

GOOD NEWS

FOR
YOUNG AND OLD.



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SAMUEL AND HIS MOTHER.—1 Sam. ii. 18, 19.

“NOW SAMUEL DID NOT YET
KNOW THE LORD.”

1 Sam. iii. 7.

IF any child might be supposed to know the Lord, it would be Samuel. His birth was in answer to the agonizing prayers of a godly mother. From his birth he had been given by his parents to the Lord. Directly his mother had weaned him, she took him to the House of the Lord in Shiloh; and there he always lived and served in holy things. He never played with ungodly boys, nor was he tempted by the many snares with which other children were surrounded. From his early childhood his daily employment was to minister before the Lord, clad in the holy garments of priesthood. His mother never had him home for a holiday. She had lent him to the Lord for ever, and each year she brought him a little priestly garment, which she had made for him to wear. When the worshippers came to the House of God, they saw the child Samuel serving Jehovah, and doubtless they thought him a holy child, and perhaps wished that their own boys and girls were half as good as dear little Samuel. But grace cannot be given to children by godly parents. Little Samuel did not know the Lord, though he was the son of godly parents, lived in God's House, wore holy garments, and daily ministered before Him in His sanctuary. God had not yet spoken to Samuel, and Samuel had not yet spoken to God. At length God heard his mother's prayers and called little Samuel by name. The child ran to old

Eli, for he did not know who was calling him, and Eli told him to go back to his bed, and should the Lord call him again, to say, “Speak, Lord, for Thy servant heareth.” Then little Samuel lay down on his bed quite alone, and listened. When God speaks, He speaks to each alone, as the Lord Jesus says, “He calleth His own sheep by name.” And Jehovah came to little Samuel's couch, and He stood, and called as at other times, “Samuel, Samuel” (ver. 10). What a beautiful picture of God's tender love is here. The great and holy One comes and stands beside the bed of a little child at night, and calls him by name, as a mother calls her little one. But Samuel is a sinner, and he is afraid. He dares not to call God by name, as Eli bade him. He only answers, “Speak —, for Thy servant heareth.” Ah! that was the beginning of a new life to little Samuel. God had called him that night, that Samuel might know Him as his God. When God speaks to the soul, even a little child cannot call Him by name. He may have said daily, like a parrot, “Our Father, which art in heaven;” but now the voice of God is heard through His word, the little child feels he is a sinner, and is troubled and afraid, until he hears by faith the Saviour's word, “Son, thy sins be forgiven thee” (St. Mark ii. 5).

Dear young readers, Do you yet know the Lord? Has His Word spoken to you alone, and have you spoken to Him? Can you say this new year, God is my Father; Jesus is my Lord and Saviour; and the Holy Spirit is my Comforter and Guide? If not, may you by grace, “Acquaint now thyself with Him, and be at peace” (Job xxii. 21). O.

THE TOP LINE.

THOSE of you, my dear young readers, who still go to school, or who have but lately left it, know that the top line in a copy-book is that from which the scholar is to copy through the whole of the page, in order that he may learn to write a good hand. It is in some instances beautifully engraved, and in others it is a specimen of the handwriting of the school-master, or mistress; but in either case it is the pattern from which the scholar has to shape his letters from the first to the last line of the page.

There is a great difference in the manner and style of writing of the learners. Some write much more nicely than others; some keep the page clean, and others smudge it; while all sometimes make mistakes, and form ill-shaped letters. But there is one special feature in the writing of some to which I desire to direct your attention.

Some children write the first line pretty well, the second not quite so well, the third rather worse, and so on to the end of the page, and the last line is the worst of all. Now, why is this? Well, I think that the chief reason is, that they forget, or fail, to keep their eye upon the top line. When they have made one copy, which is of course imperfect, they look to that faulty copy in writing the next line, or, at all events, they do not continue to look to the top of the page in writing every line till they reach the bottom. And hence it is that the last is not nearly so well written as the first.

My object in penning this short paper is to give a word of counsel and encourage-

ment to young believers in the Lord; though I judge that the lesson is applicable not only to "little children," but to "young men" and "fathers" (read 1 John ii. 12 to the end). But this I would first say to anyone, young or old, who has not come to Christ, as his Saviour, you can have no place whatever in the school of God until you have come as a helpless, undone sinner, to Christ, and found forgiveness for your sins, and refuge in Him, through the precious blood which He has shed. *Then*, having entered by The Door, you will become a disciple of Christ, and a learner in the school of God.

"Be ye followers of me, even as I also am of Christ" (1 Cor. xi. 1), was the exhortation of the Apostle Paul—and a blessed follower of Christ he was himself! Perhaps none ever followed Him more closely and devotedly. He was, as it were, the first copy of the top line; the only perfect One being Christ Himself. But how carefully the apostle adds, when he exhorts others to be followers of him, "Even as I also am of Christ." As though he said, "Do not fix your eyes upon me, though I have found grace to be faithful; but look above to Him from whom I have derived both grace and faithfulness."

Dear young believers, it is most blessed for you to have truly Christian guides and teachers, but while heartily accepting all the help and guidance which God in His grace gives you through them, let me entreat you to keep your heart and eye upon the top line—Christ Himself. And thus, while acknowledging all the bright reflections which you see and own in those who are under the sweet constraint of His love and Word of truth, you will be

led to the Source whence they derive every ray of heavenly light which they reflect; and yourselves will manifest that light, as those who are in direct communion with Himself.

T.

WHY ARE YOU UNHAPPY?

“HAVE you learnt to trust Christ since you have been to the school?” I asked of a girl who told me that she liked our school better than any other to which she had been.

She replied—and there was a sorrowful little ring in the tone of her voice, as though she spoke of happier days gone by—“I trusted Him once.”

“Do you believe that you were saved then?”

“Yes, I think so.”

“Well, E——, cannot you say as much now?”

A shake of the head was her answer.

“Do you think,” I asked, “that the change is in *you*, or in the Lord Jesus?”

“I know it must be in me,” said she, and I knew that her answer was true.

How many boys and girls there are who are unhappy like poor E——. It may be that one will read this, and think, “That is just as *I* feel. I remember the time when I was so happy, and believed my sins were forgiven; but my happiness has gone.” Your life, since the time you believed, has been like some days we see; the sun rises, and all is bright and beautiful, everything seems to rejoice, but the clouds gather across the sky, the sunlight is hidden, and the day grows dark and gloomy. Let us trust that the warm rays of the sun may pierce the clouds, and that all may be fair and smiling again.

I write especially for boys and girls who are troubled like E——, and they are many. Let us start with this, that there is no change in the Lord, it *must* be, as E—— said, in us.

But the question faces us, How is it that some, even true believers, become so unhappy? When I was a boy I got into just such a state as that I have mentioned. A gentleman said to me, “Well, my boy, I believe it is either because you are not resting in Christ, or because you are going on with some sinful habit you may have fallen into before your conversion.” These words helped me, for I found that I was not really “resting in Christ,” and God enabled me as a poor sinful boy, to trust in the Saviour, and to believe that He died for *sinners*—my only hope. Perhaps these two reasons, given by one who knew a great deal about boys and girls, may account for your unhappiness.

Are you *resting in Christ*? Many boys and girls are troubled soon after their conversion, because instead of keeping in mind the fact that Christ is the Saviour of *sinners*, they look at themselves in the hope of finding nothing but good, only to be disappointed. They are so happy in the first knowledge of the love of Christ, and their affection is so drawn out to Him that it seems a simple and easy thing to always live in such a manner as to glorify Him. But they find that the old evil nature is present, and one little thing and another prove that the heart is still deceitful above all things. Sinful thoughts rise unbidden in the mind; that hasty temper, that unkindness of manner still show themselves, leaving behind them doubts of the Saviour’s love and patience. Can He care for those who are so little better for

all His love? Surely, they think, they are *too bad* for Him to save. Thus peace takes to itself wings and flies away, and the poor boy or girl is left with the racking doubt as to his or her salvation. My dear child, this is not resting in Christ. The judgment which these sins deserve has been borne by another — by Him who was *mighty to save*. He was able to bear it all, and, as a proof of this, He rose triumphant from the grave, a glorious Victor, and now sits at the right hand of the throne of God. Do not dishonour Him by doubts of His power or His love, but go to Him, tell Him what poor thoughts have filled your mind, and do rest in Him, trust in Him. Rather ask Him to help you do this, for it is His gift, but He will never withhold it from one who seeks it.

Does your unhappiness arise *through sinful habits*? I trust not. With the apostle Paul we may say, "Shall we continue in sin that grace may abound? God forbid. How shall we that are dead to sin live any longer therein?" Oh, if indeed it is any way of wickedness in you which is marring your peace, I do entreat you by all that Christ has done, by all that He suffered in the Garden and on the Cross, do not go on with it. May He who died for you touch your heart at the remembrance of His grace, and bring you upon your knees before Him. And "if we confess our sins, He (God) is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." 1 John i. 9.

W. J.

"The same Christ who saves from wrath to begin with, saves from sin to go on with, and will keep you safe to glory to end with."
—1 Thess. i. 10; Col. i. 14; Phil. i. 6.

THE COMING YEAR.

WHAT know I of the coming year,
Or what 'twill bring to me,
Whether its close will find me here,
Or in eternity?

What found I in the year that's past,
To make my heart forget
That this, perhaps, may be my last,
Although in childhood yet?

For little ones, still less than I,
Their short-lived course have run,
Who never, never thought to die
When first the year begun.

But I am left, while they are gone,
Oh! shall we meet again,
And, on the resurrection morn,
Eternal joys obtain?

We shall, if in the Christ of God,
The Saviour we are seen;
We shall, if washed in Jesus' blood
Which makes the vilest clean.

JESUS CHRIST SAID—

I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me. John xii. 32.

A GENTLEMAN got a spark of iron in his eye; surgeons tried in vain to extract it; at length the eyelid was held open, and a loadstone drew out the iron spark. This man was like the woman we read of in the 8th of Luke, who spent all her living upon physicians, neither could be healed of any. At last she came to Jesus, and was healed immediately. Many who know they are lost sinners go from preacher to preacher, to find peace, and after all they prove that peace cannot be known to any but those who believe that Jesus bare their sins in His own body on the tree. 1 Pet. ii. 24.



SNOWDON, WALES.

NEW YEAR'S ADDRESS
TO
THE YOUNG.

DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,

Standing on the very threshold of another new year, may it not be well for us to pause for a few moments and remember the past. The year 1882 has passed for ever—never to be gone through again; its joys are over, its sorrows are past. But stop—did I say “never to be gone through again?”—ah! *that is not so*; it will all come up again, and in thinking of this are you troubled? or can you say: “Well, I know that as far as my sins go, the blood of Jesus has answered for them

all, and in looking forward I have no fear.”

