

GOOD NEWS

FOR

YOUNG AND OLD.



London:
W. H. BROOM, 25, PATERNOSTER SQUARE.
1882.

HARPER AND CO., PRINTERS.

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GOOD NEWS FOR YOUNG AND OLD



THE HIGH PRIEST IN HIS GARMENTS OF GLORY AND BEAUTY.

AARON THE HIGH PRIEST OF ISRAEL.

AARON was the elder brother of Moses. We do not read so much of him as we read of Moses, but the work which the Lord had for him to do was a great work. When Moses was told by the Lord to go to the children of Israel, he tried to excuse himself by telling the Lord that he was "slow of speech, and of a slow tongue," that is, he was not a good speaker, and was in fear on this account that the people would not listen to him. The Lord reproved his want of faith, and said to him, Aaron "shall be thy spokesman unto the people; and he shall be, even he shall be to thee instead of a mouth, and thou shalt be to him instead of God." Exodus iv. 16. Aaron, therefore, had to speak to the people that which Moses was told by God to make known to them.

Aaron had a rod. By means of it the Lord did some wondrous works. Two of these were the changing of the rod into a serpent, and its budding and bearing fruit. The first miracle was wrought when Moses and Aaron went to Pharaoh to tell him that it was the Lord's will that the people of Israel should leave Egypt. Then when the king asked for a sign that they came from God, Aaron threw down his rod, and it was turned into a serpent. The magicians of Egypt came, and they had serpents, with which they deceived, but Aaron's serpent ate up the others.

When the people of Israel came into the wilderness, God told Moses to come up to Mount Sinai, there to receive laws for the people, and also to be instructed how to make the Tabernacle, and everything connected therewith.

When the Tabernacle was set up in the wilderness, Aaron was consecrated to be the High Priest of Israel. All the garments with which he was clad were made according to God's command. There were six garments, namely, "a breastplate, and an ephod, and a robe, and a brodered coat, a mitre, and a girdle." Exodus xxviii. 4.

On the shoulders of the ephod were set two precious stones, upon which were engraven the names of the tribes of Israel; and on the breastplate were twelve precious stones, likewise engraven with the names of the tribes.

Aaron was set apart for his great office by being dressed in these beautiful garments, and having his head anointed with oil; in addition to which the blood of "the ram of consecration," was put upon the tip of his right ear, upon the thumb of his right hand, and upon the great toe of his right foot. Leviticus viii.

As the High Priest, he was the only one who was allowed to go into the holy of holies, and into that he entered but once a year, and that not without blood, on the great day of atonement. Leviticus xvi. In the tenth of Hebrews we are told that the blood of bulls and goats could not take away sins, but the blood of Jesus Christ cleanses from all sin, and has perfected for EVER every child of God, that is, all who have faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. Hebrews x. 14; 1 John i. 7; Galatians iii. 26. After Aaron, his sons were set apart for the office of High Priest. It continued in that line until the priesthood had passed away. And now Aaron was to die. Like Moses, he was not allowed to go into the promised land. On account of the rebellion at the waters of Meribah, the Lord

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said he should not see the land. To Mount Hor he was now to go up with Moses. There Moses was to take off the garments of Aaron, and put them on Eleazar his son, who was to have after him the High Priesthood. And there Aaron died.

How much there is to learn from this history! The first thing we cannot help noticing is that Aaron was a type of the Lord Jesus Christ. He was the High Priest of Israel. The Lord Jesus Christ is the great High Priest of His people. When He had by Himself purged their sins, He sat down on the right hand of the Majesty on high.

"The ATONING work is done,
The Victim's blood is shed,
And Jesus now is gone
His people's cause to plead:
He stands in heaven their great High Priest,
And bears their names upon His breast.

"And tho' awhile He be
Hid from the eyes of men,
His people look to see
Their great High Priest again.
In brightest glory He will come
And take His waiting people home."

THE LITTLE

DEAF AND DUMB BOY.

At a public examination of the pupils in one of the great schools for the instruction of the deaf and dumb, was a fine little boy whose pleasant countenance and attractive manner so much interested a gentleman present that he was induced to write upon the boy's slate the following question:—"My dear little boy, you see all the stars, and the sun, and the earth around you; can you tell me how they all came there?"

To this the little fellow at once wrote this reply, "In the beginning God made the heaven and the earth."

The gentleman then wrote, "But whence come all the misery and death that you see on all sides?"

"Sin came into the world, and death by sin," wrote the little boy.

The gentleman was surprised, and wrote, "Can you tell me any way in which man may be delivered from all this sorrow?"

"The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth from all sin," wrote the little fellow.

Still more surprised, the gentleman again wrote, "I will ask you only one question more. Can you tell me why you can neither speak nor hear, when so many around you can do both."

"Even so, Father," wrote the little boy, with a happy smile, "for so it seemed good in Thy sight."

The gentleman was amazed; and well he might be; for here was a little deaf and dumb boy who had answered these four hard questions in a way that none of the philosophers of the heathen world could have done, and who was happy, peaceful, and contented, because he believed in these great truths, which he had learned from the Holy Scriptures. Now what a precious book must that be from which may be learned truths like those that made the little deaf and dumb boy so happy in believing! The Bible is full of instruction for all. And let not little children think that they are not able to understand it, for if they love it, and read it attentively, asking God to instruct them, He will not refuse the teaching of His Holy Spirit, whereby they will be enabled to better understand it, and to apply it to themselves; thus will they love and prize it more. The smallest child who can read the Bible may learn from it what not any of the wise men of the world can know without the Bible.

"Not all the books on earth beside
Such heavenly wonders tell."

A.

LITTLE GOZEL.

ON the borders of a beautiful lake in Persia, there lived a little girl named Gozel. Most of the people of that country worship fire and the sun, as emblems of God. They are heathen, and are called Parsees. Others are called Nestorians, who profess to believe in Christ. But their minds are very dark, and they know not the great and blessed truths of the Gospel. The little girl of whom we speak was of the latter class of the Persian people. It was only a little while before the birth of Gozel that the clearer light of Gospel had dawned upon her native land. Before that time none of the women could read. There were no schools for them to attend, and but few books in the language which the poor understood; no Holy Bible; no true knowledge of the way in which a sinner can have pardon and peace. We cannot tell how sad it is to live in such a condition. Let us try to think what a change it would make to us if all our books had been lost long ago, and our parents before us had never read anything which they might talk to us about, and there were no schools for us on the Lord's Day, or any other day, and no one who could speak to us of the love of God in sending Jesus to die for sinners. Such, indeed, was the state of the Nestorians. They lived in ignorance, error, and sin. But some Christians heard of their condition, and went to their land, and made known to them that the blood of Jesus Christ cleanses from all sin. They also set up schools, and gave the Nestorians the Bible in their own language as soon as they were able to read it. There were some who felt that they were sinners, and that

they needed a Saviour. The Holy Spirit began to work upon their hearts, and believing in Jesus, they were full of joy, and wanted everybody to love Him too.

Among these happy ones was the father of Gozel. He went to the Sunday-school, though a man, and there he learnt to read the word of God. It was his aim, too, to lead a holy life. Gozel was his only child. He loved her very much. His heart was full of delight that he could send her to school, and have her trained up in the knowledge of the Saviour, whom he found so precious to his own soul. He longed more than all things that she might know Jesus as her Saviour.

Gozel was a loving child; and ready to do what she could to please her parents. As her mother did not know how to read, the little girl taught her.

This is often seen at mission-stations, children teaching their parents. But all this time she was not a Christian. She did not show any concern about her soul. She was kind and obedient, but it did not grieve her that she had sinned against God. At length there was a change seen in her ways. Often she was found reading her Bible, and then she would go aside in secret to pray. In the morning and evening she always took up the Word of God with great delight: and in other ways showed that she was seeking the salvation of her soul. Did this interest hinder her as a scholar in her studies! Not at all; on the contrary, she never got on so well before. But was she now a child of God? Her teachers thought she was; and they hoped that the fruit of a holy life would prove it to all.

Some months passed away, and Gozel went from school to her parents to spend

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some holidays. At home she was as prayerful and as fond of the Bible as she had been at school. One Saturday she took her Testament as usual, and went aside to pray. At night she lay down to rest, but never rose again from her little bed. A fearful disease called the cholera seized her; her strength was quickly gone, and then she died. In the afternoon of the next day, she was laid in her grave; for in that country they bury quickly.

The scene at the funeral was very touching. They put Gozel's Bible on her coffin. Her parents sat by the remains of their only child, weeping; though they did not sorrow as those without hope, as once they would have done. Her mother could only cry, "Gozel is gone. My teacher has left me. Gozel is gone."

Yes, she was gone to be with Jesus, which is far better. Soon, dear reader, we shall leave this world. Will it be to dwell for ever with Christ, to see the wonders of His grace, and to praise Him evermore?

AN INCIDENT OF REAL LIFE.

It was within a building where people meet To hear the blessed news of what the Lord Has done for sinful men. A preacher, [coal Whose tongue seemed to be touched "with a live From off the altar," preached to those around The power and love of God. Loud he proclaimed HIS grace, His wisdom, and His faithfulness, Mighty to save, and steadfast to redeem. "Mine own arm brought salvation," were the words He made his text. The silent throng around Sat, steady listeners to the words, that told Of justice satisfied, and sinners saved: But one the preacher marked, whose countenance Betrayed an interest so intense, that all The rest seemed blanks. It was a stranger, Whose years, though few, seemed to have passed in want;

His dress was soiled and torn, and on his face Were written wretchedness and pain: yet as He stood, leaning against a pillar there, And his ear caught the words of inspiration, A ray of truth within appeared to light His haggard face, and kindle in his eye. [went;

None knew from whence he came, or where he But, Lord's day after Lord's day, for some weeks, He took his wonted place within those doors. Weeks passed away, and he had been forgotten, When one cold, stormy night, the preacher Received a message, begging him to come And see a dying one. The man of God Needed no second invitation

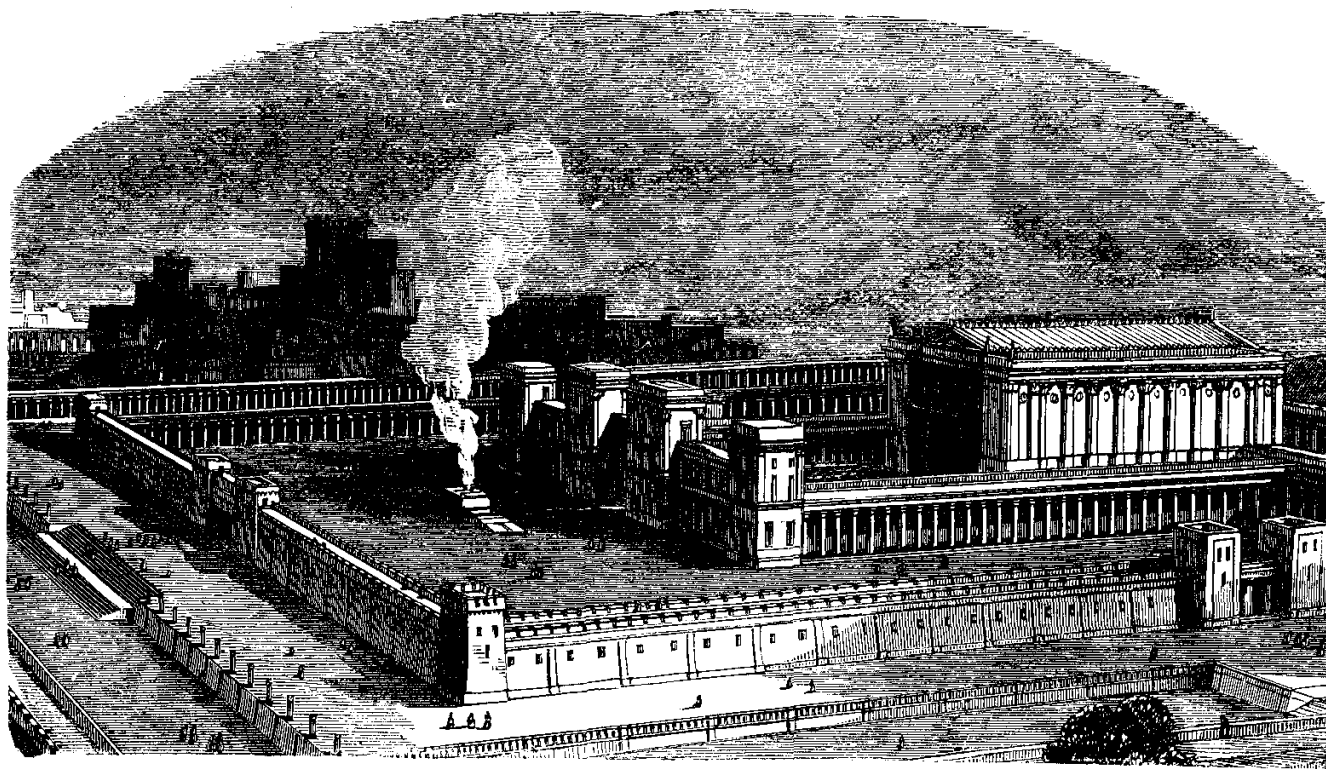
To fulfil the work of love; and, with a guide, Threaded the noisome streets, until he came Where a damp cellar showed its broken door. Here the guide left him, and he entered in.

The place was almost dark, no sign was here Of human dwelling; and he half resolved To go again the way by which he came; When, looking through the gloom, at farthest end He saw a heap of straw, and heard a sound,

As though some hand had moved it. In a moment He stood beside that heap, for on it lay A dying son of earth, soon to be made A living light in heaven. The damp, cold dew Of death stood on his brow; the sunk, pale cheek, And glaring eye, foretold the parting hour, When, to its kindred dust, dust shall return, And the freed spirit mount to Him who gave it.

He, for a moment, lay quite motionless, Then, with an effort almost superhuman, Sat himself up, and, looking round, exclaimed, "His own arm brought salvation!" and expired. Here mark the hand of God: this outcast creature, Wretched and vile, in the world's estimation, Was, in the eye of Him who knoweth all, An heir of glory and a child of heaven!

Go, then, ye wise and learned, God hath chosen The weak things of the earth, to shame the mighty; It is His own high arm, not man's vain works, That gains the victory over sin and death.



THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON.

THE BEAUTIFUL HOUSE.

Isaiah lxiv. 11.

“OUR holy and our beautiful house, where our fathers praised Thee, is burned up with fire.” Such was the plaintive expression of those who sighed and cried for the desolation of the temple of God, and the city of Jerusalem; these being the centre around which the affections of all the faithful of Israel ever revolved. “If I forget thee, O Jerusalem,” cried they by the rivers of Babylon, “let my right hand forget her cunning. If I do not remember thee, let my tongue cleave to the root of my mouth; if I prefer not Jerusalem above my chief joy.” Psalm cxxxvii. 5, 6.

And who can read, unmoved, the glowing account of the dedication of this beautiful house, in the commencement of the second book of Chronicles, where King Solomon kneels amid the glory, before the congregation, on the brazen scaffold he had made, and spreading forth his hands toward heaven, uttered the dedicating prayer, closing with the exquisite words:—“Now therefore arise, O Lord God, into Thy resting place, Thou, and the ark of Thy strength: let Thy priests, O Lord God, be clothed with salvation, and Thy saints rejoice in goodness.” But, alas! the dark future seems, even then, to have cast its shadow; when,

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warning them of their responsibility of cleaving to the Lord, He tells them, in the event of their not doing so, "This house, which is high, shall be an astonishment to every one that passeth by it, so that he shall say, Why hath the Lord done this unto this land, and unto this house? And it shall be answered, because they forsook the Lord God of their fathers." The time, alas! came, when the prophet cried, "Our holy and our beautiful house, where our fathers praised Thee, is burned up with fire."

And what a house it was! In intrinsic value it was worth millions of pounds; while in design and in elaborate execution, it was marvellous! The shechinah glory filled the holiest of all. All that that could appeal to the senses, and all could touch the heart were there; and, beyond all other thought, Jehovah owned it as His—His house. "This is my rest for ever: here will I dwell; for I have desired it." Ps. cxxxii. 14.

Even the house which succeeded it, at whose dedication there were tears mingled with the rejoicing—even that house was beautiful, and had its "Beautiful gate," and its "Solomon's Porch." But the "holy and beautiful house," mourned by the prophet, as being burnt up, far transcended it in material worth and beauty. One glory, indeed, the latter house had, which the former had not; that is, its courts were trodden by the blessed feet of Him of whom it is said, "The zeal of thine house hath eaten me up." John ii. 17.

But where was it all then, at the hour of the prophet's wailing? All burnt—destroyed. The golden vessels were at Babylon, and used there in honour of the

heathen gods; the priesthood scattered, and its service silenced. Yes, that beautiful house, which, under Solomon's direction, rose on Mount Moriah. Beautifully has the poet Heber said:

"No workman's steel, no ponderous axes rung;
Like some tall palm the noiseless fabric sprung.
Majestic silence!—then the harp awoke, [spoke;
The cymbal clang'd, the deep-voiced trumpet
And Salem spread her suppliant arms abroad,
Viewed the descending flame, and blessed the
present God."

How true it is that Jehovah has magnified His word above all His name. His name in connection with His beautiful house may be dishonoured, but His word never! *That* can never fail.

But, dear readers, another temple is rising, as silently, yet as surely, as this, and will be far, far more beautiful. Rev. xxi. 9-27. It is the Church of God, and is composed of living stones. 1 Peter ii. 5. The apostle Paul tells ALL believers in the Lord Jesus Christ that they "are built upon the foundation of the apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ Himself being the chief corner stone; in whom all the building, fitly framed together, groweth unto an holy temple in the Lord; in whom ye also are builded together for an habitation of God through the Spirit." Eph. ii. 20-22. May I close this paper by asking, Are you one of the "living stones?" The building will soon be completed. Believe and live!

"View the vast building! see it rise,
The work how great, the plan how wise;
O wondrous mercy, power unknown,
Which rears it on the Living Stone."

A. M.

THE PERSIAN CHRISTIAN.

HAVING received an invitation to dine, or, rather, to sup with a Persian party in the City, I went, and found a number of guests assembled. The conversation, though chiefly on every-day affairs, was yet varied; and poetry, philosophy, and politics, were in turn the theme. Sacred things were not, however, altogether forgotten; and, as there are, in Persia, sects of such widely different opinions, it may well be supposed that questions which arise on such occasions never fail to afford abundant subjects for conversation.

During the evening I was called upon in a kind manner, by one of the guests, to give an account of the doctrines of the Christian faith; and this, I must confess, considering the company I was in, somewhat confused me. Among the guests was a person who seemed to shun the trifling conversation which pleased most present, and who appeared to be intimate with none but the master of the house. His manner was always gentle, and his countenance at the same time bespoke serious thoughtfulness and inward peace. His name was Mahommed Rahem. I thought that the close observation which he seemed to pay towards me, and especially when sacred subjects were touched upon, was remarkable: and once, when I had expressed myself with unbecoming levity, his steadfast eye was immediately fixed upon me with such a peculiar expression of surprise, regret, and reproof, that struck me to very soul, and I felt a strange, mysterious wonder who this person could be. On inquiring, I learnt that he had been educated for a Mullah (or, Mahomedan priest), but had never

acted as such; that he was a man of considerable learning, and much respected; that he lived retired, and seldom visited even his most intimate friends. My informant added, that his only inducement to join the party had been the expectation of meeting an Englishman, as he was much attached to the English nation, and had studied our language and learning.

This information increased the desire I had already formed of cultivating the acquaintance of the interesting stranger. A few days afterwards I called upon him, and found him reading a volume of Cowper's Poems. This circumstance at once led to a conversation on the merits of English poetry, and European literature in general. I was really surprised at the clear ideas he had formed, and the correct judgment he displayed on every subject; and also at the manner in which he expressed himself in English. Our conversation had thus pleasantly lasted for nearly two hours, when I ventured to inquire more directly what were his opinions on the all-important subject of religion.

"You are a Mullah, I am informed," said I.

"No," answered he, "I was educated at a Mudrussa (or college), but have never felt an inclination to be one of the priesthood."

"The explanation of your religious volume," I rejoined, "must demand a pretty close application to its study: for, before a person can be qualified to teach the doctrines of the Koran, I understand that he must thoroughly examine and digest volumes of comments, to ascertain the meaning of the text, and the applications of its injunctions, which must be

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indeed a laborious preparation where there is a conscientious disposition rightly to discharge one's duty."

As he made no remark, I continued, "Our Scriptures are their own expositors. We desire only that they may be read: and although some particular passages are not without their difficulties, arising from the difference of the language to that in which they were at first written, and the errors of copying before the art of printing was discovered, yet it is our boast that the authority of our Holy Scriptures is established beyond doubt, from their superiority to all other supposed revelations of the Divine will, both by the beauty and simplicity of their style, as well as by the purity and holiness of their precepts."

As he continued silent, I ventured to call his attention to some of the leading principles of Christianity, and to urge their reasonableness, their social benefits, and their individual consolations; and declared that as no other concern could possibly be of equal importance to the whole human race as the knowledge of the true God, and the means of attaining eternal life after this present fleeting existence; and that, as only one faith could be right, an honest, a sincere, and an impartial consideration of a matter of such high importance could not, ought not to be regarded but as a first and chief concern: though, alas! too many professing to hold the doctrines, and to follow the requirements of Christianity, did, it must be confessed, treat it as if it were a subject of indifference.

"And do you esteem it so?" he asked.

"Certainly not," I replied.

"Then your indifference at the table of Meerza Reeza, when things sacred

were mentioned, was, I may suppose, merely assumed, merely with a wish to avoid giving offence in the company of Mahomedans, and not the real expression of what was passing in the heart?"

I immediately remembered the occasion to which he alluded, and again beheld in his countenance the same expression of pity and surprise to which it then exhibited. I owned (for my conscience condemned me), that I had acted inconsistently, yet disavowed, in the most solemn manner, any intention of throwing dishonour on the religion I professed.

"Then," replied he, "I am heartily glad to find I was deceived, for sincerity in religion is our paramount duty. What we are we should never be ashamed of appearing to be."

"Are you a sincere Mussulman?"* I asked.

His mind seemed agitated: after a pause, in which the struggle that was going on within he was unable to conceal, he answered mildly, "No."

"Are you a freethinker?"

"No, indeed, I am not."

"What are you then?" I anxiously inquired; "be you sincere; are you a Christian?"

"I am," he replied.

It need scarcely be said that this candid confession perfectly astonished me. I surveyed him at first with a look which, judging from its reflection from his mild and placid countenance, must have betokened suspicion, or perhaps contempt. The consideration that he could have no motive to deceive me in this disclosure, which was of so much more serious importance to himself than to me, restored

* Another name for a Mahomedan.

me to recollection, and banished every sentiment but joy. I could not refrain from pressing silently his hand to my heart.

He was not unmoved at this transport; yet his firmness, with serenity of mind remained. He told me that I had possessed myself of a secret, which, notwithstanding his opinion that it was the duty of every one to profess Christ openly, he had hitherto concealed, except from a few, who, like himself, believed in the Lord Jesus Christ, and had their consciences purged "from dead works to serve the living God," and found old things passed away, and all things become new. Heb. ix. 14; 2 Cor. v. 17.

"And whence comes this happy change?" I asked.

"I will tell you that, likewise," he replied. "In the year 1223 (of the Hegira),* there came to this city an Englishman, who taught the religion of Christ with a boldness hitherto unequalled in Persia, in the midst of much scorn and ill-treatment from our Mullahs, as well as from the lower orders. He was a beardless youth, and evidently enfeebled by disease. He dwelt among us for more than a year. I was then a decided enemy to *infidels*, as Christians are termed by the followers of Mahomed, and I visited this teacher of the despised sect, with the declared object of treating him with scorn, and exposing his doctrines to contempt. Although I persevered for some time in this behaviour towards him, I found that every interview

not only increased my respect for the individual, but diminished my confidence in Mahomedanism. His extreme forbearance toward his opponents, the calm, and yet convincing manner in which he exposed the absurdities of the Mahomedan system, gradually inclined me to listen to his arguments, and to inquire impartially, and with sincerity of purpose, into the grounds on which they were founded, and, finally, to read a tract that he had written in reply to a defence of our false religion, written by one of our chief Mullahs. Need I add that the result of my examination was a conviction that the young disputant was right. But (with shame I confess it), fear, the fear of my fellow-men, kept me back from an open avowal of my sentiments. I even avoided the society of the Christian teacher, though he remained in the city so long. Yet, before he took his departure from us, I could not refrain from paying him a farewell visit. Our conversation on that occasion (and, oh! the remembrance of it will never be effaced from my mind), sealed my conversion. He gave me a book; it has ever since been my constant companion; the study of it has formed my most delightful occupation; its contents have ever proved a source of unfailing consolation."

Upon this, he put into my hand a copy of the New Testament in Persian. On one of the blank leaves was written, "*There is joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth.*" N. N.

"Jesus from the glory came,
Ever blessed be His name!
Came to die for sinful men,
Then went back to heaven again.
What a mercy 'tis to know
Jesus loveth sinners so;
What a mercy 'tis to prove
Young in years the Saviour's love."

* The Hegira is the period from which Mahomedans number their years, from a circumstance in the life of their false prophet; as Christians date their years from the birth of the Lord Jesus Christ.

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11

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

ONE summer, some years ago, a large river in the south of France overflowed its banks, carrying destruction far and wide, washing away whole villages, and large portions of towns, and sending numbers of souls into eternity, with scarcely a moment's warning. Parents saw their children, and children their parents, drowned before their eyes; husbands had no power to save their wives, nor wives their husbands, and whole families, who, when the sun went down, thought only of peace and safety, were, before morning engulfed in the pitiless flood. What a warning this should be to us, that we cannot count on a moment's safety, unless we are washed in the precious blood of Christ; when

"The worst that can come,
But shortens our journey, and hastens us home."

Among the inhabitants of this part of the country, was a mother with her twin babes, whom she loved very dearly; and when the dreadful waters came dashing round her house, rising higher and higher every minute, you may be sure that she tried her best to think of some way of saving them. First she put them into a tub of the kind in which French people wash their clothes, but this soon began to leak, and she saw that there would be no safety for them there.

There was a tall tree growing near the house, and into this she climbed with her two baby-boys. But the upper branches, to which the water was driving her, were too slight to bear the weight which was on them, and she felt them cracking beneath her. As quickly as possible, she tied her children as high in the tree as she could, and then being obliged to

let go her hold, she dropped into the water, which closed over her head, and she was drowned.

And now, of what is this mother's love a faint, but only a faint, picture? You all know, I am sure, Who has said, "A mother may forget, yet will I not forget thee." O, have you trusted in that love, or are you still careless about it, going on as if it were nothing to you, whatever it might be to others? The story of His love has been often, often told, but it will keep its freshness to all eternity; and those who are saved will never be weary of singing, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and glory, and blessing." Rev. v. 12.

It is pleasant to have to tell you that the babes were soon saved by a passing boat; and it is to be hoped that the lives thus spared may not be wasted, but may be devoted, through the knowledge of the love of Christ, to the service of God.

T.

THE SPIDER.

"MAMMA, you say that I should love
Whatever God has made;
I like to love papa and you,
The sunshine and the shade.

"The fruits and flowers, and singing birds,
And everything I see;
Even the cruel little worm
That killed my currant tree.

"But all day long I've tried to love
That spider on the wall;
I scarcely think that you could, if
You'd stop and see it crawl.

"I cannot love its ugly legs,
However much I try;
And see how fast it runs, mamma,
To kill the little fly!

"The worm, I'm certain, did not know
Whose tree it was he'd bitten;
But spiders must know very well
Flies don't like being eaten."

"Be sure, then, dear, you never do
A thing you know is wrong;
For think how shocking it would be
If I tried all day long,

"And yet I found I could not love
My little girl at all,
Because she seemed as cruel as
The spider on the wall!"

HE IS BROUGHT AS A LAMB TO THE SLAUGHTER.

Isaiah liii. 7.

(On a lamb for the slaughter, as seen by a child.)

SEE, that helpless lamb is lying,
Doomed to feel the slaughterer's knife!
Soon it will be bleeding, dying,
End in pain its harmless life.

See, its gentle head it raises,
Turns on you its timid eye;
Yet its seeks not pitying gazes,
Knows not what it is to die.

Ah! my child, I turn with wonder
To the story of the cross,
Where the Lamb of God bowed under
All the wrath deserved by us.

Like a lamb, in meek submission,
He was to the slaughter led;
God, to meet our lost condition,
Bruised and smote Him in our stead.

He who ne'er by sin was tainted,
Could not have deserved to die;
Yet in love His soul consented
Justice thus to satisfy.

All its bitterness foreknowing,
Meekly did He take the cup;
Sinful man no pity showing,
While for man He drank it up.

Oh! my child, believe this story,
Hear not of His love in vain;
When you'll be with Him in glory,
With the Lamb that once was slain.

BIBLE QUESTIONS FOR JANUARY.

1. What does God say He will not do for those who regard iniquity in their hearts?
2. David says, "Thy word have I hid in mine heart." What reason does he give for so doing?
3. When we address God in prayer or praise, what are we not to let our hearts do?
4. What kind of heart does the Lord Jesus Christ connect with a believer's taking upon him His yoke?
5. What does the Lord Jesus Christ say His heavenly Father will do to those who will not from their hearts forgive everyone?
6. Peter tells us of some whose hearts were purified. By what does he say they were purified?
7. What does the Scripture say man believeth unto with the heart?
8. In what epistle do we read that God sends forth His Spirit into the hearts of those who are sons of God?
9. What were the Philippians exhorted to do, so that the peace of God might keep their hearts?
10. To whom are Christians to sing, and what are they to have in their hearts? Give the answer from Colossians.
11. In what epistle can we read of purified souls and a pure heart in one verse?
12. If a Christian's walk and conversation be such that his heart does not condemn him, what is he said to have towards God?

Give answers, in Scripture language, to the above twelve questions, with chapter and verse to each answer.

GOOD NEWS FOR YOUNG AND OLD



THE MERCY-SEAT. See page 17.

"WHEN I AM A CHRISTIAN."

A COLPORTEUR in Germany called at the house of a Jew in one of the villages. The father and mother were out, but a little boy sitting with the Scriptures before him, was reading intently a portion of St. Matthew's Gospel. The colporteur addressed him, and asked, "What are you reading, my child?"

"I am reading the Sermon on the Mount."

"Do you know who it was that spoke those words?"

"Certainly; it was the Lord Jesus Christ."

"But who was the Lord Jesus Christ?"

"He was the Son of God."

"And do you believe that He was the Son of God?"

"Yes, certainly. Why should I not believe it?"

"But your father and mother do not believe that Jesus is the Son of God."

"Then they will not be saved."

"And how do you know that?"

"Here it is written" (opening his Bible and showing him Mark xvi. 16).*

"But you know, my boy, that not all who profess to be Christians are true and faithful believers. There are many nominal Christians."

"What is meant by nominal Christians?"

"It means that not all who are called Christians love the Lord Jesus Christ, and adorn their profession by a holy and consistent walk, for many have a name

* It is well to remember that the Lord Jesus Christ when on earth told the religious Jews, that except they believed in Him, they would die in their sins. John viii. 24.

that they live, but are dead." Revelation iii. 1.

"When I am a Christian, I will live as a Christian, and do everything which the Lord Jesus has commanded."

"Then may God bless you, my child, and give you strength to be faithful to your purpose!"

The colporteur then gave him some tracts, and went his way.

The schoolmaster of the village informed him that he was a very dear child; that he was already a sincere believer, and his best scholar.

The reader will see that this little boy did not as yet know that he was truly a child of God, for he says, "When I am a Christian." He was then a true Christian, and so are all who have faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, for God has said, "Whosoever believeth that Jesus is the Christ, is born of God." 1 John v. 1. See also Gal. iii. 26; 1 John v. 10-13.

SOW BESIDE ALL WATERS.

Isaiah xxxii. 20.

A SHORT time ago, while conversing with a fellow-workman in Hyde Park, something I said led us to speak of the uncertainty of life, and the solemn realities which lay before us in a coming eternity. To my surprise, he seemed deeply interested in the subject, for I had no previous reason to suppose he troubled himself about those matters. We continued for some time in close conversation, my companion expressing himself very anxious about his soul, and, as we stood leaning against the park railings, I glanced for a moment at the face of my companion, when I observed that his eyes were filled

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with tears. I endeavoured to assure him that Jesus was as willing to save him as he was to be saved; indeed, that He had come into the world *on purpose to save*, not the *righteous*, but *sinners*; that he had nothing to do for salvation but to believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, who had given Himself an offering for sin on Calvary's cross. All this seemed new to him, and, judging from his deep emotion, he was under great exercise of soul on account of his sins. As he was not able to read himself, he gladly accepted the offer I made him, to go to his house that evening, and read a little to him out of God's Word.

Here we had to bring our conversation to an abrupt termination, as our dinner hour had expired. In the evening I went, as agreed, to my friend's dwelling, which was some four or five miles from where I lived, in a little obscure street in the heart of the City. On reaching the top of the long flight of stairs which led to my friend's apartment, I was gladly welcomed by him. He expressed himself deeply sensible of what he called my kindness in coming so far on his behalf. His mother, a widow, was the only occupant of the room beside himself. From her conversation I felt sure she was a simple believer in the Lord Jesus Christ, although with but little intelligence as to His person and work. I gathered that her son was a child of many prayers. I read the story of the Good Samaritan in Luke x., and sought to show that the work of salvation is all of God; that Christ was the Good Samaritan, and that He, having begun a good work, would not fail to perfect it; for we find that the Samaritan binds up the poor man's wounds, pouring in oil and wine; he sets him on his own beast; takes him to a

place of safety; does not leave him until he has made full provision for him during his absence: and promises to come again. Thus it is with every poor sinner who believes in Jesus. He is saved; he is kept by divine power. The Good Shepherd having made him eternally secure. The Lord Jesus thus addresses all who by simple faith have received Him into their hearts; "I will come again and receive you unto myself, that where I am, there ye may be also." John xiv. 3.

My friend seemed much struck with the story of God's love as set forth in this little narrative, although he could not see that God's grace extended to him. Deeply conscious of his own unworthiness, he thought it would be presumption for him to lay claim to what Christ has made good to all who will trust Him. I endeavoured to show him that his fears were groundless, that he was really one of those for whom the Lord Jesus died, and that nothing could give the Saviour's heart so much delight as a lost one turning to Him. I forbore pressing anything further, feeling that the exercise of soul he was passing through would be helpful to him. After commending him to the Lord, and the word of His grace, I left him, quietly thanking the Lord that He had enabled me to be the bearer of His own message to a seeking soul, brought about through a little word dropped by the wayside.

I would just say, by way of encouragement to those who are seeking simply and quietly, in their own particular spheres, to be light-bearers for Christ, Never let the thought of your own weakness and insufficiency deter you from bearing your testimony to the name of Jesus. "When I am weak, then am I strong," says the

apostle, 2 Cor. xii. 10. "Our sufficiency is of God." 2 Cor. iii. 5. And if we pray to God to give us an opportunity of testifying to His grace, we shall often find ourselves unexpectedly face to face with something that will call out, at a moment's notice, that which He has taught us by His Holy Spirit.

I would add, beloved fellow-pilgrim, it is often not a question of words; rather let your life speak, quietly bearing and suffering for Christ's sake. Marvel not if the world hate you. It hated Christ and will also hate you. A little longer, beloved, and your task will be ended, your school days over, your joy full. You are still in the enemy's land, but the time is short, and "the coming of the Lord draweth nigh." James v. 8.

"DO YOU BELIEVE IN JESUS?"

"Now, then, don't stand chattering there, jump in, or the train will be off without you," said a railway porter, sharply, to an elderly woman, as the train was about to start.

"I wasn't chattering," replied she, as she got hastily into the carriage, "I've asked about twenty people if the train stopped at H——, but couldn't get an answer. I don't want to get twenty miles out of the way."

The train started, and presently a Christian passenger in the carriage said to her, "I think you were very wise to make sure you were right, and then get in. Have you also made sure of going to heaven?"

"Ah! we have some very nice tracts left us, sir."

"But having nice tracts won't take you there."

"No, I know that, but then, I study them."

"Yes, and so you might study the time-bill of the train, but if you didn't get in, you would not arrive where you want to go." And you may study the tracts, but if you do not believe in Jesus, of whom the tract speaks, you cannot go to heaven. He is the only Way. John xiv. 6.

"Well, I study them."

"But do you believe in Jesus? Are your sins forgiven?"

"I can't say that. But I'm not without sense."

"But there are many who have plenty of sense who won't get to heaven. Christ is the only way. You must believe in Him."

"I'm a poor widow, sir, and brought up several children."

"But that won't save you."

"I've had a good education for a person in my position," she concluded, as the train pulled up, and she got out.

Poor soul! What a sorrowful example of the complete blindness of man in nature. Again and again receiving tracts and papers about the Lord Jesus and His work upon the cross, professing to study them, and yet all the while resting in something else. Beloved reader, how is it with you? What are you resting upon? Is it Christ or self? Christ is the only way. Heaven is closed to all who in any form or shape whatever trust in themselves. It is not by works of righteousness which we have done. Not of works, lest any man should boast. Nothing in us, and nothing done by us, can help toward our salvation. By nature we are bad, being born in sin and

shapen in iniquity. Psalm li. 5, and all our best deeds, however well thought of by man, are mixed with sin. If you look at yourself, and bow to the Word of God, you can only come to one conclusion, and that is, that you are *a lost and guilty sinner*. Luke xix. 10. But "this is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." Tim. i. 15. Yes, dear reader, it is the faithful saying of a faithful God, a saying to be implicitly depended upon. Worthy, too, of all acceptation, and therefore worthy of your fullest acceptation now. Christ Jesus, God's beloved Son, came into this world of sin to save sinners, lost and guilty. Sinners of all kinds, sinners of few or many sins, sinners of all nations. And the deeper dyed you are found in sin, the greater your need of Him.

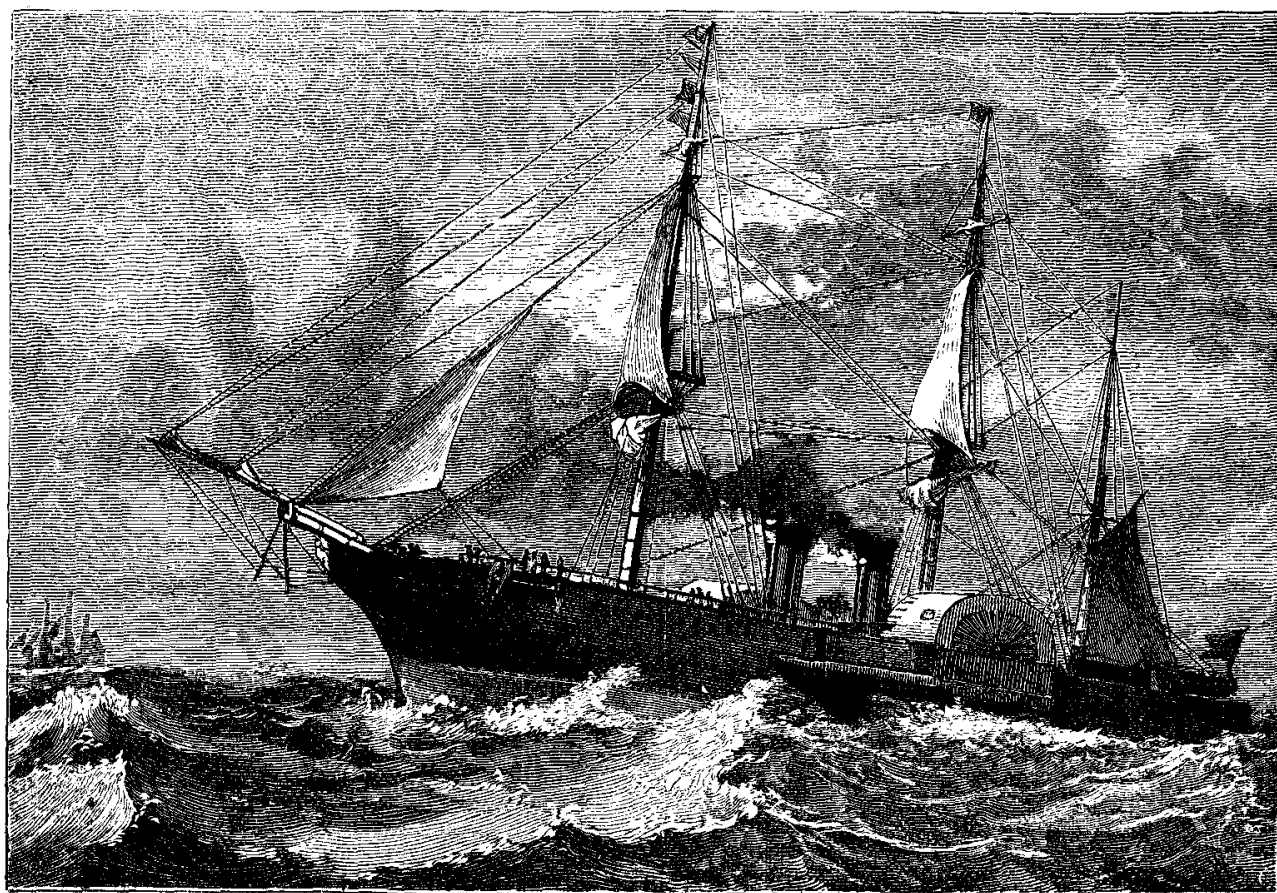
Come to the Saviour now. All are welcome. He came to seek and to save that which was lost. Whosoever believeth in Him shall receive remission of sins. Acts x. 43. Will you, *do* you believe? Take God at His Word, believe the gospel, and you shall dwell in glory with His beloved through one eternal day. God grant that you may.

E. H. C.

THE MERCY-SEAT.

Two cherubims of glory overshadowed it, beaten out of the two ends of the Mercy-seat, so as to be of the same piece of pure gold. Their wings touched each other, and their faces were towards the Mercy-seat. Exodus xxxvii. 6-9. Now, in

Romans iii. 25, we read of Christ, "Whom God hath set forth to be a propitiation through faith in His blood, to declare His righteousness," and the word rendered propitiation is the same word as that in Hebrews ix. 5, namely, Mercy-seat. Thus we see that the Mercy-seat upon the Ark shadowed forth Christ Jesus. He is both the one and the other. The ark in which the two tables were preserved was thus the basis, the foundation, of the Mercy-seat; while a crown of gold on the Ark was its socket. First of all, it was as the righteous One that Jesus was to sustain, and become the Mercy-seat, and it was as the obedient One that He was willing. None other could; only He who was sinless, pure, faultless, both in nature, and in actions, who could say, "Thy law is within My heart," who as a Man sustained God's claims on earth, and preserved the law intact which all Israel had broken, thus first glorifying God on the earth, and laying, so to speak, a solid foundation, and then through death and resurrection becoming the Mercy-seat, that throne of grace where God can *rest* yet "meet and commune" with poor, sinful man! Ex. xxv. 22. Hence the Mercy-seat and the Ark were never separated, they were as *one*, apart from the Ark there was no Mercy-seat, and apart from the righteous One there is, there can be, no grace. For God could not, of course, show grace to sinners *unrighteously*; He must deal with sin in such a way as to "declare His righteousness," so that He is seen to be just in justifying the sinner. How wonderful this is. And how does He accomplish it? By the blood of Christ; "for without shedding of blood there is no remission." Hebrews ix. 22.



CONVERTED ON THE DEEP.

GEORGE D—— was returning to Australia to his wife and children, from whom he had been absent nearly twelve months, and was working his passage in the capacity of a steward. On board was a passenger, William J—— who from the first had felt a keen interest in him.

One of George D——'s many failings was a propensity to drink, by which, during the voyage, he was often placed in great peril. Upon one occasion, after drinking to excess, he was descending from the upper deck, when the ship gave a *lurch*, as sailors call it, which threw him forward, so that he fell the whole distance.

