortly afterwards her son came into the room, she said to him, "Sonny, mamma is dying; she is going to heaven to be with the Lord Jesus; she is now at rest with God." Her son replied she was all right, for she was always good. But she said "No, I thought so once, but now I know that I was nearly lost." She spoke also to her husband about Christ, and begged of him to meet her in heaven, and to go to Jesus. All night on Sunday night she prayed and praised God, and was calm and happy. On the Monday morning she said, "What a happy night I've had, I do love Jesus now; He has done so much for me." Her mother, who was a believer, replied, "You will soon be with Jesus," and her answer was, "Jesus, Jesus; I should like to sit in His lap." It seemed as if she wanted to nestle close to the Saviour's bosom. Her last words were, "The blood, mother," and then she sank to rest, trusting in the blood of the Lord Thus her end was peace, not by her own works, but by the blood of the cross.

But five short days had passed since E. S. first came to her, a messenger from God to a dying sinner. Those who have fellowship with the "joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth" will be thankful that E. S. was enabled by grace to be faithful from the very first moment of her arrival, and to persist to the happy end. It was grace that sent and sustained her, and it was grace that gave the sweet reward—a sinner saved eternally by the blood of Christ.



FROM THE LIFE OF GOSSNER.

While Gossner was living with Fenneborg, a poor traveller asked the latter to lend him three dollars to reach home. Fenneborg at the time possessed but three dollars, but as the poor man asked in the name of the Lord Jesus, he lent him all he had, even his last penny. Some time after, when in extreme want, he recollected this fact while in prayer, and with childlike faith and simplicity, he said, "O, Lord, I lent Thee three dollars, and Thou hast not given them back to me, though Thou knowest how urgently I need them. I pray Thee to return them to me."

A letter arrived that day, which Gossner delivered to the old man, with these words, "Here, sir, you receive what you advanced." It contained 200 dollars sent by a rich man at the solicitation of the poor traveller to whom he lent his all. Fenneborg, quite overcome with surprise, said in his simple way, "O, dear Lord, one cannot say a simple word to Thee without being put to shame!"

C. G.

#### NOW!

A DIFFICULTY WISELY AND HAPPILY SETTLED. "I Do wish," said a lady, speaking of her daughter to a friend, a man of God, who was visiting her, "you would speak seriously to Caroline. She does not care anything about the salvation of her soul;" and, so saying, she went out of the room, and left them together; upon which he, seeking, as Paul did to the Corinthians, to catch her by guile, and pretending for the moment to take her part, said, "Now, tell me, Miss Caroline, are they not wearying you with this subject ?" "Yes, sir, they are," she replied, taken quite by surprise at words so unexpected from him; "they keep continually talking to me about it, till I am tired of hearing them." "So I thought," he replied. "Let's see: how old are you?" "Eighteen, sir." "Have you good health?" "Yes, sir." "The fact is," said he, "Christianity is a good thing in itself; but the idea of continually troubling a young creature like you with it! I wonder how long it would do for

you to wait?" "That's just what I have been thinking myself," said Caroline. "Well," said he, "suppose you say till you are fifty. No; that won't do. I attended the funeral, the other day, of a lady fifteen years younger than that. Thirty: how will that do?" "I am not quite sure that it would do to wait quite so long," said Caroline. "No," he answered, "I do not think so either. Something might happen. See how twenty-five or even twenty years, if we could be sure that you would live so long—a year from the present time—how would that do?" "I don't know, sir." "Neither do I. The fact is, my dear young lady, the more I think of it, the more am I afraid of your putting it off a moment longer, especially as the Bible says: 'Now IS THE ACCEPTED TIME, NOW IS THE DAY OF SALVA-TION' (2 Cor. vi. 2). It says so, you know, and, if it does so, is it not wise to act upon it—to seize upon the present moment—to seek the Lord while He may be found, to call upon Him while He is near? Had we not better kneel down and ask God for mercy?" The young lady, perfectly overcome by her feelings, knelt down on the spot. In a day or two she was believing in Christ, whose blood had washed out her sins. Rejoicing in hope of the glory of God, she was accepted in the Beloved, eternally safe.

Reader, how is it with you? Is this mighty question settled in your case?

"To-day if ye will hear His voice, harden not your hearts."

## THE FIRST STRAWBERRIES.

A LITTLE girl once had a bed of strawberries, and she was very anxious that they should ripen and be fit to eat.

