

Good News

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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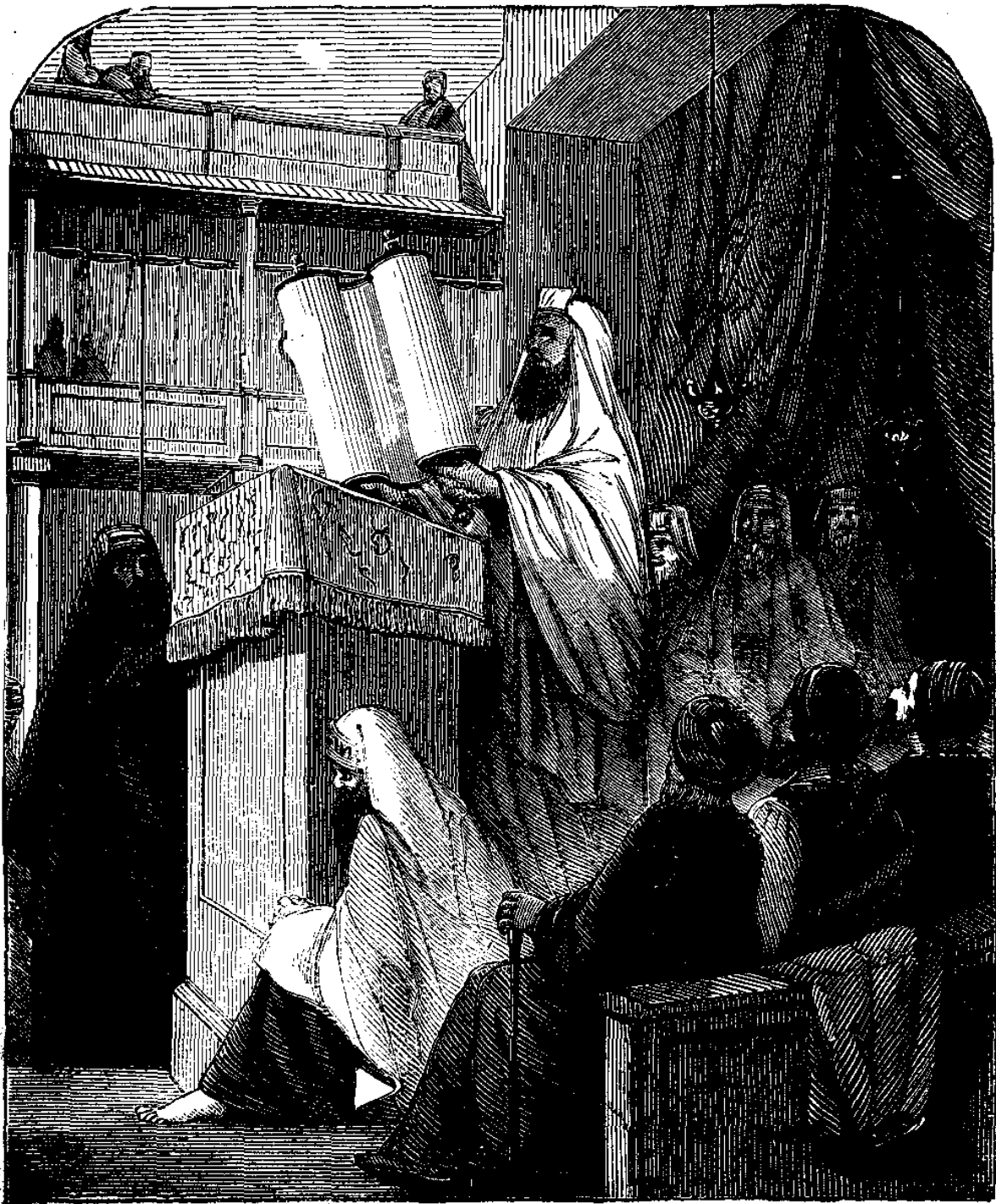
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THE READING OF THE LAW IN A JEWISH SYNAGOGUE.

“By the law is the knowledge of sin” (Rom. iii. 20). “All have sinned, and come short of the glory of God” (Rom. iii. 23). “By the deeds of the law there shall no flesh be justified in His sight” (Rom. iii. 20). “A man is not justified by the works of the law, but by the faith of Jesus Christ” (Gal. ii. 16 ; Rom. [v. 1).



“THE HONEY GUIDE.”

I AM sure that little boys and girls are fond of birds; and, knowing this, I have from time to time told them about the Bird of Day and the Bird of Night, and other birds whose habits or pleasant songs teach us something worth knowing. But perhaps the most curious bird you ever heard of is that called “The Honey Guide.” It does not live in this country, but far away over the sea, in the

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south of Africa. In that country, which, you know, is very hot, and in many parts very wild, flowers and fruits are most abundant ; and, because wild flowers are so plentiful, there is also a great number of wild bees, who build their homes in hollow trees or in holes in the rocks. There they make their hives, and store their honey, and thus people can get "honey out of the rock," when they know where to look for it, just as they used to do in the Holy Land in old times, when "the early and the latter rain" made that wonderful country so fruitful and beautiful. That land, the land of Israel, is not, indeed, so fruitful now, because, as you know from the Bible, "Israel hath sinned," and the rains no longer come regularly as they used to do. They are withheld, as God foretold they should be long ago.* But in Southern Africa, as I have said, there are many wildly luxuriant places where wild flowers and bees abound, and honey and wax are so plentiful that people make it quite a business to collect and sell it, whole shiploads of bees-wax being sent at times to other parts of Africa, such as those on the western coast, where it is scarcer.

But how are people to find out where the wild honey is hidden in hollow trees, and caves and holes in the rocks ? In a vast African forest they might wander about for days and days to no purpose, and it would only be by a mere chance that they could hope to discover a wild hive. Honey

* See "Voice of Flowers," W. H. BROOM.

"THE HONEY GUIDE."

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is one of those things which God has created for our good, and He has taken care also to create a means of finding it out, that it may not be wasted in the wilderness, as it sometimes is when, the combs being overstocked by the busy bees, it actually melts in the sun, and flows down the sides of the rocks, reminding us of those words in which Palestine is described as "a land *flowing* with milk and honey." Well, when a man goes out to search for honey, instead of peering into holes in rocks and old forest trees, what do you think he does? Why, he looks about for a little bird called the "honey guide." This little creature, so useful to man (as most birds are), is about as big as a chaffinch, or, as some people call it, a pink; but it has not the beautiful colours of our English pink (so much like a goldfinch): it is of a light grey colour, a very sober-looking little bird, and yet a very useful one; for no sooner does the honey guide catch sight of the traveller than he comes near, perches on a bough, and begins to chirrup, as much as to say, "Here I am; now follow me." Then he hops and flutters a little farther and then twitters again; and so he goes on till he comes to some old hollow tree, or rock, or deserted ant-hill, where he knows the wild bees dwell, making and storing honey all day long. The traveller knows the honey guide well, and knows what all his twittering means, and so he follows his little guide, whistling to encourage him, until he ceases to dart from tree to tree, and hovers over the spot where the honey

lies concealed, pointing with his little beak to the hidden treasure. The man then gathers some dried grass, and, setting light to it close to the wild hive, he makes a great smoke to stupefy the bees and prevent them from stinging him, and, as soon as he has succeeded in that, he digs out the honey and the wax just as it is, lays down a little for the honey guide to eat, and goes quietly away.

All the time that he is busy in getting the honeycomb out, this wonderful little bird sits watching on a neighbouring twig, and waiting for his share of the spoil. I suppose he knows that he cannot get the honey himself, for a swarm of bees would sting him to death if he entered their hive; so, as he likes honey very much, he leads the traveller to it, and then waits for his reward.

Now, I am sure you will greatly admire this little bird, and perhaps will wish that you could be as useful. Well, if you are a believer in the Lord Jesus Christ, *you* may be a little "honey guide" as well, and better than he. As he points out the place where the sweet honey lies hidden, so *you*, if you will, may, by word and walk, show many a little traveller through this wilderness, many a little playmate, where something better and sweeter than honey may be found. "The bread of God which came down from heaven to give life unto the world" is better and sweeter than anything this poor world can bestow, "and he who eats shall live for ever." That is, he who goes to Jesus, believes in Jesus, looks to Jesus, God's

"THOU GOD SEEST ME."

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dear Son, shall live for ever. All his sins shall be put away by His precious blood, and he shall have everlasting life. Do you ever try to lead any one to Christ? If you love Him, you will surely like to do so, and will as surely have your reward. As the grey honey guide flits from tree to tree, *leading in the right direction*, and chirruping so cheerfully meanwhile, you, by walking as a little believer, *should*, and, telling gently of the love of Christ, may be used of Him in blessing to others. Thus every little believer in the Lord Jesus Christ may imitate the little bird I have told you of, and so become a humble happy little

HONEY GUIDE.

"THOU GOD SEEST ME."—GEN. xvi. 13.

God is in heaven; can He hear

A little child like me?

Yes, little child, thou need'st not fear;

He'll listen e'en to thee.

God is in heaven; can He see

If I am doing wrong?

Oh, yes, He can; He looks at thee

All day and all night long.

God is in heaven; would He know

If I should tell a lie?

Yes, if thou saidst it soft and low,

He'd hear it in the sky.

God is in heaven; would He save

A little child like me?

Yes, little child, His Son He gave

For little ones like thee.

T.

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IWAN, THE STOVE-HEATER OF THE WINTER PALACE OF ST. PETERSBURG.

It is a pleasant thing to see a son honouring a widowed mother ; and, therefore, I am sure that the young readers of GOOD NEWS will like to hear about one who did so, and who, according to God's promise, reaped a reward, even in this world.

One day when Alexander, the Christian Emperor of Russia, was travelling, it was found that his carriage needed some mending, and so, just for a change, he, having sent it on to the next town, made up his mind to walk instead of riding in one of the carriages of his attendants. As he was strolling along, all alone, he met an old woman on the road, who, coming up to him, asked very humbly whether he was one of the emperor's suite. The emperor, with a smile, replied that he certainly had something to do with it ; upon which the old woman said, " Well, then, I suppose you have brought me the letter and the money from my son in St. Petersburg ? " " Who is your son ? " asked the emperor. " What ! not know my son Iwan ! " exclaimed the old woman ; " I thought everybody would know my son. Why, he is Iwan, the stove-heater in the Winter Palace ; and, because I am growing old, he sends me every year all that he can save of his wages. Now, as I have been told that our kind emperor has come into our part of the country, I have no doubt my Iwan has sent the money by one of the gentlemen of the

IWAN, THE STOVE-HEATER.

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company ; or, maybe, *you* are the bearer of it ?” The emperor laughed, and told her to go into the next village and apply to the officer there, giving her such an exact description of General D—— that she could not fail to find him out, and telling her she was to ask him for the money. With many thanks, the poor old creature trudged away to find the general, while the emperor followed at his leisure. Having found the officer, the aged woman civilly asked him to oblige her by giving her the money Iwan, the stove-heater of the Winter Palace, had sent ; but the general, who knew nothing at all about Iwan or the money either, at first only stared at her in astonishment, and then, as she persisted in her request, thought she must be out of her senses, and was just about to order her to be turned rudely away, when the emperor arrived. Making a sign to the general, he said aloud, “Pay this woman a hundred roubles from her Iwan, the stove-heater.” On hearing these words the poor old mother clasped her hands in astonishment, for she could not believe that her Iwan had sent her so large a sum. Like the poor anxious sinner who is told that eternal forgiveness, everlasting life and blessing, are a *free gift*, the gift of God, and may be had *at once* by simply believing in Jesus, God’s dear Son,* this poor woman thought the news TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE, or that, if indeed her son had sent her such an

* Acts xiii. 38, 39 ; Jno. v. 24 ; iii. 14, 15, 36.

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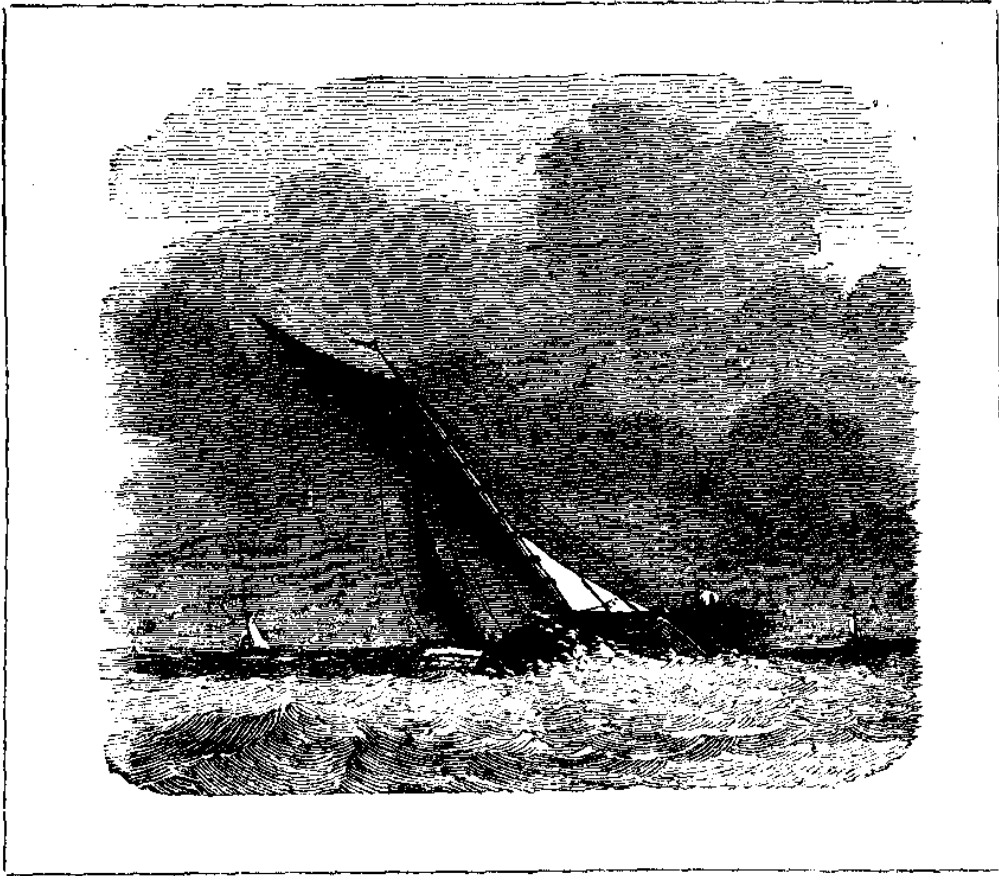
amount, he could hardly have come by it honestly ; and when the general had counted out the money—about £16—she refused to take it, saying, “My Iwan could not have got all that money rightly, and I won’t have it.” The general, however, seeing that it was the emperor’s wish that she should receive it, told her that before setting forth on his journey the emperor had, as is the custom in that country, made many presents to his officers and servants, and that, perhaps, her Iwan had had his share and sent it to her. The poor mother thought this likely enough ; for she knew her son’s love for her, and felt persuaded that if, indeed, Iwan had received anything extra, he would be sure to think of his aged and helpless mother. Bursting into tears, and calling down many blessings on the emperor’s head, she declared she would willingly die if she could but once have the happiness of seeing him to thank him for all his kindness to her Iwan and herself. The general, who was greatly touched by the whole scene, found he could not keep the secret any longer. Pointing to the kind emperor, he exclaimed, with tears in his eyes, “My good mother, God has granted your wish ; here you may thank the emperor in person,” and the poor old mother, overcome with astonishment and gratitude, fell down at Alexander’s feet, only able to express her thanks in sobs and broken sentences. The kind sovereign, taking her by the hand, gently raised her up, and told her he was so pleased with her Iwan’s filial piety, and the

IWAN, THE STOVE-HEATER.

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honesty she had shown in refusing to take the money until she knew it was justly hers, that he would settle a pension on her for life, and on his return to St. Petersburg would take good care to advance her Iwan's interests. You may depend upon it he did not long remain a poor stove-heater in the Winter Palace, but was raised to higher offices, and became, under his emperor's patronage, a great and rich man. Whether he knew the Lord I cannot tell you, but that his mother did I have no doubt. Poor and needy, aged and helpless, it was not in mere *nature* to refuse a hundred roubles; grace alone could have given her such strength in her poverty as to reject the gift until she knew that she might take it justly; and, having such a mother, we may hope that, through her prayers and teaching, her son's noble conduct arose from some better motive than mere nature can afford, and that he honoured his aged mother in *obedience to God*. Everything short of *this* is of little value; and, although it is *at all times* sweet to see a son loving and serving a mother, it is sweeter still when it is done for the love of God through faith in Christ Jesus. May *you* have grace given you first to believe in the Lord Jesus Christ unto everlasting life, and then to walk in love and obedience to God, doing His will from the heart, and honouring your parents as did Iwan, the stove-heater of the Winter Palace of St. Petersburg.





THE BRAVE FISHER-BOY.

I AM going to tell you a little tale, which I am sure you will like, because it is about a brave boy who did what I have no doubt every boy would gladly do—he risked his own life to save his father's. This boy's name was Carl, and he lived with his father and mother in a little cottage by the seaside on a rough and rocky coast. His father was a fisherman, and Carl, who was a stout, hardy boy, was in the habit of going out day after day in the boat to help his father to catch the fish, and a great help he was, for he *worked with a will*, as every boy should do, to help his parents. Well, one day, as there were nets to mend and quantities of fish to salt and cure, the father left him at home to assist

THE BRAVE FISHER-BOY.

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his mother, while he set out alone in his boat to catch more fish. The wind was fair, his sails were set, and away he went over the sunny sea. During the day he was not so successful as usual, and in the afternoon he made for a ledge of rocks which stretched far out into the ocean, and, having moored his boat, he cast his lines from a point that hung far over the waters. He knew that these rocks would be covered by the sea at high tide, but, as his boat was close at hand to jump into when the water should rise, he felt no fear, but went quietly to work at his fishing. In the meantime, his wife and son were as busy as he, cutting open the fish and salting and hanging it up to dry on the rafters of the cottage. While all were hard at work, clouds suddenly gathered overhead, and the wind began to rise. Sea-birds went wheeling and screaming aloft in the air, or hurrying inland, the rolling waves grew dark, and the white specks of foam flew hither and thither, all telling to the anxious wife that a tempest was coming.

Carl seized his cap and hurried away to the cliffs to see if his father's boat was near. Long and anxiously he looked, while the rising wind roared around him, dashing the spray high up where he stood, and sometimes almost lifting him off his feet. At last he saw the well-known boat approaching, and joyfully ran to tell his mother. Hurrying together to the beach, you may guess what they felt when, as the little vessel came driving in before the wind, they perceived

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that there was no one in it ! As a great wave lifted it high and dry upon the sands, they ran to examine it, but a few fish, a line, and a net were all that it contained. Carl's father was not there ! The mother clasped her hands in speechless anguish, the boy looked round the darkening sea, and then as his eyes fell once more on the boat a sudden thought occurred to him. He perceived that the rope, or painter, was not coiled as usual in its place, but dragging loosely in the sand, and he guessed at once that his father had landed somewhere, and that the boat had been broken away by the force of the waves, and left him behind. In another moment the boy was in the boat, and seizing the heavy oars, almost too much for his young arms to wield, he boldly struggled out to sea. "Father's left upon the rocks," he cried, as his terror-stricken mother called to know where he was going, and then, with all the force he could exert, he headed the boat into the wind and waves, and manfully toiled on. He knew the rocks where his father sometimes fished, and he knew also that at high tide they would be covered (if they were not so already), and his poor father would be drowned. The wild wind roared around him, the waves beat high, tossing the little vessel like a cockle shell and threatening to swamp it every moment, but still the brave boy struggled on. No doubt God aided him in his noble effort to save his father's life, or he never could have pulled the

THE BRAVE FISHER-BOY.

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boat against the tempest. But God has said, "Honour thy father and mother," and Carl was doing so ; therefore the Lord helped him.

Well, after a terrible struggle with the storm, Carl neared the well-known rocks, and there, as he had hoped, he saw his father standing. A few moments more help would have come too late, for the water had already reached his waist, and he had given himself up for lost. Intent upon his fishing, he had not noticed the approach of the storm, and when, aroused to a sense of his danger at last, he ran to seek his boat, he found to his horror that it was gone ! He could only cry to God (for it seems he knew the God of all grace through faith in the Lord Jesus Christ), and He heard him. It was He who put it into the boy's mind to perceive at a glance that the boat had broken loose, it was He who guided him to the right spot, and it was by Him that the poor boy was borne in safety through stormy wind and waves and roaring tempest to his father's rescue. The father sprang into the boat exclaiming, "My brave, brave boy ! Thank God, O thank God, for this !" Then seizing the oars, he pulled himself and his exhausted boy towards the shore, his heart too full of thankfulness for words. Driving rapidly before the wind, the boat rose on the crested waves or fell into the trough of the sea ; the rain poured down in torrents, but the brave boy and his father were too happy to heed either wind or water, and were soon safe on land in their cottage home, and mingling their tears and

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thanksgivings to God with the joyful wife and mother.

Carl had willingly risked his young life to save his dear father ; but there is One who *gave* His life a ransom for many, and gave it, too, on the terrible cross, that by His precious blood shed there for sinners He might save all who believe. You know *who* that is, but do you know Him Himself by faith ? Have you come to Him as one who needs to be saved, as one who is lost without Him, as one who can call Him “my *own* Saviour” ? If so, you will love Him, serve Him, obey Him, and among other things you will “honour your father and mother” like The Brave Fisher-boy.

JOSEPH, “LORD OF ALL EGYPT,”

AND

JESUS, THE SAVIOUR IN GLORY.

(READ GEN. xlv.)

THERE is at this moment in heaven a real Man of flesh and bones ! He is the blessed Son of God, whom angels love to worship, and who has been raised up by God Himself to sit at His right hand. There He sits, upon the very throne of God (Rev. iii. 21), “crowned with glory and honour.” That face, once “more marred than any man’s,” worn with sorrow and pain, is now bright with “the glory of God.” The same brow that once was pierced and bleeding with the plaited thorns the soldiers put upon it, now shines with light “above the brightness of the sun.” Do you think any one

THE SAVIOUR IN GLORY.

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would dare to "spit in His face" now? Yet He is the very same Jesus; and He was *God* when they spat upon Him in *this* world, just as really as He is *Man* now in that other world, which is all light and joy because He is there; and there is no veil upon His glory and His beauty!

This blessed Son of God, the Lord and Saviour at the right hand of God, is now doing two things for men and women and children in this world. He is teaching them to know *who* He is, and He is leading them by His love and His power to be for ever *where* He is. And we see a little picture of these two things in the chapter we have read. As Jesus is God *and* man, while Joseph was only a man, and not a perfect man either, of course Joseph was no more equal to Jesus than the picture of a little girl could be the same as my little friend herself. I might like very much to look at a picture of you if I had it, but I should never expect it to talk to me, or to love me, and so I should never talk to it or love it. Still I should enjoy looking at a portrait of a person I did love, and the more I loved the person, the more pleased I should be to have the picture before me. I hope, my dear little friend, that *you* have love enough to the blessed Saviour to find pleasure in looking at the story of Joseph as a sort of picture of the grace and glory of Jesus.

The glory of the "lord of all Egypt" was of course nothing to compare with that of the "Lord of glory;" still he spoke of it as "all my glory,"

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and when his brothers had beheld his glory they were to go and tell of it. Besides that, he had been sent there by God to "*save the lives*" of the rest of the family; so that we shall not be far wrong if we say that he was at that time the *saviour* and *lord* in *glory*, only we must not forget that it was the glory of Egypt, and not the glory where the Lord Jesus is now : the glory of Pharaoh, and not "the glory of the Father."

Well, this glorified man first told his brothers *who* he was : "I am Joseph," and then he invited them to be *where* he was : "Come near unto me." They came near, and he talked with them, and wept upon them, till his kindness so won their hearts that they were in peace before him, and "talked with him." Even that did not satisfy Joseph, for he wanted their father and their children and all they had to come, too ; so he sends them back home to fetch them. It was only a few days before that they had left their father, yet Joseph now tells them to *make haste* back again ! But it was not that they should go and stop there, as he had said in the chapter before. "Get you up in peace unto your father." Jesus told the thirsty woman of Sychar to "go," but it was only to fetch some one else, and so He said, "and *come hither*." And so with Joseph here : he tells his brothers, in verse 9, to make haste and go, but in verse 13 he says they must make haste back, too, and be sure and bring their father with them. They were to tell Jacob of all Joseph's glory

THE SAVIOUR IN GLORY.

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which *they* had seen, and bring him down from the land where the famine was, that *he* might see it all, too: that he might see Joseph his dear son, and that Joseph might see his dear father and have him near to him for all the rest of his life. They had only wanted to “traffic in the land,” to buy and sell, and such like; but Joseph says, “I must have you all here to *dwell* and be *near me*—you and your father and your children, babies and all. And I will nourish you (not ‘punish you’), and will find plenty of food even for your sheep and cows and all you have.” What a good brother he was to them! the very same brothers who had put him into the pit, and then sold him to be a slave! The best they had expected was to “*buy a little food*”—to get just enough to keep them from being starved to death, and to pay the full price for it, besides taking “the man” a little honey and a few other little things into the bargain. Instead of that, they are to “eat the fat of the land.” Even the great king himself says he will give them “the *good* of the land of Egypt,” and they are to tell their father that “the good of *all* the land of Egypt” is to be for him and them!

What else I was going to say I must now leave till next month, if we are spared; but don’t you think all this is a very bright little picture of the goodness of God, who does for us “exceeding abundantly above *all* that we ask or think”? It seems to *me* that it is. It reminds me of that lovely picture drawn by the Lord Himself in the

fifteenth chapter of Luke. The runaway son there thought, If I could only get back among those farm labourers, who have enough bread and to spare, I would not mind how hard I worked for it. But, when he "arose and came to his father," what did he get? What did he *not* get that his father's love could give him? W. Ty.

WILLIE LEFT ALONE.

WILLIE, at the time of which I am writing, was between five and six years old. His mother had two little boys, and Willie was the elder. She loved them both very much, but as Willie could talk to her, and tell her his little thoughts, and they passed much time together, he was quite a companion to her. One day she had some business to attend to which made it necessary that she should leave home for an hour or so in the afternoon; and having no one to take charge of Willie, and not being able to take him with her, she was obliged to leave him at home alone for the time she was absent. Before she went, however, she charged him to keep out of mischief, and gave him his books and playthings to occupy him till her return, telling him, as an encouragement, that she would bring home something nice for tea.

Willie felt it rather strange to be left by himself, but he tried to amuse himself, and succeeded for a while, when he became weary. He then wondered what he should do to fill up the time till

WILLIE LEFT ALONE.

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his mother returned. At length he said to himself, "Oh! I will set the tea-things; and mother will be so surprised when she sees them." He therefore went to the cupboard, and took the things out and placed them in the tea-tray upon the table. He was then delighted with what he had done, and fancied to himself how pleased mother would look when she came home.

Well, as you may suppose, mother was not gone a minute longer than she could help, and presently he heard her well-known knock at the door. He did not go to meet her, as he usually would have done, but waited till she came into the room. And, as he expected, she did look surprised. Indeed, she was almost alarmed, for she knew that, in order to get to the cupboard, he had to clamber upon a chair; and she feared lest he had fallen and hurt himself, or had broken some of the tea-things. However, finding upon inquiry that no mishap had occurred, and seeing that he looked so pleased with his performance, she only said to him that it would have been better if he had not done as he had; but she did not scold him, as she did not wish to spoil his happiness.

I could almost wish that my tale were now finished, but, as it is the truth that I am telling, I will go on to the end. After Willie's mother had taken off her bonnet and shawl, and had set about making the tea, she became aware of something which she had not observed before; so, calling her son to her, she said to him, "Willie, it was

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all very well for you to try to please me by setting the tea-things, *but why did you eat the sugar?*" You should have seen Willie's countenance. Mother's question had quite confused him, and he could not give her an answer. He wondered whatever could have made her ask such a question. He felt sure that she had not seen him take the sugar, and he could not think how she knew anything about it. He had an idea that his mother knew a great deal, but he could not understand how she had found out this.

To do Willie justice, I believe that when he first thought of setting the tea-things he did not mean to take any of the sugar; but, as he went several times to the cupboard and saw the nice-looking sugar, I am sorry to say that he was tempted to take and eat some of it. Being so young, it was not surprising that while eating it he let some of it fall upon his pinafore; and, of course, there was to the observant eye of his mother the evidence of her son's offence. She wisely withheld this fact from him, but talked to him like a good mother, as she was, of the naughtiness of such ways, and taught him a lesson which he did not soon forget.

We have seen that Willie could not imagine how his mother had discovered what he had done; but, even supposing that she had never found it out, there was ONE, the all-seeing God, who saw him when he took the sugar, and knew, too, the stain which his wrong act made upon his childish

conscience. We cannot hide anything from God, and we cannot hide ourselves from Him. Have you not sometimes seen a little child, when playing at hide-and-seek, go into the corner of a room, and turning its face to the wall, so that he could not see you, vainly imagine that you could not see him? This is something like all our efforts to hide ourselves from God. But how blessed it is to have God Himself for our hiding-place! And it is written of those who truly believe in Jesus, that "our life is *hid* with Christ in God," and that "*THOU* art my hiding-place." (See Hymn, page 7.)
T.

DICTIONARY OF THE BIBLE.

(Continued from page 330, Vol. xvii.)

THE FEASTS OF THE LORD.

(LEVITICUS xxiii.)

The feasts of the Lord express the eternal counsels of God towards His people. There were, consequently, seven, the number of perfection: the SABBATH, the PASSOVER, the feast of UNLEAVENED BREAD, the firstfruits of harvest, or PENTECOST, the feast of TRUMPETS, the day of ATONEMENT, and the feast of TABERNACLES.

THE SABBATH.

AND the Lord spake unto Moses, saying,

Speak unto the children of Israel, and say unto them, Concerning the feasts of the Lord, which ye shall proclaim to be holy convocations, even these are my feasts.

Six days shall work be done: but the seventh day is the Sabbath of rest, an holy convocation; ye shall do no work therein: it is the Sabbath of the Lord in all your dwellings (Exod. xxxi. 12—18).

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These are the feasts of the Lord, even holy convocations, which ye shall proclaim in their seasons.

THE PASSOVER.

In the fourteenth day of the first month at even is the Lord's passover (see Exod xii.).

THE FEAST OF UNLEAVENED BREAD.

And on the fifteenth day of the same month is the feast of unleavened bread unto the Lord : seven days ye must eat unleavened bread.

In the first day ye shall have an holy convocation : ye shall do no servile work therein.

But ye shall offer an offering made by fire unto the Lord seven days : in the seventh day is an holy convocation : ye shall do no servile work therein.

THE FIRSTFRUITS OF HARVEST, OR PENTECOST.

And the Lord spake unto Moses, saying,

Speak unto the children of Israel, and say unto them, When ye be come into the land which I give unto you, and shall reap the harvest thereof, then ye shall bring a sheaf of the firstfruits of your harvest unto the priest ;

And he shall wave the sheaf before the Lord, to be accepted for you : on the morrow after the Sabbath the priest shall wave it.

And ye shall offer that day, when ye wave the sheaf, an he lamb without blemish of the first year, for a burnt offering unto the Lord.

And the meat offering thereof shall be two tenth

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deals of fine flour mingled with oil, an offering made by fire unto the Lord for a sweet savour : and the drink offering thereof shall be of wine, the fourth part of an hin.

And ye shall eat neither bread, nor parched corn, nor green ears, until the selfsame day that ye have brought an offering unto your God : it shall be a statute for ever throughout your generations, in all your dwellings.

And ye shall count unto you from the morrow after the Sabbath, from the day that ye brought the sheaf of the wave offering ; seven Sabbaths shall be complete :

Even unto the morrow after the seventh Sabbath shall ye number fifty days ; and ye shall offer a new meat offering unto the Lord.

THE FEAST OF TRUMPETS.

And the Lord spake unto Moses, saying,
Speak unto the children of Israel, saying, In the seventh month, in the first day of the month, shall ye have a Sabbath, a memorial of blowing of trumpets, an holy convocation.

Ye shall do no servile work therein ; but ye shall offer an offering made by fire unto the Lord.

THE DAY OF ATONEMENT.

And the Lord spake unto Moses, saying,
Also on the tenth day of this seventh month there shall be a day of atonement : it shall be an holy convocation unto you ; and ye shall afflict

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your souls, and offer an offering made by fire unto the Lord.

And ye shall do no work in that same day ; for it is a day of atonement, to make an atonement for you before the Lord your God.

For whatsoever soul it be that shall not be afflicted in that same day, he shall be cut off from among his people.

And whatsoever soul it be that doeth any work in that same day, the same soul will I destroy from among his people.

Ye shall do no manner of work ; it shall be a statute for ever throughout your generations in all your dwellings.

It shall be unto you a Sabbath of rest, and ye shall afflict your souls : in the ninth day of the month at even, from even unto even, shall ye celebrate your Sabbath.

THE FEAST OF TABERNACLES.

And the Lord spake unto Moses, saying,

Speak unto the children of Israel, saying, The fifteenth day of this seventh month shall be the feast of tabernacles for seven days unto the Lord.

On the first day shall be an holy convocation : ye shall do no servile work therein.

Seven days ye shall offer an offering made by fire unto the Lord : on the eighth day shall be an holy convocation unto you ; and ye shall offer an offering made by fire unto the Lord : it is a solemn assembly ; and ye shall do no servile work therein.

These are the feasts of the Lord, which ye shall proclaim to be holy convocations, to offer an offering made by fire unto the Lord, a burnt offering, and a meat offering, a sacrifice, and drink offerings, every thing upon his day :

Beside the Sabbaths of the Lord, and beside your gifts, and beside all your vows, and beside all your freewill offerings, which ye give unto the Lord.

Also in the fifteenth day of the seventh month, when ye have gathered in the fruit of the land, ye shall keep a feast unto the Lord seven days : on the first day shall be a Sabbath, and on the eighth day shall be a Sabbath.

And ye shall take you on the first day the boughs of goodly trees, branches of palm trees, and the boughs of thick trees, and willows of the brook ; and ye shall rejoice before the Lord your God seven days.

And ye shall keep it a feast unto the Lord seven days in the year ; it shall be a statute for ever in your generations ; ye shall celebrate it in the seventh month.

Ye shall dwell in booths seven days : all that are Israelites born shall dwell in booths ;

That your generations may know that I made the children of Israel to dwell in booths, when I brought them out of the land of Egypt : I am the Lord your God.

And Moses declared unto the children of Israel the feasts of the Lord.

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BIBLE QUESTIONS FOR JANUARY.

1. Give seven Scriptures which speak of angels, and heavenly messengers, in connection with the birth, agony, death, resurrection, ascension, heavenly worship, and second coming of the Lord Jesus Christ.

2. What are they called whom God justifieth? Rom. iv.

3. What does Scripture say is life eternal?

4. What do the Psalms say they know and prove who put their trust in the Lord?

5. It is recorded in Matthew, a sower went out to sow, and the seed fell on four different kinds of ground: give two things spoken of in connection with the good ground that are a contrast to the three others.

6. What reason does David give in the twenty-third Psalm that he would not want?

7. Give the chapter and verse from Proverbs which tell us what to do if we are enticed by sinners.

8. What do the Psalms say is with those who fear the Lord, and what will He show them?

BIBLE ENIGMA FOR JANUARY.

WHAT was the name that Herod's steward bore?

Of whom did David buy a threshing-floor?

What priest was he who brought forth bread and wine?

Who was profane, despising things divine?

What creature famed for horns did David name?

Who went out full, but homewards empty came?

Where was the Apostle of the Gentiles born?

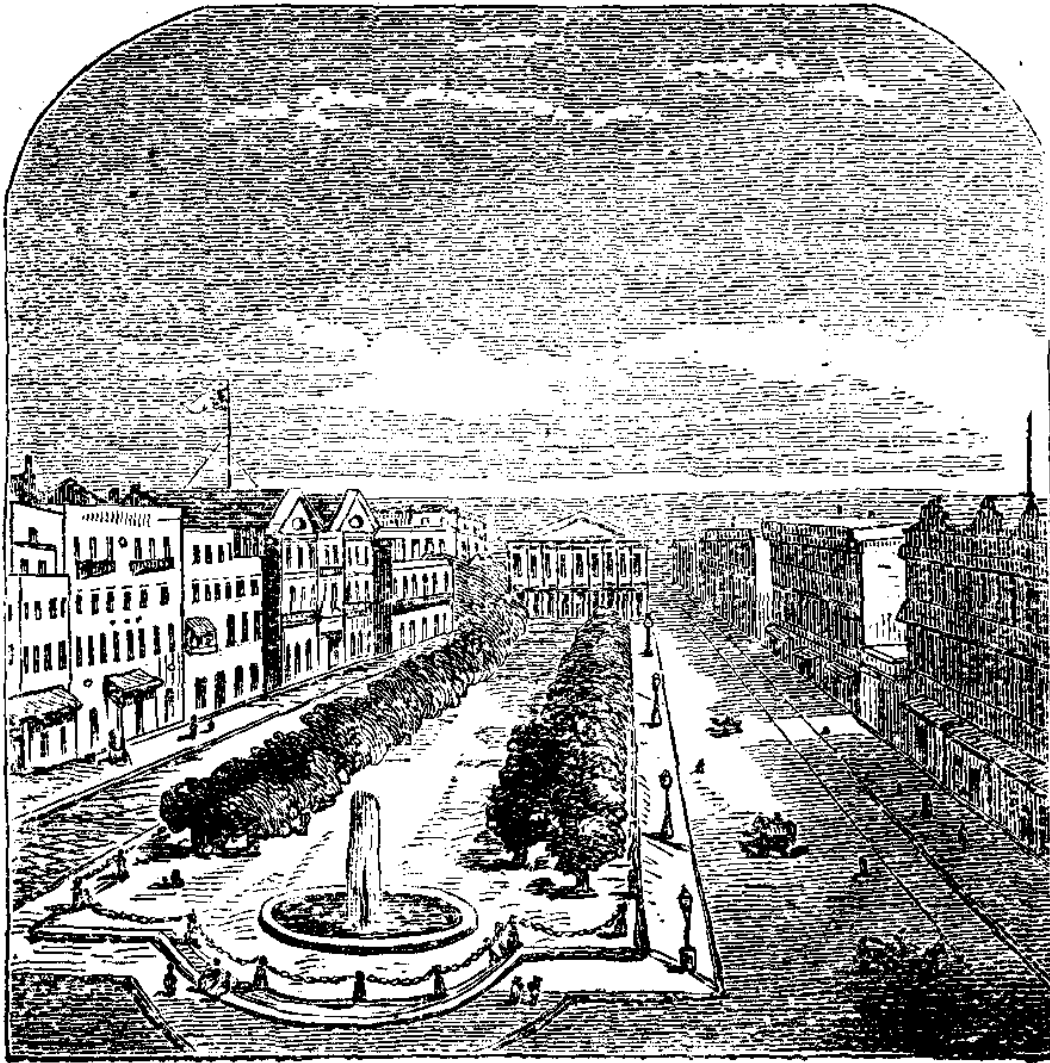
What place gave gold, which might a king adorn?

What woman thrice at Jesus' feet was found?

What nation's people in a sea were drowned?

The initials of these names will truly show

What Jesus said to all who rest would know.



GRAND SQUARE.

ALEXANDRIA.

I DARE say you have heard of that once famous city in Egypt built by Alexander the Great, about 300 years before Christ came, and called after him Alexandria. It was formerly "the granary of the world," and the depôt of all the treasures brought from the East Indies, and will probably be so again, now that the overland route to India and the Suez Canal have been opened up. It has greatly declined from its ancient splendour,

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although many antiquities may still be seen there. It was once nominally a Christian city and an important bishopric, but is now inhabited by persons of all religions. "Jews, Turks, infidels, and heretics" of all kinds are to be found there, and true believers are scarce indeed. It is about one of them that I want to tell you. He was the son of an American, and had been brought up a Roman Catholic, a religion which you know (if you have read GOOD NEWS) is a mixture of Judaism, Christianity, and paganism, but chiefly the latter. This strange mixture, which began in the days of Constantine the Great, and was meant to accommodate everybody, is well suited to such a city as Alexandria (a place of much traffic, where traders come and go continually), because the followers of false religions, however gross, will be able to find something to suit them in such a Church, and so can attend its ceremonies when there doesn't happen to be enough of their own party in the city to form a sect by themselves. Hence it is rightly named the "Catholic" or "universal" Church. Well, the person I speak of, whom we will call C——, belonged to this Church, but was not happy in it, for God was dealing with his soul in grace, and he was always yearning for peace with Him. One day his wife was taken dangerously ill of cholera, which is often very fatal in Egypt, and, while he was sitting by her dying bed, he fell into a doze, and dreamed that an old man came to him, and, pointing to a Bible that had long

lain unopened on a shelf, said, "If you want peace, you must read that Book." Perhaps his waking thoughts had by grace already wrought this conviction in his soul, and so shaped themselves into this strange dream; yet it is not too much to believe that God, who "spared not His own Son, but delivered Him up for us all," will, in His wondrous grace, stoop to use *extraordinary* means when *ordinary* ones are not at hand (Job xxxiii. 14—16; Acts xvi. 9), and that He did so in this case. C—— awoke from his dream, greatly wondering, and, after his wife was buried, he took up the Bible, and read it with earnest and solemn attention day and night. Whether it was owing to his constant reading, or to some other cause, I know not, but after a time his sight failed him, and he became blind, and was unable to read any longer. But this sad affliction, although it deprived him of the power of reading God's precious Word, only cast him more fully than ever upon God Himself; and "alone with God," in darkness and solitude, I doubt not he found the blessed truths he had read engraved more deeply on his heart, as "with an eternal pen."

The priests of his Church, hearing of his condition, came to him, and tried as usual to compel him to give up his Bible, telling him that his blindness was a judgment from God for reading it, and that, if he ever hoped to have his eyesight restored, he must confess his sin, and bow to the authority of the Church. But he replied that he

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did not believe that he had committed any sin in reading God's Word, and although he earnestly desired his sight, that he might read it again, he was ready to submit to the Lord's will, and remain as he was, rather than give up the Bible. They told him it was a temptation from the devil, and that they were sure he would get worse instead of better, unless he confessed to them and forsook the reading of the Book. Thus these sinful men tried to terrify him into submission, but he by grace continued firm, and declared his belief that God would yet restore him, because he was very anxious, more so than ever, now to read His Word. After trying again and again to turn him from his purpose, all in vain, they gave him up. For about a month he remained blind, and the doctors pronounced him incurable ; but he continued to hope in God, and day after day he would hold the Book to his sightless eyes, saying, "O Lord, wilt Thou open mine eyes, that I may continue reading Thy Word?"

Now, you know that when Jesus was on earth He gave sight even to those who had been born blind, nor did He ever cast out any that came to Him. His power is as great now as it was then, and He is just as kind and gracious, for He is "the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever," and, although He may not always see fit to do all that we ask, it is well to remember that He is unchanged in power and in grace. Poor C—— believed this, and so, as he wanted his sight more for the sake of

reading God's Word than anything else, the Lord was pleased to grant his request ; perhaps, also, to encourage the hearts of His people to trust Him fully even in the greatest difficulties.

At first all was dark, but by degrees, as C—— daily opened the Book, the darkness seemed to grow less and less, and at last he could just distinguish the black lines on the white paper. This condition continued for about a week. You may judge how great his joy was, and how earnestly he persevered in prayer, hoping in God ; and, as none ever trusted Him in vain, his faith and supplications were at last fully answered, and his sight restored.

Thus C—— became a monument of the power, grace, and mercy of the Lord Jesus Christ, and from that time the Lord has been working in him, for him, and through him toward others, as His servant, caring for His interests and His people. We might hope to find that one who had been so remarkably dealt with in answer to prayer would be used of the Lord, as a man of faith, to encourage others, and such would seem to be the case with C——, as the following anecdote will show :—

A man belonging to the Greek Church (which is very similar in its idolatries to the Romish religion) had been brought to Christ, but his wife remained unconverted, and used to mock her husband because he refused any longer to pray to pictures and images, saying she supposed he

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preferred to pray to the wall and the ceiling. This constant opposition made her husband very unhappy for a long time, but at last (perhaps in answer to his secret prayers) the Lord interposed and laid His hand on the mocker. She became ill, and daily wasted away, growing more and more feeble, until she was reduced to utter helplessness. The doctors pronounced her incurable, and, believing she was about to die, her husband entreated her to allow some one who loved the Lord and His Word to visit her; but for a long time she would not hear of it, until, having become completely broken down, she consented.

C—— was then brought to her bedside, and, having set Christ earnestly before her, he perceived that her soul was reached. Then he and her husband knelt down and prayed for her, and, remembering how wondrously the Lord had restored him when all human means had failed (for how could he ever forget it?), C—— asked that, if it were the Lord's will, she might be healed. On rising to his feet, he inquired of her whether she believed that the Lord *could* heal her? She answered, "Yes." "Do you believe," said he, "that the Lord *has heard* our prayer?" And again she replied, "Yes." "Then," said he, "you had better get up," and to the joyful astonishment of her husband she did so at once! The husband, laughing for very joy, exclaimed, "Then, as with Peter's wife's mother, you had better serve us, and go and make us some coffee," which she who

“MY HEAD ! MY HEAD !”

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for so long a time had been utterly prostrate and helpless did, without hesitation or difficulty, being restored to perfect soundness before all, by the Lord's power and goodness, in simple answer to prayer, nor has she ever since relapsed into helplessness again.

These little narratives, dear young reader, are quite true, and, although they may seem extraordinary, it is, after all, only *like Him*, “who loved us and gave Himself for us,” to put forth His power on behalf of His people, and for His own glory's sake, especially now when iniquity abounds, and the satanic marvels of “spiritualism” and the idolatries of Rome and her imitators are increasing daily around us. Surely we may well say, “It is time for Thee, Lord, to work,” and you may depend upon it “He *will* work, and none shall hinder.” Better still, He will soon come, and then all who love Him shall be with Him for ever. Are YOU one of them by faith in His blood which cleanseth from all sin ?

“MY HEAD ! MY HEAD !”

FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

EARLY in the morning of the first day of the first week in this year, 1876, my little girl came to me and said, “Please tell me a story.” “Yes, my dear,” I replied, “I will, and it shall be a true one out of the Bible.” She was perfectly satisfied with this, and, sitting down, looked up into my face, ready to catch every word and to watch every turn

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in my countenance as I related the following beautiful history.

There was once a lady, a nice, kind lady, who had only one little boy, and had no little girls. I do not know exactly how old her little boy was, but I should think that he was about six or seven years old, and, as this lady had no other children, she was very, very fond of him. Well, one day—it was a very hot day, in the summer time—he went out to his father, who was in a field of corn not far from the house where they lived. The wheat was quite ripe, and was of a beautiful golden colour, and the time was come that it should be cut down, and that the wheat should be carried into the barn, so that afterwards it might be ground into flour, and then made into bread for the people in the house to eat. (Here my little girl nodded her head, and looked pleased, as much as to say, “Yes, I understand.”) Well, after the little boy had been some time in the field, looking at the men cutting down the corn with a sort of large knife, called a sickle, he began to feel sick and poorly, and he went to his father, and said to him, “My head ! my head !” So his father, seeing that the boy was not well, and that the heat of the sun was very great, thought that it would be better for him to be with his mother in the house. Then he said to a boy that was with him in the field, “Carry him to his mother,” and the boy took him up in his arms and carried him as his master had told him.

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Now, when the little boy had been brought home to his mother, she plainly saw that he was very ill, and so, like a good, kind mother, as she was, she took her dear boy into her arms, and sat down and comforted him, feeling very sorry that he was so ill. Poor little boy! he did not suffer long, but, having laid in his mother's arms till near dinner-time, he got worse and worse, and then died. This dear mother felt it very much, as she did not like to lose her little son; just as your ma would cry for you, you know, if you should die. (Here, again, my little girl gave me a nod, as though she understood what I said.)

Well, what do you think the mother then did? She had upstairs in the house a little room where a good man used sometimes to live and sleep. His name was Elisha, and God used to talk to him, and he used to talk to God. This good man was not living and sleeping in the room just then, but was at home in his own house, which was a long way off. The mother then carried the body of her dead child into the little room, and laid it on the bed of Elisha, the man of God. She then left the body there, shut the door of the room, and went out of the house.

Now, the father of the little boy was a rich man, and had several servants and a great number of donkeys; so the mother told him that she wanted to go to the man of God, and to come back again. She then took one of the donkeys, put a saddle on him, and she took a servant with her, and I think

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that he rode upon another. She told him to drive as fast as he could, and that she would not mind how fast he went. So, after a time, they came in sight of the house of the man of God, and he saw her riding up to his house. He had a man who was his servant, named Gehazi, and when he saw her riding he said to his servant, "Look, there is that woman coming ; I wonder what she wants ! Go and ask her what is the matter. Ask her if her husband is well, and if her child is well ?" And what do you think the mother said ? She said, "It is well." Was not that a strange thing for her to say, when her little boy was dead ? But wait a little, and you will see what she meant.