Through mercy he was not seriously hurt, but was able to appear the following day, when he was gently remonstrated with by William J——. George, however, smiled, saying carelessly, "Oh, I was only keeping up my birthday, sir." Then pleading urgent duty as an excuse to get away, he went to another part of the ship. From that moment he more than ever avoided William J——, thus proving the truth of the words of the Lord Jesus, "Every one that doeth evil hateth the light, neither cometh to the light, lest his deeds should be reproved." John iii. 20. Nevertheless, his Christian friend lost no opportunity of speaking to him.

William J—— loved the Saviour, and

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he had a yearning desire that George D—— might know and love Him too; and it was for *this* object that he sought to speak with him. Sometimes, when being spoken to, George would manifest considerable feeling, the Spirit of God applying the Word; but shortly after, the motions of sin within him, and the love of drink, got the upper hand again, so that he would go on as bad as before. This was often repeated, and many were the “birthdays” he “kept up.”

But William J—— would not be altogether discouraged; he felt drawn towards the poor fellow in a way which surprised even himself. The truth was, God had marked out George D—— for Himself. He had purposed to make Himself and His wondrous love known to him; and the way in which He brought it about, I will endeavour to relate.

Among the passengers was a young missionary, who was proceeding to the Samoan Islands. Twice weekly he preached on board the vessel, each Sunday and Wednesday evening, and it was a most pleasing and refreshing sight to see among his listeners, rough seamen, some apparently drinking in his words. More than once after the meeting had broken up, they would remark, in their gruff way, “Ah, Jack! that man *believes* what he *talks about*. I like to hear *such men*.”

One Lord’s Day afternoon, he preached in his usual earnest, simple manner, taking for his text 1 John iv. 16, “We have *known* and believed the love that God hath to us.” George D—— was present, and the Spirit of God was taking the word home to his soul. At the close William J——, who was sitting near, spoke to him upon what he had just heard. He replied,

with evident sincerity, “Do you *really* believe that we may know on earth our sins forgiven?” His Christian friend had often borne testimony to this precious truth, and now emphatically affirmed the same.

After conversing a short time, preparations were made for tea, so that, George D——’s services being required, they had to separate. But later on in the evening, unable to rest, he sought on deck for William J——, and, not seeing him there, he went below to his cabin. Perceiving a light he knocked. Being admitted, he at once began to question William J—— upon that blessed truth, *present forgiveness*. I may here remark that it is for want of the knowledge of this, that many who are really saved, are not happy, not able to *joy in God*, and therefore not able to bear testimony *for God*. They together looked into the Scriptures, George D—— himself drawing a Bible from his pocket.

Among the many passages which they considered were the following: “Beloved, *now* are we the sons of God” 1 John iii. 2. “He that hath the Son *hath life*.” “These things have I written unto you that believe on the name of the Son of God; that ye may *know* that ye *have* eternal life.” 1 John v. 12, 13. “Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that heareth my word, and believeth on Him that sent me, *hath* everlasting life, and *shall not* come into judgment; but *is passed* from death unto life.” John v. 24. “Through this Man is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins: and by Him, *all* that *believe* are *justified from all things*.” “To Him give all the prophets witness, that through His name, whosoever *believeth* in Him shall receive *remission of sins*.” Acts xiii. 39; x. 43.

It was, indeed, a blessed time, as George afterwards testified. The Holy Spirit used the Scriptures to the opening of his eyes; and by whose further gracious aid he was enabled *firmly* to hold the truth which set him free. It was not, however, until a subsequent evening that this became manifest, when, seeking once more the quietness of William J—'s cabin, he opened his heart, revealing what God had done for his soul.

Eight weeks had passed since Old England's white cliffs had been lost to view, and the ship was on the great southern ocean. There yet remained four weeks more ere it was expected that Melbourne would be reached, during which time, George D—was enabled, through grace, to glorify Him who had called him out of darkness into His marvellous light. The progress he made in the knowledge of the word of God, and the beautiful consistency he manifested, were alike remarkable. The company of his Christian friend was now as eagerly sought as before it was avoided. John iii. 21. But his daily life became most trying, for he was subjected to the scoffs and sneers of the ungodly passengers, and the severe practical jokes of the ship's servants. None but those who have been in like circumstances can form an adequate idea of what is involved in being a marked man on board ship. The change in George was so great, that while most mocked, some marvelled.

A strong wind was blowing the noble vessel swiftly to her destination, and often would he look over the ship's side, marking with gladness the speed she was making, earnestly longing to see his wife and loved ones again. For was he not a "new creature" now? 2 Cor. v. 17. As

he thought thereon, his heart was filled with praise and thankfulness at the prospect of the joy which he knew it would give his dear wife.

With such thoughts, and his heart thus full, he one day entered William J—'s cabin, saying, "Oh, how thankful I am that we have such a wind behind us! My wife will all the sooner know the joy that awaits her. No more "birthdays" now; no more home misery caused by my wickedness. My heart is indeed full."

In due time land once more appeared, and shortly after they were safely anchored in Hobson's Bay, Melbourne. George D—'s wife and three sweet children came on board, to their mutual joy. On reaching land again, and once more resuming his ordinary occupation he was enabled to bear the same testimony, which he had so faithfully borne on the water.

THE HAPPY LITTLE FRENCH GIRL.

(FOR THE LITTLE ONES.)

My dear little Nellie,
I am so very far away,
I cannot send you a present
On this your fourth birthday,
But instead of pretty toy,
Or book with pictures fine,
I will tell you a little story
In a homely sort of rhyme.
It is about a little girl
Who was born in the South of France.
She lived in a pretty cottage,
With flowers round the door;
From which the busy little bees
Gathered up their winter store.
Every morn she ran to school
And quickly learned to read,

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While to the stories of the Testament
 She gave most careful heed.
 For the mistress had bought,
 From a pedlar going round,
 Some copies of this precious book
 In French schools seldom found.
 But this man of God with longing heart,
 For the children in the school,
 Had asked the Lord to make her buy
 Though it was against the rule.
 And oft he prayed and oft he longed
 To know if any child
 Had learned to love the holy book,
 That he had left behind.
 One day while passing very near,
 He knocked at the schoolroom door,
 But found a stranger in the place,
 Of the lady he had seen before.
 He asked about the Testaments,
 At first she scarce replied,
 But when he seemed so anxious,
 She said, she had laid them aside.
 He asked if they were ever read,
 She said she did not know,
 But one had gone to a little girl
 Who was at school some time ago.
 He asked if the child lived very near,
 She said just over there,
 And she pointed to the cottage
 With the flowers round the door.
 The pedlar soon was seated
 Within the little room,
 And listening to the story
 How the book there had come.
 The father said, "Our little girl,
 Came home from school so ill,
 That her mother put her into bed,
 Where she lay very still.
 The doctor came and saw Jeanette
 (That is the little girl's name),
 He said it was fever she had got
 And many were ill with the same.
 Her mother nursed her night and day,
 And tried to ease her pain,
 But still the fever raged away,
 And made her efforts vain.
 At last we thought she must die,
 And it nearly broke our heart,
 To think that from our darling
 We must for ever part.

But she only smiled most sweetly,
 And said, Please do not cry,
 For the blessed Lord will take me
 To His home beyond the sky. John xiv. 3.
 He has said, Suffer the little children
 And forbid them not to come, Mark x. 14.
 For of such is the kingdom of heaven,
 My bright eternal home. Psalms xvi. 11.
 Their hearts are bad and full of sin,
 But my blood will wash them white 1 John i. 7.
 And not a spot will there be seen Eph. v. 27.
 When they stand in God's pure light.
 So I came to Him and He made me clean
 And death can not me harm,
 For He'll carry me in His bosom
 And round me put His arm.'
 She ceased; I thought these words so strange
 Came from a fevered brain,
 But she said, Oh no, 'tis all quite true
 I have read it again and again.
 At three weeks' end the fever
 Left our darling very weak,
 She lay so quietly and so still
 We scarcely dared to speak.
 But as her strength came slowly back,
 And no sound from her lips had come,
 We feared what proved to be too true
 That our child was deaf and dumb.
 Her patient little trustful face
 Was bright as in days of yore;
 But a longing look was in her eyes,
 That was never seen there before.
 I knew there was something she wished to have,
 But she only shook her head,
 As toy after toy was brought to her
 And laid upon her bed.
 One morn I saw her look at a shelf
 Where an old book had lain long,
 I brought it, at first she seemed herself,
 But soon with a sigh laid it down
 I thought at once to the school I'll go
 And ask for some story book;
 Or perhaps the mistress can tell
 Why the child has the wistful look.
 When I asked she said, 'Oh, yes, I am sure,
 'Tis the Testament she wants,
 For she always read it at playhour,
 And o'er it seemed entranced,'
 She gave it me, and I rushed home,
 With my prize to dear Jeanette,

Who kissed it and clasped it to her heart,
 In a transport of delight
 Her eyes no more had the wistful look,
 Her heart seemed satisfied.
 While she pointed out each verse in the book,
 That tells how for sinners Christ died.
 And so she taught her mother and me,
 To love God's holy word,
 And I'm not ashamed to tell it thee,
 We are saved through the precious blood.
 The father ceased. The pedlar raised
 His eyes to his Father in heaven,
 And said, "Oh, Lord, I thank thee much
 For the answer to prayer Thou hast given."
 And then he told them what you know,
 How the books he there had sold,
 And how he had prayed both night and day,
 They might prove more precious than gold.
 And now we must say good-bye to Jeanette,
 And good-bye to the pedlar too,
 But the words of the Lord you must never forget,
 For He meant them for Nellie too.
 "Suffer the little children,
 And forbid them not to come,
 For I want to have them with me,
 In my bright and beautiful home."

THE BEAUTIFUL ROD.

Jer. xlviii. 17.

AMONG the many beautiful and striking figures used in the Scriptures is the Rod. Literally, it is but the useful branch of a tree; but, used as an emblem or figure, it means, amongst things, the chastisement which God makes use of to correct men, as in the second of Samuel and the seventh verse. "If he commit iniquity, I will chasten him with the rod of men." The mighty power of the coming Messiah is thus described: "Thou shalt break them with a rod of iron." Ps. ii. 9. Even the Lord Himself is called "a rod out of the stem of Jesse." Is. xi. 1. And His ancient people are spoken of as "The rod of thine

inheritance." Ps. lxxiv. 2. And how sweetly is the rod introduced in the twenty-third Psalm: "Thy rod and thy staff they comfort me."

And now, in turning to the prophet Jeremiah, we find him bemoaning Moab thus: "All ye that are about him, bemoan him; and all ye that know his name, say, How is the strong staff broken, and the beautiful rod!" Moab was the son of Lot; and had, accordingly, affinity with Israel; but, alas, knew not Israel's God, and was ever an enemy to His people. But Moab became a great nation. It was the king of Moab, you remember, who hired Balaam to curse God's people in the wilderness. It was in the land of Moab that Moses died, and was buried by God. And though Moab was at length subdued by David, it afterwards successfully rebelled. The burden of many of the prophets was against Moab, because of their abominations, for they wickedly worshipped Chemash, and rejected Jehovah, their father's God. But here the prophet speaks of Moab as a rod—the rod here being an emblem of government and power. Moab was once, and for a considerable time, a powerful people and a great nation. Men trembled before it, and kings sought its alliance. But it was a wicked power; and, alas! men often call that which is wicked beautiful, because it makes a show in the world, and "men will praise thee when thou doest well to thyself." But the imperious rod was to be broken; the wicked nation, which had so abused its power, was decreed by God to fall. Beautiful as it was, its end was near. The time was fast drawing nigh when those who had known it would bemoan it thus—"How is the strong staff broken, and the beautiful

rod." So must perish all who oppose Jehovah.

"Sworn to destroy, let earth assail;
Nearer to save Thou art,
Stronger than all the powers of hell,
And greater than my heart."

Yes, and in connection with the beautiful rod and its destruction, comes another thought, and that is of salvation. Like Jericho and the delivered Rahab; Sodom and the delivered Lot; so of Moab, we have the delivered and saved Ruth. You remember that Ruth was a Moabitess. She had been espoused to a son of Elimelech and Naomi, who had gone to sojourn in the country of Moab. While there Elimelech died; also the two sons, and poor Naomi was left alone with her two daughters-in-law. But by-and-bye she arose to return to her own land, for she had heard how that the Lord had visited His people by giving them bread. Then it was that the affection of the two daughters was tried. Poor Orpah kissed her mother-in-law and returned to her people and her gods. But Ruth said, "Entreat Me not to leave thee, or to return from following thee; for whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God; where thou diest, will I die, and there will I be buried; the Lord do so to me, and more also, if ought but death part thee and me." Ruth i. 16. All this is very beautiful. Moabitess as she was, she loved Naomi, and Naomi's God. And oh, what a happy choice she made! Orpah passed from our view with her people and her gods; but Ruth, the devoted, the loving Ruth, finds her name enrolled in the ancestry of our Lord—"Boaz begat Obed of Ruth;

and Obed begat Jesse; and Jesse begat David the King," Matt. i. 6 "of whom was born Jesus, who is called Christ." Thus, while the "Beautiful Rod" of Moab has faded from view, the "Beautiful Branch" of the lovely Moabitess, is, as ever He has been, the centre of all God's thoughts, and the delight of Jehovah's heart.

Dear reader, is He your delight? Are you bound up with Him in the "bundle of life?" You are either one with the "Beautiful Rod," and must perish; or with the "Beautiful Branch," and be eternally blest. A.M.

THE BLIND BEGGAR.

(John ix.)

LIKE to the man whom Jesus heal'd,
Who from his birth was blind,
Are souls in utter darkness seal'd
In conscience, heart and mind.
His blindness was not loss of sight,
For he had never seen the light
Till Jesus on him shin'd:
Nor has the soul a single beam,
Till heavenly light from Christ doth gleam.

A suppliant too, as well as blind,
He begg'd his daily bread;
And as the donors were inclin'd
He well or ill was fed:
And God His bounties, day by day,
Bestows on those who've nought to pay,
And doth their table spread.
With ready hand His gifts they take,
But few give thanks for Jesus' sake.
This man born blind, when he could see,
Was faithful to his light,
Though less, far less, he had than we,
His loyalty was bright.
He boldly Jesus' name confess'd,
And sorely tested, stood the test,
And bore the foes' despise;
For when by them he was revil'd,
He neither fear'd, nor was beguil'd.

May we, who live in brighter days
 Than this dear, faithful man,
 But live as truly to the praise
 Of Christ, as he began ;
 Reflecting on this world of night
 Unclouded, clear, and heavenly light,
 Throughout our little span :
 And may we bend in worship too,
 As we, in Christ, God's Image view.

T.

ANSWERS TO JANUARY QUESTIONS.

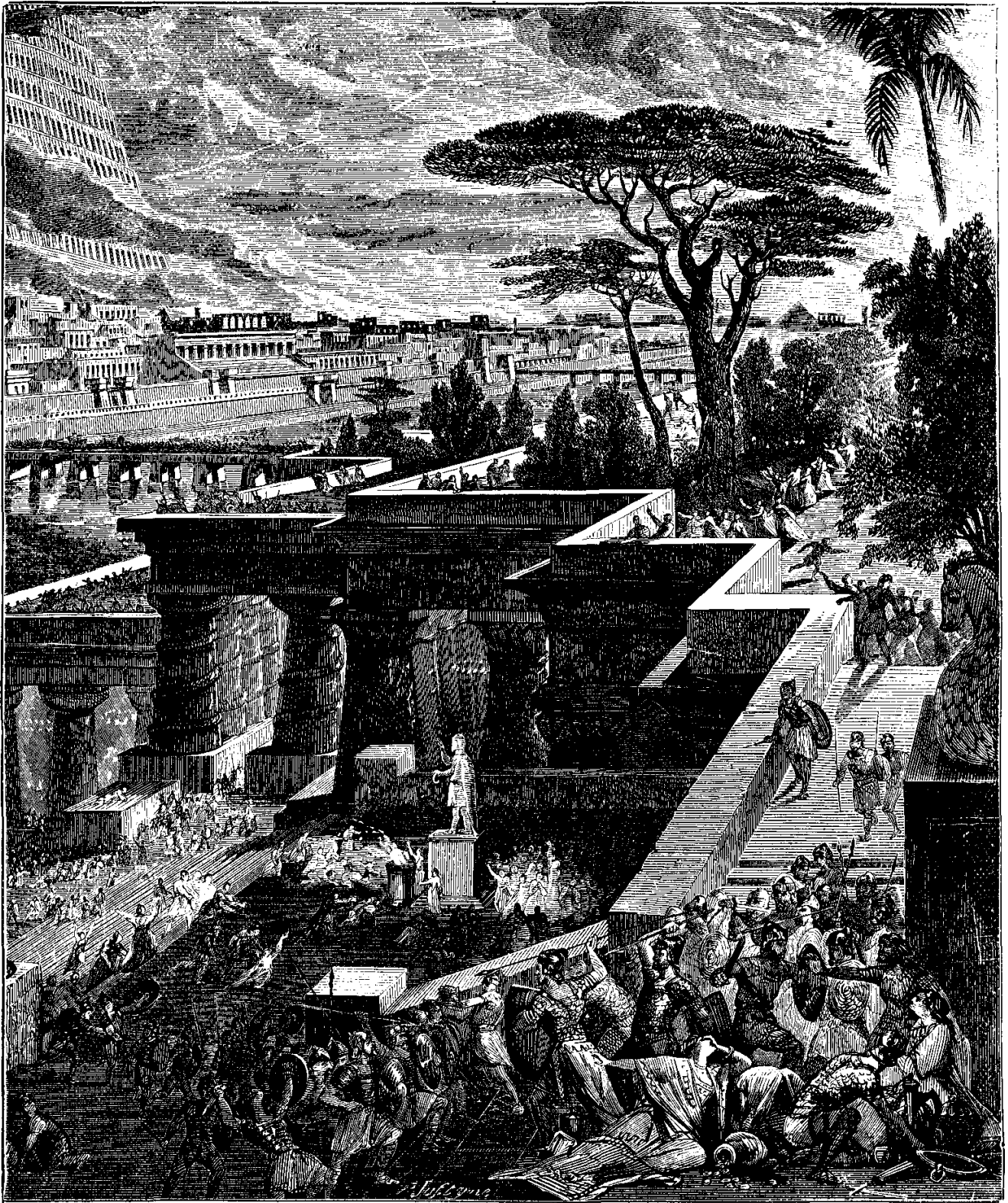
1. The Lord will not hear me if I regard iniquity in my heart. Psalm lxvi. 18.
2. David said, "Thy word have I hid in my heart, that I might not sin against Thee. Psalm cxix. 11.
3. Be not rash with thy mouth, and let not thy heart be hasty to utter anything before God. Ecclesiastes v. 2.
4. The Lord Jesus Christ said, Learn of Me for I am meek and lowly in heart. Matt xi. 29.
5. God will punish all who will not forgive those who trespass against them. Matt. xviii.
6. God gave them the Holy Ghost, and purified their hearts by faith. Acts xv. 7-9.
7. All who receive Christ as their Saviour, with their heart believe unto righteousness. Romans x. 9, 10.
8. Because ye are sons, God hath sent forth the Spirit of His Son into your hearts, crying Abba Father. Galatians iv. 6.
9. To rejoice in the Lord always. Let their moderation be known unto all men. To be careful for nothing. In everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving to let their requests be made known unto God. Philippians iv.
10. Christians are to sing to the Lord with grace in their hearts. Colossians iii. 16.
11. Peter tells those to whom he wrote, their souls were purified in obeying the truth, and were to love one another, with a pure heart fervently. 1 Peter i. 22.
12. When a Christian is not condemned in his heart, by unholy ways, then he has confidence toward God. 1 John iii. 21.

BIBLE QUESTIONS FOR FEBRUARY.

1. Sit Thou on my right hand, till I make thine enemies Thy footstool?
2. He must reign, till He hath put all His enemies under His feet.
3. And hath put all things under His feet, and gave Him to be the head over all things to the church.
4. But to which of the angels said He at any time, Sit on My right hand, until I make thine enemies thy footstool?
5. But this man, after He had offered one sacrifice for sins for ever, sat down on the right hand of God; from henceforth expecting till His enemies be made His footstool.
6. I gave My back to the smiters, and My cheeks to them that plucked off the hair: I hid not My face from shame and spitting.
7. Then did they spit in His face, and buffeted Him; and others smote Him with the palms of their hands.
8. They pierced My hands and My feet.
9. They shall look up Me whom they pierced.
10. His face did shine as the sun, and His raiment was white as the light.
11. His countenance was as the sun shineth in his strength.
12. His head and His hairs were white like wool, as white as snow; and His eyes were as a flame of fire; and His feet like unto fine brass, as if they burned in a furnace; and His voice as the sound of many waters.
13. His feet shall stand in that day upon the mount of Olives, which is before Jerusalem on the east; and the mount of Olives shall cleave in the midst thereof toward the east, and toward the west, and there shall be a very great valley: and half of the mountain shall remove toward the north, and half of it toward the south . . . And the Lord my God shall come, and all the Saints with Thee . . . And the Lord shall be king over all the earth; in that day shall there be one Lord, and His name one.
14. I will make the place of my feet glorious.

The above Scriptures all have reference to the humiliation or glory of the Lord Jesus Christ. Give chapter and verse to each.

GOOD NEWS FOR YOUNG AND OLD



THE TOWER OF BABEL.

THE TOWER OF BABEL;

OR,

THE FIRST TOWER.

I HOPE you understand, dear children, that, in calling Babel "The First Tower," all that is meant is, that it was the first tower of which we read. We read of a city before the flood; and it is likely enough there were other cities, and that these cities were furnished with towers, either for ornament or defence. The way in which men spake of building "a city and a tower" suggests that they were already familiar with both, and that the two were associated in their thoughts. But, be this as it may, the tower of which we read in Genesis xi. is the first of which we have any recorded description. God did not suffer it to be completed, but put a stop to the work; and the means by which He did this have had a most important effect on all mankind, which continues to this day. This we shall see, as we examine the account which God has given us of these events.

Men had multiplied rapidly after the flood; but, numerous as they had become, they were all "of one language and of one speech." As they increased in numbers, they required more land to yield them food and other necessities; and thus gradually extending their borders, they reached a plain in the land of Shinar, and dwelt there. The place was favourable for making bricks; and they proposed to one another to build a city, and a tower whose top might reach unto heaven.

Was there anything wrong in this proposal? The result would seem to show that there was in it what God utterly disapproved. In the first place, the thought

seems to have had its origin with themselves. It did not come from God. God had said nothing to them about building this city and tower. And let us always remember, dear children, that we have not only to obey God's commands when He has given them to us, but that we have to wait for them. When Satan would have had Jesus make stones into bread, He did not reply that God had forbidden Him to do this, but only that God had not commanded Him to do it. *He had no word from God to set Him doing it, and to have done it without would have been sin.* Had the men of Shinar resembled Jesus, they would not have attempted to build the tower.

Then, secondly, their objects were wrong. As expressed by themselves, their objects were to make themselves a name and to avoid being dispersed over the earth. Now God had plainly expressed His will that men should be dispersed. To Adam God had said, "Be fruitful, and multiply, and replenish the earth, and subdue it" (Gen. i. 28). To Noah, this command had, in substance, been repeated after the flood (Gen. ix. 1, 7). But the men of Shinar sought to prevent this. "Let us build," they said, "lest we be scattered abroad upon the face of the whole earth." But, worst of all, they sought for themselves a name. "Go to, let us build a city, and a tower whose top may reach unto heaven; and let us make us a name, lest we be scattered abroad." Alas! how common has it been for fallen man to seek to make himself a name. Dear children, is this what you seek, or hope by-and-by to seek for yourselves? It matters not whether it be for learning, or eloquence, or success in trade, or

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successful ambition, or philanthropy, or even religion, that you desire a name—if it be a name for yourself you seek, you tread in the steps of these Babel-builders. O think of the One whose name is holy—the high and lofty One, who inhabiteth eternity—who yet humbled Himself to be the virgin's son, and the victim for our sins upon the cross! Think of "Christ Jesus, who, being in the form of God, thought it not robbery to be equal with God; but made Himself of no reputation, and took upon Him the form of a servant, and was made in the likeness of men; and, being found in fashion as a man, He humbled Himself, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross." Lord Jesus, grant to both writer and readers, Thy lowly, self-emptying spirit.

One other point, as to these men of Shinar, claims attention. It was by their united efforts that they sought to build the tower. The eleventh of Genesis treats of the first *association* upon record. No one of these men could have attempted the work, which, by their combined efforts, they hoped to accomplish. They acted upon the maxim, so popular in our day, that "union is strength." So it is, dear children, when God permits it; but the result of this first association proves that it is vain for man to combine against God. To another great confederacy of His enemies, God says, "Associate yourselves, O ye people, and ye shall be broken in pieces." Is. viii. 9. God's plan of associating people together now, is by saving their souls through Christ, and uniting the saved ones to Him by the Holy Ghost. Dear children, do you thus form a part of God's family?

But what became of the tower men began to build? How far they proceeded with it we are not told; but while all hands were engaged, some making bricks, others burning them thoroughly, and others again building with them, there was an unseen Beholder of their work, whom they seem never to have taken into account. But though they had set to work without any command from Him, and even without consulting Him, He was not an indifferent spectator of their doings. "And the Lord came down to see the city and the tower which the children of men builded." Dear reader, will your work bear divine inspection? If the Lord should come down to see what you have been doing throughout the day on which this question meets your eye, what would He behold? Depend upon it, He does see all. There is not a thought of our hearts but He knows it altogether. But not only did the Lord come down to see the city and the tower: He declared His determination to stop the work. "Go to, let us go down, and there confound their language, that they may not understand one another's speech." What a day must that have been when fathers and sons, uncles and nephews, neighbours and fellow-workmen found that they could no longer understand one another's speech! A master or overseer wishes to give an order to the workmen; but, alas! the only sounds his lips can utter are in a language that the workmen cannot understand. The workmen wish to speak to one another, or to their overseers; but a like calamity has befallen them, and they cannot express their surprise save in words which make them foreigners to each other. "So the

Lord scattered them abroad from thence upon the face of the earth; and they left off to build the city. Therefore is the name of it called Babel." Babel means confusion. These builders sought to erect a centre of unity around which men would always gather; but the Lord scattered them "abroad upon the face of all the earth." They, in their pride and ambition, sought for themselves a name. God writes a name upon them and their unfinished work, but it is a name expressive of the confusion with which He confounded them. It is a bye-word for confusion to this day.

The effects of this event are still universally felt. All the varying languages and dialects of mankind bear witness to the judgment from God which fell on those proud aspirants after a name. Such as could understand one another would, no doubt, journey in one direction; while another group, who could speak to one another so as to be understood, would take another route. Thus did the division of mankind into nations begin. This, with all the diversity of tongues by which nations are distinguished from each other, is thus the fruit of man's sin, however God may have overruled the whole for good. Whenever you meet a foreigner whose speech is unintelligible to you, or take up a book the language of which you cannot understand, you may call to mind that all this confusion flows from man's vain attempt to be wiser, and stronger than God.

One beautiful contrast there has been to man's sin at Babel and the judgment of God with which it was visited. At Pentecost, when the Good News of Salvation through Christ was to be proclaimed to a lost

world by the Holy Ghost come down from Heaven, in what way, do you think, was His presence demonstrated? He sat upon the disciples in the form of cloven tongues of fire, and enabled those first believers to preach the gospel in languages they had never learned. Men of all countries had to exclaim, "We do hear them speak in our own tongues the wonderful works of God." And though, dear children, the gift of tongues has ceased, the Spirit of God, the Holy Ghost, remains. It is by Him that the word of God has been written. It is by His power that the "good news" is applied to the hearts of men, women, and children in the present day; and whenever any one's heart is opened to believe this "good news" about Jesus and His precious blood, the Holy Ghost comes and takes up His abode in that heart. May such be the blessed portion of every one of you, for Christ's sake.

SAYING PRAYERS IS NOT PRAYING.

ABOUT twenty years ago a little boy was one evening put to bed by his sister. He kneeled down by a chair to say his prayers. A young lady, a visitor, was present, and she listened while he repeated them. He knew that she was observing him, so he said them in a very careful manner. I will now tell you what he did soon afterwards. One day he made a kite, which would not fly, but turned round and round. After trying awhile to make it rise in the air, he became angry, and dashed it to the ground, stamped upon it with his feet, and cursed it; not loudly, but mutteringly, lest any one should hear him. He did it with the

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same tongue which the lady said had *prayed so sweetly*. He forgot God when he cursed as when he said his prayers.

Some months passed away. He was now eight years old, and often felt much troubled when he thought of his sins. There were, at that time, but few simple and instructive books to teach children about the Lord Jesus Christ; but he thought that he ought to pray, though he did not rightly understand that the Lord Jesus Christ is the only way to God. It is true that he had often heard Him spoken of, but no one had explained to him that Jesus is the way, the truth, and the life, and that he should love and trust the Saviour just as he would confide in his father. To quiet his conscience when it was uneasy, he resolved to say three prayers secretly every day. He continued for some time, he then grew careless.

Many years passed away, and he became a man. His father and mother, and many of his friends had died, leaving very few in the world to love him. Sad and lonely, he wandered to another city, feeling that everything worldly was vain and unsatisfying. Here he had no true happiness, and, as to the life to come, he was without hope; for he knew not the Saviour, though he felt that he was a sinner. One Sunday he went to hear the gospel, when Christ was preached in a way that he had never before heard. Overcome with sorrow, he went to his bedroom, and, in agony of soul, threw himself upon the floor, beseeching the Lord to have mercy on him. The Lord heard and answered him as He did the Philippian jailer of old, when he cried out, "What must I do to be saved?" No other answer can be given now than the jailer

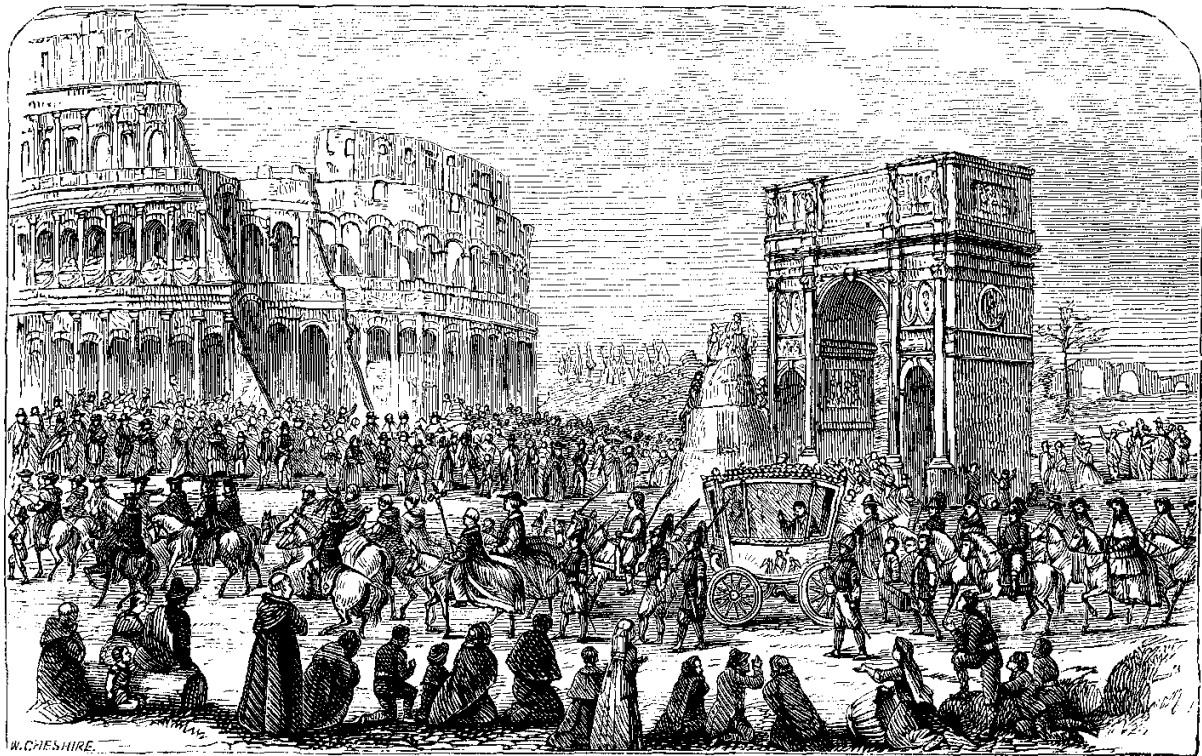
heard from the lips of the servants of God, which was, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved, and thy house." Acts xvi. 31.

HOW TO DO GOOD.

Is any little girl or boy who reads this, wondering how a child can do good? I can tell you one way which I learnt from a little girl. A friend told me that when he was preaching he was struck by the attention of a child whose eye was fixed upon his lips, except now and then when she looked up to her mother with a smile, as if something pleased her. The next Lord's Day he found her in the same spot, ready to catch every word of his discourse; and he was so delighted with her apparent desire "to hear of heaven, and learn the way" that he waited at the close to tell her mother how it gratified him to have such an interested listener. From the mother he learned that this little girl had no pleasure equal to that of treasuring up what she heard for an old and infirm grandmother, to whom she carried so much instruction that the poor woman would say it was almost as good as going herself.

Was not this a very pleasant and a very easy way of "doing good"? Is there any child who cannot do as much good. Have not each of you some sick friend, or some old friend, deprived of the privilege of hearing the gospel preached, to whom you might carry what you hear, if you would only take the pains to remember?

If you will hear all the preacher says you will find, as that little girl did, a great deal to do the young good as well as an aged grandmother.



THE COLOSSEUM AT ROME.

Where many of the early Christians were destroyed by lions and other wild animals.

THE LION.

My young readers know something, I am sure, about the Lion, either from having read of him, or perhaps from having seen one. He is a noble animal, and is acknowledged to be the king of beasts. In the book of Proverbs (xxx. ch. 30 ver.) he is spoken of as being "strongest among beasts, and turneth not away for any." He is a fine looking creature, with his handsome mane, fierce eyes, and strong limbs; and his roar is dreadful, resembling distant thunder. Though the strongest among beasts, he is by no means the largest; for the elephant, the rhinoceros, the hippopotamus, and some others, are

much larger than he is. Still he is accounted the monarch of the forest, and very few beasts dare encounter him in single combat, for in strength and courage he excels them all.

The Lion is the king of beasts,
And freely in the forest feasts;
No bear or boar but quails before
His mighty rage and fearful roar.

The Scriptures contain numerous references to the lion; sometimes in historic narratives, though oftener as a comparison of something that is strong, fierce, and dreadful. It is instructive to observe how frequently God, who inspired His servants and prophets to write His Word, refers

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to the creatures of His hand. And let us remember that His descriptions and allusions to them are perfect, as coming from Him who is their Creator, and who knows everything about them.

The first incident which most of us would think of is that of Daniel in the lions' den, the particulars of which are recorded in Dan. vi. Daniel at that time held a high position in the kingdom of the Medes and Persians, and because "an excellent spirit was in him," "the king thought to set him over the whole realm." But this raised the envy and opposition of his enemies. He, however, was found faithful both to God and to the king. So his foes, by craftiness, obtained a decree from king Darius; in consequence of which, Daniel was cast into the den of lions. The king was greatly distressed at this, but was unable to alter his own decree, or to deliver Daniel. But he "spake and said to Daniel, Thy God whom thou servest continually, He will deliver thee." And the king was right; for as Daniel said in the morning, when the king visited him, "My God hath sent his angel, and hath shut the lions' mouths, that they have not hurt me." "So Daniel was taken up out of the den, and no manner of hurt was found upon him, because he believed in his God." Thus, we see that, however strong and fierce the lions were, God could shut their mouths, so that they should not hurt His faithful servant; for He was able to prevent them from doing any hurt to Daniel. But when God pleased to open the mouths of the lions and to rouse their natural fierceness, for the destruction of the enemies of Daniel, then "the lions had the mastery of them," and "brake all their

bones in pieces, or ever they came at the bottom of the den."

This striking incident, along with others, especially those concerning the Nazarite Sampson and the stripling David, both of whom, by the power of God, slew strong lions, are doubtless alluded to in Heb. xi. 33, where it speaks of some "who through faith stopped the mouths of lions." (Judges xiv. and 1 Samuel xvii.). And the Apostle Paul, telling of his deliverance from the power of his enemies, says, "I was delivered out of the mouth of the lion;" by which it is supposed that he meant the Emperor Nero, who at that time reigned over the Roman Empire.

Many, however, in those days, who believed on the Lord Jesus Christ, were literally devoured by lions in the Colosseum, in the presence of thousands of spectators. In these days, though there is not much outward persecution, the Word of God still warns us to "be sober, be vigilant; because your adversary, the devil, as a roaring lion, walketh about, seeking whom he may devour." 1 Peter. v. 8. T.

PRAYER AND PRAISE.

LORD and Saviour, help Thy servant
In his prayer and praise to Thee;
Make his icy heart more fervent
Than it oft is wont to be.
May it melt, O Lord, before Thee,
When Thy faithful path I trace;
May a thrilling joy come o'er me,
At Thy mercy, love, and grace.

By Thy Spirit raise emotion
In this dull, cold heart of mine;
At Thy zeal and strong devotion,
All to make poor sinners Thine.
May Thy meekness, grief, and sadness
Bring me to a sense of shame;
May my bosom beat with gladness,
When I praise Thy precious Name. T.

THE ALL-SEEING EYE.

WHEN Lafayette was imprisoned, those who imprisoned him were so much afraid that he would escape, that they cut a small hole in his prison door, and watched him night and day. He says whenever he looked at the hole he saw an eye watching him. It made him feel dreadfully. Children, how would you feel to have an eye follow you from room to room, from place to place, meeting its searching gaze which ever way you turned? Though you may not know or think of it, there is an eye upon you every moment of your life; not a human eye, but the eye of the all-seeing, holy God. Sometimes the thought of this makes me feel very sad; as I sit in my class it distresses me to see those bad boys whispering and laughing, while some are reading the Bible. Those boys watch the teachers, and are afraid that *they* will see them; they don't care that God's observing eye is on them; they do not recollect that a day will come when God will call them to account for treating His Word with contempt. He will then say, "I called you in the school, and you paid no regard to my words."

I felt very sad the other day at hearing that one of the boys in our school took money from his father. He escaped his father's eye, but God's searching eye saw him, and if such persons will turn to 1 Corinthians vi. 10 and 2 Thessalonians i. 8, they will see that something very dreadful will come upon them if they obey not the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ.

Many years ago I knew a little girl, she was a merry little thing; but sickness came and laid its heavy hand upon her. She

was a bright, intelligent little creature, and very fond of reading. One day, she took up one of the little books lying on her bed; an eye was pictured upon it, and under the picture were the words, "The All-seeing Eye." She looked at it some time; and said, "Aunty, what does it mean?"

"It is meant to explain that God knows everything you do; He is always seeing you, and knows your every thought."

She did not speak for some time; and then, with much feeling, she said, "Aunty, I don't want to think about it," that is, she did not like the thought that "the eyes of the Lord are in every place." Do you like to remember that God is ever seeing you? If you love the Lord Jesus Christ, and desire to walk in His footsteps, you will delight in the thought that the Lord is ever near you, and you will say, "Search me, and try me, and see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting."

PROVERBS XXIX. 11.

SURELY he is not a fool that hath unwise thoughts, but he acts like a fool if he utters them.

MANY say they have faith in Jesus Christ, who do not believe in their hearts, that He bare their sins in His own body on the tree. They will never find peace until they have faith that the blood of Jesus Christ has cleansed them from all their sins. 1 Peter ii. 24; 1 John i. 7; Romans iii. 25.

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ARE, NOT HOPE TO BE.

"Tired?" said a servant of the Lord to a middle-aged man, lounging in the opposite corner of a railway carriage.

"Yes, I've been crawling upon a roof all day. I'm glad to get a rest. But hard work makes us sleep all the sounder. I'm obliged to look after the men. They make a great profession, but they won't work without the whip, so I'm obliged to keep my eye on them."

"You remind me of the law of God, which says, Do this, do that, and if you don't, I shall come down on you."

"Oh! yes."

"I suppose your men would be very glad, if you did their work for them before they were up, and gave them their wages as a free gift."

"I expect they would."

"Well, that's God's way in the gospel. Christ did all the work nearly 1,900 years ago, saying, 'It is finished.' And now salvation is a free gift. Have you received it?"

"Yes, it's mine."

"Then your sins are forgiven?"

"I hope and pray they may be."

"But if you have received Christ, they *are*. Then, are you saved?"

"I don't think anyone can say they are *quite saved*."

"But the Word of God says, 'By grace *are ye saved*,' not hope to be; and, 'He that believeth on the Son *hath* everlasting life' (John iii. 36), not hope to have. Do you believe on the Son of God? Do you believe that He died upon the cross for you?"

"Oh! yes, I believe that. The light has been shining upon me all my life."

"Then you are saved. Take this little book, called 'Safety, Certainty, and Enjoyment.' I think you have the first. Read that, and I trust you will get hold of the second, and the third will follow."

"Thank you, sir, I'm very much obliged. Good night."

"Good night." The train stopped, and the conversation ceased, one having to get out, and so they parted.

How many are to be found in a similar case. Thousands profess to believe the gospel; some are real, some false, but how few can speak confidently that they are saved? What does this arise from? Occupation with self, and following their own thoughts, instead of being occupied with Christ, and following the thoughts of God. God has spoken. Let God be true. Take Him at His word. Thousands are safe who are not certain; how, then, can they have enjoyment. God would have believers entering into all three. Faith and salvation go together. If you believe, you are saved. God says so. It is no presumption to believe God. "By grace ye *are* saved, through faith;" *not hope* to be saved (Eph. ii. 8). Do you believe on the Son of God? You do. Then you are saved. Saved, now and for ever. Again, "He that believeth on the Son *hath* everlasting life" (John iii. 36). *Hath*, not hope to have. Believing and having go together. If you believe you have. If you have not, it is clear you do not believe.

Every believer is safe, and God would have him certain of it. Doubts and fears are simply the fruits of unbelief. Cast them aside, and rest on the written Word. Assurance of salvation is your proper portion. And being assured, you

can then, and not till then, walk with God, and have the enjoyment of communion with the Father and the Son, as you await glory with Christ for ever.

E. H. C.

THE TWO SOLDIERS.

ON a fine summer evening, in the year 1853, a young French woman was busily employed in gathering mulberry leaves for her silk-worms, when a troop of soldiers passed by, looking weary and dusty with their march. Two of them, who seemed quite overcome with fatigue, turned aside, and entered into conversation with the young woman, one asking if she were a Protestant; to which she replied, "I am, and a Christian too," and began to speak to them about the things of God.

"We are too young," said one of the soldiers, whose name was Joseph, "to think of these things; it will be time enough when we get old."

"And how do you know that you will ever be old?" said the young woman. She asked if they ever read the Bible? They said that they did not, but promised to read two tracts which she gave them, and took their leave, hastening after their comrades, while the young woman returned to her mulberry trees and silk-worms.

Eighteen months passed away. It was now winter, and the young woman was sitting in her cottage, when two soldiers knocked at the door. She did not recognise her visitors, until one of them, handing her two tracts, said, "Perhaps you will remember these."

The sight of them explained all. The

two soldiers before her were those to whom she had given the tracts, which had been used by God to their conversion; and they were now come, before sailing to the Crimea, to thank the young woman for what she had done. They told her that they had read her tracts over and over again, had bought New Testaments, and lent the tracts to their comrades, eight of whom were now in the habit of meeting to read and pray together. And not only so, but they could now praise the Lord for saving their souls.

DRESSED FOR THE GRAVE.

SOME years ago I went to visit a little girl from a children's Bible class in the city of Edinburgh. I had heard she was lying near death, and wanted to see me, and immediately I went.