But it is not of the past I would speak, but rather of the coming year, and how it is to be spent.

I am reminded of an incident that occurred some years ago, when in North Wales, and being anxious to ascend Mount Snowdon, I hired a guide and asked him what he would charge to show me to the top of the mountain. He told me, and I agreed with him, and started under his guidance, and trusting to his wisdom, because I was in a path I had never trodden before. I reached the top of the mountain, and had a magnificent

view of all the surrounding country for many miles, and descended the other side in perfect safety. But not many days after came another young man, desirous of making the same ascent, but scorning to have a guide, trusting to his own wisdom to find the path, and reach the top in safety.

Well, he started, and had not gone very far when he missed his footing, and fell from a terrible height into a lake below.

And how like his case is to some of the young people that I know. They think of entering on the new year without Jesus as their Saviour and Friend; they think of going by themselves; and ah! who knows what the end will be? But how blessed for those who commence with Jesus as their Saviour, Friend, and Guide, and then come what will, all is well.

This will be to such a truly happy new year, and I could wish that every one who reads this paper might know for themselves what this true happiness is. If you have spent all your past years without Christ, come to Him now, and let this new year be the beginning of years to you—yea, the beginning of joys and happiness to which you have been as yet a stranger. My young friend, *you who read this paper*, the joys of the world are as nothing compared with the joys of the Christian. Amongst my circle of friends I have many young ones who are true Christians, and I know that they are happy indeed, and my object in writing these lines is to ask you to come to Jesus, and have all that He has to give you, to have Him as your own Saviour, and to find your hearts' delight and joy to know Him, to love Him, and to serve Him. So that when He cometh to make up His

jewels, you and I may be together there *with Him*, and then ours will indeed be a happy new year. With best and brightest wishes, I am, my dear young friends,

Yours affectionately,

R. H.

COALS OF FIRE ON THE HEAD.

Two men, living in the southern part of Africa, had a quarrel, and became bitter enemies to each other. After a while one of them found a little girl, belonging to his enemy, in the woods, at some distance from her father's house. He seized her, and cut off two of her fingers; and as he sent her home screaming with her bleeding hands, he cried, "I have had my revenge."

Years passed away. The little girl had grown up to be a woman. One day there came to her father's door a poor, worn-out old man, who asked for something to eat. She knew him at once as the cruel man who had cut off her fingers. She went into the hut, and ordered the servant to take him bread and milk as much as he could eat, and then sat down and watched him eat it.

When he had finished, she dropped the covering that hid her hands from view, and, holding them up before him, she cried, "I have had *my* revenge!" The man was overwhelmed with surprise. The secret of it was that in the meantime, the girl had become a Christian, and had learned the meaning of the verse, "If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink; for in so doing thou shalt heap coals of fire on his head." How beautiful the conduct of this injured Christian girl appears, in contrast with that of her heathen enemy. Romans xii. 20.

LETTERS TO THE YOUNG ON BIBLE STORIES.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,

I hope to write you a letter, please God, each month, on one of the beautiful stories of God's Word, and, at the end of each letter, I shall ask you questions, to which, I hope, you will send me answers. I trust that this employment of a few spare moments may lead you to search your Bibles for yourselves, and that thereby, like Timothy of old, you may from your childhood know the Holy Scriptures, which when received by divinely given faith in our Lord Jesus Christ, will make you wise unto salvation. What the apostle says of Timothy's knowledge of the Bible gives us the true answer to the question, Why did God write us a book? It was to make His dear Son known to us, that by faith in Him we sinners might be saved, and not to educate us, or to make us clever and scientific.

We will, therefore, begin with Genesis, the first book in the Bible, which teaches us that God created everything out of nothing; and that He made the heavens and the earth, and all things therein, and put man as head over all things on the earth, in infinite wisdom and goodness. The meaning of the word Genesis, is origin or birth, and we may call this beautiful book the seed-plot of the Bible, for like a little plot of ground in a garden, where the gardener rears the seedlings that afterwards fill the beds and borders of his garden with sweetness and beauty, so in Genesis we shall find in lovely little stories and pictures all the truths that

appear in the remaining pages of the Bible. How kind and condescending of God to stoop to teach us His will in this simple and interesting manner, as your parents taught you to read in pretty toy books, with words and pictures side by side, so that your little minds were led on in this pleasant path of learning, before you saw difficult books, in which there are pages crowded with black letters, and long, hard sentences.

But why has God written a book for us and not for the angels? The answer to this question, no little boy or girl really believes, until God opens the eyes of the heart, yet I doubt not, you can say with your heads if not with your hearts, "Because we are sinners, and have departed from God." Yes, dear children, the holy angels have not disobeyed their Creator, and they do not need His Word to call them back to Him. If a man have two sons, and one of them runs away to sea, and the other remains a dutiful boy at home, the father will seek the lost boy, and when he discovers where he is, he will write him a letter, entreating him to repent, and return to his father's home. He does not write a letter to the good boy. Now, God has not to say to angels, "Remember your Creator." They have never forgotten Him, but ever do His commandments, hearkening to the voice of His word; but for you, dear children, is this word written, "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth." How wicked must the heart be to forget a Creator so good and kind, from whom we receive every good gift which we enjoy, and how good is God to write His holy word to call sinners back to Himself.

If you think, you will understand the

difference between the two words, "create," and "make," which we find in the first chapter of Genesis. A girl may make a frock for her doll, but she uses materials which she has already. A boy may make a box for his tools, but he has the wood to work with—he does not make that. Now, in the beginning God created, out of nothing, the heavens and the earth. Gen. i. 1. He does not tell us any particulars about the creation of the heavens or the angels, but from the second verse God gives us the history of the earth, as in six days He finished making it, until He saw all was very good, and rested on the seventh day from all His work which He had made. The first verse in the Bible takes us back thousands of years to the beginning of God's creation; then in the second verse we behold the earth in darkness and confusion, and in six days God reduces it to order, and fills it with life and beauty. He first caused light to dispel the darkness on the face of the waters, and divided the light from the darkness. This was the first day to this earth. And therein we have the first Bible-picture, which the apostle teaches us is a gospel lesson for our hearts. 2 Cor. iv. 6. "For God, who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, hath shined in our hearts, to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ." Has God called you, my dear young friends, out of the darkness of sin into His marvellous light?

The second day God made the firmament, the beautiful blue sky, which He called heaven. Until God's light shines into our dark hearts, heaven has no reality in our minds—we live on as though we

were mere animals, and knew not the God of heaven.

The third day God bade the earth appear, and clothed it with verdure. It is not until we are in the light of God, and have been brought up out of the waters of darkness, like the earth, that we can bring forth any works that God can call good.

On the fourth day, God made the sun and moon to shine in the blue sky, and He set them there to divide the light from the darkness, "And God said, . . . Let them be for signs, and for seasons, and for days, and years: and let them be for lights in the firmament of the heaven, to give light upon the earth." Gen. i. 14, 15. The sun is a picture of the Lord Jesus Christ, one of whose names is "the Sun of Righteousness." When God reveals His Son in a sinner's heart, darkness flies before the light, and heaven becomes a dear home, where the blessed Saviour shines for evermore in all His love and glory.

On the fifth day we read again of God creating. The first four days God makes, and orders, and arranges what He had created in the beginning, but now He fills the waters and the air with living creatures, and on the sixth day He fills the earth with animal life. Each creature finds its home and its food already made for its use and enjoyment, before its creation, all bearing witness to the wisdom and goodness of the Creator, as we read in Psalm civ. 24, 25. "O Lord, how manifold are Thy works! in wisdom hast Thou made them all: the earth is full of Thy riches. So is this great and wide sea wherein are things creeping innumerable, both small and great beasts."

And now that everything is finished, and God sees that it is good, we hear of God taking counsel. "And God said, Let us make man in our image, after our likeness." Gen. i. 26. This is one of the precious seeds of Genesis, a germ-truth, which blossoms throughout the Bible. To whom is God speaking, and saying, "Let us make man?" And, Who is God's image? This scripture teaches us that the Triune God counselled and planned our creation, and made us in the image of God's Son. If you read our chapter attentively you will see that on each day, "God spake," and "God made," and "God saw" that His workmanship was good. We have in this the mystery of the Trinity. God the Son speaks, God the Spirit works, and God the Father sees that it is good.

Dear children, in this beautiful creation what a wonderful place was ours. God set man over all the works of His hands, and when man was created, God was satisfied. He saw all completed according to His mind, and He pronounced everything to be very good, and then God rested from His work, and man entered into his place of dominion over the works of God's hands, the only creature upon earth that knew his Creator, and the responsible head over all the earthly creation, to serve and represent his Maker, and to offer up the thanksgivings and praises of a blest and happy earth. And God blessed the seventh day, and rested from all His works that He had made.

In my next letter I hope to insert the question and the good answers of my young friends on God being our Creator.

Your affectionate friend,

UNCLE R.

I HAVE CALLED AND YE REFUSED.

Proverbs i. 20-33.

CHRIST is calling thee to-day :
Come to Him, without delay.
Canst thou longer heedless be
Of the One who seeketh thee ?

He has died our souls to win
From the bonds of death and sin ;
Trust Him now, and thou shalt prove
Countless blessings in His love.

Pardon full with Him is found,
Rest and peace in Him abound :
Joy and gladness, love and praise,
Now, and for eternal days.

Seek Him while He may be found,
Ere His call shall cease to sound.
Quickly to the Saviour flee—
Gladly He will welcome thee.

Oh, from Him turn not away,
While He calls again to-day—
Calls to thee, thou wandering soul—
Waiting now to make thee whole.

JESUS CHRIST, THE SAME YESTERDAY, AND TO-DAY, AND FOR EVER.

Hebrews xiii. 8.

CHRIST on earth was kind to children
When the little ones were brought
By their mothers for His blessing,
And He gave them what they sought :
For He laid His hands upon them,
And in loving tones and mild,
Said, Let children come unto Me ;
Hinder not one little child.

Christ in heaven loveth children,
And His blessed voice is heard,
Telling how He'll save and bless them,
If they will but trust His Word.

Oh, He is a gracious Saviour—
Loving, tender, kind, and true :
Little children, won't you trust Him
Who has done so much for you ?

Christ is coming for the children
Who have trusted in His Word ;
Soon He'll have them safe and happy
In the presence of their Lord.
There to see Him in His glory,
There to feast upon His love,
There to praise the children's Saviour
In the happy home above.

JOHN BERRIDGE.

I.—EARLY LIFE.