Then, when she reached the house of the man of God, she fell down at his feet, and at first she could not speak to him, because she felt so sorry that her dear child was dead. But she soon felt better, and begged of Elisha to go home with her ; and after a little while he went with her. She then took him up into the room where the child was dead upon the bed. Then he shut the door, and there was no one in the room but himself and the dead child. Now, as I have said before, Elisha used to speak to God, and so, when he was left alone with the dead child, he asked God to make the life that had gone out of the child to come back again into him. He told God, too, that the mother was very unhappy to be without her little boy, and he asked God to let her have him again, that she might kiss him and love him and

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still be his comforter. Now, God is very good and kind, and so He cared for the poor mother, and He said to Elisha that she should have her son back again. Then Elisha walked up and down the room a little while, and presently he heard the little boy sneeze. He sneezed one, two, three, four, five, six, seven times. Elisha knew that a dead child could not sneeze; and so, when the child sneezed, he was sure that God was bringing him to life again. Then the child opened his eyes, and Elisha knew that he was alive.

It was not Elisha that made the child sneeze, nor open his eyes, nor brought him to life again. No, all that he did was to ask God to do it. It was God who did it all, and no one else could do it.

Elisha was very pleased, and thanked God for what He had done. He then opened the door, and told his servant to call the mother, and she soon came, and when she was come into the room he said to her, "Take up thy son," and he did not have to tell her twice. No, she was now so happy that she kneeled down and gave thanks to God, and then got up and went out of the room with her dear boy. And don't you think that she kissed him, and cuddled him, and gave him something nice to eat, and loved him even more than she had done before?

While I was telling this beautiful true story to my little girl, much in the same way as I have told it to you, my dear young friends, she was very

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attentive, and afterwards showed that she understood some of it, at least; and she so liked it that on another occasion she asked me to relate it to her again. I will just tell you one of her little remarks upon it. "Did that little boy," she inquired, "go into the field without his hat?" "I don't know," I replied, "but perhaps he did." "I think he did," she said, "because last summer, when it was very hot, you told me not to go into the garden without my hat, for, if I did, my head would be bad. So," continued she, decisively, "I think that he did go out without his hat."

Perhaps some of you who are getting up into your teens may think, when you have read this, that I have taken a very childish way of telling it. Well, I have tried to speak to "the little ones" in a simple way, that they may understand; and I would advise you who are older, and who desire to know more of this delightful narrative, to read it carefully for yourselves, as told by the Spirit of God in the second book of Kings, chapter iv., from the eighth to the thirty-seventh verse.

When children now die, it is not the way of God to bring them back to this life. No, but He does something which is much more blessed. If they are believers in Jesus, then, when they fall asleep, as the dying of those who are believers is called, they "depart to be with Christ," which is "far better" than living in this world, which is one of sin and suffering even to the little ones.

T.



THE BEE AND THE GOLDEN BUTTERFLY.

A FABLE FOR CHILDREN.

IN a large and beautiful country garden, where many, many flowers of every colour grew and filled the summer air with their sweet scent; where a gold-fish pond smiled in the sunshine and a shell grotto beside it glistened in the noontide heat; where the drowsy murmur of the bees and the tinkling of a fountain told of rural peace and quietude, a golden butterfly flitted from plant to plant, all radiant in the sunlight, like some bright

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flower on the wing. Hither and thither she sported over the beds, hardly seeming to touch the blossoms as she passed, save where one more sweet than another detained her for a moment on the margin of its scented chalice. But, weary at last of her ceaseless flitting to and fro, she settled down to rest awhile in the shadow of the grotto where the lilies grew. Hardly had she alighted when a musical hum deep within the flower-cup attracted her attention, and, looking down, she spied a wild bee hard at work, and singing to himself meanwhile, as if he greatly enjoyed his pleasant talk.

"What are you doing down there?" asked the butterfly, peeping over the edge of the lily.

"Gathering juice for our hive," replied the busy bee.

"Why do you carry it to the hive instead of eating it?" inquired the other.

"We turn it into honey," said the bee, still working while he talked, "and, when our builders have made the cells from the wax we carry in our pockets, we store * the honey in them for future use."

"Store it up!" exclaimed the butterfly, sipping the juice from the lip of the petal she was poised on. "Store it up!" she cried again, turning here

* The bee has eight little pockets under his body, in which wax is secreted, and from whence it is taken for use in thin plates, and passed to the builders. Pollen is not used for the purpose of making wax, as has been long supposed, but, being carried from flower to flower by the bees, fructifies the plants.

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and there to look on the world of blossoms all around her. "What *can* you be thinking of! Look at this garden; did you ever see a richer store than these countless flowers contain? I need no stores—who does? Wax, too! Not for me, thank you! Why, I should never fly again if once I got the sticky stuff about me. Why do you dive so deep and toil so hard to store up that which may be had on every side for the taking? I do but touch the blossoms as I pass, and gather all I need, but your task seems never done."

"And yet it is a pleasant one," murmured the bee in a musical hum as he busied himself in the scented lily-cup, blithely gathering his tiny load of juice to carry to his hive.

"Pleasant, you call it, do you? How *can* you say so? For my part, I can see no pleasure in endless toil. What a bustle you are in, buzzing and fussing down there! I declare it makes me quite warm to see you," she added, fanning herself gently with her beautiful wings. "Why not enjoy your life as I do? All the long summer's day I roam where I will, basking in the sunshine or resting in the shade. At night I seek a safe retreat in some leafy bower, till the sun shall rise again and dry the dews from leaf and flower, that I may fly unharmed among them. I need no gloomy hive, no cells, no stores, and pity those that do," she added.

Thus the gay little creature chattered on, idly swinging on the margin of the lily-cup, while

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the bee laboured cheerfully below, hardly heeding what she said.

Fully laden at last with the fruits of his industry, the wild bee rose with a louder hum from the flower to carry his spoils to his home in the woods, where he and his busy mates had made their hive. But as he passed the golden butterfly he lingered a moment to ask, "What will you do when the flowers fade and winter settles down on all the scene you so delight in?"

"Winter!" exclaimed the other; "what do you mean? What is winter?"

"A time of rough winds and stormy skies, an iron-bound earth, and death to all who, like yourself, are *unprepared to meet it!*" replied the bee, in a sonorous hum, as he darted by on his homeward way.

Dear young reader, God has told us in His Word that judgment is coming on a Christ-rejecting world. That time is near at hand, and all who are out of Christ are *unprepared to meet it!* All who have believed on Jesus will be taken away before the day of wrath shall come, but the rest will be left (Matt. xxv.; 2 Thess. i. 6—10).

Reader, have *you* believed in the Lord Jesus Christ?

(To be continued.)



“NEAR UNTO” JOSEPH.—“WITH THE LORD.”
(GENESIS xlv.)

LAST month I was telling you of two things Joseph did for his brothers: he told them *who* he was, and would have them to be *where* he was. There were also two things *they* were to do: they were to tell in their own land about his glory, and they were to bring those who belonged to them to be with Joseph in it, as it says in verse 13, “Ye shall *tell* my father . . . and *bring down* my father hither.” They were to make haste about it, too, both in going back home alone, and in coming again with their father and all the rest. It was something like the servants, in the parable of the great supper, sent out to bring people in who should feast upon the good things laid out upon the tables. The master told them to “go out *quickly* . . . and bring in hither,” as Joseph here hurries his brethren to go and fetch their father.

Now, it is very nice to see that Joseph, when exalted to the right hand of Pharaoh, still loved his brothers, and would do them good, and have them with him; but how much more wonderful that the Lord Jesus (“He is Lord of all,” and not of Egypt only!) should desire and intend to have poor sinners like you and me, to enjoy with Him the happiness of *His* home for ever! And it *is* so. Three times over in one of the gospels He says, “With me where I am,” and speaks of our being there too! The first time it is the *reward*

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He gives to those who serve Him and follow Him. The next time it is the way He *comforts* those who He knew loved Him enough to feel lonely and sad when He should have left them. But the last time He speaks of our being with Him it is not for the sake of giving comfort to those who loved Him, but it is the desire of His own heart because of *His love to us*. He would not be satisfied Himself to be in glory without us, and so He says, "Father, *I will* (or desire) that they also whom Thou hast given Me be with Me where I am." Is not that wonderful? He deserved to be treated far better than Joseph, yet He was treated far worse than ever *he* was. He is raised up now to far greater "glory" than was ever put upon Joseph or any one else in this world. And yet He does not only say, as Joseph did, "Ye shall be *near* unto Me," but He says, "that *where I am* ye may be also." And He will not send for us as Joseph did for his father, but He says, "I will *come* again, and *receive* you unto Myself." What precious words, if we have learnt at all to love and long for that blessed One who spoke them! He wants us with Himself! He died for us, that we might live together with Him! (1 Thess. v. 10.) And He is coming again to catch up all those who are looking and waiting for Him!

We shall never be "with the Lord" in the way He meant until He has come down from heaven to fetch us (see 1 Thess. iv. 16, 17). But even while we are in this world there is such a thing as know-

"NEAR UNTO" JOSEPH.

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ing Him, and being near to Him, as to the love of our *hearts*, while we wait for His coming, that our bodies, too, may be taken up and made like His body of glory (Phil. iii. 21). Then we shall behold His glory with our very eyes, but now we look up by faith and say, "We see Jesus crowned with glory and honour." We own Him as our Lord, while as yet the world wants to have as little of Him as ever they can. And one reason why we are left in this world is that others, too, may learn through us to believe on Him. He calls sinners to Him still, and He does it by means of those who preach His Gospel, and those who love Him, so as to be glad to speak about Him to others. You see as to Joseph, that he said, "*Come* near to me, I pray you," before ever he said a word about their coming to *live* near him. What a great difference there is between trembling Judah, in chap. xlv. 18, saying, "I pray thee," and Joseph, in our chapter, saying, "I pray you!" Well, in the Gospel of the grace of God, it is as if God was doing like Joseph in chapter xlv. 4. If you read the fifth chapter of the second of Corinthians, you will see, as to those who are sent by God with the message of His grace and love to men, that they "pray" men to be reconciled to God. Paul says it is even as if God Himself was beseeching people by himself and by others not to hold out any longer against God, not to hate Him, and dread Him, and keep at a distance from Him, but that their hearts should turn to

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Him, and believe the "great love" He has towards them.

The two things, then, which Joseph did are a little picture of what the Saviour in heaven is doing now ; and what Joseph's brothers were told to do may well remind us of what the Lord would have us to be doing, until we are caught up to be "near unto" Him for ever. They were to tell of all Joseph's glory, of all that they had *seen*. In Acts xxvi. we read that Paul was to go and tell everybody of those things which *he* had *seen*. This is what he did, and the telling out the truth about the glory of Christ was the very thing he called "our Gospel," "the Gospel of the glory of Christ" (2 Cor. iv.). And God used the preaching of the Apostle so that many learnt to know Christ for themselves and were brought to enjoy Christ Himself, and His love, and the good things He gives, as Joseph's brethren told about *him*, his kindness, and his greatness, so that every one of the whole large family was brought right away from the land of famine into the land of plenty, where Joseph, their best friend, had it all his own way, and did them nothing but good. We cannot be apostles, dear little children, like Paul was, but we can all tell something about Jesus to some one, and, if God blesses it, they may be brought to Jesus themselves. Let us ask the Lord to *help* us in doing this, so that we may be for Him like the brothers were about Joseph in this chapter in Genesis.

W. Ty.

GOING TO SCHOOL.

At morn, as I walk to the toil of the day,
As all through the year is my rule,
With pleasure I meet, as I haste on my way,
Some children who're going to school.
We nod to each other, and smile as we pass—
A language by each understood—
And one is my darling, a sweet little lass,
Who smiles 'neath a bright scarlet hood.

Her brother protects her—a fine noble boy,
Whose bearing is brave as can be ;
The sight of them both gives my bosom a joy,
And causes its shadows to flee.
And oft I in heart all the children commend
To God, who is gracious and good,
And specially think of my dear little friend,
The lass with the bright scarlet hood.

The young I can love, but there's ONE above all,
Whose love never fails nor is cool,
Who laid down His life both for great and for small,
For children at home and at school.
He welcomes you all ; let Him call not in vain,
But heed Him, as surely ye should ;
Though rich or though poor, dressed in clothes fine or plain,
Or wearing a bright scarlet hood.

T.



DICTIONARY OF THE BIBLE.

(Continued from page 27.)

Ezri (help of the Lord).—Son of Chelub, whom David placed over them that did the work of the field (1 Chron. i. 26).

Fair Havens.—The name of a harbour in Crete, on the south shore, into which the vessel that carried Paul on his way to Rome put in, but which was again abandoned as too exposed for wintering in (Acts xxvii. 8—12). The name still remains in modern Greek, *Kalos Limenas*, so that there is no doubt of the particular place meant by it.

Father.—This term is variously applied in Scripture, and occurs in modes of expression which are not quite usual in European languages :—1, of the immediate male parent ; 2, of the more remote parents or ancestors ; 3, of one occupying somewhat of the position, and exercising to some extent the authority, of a father, as Joseph to Pharaoh (Gen. xiv. 8), or Naaman to his servant (2 Kings v. 13). It is also extended to all who in any respect might be said to originate or have power over any object or persons. For example, the inventor of an art was called its father, or the father of those who practised it. Jubal, “the father of such as dwell in tents” (Gen. iv. 20, 21). Abba is the Chaldaic form of the Hebrew word for father. In New Testament Scripture it occurs in addresses to God ; once by the Lord Jesus (Mark xiv. 36), and twice by the Apostle Paul (Rom.

viii. 15 ; Gal. iv. 6), which seems as if nothing but the familiar and endeared expression could adequately express the feelings of the heart. In the two passages referred to from St. Paul's writings the use of the expression is regarded as a mark of the filial confidence and liberty belonging to Christians. It is remarkable that while in Old Testament times the Lord revealed Himself as a Father to Israel, even called Israel His firstborn, and led them to address Him by the corresponding title, as in Jer. iii. 4, "Wilt thou not from this time cry unto me, My Father, Thou art the Guide of my youth?" yet in reality the Old Testament saints never appear to have done so. Not even in the Psalms, with all the fulness and fervency of their devotional breathings, does the suppliant rise to the true filial cry of "Abba, Father." The spirit of bondage, to some extent, rested upon the soul, and repressed the freedom of its intercourse with God. By the "Our Father," also, at the commencement of the Lord's Prayer, He puts this endearing appellation into the mouth of all His disciples, as by the freedom of access to the holiest, which He provided for them by His blood, He rendered the use of it suitable to their condition. Most fitly, therefore, is the "ABBA, FATHER," given by the Apostle Paul as the distinctive symbol or index of the true Christian relation: "And because ye are sons, God hath sent forth the Spirit of His Son into your hearts, crying, Abba, Father. Wherefore thou art no more

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a servant but a son, then an heir of God through Christ."

The word "father" occurs but a very few times in the Old Testament as applied to God, and these chiefly as Creator, where it is otherwise to His people Israel. "Thou shalt say unto Pharaoh, Thus saith the Lord, Israel is my son, even my firstborn: and I say unto thee, Let my son go, that he may serve me: and if thou refuse to let him go, behold, I will slay thy son, even thy firstborn" (Exod. iv. 22, 23; Deut. xxxii. 6; Isa. lxiii. 16; lxiv. 8; Jer. xxxi. 9). Paul, in speaking to the idolatrous Athenians, tells them that, as we are the offspring of God, we ought not to think that the Godhead is like unto silver or stone, graven by art and man's device (Acts xvii. 29). The common notion of the universal Fatherhood of God is an erroneous one, and has no foundation in Scripture, for no one now can truly call God Father but those who are the children of God by faith in Christ Jesus (Gal. iii. 26; John i. 11—13; John viii. 42).



ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS FOR JANUARY.

1. "Birth." "And the *angel* said unto them, Fear not : for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord" (Luke ii. 10, 11). "Agony." "And there appeared an *angel* unto Him from heaven, strengthening Him. And being in an agony He prayed more earnestly" (Luke xxii. 43, 44). "Death." "And, behold, there talked with Him two men, which were *Moses* and *Elias* : who appeared in glory, and spake of His decease which He should accomplish at Jerusalem" (Luke ix. 30, 31). "Resurrection." "And the *angel* answered and said unto the women, Fear not ye : for I know that ye seek Jesus which was crucified. He is not here : for He is risen, as He said" (Matt. xxviii. 5, 6). "Ascension." "And while they looked stedfastly toward heaven as He went up, behold, two men stood by them in white apparel" (Acts i. 10). "Worship." Let all the angels of God worship Him" (Heb. i. 6 ; Rev. v. 11). "Second coming." "The Son of Man shall come in the glory of His Father with His angels, and then He shall reward every man according to his works" (Matt. xvi. 27). "Whosoever therefore shall be ashamed of Me and of My words in this adulterous and sinful generation, of him also shall the Son of Man be ashamed when He cometh in the glory of His Father with the holy angels" (Mark viii. 38 ; Luke ix. 26).

2. Ungodly (Rom. iv. 5).

3. To know God and Jesus Christ whom He has sent (John xvii. 3 ; vi. 47—55 ; 1 John v. 11—13).

4. "And they that know *Thy name* will put their trust in Thee ; for Thou, Lord, hast *not forsaken* them that seek Thee" (Psalm ix. 10).

5. He understandeth the Word and beareth fruit (Matt. xiii. 23).

6. Because the Lord was his Shepherd (Psalm xxiii. 1).

7. (Proverbs i. 10).

8. "The *secret of the Lord* is with them that fear Him, and He will shew them *His covenant*" (Psalm xxv. 14).

L. L. and B. E. L.

ANSWER TO BIBLE ENIGMA FOR JANUARY.

"Come unto Me."—MATTHEW xi. 28.

C huza	Luke viii. 3.
O rnan	1 Chronicles xxi.
M elchizedek	Genesis xiv. 18.
E sau	Hebrews xii. 16.
U nicorn	Psalms xxii. 21 ; xcii. 10.
N aomi	Ruth i. 21.
T arsus	Acts xxi. 39, &c.
O phir	1 Kings x. 11, &c.
M ary	Luke x. 39 ; John xi. 32 ; xii. 3.
E gypt	Hebrews xi. 29.

T.

"Come unto Me," ye weary ones,
With sin and guilt oppressed,
"Come unto Me," the Saviour says,
And I will give you rest.

L. L.

BIBLE QUESTIONS FOR FEBRUARY.

1. Give six Scriptures that speak of the sluggard, and eight with the word slothful.
2. What are they called who mock at sin ?
3. Show what may be the result of accusing a servant to his master.
4. Give one Scripture which exhorts servants to be obedient and not to answer again.
5. The Proverbs inform us how a foolish man may be known. Give chapters and verses where he is described.
6. What is said of liars in Revelation ?
7. Give the Scripture which says that the cross set aside the handwriting of ordinances.
8. Give one text from Ephesians and one from Colossians which say believers in the Lord Jesus Christ are now risen and made to sit in heavenly places in Him.

BIBLE ENIGMA FOR FEBRUARY.

Whose son was raised by Christ's almighty power?
What "friend of God" proved faithless in a trying hour?
Now tell his name whose parent from the land of Egypt came,
Who cast a lustre on a mother's name?

On whose behalf did Paul the Apostle plead?
Who wept and prayed and for God's city supplication made?

Whose life was saved that many might rejoice?
Who for the ruined temple raised his voice?
Who did with Baal's prophets long contend?

To whom did Abram prove the firmest friend?
Who feared to tell the king the prophet's word?
Where dwelt the judge so faithful to the Lord?
And who, though oft by Satan's wiles deceived,
A man of God's own heart the name received?

The initial letters form a Scripture exhortation
To all who have eternal life, yet work out their salvation.*

*All who have believed in the Lord Jesus Christ have received their soul's salvation (1 Peter i. 9). It is only those who have the salvation of their souls who are exhorted to work out their own salvation, and it is God that "worketh in them to will and to do of His good pleasure" (Phil. ii. 12). We are strengthened to work out our own salvation (or daily deliverance from all evil) by prayer and supplication (Phil. iv. 6), and hiding God's Word in our heart (Psalm cxix. 9—11; see also Josh. i. 8; Psalm xvii. 4).

THE SAVIOUR'S VOICE.

FROM heaven the Lord and Saviour speaks.

Oh, listen! He your blessing seeks;

He calls you to Himself above,

And says, in accents breathing love:

"Oh, flee to Me from all alarms:

Come, children, to My heart and arms.

"On Calv'ry's cross I bow'd My head,

'Twas there My precious blood was shed;

Myself I gave for old and young,

For such as ye, from Adam sprung;

I save from sin and all its harms:

Come, children, to My heart and arms.

"The world, with its ensnaring smiles,

The simple heart of youth beguiles;

It promises a path of joy,

But flatters only to destroy.

Oh, leave its false, delusive charms,

And come ye to My heart and arms.

"Though young in years, ye've felt the smart

Of sorrow and an evil heart;

And something know ye of the fruit

Of sin, that deep and bitter root.

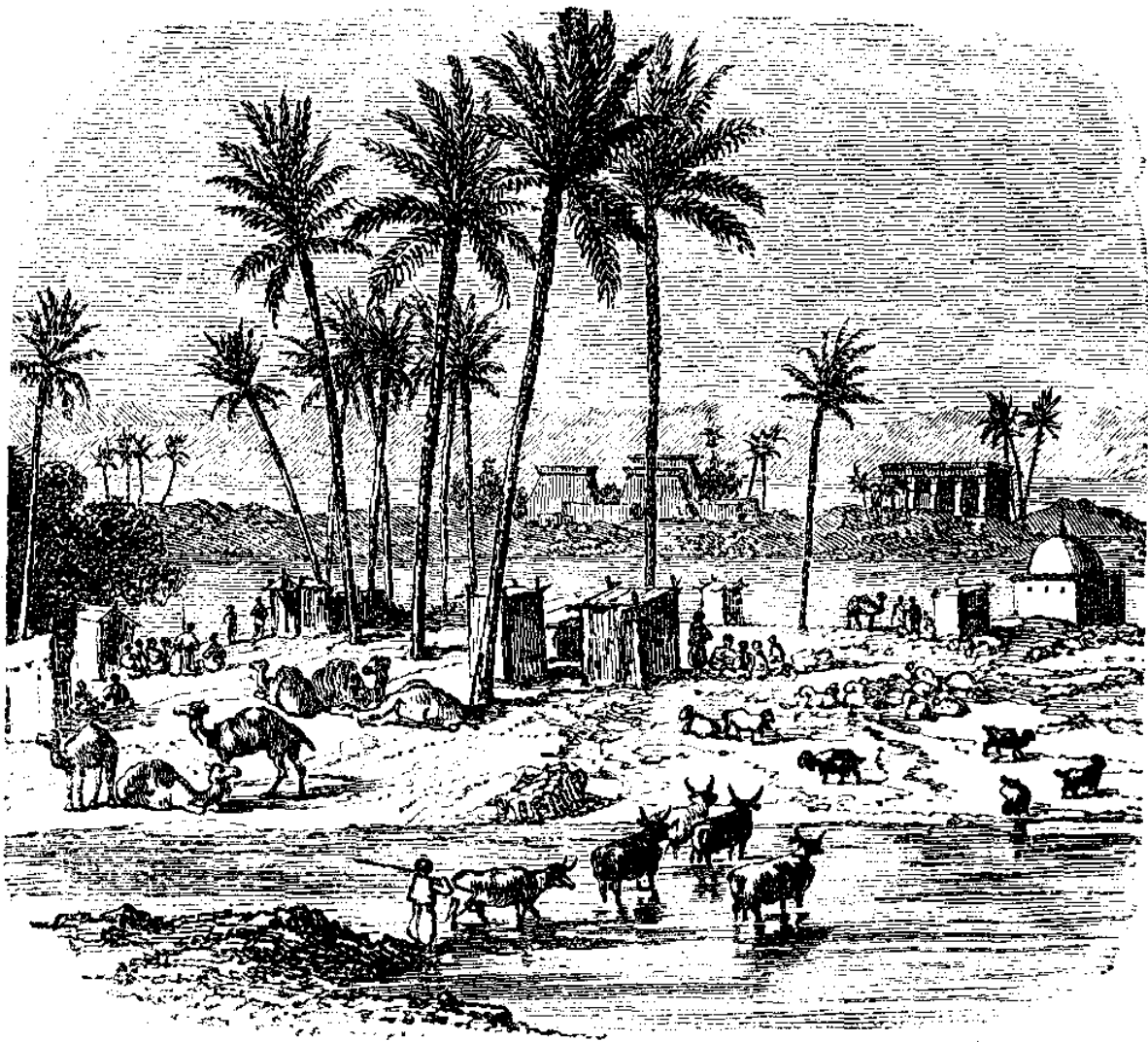
Oh, fear ye Judgment's loud alarms,

And hasten to My heart and arms."

T.

"I SO HAPPY!"

ONE day a little boy was playing with his toys, when at last he said, in a quiet tone, as if giving utterance to that which was passing in his own mind, "I so happy! I so happy!" On his mother inquiring what it was that made him so happy, he said, "I been thinking Jesus up in heaven love me. I love Jesus so much. Jesus love Harry."



THE NILE ; OR, THE RIVER OF EGYPT.

ABOUT PHARAOH AND JOSEPH'S BROTHERS.

(GENESIS xlv.)

JOSEPH was *ruler* over all Egypt, but Pharaoh was *king* of Egypt, and it was he who had given Joseph all the power and glory he enjoyed. So it *might* have been that Pharaoh would not care to have such a lot of people belonging to Joseph to come and live in his country. He might have said, "You know I made a great man of you, Joseph, because you told me my dreams, and I could see you were a clever man, and God was with you ;

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but what have all your brothers done for me that we should be burdened with them and all their families now that no corn is growing in the fields, or likely to for the next five years?" But, instead of talking so, we find that, when he heard what had taken place, "it pleased Pharaoh well," and he was not only *willing* that all Joseph's friends should come and live there, but he even told Joseph to send "waggon's out of the land of Egypt" to fetch them! It turned out that, in the goodness of God, Joseph had been sent into Egypt, not only to "save their lives," but, as it were, to prepare a place for them, that where he was they might be also. And now they were not to be at the expense of going either. They had not to hire vans or carriages to take them and their wives and their little ones, but just to ride in comfort in Pharaoh's waggon's, and eat corn, and wheat, and bread from Egypt all the way. And the great king, whose corn and whose land it all was, seemed as hearty as Joseph himself in getting the poor folks away from the land of famine, and to the land of plenty.

Now, you know, dear children, it was the Lord Jesus who spoke of not only saving "that which was lost," but preparing a place for those who are saved; and it *might* be thought, if the precious Scriptures did not tell us different, that God the Father took no particular interest in our being saved and blessed. He took His dear Son to heaven, it is true, when we (or people like us) had

ABOUT PHARAOH AND JOSEPH'S BROTHERS. 59

put Him to death and buried Him, but that does not say that He would like to have *us* in heaven too. If it pleased Jesus for us to be there, His Father might be *willing*; but does *He*—the very God against whom we have sinned—does He Himself desire that we should be for ever near Him, where there is “fulness of joy”?

There is a way of thinking about God as if it was not so—as if God loved us in some way *less* than the Lord Jesus does. Some people think that all the love for sinners is in the heart of Jesus, and that it is by His death that God is brought to love us and to be willing for us to come to heaven. But it is a very great mistake to think so, and those who have such thoughts never know what it is to be really happy with God. They are afraid of Him, and look upon the Lord Jesus as a sort of *screen* between them and God, so that they may be hidden from His angry face. But, if we read and simply believe what God says in His Word, we shall be saved from all such notions. And I want just to remind you of a few passages which will show you what I mean. I cannot say very much to you about them now, but I would have you read them for yourselves, and think over them, asking the Lord to help you to understand and enjoy them. The first three are :

“God is faithful, *by whom* ye were called unto the fellowship of His Son Jesus Christ our Lord” (1 Cor. i. 9).

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“God, who hath called you unto *His kingdom* and glory” (1 Thess. ii. 12).

“The God of all grace, who hath called us unto *His eternal glory*” (1 Peter v. 10).

From all these we learn that, as Pharaoh called for Joseph's brothers and their families to dwell in *his land* and to be near Joseph, so the blessed God Himself has “called” those who believe in His dear Son to be in the same *family* with Him even now, and in the same glory with Him for ever. And so, if it is the Lord Jesus who speaks to us about “*many mansions*” in His Father's house, it is God who marked us out, before the world was, to be made like Christ in glory, that He might be the Firstborn among “*many brethren*.” Again, it is God who is bringing “*many sons*” unto glory, as we read in the second chapter of the epistle to the Hebrews; and from the first few verses of that to the Ephesians we learn *why* He has done all this. We see as to Joseph's brothers in our chapter that it was not they who asked Pharaoh to let them come and live in Egypt, and it was not Joseph who asked him either, but it was Pharaoh's own thought. “It pleased Pharaoh well,” and *he* said what was to be done. But is it not wonderful that, when we read in Eph. i. v. about God's purpose to make us His children, we see it was because it gave *Him* pleasure to do so? He would have us to know Himself as Jesus does, and to be as near to Him as Jesus is, and He tells us He does it “according

TOO LATE !

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to the good pleasure of *His will*" (see also verses 9, 10, and 11). It is a great blessing for *us*, but it is not because *we* have asked Him that He shows such grace; and it is only through the death of Christ that He can do it without giving up His holiness; yet it is not said to be because even the Lord Jesus asks for it that we are to be for ever before Him and around Him. The gracious God finds pleasure in it *Himself*, and that is why He does it. Think of it, dear young reader, and may God make this wonderful grace of His to be more precious than ever both to you and to me.

W. Ty.

 TOO LATE !

ONLY a few days ago a young man was engaged with others in threshing corn by machine. He was, I am sorry to say, an unconverted person, if common report is to be believed, and not only so, but some say that he was one of those who even doubt that the Bible is God's Word. I do not vouch for this, and hope it is *not* true, but there are too many in these days who laugh at solemn subjects, not only in large towns, but even in quiet rural places, where there are fewer temptations to evil, and where one somehow expects to find at least more *reverence* for the Word of God, although, of course, the *heart* is the same everywhere. These are "scoffers walking after their own lusts" (2 Peter iii.), and, even though that prophecy in Peter

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refers to *Jewish* scoffers, it is true, also, as a "sign of the times" of the Gentiles. Just when judgment, long foretold, is at hand to come, these scoffers, who, as if in *self-mockery* of their unreasoning madness and folly, call themselves "rationalists," abound, and are on the increase everywhere.

Well, whether it be true or not that the young man I speak of actually disbelieved the Bible, and feared not the judgment to come, makes little difference; there are too many who do, and his terrible fate is a solemn warning to all such, and, indeed, to *every* sinner out of Christ. He was on the top of the machine, handling the sheaves, when a poor mouse that had been hiding in the corn sprang out. Full of fun and frolic, he stepped backwards, with a shout of merriment, to catch it, when in an instant his laughter was turned to a cry of terrible agony! Forgetting at the moment that the hole into the interior of the machine was just behind him, he plunged his foot right into it, and in an instant more his leg was caught, drawn in, and torn right out of its socket at the hip! His fearful cry startled all around him, the machine was stopped, and he was lifted down, but it was too late. Such agony could not be borne, and the poor young man, who but a few moments before was in health and full of merriment, was in eternity! His spirit passed beside that engine from earth, and all its sins and follies, into the unseen world. "At an instant, suddenly," he was gone, and

“God, the Judge of all,” alone doth know what his condition now is. Whether he had a moment given him to cry to Jesus, none can know; but *you*, reader, have, and to you this poor young man “being dead yet speaketh.” He warns you from his early grave, and by his death of agony, to “repent towards God,” to judge yourself *as in God’s presence*, into which YOU may as suddenly plunge, of all your wickedness, and “believe on the Lord Jesus Christ,” whose “blood cleanseth from all sin,” and can *alone* save you from judgment. Be not deceived; whether you believe in a hell and a judgment to come or not will not alter the fact one whit. Your belief or disbelief makes no manner of difference to any but *yourself*. If you chose to believe that there were no prisons, no magistrates, no police, would *that* do away with them? Far from it; it would rather be the most likely way to get yourself into trouble, for your disbelief would lead you to do things that would speedily end in punishment. And so it is with those who scoff at God’s Word and the judgment to come. He has said, “AFTER DEATH THE JUDGMENT;” whether you like to believe it or not, He has not asked you; but, if you *disbelieve* it, you are as sure to come into judgment as God is true. If, on the other hand, you will believe it, then, in His mercy to your sin-stained soul, He has offered you salvation from it by the blood of Christ. Listen, then, to the cry of agony that rang out from that terrible death-bed on the threshing

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machine, and "believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."

"NOW is the accepted time; behold, NOW is the day of salvation." The very next hour that strikes on the old church clock may be TOO LATE !

DANGER AND DELIVERANCE.—THE BLESSING OF OBEDIENCE.

SEE that train of carriages speeding its rapid course along the railway, borne along by the fearful force of the steam-engine. A boy is standing, unconscious of danger, in the direct line by which the train, travelling at this tremendous rate, must shortly pass. And oh ! mark the father of that dear boy—a pointsman on the railway—who sees too late the peril in which his son is placed. It is useless now for him to signal to the engine driver to stop or check the speed of the train. And then his child is at too great a distance from him to give him time to run and snatch him off the line. And, if he should call to him to run away quickly, he fears that with the heedlessness of childhood he will fall on the rail, and thus get under the wheels of the carriages. Poor unhappy father ! what can he do ? Is there no way of saving the life of his dear boy ? Must he see his son perish before his eyes ? With the quickness of perception which his experience gives him, and with the energy with which love for his child animates him, he sees

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one possible way of escape. But will the child take that way? That is the question. There is, however, no time to deliberate. If the father acts, he must act immediately. He therefore calls to his boy in a loud and authoritative tone of voice, desiring him to lie down at full length in the middle of the railway, just where he is. And oh!—beautiful to relate—the boy unhesitatingly obeys his father's direction, and in a moment the train dashes on its way over the prostrate child. He quietly keeps his position until the train has passed, when the father has the great joy of receiving his dear boy, not only alive, but entirely free from injury.

You may perhaps think, my dear young friends, that this is a piece of imagination, but I assure you that it is not. It is only a representation of an occurrence which was related some time ago as having actually taken place. It is a beautiful instance—is it not?—of what an earnest and loving father will do for his child in a time of dreadful danger. But oh! mark especially that the boy, under the mercy of God, owed his life to his unwavering obedience to his father. If he had for a moment hesitated in submitting to his direction, his life would have paid the forfeit. In this instance, at least, he acted as a wise child. He heard his father's voice—he obeyed—and his life was preserved. One can only hope that he continues to honour and obey his father, to whose love and ready judgment he is so much indebted.

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Might not each young reader say to himself or herself, "Well, here's a lesson for me"? God has at all times set a great value upon the obedience of children to their parents, and upon their honouring their father and mother. The fifth commandment, which He gave by Moses to His people Israel, is a plain declaration of this. It is called in the New Testament "*the first commandment with promise,*" the promise being that the days of those who honoured father and mother should "be long upon the land," that is, in Canaan. This cannot, of course, be your case, dear children, but it shows us that God has from the first attached a special blessing to the honouring of parents. And He plainly teaches and exhorts children who are believers in the Lord Jesus Christ, and who are, therefore, "children of God," as well as children of their parents, to "obey parents in all things, for this is well pleasing unto the Lord." I have selected a few of the passages from the Word of God on this important subject, to which, as I have given references, I hope each young reader will turn, and may God grant them His rich blessing in the perusal :—Exodus xx. 12 ; Deuteronomy xxi. 18—21 ; Proverbs i. 7—9 ; iv. 1—4 ; vi. 20—23 ; Matthew xv. 4 ; Luke ii. 51, 52 ; Ephesians vi. 1—3 ; Colossians iii. 20.

Will you also kindly read the whole of the fifteenth chapter of the first book of Samuel, taking special notice of the twenty-second verse? How blessedly the Lord Jesus, "in the days of His

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flesh," spoke of and manifested His obedience to His Father! These are a few of His precious words : " Even so, Father : for so it seemed good in Thy sight." " Father, if Thou be willing, remove this cup from Me ; nevertheless, not My will, but Thine, be done." " I seek not Mine own will, but the will of the Father, which hath sent Me." " I do always those things that please Him." " I have glorified Thee on the earth ; I have finished the work which Thou gavest me to do."

Did you notice, dear child, that there was but one way by which the life of the boy on the railway could be preserved ? If he had not taken, and taken instantly, that one and only way, he must have perished. And did you observe another thing—that his life was saved simply by his acting in obedience to his father's command ? If he had only listened to his words, and had not acted on them, he must have been dashed to pieces. Now, you have been truly taught that God has only one way of saving sinners, and, young though you be, you know that you are a sinner. You have often heard the precious words, " God so loved the world, that He gave His only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." And concerning " the name of Jesus Christ " it is written, " Neither is there salvation in any other : for there is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved." Have you, then

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believed in Him who bears that name? Have you trusted in Him and His precious blood? If you have, then you have everlasting life, and will never perish. But, if you have not believed in Him, I would, with all the earnestness with which the father urged his dear boy to escape from certain destruction, entreat you to delay no longer, but to come to Jesus NOW, that you may not perish, but have everlasting life.

The incident above related occurred in Prussia, and it is recorded that the king, on being made acquainted with it, was so pleased with the promptitude shown by the father in such trying circumstances that he sent for him and presented him with a medal of honour in testimony of his approbation. T.

“WHERE HAST THOU GLEANED TO-DAY?”

(RUTH ii.)

My soul, where hast thou gleaned to-day?

In Truth's ripe harvest field?

The Lord thy search doth well repay,

And makes it blessing yield.

My soul,

He makes it blessing yield.

Hast thou, with meek and lowly mind,

Like earnest, cleaving Ruth,

Thyself prepar'd to seek and find

Some ears of precious Truth?

My soul,

Some ears of precious Truth?

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In weakness hast thou firmly clung
To Him, thy Strength and Lord?
What utterance gave His gracious tongue?
What word canst thou record?
My soul,
What word canst thou record?

Thou didst but look for scatter'd ears,
The droppings of the sheaves,
But he that firm to Christ adheres
Abundance e'er receives.
My soul,
Abundance e'er receives.

Hast thou close by the reapers kept,
With those who're pure and chaste?
From tempting paths with prudence stepped?
His holy footsteps traced?
My soul,
His holy footsteps traced?

Hast thou thy morsel eaten up
In company divine?
And did He bless thy sober cup
With taste of heavenly wine?
My soul,
With taste of heavenly wine?

If with Himself thou art suffic'd,
And fill'd with grace and truth,
Hast thou no word to say of Christ
To weary age and youth?
My soul,
To weary age and youth?



THE BEE AND THE GOLDEN BUTTERFLY.

A FABLE FOR CHILDREN.

(Continued from page 44.)

THE golden butterfly, born of a chrysalis, which was once a caterpillar, had never seen a winter. From the moment that she sprang on her untried wings into the light she had known only summer's

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gladness, or if, perchance, a shower drove her to retreat beneath some broad leaf, it was but to find, when the sun shone out again, the flowers glistening with rain drops, and all the sweeter afterwards when his rays had dried their tears.

"Winter! what is winter?" (Matt. xiii. 19) she asked as she hovered aimlessly over the sunlit fish-pond, where rays of light from the grotto gleamed like diamonds set in shells; where the martagon lilies stooped over their own shadows in the water, and turned the limpid waves to scarlet, while the gold-fish basked beneath them, and the birds, too warm to sing or fly, sat leisurely pluming themselves in the ferns that sprang from the mimic rock where the fountain played.

"Who in their senses would believe in winter and flowers fading?" (Acts xiii. 40, 41) she added as she flitted again on her radiant wings amid the fragrant blossoms. "Where were all the wild bee's wits, I wonder? Waxed up, I suppose, as they may well be when half his time is spent in storing honey in the gloomy cells he spoke of. Poor plodding thing! how I pity the folly that is ever thinking of a winter that will never come, instead of enjoying the present as I do," she continued, tasting a honeysuckle and kissing a rose (Eccles. xi. 9). As she touched the latter, its petals fell and strewed the garden bed. "Ah, well," said she, "if *that* is all he meant by flowers fading, who cares? Where one falls many take its place; for these rosebuds are opening even now, and there

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are more buds than blossoms on this one rose tree. What matters it if here or there a full-blown flower falls, so that my enjoyments grow no less?" (Isa. lvi. 12.)

Yet still that sonorous hum with which the wild bee sped on his homeward way would ring in her ears, and, in spite of her efforts to disbelieve in the coming time foretold (2 Thess. i. 7—10), those solemn words, "death to all who like yourself are unprepared to meet it," clung to her memory and made her tremble (Acts xxiv. 25). "What an unfeeling speech, to be sure!" she whimpered, "but it is like a bee, he always bears a sting! Perhaps, after all, he only said it to annoy me. I will ask my cousin the caterpillar what she thinks of it," and fluttering over the garden fence she went careering down the shady lane, now high above the hedges, now down below; now on this side, now on that; until at last, in her rambling flight, she spied a caterpillar feeding on a leaf, and, settling down beside her, asked abruptly,

"When will winter come?"

"Winter!" exclaimed the caterpillar, looking up in some surprise, "what makes you think of winter?"

"The wild bee says it is coming," replied the golden butterfly, "and that it will be a time of rough winds and stormy skies, an iron-bound earth, and death to all who are unprepared to meet it" (Rom. ii. 8, 9), she added, quoting his words exactly.

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"Pooh, pooh, my dear, don't heed his nonsense!" cried the other. "In all *my* experience (she was some weeks older than her neighbour, having been hatched by the sun in early spring from a butterfly's egg on a leaf)—in all my experience I never heard of such a terrible time, and don't believe a word of it" (Prov. xxviii. 5).

"Just as I supposed," exclaimed the heedless creature, gleefully; "just as I supposed! he only said it to annoy me."

"Envy, my dear, envy!" suggested the caterpillar, soothingly. "Your glorious wings, the happy life you lead (ah, me! I would that mine were like it!), might well contrast painfully with his own poor suit of sober brown and life of ceaseless toil. Depend upon it, the spiteful bee was envious of your happiness, and wanted to destroy it" (Prov. xxix. 5); and, satisfied with her own conclusions, the caterpillar set to work to saw round holes in quick succession in the leaf she stood upon.

Delighted with her flattery, and glad to be built up in unbelief, the butterfly thanked her cousin warmly, and, mounting again on her golden wings, took her way back to the garden (Heb. iii. 13).

The sun was setting as she entered it again, and the grotto, the fish-pond, and the flower-beds were all aglow with golden light. It trembled in the rain drops that hung on leaf and blossom, it sparkled from the shells, and turned the quiet waters

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into flame. The birds were warbling their evening chorus; loud and long it chimed with the refrain of the tinkling fountain; and the mingled scent of a thousand blossoms went up like incense to the summer's sky.

"Winter, indeed!" cried the jubilant butterfly, bounding over the lofty hedge, and plunging at once into this sea of beauty, light, and fragrance. "*Winter*, indeed! Who will now believe the gloomy dreamer's words? 'A time of rough winds and stormy skies, an iron-bound earth,' and so forth. Ha! ha! it looks like it truly! Upon the word of a golden butterfly, that bee deserves—well, he deserves the misery his gloom and envy prompt him to foretell so readily for others" (Gal. iv. 16); and so saying she sought a snug retreat in a jessamine bower, where, safe from the piercing eye of the night-hawk, she settled her wings till she looked like a flower growing from the middle of a leaf, and slept through the short summer night. The midges kept high revelry as they danced up and down beneath the twilit boughs to the grasshopper's song and the evening beetle's drone, the pale moth flitted among the shadows, and the fire-fly, sitting in the grass, lent her light to the numberless tiny creatures that sported in the gloom or fed on the herbage around her (Matt. xxiv. 38, 39; 1 Thess. v. 3).

(*Concluded (D. V.) next month.*)



THE POOR DEBTOR.

I WANT to tell you a true story about a poor man who lives in a country town not many miles from London, who, having been ill and out of work, was unable to pay his rates. The money had been demanded in vain, and at last an execution summons was issued and placed in the hands of the superintendent of police whose duty it was to put it in force. Law knows no pity, and the law in this case was that, unless the money were paid, the man's goods were to be seized, and, if there were not sufficient goods to clear all the expenses, the poor man would have to go to prison.

The superintendent was a kind-hearted man, and at the entreaties of the debtor had repeatedly put off executing the warrant ; but at last the time came when it could be put off no longer, and the only answer he could make to the poor man's prayer for time was, " Well, J——, I will wait till to-morrow, and then I must have money or goods, or you must go to prison." The poor debtor, who had hoped day after day for returning health and work in vain, went away broken-hearted, for he felt it would be utterly impossible for him to meet the demand. I am sure you will pity him, for he was willing and even anxious to pay, but had no power to do so, nor any hope of having it. How much this poor debtor's case reminds one of the poor anxious sinner who knows he has " come short of the glory of God," yet can do *nothing* to

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pay the terrible debt he owes to God. Grace has shown him from God's Word that he is a debtor—a sinner; he hopes to become *better*, but the longer he waits the worse his case becomes. Judgment awaits him, and he knows it, and every day brings him nearer to it; there is *no* escape if his deliverance is to depend on himself, for he can no more *do* anything to help himself than this poor debtor. Well, while the superintendent was speaking to the poor man, a rich person was standing by and overheard all that was said, and, as the officer walked away, he followed him, remarking, "It seems a very sad case."

"It is," replied the superintendent, "the man would pay if he could, but I know he cannot."

On hearing this, the gentleman took out his purse, paid all demands, and set the debtor free.

You may guess the joy of the poor man when, instead of having his home made desolate and himself a prisoner, as he fully expected on the much-dreaded "to-morrow," he heard, "THE DEBT IS PAID!" Don't you think he believed it? No doubt of it, for he was only too glad to do so; yet how often it happens that even when a person is anxious about his sins he still refuses to believe God, who tells him, "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin" (1 John i.); he still hesitates to take Jesus at His word, although He says, "It is finished!" (John xix.); he goes on doubting the testimony of the Holy Ghost, who declares of all who look to Jesus,

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“Their sins and iniquities WILL I REMEMBER NO MORE” (Heb. x.).

The poor man would hardly so *insult* the kind superintendent as to doubt his word when he told him that the debt was all paid, yet how many thus insult the God of all grace day after day although He tells them in so many ways in His Word that His blessed Son has “put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself” (Heb. ix. 26), and that, therefore, they have nothing whatever to do but only to “believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and *they* shall be saved!” The poor man, you know, did nothing whatever towards paying the debt; it was *all done for him* by another. Now, “this is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners,” and He has DONE ALL for them; so that “whosoever will” may “take the water of life freely,” and thus believe and be happy like THE POOR DEBTOR.

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(Continued from page 52.)

“*Feasts of Charity*,” or *Love Feasts*.—The early Christians congregated together to partake of a common meal, which were called love feasts (Jude 12).

Felix Antonius.—A freeman of the Emperor Claudius Felix, was governor of Judea at the time of St. Paul’s seizure and imprisonment at Jerusalem.

The precise period of his appointment to that province is involved in obscurity.

Ferret.—One of the animals forbidden to be eaten by the Israelites. It is impossible to say what animal is intended by this word, as an appellation. It occurs only in Lev. xi. 30; but the same word and its root occur repeatedly elsewhere, and always with the signification of crying, sighing, or groaning. Some animal of minute size, reckoned among the “creeping things” which has the habit of crying out, must be looked for.

Festus Portius.—The successor of Felix in the government of Judea. He received his appointment from Nero, and held it till his death, which was not long after. He is mentioned in connection with the case of the Apostle Paul, which was brought under his notice shortly after his arrival at Cæsarea. He was a man of superior character to Felix, and would, in all probability, have set Paul at liberty if he had understood precisely what the question at issue was, and what were the aims and tactics of Paul’s opponents. But being ignorant of these, and having proposed, after a brief and partial hearing of the case, to have the matter transferred for a fuller hearing to Jerusalem, Paul, well foreseeing what advantage would be taken of such a course, appealed to Cæsar.

This he had a right to do as a Roman citizen, and Festus had no alternative but to sustain the appeal (Acts xxiv.; xxvii. 25). The only further notice we have of him is in respect to the visit

paid him shortly after by Agrippa and Bernice, during which he took occasion to mention the case of Paul, and, finding it would be agreeable to his distinguished guests, he gave the Apostle an opportunity of declaring his case in the audience of the whole court. He was himself astonished at what he heard; but conceiving all to proceed from the fervours of a heated imagination, aided by the dreamy speculations of Eastern lore, he said to Paul, "Thou art beside thyself: much learning doth make thee mad," which drew forth the spirited and striking reply, "I am not mad, most noble Festus, but speak forth the words of truth and soberness."

Fig Tree.—The Hebrew word "Teenah," and the Greek word "Sycé" or "Sucé," are translated fig and fig tree in Scripture. The tree is characterized by its fruit, which is formed by an enlarged succulent hollow receptacle, containing the flowers in its interior. The flowers of the fig tree are never apparent to the eye, but are contained in those fruit-like bodies produced on the axils of the leaves, and it is not till one of these is opened that the flowers are visible. What is, therefore, termed the fruit is merely the receptacle become fleshy, and assuming the form of a hollow body, bearing on the interior the flowers or fruit of the fig. The fig is the first tree mentioned by name in Scripture (Gen. iii. 7). The fig-tree is employed to indicate the peace and prosperity of a nation (1 Kings iv. 25; Micah iv. 4).