Her house was in the Canongate, up a filthy court, and at the top of a high dirty staircase. With some difficulty I found my way to it, and knocking at the door to which I was directed, waited to be let in. Again and again I knocked, but no one answered; so lifting up the latch I opened the door myself, and entered a most wretched room. A few red ashes and cinders were in the grate, and beside these was a miserable looking man, half intoxicated. I asked, "Does a little girl of the name of Christina — live here?" The man growled out something I could not understand, and pointed to a corner of the room, where in a sort of closet lay the object of my search. Her only bed was a heap of straw upon the floor, covered with a piece of coarse sacking. Some remains of blankets covered her, but those and herself were in a filthy state of dirt. My

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heart was moved as I looked at the poor dying little girl, left in that sad state, by godless parents; and I said, "My dear little girl I am sorry to see you in so wretched a condition." "Wretched, sir," she said, "Oh! I'm not wretched, sir, I'm very happy." "Happy and lying here, and none to take care of you and help you! What makes you happy?" "Jesus, sir, makes me happy. Why, don't you know He has dressed me for the grave!" and her pale face lighted up with a bright joyous smile. "Dressed you for the grave? What do you mean, dear child?" for I thought perhaps her mind was wandering. "Oh, don't you remember, sir, that you told us the last time you preached to us, that Jesus dressed all His little lambs in beautiful robes, and would take them to glory. He has so dressed me. Blessed Jesus, and that makes me happy now?"

"Poor, dying, little Christina," I thought, "thou art far better dressed than many a great one of this world." Beautiful, blessed state, to be a new creature in Christ Jesus, longing to see Him and to be with Him for ever.

PLEASURES FOR EVERMORE.

Psalm xvi. 11.

THERE is a peaceful blest abode,
Where reigns in light th' eternal God;
A land of holy love and bliss,
Of never ending happiness.

There is a home of sweet repose,
Where life's clear river ever flows;
Where Jesus sits upon the throne,
And every pure delight is known.

There is the bright angelic band,
Which waiting God's behest e'er stand,
Swift in their services to go (Heb. i. 14),
Tending the heirs of life below.

A. M.

DWELLERS ON EARTH.

Rev. iii. 10.

How sad will it be, in the Day of the Lord,
For those bound to earth, as with fetter and cord;
Whose range is confin'd to this globe and its girth,
Who're strangers to heaven, and dwellers on earth.

The tree that with firmness is fix'd in the ground,
And, fed by its moisture, with glory is crown'd,
Will suffer most keenly from drought and from
dearth;

And so, in the judgments, will dwellers on earth.

The kindred of Cain, far away from the Lord,
Their cities have built, where their names they
record;

In science they've skill, they have music and mirth,
And spread like a bay-tree, these dwellers on earth.

But soon "the great trouble" shall come on the
world,

And judgments most fearful on men shall be hurl'd,
And there shall be wars, desolation, and dearth;
When anguish will seize all the dwellers on earth.

Delusions and lies will by them be believed,
For blinded by Satan, by him they're deceiv'd:—
Then what will their Babels and buildings be worth,
When they shall fall with them, as dwellers on
earth?

But those whose foundation is Jesus, the Lord,
For loss in this world, have a blessed reward;
Partakers by faith of the heavenly birth,
Their home is in heaven, and not upon earth.

O ye, who are building for blessing below,
Your fabric will fall, and o'erwhelm you in woe;
But resting on Christ, on His work and His worth,
The doom you'll escape of the dwellers on earth.

T.

"YE ARE THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD."

Matthew v. 14.

As the moon, when away from the Sun,
Hath no light to bestow of her own,
So my soul, as her course she doth run,
Hath her light in the Saviour alone.
May I, then, from Himself never stray,
But abide in His love and His light;
And the glory of Jesus display
To the world, that's bewilder'd in night.

T.

BIBLE QUESTIONS FOR MARCH.

1. "**Every one** that is born of the Spirit." What comparison is used in the same verse where these words occur?
2. "**Every one** that continueth not in all things which are written in the book of the law to do them." What does it say about such a person. Give the answer from Galatians.
3. "**Every one** that nameth the name of Christ" is told to depart from something. From what is he to depart, and what is the meaning of the word used?
4. "**Every one** that doeth evil" is said to hate something. What does he hate?
5. "**Every one** that shall be found written in the book." What prophet says this?
6. "**Every one** that stealeth shall be cut off." Name chapter and verse.
7. "**Every one** that sweareth shall be cut off." Name the prophet who says this.
8. "**Every one** that is called by my name." Where do we read these words?
9. "**Every one** that thirsteth." To what is he exhorted to come?
10. "**Every one** that is of the truth heareth My voice." Whose voice do they hear?
11. "**Every one** that is perfect." Point out from Hebrews who are perfected, by what means they are perfected, and for how long are they perfected?
12. "**Every one** of us shall give account of himself to God." To whom did the apostle say this, and at what "judgment-seat" did he tell them it would take place?
13. Give a Scripture from the first epistle to the Corinthians to show that Christians will be "changed"—that is, glorified—before they stand at "the judgment seat."

THE MORNING STAR.

Rev. xxii. 16, 17.

Jesus, Thou bright and morning Star,
We long to see Thee rise;
When Thou shalt to our joy appear,
And call us to the skies.

The world is sunk in sloth and sleep,
The night glides fast away;
While faithful souls their vigils keep,
And wait the dawn of day.

O! may we keep a steady gaze
To catch the morning light;
And may there be no cloudy haze
To hide Thee from our sight.

Night's thickest gloom is gath'ring fast,
The dawn of day is near;
O! may our faith and patience last
Till Thou, our Star, appear.

Then, while the world is sleeping still,
Unconscious of the day,
Thou wilt Thy gracious word fulfil,
And call us hence away.

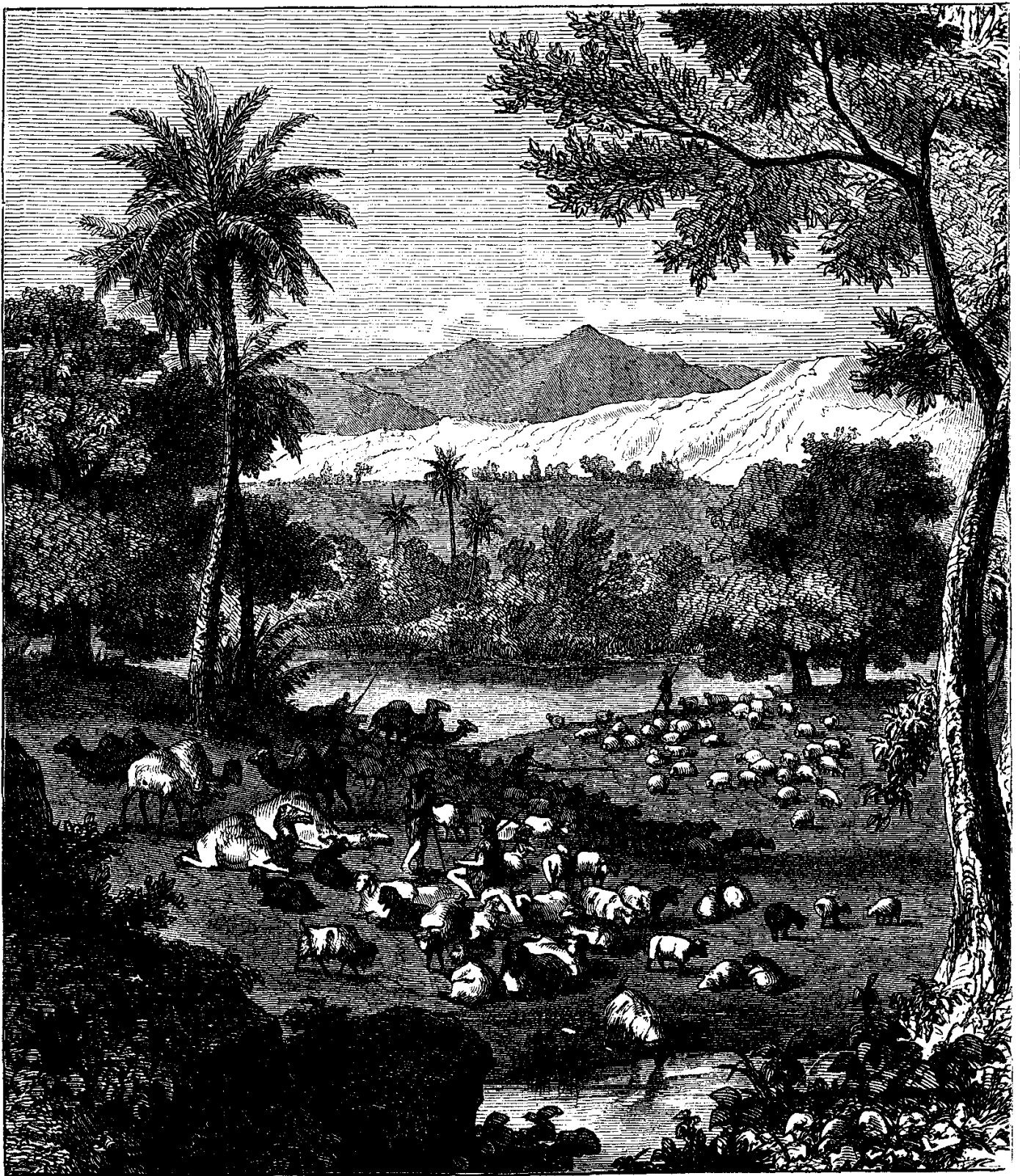
Although but little, Lord, we know
Of what Thy glories are,
Our daily cry, while here below,
Is, Rise, Thou Morning Star.

ANSWERS TO BIBLICAL QUESTIONS FOR MARCH.

1. Matthew xxii. 44.
2. 1 Corinthians xv. 25.
3. Ephesians i. 22.
4. Hebrews i. 13.
5. Hebrews x. 12 and 13.
6. Isaiah 50. 6.
7. Matthew xxvi. 67.
8. Psalm xxii. 16.
9. Zechariah xii. 10.
10. Matthew xvii. 2.
11. Revelation i. 16.
12. Revelation i. 14 and 15.
13. Zechariah xiv. 4-9.
14. Isaiah lx. 13.

G. A. P.

GOOD NEWS FOR YOUNG AND OLD



THE BEAUTIFUL FLOCK.

THE BEAUTIFUL FLOCK.

Jer. xiii. 20.

If I were to ask my young readers, What was the most ancient employment of man? I doubt not but that I should have the answer—Attending to the garden. So it was. “God took the man and put him into the garden of Eden, to dress it and to keep it.” Well, what was the next employment of which we read? It was this—the keeper of sheep. Quite right. Abel was this. Cain tilled the ground; “Abel was a keeper of sheep.” And don’t you think it must have been a beautiful flock over which he watched? We know that it was outside of the garden; but one can imagine the beautiful flock, with its no less beautiful shepherd, feeding on the hills, and resting in the valleys, and quietly reposing beside the running rivers of the beautiful plains first trod by the foot of man, fresh from the creative hand of God.

No menial employment was the shepherd’s in ancient times. Alone among the inhabitants of the earth, to Egypt was the shepherd an abomination. This is what we should expect of Egypt, for its very name stands for a mark of this present evil world. All the patriarchs were shepherds. The shepherd-king was the most renowned in Israel. And He who was the root and the offspring of David could say, “I am the good shepherd.” We require nothing more than this to stamp the shepherd’s occupation as honourable.

But it is not so much of the shepherd as of the flock of which we wish to speak. Neither is it of the flocks of men; but of the flock of God. His flock of all flocks

is alone called “beautiful” — “Thy beautiful flock.” Sad indeed is the wailing of the prophet for Judah’s sin. “Where is the flock,” he says, “that was given thee, thy beautiful flock?” Scattered they might be, wandering they were, but still the beautiful flock, because they were God’s flock, given indeed to the care of shepherds, who proved themselves unfaithful to the trust, and who little realised their value, and little prized the precious bestowment.

And this reminds us of another beautiful flock, of which the Good Shepherd speaks in the tenth of John. “Other sheep I have,” He graciously says, “which are not of this fold; them also I must bring, and they shall hear my voice; and there shall be one fold, and one shepherd,” or, as better rendered, “one flock.” That is, He was going to do away with all folds, and in their stead to have one beautiful flock, with Himself as the one beautiful Shepherd. Hence, we must never now speak of “folds” or “flocks,” but of the one Shepherd—Christ, the Head of the Church; and of the one Church, which is His body—the fulness of Him who filleth all in all.

You will recollect that there was a great difference of old between the flocks of Laban, and the flocks of Jacob; the latter were all “ringstraked, speckled, and grised;” the former were all white. If you read the thirtieth chapter of Genesis you will know all about it. Now Jacob or Laban, looking at any time upon their flocks, could easily and at once discern whose they were. And so with the flock of Jesus—the sheep of His—the beautiful flock. He knows each one. He loves each one. And why? Because He

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laid down His precious life for them. "The Good Shepherd giveth his life for the sheep." He could not give more, could He? But when does one become His sheep or His lamb? The moment He is trusted and loved. But the lamb's love to the Shepherd is nothing like the Shepherd's love to the lamb. None can know it in its fulness. And it is a love which ever abides. It is a love past, present, and future. Past—as shown in the cross; present—as proved in His constant care; and future—as will be known in the exceeding and eternal weight of glory. Oh! can each one who reads this, say:—

"The Shepherd's bosom bears each lamb
O'er rock, and waste, and wild;
The object of that love I am,
And carried like a child."

And whither carried? Right on through the world up to the glory. There shall the dear, beautiful flock be at last gathered; and there shall the dear beautiful Shepherd's joy be full. Oh! if you would not miss the joy of that day, go at once to Jesus, and accept His love, and be *numbered* amongst His beautiful flock.

A. M.

THE LITTLE SHOE-BLACK.

SOME time ago a Christian gentleman, in walking home one evening, found himself in the midst of a group of ragged lads—beggars, thieves, or both—who were talking, laughing, and swearing. He longed to do them good, so he stopped suddenly, put his back against the wall, and said, "Boys, listen to me, I have something to tell you—a sort of story."

They were all silent for an instant, partly from astonishment, partly from

curiosity. And in the plainest language he could use, he told them the story of the life, sufferings, and death of Christ." Not a word or a sound interrupted him. Then as the end came nearer, and he tried with all his might to make the last awful scenes *seem true* to them, he heard an occasional shuffle as one and another tattered figure pushed nearer to hear how the Saviour had suffered for *him*. They listened with faces of awe, dirty enough, but solemn, to hear of the agony that made as it were drops of blood roll down His face; and when they heard of how He died, hanging by nails on a wooden cross, because they were wretched and wicked, sobs of uncontrolled emotion burst forth. Dirty hands wiped dirty faces, as he told them that now, while he spoke to them, *He* was standing amongst them, and that He loved them just as much as when He died upon the cross for them.

He finished his story, and no one said a word. Suddenly he said, "Now, lads, Jesus loved us very much, oughtn't we to love Him? Who loves Him? Let every one that wishes to love Him hold up his hand. *I do*;" and he held up his own.

They looked at one another; then one held his up. A little mass of rags, with only one shoe, and a little grimy face, half hidden in a shock of hair, scarcely confined by an old battered hat, with no rim, held up his dirty little hand. It was a touching spectacle!

One and another followed, till all the hands—just twelve in number—were up.

Then the gentleman said, "You all wish to love Him. Now, dear boys, hear what He says to those who love Him. '*If you love me, keep my commandments.*'" A few words followed to show what this

meant for *them*, and then he walked straight up to him who had first held his hand up, and holding out his, said, "Shake hands on it that you *will* promise me to try to keep His commandments." Unhesitatingly the little black hand was put in his, and he shook it hard, saying, "God bless you." So he went round to all.

Before he parted from them, he gave them each some money to get a bed and a penny loaf with.

About three weeks afterwards, as he was going under an archway, a little ragged shoe-black was cleaning at one side. After the customary "Clean your boots, sir," the boy made a dive forward, and stood chuckling with delight in front of him. The gentleman had not the least idea who he was, and said with surprise, "Well, my boy, you seem to know me; and who are you?"

Please, sir, I'm Jack."

"Jack? Jack who?"

"Only Jack, sir, please, sir."

All at once it flashed across him who the lad was.

"I remember you now," he said, "have you tried to keep your promise to love the Lord Jesus, and show how much you love Him, by obeying Him?"

"Yes, sir, I have, indeed I have," he answered, with intense earnestness.

The gentleman stopped and talked to him a little, and let him clean his shoes.

"Can you read, Jack?" he asked.

"Yes sir, not overly well; but I can make shift to spell out a page."

"Would you like a Testament of your own, where you could read for yourself the story I told you the other night?"

No answer; but an odd sound, half a chuckle of inexpressible happiness, half a

choke of emotion, at the idea. There was no pretence about the lad. The dirty little thief had set his face heavenwards. He did not know much, but if he had only learnt to say, "Lord, remember me," was there not a worse thief than he, who was in no wise cast out?

"I see you *would* like it, Jack; come to my rooms to-morrow at half-past four, and you shall have one. Here is the address; good bye."

Exactly at half-past four on the morrow came one modest eager tap to the gentleman's door. In walked Jack at his summons. He had been to some neighbouring pump, poor fellow, and washed himself, not clean, but streaky. He had plastered his hair down in honour of his visit. The kind gentleman shook hands with him, said he was glad to see him, and told him to come and sit by him.

"Jack, why do you want a Testament?"

"To read about Him you told us of," said he shortly.

"Why do you want to read about Him? because you love Him, is it?"

Jack nodded his head decisively. There was no hesitation, no doubt about the matter.

"Why do you love Him?"

Jack was quite silent. His little features worked, his eyes twinkled, his soiled red-baized blouse heaved. All at once he dropped his head on the table, sobbing as if his heart would break, "'Cause they killed Him," gasped poor Jack.

It was with some difficulty the gentleman restrained his own tears. He let Jack cry till his sobs became less frequent, and then he read to him some verses from St. John's Gospel, and talked to him of

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the exceeding great love of Jesus our Saviour. Then he tried to show him how he could serve the Lord here, by being a little missionary, and speaking for Christ in his life, and acts, and words, and striving to bring souls to the fountain where he had been washed. It was pleasant to see the boy's simple delight at this thought, and to answer his eager questions about one thing and another. "How shall I do here?" "What shall I say then?" There seemed no danger of hard-heartedness or shame in him.

Then the gentleman wrote, or rather printed, his name, at his particular request, "werry large" in the Testament. Then he asked him if he should speak to the Lord Jesus for him, and with him. They knelt down side by side, and he prayed in simple words for this little lamb of the good Shepherd, in his dark and difficult pilgrimage. They then parted, the gentleman promising to be his friend.

THE SEA GAVE UP THE DEAD WHICH WERE IN IT.

Revelation xx. 13.

THE ship was lying in the docks; I, an intending passenger, was inspecting her accommodation; and, whilst so engaged, came across the chief steward, who, having but little to do, was open to conversation, in which we engaged for upwards of an hour. Many were the questions I put to him, as to the sailing qualities of the ship; the ability of her commander; and concerning Melbourne—the port of destination—with which city he seemed as familiar as with his native place. Very courteous was he, and fully did he answer

my questions, being intimate with the subjects to which they referred. But he knew not that he was dead in trespasses and sins, nor his need of a Saviour. Ephesians ii. 1. We parted, I purposing to speak with him again. A week later we set sail; when I soon found, to my no small regret, that no suitable opportunity offered to converse with him again; as he, being first steward, was occupied in the first saloon, whilst I had engaged a berth in the second.

Scarcely had we quitted the Bay of Biscay, not having left Plymouth more than six days, when it was rumoured that the steward was ill, which, upon inquiry, I found to be correct; and not only so, but that he was quite delirious, so that none were allowed to see him but the doctor. For three days he continued in that sad condition. On the third day, the doctor, believing the poor fellow's end to be near, gave a friend of mine, a minister of Christ, permission to see him; which, however, appeared fruitless, for his being delirious, he could not receive, or understand what was said to him. The next morning we learned that at midnight he died.

At twelve o'clock the same day, I stood by the ship's side, and watched all that was mortal lowered into the billows.

Now is the accepted time; behold, *to-day* is the day of salvation. 2 Corinthians vi. 2. "Boast not thyself of to-morrow; for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth. Proverbs xxvii. 1.

Stay not till you are told of opportunities to do good—enquire after them.



THE CHEETAH, OR HUNTING LEOPARD, OF INDIA.

THE LEOPARD.

DID you ever look upon a Leopard? If you did, he must have been caged, for his nature is so fierce, that if he had the chance he would have torn you in pieces. But notwithstanding his ferocity, his outward appearance is beautiful. The black spots upon his coat are very vividly shown in contrast with the bright yellow of the rest of his body. He is found in several parts of the world, and makes the deep forest his home, where, however, he is not unfrequently molested by the penetrating power of man, who loves adventure, even though it lead him to encounters with wild beasts. It was a great protective power which God gave to Noah, after the flood,

when He said to him and his sons, "The fear of you and the dread of you shall be upon every beast of the earth." Gen. ix. 2. And doubtless this fear and dread will continue so long as wild beasts retain their present nature. But it is blessed to notice, that one of the effects of the reign of the Lord Jesus Christ over the earth during the millennium, will be to change the fierceness of such creatures into harmlessness and tranquillity; and that this will be the case with the Leopard we know, for it is written of him, that he "shall lie down with the kid." Isaiah xi. 6.

The reference which is made, however, to the Leopard in Jeremiah xiii. 23 is that which most concerns us in this time of the

grace and salvation of God. The prophet, speaking in the name of the Lord, says, "Can the Ethiopian change his skin, or the leopard his spots?" To the first part of this question the answer would be, "Of course he cannot: a black man cannot make himself white." To the other part of the question, "Can the leopard change his spots?" the answer must be, "Certainly not: he cannot change himself from what he is." If, however, you will turn to Acts viii., you will there see how "a man of Ethiopia" did not, indeed, "change his skin," but how he became "whiter than snow," through believing the word of the Lord which was preached unto him by Philip the evangelist; and how then "he went on his way rejoicing."

Can the Leopard change the spots
Woven in his coat of skin?
Can he move those colour'd dots
Which from all attention win?

No; however much he tried,
All his efforts would be vain;
He with spots would still be dyed,
Every one would yet remain.

Can the sinner—vile within—
Cover'd o'er with evil blots,
Cleanse himself from shame and sin,
And efface his sinful spots?

Nay; there's not a thing of earth
That can cleanse a sinner's stains
All he tries is nothing worth,
He polluted still remains.

Sinner, be not then enticed
Such a folly to begin;
Nothing but the blood of Christ
E'er could take away thy sin.

Wash'd in His most precious blood,
Which in love did freely flow,
Bath'd in that all-cleansing flood,
Whiter thou shalt be than snow.

T.

HOW A POOR CRIPPLE GOT SAVED

SOME years ago, soon after I had commenced preaching at Overton, I was informed, in conversation with a person who himself made no great pretensions to a religious character, that he had accidentally conversed with a poor deformed cripple, living in a wretched cot in the neighbourhood of that place, whose name was William Churchman, who had much surprised him by his fluency in talking on religious subjects; and the more so, as the man did not appear to have read any book but the Bible, nor to have attended any public worship, nor to have conversed with religious people of any denomination, that he could not possibly conceive how he had acquired the knowledge he appeared to possess.

My interest was excited by this account, and I decided to visit him. On the evening of the following Sunday, when I was engaged to preach at Overton, as I could conveniently accomplish it, his residence being near the road by which I sometimes returned home.

As I approached the cottage, its exterior gave me at once an idea of the wretched poverty of the inhabitants.

The shattered door stood open; on entering, I beheld, seated on a little stool, which, with a broken chair and an old oaken table, composed the whole furniture of the miserable room, an object whose *external* appearance was expressive of greater wretchedness.

His countenance appeared to be that of a man about thirty; his head, of an immoderate size, formed a painful contrast to his withered limbs, which were not larger than those of a child of ten years, and deformed,

both in the legs and spine, in consequence of neglect, from the carelessness and ignorance of a drunken mother.

He was reading when I went in. I accosted him with, "William, what book is that you are reading?" He raised his head to look at me, and replied, with a look and tone of seriousness and affection, "The New Testament of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ."

"Ha!" said I, "I have heard people say that a great deal of good may be got from that book; perhaps you can tell me if it be so." He replied very gravely, "If the same Spirit, who moved holy men of old to write it, open your heart to understand it, then it will do you good, but not else; 'for the natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God, for they are foolishness unto him; neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned.'"

"But," rejoined I, still affecting ignorance of his meaning, "how, then, came you to understand them? Surely you cannot be a learned man!"

Eyeing me with a solemn and piercing attention, he returned, "Sir, I don't know you, nor do I know why you came in here; but this I know, that I am commanded by this book to be ready to give to every man that asketh a reason of the hope that is in me, and I pray God that I may be enabled of Him to do it with meekness and fear. You see, sir, what a *cripple* I am; but you do not know what a *sinner* I am."

"You a sinner!" exclaimed I, "how can that be? You are not able to get about to drink, game, dance, and carouse, as so many other people can; how, then, is it possible that you should be a sinner?"

"True," said he, "I could not; but yet

I am one of the vilest of sinners, for I delighted to curse and swear.

"However, blessed be God, about three years ago, as I was walking on my crutches on a fine sunshiny day, near the door, I was seized all at once with a violent pain in my stomach; I cried out, and fell down, and I really thought I was going to die presently. At first, I did not seem to have any fear of death, for the reasons I told you before; but as I continued in violent pain, a thought came across my mind, What good works have I done in all my life? Alas, none! then I shall not go to heaven now, and if not, why I must go to hell at last. Now I was miserable indeed, for I did not know any other way to heaven than by my own works."

I said, "What other way can there be, than doing all the good we can?"

He answered me, "'By the deeds of the law shall no flesh living be justified; for by the law is the knowledge of sin.' Rom. iii. 20. 'Not by works of righteousness which we have done, but according to His mercy He saved us, by the washing of regeneration, and renewing of the Holy Ghost; which He shed on us abundantly through Jesus Christ our Saviour.' Titus iii. 5, 6.

"But," continued he, "in this distress I tried to pray; but of all the prayers you ever read in your life, if you ever read any, or all that you ever heard, if you ever heard anybody pray, I believe you never heard anything like it; yet I believe that God heard and answered it. I do not know why, but it was as it pleased Him: this was it as near as I can remember:—

"'Lord, I am a poor sinner, that never did any good in my life, and now I am afraid I must die and go to hell; but, O Lord, if Thou canst save me, pray do;

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though I don't know how it can be. O try me once more, and I will be better than David; for he prayed seven times a day, but I will pray eight times, and read twelve chapters.' But by praying, I only meant reading out of my mother's Prayer Book."

"Well," interrupted I again, "what can be better than reading out of your mother's Prayer Book."

"Ah, sir!" said he very earnestly, "you might read all the prayers that were ever made by man; and yet never pray in your life."

"Well," said I, "this is very strange; what is praying, then?"

He replied, "Praying is telling God what we *feel* we want of Him."

Returning to his narrative, he proceeded thus: "It pleased God that I soon got somewhat better, and I set about my task as I had promised; but alas! in a little time, I found that I did not pray, and at last I left off reading my prayers, because I was afraid of mocking God any longer; but, blessed be His name, He did not suffer me to leave off reading the Testament, though the more I read it, the more guilty I felt. I read it all through, though all seemed to condemn me. Now I can see in it exceeding great and precious promises, but I could not see any of them then; I could only attend to such words as these: Ye serpents, ye generation of vipers, how can ye escape the damnation of hell? Matt. xxiii. 33.

"Thou, after thy hardness and impenitent heart, treasurest up unto thyself wrath against the day of wrath and revelation of the righteous judgment of God.' Rom. ii. 5.

"The wrath of God is revealed from

heaven against all ungodliness and unrighteousness of men.' Rom. i. 18.

The Lord Jesus shall be revealed from heaven, in flaming fire taking vengeance on them that know not God, and that obey not the gospel. 2 Thess. i. 7, 8.

"Yet I began to read it over again; and when I came the second time to the blessed first chapter of the Epistle of John, and read these precious words: '*The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin,*' 1 John i. 7, I felt that precious blood relieve my wounded conscience, and I seemed to myself as if I were in a new world. I could *now* love God, and if I had had a thousand lives, I could have laid them all down for Christ."

"These are very wonderful things," said I, "that you tell me; but what was the reason that God showed them to you?"

"Who hath saved us, and called us with an holy calling, not according to our works, but according to His own purpose and grace, which was given us in Christ Jesus before the world began.'" 2 Tim. i. 9.

"What!" exclaimed I, "can you possibly make me believe, that the great God ever thought anything about you?"

"Yes," said he, "else why is it written?"

"But," said I, "if you should sin so much as to go to hell after all this, you had better have remained ignorant."

"Being confident," he replied, "that He which hath begun a good work in you will perform it until the day of Jesus Christ.' Phil. i. 6.

"My sheep hear my voice, and I know them, and they follow me; and I give unto them eternal life; and they

shall never perish; neither shall any man pluck them out of my hand.' John x.

" 'If any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous: and He is the propitiation for our sins: and not for ours only, but also for the sin of the whole world.' " 1 John ii.

" 'Who His own self bare our sins in His own body on the tree.' " 1 Pet. ii. 24.

"Do I understand you rightly?" asked I, "that it does not signify what sins you commit, or how you live, now He is become your Saviour?"

He replied, with a look and accent of animation, and holy indignation, "'God forbid! How shall we, that are dead to sin, live any longer therein?' Rom. vi. 2. 'For the love of Christ constraineth us; because we thus judge, that if one died for all, then were all dead: and that He died for all, that they which live should not henceforth live unto themselves, but unto Him which died for them, and rose again.' " 2 Cor. v. 14, 15.

Glancing his eye on my face, while he was thus speaking, he discerned a rising tear, which I could no longer suppress, and instantly cried out, "I am sure, you are not what you seem. Tell me what you are, and why you came to see me?"

"My dear Christian brother," said I, "it is true as you say, I am not what I seem; I am a poor sinner, who, like you, has been led by the Holy Spirit to trust in that Jesus who 'died for the ungodly.' "

After a short pause, in which he seemed revolving something in his mind, he said, "I have heard one of the neighbours say, that there is a strange kind of man, who comes sometimes to preach at David Truman's house, and that folks call him a Methodist. Are not you the man?"

"Yes, my dear friend," said I, "I am the man. I have just been telling your poor neighbours, that 'the wages of sin is death; but the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord.' " Rom. vi. 23.

Never shall I forget his look or his action: rising hastily from his seat, and grasping one of my hands in both of his, he instantly dropped on his knees, and lifting up his eyes, beaming with ecstasy, he cried aloud, "O my God! I thank Thee; I prayed that I might see and converse with one of Thy people before I die; and lo, Thou hast sent me one.

"And now, my dear sir, you must tell me what you said to the people upon that sweet verse; for I never heard a sermon in my life."

I complied with his request, and commended him to God in prayer, and we parted.

I leave this narrative to the blessing of God, and the reflection of the reader's conscience.

WHO LOVED ME, AND GAVE HIMSELF FOR ME.

Galatians ii. 20.

"WHAT would you do, my little fellow," said a Christian to a boy, "if your father and mother were to go away from you and leave you alone in the world?"

"If they did that I should not be left alone, I should still have Jesus," replied the boy.

"Most assuredly you would, my dear child, and the Lord grant that you may never lose your happy confidence in Him; but what makes you think that Jesus

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would still remain with you if all your friends left you?"

"Because the Bible says that Jesus died for me, and if He loved me so much as to come all the way from heaven to die for me, I know he will take care of me until He comes to take me to His beautiful home?"

"But, my dear child, you might die and be laid in the cold grave before Jesus comes, and what then?"

"If I were to die, my soul would go to Jesus at once, so it would only be my body that was laid in the ground, and when Jesus comes He would raise that up too, and change it like His own, and then both my body and my soul would be joined together, and I should be with Him for ever?"

In reading the foregoing the following beautiful scriptures came to my mind:—

When my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up. Psalm xxvii. 10.

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. Romans viii. 32.

He hath said, I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee. So that we may boldly say, the Lord is my helper, and I will not fear what man shall do unto me. Heb. xiii.

Beloved, now are we the sons of God; and it doth not yet appear what we shall be: but we know that when he shall appear, we shall be like Him; for we shall see Him as He is. 1 John iii. 2.

It is an excellent rule to be observed in all disputes, that men should give soft words and hard arguments.

THE PRECIOUS STONE.

(1 Peter ii. 4, &c.)

Written soon after the writer's conversion.

On the Rock of God's salvation
Set secure by Love divine,
'Till shall fail that sure Foundation,
Nought shall move this soul of mine;
Storms and tempests may alarm me,
Waves may rage and winds may roar,
But they ne'er can hurt or harm me,
Fright they may, but can no more.

Stone of Life! and Rock of Ages!
Now I'm firmly fix'd on Thee,
Freed from sin, and death, its wages,
And from Satan's slavery,
Oh! that I no more may hearken
To the siren voice of sin;
Oh! that nothing e'er may darken
Or obscure my joy within.

Men may lay a false foundation,
And their confidence proclaim,
But, Thou Rock of my salvation,
I will boast in Thy blest Name;
Unto Thee I'll offer praises,
Unto Thee my tribute bring,
Thou, of bliss, my only basis,
'Tis of Thee alone I'll sing.

T.

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS FOR MARCH.

1. The action of the Spirit of God with those who are born again, is compared with the blowing of the wind. John iii. 8.
2. The scripture teaches that you cannot be under the law of God without being under its curse, for it is written, Cursed is every one that continueth not in all things which are written in the book of the law to do them. (Galations iii. 10). And again, Whosoever shall keep the whole law and yet offend in one point, he is guilty of all (James ii. 10). Every one that has faith in the blood of Christ (Romans iii. 25), is not only dead to the law, Romans vii. 4, but is redeemed from its curse by Christ having been made a curse for him. Galatians iii.

3. Every one that professeth to follow Christ, is to depart from iniquity, that is, everything that is not in accordance with the Word of God. 2 Tim. ii. 19 ; Titus ii. 14.
4. Every one that doeth evil hateth the light. John iii. 20.
5. Every one that shall be found written in the book, and many of them that sleep in the dust of the earth shall awake, some to everlasting life. Daniel xii. 1-4.
6. Every one that stealeth shall be cut off. Zechariah v. 3.
7. Every one that sweareth shall be cut off.
8. I will say to the north give up, and to the south keep not back, bring my sons from far and my daughters from the ends of the earth, even every one that is called by my name, for I have created him for my glory. Isaiah xliii. 6, 7.
9. Every one that thirsteth is exhorted to come to the waters. Isaiah lv. 1, that is to the water of life. Revelation xxii. 17, then he will never thirst again. John iv. 14.
10. Jesus said to Pilate, Every one that is of the truth heareth my voice. John xviii. 37.
11. Every one, that is a child of God by faith in Christ Jesus is perfected for ever. Galatians iii. 26 ; Hebrews x. 14.
12. Every Christian shall stand before the judgment seat of Christ, not to be judged for his sins, for Christ bare his sins in His own body on the tree. 1 Peter ii. 24. He appears before this judgment seat to give an account to God. This has reference to a Christian's walk and conversation, but we must never forget that all believers will be GLORIFIED and caught up to meet their Lord before they appear at His judgment seat.
13. We (that is, all believers in Christ), shall not all sleep, but we shall be changed in a moment. 1 Corinthians xv. 51.

BIBLE QUESTIONS FOR APRIL.

THE RICHES OF GOD'S GOODNESS.

1. Despisest thou the riches of His goodness, and forbearance, and longsuffering ; not knowing that the goodness of God leadeth thee to repentance.

THE RICHES OF GOD'S WISDOM.

2. Oh, the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God ! how unsearchable are His judgments, and His ways past finding out.

THE RICHES OF GOD'S GLORY.

3. That He would grant you according to the riches of His glory to be strengthened with might by His Spirit in the inner man.

THE RICHES OF GOD'S INHERITANCE.

4. That ye may know what is the hope of His calling, and what the riches of the glory of His inheritance in the saints.

THE RICHES OF GOD'S GRACE.

5. We have redemption through His blood, the forgiveness of sins according to the riches of His grace.

THE RICHES OF GOD TO SUPPLY ALL NEED.

6. My God shall supply all your need, according to His riches in Glory by Jesus Christ.

THE RICHES OF GOD ON VESSELS OF MERCY.

7. That He might make known the riches of His glory on the vessels of mercy which He had afore prepared unto glory.

THE RICHES THAT GOD WILL SHOW.

8. That in the ages to come He might show the exceeding riches of His grace, in His kindness towards us through Christ Jesus.

THE RICHES OF GOD UNSEARCHABLE.

9. Unto me who am less than the least of all the saints is this grace given, that I should preach among the Gentiles the unsearchable riches of Christ.

THE RICHES OF THE GLORY OF THE MYSTERY.

10. The riches of the glory of this Mystery among the Gentiles ; which is Christ in you the hope of glory.

Give chapter and verse to each of the above Scriptures.

GOOD NEWS FOR YOUNG AND OLD.



KING JOSIAH.

BEAUTIFUL OBJECTS OF SCRIPTURE.

“ Beautiful Crown.”—Ezekiel xvi. 12.

BEAUTIFUL Branch. Beautiful Feet.
Beautiful Garments ; and now the “ Beau-
tiful Crown ! ” Did you ever think that

the Bible spoke of so many beautifuls?
Aye, it does ; and many more beside.
But now we will consider the beautiful
crown. We find the words in the six-
teenth chapter of Ezekiel, where Jehovah,
speaking to Jerusalem, says, “ I put a

jewel on thy forehead, and earrings in thine ears, and a beautiful crown upon thine head ;" alluding, doubtless, to His covenants with His people the Jews ; for crowns are often used in figurative senses in the Word of God : as we shall see.

The first crown spoken of is the "crown of Joseph," in these beautiful words, "The blessings of thy father have pervaded above the blessings of my progenitors unto the utmost bound of the everlasting hills : they shall be on the head of Joseph and on the crown of the head of him that was separate from his brethren." Gen. xlix. 26. The next crown is the "golden crown" of the high priest. Then there is the "holy crown ;" the "crown of pride ;" the crown of glory ;" the "crown of righteousness ;" the "crown of life ;" the "crown of rejoicing ;" and, alas ! beside others the "crown of thorns." But only one crown is called the "beautiful"—the crown put by Jehovah, in a figure, upon the head of Jerusalem as typifying His people Israel—His chosen nation.

A crown is, you know, properly a diadem of state worn on the heads of sovereign princes. On the head of the high priest was a costly crown of gold girt about his mitre. Of the Christ of God it is said, "On his head were many crowns." Crowns, figuratively, mean honour, splendour, and high dignity. Sometimes they mean a reward. Hence the writers of old contended for a wreath of flowers, or green olive or laurel leaves, which the apostle Paul calls a "corruptible crown." Also the crown is a token of victory—the victor is crowned 'mid acclamations and delight.

But to return to our chapter in Ezekiel, where we find under the similitude of an uncared-for infant, that Jehovah shows the natural state of Israel—lost and helpless. But this is not all. He also declares His great and exceeding love for her. Love which had its spring and source in His own heart ; yet a love which was little prized by His people, and from which they wickedly turned away. But before He reproves them for their apostacy, He loves to recount His goodness to them. He not only said to her "Live," still using the figure of an uncared-for infant, "But when I passed by thee," He says, "and looked upon thee, behold, thy time was a time of love ; and I spread my skirt over thee : Yea, I swear unto thee, and entered into covenant, saith the Lord God, and thou becamest mine." Is not this, indeed, the expression of love ? And then He adorned her with all kinds of costly ornaments, so that He could say, "And thou wast exceeding beautiful. And thy renown went forth among the heathen for thy beauty, for it was perfect through my comeliness, which I put upon thee, saith the Lord God." How glorious, indeed, is all this ! How privileged was Israel ! But, alas, she forfeited her crown—at least for a time—her beautiful crown ; and now she is scattered amongst all the nations of the earth ; yet to be gathered by-and-bye to her own land, there to be the expression once more of all that God calls beautiful and glorious.

"Zion shall soon lift up her head

And, called by grace, arise at length
From dust and darkness, and the dead,

Zion shall rise in Jesus' strength,
And put her beauteous garments on."

But is the crown alone for Israel ? Ah,

no! Crowns are also for the followers of Jesus. Hence we may find in the Revelation that the elders were not only clothed in white raiment, but that they had on their heads crowns of gold; which crowns, in celebration of the worthiness of the Lamb, they cast before the throne. Judah's was a terrestrial crown; the Christian's crown is celestial—not for earth, but heaven. Many of my young readers have doubtless sung the sweet lines—

“Shall we ever all wear a crown?”

But now allow me to drop the “we,” and ask, Will you, dear reader, wear one? Only one requisite is needed to answer “Yes”—belief in Christ, and the reception of His love. 'Tis this that makes meet for the inheritance of light—this alone which insures the crown—the beautiful crown. Oh, that each dear reader may be enabled to address the Lord Jesus in the well-known strain—

“First-born of many brethren, Thou!
To whom both heaven and earth must bow;
Heirs of Thy shame and of Thy throne
We bear Thy cross, and seek Thy crown.”

A. M.

GOLD, SILVER, BRASS; AS USED IN SCRIPTURE.

GOLD is not what man can do,
Gold sets forth what God has done:
Gold is righteousness divine;
Gold—the Person of God's Son.

SILVER is the work of Christ—
Hark! the silver trumpet sounds!
Silver is redemption blest;
Silver tells how grace abounds.

BRASS is judgment—man's deserts,
Brass, resistless, utter woe;
Brass the portion sad of those
Who refuse to Christ to bow.

A. M.

THE BOOK OF BOOKS.

THERE are some points connected with this volume, that is so justly styled **The Book** which are seldom brought forward, and which, consequently, escape the observation of many.

One of these points is, its COMPLETENESS.

Now, no work of man is complete. Especially is this the case with those books which treat of the history of mankind. Excepting in those cases in which the events of a brief period only are related, every production of the kind is deficient either at the beginning or at the end. The writer is either unable to ascertain the truth as to the origin of his subject, or he is obliged to break off his narrative at the time present, confessing that of the future he knows nothing.

Contemplate the Bible from this point of view. When we first take it up, it appears to present a collection, or, rather, a bundle, of unconnected writings of different ages. Some of its stories were written by Moses at a very early period; a period, in fact, of which no other writings remain. Then we have some writings of Samuel; some of David; some of Ezra; and sixteen books of different prophets, of a variety of rank and character, from a prince to a cowherd, which were written about the time of the great Assyrian and Persian empires. These writings were doubtless preserved, on skin rolls, in the Jewish temple. Subsequently we have a fresh series, the works of the disciples of the Lord Jesus Christ, most of whom were fishermen or mechanics. These were produced during the time of the Roman emperors, since which date we have no writing that we can believe to be inspired.

From this hasty glance at the origin (the apparent or outward origin, at least) of the Bible, could we have the least expectation of finding, in such a collection of writings, that wonderful *completeness* which exists in it? Observe, however, a few circumstances in illustration of this one point. The history of the earth on which we live is here given *entire*. We reckon the life of a man to be contained between his birth and his return to the dust. The first page of the Bible tells us of God's forming this earth for man, and almost the last page informs us of its passing away. The annals of *Time*, then, are here included. At the commencement of the book we read of "the first day," and, at the end, of the moment when all distinction of days cease.

One of the earliest events recorded in the history of man, is that which introduced *death*. One of the latest events which close the same history is the casting of death and hell into the lake of fire, and the proclamation, "There shall be *no more death*." The first sentence passed upon a human being ran thus, "I will greatly multiply thy *sorrow*." But amongst the final words are, "There shall be more . . . *sorrow*, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain." Rev. xxi. 4.

But the *perfection* of the scheme is more complete than it is in the power of man to describe. A few outlines only are visible to the human eye.

Six days ended the work of creation ; then followed the Sabbatical rest. "One day is with the Lord as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day." 2 Pet. iii. 8. The world now approaches the close of its six thousandth year ; and most

believers in God's word are now looking forward to a Sabbath of a thousand years.

Immediately following the first Sabbath there occurs, as the Scripture narrative, that *Temptation* by which man fell into the power of the old serpent ; and immediately after the close of the millennial Sabbath, there follows a like temptation of man, by the same powerful seducer, and with a like success. In the first case God Himself came down to judgment, and passed sentence on the transgressors ; in the second, the same consequences follow, and as immediately.