As long as this country has a religious history, so long will the names of Whitefield and the Wesleys be remembered. The true-hearted devotion to Christ of the former, and his intense love to perishing sinners often expressed by the melting of his soul in tears; the patient, unflagging zeal of the Wesleys in the work of their Master, Christ Jesus, have given to their names a fame which will not soon be forgotten, and which makes them appear as the rising of bright lights over the then almost heathen darkness of the land. Indeed, the brilliancy with which they shone has rather paled the lustre of others living at that time,—true men, whose labours were incessant, whose persecutions were not light, and upon whose work the Lord set His seal of approval, by using it to turn many from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan to God. It would be a loss to forget these men; they are examples of those whose work is the work of faith, whose labour is the labour of love, and whose patience is the patience of hope. Such a man was John Berridge, and we believe it will not be without interest to give a little sketch of his life and labours.

Berridge was born at Kingston, in Nottinghamshire, on March 1st, 1716, being the eldest son of a rich farmer and grazier of that place. He was educated chiefly at Nottingham, the instruction given him being that which would render him fit for his father's business. As part of his training, his father took him to markets and fairs with a view to his learning the price of cattle and other farm

stock. In order to test the boy's aptness for farming, Mr. Berridge would ask him to estimate the value of stock he wished to buy; the boy, however, was generally so far wrong in his estimates, that his father despaired of making him a farmer, and at last said, "John, I find you are unable to form a practical idea of the price of cattle, and therefore I shall send you to college to be a light to the Gentiles."

Serious impressions were formed in John's mind at a very early age. A youth known to John one day met him returning from school, and asked if he should read to him out of the Bible. John consented, but after this had been repeated several times, he began heartily to dislike the invitations of his friend. The reason will at once suggest itself to many now the Lord's, who remember the time when they looked upon the Bible as the driest of books. Years afterwards Berridge wrote the following words, which exactly apply to those early days:—"Who can bear to be much in prayer, unless he finds divine communion in it, which is divine refreshment? And who will daily read the word of God, unless he finds it daily food? Take the food away, the Spirit's application, and we soon grow weary of the Bible, and the spider weaves his web upon it." But heartily as he disliked these Bible-readings, he could not refuse, for he had already acquired the character of being a pious boy, and this he dared not risk losing. Thus, young as he was, he was a true Pharisee.

Not being able to decline the invitations, he attempted to avoid them. On one occasion, especially, he sought to do this. He had been to a fair, enjoying a holiday,

and on his return, hesitated to pass his young neighbour's door, but was noticed by the lad, who again invited John to read with him. He also asked if they should pray together. It was now that John began to learn that all was not right in his soul, or the worldly amusements of a fair would not have a greater attractiveness to him than reading and prayer. The result was, that he began to gather his school-mates together for a like purpose.

At the age of fourteen, John got a step farther. He learnt that he was a sinner, and that he must be born again before he could enter the kingdom of God. This was a great advance in his soul's history, but he had not yet learnt that the only way in which he could approach God was as a sinner seeking mercy by Christ Jesus. "I betook myself," he says, "to reading, praying, and watching." In another place he writes, "I saw, very early, something of the unholiness of my nature and the necessity of being born again. Accordingly, I watched, prayed, and fasted too, thinking to purify my heart by these means, whereas it can only be purified by faith. Acts xv. 9." It will be readily understood that these self-inflicted penances in no way increased his happiness, earnest though he was. But they gave to him an appearance of piety and soberness which, in one so young, was very noticeable, and it gained the attention of a tailor who at times came to Mr. Berridge's house on business. This man was, in religious things, of a kindred spirit to John, and as "birds of a feather flock together," so a close acquaintance sprang up between them, and as often as possible they met together to read and pray, and to speak of those matters which so much

concerned them. This was not an agreeable thing to John's friends, who thought that a little religion was right enough in its place, but considered that John was having too much. They attempted to break off the friendship, but without success. They resorted to threats, saying, that as the two were so closely attached, John should be bound as an apprentice to the tailor. Even this did not move him; the visits were still paid, and at last, believing that so much religion would unfit him for business, they reluctantly resolved to send him to college. Nothing loth, John consented to go, and after certain preparations, he left his Nottinghamshire home for Clare Hall, Cambridge, on October 28th, 1734, being then eighteen years old.

W. J.

A BIBLE ENIGMA.

FIND these ten words, and their initials spell
What you must know, if you with God would dwell.

THE land on which apostles' feet first trod,
Who bore to Gentiles the good news of God.
Grandsire of him, God's loved and chosen king.
Where Jesus made a widow's heart to sing.
A Queen who disobeyed, and lost her throne.
A Slave whose work of faith the Lord did own.
The Captain, who the living Lord reproached,
And with his host Jerusalem approached.
The Palace, where God heard a silent prayer.
His son so loved, from God he did not spare.
He whose apostate son did vilely reign.
The god wherein whose house the king was slain.

UNCLE R.

IT SHALL NOT COME NIGH THEE.

LORD CRAVEN lived in London during the plague, 1665; he was leaving to fly to his country seat, when he overheard his black servant saying to a fellow-servant, "I suppose by my lord's going, his God lives in the country, and not in the town." The reproof struck his lordship, and he stayed, worked among the sick, and never caught the plague. "A thousand shall fall at thy side . . . but it shall not come nigh thee." Psalm xci.

GOOD NEWS FOR YOUNG AND OLD.



2 TIMOTHY iii. 15.

1 What blessed examples do I find
Writ in the Word of Truth,
Of children that began to mind
The ways of God in youth.

From a child thou hast known the Holy
Scriptures, which are able to make thee
wise unto salvation, through faith which
is in Christ Jesus, 2 Timothy iii. 15.

2 Samuel, while yet a child, was brought
To wait upon the Lord ;
Young Timothy betimes was taught
To know His Holy Word.



GENESIS II. 20.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,

Your answers to my question of last month prove from God's Word, as I desired they might, the important truth that the only true God, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost created us and all things.

GOD THE FATHER.

EPH. iv. 6; One God and Father of all. Rev. iv. 11. Thou art worthy, O Lord, to receive glory, and honour, and power; for Thou hast created all things, and for Thy pleasure they are, and were created. Gen. v. 1, 2; ix. 6; Exodus xx. 11; Deut. xxxii. 6, 15; Neh. ix. 6; Job. x. 9; xxxviii. 4-7; Psalms viii. 3; xxiv. 1, 2; lxxxix. 12; xcv. 5, 6; xcvi. 5; c. 3; civ. 24; cxix. 73; cxxi. 2; cxxxvi. 5; cxlvi. 5, 6; cxlviii. 5; cxlix. 2; Proverbs iii. 19; viii. 26-29; Eccles. xii. 1; Isaiah xxxvii.

16; xl. 28; xlii. 5; xlv. 24; xlv. 7, 12, 18; xlviii. 13; li. 13; Jer. x. 12; Zech. xii. 1; Mal. ii. 10, 15; Matt. xix. 4; Mark x. 6; xiii. 19; Acts xiv. 15; xvii. 24; Rom. i. 20; xi. 36; 1 Cor. viii. 6; Heb. ii. 10; Rev. x. 6; xiv. 7.

GOD THE SON.

Col. i. 16. For by Him were all things created that are in heaven, and that are in earth, visible and invisible, whether they be thrones, or dominions, or principalities, or powers, all things were created by Him and for Him. John i. 3; Heb. i. 2, 10; Psalm cii. 25; 1 Cor. viii. 6.

GOD THE SPIRIT.

Job xxxiii. 4. The Spirit of God hath made me. Ps. xxxiii. 6; civ. 30.

GOOD NEWS FOR YOUNG AND OLD.

15

Our relationship to God springs from this truth; so that our only happiness consists in knowing, loving, and living to God. The subject that is to engage our attention this month, is the happy and blessed state of our first parents as created by God, before they fell from Him through not obeying His Word. Genesis ii. 3-25 gives us the beautiful picture of man enjoying the favour and blessing of his Creator. The name of God is changed in this chapter. It is the covenant name, by which God was related to His chosen people Israel, Jehovah Elohim, translated in our Bibles LORD God. It was the test of the faith of His people Israel, to confess to the idolatrous nations of the world that Jehovah was the one only true and living God, the Maker of heaven and earth; even as it now is the test of Christian faith to confess that Jesus Christ is the Son of God (1 John iv. 15), and that His atoning death is the only means of a sinner's justification before God. Gal. i. chap.

You will mark that when every letter in the word LORD is printed in your Bibles, in capitals, it always stands for Jehovah. He is the God of every creature, down to a blade of grass, but He is the Lord God of His people. In the fifth verse we are taught that God created "every plant of the field before it was in the earth, and every herb of the field before it grew." Every moving creature in the waters that had life (or a living soul, margin), and every fowl of the air, and every beast of the field, came into being at God's word. Man, too, was formed by the Lord God of the dust of the ground, but man received his

soul direct from God; not simply by His word, like the animals, but by the Lord God breathing into his nostrils the breath of life. Directly a beast dies his soul perishes, but when man dies his spirit returns unto God, who gave it. Eccles. xii. 7.

Now let us look at God's love to man in planting for him so beautiful a garden, and filling it for him with every delight. The same goodness of God provided for each of my young readers before they were born. There was a mother to love you, food to nourish you, and clothes to cover you, all ready and awaiting your birth. Have you ever thanked God for His goodness to you? The blessed Saviour recalled God's care for Him in His infancy, when He was dying on the bitter cross. Let us read His words in Ps. xxii. 9, "Thou didst make me hope (or, as margin, Thou keptest me in safety), upon my mother's breasts." Adam never was a babe; God created him a strong man, in all the vigour and beauty of manhood; but the Son of God stooped to be born a babe, of a poor virgin, wrapped in swaddling clothes, and laid in a manger. How touching it is to hear Him, when dying in pain and weakness on the cross, recalling God's upholding Him from His birth.

The meaning of Eden is pleasure. God planted this beautiful garden, and thought of everything to make Adam happy. There were trees, pleasant to the sight, on every side, laden with fruits of excellent flavour; and throughout the garden flowed a beautiful river, which kept everything watered and fertile. Adam had only to dress and keep the garden, for labour and toil were unknown; and, as the spring of

all happiness to man is his obedience to, and communion with, his gracious Maker, the Lord God gave Adam one command to bind him to Himself, and make His word and will to Adam supreme in that scene of innocence and delight. Adam had everything to serve his pleasure, and in the midst of the garden grew the tree of life for his use and blessing. The test of his faith in God's goodness, and of his obedience to God's word was simply not to eat of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, and God added the solemn warning against disobedience, "In the day that thou eatest thereof, thou shalt surely die." As long as he believed in the wisdom and goodness of his Maker, Adam could have had no desire for the forbidden fruit. It was enough for faith to know that the Lord God had told him not to eat thereof.