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Sennacherib, king of Assyria, wished the inhabitants of Jerusalem to surrender, and said, "Make an agreement with me by a present, and come out to me, and then eat ye every man of his own vine, and every one of his fig tree" (2 Kings xviii. 31; Isa. xxxvi. 16). Figs constitute an important article of food in Eastern countries, and are eaten both in a fresh and dried condition. In the latter state they are spoken of as being made into cakes, called "debelim."

Abigail brought two hundred cakes of figs to David and his men (1 Sam. xxv. 18), and the armies that came to David in Hebron brought cakes of figs (1 Chron. xii. 40). A piece of a cake of figs was given to the Egyptian who was found in a famishing state in the field (1 Sam. xxx. 12). Good and bad figs are used by Jeremiah as emblems of good and evil (Jer. xxiv.). The failure, destruction, and falling of the figs are mentioned as indications of the judgments of the Lord (Psa. cv. 33; Isa. xxxiv. 4; Jer. v. 17; viii. 13; Hosea ii. 12; Joel i. 7, 12; Rev. vi. 13). Figs were used (and are still) as a laxative, and are most conducive to health.

Thus Isaiah ordered a lump of figs to be laid on the boil with which Hezekiah was afflicted, and he recovered (2 Kings xx. 7; Isa. xxxviii. 21). It appears from this Scripture they were used as a poultice.

Different crops of figs are produced during the year. Early figs appeared in spring (Jer. xxiv. 2).

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Isaiah, Hosea, and Nahum refer to the early or first ripe figs, or the hasty fruits before the summer (Isa. xxviii. 4; Hos. ix. 10; Nahum iii. 12). The early green fruit is alluded to in the Song of Solomon ii. 13. Besides the forward figs of spring, there were also summer and autumn figs. When Jesus was proceeding from Bethany, He hungered, and when He saw a fig tree in the way, He came to it, and found nothing thereon but leaves only (Matt. xxi. 18, 19).

The period was early, and, according to Mark, "the time of figs was not yet" (Mark xi. 13); still, as the tree was in full leaf, it might have been expected that some early figs would have been found. Finding no appearance whatever of fruit, however, the Lord said to the tree, "Let no fruit grow on thee henceforward for ever; and presently the fig tree withered away."

ANSWER TO BIBLE QUESTIONS FOR FEBRUARY.

1. "Sluggard." "Go to the ant, thou *sluggard*; consider her ways, and be wise" (Prov. vi. 6). "How long wilt thou sleep, O *sluggard*? when wilt thou arise out of thy sleep?" (ver. 9.) "As vinegar to the teeth, and as smoke to the eyes, so is the *sluggard* to them that send him" (x. 26). "The soul of the *sluggard* desireth, and hath nothing: but the soul of the diligent shall be made fat" (xiii. 4). "The *sluggard* will not plow by reason of the cold; therefore shall he beg in harvest, and have nothing" (xx. 4). "The *sluggard* is wiser in his own conceit than seven men that

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can render a reason" (xxvi. 16). "Slothful." "The *slothful* man roasteth not that which he took in hunting: but the substance of a diligent man is precious" (xii. 27). "The way of the *slothful* man is as an hedge of thorns: but the way of the righteous is made plain" (xv. 19). "He that is *slothful* in his work is brother to him that is a great waster" (xviii. 9). "A *slothful* man hideth his hand in his bosom, and will not so much as bring it to his mouth again" (xix. 24). "The desire of the *slothful* killeth him; for his hands refuse to labour" (xxi. 25). "The *slothful* man saith, There is a lion without, I shall be slain in the streets" (xxii. 13). "I went by the field of the *slothful*," &c. (xxiv. 30). "As the door turneth upon his hinges, so doth the *slothful* upon his bed" (xxvi. 14).

2. "Fools make a mock at sin" (Prov. xiv. 9).

3. "Accuse not a servant unto his master, lest he curse thee, and thou be found guilty" (Prov xxx. 10).

4. "Exhort servants to be obedient to their own masters, and to please them well in all things, not answering again" (Titus ii. 9).

5. Proverbs x. 18, 23; xiii. 16; xiv. 3, 8, 16; xv. 5, 14, 20; xvii. 12, 16; xviii. 2, 6, 7; xxiii. 9; xxiv. 7; xxvii. 3; xxix. 11. We read in Ecclesiastes, "A fool's voice is known by the multitude of words" (v. 3). Read also x. 12—14.

6. That they "shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone" (Rev. xxi. 8). That they shall in no wise enter into the New Jerusalem (xxi. 27; xxii. 15).

7. "Blotting out the handwriting of ordinances that was against us, which was contrary to us, and took it out of the way, nailing it to His cross" (Col. ii. 14; Ephes. ii. 15, 16).

8. "And *hath* raised us up together, and made us sit together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus" (Ephes. ii. 6). "Buried with Him in baptism, wherein also ye are risen with Him through faith of the operation of God, who hath raised Him from the dead" (Col. ii. 12).

M. A.

ANSWER TO BIBLE ENIGMA FOR FEBRUARY.

“Wait on the Lord.”—PSA. xxvii. 14.

- W idow indeed was the one at Nain, (Luke vii. 12)
Whose son Christ raised to life again.
A braham said of his wife, through fear, (Gen. xii. 12 ; xxi. 9)
That she was his sister, which cost him dear.
I shmael was Hagar the Egyptian's son, (Gen. xvi. 15 ; xxi. 9)
Who from her mistress's house did run.
T imothy learnt at his mother's knee (2 Tim. i. v. ; iii. 15)
The Scriptures, which ever our guide should be.
- O nesimus was pleaded for by one (Philemon i. 10)
Who loved and cared for him as his son.
N ehemiah wept, and was sorely moved (Neh. i. iv. ; ii. 3)
For the city of God, which he greatly loved.
- T abitha sat up when she heard Peter's voice, (Acts ix. 40, 41)
Which made the widows and saints rejoice.
H aggai raised his voice, and prayed (Haggai ii. 3, 4)
For the temple, which in ruins laid.
E lijah proved that Baal was stone, (1 Kings xviii. 25)
And Israel's God was God alone.
- L ot found in Abraham a friend indeed, (Gen. xiv. 13, 16)
Who helped him in his greatest need.
O badiah feared to tell Elijah's word, (1 Kings ix. 12)
Lest Ahab should slay him by the sword.
R amah, where Samuel, the prophet of God, (1 Sam. vii. 17)
Judged Israel, and made his abode. [Acts xiii. 22)
D avid escaped, when Saul at him aimed, (1 Sam. xiii. 14 ;
“Man after God's own heart” was he named.

“Wait on the Lord,” ye fearful saints,
Sufficient is His word ;
For strength He gives to those who faint,
Oh, “wait, then, on the Lord.” I. L.

BIBLE QUESTIONS FOR MARCH.

1. Give one Scripture where men were blamed by God for clapping their hands and stamping their feet.
2. Give three Scriptures which speak of the Christian's head, two of which inform us how it is to be adorned.
3. What does Scripture say sinners would not do, though one rose from the dead and went to them?
4. Give Scripture which speaks of Joseph being hurt with fetters and laid in iron.
5. Give chapter and verse which speak of the Lord "hearing the heavens," and they hearing the earth, and the earth hearing the corn and the wine and the oil, and the three last hearing Jezreel.
6. Give the Scripture which says, "My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me?"
7. Give two texts where Jesus spoke of Himself as being in heaven when He was here on earth.
8. Give Scripture which tells us that the disciples did not pray to God in the name of Jesus while He was upon earth.

BIBLE ENIGMA FOR MARCH.

- What words are said to be sweet like a honeycomb?
What is it that pursues sinners?
What is the sacrifice of the wicked to the Lord?
What is said to be grievous to those who go astray?
What is it that is called rottenness of the bones?

Answer these questions from the book of Proverbs; then take the initial letters of the principal words, and you will find a special bequest of the Saviour.



THE SWALLOW-TAILED BUTTERFLY.

THE BEE AND THE GOLDEN BUTTERFLY.

(Concluded from page 74.)

AND so the summer fled by, and the fruitful autumn came and began to colour the leafy woods and hedges with tints that rivalled in their richness the wings of the golden butterfly. The martagon lilies one by one drooped and died beside the fish-pond, and their scarlet shadows faded from

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its margin ; the fragrant blossoms of the jasmine bower fell away, and

“ Their odorous beauty, like a wreath
Of sunshine on life's hours,”

was sorely missed from the old garden ; a few late roses still hung on the spray, the rest had scattered their petals on the garden beds. Many a flower beside was gone, and, although others blossomed in their stead, some even more gaudy in their hues, there were none so rich in fragrance nor in the juices the butterfly had once found so plentiful that as she had said “ I do but touch the blossoms as I pass, and gather all I need ” (Job xx. 4, 5). Dear young reader, “ the Word of the Lord ” is *now* so abundant on every hand that the heedless worldling, in only passing by, may gather all that is needed to salvation ; yet, content to touch and go, he stores not up that precious Word, but is more than satisfied to “ taste the heavenly gift and good Word of God ” (Heb. vi.), and go on his way despising HIM to whom it points, and the riches of His goodness, and forbearance, and long-suffering, not knowing that the goodness of God leadeth *him* to repentance (Rom. ii.). - But this abundance of the Word of Life will not continue (Amos viii. 11, 12), for the long, long summer of Gospel grace is closing fast, like the butterfly's brief season of enjoyment (Rev. xxii. 20).

The brown uplands told that the freshness of summer was passing, and that the time to gather in the fruits of the earth was at hand (Matt.

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xiii. 30), the berries were reddening in the wild-rose bush and hawthorn hedge, and the rich ripe corn in many a field far and wide sent up its own peculiar fragrance day and night in the warm autumnal sunshine or beneath the harvest moon (Heb. xiii. 15). All plainly spoke of a time of ingathering, and then—of desolation (Isa. xiii. 9, 11; Matt. xiii. 41, 42). Yet the golden butterfly took no heed, for she understood not the signs around her (Matt. xvi. 2, 3). To her the autumnal heat, the ruddy tints of leaf and berry fast increasing in every hedgerow, copse, and thicket, the glowing hues of numberless dahlias and chrysanthemums, and all the host of composites that so richly clothed the garden beds with colours of every shade, from the deepest purple to the purest white, told of decided “progress” (Prov. i. 32). The deep old lanes were all alight with star-like flowers, the purple heather clothed the rugged hill-tops, and the glories of the golden blossom of the furze outvied the beauty of the garden’s wealth of flowers. Her range grew wider now, and she was often seen along the lanes and on the hill fluttering here and there on her unweary wings, or clinging for the moment to some new-found joy, aimless of purpose, save to discover some untried gratification or fresh delight (Acts xvii. 21; Prov. xxi. 17); and when at times she saw the wild bee still busily gathering juices to turn to honey for himself and others, she mocked at his pleasant toil and counted him a fool (1 Cor. ii. 14; iv. 10).

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"Still moiling and toiling!" she cried, derisively, when pleasure-hunting on the hill one day she saw the bee at his old work. "Still moiling and toiling!" (Prov. xi. 12.)

"Still storing honey," he responded, circling over a bed of wild thyme in full bloom and humming to himself meanwhile (1 Pet. ii. 2; Col. iii. 16).

"One would think you had enough of such useless stores already," said the butterfly, making her toilette, as she sat in the sun perched on a shining blossom of the golden furze (Prov. xiii. 13).

"We need it all," replied the bee, "and find the reward of our labour at last" (2 Tim. iii. 16, 17; Psa. xix. 7—11).

"And how long will it be before that 'last' comes?" asked the other, sarcastically.

"When both the occasion for storing and the opportunity end together," he replied, busy among the blossoms of the fragrant thyme (John xiv. 3; 1 Cor. xiii. 12).

"Occasion, indeed!" she exclaimed with an audible titter, jerking hither and thither to look on the glowing autumnal scene. "To talk of occasion for storing seems to me more absurd than ever (Isa. xxviii. 22; Jude 18). As to the opportunity, you are heartily welcome to make the most of it. For myself I grow tired of the juices you prize so highly, and prefer more solid enjoyments;" and so saying she began to nibble the petal she was

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rocking on, like the caterpillar race to which she belonged, for as the season advanced her habits of feeding changed (2 Peter ii. 22).

"I have seen your withering mark on many a flower," said the bee, indignantly, "and wondered whence it came (Prov. xxi. 4; Rom. v. 12). But the stores you mock at will last when your 'solid enjoyments' are gone" (Prov. x. 28; 1 Peter i. 24, 25).

"Gone!" echoed the butterfly, contemptuously, as, launching away on her splendid wings, she flutters along through the sunlit scene all glowing in autumnal ripeness. "When will they be gone?" she asks in derision as she hovers again over the old fish-pond, where the white water-lilies, now in full bloom,

"Stilly and lightly their vases rest

On the quivering sleep of the water's breast,"

and their broad leaves, so refreshingly green, afford her a cool resting-place in the blazing heat of an autumnal noon.

"In *my* opinion (for truth with her was all matter of opinion), things remain pretty much as they were, or, if there be any difference, it is decidedly for the better" (2 Peter iii. 4.)

Time stole on, and the butterfly's joys knew no stint, but rather increased than otherwise. The berries grew more ruddy, the woods more golden, the heather on the hill more purple, many a flower that had blossomed and died early in the year had risen again, and, although the ripened

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grain was reaped at last and carried home (1 Thess. iv. 16, 17), it mattered not to her, for the cornflower and the poppy that had grown up with it were left behind, and they were more to her taste (Matt. xxv. 10, 11; Prov. xiii. 20). From morning's dawn to evening time she was ever on the wing, more jubilant, if possible, than before, and more confident than ever in her own opinions (2 Tim. iii. 13; 2 Thess. ii. 11).

The flowery lanes, the heath-clad hill, the stubble-field (Isa. xxix. 17), in turns were visited, and in each and all she found some new delight. From the lowliest wild flower to the majestic dahlia she gathered sustenance, and her "withering mark," as the wild bee had called the brown spot left by her bite, showed where she had been (Jer. vi. 28).

And yet there were moments when the golden butterfly felt an occasional qualm steal over her, for as autumn waned the nights were often chilly, and even when the wished-for morning came at last, the heavy dews would lie so long upon the blossoms that she was at times half famished before she could break her fast, and would wander up and down the garden, not daring to touch the drenched plants, lest she should utterly ruin her brilliant wings (Job xv. 23). Storms, too, began to be more frequent, and the pouring rains alarmed her sorely as she crouched for shelter beneath some wide leaf or branch, for exposure to its force was certain death to the delicate butterfly.

THE BEE AND THE GOLDEN BUTTERFLY. 91

But when the clouds were past, and the sun poured down his rays on garden, pond, and grotto, turned the fountain's falling spray to mimic rainbows, the tinted leaves to shining gold, and made the rich array of flowers glow again in all the glory of their many colours, till they seemed as though

“They laughed into beauty at that bright spell,”

she hovered high over the scene, shook off her fears, and mocked the wild bee's warning words to scorn—“a time of rough winds and stormy skies, . . . and death to all who like yourself are unprepared to meet it” (Joel i. 15 ; Isa. v. 18, 19).

“The harvest was past, the summer was ended” (Jer. viii. 20), and the year was growing old. The time

“Of wailing winds and naked woods
And meadows brown and sere ”

began to be too evidently at hand ; yet, by shutting out conviction, the poor foolish butterfly thought (like many who would consider themselves wiser than she) to put off the evil day for ever (Amos vi. 3, 7 ; Isa. xlvii. 7). Tempted by a sunny afternoon to wander farther than usual from the old garden in pursuit of those pleasures which had of late become less abundant than they once were, the sky suddenly became overcast, the wind arose, and distant thunder told that the storm was coming. She was on the hill-side far from all shelter, for the half-dried furze afforded none ; the heather was brown, the ferns were withered, and

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not a tree grew there. And now as the blast came down in all its fury, and the vivid lightning flashed, followed instantly by a peal of thunder that shook the solid hills (Isa. xiii. 13), and then with a rush the torrent pouring from the black ominous-looking clouds seemed to make the brown earth smoke, the words of the wild bee recurred to her memory in all their force : " A time of rough winds and stormy skies, . . . and death to all who like yourself are unprepared to meet it." Unprepared she surely was, for for her there was no refuge (Isa. xxxii. 2 ; Heb. vi. 18) ; and, driven headlong before the gale, until beaten down by the mingled rain and hail (Job xxi. 17, 18), she sank struggling, torn, and dying to the ground. Then the storm passed by as suddenly as it had come, the sun shined out again with his wonted power, the birds began to sing, and all nature seemed to be rejoicing.

" Ah ! " said she, making a last vain effort to rise, as she lay dying there, " I shall never fly again. The bee, whom I despised, is safely housed with his endless stores, but for me it is TOO LATE ! " (Luke xiii. 25—28.)

Dear reader, this little fable is meant to show you the ANTI-PILGRIM'S PROGRESS from doubt and indifference down to absolute contempt for God's precious Word, and positive infidelity at last. Then the end, everlasting ruin ! But, unless you refer to every passage of Scripture given, the allegory will not be understood, and you will gain

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nothing from it. I hope you will do so, as the main object has been to bring before you as much as possible of the Word of God on this solemn subject. *You* have many opportunities of hearing and reading God's Word: beware of *indifference*, *doubt*, and *unbelief* (Prov. i. 24—31).

MORE ABOUT PHARAOH AND JOSEPH'S BROTHERS.

(GENESIS xlv. 20.)

"ALSO regard not your stuff: for the good of all the land of Egypt is yours." That was what Pharaoh told Joseph to say to his friends who were coming to live near him. They were not to trouble a bit about bringing anything with them, but just come as empty as they pleased, for Pharaoh to fill them with his good things. Whatever they had laboured for, and counted to be *gain* to them, they might now reckon to be *loss*, and leave it all behind; what Pharaoh gave them was so much better. He *might* have said, "We shall be glad to have you here for Joseph's sake; but you know we are very short of food, or likely to be so, for no corn grows in the fields now, and Joseph says there won't be any more for the next five years! So if you have a little more honey and such like, and a few more nuts and almonds in your country, you had better bring them with you, and then, when

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they are all gone, we will find you something to eat." But he did not speak like that at all. He did not even make a bargain with them by saying, "If you will make up your mind to be resigned to my will, and consent to leave it all behind, *then* I will see that you do not lose anything by it, but that you shall be well provided for here." No, he told them right out at once that the good of all his land was *theirs*, so they had only to believe it, and come to enjoy it, leaving all there might be in their houses or gardens for their poor starving neighbours, who had no waggons sent for them by the King of Egypt to take them to the land of plenty. Now, what a fine chance these men had of showing to all the people about them whether they really believed Pharaoh or not! Suppose you had seen them carefully packing up, and hiding away under the seats of the waggons, every grain of food and every bit of old stuff they could find, you would have said to them, "Why, Judah, you don't *believe* what Pharaoh told your brother Joseph to tell you, that where he is there is enough and to spare, and you are welcome to it, or you would never be so particular to stow away in the waggons what will only be a burden, and hinder your getting across the desert so fast as you might do." But I think they *did* believe what was told them, and if any one came to Jacob and said, "My good old friend, you are surely not going to leave behind what you have worked for so hard and so long," he might have answered, "I believe Pharaoh, and am persuaded

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that he who has so exalted my son will do nothing but good to us who belong to him. All the poor things of my store are *not worthy to be compared* with the glory where Joseph is lord of all, and where I am called to dwell by the word of the king himself, who has given my son his glory, and who waits to bless us with him."

Now, I trust my dear little friend who is reading this knows what it is to look up by faith into a place of far brighter glory, and "see Jesus" there. He has been down here, and by the *grace* of God has tasted death for guilty sinners; now He is crowned and seated in the *glory* of God, and is the Saviour of all who look to Him confessing their sins. He saves them from their sins (Matt. i. 21), and He delivers "from this present evil *world*" (Gal. i. 4). He makes His people to be not of the world, even as He is not of the world (John xvii. 14, 16), but then He makes us to belong to His Father and His home as He does Himself. The God of all grace takes us into His family, making us His children, and then, in His wonderful goodness, He makes *all* that belongs to His dear Son belong to us too. So that, if Jesus is "appointed Heir of all things," it is said to us also, "*All things are yours*" (1 Cor. iii. 21). "He that spared not His own Son, but delivered Him up for us all, how shall He not with Him also freely give us all *things*?" (Rom. viii. 32.) And then God, wishing us to *enjoy* His goodness towards us, gives us the Holy Spirit, "that we may *know* the

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things that are freely given us by God" (1 Cor. ii. 12).

So we look back to the Lord Jesus on the cross and say—

" Behold the Lamb! 'tis He who bore
My burden on the tree."

We look up and say—

" By faith we see Thee, Lord, enthroned
At God's right hand in glory bright."

And we look *forward*, and know that very soon He will sit, not on His Father's throne as now (Rev. iii. 21), but on His own throne, and then we shall reign with Him! But there is something in store for those who love Him even better than reigning with Him, it is to fully know His *love* to us. The world will *see* His glory and see us in it, but the love that has brought us into such glory can never be *seen*. It will be known and enjoyed, though, by those who are so loved, and will be the sweetest thing in heaven itself for those who will find their joy for ever in the company of the Lord Jesus. As we think of it, and the Holy Spirit brings before us the things of Christ (John xvi 15), we can but say—

" Saviour, come ; we long to see Thee,
Long to dwell with Thee above,
And to know in full communion
All the sweetness of Thy love.
Come, Lord Jesus!
Take Thy waiting people home."

But I was not meaning to say so much to you

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about this as about what others ought to see in us, if we are really the Lord's "waiting people," expecting and longing for Jesus to come and take us to Himself. If Jacob was going from the place where was the mighty famine to another land where he should have plenty of everything, and his neighbour had no such place to go to, but had to do the best he could for himself to keep from starving, there would surely be a great difference between Jacob and his neighbour, don't you think? Pharaoh sent word to him, "The good of all the land of Egypt is *yours*." God, in His Word, sends a message to His children: "*All things* are yours, and ye are Christ's." "What manner of persons ought we to be?" How strange that we should ever see Christians spending their whole time and strength in scraping together and saving a lot of "stuff," which they may have to leave at any minute; when, if they would only give themselves time, they might sit down and quietly enjoy the prospect of good "things to come" which they will never lose or leave; tasting the sweetness of "things above," where Christ sitteth at the right hand of God, and where they will very soon be with Him, to enjoy them with Him for ever.

May *we*, dear young believer, never have to be wept over because we set our affection on "earthly things" (Phil. iii. 18, 19). How much better to be like those happy other Christians, who got into great trouble, as the world reckons trouble, but who were quite glad in the midst of it, because they

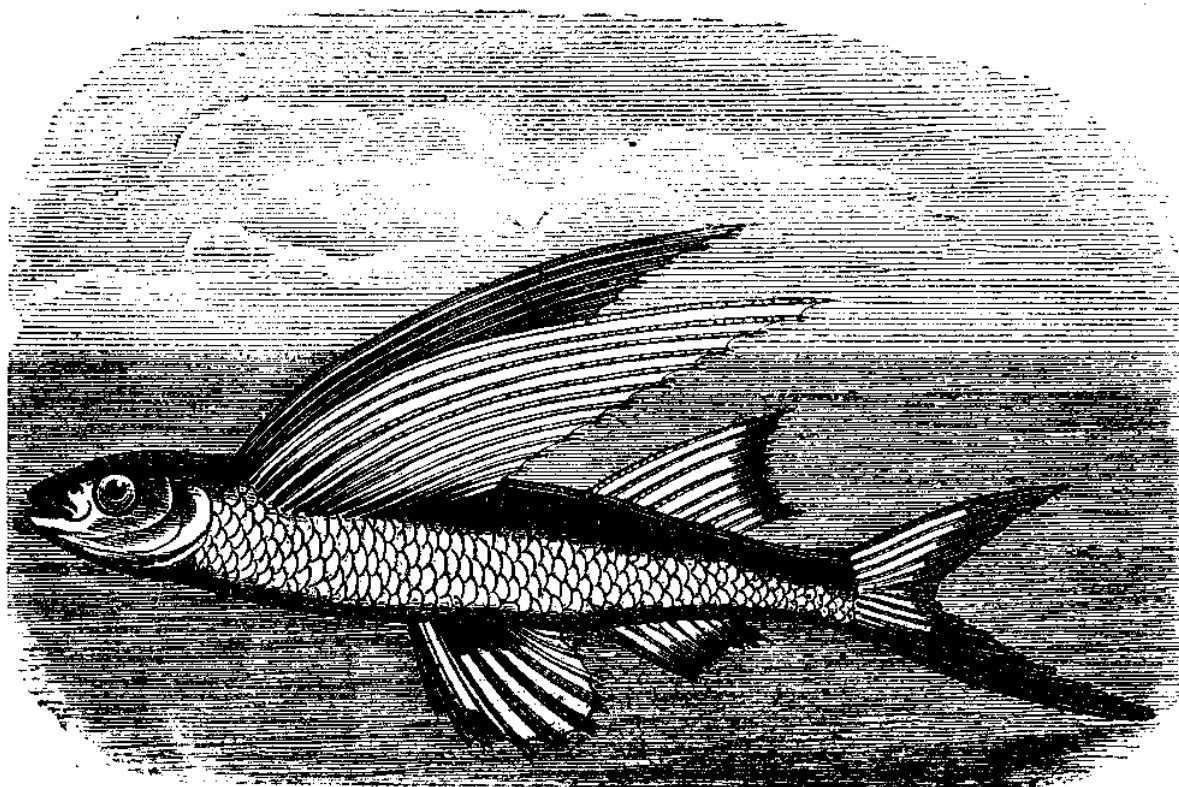
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had their mind set on things above. They did not regard their "stuff," for the good of the land they were going to was theirs. They took *joyfully* the plunder of their goods, knowing that they had for themselves, in heaven, "a better and an enduring substance" (Heb. x. 34). W. Ty.

 SNOW.

How brilliant and bright is the Snow !
 Its flakes, oh, how fleecy and light !
 It spreads o'er the surface below,
 And robes it in raiment of white.
 Its beauty, how tasteful and chaste !
 The trees with its gems it adorns,
 The shrubs with its crystals are graced,
 And barbed are the briars and thorns.
 The finest of cambric or lace,
 The cleanest of linen or lawn,
 For whiteness to Snow must give place;
 Their claims they, indeed, have withdrawn.
 What is there that traces its birth
 To aught in the ocean or air,
 In the bosom or bowels of earth,
 For pureness with Snow can compare ?
 Yet some who are walking below,
 Whose portion and home are above,
 Are wash'd and made whiter than Snow,
 In blood shed by Christ in His love.
 How precious and cleansing that blood
 Which stream'd from His spear-piercèd side !
 Oh, have ye been bathed in its flood ?
 Or with scarlet deep sins are ye dyed ?

T.



THE DOLPHIN AND THE LIMPET.

A FABLE FOR LITTLE ONES.

ONE fine warm summer's day, when the sun was brightly shining on the deep blue waves of the restless sea, and turning their crests into glowing silver as they rose and fell on the shingle or washed the green sea-weed up and down on the soft sands, a beautiful dolphin, who looked in the sunlight all green and gold, was sporting far out in mid-ocean, making the waves foam behind him as he darted hither and thither, to catch the flying-fish, who, as soon as he approached them, sprang out of the water and took their flight in the air to escape from his terrible teeth; but too often in vain, for he caught them as they came down again.

You see the dolphin was hungry and wanted his

dinner, and didn't much care who suffered so that he had it. Now, although he was so beautiful to look upon, I don't think you will like him much after knowing *that*. However, it was his nature, and you know he could not alter his nature any more than we can. Neither you nor I can alter that, and it is so very bad that I am quite sure it is worse than the dolphin's (Jer. xvii. 9). Well, after chasing the flying-fish here and there and everywhere, until he had nearly had enough to eat, he found himself close by a great rock that rose high out of the midst of the sea, and there he had endless trouble to catch his prey, for as soon as he got near them they went flying over the rock, and so escaped him.

"What a foolish thing that rock is, to be sure!" he exclaimed, as for the fourth or fifth time he had been disappointed of the hoped-for mouthful. "How utterly useless!"

"You think so, do you?" asked a tiny voice overhead, and looking up the dolphin spied a limpet clinging to the great rock.

"Indeed I do!" replied the dolphin, sharply, and his great teeth clashed together as he spoke. "I hate that rock!—who wouldn't when it comes in the way of his pleasures? Many a fish has escaped me here before to-day, and it seems to stand there on purpose to annoy me."

The sun went down in a bank of purple clouds, the wind arose, and presently a storm began. Louder and louder roared the gale, the lightning

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flashed, the thunder rolled, the wild waves, lashed into fury by the wind, rose higher and higher, until they looked like tumbling mountains crested with foam. The dolphin was, as you may suppose, a good swimmer, but the violence of the storm was too much for him. Tossed here and there, now on the top of a great billow, till he seemed to be lifted to heaven, and then hurled into the deep gulf of waters, he was beaten about till he died; but the little limpet, clinging to the great rock, outlived the storm in perfect safety. In vain did the winds roar and the wild waves beat, they could neither shake the rock nor move the limpet. She was far from being so fine a swimmer as the dolphin, and yet amid all the fury of the storm she took no harm. When the morning dawned and the tempest was past, she saw the dead dolphin floating on the calm sunlit sea. "Ah," said she, "he called this rock a foolish thing, and worse than useless. But I have found it my salvation."

Dear little reader, Christ is the Rock (1 Cor. x. 4). "The preaching of the cross is to them that perish foolishness, but to us who are saved it is the power of God" (1 Cor. i. 18). Which is it to *you*?

 SEEING.

WHAT a blessing it is to have sight! Only think what it would be to be blind, and not to see the many persons and objects that surround us. It is true that there are many things the sight of which

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gives pain to the rightly-constituted mind, but what pleasure there is in beholding the faces and features of those we love, and in viewing the many interesting objects which are above and around us!

I dare say you have met, in some of your school books, with a piece called "The Blind Boy," in which the following lines occur:—

" You talk of wondrous things you see ;
 You say the sun shines bright ;
 I feel his warmth, but how can he
 Make either day or night ? "

* One who is born blind cannot, of course, feel the loss of that which he never possessed, though, from what he hears others say, he can be made aware that they have the gift of sight to which he is a stranger ; but what it is, he cannot really know. But you, who have had the blessing of sight from your birth, would feel the loss of it keenly, because you once had known the enjoyment which it gives to its possessor.

One of the many blessings which the presence of the Lord Jesus in this world brought to suffering sinful creatures was, that the blind received their sight.

" He went about—He was so kind—
 To cure poor people who were blind."

Not only did He give sight to many such, but God has caused some special instances to be recorded in the gospels for our instruction and profit. The account in Luke xviii. 35—43 is very interesting. " A certain blind man sat by the wayside begging."

Not only was he blind, but, being unable to earn his living, he begged his daily bread, as some blind people do nowadays. "And hearing the multitude pass by, he asked what it meant. And they told him that Jesus of Nazareth passeth by. And he cried, saying, Jesus, Thou Son of David, have mercy on me." He was sure that Jesus could give him sight, and, as He was passing by, he knew that *now* was the time to obtain the blessing that he wanted. He was, therefore, resolved not to let the opportunity slip. I wonder, dear reader, whether you have been as wise as regards your soul, as this man was with respect to obtaining his sight? Though you are well able to see all about you with your natural eyes, yet unless you have been turned "from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God," you are still blind to the beauty, perfection, and preciousness of the Saviour. Those who have believed in Him can, with deep thankfulness of heart, address Him and say—

"We *once* were blind, but *now* we see,
 We dwelt in Nature's night,
 No beauty, Lord, could find in Thee,
 Till we were blest with sight.
 But God, in wondrous love and grace,
 Did on our darkness shine,
 His glory showed us in Thy face,
 And gave us light divine."

As regards the blind beggar whose case we are considering, the people endeavoured to make him

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"hold his peace" when he cried to Jesus, but he was not to be quieted in that way. No, "but he cried so much the more, Thou Son of David, have mercy on me." He was in earnest, and he rose above the opposition of those who would silence him. "And Jesus stood, and commanded him to be brought unto Him." What grace, that the Lord of life and glory should stay at the cry of a poor blind man! "And when he was come near, He asked him, saying, What wilt thou that I shall do unto thee? And he said, Lord, that I may receive my sight. And Jesus said unto him, Receive thy sight; thy faith hath saved thee. And immediately he received his sight, and followed Him, glorifying God: and all the people when they saw it gave praise unto God."

See, how graciously the Lord inquired of the poor man what he wanted of Him, and how completely He responded to his desire, saying unto him, "Receive thy sight." But mark what follows: "Thy faith hath saved thee." Yes, "without faith it is impossible to please God." Faith is believing God. The poor blind man believed that Jesus, who was "God manifest in the flesh," could give him his sight, and he therefore obtained the blessing which he wanted. And if you come to Jesus as a poor blind, needy sinner, trusting in Him and in the precious blood which He has shed for the remission of sins, you also will be saved, and saved eternally. "Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that believeth on me hath everlasting life."

The next step in this man's history is beautiful. He did not obtain the blessing of seeing Jesus, and then turn away from Him. No, he "followed Him, glorifying God." Here is an example for you, dear young believers in the Lord Jesus Christ. Are you following Him by keeping close to Him, looking on Him, and seeking to know His holy will in order that you may do it? There is a special blessing in the doing of the will of God. "Be ye doers of the Word, and not hearers only, deceiving your own selves. For if any be a hearer of the Word, and not a doer, he is like unto a man beholding his natural face in a glass: for he beholdeth himself, and goeth his way, and straightway forgetteth what manner of man he was. But whoso looketh into the perfect law of liberty, and continueth therein, he being not a forgetful hearer, but a doer of the work, *this man shall be blessed in his deed*" (James i.).

In Hebrews ii. 9, it is written of believers in the Lord Jesus Christ, that "we see Jesus." That is, we see Him by faith at the right hand of God, "crowned with glory and honour." I remember that some years ago, when a clever, worldly-wise person was teasing a simple Christian in my presence, counting him as a simpleton, and telling him that he could see nothing, I felt bound to reply for my dear brother in Christ, and I said to his tormentor, "Well, he can see farther than you can; for he can look into heaven and see Jesus there, and that is more than you can do." This

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answer silenced him for the time. Oh, it is a great blessing to be able to say "we see Jesus," for it is only those whose eyes God has opened and anointed by His Spirit who can truly say that.

There is another passage, in 1 Peter i., which says, speaking of Jesus Christ, "Whom having not seen, ye love ; in whom, though now ye see Him not, yet believing, ye rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory." How is this ? one might say. One passage tells us that "we see Jesus," and the other says "ye see Him not !" Well, we have not yet seen Him "as He is," for when we do, and look upon Him no longer by faith as now, but "face to face," then "we shall be like Him." Is not that a blessing to wait for, dear young believer ? Do you not desire to be like Him, and to behold Him in His beauty and glory for evermore ?

Perhaps some youthful reader of this paper has not yet seen beauty in Jesus. Then, if you have not, it is Satan who is blinding you and endeavouring to keep you from looking to Him ; for if you only look upon Jesus as the Lamb of God, the Saviour of the world, and trust in Him and His precious blood, you will never perish, but have everlasting life. May God open your eyes to look upon Him as your own blessed Saviour, and then all will be well with you both for time and for eternity.

T.



DICTIONARY OF THE BIBLE.

(Continued from page 80.)

Fire.—Of fire as a natural element, or as employed in domestic operations and the processes of art, there is no need for discoursing here ; in these respects the student of Scripture has no difficulty to encounter, or any peculiarity to meet. The thing respecting fire which calls for explanation is its symbolical use. In this we may distinguish a lower and a higher sense ; a lower, when the reference is simply to the burning heat of the element, in which respect any vehement affection, such as anger, indignation, shame, love, is wont to be spoken of as a fire in the bosom of the individual affected, and a higher, which is also by much the more common one in Scripture, when it is regarded as imaging the more distinctive properties of the divine nature. In this symbolical use of fire the reference is to its powerful penetrating agency, and the terrible melting, seemingly resistless effects it is capable of producing. So viewed, fire is the chosen symbol of the holiness of God, which manifests itself in a consuming hatred of sin, and can endure nothing in its presence but what is in accordance with the pure and good. The following texts are given that the reader may understand the many and varied ways fire is spoken of in Scripture.

A burning lamp passed between Abram's sacrifice (Gen. xv. 17).

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The Lord rained from heaven upon Sodom and Gomorrah brimstone and fire (Gen. xix. 24).

The Lord was with His people by night in a pillar of fire to give them light (Exod. xiii. 21, 22).

God appeared to Moses in a flame of fire in the midst of a bush, and the bush was not consumed (Exod. iii. 2).

In Leviticus vi. 9, in connection with the burnt-offering, the fire upon the altar was burning all night unto the morning, and in the thirteenth verse, "The fire shall ever be burning on the altar: it shall never go out."

In Leviticus ix. we read, "There came a fire out from before the Lord, and consumed upon the altar the burnt-offering and the fat, which, when all the people saw, they shouted, and fell on their faces."

Nadab and Abihu, the sons of Aaron, put strange fire in their censers, which the Lord commanded them not; and there went out a fire from the Lord, and devoured them (Lev. x. 1, 2).

When the law was given to Moses on Mount Sinai, the mountain burned with fire unto the midst of heaven. The voice of the Lord so terrified the people that they said to Moses, "Now therefore why should we die? for this great fire will consume us: if we hear the voice of the Lord, then we shall die." (Exod. xix., xx.; Deut. iv. 11; v. 25).

John the Baptist told those whom he baptized with water that there was One coming after him who would baptize with the Holy Ghost and with

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fire. He would thoroughly purge His floor, and burn up the chaff with unquenchable fire (Matt. iii. 12 ; Luke iii. 17).

In the ninth of Mark we read of the quenchless fire six times, and it is shown that those who prefer this world to the kingdom of God will be cast into hell fire (verses 43—48).

God is said to make His angels spirits, and His ministers a flame of fire (Heb. i. 7).

When the Lord Jesus appeared to John, as walking in the midst of the seven churches, His eyes were as a flame of fire (Rev. i. 14).

He is also represented as coming in flaming fire, taking vengeance on them who hear but obey not the Gospel (2 Thess. i. 8).

The last passage in which fire occurs reads as follows: "He that overcometh shall inherit all things ; and I will be his God, and he shall be my son. But the fearful, and unbelieving, and the abominable, and murderers, and whoremongers, and sorcerers, and idolaters, and all liars, shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone : which is the second death."

ANSWER TO BIBLE ENIGMA FOR MARCH.

"Peace."—JOHN xx. 19, 21, 26.

P leasant words	Prov. xvi. 24.
E vil	Prov. xiii. 21.
A bomination	Prov. xv. 8.
C orrection	Prov. xv. 10.
E nvy	Prov. xiv. 30.

ANSWER TO BIBLE QUESTIONS FOR MARCH.

1. God told the Amorites that, because they had clapped their hands and stamped their feet against the land of Israel, He would deliver them for a spoil, and cause them to perish (Eze. xxv.). Jesus Christ told His disciples, "Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them." Where the presence of the Lord is known and felt, clapping of hands and stamping of feet will not be resorted to: it would show a want of reverence (Matt. xviii. 20; Heb. xii. 28, 29).

2. If a man have long hair, it is a shame to him (1 Cor. xi. 14). If a woman have long hair, it is a glory to her, for her hair is given to her for a covering. She is told to be with shamefacedness; so to use anything to give the opposite to shamefacedness is to be unlike a saint. God has condescended to tell those who have life in His Son how they are to adorn themselves. It is often pleaded there is much pride under a plain dress; but this is no excuse for adorning ourselves like the world. The Lord says He will look to him that is of a contrite spirit and trembleth at His word (Isa. lxvi. 2). If believers knowingly act contrary to 1 Tim. ii. 9, and 1 Peter iii. 3, 4, they show they do not tremble at the word of the Lord.

3. "If they hear not Moses and the prophets, neither will they be persuaded though one rose from the dead" (Luke xvi. 31).

4. "He sent a man before them, even Joseph, who was sold for a servant; whose feet they hurt with fetters: he was laid in iron" (Psa. cv. 17, 18).

5. When the fulness of the Gentiles be come in, all Israel shall be saved, and God will give them the early and latter rain and make their land fruitful. He will give to the heavens, or clouds, water to make the earth fruitful, to bring forth corn, and wine, and oil, for Jezreel; that is, His people (Rom. xi. 25, 26; Joel ii. 18—32; Deut. xi. 13, 21).

6. It is never said in Scripture, My Father, my Father, why hast Thou forsaken me? but "My God, my God" (Psa. xxii. 1).

BIBLE QUESTIONS FOR APRIL.

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7. "Even the Son of Man, which is in heaven" (John iii. 13). In John xvii. the Lord Jesus lets His disciples hear how He would speak to their heavenly Father concerning them; in doing so, He said, "And now I am no more in the world, but these are in the world, and I come to Thee;" and again, "While I was with them in the world, I kept them in Thy name" (John xvii. 11, 12).

8. "Hitherto have ye asked nothing in my name." "At that day ye shall ask in my name." He referred to the coming of the Holy Ghost, who would give them to know that Christ was in the Father, and they in Christ, and He in them (John xvi. 24—26; xiv. 20).

BIBLE QUESTIONS FOR APRIL.

1. What reason is given why God should not enter into judgment with His saints?

2. Give a text which states that God knows all the words in our tongue.

3. Where is it said God sees all that is done in the dark as well as in the light?

4. David says that the Lord is nigh unto all that call upon Him; he also tells us in what manner they call upon Him: in what way is this?

5. What Proverb says that the one who walks righteously feareth the Lord, but those who walk in a sinful way despiseth the Lord?

6. Where does it say in Scripture that he who is soon angry acts like a fool?

7. We are told in the Old and New Testaments that "God is a consuming fire": give both Scriptures.

8. What is the prayer called of him who does not attend to the Word of God?

THOUGHTS OF A CHILD.

Father.—Would you not like to go and live with one of your uncles and aunts ?

Child.—No ; I would rather live here.

F.—But your uncles and aunts are very kind.

C.—Yes, I know they are very kind, and I like to go and see them, but I don't want to live with them always.

F.—You wish, then, to live with us at home ? How long would you like to live at home ?

C.—I should like to live with you and ma *till* I go to Jesus.

“PERFECT LOVE CASTETH OUT FEAR.”

“ME'S not afraid of going into the dark, 'cause me can feel you, aunty,” said a little girl on entering a railway tunnel. What a sweet expression of the confidence of a child ! And may it not remind some of us who are older, and who know “the grace of God in truth,” of such words of our God as the following ? “Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil : for Thou art with me” (Ps. xxiii.). “The Lord thy God will hold thy right hand, saying unto thee, Fear not ; I will help thee.” (Isa. xli.).



THE CONEY.

A HOME IN A ROCK.

FOR LITTLE ONES.

I WONDER if you have ever heard of a little creature called in the Bible a coney? (Lev. xi. 5.) It is not a rabbit, although something like one in size and shape; but it cannot dig or make burrows for itself as rabbits do, neither does it live in this country: so that it is not likely that you have ever seen one. But you *have*, perhaps, seen a guinea-pig, for I know that some little boys are very fond of keeping them, and that will give you a very good idea of a coney. Well, as these little creatures cannot dig, they are obliged to seek a home ready made for them, and as they are "a feeble folk," and

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cannot defend themselves against their enemies, they need a very *safe* home ; and so, as their home must be both ready made and safe, they dwell in clefts and holes in the hard, strong rocks where nothing can touch them (Prov. xxx. 26). They have many enemies, but chiefly “the birds of the air,” such as hawks and eagles, who, you know, soar about, “seeking whom they may devour.” When a hawk catches sight of a little coney sitting at his door chewing the cud (for they chew the cud like a cow does), or perhaps basking in the sun, he darts swiftly along until he gets just over him, and then comes down with a sudden swoop to catch him in his strong talons and carry him away. But you will wonder when I tell you that the sun in the heavens warns the little coney of his danger ; so that unless he is very heedless, or has strayed away from the rock, he can always escape. “Why,” you will say, “how does the sun warn him of his danger ?” Well, before a hawk or an eagle swoops down upon his prey, he always hovers for a few moments just overhead, that he may make sure of his aim, and the bright sunlight throws his dark shadow on the ground. This warns the coney, and, unless he has his eyes shut, he sees the shadow, of course, and, knowing what it means, he runs into his home in the rock and is safe. The hawk may sweep down then, you know, but he can’t catch the coney, and it is of no use for him to strike at the rock, for *that* won’t give way. I dare say the coney peeps out of his hole at his enemy, but he

well knows he cannot get at him. How snug and safe he must feel, and how glad that he was warned by the sunlight overhead to escape from him before it was too late ! But for that he would have been caught, for a hawk makes no noise when he sees his prey, but comes swiftly and silently up till near enough to make a swoop, and it is only the shadow cast by the sun that gives notice of his approach. These little creatures are so used to this that the shadow of any passing bird will make them scamper into their holes in the rocks. Thus you see the light gives warning, and the rock gives safety to the coney.

Now, can you tell me what all this reminds us of ? What is it that warns all men to flee from the wrath to come ? Why, the Word of God, to be sure, which is like a "light that shineth in a dark place." Does not God's Word tell us that judgment is coming on all who refuse to come to Jesus ? To be sure it does ; and thus, so to speak, it throws the dark shadow of coming destruction on the path of the sinner (2 Thess. i. 9), so that, unless he shuts his eyes, he cannot help seeing it. So, then, the Word of God is like the sunlight that throws the shadow of coming danger before the eyes of the little coney, and warns him to escape. You see coming judgment makes no noise, any more than the hawk does when he is going to seize the coney ; so that, if the Word of God had not told us, we should never have known it till it was too late. But some people shut their eyes and won't see it. "How

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foolish they must be!" you will say. Yes, indeed, as foolish as the coney would be if he were to shut his eyes and refuse to see the shadow of the hawk cast by the sunlight before his face.

Then, again, when the little coney *does* see his danger, where does he run to? Why, into the *rock*, and there he is safe. If he were to stop to make a hole for himself in the sand, what would become of him? "Oh," you will say, "that wouldn't do at all; for, while he was trying to dig a hole, the hawk would have him!" To be sure he would, and so he does not stop to do anything for himself, but just darts at once into the rock without waiting a moment. You see the rock is ready to receive him—he has not got to make a way for himself; for, if he had, he would perish.

Now, there are some who, when they *do* see that judgment is coming on the sinner, try to make a way of escape for themselves, and, while they are trying, death may overtake them in a moment, and then they are lost for ever! What should they do then? Why there is safety ALL READY FOR THEM, and all that they have to do is to take it. Can you tell me where they may always find it? "Yes," you will say, "they may always find safety in Jesus." Well, then, all they have to do is to flee to Him. He is the Rock (Matt. xvi. 16—18; 1 Cor. x. 4), a refuge from judgment, because His precious blood cleanseth from all sin. Thus they are saved for ever, and shall never come into condemnation (John v. 24).

A HOME IN A ROCK.

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Then there is another thing I must tell you. The coney never goes far from the rock where he dwells. He feeds on the herbage that grows in the crevices, he basks in the sun, and he chews the cud. In all this he teaches us a lesson worth knowing. It is this: those who by believing in Jesus have found refuge in Him *must not go astray*, you know, but should always “abide in Him” (1 John ii. 28), feed on Him by faith (John vi. 57), dwell in the light of His presence (1 John i. 7), and meditate on His Word (Psa. cxix. 15, 16, 17). Then the wicked one, who is compared to the fowls of the air (Matt. xiii. 4—19), will not be able to touch him (1 John v. 18), because, like the coney, he has his home in THE ROCK (Deut. xxxii. 4; Psalm xviii. 1—3). This HOME is offered to all, especially all the little ones. By a home in the Rock I mean, you know, a home in the heart of Jesus the Lord. Did He not say, “Suffer the little ones to come unto Me”? Well, then, this home is offered to *you*. Have you found your home there? In other words, have you believed in the Lord Jesus Christ? If you have *not*, then you are like the poor coney would be if far away from the rock when the hawk was coming. But, if you *have* come to Jesus, then you are saved for ever, and shall never perish, for you have A HOME IN A ROCK.



JACOB HEARS THAT JOSEPH IS ALIVE.

(GENESIS xlv.)

JOSEPH had told his brothers to go up quickly to Canaan to their father, and to make haste back to Egypt *with* him, and “the children of Israel did so” (verse 21). It is nice to see them at last willing to do what they are told to do. Of course it was the best for *them*, for Joseph would do them only good and not harm; but sometimes we see the strange sight of people not willing to be guided even by those who are their best friends. When Jesus was here among men He called to Zaccheus to “make haste and come down,” and *he* did so. The man who had run on before the crowd and climbed up to *see* Jesus “made haste and came down” to *receive* Jesus. It was well for him that he did, as you may read in the nineteenth chapter of Luke. Here in this chapter they made haste and came down, not to receive Joseph, but that he might receive them. They were to “tarry not,” and they did not tarry. No doubt as you read this the thoughts of some of you will turn to another verse, which says, “Yet a little while, and He that shall come will come, and *will not tarry*.” Yes, dear child, the Lord says, “I will come *again*” —“I come *quickly*”—“*Surely* I come quickly” (Heb. x. 37; John xiv. 3; Rev. xxii.). And He will come. The same voice that once called to the seeking sinner to come *down* will soon call to the saved sinner to come *up*—not that He may be a Guest for a day in our house, but that we may

JACOB HEARS THAT JOSEPH IS ALIVE. 119

dwell for ever in His ! But mind, my dear young reader, none but those who have received Him as He came the first time (John i. 12) will be received by Him when He comes the second time (Heb. ix. 28). So that if I want to go up to meet the Lord in the air when He comes, instead of being left behind with His enemies, the question for me to ask and answer is, Have I received the Lord Jesus by faith as *my* Saviour, or am I still turning away from Him, as if everything was of more value and importance than His love to me and my being saved by Him ?