The Tree of Life is given to man in paradise, at the commencement of the history. He loses it by transgression ; but when He that sits upon the throne saith, "Behold, I make all things new," the tree of life is again given. And as at the beginning, the Lord God walked in the garden, and talked with Adam, so at the end, the "restitution of all things," "the tabernacle of God is with men, and He will dwell with them, and they shall be His people, and God Himself shall be with them, and be their God." Rev. xxi. 3.

It may not strike others with equal force ; but I confess that this view of the entireness, the completeness, the perfection exhibited in this book, which, at first sight, appears like a bundle of old writings, casually tied together, but which is found to contain a regular history of the earth, from its formation to its re-formation ; of time, from its first day to its last ; and of man, from his creation to his re-creation : I say, this view of **The Book** is one which often furnishes matter for admiring contemplation, and seeming to bring out its divine character into stronger and higher relief.

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I AM NOT MY OWN.

"I wish I had some money to give to God," said Susy; "but I haven't any."

"God does not expect you to give Him what you have not," said her papa, "but you have other things besides money. When we get home I will read something to you, which will make you see plainly what you may give to God."

So after dinner they went to the library, and Susy's papa took down a large book and made Susy read aloud, "I have this day been before God, and have given myself—all that I am and have—to God; so that I am in no respect my own. I have no right to this body, or any of its members; no right to this tongue, these hands, these feet, these eyes, these ears; I have given myself clean away."

"These are the words of a great and good man, who is now in heaven. Now you see what you have to give to God, my darling Susy."

Susy looked at her hands, and at her feet and was silent. At last she said in a low voice, half to herself—

"I don't believe God wants them."

Her papa heard her. "He does want them, and He is looking at you now to see whether you will give them to Him, or keep them for yourself. If you give them to Him, you will be careful never to let them to do anything naughty, and will teach them to do every good thing they can. If you keep them for yourself they will be likely to do wrong and to get into mischief."

"Have you given yours to Him, papa?"

"Yes, indeed, long ago."

"Are you glad?"

"Yes, very glad."

Susy was still silent, she did not quite understand what it all meant.

"If you give your tongue to God," said her papa, "you will not allow it to speak unkind angry words, or tell tales, or speak an untruth, or anything that would grieve God's Holy Spirit."

"I think I'll give Him my tongue," said Susy.

"And if you give God your hands you will watch them, and keep them from touching things that do not belong to them. You will not let them be idle, but will keep them busy about something."

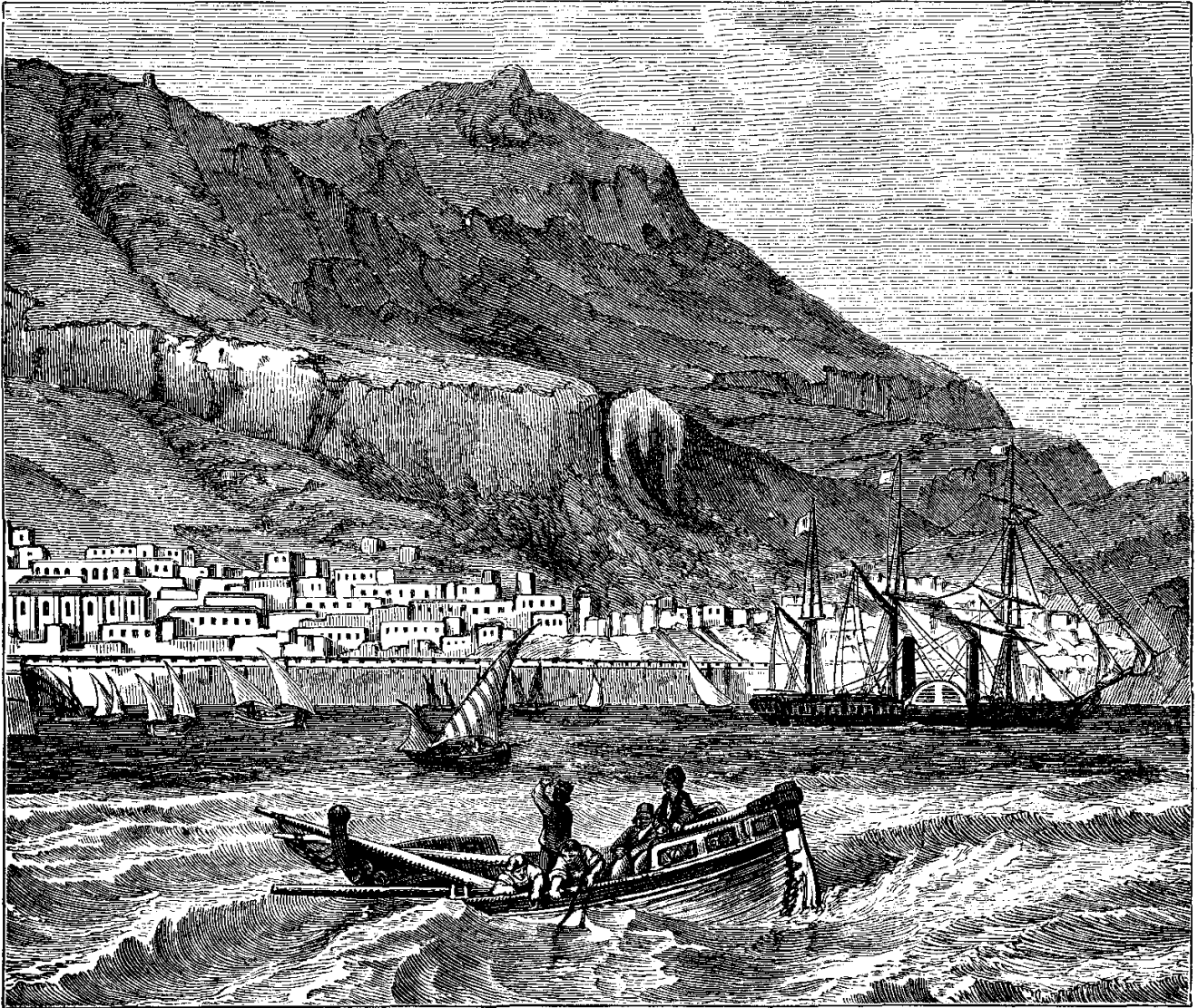
"Well, then, I'll give Him my hands."

"And if you give Him your feet, you never will let them carry you where you ought not to go, and if you give Him your eyes, you will never, never let them look at anything you know He would not like to look at, if He were by your side."

Then they knelt down together, and Susy's papa prayed to God to bless all they had been saying, and to accept all Susy had now promised to give Him, and to keep her from ever forgetting her promise, but to make it her rule in all she said, and all she did, all she saw, and all she heard to remember—"I am not my own."

And then he taught her these lines—

"Oh, that mine eyes might closed be
To what concerns me not to see;
That deafness might possess mine ear,
To what concerns me not to hear.
That truth my tongue might ever tie
From ever speaking foolishly,
That no vain thought might ever rest
Or be conceived within my breast;
That by each word and deed and thought
Glory may to my God be brought.



GIBRALTAR.

HIS BLOOD IS PRECIOUS.

SOME years ago, two soldiers belonging to one of the regiments of the British Army, stationed at Gibraltar, were, by the grace of God, brought to a saving knowledge of the Lord Jesus Christ. Though living on this secluded spot, and with few opportunities of hearing the glad tidings of the Gospel, yet they were led to read the sacred Scriptures together; and the voice of God, speaking in His own blessed word, to the heart of one of these men, enabled him to rejoice in the pardoning

love of God. The conversion of the other followed soon afterwards, and under circumstances so deeply interesting, that the narrative may serve to interest and to edify many of the Lord's dear children, and at the same time lead some anxious soul to that fountain which has been opened for sin and for uncleanness. Zech. xiii.

One evening these two soldiers were placed as sentries at the opposite ends of a sallyport or long passage leading from the Rock of Gibraltar to the Spanish terri-

tory. One of them, as we have seen, from the reading of the sacred Scriptures, was rejoicing in his Saviour; while the other, from the same cause, was in a state of deep anxiety, being under strong convictions of sin, and earnestly seeking deliverance from the load of guilt that was pressing upon his conscience.

On the evening alluded to, one of the officers, who had been out dining, was returning to the garrison at a late hour, and approaching the sentry posted outside the sallyport, and who was the soldier recently converted, he received, instead of the usual challenge, the words, uttered in a loud voice, "*The precious blood of Christ.*" The man was absorbed in meditation on the glorious things that had recently been unfolded to him, and filled with devout gratitude and love. He soon recovered his self-possession, and gave the correct challenge; but his comrade, who was anxiously seeking the Lord, and who was stationed as sentry at the other or inner end of the sallyport, a passage specially adapted for the conveyance of sound, heard the words, "*The precious blood of Christ,*" mysteriously borne upon the breeze at the solemn hour of midnight. The words came home to his heart as a voice from heaven: the load of guilt was removed, and the precious blood of Christ spoke peace to the soul of the sin-burdened soldier. He was afterwards, with others of his regiment, drafted for service in India, and proceeded to the island of Ceylon, where a long career of usefulness opened up before him, and where he became the honoured instrument, in the hands of the Lord, for the completion of a great and important work. Soon after arriving in Ceylon, his

discharge was procured from his regiment, that he might fill the office of master of the principal school in Colombo, for which he was well qualified by a good education in early life. He soon acquired an intimate knowledge of the Cingalese language, and as a translation of the Bible into that tongue was lying in an unfinished state, owing to the death of the individual who commenced the work, he set himself to the task, and completed the Cingalese version of the Scriptures, which was afterwards printed by the British and Foreign Bible Society in four quarto volumes.

The remainder of his life was spent in India, devoted to the service of his Lord and Master; and ere he was called to his rest, the converted soldier became possessed of an intimate acquaintance with no less than thirteen languages.

While the latter part of this interesting narrative is a striking illustration of the wonderful way in which God provides instruments for carrying on His own work, how much of comfort and instruction does the former portion of it convey to every poor, heavy-laden soul.

Dear reader, are you, like the soldier on the Rock of Gibraltar, in anxiety about your soul's eternal peace and safety? Then remember the words which the midnight breeze wafted to his ear—"The precious blood of Christ." Yes, it is indeed precious; for it is the blood of God's own dear Son, which cleanses from all sins. Peace comes to the souls of all those who have faith in the blood of Christ. Romans iii. 25.

Jesus Christ gave His life as the redemption price of all His people; "ye were not redeemed with corruptible things,

such as silver and gold . . . but with the precious blood of Christ, as of a lamb without blemish and without spot." 1 Pet. i. 18, 19. Think of the dignity of Him who suffered as a victim, and then will you not say that His blood is precious? Remember that in the blood only is *safety*. Read Exodus xii., and there you will see that when the angel of death was marching through the land of Egypt, every Israelite was safe; but his safety was secured by the *blood* sprinkled on the lintels. So with all the Israel of God. They shall be safe in the day of the Lord's vengeance; but it will be because Christ, their Passover, has been sacrificed for them, and the blood of that precious Passover-lamb has been applied to each heart and conscience.

Remember that in the blood only there is *cleansing*. It is not to be found in tears of sorrow and remorse, or in any Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus; but it is the blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, that alone cleanseth from all sin. 1 John i. 7. Apply to it in faith; wash there, and you will be clean; the leprosy of your foulest transgressions will be taken away. "For if the blood of bulls and of goats, and the ashes of an heifer, sprinkling the unclean, sanctifieth to the purifying of the flesh; how much more shall the blood of Christ, who through the eternal Spirit offered Himself without spot to God, purge your conscience from dead works to serve the living God?" Heb. ix. 13, 14. Remember that through the blood only there is *peace*. You will not find it in yourself, or in your doings. For no sinner ever has or can make his peace with God. Jesus made peace through the blood of His cross. Col. i. 20. No peace for a

guilty conscience, no rest for a distressed, sin-burdened soul, but in the peace-speaking blood of the Lamb of God. True, solid, lasting peace can only flow from a sense of forgiveness, and this again can only be found in Jesus, "in whom we have redemption through His blood, the forgiveness of sins, according to the riches of His grace." Eph. i. 7.

Remember that by the blood only is there *access to God, and boldness to enter into His presence*. In no other way can you approach God acceptably, than by faith in the blood of His Son. The High Priest among the Jews, on entering the holy place made with hands, which was but the figure of the true, did not appear there without blood; and sinners, who by grace are made kings and priests unto God, have boldness to enter into the holiest by the blood of Jesus. Heb. x. 19. It was only at the mercy-seat, *sprinkled with blood*, that the High Priest, as the representative of the people, could meet God and find Him propitious.

Atonement and intercession are inseparable, and none can be interested in the latter, who are not depending on the former.

Finally, remember that to the blood of Jesus the *redeemed in heaven attribute their glorious position*. "And they sung a new song saying, Thou art worthy to take the book, and to open the seals thereof: for Thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us to God by thy blood, out of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation; and hast made us unto our God kings and priests; and we shall reign on the earth." Rev. v. 9, 10.

Dear reader, may the Holy Spirit sweetly reveal to you the value and effi-

cacy of the blood of Jesus. Trust in it for safety—apply to it for cleansing—depend on it for peace—confide in the intercession of Him who shed it—and then, out of a heart filled with devout gratitude and praise, will you be ever ready to unite in the apostolic ascription, “Unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and His Father; to Him be glory and dominion for ever and ever. Amen.” Rev. i. 5, 6.

THE FIRE-ESCAPE, AND THE FOUNTAIN.

My young readers have, doubtless, often seen in their walks a Fire-engine House, and they must have noticed what a clean and cheerful appearance it generally presents. And if they have looked within, they have seen the brightly-painted engine all fitted and ready, in case of fire. The leathern hose is all in good order, and carefully arranged, and seems only waiting to be used. The brass taps, also, are smart and clean. The firemen, too, are in waiting, ready at a moment's notice, to put on their helmets and to equip themselves for their dangerous and important work, whenever a fire takes place. The prepared position of these firemen reminds me of the noble line of the poet, who, referring to the servants of Christ, wrote that—

“They also serve, who only stand and wait.”

Such a fireman suggests to one the true attitude of an Evangelist, waiting and ready to serve his Lord and Master, by conveying the good news of the salvation of God to poor, perishing sinners.

But notice, especially, the fitness and preparedness of the Fire-Escape. Every

line and cord is in its place, and all is in readiness for use, whenever it shall be wanted. It is a beautiful figure or representation of Christ, the only way of escape for a sinner from the holy and just judgment of God. In the case of a house on fire, where every avenue of escape is shut off from the poor aroused and trembling one, how welcome would it be to him to see the Fire-Escape placed within his reach, and the steady and skilful fireman present to place him in the narrow way which would deliver him from the dreadful calamity which is awaiting him, and set him in safety and security from the devouring element. How blessed, too, it is for the sinner who is in fear of the judgment of God on account of his sins, to look and to flee to the Refuge which God has provided for the salvation of the sinner: “For God so loved the world, that He gave His only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.” John iii. 16.

Not far from where I reside is such an Engine-House and Fire-Escape; and very strikingly, there is adjoining them a Drinking-Fountain, and the combination of the two has had a pleasing effect upon my mind. We know that a Fountain is set for the reviving of the weary traveller, and for the refreshment of any who are willing to drink of it. Is not this what Christ is to the thirsty soul? Harken to the words of the Lord: “Let him that is athirst, come. And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely.” Rev. xxii. 17. “Whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst; but the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water spring-

ing up into everlasting life." John iv. 14. "If any man thirst, let him come unto Me and drink. He that believeth on Me, as the Scripture hath said, Out of his belly shall flow rivers of living water." John vii. 37, 38.

My desire for you, dear young reader, is that you should know Jesus, as the Saviour and Deliverer of your soul, through His death upon the cross, as the bearer of sin, and His resurrection to the right hand of God. And further, that you should know Him as the present and eternal satisfying portion of your soul; and that out of your mouth, may indeed, flow rivers of living water, in praise and thanksgiving to God, as well as in testimony to His name, as the God of all grace, to those about and around you.

T.

LITTLE ANNIE'S ANSWER.

In Australia, some three years ago, whilst awaiting the arrival of a gentleman upon whom I had called, a little girl came running into the room, and seeing a stranger she looked rather shyly at me; but after a few kind words we soon made friends. One of the first questions I put to her was, "Do you love Jesus?" She readily replied, "Yes, I do." I then said, "Do you think that Jesus loves you?" She looked up in my face and slowly answered, "I am *quite sure* He does." What a beautiful answer! Does the little boy or girl who is reading this love Jesus? I am sure He loves little children as much now as He did when He was on earth, and took them up in His arms and blessed them. For He is the same loving Saviour "yesterday and to-day, and for ever." Hebrews xiii. 8.

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER TO A YOUNG CHRISTIAN FROM ONE NOW WITH THE LORD.

"I am sure you will often feel dull and lonely so far from those you love—but remember that you are not where you are unknown to God. I can sympathise with you in your position, "for I know the heart of a stranger;" and so would cheer you with what has sustained and refreshed myself; Rev. ii. 13 has been a great comfort to me. "I know," says Jesus, "where thou dwellest." O, is not that enough; He has sent me here to learn something I could not learn elsewhere, or to serve Him as I could not do elsewhere.

O my dear —, do seek to be a witness for Christ; you cannot possibly be this unless you are in constant fellowship with the blessed Bible. O the sweet words of Jesus! Is it not fearful that anything should make us disrelish the precious words of Jesus. Keep on reading till your heart burns, for burn it will, if you have a spark of affection for the Saviour.

Another verse that has been a joy to me is the last of the fortieth Psalm:—"I am poor and needy, but the Lord thinketh on me." O what a well-spring of consolation; the Lord thinketh *on me*. Yes, on me! others may forget me, but the *Lord* thinketh on me—and why should He think on me? Just because He loves me; and whom He loves, He loves to the end. John xiii. 1. Keep a good conscience; beware of little sins, as men speak; and confess at once to Jesus and get forgiveness when you are overtaken in a hasty word or an unseemly action. Be an "epistle of Christ."

THE COLLIER BOYS.

ONE day, in a neighbouring coal mine, a great many men and five boys were employed at work. The men finished their work first, but the boys had a little more to do ; so the men went on, and thought the boys would soon come after them. But, in a short time, a large body of water, which had been in the mine for several years, and had been stopped up, suddenly burst in, and filled up the only passage by which the little boys could get out of the mine.

Only think what a dreadful situation they were in. The water continued to rise. The poor boys tried to escape, but could not, and two of them were very nearly drowned in trying. The men could not see them, but they were dreadfully distressed. They knew it would take several days to pump the water out, and they were afraid that, when they got the water out (if the boys lived so long), the bad air would come in, and the poor boys must be stifled. The men went home ; but think what a sad story they had to tell the boys' mothers, and what they must have felt about their poor children, whom, I dare say, they were longing to see come home to them, after their day's work. How true that word is—"*Thou knowest not what a day may bring forth.*" Well, the people gathered in crowds round the pit, but none could help. Day after day passed. Those who knew most about mines seemed to have the least hope. "I dare say," said one, "we shall see their funerals in a day or two." Oh, how sad it was. At length, after waiting and waiting, on Wednesday morning, I was told that, by the morrow evening, the

boys must be found, dead or alive. What a long time it seemed.

As I stood that evening, at my window, looking towards the place where the mine is situated, and longing to know the worst, I thought what a solemn thing it was, that five young creatures, perhaps unthinking and unprepared, should be called away, in such an awful manner, to meet their God. At that moment there was a hasty run down the lane, and a boy's voice, saying—"Mother, mother, they are all alive." The poor woman burst into tears.

I could stay in my house no longer ; I went out, and soon found myself in the midst of a crowd of people, who were all expressing their joy to hear of the poor boys being found alive.

But how had the poor boys felt in that awful prison ? What did they do in that dark pit ? "The waters are rising," said one of them, in his despair, "what shall we do now ?" "*We will go and pray,*" answered some of the rest ; and as well as they could, they did so. "And then," said one, "the waters were abated." They prayed to be delivered from the bad air, and the Lord was so well pleased that he caused a large piece of coal and clay to fall down, and it stopped up the passage, so that the foul air could not reach them. "And what did you say in prayer, my boy ?" said a father. "Lord, Thou knowest how bad it is to go to work in the morning, in health and strength, and to be carried home to father and mother dead." Poor boy, as he spoke, the remembrance of the agony he had endured so agitated him that he could not go on, and with difficulty he restrained his tears.

My dear readers, this is *prayer*, telling God all you feel and all you want in the simplest words. Let us all try to come to the same conclusion to which an old man, to whom I talked on the subject, brought me. He remarked many striking particulars, which made it quite a miracle that the boys should be saved, and ended by saying—"To think that there was bad air enough in that place to kill all the horses, and these boys were kept alive. 'Tis no use," he added, "to say more about it; *the Lord does hear prayer.*"

Have you, dear reader, ever prayed? I do not ask have you said prayers? but have you ever prayed?

ON TRUE PRAYER.

I OFTEN say my prayers;
But do I ever *pray*?
Or do the wishes of my heart
Go with the words I say?

I may as well kneel down,
And worship gods of stone,
As offer to the living God,
A prayer of words alone.

Lord, show me what I want,
And teach me how to pray;
And help me, when I seek Thy face,
To feel the words I say.

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS FOR APRIL.

Riches of God's goodness. Romans ii. 4.
Riches of God's wisdom. Romans xi. 33.
Riches of God's glory. Ephesians iii. 16.
Riches of God's inheritance. Ephesians i. 18.
Riches of God's grace. Ephesians i. 7.
Riches of God to supply all need. Philippians iv. 19.
Riches of God on vessels of mercy. Romans ix. 23.
Riches that God will show. Ephesians ii. 7.
Riches of God unsearchable. Ephesians iii. 8.
Riches of the glory of the mystery. Colossians i. 27.

BIBLE QUESTIONS FOR MAY.

IT IS WRITTEN OF ME.

1. Lo, I come: in the volume of the **Book** it is written of Me.

ALL MY MEMBERS.

2. In thy **Book** all my members were written, which in continuance were fashioned, when as yet there was none of them.

SHALL BE DELIVERED.

3. At that time thy people shall be delivered, every one that shall be found written in the **Book**.

THE LORD HEARKENED.

4. Then they that feared the Lord spake often one to another; and the Lord hearkened, and heard it, and a **Book** of remembrance was written before him for them that feared the Lord, and that thought upon His name. And they shall be mine, saith the Lord of hosts, in that day when I make up my jewels.

FELLOW LABOURERS.

5. Help those women which laboured with me in the Gospel, with Clement also, and with others, my fellow labourers whose names are in the **Book** of life.

THE BOOK OF LIFE.

6. I will not blot out his name out of the **Book** of life.

NOT WRITTEN IN THE BOOK.

7. They that dwell on the earth shall wonder, whose names were not written in the **Book** of life, from the foundation of the world, when they beheld the beast that was, and is not, and yet is.

THE LAMB SLAIN.

8. Whose names are not written in the **Book** of life, of the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world.

THEY WHICH ARE WRITTEN.

9. They which are written in the Lamb's **Book** of Life.

IN JERUSALEM.

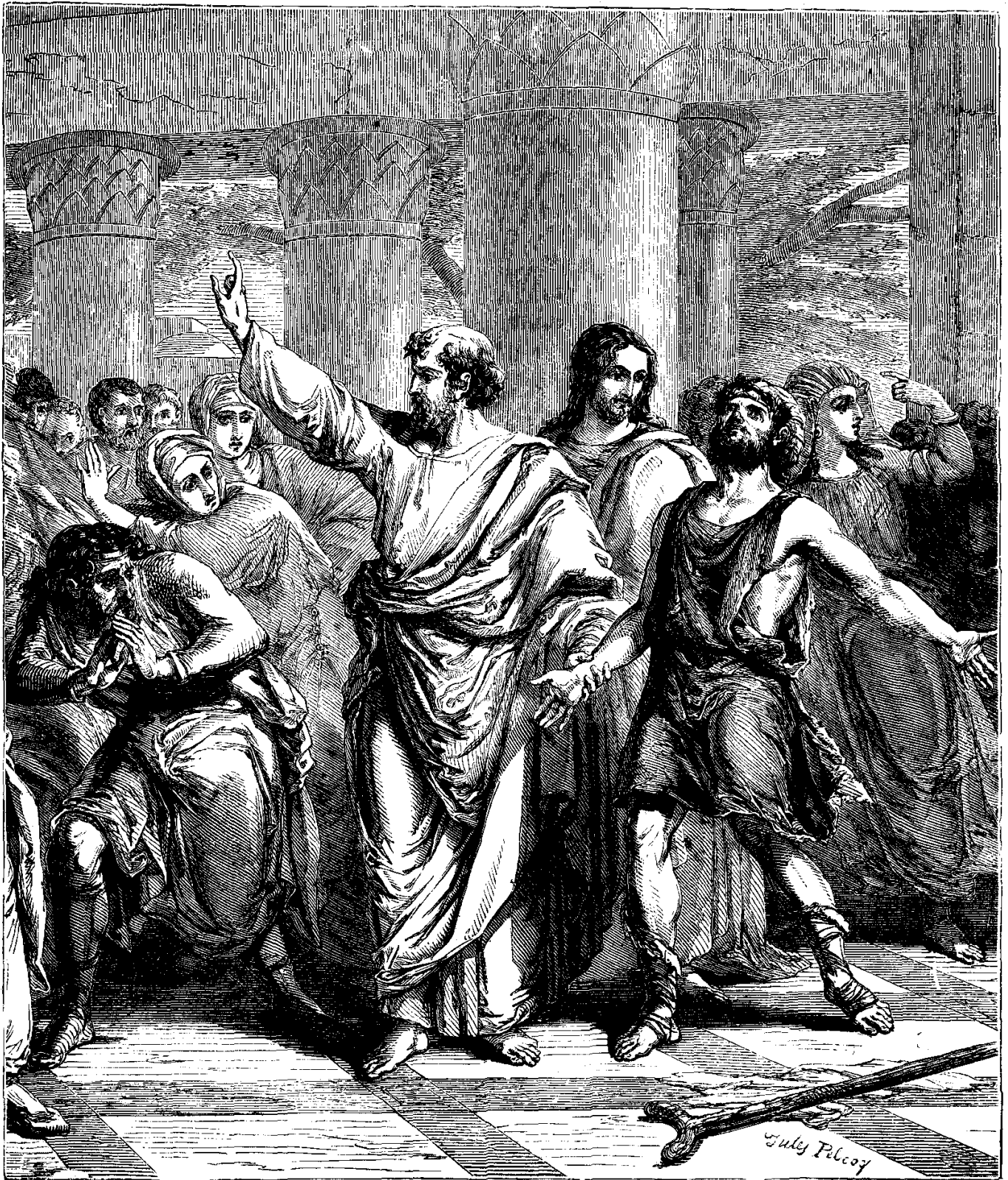
10. Every one that is written among the living in Jerusalem.

WRITTEN IN HEAVEN.

11. Rather rejoice because your names are written in heaven.

Give chapter and verse to each of the above Scriptures.

GOOD NEWS FOR YOUNG AND OLD.



THE CRIPPLE AT THE BEAUTIFUL GATE.

“THE BEAUTIFUL GATE.”

Acts iii. 10.

SOMETIMES, dear reader, you may have noticed that events give importance to the place; and contrariwise, sometimes place gives importance to the events. Who ever heard of Waterloo until the mighty battle was fought upon its plains? And how many persons little known previously, have been rendered famous by being connected with some renowned act, place, or building. It is so with the beautiful gate of the temple. It has rendered its builder or decorator, Herod the Great, famous for all time; as also the impotent man who was healed by Peter and John beneath its exquisite shade.

This beautiful erection has two names. It is called “Solomon’s Porch” in John x. 23, and also “the beautiful gate of the temple,” in Acts iii. 11. My readers are aware that the temple built by Solomon was destroyed, and remained unbuilt until the time of Ezra and Nehemiah at the partial return of the Jews from the captivity. Then this second temple was built in troublous times; and consequently, not with the lavish expenditure of wealth and art as the first. This caused the old men who had seen the former glory, to weep at its foundation; while the young men who had not before beheld a temple at all, rejoiced with great joy. Hence the discordant sounds—weeping and rejoicing. “So that the people could not discern the noise of shouts of joy from the noise of the weeping of the people; for the people shouted with a great shout, and the noise was heard afar off.” Ezra iii. 13.

This temple remained in its unpretend-

ing condition until the time of Herod the Great immediately preceding the birth of our Lord, who wished above all things to please and conciliate the Jews over whom he ruled. He consequently undertook its thorough repair, extension, and beautifying, which occupied no less than forty-six years, and many thousand hands, in its completion. The outer walls formed a square of one thousand feet, with double or treble rows of aisles between ranks of marble pillars. Not that Herod was a devout worshipper of Jehovah. His was merely a political motive. What he was as a man was seen in his merciless destruction of the dear little ones of Bethlehem. However, for many years he employed immense numbers of men in his self-imposed labour, in the vain hope of winning popularity among his people. But it is not with the building, as a whole, that we have now to do; but of that portion of it which is called the “Beautiful Gate.” And well did it deserve its name. The Porch, in elegance, was proportionate to the rest of the building; the upper part of it being adorned with a variety of rich tapestry and delicate purple flowers, with pillars interwoven, and a golden vine creeping and entwining around them, the branches of it laden with clusters of grapes, pending from the cornices. Several of the gates, we are told, were plated all over with gold and silver, post, front, and all; but this porch and gate, far surpassed the rest in glory, being built with such art and sumptuousness as well became the principal entrance of the building where Jehovah was pleased to place His name.

But it may puzzle some of my readers, as to why it was called the Porch of Solomon. Well, let me tell them. Some are

of opinion that this Porch, being one of those which Solomon built, had the fortune to escape destruction, or at least some part of it, when the Babylonians set fire to the temple; and that though Herod pulled it down and rebuilt it in a more magnificent way, it still retained its ancient name. It is certain, from Josephus, that the vast foundations of the east side of the court of the Gentiles, which Solomon built, was still subsisting in the time of the second temple; and as Herod, when he repaired that, made no alterations in this part of the work, the portico, which upon the old foundation was built round the court, might, in memory of so great a prince, and first founder of the temple, still be called by Solomon's name. Hence it was commonly called "Solomon's Porch," with the addition of its more modern name, the "Beautiful Gate." Upon its radiant beauty the shadow of our Lord often fell, as He passed into His Father's House; and beneath its glorious architecture, the power of His name was still known long after He had taken His seat on high. But all its beauty has faded, and its glory vanished. No High Priest there ministers now. All is in heaven now, the tabernacle which God pitched, and not man. Christ is its minister.

"No temple made with hands,
His place of service is;
In heaven itself He stands
A heavenly priesthood His."

But God has a temple on earth, His Church. And more than this, the Apostle says, "Know ye not that your body is the temple, of the Holy Ghost which is in you." All who are Christ's are thus made *living* temples, made

beautiful by the display of the fruits of the Spirit here, to be made eternally beautiful in the Father's House above; yea, and be made like Him who is the glory of heaven itself, like Jesus, and bear the image of the Heavenly One. All will be beautiful there—not a beautiful entrance only, but beautiful in all its parts. But O remember!

"Those holy gates for ever bar
Pollution, sin and shame,
None can obtain admission there,
But followers of the Lamb."

A. M.

"I LOVE HIM FOR HIS LOVE TO ME."

Galatians ii. 20.

A LITTLE boy, educated in one of the Hibernian schools, being near death, his parents, who were Roman Catholics, sent for their priest to administer the rites of the Church, which they regarded as the preparation for heaven. On the arrival of the priest, the boy seemed much confused, and astonished at his coming. "Your visit," said the boy, "is altogether unnecessary; I have no need of your help or assistance. I have a great High Priest on the right hand of the Majesty in the heavens, able to save to the uttermost all that come unto God by Him. He lives for evermore to make intercession; and He is such a priest as I require." Hebrews i. 23-28. The priest, perceiving it to be in vain to reason at such a time, and knowing the boy was acquainted with the Scriptures, went away. He was afterwards asked if he was afraid to die. "No," replied the boy, "my Redeemer is Lord of the dead and the living; I love Him for His love to me, and I hope soon to be with Him to see His Glory."

THE BIBLE

THAT MY MOTHER GAVE ME.

BEFORE I came to this place, I was assistant surgeon in a hospital; and in a variety of forms I there saw a vast amount of human misery. But it was not *all* misery. There was patience, and resignation, and hope, as well as pain, weariness, and despair. I had known something of the power of religion—that is, I had seen it in others. In my home, far away, I had seen its power to sanctify sorrow, to invigorate the mind, and to bless. My mother was a Christian; and she had prayed for my eternal well-being, striven for it; hoped, perhaps against hope, that I should some day be brought under the influence of the gospel, be savingly converted to God—become His child by surer and more lasting ties than I was her own. Against hope, I say; for I was wild and reckless, even in my boyhood.

I left home, unchanged; passed through the earlier stages of my professional career unchanged, only for the worse. I cared nothing for my mother's God: I forgot Him: that is, as far as I could I banished Him from my mind. In the subsequent stages of my professional history, I removed still further away from my home, and further, if possible, from God: far, far from Him, by wicked works. Professionally, I "walked the hospitals," passed examinations, and was said to be a promising man. Morally, I was degraded.

One day a poor fellow was brought in, badly injured by a fall. He was a bricklayer's labourer; the round of a ladder had broken under his weight while he was

ascending with a hod of mortar, and he was, in consequence, precipitated from a considerable height to the ground, with fearful violence. There was no hope for him. All that could be done was to alleviate pain, and in this we were tolerably successful. The man knew that he should die, for his mind was clear; and he asked me, on one occasion, how much longer he had to live. There was no reason for reserve, and I told him what I thought.

"So long!" said he, when I told him; "I thought it would have been sooner; but He knows best."

"Yes, perhaps I do, my friend," I said, soothingly. "I believe you will last as long as that."

"Yes, sir; but I mean something else," said the poor fellow, faintly smiling.

"Have you any friends for whom you would like to send?" I asked.

The man shook his head: he was alone in the world, he said; but his lodgings were not far off, and if I would not mind, he would like the people he had lodged with to be told of his accident; and perhaps the woman would come to see him, as he owed her a trifle of money, which he wished to pay her. There was enough in his pocket, he said, to do this, or was when he had his fall.

His request was complied with: the woman was sent for, and came to see her poor dying lodger two or three times, as I understood, though I never saw her, and knew nothing of the nature of any communications that passed.

My predictions were verified. The man lingered about a week, and then died. Of course I saw him daily, and oftener, all the while he lasted, but very few words

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escaped his lips. I noted only a peculiar expression of calmness, and quiet happiness almost, on his countenance, at which I rather wondered; for his pain, at times must have been excruciating. Well, the man died, and of course certain formalities were immediately necessary, at which I was present.

"What shall we do with this, doctor?" the nurse asked, holding up a book.

"What is it?"

"The poor fellow's Bible, sir: the woman brought it to him the second time she came to see him, because he had asked her to do it. And up to the last, he was reading it as often as he could get a little ease; and when he could not read, he kept it under his bolster."

Could I believe my own eyes? It was the Bible which had once been my own; the Bible which my mother had put into my hands when I was a youth, first leaving home, and which afterwards I had sold—yes, SOLD to supply some trifling need in the days of my profligacy, when, as I have said, almost all my personal property went in the same way for the same purpose. Yes, there was my own Bible, or what had once been mine; my name written there by my mother's own hand, still unerased, with the passage of Scripture she had written underneath, yet legible. I had sufficient control over myself not to betray the emotions of my mind; and I even found words to say to the nurse in a tone of assumed indifference, "It is of no consequence; I'll take care of the book."

I took the Bible home with me. As to money value it was worth nothing, for it was dirty, torn in places, with many leaves loose. It had evidently been long

and well used. Long comparatively, I mean, for not very many years had passed since it left my own hands. Possibly it had had no other possessor besides myself and the poor hospital patient; but this, of course, I never knew. But I knew one thing, that a better use of it had been made after it passed away from me than ever before. Almost every page, as I turned it over, bore testimony to the care and diligence with which it had been perused, in pencil and pen marginal marks, or interlineations. And I could repeat, now, passage after passage thus indicated, which had doubtless been the solace of the Bible's poor possessor in times of doubt, or trial or difficulty, and had smoothed his passage to the grave, and lighted it with heavenly joy. No wonder that he was so calm and happy! Its poor possessor, I said. Well, he was poor in this world, and friendless, and unknown; yet, as I firmly believe, "rich in faith, and an heir of the kingdom that God hath promised to them that love Him."

Shall I write more? Shall I say that that strange event was the turning point in my history? The accusations of an awakened conscience drove me almost to despair, until I was enabled to embrace the faithful saying, worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, even the chief; and that my now recovered Bible is dearer to me than all the books in my library, because the gospel it contains has been made to me, through faith in Christ, the power of God, unto salvation. Rom. i. 16.

Dare not sleep in that condition in which thou darest not die.



A WORD IN SEASON.

ON a summer's evening, about eighteen years ago, in a little village in the north of England, two boys might have been seen walking slowly down a little lane which led to a neighbouring farmstead. Along with, them and engaged in earnest conversation, was a man evidently about forty years of age. Let us draw near and listen to the speaker, as he pleads and reasons with his youthful companions. What is the theme that appears to absorb his whole soul, causing his face to beam with love and fervour? Surely something more than the ordinary topics which are characteristic of village life.

"Yes, dear boys," he said, "it is, indeed, a great thing to be a Christian; how happy it would make you, if you would only take Jesus as your Saviour, now, when your hearts are young and tender, and before you get ensnared with the world's ways. Satan will do all he can to keep you from Christ."

"I am sure, sir, I would like to be a Christian," said one of the boys, "but there are so many difficulties in the way—and I don't know anyone about here, like you, to teach us about those things."

"Ah, my dear young friends, the Lord will take care of you, and teach you out of His own precious Word."

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"But I am afraid I should not be able to stand, if you were away from here. I should fall away, and be worse than I was before."

"Dear boy. He who loved sinners so much as to give His precious life for them, will keep you, if you by faith look to Him. His watchful eye never slumbers, if you have few to give you counsel, you may always count on Him. All who love His holy name have, in Jesus, a friend who will never leave nor forsake them. Give yourselves to Him, now, in all your weakness, just as you are. Only trust Him, and all will be well with you, both for time and eternity."

His words came with such power to the hearts of his young hearers, that neither could speak for some time, the love of Jesus thus presented fairly broke them down. And when they again broke silence, it was to express an earnest heartfelt desire to be the Lord's. Shortly after this little incident took place, this dear servant of Christ was called to another sphere of labour, and to this day they have never met their kind friend again, but I can testify that the simple story of God's grace told me on that occasion, is as fresh and sweet in my memory now as when first spoken. And through eternity, I shall have reason to praise God for the work then begun in my young heart.

Sow beside all waters. Isaiah xxxii. 20.

THE CHRISTIANS' CROWN.

Revelation iii. 21.

LORD, when with Thee we share the throne
Reserv'd for us above,
The brightest jewel in our crown
Will be Thy precious love.

A CHILD'S FAITH.

AN intelligent and sparkling-eyed boy of ten years sat upon the steps of his father's dwelling, deeply absorbed with a highly embellished but pernicious book, calculated to poison and deprave the young mind. His father, approaching, at a glance discovered the character of the book.

"George, what have you there?"

The little fellow looked up with a confused air, promptly gave the name of the author. The father gently remonstrated, and pointed out to him the danger of reading such books, and left him with the book closed by his side.

In a few moments, the father discovered a light, and on inquiring the cause, it was ascertained that the little fellow had consigned the pernicious book to the flames.

"My son, what have you done?"

"Burnt that book, papa."

"How came you to do that, George?"

"Because, papa, I believed you knew better than I what was for my good."

"But would it not have been better to have kept the leaves for other purposes, rather than destroy them?"

"Papa, might not others have read and been injured by them?"

Here is a "threefold act"—a trust in his father's word, evincing "love," and "obedience," and care for the good of others. If this child exercised such faith in his earthly parent, how much more should we, like little children, exercise a simple, true-hearted, implicit faith in God, whose word is always to be confided in.

Entertain no thoughts that will blush in words.

Keep thy heart, and then it will be easy for thee to keep thy tongue.

THE HIDDEN TREASURE.

THERE died, many years since, in the city of Lyons, in France, a widow who possessed a great treasure in her old age. She was very poor, and her husband was only able by working hard to earn their daily bread, when he died, leaving her a widow, childless and infirm, being in great need.

She sold nearly everything she had, and removed to a garret to spend the remainder of her days. She was not entirely without dependence upon the God of the fatherless and the widow, but she was a poor Catholic, and knew much more about saints and guardian angels than of Jesus Christ and what He has done for sinners.

One day, as she was sitting alone in her half-empty room, it struck her that there was a singular outline on one of the beams. It had been whitewashed, but she thought it looked as if there had been a square opening, which had been carefully closed with a kind of door. She examined it more closely, and the thought occurred to her, "Perhaps there is some treasure hidden there," for she remembered as a child the fearful days of the Revolution, when no property was safe from the men of equality and liberty. Perhaps some rich man had concealed his treasure there from their rapacity, who had himself fallen a victim before he had had time to remove it. She tapped with her finger, and the boards returned a hollow sound. With beating heart, she tried to remove the square door, and soon succeeded, without much difficulty; but, alas, instead of the gold and silver she hoped to see, she beheld a damp, dirty, mouldy old book! In her disappointment, she was ready to

fix in the boards again, and leave the book to mould and crumble away, but a secret impulse induced her to take it out and see if there were any valuable papers in it, but no, nothing but a book!

When she had a little recovered from her vexation, she began to wonder what book it could be, that someone had hid away so carefully. It must surely be something extraordinary. So she wiped it, and set herself to read. Her eyes fell upon the words, "Therefore say I unto you, Take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat, and what ye shall drink, nor yet for your body what ye shall put on. Is not the life more than meat, and the body than raiment? Behold the fowls of the air; they sow not, neither do they reap, yet your heavenly Father feedeth them. Are ye not much better than they?" And the words that she read appeared so sweet and precious that she read on and on during the whole day, and far into the night, almost forgetting to eat or sleep. The next morning, she sat down again to the book, the words of which made an ever-deepening impression on her soul. She began to see that she had indeed found a treasure, and an invaluable one. Her little room no longer looked so desolate; her food, which had so often seemed to her as the bread of tears, now appeared to her more like bread from heaven; and her solitude was relieved by that which gave her joy and peace in the Lord Jesus Christ. She had the book cleaned and bound, and it was to her as meat and drink, by day and by night, until she was permitted to close her eyes and enter into the joy of her Lord. She related this history, in the latter days of her pilgrimage, to a beloved Christian in

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Lyons, in whose hands the book is now. It is Arnelotte's edition of the New Testament, of the time of the Huguenot persecution.

A CONTRAST.

WE were rounding the Cape of Good Hope, and no small tempest lay upon us. Sail after sail was blown to shreds. As night gradually drew on, with its increasing darkness—what with a furious wind, a raging sea, and general sickness among the passengers, our condition was deplorable. I was below conversing with a fellow Christian. Numbers were sitting about in silent terror, wondering whether we should weather the gale. A Mr. S— came up to us, and inquired what we thought of the storm. His whole appearance was one of abject misery, most painful to witness. His face was white like death; and his lips quivered with fear. A day or two prior to this, he had said that he did not mind rough weather; and now that it had come upon us, he was terrified.

After conversing with him, I walked away with Mr. C—, an aged Christian friend, to a more retired spot, where we talked together about the fear of death, &c. "If the ship should founder," he remarked, "to you and I it will be but an immediate and joyous entrance into the presence of the Lord Jesus." How blessed and peace-giving is *faith in Him*!

The more entire our dependence on the grace of God, the greater is our joy and peace in believing.

Strength for works of holiness depends on being at rest in Christ.

I WILL NEVER LEAVE THEE.

"Call upon me in the day of trouble; I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me."—Ps. l. 15.

How often have the afflicted children of God found this to be one of those unfailing and precious promises, in which the word of inspiration abounds. When trouble has overtaken them, they have looked to the Strong for strength; then have their hearts been filled with thanksgiving, and their lips with praise.