After thus caring for Adam's pleasure, God still thought of His creature's increased happiness. "It is not good that the man should be alone; I will make an help meet for him," were the words of God's loving interest in man. And the Lord God brought all the creatures to Adam, each beautiful after its kind, and Adam named them according to the different orders of their creation, "but for Adam there was not found an help meet for him." He was above them all, and exercised dominion over them, but he could not make companions of any of them. We delight to see children kind to dumb creatures, but we should think badly of the boy or girl, who had no friend to love and make a companion of, but a bird or a dog. It is not good that one of us should be alone. To live without doing kindnesses to others, and being useful in

our families or among our friends will surely end in the sin of selfishness, which is one of the ugliest idols that an unconverted child can make his god.

The Lord God caused a deep sleep to fall upon Adam, and from one of his ribs He made Eve, and presented her to him, and Adam beheld his help meet—bone of his bone and flesh of his flesh—perfectly suited to be his companion in his place of dominion and enjoyment.

I hope, dear children, I shall find from your answers, that in this beautiful story of Paradise you will see types and patterns of better things, and of brighter glories, and of deeper joys than were known to Adam and Eve in that short though lovely dawn of man's history, ere sin had entered and spoiled all.

Your affectionate friend,

UNCLE R.

FALLEN ASLEEP THROUGH JESUS.

Not very long ago, a servant of God was sitting as usual with his Bible-class one Sunday afternoon, and as the group of lads gathered round him, he noticed that three of those who were generally there were absent. They were three brothers, and for many Sundays each afternoon had found them in the same place on the sofa, but to-day their seat was empty, and he wondered what had kept them away. Soon after the class commenced, a knock was heard at the outer door, and he rose to see who was there. He found two of the brothers, who told him that their father had sent them to ask if he would come to them as soon as school was over, for Walter, the youngest boy, was dead. He promised, and later in the afternoon

made his way to the house where the brothers lived. They spoke together a little of Walter, and he longed to ask them if they knew whether he was safe, but presently the father said, "Would you like to see him?" and he thought, "I will wait till we go upstairs." The father led the way up the staircase, and into his son's room. Walter lay there, looking so calm, a smile on his cold lips. Presently his father said that shortly before his death they had repeated to him the words, "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?" and brightly and happily he had taken it up, himself adding, "Thanks be unto God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." Thus resting peacefully in the Lord Jesus, Walter fell asleep. A few days after they laid his body in the grave, sorrowing much, for they had dearly loved him, but full of joy in the knowledge that he had reached home safely, and was for ever at rest with the One who had loved him and given Himself for him, the One who gathers the lambs in His arm, and carries them in His bosom.

Dear little children who read this story of Walter, how would it be with you if death came to you suddenly as it did to him? Could you meet it peacefully, knowing that you were going to Jesus? Do you know that one day you may hear of Jesus for the last time? Will you not come to Him now? He is such a loving Saviour, you will find Him ready to receive you, He has said, "Suffer the little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

"For ever with the Lord!"

Amen! so let it be:

Life from the dead is in that word,
'Tis immortality. 1 Thess. iv. 17.

Q.

LITTLE

EDDIE'S QUESTION.

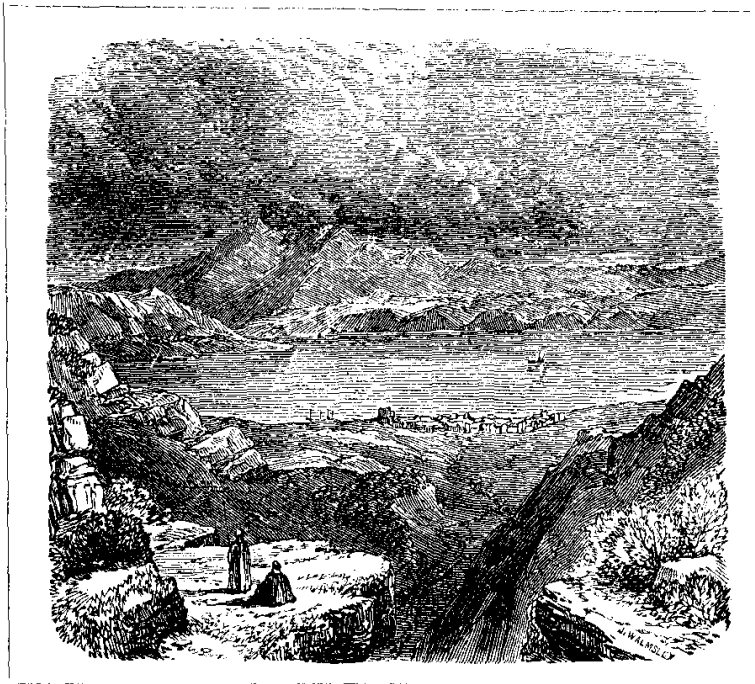
"MAMMA, were all the disciples cross men?" was a question asked by a little boy five years old, of his mother.

"No, Eddie," was her answer, "what makes you think they were?"

"Oh!" said the little fellow, "I think they must have been cross men, because they wanted to send the little children away when they came to Jesus."

Little Eddie thought how kind it was of Jesus to receive the little ones, and take them up in His arms and lay His hands on them and bless them, and could not understand how anyone could want to send them away. Well, I really believe, that though Eddie is such a little fellow, yet he has come to Jesus and been blessed, as well as the little children he was thinking about. The Lord Jesus Christ is waiting for sinners to come, and says that when they come He will not send them away. When leaving the town where I had seen my little friend of whom I have been telling you, I held up a little book with a golden page in it, and said to a number of children as I pointed to that bright page, "Will you all meet me there?" meaning in heaven. And so sweetly I heard little Eddie, who was among the other children, "I'll meet you there, Mr. F——!" Now, my little friend, will you meet me there, too? I dare say you never have seen and never will see me here on earth, but I do hope that when Jesus comes to take all who trust in Him to His own bright home, then you will meet both little Eddie and the one who has told you about him.

I. F.



THE SEA OF GALILEE.

LITTLE SHIPS.

He saith unto them, Let us pass over unto the other side . . . And there were also with Him other little ships . . . And they came over unto the other side.—Mark iv. 35, &c.

I WAS pleasantly reminded of this scripture last summer, when, walking across a suburban common with my young daughter, we came to a piece of water, which, from its extent, might be called a lake, over which there were sailing at least thirty little ships. They were intended for the amusement of young persons, and they formed a pretty sight. The sun was bright, and the gale was free, and the mimic vessels were passing over from the shore which they had left to the opposite bank. They were all sailing in one direction, and, though of different dimensions, they were all distinguished by having clean white sails.

It was interesting to notice the manner

in which they crossed the water. Some, which carried large, pretentious sails, were nearly wrecked, while others, which carried less sail and more ballast, sailed in safety to the other side. The style, too, in which the vessels entered the little port was different. Some sailed in grandly; some quietly but safely, and others in a drooping and distressed condition. It was pleasant, however, to observe that though their modes of arrival varied, that all the vessels reached the shore for which they set out.

There is one expression in the verses which I have quoted, which I desire my young readers specially to notice. It is contained in the two words, "*with Him,*" which lets us know that the little ships which passed over the Sea of Galilee were in company with the Lord. Now, it is evident that the people who remained

upon the shore were not along with Him in crossing the water. And this is just the position of those who have not come to Him as the Saviour of sinners, trusting in Him and His precious blood. They are, therefore, not His disciples, and so they cannot be voyagers "with Him" across the calm or stormy deep to "the other side," His dwelling-place in heaven. It is only believers who can enter upon this voyage. But, how blessed for the believer are the words, "Let us pass over unto the other side . . . And they came over unto the other side." Yes, every true-born child of God is sure to reach that heavenly land where Jesus is; because the grace and power of God are engaged on his behalf, for Jesus' sake, to bring him there.

The little fleet which I saw upon the lake had all clean white sails; and so every believer, however young, is "clean every whit," and made "whiter than snow," by virtue of the "precious blood of Christ," by which he has been purged from his sins. Then, as I have remarked, all the ships were sailing in one direction. Yes, dear fellow-voyagers, "*We are on our way to God,*" and shall soon be taken into His holy presence, not only as now in spirit, but in person, there to abide in the likeness and presence of Christ for evermore: beholding Him in His glory, and worshipping Him with hearts overflowing with praise.

But would not every one of us desire to have an abundant entrance into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ? 2 Peter i. 10, 11. I have seen many a ship come into port, from the other side of the world, in a worn and shattered condition. And it was a pitiable

sight. I have also witnessed a noble ship, in full sail, entering grandly and gloriously into harbour. And a beautiful sight it was; reminding one of a soul who, after having weathered all the storms and trials of life, yet cleaving to the Lord, and being faithful to Him, has departed to be with Christ, not only in peace through His precious blood, but with great joy.

T.

ORPHANS.

Poor little weary stranger
There on the cold hard stone,
With neither father nor mother,
An orphan, and left alone.

All the long day she has travelled,
She only is eight years old;
So poor, neglected, and helpless,
Too young to be out in the cold.

She started out in the morning
To earn her the daily bread;
Poor lamb! she has toiled for nothing,
And the weary little head

Sinks down again on the door-step,
Oh! such a picture of woe;
She had stayed to rest a little,
The day's work had tired her so.

Ah! ye who are sometimes weary
And think ye are left alone;
Forgetting the loving Saviour
Who never forgets His own.

Do ye think that He has left you
Alone and uncared for too?
He hath said, "I will not leave you
Orphans, I will come to you."

Think ye that that loving Saviour
Would leave you weary and worn,
To tread a long toilsome journey
To the place where He has gone?

Ah! no, He is watching o'er you
And tending you all the way;
And the long dark night of weeping
Endeth soon in perfect day.

Q.

JOHN BERRIDGE.

II.—AT COLLEGE.

JOHN'S desire in going to college was that he might so study as to fit himself for a minister. To this end, he tells us, he studied the classics, mathematics, philosophy, logic, metaphysics, and the works of the most eminent divines. He little thought that all this learning would not make him a true minister according to the meaning of the Word of God.