- "Now, for a feast," said her brother to her one morning, as he picked up some beautiful ones for her to eat.
- "I cannot eat these," said she, "for they are the first ripe fruit."
- "Well," said her brother, "all the more reason for our making a feast, for they are the greater treat."
  - "Yes, but they are the first ripe fruit."
- "Well, what of that?" "Dear father told us that he used to give God the first out of all the money he made, and that then he always felt happier in spending the rest; and I wish to give God the first of my strawberries too."
- "Ah! but," said her brother, "how can you give strawberries to God? And even if you could, He would not care for them."
- "Oh, I have found out a way," said she; "Jesus said, 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me;' and I mean to go with them to Mrs. Perkins' dying child, who never has a strawberry; they are so poor."

Away went the children to give them to the dying girl; and when they saw her put out her

## THE BEST LOVE.

thin arms and take the ripe round fruit in her little shrivelled fingers, and when they saw her eyes glisten, and her little faded lips smile, they felt as if they had a richer treat than if they had kept the ripe fruit themselves; and something within them told them that God had accepted their little offering.

## THE BEST LOVE.

I LOVE my books, I love my play,
I love a bright and sunny day,
For pleasure these afford.
I dearly love my parents, too,
And others, with affection true,
But, do I love the Lord?

# "WEEPING MAY ENDURE FOR A NIGHT, BUT JOY COMETH IN THE MORNING."

(Psalm xxx. 5.)

Our joys from sorrows chiefly flow:
As earth has warmth beneath the snow;
As spring and its delights appear,
When frost and cold are in the rear;
As summer showers the rainbow form,
And calm succeeds the thunder storm;
'Tis thus our deepest blessings flow
Through channels form'd by grief and woe;
Their Fount is God, and in His love
They reach our hearts through Christ above.

### THE HOME ABOVE.

(John xiv. 2, 3.)

The Father's children—sons of God—Of holy, heav'nly birth,
We soon the desert shall have trod,
For heaven leave the earth.
Then shall we ne'er know sin or grief,
But e'er with Christ be bless'd;
And, freed from toil, find sweet relief
Within His home of rest.

The love of Father and of Son
The Spirit now makes known
To ev'ry heart which grace hath won,
And shows us, 'tis our own.
But who can tell the bliss divine,
When we, in light above,
Shall see our Lord in beauty shine,
Within His home of love?

To Him we now a song can raise,
A sweet, melodious strain,
And lift the heart in psalms of praise
To Him who once was slain.
But, oh, what pure, what deep delight,
Unting'd by sin's alloy,
When we, to praise Him, shall unite,
In His bright home of joy!

His Father's house! oh, blissful place!
The Saviour's holy home!
Where we shall ever see His face,
And never more shall roam.
Soon, at His bidding, we shall soar
To Him, our Lord, above,
And with Himself His home explore,
His home of light and love.



THE CHAMELEON.

## DICTIONARY OF THE BIBLE.

(Continued from p. 308.)

Cenchre'a, a port of Corinth where Phebe the deaconess resided, and whence Paul sailed for Ephesus (Acts xviii. 18; Rom. xvi. 1). It was on the eastern side of the Isthmus of Corinth. The other port, called Lechæum, was on the western side.

Censer, a vessel in which incense was burned by the high priest, when he entered the holy of holies once a year (Lev. xvi. 12).

Centurion, a Roman commander or captain of a hundred men (Matt. viii. 5, 8, 13; xxvii. 54; Luke vii. 2, 6; Acts x. 1, 22; xxi. 32; xxii. 25, 26; xxiii. 17, 23; xxiv. 23; xxvii. 1, 6, 11, 31, 43; xxviii. 16).

Ce'phas, the surname given to Simon (Jno. i. 42), and which has the same meaning as Peter; viz., a "stone." (see Peter.)

Chaff.—The threshing-floors of Palestine were usually on a hill top or other raised place, and when the corn had been trodden out by the oxen, or threshed, and was being winnowed, the refuse was driven aside by the wind; or when there was no wind blowing, a large fan was employed for the purpose. The heaps of chaff thus separated from the corn were afterwards burned, the ashes being probably useful as manure for the land. Chaff is used in Scripture as a figure of the ungodly (Ps. i. 4; Matt. iii. 12).

Chain.—Golden chains were worn as ornaments both by men and women in ancient times, as they are now (Prov. i. 9; Ezek. xvi. 11; Cant. i. 10, iv. 9), also by those in high office (Gen. xli. 42; Dan. v. 29).

Among the Romans, a prisoner was often fastened by means of a light chain to the soldier who had the custody of him, one end being fixed on the right hand of the prisoner, and the other to the left hand of the keeper (Acts xxviii. 20; Eph. vi. 20; 2 Tim. i. 16). Sometimes when the greatest security was desired, the prisoner was bound to a soldier on each side of him by two chains (Acts xii. 6).

Chal'cedony is a semi-transparent stone of a species of quartz, usually a light brown, but often nearly white, and sometimes grey, yellow, green,

or blue. It is found in most parts of the world, in irregular masses, forming cavities in trap rocks and granite. It is used in the East for cups, plates, and other articles. In Europe, it is made into snuff-boxes, knife-handles, buttons, and other small articles (Rev. xxi. 19).