A woman was sitting lonely and sorrowful in her little parlour. Her situation was peculiar and trying. Separated by circumstances from a beloved husband, from whom she only received occasional assistance, she exerted all her powers to maintain a numerous family. Having received a tolerable education, she had spent a portion of her time in teaching a little school; but at the time we are now speaking of, her strength had given way under her arduous duties; her school was small, her means slender, and her heart was bowed down even to the dust.

It was a lovely, glowing autumnal day; the hand of God had poured forth an abundant harvest; the waving corn-fields, the richly-laden orchards, were bending under their treasures. But, amidst all this gladness and plenty, the heart of the solitary woman was sad. On that day, a small sum of money was to be paid; true it was small, but *her* means were smaller still, and she sat lifting up her heavy heart to Him to whom she had long since learnt to bring all her joys and all her griefs. Her lips moved not, but her eyes were raised, and in secret she poured forth her heart to her God. She prayed for His direction, His guidance; and she entreated

that either some way might be opened for her, or that she might have patience to bear the rebuffs of her creditor, whom she expected every moment. Some one entered her little room. It was a person called and said, "If you have any fruit to dispose of, I will take all you can spare." The woman started. "Yes, I have," she joyfully replied. She proceeded to her store-room, disposed of the produce of her orchard, and found, when she was paid, that she was in possession of the sum she required for her present emergency. Who shall say that *chance* brought that man to a village he had never been in before, and to a person of whose existence he was not aware?

The unbelieving worldling may sneer; but the faithful, humble Christian will exclaim, "I called upon Thee in the day of trouble, and Thou heardest me, and I will glorify Thee!"

I SAW IT WAS ALL IN BELIEVING.

"WELL, Mrs. —, and how long have you been saved?" said a Christian visitor to an elderly woman, some eighty years of age.

"Oh! a long time, Sir. One night, as a man was preaching, I was converted, and I thought I could go through the room."

"What do you mean by go through the room?"

"Oh! I felt so light, I thought I should have gone through the ceiling. I sat on the second seat from the window. I had been weeping, and sorrowing, and trying for three years to be saved, and that night I saw my errors all at once. I saw it was *all in believing*. I used to believe for other people, instead of myself. I used to think, I wish my husband, or my son were here,

that would just suit him. I didn't believe for myself. But after that, I couldn't seem to love Christ enough. Oh! it was inexpressible. I thought I could have gone all round the room, and shake hands with everybody, but I didn't, I kept it to myself."

"What was the portion of Scripture that was blessed to you?"

"The words were, 'If I may but touch His garment, I shall be whole.' It was a man named J——, a blacksmith, who was preaching. He's been the instrument of bringing many to Christ. There was no sleep for me that night."

"But what was it made you happy?"

"*I believed in Christ*, that was all. There was nothing more to do, was there? Mr. M—— used to come and ask me, 'Are you happy, Hannah?' And I said, 'Yes.' And so did the other woman who lived with me. We were happy in our sins."

"Where are your sins now?"

"Behind His back."

"Do you know, then, that you are saved?"

"I seem *positive* I am. If I ain't, I never shall be. It was quite a change, what I never experienced before."

How blessed to meet with such simple faith in the Lord Jesus in a poor old woman; poor in this world, but rich in faith. My reader, can you speak with the same confidence and joy? Conversion to God is a real change indeed. Have you passed through it? It is not a mere persuasion that certain facts concerning Jesus are true, but much more than that. It is the actual implanting in that one who believes on the Son of God, of a new nature that finds all its springs, and joys, and delight in Him. "He that believeth on the Son

hath everlasting life." John iii. 36. "Marvel not," said the Saviour, "that I say unto you, Ye must be born again." John iii. 7. Yes, it is an absolute necessity.

Born in sin, and shapen in iniquity, none are meet for the presence of God, but touch but the hem of the garment of Christ, and virtue shall go out from Him for you. Believe on Him, and His blood will cleanse you from all sin. 1 John i. 7. His Word will assure your heart, and the Spirit of God will both impart in you new life, *eternal life*, and seal you for the day of redemption. John vi. 47, Eph. iv. 30.

As this old woman said, "I believed in Christ, that was all. There was nothing more to do, was there?" No, indeed, nothing, nothing whatever to do; it was all done by Jesus, long, long ago.

I want no other argument,
I need no other plea;
It is enough that Jesus died,
And rose again for me.

Dear reader, "Is it enough for you?"
If not, why not?

E. H. C.

TWO SOLDIERS;

OR,

PEACE WITH GOD, AND THE PEACE OF GOD.

Jesus only, He can give
Peace and comfort while we live;
Jesus only can supply
Boldness if we're called to die.
If in Him you now believe,
He will then your souls receive;
And He will your treasure be
Here and through eternity.

We all seek for happiness; the little child seeks it in his play; the young man looks for it in sports of many kinds; the old man often tries to find it in his money-

chest; but, all will seek it in vain, till they have found peace with God through Jesus Christ. To know that all our sins are forgiven, that God approves of us now, and is going to bless us for ever, this gives peace when nothing else can. So it was in the case of a poor soldier who fought at the battle of Waterloo, and there got a wound of which he soon after died. One who was with him when wounded, carried him some way off, and laid him down under a tree. Before he left him, the dying man asked him to open his knapsack and take out his pocket Bible, and read to him a small part of it before he died. When his friend asked what part he should read, he told him to read John xiv. 27, "Peace I leave with you; my peace I give unto you; not as the world giveth give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid." He said, "I die happy, I have peace with God, and I have the 'peace of God, which passes all understanding.'" A little time after, one of his officers passed him, and seeing him in in such a weak state, asked him how he did. He said, "I die happy, for I enjoy the peace of God, which passes all understanding;" and then breathed his last. The officer left him and went into the battle, where he soon after got a fatal wound. As his brother officers stood around him, full of pain and distress, he cried out, "Oh! I would give ten thousand worlds, if they were mine, that I had the peace which made glad the heart of a dying soldier, whom I saw lying under a tree, for he said that he enjoyed the peace of God, which passes all understanding. I know nothing of that peace! I die miserable! for I die in despair." The dying soldier's peace was indeed a blessing which

ten thousand worlds could not purchase ; it is beyond all price ; our gracious God knows that it is so, and he offers it to us " without money and without price." But where do we meet with this offer ? It is to be found in the precious book which the dying soldier carried in his little knapsack ; no doubt he often took it out and read, and loved his Bible. The dying officer, we fear, neglected the Bible during his life, and when this is the case, the Word of God will not give comfort in death.

If you have not peace with God, may you rest alone on Jesus Christ, then like the dying soldier you will not only have peace with God, but the peace of God which passes all understanding."—Philippians iv. 7.

THE CHRISTIAN AND HIS ECHO.

True faith produces love to God and Man,
Say, Echo, is not this the Gospel plan ?
The Gospel plan.

Must I my faith and love to Jesus show,
By doing good to all, both friend and foe ?
Both friend and foe.

But, if a brother hates and treats me ill,
Must I return him good, and love him still ?
Love him still.

If he my failings watches to reveal,
Must I his faults as carefully conceal ?
As carefully conceal.

But if my name and character he blast,
And cruel malice, too, a long time last ;
And if I sorrow and affliction know,
He loves to add unto my cup of woe ;
In this uncommon, this peculiar case,
Sweet Echo, say, must I still love and bless ?
Still love and bless.

Amen ! with all my heart, then be it so,
'Tis all delightful, just and good, I know.
And now to practise I'll directly go.
Directly go.

But after all the duties I have done,
Must I, in point of merit, them disown,
And trust for heaven through Jesu's blood alone ?
Through Jesu's blood alone. Acts xvi. 30, 31 ; 1 John i. 7.

BIBLE QUESTIONS FOR JUNE.

1. By what does the apostle John say in the fifth chapter of the first epistle, that we know we love the children of God ?
2. Who does St. Paul say that God commands to repent in the 17th of Acts ?
3. What are we told in the thirteenth of Luke will become of those who do not repent ?
4. What two things are mentioned in the tenth of Romans in connection with those that are told shall " be saved ?"
5. What prophet says Israel shall be saved with an everlasting salvation ?
6. What are we told in the Epistle of John he does who believeth not God's record of eternal life ?
7. What epistle states that God would have His people know that they have eternal life ?

Any reader of the GOOD NEWS that will send seven passages containing events in the life of Joseph, which will suggest similar in the life of the Lord Jesus, such as " despised," " sold," &c., will receive by the end of July, an illustrated sheet of events in Joseph's life.

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS FOR MAY.

- | | |
|-----------------------|------------------------|
| 1. Psalm xl. 7. | 6. Revelation iii. 5. |
| 2. Psalm cxxxix. 16. | 7. Revelation xvii. 8. |
| 3. Daniel xii. 1. | 8. Revelation xiii. 8. |
| 4. Malachi iii. 16. | 9. Revelation xxi. 27. |
| 5. Philippians iv. 3. | 10. Isaiah iv. 3. |
| 11. Luke x. 20. | |

Do you love Christ ? I ask not if you feel
The warm excitement of that party zeal
Which follows on, while others lead the way,
And make His cause the fashion of the day ?
But do you love Him when His garb is mean,
Nor shrink to let your fellowship be seen ?
Do you love Jesus, blind, and halt, and maimed ?
In prison succour Him ? nor feel ashamed
To own Him, though His injured name may be
A mark for some dark slander's obloquy ?
Say not, When saw we Him ? each member dear,
Poor and afflicted, wears His image here.

GOOD NEWS FOR YOUNG AND OLD.



REBEKAH AND ABRAHAM'S SERVANT AT THE WELL.

THE BEAUTIFUL BRIDE.

Solomon's Song vi. 4.

WE have now arrived at the last of the beautiful objects which will engage our attention, as presented to us in the precious Word of God. Our first paper was the "Beautiful Branch," and our closing one is the "Beautiful Bride." Who and what can this be but Christ and His Church—the Bridegroom and the Bride?

There are two things brought before us in the Word of God, namely, the *measure* of God's love in Christ to us, and the *manner* thereof. The measure of it is seen in the Cross. There we behold the love

"— that no tongue can teach,
Love that no thought can reach."

But there is also the *manner* of it. This is what so struck the heart of the Apostle John, when he cried out, "Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us!" 1 John iii. 1. You understand the manner of the love to mean the fashion of the love; the way which it takes; and, what it makes of its object. Now the manner of God's love is the making us His children. The manner of Christ's love is the making us His bride. And often and beautifully are the Scriptures occupied with the Bride; in other words, the Church—given by the Father to the Son, and redeemed by the Son to the Father—redeemed by His own blood, and made one with Him. The earthly bride of Jehovah is Israel. The heavenly bride of Christ is His Church.

Not many little children can understand the Song of Solomon, or the Revelation of Jesus given by the Apostle John. In fact not every grown-up Christian can do so. They are only spiritually discerned by

those who have grown in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ; and only these can discern them. But though few can dive deeply into them, all who have the Spirit of God can *enjoy* them. The two disciples going to Emmaus could not intelligently enter into the words of Jesus, but it did not hinder their hearts burning within them, while He talked with them by the way. So we often, dear readers, richly enjoy Scripture which we cannot explain or fully understand. There is milk for babes, and there is meat for those of full age. 'Tis well that the mind should be informed; but God tells us 'tis good that the heart be established. We shall know more and understand better by-and-by.

So that in reading the precious Song, or the wonderful Revelation, it is the heart that is captivated, and the affections that are wooed and won. In both the Bridegroom and the Bride are the central objects. In the Song we read, "Thou art beautiful, O my love" (vi. 4.) In the Revelation we also read, "Come hither, I will show thee the Bride, the Lamb's wife," (xxi. 9), and then she is spoken of as prepared as a bride adorned for her husband." Now, why was Eve, the type of the Bride, formed and presented to Adam, the type of the Bridegroom? Was it not to meet the affections of Adam's heart? To be sure it was. And why was the Church—the Bride—chosen in God, and presented to the Son? Was it to make the Bride happy? Surely not, primarily, but to make the Bridegroom happy. How many think that they are saved to be made happy; forgetting that it is for the joy of the Saviour, the Bridegroom. "He that hath the Bride is the Bridegroom,"

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said John Baptist; not "She that hath the Bridegroom is the Bride." No, no, all is for Christ; for Him all things are, and were created.

And how He has loved, and still loves His Bride, the Church. "Christ also loved the Church, and gave Himself for it, that He might sanctify and cleanse it with the washing of the water by the word, that He might present it to Himself a glorious Church, not having spot or wrinkle, or any such thing; but that it should be holy and without blemish." Eph. v. 25. But, like the bride of Isaac, who had to traverse the desert before she could see her bridegroom face to face; so the beloved bride of Christ is passing through the world up to the Father's house, the Bridegroom's house above. But what is her beauty? Simply this, the comeliness which He puts upon her. All the world was searched for a bride for the Persian Monarch, and only one, Esther, was found; but all heaven and all earth was explored for a bride for the "King's Son," and only the Church met the requirements of His heart, and the fond affections and satisfaction of His desire. Hence He can say, "How fair and how pleasant art thou, O love, for delights!" And she, entering into His love can say, "I am my beloved's, and his desire is towards me;" both exclamations from the beautiful Song.

But why am I thus speaking of the beautiful Bridegroom? Because I want you to know His love. And why am I speaking of the beautiful Bride? Because I want you to be numbered with that Church which is the Bride—the chosen treasure of the Lamb. Love, stronger than death, has been shown by Him;

and He wants your heart to love and own it, and to make it yours. Not much longer will He be gathering out His people, His Church, His Bride. She will soon be perfected, soon be complete. To be beautiful for time, by many is much desired. But oh! to be beautiful for ever—to be the Beautiful Bride eternally! Well might one exclaim, now in the glory—

"What raised the wondrous thought!

Or who did it suggest?

That we, the Church, to glory brought,
Should with the Son be blest!"

"O God! the thought was Thine!

Thine only could it be,

Fruit of the wisdom, love divine,
Peculiar unto Thee."

O, listen to the voice of love now calling. Don't think the reward is too great, or the honour too high. Let Christ have His own way. Let God, as He will, honour His own Son. Come, then, and with us believing, say—

"O God, with great delight,

Thy wondrous thought we see,

Upon His throne, in glory bright
The Bride of Christ shall be."

A. M.

DO YOU EVER PRAY?

I HAD taken the box-seat on the coach which left E——, rather early in the morning, and the coachman was just about to start, when he was told that there was an inside passenger who had not yet arrived. At this, he threw himself into a terrible rage, and began to swear in a most fearful manner, nor did he cease until the passenger made his appearance; and then giving a most cruel and unnecessary lash to the poor unoffending horses, he rattled us over the stones at a rapid pace.

I had more than twenty miles to ride

with this coachman, and had I not witnessed this burst of passion on his part, I should probably at once have begun a conversation with him upon general subjects; but so shocked was I at his blasphemy and violence, that I felt no inclination to open my lips to him. At length, after riding some miles in silence, I called to mind the promise, "In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand; for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good." I therefore resolved to talk with this swearer upon the concerns of his soul. His face still retained a ferocious and angry expression, and did not give me much encouragement to address him; but earnestly lifting up my heart in prayer to God for the assistance of the Holy Spirit, I quietly said, "Coachman."

"Sir, to you," he gruffly answered.

"Do you ever pray?"

He was much astonished by the question, and seemed in no humour to answer it,—for again whipping the horses severely, and drawing the box-apron closely round his knees, he settled himself firmly down in his seat, as if he wished to have no more to say to me.

"Coachman," I repeated, "do you ever pray?"

"It doesn't much matter to you, sir, whether I do or not; but if you want to know, why then, I go to church sometimes on a Sunday; and when the clergyman says—'let's pray,' I suppose I pray, don't I?"

"Not unless with your heart you sincerely follow the words he utters. Do you ever pray out of the church? Did you pray this morning, for instance, that

God would keep you from blaspheming His holy name?"

"No, I didn't."

"Then, I am afraid you never pray at all; indeed, no man can swear as you are in the habit of swearing, and yet keep up the habit of praying to God. I fear if any accident were to happen to this coach to-day, and you were to die, that you would be for ever lost."

Some months after this, however, I was travelling in another part of the country, and upon alighting from the coach, I was addressed by a man, who respectfully desired to have a few minutes' conversation with me. He spoke and looked as if he knew me, but I had not the slightest recollection of ever having seen him before.

"Don't you know me, sir?" he asked with a smile. I confessed I did not. "Ah! sir," he said, "I have much reason to be thankful that ever I knew you;" and then to my surprise he recounted the particulars which I have just related. I was the coachman, sir; and I bless God that you ever travelled with me that day. I saw myself a lost and ruined sinner, but now, through the blood which cleanseth from all sin, and by the power of the Holy Spirit, I am a converted man.

I shook him by the hand, and devoutly rejoiced in the mercy that had been shown him. He pressed me, if only for a moment, to go with him to his house, which was but a short distance from the spot where we were. When we arrived there, he presented me to his wife and daughter, as the instrument in the hands of God of his conversion from death unto life; "and oh, sir," he added, with tears in his eyes, "both my wife and my daughter have also been brought to a knowledge of the truth

as it is in Jesus. Stop not in your good work, sir, of speaking to poor sinners, as you spoke to me that day on the coach, for I should still have been in the broad way which leads to destruction, but for your reproof and instruction." I spent some time with him, and we mingled our praises and thanksgivings at the throne of grace, and I then left them, happy in their Saviour's love.

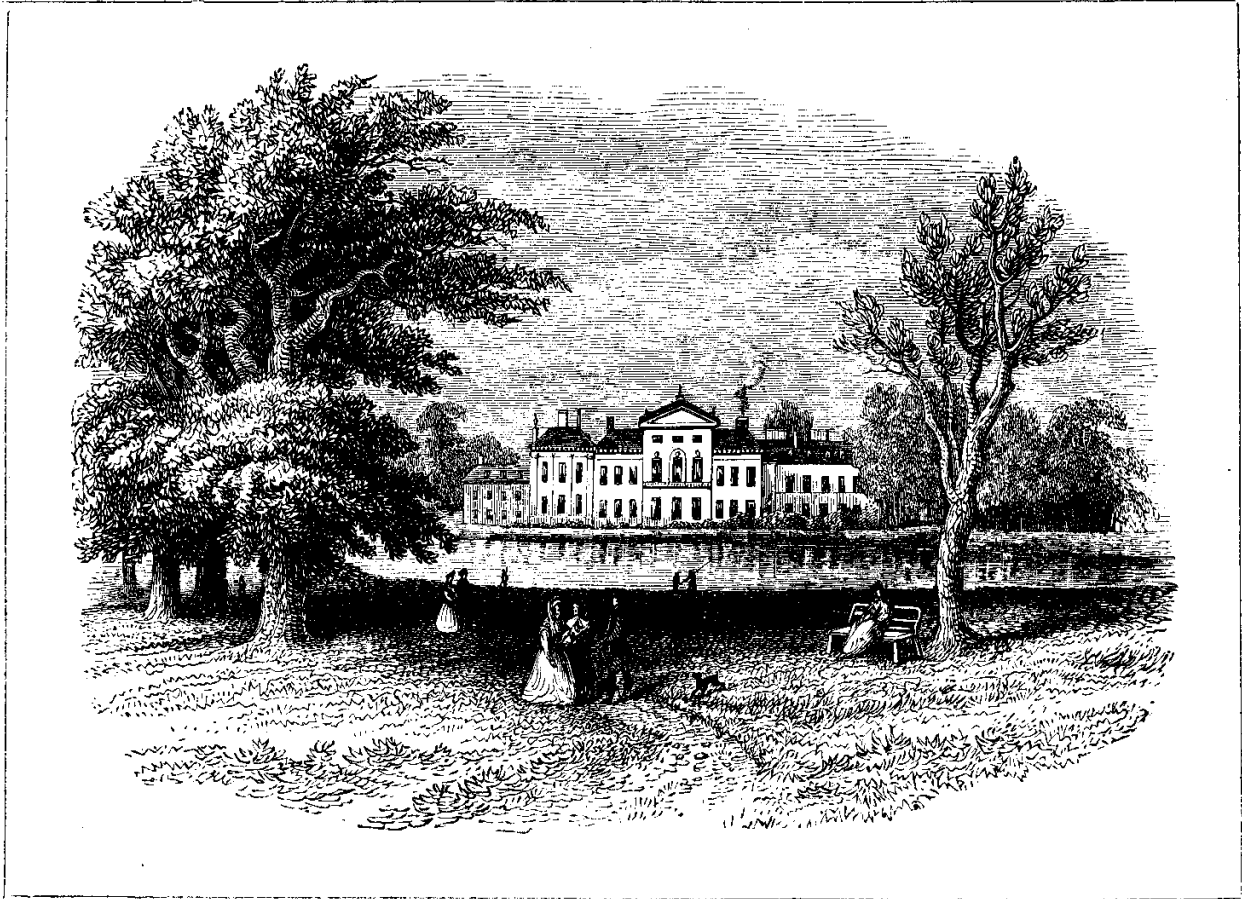
THE POWER OF GOD'S WORD.

"I DON'T believe in your religion a bit, for I am an infidel. My father was an infidel before me, and he died one; and I intend to do the same." The speaker was a shoemaker, and as he concluded the above remark, he fixed the shoe once more firmly between his knees and again hammered away. This was my first visit. There were two of them: the other had once professed to know the truth; and it was on his account rather that I paid many subsequent visits. I felt that in his case there was hope, and prospect of some fruit; for he listened to what I had to say, and well received the books and tracts which I left from time to time. Of the professed infidel I had but small hope; yet at the same time knowing that all things are possible with God. Mark x. 27.

Passing strange are the ways of God. His thoughts are not as our thoughts. The very one of whom I had but little, if any, hope, was the one whom *He* proposed to bless; whilst the poor backslider—as I found the other to be—manifested not the least change the whole time I remained in the neighbourhood. In order to be brief,

I will pass over the many visits I paid, and the conversation, held in that shop during the ensuing three months; simply telling the reader an interesting event which occurred one summer's evening at the close of that period. I was a short distance from the shop, when who should accost me but the infidel shoemaker, who with much earnestness asked me if I would take him to some retired spot and pray with him. Joyfully did I respond to his request. Having the key of the Mission room in my pocket, thither we at once wended our steps, and carefully securing the door behind us for fear of interruption, we knelt together at the throne of grace: which indeed proved a throne of grace: for within an hour we left the room, the man no longer an infidel, but rejoicing in the forgiveness of sins: being justified *freely* by God's grace, through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus. Rom. iii. 24.

In this brief narrative the power and goodness of God shines forth, in His thus blessing such a one; even making him His child, by faith in Christ Jesus. Gal. iii. 26. We also hereby see the *simplicity* of "the way of salvation." He entered that room with me, full of fear, his soul bowed beneath the sense of his sinful condition, trembling for the consequences, but ere he arose from his knees he was enabled to rest confidently upon the finished work of the Lord Jesus Christ. He saw that Christ had wrought a work for him which God had accepted; and in token of that acceptance had raised the Sin-bearer from the grave. He was delivered for our offences and was raised again for our justification. Rom. iv. 25.



IN PERFECT PEACE.

ONE Lord's day evening a man called upon me, and said that a gentleman, lodging in his house, was very anxious to see me. I replied, that "I would visit him later that evening." He answered, "Oh, Sir, please to come at once, he is so desirous to see you immediately." I went, and was conducted to an attic, miserably furnished, and on a wretched bed I saw a young man, of genteel appearance, very thin and pale: I asked for what purpose he wished to see me? he replied, "I have lost one of my legs by an accident, the other is very bad-

ly scalded; I believe I am going to die, therefore I wish to see you before my death." Supposing from these words he desired spiritual instruction and consolation, I spoke to him concerning repentance towards God, and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ. Acts xx. 21. I rejoiced to find by his conversation that through the power of the Holy Spirit he deeply felt his own sin and guilt, and yet he was in perfect peace through the knowledge of Jesus Christ his Saviour.

I then observed, "May I ask who and what you are? for you evidently are not what your present circumstances appear

to indicate." He told me "he was the son of a Barrister, who possessed £1,300 per annum, independent of his practice; that he himself had had a University education, and when on the eve of taking his degree, he had wrongfully quarrelled with his father, and LEFT him to reside with an uncle. While there he had lost his leg by an accident, and had afterwards married a young woman much below him in station: he was consequently cast off by all his family, and came to this country because he heard living was very cheap here."

I then remarked, "I wonder how a man with your knowledge, and feeling of religion, could act as you have done." He answered, "I had no knowledge of true religion in those days;—I received all a possess through YOU!" I said, "That is I very strange circumstance, for I have never seen you before;" to which he replied, "I have been listening to your preaching for the last three months, but while doing so I endeavoured to hide myself from your gaze. I have obtained that spiritual knowledge of Christ my Saviour, which gives me peace in my present sad condition. MY object in coming to this country was to live cheaply, but GOD brought me hither in order to save my soul, and I wished you to know all this before I die."

I then inquired whether he had seen a medical man: he said, "No, I have no means of paying one."

It was now time to leave him, so I went away, saying I should bring one to see him after the preaching." I did so, he prescribed for him, and after prayer I left him for the night. Next morning, through the mercy of God, he was better, and on

my inquiring whether he wanted money, his own words were, "My last half-penny was spent this morning in buying a half-penny worth of milk."

For a short time I had the privilege of ministering to his wants, and having written to his father the substance of what I have now related, and besought him to forgive his erring son (as I believe God had forgiven him), I received a most kind letter from him, saying "my communication had given him great pleasure, that he would forgive his son, that he felt thankful for my kindness to him, and begged that I would order everything that was necessary for the recovery of his health, and he would cheerfully repay me all expenses."

He was soon removed to comfortable apartments, and had daily carriage exercise, and every possible attention.

Through the blessing of God he was restored to health, and by his father's desire returned to his own neighbourhood, where that kind parent settled an annuity upon him, and procured him a sedentary employment, suited to the state of his health. See Luke xv. 11-32.

I saw him some time afterwards, and was invited to his father's house to meet him. He was in perfect health, and in happy circumstances. Like Onesimus, he departed for a season that he might be received for ever.

GOD'S FOUNDATION.

God often produces great effects from little causes, but it has seldom been more strikingly displayed than in the circumstances about to be narrated.

Many years ago, when addressing a

strange congregation, I took for my text the words of the Apostle, "Good hope through grace." In opening the subject I introduced the following narrative:—

A student for the Christian ministry was brought, in the course of providence, into the company of a young lady who was just recovering from a dangerous illness. She was still very weak, but liked, as most persons do when recovering, to tell how much she had suffered, and how wonderful was the preservation of her life.

Among other things, she said, "At one time I sent for my aged parents, and my beloved brothers and sisters; and took, as I thought, my last farewell of them. Both the physicians had given me up, and my friends expected to see me no more."

As she finished this sentence, the student said to her, "We seldom meet with a person who has been so near to death as you have been. Pray tell me what were your feelings when you were on the verge of eternity."

"Quite happy," she replied.

"And what, may I ask, were your prospects?"

"I hoped to go to heaven, of course."

"Had you no doubts, no fears, no suspicions?"

"None."

"Perhaps almost all *hope* to go to heaven. But I fear," said the young man, "there are very few who have a good foundation for their hope. Pray on what was *your* hope founded?"

"Founded!" she replied. "Why I never injured any person; and I had endeavoured to do all the good in my power. Was not this sufficient?"

"It is a delightful reflection," said the student, "that you have never injured

any person; and still more delightful to think that you have done all the good in your power. But even this is a poor foundation for a sinner to rest upon. Was this the foundation of your hope?"

She seemed quite astonished at this question, and eagerly inquired, "Was not this sufficient?"

The student did not give her a direct answer, but observed, "I am very thankful that you did not then die."

"What! do you think I should not have gone to heaven?"

"I am sure you could not in the way you mentioned. Do you not perceive that according to your plan you were going to heaven *without Christ*? This is what no sinner will be able to do while the world stands. Be very thankful that you did not go out of life resting on this delusive foundation. Jesus says, "I am the way, the truth, and the life; no man cometh to the Father but by Me." John xiv. 6.

God blessed this word to her soul. Her eyes were opened; she saw herself as a lost sinner, and Christ the only and all-sufficient Saviour. The "filthy rags" of her own righteousness she now saw would not do in which to appear before God, and casting aside every false hope, she came as a sinner to the Lord Jesus, and found what every coming sinner always finds—pardon, peace, and salvation. She lived to adorn the doctrine of God her Saviour, and to evidence that she had indeed passed from death unto life.

Before I had concluded this short narrative, I observed a mild, sedate-looking person in the congregation, evidently deeply affected. He was then unknown to me, but has since proved one of my most valued friends.

A short time afterwards I received a visit from him—it was to tell me what the Lord had done for his soul, that whereas he was blind, now he saw; though once a stranger to happiness and peace, now, through believing, he could “rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory.”

“Have you long enjoyed this happy state of mind?” I inquired.

“Not long,” he replied. “Alas! more than forty years passed away before I knew anything about it. Frequently had I had serious thoughts on eternity; frequently meditated on God’s holiness and man’s depravity; and I saw such infinite perfection in the Creator, and felt so many evils in myself, that I at length concluded it was impossible for man—polluted, guilty man, to be admitted into heaven. In this state of mind I sought for peace in the doctrine of annihilation, but I found it not. The thought would often occur, suppose, after all, you should be mistaken; suppose you should be judged for the deeds done in the body, what then? What will become of you? These thoughts broke up the whole system in a moment, and made me uneasy: and during all this time, strange to say, the doctrine of *Christ’s atonement* was hid from my eyes, though I had heard and read of it times innumerable. When I was young I regularly attended the ministry of the word; and all the grand outlines of the Bible have been familiar to me from my childhood, and yet I was as ignorant of the way of salvation as if I had never seen a Bible! I had no conception how God could be just, and yet be the justifier of him that believeth in Jesus, Rom. iii. 26. Yes, it was on this point I was utterly in the dark, and so I remained until the

morning when you related the anecdote about the young lady.”

“And what effect did the relation of that anecdote produce?”

“Indeed, sir, it was wonderful. While you were pointing out the fallacy of her hope, and showing from the word of God that Christ is the sure and only foundation of a sinner’s hope; that none can come unto the Father but by Him; a flood of light burst upon my mind. I saw the whole plan of salvation with as much distinctness as if I had studied the subject for years. All that I had read and heard of the subject seemed to rush on my memory at once. I was overwhelmed with joy. I saw the fulness, the freeness, the all sufficiency of Christ, in such a clear and glorious manner, that if I had possessed ten thousand souls, I could have committed them all into His hands.”

And now, reader, let me ask you, if called to the bar of God, at this instant, what *title* have you to an admission into His heavenly kingdom and glory? The Lord Jesus Christ said to those who rejected Him: “If ye believe not that I am He, ye shall die in your sins.” John viii. 24. This is true of every one who does not rest in Christ alone for pardon, peace, and eternal life.

CONVERSION OF A HANGMAN.

ABOUT the year 1824 there was a man named Botting often seen about the town of Brighton. He was paralysed on one side, and was known as “a rough fellow.” He was accustomed to go about the streets by means of an old rush-bottomed chair, which he pushed before him, or dragged after him, and on which he would some-

times sit. His countenance was most forbidding. He was not a beggar, but an object shunned by most persons, yet showing shrewdness, cunning, and determination; expressive of a familiarity with guilt, and with the lowest class of society. One Lord's Day in the spring of 1829 he entered a place of public preaching, making some noise and disturbance by his effort to get within the door. He was accommodated with a seat. The discourse was upon the character and change of Nicodemus. When the preacher had been speaking nearly half an hour, the man rose from his seat, laying hold of the back of the seat before him, and with a voice very peculiar called out, "That's the true doctrine, that it is!" He was hushed to be quiet, but repeated the exclamation, adding, "I never heard it so before." When the preaching was over a poor man named Hodge came to him and led him away. Hodge lived near Botting's home, and he showed him much kindness. He explained to him the subject of being "born again;" and often visited him at his lodgings, reading, praying, and opening to him the sacred Scriptures. A change was visible, not only in the man's manner, but even in his countenance. He became serene, cheerful, teachable, humble, and earnest. His dress was improved. He appeared even clean and pleasant. He took delight in reading to himself the New Testament, especially the Gospel of John. He lost his relish for wandering about the town, and felt a delight in reading to others out of the New Testament, and talking of forgiveness of sins through the precious blood of Christ. John i. ii. He opened his room in the evening, frequently inviting others to come in and read, or hear

him read, always making prayer a part of the evening's occupation. Hodge was a judicious man, an earnest Christian, and one whose heart delighted in endeavouring to bring sinners to Christ. He never neglected this poor cripple, but taught him the way of God more perfectly. The preacher called to see him at his lodging, and was struck with the evident change in his whole appearance, especially in his countenance, which now beamed with intelligence. Many heard from his lips the words of everlasting life. He lived some years after this, and "his end was peace." He fell asleep in Jesus Oct. 1st, 1837.

LIFE INSURANCE.

A LETTER TO AN INSURER.

My dear Friend,—Having heard that you have lately "insured your life," I wish to call your attention to one aspect of the case which I suspect will be new to you. You are deliberately paying a yearly sum to secure a benefit to your family which they cannot touch till *after your decease*. That decease (you calculate) *must* take place at some period, and will probably occur before that of your wife and children. You have, therefore, taken precautions for their comfort after your departure from them. Let me now ask, what precautions have you taken for *yourself* in prospect of the same event? Imagine your family in possession of the sum for which you have insured. Where will *you* be at that moment? If you have no reasonable hope of happiness, is it not time you considered that subject also? One half of the time spent in the consideration of the preliminaries to Insurance would have sufficed on

reflection, to convince you of the rashness of drifting to eternity without chart, compass, or guided helm, and of giving to the *temporal* comfort of *survivors* so much more consideration than to the *Eternal* happiness or misery of your own soul. Remember, It is appointed unto men once to die but after this the Judgment, Hebrews ix. 27.* The wages of sin is death, but the Gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ. Romans vi. 23. Care for one's family does not shorten life, or hasten the solemn event for which preparation is made. No more will it diminish the true pleasures of the present life, to have another and more blessed one in prospect, for in addition to the joy that prospect itself affords, the Godliness connected with it, is profitable for all things, having promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come.

Believe me, my dear Friend,
very sincerely Yours,
H. W. B.

* Take notice. It does not say all men will die, for in the next verse we are told that the Lord will find some looking for Him. Are you looking for God's Son from Heaven to take you to be with Him for ever?

"THE BIBLE FIRST, PAPA."

A FAMOUS engineer was seated by his fire-side. Near him, playing on the floor, was his only child; a fine little boy of rare intelligence and gentleness. It was early; the day's work had not yet begun; and the father took up the daily paper to read. The child, climbing on his knee, and taking hold of the paper, exclaimed, "No, no, papa! the Bible first! the Bible first,

papa!"—a recollection of his departed mother's request. It was a fresh confirmation of the words—"Out of the mouth of babes . . . hast thou ordained strength." Psalm viii. 2. The child's hand was stronger than a man's. The child's words were—under God—the turning point (it is believed) of the father's life. He there and then resolved that, by divine help, the Bible should be "first," before any business of the day. Very soon his child was taken from him; but his little boy's words were never forgotten. In the crush and throng and engrossment of a daily-increasing, and ultimately enormous business, the father went forth to his daily work with recognition of a higher Master. "The Bible, first, papa!" was ever ringing in his ears. It became his watchword.

NOW! NOT TO-MORROW.

AN intelligent boy about twelve years of age, attending a meeting held for conversation and prayer, inquired of one who was assisting what he must do to be saved. He was told to go home, and read the Bible, and pray. "But," said the little fellow with deep emotion, "Sir, I am afraid I may die before I get home, and then it will be too late." The child was quite right in his reply, for "*now* is the accepted time;" the Bible no-where invites sinners to come to-morrow. To-day all that come to Jesus may have their sins forgiven through His name. Acts x. 43. This very hour you may become a child of God by believing in Him. 1 John v. 1.

Salvation now, this moment;
Then why, oh, why delay?
Now is the accepted hour,
Now is salvation's day.

GOD'S TREASURES FOR LITTLE CHILDREN.

News for little children !

Hark ! how sweet the sound,
Rolling in its fulness,
To earth's furthest bound ;
News of God's salvation—
News with blessings rife—
Saving, helping, cheering,
Wondrous words of life !

Love for little children,
Sent from God's own throne ;
Love—how sweet the tidings—
Each can make his own ;
Love that maketh happy,
Love that maketh blest ;
Love that gives the weary
Full, and perfect rest.

Peace for little children,
Peace from God on high,
Brought by Christ, the Saviour,
When he came to die ;
Made in Calvary's darkness,
Sealed with Jesu's blood,
To the world proclaimed—
Perfect peace with God.

Joy for little children,
Oh, such perfect joy !
Not like earth's enchantments,
Full of earth's alloy ;
But a joy that resteth
On foundations sure,
Joy—for God hath said it—
Which must e'er endure.

Strength for little children,
Leading each along ;
'Tis the weak and helpless,
Jesus maketh strong ;
On they journey singing—
Strong in Christ alone ;
His right hand sustaining—
Helps each moment known.

Rest for little children,
Rest, as passing on,
While the rest remaining
'Lures the soul along ;
There the rest is perfect,
There the rest endures ;
Hear it ! All these treasures
Faith in Christ secures !

BIBLE QUESTIONS FOR JULY.

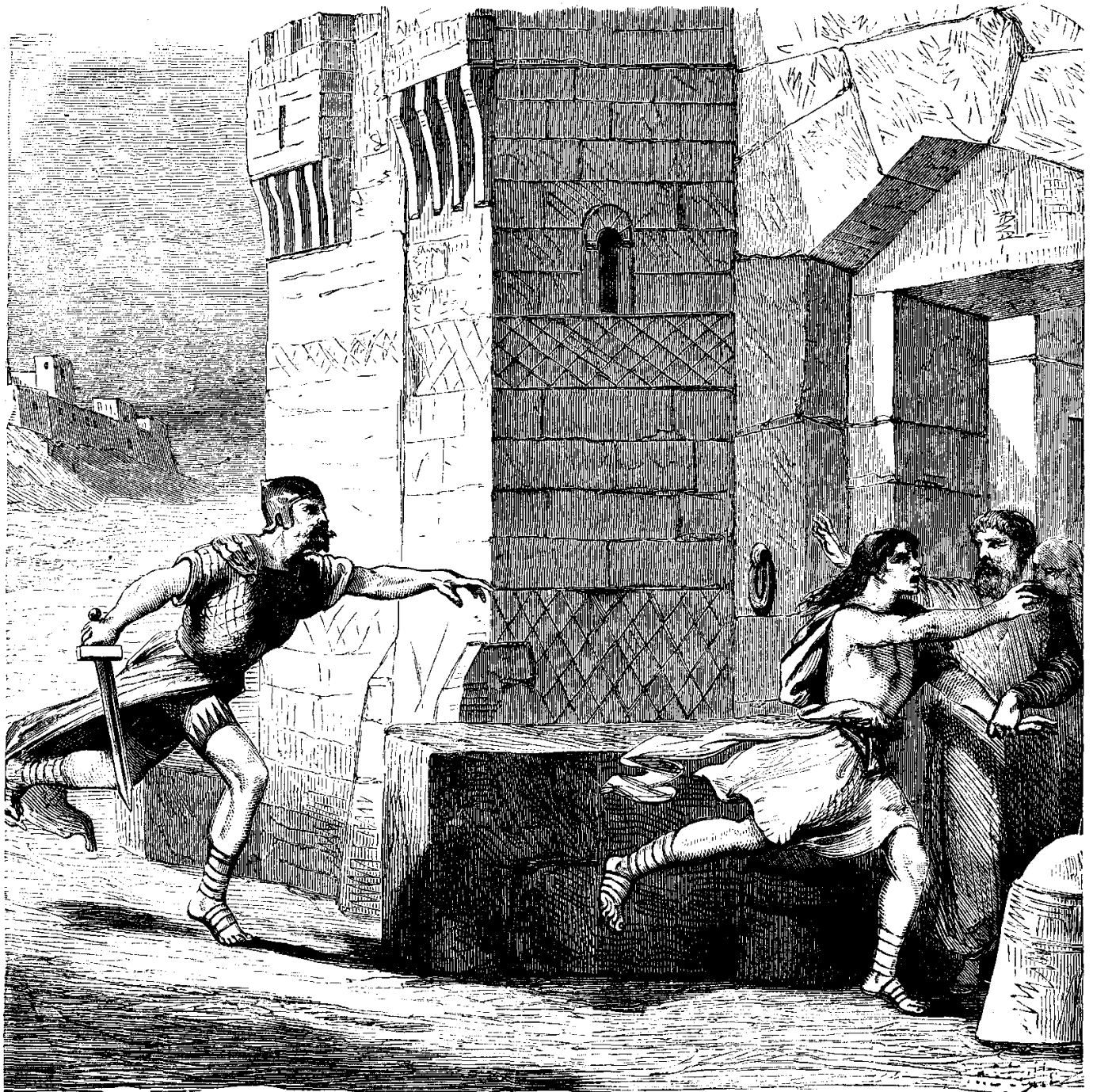
1. Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money ; come ye, buy and eat ; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price.
2. Jesus stood and cried, saying, If any man thirst, let him come unto Me, and drink.
3. I will give unto him that is athirst of the fountain of the water of life freely.
4. Let him that is athirst come : and whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely.
5. Whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him, shall never thirst, but the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life.
6. He that believeth on Me shall never thirst.
7. Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out.

Give chapter and verse to each of the above Scriptures.

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS FOR JUNE.

1. We love the children of God when we love God, and keep his commandments. 1 John v. 2.
2. God now commandeth all men everywhere to repent. Acts xvii. 30.
3. All who do not repent will perish. Luke xiii. 3.
4. Those who are saved confess with the mouth, and believe in the heart. Romans x. 9.
5. Isaiah prophesied that Israel shall be saved with an everlasting salvation. Isaiah xlv. 17.
6. Those who believe not that the gift of God is eternal life makes Him a liar. 1 John v. 10-12.
7. In the fifth chapter of the first epistle of John, God says these things are written that ye may know that ye have eternal life.

GOOD NEWS FOR YOUNG AND OLD.



THE CITY OF REFUGE. JOSHUA XX.

THE CITY OF REFUGE.

Joshua xx.

Look at the picture, dear reader ! Here is a strong city, with walls to keep the people safe who are in it, and a gate to go in by.

Now look at this man who is running toward the gate. How fast he runs, and how anxious he looks. He wants to get into the city, for he knows it is a safe place, and he is frightened.

Would you like to know what it is that he is afraid of ? Then I will tell you. He has killed a man by accident, and the friends of the man he has killed are running after him ; they want to catch him, and put him to death for what he has done ; so no wonder that he is in such haste and tries so hard to get to the city-gate before they reach him, for he has heard that if he can only get in there he will be safe ; his enemy will not be allowed to fetch him out again. He knows that the strong city is meant for people like him, and so he is not afraid that those inside will send him away. Oh no, they will be glad to take him in and keep him as long as he likes to stay, and he will have everything he wants there, too.

Now do you not hope the poor man will reach the gate in time ? I hope so, and indeed I feel sure he will, for he is almost there now, and he looks so earnest in trying.

When he goes in at the gate he will have to tell what he has done, and surely he will be willing to do that when he knows he will be let in ; and how thank-

ful he must feel that there is such a place of safety for him to run to !

The account of this city is in Josh. xx. You may read it there for yourself if you like, but here I have told you about it in easier words, so that you may better understand it, and I have put it like a picture.

Now what do you think this "city of refuge" is like ? and whom is the man like that is running toward it ?

We will think of the man first ; and will you be very much surprised and shocked if I say that he is like *you* in the sad, sad thing he has done ?

You will exclaim, "What, like *me* in killing a man ? I never did such a wicked thing as that, even by accident."

Wait a moment, while I tell you a true tale of One who was killed a long time ago. He was the best man that ever lived. He never did one wrong thing, never said one bad word, never had one bad thought. He was always good and kind to everybody. He fed the hungry ; He made sick people well ; He spent all His time going about doing good. And then He used often to pray to God all night long, because He loved God so much, and did so much enjoy talking to Him ; He liked that better than going to sleep, though He was tired. And God, who could see right into His heart, said He was always pleased with Him, for His heart was quite clean and holy, as well as His behaviour. So you see He was not like others, for our hearts are filthy and wicked.