Coming back to our chapter, we see that as Joseph's brothers did what *he* told them, so Joseph himself gladly did the will of *Pharaoh*. He gave them waggons, "according to the commandment of Pharaoh," and not only so, "he gave them provision for the way." They were not to wait until they reached Egypt to know and to enjoy the good things which were freely given to them by Pharaoh. Even on the way to Joseph they were to taste the fruit of the land they were going to, and prove the goodness of its king. He had said that "the good of all the land was theirs;" so Joseph sends, not "a little present," but "ten asses *laden* with the good things of Egypt," besides ten more, with as much as each could carry of "corn, and bread, and meat for his father by the way." He fairly *loaded* them with benefits: the very men who had stripped him out of the only coat he had on him he now presents with "changes of

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raiment." He certainly was not one of the sort who say, "Depart in peace, be ye warmed and filled," *without* giving what is needful, was he?

And now, as he had shown only kindness to them, they were to be sure and not quarrel among themselves. No doubt he had often known them fall out with one another, and not very long before he had *heard* one of them trying to put all the blame on the rest about what had been done to Joseph; so he entreats them to be at peace among themselves (see 1 Thess. v. 13), and then sends them away.

But when they come to their aged father, and tell him that "Joseph is yet alive, and he is governor over all the land of Egypt," he cannot believe it. His heart faints at the thought of it! He has been long expecting to "go down into *the grave* unto his son, mourning" (chap. xxxvii. 35), but as for going down into Egypt unto his son, to find him exalted to the right hand of Pharaoh, it is something too good to be true, and so at first "he believed them not." He could only think of Joseph as the one who was *dead* (ch. xxxvii. 33; xlii. 36, 38; xliv. 28), and yet they affirm that "he is alive!" We cannot blame the poor dear old man, for his grey hairs had been getting whiter more than ten long years since he had learned that "without doubt" Joseph had been "torn in pieces;" and through all that long time he had heard nothing to lead him to suppose that he had been mistaken.

JACOB HEARS THAT JOSEPH IS ALIVE. 121

I think, however, that I can remind you of some persons who thought Jesus was dead when in truth He was alive ; persons whom we cannot excuse quite so easily for not knowing as we can excuse Jacob. Of course the Lord Jesus had *really* died, only He had told His disciples before He died that on the third day He should rise again ; and yet when He was missed from the grave in the garden they were as much taken by surprise as Jacob was when he heard that Joseph was anywhere. There they went, women and men, a few at a time, to the cave cut out of the rock, to seek "the living One among the dead," not knowing that, though He had become dead, He was now alive for evermore. Angels tell them He is not there, but risen, "*as He said,*" and they come and tell "these things unto the apostles," who surely ought to have known ; but the words of the women seem "like idle tales to them," and they believe them not (Luke xxiv. 11 ; Gen. xlv. 26). Two of the disciples, going the same day a walk into the country, tell Jesus Himself (without knowing Him) how "astonished" they were because they had heard that "He was alive ;" and at night when He was in their midst, showing them the marks in His hands and feet ; still it says they "believed not for joy, and wondered." Should they not have wondered far more if He had stayed in the grave after the third day was come ? Well, there was one of the disciples not at the meeting that evening ; it may be he came late, and, finding the doors shut for

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fear of the Jews, had to go back home, and so missed the joy of that meeting with Jesus in the midst. The rest were glad when they had seen the Lord, and they told Thomas about it, but he would not believe it at all. He must have known enough of his brethren to feel sure that they would not mean to tell him what was not true, but it did not satisfy Thomas. He could not think it was really Jesus unless he saw the marks of the nails, and put his finger into the marks, and thrust his hand where the cruel soldier had thrust the spear ! Was he not hard to be convinced ? How strange it seems to us, who know that it was not possible for the grave to hold Jesus, to read of those who could hardly believe it possible that he should come out of it ! And yet there is something else quite as strange that we may meet with every day, and I will try and tell you in a very few words what it is. Jacob thought Joseph was dead, and he would never see him again in this world ; and he was mistaken. The disciples thought Jesus was dead, and they were not expecting to see Him alive again in this world, and they were mistaken. People now think Jesus is gone to heaven for good, and they must needs die and go to Him before they see Him again, and they, too, are mistaken. The proper hope of every Christian is not to die, and go to heaven that way, leaving his body in the grave ; but for the Lord Jesus to come "*from heaven*" (1 Thess. i. 10 ; iv. 16 ; Phil. iii. 20) to call up from their graves all His people who are

ARE YOU ?

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there, and to catch us up in a moment, without going there at all ! (See 1 Cor. xv. 51, &c.)

I must leave you now to think of all the mistakes the dear disciples made through not remembering "His words," and to ask the Lord to help both you and me to be keeping His words as those who love Himself and wait for Him (Luke xii. 36, 37 ; John xiv. 23).

W. Ty.

ARE YOU ?

I TOLD you some two months ago about a young man who met with a shocking death on a threshing machine, who, but five minutes before, was in health, and doubtless expecting to live many years. The awful suddenness of his death is a warning to all who do not know the Lord Jesus Christ. But perhaps some of the younger readers of GOOD NEWS may think they are hardly old enough yet to give serious attention to these things ; therefore I now mean to tell them, not about a young *man*, but a boy, who is only some twelve years of age. About the time that the young man already spoken of was so suddenly called into eternity, a public tea-meeting was given in the same locality ; and, as the object of the meeting was to get the unconverted to listen to the Gospel, several Christians took the opportunity of setting Christ before all present. Among them was a boy who has to work in a brick-field among a number of men, some of whom are very unlikely to help him

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in anything that is good, either in their words or ways. Even at home this poor boy had no one to lead him to Christ; he had no GOOD NEWS to read; and, in all likelihood, had hardly heard the name of Christ, except when used in wicked language. Yet there is nothing too hard for the Lord; and, as this boy listened to the words of the Gospel, his "heart was opened to attend unto the things that were spoken." At the close of the meeting he was spoken to by a Christian friend who is much interested in Gospel work, and then went outside, where he stood for a time, while the people were departing, thinking over what he had heard. He had come out from the meeting convicted of sin, and as he stood there the word of the Lord came in power to his soul: "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life; and he that believeth not the Son shall not see life, but the wrath of God abideth on him" (John iii. 36). In a moment his eyes were opened to see that, by simply casting himself on the Son of God—once crucified for sin, but now risen and glorified—he was saved; and the joy of it was so great that he told it out at once to those around him, and expressed a wish to see the brother who had spoken to him personally in the meeting. On coming to him the latter asked what he wanted to tell him. "Why," said the boy, "I want to tell you that I am SAVED." "Saved!" exclaimed the other, in a tone of surprise, just to test him. "But how can you know that?" "Because," said

the boy, "I believe on the Son of God; and the Bible says, 'He that believeth on the Son HATH EVERLASTING LIFE;'" and then went on to tell him how, as he stood there in the road, that word had come in power to his soul, and he *knew* that he was saved (1 John v. 13). Further conversation left no doubt on the mind of his friend that he had really got both life and peace through faith in the Son of God; and they rejoiced together.

As soon as the boy got home that night he told his parents "what the Lord had done for his soul," as he expressed it, and the next day, when he went to work in the clay pit, he told the men. Nor have his zeal and love for the Lord Jesus Christ slackened since. Very shortly afterwards he made his appearance at a Sunday-school held in the room where he had got blessing, and on the following Lord's-day brought four boys with him, all bigger and older than himself. It was not to be expected that so bright an instance of the grace of God would pass unnoticed, or without opposition, and one day some of his ungodly fellow-labourers reviled him for his faith in Christ. "Ah!" said the boy, "it's all very well to laugh, BUT THERE IS A ROAD into HELL, and NO ROAD OUT OF IT." This silenced them all. He had seen in the house of his Christian friend, where he often goes, a chart hanging on the wall, representing "The two roads that will never meet," and this was his remarkable application of its solemn warning to the scoffers, for the boy had

observed that "the broad road that leadeth to destruction" (Matt. vii. 13) ended in HELL, and that "there was NO road out of it!"

He reads the New Testament continually, and goes to his Christian friend to consult him on every subject he wants to understand more clearly.

One day he came to tell him that he wanted to be baptized. "Why do you wish that, J——?" said his friend. "Is it because you think it a *nice* thing to be baptized?" for he wanted to know whether it was mere religiousness or sentiment. "No," said the boy, "but I have been reading the Testament, and I see how they used to be baptized in those days, and I see that the Lord Jesus Christ was baptized, and so I want to be." I mention this to show you that the boy, though only twelve years old, not only reads and *thinks over* God's Word, but that he earnestly seeks to *obey* it according to his light. He came again lately on the same subject, and put it almost in the words of the eunuch, "What doth hinder me to be baptized?" (Acts viii. 36.) He is now looking more fully into the matter with the help of his friend, and reading those portions of the Scriptures that bear upon it.

Thus this dear boy, surrounded by everything that is against the spiritual life, is growing in grace, and in the knowledge of the Lord Jesus Christ, "in nothing terrified by his adversaries," but boldly avowing his faith in Christ, and seeking to walk in obedience; and, as all this is taking

THE PRIMROSE.

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place in the neighbourhood of that terrible scene of sudden and awful death already mentioned one may hope that it will touch some hearts through grace, and that they will be led to see that, if any one dies in his sins, it is his own fault, and because he has despised Christ; for, if this boy is *old* enough to believe and be saved, so are they. And, if he was *not too young*, ARE YOU?

THE PRIMROSE.

PRETTY Primrose, meek and frail,
Thee, my humble friend, I hail;
Thou such hopeful thoughts dost bring
Of the fresh and budding Spring

Surly Winter's pleasant child,
Thou, unlike thy sire, art mild;
Teaching us that grace may grow
In a soil of grief and woe.

Picture, too, of guileless youth,
Opening to the beams of truth,
Beauties see we in thy face,
Charming by their simple grace.

Joy it is when we behold
Christian graces thus unfold
In a plant of heavenly birth,
Left awhile to grow on earth.

Nothing more of Christ doth speak
Than a spirit pure and meek;
Shown in gentle, loving ways,
Wrought in us unto His praise.

T²



PELICANS.

WATER-BIRDS.

WHAT a pretty sight is a little lake, or an ornamental piece of water, with a number of ducks and other water-fowl swimming about or diving beneath its surface! Such a sight would, I am sure, interest my young friends, and I would recom-

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mend them to avail themselves of any suitable opportunity which they may have of witnessing it. And do not forget to take with you some pieces of bread or biscuit to give to the birds, as it is so pleasant to see how quickly they swim and fly to obtain them. I scarcely need warn you not to throw stones at them, as it would be very cruel to find pleasure in causing pain to such pretty and entertaining creatures.

Those of you who have been brought up in London or its suburbs have most likely taken a walk in St. James's Park, and, if you have, you know what a pleasant place it is, and what a beautiful piece of water runs through it. And you have observed how majestically the swans, both white and black, sail along; and what a number of ducks, of almost every variety and colour, dabble about, while some of them plunge so amusingly into the water, and are lost sight of until they come up again, often at a considerable distance from the spot where they dived. So much care is taken of these birds that there is a little island specially set apart for them, called "Duck Island," in which there are places of shelter to which they can resort when they please, and where they are protected from the inclemency of the weather. Having been acquainted with this spot since I was a child, I have passed many a pleasant time there with my brothers and playmates; and, though I now reside at some distance from it, I sometimes take a look at the play-place of my boy-

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hood, and still feel a passing pleasure in observing the little fleet of water-fowl as it floats upon the lake.

A singular circumstance connected with this place occurred when I was a youth. I was once walking by the water-side, on my way home on a fine summer's afternoon, when the weather was very hot, and the sky beautifully blue and clear, when all of a sudden the whole flock of water-birds appeared to be seized with a fright or panic. They fluttered their wings and continued to utter sharp cries as though they were in distress. They then swam or flew as fast as they could to the island, and hastily retreated to their little houses. I stood looking on, wondering what could be the cause of their alarm. I could see no dog nor other enemy of the feathery tribe, nor anything which seemed to account for their disturbance. In a little time, however, the reason for it all was made plain to me. Though the day had till then been bright and lovely, the sky rapidly became overcast, and some dark and heavy clouds passed over our heads, discharging a torrent of rain upon the earth, amid the flash of lightning and the roar of thunder. A thunder-storm had in fact arisen, such as we sometimes experience in sultry weather, and the birds, by means of the instinct with which their Creator had endowed them, were made aware of the coming storm, and this accounted for their concern and hasty retreat to their place of refuge.

Now, I want you to notice, dear children, that it

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was not only the parent birds who made this hasty retreat from the approaching tempest. They, indeed, may have raised the alarm, but the young swans, the goslings, and the ducklings repeated the cry, being as much concerned as the old ones, and hurried to the shelter as fast as the rest. But, as soon as the whole flock had reached their place of safety, there was no more distressful fluttering of wings nor any further utterance of piercing and painful cries, either from the old or the young. They all kept perfectly quiet while the storm was passing over their heads. The flashing of the lightning, the rolling of the thunder, and the heavy downfall of the rain seemed not to trouble them, they were so comfortably and securely sheltered in their little houses.

May we not learn an important lesson from this narrative? God has told us in His Word that there is a day of judgment coming—"the wrath to come"—which shall fall upon all who have not fled to Christ, His dear Son, for refuge. But now there is a hiding-place in Him for every one who flees to Him, be he young or old. The old birds, you see, could raise the alarm and fly for themselves, but their wings would not serve to save their young. No, the young ones were obliged to fly on their own account to the hiding-place. And so, though your parents and friends may be able to tell you what a dreadful thing it is to bear the judgment of God, and urge you to flee to Jesus for refuge, they cannot flee to Him for

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you. You must do that for yourselves, or else you must perish. And would not that be dreadful?

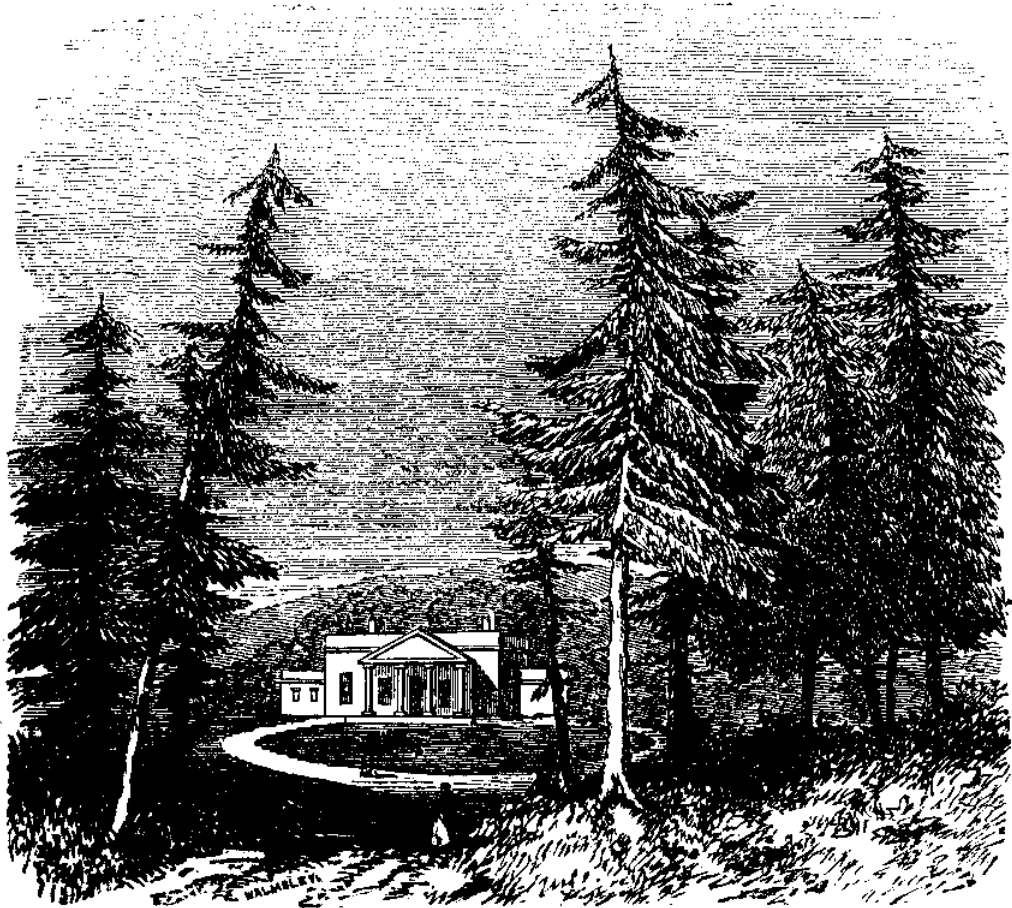
You have, no doubt, read about the flood in the early chapters of the book of Genesis, and you know that all who were not in the ark with Noah perished in the swelling of the waters. And you may be sure that many young persons and children must have been drowned, as well as fathers and mothers and very aged people. And now I entreat every one of you who has not fled to Jesus for salvation to do so at once, so that not only you may never perish, but that you may "have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ," and be at rest, as the birds were in their welcome house of safety from the summer storm.

Wouldst thou from the tempest hide
 When its clouds shall darken?
 To the Lord thy soul confide,
Now to Jesus hearken.
 Unto Him for refuge flee,
 Make Him thy salvation;
 Then wilt thou for ever be
 Free from condemnation. (Rom. viii. 1.)
 T.

"A GOODLY PRICE!"
 (ZECH. xi. 12, 13; MATT. xxvi. 14, 15.)

Oh, what a sum was given
 For Thee, Jehovah's Christ!
 The peerless gem of heaven,
 At thirty pieces priced!

T,



DICTIONARY OF THE BIBLE.

(Continued from page 109.)

Fir.—The fir-tree is noticed in the Bible under the Hebrew names of *Berosh* and *Beroth*. These coniferous trees are resinous in their nature, their leaves are very narrow and sharp-pointed (hence called needle-trees by the Germans). The wood of the tree is marked with remarkable dotted discs, which are easily seen under the microscope. Allusion is frequently made in the Bible to the vigorous growth of the fir-tree. Thus, Ezekiel, when describing the power of the Assyrian, selects the fir-tree on account of its noble growth, and says “the fir-trees were not like his boughs” (xxxi. 8). For the same reason it is associated

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with the cedar of Lebanon. Sennacherib, the king of Assyria, is represented as saying, "With the multitude of my chariots I am come up to the heights of the mountains, to the sides of Lebanon, and will cut down the tall cedar-trees thereof, and the choice of fir-trees thereof" (2 Kings xix. 23; Isa. xxxvii. 24). The wood was used for various purposes, such as in house-building, ship-building, the formation of musical instruments, &c. It was one of the kinds of timber sent by Hiram to Solomon for the construction of the temple (1 Kings v. 8—10; ix. 11; 2 Chron. ii. 8). The floor of the house was covered with planks of fir, and the two doors at the entrance of the temple and the ceiling were made of the same kind of wood (1 Kings vi. 15, 34; 2 Chron. iii. 5). Rafters of berosh are also referred to in the Song of Solomon i. 17. David and all the house of Israel played on musical instruments made of berosh-wood. Fir-trees are mentioned in connection with the future renovated earth. Isaiah says, "I will set in the desert the fir-tree" (Isa. xli. 19); "Instead of the thorn shall come up the fir-tree" (Isa. lv. 13). "The glory of Lebanon shall come unto thee, the fir-tree, the pine-tree, and the box-tree together, to beautify the place of my sanctuary; and I will make the place of my feet glorious . . . and thou shalt know that I the Lord am thy Saviour and thy Redeemer, the Mighty One of Jacob. For brass I will bring gold, and for iron I will bring silver,

“LOST ! LOST ! LOST !”

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and for wood brass, and for stones iron : I will also make thy officers peace, and thine exactors righteousness. Violence shall no more be heard in thy land, wasting nor destruction within thy borders : but thou shalt call thy walls Salvation, and thy gates Praise. The sun shall be no more thy light by day ; neither for brightness shall the moon give light unto thee : but the Lord shall be unto thee an everlasting light, and thy God thy glory. Thy sun shall no more go down ; neither shall thy moon withdraw itself : for the Lord shall be thine everlasting light, and the days of thy mourning shall be ended. Thy people also shall be all righteous : they shall inherit the land for ever, the branch of my planting, the work of my hands, that I may be glorified. A little one shall become a thousand, and a small one a strong nation : I the Lord will hasten it in his time ” (Isa. lx. 13—22).

“LOST ! LOST ! LOST !”

COAL, as you know, is dug out of the earth, often at an immense depth, and, when a coal mine has been worked until it is exhausted, the machinery is removed and the place abandoned. When this has been done, the shaft gradually becomes filled with water, which is, of course, very deep.

Now, in the north of England there are many coal fields which have been thus worked out, and the open shafts, turned by the water into lakes of unfathomable depth, are very dangerous to

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strangers, especially at night. A poor man was returning one evening from his work, and, being late, he thought he would save time by crossing a barren moor in which some of these open pits lay. But he had made a mistake as to time, and it grew dark before he had got over. For a time he walked hurriedly on, but at last, as the shadows of night closed around him, he mistook his way, and very soon afterwards became conscious that he was lost !

To go on was *death*, for pits lay all about him, and no path was to be seen in the darkness ; even the ground beneath his feet was hardly visible ; and at last, as the danger of his position came fully on his mind, he was seized with trembling, and dared not move another step. All he could now do was to stand still and cry aloud, "Lost ! lost ! lost !" The wild desolate moor lay all around him, darkness shut him in on every side, and he well knew that no human being was likely to be within call, yet, in very despair, he continued to cry, "Lost ! lost ! lost !"

Happily for him a watchman was engaged by the owners of the moor for the very purpose of warning travellers of the dangers of the way, and spent his time at night in a little hut in the midst of this desolate region. The melancholy cry of "Lost ! lost ! lost !" reached his ears, and, lighting his lantern, he shouted back to the terrified traveller, "Stand still for your life ;" then hurrying forward, he came up to him with the light,

“LOST! LOST! LOST!”

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and, holding it but one pace in advance of him, showed him a fearful chasm half filled with black water, into which, had he but taken one step more, he would certainly have fallen and perished; then, with the aid of his light, he led him safely along on his homeward way.

Now, this little tale contains a picture of much that is true of the world, which is “the valley of the shadow of death,” where “sin reigns in death,” and “snares abound” on every side, as on the desolate moor the traveller was benighted in. We are all passing through it, and sooner or later some of us will reach our home in the Father’s house, where a gracious welcome awaits us from Him that loved us, and gave Himself for us, and who has said, “Where I am, there ye shall be also.”

But there is one great difference, which is this, that some have *the light of life*, and some have not. Only those that have will ever reach the home I speak of, and all the rest, whether they know it, like the traveller in the tale, or not, are lost. “He that walketh in darkness knoweth not whither he goeth, because that darkness hath blinded his eyes,” and *another step* may take him into the eternal pit. But God has graciously given His Word, which is “a light to the feet, and a lamp to the path” of him that will receive it; and not only so, but He has also bidden all believers to “hold forth the Word of Life” to all perishing sinners. This blessed light, like the watchman’s lantern, shows the *dangers*

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that surround the path of every son and daughter of Adam, and that all are *lost*, and hurrying blindly on to judgment. It tells how that "sin came into the world and death by sin," and so "death passed upon all men, for that ALL HAVE SINNED," and that "the wages of sin is death" (Rom. v. 12 ; vi. 23). Death temporal, death eternal (Rev. xx.). But it does far more than this, for it declares Him who is Himself the Life and the Light of men (John i.), and who has said, "I am the WAY, the TRUTH, and the LIFE: no man cometh unto the Father but by me." Some seek a way of their own, but you know that, had the lost traveller in this little tale done so, he would have perished. Instead of this, when he *heard* the watchman's word, he *believed* it, then he looked to the *light*, and was saved from the pit that yawned at his feet. All our own ways, like the path of the benighted traveller, lead *directly* to destruction, but the Lord Jesus has said, "I am the light of the world : he that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the LIGHT OF LIFE" (John x. 5). Follow Him by faith where He now is at the Father's right hand, and *you* shall have the light of life. He was once "crucified for sin, the Just for the unjust, that He might bring us to God."

You see in this little tale that the watchman's light not only saved the traveller from the pit, but guided him safely on his homeward way. Jesus does more than *guide*, He "*brings to God*" all who trust in Him. Had the traveller neglected, simply *neglected*

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS.

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to hear the watchman's word, he would have plunged at once into an unfathomable gulf. "If ye believe not that I am He," said Jesus, "ye shall die in your sins," and that is to perish everlastingly. But, "as Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of Man be lifted up, that whosoever believeth on Him might not perish, but have everlasting life."

All who do so are brought to God NOW, their sins are ALL forgiven, and in a little while they shall have everlasting joy in the Father's house. All who refuse will have occasion to cry throughout all eternity, "LOST! LOST! LOST!"

 ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS FOR APRIL.

1. "Enter not into judgment with Thy servant: for in Thy sight shall no man living be justified" (Psa. cxliii. 2).

2. "For there is not a word in my tongue, but, lo, O Lord, Thou knowest it altogether" (Psa. cxxxix. 4).

3. "Yea, the darkness hideth not from Thee, but the night shineth as the day: the darkness and the light are both alike to Thee" (Psa. cxxxix. 12).

4. "The Lord is nigh unto all them that call upon Him, to all that call upon Him in truth" (Psa. cxlv. 18).

5. "He that walketh in his uprightness feareth the Lord: but he that is perverse in his ways despiseth Him" (Prov. xiv. 2).

6. "He that is soon angry dealeth foolishly: and a man of wicked devices is hated" (Prov. xiv. 17).

7. "For our God is a consuming fire" (Heb. xii. 29). "For the Lord thy God is a consuming fire, even a jealous God" (Deut. iv. 24).

8. "He that turneth away his ear from hearing the law, even his prayer shall be abomination" (Prov. xxviii. 9).

W. H. S.

BIBLE QUESTIONS FOR MAY.

1. What is the throne called where the unpardoned stand to be judged for their sins?

2. What name is given to the seat where every believer in Christ is to stand and give account of himself to God?

3. When are believers to give an account to God, before or after they are glorified?

4. At what time and in what valley will the Lord judge the living nations that will fight at Jerusalem?

5. How long does the Scripture state that the Lord will reign with His saints before He judges the wicked?

6. Say on what mountain will the Lord descend with His saints.

7. Give the Scripture which informs us where believers will meet their Lord.

8. Give one text where men are commanded by their Lord to beat their plowshares into swords for war, and two where we are told they will beat their swords into plowshares, and learn war no more.

BIBLE ENIGMA.

Who wrote a letter for the Apostle Paul?

On whom did death by worms in judgment fall?

Of Jesse's sons, which oldest was of all?

Which was the tribe whence Jewish priesthood came?

Who sought out Paul, defying scorn and shame?

Who a long journey rode her lord to meet?

Who, as a Psalmist, is declar'd "the sweet"?

Tell Jacob's name when he with God prevail'd?

What king had ships which oft for treasures sail'd?

Who Boaz' wife became, a Moabite?

Who mock'd his brother, showing hate and spite?

Who more than all men was for wisdom fam'd?

Who to a prophet was successor nam'd?

And who was he whose folly made his wife ashamed?

These names search out, then their initials place,

And learn the ground of mercy, love, and grace.



THE EASTERN MODE OF GRINDING CORN.

“Two women shall be grinding at the mill; the one shall be taken, and the other left. Watch therefore: for ye know not what hour your Lord doth come.”—MATT. xxiv. 41, 42.

JACOB DEPARTS TO BE WITH JOSEPH.

(GENESIS xlv. AND xlv.)

At last Jacob believes that what his sons tell him is really true, and he repeats it after them, so glad he is to believe it. He had many times spoken about “the man” who was the lord of the land, but now he knows who it is he calls him “Joseph

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my son." He does not even speak of his being "governor over all the land of Egypt," but says, "It's my son, and he is yet alive, and I'll go and see him." And then the thought of seeing Joseph is so joyful to him that he says, "It is *enough*." He wants no more in this world than to see again his dear Joseph, whom he has so long mourned for as dead. It is true that when he gets there he will have plenty of everything, instead of the famine being "sore in the land," but that is not what makes him so eager to go. He says not a word about it. It is *Joseph* he is thinking of, and he says, "I will go and see *him*." And then he would be *satisfied*, as another dear old man was satisfied when he had seen with his eyes, and held in his arms, the holy Child Jesus. Jacob, when he had seen Joseph, said, "Now let me die, since I have seen thy face," and Simeon said, "Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace, according to Thy word; for mine eyes have seen Thy salvation." They were both *satisfied*. Now, some day or other, it may be sooner than you think, your eyes too will see "this same Jesus," not brought as a Babe in His mother's arms, but coming with power and great glory; and what are your thoughts about it as you look on to it? What will you do when

"That face, once so 'marred,' you gaze on at length"?

In the first chapter of Revelation you read of those who will see Him, and "*wail* because of Him." Shall you wail because of Him, filled with the bitter

JACOB DEPARTS TO BE WITH JOSEPH. 143

memories that you used to hear about Him, and read about Him in the Bible and the GOOD NEWS, but never cared to take Him for your own Saviour until it was quite too late? In the twentieth chapter of the same book we read of the heavens and the earth *fleeing away* from before that same "face." I need not ask you if you will flee away. *No one*, small or great, will do that, though they would all be glad to do so. No, they "stand before the throne," before the face of Him who sits upon it, and He is none other than the Lord Jesus, the Son of man (see John v. 22). But in the *last* chapter God has given us there are others who "see His face"—that same face—and who are neither wailing, nor fleeing, nor wanting to flee; but are before Him in peace, seeing *His* face, and His name written in *their* face. They are like Him, for they "see Him as He is." And they are *satisfied*. "As for me, I will behold *Thy face* in righteousness; I shall be *satisfied*, when I awake, with *Thy likeness*."

Dearest child, what are you looking out for, and thinking it will satisfy every longing of your heart? People all around us, who do not know the fulness there is in the Lord Jesus, are trying to satisfy themselves with pleasure, and money, and one thing and another, but they find it like Solomon said about the sea, "All the rivers run into the sea, yet the sea is *not full*." So he found it in the world; when he had tried all a man could try to get satisfaction, it was all "vanity and vexation of spirit." He had "laboured for that

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which satisfieth not," and had not tasted the sweetness of being able to look up and say—

"Jesus, Thou art *enough*
The mind and heart to *fill*."

But have *you* tasted it, dear young reader? If not, why not let your heart turn to Jesus before you eat your next meal, and say, "Here I am, Lord, a sinner all my life, but Thou didst come into the world to save sinners; and I believe in Thee, and bless Thee for saving even me; and now, Lord, teach me to know more and more of Thee, that I may learn to please Thee in all I do, and find my little heart quite full and satisfied as I think of Thy love to me"?

"In sorrow, be Thy love my peace;
In weakness, be Thy love my strength;
And when the storms of life shall cease,
And Thou to meet me com'st at length,
Lord Jesus, then this heart shall be
For ever satisfied with Thee."

It is one thing to be willing to go to heaven when we die, and another thing to be waiting for and looking for God's Son *from heaven* (1 Thess. i. 10; Phil. iii. 20) before we die. Jacob thought at one time that he would die and go to Joseph (Gen. xxxvii. 35); but he says in this chapter, "I will go and see him *before* I die." So Simeon had a promise from God that he should not die till he had seen the One he was waiting for. And so with believers in Jesus now: it is revealed to them by the Holy Ghost, in 1 Corinthians xv., that

THE OLD GREEN BAIZE.

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they will not all fall asleep before the Lord Jesus comes to raise those of His people who are in their graves, and to change us and catch us up with them. And He would have us to be "waiting for that blessed hope;" not the glory or the beauty of heaven, but the Lord Himself, who is coming to fetch us there. If Jacob thought more of seeing Joseph than of "the good of all the land of Egypt," surely we may well think more of seeing the face of our Lord Jesus than of everything else even in heaven; and sing as we wait for Him—

*Oh, Thou art fair! Lord Jesus, fairer than all beside;
Fairer than earth's fair sunshine, than ocean's glittering
tide.*

*Fair in Thy shadeless glory, fair in Thy changeless love,
Fair in redemption's story, and on the throne above.
But oh! to my soul Thou art fairest, as I muse on the bridal
morn,*

*When the home which Thou preparest Thy blood-bought
shall adorn.*

*Then, then shall she rise to meet Thee, Thine own, Thy
chosen bride,*

*Then, then shall my eyes behold Thee, and I shall be
satisfied.*

W. TY.

THE OLD GREEN BAIZE.

THE little boys and girls who live in London will find it hard to believe that the place called Mile End, beyond the turnpike gate, ever could have been a sort of country village, with little old-

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fashioned shops and wooden houses, some of them standing so far below the level of the road that a person of common height could look into the bedroom windows! Yet so it was some fifty years ago; and, after getting a little way along the road, there were milk fields and farms, and cottage dairies, where, on a hot summer's day, you could get a draught of fresh milk to quench your thirst, or, if you wanted something to eat, as much curds and whey for a few pence as would satisfy even a hungry little boy. Then there were roadside inns, standing far back from the footpath, with great spaces in front, where the horse-trough was always ready to refresh the traveller's steed, and the tall sign-post with its swinging sign-board stood beside it, and roomy yards, stables, and haylofts behind, where the pigeons flew about and fed around the doors.

I knew a little boy whose very first lesson in English history was gathered from one of these same sign-boards as it creaked in the summer wind, rocking to and fro what was meant to be a portrait of Henry the Eighth, in a flaming red coat with yellow decorations and a "beefeater's" hat. I dare say a buffetier from the Tower had sat for it; but, however that may be, the little boy, being curious to know whom it represented, asked some one who happened to be with him, and thus got his first lesson in history. But who, to see Mile End in these days, would suppose that milk fields and cottage dairies, roadside inns, and straggling

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barns and stables could ever have found room where now countless houses stand? But you will want to know what all this has to do with the Old Green Baize? Well, I must tell you. When Mile End was just a straggling village street, there stood on the left-hand side, about half way on the old Bow Road, an ancient wood-built house, and there a very little boy lived with his grandmother and his aunt. He was only there on a visit, and how long he stayed I cannot tell you. But, whether his visit was long or short, one thing is very certain, and that is that he was very happy there, so that the remembrance always remained with him like the memory of some pleasant dream, and in after life any trifle that brought back for a moment the recollection of those old days, such as an old picture (for there were old pictures in the chamber where he slept) or any other thing connected with that happy time, was always pleasing to him. And this brings us to the Old Green Baize. On the first morning of his visit, when this little boy came down to breakfast, he saw a green baize cloth folded up and lying in front of the bright wood fire. Of course he was curious to know what it contained (for little boys are always curious), but he had not long to wait, for as soon as he was comfortably seated on a little stool beside his dear old grandmother and aunt its contents were made plain enough. No doubt you have guessed what was in it. A batch of hot rolls, of course, fresh from the baker's oven, and hot enough

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to melt all the country butter that could be put into them ; and I need hardly tell you that the little boy enjoyed them, for the fresh air of old Mile End and the smell of the milk fields and the cows had given him an excellent appetite. Every morning after this as long as he stayed he found the old green baize on the hearth when he came down to breakfast ; and thus it became so mixed up with his remembrances of all the thoughtful care and love of his aunt and grandmother that he ever afterwards liked to see a green baize wrapper. All that love could do to make this little boy happy while he stayed was done by his aunt and grandmother. The toys they gave him, the walks he took with them, the books they read to him, the old garden where he played, even the sweet smell of the milk fields, made the sweeter to memory by the unchanging kindness he knew there in the old house in Mile End, were all connected with the old green baize. It was but a trifle, of no value in itself, worn with long use, powdered with flour from the rolls, and faded by the heat of the hearth, and yet, you see, it had power to bring back to mind long years afterwards some of the happiest days that little boy had ever known.

The old house is swept away ; the place where it stood and the whole scene around are so changed that, if he who was once this little boy could see it, he would not know it now. The milk fields and the trees, the dairies and the cows, are all gone,

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and even the middle-aged men and women who tended them are all gone, too ; yet the whole scene lives in memory at the sight of an old green baize.

Now, I am sure you will agree with me that it is right and pleasant, too, to remember those who have loved us, and it is well when anything recalls such recollections to our minds. *You* have parents and friends who love you. I hope you are not forgetful of all the kindness and thoughtful care they show you.

If you should live to grow up and grow old, it may be that in after years some trifle will often recall it to memory. Requite it while you can.

But there is ANOTHER who loves you, whose love far exceeds that of any earthly friend, however loving. Who is that ? It is He who died for you and rose again, and who, in putting away sin on His cross, has made a way for you—yes, even for *you*—to God. And every time you take GOOD NEWS into your hand its very *name* should remind you of His love, for the name or title of this little book is founded on the work of Christ. What is GOOD NEWS but the same thing as GOSPEL ? And what is the Gospel but the tale of God's love ? “ Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.”

Thus “ the old, old story ” is brought to mind every time you look on this little book, even as the happy days and scenes of childhood and the love of kind friends were all recalled to the

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memory of the little boy, and mixed up with
THE OLD GREEN BAIZE.

“Unchangeable 'Thy gracious love
My earthly path has ceaseless viewed ;
Ere yet this beating heart could move,
Thy tender mercies me pursued.
Ever with me may they abide,
And close me in on every side.”

ONWARD AND UPWARD.

FOR YOUNG AND OLD.

PASSING along a country road one night with a dark lantern to guide him on his way, a traveller was overtaken by a respectable young farmer, who said to him,

“Do you find that light necessary ?”

“Yes,” replied the other, “I could not see my way well without it on such a dark night as this.”

“I never carry one,” said the farmer, “and can always see my way, even in the darkest night, by keeping in the middle of the road and looking ONWARD AND UPWARD.”

The traveller at once shut off his light and tried the experiment. He found it quite true. By keeping the eye “onward *and* upward” at one and the same time, the line of the hedges on either side standing out against the faint glimmer in the horizon was plainly visible, and, as the eye became accustomed to it, the difficulty of travelling thus grew less and less, until it became quite easy, and all artificial light unnecessary.

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“Onward and upward,” thought he with the lantern, after parting from the young farmer; “what a remarkable expression! and how strikingly it tells the true secret of safety for all our fallen race!”

Looking “ONWARD,” a man sees that judgment is coming on a Christ-rejecting world, himself included. Whether he lives or dies, judgment is inevitable, and escape in his present condition impossible (Heb. ix. 27; 2 Thess. i. 7—9; Rev. xx. 12—15). If he merely looks around *earthward*, there is no sign of this—he is hedged in on every side, and all is darkness as to what lies beyond: more than darkness, there is positive *delusion*. Who that walked thus along a country lane on a dark night might not mistake a pile of stones by the roadside for the right path, and presently find himself in the hedge or the dyke?

And who that only looks around him here would not make the mistake so many do, of supposing that both he and the world together were advancing in the right direction?

Is there not manifest “progress” in population, civilization, art, science, education, luxury, wealth? Are not continents being opened up, nations brought nearer together, savages becoming civilized, and the whole earth’s surface rapidly peopled? But how is it all to end? “I will overturn, overturn, overturn . . . till He come whose right it is, and I will give it Him” (Ezek. xxi. 27). These words, though primarily addressed to Jerusalem, sum up in one short sentence what all prophecy

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teaches as to the end of this world's boasted "progress."

It is "progress" indeed, but into the gulf of judgment!

But "he that walketh in darkness knoweth not whither he goeth (nor the world either), because that darkness hath blinded his eyes." Only by looking ONWARD can he know it, and *that* he can alone do by the aid of God's Word. If, then he is willing to look *onward*, what does he see? That he is a part of that which is about to be *judged*, and that so long as he remains a part of it he is *lost*! This brings home to his heart the conviction of his own utter helplessness and ruin!—conviction of SIN and of JUDGMENT TO COME! and, if this were all, it would be sad indeed. But the young farmer's wise counsel was this: "*Onward AND upward!*" A solitary traveller on an unknown road, in a dark night, looking *only* onward, would soon become afraid to advance; the more he looked onward *alone* the more hopeless his case would appear, until, growing increasingly irresolute and afraid, he would presently stand still altogether! Nor could he do better, unless he had learned that his eye must be *upward* while onward, that the vision must bring in the light from above to bear on the road right ahead. Only so could he proceed in peace and safety. And only thus does conviction of sin and of judgment to come prove a blessing. Felix, compelled, in spite of himself, to look "*onward*," "trembled" (Acts

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xxiv. 25) ; but he never looked "upward," and his history would lead us to say that he died in his sins. The jailer looked "onward," also, but he looked "upward," too, and "rejoiced, believing in God with all his house" (Acts xvi. 29—34).

Looking "UPWARD" the convicted sinner sees "the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ ;" he sees that blessed Son of God who glorified His Father on the earth and finished the work He gave Him to do, who was once crucified for sin, but raised again by the power of God, now seated at God's right hand, and saying to *him*, the lost one, "Look unto Me, and ye be saved" (Isa. xlv. 22). "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest" (Matt. xi. 28). He looks "upward" on Christ as his all-sufficient Saviour, as the One who *has* put away all his sins by His precious blood (1 John i. 7), and who is there in the glory, because He glorified the Father in it all (John xvii.). Thus looking "UPWARD," he rejoices in the Lord.

"ONWARD AND UPWARD" is his motto still, as he walks through the world—*in* it, but not *of* it ; "pressing toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus." Turning neither to the right hand nor to the left, he keeps the middle path of consistency, and thus avoids the entangling hedges and ditches on either side. He heeds not the shadows by the way (James iv. 14 ; 1 Pet. i. 24, 25), nor lingers on the road, for his HOME is before him, and his eye is filled with the

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light that comes from afar, yet to faith is ever near and around him—the light of the glory of “the rest that remaineth for the people of God.”

Thus to the sinner who would be saved, and to the believer who would glorify God here, and pass safely on to the “Father’s house,” the farmer’s motto applies—“ONWARD AND UPWARD.”

THE VASE.

A VASE I had of classic shape,
 Of beauty rich and rare,
 Emboss’d with vine and hanging grape—
 A gem beyond compare.
 On marble mantel it was plac’d,
 And was by all admir’d,
 As there it showed its owner’s taste,
 And pleasant praise inspir’d.
 But all that’s formed of brittle earth,
 However chaste and choice,
 Has frailty stamp’d upon its worth,
 And speaks a boding voice;
 And so this vase of Attic shape,
 Of elegance and fame,
 The common lot did not escape—
 A ruin it became.
 It told a lesson in its fall,
 Instructive, though ’twas stern—
 That I on nothing, great or small,
 Should set my heart’s concern;
 But look above alone for bliss,
 And fix my treasure there,
 That I true joy might never miss,
 But lasting blessings share.

T.



A BRIEF ACCOUNT OF A SHIPWRECKED
YOUNG SAILOR,

AND HOW HIS MOTHER'S PRAYERS WERE ANSWERED.

ON the 16th of June, 1868, the subject of our narrative, whom we will designate Frederick J. T——, when fifteen years old, sailed from London

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to India in the ship *Hesperia*, arriving home again on the 16th of April, 1869. The following June the *Hesperia*, when lying at anchor two miles below Gravesend, laden with a general cargo for Singapore, was run into by the new steamship *Northumbria*, on her first voyage to Newcastle. When the collision took place, young Fred was asleep in his berth. The shock awoke him, but, having been on watch and thoroughly tired, he rolled over in his berth and fell fast asleep again. A few minutes after one of the sailors, anxious about his clothes or other things, ran down the companion ladder, and seeing Fred in imminent danger caught him by his hair, and awoke him with the astounding news that the ship was settling down! To rush upon deck was the work of a minute. A sailor lifted him bodily over the gunwale, and threw him into a boat in his night-shirt. Two minutes after the ship went down; and thus, through God's mercy, the subject of our sketch narrowly escaped a watery grave. The boat having picked up the mate, who had jumped from the vessel a moment before she sank, the rescued sailors sought to effect a landing, but the enormous breakers threatening to swamp them, they remained beating about off land—F. J. T——, without his clothes, shivering with cold—until the *Mary and George*, of Salcomb, took them in, and having shown the utmost kindness and consideration for the saved crew, landed them after a few hours.

Our readers may imagine the gratitude and joy

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with which the Christian mother received her sailor boy thus saved from death; for Fred's mother was a Christian, and often had prayed that her son might be brought to the feet of Jesus, to hear Him say, "Thy sins, which are many, are all forgiven thee." But the fond heart had hitherto been grieved at the unbelief which rejected all the overtures of grace, and even questioned the authenticity of God's Word. We shall see, however, that in the sequel a mother's entreaties and prayers were answered.

About a month after the event narrated our sailor left the Millwall docks in the *Rescue* for North Shields. When lying there, taking in cargo for Copenhagen, he fell overboard between two ships, and was again saved from drowning as if by a special providence. On the voyage they encountered fearful gales, at one time fearing the loss of the ship; and on the arrival at Copenhagen, the decks swept of all rigging, &c., and the vessel so much damaged in other ways, they had to put into dock for repairs. The *Rescue* then returned to London. F. J. T——'s next voyage was to New Zealand; then home in sixteen months, and away to Malta and back; after that to Australia and home again. Leaving London again in the ship *Glorianna* for Florida, South America, upon arrival not liking the captain he ran away from the ship, remaining fourteen months in America. Whilst there, he was laid aside by yellow fever, and though many died around him in the hospital, God had

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mercy on him, and he was restored to health; and after having made his way to New York, he returned to London. The ship from which F. J. T—— ran away, the *Glorianna*, left Florida with a cargo of timber for London. She had not been at sea more than four days when, dismasted and waterlogged, she was put into Cuba for repairs. Having left there for London, she was burnt to the water's edge off Newfoundland, and her crew perished with her!

On December 17th, 1873, F. J. T——, now promoted to be quartermaster, left West India Docks in the fine new steamer *Mongol*, on her first voyage to New Zealand, with a crew of fifty-two men and 340 passengers. They arrived at their destination in forty-nine days, the shortest time on record up to that date.

Occupied in carrying the mails between Auckland and Otago, the *Mongol* encountered fearful weather. On one occasion, her rudder being carried away, she was in imminent danger of being dashed upon the rocks, but her steering apparatus being replaced, the vessel arrived safely at Auckland. Again, on her voyage to Sydney a terrible storm arose, unequalled for its fury during the last twenty-two years, F. J. T—— steering the vessel, lashed to the helm, and sometimes in water to his waist, remained through a long watch of twelve hours, one of his mates having been wounded on the head by a block and sent to hospital, and the second of the three, whose duty it was to steer,

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having turned in after his eight hours' watch. Whilst thus occupied, the captain came up to him and said, "Fred, I have no hope of the ship!" "She will not go down," Fred said to himself, "for my mother's prayers are not yet answered!" seeing that he was still unsaved. After having raged twenty-four hours the storm abated, and they sighted Sydney. In a short time the *Mongol* left Sydney for Hong Kong to ship 3,000 tons of tea for London, which port they reached after a rapid passage, taking the tea prize as the first to arrive with new season's tea. Fred had now been nine months on board the *Mongol*. Being ashore for a few days, F. J. T—— paid a visit to some relatives in Yorkshire, and on the succeeding Lord's-day, after hearing his uncle proclaiming the Gospel, Fred evidenced extreme anxiety about his soul. After conversation with his uncle, and much exercise of soul during the week, the Lord graciously blessed John v. 24 to the young man's conversion on September 20th, 1874. Little was said about the happy change from darkness to light until after a few days some Christian friends were singing together—

"I am now a child of God,
For I'm washed in Jesus' blood!" &c.,

when his uncle said to him, "Fred, you cannot sing that?" To which he replied, "Yes, I can!" "But you could not last Lord's-day?" "But I can now!" This was blessed news, and called

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forth from his uncle the admonition, "As ye have received Christ Jesus the Lord, so walk ye in Him" (Col. ii. 6).

Soon after this F. J. T—— left London in the ship *Brisbane* for Cardiff, to take in cargo for Singapore. In due time, arrived again in London, he heard with much sorrow of the loss of the *Mongol*, in which he had spent many months and escaped so many dangers. After remaining in London three weeks, F. J. T—— again visited his much-loved relatives at D——, in Yorkshire, and on Lord's-day following greatly surprised them by walking into the room in which some Christians were assembled to break bread in remembrance of the Lord Jesus, with a letter of commendation from the saints gathered in His name in London. Fred willingly walked each Lord's-day seven miles, from T—— to D——, in order to remember the Lord's death with His saints; for Fred knew this, that not only had he received "eternal life" (John x. 27, 30), but the affections of his heart were won to Him who had loved Him, and given Himself for him. He therefore greatly desired to remember Him in the breaking of bread, according to His dying request (1 Cor. xi. 23—26).