Let us go back to Jerusalem, many years ago. We might have seen one day a strange sight. Thousands of persons were surging round a little company of men. At last one of these, bolder than the rest, stands forward. His dress shows that his position in life is a humble one. His speech betrays that he belongs to a province of Palestine, and not to the city of Jerusalem. It is very doubtful whether he is versed in the philosophy of Socrates or of Plato, or in the logic of Aristotle. Yet a mighty power accompanies his words. He speaks of One who had gone about Jerusalem and Judea, showing by signs and wonders that God was with Him, yet He had been crucified and slain! But God had raised Him from among the dead, and had exalted Him to His own right hand, making Him Lord and Christ. So great a power was present that about three thousand persons gladly received the words they heard. The speaker was Peter, a Galilean, who had been called from his fishing-nets to follow Christ. Twenty years later, in the learned, wealthy, and vicious city of Corinth, we might have seen dwelling in a tent-maker's house for about eighteen months, a very different

person. *He* had no lack of knowledge or of learning. He had been brought up under the teaching of Gamaliel, whose wisdom was so great that the Jews called him "the glory of the law." He often spake of Christ, but he had no confidence whatever in his learning to persuade men. Indeed, when writing a letter a few years later to these people, he emphatically asserts that he sought not to win them by excellent words or by show of wisdom, he spake of one thing only, Jesus Christ, and Him crucified, which the polished and enlightened Greeks would consider the greatest foolishness. Yet God saved many among them, both Greeks and Jews. God does not bless the labours of men according to the amount of learning they possess. He blesses where He pleases, and where He finds dependence upon Himself.

Berridge was most diligent in his studies, and made such progress that he was little inferior to any in the university. For twenty years, he tells us, he laboured hard in this way, all the while departing from the knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus, though he vainly hoped to obtain that light and knowledge from human wisdom, which could only be obtained from the Word of God. In after years, when age was creeping upon him, and the "windows" were becoming "darkened," so that he could read little of the precious Word he loved so well, he wrote regretfully: "I now lament the many years I spent at Cambridge in learning useless lumber, that wisdom of the world which is foolishness with God. I see nothing worth knowing, but Jesus Christ and Him crucified, for Him to know is life eternal."

Now we have to speak of a period of Berridge's life, which was, without doubt,

the darkest of his days. He had gone, his father said, "to be a light to the Gentiles." But if "the Gentiles" were the students at Clare Hall, his son's light to them was a poor one, much like that given out by the crackling thorns under a pot, as Solomon calls the laughter of fools—a sudden glow, followed by sudden darkness. Though John had passed through some sorrow on his soul's account, he had a very humorous temper, which caught at the odd and funny side of every subject. Witty sayings fell from his lips without effort, and "odd things as abruptly as croaking from a raven." He was not aware of the snare this would prove, and took some pains by the study of witty books to cultivate his jesting powers. Many a young Christian thinks it clever to be able to say smart things, to give a quick retort, but its influence on the soul is most harmful. God's grace is needed to keep in check even natural cheerfulness, lest it turn to lightness, and so grieve the Holy Spirit, and bring sorrow to the soul. Berridge became a great favourite, his company was courted even by his superiors in position; if it was known that he would be at any public dinner, the table was crowded to hear his conversation. It was of the kind sometimes called "brilliant." We shall see presently, whether, in a time of darkness to his spirit, it yielded him any light. All through life this habit, partly his own turn of mind, partly acquired, clung to him, and perhaps at times hindered blessing. When he was an elderly man, a faithful friend wrote to him, asking whether such habits suited a servant of Christ. Berridge replied—"I was born with a fool's cap. True, you say, but why is it not put off? It suits

the first Adam, but not the *last*. A very proper question; and my answer is this; a fool's cap is not put off so readily as a night-cap; one cleaves to the head and one to the heart. Not many prayers only but many furnaces are needful for this purpose, and after all the same thing happens to a tainted heart as to a tainted cask, which may be sweetened by many washings and firings, yet a scent remains still. Late furnaces have singed the bonnet of my cap, but the crown still abides on my head. And I must confess that the crown so abides in whole or in part, for the want of a closer walk with God, and communion with Him." These were the sober words of his latter days, and show that he then sought to check this foolish vein of humour; in the university he allowed it to flow freely, at the cost of much sorrow to himself.

When Berridge went to college he had still fresh upon him the serious impressions of his early days, and the longings for peace in his soul, but, to all appearance, he laughed them away. As we have seen, his mirth caused him to be courted and favoured by others who cared little for his soul or for theirs: he shrank not from them, and as the inevitable result, he was dragged down to their level. For ten years did he go without private prayer, a few intervals excepted. His soul-care fled away. He embraced doctrines which, had they been true, would have left him without hope of a Saviour. Could his laughter comfort him here? Indeed no; the "brilliant" wit could give him no light. He had walked in the sparks his own hand had kindled, and darkness followed. In the few moments when his habits of prayer were

resumed, the tears would flow as he remembered what was lost to him, and he often exclaimed to a fellow-student, "Oh, that it were with me as in years past!"

It is comforting to turn from the wanderings of poor John, to the faithfulness of God. "God speaketh once, yea, twice," said Elihu. Oh, the patient grace of God's dealings with wayward souls! Much as poor John had wandered, much as he had dishonoured God, God had not forsaken him, and at last taught him that the doctrines he held were false and soul-destroying. Berridge gave them up, and returned once more to his old habits of devotion, though he was still without any true knowledge of God. Without doubt he was thoroughly in earnest, but he was seeking after God, if haply he might find Him, by another way than that which He has appointed, that is, through His Son Jesus Christ. Berridge was rather like a blind man wearily groping his way along, whose face is turned away from the direction he wishes to go, so that his efforts take him farther away from his goal. But he really sought after God, and He who gave that desire, in time showed Himself, and made His love known. W. J.

ISN'T THERE SOMETHING BETWEEN?

THE above words came earnestly from the lips of a bright, cheerful, and yet thoughtful little maiden of some ten years. What led to this strange question? you may ask. Let me tell you, then, that though so young, and though loved and praised by all who knew her, this little one had proved the truth of the word of God who says, "There is none good, *no, not one,*"

and that all have sinned. Rom. iii. 12-23. She had found that she was not fit for God, and now her difficulty was, how were her sins to be put away? How was she to obtain peace for her troubled heart? One had told her to pray for the Holy Spirit, and had turned little Jessie (for thus I shall name her) to look at her own doings instead of what the Lord Jesus had done. I sought simply to put before her the love of God in the gift of Jesus, His only begotten Son; and the love, too, of Jesus in coming into this world to save sinners. She told me she believed Jesus had died for her, that she knew it was for the bad ones and not for any good ones. He had shed His precious blood, but she did not rest upon that finished work. I then told Jessie that all that had to be done was to "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and she should be saved," and that the one who believed was saved. She replied, "I do believe, but isn't there something between?" meaning between believing and being saved. Of course I told her there was nothing between, but still the doubts and fears filled little Jessie's heart, and she did not rest on what God said. Some months after, however, when once more going over the old, old story of Jesus and His love, when alone with Jessie—suddenly she turned, and looking up in my face said, "I've got peace." Now she could see that God had laid all her sins on Jesus, that He had borne them all away. Can you, my little friends, say the same? If you can say, like little Jessie, I do believe that Jesus died for me. Well, "Whosoever believeth that Jesus is the Christ, is born of God." 1 John v. 1. I am so glad that I can tell you, "There is nothing between." The boy or girl who really

believes in Jesus is really saved, and can never perish, because Jesus will hold all safely in His strong hand. John x. 28, 29. But my story is not quite finished yet. I am glad to be able to tell you all, that since Jessie has known that Jesus really *died* for her she has been trying to *live* for Him.

She writes to me sometimes, and one little letter I had from her I shall give in her own words:—

“D Mr. F——, I am trying to please Jesus, sometimes it seems hard not to please myself, but then I remember that even Jesus pleased not Himself. Good-bye”

Are you trying to please Jesus, who has done so much for you? But remember the first thing you can do to please Jesus is to come “Just as you are; without one plea.” When He was here on earth He called a little child unto Him, and the little one does not seem to have been at all afraid of Jesus, for we do not read that he cried, although all the big disciples were standing around. I have no doubt he trusted in Jesus and knew that He would take care and let no harm come to him. And now that Jesus is in the glory He still loves the little ones, and is still calling them to come unto Him.

May you come to Him then, *now*, and then you will be able to live for Him who died for you, and what is brighter still, you will by-and-by live with Him for ever.

I. F.

LIKE HIM AND WITH HIM.

Yet awhile; how sweet the thought!
We, who have by blood been bought,
Shall the One who bought us see,
And shall ever like Him be, 1 John iii. 2.
In the land of life and love,
In the home of rest above. 1 Thess. iv. 17.

“MEET ME AT THE RESURRECTION.”

“WIST ye not that I must be about *my Father's business*,” are the first words we have on record spoken by the Lord Jesus, when twelve years of age. Luke ii. 49. “My meat is to do the will of Him that sent me, and to *finish His work*,” was His answer to His disciples when pressing Him to eat of the meat they had brought, when He had found a poor thirsty sinner at the well of Sychar, and had ministered to her the water of life. John iv. 34.

“*It is finished*,” are the memorable words uttered by Him on the cross, just before He bowed His head in death, recorded by him who also wrote, “These are written, that ye might believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God; and that, believing, ye might have life through His name. John xix. 30; xx. 31. Of such an one, coming to Him, believing on Him, hearing His words, receiving Him, He says, I will in no wise cast him out. I will give unto him eternal life. I will raise him up at the last day. John vi. 37-40. While of the one who believes not on Him, rejects Him, and receives not His words, He says, “The word that I have spoken, the same shall judge him in the last day.” John xii. 48. Of the two classes we read in John v. 28, 29, “All that are in the graves shall hear His voice, and shall come forth; they that have done good, unto the resurrection of life; and they that have done evil, unto the resurrection of judgment.”

The first of these two classes, “sleep by Jesus,” and are “raised in glory.” 1 Thess. iv. 14; 1 Cor. xv. 43; the last of the two classes “die in their sins, and therefore are raised for judgment. John viii. 21; v. 29.

At first sight John v. 29 might lead us to suppose that the Lord spake of a general judgment, that the saved and the unsaved would be raised together, but this is not so. We learn from Rev. xx. 4-6 that a thousand years intervene between the two resurrections spoken of in John v. 29. Those in Rev. xx. 4 we read of in 1 Thess. iv. 16, and those called "the rest of the dead," Rev. xx. 5, we find again in xx. 12-15.

The words at the head of this paper were uttered by a little girl just before she died, to her elder sister. She had been to the Sunday-school, and the resurrection of the Lord was the subject she was expected to study for the following Sunday. I believe the Scripture pointed out to her was 1 Cor. xv. 20-22, and by her parting word to her sister she surely had her thoughts on verse 23, "They that are Christ's, at His coming." When "the dead in Christ shall rise first," and when "we which are alive and remain shall be caught up *together with them* in the clouds to meet the Lord in the air." What a meeting will that be of dear departed ones, who are *Christ's* and those who have known and loved them on earth, who are "waiting for God's Son from heaven," and above all to meet *Him* too, who died for them and rose again.

Will the one whose eyes now scans these pages be in that happy company with those who "*are Christ's?*" Can you answer thankfully to this question, "Yes, for He loved me, and gave Himself for me?" Gal. ii. 20.