When this good and holy Person had lived in this world about thirty-three years He was murdered. Now can you not guess His name ? Yes, dear children, it was Jesus the Son of God, who had

come down from heaven. Jesus was murdered; killed for nothing at all that He had done. Now if He had done nothing to deserve death, why did He die? Death is the wages of sin; He had *no sin* of His *own*; then *whose* sin was it that caused His death? Why, it was *our* sin, was it not? Then who are the persons that killed that blessed One? Ah, we may well hang down our heads and feel ashamed, for *we* did the dreadful deed by our many sins.

Now, dear reader, do you not see how much this man in the picture is like yourself as to the sin? And I hope you will be like him in running to the refuge God has provided for you.

Now I will tell you about the Refuge. The city of refuge is like Jesus now He is alive again. It is very wonderful, but after Jesus had died for sinners, He rose again from the dead. He was made alive again that He might forgive us *all* our sins, and take us to be with Him in glory for ever. Is not that good news? The Lord says in the third chapter of John, in the fifteenth verse, "That whosoever believeth in Him shall not perish, but have eternal life," and in the eighteenth verse, "He that believeth in Him is not condemned"—that means the sin is not reckoned against them, and they shall not be punished.

Now perhaps you feel unhappy after reading so far, because you find you are a greater sinner than you once thought you were. You say, "Yes, I am like that man who killed another. My sins caused the death of Jesus—but, I did not mean to do it. I did not hate Him, and try to kill Him."

True; and there again you are like the

man in the picture. He did not hate his neighbour, nor try to kill him. It says in another chapter, that he was doing some work he wanted to do, and hurt the man with his axe. He was careless, I suppose, and did not notice his neighbour near him, and that seems to be the way it happened.

And you, ever since you were born, have been doing what you liked, as far as you could; never thinking of Jesus near you; never thinking that your ways would hurt Him, and cause His death. I know you did not sin on purpose to kill Jesus, but you sinned to please yourself.

Do you feel alarmed? Oh, then, you will not stay where you are, surely. You will run to the refuge at once, will you not?

Jesus is the Refuge. He whom your sins have killed, but who is now alive again to save you. Go to Him at once and confess all.

It says in Acts v. 31, that "He is exalted (raised up) to give *repentance* and forgiveness of sins."

Perhaps you are thinking, "But what will Jesus say to me after my bad, wicked conduct in causing His death? Can *He* forgive me all my sins." 1 John i. 7.

Yes, He can forgive you, and He will. He does not feel any anger toward you. He is willing to save you; and He says He will not cast you out if you will come to Him. Oh, come then, do not delay, for while you are staying away from Him you may *die*, and then you will perish for ever.

Be like this man in going *at once*. As soon as he found that he had killed a man, he *ran fast* toward the refuge; we may be sure he did not waste time in

picking flowers, or talking to the people he met; for he thought his life too precious to be lost, so on he is running with all his might, and will not stop till he has entered the gate. Will you do the same?

The man has to do one thing more as he enters the gate. He must confess his sin. We read in verse 4, "He shall declare his cause." That means, tell what he has done. "Please let me in," he says, and he is asked what he has done. Suppose he should answer, "I have done nothing," the elders of the city would say, "Then why do you come here? Go away." And the gate would be shut, and he left *outside* to be taken by his enemy. The elders inside would know he *had* done the murder, and they would let him be punished for not confessing his sin.

I was once talking to a little girl six years old about Jesus, and telling her that her sins had caused His death. She did not seem troubled about it, and I said, "Polly, you have a great many sins, have you not?" She answered, "No." I then said, "What, have you never told stories, nor disobeyed your mamma?" She again answered, "No." Poor little girl! She had helped by her sins to kill Jesus.

Now, dear reader, if you stay away from Jesus, it is *death* for you, for there is "no other name whereby we may be saved." Acts iv. 12. But if you come to Him you will have *life*. You shall never die, and "none can pluck you out of his hand." John x. 28. "He is able to save to the uttermost them that come unto God by Him, seeing He ever liveth to make intercession for them." He says Himself, I am the door; by *Me* if any man enter in he shall be saved." John x. 9.

GRACE TRIUMPHANT.

Jesus said, I am the door, by me if any man enter in he shall be saved. John x.

A LADY young, of noble mien,
In yon grand mansion oft was seen,
The gayest of the gay—
But ah! she in those lightsome hours,
Was captive led by hostile powers,
Who claimed her as their prey.

The world had marked her for its own,
Satan in her had raised his throne,
Sin in bondage held her,
A worldly man, her father was,
Her friends engaged in Satan's cause.
O, how great her danger!

Her danger great she knew not of,
She thought not of the Lord above,
His word she cared not for;
Till He by grace arrested her,
Yea, stayed at length her mad career,
She entered at "the door."

The scales of sin fell from her eyes,
She saw her guilt as mountains rise,
In that momentous hour,
Her soul then quailed with anxious fears
Her eyes were filled with briny tears,
When God displayed His power.

She earnestly deliverance sought,
Through Him who life to light had brought,
From all her mighty foes,
She pardon found, and full release—
And all her hopes of joy and peace,
She did on Christ repose.

O wondrous love!—O how divine!
The grace that did her soul refine,
And purge away the dross.
Of heavenly food led her to take,
And for her dear REDEEMER's sake,
To count all things but loss.

But earthly friends became her foes,
She was no longer loved by those
Who loved her much before,
Their enmity was not disguised,
They many subtle plans devised,
And tired her oft most sore.

GOOD NEWS FOR YOUNG AND OLD.

89

Through grace she triumphed o'er their wiles,
 Their anger turned away with smiles,
 And spake to them in love.
 They wondered at her conduct mild,
 But knew not, that which they reviled,
 Was given her from above.

The "hope forlorn" they often tried,
 They hedged her in on every side,
 But then her Lord was near.
 Temptations came like to a flood,
 But like a rock unmoved she stood,
 A stranger then to fear.

Possessions vast her father owned,
 He now upon his daughter frowned,
 As thus he inly said—
 "In pleasure's path she will not stay,
 Nor will she mingle with the gay,
 To me she is as dead.

"Much of my wealth to her I'd give,
 But as for God she says she'll live,
 My gold shall not be hers.
 My noble friends I'll now invite,
 To spend with me a jovial night,
 And drive off saintly fears.

"The gay and fair ones then shall sing,
 And loudly shall the welkin ring.
 I'll on my daughter call
 To raise a song and swell the mirth—
 Should she refuse—despite her birth—
 I'll spurn her from my hall.

"And then in poverty and woe,
 She to the saintly ones shall go,
 And rue her mournful state."
 He knew not of the peace divine
 Which made her soul with glory shine,
 Nor of her great estate.

And thus her father's house became
 That one in which her SAVIOUR'S name,
 She boldly must confess.
 The festive room with lights was hung,
 The worldling's songs were freely sung,
 Her foes around did press.

It now behoved her, too, to sing,
 So lifting her heart to heaven's king,
 She thus began her song—
 "No room for mirth or trifling here
 For worldly hope, or worldly fear
 If life so soon is gone."

With voice most sweet and tones most clear,
 She sang the song to her so dear,
 Of judgment then she sang—
 Of CHRIST her SAVIOUR and her guide,
 Of sins that had Him crucified,
 Till heaven with praises rang.

Till heaven with praises rang—I say,
 She sang—for ere her heavenly lay
 Was ended—stillness reigned—
 Then every heart was filled with awe,
 The beauty of holiness they saw,
 Though none to own it deigned.

In solemn silence the room they left,
 E'en then of earthly joy bereft,
 Conscience bold accusing,
 But one there was whose flowing tears,
 Proclaimed that though advanced in years
 The cross he had not seen.

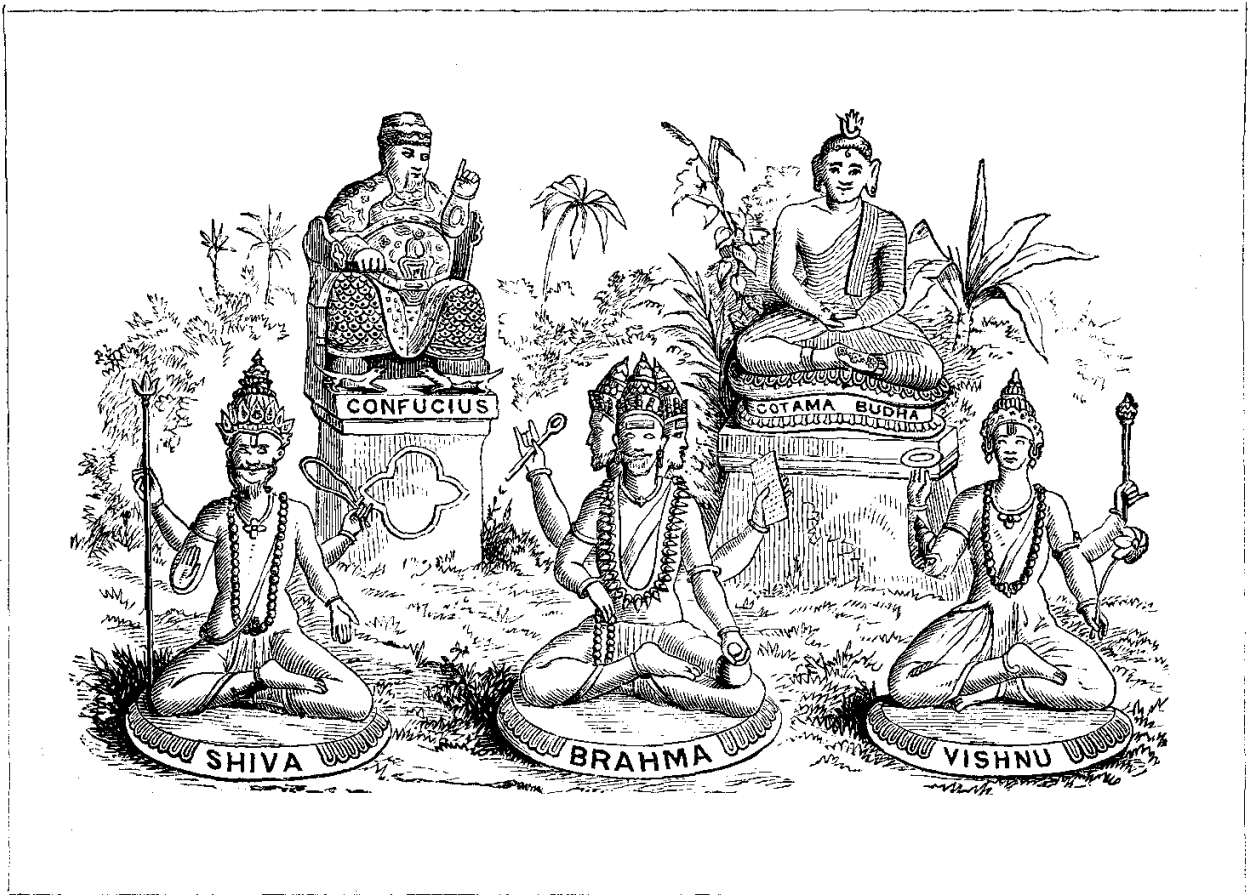
That one, her much loved father was,
 He had despised God's holy laws
 Throughout his former days.
 He now his daughter's teaching sought,
 As she God's truths her father taught.
 She sang her SAVIOUR'S praise.

Now strive to estimate her joy,
 So pure—so free from all alloy,
 When she her father heard—
 Pleading before the throne of grace,
 Seeking her heavenly Father's face,
 And yielding to His word.

O now portray the wondrous scene,
 He who so long content had been
 At Satan's shrine to bow—
 Resolves to give his future hours,
 To consecrate his wealth and powers,
 His all—to JESUS—now.

O let us now adore the Lord,
 As we His wondrous works record,
 Let us His praises sing.
 Since He of bliss the fountain is,
 Come—let us ever drink at this,
 The never failing spring.

Ashamed!—believer never be,
 Nor from your foes in terror flee,
 Since CHRIST your LORD is near,
 He all your foes will put to flight,
 In darkest hours He'll prove your light,
 And drive away your fear.



THE CONFESSION OF A CHINESE CHRISTIAN.

WHEN I was twenty-five years of age, I became convinced of the folly of worshipping the idols—of their inability to save or hurt me—that they were nothing more nor less than wood and stone and mud, the work of men's fingers, and I gave them up for ever. I had then nothing to worship. I had no God. I felt a heavy load upon my heart, and I wanted to worship a God that could take away this burden from my heart, but I knew of no such God. One day early, before daybreak, I was out in the field, and thinking of the

load on my heart, and wishing to know how it could be removed, when I was arrested by the sudden appearance of the sun rising out of the eastern heavens like a beautiful ball of fire, and it lighted up the whole world with its great and glorious light. I said at once, "This is God," and I fell down and worshipped the great sun as he arose in the east. I said to the sun, "Oh, sun, sun, I worship you! Save me, and take away the load from my heart!" I did the same in the evening, as he went down below the hills. I asked him to bless me before he departed, and to take away the load from my heart.

This I continued to do for two years or more. I worshipped the rising and the setting sun ; but no help came to me from the sun—no voice of peace to my heart. The burden still remained on my heart. Then, one night, as the beautiful moon rose high in the heavens, lighting up the country round with her beautiful soft light, I turned my face to her, and I said to the moon, "Oh, moon, I worship you ! take away the burden from my heart !" I worshipped the moon for a long time, but no peace came. The burden still remained on my poor heart. I then betook me to the stars as they glittered in the sky, and I said, "Surely there is life in them." I prayed to them, and asked them to take away the load from my heart, but no peace came ; the load still remained on my heart. Then when all failed me—the idols, the sun and the moon and the stars—the load on my heart became heavier, and I threw myself on the ground in despair, and I cried and said, "Oh, if there be any one above the sun and moon and stars—if there be a Ruler above them all—reveal yourself to me, and take away this load from my heart !" But no voice came from the Ruler above ; no help or comfort came to me from any source ; and I gave up all in despair, and the burden of my heart increased. To add to my afflictions, my eyesight left me, and I went on my way groping in the dark, but still longing for something or somebody that could take away the load from my heart, till that day on which I heard the noise of the crowd going to chapel, and I asked what it meant, and they told me ; and I said, "I will go and hear him too." I went, and, as I sat and listened to the

preacher telling the people about the great God, the Ruler above, who made the sun and the moon and stars—that He loved the world, that He sent Jesus, and that He could save us and give us peace—I could restrain myself no longer, but leaped from my seat, and shouted, "That is it ! That is it ! That is what I have prayed for long ago ! That is what I have all along been longing for !" And now tonight I am to be admitted into the Church of Jesus Christ. I have believed in Him. I love Him. He has saved me. He has taken away the load from my heart, and now I am ready to say, like old Simeon, "I am ready to die, for I have found my Saviour, and the load is taken off my heart."

ISAIAH LIII.

He shall save His people from their sins.—
Matthew i. 21.

*He shall grow up before Him as a tender plant.
He hath no form nor comeliness.
He is despised and rejected of men.
He was despised, and we esteemed Him not.
He hath borne our griefs and carried our sorrows.
He was wounded for our transgression.
He was bruised for our iniquities.
He was oppressed and He was afflicted.
He opened not His mouth.
He was brought as a lamb to the slaughter.
He was taken from prison and from judgment.
He was cut off out of the land of the living.
He was stricken, smitten of God, and afflicted.
He made His grave with the wicked.
He had done no violence.
He shall see His seed.
He shall prolong His days.
He shall see of the travail of His soul.
He shall bear their iniquities.
He shall divide the spoil with the strong.
He hath poured out His soul unto death.
He was numbered with the transgressors.
He bare the sin of many.
He made intercession for the transgressors.*

THE HAPPY SOLDIER.

SOME years ago it was my privilege to work as district visitor in London. In a cellar in one of the courts assigned me lived a pious old soldier, who had lost one of his legs in battle. This, however, did not afflict him, no, nor his poverty; but his wife was ungodly, and this lay as a heavy burden on his heart. He had a trifling pension, which, with the scanty product of a mangle, was all they possessed. The simple faith and piety of the old soldier at once won my heart. I often visited him to be, and was, refreshed and edified by his remarks while reading the Word of God to him.

One morning the post brought me a letter from a friend to whom I had written about this aged couple. She had been interested with their history, and sent me five shillings in stamps, to be laid out for them as I might judge best. I set out at once to carry them the good news. In vain, however, did I stand at the top of the dark stairs this morning, and call aloud to Mrs. G. to open the door, that I might find my way down. It was of no use, she was scolding aloud, and was deaf to every other sound. I groped my way, and, making for the door, gave a loud rap, which soon brought Mrs. G.'s voice to a momentary hush, and an expression of regret that she had not heard me. I replied, that I was greatly surprised and troubled to find her scolding so loudly.

"It is enough to provoke a saint," she said, "to see him go on as he does."

"Oh! don't trouble the lady with these things," said her husband; "let's have some of the words of God, for truly we need them this morning."

Mrs. G., however, was not to be so silenced, she would give vent to the anger that swelled her breast. I will relate her grievance in her own words.

"Now here's a man for you ma'am! without a bit of care for his wife! The other day we had only one penny in the house, and I sent him to get in a bit of bread; but, instead of that, he goes and gives it away to a tramp he knows nothing of!"

The old soldier looked deeply grieved. "My dear lady," he said, "there are two ways of telling every story!" and then, with much emotion, he gave me his own version. It was very true! The penny was all they had, and he was proceeding to the baker's, when a travelling man with his wife and three children sitting on a doorstep arrested his attention. He found that, like himself, they were natives of Scotland, sick and hungry; he spoke to them words of consolation from the Bible, and found to his joy that they were fellow-believers in the Lord Jesus. On parting he slipped his penny with a thankful heart into the hand of his afflicted brother. It was not until he had done so that he remembered, with dark forebodings, "What will wife say?"

Here Mrs. G. interrupted him with an exclamation, that "he must be a pretty husband who would rob his wife to give to a stranger."

"Let me finish," said he, "and you shall see, ma'am, how the Lord returned that little offering more than ten-fold." He then went on to relate that not daring to go back empty-handed, he walked up and down, asking the Lord to supply his need, not for himself, for he was now no more hungry, but for his wife's sake. While walking to and fro, a gentleman inquired

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of him the way to the post-office; the soldier offered to show him the way, and while walking together, the gentleman entered into conversation with him, and asked if he was not old G——, whom he had known years ago? G—— replied that he was, upon which the gentleman put a shilling into his hand, and bade Him God speed.

"Now," added the old Christian, "is not our Master true to His word, and does He not bless a hundredfold all we do for His sake?"

I was deeply touched by this narrative, and felt solemnly impressed with the fact of God's individual providence, and with the wondrous links in that great chain of life, which reveal to those who look for them the unceasing care and love of Jesus for His people. I recalled to mind, also, the letter I had received this morning; so I inquired what was their present trouble.

Here Mrs. G. once more broke forth in complaints. The landlady had demanded their rent by twelve o'clock that day, as she had a payment to make up. They had but a few half-pence in the house, and the old woman was for hastening off her husband with some things from the mangle, which would bring them sixpence more. "But I could not get him to go!" exclaimed she: "he said he must first ask the Lord; so instead of doing as I bid him, there he has been sitting over the Bible, and as if he had not lost time enough already, he must needs go down on his knees, and all my shaking and scolding him could not get him up till just before you came! and now its within half-an-hour of twelve!"

Old G., I should have observed, was standing with his stick and hat in hand,

and a bundle under his arm when I came in, as if ready to go out.

"How much do you owe?" I inquired.

"Just five shillings," replied she: "it's fifteen pence a-week, as you know, ma'am, and it is just four weeks last Saturday."

I said nothing, but opened the letter. I read to her that portion which related to her husband, then gave him the five shillings' worth of stamps.

It was a moment never to be forgotten. The old man stood speechless with joy, with his beaming eyes lifted up in sweet thankfulness to his heavenly Father, while Mrs. G. sank down upon a chair, and, covering her face with her hands, wept tears of shame and sorrow.

"May God forgive me!" said she, "I am a wicked woman. Yes, I see it all now. I didn't believe it, but it's just as G. read it out of that very Bible not half-an-hour back, 'Before they call I will answer.' Oh! I didn't believe it—I didn't believe it! May God forgive me!"

God's love had at last melted her stubborn heart, and the overpowering sense of the fact, "Thou, God seest me," made her tremble with fear for her unbelief.

From this time a brighter day began to dawn upon old G.'s night of sorrow. His wife, so long the hinderer of his peace, and the object of his agonising intercession, would now often sit by his side when he read the Bible, which had become more needful to him than his daily bread.

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS FOR JULY.

- | | |
|-----------------------|-------------------------|
| 1. Isaiah lv. 1. | 4. Revelation xxii. 17. |
| 2. John vii. 37. | 5. John iv. 14. |
| 3. Revelation xxi. 6. | 6. John vi. 35. |
| | 7. John vi. 37. |

THE TONGUE-BRIDLE.

I said, I will take heed to my ways, that I sin not with my tongue: I will keep my mouth with a bridle, while the wicked is before me.

Psalm xxxix. 1.

It would be well to commit to memory the whole of this Psalm, it is full of instruction, though the first verse is the one upon which I now desire to draw your attention.

I wonder which of us can say that we give such heed to our ways as never to sin with our tongues. It will be well for us to think in what manner these tongue-sins are the most common. Children, very little children, too, begin to sin with their tongues almost as soon as they learn to speak; and need to learn early the use of that bridle which David said he would put on his. We will try and make a list of some of the tongue sins, shall we? That shall be the first part of our conversation, and then we will see about the bridle some other time.

Well, there is the angry tongue. I have just now a scene before my mind, like which, I am afraid, you have seen many. It is a pleasant morning, and all seems cheerful and happy. The time of the singing of birds is come, and gardens are gay with spring flowers. A merry group of children just out of the school-room are playing on the soft grass, when one child, a little rougher and noisier than the rest, a strong healthy boy of ten, happens to strike his elder sister with a bat he is flourishing, as a sign to his brother to come out to play at trap-ball.

The blow is not so very hard, but the sister's temper rises. She begins, "You naughty rude boy! you have hurt me dreadfully. I will tell mamma, and ask her to take your bat away;" and then she runs to him, and angry words beget angry actions, she tries to strike him in return, and he, catching the angry spirit, offers angry words, too, till a quarrel begins, and the spirits of the two children are both stirred up like the raging sea in a storm. The worst is, it does not end there. The blow with the bat was remembered all the day long, or at least, the quarrel to which it led was not forgotten. Though the children's mother came and tried to reconcile the brother and sister, they had so lost control, that through the whole day they kept contradicting one another. So, forgetting the injunction, not to let the sun go down upon their wrath, the sun set upon two unreconciled and unhappy children.

And when they knelt down to evening prayer, there was something which hindered those prayers—a cloud between them and God—they could not pray to the God of peace, whilst they had thoughts such as these in their hearts; for if we regard iniquity in our hearts, God will not hear our prayers. Psalm lxvi. 18. They remembered, too, that the Saviour taught us first to be reconciled to one another, and then offer our gift. Matt. v. 23, 24. All who love the name of Jesus must watch as well as pray, that they enter not into temptation, and remember Him who, when He was reviled, reviled not again; when he suffered, threatened not; but committed Himself to Him that judgeth righteously. 1 Peter ii. 23.

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I AM
NINETY-TWO.

WHILE lately visiting some friends in Leicestershire, I met with a very aged man, who had expressed a desire to converse with me. I entered into conversation with him, desirous of eliciting from himself the state of his mind, and the views he entertained of his life, and of that which is to come; his communications were artless and free, evidently the genuine expressions of an untutored mind enlightened by the gospel of the grace of God. Assisted by the recollection of my companions, I put upon record the following dialogue, in which, as generally in such instances, I preserve, as far as I can, the words of the respondent:--

"You look very old, my friend, and have passed your 'three-score years and ten.'"

"I am ninety-two years old," said he, "this last month; and excepting that I have been very deaf, I am not very infirm."

"Well, you have had enough of this life, I should think; are you not tired of it?"

"No; I am waiting till God sees fit to take me out of it."

"Not trusting, I hope, to your own works?"

"No, I put them off long ago."

"Where is your hope?"

"In the Lord."

"Are you in Christ?" 2 Cor. v. 17.

"Yes, I hope; I know it. I have the sweetest communion with God. I cannot read, but the Spirit of God has taught me. I know whom I have believed. 2 Tim. i. 12. I have a peace that passes

all things. I know that when my heart faileth, and my flesh, too, God will be the strength of my heart, and my portion for ever. I am sure His Spirit will keep me steadfast."

"How came you, my friend, by this knowledge?"

"I was very hard, sir, to be moved, but a Christian man came to me, as I could not hear the preaching, and he was so kind: I was a great rebel against him, I thought he would have given me up; but he didn't, and at length he overcame me, and I could tell him all my mind. I had told him before that I could not feel what he said, but afterwards I opened my whole heart to him. May I ask, sir, who I am talking to?"

On being told that I was a minister of Jesus Christ, he rose, took me by both hands, and with a glistening eye, said:—

"Oh, I am so thankful that a good minister should come to talk to me! My heart is full."

Wishing to remember him, I asked his name, and was surprised to hear it announced as "John Wesley," which his daughter informed me was the family name, her parents and grand-parents, who lived in Shropshire, having been so called, and she believed they had been originally Methodists.

"Ye see your calling, brethren," says the apostle, whose words meet with a striking exemplification in the foregoing recitals, "how that not many wise men after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble are called, but God hath chosen the foolish things of the world, to confound the wise; and God hath chosen the weak things of the world, to confound the things which are mighty and base things

of the world, and things which are despised hath God chosen; yea, and things which are not, to bring to nought things that are: that no flesh should glory in His presence. But of Him are ye in Christ Jesus, who of God is made unto us wisdom and righteousness, and sanctification and redemption: that according as it is written, He that glorieth, let him glory in the Lord." 1 Cor. i. 21-26.

THE KINDNESS AND LOVE OF GOD OUR SAVIOUR.

Titus iii. 4.

How great is God the Father's love!
He sent a Saviour from above;
His own dear Son He freely gave,
Our lost and guilty souls to save.

For we, alas! are born in sin,
Our hearts are all impure within:
And oft, in thought, and deed, and word,
We all have sinned against the Lord.

And thus in sin we should have died,
But God a Saviour did provide,
And all who in His name believe,
Will endless life through Him receive.

How great His love! let all adore,
And own Him now and evermore,
Jesus the Saviour ever praise,
And love and serve Him all our days.

JESUS ANSWERED AND SAID UNTO HIM, VERILY, VERILY, I SAY UNTO THEE, EXCEPT A MAN BE BORN AGAIN, HE CANNOT SEE THE KINGDOM OF GOD. BORN AGAIN, NOT OF CORRUPTIBLE SEED, BUT OF INCORRUPTIBLE, BY THE WORD OF GOD, WHICH LIVETH AND ABIDETH FOR EVER . . . AND THIS IS THE WORD WHICH BY THE GOSPEL IS PREACHED UNTO YOU. —John iii. 1-3; 1 Pet. i. 21, 23, 25.

GOD SO LOVED THE WORLD.

John iii.

SALVATION! what a precious word!

Salvation! what a theme!

It casts across the sinner's path

A radiant, heavenly beam!

However cheerless, dark, and sad,

The path before he trod,

Salvation comes with blissful rays,

And lights the soul to God.

Salvation is the precious boon

Of love divine to man;

Salvation is the grand result

Of God's redemption plan.

It finds the sinner far from God,

And brings him very nigh;

It finds him full of sin and shame,

And makes him full of joy.

Salvation is the song on earth,

Of all who love the Lord;

Salvation is the theme of heaven,

Its fullest, sweetest chord.

The Saviour bids the sinner come,

And join the glorious strain;

Rest in the Saviour's precious love,

And light and joy obtain.

BIBLE QUESTIONS FOR AUGUST.

1. The creature was made subject to vanity not willingly.
2. The creature itself also shall be delivered from the bondage of corruption into the liberty of the glory of the children of God.
3. The earnest expectation of the creature waiteth for the manifestation of the sons of God.
4. Ye come behind in no gift, waiting for the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ.
5. Now I beseech you, brethren, by the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, that ye all speak the same thing.
6. Our conversation is in heaven, from whence also we look for the Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ.
7. Unto them that look for Him shall He appear the second time without sin unto salvation.

Give chapter and verse to each scripture.

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JEWISH CAPTIVES.

THE GLORY OF THE LORD ;

AS SEEN BY DANIEL, JOB, ISAIAH,
EZEKIEL AND JOHN.

An Extract.

It was on the banks of this river ("the great river, which is Hiddekel"), though in what part of its course we are not informed, that the beloved Daniel was favoured with a vision of the Lord in His glory, and had events of great importance revealed to him, stretching onwards from his own times, to the latter days—days even yet not arrived. Three years had elapsed since Cyrus had proclaimed liberty for the captive Jews to return from Babylon, but comparatively few had availed themselves of the permission; the many had learned to regard the city of their captivity as their home, indifferent to the desolation of Jerusalem, and forgetful of the covenant of Jehovah.

The faithful prophet, who must now have been not far from ninety years of age, had mourned over the carelessness of his brethren, with solemn fasting and humiliation. For three whole weeks he had eaten no pleasant bread, nor had tasted flesh or wine, nor allowed himself the comforts which his station and his infirmities usually required. As he sat on the bank of the river at the end of this time, perhaps engaged in confession of his people's sin, suddenly there appeared to him the glorious form of One, whom, from the description of His person, we recognise to have been the Son of God. As when long afterwards He manifested Himself to the beloved disciple, John, the Daniel of the Church, when in captivity—He was seen clothed in His priestly

garment of fine linen, to express His office as the High Priest and Mediator of His people; He was girt with a girdle of gold, denoting His infinite holiness, and His preciousness in the sight of His Father, and also of His saints. His person had the radiant, transparent beauty of a stone, perhaps to intimate His perfect truth; His face as lightning, and His eyes as lamps of fire, might show His piercing omniscience, His instant detection of evil, and His terrible wrath to His enemies; while His arms and His feet of polished brass might express His illustrious power engaged to defend His people, and to tread, as in a winepress, His enemies.

And what was the effect of this glorious vision upon Daniel? He was even by the testimony of heaven itself, "a man greatly beloved." His character, as far as it is recorded in the Word, seems peculiarly upright and spotless; he was accustomed to communion with God; and from his youth had been familiar with heavenly visions. Yet no sooner does he see "the King in His beauty," than "there remains no strength in him; his comeliness is turned in him to corruption, and he retains no strength." And so it has always been: the revelation of the Lord in His glorious holiness must always humble and break down the strength of nature. Holy Job found it so. He had heard of God "by the hearing of the ear;" but when his eye saw Him, he cried out, "Behold, I am vile: I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes." Isaiah found it so: he saw the Lord sitting upon His throne, high and lifted up, and His train filled the temple; and the effect was to evoke the cry, "Woe is

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me ! for I am undone ; because I am a man of unclean lips !” Ezekiel found it so ; for the vision of the glory of God which he saw, threw him upon his face, as one that had no strength. And John found it so. He had walked with his Lord in sweet companionship through the years of His public ministry, and had been admitted even to lean on His bosom ; he had seen the glory of Jesus when transfigured upon the holy mount, when “ His face did shine as the sun, and his raiment was white as the light ;” he had looked upon His resurrection body, and had seen Him when taken up from the earth, when He soared away upon the cloud into the brightness of His Father’s presence. If any man could have beheld the unveiled glory of the risen Son of Man, it would surely have been John ; yet when he saw Him, *he fell at His feet as dead.*

So that blessed event, which every believer ought to be looking for with earnest hope, the speedy return of Jesus to the Church, according to the closing promise of His Word, “ Behold, I come quickly,” if it were to take place in our present condition, so far from filling us with unspeakable joy, would fill us with terror. These bodies could not bear the effulgence of His person, and hence it is graciously ordained that we shall be changed “ in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye ;” “ this corruptible shall put on incorruption, and this mortal shall put on immortality ;” our bodies be “ changed and fashioned like unto His glorious body,” then we shall be able to gaze upon the full radiance of Jesus, and find it the “ fulness of joy ” to be “ for ever with the Lord.” 1 Cor. xv. Psalm xvi. 11. 1 Thess. iv.

TAUGHT OF GOD ;

OR,

LUCY AND HER GRANDMOTHER.

It is sweet indeed to hear the name of Jesus lisped by infant tongues ; but sweeter far when under the Holy Spirit’s teaching the tender ones develop under His culture, manifesting unfeigned faith and love in the Lord Jesus Christ.

Such was the case in dear Lucy—a rare and impressive example of divine blessing upon spiritual care, and of the truth of the words, “ Those that seek me *early* shall find me.” Prov. viii. 17. She was found of the Good Shepherd who carries the lambs in His bosom.

A few days since, I stood by an open grave in a beautiful cemetery ; the ground was silvered with snow, the atmosphere was clear and bracing, and the solemn stillness unbroken even by the hum of the not far distant city. With a few mourners I helped to lower by white cords a little black coffin into a deep grave ; upon the plate was this inscription—

LUCY GAIR,

AGED

5 YEARS.

Yes, dear children, only five years and a few months old : only a few days ill with whooping cough, and the bright-eyed, happy child, was snatched away by the hand of death. “ Happy child,” I said—yes, all day long. But what, think you, made Lucy happy ? Was it a grand home ? No, she had a comfortable, but not a very grand home. Was it lots of fine toys that made her so pleased ? No, she had very few. Was it merry playmates ? No, she had none ; she spent all day in the house with her grandmother, who was lame and

unable to walk out, as her mother had to be out all day working.

"Oh," you may say, "how dull to be shut up all day. I do so wonder what made Lucy happy." I will tell you the secret so that you may have the same real happiness.

Lucy's grandmother was a Christian; not one of a gloomy kind who are so chilly and formal as to frighten little folk, but she was (as all Christians ought to be) bright and joyful because she loved the Lord Jesus, and knew He loved her, and had suffered for her sins, given her eternal life, and is preparing a place in the "Father's house" above for her, and she was "looking for" Him to return from heaven to take her to be with Himself for ever. All this made her wish little Lucy to know the Saviour too, so she used to take Lucy upon her knee, just, I suppose, as Eunice did with little Timothy (2 Tim. i. 5, iii. 15), and tell her Bible stories, and how she needed to be washed in the blood of God's Lamb, and be made fit to enter heaven by believing in the Lord Jesus Christ. Lucy heard and believed. She had a wonderful memory, and could tell many a story out of the Scriptures—from the story of the creation in Genesis to the birth of Jesus in Matthew, and from that to the heavenly Jerusalem in the last chapter of Revelation.

One had only to ask and she told the stories in her own artless way. Once when asked where the Israelites got water in the wilderness, she replied, "God told Moses to strike the rock, and the water came out, and a' the children of Israel with their cups and bowls caught the water."

She was Scotch, so spoke as she had been

taught. She loved the history of Joseph, Samuel, David, Solomon, Elijah, and the little Hebrew maid who was the means of the great captain going to be cured of the leprosy. She knew all about Peter, John and Paul, but she cared most of all to hear of the life and death of Jesus. Nearly every incident she could relate with accuracy.

One of her favourites was Mary of Bethany, who anointed Jesus' feet and sat there. When on her death-bed, Lucy said, "When I get to heaven I will sit at Jesus' feet like Mary." She suffered much but was very patient, never a murmur escaping her lips. She knew she was dying and said so to her grandmother. "Oh, Lucy," she said, "what will I do without you?" Quickly she replied, "You will come to me, grandma." Often she broke out with such questions as, "Who will open the gate to me?" "Who will put the crown on my head?" "How will heaven be lighted?" "What kind of a robe will I put on?" She had a peculiar way of asking what she was not altogether ignorant of in order to hear the truth repeated, which evidently was everything to her mind, which was set on things above. Her favourite verse was Luke xviii. 16. One day, looking her grandmother in the face, she asked, "Who said, 'Suffer the little children to come unto me and forbid them not,' " &c. Her grandmother replied by re-asking the question, "Who said it?" Lucy immediately said, "Gentle Jesus."

Dear child! not a cloud, not a doubt, disturbed the unruffled peace of her soul. Jesus was her's, she was His. After a short sleep, succeeding a long time of exhaustive coughing she awoke, gave two

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gentle sighs, and her spirit was absent from the body, present with the Lord. The tender, fragrant flower has been transplanted by the divine Husbandman, from this sinful earth, into heavenly soil, there to bloom in His own presence. The gem has been removed from the dark mine to glitter for ever in the Redeemer's many crowns. "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord."

Lucy Gair lived for heaven: she seemed to have it and the Lord Jesus ever before her heart, and would readily lay aside her doll or toy to hear something out of God's book. Never would she go to bed until she had *prayed* in a simplicity of faith which reasoned that "the Lord was at hand" to hear. Surely a keen reproof to you who are careless about this as well as encouragement to "pray without ceasing" to Him "who giveth liberally and upbraideth not." She could repeat many hymns, "Mothers of Salem," and "Go work in my vineyard," were amongst her favourites. "When I am big," she used to say, "I will go and work in the vineyard, I'll go and see poor men and women, and take them food, and tell them about Jesus." Young as she was she witnessed for the Lord when with neighbour's children, and when they laughed at her, she would come to her grandmother grieved at the wicked children who did not care to hear about Jesus. When the old missionary visited, as he loved well to do, she would climb upon his knee, and begin to speak about her favourite subjects. Perhaps when the Lord's servants visit your home you feel you would like to run away, but that is your wicked little heart, the same spirit which made Adam hide from the Lord

amongst the trees of the garden. It shows plainly you do not love God or you would love His people. Lucy loved all who spoke of Christ. Now she is with Him. "There is One up there that never changes, up in the blue sky," she often said, and would gaze through the little window with her pretty, expressive eyes, as if she expected to see Him in the small patch just visible over the house-tops. Now she sees Him face to face, as He is. Away from sorrow and care, away from the dreary world to "dwell with God's Beloved through God's eternal day."

The bright sunbeam of the little home has been withdrawn, and the loved ones left sorrowing, but not as those who have no hope. "For, if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which are put to sleep by Jesus will God bring with Him." So her body lies in the grave in the sure and certain hope of a glorious resurrection.

Dear young friend, suppose you died suddenly, without any warning, how would you depart? In Christ? A pardoned, converted, saved one? Or without Christ? Guilty, vile, lost? Oh, dear reader! Christ has died; yea, rather has risen again. He died for sinners. He lives to love and save sinners. Trust Him, believe His sweet words, "Come unto Me and I will give you rest." "I give unto My sheep eternal life, and they shall never perish, neither shall any pluck them out of My hand." "I am the Good Shepherd: the Good Shepherd giveth His life for the sheep."

T. R. D.

"JESUS SAITH, I AM THE WAY."

Now will I tell to sinners round,
What a dear Saviour I have found;
I'll point to His redeeming blood,
And say, Behold "the way" to God.



THE TELEPHONE.

An Extract.

WE believe the telephone to be the greatest marvel of the age. Doubtless some of our readers are aware that it is an ingeniously constructed instrument for transmitting with lightning rapidity the sound of the human voice to any distance. We were informed that transmissions had been made by it to the distance of eight hundred miles. Now, having had one recently placed in our establishment, while mechanically following our employment, our thoughts have been drawn to contemplate the means whereby the feeblest voice, the groans and

unuttered desires of the weakest needy spirit of man, can reach the ear of God. The telephone and its various parts has suggested to us many thoughts on prayer, its power and efficacy.

First, there is a wire of communication suspended in mid-air over the Great City, from our establishment to another over a mile distant. So God has of His own will communicated by revelation to the inhabitants of earth that His ear is ever open to believing prayer: "All things whatsoever ye ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive;" "Call upon Me in the day of trouble, and I will hear thee;" "If any

man lack wisdom, let him ask of God ;”
 “ Is any afflicted? let him pray ;” “ Before
 they call, I will answer : and while they
 are yet speaking, I will hear.”

Secondly, there is another wire attached
 to carry off what are called the earth-
 currents to the earth, for without this
 there would be confusion of sound, and a
 distinct message could not be sent through
 the telephone. And are there not earth-
 currents which beset the believer when he
 prays? Is it not often difficult for him to
 worship God without distracting, earth-
 bound, wandering thoughts? But is there
 not also the Holy Spirit to help his
 infirmities? By His help we cry, “ Abba,
 Father !” Yea, He prays in the believer
 and for him, “ with groanings which can-
 not be uttered.” Rom. viii. 26, 27.

There is also in connection with the
 telephone a battery of chemicals. Ah! to
 pray aright we all must feel our needy
 state, and have faith in God’s power and
 willingness to hear and answer. The
 prodigal, when he began to be in want,
 said, “ I will arise, and go to my Father ;”
 and “ he that cometh to God must believe
 that He is, and that He is a Rewarder of
 those who diligently seek Him.” Some
 require a very strong battery to bring them
 on their knees—some heavy affliction, a
 bereavement, the destruction of an idol,
 or the withering of a gourd—but how
 blessed to be able to sing with Cowper—

“ God in Israel sows the seeds
 Of affliction, pain, and toil ;
 These spring up and choke the weeds,
 Which would else o’erspread the soil.

“ Trials make the promise sweet ;
 Trials give new life to prayer ;
 Trials bring me to His feet,
 Lay me low, and keep me there.”

We will now call attention to that cur-
 iously-constructed, complicated compart-
 ment of the telephone, the transmitter,
 which is locked up in a small cabinet, into
 which the sound of the human voice enters
 by striking upon a small and very sensitive
 metallic disc, and is instantly conveyed by
 the connecting wire over the City to the
 ear ready to receive it. Thus man (in
 things temporal) redeems time and shortens
 distance. And hath not the Christian a
 Transmitter, even Jesus Christ? for He is
 the “ one Mediator between God and man,”
 the prevailing Intercessor and Advocate
 with the Father—our great High Priest,
 whose sympathetic heart is always touched
 with the wants and sufferings of the least
 of His people ; and He hath said, “ What-
 soever ye ask the Father in My name, He
 will do it ;” “ I will pray the Father for
 you ;” “ I am the Way, and the Truth, and
 the Life ; no man cometh unto the Father
 but by Me.”

“ Prayer was appointed to convey
 The blessings God designs to give ;
 Long as they live should Christians pray,
 For only while they pray they thrive.

“ And shall we in dead silence lie,
 When Christ stands waiting for our prayer ?
 My soul, thou hast a Friend on high ;
 Arise, and try thy interest there.

“ If pains afflict or wrongs oppress ;
 If cares distract or fears dismay ;
 If guilt deject, if sin distress ;
 The remedy’s before thee—pray !

“ Depend on Christ, thou canst not fail ;
 Make all thy wants and wishes known ;
 Fear not, His merits must prevail ;
 Ask what thou wilt, it shall be done !”

Now, the telephone is attached to the
 end of the communicating wire, and, when
 placed to the ear, conveys the message

sent through the transmitter at the distant end by that powerful agent, electricity.

Here in a measure our allegory breaks down, for God knows our necessities before we ask—yea, He is the Inspirer of all real prayer. But mark, although He has promised to give all things that are needful for the good of His people, yet He hath said, “I will be inquired of;” “Put Me in remembrance;” “Pray without ceasing;” “Men ought always to pray, and not to faint.” And, on man’s part, what thousands refuse to hear God’s Word, though He hath spoken in all ages by the mouth of His holy prophets, and caused all His messages to be written for our learning. But, before a message is sent by the telephone, a bell is first rung to draw attention. So God sometimes speaks so loudly to men, by His providential dealing, that they must hear, and like Jacob say, “Surely this is the finger of God, the Lord is in this place, and I knew it not.”

IT IS I—BE NOT AFRAID.

Matt. xiv. 27.

Our hearts should never be dismayed
Whatever storm betide,
Since Jesus, called upon to aid,
Is ever at our side.

Amid each storm, He is our peace
Mid darkness, our bright Light,
Calmly we pass the boisterous seas
With Jesus full in sight.

Our anchor holds within the veil
Though billows swell on high—
Far, far beyond the raging gale
Our praises pierce the sky.

Our hearts are in *yon sunny clime*
Though tempest-tost below,
We live beyond the bounds of time
Who *Christ in glory know*.