And now, dear reader, let me ask, "Are YOU saved?" I do not say, can you speak of "our Saviour"? but do you know the Lord Jesus Christ as YOUR Saviour, and can you say from your heart He bare my sins in His own body on the

tree ? (1 Peter ii. 24.) The Word of God tells us (Rom. iii. 19) that "the whole world is become guilty before Him," that men are "dead in trespasses and sins" (Eph. ii. 5) ; no improvement will avail, it must be a new life. "Ye must be born again" (John iii. 7), or anew. "God so loved the world, that He gave His only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life" (John iii. 16). "Neither is there salvation in any other : for there is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved" (Acts. iv. 12 ; see also Rom. x. 6—10). "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and *thou* shalt be saved" (Acts xvi. 31).

DICTIONARY OF THE BIBLE.

(Continued from page 135.)

Firmament.—"The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament sheweth His handywork. Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night sheweth knowledge. There is no speech nor language where their voice is not heard. Their line is gone out through all the earth, and their words to the end of the world. In them hath He set a tabernacle for the sun ; which is as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber, and rejoiceth as a strong man to run a race. His going forth is from the end of the heaven, and his circuit unto the ends of it : and there is nothing hid from the

heat thereof" (Psa. xix.). Firmament is a word that comes to us through the Latin, and importing by its derivation something of compact and solid structure. In common use, however, it has lost this import, and merely denotes the sky over our heads—the pure and transparent expanse of ether which envelopes the globe, and stretches from the earth's surface towards the upper regions of space. This is precisely what is meant by the Hebrew term *rakiah*, from the root to stretch, spread out, or forth, beat out; hence simply the expanse, what is spread out around and over the earth. This has to the natural eye somewhat of the appearance of a crystal arch resting on the boundaries of the earth, and bearing aloft the watery treasures on which the life and fruitfulness of nature so materially depend. On the second creative day it is said God made this liquid expanse, for the purpose of dividing the waters on the surface of the earth from the waters above, or the sea from the clouds that rise out of it. In so far as material elements enter into its composition, it consists simply of the atmosphere, a vast body of ether compounded with infinite skill for the numberless functions it has to discharge in the formation and dispersion of vapours, the transmission of light and heat, the support of animal and vegetable life, and similar operations, but in its structure and appearance related rather to the fluctuating and mutable than to the more solid parts of the material universe. But as used in the record of

creation, the *rakiah*, or firmament, includes not merely the lower heavens, or atmospheric sky, with its clouds and vapours, but the whole visible expanse up to the region of the fixed stars. For on the fourth creative day it is said that God made *in the rakiah* sun, moon, and stars, to divide the day from the night, and to be for signs and seasons. This, of course, does not imply anything as to the structure and composition of the immense area, as if by being comprised in one name it were all of the same formation. The language is adapted to the apparent aspect of things, and describes the visible expanse above, with its orbs of light, simply in the relation they hold to the earth, and the appearance they present to a spectator on its surface. In this respect we have to distinguish a lower and a higher firmament, just as we do in respect to a lower and a higher heaven.

Fitches.—This word occurs only in Isaiah xxviii. 25, 27. It is no doubt from the difficulty of proving the precise meaning of the original term *hetzach* that different plants have been assigned as its representative. But, if we refer to the context, we learn some particulars which at least restrict it to a certain group, namely, to such as are cultivated. Thus, verse 25, “When he (the ploughman) hath made plain the face thereof, doth he not cast abroad the fitches?” And again, verse 27, “For the fitches are not thrashed with a thrashing instrument, neither is a cart-wheel turned about upon the cummin; but the fitches are beaten

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out with a staff, and the cummin with a rod." From which we learn that this grain was easily separated from its capsule, and therefore beaten out with a stick.

Interpreters have had great difficulty in determining the particular kind of seed intended, some translating it peas, others, as Luther and the English version, vetches, but without any proof. Meibomius considers it to be the white poppy, and others a black seed. This last interpretation has the most numerous as well as the oldest authorities in its support. Of these a few are in favour of the black poppy seed, but the majority of a very black coloured and aromatic seed, still cultivated and in daily employment as a condiment in the East. The plant is called *nigella* by botanists, and continues in the present day, as in the most ancient times, to be used both as a condiment and as a medicine.

Flag.—This word (in the original *achu*) occurs in Job viii. 11, where it is said, "Can the rush grow up without mire? can the flag grow without water?" *Achu* occurs also twice in Genesis xli. 2, 18, "And, behold, there came up out of the river seven well-favoured kine, and fat-fleshed; and they fed in a meadow." Here it is rendered "meadow," and must, therefore, have been considered by our translators as a general and not a specific term.

From the context of the few passages in which *achu* occurs, it is evident that it indicates a plant

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or plants which grew in or in the neighbourhood of water, and also that it or they were suitable as pasturage for cattle. Now, it is generally well known that most of the plants which grow in water, as well as many of those which grow in its vicinity, are not well suited as food for cattle, some being very watery, others very coarse in texture, and some possessed of acrid and even poisonous properties. Some species of scirpus, or club-rush, however, serve as food for cattle; such, for instance, is the principal food of cattle and sheep in the highlands of Scotland from the beginning of March till the end of May.



THE COMING OF THE LORD.*

SOME time since a Christian mother was deeply exercised on the truth of the coming of the Lord, in its application to her own children; and she expressed in their presence her anxiety as to those among them who, when the Lord should come, might be found not believing on His name, and who would therefore have no part in the blessing of His coming. This solemn aspect of the truth greatly impressed one of the family, a youth, who, though not unconcerned about his soul, had not found "peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ;" and so much was he disturbed by it that he awoke in the night with the thought that the Lord had come and had not taken him. At this

* Sent by the writer for GOOD NEWS

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he was greatly distressed, thinking that, if such were the case, all hope of salvation for him was for ever gone. He found, however, that his alarm was occasioned by the action of the Word of God upon his soul, and he felt that he had no time to lose. He, therefore, anxiously attended the preaching of the Gospel of the grace of God, and soon found peace through believing in Jesus. He now no longer fears the coming of the Lord, but finds comfort and joy in the prospect of soon being for ever with Him (1 Cor. xv. 5 ; 1 Thess. iv. 16—18).

“For yet a little while, and He that shall come will come, and will not tarry” (Heb. x. 37).

“And the Spirit and the bride say, Come. And let him that heareth say, Come. And let him that is athirst come. And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely” (Rev. xxii. 17).

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS FOR MAY.

1. The great white throne (Rev. xx. 11—13).
2. The judgment-seat of Christ (Rom. xiv. 10—12; 2 Cor. v. 10).
3. After they are glorified (1 Cor. xv. 51, 52 ; 1 Thess. iv. 16, 17).
4. “For, behold, in those days, and in that time, when I shall bring again the captivity of Judah and Jerusalem. I will also gather all nations, and will bring them down into the valley of Jehoshaphat. Let the heathen be wakened and come up to the valley of Jehoshaphat; for there will I sit to judge all the heathen round about” (Joel iii. 1, 12).
5. A thousand years (Rev. xx. 6, 7).

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6. The Mount of Olives (Zech. xiv. 4).

7. "Then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds to meet the Lord IN THE AIR, and so shall we ever be with the Lord" (1 Thess. iv. 17). "Beat your plowshares into swords, and your pruning hooks into spears; let the weak say, I am strong" (Joel iii. 10). "And He shall judge among the nations, and shall rebuke many people; and they shall beat their swords into plowshares, and their spears into pruning-hooks: nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more" (Isa. ii. 4). "And He shall judge among many people, and rebuke strong nations afar off; and they shall beat their swords into plowshares, and their spears into pruning-hooks: nation shall not lift up a sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more" (Micah iv. 3).

L. L.

ANSWER TO BIBLE ENIGMA FOR MAY.

"The Lord is risen."—LUKE xxiv. 34.

Tertius	Romans xvi. 22.
Herod the king	Acts xii. 23.
Eliab	1 Samuel xvii. 13.
Levi	Hebrews vii. 5.
Onesiphorus	2 Timothy i. 16.
Rebecca	Genesis xxiv. 61, &c.
David	2 Samuel xxiii. 1.
Israel	Genesis xxxii. 24, &c.
Solomon	1 Kings x. 22.
Ruth	Ruth iv. 13.
Ismael	Gen. xxi. 9 ; Gal. iv. 29.
Solomon	1 Kings iv. 31.
Elisha	2 Kings ii.
Nabal	1 Samuel xxv. 25.

BIBLE ENIGMA FOR JUNE.

What kind of person is told to go to an insect to learn his duty ?

What is said to be a well-spring of life to him that has it ?

What are we told delivereth from death ?

What is said to pursue sinners ?

What is it that is found in the house of the righteous ?

What are we told the wicked shall have shortened ?

Answer these questions by verses from the book of Proverbs : take the characteristic words relating to the quality or thing spoken of, and the initials will give one of the names of Christ, by which He is represented as taking our place.

BIBLE QUESTIONS FOR JUNE.

1. In the first chapter of Isaiah persons are called to draw near to God ; what time is fixed when they were to do so, and for what two things were they to come ?

2. Describe the character of those who are called to draw near to God in the first of Isaiah.

3. What does it say in one of the prophets shall be established on the tops of the mountains in the last days, and how many nations shall flow to it ?

4. In the Revelation we read of some who will suffer death for the witness of Jesus ; what is there in the same verse that marks the time of their death ?

5. What three events does Revelation xx. teach us will take place after the thousand years' reign of Christ ?

6. What two new things are mentioned in Revelation xxi. before the writer speaks of seeing the New Jerusalem coming down from God ?

7. Give one passage from the Hebrews where the believer is said to be perfected ; and another from the same epistle where the writer desires the believer may be practically perfect.

8. Sinners are exhorted to become acquainted with God and get peace, and look for good ; give chapter and verse.



AN EASTERN FOUNTAIN.

THE FOUNTAIN.

AS I was passing recently, on a fine afternoon, through a pleasant park in the south of London, I observed in the centre of one of the gravel paths a superior looking drinking fountain. It stands by itself, and has steps all round it, by which even the young can reach the cool refreshing water which flows from an outlet on each of the four sides. There are also clean and bright metallic cups, to enable the thirsty to take a draught of the water which is thus supplied for them.

But that which particularly attracted my notice was the sight of twenty or thirty children, who were either drinking or pressing for a draught from the fountain. These children were from four or five up to thirteen or fourteen years of age,

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and what was certainly remarkable, there was not one grown-up person among them. The sight of so many dear children, who by themselves were slaking their thirst, was in itself gratifying to one's spirit, while it suggested some thoughts concerning drinking at the Fountain of eternal life.

You remember the sweet invitation of the Lord, addressed to all who have not yet drank of that well of water which springeth up into everlasting life : "Let him that is athirst come. And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely" (Rev. xxii.). The fountain which I saw in the park was supplied for the use of any who wished to quench their thirst. Now, JESUS is the Fountain which God has given, that poor thirsty sinners may come to Him and drink. No charge was made for a drink of water in the park. Any one might go and take a draught without being called on to make even the smallest payment. And, oh, how free is the love and mercy of God to you, dear children, as well as to those of us who are of a riper age ! But, in order to make the gift of God thus free to you, a great price had to be paid, and it has been paid by the shedding of the precious blood of God's dear Son, by which atonement has been made for sin. Have you come to God through believing on the name of His only-begotten Son, and found pardon for your sins, peace with God, and eternal life ? The gift of God is free to every one that comes to Him as a needy sinner, trusting in Jesus only.

THE FOUNTAIN.

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Take notice, that the children whom I saw well knew where to go to quench their thirst, and also observe that everything was there ready provided for them. First, there was the fountain erected, then there was the water freely flowing east, west, north, and south, then there were the bright clean cups from which any one might take a large or small draught, as he felt disposed. And there was no one to prevent or hinder the least child from taking a drink. In fact, everything seemed to say, "Come and drink, without money and without price."

Oh, what a blessed sight it would be if we could see numbers of children, of all ages and stations, eager and anxious to come to Jesus, the Fountain of Eternal Life, that they might drink of that water which He so freely gives! He makes every one who comes quite welcome, and gives them such a satisfying portion in Himself, that He says, "Whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst."

Now, dear child, young as you may be, you have some troubles which, though perhaps little in themselves, prevent your being altogether happy; and you are not quite satisfied with your amusements, your books, and your lot in this life. Come, then, to Jesus, the well-spring of real and heavenly happiness, and He will give you salvation, eternal life, and a never-ending source of pure pleasure and real joy.

T.





A ROYAL VISIT

MOST persons are aware that the Queen visited the East of London a short time since for the purpose of opening a new wing to a hospital. It was a gracious act on the part of her Majesty to visit the poorer classes of her subjects, and it is stated that she was happy in their expressions of loyalty and of hearty welcome on her appearance among them, and that she also took a lively interest in the affairs of the hospital, as well as in its suffering patients. The Queen, before leaving, expressed a wish to see the children, and was of course conducted to their wards. She asked several questions concerning the little sufferers, and showed that she was possessed of kindly feel-

ings towards them. Probably you have heard that one little girl, about five years old, cried out that "she should get well if she could only see the Queen." Of course this was only a childish thought, as it was beyond the power even of her Majesty to give health to the sick child. She, however, in the kindest manner, approached the child's cot, shook hands with her, and patted her pale cheek tenderly, and thus cheered the heart of the little one.

It is pleasant to find one in so exalted a station sympathizing with poor children in their sufferings. But kings and queens of very different character have sometimes been the occupants of thrones. For instance, Herod the king, of whom we read in Matthew ii., was very wicked and unfeeling. His desire to kill the young Child Jesus was so great that, in order to effect his object, he "sent forth and slew all the children that were in Bethlehem, and in all the coasts thereof, from two years old and under." No wonder that then there was "a voice heard, lamentation, and weeping, and great mourning, Rachel (signifying the bereaved mothers of Israel) weeping for her children, and would not be comforted, because they are not." But, though Herod thus cruelly killed all those young children, he could not find out Jesus; for God hid His dear Son from him. In Exodus ii., too, we read that Pharaoh, the king of Egypt, charged all his people that they should cast into the river every son which was born unto the Hebrews. But

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then, too, God took care that the child Moses should not be drowned, because in due time he, as the servant of God, was to deliver His people from the bondage of Egypt. So that, in these two instances of wicked and cruel kings, we see that they could not, with all their craft, frustrate the purpose of God, for none can thwart His fixed decree.

The blessed Lord Jesus made a long journey from heaven to earth that through His death on the cross He might open the way for sinners, old or young, to come to God. Oh, how He humbled Himself in perfect obedience to Him who sent Him, and in purest love to such as you and me, my dear young friends ! The little girl thought that if she could only see the Queen she should be well ; but if, through believing the Word of God about His dear Son, you with the eye of faith see JESUS, it will, indeed, be well with you both now and for evermore.

On the same occasion it appears that her Majesty also spoke to a boy about eight years of age who was suffering from a broken leg. When the boy left the hospital, he had such a pleasing remembrance of the visit of the Queen, that he resolved to write to her Majesty, which he did of his own accord, stamping and posting it, with the address, it is said, "Lady Queen Victoria." This letter, it seems, reached the Queen, who, looking upon it as a simple and genuine expression of childlike gratitude, was graciously pleased to send

him a gift in reply. And I think that you will be pleased to hear that a portion of the sum thus given was expended in the purchase of a Bible for the boy. I hope that he will prize it—(don't you ?)—not only as the gift of her Majesty, but as that which shall, by the blessing of God, lead him to the knowledge of the Lord Jesus Christ.

Would you not almost wonder that such a simple letter from a poor boy should have found its way to the Queen in all the greatness and glory of her royal home ? But it is affirmed that it did, and that it produced a worthy answer. Now, my dear young friends, let me ask you, in all love and tenderness, do you so know the love of God to you in the gift of His Son, and the grace of the Lord Jesus in laying down His life for sinners, that you have confidence in your heart to send a message to God in the precious name of Jesus ? In other words, do you find it in your heart to pray to God ? And, if you do, does not the weakest, simplest, and most childlike petition which you can utter, if it be but from the heart, reach the ear of God in all the glorious majesty of His heavenly throne ? Assuredly it does ; and is a pleasant sound there too. And, if the Queen could give a gracious answer to one of the least of her subjects, will not the God of all grace give every real blessing to them who ask Him ? Only trust Him, leaving it to Himself, who knows what is best for us, to answer you in whatever way seems right to Him.

“YOU’LL BURN ! YOU’LL BURN !”

A FEW WORDS FROM A LITTLE ONE.

In one of the villages of this country there lived a farmer and his wife who seem to have been always well-conducted people, but never went to any place for worship, and knew nothing of the Lord Jesus Christ. At that time the Gospel was not preached in the village. Most of the people round about were little better than heathens under the name of Christians. I am sorry to say that this is the state of too many in the villages and hamlets of England, so that the farmer was only like most of his neighbours, only that he was a moral man, that is, you know, a man who didn’t do any very bad things.

Well, one Sunday morning this farmer was going out to look about his fields, as many do, in order to see what work will have to be done on the Monday, or how the crops are getting on, when his little girl said to him, “Farver, are ’oo goin’ to church ?”

“No, my dear,” replied her father, surprised at the question, for he hated anything like religion ; “no, I am not,” he added very decidedly.

Now, what do you think the little child said when he told her that ?

Why, looking up with a solemn little face, she, to his great astonishment, instantly answered,

“’OO’LL BURN, FARVER ! ’OO’LL BURN !”

For a moment he felt so startled and angry at

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this strange speech that he was going to speak very sharply to her, but then it struck him that the little creature had not been told this by any one, for there was no one in his own house that would ever have thought of such a thing, and the child neither went to Sunday-school nor anywhere else where the judgment to come on the ungodly was ever spoken of. She had never been spoken to by any that loved the Lord Jesus Christ since she was born, so far as he knew. As he looked at the little thing gazing up at him in her simplicity the strange words, “You’ll burn, father! you’ll burn!” came to his soul as a message from God. He felt it must be the Lord Himself who in mercy to him had caused the child to speak thus, and the thought quite broke him down. That God should take the trouble to speak to him at all was wonderful; that He should do so by the mouth of his little one, with whom he could not feel offended, as he would have been with anybody else, was most gracious.

“You’ll burn! you’ll burn!” was indeed a terrible message, and yet it was a message sent in mercy, as all such messages are. God never wounds but to heal, you know, and this strange little sermon from a mere babe could not be forgotten by the farmer, and led him at last to his knees. He felt that he deserved to perish everlastingly for all his many sins, but most of all for having so long hated Jesus. His wife, to whom he told the strange and solemn message, felt it too,

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and they cried to the Lord together; they read His Word, they sought out some in the neighbourhood who loved God, with whom they kept company, that they might instruct them, and so at last they were brought to believe in Jesus, God's dear Son, "the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world" (John i. 29). Since then they have both been a blessing to the village they live in, and their children are thought to be believers too, especially the little one who was God's messenger to her own father.

Now, if you are a little believer in the Lord Jesus Christ, what do you think of this? If the Lord could use this little child, could He not use you also if He pleased? Of course He could; but then how do you behave yourself? Like a little believer or not? What do you think most about? What do you talk of? Do you ever speak of Jesus the Lord? I hope you do. See what wonders God wrought by this little one, who, as far as we can tell, did not even know Him herself then, but whom He was pleased to make a blessing to her father and mother to show us that He *can* make use of the youngest, and therefore can make use of YOU.

And to those who are older than you, and are still "without God in the world," this little child's short sermon is a true and solemn one. "Everlasting burnings" are awaiting those who despise the grace of God (Rev. xx. 15). It was not because the farmer didn't go to church, you

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know, but because he hated all that named the name of Christ, and was the enemy of God (Rom. viii. 7), that he was in danger, for God has said, “He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life; he that believeth not the Son shall not see life, BUT THE WRATH OF GOD ABIDETH ON HIM” (John iii. 36).

The farmer only cared for the things of this world, and in his heart *despised grace*. He had been brought up to know, as a matter of history, that Jesus Christ, the Son of God, died for sinners. He couldn’t help knowing it, you see, because in this country, even in those places where the Gospel is not preached, this, at all events, is known; so that all are without excuse. Thus “the wrath of God abided on him,” as it does on all who “believe not the Son,” of whom they have all heard enough, at least, to know that He is the SAVIOUR OF SINNERS.

So, then, the little one was right enough, for had he gone on in the state he was then in he would have come into everlasting judgment.

And to all who are going on in their sins, caring nothing for Jesus the Lord, and despising the mercy of God, this tiny preacher’s quaint sermon applies, “YOU’LL BURN! YOU’LL BURN!”

“The Lord Jesus shall be revealed from heaven with His mighty angels, in flaming fire taking vengeance on them that know not God, and that obey not the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ; who shall be punished with everlasting destruction

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from the presence of the Lord, and from the glory of His power; when He shall come to be glorified in His saints, and to be admired in all them that believe" (2 Thess. i. 7—10).

“WHOSOEVER;” OR, THE TWO SAILORS.

How often it happens, when a person is anxious about his soul, because he knows he is a sinner and under condemnation (John i. 36), that, when he would fain take comfort from God's Word, he cannot do so, because he cannot be *sure* that the word “WHOSOEVER” applies to him! (John iii. 14—16; xi. 26; xii. 46; Acts ii. 21; x. 43; Rom. ix. 33; x. 11, 13; 1 Jno. v. 1.) Now, in each of the passages of Scripture here given, the word literally means “ALL”—“EVERY ONE”—and, therefore, “whosoever.” Can anything be plainer? “WHOSOEVER”—ALL—EVERY ONE—that “believeth in Him shall not perish, but have everlasting life.”

“Well,” but perhaps you reply, “I am not sure that I *do* believe in Him!” Well, then, take another “whosoever.” ALL—EVERY ONE—“WHOSOEVER shall call on the name of the Lord SHALL be saved.” Does this apply to you? If you are not sure you *believe*, you are sure you can *call*, and the very act of calling on the name of the Lord shows faith in Him; for how shall any call on one in whom they do not believe?

(Rom. x. 14.) The fact is you are looking within yourself for faith, instead of looking up at a risen Christ ; for if He is there in the glory the Saviour of "*every one*"—of "*all*"—of "*whosoever*" that shall call on His name, of "*all*" that labour and are heavy-laden" (Matt. xi. 28 ; *the same word* as "*whosoever*"), He is there for YOU. Though your very name were written in the book itself, the fact that *you* are meant would not be more certain—nay, not so certain—for might you not object that there were others in the world of the same name ?

A few years back one of her Majesty's ships was wrecked, and, although the officers and men were saved, they lost everything they possessed. Among the young officers there were *two* named Henry M——, one of whom had a rich aunt in this country, who, seeing an account of the disaster in the newspapers, sent a letter to her nephew containing an order to enable him to replace his lost outfit. The letter reached Henry M——, who received and opened it. It was addressed to *him*, it bore his *name*, it was directed to the very place he was in ; could there be any doubt about the matter ? Ah ! yes ! He soon discovered, on reading it, that, however acceptable the enclosure and the sympathizing words it contained might be, it was *not* for him. The other Henry M—— was meant, and to him, of course, he passed it. But suppose this lady had sent an enclosure addressed "WHOSOEVER—ALL—

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EVERY ONE—among the junior officers of her Majesty's navy that has lost his outfit," would either Henry M—— have had any scruple about taking to himself at least a *share* of the contents? If "the greater includes the lesser," would not ALL the junior officers have had an equal claim together with the two Henry M——s?

Because a *name* was on the letter there was uncertainty at least for a time, and disappointment to one at the best; but, had the address been "WHOSOEVER," there would have been neither uncertainty nor disappointment to any. All—every one—could have taken his share of the deliverance offered without question, well knowing that it was meant for *him*, just as surely as if there were not another than himself in existence. And, if there was *more than enough* for his need, would it have been any cause for regret that others—that *all*—were included? I trow not. So then, were your own name in the blessed Book of God, you would not have such ground for perfect assurance as in that one all-sufficient word "WHOSOEVER" (Rev. xxii. 17).

JESUS SAID—

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



A VOICE FROM THE CORN-FIELD.

As I wander'd alone on a bright summer's morn,
My spirit dispos'd for serene contemplation,
I enter'd a Field of rich ripening corn ;—
A sight e'er suggestive of sweet meditation.

O'er the landscape there blew a soft, whispering wind,
All things that it breath'd on refreshing and cheering ;
When a keen conversation appear'd, to my mind,
To be taking place near me, and just within hearing.

Said a lively young Poppy, all flaunting and gay,—
A full Ear of Corn, in her lightness addressing ;—
“ Sir Thoughtful ! why, what is the matter to-day ;
What trouble, pray tell me, upon you is pressing ? ”

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“ Though grave, I’m not dull,” he in meekness replied,
 “ And if bent is my head it is bow’d in thanksgiving ;
 So much do I witness on every side,
 Of goodness and mercy to all creatures living.”

“ There ! there ! you are preaching—you always thus speak ;
 But see ! how the sun on our pathway is beaming.
 What more can we wish for,—what else need we seek ?
 Why always be pensive and pining and dreaming ? ”

“ Nay, nay, you’re mistaken. I pine not nor dream ;
 My heart knows contentment, and Truth’s my foundation ;
 I feel the delight of the sun’s cheering beam :—
 A type of the joy of the higher creation.

“ But soon will the Lord of the harvest be here ;
 The time is approaching,—the season of reaping :
 And for some whom I love, I confess that I fear,
 For then there will follow much wailing and weeping.

“ What a harvest ’twill be, when the wheat is all hous’d !
 What a time of delight to my fruit-bearing brothers !
 But would that the thoughtless and foolish were rous’d !
 I am happy myself, but am anxious for others.”

“ How gloomy your thoughts ! ” said the frivolous lass ;
 “ Your talk ever banishes pleasure and gladness.
 There ! look at the landscape. What that can surpass ?
 I mean to be merry. Adieu, then, to sadness.”

“ If you would be happy in deed and in truth,
 Then drink at the Fountain of heavenly pleasure.
 Oh, taste of *this* joy while you’re yet in your youth ;
 For the mirth of the world ends in woe without measure.”

Their words thus concluded, I could not but say,
 As I mus’d o’er his preaching, and thought on her prating ;
 “ How wretched the worldling, though seemingly gay
 How bless’d the believer for Christ who is waiting ! ”

T.



STREET LAMPS AND SHOP LIGHTS.

ONE Sunday morning, a few years back, while spending some time at a seaside place on the west coast of Scotland, news was brought to the narrator that a steamer had gone ashore on the rocks the night previous. On going to the spot, there, sure enough, was a fine steamer lying a helpless wreck. On inquiring as to how it had occurred, he found that the captain had mistaken the lights of the lamps on the shore for the harbour light, and consequently, instead of getting safely into port, had steered his vessel right on to the rocks. How he made such a mistake no one could tell. The harbour

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light was a very clear and brilliant one, raised aloft in a tower, and could be seen for many miles at sea, while the lamps which had misguided him were, at their best, low and poor and dim. Most persons who read of this captain's unaccountable folly will say he could not have been in his right mind when he thus mistook the twinkling street lamps for the harbour light. But how many of those who judge him thus are doing the very same thing themselves! Not once in a way, but day after day; not in a matter which involves the wreck and ruin of a *ship*, but of their own never-dying souls! Yes, strange as it may seem, there are thousands and tens of thousands who, it is to be feared, are wilfully shutting their eyes to the bright Harbour Light of an everlasting rest, in order to follow the twinkling rays of men's opinions or the will-o'-the-wisp of their own earth-born fancies.

Some there are who follow the self-invented guide of "doing the best they can;" but the best that the captain could do *without* the harbour light was to run his vessel on to the rocks. His *best* was but his ruin. Better had it been for him to have done nothing, and "lain to" till morning dawned on his benighted vision. Others wait upon religious forms and ceremonies, while some take "the light of conscience" as the best and safest guide to the haven of safety they sincerely desire but do not really seek.

But both street lamps and shop lights only led the dazzled captain directly among the shoals.

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Had there been *none at all*, he would, perhaps, have looked around for the only true guide, and therefore, although he was without excuse, is it not clear that these lights had to do with his wreck and ruin? Beware, then, of the street lamps of opinion and shop lights of religious ceremonial. Some may be brighter than others, and the Roman Candle the brightest of all, but the brighter they seem to the eye, the greater the danger to those who are attracted by them. There is but ONE HARBOUR LIGHT—He who said, “I am the Light of the world; he that followeth ME shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life” (John viii. 12). “In HIM was life, and the life was the light of men. And the LIGHT shineth in darkness, and the darkness comprehended it not” (John i. 4, 5).

 THE LAST TEARS OF JOSEPH.

(GENESIS L.)

JACOB was a hundred and forty years old when he went down to Joseph in Egypt, and he did not expect to live much longer when once he had seen his son. He saw Joseph once again, and kissed him, though he had long thought he was dead; and then he said, “Now let me die.” We find, however, a comfortable life in Egypt, instead of being pinched with hunger in Canaan, suited him so well that he lived there seventeen years.

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So the first seventeen years of Joseph's life were spent in Canaan with his father, and the last seventeen of Jacob's were spent in Egypt with his son. But at last the dear old man died, and when Joseph saw the face of his father in the stillness of death he fell upon him, and kissed him, and *wept* over him. His father could no more kiss him or his boys, Ephraim and Manasseh, as he had done (chap. xlviii. 10), and Joseph was sad to think he was really gone.

But this is not the last time we read of his weeping, as you will have seen if you have read the chapter. His *brothers* gave him cause to shed a few more tears yet! It was not that they put him into some pit, and he begged them with tears not to do it. They *could* not do that now, though I trust they would not if they could. But they did something else which hurt his feelings as sadly as what they had done years before, if not more so. If they did not show that they hated *him*, they would not believe but that he might hate *them*, and thought he would be *sure* to serve them out for what they had done to him so many years before. They could not forget it themselves, and it was not fit they should; but they ought to have believed that he had freely forgiven them long ago. He had surely given them proof enough of it. From the day when he cast out their fear by falling on their necks and kissing them he had been doing them good and not evil. He had said he would

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“nourish” them, and we find he had “nourished” them (chap. xlvii. 12). He had welcomed them to come and be near him, and when they came he had “given them a possession in the land of Egypt, in the *best* of the land,” so that they dwelt there, “and had possessions therein, and grew and multiplied exceedingly,” and it was all the fruit of the kindness of Joseph to them; and yet now their father is dead they choose to think he will “hate” them, and that he has been waiting all this time to *punish* them for what they had done. So they make up a story about Jacob, and get a man to go and tell it to Joseph, how that their father had said he must please to forgive them, and not do them any harm! I have no doubt Joseph knew enough of his father not to believe a word they said about him: he would know that, if Jacob had wanted anything of the sort said to him, he would have said it himself. But how it grieved Joseph that his brothers should be so slow to believe his love to them! There they are, fallen down on their faces before him, and saying, “Behold, we be thy *servants* ;” what could he do but *weep* over them? And yet even here he shows them that *he* has not changed in his heart towards them. Twice he tells them to fear not, and he comforts them, and speaks “kindly unto them.” Just as he said at first, that he would nourish them, and just as he has been doing it ever since, so again he says, “Now therefore fear ye not; I *will nourish* you and your little ones.”

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How this reminds us of the blessed Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ, who is "the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever!" We often find we carry with us "a heart that is slow in His love to repose;" but what happiness for those who know Him as their own Saviour to know that *His* love never changes! He loved us when He had to seek us as His wandering sheep, He rejoiced when He found us, has loved us and cared for us ever since, and when presently He comes again, as He promised, to receive us unto Himself, we shall find Him to be "this same Jesus." Nothing had changed Joseph's love to his brothers, and so the Lord Jesus having loved His own which are in the world, He loves them unto the end. He loves them *through all*. It was the "evil heart of unbelief" in the brothers that so grieved the tender heart of Joseph, as it was the "evil heart of unbelief" in the children of Israel that God was "grieved" with so many years. And have not we, who do love "in some small degree" the Lord Jesus, felt how often and how sadly we grieve Him, by not trusting Him as He deserves to be trusted? If we love a person truly, and always act kindly towards them, it is very painful to us if they will not put confidence in our love to them. The Lord, who loves us, and gave Himself for us, loads us *daily* with His benefits, and deserves surely that we should trust ourselves entirely to Him, while we *daily* try to please Him; that He should not have to weep over us, "being grieved for the hard-

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ness of our hearts," but should have the pleasure of seeing that we both value His love to us and desire more and more to love Him in return

Yet, gracious Lord, when we reflect
How oft we've turned the eye from Thee,
And yet to find Thee still "the same,"
Tis this that humbles us with shame.
Astonished at Thy feet we fall,
Thy love exceeds our highest thought.
May we henceforth more faithful prove,
And ne'er forget Thy ceaseless love.

W. Ty.

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(Continued from page 165.)

Firstborn.—This word is used in Scripture not only in reference to time or date, as of a person born first or before others, but also as a relative term. In the first sense it is simple and easily understood. The first or eldest-born son took the chief place in the family next to the father. In the parable of the Prodigal Son the father says to the eldest son, "All that I have is thine" (Luke xv.). In his father's absence he was his representative, and at his death inherited a double portion (Deut. xxi. 15—17), and his father's position as head of the house, or of the tribe, as the case might be (1 Chron. v. 6, 24). If his father was a king, he succeeded him, unless some very special

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circumstance interfered (2 Chron. xxi. 3). On account of the privileges and place occupied by the first-born son, the term became synonymous with pre-eminent or *chief* (Psa. lxxviii. 51); hence "the firstborn of the poor" (Isa. xiv. 30) signifies the pre-eminently poor, the most abject in poverty; and "the firstborn of death" (Job xviii. 13) the most fatal or terrible form of death. Again, it is said of Solomon, son of David, as foreshadowing "the King of kings and Lord of lords," "I will make Him my Firstborn, HIGHER than the kings of the earth" (Psa. lxxxix. 27). Here the latter part of the sentence explains the sense in which the term "firstborn" is used, namely, *pre-eminent one*, and it is in this sense that the term is applied to our Lord Jesus Christ in Col. i. 15, where He is called "the Firstborn of every creature," or of "all creation;" meaning not merely that He came into existence before all creation (He was from all eternity), but that when He as a man takes a place in creation it is the pre-eminent one, which belongs to Him for the reason given in the next verse, namely, that He is Creator of all things, however high or exalted, and hence of right "Head over all things" (Eph. i. 22), which were not only "created *by* Him," but also "*for* Him." Thus He, as man, has all creation by right, and will hereafter so take possession. This is the meaning of "Firstborn" as applied to Christ in relation to every created thing as a man and at the same time Son of God. It is His per-

sonal glory in creation (Col. ii. 10). He created all things as Son of God ; and, although He afterwards humbled Himself and took upon Him the nature of a man, He did not thereby abdicate His supremacy over all created things, but has it now in that very nature in which He humbled Himself. He is by right and title "Firstborn of all creation." In Col. i. 18 this term is again applied to Him as "Firstborn from (or from among) the dead." Here, again, it does not mean merely that He was the first to rise from among the dead, although that is true (see Firstfruits), but that He is the pre-eminent, not only over all creation (as in verse 15), but also in that new order of things into which He brings us by redemption. If we by grace are predestined to a share in the glory of God and all the blessings of the new creation (where all things are of God, and of which Jesus is the manifested beginning (Rev. iii. 14), He surely has the pre-eminence there also as supreme and alone Victor over death and all the power of the enemy in it. "By one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin, and so death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned" (Rom. v. 12). Death reigned over every son of Adam without exception (Rom. v. 14). But such is the power of life in Christ that, although He undergoes death for us, the place He thus humbles Himself into (Phil. ii. 8) only declares in result His glory. One may say that even the terrible region of death itself was made to feel the power of His absolute perfection

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and spotlessness as a MAN; and thus He has earned,
at infinite cost to Himself, the right and title to
be "FIRSTBORN from among the dead." K.*

THE LITTLE CHATTERER.

WILL you hear the prattle
Of a little girl?
Truth is in the tattle,
Bright and pure as pearl.
My dear 'Ma is poorly,
She is quite laid by,
Suffers very sorely;
Doctor thinks she'll die
Sometimes, now, I kiss her,
See her ev'ry day:
'Pa says, I shall miss her
If she goes away.
When Mamma was able,
She would talk to me;
Tell me tale and fable,
Pretty as could be;
Read me Bible stories,
Teach me hymn and song,
All about the glories
Which to Christ belong.
Though the things I'm saying,
All are really true,
I can't keep from playing.
Tell me now, could you?
But my play is quiet,
Else 'twould worry 'Ma;
Not a noisy riot,
Her poor head to jar.

* With this exception, the articles written for this Dictionary since June, 1874 are not written by the above writer.

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'Ma, too, likes me near her,
From me will not part;
Says, my voice can cheer her,
And doth soothe her heart.

When she goes to Jesus,
As she will some day;
God, she says, Who sees us,
Will not let me stray.

She has often told me,
If in Christ I rest,
He will keep and fold me
On His loving breast.

Having done my ditty,
'Pa says, if you're wise,
You will count it pretty,
And no child despise.

T.

BIBLE QUESTIONS FOR JULY.

1. Give the name of the man who destroyed those who had familiar spirits, yet afterwards inquired of one.
2. What prophet blames a king for asking counsel of him, when the Lord had become his enemy?
3. Give a text from the Old Testament which says God will shake the heavens and the earth.
4. Give a text which states Paul was not running as men in a race—uncertainly.
5. How long did Jesus Christ say the Holy Ghost would remain with the Church?
6. How many prophets were allowed to speak when the whole Church was gathered together?
7. What three things does Scripture say Christians receive by prophecy?
8. Give three Scriptures which tell us what will take place with those who are left after the Church is taken.

BIBLE ENIGMA FOR JULY.

For whom did a proud mother vainly wait ?
Who freed his nation from a stranger king ?
What churlish man was doomed to dismal fate ?
What mighty man was slain by stone and sling ?

In the initials you may find
That which the Saviour's name should be
To all who taste His mercy and
The light of His salvation see.

ANSWER TO BIBLE ENIGMA FOR JUNE.

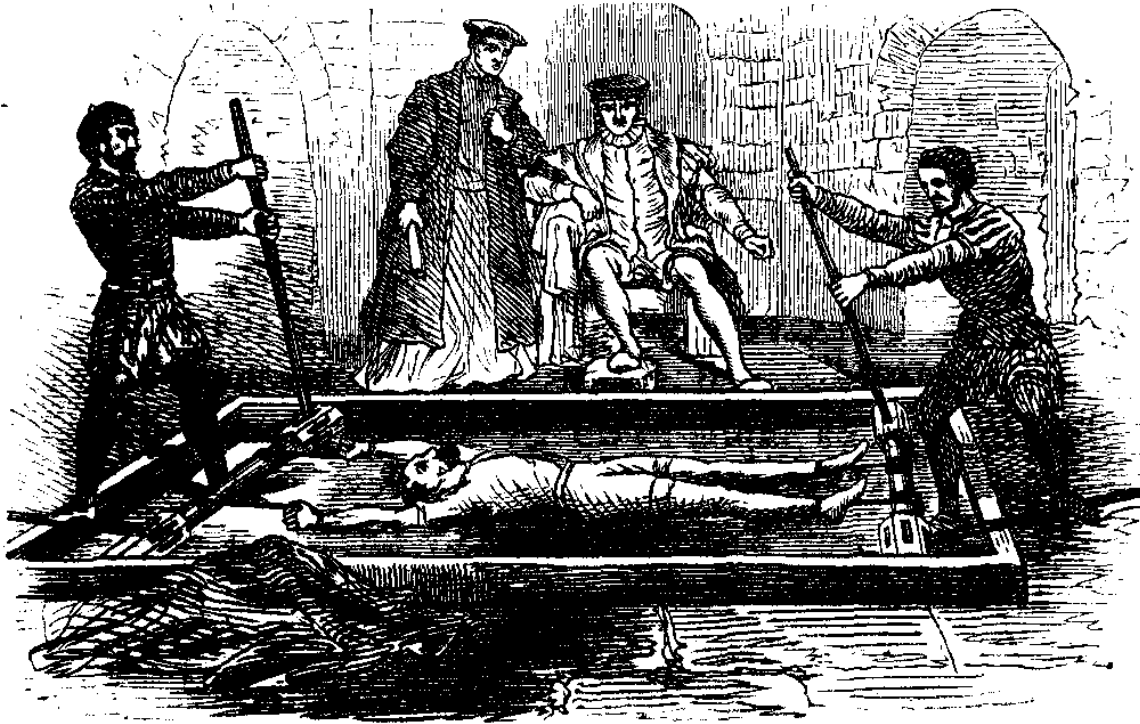
“Surety.”—HEB. vii. 22.

S luggard	Prov. vi. 6.
U nderstanding	Prov. xvi. 22.
R ighteousness	Prov. x. 2.
E vil	Prov. xiii. 21.
T reasure	Prov. xv. 6.
Y ears	Prov. x. 27

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS FOR JUNE.

1. Now. To reason together, and to be made white.
2. Sinful nation ; a people laden with iniquity ; a seed of evil-doers (Isa. i. 4, 6).
3. The Lord's house. All nations (Isa. ii. 2).
4. The beast and his image (Rev. xx. 4).
5. “Satan shall be loosed out of his prison” (verse 7), the devil cast into the lake of fire (verse 10), a great white throne (verse 11).
6. “A new heaven,” “a new earth.”
7. Heb. x. 14 ; Heb. xiii. 20, 21.
8. Job xxii. 21.

B. E. L.



THE RACK.

THE MARTYRDOM OF JULIUS PALMER. .

JULIUS PALMER was a native of Coventry, and son of a man who had followed the trade of an upholsterer, and was chief magistrate of the town. Julius became a pupil in the free school of Magdalen College, Oxford, and soon distinguished himself by his learning. He spoke Latin fluently, and was so well versed in Greek that when the Greek reader of his college was absent he supplied his place. The early hour of four found the young scholar at his books, and so close was his application that at the age of eighteen he was admitted a reader in logic. One distinctive feature in his character was his abhorrence of anything like deceit, but his open, unsuspecting nature made him often deceived by others.

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Such was young Palmer in the reign of Edward the Sixth, and the fearless truthfulness of his character led him openly to display his dislike of the Protestant doctrines. He would not join in the college prayers unless compelled by the rules, and not only stayed away from the sermons, but persuaded his pupils to do the same. Openly disdain and despising the King's preachers, he was so often reproved and punished by fines and severe impositions that it seemed as if he courted suffering in the cause that he thought holy. At last he was accused of writing some slanderous railing verses against Dr. Haddon, president of the college, and of posting them up on the doors and walls. This he stoutly denied, and cleared himself from the charge, but spoke so boldly and reproachfully against the officers who examined him, and showed such a hatred of the truth, that he was expelled the house. Amongst the students once at college with him, and quite of his mind, was a man named Bullingham. At the end of Edward's reign this young man resolved to fly into France, and Julius accompanied him as far as London. Bullingham relates the conversation they had together leaning on the great gate of St. James's Palace. Palmer said, "Bullingham, you know in what misery and calamity we are fallen for the Pope and his religion ; we are young men abhorred of all now, and like to be abhorred more and more ; let us consider what hangs over our heads. You are departing into a strange country, both friendless and moneyless,

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where I fear you will taste of sourer sauce than you have hitherto done ; and as for me, I am at my wits' end. The face of hell itself is as amiable unto me as the sight of Magdalen College, for there I was hated as a venomous toad. Would God I were raked under the earth ! And, as touching our religion, even our conscience beareth witness that we taste not such an inward sweetness in the possession thereof as we understand the Gospellers (Protestants) do in their religion ; yea, to say the truth, we maintain we know not what, rather of will than of knowledge. But what then ? rather than yield unto them, I will beg my bread."

Bullingham after this fled into Normandy, and Julius became tutor in the family of Sir F. Knolles, where he remained until Mary ascended the throne. Romanist visitors were sent to Oxford soon after Mary's accession, to displace the Protestant officers there, and Julius then came forward to assert his right to be installed again in his former post there, stating how he had formerly defended and maintained the Romanist doctrine. His plea was allowed, and now, when everything around him seemed likely to build him up in the doctrines in which he had been educated, doubts and fears regarding his faith began to disturb his mind.

While living in the house of Sir F. Knolles, he had heard enough of the truth to make him see some beauty in it, and, as his nature shrank from all disguise and deceit, his open inquiries and remarks soon made him an object of suspicion. When God

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first began to work in him, the death of the martyrs made a great impression on him. He would know every particular of their sufferings, and even sent out one of his scholars with another young man to Gloucestershire to witness the death of Hooper, and so bring him a faithful report of his behaviour in the fire. In the time of Edward he had always asserted that the Protestants would never die for their opinions, and this, perhaps, led him to watch their conduct so narrowly. At last he went himself to witness the cruel sufferings of Ridley and Latimer at Oxford.

The doubting inquirer after truth stood to see Ridley endure tortures which sicken the heart to think of, and who can tell but perhaps the martyr was suffered to go through those awful agonies that the seeking soul of Julius might feel the sustaining power of God?

The sight of that sufferer moved hundreds to tears, and Julius returned home so agitated that he broke out openly into the strongest expressions of pity and sorrow: "O raging cruelty! O tyranny tragical and more than barbarous!" he exclaimed, and from that day he gave himself up to an earnest study of the Protestant doctrines, by borrowing Peter Martyn's Commentaries and other good Protestant books.

At the beginning of Mary's reign Bullingham returned to England and accidentally met Palmer one day near St. Paul's, where a Rood was set up. Bullingham relates that Julius said to him, "Bul-

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lingham, is this our God for whom we have smarted?" "No," quoth I, "it is an image of Him." "An image," he answered, "I tell thee plainly, Bullingham, John Calvin, whose 'Institutes' I have read since our departure, tells me plainly by God's Word that it is an idol, and that the Pope is Antichrist, and his clergy the filthy sink-hole of hell; and now I believe it, for I feel it sensibly. Oh, that God had revealed these matters unto me in times past! I would have bequeathed this Romish religion, or rather irreligion, to the devil of hell, whence it came. Believe them not, Bullingham. I will rather have these knees cut off than I will kneel to yonder jackanapes (meaning the Rood), God help me. I am born to trouble and adversity in this world." "Well, Palmer," said I, "is the wind in that corner with you? I warrant you it will blow you little good in the end, and I will never have to do with you again." Fox relates that Bullingham afterwards became an earnest teacher of God's Word, but we have no account of his conversion.

At this time it is evident Palmer was convinced of the truth of the Protestant doctrine, but he had no peace nor joy in believing, nothing to bear him up in prospect of the trials before him. His old religion was again the established one, and he knew well to what persecution he would be exposed if he forsook it; but though without comfort he persevered in his researches, meanwhile still joining in the services of the Romish Church.

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At length his study of God's Word so opened his eyes that he saw plainly the inconsistency of his conduct, and he so often avoided going to the mass that suspicion was excited. His conscience still suffered great torment, for he had not yet courage to avow the truth, but finally he resolved to fly. One of his friends besought him to stay, asking him how he would live, and where he would go. "The earth is the Lord's," he answered, "and the fulness thereof; let the Lord work. I will commit myself to God and the wide world." He returned once or twice after this to the college, and once Barwich, a fellow of Trinity College, met him, and began to reason with him. Finding that Julius was very zealous in defending the truth, he said to him, "Well, Palmer, well, thou art stout and hardy in thine opinion now, but if thou wert once brought to the stake I believe thou wouldst tell me another tale. I advise thee beware of the fire; it is a shrewd matter to burn."

"Truly," said Palmer, "I have been once or twice in danger of burning, and hitherto, I thank God, I have escaped it; but I judge verily it will be my end at the last: welcome be it by the grace of God. Indeed, it is a hard matter for them to burn that have the mind and soul linked to the body, as a thief's foot is tied in a pair of fetters; but, if a man be once able by the help of God's Spirit to separate and divide the soul from the body, for him it is no more mastery to burn than for me to eat this piece of bread." This godly courage and

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sincerity was made the means ere long of bringing on the death of which he spoke.

After resigning Oxford he was made master of the Grammar School at Reading, where he was greatly loved and honoured by those who knew the truth. Meanwhile his enemies invented a means of destroying him. They sent a few traitors to him who professed great love of the Gospel, and the open-hearted young man received them with joy and confidence. Having thus got access to his secret thoughts and his home, one day in his absence they rifled his study of books and writings, and then threatened him to lay these papers before the Council unless he would depart and resign the school to a friend of theirs.

The innocent victim took patiently the spoiling of his goods, left all that belonged to him and his quarter's salary in their hands, and went to Ensham, where his mother lived, hoping to get some legacies from her due to him by his father's will. His mother no sooner saw him on his knees before her, as usual asking her blessing, than she exclaimed, "Thou shalt have Christ's curse and mine wheresoever thou goest."

Poor Julius paused awhile, and then said, "Oh, mother, your own curse you may give me, which God knoweth I never deserved, but God's curse you cannot give me, for He hath already blessed me."

"Nay," replied she, "thou wentest from God's blessing into the warm sun when thou wast

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banished for a heretic out of that worshipful house in Oxford ; and now for the like knavery are driven out of Reading, too."