Chaldæ'ans.—The name given to the inhabitants of Babylon (2 Kings xxv.; Isa. xiii. 19; xxiii. 13; Dan. ix. 1). They were a warlike and cruel people (Hab. i. 6—10; Job i. 17), and supposed to have been originally a tribe of wild mountaineers from the neighbourhood of Armenia, described by Xenophon as brave and fond of freedom.

Nimrod was the founder of the kingdom of Babylon (Gen. x. 8, &c.). The next Babylonian ruler who is mentioned, is Amraphel (Gen. xiv. 1), and then, after a long interval, we read of Berodachbaladan, son of Baladan, king of Babylon (2 Kings xx. 12, 13). This was about B.C. 713. About a hundred and twenty years after this, Nebuchadnezzar destroys Jerusalem, and becomes the "head of gold" (Dan. ii. 37, 38), taking that place of supremacy in the earth which Israel, if faithful to Jehovah, would have had (Deut. xxviii. 13). Thus, "the times of the Gentiles" (Luke xxi. 24) began, and will continue till "the Lion of the tribe of Judah" comes as Deliverer (Rom. xi. 26). next king of Babylon we read of is Evil-merodach (2 Kings xxv. 27), who began his reign about B.C. He delivered Jehoiachin, king of Judah, out of prison, where he had been for more than

six and thirty years. Belshazzar (B.C. 538) was the last of the Chaldean kings. He was put to death in the seventeenth year of his reign by Cyrus, who established the Medo-Persian empire in the room of the Babylonish (Dan. ii. 39; vii. 5).

The religion of the Chaldees was the worship of the planets. Jupiter was worshipped as Bel, Mercury as Nebo, and Venus as Meni. Astrology was, of course, connected with such a worship, and the astronomical studies of the Chaldwans have made them famous. The magi, or wise men, appear to have been chiefly devoted to this science (Dan. ii. 2; Matt. ii. 1). It is said that the high priest of Belus was called "the Peter" (which was an official, not a personal name), and his throne, "the Peter's Chair." His mitre, or crown, was formed like the head of a fish, the jaws coming to a point, and nearly meeting at the top exactly as in the Pope's mitre at the present day. The connexion between the fish-head mitre and the worship of Bel is traceable to a vague tradition as to Noah, who is represented as having come out of the sea. Many nations of antiquity have a similar tradition, and with it the worship of a fish-god (see DAGON).

Chambers of Imagery.—These places of idolatrous worship are mentioned Ezek. viii. 12; and, to show how exactly the Israelites had wickedly copied the abominations of Egypt, the reader can compare Ezekiel's description with the following extract from a work by Mr. Madden, describing

the ancient temple of Edfou. He says, "Considerably below the surface of the adjoining building, my conductor pointed out to me a chink in an old wall, which he told me I should creep through on my hands and feet. The aperture was not two feet and a half high, and scarcely three feet and a half broad. My companion had the courage to go first, thrusting in a lamp before him. I followed. The passage was so narrow that my mouth and nose were almost buried in the dust, and I was nearly suffocated. proceeding about ten yards in utter darkness, the heat became excessive, the breathing was laborious, the perspiration poured down my face, and I would have given the world to have got out, but my companion, whose person I could not distinguish, though his voice was audible, called out to me to crawl a few feet further, and that I should find plenty of room. I joined him at length, and had the inexpressible satisfaction of standing once more upon my feet. We found ourselves in a splendid apartment of great magnitude, adorned with an incredible profusion of sacred paintings and hieroglyphics."

Chameleon, a small kind of lizard noted for changing the colour of its skin. But this change is not owing, as has been stated, to the substance it may be placed on. Among themselves they are very irascible, and are then seen to change their colour rapidly. When quiet, dark yellow or grey is the predominant colour; but when

disturbed, this changes to a green, purple, or even ashy black. They live on flies, which they catch by shooting out their long tongue suddenly and drawing it in again. They are referred to as unclean animals in Lev. xi. 30.

# THE CANDLESTICK AND THE TABLE OF SHEW-BREAD.

(By the Author of the "OLD, OLD STORY.")

WITHIN the Tabernacle door,
My soul, what dost thou see?
'Tis Jesus, Jesus, everywhere,
That shows Himself to me.

The "Holy Place" is full of light,
A light that goes out never!
'Tis Jesus who has changed my night
To day that lasts for ever.

The "Holy Place" had holy food, Each Sabbath newly spread, 'Tis Jesus that I here behold, The true and living Bread.

Oh Jesus! Thou art all in all;
I care for none like Thee,
All else be hidden from my sight,
Since now Thyself I see.