I’LL HAVE NO SOUP.

Ye will not come to me that ye might have Life.
John v. 41.

It was visiting day at the Lunatic Asylum of ——. While waiting in the ante-room to see a beloved one, a patient of the institution, a most emaciated looking woman was brought in. The medical superintendent, after inspecting the papers and making careful inquiries about the case, turned towards the poor creature, and with evident concern (after remarking to her attendants that she was in a most debilitated condition of body), inquired, “Has she had any food to-day?” received for answer, “No, sir, she refuses food, she won’t take it.” He then addressed himself to the head nurse who was in attendance, “Take her to No. —, and give her some soup immediately!” Up to this point the poor patient, who had seemed a model of meekness and quietness, in a moment broke out into a fit of most frantic excitement and fury; and with fiend-like countenance, and violent bodily gestures, she screamed out, “No soup, I’ll have no soup!” They took her away, and all along the corridor, till her voice was lost in the distance, we could hear, “No soup! No soup!! No soup!!!”

Now is not the case of this poor maniac but too true a picture of the moral condition of every natural man? What this woman was *physically* is the true state *spiritually* of every one of Adam’s race. Every unsaved soul is “perishing with hunger.” True, full provision is made by divine grace for their refreshment and nourishment; true, the most earnest invitations are given to “eat that which is good, and let your soul delight itself in

fatness." Isaiah lv. 2. But men turn away from God's rich provision, and will have none of it. Nothing can exceed the repugnance of the human heart, to the pure Gospel of God's grace. The "fatted calf" is killed, the heavenly manna is all around, the "Bread of Life" is offered (John 6), and they prefer the "*husks*;" nay, they "*spend their money* for that which is *not* bread, and *labour* for that which satisfieth not." "Christ crucified," is the one remedy God has provided for the spiritual needs of sinners, and they will have *anything* else, and *everything* else, but this. John v. 40.

But he that rejects Christ rejects God. Our Lord says, "He that hateth Me hateth My Father also." Am I addressing any such? Any who are saying in their *hearts*, if not with their lips, "No God!" "No Christ!" Allow me to ask, "And do you mean to go on to the end doing this?" If so, O what will that end be? When death faces you, and judgment is before you, *then* thou wilt be fully conscious of thy insane refusal of God's provision for thy starving soul. And then, instead of hearing Him say, "Eat, O friends, drink; yea, drink abundantly, O beloved," thou wilt hear Him say, "Because I have called, and ye refused; I have stretched out My hand, and no man regarded; I also will laugh at your calamity, I will mock when your fear cometh." Proverbs i. 23-33. "Behold, ye despisers, and wonder, and perish." Before, then, this fearful scene takes place, while yet there is room, and while still the invitation is sounding in thine ears, "Come, for all things are now ready," haste to the Gospel banquet, eat "the Bread of Life," and live for ever.

A WIDOW'S ONLY CHILD.

A POOR widow had a son, whom she loved very dearly, for he was her only child, and very much like his father. Her love met with no kind return: nothing that she said was heeded by him. He would do just what he liked, in spite of all his mother's wishes and entreaties.

When about sixteen years of age, this stubborn lad left his mother without bidding her good-bye. Many an anxious tearful night did she pass, wondering what was become of him. About a year after, he was brought home very ill. He had fallen from a scaffold; fever had seized his brain, and for several days his life was in great danger. His mother was ever near him, doing all of which her loving heart could think. At the end of a fortnight his senses returned. At first he wondered where he was, and such was his weakness, that he did not wish to open his eyes, but lay very still, trying to call to mind what had taken place. He soon thought of the fall by which he had been stunned, then called to mind what he had been doing some time before this, and felt a little ashamed of himself. "But where am I now?" thought he. While thus thinking, he heard his mother's voice saying very softly, "He has had a fine sleep; I think he is better." The sick lad then said to himself, "I find I am at home, in my own little room, with my mother to nurse me; and she still loves me." Next came such thoughts as these: "I ought to love my mother for all her love to me, and try to make her happy. I do love her, and feel very sorry that I have caused her so much sorrow."

At that moment he felt his mother was

leaning over him; her gentle hand was laid on his still aching head; a warm tear fell on his cheek, and a soft kiss was impressed on his forehead. He could contain himself no longer. He opened his eyes, which were filled with tears, looked up in his parent's face, as he had not for many a long day, and said, "My dear mother!" His look, his words, his tears, his pressure of her hand, all went to the mother's heart, and made her weep tears of joy. This was the beginning of many happy days; for the mother loved God, and she had the pleasure of seeing her son love Him too, as well as love herself. Now, was it not true that this mother loved her son before he loved her? And was it not the knowledge and belief of her love to him that led him to love her? Was not her love very strong? And was not his love quite reasonable? And did it not make him very happy? Now apply this to yourself. God loves His children wherever they are, far more than that mother loved her child. Well may the Christian exclaim, "Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that He loved us, and sent His Son to be a propitiation for our sins." 1 John iv. 10.

Oh, what love the Father bore us!
 Oh, how precious in His sight!
 When He gave His Church to Jesus—
 Jesus, His whole soul's delight.

Though our nature's fall in Adam
 Seemed to shut us out from God,
 Thus it was His counsel brought us
 Nearer still, through Jesu's blood;

For in Him we found redemption,
 Grace and glory in the Son. Col. iii. 3.
 Oh, the height and depth of mercy!
 Christ and we, through grace, are one.

THE DEEP PIT.

AN officer much addicted to profane swearing visited one of the deep mines of Cornwall. He was attended by a pious workman who was employed in the works. During his visit to the pit, he uttered many profane and wicked expressions.

Finding it a long way, he said to the pious miner, "If it is so far down to your work, how far is it to hell?"

"I do not know how far it is to hell, sir," replied the miner, "but I believe, if this rope by which we are drawn up should break, you would be there in a minute."

WHERE IS YOUR BIBLE?

ALFRED BELL, when the excitement for emigrating to California was at its height, did not escape the contagion, and, though not nineteen years old, nothing would do but he must leave a pleasant home, and a kind mother, and a little sister, and go to dig for gold in the newly-found State.

After three years he returned, when his mother and sister greeted him with warm embraces.

"I have something pretty for you in my trunk, Minnie," he said to his little sister. "You see I have but little baggage; that one small trunk has been with me through sunshine and storm."

"Let me unpack it, please," said Minnie; "I will be very careful, and not tumble any of your nice clothes;" and, taking the key from Alfred's hand, she proceeded to take out carefully one article after another, and then put them on one side, until she came to the bottom of the trunk. She

paused a moment, and, seeming to distrust herself, she put her hand first upon one article, then upon another; then looking up earnestly in her brother's face while she still sat upon the floor beside his unpacked things, she said: "Where is your Bible, brother?"

"I have none," he said quickly.

"No Bible, Alfred?" said Minnie, as she rose, and put her hand upon his arm, "No Bible, brother?"

"No, Minnie," he said, a little impatient at her questions. "I left all my books in New York when I started for California: they took up too much room."

"And have you had no Bible for three whole years, brother?"

"No, Minnie," he answered.

"Whose did you read at night, then, brother?"

"I did not read anybody's. Come, don't bother me now. Let us find that pretty, fine dress I have for you."

"No, stop brother. Have you not read the Bible for three whole years?"

"No, Minnie, I have not; and I don't know that I have ever seen one since I have been in California."

Minnie stood and looked at him in utter astonishment, while the tears poured down her cheeks. At length she said in a low earnest voice, "Oh brother! were you not afraid that God would forget you?"

What an appeal to the brother's heart! He took the little Minnie in his arms, and kissing her, he said, "I am almost afraid I have been forgetting God, Minnie."

The earnest pleading of the little Minnie touched Alfred's heart. That night he opened the sacred volume, and read aloud from its pages. "Pray for me, mother, for I have wandered far from God; I fear He

may forget me." Night after night the earnest prayer ascended to the throne of grace. The brother was reclaimed from his wanderings, and now lives to be a blessing to his home. A Christian man, fearing God, and walking in His ways.

THE HAND OF GOD.

"WHO hath measured the waters in the hollow of His hand?" Isaiah xl. 12.

After reading these words a little boy said, "Father, if I were out to sea, and fell overboard, I should still be safe."

"What makes you think so?" asked his father.

"Because I should still be in the hand of God," replied the little boy.

PRAISE THE SAVIOUR.

LET youthful voices join,
To praise the Saviour's love;
With angels who in glory shine,
And ever dwell above.

Praises on Him bestow,
Who though so rich and great,
Came here to dwell with men below,
In mean and humble state.

Who laid His honours down,
To save both rich and poor;
Who died that they might wear a crown
Of glory evermore.

To Him who conquered death,
And bore its sting away,
Let old and young with joyful breath,
Eternal worship pay.

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS FOR AUGUST.

- | | |
|---------------------|-------------------------|
| 1. Romans viii. 20. | 4. 1 Corinthians i. 7. |
| 2. Romans viii. 21. | 5. 1 Corinthians i. 10. |
| 3. Romans viii. 19. | 6. Philippians iii. 20. |
| 7. Hebrews ix. 28. | |

HAVE YOU SEEN JESUS?

WHEN down at the sea shore yesterday, we met a group of children returning, perhaps, from school. The girl in the centre was the tallest, and there were two on each side of her, all very young children. They were singing one of the hymns they had learned at school, the one about Canaan.

When we passed them, we were interested to see the eldest girl was quite blind. Her little companions led her. The line of the hymn they were singing as they passed, was this—

“A glorious crown appears in view.”

Her face seemed so earnest, as though she were indeed looking at something which, though blind, she still could see.

I thought, surely Christ has opened the eyes of this child, so that though unable to look at the things that are seen, she now looks at the things that are unseen, and that are eternal. 2 Cor. iv. 18.

Children, have you seen Jesus? Have you looked into heaven? It is in your little closet, and upon your knees; with your eyes shut, that you will see glorious things, and hear the voice of Jesus; for all who love Him, know His voice, and follow Him.

It is said in Hebrews ii. 9, “We see Jesus, who was made a little lower than the angels, for the suffering of death, crowned with glory and honour; that He by the grace of God should taste death for every man.” Have you by faith seen Jesus?

THE STING OF DEATH IS SIN. 1 Cor. 15.

Paul was neither afraid of dying nor living; he desired to go to see Christ, yet was willing to stay on earth to serve Him.

BIBLE QUESTIONS FOR SEPTEMBER.

1. And Samuel said, Hath the Lord as great delight in burnt offerings and sacrifices as in obeying the voice of the Lord? Behold to obey is better than sacrifice, and to hearken than the fat of rams.
2. Behold, I will send my messenger; and he shall prepare the way before me; and the Lord, whom ye seek, shall suddenly come to His temple, even the messenger of the covenant, whom ye delight in.
3. Behold my Servant, whom I uphold, mine Elect, in whom my soul delighteth: I have put my spirit upon Him; He shall bring forth judgment to the Gentiles.
4. Let your soul delight itself in fatness. Incline your ear, and come unto Me; hear, and your soul shall live.
5. Thou shalt be called Hephzibah, and thy land Beulah, for the Lord delighteth in thee: and thy land shall be married.
6. Ye shall be a delightsome land, saith the Lord of hosts.
7. The meek shall inherit the earth, and delight themselves in the abundance of peace.
8. I was daily His delight, rejoicing always before Him.
9. I will delight myself in Thy statutes. I will not forget Thy Word.
10. In the multitude of my thoughts within me—thy comforts delight my soul.
11. He brought me into a large place; He delivered me, because He delighted in Me.
12. I delight to do Thy will, O my God: yea, Thy law is within my heart.
13. He retaineth not His anger for ever, because He delighteth in mercy.
14. A fool hath no delight in understanding.
15. My delight was with the sons of men.
16. Then shalt thou delight thyself in the Lord.

Give chapter and verse to the above Scriptures.

GOOD NEWS FOR YOUNG AND OLD.



JOSEPH'S DREAM.

* * * * *
If with THE SPIRIT'S light we trace
His course, as bright He rose
Up from a dungeon to a throne,
We see in Him that Mighty One,
Who triumph'd o'er His foes!

For did THE LORD our minds engage,
We'd find Him out in every page;
And here He is complete:
For Jacob's son, so much beloved,
Shows Jesus in the courts above,
Before He left His seat.

Jesus, on kindly purpose bent,
To do the Father's will was sent,
His brethren too to bless;
And He was hated too, and sold,
In type His sorrows thus are told—
It can be nothing less.

So, by false accusations brought,
The innocent was guilty thought;
The world did both disown—
Joseph was to a dungeon led—
Jesus was numbered with the dead,
For sins—but not His own.

NOTES ON THE HISTORY OF JOSEPH.

GENESIS xxxvii.—Jacob loved all his children, but he loved Joseph supremely. It is easy to understand why this is so, for Joseph and his father had communion. But the father had no communion with his other sons; and Joseph could have no communion with his brethren.

Joseph brought unto his father their evil report. These sons are away from their father, and Joseph among them; but he could have no communion with his brethren in their evil. He was compelled to witness it; if he had not power to prevent it, he would go and lament over it to his father, and pour out his heart to him.

In Joseph we have a type of Jesus, the holy, harmless, undefiled One, in the midst of sinners: He came into an evil world and He saw nothing to have communion with, but much to weep over; He wept over Jerusalem. His communion was with the Father.

The love of Jacob for Joseph was not a selfish love—he could give up Joseph to seek the welfare of his brethren. There was also a readiness in Joseph to go and seek the welfare of his brethren, who hated him.

Though Jacob was thus sending Joseph, it was not that the father was ignorant of the mind of the brethren toward Joseph; but the father's heart is going out in love to his children, having many anxious fears, yearning over them with bowels of compassion.

As Jacob gave up Joseph, so God gave up Jesus His Son. "God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son,

that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

God looked down and He saw that the wickedness of man was great; but He looked on them in love.

When Joseph's brethren saw that their father loved him more than all his brethren, they hated him, and could not speak peaceably unto him. This is the way of the world towards those that walk in the ways of the Lord. So it was with Cain and Abel; so it was with Jacob and Esau—Esau sought to kill Jacob; so with Saul and David—David the man after God's own heart, and Saul hunting him as a partridge upon the mountains, to kill him.

Thus it was with Jesus; the manifestation of the love of God brought out the enmity that was in the hearts of the Scribes and Pharisees.

In simplicity of heart and in openness, Joseph told them his dreams; but they hated him yet the more. When he told his father their evil report, it was not in malice or ill-will: but he could have no communion with them; and he mourned over them, and laid it before his father.

The Lord showed Joseph what awaited him in his exaltation: and his heart was comforted and strengthened to go through suffering. So it was with Jesus. The Lord graciously deals with us. The dreams of Joseph showed the coming kingdom and glory.

When Joseph told them his dreams, they rightly interpreted them, "Shalt thou indeed reign over us? or shalt thou indeed have dominion over us?" So it was with Jesus: when He spake His parables, the Jews sufficiently understood them to know that He would take the place of king. But they thought that they would put

Joseph to death, "they conspired against him to slay him." So with Jesus—they crucified Him. But there is that scripture that says, "Surely the wrath of man shall praise Thee: the remainder of wrath shalt Thou restrain." Ps. lxxvi. 10.

It is our comfort to know, that when the wrath of man would go further than would bring about God's purposes, He then restrains it. Concerning the wicked there is an expression in Scripture, "I will put my hook in thy nose, and my bridle in thy lips." Isa. xxxvii. 29. He can allow the evil to run as far as He pleases, and then he taketh the wise in their own craftiness. The very means they took to destroy Joseph, proved to be the very means that brought about his exaltation. The world may go on with its plans; but God will bring about His own purposes.

The only path that leads to ultimate glory is the path of the cross. Joseph had a pleasing prospect before him, but there was a painful path to it. So with Christians, "If so be that we suffer with Him, that we may be also glorified together." Rom. viii. 17. To go with the stream is not the way that leads to glory.

Joseph was not at home in Shechem—he had no rest there—"he was wandering in the field." Gen. xxxvii. 15. The world in Scripture is called the field. Matt. xiii. 38. As with Joseph, so with Jesus; He could find no resting place in the field. Joseph went to seek his brethren, and Jesus came to seek and to save the lost. None but those who are found of Him are truly blessed.

He that hath God's heart cannot want His arm. God's love sets all His other attributes at work.

EXTRACT FROM THE LIFE OF THE LATE GENERAL BURN.

AFTER detailing several answers to his prayers which he at various times received, the General says, "At another time I prevailed upon one of my brother officers, a most notorious swearer, to go to hear a preacher with me, and when we had just sat down, I put up a mental prayer, that he might be led to say something against swearing, that might be useful to my companion; and while I endeavoured to recollect some texts of Scripture that was opposed to this vice, the third commandment presented itself with full force to my mind. I thought if this were pronounced with solemn energy and power, what good might it not do? Accordingly towards the close of the discourse, which by-the-bye, seemed quite foreign from that upon which we had been meditating, the preacher began to reprove the vice of swearing, and was a full quarter of an hour demonstrating with uncommon eloquence, and convincing arguments, its sinfulness, meanness, unprofitableness, and dangerous consequences, and at last concluded by repeating the third commandment with such solemnity, that it forced the whole audience into the most serious attention, while I rejoiced to think that the Lord had graciously condescended to answer my prayer in a manner admirably calculated to impress the conscience of this profane officer." By thy words thou shalt be justified, and by thy words thou shalt be condemned. Matt. xii. 36, 37.

FALL to the work God sets thee about, and thou engagest His strength for thee.

BY WORKS OR FAITH—WHICH?

THE boast is often made, that this is “a land of open Bibles.” There is a measure of truth in it, and we thank God for it. But the sad thing is, that few persons seem to consult their Bibles, even about questions of eternal importance—questions which face every man, and which the Word of God alone can answer. Speak to people about their souls, and it is too evident that they have cloudy, misty ideas about salvation which they never gathered from God’s Word. How few are trusting in Christ and resting upon His work! How many are hoping by their doings and ways to merit heaven! The following true stories will illustrate this:—

I was staying at —, a pretty little place on the south coast of —shire, and needing a boatman, I chose one who was commended to me as “a nice old Christian.” I found him a pleasant, agreeable old man, very willing to speak of his man-of-war days, and not shunning conversation which touched upon religious things so long as it did not too closely apply to himself. He called to mind with evident relish the old days, when, in his Cornish home, “parsons” did not mind walking many miles to the preaching, and contrasted them in tones of disgust with the present easy-going times. But I wanted to know whether his soul was saved. So I said, “Mr —, do you think a man may know *now* whether his sins are forgiven?”

“Well, sir,” said he, in his broad way, “I don’t see how a man can know that perfectly. There’s none of us perfect.”

“That is true,” I replied. “But how

then, can men who are not perfect get to heaven?”

“Well, they must do the best they can, and trust God to make up the rest.”

Is this the “nice old Christian?” thought I. I said aloud, “There has only been one perfect Man, the blessed Lord Jesus. God tried men for many, many years, to see if any were ‘perfect,’ but there were none. He does not now look for us to ‘do our best,’ and so enter heaven; none could get there *that* way, but He so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever *believeth* in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.”

“Ah! if we could only act up to that now,” replied he.

To do our best—to act up to what the Bible says, these seem to be the favourite doctrines of men, instead of “Stand still, and see the salvation of the Lord.” But, in fact, they amount to a rejection of the *grace* of God, and salvation by that grace. “If by grace, then it is no more of works: otherwise grace is no more grace.” Rom. xi. 6. These are the words of God the Holy Ghost, through His servant Paul.

In the same little town of —, lived another elderly man, who more than forty years ago had been brought to the knowledge of Christ. At a time when cholera was taking off—almost without warning—the life of the strongest from the earth, God was pleased to speak to the conscience of my old friend B. “The terror of the Lord” was a reality to him, and in distress of soul, he sought the advice of one who he thought could help him. He stated his difficulty—what could he do? “It’s all right,” replied his adviser, “if you’re one of the elect you will be saved.” This gave him not

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a grain of comfort ; how could he know that he was one of the elect ? Had he searched God's Word, he would have seen that the true way in which he should have approached God was by *confession of sin*. "He looketh upon men ; and if any say, I have sinned . . . He (God) will deliver his soul from going into the pit, and his life shall see the light." Job xxxiii. 27, 28. Poor B. had yet to learn that the Lord did not invite "the elect" to Himself, but those who laboured and were heavy laden.

Still in distress, he went to another friend, and repeated what had been told him. His new adviser was a shoemaker, and after listening to B.'s story, said, "Don't you believe a word of it. Look here." Laying aside his work, he picked up an awl and a "wax-end," twisted the latter round the awl, leaving the two ends of the thread loose. Taking up first one end and then the other, he continued, "Now this is *your* end ; that is *God's* end. You pull yours, and God will pull His." My youngest reader will understand what was meant ; it was only a quaint way of saying, Do your best, and God will make up the rest. It was advice which well pleased B., who went away and "pulled his string" as hard as possible. He began to be extremely careful in all religious observances. He lost a day's work to go to the church on a fasting day, and when twelve months had passed and he looked back upon the reforms of the year, he thought within himself, "Ah, there's many a young man in ———, who would be better if he came up to my standard !" Was it God's standard ? The thought of God came into his mind again, and peace—where was it ? He had had

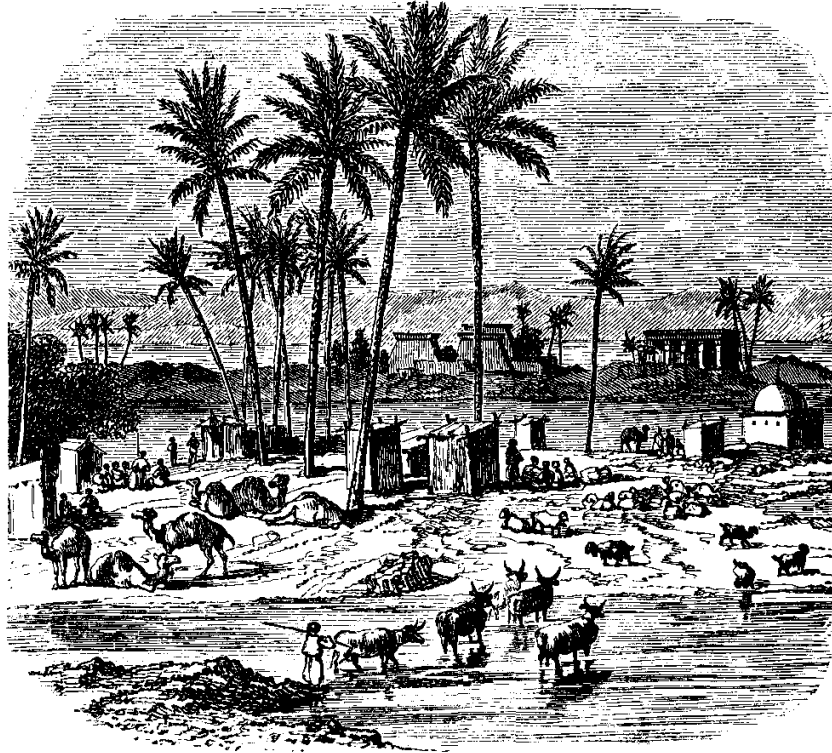
none, but a false peace, and this now departed from him. He saw that he was as far away from God as ever ; and that his efforts were worthless. But God graciously led him to a little company of believers in the Lord Jesus, who came together to study the Word of God, and he there proved that God is faithful to His word, "the truth shall make you free." Set at liberty from his own doings, a believer through grace, he was in time brought to see that "to him that *worketh not, but believeth* on Him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted for righteousness." Rom iv. 5.

Let me ask my readers, old and young, In what are you trusting ? Have you some vague, uneasy notion that you are doing your best, and hope to get to heaven at last ? Is yours a Christless hope—a hope that maketh ashamed ? Or is it, as I pray it may indeed be, "a sure and certain hope," a steadfast trust in Him who died, the just for the unjust, that He might bring us to God ? Do remember that God declares of our very best actions—our righteousnesses—that they are filthy rags ; these, therefore, avail nothing with Him. But, on the other hand, He declares that "if thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt *believe in thine heart* that God hath raised Him from the dead, thou shalt be saved."

W. J.

LITTLE CHILDREN'S PRAYERS.

Pray night and day ;
God loves to hear what infants say ;
He bows the ear
To children's prayer
At any hour ; and everywhere.



THE RIVER OF EGYPT OVERFLOWING ITS BANKS.

REMARKABLE ANSWERS TO PRAYERS.

SINCE the recent bombardment of Alexandria there can be few persons who have not heard of that once famous city, founded 300 years before Christ, by Alexander the Great.

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, through the opening up the overland route to India and the Suez Canal. It has greatly declined from its ancient splendour, 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 whom 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 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 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, and 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 answer 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, saying she

supposed he 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 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?

A NEGRO SLAVE TREATED KINDLY.

The service of Christ, perfect freedom. Matt. xi. 30.

AFTER he had been some time in service, his master said to him—

"Now you are of age, you may go where you please, and serve any master you think proper. I did not buy you to keep you as a slave, but that you might enjoy the sweets of liberty. You can leave my house to-morrow if you like." The poor slave was melted by the power of kindness, and with the deepest emotion he exclaimed, "Me leave you, my dear massa? Oh! no, not for all de world. Me want no wages to serve you, if massa turn me out at one door, me will come in at the OTHER."

How can any one expect to live with God in heaven, who desire not His presence on earth?

THAT'S MY FAITH, SIR.

A SERVANT of the Lord was visiting an elderly Christian in the small town of S——, when, after a few minutes' conversation, another respectably dressed woman entered the room, and sat down. Turning towards her, he began to speak on the subject of her salvation. The following is the substance of the conversation which then ensued—an example of the difficulties that many souls get into, and the uncertainty in which they live as to the future, so that it is often hard to discern whether such are really trusting in the Saviour, or no. If any in a similar case should read these lines, may the Lord in His grace use them to your deliverance and peace.

"Well, Mrs. ——, and are *you* saved?"

"I don't know what I should have done if I hadn't had the Lord to comfort me in my afflictions."

"But have you peace with God?"

"I often feel that the Lord has begun a good work in me, and He will carry it on. I often feel He hears me in my prayers."

"But you must not be guided by your feelings, Mrs. ——; they are like the wind, always changing: you must not depend upon them at all."

"I think that's a beautiful verse:—

" 'Tis a point I long to know,
Oft it causes anxious thought—
Do I love the Lord, or no?
Am I His, or am I not?"

"Beautiful verse, you call it. Oh, no; no indeed, it is all wrong together, and most dishonouring to Christ. You would never use such language to a dear relative, how much less to the Lord. It ought to be a settled thing. You ought to be quite

sure you are His, by faith, and enjoying His love, and not occupied with your love to Him."

"But you cannot always feel sure."

"There, you are returning to your *feelings* again. No wonder that you are not sure. As one has remarked, you are casting your anchor inside the ship, instead of out. You must rest on God's Word. 'Christ was delivered for our offences, and was raised again for our justification: therefore, being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ.'" Rom. iv. 25; v. 1.

"But I cannot help doubting sometimes."

"You will no longer doubt if you *rest on His Word*."

"I heard a preacher the other day tell us to believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, but that, if we did not, we might be damned to-morrow. But you cannot believe if God does not make you."

"Where do you get such a thought as that? You are *responsible to believe God*."

"But Satan is always so busy."

"True; but what saith the Scripture? 'Resist the devil, and he will flee from you.' If he troubles you much, it shows you fail to do so."

"I heard another preacher say that the spider begins his web and finishes it, and the Lord will do the same."

"True, again; perfectly true: but you must not rest on that for *peace*. It is impossible to obtain it by being occupied with the work of the Spirit of God *in you*, important as that is, but by believing on Christ, and His finished work *for you*."

"I knew a woman who prayed with me once, when I was anxious, and after she had done, she said, 'There, if I had

prayed another five minutes for you, you would have been saved.' And I prayed too."

"I expect you were like many more, thinking you were to be saved by the earnestness of your prayers. Prayer, of course, is perfectly right in its place: but we are not saved by prayer, but by *believing* on the Son of God. The Scripture does not say, 'Whosoever prayeth,' but, 'Whosoever *believeth* in Him shall receive remission of sins.' Acts x. 43. 'He that *believeth* on the Son hath everlasting life.'" John iii. 36.

"Ah! but I cannot agree with a religion that tells me not to do anything to be saved."

"I am not speaking about religion, but about *salvation*. Salvation is one thing, religion another. You need salvation first, and then religion follows. Salvation is by believing on the Lord Jesus Christ, and what He has done. Then comes religion, and 'pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father, is this, To visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world.' James i. 27. So that we are *saved* by grace *through faith* (Eph. ii. 8), and religion is doing, not to be saved, but *when we are saved*. God presents Christ to the soul. He never tells you to wait till He works in you, but that 'whosoever believeth on Him shall not be ashamed.' Rom. x. 11. *Believe*; rest on the Word of God. It altereth not. His word is for ever settled in heaven." Psalm cxix. 89.

"But we must wait for God to do it."

"That is your own thought entirely, and as long as you indulge in your own thoughts you will be miserable. There is

the operation of the Spirit of God in the soul, of course; but if you desire peace with God, you can only have it *by taking Him at His word*. Then, will you?"

How sad to see a soul thus hampered, enshrouded in clouds of difficulties, all through failing to believe what God says. How utterly helpless the servant of the Lord feels to meet such cases. The Word of God seems to fall powerless upon the ear, and nothing else can deliver.

But how different the state of soul in a dear old saint of God, with whom the following conversation took place a few moments after in a cottage close by:—

"You have been brought to the Lord some time, have you not?"

"It is forty-two years since I got the blessing, sir, and was saved."

"How do you know you are saved?"

"Because God says so."

"What does He say?"

"He tells me that He gave His Son to die for my sins on the cross."

"Where does He tell you that?"

"In His Word. Many rest on the work of the Spirit in them instead of the work of Christ for them."

"Did you ever know any one who found peace by trusting in the work of the Spirit?"

"All I can say is, I didn't."

"How did you find it?"

"Through the testimony of God's Word about His Son, and what He suffered for me upon the cross. Nothing else will do to trust to, but *the finished work of Christ*. I don't say I never had any stumbles on the road. But I heard a man say that the devil sometimes gets a saint down, but the Lord won't let him keep him down. When I fail, the Holy

Spirit points me to Christ for restoration. But the Holy Spirit's work will never *save* a sinner: Christ's work does that. *That's my faith, sir.*"

Beloved reader, and may I ask, What is your faith? Are you full of difficulties through self-occupation, or have you taken God at His word? The work of the Holy Ghost in the soul is indispensable, but nowhere does God tell us to rest therein for salvation and peace. Thousands are trying, striving, working, doing, praying, feeling, hoping, and yet remain perfect strangers to peace. But look out of self to Christ. Believe God, and peace with Him will be yours. Rom. v. 1. God hath made peace by the blood of the cross of His own Son.

'Tis vain to seek for peace with God

By methods of our own;

There's nothing, save the Saviour's blood,
Can bring us near the throne.

You may devise a thousand plans to establish a righteousness of your own, but only plainly showing thereby that you are ignorant of the righteousness of God. Rom. x. 3. Abraham *believed God*, and it was counted unto him for righteousness. Rom. iv. 3. *And this is God's way for us also*. Do you *believe God*? He hath made Him to be sin for us, who knew no sin; that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him. 2 Cor. v. 21.

E. H. C.

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS FOR SEPTEMBER.

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|-----------------------|------------------------|
| 1. 1 Samuel xv. 22. | 9. Psalm cxix. 16. |
| 2. Malachi iii. 1. | 10. Psalm xciv. 19. |
| 3. Isaiah xlii. 1. | 11. 2 Samuel xxii. 20 |
| 4. Isaiah lv. 2. | 12. Psalm xl. 8 |
| 5. Isaiah lxii. 4. | 13. Micah vii. 18 |
| 6. Malachi iii. 12. | 14. Proverbs xviii. 2. |
| 7. Psalm xxxvii. 11. | 15. Proverbs viii. 31. |
| 8. Proverbs viii. 30. | 16. Isaiah lviii. 14. |

“ALL THY WORKS PRAISE THEE.”

Who taught the birds their notes to sing
In all their sweet responsive lays;
Which make the hills and valleys ring?
'Twas God who formed them for His praise.

Who makes the corn and grass to grow,
And flow'rets which adorn the fields?
The fertilizing streams to flow
And all the fruits kind nature yields?

'Tis God by His Almighty power;
All nature acts as He hath willed;
And will till time shall be no more,
Till all His pleasure be fulfill'd.

And does He all our ways behold,
Whose glories so attract our sight?
Yes, in His word, we're also told,
He marks us both by day and night.

His creatures all on Him depend,
Who doth the life He gives sustain;
Whose mercy knows no bound, nor end,
And none shall cry to Him in vain.

So great, so wise, so good is He,
From whom all blessings freely flow;
Who fills all space, all things doth see
Whom none can ever fully know.

For 'tis in Him we live and move,
And our mysterious being have;
O, may we rise each morn to prove
And sing His power to bless and save.

Then is He not displeased with those
Who slight His mercies and His laws?
Yes, truly on His stubborn foes,
He will avenge His righteous cause.

But if we now in Christ believe
Our many sins will be forgiven;
We shall eternal life receive,
And enter soon the courts of heaven.

Then in the most exalted lays,
For mercy so divine and free;
Our tongue shall sound His noblest praise
Throughout a blest eternity.

BIBLE QUESTIONS FOR OCTOBER.

1. The Lord will create upon every dwelling place of Mount Zion, and upon her assemblies, a cloud and smoke by day, and the shining of a flaming fire by night: for upon all the GLORY shall be a defence (or covering).
2. The wilderness, and the solitary place, shall be glad for them; and the desert shall rejoice, and blossom as the rose. . . . They shall see the GLORY of the Lord.
3. Bring my sons from far, and my daughters from the ends of the earth; even every one that is called by my name; for I have created him for my GLORY.
4. In that day there shall be a root of Jesse, which shall stand for an ensign of the people; to it shall the Gentiles seek: and His rest shall be GLORIOUS.
5. I will set my GLORY among the heathen. . . . So the house of Israel shall know that I am the Lord their God from that day, and forward.
6. The GLORY of the Lord shall be revealed, and all flesh shall see it together: for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it.
7. I will gather all nations and tongues; and they shall come, and see my GLORY.
8. I will set a sign among them. . . . and they shall declare my GLORY among the Gentiles.
9. Arise, shine; for thy light is come, and the GLORY of the Lord is risen upon thee.
10. As truly as I live, all the earth shall be filled with the GLORY of the Lord.
11. Whether, therefore, ye eat or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the GLORY of God.

Give chapter and verse to the above Scriptures.

THE Christian, when full of divine communications, is but a glass without a foot; he cannot stand or hold what he hath received any longer than God sustains him.

GOOD NEWS FOR YOUNG AND OLD.



BALAAM AND BALAK.—Numbers xxiv. 17.

BALAAM'S WISH.

Numbers xxiii.

"LET me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his." This was the expression of the wicked Balaam, who "loved the wages of unrighteousness," and who "for reward" was willing to curse the people of God, though God constrained him to pronounce their blessing; and he was compelled to say, "Behold, I have received commandment to bless, and HE hath blessed; and I cannot reverse it." The whole transaction, as recorded in Numbers xxii. to xxiv., and alluded to in other portions of the Word of God, shows that the wickedness of Balaam was great. Still, when he had the vision of "the death of the righteous," he desired that his last end might be like his.

This is not an uncommon desire on the part of the ungodly. Although they have not turned to God, and believed on the Lord Jesus Christ, they do not wish to perish in their sins, and to "be punished with everlasting destruction." They would like to escape from the judgment of God, although they have neglected His great salvation.

Balaam spoke of "the death of the righteous," but as regards those who have not Christ for their righteousness before God, the Scripture distinctly declares that "there is none righteous, no, not one" (Rom. iii. 10); but now, "the righteousness of God which is by faith of Jesus Christ," is "unto all, and upon all them that believe" (ver. 22). Though none are righteous in themselves, the soul who trusts in the Lord Jesus Christ, believing on Him in the heart, has Him, in all His perfection, for righteousness in the presence of God.

Some years ago, a young woman, who trusted in Christ, was in her last illness, which ended in her departure from this world of sickness and sorrow, to be with Christ. A kind relative who had not seen her for some time paid her a visit, and was so impressed with the peace and serenity of her soul, resulting from her faith in Christ and His finished work, that in the warmth of his heart he exclaimed, "If I had only your faith, I could willingly exchange places with you." This was something like the words of Balaam, though I believe expressed with much more truth and sincerity.

After the interview, he often referred to it, with wonder at the power which the truth of God had over the heart of one so young, who was in daily expectation of ending her career on earth. One trusts that this was a time of visitation of the Lord to his soul; but, in order to have the like calmness in departure, he must know what it is to have "peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ." Rom. v. 1.

This circumstance, and the truth connected with it, were brought vividly to my mind by an inscription which I lately read upon a tombstone, the words of which were as follows:—

"Gently thy passing spirit fled,
Sustain'd by grace divine;
Oh! may such grace on me be shed,
And make my end like thine."

I know nothing of the person referred to, but certainly the desire expressed in the verse is such as anyone might sincerely covet. But, in order to possess it in reality, there must be simple and entire faith in the Lord Jesus Christ as the Saviour of sinners.

GOOD NEWS FOR YOUNG AND OLD.

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How sad the thought! that death to all
Brings not a happy, sweet release,
That many, oh, how many! fall
Where pain and anguish never cease.

How blest are they who have a life
Beyond this fleeting breath on earth!
Who, though they walk this world of strife,
Are born again—have heavenly birth.

For should they die, it is not death;
In Christ they live for evermore;
They but exhale their mortal breath,
Then are with Him whom they adore.

T.

JUST SAY, "JESUS, SAVE ME."

Luke xxiii. 42.

LIEUTENANT ALLEN had gone through many battles without harm. At last, he received a terrible wound at Gettysburg, and a few days after was lying in the hospital, so ill and weak that he scarcely recognised any one about him. He was a Christian man, and not afraid to die, but as little by little his strength revived, he began to think about his wife and his little children.

Nelly was eleven, Mary nine, and there was a little babe born the very day he received his wound. From the hospital Lieutenant Allen's colonel wrote home to his friends. The letter threw the little family into consternation. Mrs. Allen could not go; her father was ill; and an only brother of the Lieutenant was far in the west.

"Mamma, may I go?" asked Nelly, her cheeks flushed, and her eyes bright with tears.

"You, my poor girl!" said her mother mournfully.

Later in the day, a neighbour came in

who was going to Gettysburg, and Nelly renewed her entreaties, which at last prevailed.

One day the Lieutenant waked from an uneasy sleep. Could he believe his eyes? There sat his little girl—his own little Nelly—her gentle eyes so full of love, her innocent kiss upon his cheek so fervent, her sweet voice so soft in its murmuring fondness, that her father began to rally from that moment.

In one of the wards was a poor boy who soon drew Nelly's attention. His face was so pale and swollen, and his breath so laboured, that the child was frightened.

"Papa, is he dying?" she asked.

"Yes, my dear," said the nurse, "You had better not look at him. Poor soul, he has been trying to pray; but he did not seem to know what to say."

Another moment and Nelly was at the bedside of the dying boy, breathless, eager, her little hands clasped, as she bent earnestly down, and cried in her low, clear voice:—

"Just say 'Jesus;' only say 'Jesus save me!'"

The boy looked up anxiously, his white lips moved.

"Just look to Jesus, He will hear you!" cried the child again.

The fluttering breath was still for a moment; and from the labouring throat came in one low, shrill voice—

"Jesus, I trust in Thee!"

A beautiful smile of delight illumined the young face that bent over him.

"O papa!" she cried, a moment after, as the nurse laid her hand on the poor young Sergeant's eyes, now closed for ever, "I hope he has gone to be with Jesus;"

and, laying her head on the pillow, she cried quietly. Death was so new to her.

The Lieutenant got well enough to return home with his little daughter; and after a month's furlough, he went back to the service of his country. Through all the trials of his life on the battle-field, the thought of his little daughter cheered him; and he was never happier than when, enclosed in her mother's letter, came a sweet, childish note from Nelly, full of news about her pets, and especially the dear baby, who would certainly walk by the time papa came home.

The baby did walk by the time papa came home; but there was no Nelly to greet him. She, dear child! had departed to be with Christ, which was far better. A severe fever had brought death, and little Nelly was safe for ever. During the delirium of her illness, she thought herself in the hospital, and ever and anon, clasping her hands, would cry out—

“Just say, ‘Jesus, save me!’”

LOOK TO JESUS.

CHILDREN who have gone astray,
Far from God and peace and heaven;
Would you leave that dangerous way?
Would you have your sins forgiven?
Christ can all your sins forgive;
Look to Jesus, look and live!

Children! you have sinful hearts;
Jesus Christ can make you whole:
He alone can peace impart,
Sanctify and save your soul.
Jesus holy joy can give,
Look to Him: now look and live!

Children! you may shortly die,
Jesus came to seek and save;
If you to the Saviour fly,
You shall live beyond the grave:
Life eternal He will give,
Look to Jesus, look and live!

RIGHTEOUSNESS A GIFT.

IN speaking to souls upon the question of how they are to obtain a righteousness that will fit them for the presence of God, one often meets with such replies as, “I am doing the best I can,” “I’m trying,” or, “I keep on praying.” May be, some reader of these lines is on the same tack. But where, let me ask you, does it tell you in the Scripture to do, and try, and pray for it? I think I hear someone replying, “Well, but we must try to do our best, and we can’t expect to get it if we don’t pray.” My dear friend, though prayer is perfectly right of course in its place, a distinct sign of a new-born soul, and we cannot do too much to please God when we are saved, yet, if an unconverted sinner were to pray twelve hours out of the twenty-four, from year’s end to year’s end, try with all his might and main, and do the very best he can, he will be as far off the righteousness of God this time next year, as he was this time last.

Righteousness is not obtained by doing, trying, praying, but by faith. It is a free gift. God is the giver, and the sinner the receiver. It is never bestowed upon the ground of our merits, but was obtained for us by the finished work of Christ. The Word of God distinctly witnesses to this.

Let me tell you of a true circumstance by way of illustration.

A certain person went into a tailor’s shop, and ordered a suit of clothes for a young man. Having chosen the cloth, the bill was made out, and the clothes paid for. The tailor was then instructed to send them to the young man’s address,

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and to enclose the bill receipted inside. Having the measure, they were soon made, and forwarded to the address given. When the young man came home, and saw the parcel, his first thought was that there was some mistake. But seeing it was distinctly addressed to him, he ventured to open it, finding inside a suit of clothes evidently meant for him. Coming upon the enclosed bill, his thought was, "but I didn't order them, and I shall have to pay for them. I wonder why they sent them." But what was his surprise, when he opened the bill, to find that it was receipted. The clothes were paid for, and forwarded as a free gift.

Now what do you think he did? Called to pay for them? No. Sat down and reasoned about them, raising all kinds of difficulties about accepting them? No. Talked about not deserving them? No. Went and begged the tailor to give them to him? No, he did nothing whatever of the kind. But I will tell you what he did do. Like a wise young man, *he put them on and wore them*, and then went and thanked the donor for the gift.

What could be more simple? The parcel was addressed to him. The written receipt proved without a doubt that they were paid for. He believed it, and he accepted them as a gift, without a question.