"Alas ! mother," said he, "you have been misinformed ; I was not expelled or driven away, but resigned of my own accord, and heretic I am none, for I stand not steadily against any true doctrine, but defend it to my power, and you may be sure they use not to expel or banish, but to burn heretics, as they term them."

"Well," answered she, "I am sure thou dost not believe as thy father and I and all our forefathers have done, but as we were taught by the new law in King Edward's days, which is damnable heresy."

"Indeed, I confess," replied Julius, "that I believe that doctrine which was taught in King Edward's time, which is not heresy, but truth ; neither is it new, but as old as Christ and His apostles."

"If thou be at that point," said his unnatural mother, "I require thee to depart from my house and out of my sight, and never more take me for thy mother hereafter : as for money and goods, I have none of thine ; thy father bequeathed nought for heretics. Faggots I have to burn thee ; more thou gettest not at my hands."

"Mother," replied the poor youth, "whereas you have cursed me, I again pray God to bless you and prosper you all your life long."

As he spoke other soft and gentle words the

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tears burst forth abundantly, and so he turned and parted from her.

The sight so far touched her hard heart that she flung a piece of gold after him, saying,

“Take that to keep thee a true man.”

Thus, destitute and afflicted, stripped of all earthly possessions, and cast off by her on whom the common feelings of nature might have taught him most to rely, the lonely sufferer resolved to return secretly to Magdalen College, and through some private friends there he was recommended to a school in Gloucestershire. Before starting for this place he thought he would return privately to Reading first, and endeavour to get back some of his goods and property, and obtain his quarter's salary.

He went to an inn and took a private room, but in spite of all precautions his enemies found him out, and immediately conferred together to complete his destruction. One of these, a Mr. Hampton, under colour of friendly zeal in his service, went to see him, and asked the cause of his visit to Reading. Openly and confidingly the unsuspecting victim laid bare his designs to this traitor, who in vain urged him to give up his plans, and, finding him determined to persevere, he left him in a rage. Palmer went quietly to bed, fearing no evil, but soon after his bedroom was broken open, and several officers rushed in and took him prisoner. Without uttering a word the young man submitted to be led away, and was soon

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thrust into a damp unhealthy dungeon prepared for thieves and murderers, and here left with his hands and feet made fast in such high stocks that his body could scarcely touch the ground as he hung. And so he remained about ten days. The accusations brought against him were not for heresy, but for treason and supposed murder. His horror was extreme, and with a burst of righteous indignation he exclaimed, "Oh, ye cruel bloodsuckers! ye follow the old practices of your wolfish generation of Pharisees and Papists, but be ye well assured that God already sees your subtle devices and crafty packing, and will not suffer the outrageous fury of your venomous tongues and fiery hearts to remain unpunished." He said, also, that if such horrible crimes could be proved against him he would patiently submit to any torments that might be devised. His enemies took care to spread the report of his crimes throughout the town, but later in the day, when brought to examination, Palmer so easily proved the accusations to be false, and the letters brought against him to be forgeries, that the mayor became ashamed of his credulity, and measures were taken to get him privately out of the country to save the character of his accusers. His adversaries seeing their first plan entirely defeated, and fearing he would now escape, brought forward a charge of heresy, and no longer ashamed of the disgraceful act of robbing his study, they produced the writings they had stolen,

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and devised a bill of instructions against him, to be delivered to the visiting justice, Dr. Jefferys, who was to arrive the Tuesday following. Palmer was then thrown into prison at Newbury, and so cruelly dealt with that he lacked the commonest necessities of life. During his long examination before the High Sheriff and others afterwards Jefferys asked him whether he thought himself inspired by the Holy Ghost?

“Sir,” answered Julius, “no man can believe but by the inspiration of the Holy Ghost. Therefore, if I were not a spiritual man, and inspired with God’s Spirit, I were not a true Christian. ‘He that hath not the Spirit of Christ is none of His.’”

Jefferys called him a beardless boy, and asked him how he dared to dispute with a doctor.

Palmer answered, “Remember, master doctor, ‘the wind bloweth where it listeth,’ and in another place, ‘Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings Thou hast perfected praise. Thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes.’ God is not tied to time, wit, learning, place, or person, and although your wit and learning be greater than mine, yet your belief in the truth and zeal to defend the same is no greater.”

Jefferys then declined to dispute with him, but began questioning him on the different points about which he was accused, and received such wise and spirited answers that even the Sheriff,



Sir Richard Abridges, was moved to admiration and pity for the undaunted prisoner. Next day after dinner he invited Palmer to his house, where several guests were assembled ; then before all present he besought him in the most friendly way to revoke his opinions, and to spare his youth, wit, and learning. He even promised him solemnly before his guests that if he would recant he would give him food, books, and ten pounds yearly as long

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as he liked to live with him, adding, "If thou wilt set thy mind to marriage, I will procure thee a wife and a farm, and help to stuff and fit thy farm for thee. How sayest thou?"

Surely never could temptation come in fairer guise or stronger power. The scorn of the wise and noble, the contempt and hatred of relatives, prison walls, and an agonizing death, all too surely before him, and here life, ease, and earthly joy brought to his grasp in the hour of his greatest suffering.

We have no further account of Sir Richard Abridges, but right well can we imagine that drawing-room party and all the surroundings which make up an attractive and refined home, all the bright cheerfulness which at such a time must have touched powerfully the human heart of the martyr, the listening and interested guests, and the kind genial face of the host as he finishes with that winning and compassionate "How sayest thou?" But the young man is only moved to the most courteous thanks, and with engaging modesty and reverence he states his reasons for his faith, declaring also that as he had already in two places renounced his living for Christ's sake, so he would with God's grace be ready to surrender and yield up his life also for the same if God should require it. Sir Richard heard him out, and seeing the steady firmness of his convictions and resolves, he broke out into the words, "Well, Palmer, then I perceive one of us two will

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be damned, for we be of two faiths, and certain I am that there is but one faith that leadeth to life and salvation."

"Oh, sir," said Julius, "I hope that we shall both be saved."

"How may that be?" asked Sir Richard.

"Right well, sir," replied Julius sweetly, "for as it has pleased our merciful Saviour according to the Gospel parable to call me at the third hour of the day, even in the flower of youth, at the age of twenty-four, so I trust He hath called, and will call, you at the eleventh hour of your old age, and give you everlasting life for your portion."

"Sayest thou so?" returned the kind old man. "Well, Palmer, well, I would I might have thee but one month in my house. I doubt not but I would convert thee, or thou shouldest convert me."

One of the guests, a Mr. Winchecomb, then turned to him and said, "Take pity on thy golden years and pleasant flowers of youth before it be too late."

But Julius answered, "Sir, I long for those springing flowers that shall never fade away."

The spirit of the worldling recoiled at his wish, and he answers, "If thou be at that point, I have done with thee."

So the young man was led back to his dark cell, and next morning condemned to be burned that same afternoon at five o'clock. Two other simple believers, Askin and Gwin, were to share his fate, and one hour before they were led to execution

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Palmer, in the presence of many people, thus addressed his fellow-martyrs :—

“Brethren, be of good cheer in the Lord, and faint not. Remember the words of our Saviour Christ, where He saith : Happy are ye when men shall revile you and persecute you for righteousness sake. Rejoice and be glad, for great is your reward in heaven. Fear not them that kill the body, and be not able to touch the soul. God is faithful, and will not suffer us to be tempted further than we shall be able to bear. We shall not end our lives in the fire, but make a change for a better life ; yea, for coals we shall receive pearls. For God’s Holy Spirit testifieth to our spirit that He hath even now prepared for us a sweet supper in heaven for His sake who suffered for us.” With these and many like words he not only comforted the hearts of his poor brethren, but moved the standers by to plentiful tears. Then they sang a psalm, and Sir Richard Abridges with a great company came to lead them to the fire. On reaching the place where they were to suffer they fell all three to the ground, and while Askin and Gwin prayed secretly to God Palmer repeated aloud the thirty-first Psalm. Two priests now advanced exhorting him yet to recant and save his soul. Palmer answered, “Away, away ! tempt me no longer. Away ! I say, for the Lord hath heard the voice of my tears.” Then they put off their raiment, walked up to the stake and kissed it, and when they were bound to the post Palmer said, “Good

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people, pray for us that we may persevere to the end, and for Christ's sake beware of popish teachers, for they deceive you." For saying this a servant of one of the bailiffs threw a faggot at his face, causing the blood to gush out in several places. The kind heart of the Sheriff, Sir Richard, was so incensed at this brutality that he not only reviled the wretch as a cruel tormentor, but with his staff dealt him such a blow as broke his head and made the blood run down his ears. When the fire was kindled and began to take hold on their bodies they lifted their heads to heaven as quietly and cheerfully as though they felt no pain, and cried, "Lord Jesus, assist us! Lord Jesus, receive our souls!" They bore up without a struggle, still holding up their hands or beating on their hearts and calling on the name of Jesus. The flames surged on and did their deadly work, till the three heads of those Christian heroes fell together in the fire as if in one lump of cinder.

ANSWER TO ENIGMA FOR JULY.

Song.—Exod. xv. 2.

S isera	Judges v. 28.
O thniel	Judges iii. 9, 10.
N abal	1 Sam. xxv. 37, 38.
G oliath	1 Sam. xvii. 49, 50.

"The Lord is my strength and song, and He is become my salvation" (Exod. xv. 2).

THE SAVIOUR AT THE WELL.

(JOHN iv.)

Come, ye worn and weary,
Press'd by sin and care,
Feeling all is dreary,
Cloudy ev'rywhere ;
Would ye know contentment ?
All your grief dispel ?
Meet ye, then, the Saviour
At the springing well.

Earth-born sons and daughters,
Quaffing at the spring
Of empoison'd waters,
Which no blessing bring,
Bliss, all thought excelling,
Joy, which none can tell,
Dwell in Christ, the Saviour :
Drink, then, at His well.

Blessing He is giving,
Healing sorrow's smart,
While He doth with living
Water cheer the heart.
He thy soul is greeting,
E'er with Him to dwell ;
Hast thou had a meeting
With Him at the well ?

Wouldst thou perish, never ?
Trust thou, then, in Him ;
Wouldst thou have for ever
Joy run o'er the brim ?
Drink, then, of His pleasures,
Which all joys excel ;
He o'erflowing measures
Giveth from His well.

T.



THE BEST FRIEND.

THE little girl in the picture is evidently frightened. The scene being in the country, it is not unlikely that she sees a cow, or a horse, or a dog, and runs for protection to the arms of her sister. And what a nice sister she looks! She seems to be smiling at the needless alarm of the little one, and she looks so encouragingly, and is speaking so kindly to her, that we may be sure that the groundless fear of her young sister will soon be over, and that pre-

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sently the child will be chattering and jumping about as lively as ever.

How pleasant it is for a little girl to have a sister older than herself, to whom she can run and tell her childish thoughts and troubles! But, good as it is to have such a sister, there is one who is a much better comforter even than she. And who is that? Why, of course, you will say it is mother. There is, indeed, no such friend upon earth as a loving mother. Do we not all know that her kiss will dry her darling's tears, and make the wounded place well, besides giving comfort to the heart? There is no one who loves and cares for us like mother, is there?

But, my dear young friend, has not mother many things to do? And have you not to go away from her sometimes? And sister cannot always be with you, can she? What are you to do then if you become frightened, or fall and hurt yourself, or get into any kind of trouble? Sister may not be near. Brother is probably at school. Mother, perhaps, has gone out. And father is most likely at his business. What *are* you to do? You want a friend who can *always* be with you, and to whom you can run at *all* times. And where can you find such a friend as this? It is quite clear that neither father, nor mother, nor sister, nor brother, nor any beloved companion of yours, can always be with you. Besides, even the best of friends do not unfailingly help us just at the right time, or in the way which we most need. God tells us

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in the Bible that even a mother may forget her child. Only think of that!

Well, now, although I dare say you have some really kind friends, I am quite sure that

“The best of friends is ONE above.”

You know whom I mean. It is God, as made known to us in Christ, His dear Son. Each of you who have believed in Jesus, and have come to God by Him, may truly say, “He loved *me*, and gave Himself for *me*.” That is a nice hymn which says,

“ONE there is above all others ;
Oh, how He loves !
His is love beyond a mother's ;
Oh, how He loves !
Earthly friends may fail or leave us,
One day soothe, the next day grieve us,
But this Friend will ne'er deceive us :
Oh, how He loves !”

Then, one of your own “Pleasant Songs” also says,

“The love of a mother
And father is great ;
The love of a brother
And sister is sweet ;
Yet who but the Saviour
For us could have died,
To bring us for ever
With God to abide ?”

Is this precious Saviour *your* Friend ? Do you know His love ? Can you, as it were, lay your head in His bosom, and there find peace for your

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conscience, rest for your heart, and a refuge from all your childish griefs and sorrows?

If you have a friend about your own age, do you not like to tell that friend all your little affairs, and that he should tell you about his? Of course you do. That is just what Jesus likes us to do with Him. And He is always ready and willing to listen to whatever we have to say. And, then, what a number of blessed things He tells us in the Bible about His God and Father, and Himself, and all His love and grace to us, and about the blessed time when they who love Him shall see Him as He is, be like Him, and be with Him, beholding and dwelling in the light of His glory for evermore!

Well, then, I do hope that you will make this best of friends your own friend, by trusting in Him now as your Saviour. T.

 THE SUNDAY SCHOLAR'S LETTER.

A RELATIVE of mine, who is a believer in the Lord Jesus Christ, called lately upon me and showed me a letter which she had just received from one of the scholars in her class at the Sunday-school in which she is a teacher. She was much gratified at receiving such a letter, and I was also so much pleased with it that I requested and obtained permission to send it for insertion in GOOD NEWS,

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so that others might participate in our pleasure. The writer of the letter is about thirteen years of age, and has been a steady and seriously-disposed girl at school for some time. The mission which she mentions refers to a series of Gospel discourses which have lately been delivered in the South of London. T.

June 20th, 1876.

Dear Teacher,—I write these few lines hoping they will find you quite well. I was so disappointed that I could not come to school on Sunday, but I had to go to ——— last week to stay till this, as my aunt was very poorly, and could not be left alone, and it was my duty to go and stay with her. And Jesus says, “Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.”

Dear teacher, I found Jesus one month ago, and I have been so happy ever since ; and I do so long for my schoolfellows to know this happiness. I do pray for them, and I know that God will answer me ; for Jesus has said, “Whatsoever ye shall ask of the Father in my name He will give it you.” I think *that* is such a blessed promise. Two of my dear sisters have found Jesus, and I do trust that He will open the eyes of the other two, that they may see their danger, and give themselves up to Jesus, and He will show them the way to heaven. Dear teacher, God has wrought such a

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great blessing on this mission. There have been many souls saved, and He will still bless many more, if we pray for them and help in the work. Jesus was such a long time seeking me, but I was so blind that I could not see that the road which I was taking was leading me to destruction, till God's Holy Spirit made me see my danger. Oh, how thankful we ought to be to Him, who has given us our Sunday-school and kind teachers and ministers to teach us! And how we ought to pray, and to give money, too, to buy Bibles for those who have never heard of the loving Saviour!

I hope, dear teacher, if all is well, to be at school next Sunday. Mr. —— has a mission service every Wednesday evening at eight o'clock. Do try and go to one of them. You would like him, I know; for all who love the Lord Jesus love those who work for Him. I do so often think of that little hymn in our school book—

“ And those who find Thee find a bliss
 No tongue nor pen can show;
 The love of Jesus, what it is
 None but His lov'd ones know.”

Dear teacher, I never felt this great love till Jesus made me one of His own, and now I feel it and know it. And it makes me happier every time I think of His great love in suffering upon the cross, “that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.” And He has planned out such a free and full salvation

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for all, and is asking them to come and take it as their own.

Dear teacher, I must now draw to a close, hoping, please God, to meet on Sunday.

From your affectionate scholar,
M. V.

DICTIONARY OF THE BIBLE.

(Continued from page 194.)

Firstborn (concluded).—In Rom. viii. 29, Christ is called “the firstborn among many brethren;” still, in the sense of having altogether the pre-eminence among those who will be conformed to *His* image in glory who once in grace stooped to take His place down here “in the likeness of man,” the same title is given in the plural to the Church in Heb. xii. 23, as showing the pre-eminent place which it takes in the counsels of God, and necessarily as being so intimately joined to Him, who is “the Head of the body, the Church” (Col. i. 18).

Firstfruits are frequently mentioned in Scripture, and signify fruits first in order of time, and also in quality and character, that is, *best* (Numb. xviii. 12). In the law the Israelites were commanded to offer the firstfruits of the corn, the wine, and the oil, and the first of the fleece of the sheep to the Lord, after which they became the portion of the priests (Deut. xviii. 5). In these offerings the people gave testimony that all came from Him

and belonged to Him, and that to His grace they were debtors for all the blessings they enjoyed in the land (Deut. xxvi.). In type this is true worship. The firstfruits of the heavenly land are first offered up to Him who is their alone source and power, for He it is "who hath blest us with all spiritual blessings in heavenly places in Christ Jesus" (Ephes. i.).

After being offered to God, the priest and everyone that was clean in his house partook of these firstfruits (Numb. xviii. 13). The children of God have a family portion in fellowship with God Himself in the antitypes of these firstfruits. They joy and rejoice with Him, and find nourishment and strength to their souls in all that He does and has done by His only-begotten One, and in all that His Spirit works to His own glory in and by the members of Christ. "All the best of the oil, and all the best of the wine, and of the wheat," the fruits, where all is best, of the Spirit, the joys of the new creation, and the firstfruits of the harvest of God (James i. 18), "the produce of His seed on the soil of His election," are as food to their souls. But they must be "clean" to enjoy them (1 John i. 5, 6, 7). In Lev. xxiii. 9—14, we have the firstfruits of the harvest offered unto Jehovah "on the morrow after the Sabbath," *i.e.*, on the first day of the week. Until these firstfruits had been offered up to God nothing of the harvest could be touched (v. 14). This type of Christ, "the firstfruits of them that slept" (1 Cor. xv. 23), is most

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important. He is the "beginning, the firstborn from among the dead." Till He arose the power of death was unbroken, "life and incorruptibility" were not brought to light (2 Tim. i. 10). Others had been raised from the dead before, but only to die again. They had not been raised "*out from among*" the dead; although, so to speak, a new lease of life had been given them, they were still within the domain where death reigned, and the subjects of its power. The son of the widow of Zarephath (1 Kings xvii.), and of the Shunammite woman (2 Kings iv.), the dead man that was cast into Elisha's tomb (2 Kings xiii.), the daughter of Jairus, Lazarus, Dorcas, and others, are still "among the dead." But when Christ, the firstfruits of them that slept, arose, a new order of things outside and beyond the natural life of the world began, a new creation of which He is THE BEGINNING in person, and the power of which He breathed into His disciples on the day of His own resurrection (John xx.), as erst long before He, Jehovah-God, had as Creator breathed into man the breath of his natural life (Gen. ii. 7).

He is the firstfruits, therefore, not alone in order of time, but assuredly also in character and quality (if one may so speak), the BEST of the harvest of God gathered by power divine, the beginning likewise, as source and origin, of all the glorious results that follow "to the praise of the glory of God," as the fountain is the source of the stream.

Another kind of firstfruits is mentioned Lev.

xxiii. 15—21. These represent the ingathering of the saints, which commenced on the fiftieth day after the resurrection of Christ, viz., “the day of Pentecost” (Acts ii. 1; compare James i. 18). They are looked at as being on earth, and having leaven in them, but *baked*, and hence not supposed to be *active* (Rom. vi. 12), and on account of the presence of the leaven needing a sin-offering (v. 19) which in the firstfruits of verse 10 is omitted as wholly unnecessary, for He “knew no sin.” Because of the leaven, also, these two loaves are not burned on the altar as a sweet savour (Lev. ii. 12), but are waved before the Lord, that is, placed fully before Him in all the acceptability of Christ Himself, whose divinely perfect sacrifice is shadowed forth in the seven lambs, and all the other offerings accompanying the waving of the bread of the firstfruits. K.

BIBLE ENIGMA FOR AUGUST.

These initials and finals two cousins declare
 Who wandered with Israel many a year;
 The latter was chosen the priesthood to share,
 'The former the sanctuary's vessels to bear.

An eastern province often named.

A rocky mount for curses famed.

A city with an empire wide.

A city on a mountain side.

A nephew of a patriarch.

A spy sent Canaan's land to mark.

A homeless prince's generous host, true to his king whose throne was lost.

BIBLE QUESTIONS FOR AUGUST.

1. Give the name of one who is said to have kept God's laws before the law was given.
 2. What Scriptures speak of the Jews as having received the law, and the Gentiles as being without the law?
 3. How long was the law a schoolmaster, and whose?
 4. Of what is the person guilty who offends in one point of the law?
 5. From what curse is a believer redeemed?
 6. What deeds is a believer justified without?
 7. Give two Scriptures showing the believer dead to the law.
 8. What do they walk after in whom the righteousness of the law is fulfilled?
 9. In what one word is all the law fulfilled?
-

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS FOR JULY.

1. Saul (1 Sam. xxviii. 3—9).
2. Samuel (1 Sam. xxviii. 16).
3. "For thus saith the Lord of Hosts, Yet once, it is a little while, and I will shake the heavens, and the earth, and the sea, and the dry land" (Hag. ii. 6).
4. 1 Corinthians ix. 24, 26.
5. "For ever" (John xiv. 16).
6. "Let the prophets speak two or three, and let the other judge" (1 Cor. xiv. 29).
7. Edification, exhortation, comfort (1 Cor. xiv. 3).
8. The Antichrist will be manifested (when the hindrance is taken away), 2 Thess. ii. 8. Those who have not believed the truth will believe a lie (2 Thess. ii. 11, 12). The Lord Jesus Christ will come from heaven in flaming fire, and destroy all who "obey not the Gospel" (2 Thess. i. 7—9).



THE CHARIOT OF FIRE.

2 KINGS ii.

AS far as we know, there have never been more than two persons who have gone to heaven without dying—Enoch and Elijah. The last of these two went up by a whirlwind; the other went up we know not how, but one thing is said about them both, and that is, that both were *taken up*.

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Of Enoch we read, "Enoch walked with God, and he was not, for *God took him*;" and then, in the chapter named above, "when *the Lord* would take Elijah into heaven by a whirlwind," he went with Elisha from Gilgal.

One of these days a great many more persons will be going to heaven without dying; and about them also we read, not that they will spring up from earth, or fly away to heaven, but that they will be "caught up" to meet the Lord in the air. You see Elijah went right into heaven in the chariot God sent for him, but at the time we are speaking of, "the Lord Himself" will come down into the air to MEET those who are waiting for Him. If they have fallen asleep, and are in their graves, they will hear His "shout" and rise in a moment, "in the twinkling of an eye," and you know how very quick that is. Those of us who will be alive on the earth at that moment will hear that same shout, and be caught up along with them to meet the Lord we love. As He said to His beloved disciples when He was going away, "If I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and *receive you* unto myself, that where I am ye may be also."

So presently the Lord will again "come down," not to *scatter* people abroad upon the earth, as He did when men in their folly built a tower to make themselves a name, but to *gather* some to Himself in heaven. But who are the people who are to be thus gathered to Him? Will every one go up to

meet Him when He descends from heaven with a shout? Oh, no! it is those whose sins have been "put away by the sacrifice" He made at His first coming, and who now "look for Him," to whom He will appear the second time to receive them unto Himself. The apostle Paul, in 2 Thes. ii. 1, speaks about "our gathering together unto Him," that is, unto Jesus; but we see in the same verse who they are that he means when he says "our." He calls them "brethren," and persons cannot be brethren unless they are of the same family and have the same father. So in both of these epistles to the Thessalonians he writes of "*God* our Father." All those who are true believers in the Lord Jesus are children of God, but no one else is, and only those who are children of God will go up to meet the Son of God at His coming.

The Holy Spirit says, in writing to believers, "Ye are all the children of God by faith in Christ Jesus." (Gal. iii. 26.) But when those who were not believers in Jesus wanted to say that God was *their* Father, the Lord would not have it at all, and said to them, "If God *were* your Father, ye would love me" (John viii. 42), and they certainly did not do that, for they were among His most bitter enemies. It will be a very terrible thing presently to be found among the enemies of God. The same book which says, "Gather My friends together unto Me," says also, "Let God arise, let His enemies be scattered: let them also that hate Him flee before Him" (Psalms l. and lxviii).

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You may read more about these friends and these enemies in the first chapter of that second epistle to the Thessalonians; and both in that chapter and the next, you will see that what gave the apostle to know that those he wrote to would be in glory *with* Christ, instead of having to be punished *by* Christ, was that they had heard in the Gospel *about* Christ, and had believed *in Him*, so that they were now waiting *for Him*. In the first chapter he says, "Our testimony among you was believed," and in the second, that God "called you by our Gospel, to the obtaining of the glory of our Lord Jesus Christ." It is *God* who calls in the Gospel. He calls to *sinners*, and those who hear and believe, He brings into the same place and glory as His dear Son. Dear young reader, you have *heard* the Gospel: have you learnt to take the place of a sinner before God, and to look to that blessed Saviour who is proclaimed in the Gospel as the Saviour of sinners? If so, a "going up," better than by a whirlwind and in a chariot of fire, is before you. If not, I will ask you one question, and pray that the Lord will sound it in your ear till you have answered it to Him; it is this, "What shall the *end* be of them that *obey not* the Gospel of God?" (1 Peter iv. 17; 2 Thes. i. 8.)

W. Ty.



THE BEAR OF THE AMSTEL.

(A MIDNIGHT ENCOUNTER.)

ON the banks of the Amstel, about half-way between the old commercial city of Amsterdam and the pretty village of Onderkerk, there stood some twenty years ago a once handsome and imposing-looking farmhouse, but so neglected that it seemed to be going fast to ruin. The trees of the avenue leading to it had long been untrimmed, the paths were overgrown with weeds, the flower-beds had run wild, and the house itself, whose grey walls were half hidden by the branches of the aged oaks and tangled shrubs, was hastening to decay, the windows in front were all blocked up, and here and there a rent in the old walls or a fallen stone gave the place the appearance of an uninhabited ruin. But the back of the house was in a different state, and the flourishing condition of the well-kept orchard and kitchen gardens showed that the dwelling was still occupied, although even here a human form was seldom seen. Beside the farmhouse, and separated from its grounds by a quick-set hedge, stood a cottage in a similar state of neglect, and evidently empty; its garden, too, was overgrown with weeds, its walls were weather-stained, its shutters closed, and its iron gate so overrun with nettles and bind-weeds that nature herself seemed to bar the entrance against all intruders. A notice on a board announced that the cottage was to let, and being

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pleasantly situated it *had* been let again and again, yet all who came to it were sure to leave at the end of the first quarter, and at last it seemed to have gained such an evil repute that the notice-board had become a fixture, and like the gate was overrun with weeds and wild flowers. What could be the reason? It was neither damp nor dreary in itself, and so conveniently near the bustling town, yet so rural, that many a worn city man would have been glad to escape the turmoil of the town in a place so peaceful.

You will be curious to know then why it was so deserted, and will wonder still more when I tell you that it was owing to the extraordinary behaviour of the owner of the estate, who, although willing to let the house, drove away everybody who took it! "Why," you will say, "he must have been crazy!" And so indeed he was, poor man; so crazy that he had gained for himself the nickname of "The Bear of the Amstel"—partly from his rude and even violent behaviour towards every one who came near him; and partly from strange fits of growling like a wild animal with which he was seized every now and then, so that he could be heard even by persons passing by outside the house. Of course these occasional attacks of insanity, together with his habitual surliness and strange reserve, drove everybody away from him. No one entered his house, nobody could even live near him; and thus he was completely deserted by all except one old faithful servant, whose boast it

THE BEAR OF THE AMSTEL.

was that she had lived nearly fifty years with her strange master without having ever left him, even to visit the neighbouring city of Amsterdam.

Now and then this strange man might be seen in his orchard walking up and down the path by the quick-set hedge, waving his arms or pressing his hands to his frenzied head, like one in desperate sorrow or anguish of mind. Then, after a while, he would stop, look fixedly at an old apple tree, whose lichen-grown and tangled boughs told that it had been untouched for years; and then, with a cry of pain, he would rush wildly into the house, growling loudly like a wild and furious beast.

It was plain that some terrible remembrance haunted him, and that anguish of heart deprived him at times of his reason. No wonder that people refused to live near him. Moreover, some who had done so complained that he had pelted their children with stones if they happened to go near the quick-set hedge when he was about the orchard, and if a chicken or any other living thing entered the place he would destroy it. Thus the poor Bear of the Amstel was deserted by everybody, and the cottage allowed to stand unoccupied for years. But one morning the notice-board was again taken down, masons and carpenters and gardeners were seen about the place putting it in order, and a boat laden with furniture came up the stream from Amsterdam. Then at last one evening a family carriage stopped at the cottage gate, and a gentleman, with his wife and four children, entered the house

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and took possession of their new home. Lights were soon gleaming through the crevices of the long-closed shutters, and the deserted cottage, after many a long day, had at last found inhabitants. How was that? you will ask. Was the new-comer ignorant of the character of the owner? No; he knew all about the Bear of the Amstel, but he greatly needed a country house on account of his wife's delicate health, and had been long seeking one not too far from Amsterdam. He was a merchant of that old city, and of course must needs be in his office every morning. The deserted cottage was therefore just in the right place for him, and, although he had been warned by his friends of the character of the owner, he hoped to overcome his surliness by showing him every possible kindness, for Mr. Mollenberg was a true disciple of the Lord Jesus Christ, and had great faith in the power of grace and the help of his blessed Master.

"At all events," said he to his wife, "we will make the attempt with the Lord's help, and see what comes of it." And thus he and his wife took up their dwelling in the long-forsaken house.

Every morning after this he was seen on his way to Amsterdam with his two elder children, who attended school there; and every evening they all returned together with cheerful hearts and happy faces to talk over the busy scene they had left, and rest in their rural home. Morning and evening prayer and praise were heard in that once deserted

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house, and it may be that the sounds were sometimes wafted across the solitary path of the strange owner, as he wandered up and down his orchard ; but, if so, he took no heed, and seemed utterly unconscious of their presence.

As the taking of the house had been all arranged by correspondence, Mr. Mollenberg and his strange landlord had not yet met each other, and, therefore, for the present, there was nothing to disturb the peace of the merchant and his happy family.

(To be continued.)

HOW THE BIBLE IS CIRCULATED IN FRANCE.

ABOUT six weeks ago a Bible Meeting was held in Paris. The object of it was to interest English people residing in that great city in the spread of the best of all books among the French nation. The Roman Catholics who are in power there, do their utmost to keep the people in ignorance of God's Word, knowing well that if they read it for themselves they would soon lose faith in priests, and masses, and indulgences, and the worship of the Virgin Mary. It is the Bible that finds its way into the homes of the people, and works mightily and quietly in leading sinners to repentance, and faith in the blood of Christ.

At this meeting an interesting account of Bible colportage was given by M. G. M.

It is not every man who will do for a colporteur.

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He must be one who lives a godly life. He must be bold, and ready to face all kinds of opposition and persecution. He must be prudent, so as not needlessly to stir up enmity. He must be strong, for he has to go on foot long distances, and carry a heavy pack of books. Above all, he must have love and zeal, for that will make the work a joy, whereas if it were carried on only to get money by it, it would be very dull and dreary.

Of course, it is not always easy to find men with all these good points. But sometimes M. M., has been encouraged by offers of service of a most promising kind. Here is a case.

A short time ago an application came which very much surprised M. M. It was from the mayor of a country town. Thinking that there must be some mistake, M. M., sent him some questions, never expecting to see any answers. But in a few days came the following reply :—

“I desire to be employed in colportage, because I feel it to be a duty for all Christians, according to their power and ability, to spread the truths revealed in the Scriptures. The Bible alone is able to bring man to a knowledge of Him who died, the Just for the unjust, to bring us to God. By myself I am nothing but a poor sinner ; but Jesus, my Saviour, has washed away my sins. My knowledge is very limited, but He in whom I trust is able and willing to be all-in-all, and I know that He will not leave me alone.

“When I offer my services for Bible colportage

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I know that I offer you the help of a feeble arm, for I am not unaware of my great weakness, and of my utter ignorance ; but does not a large building consist also of small stones ? even grains of sand have helped to its erection. You will be able to tell me what I, a child can do for the Lord of heaven and earth."

Much struck by these answers, M. M. wrote to a person in the district, asking him to explain the nature of the work, and that if he embraced it he would have to give up all his earthly rank and office. This was the reply :—

"N. N.—is really the Mayor of—— ; he is also owner of some property. I have urged him to reflect well before taking any further step. The result of his reflection is, that he will give up his office of mayor if necessary. He says he *must* give expression to the sentiments that fill his heart, changed by the power of the Gospel. It is not the hope of a better situation that brings him to colportage, but the hope of doing good. He is rich, and he could not all at once abandon his family and his business, but he would like to make a first trial in his neighbourhood."

This noble-hearted man is now getting from the magistrates his permission to carry about and sell the Scriptures ; as soon as this is obtained he will set to work.

DIFFICULTIES AT STARTING.

But this permission is sometimes very hard to obtain. The prefects or chief magistrates of the

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various districts are in most cases stern Roman Catholics, and under the influence of the priests ; and the result is that they put every obstacle in the way of Bible circulation. Some have forbidden it altogether ; often they pretend that they do not know whether the books are fit to be sold, while sometimes they will say, "Go to the Roman Catholic Bishop ; if he approves of the sale, I will give you leave."

HOW DOES A COLPORTEUR WORK.

First of all he receives from M. M., a small supply of Bibles and Testaments ; then he calls upon some who have kindly promised to help and advise him. His work then consists in offering God's Word to every person he meets, in every house, in every farm, every hut on his way. At the end of every month he sends to Paris the details of his sales.

But we have often been told that we can serve God by patience as truly as we can by activity. Here is an example. One of the colporteurs was taken one night far from home by a violent attack of fever, soon accompanied with delirium. He was quite unconscious when the doctor came, and was brought in that state to the hospital, where he remained delirious until the next morning. When the doctor with some other persons approached his bed, he heard, but could not see him. "Do you see me ?" asked the doctor. "No, sir." "I think,

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however, that you are better." "I think so, too." "You will not make the great journey this time, but wait for a better occasion, when the weather gets finer." "I am not afraid of that journey, but am ready for it at any time; my debt is paid." The doctor believing he was still delirious said, "Then you have a regular discharge, I suppose?" "Of course I have." "Will you allow me to see it?" "Please take the little book in my jacket pocket, and open it at the first chapter of the first Epistle of John, and read what is written in the seventh verse. 'The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from *all sin*.' You think I am delirious; but, no! neither am I mad; but I am better, as you very rightly supposed; and it is a true saying that our gracious Saviour, who died on the cross, uttered, at the very moment He expired, '*It is finished*; it is finished; for me, and for all those who believe.'" And thus that happy blind man, lying in a hospital bed, went on speaking boldly of his Saviour's love in a place where such a testimony was probably heard for the first time.

Who can say or know what good may be produced by such a word spoken in due season, be not weary in well-doing ye shall soon reap.





CARLO.

How attentive and obedient to little miss is the handsome dog represented above ! It is not that he likes to sit on his haunches in this way, and to place himself in the attitude of begging ; but being good-tempered he is willing to please his young mistress. And how decisively she is

instructing him what to do, both with her voice and by the action of her forefinger ! Her father and sister, too, are looking on, and plainly show that they take an interest in what is passing. They are all evidently out for a walk in the country, as may be seen by the surrounding trees and the stile upon which missy is sitting for a short time.

When they resume their walk, I think that the father might very seasonably give his daughters an instructive lesson upon that which they have just been witnessing. Such a conversation as the following might, for instance, take place :—

Father.—Well, Amy, don't you think that Carlo is a very obliging dog to do just as you wish him ?

Amy.—Yes, pa, I do.

Edith.—And so do I, pa. He did not seem to mind it at all ; and he did not attempt to stand down till Amy gave him leave. And then he wagged his tail, and seemed quite pleased with his performance.

F.—I know some little girls who, I think, might take a lesson from him.

A.—Oh ! papa, you mean Edith and me. Whatever can Carlo teach us ?

F.—Well, I think that he has been giving us a good lesson on obedience. He likes best to run about on his four legs, wherever he wishes to go ; but in order to gratify you, Amy, he stood up for some time in a way that is not quite suitable to

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his nature. I wonder, now, whether some little girls are as willing as Carlo to do things to oblige their parents, which if left to themselves they would not exactly wish to do ?

A. and E.—Oh ! pa.

F.—Suppose, now, that I were to call one of you from playing in the garden and tell you to sit down for an hour and study a hard lesson, I wonder if, to please me, you would come in and cheerfully attend to your task ; or, if your mother wished to give you a sewing lesson instead of your taking a walk, whether you would try and do your best to please her. If you did not, it would show that you were not so obedient to us as the dog is to you.

E.—Oh ! I would try to please you and ma ; and so would Amy, I'm sure.

A.—Yes, indeed I would, pa.

F.—Well, I am glad that you are both disposed to be obedient. And remember that it is not only that you have to please your parents ; but that God, as He tells us in His Word, requires that you should be obedient to them in all things. So that when you obey them, for His dear Son's sake, you may know that you are doing that which is pleasing to God. Remember, too, that the blessed Lord Himself, though He was the Son of God, was, when he was a child, subject to His earthly parents, as Luke II. so sweetly shows us. As we are conversing upon this subject, we may as well take the last part of that chapter for

our reading this evening ; and so have the lesson imprinted on our minds.

A. and E.—Yes, pa, we should like it.

F.—There is another view of obedience, too, which I want you to see. You know what a dear kind mother God has given you. How she is always doing you good, and is constantly working for you, seeking your health and comfort in every way, often denying herself for your sakes. Now, when you remember her love to you, and have the sense of it in your heart, you don't find it hard to try to please her, do you ?

A. and E.—Oh no, pa ; not at all.

F.—Well, my darlings, if being conscious of the love of your mother makes it easy for you to endeavour to please her, will not dwelling in the love of God, who gave His dear and only Son to die upon the cross that we might be saved and become God's dear children, make it the desire of our heart to please Him for Christ's sake ? Oh, yes, it will. The Apostle Paul, whose heart was filled with this love, says : "the love of Christ constraineth us." And if we dwell in His love, it will be the first desire of our hearts to do those things that please Him.

Now, dears, we will reach home as soon as we can. We have had a pleasant walk, and a little profitable conversation by the way. There's Carlo, I do believe, asking you to have a game with him. Give him a little run, and when he gets home, I think he will be entitled to a good meal, because

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he has been so good-tempered and obliging,
besides suggesting such a useful lesson to us all
on the blessing of obedience. T.

NONE BUT JESUS.

NONE but Jesus, none but Jesus,
Can redeem from sin and shame ;
But His blood for ever frees us
Who adore His precious name.
None but Jesus, none but Jesus,
To the sinner we proclaim.

None but Jesus, none but Jesus,
Gives the worn and weary rest ;
Only He can soothe and ease us
When by grief and care oppress'd.
None but Jesus, none but Jesus,
Can relieve the burden'd breast.

None but Jesus, none but Jesus,
E'er can heal the bosom's smart ;
He indeed doth fully please us,
As to Him we yield the heart.
None but Jesus, none but Jesus,
Perfect pleasure can impart.

None but Jesus, none but Jesus,
Can the helpless sinner save ;
He alone from judgment frees us,
Who hath borne its 'whelming wave.
None but Jesus, none but Jesus,
Can deliver Satan's slave.

None but Jesus, none but Jesus,
Makes the "dead in sins" to live ;
He who fully knows and sees us
Only can salvation give.
None but Jesus, none but Jesus,
Sinner, then, do thou receive. T.

FROM THE COLPORTEUR'S NOTE-BOOK.

SUCCESS AT LAST.

ONE of the colporteurs who works in Thuringia, writes as follows :—

“I had been at work all day and had sold nothing. I came at last to a porcelain manufactory, and begun to offer my books to the men. They were very friendly and seemed willing to buy, but had no money by them. I then went to the proprietor of the works and asked his permission to visit the work rooms. Not only did he give it me readily, but said you may tell all the workpeople that if they have no money by them they can come to me in my office, and I will advance as much as they require. When I left, the proprietor asked me if I had given all his people an opportunity of buying. When I said that I had, he shook hands with me, and wished me God's blessing. I sold forty-two copies to his people.”

A ROUGH RECEPTION.

Another colporteur called on a master carpenter, in Heidelberg, and asked leave to offer the books to his *employés*. On hearing his request, the man “flew upon him like a savage dog,” turned him out of the house, and bade him work like an honest man, and not go wandering about the country frightening the people.

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The colporteur defended his errand with equal spirit and moderation, and later in the day, passing the same door, he found the demon of rage cast out and the man willing to converse with him in a friendly manner. He knew what the Book said about loving one's enemies, and owned that his visitor had shown, in his behaviour under the affront, that he had acquired something of that noble temper.

THE BIBLE IN MAURITIUS.

ALTHOUGH Mauritius is also called "the Isle of France," and the language generally spoken is French, it is a colony of Great Britain, so that we ought to take special care that it is well supplied with the Word of God. The Society has an Auxiliary which is doing a good work, and employing as many as fourteen colporteurs. A few incidents will shew what is being done among the mixed population which inhabits the island—an island about forty miles long and twenty-five broad, shaped like an egg, full of rugged mountains, but with fertile plains also, where sugar, rice, maize, and all kinds of crops are grown. •

This is what S. H. Anderson says :—

"The work seems to me to become more and more interesting in this island of many peoples and tongues, and cheering facts are constantly coming to my own notice.

“I asked an old deacon once, how he had been converted from the Romanism in which he had been baptized and brought up. He answered it was through studying an old Bible which a friend had given him, and thereby he was made to discern truth from error. He also added that he so valued the Book that when once his house caught fire, one of the few things he tried and was enabled to save was the bulky volume, which he also shewed me.

“Once, after a long discussion with a clever Roman Catholic gentleman, the latter said to him, ‘You are a good man; I admire you for many things, but the reading of the Bible spoils you. He answered, *‘No; it is the Bible that has made me possess whatever good you may see in me.’* He died in the faith.

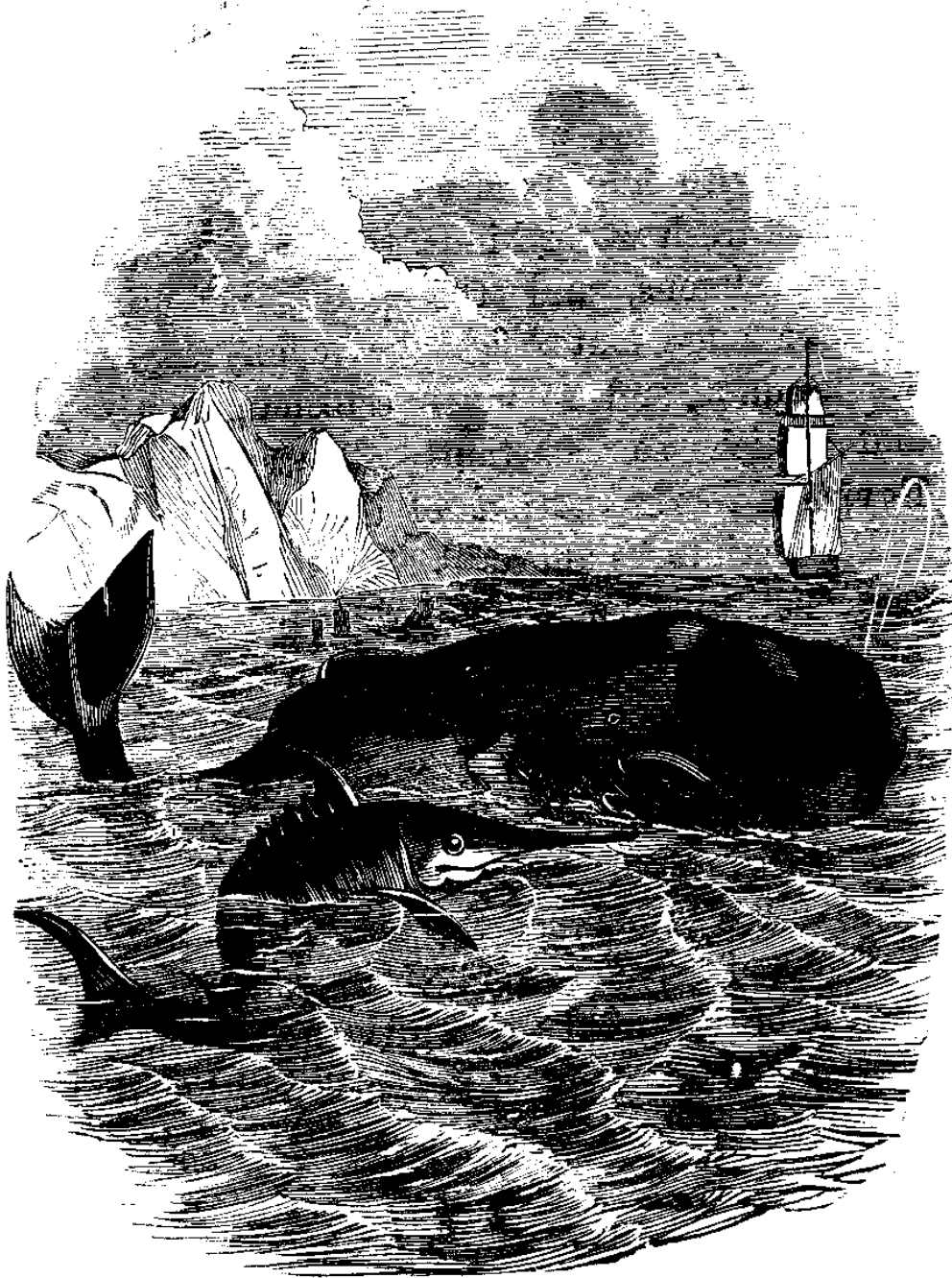
“Some time ago I entered a small *heathen* school in an out-of-the-way part of the country, where an old Madras man was teaching a few little Indian boys. Two pictures of heathen gods, adorned with withered wreaths, were the sole ornaments, of the low thatched schoolroom. I spied a book on the teacher’s table very much like St. Matthew’s Gospel in the Tamil language. I took it up and found it was so. The cleverest boy read from it very fluently; then followed a catechizing from the second chapter of Matthew, and it was interesting to hear the old heathen ask the young one ‘Who was Jesus?’ ‘Who was Herod?’ &c. The book had been well thumbed; the man had bought it

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as a cheap Tamil book simply, but the Lord had blessed it as His own Word.

“Another time, in another part of the island, I saw a Bengali Indian absorbed in the reading of a little book. It was in the cool of the evening. He was seated before the door of his hut. I asked him what the book was; he handed it to me, and said, ‘Oh, Sahib, it is a good book, a very good book! In it God speaks to one’s heart, and one’s heart speaks to God. I like that book very much.’ As he did not tell me its name I looked for it, and the only English words to be found on it were—*Psalms of David*. Here was a heathen, a *Hindoo*, testifying, ‘Thy word is precious to my soul.’

“One evening I was trying to persuade a Chinaman to accept of a copy of the Gospels. Having glanced at the book, he refused to examine it, saying it was a bad book; he did not wish to see it. Thereupon an Indian young man stepped into the shop, and immediately began to argue with the Chinaman, trying to persuade him at least to read the book; ‘For how can you know that any food is bad,’ said he, ‘if you do not taste it first?’ But the Chinaman retorted, ‘That is a book made by the English; a cunning spirit is in it: *were I to read it my heart would fall into it, and then I should do whatever it bids me!*’ Fine testimony from the lips of a heathen.”



WHALE AND SWORD-FISH.

DICTIONARY OF THE BIBLE.

(Continued from page 223.)

By the law of Moses all the tenants of the waters furnished with "fins and scales" were permitted for food (Lev. xi. 9; Deut. xiv. 9). Of sea fish their chief supplies would doubtless be from the

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perches, gurnards, maigres, seabreams, mackerel, the larger species of which are generally covered in part with large scales, herrings, and wrasses; while of fresh water kinds, the immense family of carps, salmons, and the pikes, including that singular long-snouted fish the monnyrus, which is so abundant, and so much esteemed in the Nile, and which so constantly figures in the old Egyptian representations of that "ancient river."

The Scriptures afford us abundant evidence that fish constituted no inconsiderable portion of human food from the earliest times. It was a great augmentation of one of the plagues, which Jehovah inflicted on Egypt, that "He slew their fish" (Ex. vii. 18—21; Psa. cv. 29). Israel in the Wilderness mourned over the loss of their fish diet. "We remember the fish which we did eat in Egypt freely" (Num. xi. 5); and Moses asks when Jehovah proposes to give them flesh? "Shall all the fish of the sea be gathered together for them, to suffice?" (Num. xi. 22). "Solomon alludes to fishes taken in a net" (Eccles. ix. 12). In Nehemiah's days the Tyrians seem to have regularly supplied Jerusalem and Judah with fish (Num. xiii. 16); and one of the gates of the city was named fish-gate, probably from the fish-market being held at its entrance. The vast number of the fishes of the sea continually afford comparisons to the sacred writers. It was so with Jacob when he blessed the sons of Joseph. In Ezekiel's prophecy of the healing of the Dead

Sea (by the river that is to flow from the temple of the Lord), it is promised there shall be a very great multitude of fish. "The fishers shall stand upon it from Engedi, even unto En-eglaim, there shall be a place to spread forth nets; their fish shall be according to their kinds, as the fish of the Great (Mediterranean) Sea exceeding many" (Ezek. xlvii. 9, 10).