In conclusion, may I press on you the words of the dear little one gone to be with Jesus, "Meet me at the resurrection."

W. R. H.

A BIBLE ENIGMA.

In Christ all fulness dwelleth
Our every need to meet.
Tell me the name He beareth
To erring saints most sweet;
And see how you can spell it,
With letters ten complete.

The Spirit cries their hearts within
A name to saints how dear.
As seen in Christ the saint describes
How changed he doth appear.
He gave a sword, most dearly won,
'To God's anointed king.
The tempter left him weak, undone,
How bitter was her sting!
He for a favourite dish forgot,
What God his wife had told.
A warrior won a favoured lot,
Most fertile to behold.
The spot where fervent prayer arose,
And God with rain replied.
Upon a mount his eyes did close,
And then he meekly died.
Orphans and widows wept her, dead,
And showed her loving toil.
A soldier sought, by anger led,
His brother's faith to soil.

UNCLE R.

ANSWER TO BIBLE ENIGMA FOR JANUARY.

CONVERSION.

C yprus. Acts xiii. 4.
O bed. Ruth iv. 17.
N ain. Luke vii. 11-15.
V ashti. Esther i. 19.
E bed-melech. Jer. xxxix. 16-18.
R abshakeh. Isaiah xxxvii. 4.
S hushan. Nehemiah i. 1.
I saac. Gen. xxii. 16-18.
O mri. 1 Kings xvi. 23-26.
N isroch. Isaiah xxxvii. 38.

M. H., aged 10, L. P., aged 12. As no answer is in poetry, nor without one mistake, we print the above with the initials of our two youngest correspondents, who only made one mistake each.

GOOD NEWS FOR YOUNG AND OLD.



THE LITTLE CAPTIVE MAID.
2 Kings v. See page 36.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,

Thank you for your many careful references, which I now print, and your answers to the types of Genesis ii., which you will read in your own words.

THE JEHOVAH OF ISRAEL THE MAKER OF HEAVEN AND EARTH.

O, Jehovah God of Israel, which dwellest between the Cherubim, Thou art the God, even Thou alone, of all the kingdoms of the earth; Thou hast made heaven and earth. 2 Kings xix. 15; Gen. vi. 7; Ex. xx. 11; xxxi. 17; Deut. x. 14; 2 Chron. ii. 12; Neh. ix. 6; Job xxxviii. 4; Psalms viii. 1-3; xxiv. 1, 2; xxxiii. 6-9; lxxxix. 12; xc. 1, 2; xcv. 5, 6; xcvi. 5; c. 3; cii. 25; civ. 5-24; cxv. 15; cxxi. 2; cxxiv. 8; cxxxiv. 3; cxxxvi. 5, 6; cxlvi. 5, 6; cxlviii. 5; cxlix. 2; Prov. iii. 19; viii. 22-29; xxii. 2; Isaiah xxxvii. 16; xl. 28; xlii. 5; xlv. 24; xlv. 7, 12, 18; li. 13; liv. 5; Jer. x. 10-12; xxvii. 4, 5; Hosea viii. 14; Zech. xii. 1.

TYPES OF CHRISTIAN TRUTHS IN GEN. II.
The day of rest instituted by God. Gen. ii. 2, a type of the rest that remaineth to the people of God. Heb. iv. 3, 4, 9, 10;
The Garden of Eden, type of the Paradise where God will place all that love Him, and where Jesus will be in the midst of all His people, as the tree of life in the midst of Eden. Rev. ii. 7; xxii. 2, 14.

The river that flowed through Eden, type of the river of the water of life proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb in the Holy Jerusalem. Rev. xxii. 1.

Adam, a type of Christ, as lord of creation, and the figure of Him that was to come. Rom. v. 14; 1 Cor. xv. 45; Eph. i. 22, and as head of the Church. Eph. v. 30.

The deep sleep of Adam, type of Christ

going through death to have His people with Himself through the eternal ages. John xii. 23-33.

Eve, a type of the Church, Eph. v. 31, 32, and as Eve received all her blessings in Adam, so also the Bride of Christ receives all from Him. There was no one so near and so dear to Adam as Eve, so the Church will have the nearest place to Christ in the coming glory. Rev. xix. 6-9.

Adam and Eve were very happy in Paradise, but when we are with the Lord, it will be joy unspeakable. 1 Peter i. 8.

The third chapter of Genesis stands in contrast with the former chapters which we have read together. It is God's plain and full account of sin entering into the world by one man, Rom. v. 12, which brought death upon the whole race.

Many persons, ignorant of themselves, and who have never, as Solomon puts it, known "every man the plague of his own heart," 1 Kings viii. 38, have said, Had I been in Adam's circumstances, I would not have given up God for an apple; and perhaps many of our young readers, confident in themselves, and ready to boast in the goodness of a heart, which God declares to be "deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked," Jer. xvii. 9, think that they would not have been beguiled by the serpent, as Eve was; while they forget, that she was attacked by Satan, and fell, when she was innocent and without sin, whereas they have a sinful nature for Satan to work on, which loves evil, and hates good, and so makes them an easy prey to his wiles.

Nothing keeps children from desiring to know the Lord Jesus as their Saviour, more than the ignorance of the sinfulness of their hearts. I remember, when I was

yet a youth, being much troubled by a short sentence, which I heard, because my conscience bore witness that it described my state, "Light views of sin give slighting views of Christ." I find it so now with children. As long as they escape punishment, and are commended by their parents or teachers, they mind but little how God regards them. The root of this indifference is unbelief. They read in God's Word that they are lost sinners, that by nature they are the children of wrath, and that, unless they are born again, they cannot enter the kingdom of God; but they do not believe this in their hearts, and so their hearts grow harder every year, and their consciences more and more dull and insensible.

Now, dear children, it was this same unbelief which gave Satan a door into Eve's heart. God had told Adam not to eat of the fruit of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil. Eve heard what God had said, and yet, directly Satan, under the disguise of one of the animals, began to speak to her, and to question the truth of God's word, Eve listened, and believed the traitor.

You may be astonished that Eve should have forsaken the word of her Maker, because one of the animals in the garden contradicted it; but have you never given up God's commands to please a playmate, or to keep into favour with some sinful companion? Eve was fallen from God directly she doubted His word, and trusted in the word of the serpent. He did not tell her to disbelieve God, but he led her to believe that part of what God said was not true. She waited not even to ask counsel of her husband, but immediately put herself into Satan's hands, and then

she trusted her eyes, and looked at the fruit, and decided that it was good for food, and a tree to be desired to make one wise. Unbelief opened the way to the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life, and she took and eat, and then, having destroyed herself, she turned a tempter, and gave the fruit to Adam.

The Word of God says that Adam was not deceived, 1 Tim. ii. 14. Satan does not speak to him, he had Eve now to do his work for him, and this he always prefers to being seen himself, like the fowler, who keeps out of sight, and uses captive birds to hop about on his snares, to call the free birds to them, and thus taking them off their guard, they are soon entangled in the fowler's net, and are easily caught by him. Eve gave up God's word to believe in a creature of whom she knew nothing, and Adam gave up his allegiance to God out of love to Eve, thus serving the creature more than the Creator, who is blessed for evermore. Rom. i. 25. Eve "took of the fruit thereof, and did eat, and gave also unto her husband with her; and he did eat," v. 6. And then Satan's lie came out. Their eyes indeed were opened, but only to see they were naked and powerless; they knew good and evil, but it was by losing the good for ever, and becoming altogether evil. At once they use deceit to hide their shame from each other's eyes, but when they hear the voice of the Lord God walking in the garden, in the cool of the day, their fig leaf coverings will not avail them, and they seek to hide from God among the trees of the garden. When God speaks to them, their wicked excuses show how utterly they have fallen from their gracious Maker. Adam

to excuse himself, daringly throws the blame upon God, "The woman whom Thou gavest to be with me, she gave me of the tree, and I did eat." Eve throws the blame on Satan, "The serpent beguiled me, and I did eat." Oh! these vain and deceitful excuses. Alas! which of us has not made them, and thereby added to our sins, and hardened our hearts all the more. "But there is forgiveness with Thee, that Thou mayest be feared," says the Psalmist. Before God pronounced judgment on Adam and Eve, He curses their destroyer, and lets them hear of a Saviour, to be born of woman, who should bruise the Serpent's head. Sin came into the world through the woman, the weaker vessel, and salvation, God declares, should come to ruined sinners through the seed of the woman. This is the germ of the Gospel, which appeared in Eden, directly man had fallen, from which all the blessed truths of salvation have in due time come. Then we are told of two races, that should ever contend, the one against the other—the woman's seed and the serpent's seed—and God put enmity between them.

The Bible is the history of these two families, as you will see if you read carefully 1 John iii. 7-10. Until we are born again, we belong to the serpent's seed, as the Lord said to the Jews, "Ye are of your father the devil, and the lusts of your father ye will do. He was a murderer from the beginning, and abode not in the truth, because there is no truth in him," John viii. 44, and again, "If God were your Father, ye would love me, for I proceeded forth and came from God," John viii. 42. But what a man sows, that shall he also reap, and God pronounced a

sentence of sorrow upon Eve, and of toil and death upon Adam, and then God drove them out of His beautiful garden, and placed at the gate Cherubim, and a flaming sword, which turned every way, to keep the way of the tree of life.

Sorrow, toil and death were now before them, and the happiness and delights of Paradise cut off from them for ever. Such is the end of sin.

Dear children, you have been born outside Paradise, you have come from the man that God drove out from His garden, you were born with the seeds of sin and of death in you, you have already brought forth some of the sad fruits of these seeds, both by naughty feelings, naughty ways and naughty words on the one hand, and by pain and trouble, and perhaps illness on the other.

May God bring you into His presence, and show you yourselves, and the exceeding sinfulness of sin, and then, as He clothed Adam and Eve with coats of skin, the product of death inflicted on innocent animals, for the covering of the shame of our first parents, may He clothe you with Christ, who knew no sin, but was made sin for His people, that they might be made the righteousness of God in Him. 2 Cor. v. 21.

I am, dear children,

Your affectionate friend,

UNCLE R.

THE VACANT CHAIR.

A SHORT time since, as I was passing by a dwelling-house with a shop attached to it, my attention was arrested by observing that both house and shop were closed. I also saw that a written notice was

fastened upon the shop door. I therefore drew near, that I might read what was written, and found that it was to this effect: "*This house is closed to-day, in consequence of the funeral of a member of the family.*" Although I was not personally acquainted with them, I knew them sufficiently to take an interest in the sorrow which had befallen them, and to feel a sympathy with them in their loss.