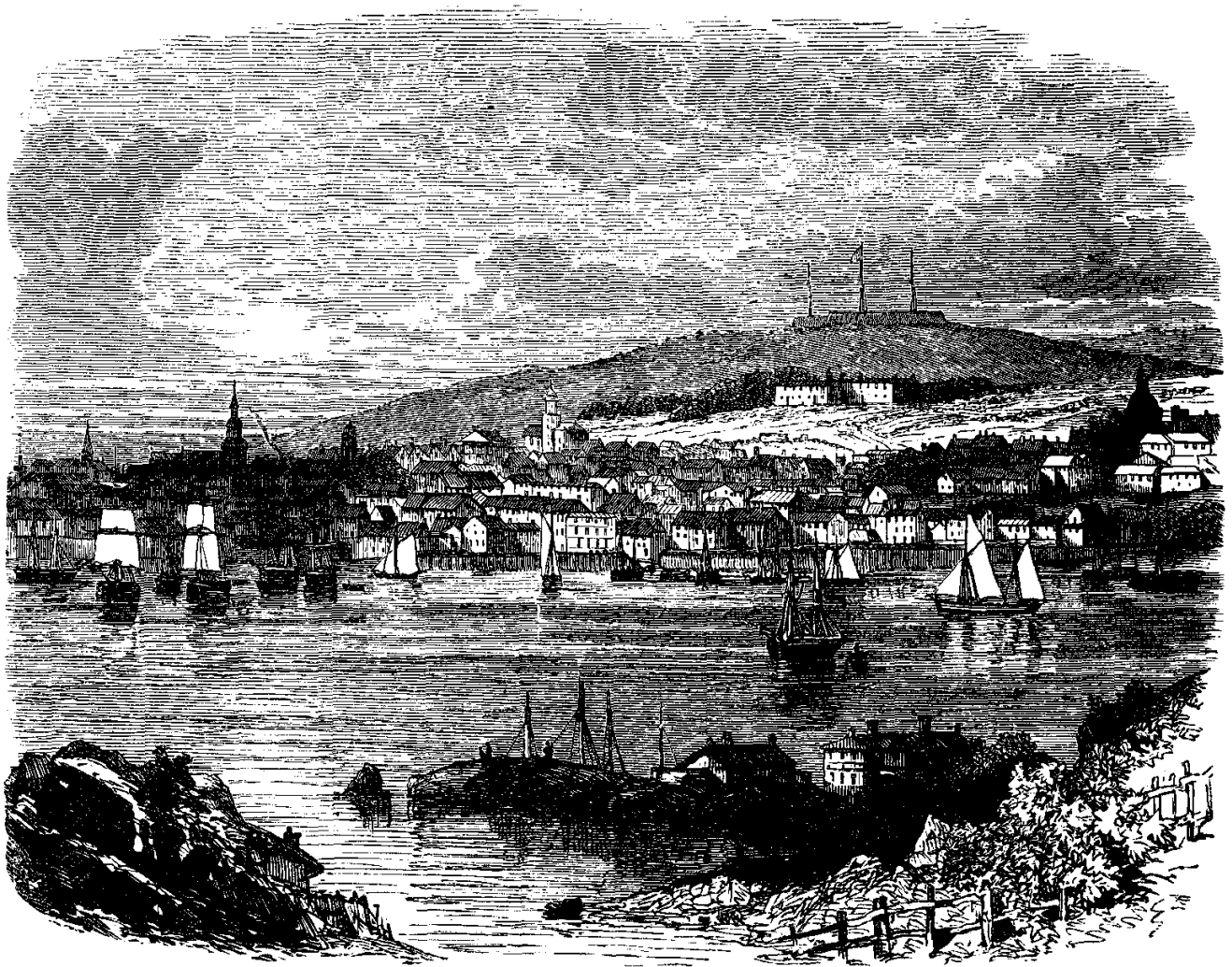
And now, dear reader, for the application. God offers you righteousness as a free gift. Rom. v. 17. Christ has obtained it for you in dying and rising again. It is addressed to *all* sinners. *You* are one, so it must mean you. God's Word is the written receipt, the proof that it is paid for. All you have to do is to accept it, put it on. When? *Now*.

How did the young man get the suit of clothes? They were sent as a free gift. And he believed they were for him. There was the written receipt. He read it, and he believed it. How could he doubt it? He accepted the clothes without a question, and *put them on*.

And now, will you do the same? *Will you* accept God's free gift of righteousness? It is the height of folly for you to reason about it; to attempt to pay, or talk about yourself or your deserts, your doing or trying, or anything else. Neither need you to pray to God to give it you, any more than the young man needed to pray to the tailor to give him the suit of clothes. They were paid for, prepared, and sent ready to the young man. The receipt was conclusive as to any misgiving that might arise in his mind. He had nothing whatever to do but to put them on, and wear them, and thank the donor. And that is all you have to do. Well, you say, they are very good terms. They are, and they are God's terms. Righteousness cost Christ everything, and therefore costs you nothing. It is a free gift. Have you received it? Is it yours? The righteousness of God is unto all, and *upon all them that believe*. Rom. iii. 22. Is it on you? The Word of God is conclusive. Do you believe? *You do*. Then it is on you. God says so. You have a written proof. You are clothed with divine righteousness in the Presence of God. Go and thank the Donor.

God hath made Him to be sin for us, Who knew no sin; that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him. 2 Cor. v. 21.

E. H. C.



HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA.

A LETTER TO LETTER CARRIERS.

THE writer of the following lines had been the chief means of obtaining for the post-men of his district the benefit of an annual fortnight's holiday. The letter expressing their thanks to him was accompanied by a Bible and other books, and in acknowledgment he sent the following reply. It is given here with the earnest desire that it may be made a blessing to some readers of *GOOD NEWS* :—

“My Dear Friends,—I am deeply touched with the sentiments expressed in your address, as well as gratified that my weak efforts on your behalf have been so well appreciated. The very acceptable

gift of books I prize highly, especially the one you so appropriately term the ‘Word of God,’ for by it nearly ten years ago I was ‘born again,’ having first learned from that same source my utterly lost state by nature as a child of Adam, and the acts of my life testifying against me, confirming the truth that I was ‘born in sin and shapen in iniquity.’ I discovered in that ‘Word of God’ that I was utterly lost, hopeless and helpless, and I realized in my soul for the first time in my life that I deserved nothing at the hands of a holy God (who is of purer eyes than to behold evil, and cannot look on iniquity) but eternal banishment from His presence,

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and had I then died in my sins I should have perished eternally in the fire that never shall be quenched ; but thanks be to God, I also learned from the same pages of His inspired Word the blessed fact that the One who would and must judge me as a sinner was the very One who was and is my Saviour, He having Himself provided a remedy to meet my need, the remedy being none other than His most holy, blessed, and spotless Son, the Lord Jesus Christ, whom He sent into this world 'in the likeness of sinful flesh, and as a sacrifice for sin, and thus condemned sin in the flesh.' Yes, my dear friends, God 'spared not His own Son,' but in that spotless Person He judged (condemned) that awful, horrible principle which belongs to every child of Adam born into this world, and which Scripture calls *Sin*, and which is the corrupt *tree*, which brings forth corrupt fruit, even our sins. Faith in the accomplished work and in the glorious person of the Lord Jesus Christ, in the power of the Holy Ghost, brought to my soul the sweet assurance of sins forgiven ; for He has said, 'Their sins and iniquities will I remember no more,' so that in the language of the poet I can truly say, 'Peace like an even river flows, and mercy like a flood.' And at the same time without the least presumption, although owning much weakness and oftentimes failure, I can say from my heart, I have peace with God through the precious blood of the Lord Jesus Christ. Now, my dear friends, let me ask you, individually as well as collectively, have you this peace? Heed not the scoff or the taunt of the scorner, for if you are ever in earnest as to your soul's eternal interests you will inevitably meet it, but, my friends, *now is*

the 'accepted time ;' listen to the gracious accents of that illustrious Person who now occupies the seat at the right hand of God, and who still makes the same loving appeal He made eighteen hundred years ago, 'Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' And I can assure you, as one who has experienced that rest of conscience, that you will not be disappointed, but believing, you will rejoice, and have that peace which He made by the blood of His cross, and which has met all God's holy, just, and righteous claims against the sinner who trusts that *precious* blood. I remember hearing an incident related some time ago that occurred in the Indian Mutiny. An English officer had his lower jaw shot away, together with his tongue. Before dying he beckoned to some person to bring him writing materials. With an effort he wrote to his wife, who was a Christian woman, these words, 'Peace, peace, deep as a river,' this, his dying farewell, was sent besmeared with his life's blood to his sorrowing widow. Oh, the joy it must have been to her heart to know that the one she loved best on earth in his last moments had that peace which she herself realized. It was a balm, dear friends, to the wound that had been made by the loss of her beloved husband, and it was a certainty to her soul that she would meet him again in those bright realms of bliss before the Father, where Jesus ever dwells. My dear friends, you may think this is a strange answer to your address, but bear with me, 'for out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh,' and though you may think it irrelevant, yet what comparison is there between your worldly interests (which, as you know, have been the subject

of much of my thoughts) and those of eternity. I feel God has given me an opportunity of speaking a faithful word, and I know from my experience of each one of you that you will not think the less of me for embracing this opportunity.

"With very many good wishes for your welfare both here and hereafter, and again thanking you for your handsome gift,

"I am, my dear friends,

"Yours very sincerely,——."

GOD'S DEAR SON DIED FOR US.

John iii.

A DEAR little Christian boy had a swearing father, whose wicked words grieved him very much, because he well knew it grieved God to hear them; and one day, with tears in his eyes, he said to his father, "Please, father, don't abuse God's name; for don't you know God loves us so, that He sent His dear Son to die for us, father!"

"THERE IS NOT A WORD IN MY TONGUE, BUT LO, O LORD, THOU KNOWEST IT ALTOGETHER."

Psalms cxxxix. 4.

A LITTLE boy not yet six years old, who had been with his father and mother to the country, after returning home in the evening, said to his mother—

"Mother, Willie B—— swore!"

He was asked, "And what did you say?"

He replied, "I said, 'God heard that'!"

What a reproof in these words! All little boys and girls should think of that when they are tempted to use any words which they know are wrong. Remember, although your father and mother may not hear you, God hears all you say.

THE FAR-SEEING EYE.

As the astronomer Mitchell was one day observing the setting sun through a large telescope, and gradually lowering the instrument to keep in view the great body of light slowly sinking in the western sky, there came within his line of vision the top of a distant hill, upon which grew a number of apple trees. In one of those trees were two boys, apparently stealing the apples. One was getting the fruit, while the other appeared to be keeping watch, to make sure that they were not seen in their guilty act; both, no doubt, hoping to be undiscovered. But there sat Professor Mitchell, seven miles away, with the great eye of his telescope directed fully upon them, and perceiving their every movement as clearly as if he were on the hill-top.

The above related incident puts us in mind of how all are under the continual observation of God; according to the Scripture, "All things are naked and opened unto the eyes of Him with whom we have to do;" and again, "The eyes of the Lord are in every place, beholding the evil and the good." Heb. iv. 13; Prov. xv. 3. It has been remarked by another, that, for the Christian, it should be a pleasing reflection that the eye of his God is at all times upon him. The remembrance of the fact should be a check upon sin, and an encouragement to holiness. And besides, as we read, "The eyes of the Lord run to and fro throughout the whole earth, to show Himself strong in the behalf of them whose heart is perfect toward Him." 2 Chron. xvi. 9.

J. C.

LORD BACON'S CONFESSION.

"My Lords, it is my act, my hand, my heart. I beseech your Lordships to have mercy upon a broken reed!"

He who uttered these self-abasing words was one whose name was known and honoured, not only in this country, his native land, but also throughout all Europe. Of immense learning, and vast worldly wisdom, he had risen step by step till he had reached one of the highest positions it was possible for any man, who was not of royal blood, to attain. He was the Lord Chancellor of England. His name was Francis, Baron Verulam, Viscount St. Albans, better known now by his simpler name of Lord Bacon.

At the time of which I write, he was between sixty and seventy years of age, and had reached a point where his glorious progress was stopped. He, a great judge, had been charged with one of the greatest crimes a judge could be guilty of—bribery; that is, taking sums of money from those whose causes were to be tried by him. This was not simply in one or two cases; no less than twenty-three separate and distinct offences were laid to his charge.

Though Lord Bacon admitted having received sums of money, he declared that he took them simply as "presents," and that he never perverted justice. To use his own words, spoken at a later date, "he was the justest judge that ever was."

The day rapidly drew on in which he was to be impeached before the House of Lords. The King (James I.), advised him to plead guilty, and promised to do all in his power to lighten the sentence. In consequence of this Lord Bacon sent a con-

fession to the Peers, which has been called by a great historian, "an artful and pathetic composition." In it Lord Bacon admitted having received the money, but excused it in so many ways, that as a confession it was worthless. The Peers were not satisfied with this, and sent to Lord Bacon a copy of every charge against him. To this he replied, confessing his offence, and throwing himself entirely upon the mercy of the Lords. "Upon advised consideration of the charges," said he, "descending into my own conscience, and calling my memory to account so far as I am able, I do plainly and ingenuously confess that I am guilty of corruption, and do renounce all defence."

There was every reason to believe this to be a true and real confession. One point remained to be settled. Had Lord Bacon himself signed the document? A number of the Peers went, on behalf of all, to inquire. They found him in great agony of mind and in deep dejection. "My Lords," he exclaimed, "it is my act, my hand, my heart! I beseech your Lordships to have mercy upon a broken reed."

This was enough. But it was not the part of their Lordships to exercise mercy. They sat as Judges. The next day sentence was passed, and Bacon was condemned to pay a fine of £40,000; to be imprisoned in the Tower during the King's pleasure; to be banished from Court, and never more to sit in Parliament. It was a hard sentence, but Bacon afterwards said, "It was the justest censure that ever was."

But the King remembered mercy, and was true to his promise, that upon confession he would lighten the sentence. In

two days Bacon was set at liberty; the fine was forgiven; he was next allowed to appear in the King's presence; and at last was summoned to Parliament, though age, and perhaps shame, kept him away. More than this, a sum of £1,200 a year was allowed him by the Government. Thus all his punishment was removed, and more than mercy was shown.

This interesting incident in the history of a great man calls to mind a moment of still greater interest in the history of every soul that has received forgiveness of sins. I speak of the moment David so touchingly refers to in Ps. xxxii. "I said, I will confess my transgressions unto the Lord; and Thou forgavest the iniquity of my sin." It was impossible that mercy could have been shown to Lord Bacon while his crime was unconfessed. But having confessed his guilt, the King could graciously pardon the guilty judge. It may be that this paper will be read by one who really longs for the knowledge of sins forgiven. Let me ask such an one, Have you ever been to God with confession of sins, taking with true humility the only place a sinner ought to take, a suppliant for mercy, "renouncing all defence, plainly confessing that you are guilty?" If you have never done this, do not be surprised at a long-continued state of misery. There is nothing new under the sun, and David himself will tell us of a similar experience. "When I kept silence, my bones waxed old, through my roaring all the day long." No confession—no relief.

It is of the first importance that when confession of sin is made it should be *real*. The first "artful" confession of Bacon was rejected as insufficient. Will God receive less than the heart-felt truth? Yet how

many thousands tell God, week after week, that they have erred and strayed from His ways like lost sheep, they have followed too much the devices and desires of their own hearts, they have offended against His holy laws, and they beseech Him to have mercy upon them, miserable offenders! But of how many of these is it also true, that though their "lips went," their "hearts did stay behind." It is a most solemn thing to say with our lips, "It is true," to God's word about ourselves, and in our hearts to deny it: to sue for mercy with our tongues, and think within ourselves that we are not as other men are. Nor is it any confession if we excuse ourselves; it only deserves that name when one can truly say it is "my act, my hand, my heart." It may not express itself in well-chosen words; nor does God look for these things, but the groan of a contrite heart He will not despise. The beating upon the breast, the cry, "God be merciful to me, a sinner," caused more joy in the presence of the angels of God than the confident sentences of the Pharisee.

With him who is of a contrite and humble spirit, God, the High and Lofty One who inhabiteth eternity, makes His dwelling. So He declares through His servant Isaiah (ch. lvii. 15). By Elihu He declared that "if any say, 'I have sinned, and perverted that which was right, and it profited me not;' He will deliver his soul from going into the pit, and his life shall see the light." Job. xxxiii. 27. Again, when Isaiah saw the Lord sitting upon a throne, high and lifted up, and His train filling the temple, his own state as a sinner was so well seen by him in the presence of the glory that

he cried, "Woe is me! for I am undone; because I am a man of unclean lips, and I dwell in the midst of a people of unclean lips!" What is the response? A seraph takes a live coal from the altar, and with it touches Isaiah's mouth, saying, "Lo, this hath touched thy lips, and thine iniquity is taken away, and thy sin purged." David, Elihu and Isaiah—all show by word, by example, or by both, that blessing and forgiveness follow upon true confession to God.

Before the coming of Christ, in Old Testament times, God proved Himself a gracious God. The contrite, the weary, the meek, were ever partakers of His goodness. When Christ came—*He who was God manifest in the flesh*—even a fuller display of mercy and grace was made. I call your attention to one moment in the life of the Lord Jesus. He was despised. The nation, like fickle children, cared neither for the severity of John, nor for the graciousness of Christ. The wondrous works His love delighted in had not moved the affections of Israel. He was rejected, and therefore pronounced the solemn, solemn woes upon those cities—Chorazin, Bethsaida, Capernaum—where His mighty works had been done. Then—"at that time"—He turned to heaven, and thanked the Father that though these things had been hidden from the wise and prudent, He had revealed them unto babes. And *all things* were delivered to Him of the Father. In the consciousness of this power, and having known what it was to be weary, He spake to the labouring and the heavy laden, He bade them come to Him, and He would give them rest. For such a class I write: Will you go to Him? and in the presence of such a power, which

is not against you, but *for* you—in the presence of such a love, you will find no difficulty in unburdening a troubled heart. And you will prove the word of God concerning Christ to be true: "a bruised reed will He not break."

But remember, it is not your confession which *merits* forgiveness. Through the work of Christ upon the cross, and for His sake, God delights in blessing. W. J.

DO YOU KNOW THE LORD?

"Do you know the Lord Jesus as *your own Saviour*?"

I asked this question of an old country woman, who had passed by some years the "seventy" appointed to man, and whose snowy hair showed that the winter of life had settled upon her. Her reply was—

"I trusts Him night and day. I've got no one else to trust."

No one else! Who else is needed? Who so worthy of our trust as the blessed Son of God? and who so faithful to the confidence placed in Him?

What saith the Scripture? "Blessed (or, Happy) are all they that put their trust in Him." Ps. ii. 12. "Whoso trusteth in the Lord, happy is he." Prov. xvi. 20. W. J.

ALL ARE WELCOME.

ALL ye weary come to Jesus;
Still He calls, oh, come away;
All are welcome to the Saviour,
Come to Him without delay.

Trust upon His sacred promise,
All who come to Him are blest;
He will save you, come to Jesus,
He alone can give you rest.

ALL I NEED I FIND IN JESUS.

All I need I find in Jesus,
He my sins on Calvary bore,
Put them all away for ever,
God remembers them no more. Heb. x. 17.

All I need I find in Jesus,
I who once was slave to sin,
Now Christ's freedman, for its judgment,
Once for ever fell on Him. 1 Cor. vii. 22.

All I need I find in Jesus,
God hath made Him sin for me,
And in Him now counts me righteous,
Freed from sin, for ever free. 2 Cor. v. 21.

All I need I find in Jesus,
Freedom, too, from claim of law,
Christ my Master, love constraining,
Servant now to sin no more. Rom. viii. 2.

All I need I find in Jesus,
Christ now lives, who once hath died,
God has raised Him to the glory,
I in Him am justified. Rom. iv. 25.

All I need I find in Jesus,
Conscience purged by His own blood;
Satan's captive liberated,
By the Just One brought to God. 1 Pet. iii. 18.

All I need I find in Jesus,
By Him now e'en reconciled;
Joint-heir with Him, Heir of all things,
God my Father, I His child. Rom. viii. 15-17.

All I need I find in Jesus,
Now exalted on God's throne;
In this world am I as He is,
Judgment and its terrors gone. 1 John iv. 17.

All I need I find in Jesus,
Seated, crowned, His work all done;
His seat mine is, I sit in Him,
Christ and I through grace are one. Eph. ii. 6.

All I need I find in Jesus,
I in Him e'en now complete;
Graced by God in the Beloved, Eph. i. 6.
For His glory now made meet. Col. i. 12.

All I need I find in Jesus,
Life eternal, now possessed,
Sealed, too, with the Holy Spirit,
With all blessings richly blessed. Eph. i. 13.

All I need I find in Jesus,
All I want is Him to see;
He is coming, and there with Him
I shall spend eternity. 1 John iii. 2.

E. H. C.

BIBLE QUESTIONS FOR NOVEMBER.

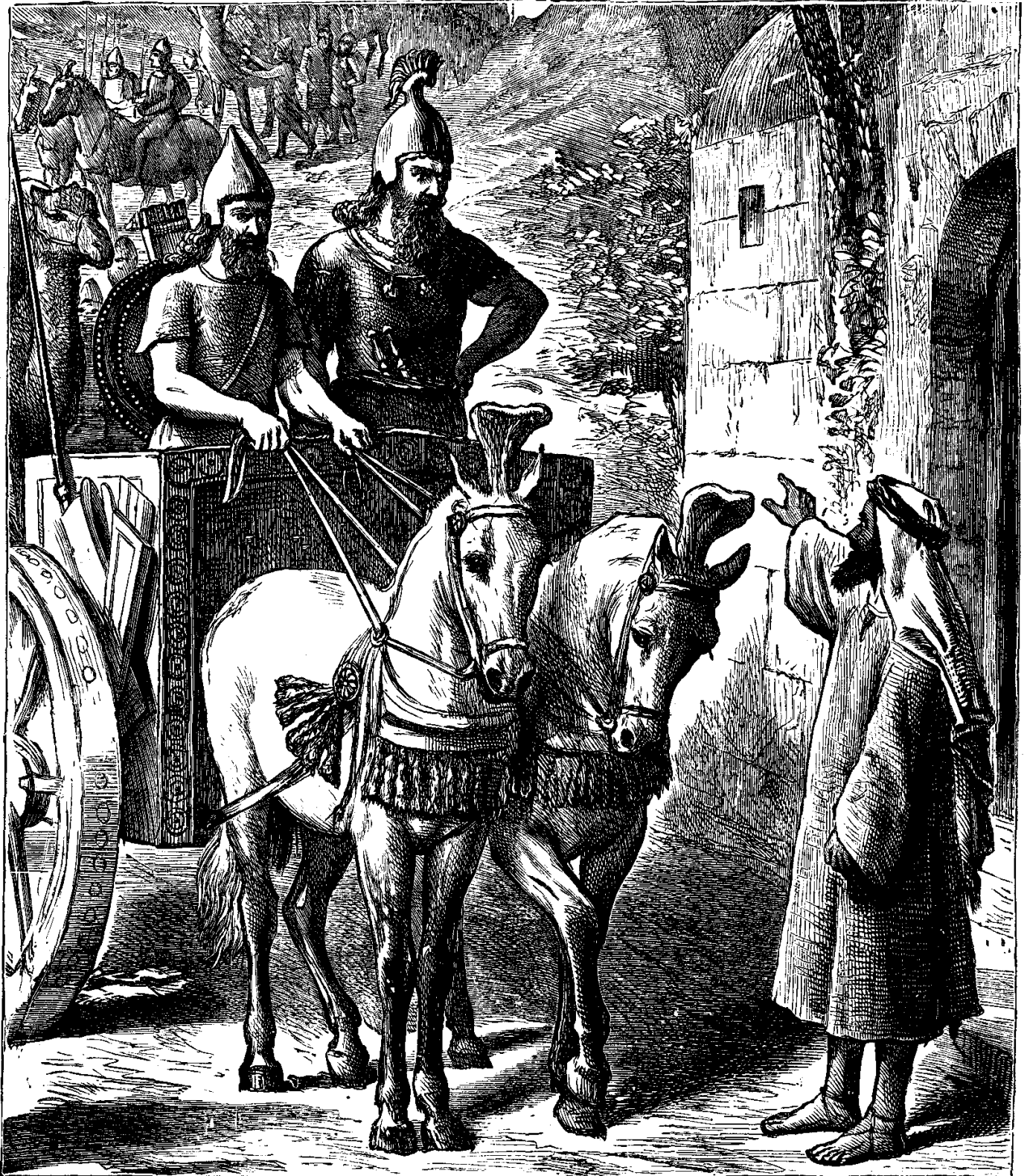
1. God spake unto Moses, and said, . . . I appeared unto Abraham, unto Isaac and unto Jacob by the name of God Almighty, but by my name Jehovah, was I not known to them, and Moses said unto God, Behold when I come unto the children of Israel and say unto them, The God of your fathers hath sent me unto you, and they shall say unto me, What is His name, What shall I say unto them, and God said unto Moses, I AM THAT I AM . . say unto the children of Israel, I AM hath sent me unto you.
2. Jesus said . . . Before Abraham was I AM.
3. There is no Peace says my God to the wicked.
4. Thou wilt keep him in perfect Peace whose mind is stayed on thee, because he trusteth in thee.
5. Great Peace have they who love thy law, and nothing shall offend them.
6. I will both lay me down in Peace and sleep, for thou Lord only maketh me to dwell in safety.
7. Thy word is a lamp unto my feet and a light unto my path.

Give chapter and verse to the above Scriptures.

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS FOR OCTOBER.

- | | |
|-------------------------|---------------------|
| 1. Isaiah iv. 5. | 6. Isaiah xl. 5. |
| 2. Isaiah xxxv. 1, 2. | 7. Isaiah lxvi. 18. |
| 3. Isaiah xliii. 6, 7. | 8. Isaiah lxvi. 19. |
| 4. Isaiah xi. 10. | 9. Isaiah lx. 1. |
| 5. Ezek. xxxix. 21, 22. | 10. Numb. xiv. 21. |
| | 11. 1 Cor. x. 31. |

GOOD NEWS FOR YOUNG AND OLD.



THE SYRIAN CAPTAIN.

THE SYRIAN CAPTAIN.

2 Kings v.

"Now Naaman, captain of the host of the king of Syria, was a great man with his master, and honourable, because by him the Lord had given deliverance unto Syria: he was also a mighty man in valour; but he was a leper." In his household there is a little maid, a slave. She had been made captive in one of the late Syrian raids upon the land of Israel, and dragged away from her peaceful home to bondage in a foreign land. Hard seems her lot, yet she is happy, and has pity to spare for her leprous lord.

The secret of the little maid's happiness is, that she knows the God of Israel; and in the largeness of her heart she utters the ardent wish, that her master were with Jehovah's servant, the prophet Elisha, "for he would recover him of his leprosy." Probably, she had never heard of a leper actually having been cured by Elisha, but it is the language of faith, setting no limits to Jehovah's power, or to Jehovah's mercy. What a sweet testimony in that idolatrous land!

The remarkable words of the Hebrew maid are soon reported to Naaman, and with the concurrence of the king, his master, he undertakes a journey into Samaria. He comes in the pride of his wealth and power, with large presents in his hand, ten talents of silver, and six thousand pieces of gold, and ten changes of raiment, and presents himself in lordly state at the door of Elisha. Full of his own greatness, he expects that the prophet will come out and personally perform a cure, which he thinks himself so well able to pay for. How then is he mortified

when a servant is sent out to him with a simple verbal message to go and wash in Jordan! And what is Jordan? "Are not Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus, better than all the waters of Israel? May I not wash in them, and be clean?" Thus in his pride and wrath, the haughty leper turns away, refusing to accept a blessing that costs so little, and that puts so little honour on the receiver!

It was well for Naaman that he had faithful and prudent servants, who, without in the least degree trenching upon the respect due from them to him, were yet able and willing affectionately to remonstrate with him, and to show him the unreasonableness of his conduct. If some severe penance, some arduous labour, some long course of self-denial, some heavy price had been prescribed, would he not gladly have performed the conditions for the sake of the result? How much more, then, when the command was, simply, "Wash, and be clean?"

Convinced of his folly by this prudent appeal, the Syrian captain turns his horses' heads towards the Jordan, and soon he perceives its stream in the distance gliding through the plain like a thread of silver. He alights on the brink, and according to the word of the prophet, dips himself in its waters. Six times he has immersed his body, but no change is perceptible; one plunge more completes the prescribed number: will it be successful, or only a mockery? His heart throbs with anxiety, as once more his white and scaly flesh is buried in Jordan's tide; but oh! how quickly does he leap out! for he feels the tide of health thrill through his veins; his flesh has acquired the ruddy, healthful hue, of the flesh of a little child.

He humbly, and gratefully returns to the house of Elisha, and as he stands before his benefactor, he witnesses a good confession. "Behold! now I know that there is no God in all the earth, but in Israel. . . . Thy servant will henceforth offer neither burnt offering nor sacrifice unto other gods, but unto Jehovah."

A beautiful illustration is thus presented to us of the simplicity and the freeness of gospel grace. Man in his pride and self-sufficiency would often be willing to "do some great thing" for the cure of his soul; but salvation is of grace; it is not to be bought with promises of reformation, nor with alms, nor with good works of any kind. It is offered without money, and without price.

Some cannot imagine how the believing on the Lord Jesus Christ can avail to save their souls; and they are ready to turn away to some Abana or Pharpar of their own. But in this God is honoured, that the channel of salvation cuts off all boasting from man. It is enough that God has ordained the remedy, and that He perceives its perfect suitability to the end required.

But he who, like Naaman, has been brought to try the Divine remedy, has proved its perfect efficacy. He has found that the cleansing fountain of Jesus' blood has done more than merely purged away his sins. He gets a new life imparted to him, and that is *life in resurrection*, for he is made a partaker of the life of his risen Lord. A believer is not an old creature amended, but a *new creature* in Christ Jesus.

THE Apostle Paul told the saints at Ephesus, that they were God's "workmanship, created in Christ Jesus unto good works, which God hath before ordained that we should walk in them." Eph. ii. 10.

CHRIST'S LAMBS.

MARY and May were walking across a field from school one day, when they saw some sheep with some red letters painted on their fleeces.

"Oh, see, May!" said Mary, "those sheep have some marks on them. I wonder what they are for."

"That's the mark the farmer knows his sheep by," said May. "Don't you know what teacher said to us about Jesus having marks to know His lambs by?"

"Yes, but Jesus doesn't put marks like that on His lambs, does He?" asked Mary.

"No, Mary, Jesus puts His mark in us, on our souls, and not our bodies."

Little Mary was right, Jesus does mark His lambs in their hearts; Jesus says, 'My sheep hear my voice, and I know them, and they follow me: and I give unto them eternal life; and they shall never perish, neither shall any pluck them out of my hand.' John x. 27, 28. Though the marks that the sheep and lambs of Christ have, are in their hearts, yet they can be known as Christ's sheep, by their walking in the footsteps of Christ. He loved His enemies, and prayed for those who treated Him cruelly. Little boys and girls, who love the Saviour, can pray in His name, that they may be loving in word and deed, then their parents and friends can see that the Saviour has marked them for His own. If they ask Him, He will guide them in holy ways here, and after this life, take them to glory to dwell with Him for ever.

"Then they shall see His face,
With all the saints above;
And sing for ever of His grace,
For ever of His love."

“WHOSOEVER.”

DURING the visit to this country, in the year 1875, of two well-known American evangelists, they were the subject of conversation in a City printing office, and there was much speculation as to the motives and reasons of their visit.

Among those who took part in the conversation was one John M., a young man who, according to his own words, “had gone far in the depths of sin, and had seen the pleasures of the world from the east to the west.” He might truthfully be described as one without God, and without hope in the world. Even the outward forms of religion had long since been cast aside by him, and the Lord’s Day was usually spent in sculling and rowing upon the rivers Thames and Lea. He was tolerably well known as an amateur in these sports, and was thus thrown in the midst of much ungodly company. In the conversation of which I write, John M. declared his opinion that these two evangelists had simply come here “to line their pockets,” i.e., to make money, and then return to their own country to spend it. He concluded by saying, “I will give up my Sunday morning spin on the river, and will go to hear what they have to say.”

Sunday came, and John kept his word. He entered the hall in which the meetings were being held, little thinking that God would meet with him there. After prayer, a hymn was given out, and as John had no book, a lady offered him part of hers. The words at once arrested his attention:

“God loved the world of sinners lost,
And ruined by the fall;
Salvation full at highest cost,
He offers free to all.

O ’twas love, ’twas wondrous love,
The love of God to me,
It brought my Saviour from above,
To die on Calvary.”

For the first time during many years, the thought occurred to John that this love and this gift were real, that these were not mere idle words. He thought, “Does God love me? Oh, no, I am too bad. Look at the life I have led.” And the conclusion he came to was, “God will cast me away.”

The service was over, and John returned to his lodgings an awakened man. But there was no peace. The love of God had touched a chord in his heart, leading him, as the goodness of God does, to repentance, but like Jacob when he met God at Luz, it was fear and not peace for him. On his getting home, and on his returning to business the next day, he was asked, “Did you go to the preaching?” “Yes,” replied John, “but I did not hear much of it. The singing is very nice, and I think I shall go again.” This resolution brought down some little banter upon his head, but, unmoved by it, he went the same evening to the hall. To his disappointment and sorrow the policeman at the gate said, “Young man, it is too late to mend to-night; the hall is full.” Why was he sorry? Had the singing so much attractiveness to him? Indeed no, it was not the singing he wanted, but the needs of his soul were crying out, and he believed that there was blessing to be had at the meeting. The policeman’s words added to his distress; “For,” thought he, “God may have put the words into his lips. He may have told him to say that it was too late.” John went home, but not to rest. On Tuesday he left his work earlier than usual, in order to be in time for the meet-

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ing. He was in downright earnest to hear if there was any message of peace *for him*, if there was any hope for *his* soul.

The evangelist turned to a text which thousands upon thousands will remember for all eternity—the words of the Lord Jesus, when He said—“God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.” But the key-note of the verse was somehow missed by John, who got no comfort from it. What do I call the key-note? The word “whosoever.” The love of God is thus proclaimed to be of world-wide extent, and whosoever—“you, me, or anybody else,” as the schoolboy defined the word—whosoever believeth shall not perish, but have everlasting life. John did not see that the word was large enough to include him, and was leaving, not any happier, when his eye caught sight of a notice-board over a door—“Enquiry Room.” He went in, and was at once spoken to by a Christian soldier present, who asked, “Friend, are you saved?”

“No,” replied John, “I wish I was.”

“Sit down,” said the soldier. “Did you hear the text to-night and the address?”

“I heard both, but there was nothing for me.”

Taking his Bible, and turning to John iii. 16, the soldier told John to read it. He did so. “Is there anything for you?”

“No,” was still the answer.

“Read it again.”

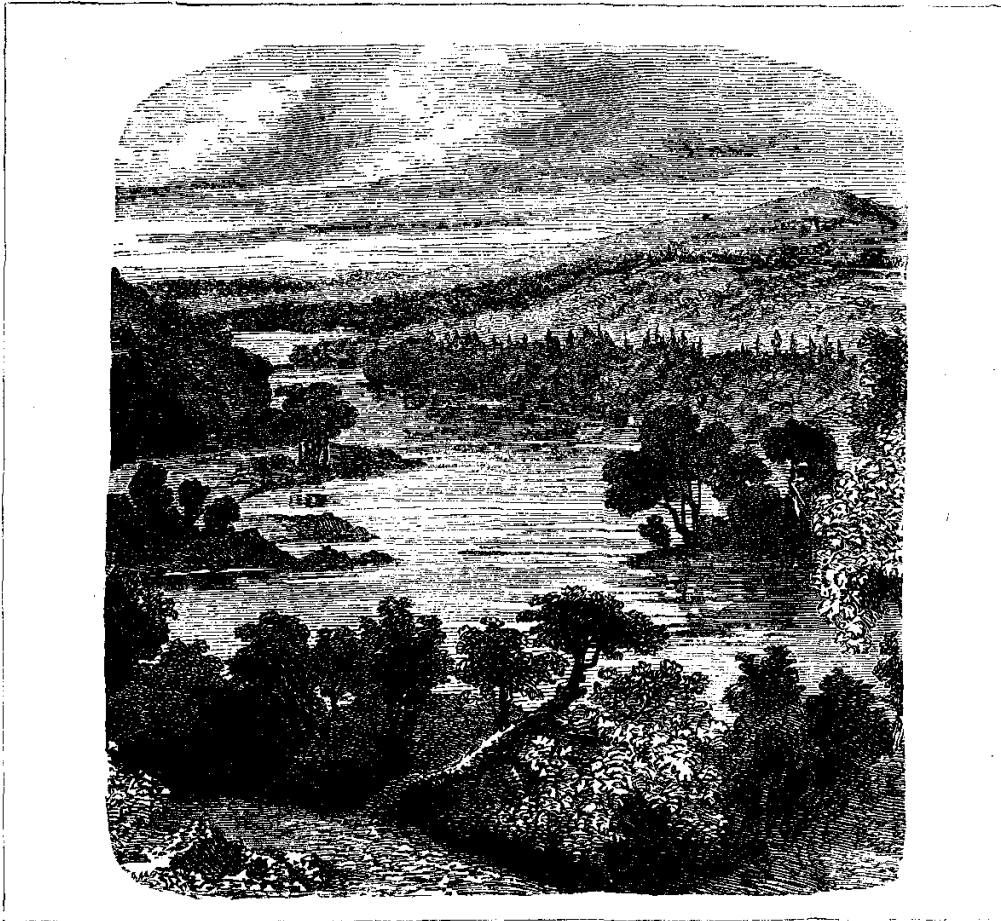
John began, “God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever—”

The soldier stopped him here, that the last word might be emphasized. Now was

the moment of all moments in his history. God, who had already wrought repentance in his heart, added the gift of faith (Eph. ii.), and poor, troubled John was enabled to step into that great circle of “Whosoever,” and at once tasted the joy which springs from faith in Christ. Ah, what a moment that is for the soul! It is as when a drowning man feels his feet touch solid earth, after he has given himself up to death. It is as when the condemned man is told that not only is the sentence of death remitted, but he is set at liberty. Oh, dear reader, may you taste the joy of such a moment. John and his new friend went on their knees, the former, whose lips and whose heart were strangers to prayer, asking in the same breath for forgiveness, and thanking God for His love to him, like the uncertain language of one whose dumb tongue has just been loosed; the soldier committing to the preserving mercy and power of God, the rejoicing soul before Him.

John went home a saved man, and *knowing* that he was saved. The test soon came. Would he stand for Christ before his old ungodly companions? His own soul was troubled about it; but that faithful God to whom he had been commended, gave strength for the day, and with the moments of testing, gave power to overcome. He graciously helped His child, for as there cannot be any concord between light and darkness, so these same old friends, on finding that John was a Christian, shunned his company. So grace has kept him, and to-day he is one of a little band of Christians who, in the dark corners of London, seek to make the love of Christ known to old and young.

W. J.



HUDSON RIVER.

THE PILOT AT THE HELM.

THE first time I went down the Hudson river, I was a very little girl, but I remember with how much interest I watched the new and strange and beautiful scenes through which we were passing. After going into the cabin for a time, I came on deck while the boat was among the highlands; and I saw that we were in what appeared to be a lake, surrounded by high hills, before, behind, on either side, and so far as I could see, there was no way out. I ran to find my father, and cried out, "Father, father, what shall we do? there is no way for the boat to get out." He smiled, and said, "You cannot see it, my daughter; but there is a way out. Do not

be afraid, *the pilot has been here before*; he knows the way, and will steer the boat safely." Oh, how many times through life have those words returned to me. When hemmed in by difficulties on every side, and there seemed to me "no way out," "Do not be afraid, my daughter, *the pilot has been here before*" came in tones of love upon my ear. Yes, the Saviour is at the Christian's helm, and there is not a spot in life's pathway but He will steer us through, if we look to Him and trust to His direction. God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able; but will with the temptation also make a way to escape, that ye may be able to bear it. 1 Cor. x. 13.

CLOSING WORDS.

A FEW months ago, as I was travelling on the Great Western Railway, I noticed, at the side of the line, little white posts marked with the number of miles they were distant from London. I knew how many miles I had to travel—about 150—and for a short time watched with interest these little posts as we rapidly passed one and then another. They told me exactly how many miles of my journey were passed, and how many I had yet to go. Trifling as the incident is, it recalls to my mind by contrast another journey which the reader and the writer of this are taking—I mean the journey of life. We are all bound to one end, ETERNITY. But there is this difference between the railway journey of which I speak and the journey of life. I knew exactly what had still to be done, but on our life journey we know not the end. We have what we may call mile-posts to mark the way, the close of one year and the beginning of another, which remind us how rapidly we move on, and how quickly we approach the end. When will that come? Not one of us knows. All is uncertain to us as to the length of our days, though God sees the end from the beginning. His mercy has brought many of us through another year, but I suppose that of the numerous little readers of this magazine, God has called some away from the earth. This is a solemn thing to remember, and the question is, Who will be taken next?

There may be those who will look back upon the few years they have lived here, and will think, "Well, I am young and strong, I have only seen a few of these mile-posts as you call them—these years

that you say pass so quickly—and I believe that I shall see many more." Indeed, you may do so if God pleases, but then, I repeat, God only knows this, and the important thing for us is to be ready at any moment for the last stage of our journey. In a little country churchyard I well know, is a tombstone which marks the resting place of an old man who lived to the great age of 102 years. On the gravestone are the striking words, "Mine age is even as nothing in respect of Thee." Yet he had passed a great many mile-stones. Perhaps not one of us will live to such an age; our mile-stones may be few.

But why is death so solemn a thing to us? And why does the Lord's coming, of which many of you know so well, fill the unsaved with dread, like the approach of death? Because either of these events fixes at once and for ever, our portion for eternity. You know that after a photographer takes a portrait on his little glass plate, he carefully covers it up from the light until it has been placed in certain chemicals, a bath, as it is called. This fixes all the lines upon the plate, and though you might afterwards put it in the sun, you could not add to it or alter a line of it. So to the unbeliever death or the Lord's coming fixes for all eternity his doom of woe. "In the place where the tree falleth, there it shall be." (Eccles. xi. 3).

"As the man dies, such must he be,
All through the days of eternity."

These are solemn thoughts for us to remember as another "mile-post" draws nigh, as another year runs its course. And I do ask you, earnestly and affection-

ately, Does the close of the year find you just as at the beginning, away from God, without hope in this world or for eternity, a despiser, and a rejecter of the love of God?

We fain would close this volume with words of warning and with words of love. God has permitted this magazine with its Good News to go forth, with its tidings from many pens, doubtless accompanied by prayers from many hearts. We would again tell you that God waits to be gracious, not willing that any should perish. The Lord Jesus is not changed from the tenderness of that love which gathered the little ones into His arms and blessed them. Is such grace to be scorned by you? If so, how solemnly does the prophet's word apply to you, "Thou hast destroyed thyself"! But we tell you once more of a Saviour-God who welcomes with truest welcome the returning sinner, and we do pray that He may lead you in repentance and faith to Himself.

May His Spirit enable you to decide for Christ! May He make the year 1882 a memorable one to you, a year in which is begun a new life born from above, a life which—though heaven and earth should flee away—will still find its enjoyment in the love and in the presence of Him who is from everlasting to everlasting.

W. J.

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS FOR NOVEMBER.

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|----------------------------|---------------------|
| 1. Ex. vi. 3; iii. 13, 14. | 4. Isaiah xxvi. 3. |
| 2. John viii. 58. | 5. Psalm cxix. 165. |
| 3. Isaiah lvii. 21. | 6. Psalm iv. 8. |
| 7. Psalm cxix. 105. | |

ALL THESE THINGS.

Ecclesiastes xi. 9.

A LADY travelling with Mr. Hervey was saying with glee what comfort she had in the world, and how she delighted in its pleasures; he reminded her she had forgotten to name one comfort—the joy the review of all these things will give on a death bed. The lady was struck, and it was the means of her conversion.

ASHAMED OF CHRIST.

THE Christian who is ashamed of Christ in worldly company is like a man who puts off his shoes when walking among thorns.

I WILL FEAR NO EVIL.

O THAT I were a little child
To whom the Lord gives grace,
To lie within His loving arms,
To look upon His face.
If all around is dark and drear,
That child's whole soul is bright,
Because it loves the Saviour dear,
And He doth give it light.
If father, mother, go away,
The child is not alone;
For God will be its comforter,
Its Friend when all are gone.
And if in all the wide, wide world,
It has no home of love,
The Lord will lead it by the hand
To His bright home above.
Through many a dark night lead it on,
And if the child should cry,
He gently wipes the tears away;
He says, "Thy friend am I."
And everything the child may want
It tells the loving Lord,
He lends His ear to hear its cry
And marks the smallest word.
And when the child has journeyed far
And longs to be at rest;
He takes it home to dwell with Him,
For ever safe and blest.