It was on the lake of Gennesaret the Lord Jesus passed much of His ministry; it was from the fishing nets He called His earliest disciples to become "fishers of men" (Mark i. 16—20). It was from a fishing-boat He rebuked the winds and the waves (Matt. viii. 26); then it was from a fishing-boat that He delivered His wondrous series of prophetic parables of the kingdom of heaven (Matt. xlii.); it was to a fishing-boat He walked on the sea, and from it that Peter walked to Him (Matt. xiv. 24—32); it was with fish, as well as with bread, that He twice miraculously fed the multitude (Matt. xiv. 19; xv. 36); it was from the mouth of a fish, taken with a hook, that the tribute-money was paid (Matt. xvii. 27); it was a piece of broiled fish, that He ate before His disciples on the day that He rose from the dead (Luke xxiv. 42, 43); before He ascended, He filled their nets with "great fishes, an hundred-and-fifty-and-three;" while He Himself prepared a "fire of coals, and "laid fish thereon," on which He and they dined (John xxi. 1—14).

The most remarkable mention of a fish in the

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Holy Scriptures, is that which occurs in connection with the rebellious prophet Jonah. The Lord prepared "a great fish" to swallow him up, and he remained in the belly of the fish three days and three nights (Jonah i. 7; Matt. xii. 40). The translators have given "whale" in several places in Scripture, being the largest fish known. It is sufficient for the one who has faith to remember that He who made the sea, and all it contains "prepared a great fish," and not only did so; but miraculously kept the prophet alive in its belly, from whence he prayed for deliverance.

 BIBLE ENIGMA.

The first of Jacob's sons,—his strength and pride;
 The man who walk'd with God, and never died;
 The mountain which all Israel did appal;
 One vilely slain before a city's wall;
 The mother of the man who married Ruth;
 The king who fell through counsel given by youth
 The one who spake for God to suff'ring Job;
 The murd'rer doom'd to wander o'er the globe;
 One, for whose sake, Luke did his gospel write;
 Of all the prophets, the most full and bright;
 One, though she wept, yet to her gods return'd;
 A leper, who God's cleansing nearly spurned.

Th' initials of these names will clearly show,
 Without enigma, what we all should know;
 That, to be clear'd from judgment, death and guilt,
 On Resurrection must our hope be built.

BIBLE QUESTIONS FOR SEPTEMBER.

THE NINE FIRST QUESTIONS CAN BE PLAINLY ANSWERED
FROM ONE CHAPTER.

1. What nation was commanded to keep the feast of Tabernacles?

2. What nations are to keep the feast of Tabernacles when the moon will be confounded, and the sun ashamed by the glory of the Lord in Jerusalem?

3. What punishment will be upon the nations who will not keep the feast of Tabernacles?

4. What plague will be upon Egypt if they go not up to keep the feast of Tabernacles?

5. What are the nations gathered at Jerusalem to do before the feast of Tabernacles is kept?

6. Which side of Jerusalem is the mountain which will cleave in two when the feet of the Lord touch it?

7. Where do the living waters flow to which go out from Jerusalem?

8. What time of the year is mentioned in connexion with the living waters?

9. When Titus destroyed Jerusalem he took many of the tribe of Judah and their spoil to Rome. Who will have the victory and the spoil in the coming siege?

10. We read when all nations are gathered against Jerusalem the Lord will go forth and fight against them, as when he fought in the day of battle. What time is here referred to? give Scripture.



ANSWER TO BIBLE ENIGMA FOR AUGUST.

“Gershom.”—EXOD. xviii. 3 ; 1 CHRON. vi. 2, 3 ; NUMB. iv. 15

“Eleazar.”—EXOD. xxviii. 1.

G alile <i>e</i>	Luke iii. 1.
E ba <i>l</i>	Deut. xi. 29.
R om <i>e</i>	Acts xviii. 2 ; Luke ii. 1.
S amari <i>a</i>	1 Kings xvi. 24.
H u <i>z</i>	Gen. xxii. 20, 21.
O she <i>a</i>	Numb. xiii. 8.
M achi <i>r</i>	2 Sam. ix. 4 ; xvii. 27.

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS FOR AUGUST.

1. Abraham obeyed the voice of the Lord, kept His charge commandments, statutes, and laws (Gen. xxvi. 5).

2. Rom. ii. 12—14. ; iii. 1, 2.

3. The law was our schoolmaster until Christ, that we might be justified by faith (Gal. iii. 24). Paul said *ours*, that is, the Jews.

4. Cursed is every one that continueth not in all things which are written in the book of the law to do them (Gal. iii. 10).

5. The curse of the law (Gal. iii. 13).

6. The deeds of the law (Rom. iii. 28). By the deeds of the law shall no flesh be justified in His sight (Rom. iii. 20).

7. “My brethren, ye also are become dead to the law by the body of Christ” (Rom. vii. 3). “I through the law am dead to the law, that I might live unto God” (Gal. ii. 19).

8. The righteousness of the law is fulfilled in those who walk after the spirit (Rom. viii. 4).

9. The law is fulfilled in one word, even in this : “Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself” (Gal. v. 14).



THE BEAR OF THE AMSTEL.

(A MIDNIGHT ENCOUNTER.)

(Continued from page 233.)

ONE morning Mr. Mollenberg went alone to the city, for the school holidays had begun, and the two elder children remained at home. Richard, the only son, was a quiet boy, and although only twelve years old, his whole course showed clearly that the prayers and teaching of his dear parents had not been fruitless. The Lord in His grace

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had evidently drawn him thus early to Himself, and his obedience and attention to divine things were very marked. The Bible was the dearest of all books to him, and whenever his father spoke of divine things, his earnest looks told that his heart was touched.

As a little reward for his good conduct, his father had given him a beautiful white rabbit, which soon became a favourite with all the children, for I dare say you know that most children are fond of rabbits. To gather "green-meat" for "Snowflake" in the fields and lanes, and to watch its gambols round and round the barn, gave them some amusement in their holidays, and when at times it escaped and scampered over the garden, they had rare fun and some trouble to catch it. But one day when Richard was playing with it alone in the barn it suddenly ran past him, and before he could overtake it, got through the hedge into the orchard belonging to the Bear of the Amstel. In vain the boy tried to entice it back again, it soon disappeared among the trees, and he dared not follow, for his parents had cautioned him and his sisters on no account even to go near the hedge. What to do he knew not, and while he was thinking over it and peeping about, he suddenly caught sight of the strange man leaning with folded arms against a tree. The fear of losing his favourite nerved him to the task of speaking to his dreaded neighbour, and timidly approaching the hedge, he asked gently whether he had seen

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his rabbit? But even while he spoke he trembled, for the appearance of the man was enough to terrify any one. His eyes seemed to flash fire; he was panting as if from recent exertion, and as soon as he saw the boy he began to make a hideous growling, like a wild beast about to spring upon his prey. Richard's first thought was to run away, but again the vision of his lost favourite rose before him and gave him courage, and again he asked, "Have you seen my little Snowflake, Mr. Vilers?" "Look there!" cried he, with a mocking laugh, pointing to a tree; and as the poor boy turned to look, he saw, to his unspeakable distress, his little favourite hanging dead to a branch with a rope round its neck. "Do you see, boy? That's *my* work!" said the old man, savagely, "and now be off," he roared, stooping to find a stone. Richard, terrified at the man's violence, did not give him time to throw, but ran at once into the house, crying out, "O! mamma, mamma! my rabbit, my poor little Snowflake!"

"What has happened?" asked his mother, alarmed at the boy's pale face and wild excitement, but for some time he was unable to reply. Sobs choked his utterance, and the terrible appearance of the furious man had almost frightened him out of his senses. At last he was able to tell her the cause of his distress, and finished by asking, "Is it not *shameful, abominable*, mamma?"

"It is certainly shocking," replied his mother, "and yet Mr. Vilers is *most* to be pitied."

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"He ! that wicked, ungodly man ?" exclaimed Richard.

"Just for that very reason because he *is* wicked and ungodly," said his mother. "Only contrast him with your dear father."

"Oh ! he is very opposite of what Mr. Vilers is. He always looks so gloomy, and runs along by the hedge like a ghost. He cannot, I'm sure, love the Lord Jesus Christ, and must be very unhappy."

"That is true," continued his mother. "He seems to love no one, and not to live in peace with any. Some great trouble has affected his mind, and he has treated all who have lived here as he has treated you."

"But why, then, have we come hither ?" asked Richard.

"Your papa will have had his reasons for choosing this dwelling," his mother replied. "Perhaps he hopes to gain and soften the heart of our unhappy neighbour."

"He will never succeed in that, mamma," said Richard. "You should only have seen how dreadful he looked !"

"With men it is impossible, but with God all things are possible," said the mother. "Let us often pray for the poor man, that the Lord may have mercy on him. Or, would you rather that the Lord should not forgive him all his sins and convert him ?"

"Oh, mamma," cried Richard, "I would give ten

rabbits, if that could be the means of making Mr. Vilers like papa."

Thus wisely reasoning with her boy, this Christian mother succeeded in calming his agitation, and leading him to exercise a forgiving spirit, and in the evening, when his father came home, it was resolved to get the dead rabbit from the tree, that the boy might at least have the only consolation left him of putting his favourite into a little grave.

To apply to their churlish neighbour would, they feared, only lead to quarrelling, and to avoid this Mr. Mollenberg got over the hedge late at night, and going quietly to the tree where the little rabbit was dangling in the moonlight, he cut it down. But as he was returning across the orchard a loud wild cry was heard, and Mrs. Mollenberg, who from the cottage-porch had been all the time anxiously watching her husband's movements and waiting for his return, saw the Bear of the Amstel run furiously among the trees and seize her husband by the arms. Weak in health and terrified by the unearthly cry and furious gestures of the madman, she sank fainting on the ground, and saw no more.

When she again recovered her senses she found herself on a sofa and her husband bending over her, his pale agitated features telling that he had been sorely disturbed. His explanation was this : after he had cut down the dead rabbit, and before returning to his own side of the hedge, he looked

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around to enjoy the quiet moonlight scene. His neighbour's house seemed all shut up for the night, no light was visible save that of the moon riding high in the heavens, and casting the shadows of the trees upon the grass, and the faint murmur of the Amstel flowing near was the only sound that broke the stillness that reigned in that rural spot, so refreshing to the worn mind and body of one who was daily in the midst of the rush and roar of the busy city. Thinking of the contrast between the hush of sleeping nature and the turmoil of the restless world, he forgot for the moment that he was trespassing, when, as he turned to leave, he was painfully reminded of the fact by a startling sight that suddenly met his gaze. There, near the quick-set hedge where the old apple-tree stood, and leaning against a beech, motionless as a statue, his pallid features made more pallid in the moonlight, and his eyes gleaming like coals of living fire, stood the tall form of the Bear of the Amstel! evidently unconscious of his presence, and indeed of everything else save some deep-seated anguish that burned in his eyes, and worked in his haggard face. Spell-bound, Mr. Mollenberg stood rooted to the spot, when he saw the old man raise his long lean arms, and, pointing to the old apple-tree which he had been fixedly regarding, exclaim, in deep despairing tones: "There, there, he stood! there he died—oh, my son, my son!"

There was such an expression of utter hopeless misery in the tone and whole action of the poor

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man, that Mr. Mollenberg was filled with compassion, and his first thought was to hasten towards him, but remembering that he had no right in the orchard, and that his appearance at that late hour (for it was past midnight) would either alarm or exasperate his strange neighbour, he began to make his way as quietly as he could towards his own garden. But although he made no noise his movements attracted the man's attention, and, as I have already told you, he darted among the trees with a wild fierce cry, and seized him by the arms, while his eyes gleamed with insanity, and it was plain that he was quite beside himself, as persons afflicted with such attacks usually are when the moon is full. Pointing to the old apple-tree, while he held his neighbour's arm with a trembling grip, he whispered hoarsely, "See, see, yonder he stands! and there, see! his little friend is with him!" then, covering his face with both hands, he wailed piteously. Mr. Mollenberg tried in vain to comfort or restore him to reason, but, after a while as he continued to speak, he seemed to regain consciousness, and, turning angrily on him, demanded what he did there, and whether he had come to inform the police of him? Then, breaking out into a fury, his features became terribly distorted, and striking Mr. Mollenberg violently, he roared, "Be off with you! Be off, you spy!"

"Mr. Vilers," said the latter, calmly, "I have no such intentions as you suppose, but would

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far rather help and comfort you if I could. The Lord Jesus Christ offers forgiveness to the worst of sinners, and whatever be your crime He will not cast you out. From what you say, you seem to have lost your son by death ? ”

Scarcely had his son been mentioned than his fury vanished as suddenly as it had arisen, and stretching his arms towards the old apple-tree, which seemed somehow connected in his mind with his lost boy, he cried in bitter tones, “ My son, my son ! ” and sank exhausted to the ground in a swoon.

Mr. Mollenberg was too much exhausted from his recent struggle with the poor maniac to raise him from the ground, and therefore hastened to arouse the old housekeeper, who, as soon as she understood what was the matter, hurriedly dressed herself, and followed to the orchard, wringing her hands in deep distress. Between them they managed to carry the old man to his house, and lay him on the bed, where, after some difficulty, they succeeded in restoring consciousness ; but he no sooner became aware of the presence of a stranger than his fury began to return, and Mr. M. thought it best to leave him.

“ I fear,” said he to his wife, “ that nothing can be done to help this unhappy man. Some terrible cause of distress appears to dwell on his mind, and drive him at times into fury.”

“ With God all things are possible,” she replied, “ and He in His infinite goodness may yet point

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out a way in which one object with which we came here may be attained."

"I discovered, in conversation with the house-keeper," said Mr. M., "that they have not so much as a Bible in the house. What if we were to send one to her?"

This suggestion was carried out on the following morning, and little Richard was the glad and willing messenger. On going to the house he learned that Mr. Vilers was seriously ill and very feverish, as the result of his terrible fit of violence of the night before. The poor old woman was in such distress that, glad of sympathy, she willingly accepted his little gift, and seemed disposed to be friendly with him. The boy had quite forgiven the old man the cruel act he had been guilty of in killing his little favourite, and his chief thought now was to enter into his parents' scheme of trying to find some way of doing him good in return for the evil he had done. In the afternoon, as there happened to be a general holiday in Amsterdam, his father came home early to take out his family to visit some friends at Onderkirk, but Richard preferred to remain at home because his school began on the morrow, and he wished to get up his lessons. While all alone, busy at his work, Mr. Vilers' condition would every now and then intrude into his thoughts. His kind father had brought him some oranges from the City that morning as some little solace for the loss of his rabbit, and Richard meant to enjoy them when he had finished

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his lessons ; but, on thinking of the poor invalid next door, it suddenly occurred to him that if Mr. Vilers was feverish, oranges were just the thing for him.

“How nice it would be to take them to him,” thought he ; “I wonder whether he would accept them ? well, I can but try, at any rate ;” and, so saying, and putting them into a little basket, the boy took his way to the orchard. The housekeeper happened to be there, and, no sooner understood his purpose, than she agreed to go and ask her master whether he might come in. On entering his room she was surprised to find him reading the Bible, which she had left within his reach, and so intent was he upon it that it was some time before he was aware of her presence. At last he raised his eyes, and perceiving her, he said,—

“Listen, Margaret ! I feel very strange since I have been reading this book. It seems to me as if I were again a little child and sat on my pious mother’s lap, who often read to me out of the Bible. I continually find passages which I heard long ago. How strange it seems ! I long to weep, and yet it seems to me as if a load had been lifted off my heart. Our neighbour next door spoke words to me last night that I cannot forget. They are wonderful people.”

“Yes,” replied his aged servant, “there you are right. They are the best people in the world,” and then she went on to tell him how they had sent to ask after him in the morning, and how

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the little boy was even then waiting in the hall with a present of oranges, and only afraid lest he should repulse him.

"Repulse him!" exclaimed the old man, quite overcome with emotion, "no, indeed. Ask him in." The housekeeper, laughing to herself for very joy, hastened to bring in little Richard, who, approaching timidly, asked the invalid to accept his oranges because they would do him good.

"Do you, then, think of me, little boy?" asked the old man.

"I have thought of you twice to-day," replied Richard.

"But why exactly *twice*?" inquired the invalid.

The boy hesitated a moment, and then colouring, said:—

"I have *prayed for you* this morning and this afternoon. Yes, sir," he added, taking courage, "I have asked the Lord to make you well, and to *give you a peaceful heart.*"

"But why? Why do you pray for me when I killed your little favourite?"

"The Lord Jesus prayed for His enemies," replied the boy, "and He says to His disciples, 'Love your enemies;' so I felt able to forgive you, and to pray for you as papa and mamma did."

The old man listened in wonder, and as the boy, growing bolder and more familiar, spoke with rising eagerness and warmth of the love of Jesus Christ to poor sinners, he covered his face with his hands to hide the tears that flowed down his fur-

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rowed cheeks until his silent weeping became loud convulsive sobbing, which could not be restrained. The hard heart was broken, the demon of rage was cast out ; the best and only remedy for his disease was found, for the Lord had heard His children's prayers.

An hour later little Richard entered his home. The family had returned, and his sisters were full of the joy of their visit to Onderkirk, but he had a joy of another and a higher kind, which when his father and mother knew, their hearts were filled with praise and adoration.

(To be concluded (D. V.) next month.)

All are welcome, none denied,
 Christ the Lord for sinners died,
 Those who come, are blessed in Him,
 Others perish in their sin.
 Come ye weary, worn and sad,
 Jesus Christ will make you glad,
 Those who do in Him believe
 Life eternal now receive.
 Soon in glory He will come,
 And will take His loved ones home,
 They with Him will ever be,
 And from every care be free.
 Then in glory all shall see
 Jesus in His majesty,
 And God's love shall fully own
 In the gift of His dear Son.

E.



THE RAGGED SCHOOL.

ONE may see at a glance what the above picture represents. The poor boy is seeking admittance into the Ragged School. There can be no question that he is a proper object. Only look at him. He has scarcely any clothes to cover him, and

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what he has are all rags and tatters. He has neither cap nor coat, his miserably dirty shirt is all torn, and his trousers and boots are as old and worn as they can well be. Poor boy! It is evident that he does not know by experience many of the comforts of life. You can also plainly perceive that he is in earnest, and that he really wants to be taken into the school. And, judging from the look of the person to whom he is making the application, I think that he will soon be cheerfully received. The gentleman is only making a few necessary inquiries, and on their being satisfactorily answered, he will gladly welcome him into the school; and thus the sincere wish of the poverty-stricken boy will be answered.

Take notice that he has come in his actual condition. He has not even tried to patch or mend his rags, nor to make himself look as tidy as he could. No, he is a ragged boy who wants to get into the Ragged School. If he were not what he is, he would not be qualified for admission into the school, as its name implies. Suppose, now, that a boy were to present himself who was possessed of genteel manners, and who plainly showed that he was both well fed and well dressed, the gentleman at the desk would doubtless tell him that the school was not for such as he, it being intended only for poor, neglected and deserted children, and that as he was not one of that class, it was altogether unsuited to him.

Does not this suggest to us the way in which a

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sinner should come to Christ? He should come *as a sinner*, without pretending to be anything else. The Lord Jesus said, "They that are whole have no need of the Physician, but they that are sick: I came, not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance" (Mark ii. 17). It is also written that "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners" (1 Timothy, i. 15). There is a sweet hymn which also echoes this truth:—

"Just as I am, without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am,—poor, wretched, blind;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,
O, Lamb of God, I come."

There is also a striking statement in Isaiah lxiv. 6, that "all our righteousnesses are as filthy rags." Just think of this. That what we may consider to be our good works, God, who searches the heart and who knows everything perfectly, may reckon to be only as "filthy rags" in His sight. You, my dear friend, simply go to Jesus as a sinner, making no claim to any goodness in yourself, and He will freely receive you, save you, bless you, and give you everlasting life; so that you shall never perish, but become a dear child of God for evermore.

You will observe that, in our picture, the boy,

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although he is so poor, is laying down on the table a coin, perhaps a penny, or it may be only a half-penny, which it seems is by way of payment. This may be according to the rules of the school, but whether it be so or not, I cannot say. One thing, however, I can say without any doubt, and that is, that when a sinner comes to God in the name of His dear Son, he has not to make even the smallest payment. Indeed, he has nothing whatever to give which God could accept. No, the salvation of God is "without money and without price." It is a free gift. But it cost God much, to make it thus free to you and to me. It cost Him the giving up of the Son of His love to death upon the cross, as the bearer of sin, in order that sinners might be saved. Who of us can fully tell the great price which was paid for the redemption of our souls? It is blessed to know, however, that God himself estimates it at its proper value, and fully knows the perfection of the work which Christ accomplished for the salvation of sinners. You have doubtless heard of the poor half-witted boy, who used constantly to say :—

" I'm a poor sinner, and nothing at all,
But Jesus Christ is my all in all."

May each of you be enabled to say the same of yourself in truth and reality. T.



THE FLOATING FRAGMENT.

BY W. ETHERINGTON, OF BENARES.

DURING a tour recently made near Benares in India, I became acquainted with a Mohammedan convert, a man apparently of some note. The account which he gave me of his conversion to Christianity is interesting, and well illustrates the power which even a fragment of that Word which is truth may have in rescuing the soul from error.

I give the account of this man's conversion just as I received it from him, translating the Urdu in the conversational style in which it was uttered, in the hope that it may prove interesting to some.

Missionary.—What first led you to think of embracing the Christian religion?

Convert.—I witnessed a miracle, which so impressed my mind that I resolved to become a Christian.

Missionary.—A miracle! What do you mean? Pray tell me all about it.

Convert.—A few years ago (September, 1871), as you probably know, there were great floods here and in the Azimgurh district, during the prevalence of which many lives were lost, and nearly half the houses in this town destroyed. I was living here then in the house of a friend, which was situated on the outskirts of the town.

The water rose higher and higher till the lower part of the house became completely flooded; and, as it continued to rise day after day, I began to fear that it would be swept away, as many of the sur-

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rounding houses had already disappeared. I should have left the place before, but that some of my property had been brought there, as my friend's house was high and built on land elevated above that of the town generally. The flood, however, continued to increase, so that I now began to fear that not only my property, but my life also, would be lost, if I stayed much longer in the house. To my horror I found that there were now no means of escape. The house had become an island, there was not a sign of a boat anywhere, and I knew not how to swim.

In this extremity I prayed to God to save me from drowning, and earnestly sought the intercession of Mohammed. Whilst I was in this critical position, fearing that at any moment the house might be swept away, and I with it, I noticed a few pieces of paper floating on the water near me. I took up one of them, and began to read what was written on it. I found that it was a part of the Christian Scriptures in Urdu, giving an account of a miracle which Jesus performed when He was on the sea in a storm with some of His disciples. They were in danger similar to that which surrounded me, but in their fear they cried to Him, and He arose and saved them. I resolved, there and then, to pray to Jesus to save me also from the floods ; and I inwardly vowed, that if He would do so, I would for ever forsake Mohammed and trust in Jesus as my Saviour, not only from death now, but from eternal death hereafter.

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I had scarcely ended my prayer before a boat, without being hailed, and which, indeed, was invisible to me before I prayed, was rowed towards me. The men who were in it took me on board without any delay, rowed me to a place of safety and without asking for anything, and even without giving me a word of explanation as to what now appears to me their strange conduct, went away with the boat, and I never saw them again.

The man who related the above to me, and who seemed to have no doubt that God, in the manner described, and in answer to his prayer, miraculously interposed for his safety and ultimate salvation, is about fifty years of age—a quiet, unassuming, and honest-looking man. He may have been deceived; but, certainly, neither his appearance nor his manner gives the impression that he has fabricated a story for the purpose of deceiving. It is difficult to assign to him a probable motive, supposing that his story be merely an invention. He is well known in the place where he lives to have been a well-to-do *zamindar*, or landholder.

When a Mohammedan, he had two wives; and in accordance with a custom which prevails among some Mohammedans, for the purpose of avoiding the seizure of property, on account of a husband's debts, the property of the family was held in the name of the first wife. After he became a Christian, he tried for some time, but in vain, to induce his wives to become Christians with him. They refused to do so, and were advised by their

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Mohammedan relatives to decline to give up to him any part of the family property. Finding that his efforts to influence his wives aright were fruitless, he gave them up, and the property also, rather than the truth, to which he seems determined to cling. The native Christians among whom he has cast his lot testify to the consistency of his conduct since he came among them ; this is, perhaps, the best evidence we can have that his story is true.

THE WRONG TICKET.

WHILE a train on its way to Weymouth was waiting at D. station, a gentleman came to the door of the carriage in which the narrator was seated, and, addressing some friends of his own inside, said : " I have just discovered that I have got the wrong ticket."

This information set every one in the carriage looking at their tickets, as you may suppose, and it was then ascertained that two other persons beside the speaker at the door had wrong tickets, all three having been obtained by one person, who in all probability had, when applying for the tickets, pronounced the word "Weymouth" in such a way as to be misunderstood. However that may be, the tickets were from the wrong box, and utterly useless to their holders, as they soon found on reaching their destination. It was in

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vain they argued that the right amount had been paid ; the tickets, when the time came for them to be examined, were found to be wrong, and the whole amount had to be paid over again. Remonstrance only led to the remark that they should have taken the trouble to examine their tickets in time to exchange them, and that whether the fault lay with the person who gave them out or he who received them, the loss must fall on themselves as the fruit of their own neglect. I dare say this reasoning seemed very hard, but it was just ; for although there is no excuse for those who give wrong tickets, there is certainly none for those who receive them. Now, this little incident reminds us very forcibly of the condition of too many who are travelling with railroad speed onwards to eternity. In a little while the train of time will stop with them for ever. Every tick of the clock, every instant, brings each traveller nearer to his destination, and then will come the solemn moment when, if he has till then neglected to look into this question, he will discover to his dismay that he has the *wrong ticket* ! Whose fault will it be if he has to pay the full penalty of his gross and wilful neglect ?

In the case of the travellers referred to, the tickets were useless, you know, because the right name ("Weymouth") was not on them. He who took them for himself and his friends knew perfectly well that no other name would avail, yet neither he nor they ever thought to look at the

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name they bore. Now, few are so ignorant in this land of Bibles as not to know that "there is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved" than the name of JESUS, "neither is there salvation in any other" (Acts iv. 12). Yet, knowing this, they remain indifferent about it. Some say "there is time enough yet" to look into the subject, others not so careless about the matter, yet grossly negligent of the *truth*, are content with "religion," "good works," "prayers," anything but the one only NAME of the Son of the living God, and with these "wrong tickets" they travel on, regardless of all consequences until it is too late!

Can any folly be greater or more wilful? And if God is *just*, what must be the result? Surely, His dear Son deserves better treatment than this! "He died the Just for the unjust that He might bring us to God," yet those I refer to will not be brought by *Him*, but take some other name, or thing, or way, in their indifference to all He suffered when He came to put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself. I say that if God is just (and we know He is), just to His own dear Son, such persons deserve to pay the full penalty of their evil deeds. Look at Him on the cross! who shall tell His anguish when He cried, "My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me?" Consider Him in the garden of Gethsemane when looking onward to this hour, "His sweat was as it were great drops of blood, falling to the ground," yet

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those *who know these things* pass on heedless of all He has borne for sinners, and are content to travel with the "wrong ticket" rather than take the trouble to *look*. Yes ; they have but to *look*, and if they *look in time* all will be well. How incredible, and yet how true ! Had the persons referred to in this narrative only *looked* at their tickets in time, they would have been spared the penalties they paid. When the serpent-bitten Israelite lay dying on the sands of the desert, incapable of *doing* anything, probably incapable of even uttering a prayer or a cry, he had but to *look* at the brazen serpent, and one look was life (Numb. xxi. 9.) And what saith the Lord ? "As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of man be lifted up ; that whosoever believeth in Him might not perish, but have everlasting life" (John iii.) "Look unto me and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth" (Isa. xlv. 22).

Reader, have you a "wrong ticket ?" If you have not CHRIST, whatever else you have is worthless. Prayers, religiousness, good deeds, falsely so called (for how can any deeds be *good* that set God at nought ?) all are so many wrong tickets ; and when the solemn moment comes for examination,—the time of judgment, the only destination they can consign you to will be the lake of fire, for it is written, "Whosoever was not found written in the book of life, was cast into the lake of fire."

The friend, who witnessed the little incident above given, desires your everlasting blessing, and

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has sent the narrative to us that thousands may have their attention drawn to this all-important question before it is too late. What is your destination, HEAVEN or HELL? To the former, one Name alone will bring you in safety; the latter is, alas, the terrible end of all who travel with THE WRONG TICKET.

 DICTIONARY OF THE BIBLE.

(Continued from page 250.)

Festus.—Porcius Festus, Roman governor of Judæa, and successor of Felix, was appointed by the emperor Nero in the first year of his reign. It was when brought before him through the malice of the Jews that the apostle Paul appealed unto Cæsar, because he perceived that his unjust judge, although very well knowing that he had done nothing contrary to Roman law, was influenced by his “desire to do the Jews a pleasure,” and willing to sacrifice an innocent man to his own political interests. In the account which Festus afterwards gives of himself and the course he had pursued to Agrippa, he shows how well he knew right and justice, yet in the face of such knowledge had determined to commit gross injustice, if Paul had not deprived him of the power by appealing to Cæsar (Acts xxv. 9—21). While nothing could be more just and reasonable than

the conclusions which Festus professed to have arrived at, his secret intentions as to his helpless prisoner were to find an excuse, if possible, to deliver him to his implacable enemies at Jerusalem ; and when Paul by appealing to Cæsar had thrown him into a difficulty, he, with a craftiness which is only equalled by his gross injustice, seeks to lay all the responsibility on the Jews and the apostle himself, while he skilfully makes it appear that he has acted all through with the strictest integrity and uprightness, and concludes by declaring, "It seemeth to me unreasonable to send a prisoner, and not withal to signify the crimes laid against him" (v. 27). Judged out of his own mouth, it is evident that, in common with all intelligent pagans, he "held truth in unrighteousness." The same terrible persistence in evil is seen in Pilate, Claudius, Lysias, and Felix, who all betray their perfect knowledge of what is right, while wilfully guilty of known injustice. Festus was useful as a governor in delivering the country from the robbers who infested it, and plundered and burnt the villages ; but, although he sought to maintain himself in political favour with the Jews, he defeated his own object by uniting with Agrippa in a quarrel against the priests. Agrippa had built himself a splendid dining-room, so placed that he could, while reclining at table, see all that was going on in the temple. This displeased the priests, who built a wall to shut out the view. Festus, taking part with Agrippa,

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ordered the wall to be pulled down, but the priests appealed to Nero, and he, influenced by his wife Poppæa, "who was a religious woman," commanded that it should remain. The death of Festus happened shortly afterwards.

Figs (see FRUITS).

Fig-tree.—The fig-tree is supposed to be of Persian origin. It is most extensively cultivated in that country, and in many other parts of the East; and is also successfully grown in Europe so far north as the southern parts of England. Its fruit, in a dried state, strung on cords, forms an important article of commerce from Persia to India. The first notice of the fig occurs in Gen. iii. 7, and the tree is mentioned (Deut. viii. 8) as one of the products of Palestine, from whence the spies brought figs to the camp of Israel. It is spoken of as a symbol of prosperity (1 Kings iv. 25), and its failure as a sign of God's chastisement (Ps. cv. 33), on account of its value as an article of food. In this and other countries, where it is looked upon merely as a sweetmeat, such allusions as the above are little understood; but in warm Eastern lands fresh ripe figs afford a most refreshing article of diet, and in a dried state they are said to be very nourishing. The fig is also used medicinally in the East, and, in 2 Kings xx. 7, we find it was so employed among the Israelites.

Figures (see TYPES).



ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS FOR SEPTEMBER.

QUESTIONS ONE TO NINE ARE ANSWERED FROM
ZECH. XIV.

1. The children of Israel.
2. All nations.
3. "It shall be that whoso will not come up of all the families of the earth unto Jerusalem to worship the King the Lord of Hosts, even upon them shall be no rain."
4. The Lord will plague them as he does the heathen.
5. All nations are gathered against Jerusalem to battle.
6. The Mount of Olives is on the east side of Jerusalem between it and the Dead Sea.
7. The rivers will flow into the Mediterranean and the Dead Sea.
8. The river will flow summer and winter.
9. Judah will fight at Jerusalem, and have the spoil of the heathen in great abundance.
10. The Lord fought for his people Israel, and appeared to Joshua as captain of the host.

ANSWER.

"Resurrection."

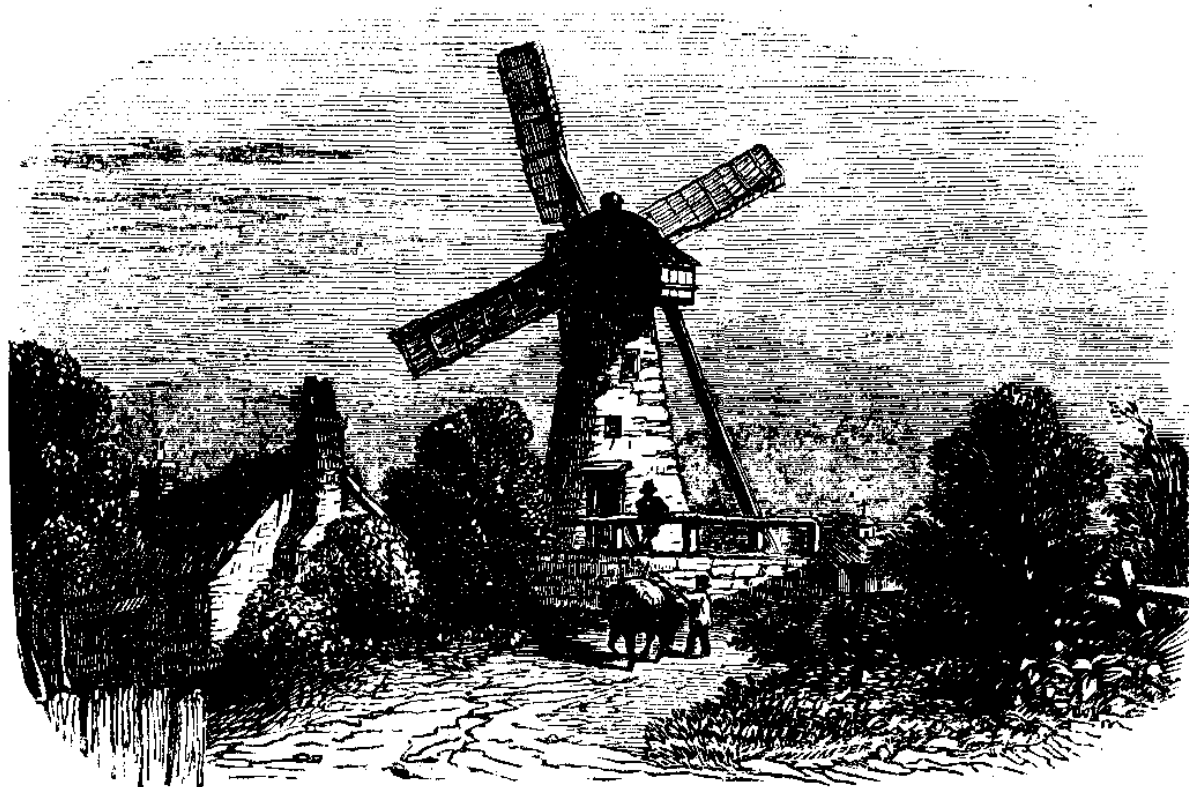
R euben . . .	Genesis xlix. 3.
E noch . . .	Genesis v. 22—24; Hebrews xi. 5.
S inai . . .	Exodus xix. 16—25; Hebrews xii. 18—21.
U riah . . .	2 Samuel xi. 14—21.
R achab . . .	Matthew i. 5.
R ehoboam . .	1 Kings xii.
E lihu . . .	Book of Job xxxii—xxxvii.
C ain . . .	Genesis iv. 9—15.
T heophilus . .	Luke i. 1—4.
I saiah . . .	Book of Isaiah.
O rpah . . .	1 Ruth xiv. 15.
N aaman . . .	2 Kings v. 9—14.

BIBLE QUESTIONS FOR OCTOBER.

1. Name the two verses from Exodus where the ten curtains of fine-twined linen are called one tabernacle.
 2. What caused Job to abhor himself?
 3. What captain went away in a rage when told how he could get cured?
 4. What may a man have in his heart that will prevent God hearing and answering his prayer?
 5. Give Scripture which tells us to get right with our neighbour or brother before we come to God to get what we need?
 6. Give two passages from Matthew and two from Mark where God's servants were told to watch for their Lord.
 7. Give one verse where the servants of God are spoken of as blessed by reading and keeping the words of prophecy.
 8. Give two verses from the Gospel of Luke, where it says that those are blessed who are watching for their Lord.
-

BIBLE ENIGMA FOR OCTOBER.

- A name of the Saviour by prophet foretold—a son whom a virgin should bear?
- A name of Jehovah in vision set forth—his eternity meant to declare?
- A name of the Christ to a prophet revealed in answer to penitent prayer?
- The initials arrange, and clearly you see God's name to his servant made known,
- When demanding a Name, his brethren should fear, and himself as God's messenger own?



THE OLD MILL AT UPMINSTER.

SOME fifty years ago a very little boy was taken by his father and mother some miles out of London to see his uncle's mill which stood in a wide meadow, at a place called Upminster, not far from the left bank of the Thames. The picture will give you a very good idea of a windmill with its "sails," which the wind turns to grind the corn, but the mill I speak of was much larger, and had a gallery round the outside where the sacks of corn and flour were raised from, or lowered into the waggons, when they came to bring the grain or fetch away the flour. It had several windows and doors, and was very lofty too, so that when the little boy went close up to it, the mill looked to

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him like a great mountain. I happen to know that its enormous sails made a great impression on his mind, as they went round and round with the wind, and swept within a foot or two of his face.

There was such a look of power about those great sails as if nothing could resist them. Have you ever stood close, *very* close to a lofty mill towering above your head, while the sails went round and round with a creak and a jerk as if they would sweep you away with a touch? If you have, you will know what I mean by *power*. The great sails I speak of were moved by the wind on that summer's day fifty years ago, and moved too with all the ease in the world, for it hardly seemed to be blowing at all, and yet it had the power to turn those great sails round about with such force that had one of them touched the boy he would have been brushed out of the way as you would brush a fly off your hand. The power, you see, was in the wind, and if its strength was so great when blowing gently on a warm summer's day, what must it be when it roars and rushes wildly along, as it sometimes does on the ocean, till by its mighty strength it raises the waters into great mountains, and overwhelms the stoutest vessel that ever sailed! What a poor weak creature man is when he has to contend against the power of the wind! he cannot see it, and yet its strength is perfectly resistless; he may *use* it for his own benefit, as the mill-owner used it to turn the sails of his mill, but if he has to *meet* its power, he is

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swept away, as I have said, like a fly brushed off your hand.

And this makes one think of the power of Him who createth the wind (Amos iv. 13), and who can stay its force by a word (Matt. viii. 26). What will it be to have to meet that terrible power in judgment! "Power belongeth unto God" (Ps. lxii. 11), power to save and power to destroy, and one or the other *all* must have to do with. Either you must have and enjoy God's power to SAVE, or you must meet his power to DESTROY. Have you ever thought of that? If the little boy had had to meet the power of the wind in the sails of the mill where would he have been? But to the owner inside the mill it was quite different. The very same power which would have destroyed anyone *against whom it came WAS ON HIS SIDE*. It did him good, for it ground his corn, you know, to flour, and then the flour, sold to his advantage and profit, was made into bread for thousands, and thus you may say he lived by the power of the wind. What a blessed thing to have God's power *on your side*, His power to save, don't you think so? And that you *can* have by believing in Jesus, for does not the Word of God say that the "Gospel of Christ is THE POWER OF GOD unto salvation to every one that believeth" (Rom. i. 16), and "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." Have you really believed that Christ has borne your sins "in His own body on the tree," because God says so? If you have, then you "have

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redemption through His blood even the forgiveness of sins ;” and beside all the blessings this brings to you for time and eternity, you have THE POWER OF GOD on your side—God for you—all through your wilderness journey (Rom. viii.). But I must tell you more about the old mill. On one side of this fine large mill stood the stables for the horses, and on the other side was an engine-house. “What was that for?” you will ask. Well, you see when there was no wind blowing at all, the sails would not work, so that at such times the mill would have been useless if it had not been for the steam-engine in the engine-house by its side. The fact is that although this mill was a very fine one, well-built, round like a tower, lofty and picturesque to look at, *it had no power of its own*, it could do just nothing at all unless it had help, and that help must come from *outside itself*, for of course you know that the wind was not *inside* the mill, neither was the steam-engine, although the last was close at hand. Now, when the wind did not blow on the sails the steam was raised in the engine, and that by its *power* turned the machinery and set the mill a-going to grind the corn. You and I are just like the old mill, we have no power of our own, all must come from God. This is true of all men alike, high and low, learned and ignorant, wise and simple ; all the glory of their salvation, if they are to be saved at all, belongs to God. But as the engine was close to the mill ready to act in a moment, so is the power of God ever ready and at

hand to help the helpless, and all they have to do is *to turn to it*. Do you say "I want to be saved, but I have no power even to believe?" God's Word replies, "Whosoever shall CALL on the name of the Lord shall be saved" (Rom. x). Now, whose fault will it be if any who hear this are lost? For God is willing for all men to be saved, and to come to the knowledge of the truth (1 Tim. ii. 4). Then there is another thing about this old mill worthy of notice. You see the engine stood always near,—always at hand to turn the machinery of the mill at any time when *power* was wanted; but if there had happened to be something wrong with the mill's machinery, so that it *would not turn*, what do you suppose would have happened? Why the power of the steam-engine would have smashed the mill machinery to pieces, and the mill would have been wrecked by the very same power which, if all had been *right*, would have helped it. So it is, and will be with every sinner that *will not* take the grace God offers. Thus you see we may learn some useful lessons from the old mill, and some solemn ones too. I have reason to know that the little boy enjoyed his visit to his uncle's very much. Beside the old mill, at some distance stood the white gate leading into the lane all bright with midsummer's growth of grass and wild flowers. To him, because he was so little, the five-barred gate seemed very high, and it was fun to climb upon it, and have a ride as the gate swung to and fro. Then on the hill,

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where growing corn stretched far and wide, he had a walk with his father and uncle, and remembers well that the corn stood so high that he could not look over it, and while his uncle was pointing out the beautiful prospect to his father, and explaining this and that far distant object, he seemed to be all the time in a green cage, and could only see down the alleys of corn where the little birds walk and hide, and where the wild rabbits gambol in safety all unseen by the eye of man. I fancy he enjoyed being in that corn-field even more than they did, for they were tall and had to look down upon it, but he was in the midst of it all, and while they were looking at other and distant objects he was peering into all the little sly and shady nooks that opened up on either hand, and made him feel as if he walked in a forest of green where the chequered shade fell, and the sunlight danced with every motion of the summer wind as it moved the rustling leaves of the ripening wheat. He has thought since that perhaps the lowly enjoy much of that which the lofty overlook ; at all events, he certainly felt very snug down there among the corn, and has never, since he grew bigger, enjoyed a wheat field half so much. In the evening he had a walk down the green lane that skirted the meadow where the old mill stood, and the high leafy hedges were decked with wild roses which seemed to nod to him as he passed, while bright daisies looked up from the long grass as if they wondered to see a little London boy wandering there

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so far from the smoke and turmoil of the great city. It is not unlikely that in the course of so many years the whole scene may have become entirely changed. The smooth green meadow, the white gate, the wheat field on the hill, the pleasant lane may exist no more; the ruthless hand of time may have swept away even the old mill itself; but if the lessons gathered from it should remain and bear fruit in *your* heart, it will not have swung its ponderous sails in the summer wind in vain, and you will have cause to remember THE OLD MILL AT UPMINSTER.

THE BEAR OF THE AMSTEL.

(A MIDNIGHT ENCOUNTER.)

(Continued from page 264.)

FROM this time Richard paid frequent visits to his old neighbour, and although his sadness occasionally returned, his state of mind was much more peaceful. His former dislike to the boy was changed into warm affection, and even in his most dejected moments the mere appearance of our little friend was sufficient to chase away all dark clouds from his brow.

But one day about noon the old housekeeper stood near the thorn hedge, and called loudly to Richard, "Come over quickly, little one," cried she. "My master insists on going to the apple-tree, and is talking wildly. I think he will be calmed when he sees you."

Richard leaped over the hedge, hastened to the

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house, and entered the room. The old man strode uneasily to and fro. Violent lamentations escaped his lips ; he seemed to imagine that he was standing opposite the fatal apple-tree, and that he saw something extraordinary there. Great terror was in his looks, and although he sometimes seemed to hearken to Richard's comforting words, it was only for a few passing moments. Then the boy took the Bible in his hand, and, opening it, his eyes fell on the following passage, which he read aloud : " Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me ; for I am meek and lowly in heart : and ye shall find rest unto your souls ; for my yoke is easy, and my burden is light " (Matt. xi. 28—30).

The old man's steps were arrested. These words had pierced through his soul as lightning ; and, gazing long at his little friend, he exclaimed at last, " How, boy, could I find rest for my soul ? Could this be possible ? Where are those words ? "

Richard pointed to the passage, and repeated slowly the words, " and ye shall find rest unto your souls. " " Alas ! " sighed the old man ; " What must I do to get this rest ? "

" You must go to Jesus, my friend, " said Mr. Mollenberg, who had entered the room unperceived, and had been a witness of the scene. " Only *Jesus* can give this rest. It is He who calls to you, ' Come unto me. ' He can and will give rest to the weary and heavy laden. "

“But am *I* also included in this appeal?” asked the old man anxiously.

“Are *you* not heavy laden?” asked Mr. M——. *All* such He invites without exception. All who are lost and laden with sin are invited to come, in order through grace to receive forgiveness of sins, peace, righteousness, and eternal life.”

“But if—I—were even—a murderer?” murmured he in a trembling voice.”

“Even in *such* a dreadful case,” was the answer, “you have no cause to doubt the love and grace of God, but can come as one heavy laden with sin to Jesus. Know you not the history of the thief on the cross, who, because he merited death, had to suffer the just punishment for his wicked deeds, and yet found eternal salvation. And why? Because he saw himself a lost sinner, and fled for refuge to Jesus. You are a great sinner, and have deserved death; but the Lord Jesus hath given Himself for us an offering and a sacrifice to God for a sweet-smelling savour. The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all *sin*.”

Mr. M—— paused to await the effect of his words. At a sign from him Richard left the room, and the two men stood opposite each other. The moment had now come that the unhappy man could no longer conceal the secret that weighed him down to the earth, and he made an open repentant confession. The conversation lasted more than two hours, and when Mr. Mollenberg again entered their little cottage he cried to his

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wife in a cheerful tone, "Our neighbour has found settled peace. The Lord be praised for it! He has, as he himself said, for the first time in his life revealed a secret to a fellow-being which caused him the most terrible misery for many years. As he has permitted me to tell it to you also, dear wife, I shall do so.

"Many years ago this little cottage was inhabited by a family who, like us, desired to enjoy the country air during the summer months. In this family were several children, one of them a boy of our Richard's age. Mr. Vilers, who was then already a widower, had also a son whom he loved as the apple of his eye, and as he could scarcely bear to be an hour without his darling, he had a teacher from town in order to educate him at home.

"Now the boy had formed a deep affection for the son of their neighbour, and every play-hour saw them together, though Mr. Vilers had strictly forbidden it. Neither caresses nor chastisements were of any avail. The more Mr. Vilers sought to hinder their friendship the more it increased. On returning from a walk one day he beheld the two boys at play under the apple-tree in our garden, and overpowered by rage sprang over the hedge in order to end the matter by giving his son a good thrashing. No sooner, however, had the neighbour's son seen his flashing eyes than he sought to escape by flight, but in so doing ran with such violence against the apple-tree that he

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fell to the ground in an unconscious state. Without noticing this, the furious man seized his own child, struck him violently, and shut him up for a whole day in a dark cellar as a punishment. Half an hour after loud lamentations were heard from the neighbour's garden, and the sad news reached Mr. Vilers' ears that their son had lost his life in a most mysterious manner.

"The poor parents were not to be comforted; but as no one had witnessed the terrible occurrence, the real cause of death was not known. From this hour, however, two beings were very miserable. Mr. Vilers felt the bitter sting of a guilty conscience, and his little son looked upon him as the disturber of his happiness. And when, soon after, the corpse of his playfellow was borne to the burial ground, all the boy's happiness seemed buried with him. He sighed constantly for his companion; he pined away visibly; and was almost always to be seen standing by the thorn hedge gazing fixedly on the apple-tree. All the endeavours of his father to lead his thoughts to other things were fruitless. His distress daily increased, and at last even the physician declared that there was no hope of his recovery. Who can describe the bitter sorrow that now reigned in the father's heart? Every day he had the consequences of his violence before his eyes, and thus some months passed away.