The family is a large one, consisting of a father and mother, of mature age, and of several sons and daughters, some of whom are young men and women, though others are but children. The one who died, and on whose account the house was closed, was the eldest of the daughters. I had sometimes seen upon the Lord's Day, the whole troop going to, and returning from, some place where the Word of God is read, and Christ is preached as His salvation; and I was attracted by the comfortable family appearance which they presented.

On their return home from the funeral, how painful and solemn, one would suppose, would be the feelings both of the parents and of the brothers and sisters of the departed young woman. When they assembled in the family circle, or sat down to the social meal, there would be the vacant chair, and the absence of the one who had departed from their midst. When they walked abroad, she would no longer accompany them. And wherever they went, her presence would be missed. The words are true, as one has written:—

"Friend after friend departs,
Who has not lost a friend?"

And how near to the literal truth is the language of another:—

"There is no fireside, howsoe'er defended,
But has one vacant chair."

Beloved reader, young or old, have you not lost a friend? Has not a dear son or daughter, brother or sister, father or mother, or intimate friend, passed away from you and from this scene for ever? And whither is that soul gone? Have you confidence, based upon the Word of God, that he, or she, was resting in Christ, and is therefore in the presence of God? And have you, for yourself, the knowledge of that salvation as your own present and eternal portion, through faith in the Lord Jesus Christ? How precious, in this connection, is the eleventh chapter of the gospel of John, where we read that death, or sleep, fell upon one of a godly household, of whom it is recorded, that "Jesus loved Martha, and her sister, and Lazarus." The survivors had their sorrow, but they had likewise the sympathy and resurrection power of Christ with them. It is a blessed circumstance when one departs to be with Christ, out of a family in which is known the love and fear of God. For the one who departs, it is "far better;" while those who are left here a little longer, have the joy and comfort of being assured of the blessing of the one who has been taken from their midst, and of the certain coming of the Lord to take all His own to be for ever with Himself. That was a sweet word of comfort which was uttered by a boy whom I knew, who said to his godly mother when they were weeping over her departed, believing daughter, "Mother, don't let us cry any more. We should not cry, if we only knew what she is enjoying." T.



THE ANTS.

FOUR LITTLE PEOPLE.

PART I.—THE ANTS.

WE are going to have a talk about four very little "people," some of the smallest that you can think of. Can you guess what they are? I do not expect so. I think I shall have to tell you. Four things of which we read that they are little upon the earth, but are exceeding wise; and four things that will teach us four wonderful lessons, if we will listen to their teaching. We read about them in the book of Proverbs. (xxx. 24). The first of them in verse 25. "The ants are a people not strong, yet they prepare their meat in the summer." Do you know what ants are? They are tiny little insects, some are black, some red, and some white. Very busy little folks they are: they live in wonderful houses made in the earth,

and there they build store-houses, and nurseries, and long corridors reaching from one part of their home to the other. It is very curious to look into an ant town. I remember once when we were in the country, we had been for a long walk, and, as we were all tired, we sat down on a kind of common to rest. Presently we noticed some ants moving about, and as they appeared to come from under a large stone which was lying against a little grassy bank, we removed it, and there, running out in crowds, were the little black things; very frightened, I have no doubt, at having their rest so rudely disturbed. We looked attentively, and could still see the long, winding passages with the ants moving hurriedly up and down. When we were tired of watching them we tried to put the stone back in

its place again, and came away, leaving the ants to repair the mischief we had caused.

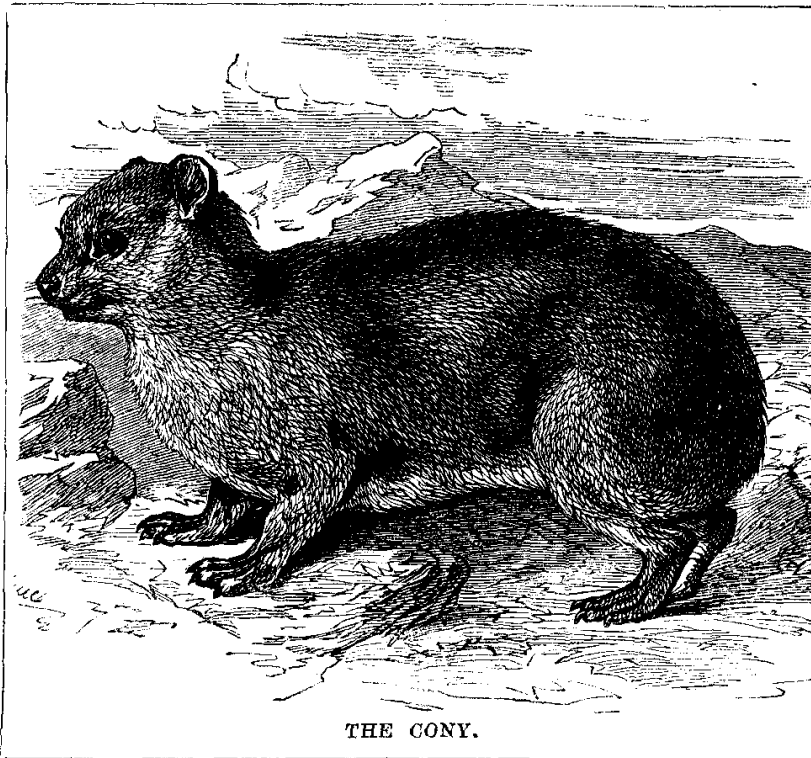
But our verse tells us something special about the ants; first, that they are not strong, and then that they prepare their meat in the summer. They are prudent people, you see. When the summer comes, with its warm, bright sunshine, and rich, golden fruit, they lay up a store against the winter days that will surely follow; for the brightest summer must come to an end, and if they were not ready for the dark winter days, it would be too late to prepare anything, and they would all die. I wonder how many of you are like the ants; how many of you prepare your meat in the summer. "Now," you say, "of course we do not, we do not trouble about the winter; why should we? We are not ants, we shall have plenty to eat, no matter how cold it is." Ah! you do not understand, you are mistaking my meaning altogether; I have been thinking that the bright, happy days when you are children are like the summer of life; it is all sunshine and joy, for little children have none of the cares that grown up people have; they are generally as happy as the day is long. But dark days may come; people cannot be children always; and sickness, and want, and trouble come like cold winter winds, and the years of old age that come slowly and surely, are like the dark days of winter. Dear little children, prepare for the dark days now; in the bright sunshine of your little lives, lay up something that the cold, chill blasts of winter cannot injure or destroy. Do you know what I mean? Do you remember some words we have often read, perhaps even without thinking very much about

them: "Lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal, for where your treasure is, there will your heart be also?" Little people, is that your treasure? Are you laying up that treasure now, while the day is bright, and the sunshine of God's love is shining its rays around your pathway. Do be like the ants; take advantage of the warm weather, and make sure that you have a treasure laid up for the winter months; or winter years it may be. Does it seem very strange to you that there is a treasure which can make you happy, even rejoicing in the midst of weariness, and want, and suffering? I could tell you of those whose life you would think one long, dark winter, and yet it is enough to make them happy, far more than happy. May God give *you* to find that treasure, and make it your own now.

THE CONY.

PART II.

We must think now about the second of our little people, they are little people too; but they are, I think, in one way wiser than the ants; the ants store their treasure at the right time, but I do not think in the right place. They make their store-house in the earth; deep down they dig, but not deep enough to keep it perfectly safe, for you remember I told you how easily we disturbed an ant's-nest without intending to do them any harm; but, "The conies are but a feeble folk, yet make they their houses in the rocks." Have you ever seen a cony? I do not think you have, as there are very few of them. For a long time people thought



THE CONY.

that a cony was the same as a rabbit, but they are sure now that they are not quite the same, though conies and rabbits are very much alike. Conies are pretty little creatures, with soft, brown fur and bright, twinkling eyes; they are wise, too; they choose a safe place to live in; they do not dig deep down into the earth, and gather their treasure there, they make *their* houses in the rocks. How firm the rocks are! How secure! Enemies may come, and wild storms may beat against them, but they do not move; indeed, there are rocks that look only the more beautiful after a storm, for when they are wet with rain they shine like polished marble. I think you will guess what I mean now; you will not wonder about the rocks, you have so often heard it before, it is like an old, old story; but would that it might

come fresh to you now, that the story of the conies might sink deep down into your hearts, and make you ask yourselves if you are as wise as they.

A rock in the Bible is very often used as an illustration of the Lord Jesus Christ. In one place, speaking of the wonderful way in which the Israelites were supplied with water from the rock, we read that "That Rock was Christ." Yes, He is indeed the true Rock, the Rock that nothing can uproot or overturn. Are you resting in Him? Oh! I hope you are; for then you are so safe; safe for time, and safe too for that long for ever, on far beyond time. I want you to be like a little cony, hiding yourself, making your dwelling-place in the Rock; as the hymn says—

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Grace hath hid me safe in Thee."

(To be continued.)

JOHN BERRIDGE. — III.

“Cease from thine own works.”

OUR last paper brought us down to 1749. John had then been at College fifteen years, and was thirty-three years old. He took the degree of Bachelor of Arts in 1738, and Master of Arts in 1742.

Soon after the gracious revival of God's work in his soul, Berridge had a great desire to be a minister, and was appointed to the curacy of Stapleford, near Cambridge, where he preached regularly for six years. Notwithstanding his great learning, he took care to speak to his hearers in the simplest possible way; it really being his desire not to show his knowledge, but to do good to the people's souls. Thorough earnestness was one of his chief good points.

The people among whom his lot was cast were extremely ignorant, and loose in manner of life; even the usual forms of religion were neglected by them. At the end of his six years' earnest work, there was not, so far as he knew, one soul really turned to God, though there was a little increase of mere formality. It was a great disappointment and grief to him; for not only by his sermons, but also by his life—sincere, upright and honourable—he sought to set the people right, but all seemed to no purpose.

In July, 1755, he was admitted to the vicarage of Everton, his home for the remainder of his life. Here he preached for two years, with all his former earnestness, and with his former lack of success. It was distressing to him, and the doubt crept across his mind, only to be indignantly repelled, “Am I right myself?” It was not a pleasant thought, and he

thrust it from him with disdain. Surely he, a man of education, could not err in this matter! But again and again this secret doubt arose, “Am I right?” He could not answer it, and such trouble came upon him because of this, the like of which he had never known before. Then there arose the simple, earnest cry from his heart, “Lord, if I am right, keep me so: if I am not, make me so. Lead me to the knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus.” Day after day this little prayer went up to heaven, and an answer was returned in a remarkable way. Let us give it in his own words:—

“As I was sitting in my house one morning, and musing upon a text of Scripture, the following words were darted into my mind with wonderful power, and seemed like a voice from heaven, viz.: ‘Cease from thine own works.’ Before I heard these words, my mind was in a very unusual calm; but as soon as I heard them, my soul was in a tempest directly, and the tears flowed from my eyes like a torrent. The scales fell from my eyes immediately, and I now clearly saw the rock I had been splitting on for near thirty years. Do you ask what this rock was? Why, it was some secret reliance on my own works for salvation. I had hoped to be saved partly in my own name, and partly in Christ's name, though I am told there is salvation in no other name, except in the name of Jesus Christ. Acts iv. 12. I had hoped to be saved partly through my own works, and partly through Christ's mercies, though I am told we are saved by grace through faith, and not of works. Ephes. ii. 7, 8. I had hoped to make myself acceptable to God partly through my own good works,

though we are told that we are accepted in the Beloved. Ephes. i. 6."