"The winter had gone, and the first days of spring had come. On a lovely morning in May the boy implored his father to carry him into the

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garden in his chair, and when according to his request he was put down at the thorn-hedge, a smile of joy lighted up his wan features, while his eyes were fixed on the tree under which he had once played with his little friend. But, alas! it was only the last flicker of expiring life. A few minutes more, and the child's weary head sank down on his breast—the spirit had fled, to the father's bitter and inconsolable grief.

“And now, dear wife,” concluded Mr. Mollenberg, “our neighbour's state of mind will no longer be a mystery to you. An evil conscience gnawed daily at his heart until reason itself was at times overturned. Oh how blessed that the Lord has at length had mercy on this unhappy man, and has given him that peace which passeth all understanding. The Gospel was the best, the only remedy for him, and he now places all his trust in Him ‘in whom we have redemption through His blood, the forgiveness of sins, according to the riches of His grace’ (Ephesians i. 7).”

Mr. Mollenberg concluded his narration with fervent praise for the great things the Lord had done. The affection of the old man for his little friend Richard grew very warm. The hours of their country life passed calmly away, and when the family had returned to town for the winter, frequent visits were paid to the lonely but now cheerful farm where they were always received with a joyful welcome by the happy and grateful old man.



“WHAT THEN?”

OR, THE OLD MARKET CART.

LOOK at this picture. The market cart is on its way to some country town, perhaps, ten miles off, laden with the produce of the bit of land which surrounds the little cottage you see in the distance. There are vegetables and eggs (you may see the egg basket in the cart), and probably poultry and fresh butter too. There is hardly room for the woman and her son to sit, so crowded are they with baskets of all sorts and sizes. It is early morning, no smoke rises from the cottage chimney, for breakfast is over, the fire is out, and all the family are off for the day. You can just catch a

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glimpse of the man in the distance going away to his work in the fields. Most likely he works for some farmer, while his industrious wife and son "bring grist to the mill," as people say, that is, add to the family means by the weekly sale of all that they can raise from their land.

I dare say she keeps a cow and a pig, a few fowls, and ducks and geese, makes butter, perhaps a cheese too now and then, and so, what with her live stock and her labour, adds not a little to her husband's earnings, while her son tills their land, grows the vegetables, and must have been up by dawn this morning to dig the potatoes, pluck the beans, and get everything ready for the journey. Yet all this labour is as healthy as it is happy, and if you live in London or in some other large town I have no doubt you would be glad to have been with them, and to lend a helping hand. The faithful old horse, without whom they could not carry the fruits of their pleasant toil to the market, is just out of the stable. No doubt he has had a good feed of corn and hay, and now is quenching his thirst at the road-side pond before he starts at a trot on his way to the town. There they will sell all they carry with them, and then in the evening will return with the empty baskets, and a nice little sum of money to add to their savings. For you may rely upon it they are saving, and saving fast. The parents hope some day to take a small farm when their son is old enough to manage it, and then in their old age,

when the old man can labour no more, and his old wife's days for milking and churning and cheese-pressing are past, they will sit in the chimney corner proud to see their stalwart son no more a mere “cottager” tilling an acre or two of land with his own hands, but a “farmer,” able to hire and superintend his labourers, and yet willing and strong enough to work with the best of them, and show them how to plough and sow and reap, or thatch a rick or trim a hedge. This is the way that many of our farmers are made, and many an old couple devote all their days, toil hard, deny themselves, and save all they can to this end.

No doubt their industry is to be commended, and it is very far better to do as these sort of people do than to imitate the greater number who spend all wastefully, perhaps even wickedly, and end their days at last in the workhouse, a burden to themselves and their more careful neighbours who have to support them; but after all I am sure you will say it is but a poor thing at best to devote a whole lifetime of labour, toil, and self-denial to get on in this world—or rather not to get on *themselves*, but to get their son on. “The pride of life” is in every heart, even in that of the poor woman in the old market cart. You would not think it to look at her in her plain homely dress all among her baskets, would you?

But there it is sure enough; and if you could see her dreams at night, and waking thoughts as she bustles here and there all day long with her

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sleeves tucked up, now milking the cow, now churning the butter, now feeding the poultry and the pig, or counting the eggs and watching over and against every bit of waste or loss ; if you could see her as she adds her market money to her savings in that old stocking, and then stands and looks vacantly into the future just for a moment calculating how old her son will be by the time those savings will amount to enough to rent a small farm with, and to buy all the implements that a farmer must have ; if you could hear the sigh with which she puts away her hoard and hurries to her work again, because she sees that years must yet pass by before they have enough for their purpose, you would say that, peaceful and restful as the scene is by which she is surrounded, there is no rest in her heart, because the pride of life is there, although she knows it not. She thinks her son's good is her object, and so it is in part or chiefly, perhaps ; but after all self is at the bottom, deeper down than she can see, and to be the mother of a prosperous farmer instead of a poor cotter's wife is a dream that often cheers her in her toil and makes it bright with hope. Of course, she takes for granted she shall live, and if when many weary years are gone her hope should be at last fulfilled and her object gained, what then ? Oh, then she thinks that she shall rest. No doubt, poor soul, she often feels her need of rest for she is up at cock-crow and hard at work till night closes in and compels her to retire, that fire and candle may be

spared. Thus she toils unceasingly to rest in the future home her hopes have pictured to her mind. Well, and perhaps she gains her purpose; the farm is taken, the home is made, her own and her husband's labours cease at last, and she can sit down now to toil no more. And what then? Has she really found the rest she sought?

If to eat and sleep, and as years pass on and the infirmities of age increase to sit in the wide old chimney corner opposite her “old man,” as she calls him, with her hands worn and weary lying listlessly upon her lap, if *that* be rest, then indeed she has gained her end. “Ah!” you will say, “I should’nt care much for all that.” No, indeed, who would? Depend upon it, she often looks back upon the pleasant journeys she once had in the old market cart to and from the town on warm summer days when health and strength and hope made labour pleasing. Hope now, like the old grey horse, is dead, and nothing lies before her but a few more months or years of weary listless life, and then—what then? Ah, dear young reader, you know *what then!*—“DEATH, AND AFTER DEATH THE JUDGMENT!”

What an end to all the daily, hourly, never-ceasing toil of many long years! And yet it is the end, the terrible end that all must come to who make *this* poor world their only object and never look beyond it. How sad to think that a scene so peaceful as that in the picture before you should ever be exchanged for never-ending judgment! Yet so it must be to all who toil to heap up this

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world's goods and willfully close their ears to the warning voice of God's precious word (Luke xii. 16—21), and refuse to listen to Him who says, "Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I WILL GIVE YOU REST" (Matt. xi. 28). Honest industry is surely good and right, God's word commands it (1 Thess. iv. 11) ; but if it fills the eye and the heart so that the ear is deaf to His voice, and the soul dead to His claims, what then ? Though "God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him might not perish, but have everlasting life" (John iii. 18), yet He has declared that "He that believeth not the Son shall not see life, but the wrath of God abideth on him" (John iii. 36). You see these solemn words are to be found in the very same chapter that tells of the love of God. Who would think, to look upon the picture, that anyone in a scene so fair, a scene that tells us plainly that "His tender mercies are over all His works," would think it possible for any in it to be under the wrath of God ? Yet so it is with too many who toil on in the vain hope of finding rest in this poor world, and refuse "the rest that remaineth for the people of God" (Heb. iv.), a rest that all who believe in the Lord Jesus Christ shall enter into when He comes to fetch them into the place He has prepared for them in His Father's house. Washed from their sins now by His precious blood they will soon be in a home far better than any toil of theirs could

have made for them here. And then—what then? Instead of the weary listless life of decrepitude and old age, they will spend an eternity of joy with “Him who loved them and gave Himself for them,” and will cast their crowns before Him crying “Thou art worthy!” Shall *you* be among them? The Lord Jesus Christ says, “He that heareth my word and believeth on Him that sent me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation, but is passed from death unto life” (John 5). Are you one of those who have heard *His* word, and “by Him have believed in God the Father?” (1 Pet. i.) Have *you* yet come to Jesus, God’s dear Son, who shed His precious blood for sinners? If not, “Behold NOW is the accepted time; behold NOW is the day of salvation,” and if you are willing you may become united to that happy company who through faith in Christ are already saved and only waiting for “the Lord from heaven,” to enter into scenes far more beautiful than that in the picture. As the old hymn says—

“If God has made this world so fair,
Where sin and death abound,
How beautiful beyond compare
Will paradise be found!”

And God’s word declares that “eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things that God hath prepared for them that love Him” (1 Cor. ii.)

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The eye may have rested on many a lovely scene, the ear may have heard many beautiful sounds, the heart may have conceived all-glorious things, but those which God hath prepared in that home above surpasses them all. What in comparison with them is the scene of "THE OLD MARKET CART?"

THE LAST WORDS OF JOSEPH.

"God will surely visit you, and ye shall carry up my bones from hence."—GEN. L. 25.

JOSEPH was a great man in Egypt; only the king was greater than he. But he was not at *home* there, with all his wealth and glory. He might settle his father and his brothers in the best of the land, but after all it was not the land that the Lord had given to his fathers for a possession. Canaan was the place that belonged to the family, and although there had been a time when the famine was sore in that land, there was now barley-harvest and wheat-harvest again, as there used to be; and Joseph knew that, when God's time was come, He would "surely" visit the children of Israel in Egypt, and bring them up into the land He had given them. And when they did go, they were to be sure and not leave him behind, not even his bones.

It is very nice to see that all the success God

THE LAST WORDS OF JOSEPH.

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had caused Joseph to meet with in Egypt had not made him forget who it was that had so prospered his way. The Lord had told Abraham that the people should be strangers in a land that was not theirs (Gen. xv.), and that some day He would bring them out with great substance; and Joseph was too godly a man not to treasure the word of God in his mind and heart. So we see that, if Joseph was the "lord of all Egypt," no one was more truly a *stranger* there than he was; and if there was a palace in Egypt called "Joseph's house," it was not there that Joseph's *home* was to be found. That was far away, and his people must carry him up there when they went themselves, and so they did. Moses brought his body out of Egypt, and in Joshua we read of its being buried in Shechem, the very place he went to when he left his father first of all, to carry a message of love to his unkind and envious brothers.

I trust some of my dear young readers know what it is to have a *home* where the Lord Jesus is. He "died for us that we might live *together with Him*" (1. Thes. v.), and if we believe in Him, so that our sins are put away and gone, we love Him, and long to see His face. He desires it too, as He said, "Father, *I will* that they also whom Thou hast given Me be with Me where I am, that they may behold My glory." And soon He is coming to bring this about, so that if we are really looking and waiting for Him to take us away, it *must*

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be that we are strangers in the place we are just expecting to leave. So He speaks to us as "strangers and pilgrims," and this is a thing to be seen, not only when we come to *die*, like Joseph, giving commandment concerning his bones, but while we *live*. As Paul said, "The life which I now live in the flesh, I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me and gave Himself for me." Our *love* is set on Him—"We love Him because He first loved us." Our *faith* too is in Him, and He Himself is our *Hope* (1 Tim. i. 1). We wait for God's Son from heaven. Then He says to us, You be "*like unto* men that wait for their Lord," do not only wait for Me, but let every one see that such is your hope. So Jesus spoke to His disciples whom He was leaving for a little while, and we are much nearer to His coming than they were. With us it should not be a *dying hope*, of being put in "a coffin," as Joseph was, that his bones might wait awhile and then be carried for forty years in the wilderness, and be laid to rest in a grave in another land. But it should be a "living hope" of the "Lord Himself" coming down from heaven "with a shout," to be heard, not only by the dead in Christ, but by those "who are *alive* and remain unto the coming of the Lord." And all who are *ready* at that moment will be "caught up in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air." Let us think of this, dear reader, young or old. Joseph *kept* the words the Lord had spoken to Abraham, his great grandfather; and Jesus *says*,

THE LAST WORDS OF JOSEPH.

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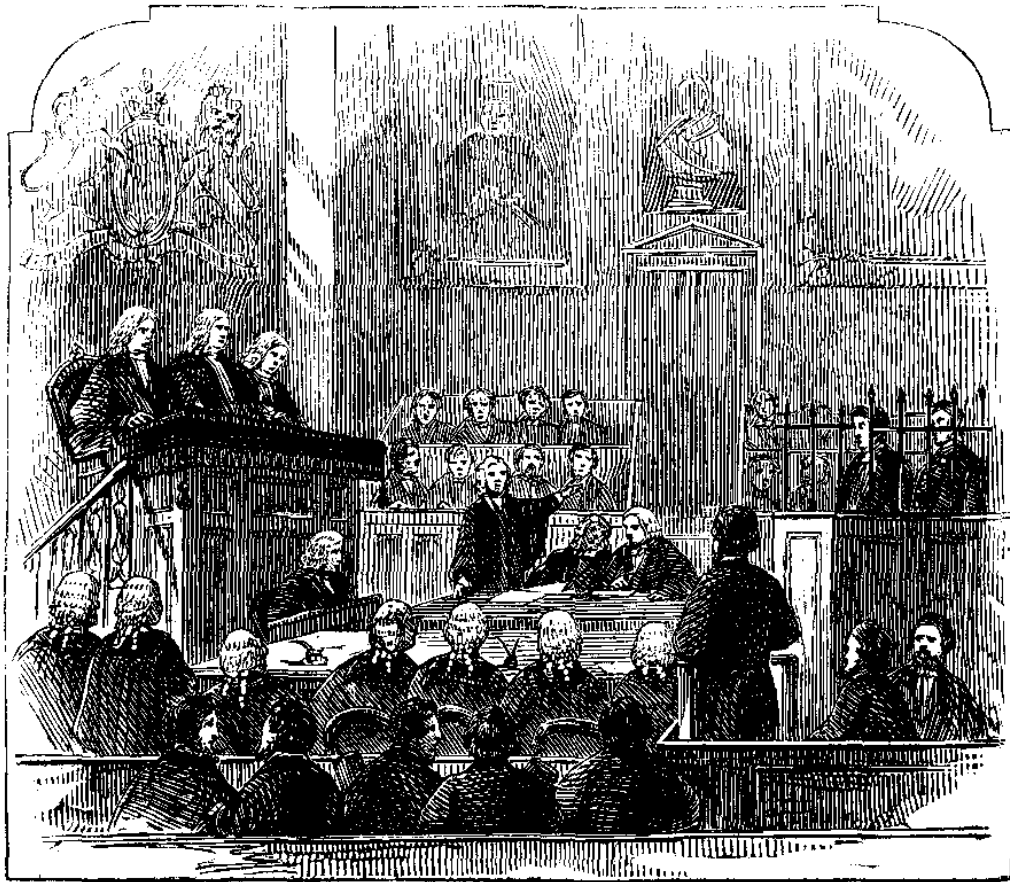
"If a man *love Me* he will keep *My words*." One of His words is that He will "come *again* to receive us unto Himself." Another, spoken *twice* in one chapter is, that even while we are in this world we are "not of the world," even as He is not of the world now that He is no longer in it. And another of His precious words, spoken *three* times in the last chapter He has sent us, is that He comes "*quickly*," and if it seems *to us* a good while since He said that, we must remember that so much the nearer is the moment when He really will come, for "yet a little while and He that shall come will come, and will not tarry." And "until He come," may our ways and words show, like Joseph's did, that, however happy and prosperous the Lord may allow us to be in this world, still the *home* of our hearts is where He is, and nowhere else. Looking around us may we say,

This is not my rest, Lord,
A pilgrim confest, Lord,
I *wait* to be blest at Thy coming again.

And then looking up we may sing,

Lord, we await Thy glory,
We have no home but there,
Where the beloved family
With us Thy joy shall share.
No place can fully please us,
Where Thou, O Lord, art not.
Around Thee, with Thee ever,
Is found, by grace, our lot.

W. TY.



LAW AND GRACE, OR THE POOR THIEF.

ROMANS, v. 6.

I WONDER if any of my little readers know anything about a police-court. Well, I am going to relate an incident that occurred in one a short time back, so I will just say that a police-court is a place where persons are taken who are found offending or breaking the laws of the country. A gentleman called a magistrate presides, and if, when he has heard the case, he believes the accused person to be guilty of the offence charged, he decides what punishment the person is to receive. Well, on the 22nd of August last a poor woman was taken to a police-court, and the charge against her was that she had stolen some things entrusted to her care.

The question was put to her, was she guilty or not? She at once confessed she was guilty. She then told a sad and sorrowful tale by way of excuse. Wanting food for herself and children, she had tried in vain to find help to meet her need. She had walked many miles in search of persons who, she was told, would help her, but could not find them, and when at length she found one he could not do anything for her; then in the depth of her distress she committed the sad offence with which she was charged. She stood a self-convicted sinner. The magistrate (a kind-hearted man, and willing, if he had possessed the power, to let her go free) told her that she had broken the law, and must pay the penalty he was obliged to inflict, or go to prison. The poor woman could not pay, and was therefore led away weeping to the cell. A kind gentleman was there who heard the case and pitied her, and what was more he had both the will and power to help; he paid the fine and thus satisfied all claims, and the poor woman was set free. Does not that remind us of what the Lord Jesus Christ has done for sinners? If we had to stand before God as the poor woman before the magistrate, to answer for ourselves, we should be self-convicted sinners, for we are all by nature guilty in His sight; and like the woman of whom we have been speaking, we have not anything in ourselves with which we can satisfy the claims of God, who, though a loving God, is also a righteous God too. Is it not, then, good news to know that what we could not do for our-

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selves, nor any other for him, the Lord Jesus Christ has done by Himself and for all who believe in His name? While we were yet sinners Christ died for the ungodly; He suffered, the just for the unjust, to bring us to God (1 Pet. iii. 18). I hope that every little reader of GOOD NEWS will put their trust in the Lord Jesus, who died on the cross that sinners might have salvation instead of the punishment their sin deserved; and then there is the happy assurance from God's own word that their sins are forgiven, and the joyful hope that the same loving Jesus who died for them, will come again and take them to be happy with Him for ever, in that beautiful home He has gone to prepare for all who believe in Him.

“Why did the Son of God come down
 From the bright scenes of heavenly bliss,
 And lay aside His kingly crown
 To visit such a world as this?
 Because His heart was full of love;
 Because he pitied sinners so;
 This made Him leave His throne above,
 And come and suffer here below. A. F.

 BIBLE ENIGMA FOR NOVEMBER.

Who viewed the promised land in faith, nor feared its giants strong?
 Whose sister journeying there began the march with dance and song?
 Whose son was leading Israel on when Jordan's stream was dried?
 Who, taking the forbidden spoil, with all his household died?
 To whom did God by promise give this promised land, and fair?
 Where did he die who led the way to good he might not share?

ANSWER TO ENIGMA FOR OCTOBER. 307

Join the initial letters, and give the well-known name
 Of Israel's home in olden time—land of unequalled fame!
 A land of wheat and barley, pomegranates, figs and vines:
 Vast stores of wealth its rocks concealed in deep unfathomed
 mines.
 A land of "brooks of waters"—fountains from hills that
 spring
 Where God would with His people dwell, their unseen Friend
 and King.
 Yet there is better country than this good land and fair,
 Faint shadow of our heavenly home; the substance waits us
 there.
 No sons of Anak need we fear, and on our way we sing,
 For through death's Jordan, chill and deep, Christ His own
 will bring.

BIBLE QUESTIONS FOR NOVEMBER.

1. Who is called the god of this world?
2. Whose minds have the god of this world blinded?
3. For what reason does the god of this world blind men's minds?
4. What two verses in Ephesians tells us the state of all men by nature?
5. What are the people called who are aliens from the commonwealth of Israel?
6. What people do the Scriptures state have no hope?
7. Give three verses from the first epistle to the Corinthians in which the Gospel of the grace of God is stated.
8. In whose sight are we exhorted to be honest?
9. Give two verses from Ephesians which inform us where all saints are seen now.
10. In what epistle are believers spoken of as justified and glorified.

ANSWER TO ENIGMA FOR OCTOBER.

"I AM."—Exodus iii. 14.

I mmanuel		Isaiah vii. 14.
A lpha		Revelations i. 11.
M essiah		Daniel ix. 25.

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS FOR OCTOBER.

1. Exodus xxvi. 6 ; xxxvi. 13.
2. Job said, "I have heard of thee by the hearing of the ear, but now mine eye seeth thee, wherefore I abhor myself."
3. Naaman (2 Kings v. 11).
4. "If I regard iniquity in my heart the Lord will not hear me" (Psalm lxvi. 18).
5. "Be reconciled to thy brother, and then come before God" (Matt. v. 23, 24).
6. "WATCH, therefore, for ye know not what hour your Lord does come" (Matt. xxiv. 42. "WATCH, therefore, for ye know neither the day nor the hour wherein the Son of Man cometh" (Matt. xxv. 13). "WATCH ye, therefore, for ye know not when the master of the house cometh, at even, or at midnight, or at the cock-crowing, or in the morning, lest suddenly coming He find you sleeping. And what I say unto you I say unto all, WATCH" (Mark xiii. 35—37). "WATCH ye, therefore, and pray always that ye may be accounted worthy to escape all these things that shall come to pass, and to stand before the Son of man."
7. "BLESSED is he that readeth and they that hear the words of this prophecy, and keep those things that are written therein, for the time is at hand" (Rev. i. 3). "Behold I come quickly ; BLESSED is he that keepeth the sayings of the prophecy of this book" (Rev. xxii. 7).
8. "BLESSED are those servants whom the Lord when He cometh shall find watching. Verily, I say unto you, that He shall gird Himself, and make them to sit down to meat, and will come forth to serve them. And if He shall come in the second watch, and find them so, BLESSED are those servants. . . . Be ye, therefore, ready also, for the Son of Man cometh at an hour when ye think not. . . . BLESSED is that servant whom his Lord when He cometh shall find so doing" (Luke xii. 37, 38, 40, 43).



REST.

THE scene before you in this little picture is very beautiful, and all little boys and girls who live in large towns will, I am sure, wish they were there. Gaslight may be very bright and glaring, the shops with their windows all alight and their varied merchandise displayed may be very attractive, especially the picture-shops, toy-shops, and shops

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where fruits and sweets are sold ; small boys like to have a look at them, but most of all at the toy-shops. There is such an endless lot of things to look at, the colours are so bright—red, blue, white, and green tints abound, particularly on the drums, and a boy may stand for an hour looking first at this and then at that new toy until he is so bewildered that if he were asked which he would like to have it would take him another hour to make up his mind, and even then I would venture to say he would go away disappointed, and wish he had chosen something else. I knew a very little boy once who wanted to have a new toy, so his kind old grandmother sent him with money in his hand to a little toy-shop close by, just to choose for himself. Well, the good-natured woman who kept the shop showed him first one thing and then another until the boy did not know which to have. There he stood, and as each toy was placed before him it formed a new delight, but then you see he could only have *one*, and the boy knew not how to leave all the rest behind. At last, after much hesitation, he made his choice and hurried home. “Wasn’t he pleased with his new toy,” you will ask? Well, I hardly know ; you see he was thinking of the others he had seen. He was not a greedy boy by any means, but he so admired *all* that he could not help a feeling of regret as he thought upon them, and he had not been home many minutes before he began to cry for a “Jack-in-the-box” he had left on the counter. His affectionate grand-

mother sent him to buy that also, and when he had got it I am not quite sure whether the recollection of the other toys he had looked at did not mar the joy he felt in the two that he had bought. So it is, dear little reader, all through life with those who "set their affections on things in the earth." They are NEVER satisfied ; no sooner is one wish gratified than another wish is formed in the heart, and this goes on to the end of their days. How *can* they be happy? There is but One who can really satisfy the heart ; do you know who that is? It is He who said "He that drinketh of this water shall thirst again, but he that drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst for ever" (John iv.). "He that cometh to me shall never hunger, and he that believeth on Me shall never thirst (John vi.). Who was it that spoke these words? It was the Lord Jesus Christ, and those who really believe in Him, find in Him that full and perfect satisfaction to the heart which nothing else can give. Not alone are their sins forgiven, but He Himself becomes to them a never ceasing delight here in the wilderness, and

" A joy for ever "

in eternity, so that they never thirst any more for happiness because they *have it* for evermore. In the little picture before you there is a stream flowing on through a lonely vale, the trees cast their shadows on its surface, and beside it sits a solitary wayfarer. Does he sigh for the sights and

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sounds, the turmoil and the show of streets? No indeed, or he would not be sitting there lost in contemplation, like Isaac of old in the sweet fields of Palestine, God's favoured land (Gen. xxiv. 63). Now this solitary pilgrim, staff in hand, resting beside those quiet waters, shining in the light from heaven and flowing on for evermore so peacefully, yet singing as they go with a music all their own, unheard by any but he who sits beside them, reminds me of the believer in the Lord Jesus Christ. He, you know, is a pilgrim, staff in hand, His "feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace," and His "loins girt about with truth." He "resteth in the Lord," he is led "beside the waters of quietness," and although, like the wayfarer in the picture, he may be far from home and a stranger here, his peace like this river flows on unceasingly, and he is so occupied with one beautiful all-absorbing object that he is lost to all beside. Shadows may sometimes fall upon the stream, but the stream is there for all that, and the light reveals it. Don't you think he is better off by far than he who is *never* satisfied and never can be, who thirsts and drinks and thirsts again for that content and happiness which he ever *hopes* to find in "the things of the world," only to be always disappointed? Yes, indeed. Well then, you have only to come to Jesus at once to find all you need. He says "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you REST; take my yoke upon you and learn of me, for I am meek and lowly

THE BLESSING OF JOSEPH.

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in heart, and ye shall find REST UNTO YOUR SOULS" (Matt. xi.). This is peace ; a satisfying portion that nothing else can give ; here alone can you find REST."

THE BLESSING OF JOSEPH.

(GENESIS xlix. 22—26; DEUTERONOMY xxxiii. 13—17).

WHEN Jacob was about to die he called to him his twelve sons, and told them what should happen to them long after he should have died and left them. Again, when Moses was a hundred and twenty years old, and the time was come for him to go up to the top of the mountain that God told him of, that he might have one good look at the Land of Canaan and then lie down and die, he called together the chief of all the twelve tribes and blessed them with a blessing from God. If you compare the blessings spoken by Jacob with those of Moses, you will find a good deal of difference between them ; the things said about the tribe in one place are very unlike those said about the same tribe in the other, except in the case of just *one*, and that is Joseph ! In both places we read about him, that there were to be great and abundant blessings "upon the head of Joseph, and upon the top of the head of him who was separated from his brethren." Neither Jacob nor Moses could forget that Joseph had been *hated*, and

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“sorely grieved” by his brothers. Through their envy and dislike he had been parted from them for many years, but his love to them had never changed, and when he had it in his power to do them evil he had done them only good, so that the best and richest of blessings were to be upon his head.

Does not all this make us think of our Lord Jesus, who also was “hated” without a cause, and “sorely grieved,” for he was “acquainted with grief?” He, too, was “separated from His brethren,” yet the fault was not His but theirs. “He came unto His own, and His own received him not,” and “neither did His brethren believe in Him.” He loved *them*, and wept over their city, and said, “how often would I have gathered thy children together, as a hen doth gather her brood under her wings, and *ye would not*.” Joseph loved his brothers and went after them until he found them, but they would not have him, and sold him into the hands of strangers. Jesus came to His people full of grace and love, and of power too, which He would have used on their behalf; but they would not have Him. They said, “We will not have this man,”—“Come, let us kill Him,”—“Away with Him! away with Him. Crucify Him! crucify Him,”—“Not this man, but Barabbas.” And so Jesus also was “separated from His brethren.” But the time came when Joseph, who had been put into the pit in Dothan and into the dungeon in Egypt, was raised to the glory of being lord of all

THE BLESSINGS OF JOSEPH.

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the land. And so the blessed Saviour, too, is gone to glory ; if wicked men would not let Him live among them in this world, God would not let Him remain in the grave where they put Him, and so He “exalted Him *with* his right hand,” and seated Him *at* His right hand, crowning Him with “glory and honour.” *God* did all that, and then, in the fifth chapter of Revelation, we find what *others* have to say about it. If there were to be blessings on the head of Joseph, who was separated from his brethren, what must there be for the Lord Jesus, who “laid down His life for His friends ?” We read in that chapter what saints, and angels, and all things that have breath, in heaven or earth, have to say about “this same Jesus,” and they *all* agree that “the Lamb that was slain” is “worthy to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and glory, and blessing.”

“Worthy the Lamb that died,” they cry,
 “To be exalted thus : ”
 “Worthy is He,” our lips reply,
 “For he was slain *for us*.”

He came down here into weakness and poverty for us, and we know He is worthy that power and riches should be given to Him. And so they are, for all power is given into His hands, both in heaven and in earth, and God has made Him to be the “Heir of all things.” And so as to all the other things that are spoken to His praise in heaven : when He was down here among men,

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some of them said He was "mad," but we know Him to be "the wisdom of God," and if in this world He "hid not His face from shame and spitting," we can now say, "Honour and majesty are before Him; strength and beauty are in His holy place." And as for "blessing," did He not hang upon a tree in His death, and had not God said, "*Cursed* is every one that hangeth on a tree?" We read of *two* persons who were hung upon a tree: Absalom, the wicked son of David, and Jesus, the blessed Son of God. But He was "made a curse" for others, whose sins He bore, and it is all "blessing" for Him now, and no more curse.

Jesus is worthy to receive
Honour and power divine,
And *blessings*, more than we can give,
Be, Lord, for ever Thine.

Now, my dear reader, young or old, I am not going to say any more to you about Joseph, but I do want you to think about the Lord Jesus, and to ask yourself whether you still belong to this world, that gave Him all the shame and grief He had to bear, or whether you belong to Him, and to that heaven where He is preparing a place for all those who love Him and wait for Him. You may ask yourself whose company you find yourself most at home in; those who care nothing about this blessed Saviour in glory, or those who love Him beyond all else; who long to see Him, and who try to please Him in all they do until He

THE BLESSING OF JOSEPH.

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comes. You may think that at present you are not quite a Christian, and not quite one of His "enemies," but do not forget that it is "yet a little while" only, and He will come, and you will find yourself in company *for ever*, either with those who said, "Away with Him, crucify Him," or with those who say with all their hearts, "*Blessing*, and honour, and glory and power, be unto Him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb for ever and ever." Which will it be?

W. TY.

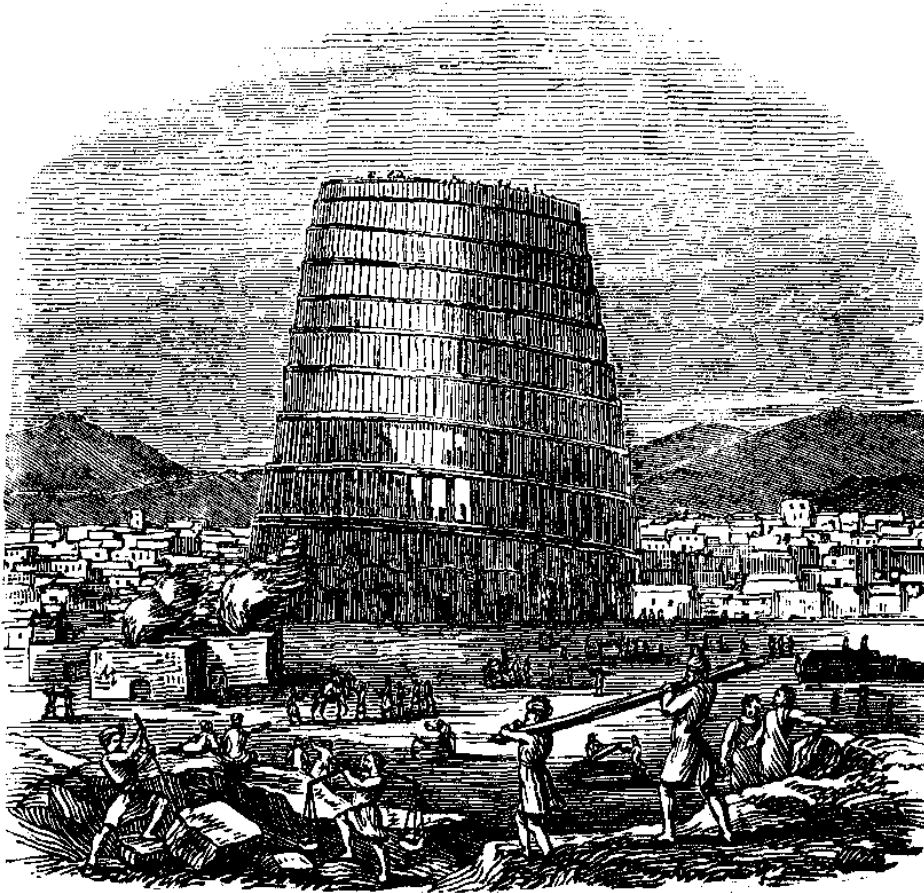
Worthy is He who once was slain,
The Prince of Life, who groaned and died;
Worthy to rise, and live, and reign,
At His Almighty Father's side.

"Power" and dominion are His due,
Who did at Pilate's bar appear;
"Wisdom" belongs to Jesus, too,
Tho' He was charged with madness here.

All "riches" are His native right,
Yet He sustained amazing loss:
To Him ascribe eternal might,
Who died in weakness on the Cross.

"Honour" immortal must be paid,
Instead of scandal and of scorn;
While "glory" shines around His head,
And a bright crown without a thorn.

"Blessings" for ever on the Lamb,
Who bore the Cross for sinful man;
Let angels praise His blessed name,
And every creature say "Amen."



BABEL.

(Genesis x. and xi.)

WHEN men erected Babel's tower,
And spread their buildings o'er the plain,
They wrought for glory, pride, and power ;
Of their ambitious purpose vain.

They wish'd to gain a founder's fame,
And o'er the earth no more to roam ;
The homage of the world to claim,
By gath'ring greatness round their home.

But God who dwells in heavenly light,
The works and ways of all can see ;
There's nothing hidden from His sight,
And none can thwart His fix'd decree.

BABEL.

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If 'twas His will, the human race
 Should spread and scatter far and wide,
 'Twas vain for men to choose a place,
 And think that there they would abide.
 So He, to bring their plan to nought,
 From His abode to earth came down,
 And look'd on all that they had wrought;
 Their heaven-aspiring tower, and town.
 He mark'd it all,—their skill and art,
 And all that they design'd to do;
 And noted well the pride of heart
 With which they would their aim pursue.
 The blessing of a common speech,
 In which they could with all converse,
 They used their evil end to reach,
 And turn'd it to a grievous curse.
 Their language, then, did God confound,
 That none his friend might understand;
 Each spake to each a senseless sound:
 Thus strangers made, did they disband.
 Their city, too, they ceas'd to build,
 And roam'd as wand'ers o'er the earth:
 The word of God they thus fulfill'd,
 And shew'd what all their plans were worth.
 "Confusion" is the city's name,
 Its ruin it can ne'er retrieve,
 But still shall bear its evil fame,
 Till earth her heavenly King receive.
 Then, when the Lamb who once was slain,—
 The King of kings, and Lord of lords,—
 Shall take His rod of power, and reign,
 And beat to ploughshares are the swords,
 His holy will, in language pure,
 To tribes and nations shall be taught;
 For He alone can work the cure
 Of all the evil man hath wrought.

T.



THE SPIDER'S WEB.

Most children are acquainted with the piece commencing

“ ‘ Will you walk into my parlour ? ’
Said the spider to the fly ; ”

and they know how artfully the spider beguiled the silly fly, to her destruction. You have no doubt taken notice of the spider's web, and have observed how skilfully it is made. How fine is the material with which it is constructed, and how regular and beautiful is its arrangement ! But notwithstanding all its fineness and regularity, it is only made for the purpose of catching poor

THE WEB AND THE CAGE.

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unwary flies. You have doubtless often seen on the web the dry dead body of one of them which has been killed by the vicious spider ; and is it not an unpleasant sight ?

That which we are describing is very like what Satan is doing in order to keep in his power the souls of sinners. He carries them captive at his will, and if he succeeds in keeping them from turning to the Lord for salvation and deliverance, they must perish, as they cannot extricate themselves from the dominion which he has over them in consequence of sin. How the poor fly, when it finds itself entangled in the web, struggles to get free ; but all its efforts are useless, as it is too firmly fixed to escape ; and presently the hideous spider comes out of his den, and speedily accomplishes the destruction of his victim.

I have sometimes had the satisfaction of delivering the poor captive. If the fly could make known its feelings, one would imagine that it would express its thankfulness to its deliverer. At all events, it spreads its gauzy wings, and seems glad of its escape. Now, my dear young friends, let us look at this in its application to ourselves. Jesus, the Son of God, is the great deliverer of souls from the power of Satan. None of us could have delivered ourselves. A sinner is like the poor weak fly, and has no strength to free himself from the bondage of sin and Satan. But, how blessed ! that the mighty Son of God should have taken part of flesh and blood, " that through death He

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might destroy him that had the power of death, that is, the devil ; and deliver them who through fear of death were all their lifetime subject to bondage " (Hebrews ii.). Yes, through His death upon the cross He defeated the devil, and, having gone up on high, and "led captivity captive," He gives eternal salvation and deliverance to every soul that trusts in Him. Have you, dear friends, been thus delivered, through believing on Him who has wrought this wondrous work ? If not, how shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation ?" If, however, you are a partaker of eternal life through faith in Him, then you can truly say, "We love Him because He first loved us" (1 John iv. 19) ; and it will be your earnest desire and endeavour to manifest your love to Him, by doing those things which are pleasing in His sight.

If my little reader has a bird in a cage he is a captive, but his captivity is of a very different kind to that of the fly. He is not placed in his cage out of ill-will. He is fed daily with suitable food, water is regularly given to him to drink, and his cage is kept clean. No doubt, he would rather have his liberty, and fly into the open air. Still his lot is not a very hard one, is it ? Everything is provided for him, and he has only to sing his pleasant songs.

Is not this something like the life of a Christian during his sojourn in this world ? He is delivered from the bondage in which he was held by Satan,

WAKE UP! WAKE UP!

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and has been called unto the liberty which Christ gives. But from that time he is placed in the position to become the servant of Christ, who, in the purest love, places him under the restraints of His Word, and in circumstances which are best suited to him, though they may sometimes be of a painful character. Like the bird, he would fain escape from all that binds him to this world, and rise to meet his Lord in the air; but in the meantime, he is instructed to be content with such things as he has, and thankful for the mercies with which he is surrounded. He, too, is enabled to sing and make melody in his heart to the Lord."

May you with me, dear young reader, know the blessing of being delivered from the cruel bondage of Satan, and of being made captive in the chains of the love of Christ.



WAKE UP! WAKE UP!

It must be a terrible thing to be in a house on fire, especially at night when fast asleep and all unconscious of danger. Bad enough in the daytime when wide awake and able to run from the devouring flames as they roar through the rooms and threaten to burn you alive. How terrified people must feel! How they run hither and thither trying to save something besides their lives from destruction. But when asleep and all unconscious, dreaming perhaps of happy scenes

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and pleasures all unreal, the danger is greater, for the flames may seize the sleeper in a moment, and then there is no escape.

Well, at twelve o'clock one night, when all the inmates of a house were fast asleep, a loud knocking was suddenly heard at the shop door, and a loud voice was heard shouting, "Wake up! wake up!" Just then smoke was seen issuing from the building, flames were heard to crackle as they seized upon the woodwork, and it was plain the house was on fire. Aroused by the noise outside a woman appeared at one of the windows, but too terrified to do anything, she could only cry, "Who will save my children? who will save my children?" You see a mother's love thought of her children even before she had secured her own safety, and even while yet herself in danger of being burnt to death. But great as her love for them doubtless was, she had not courage to risk her life for them by dashing through the flames to "snatch them from the burning." Another must do it if it was to be done at all, and I am glad to tell you another *did* do it, for the neighbours succeeded in getting them and the woman too out by the back of the house, and thus saved their lives.

Now this little incident reminds me of two things: first, the unconverted sinner; all who do not believe in the Lord Jesus Christ are in danger of "everlasting burnings," although too many are quite unconscious of this, and quite at peace

WAKE UP ! WAKE UP !

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about it, dreaming of happiness in this world, and quite content to remain in ignorance of the terrible doom that awaits, and I may say *surrounds* them, for "he that believeth not the Son shall not see life, but the WRATH OF GOD ABIDETH ON HIM, yet their condition is all the worse for their unconsciousness. It is worse for two reasons: it is worse because it shows they don't believe what God has said about it in His Word, and it is worse because the flames may seize upon them in a moment, as they did on the rich man, who had no thought of such a thing, and upon the rich fool, too (Luke xvi. 19; xii. 16). And then in the next place it reminds me of the love of Christ. A mother could not plunge into the flames to save her children, but the Lord Jesus Christ went down beneath all the waves and the billows of the wrath of God to save sinners. The fire of judgment passed over His blessed head because He "His own self bare our sins in his own body on the tree," and you must remember He came from heaven itself for this very purpose, "for this is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners," and he could not save them in any other way than by bearing the judgment due to their sin. But He DID bear it, and thus "He put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself," and all that the sinner has to do is to believe that He *has* done it because God says so, and because He Himself says, "It is finished." If *you* thus "believe on the Lord

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Jesus Christ *you* shall be saved," and saved for ever. The woman in the burning house when once *awakened* was glad to accept deliverance. If *you* are awakened to fear danger flee to Jesus, God's infinitely precious Son, and He will receive you, for He says, "Him that cometh unto Me I will in nowise cast out." But if you are *asleep*, unconscious of your peril, yet going on to "everlasting burning," I would say to you as the voice said to the inmates of that burning house,

"WAKE UP ! WAKE UP."

CHILDREN'S SONGS.

How cheery the ring of the voices
 Of children, when singing their songs !
 Its gladness the parent rejoices,
 And age for such buoyancy longs.
 Though simple the strain and the measure,
 What artless delight is express'd !
 It tells of an innocent pleasure,
 Which long the dear songsters may treasure
 As one of their brightest and best.

And when, with their voices is blended
 The Spirit-led song to the Name
 Of Jesus—who now is ascended,
 Who once bore our sin and our shame,
 How sweet and refreshing their praises,
 As freely they float to the sky !
 The darlings, in infantine phrases,
 With faces upturn'd, like the daisies,
 Sing strains which are welcom'd on high.

T.

THE HERMIT OF SKIDDAW.

A "HERMIT" is a strange kind of man who chooses to live alone in some out-of-the-way place, rather than in a town or city with other people. I heard lately of one called the "Hermit of Skiddaw," and thought that the little readers of GOOD NEWS might like to hear something about him too. Skiddaw is the name of one of the highest mountains in this country, the top of it being more than 3,000 feet high, and the person I am going to tell you of lived in a hole or cave about half way up the side of it. Cold and lonely as it was in the winter, he stayed there all the year round, rather than come and live like other men in a comfortable home. *Why* he chose to live on in such a way, year after year, I really cannot tell you, except that it was his own will to do so. I think sometimes of the Lord Jesus becoming so poor, and such a stranger in His own world that He had not "where to lay His head," but then He came to do the will of His Father who sent Him, and He did it in every step of His life. And then it was His grace and love towards us too, as it says, "For *your* sakes He became poor, that ye, through His poverty, might be rich." *He* would sometimes choose to be all alone on the mountain top, as we read in one place about His rising up in the morning "a great while before day," and going out into "a solitary place." And another time He stayed in a mountain all night ; but both

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times it tells us He went there to pray to His Father, and we have no doubt He often did so. It was not, however, to be alone with God that this hermit lived apart from other men ; for at the time I am telling you of, he had not learnt to look to God as his best Friend, and so he did not care to spend so much time speaking to Him. It is a good thing when we have found out in God's presence how sinful and how weak we are. We say, " Lord, save, or we perish," and we find He is waiting to save. The work of Christ on the cross is a " finished " work, and it is by *that* sacrifice that sin is " put away," for all those who, as undone sinners, believe in the Lord Jesus who did that work. And then when we *are* saved, and do know Him who has saved us, we find we need His help and strength every day and hour. We find more and more how weak we are in ourselves, and we say—

" As weaker than a bruised reed,
 I cannot do without *Thee*.
 I *want Thee* here each hour of need,
 Shall want Thee, too, in glory.

But this man had not yet learnt how precious Christ is to those who know Him, and his desire was to be *quite alone* : I can tell you he was not very happy.

After a while he became tired even of the place, and he then came to live in a wood, about four miles from the town of B——, in Westmoreland. At that time he wore no coat nor any shoes, and

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ate dry bread. He had one thin woollen shirt, and when he washed it, he used to put it on again directly, and let it dry on his back. Many other strange things he used also to do, but I need not stop to tell you about them, as I want rather to tell you how the Lord met with this poor lonely man. There lived in the town of B——, a person who was an invalid, and never went out of doors, but who was very happy in knowing some little of that wonderful “love of Christ which passeth knowledge.” He had heard a good deal about “the hermit,” and desired very much to see him, especially as he heard that he came sometimes to B——. One day when he was passing, the wife of this Christian man saw him, and invited him to come in: of course, she was quite a stranger to him, but the thought of some one wishing to see him pleased him, and he consented. They had some very pleasant conversation, and it turned out that, although he had been living alone so long, he was a clever painter, both of portraits and landscapes. His friend undertook to get colours for him from London, so as to help him to get a living for himself, instead of doing as he had been; and from that time they met almost every day. Many times he was spoken to about the blessed Saviour, the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world; and he always took it kindly, but he knew full well that *his* sin was not taken away. After a while he became very thoughtful about it, and although he said nothing in words,

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the big tears would roll down his hard cheeks, and all his manner seemed to say, Go on and tell me more about your Saviour. One day his friends invited him to go to hear a servant of Christ, who had been a soldier, preach the gospel on the pier, and the Lord so blessed it to him, that he found peace in believing, and told them the next day how he could now see the wonderful love of God in giving Jesus to die for his sins. And now, having as it were met with Christ, his great concern was to learn what the will of God about him was. Like Saul of Tarsus, when *he* had met with the Lord Jesus on his way to Damascus, he said, "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?" And he soon procured for himself a copy of the "Holy Scriptures," that he might read for himself, and "learn of" Him who had given him "rest" (Matt. xi. 28, 29). Most happy and blessed was this change from darkness to light, and truly the fruits of the new life God had given him were seen in his ways; but it was "the Lord Himself" who filled his heart, and he loved to speak of Him. He gladly did so to the numbers of lads and men who came to him in the wood; only, alas! they did not care to hear of their own best Friend, and soon left off coming to the man who now cared not to talk to them of anything else. I need not tell you that now he was "in his right mind" he was soon decently "clothed" (Mark v. 15). His heart, too, was filled with the precious things of Christ, which had now become so real to him, and

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very much the Lord's people enjoyed conversing with him about them. One day his friend at B—— observed that he was again without a coat, and was half afraid that he had slipped out of the Lord's company, and was going on as he used to. He asked him about it, and his answer was, "Well, I met a poor man this morning coming to B—— to see the doctor. He was in the last stage of consumption. My heart burned towards him, so I told him of my Saviour and my Lord; and after that I was so sorry to see him with such a poor coat on, and he was so cold, that I gave him mine. You know I can soon earn another, and he cannot, poor fellow." His friend was very thankful to hear his story, and could not but think of the One who stripped Himself of all He had, and became poor, that we might be rich towards God (John xiv. 23).

" Rich in glory, Thou didst stoop :
 Thence is all Thy people's hope.
 Thou wast poor, that we might be
 Rich in glory, Lord, with Thee."

Much more I could tell you about this dear soul, and of his value for the precious Word of God, but I must stop now. If the Lord comes soon, as I believe He will, we shall see this child of God, who was once the Hermit of Skiddaw, and he can tell us himself of his happiness in knowing Christ. But do take care, dear child, that *you* do not neglect this "great salvation" yourself. The

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same Lord Jesus who saved that hermit is a Saviour for you if you will have Him, and there is "no other name" by which we can be saved. He is the Saviour: you are the one who needs Him, and *now* is the time. W. Ty.

ANSWER TO ENIGMA FOR NOVEMBER.

"Canaan."—DEUT. viii. 7—9.

Caleb	Numb. xiii. 28—80.
Aaron	Exod. xv. 26.
Num, the son of	Josh. i. 1, 2: iii. 14—17.
Achan	Josh. vii. 21, 24, 25.
Abraham	Gen. xii. 5—7.
Nebo	Deut. xxxii. 48—52.

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS FOR NOVEMBER.

1. Satan.
2. Those who do not believe in the Lord Jesus for the salvation of their souls (2 Cor. iv. 4).
3. "Lest the light of the glorious Gospel of Christ, who is the image of God, should shine unto them" (2 Cor. iv. 4).
4. Eph. ii. 2, 4.
5. Gentiles in the flesh (Eph. ii. 11).
6. Those without Christ (Eph. ii. 12).
7. 1 Cor. xv. 2, 3, 4.
8. "In the sight of the Lord, but also in the sight of men" (2 Cor. viii. 21).
9. "Even when we were dead in sins, hath quickened us together with Christ," and hath raised us up together and made us sit together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus" (Eph. ii. 5, 6).
10. In Romans viii. 30 (both justified and glorified).