The words "Cease from thine own works" are not exactly the words of Scripture, but they no doubt came to Berridge's mind from Heb. iv. 10. They may have been heard long before, and forgotten, yet brought again so powerfully to the memory by the Spirit of God, that, in a certain state of mind, they would seem like words spoken aloud. They were such as Berridge needed, he had been *working* for life. He turned to a Concordance, and was surprised to find that the words "faith" and "believe" filled many columns. "Faith" occurs more than 240 times in the Bible; and it is remarkable that out of this great number, the word is only twice used in the Old Testament, and one of these texts is quoted in the New Testament three times. (Habakkuk ii. 4, used by Paul in Rom. i. 17, Gal. iii. 11, Heb. x. 38). What Berridge had really been doing was this: he had placed himself like a Jew under the law of Sinai, which said, "Do, and thou shalt live," to find, however, that he had not strength to do anything. The law showed him that he was a sinner, but could never take away his sins, it never could give him peace. A looking-glass will show a man his dirty face, but will never cleanse it. Again, the conditions, "Do, and live," referred to the time before the Cross of Christ. After this, the day had passed in which God proposed to man that by working he should earn life. Not that any one, from Adam to the giving of the law, or from the law downwards, did so earn life; it was always God's gift in grace, but since the death of Christ God has ceased to test man as before. He de-

clares all are lost, and salvation is given through Christ's death to every one in whose heart the Holy Ghost works repentance towards God and faith towards our Lord Jesus Christ. Repentance *had* been wrought in Berridge years before, but various things had hindered his faith in Christ; he had vainly sought to win peace by a mixture of the law of Moses and the grace and truth of Christ. He needed to be instructed in this—that by the deeds of the law could no flesh be justified in God's sight. The apostle Paul writes that we (believers) are justified by faith; that we are saved by grace through faith, which is God's gift.

Much of this solemn and precious teaching of the Word of God Berridge quickly learnt, and it showed him the secret of his failure in his past preaching. He had imputed his "want of success to the naughty hearts of his hearers, and not to his own naughty doctrine," so he writes. He had chiefly aimed at "knocking off fine caps and bonnets," the evil state of the heart he had left unexposed. Like a will-o'-the-wisp, which draws the traveller from his way by its false light, he had led his hearers on in false paths; false, because, while having such an appearance of truth and safety, they were really leading the soul away from Christ, to trust, partly at least, to its own works. The truth that he and all others were *lost* and *guilty before God* he had not learnt, and his teaching was simply this, that no man was past recovery, he had only to render a sincere obedience to the law of God, and trust to the grace of Christ for his shortcomings. "Thus," he says, "I stumbled and fell. In short, to use a

homely similitude, I put the justice of God into one scale, and as many good works of my own as I could into the other; and when I found, as I always did, my own good works not to be a balance to the divine justice, I then threw in Christ as a makeweight. And this every one really does, who hopes for salvation partly by doing what he can for himself, and then relying on Christ for the rest."

Berridge had too much earnestness in his nature to allow himself to cover up the new light he had received from God's Word in order to hide the mistakes of past years. He says, "As soon as God opened my own eyes, and showed me the true way of salvation, I began immediately to preach it. And now I dealt with my hearers in a very different way from what I had used to do. I told them very plainly that they were children of wrath, and under the curse of God, though they knew it not, and that none but Jesus Christ could deliver them from that curse. I asked them if they had ever broken the law of God once in thought, word or deed. If they had, they were then under the curse, for it is written, 'Cursed is every one that continueth not in all things that are written in the book of the law to do them.' . . . If we break God's law, we immediately fall under the curse of it, and none can deliver us from this curse but Jesus Christ. There is an end for ever after of any justification from our own works. . . If I behave myself peaceably to my neighbour this day, it is no satisfaction for having broken his head yesterday." And he adds, "So that if I am once a sinner, nothing but the blood of Jesus Christ can cleanse me from sin. All my hopes are then in Him, and I must fly to

Him as the only refuge set before me. In this manner I preached, and do preach to my flock, labouring to beat down self-righteousness, labouring to show them that they are all in a lost and perishing state, and that nothing could recover them out of this state, and make them children of God, but faith in the Lord Jesus Christ."

We hope to see, shortly, how these new statements were received by Berridge's hearers.
W. J.

WAITING FOR JESUS.

At the close of a Gospel meeting for children, several young ones remained, desiring to hear more of the "Good News," which had been the subject of the address.

One little girl, of about nine or ten summers, was sitting by herself, evidently much interested. I sat by her side, and asked her name, and then said, "For whom are you waiting?"

Her simple reply was, "JESUS."

"And whom is Jesus waiting for?" I asked.

One word alone she answered, "ME."

Little Mary was *waiting* for Jesus, Jesus *waiting* for little Mary, and so, very soon, the two met, for Mary, *just as she was*, a poor, lost sinner without one plea, but that the Lord Jesus had shed His blood for such, came to Him who was "waiting for her," and found that He kept His word, and did not cast her out.

My little friend, do you know that Jesus is waiting for sinners like you to come to Him? Yes, *just as you are*, and *just now*. This loving Saviour—

Stands patiently:
Though oft rejected,
Calls again.

How many times has the Lord Jesus called you? Perhaps, through your Sunday school teacher, or father, or mother, but

you have not come. You have kept Him waiting. He still calls, "Come unto me, come unto me." When on earth, He called a little child unto Him (Matt. xviii. 2), and the little one seems to have come at once. Now, will you come? But you say, I am such a sinner, must I not wait till I am better? No, my dear little friend, the Lord says, "Come now . . . though *your sins be as scarlet they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool.*" Isaiah i. 18. I. F.

THE LITTLE CAPTIVE MAID.

2 Kings v.

To Israel's land, when Israel sinn'd,
A band of Syrians came,
Took captive thence a little maid,
Who knew God's holy name.
She waited upon Naaman's wife,
A mighty captain he,
But, sad to tell, all covered o'er
With dreadful leprosy.
The little captive soon makes known
What wonders may be wrought
By God's own prophet, in her land,
And begs he may be sought.
With horses and with chariot grand,
The warrior soon is seen
Before Elisha's door to stand,
With high and haughty mien.
"Go, wash in Jordan, and be clean;"
Is the prophet's message given;
But this ill suits the warrior's mind,
And the chariot back is driven.
"I thought that surely he would come,
Before me he would stand;
Upon his Lord and God would call,
And cure me out of hand.
"The rivers of Damascus are,
Far better than these streams;
In them I just as well may wash,
It more my rank beseems."
The servants now draw near, and say
In words both wise and kind,
"If some great thing thou hadst to do,
Would'st thou have been behind?"

Naaman listens to their words,
Is now at Jordan seen,
Seven times he dips beneath the waves;
Behold he's made quite clean!
Think not that you must something do,
To have your sins forgiven; Titus iii. 4-7.
'Tis Jesus' blood, and that alone,
Can make you fit and Heaven. 1 John i. 7.

ANSWER TO FEBRUARY'S ENIGMA.

AN ADVOCATE. 1 John ii. 1.

A bba, the name to saints so dear,
The Spirit loves to cry. Rom. viii. 15.
New creatures they, who Christ receive;
Their hopes are fixed on high. 2 Cor. v. 17.
A himelech gave to David's hand
A sword most dearly won. 1 Sam. xxi. 7.
Delilah's wiles poor Samson left
All weakened and undone. Judges xvi. 18.
Venison was to Isaac's heart
A snare, God's word to hide. Gen. xxvii. 3.
Othniel won the fertile spot,
And with it gained a bride. Judges i. 13.
Carmel was where Elijah prayed,
And God with rain replied. 1 Kings xviii. 42.
Aron ascended Mount Hor's height,
'Twas there he meekly died. Num. xx. 28.
Tabitha's death was sorely felt,
By those who shared her love. Acts ix. 20.
Eliab's angry words did fail,
Young David's faith to move. 1 Sam. xvii. 28.
ROSA A. R., aged 9.

A BIBLE ENIGMA.

The blessed news of God,
Concerning His own Son,
Is now by God set forth,
To sinners lost, undone.
Tell me that type of purest gold,
Through which this Gospel truth was told.
A figure of the One to come.
They braved his wrath to save their son.
In life and death the dead arose.
By faith she hid them from their foes.
Whence came he, that dread load to bear?
He wore it, and He bids us wear.
He saw, unmoved, the angels' joy.
Upon his bed she laid her boy.
What built the pilgrim saints of old?
Who spake his doubts in language bold?

UNCLE R.

GOOD NEWS FOR YOUNG AND OLD.



THE SHUNAMMITE AND HER SON. *See page 41.*
2 Kings iv.

LETTERS TO THE YOUNG ON
BIBLE STORIES.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—

I hope you will turn out all your references, as we have not room to print the verses you copy for me so neatly each month. I am glad to see a great improvement in many of our young correspondent's answers, both as to the choice and as to the number sent. By searching out in your Bibles all the verses you send, you will learn more of those blessed truths of God's word, which are able to make you wise unto salvation through faith, which is in Christ Jesus. The Lord Jesus is the seed of the woman, whose heel Satan bruised on the cross, and who through the power of that death will redeem all His spiritual seed from Satan's dominion, and destroy death and Satan. This you have proved very clearly from the following scriptures: Gen. xxii. 18; Is. vii. 14; Matt. i. 21, 23; xxvi. 36, 38; xxvii. 35; Mark xiv. 33, 34; xv. 24, 25; Luke i. 30, 31, 70; ii. 7, 11; xxii. 39, 44; John viii. 44; xii. 31; xvi. 11; Rom. i. 3; xvi. 20; 1 Cor. xv. 21, 22, 25, 26; Gal. iii. 8, 16; iv. 4; Ep. i. 20, 22; Col. ii. 15; Heb. ii. 14, 15; 1 John iii. 8; v. 5; Rev. xii. 7, 9, 17. We will now look at the story of Cain and Abel.

Cain was the first man that was born. In this we resemble him. We did not come into the world as Adam did, who was created in full age and stature, and who was made upright by God, but we came into the world as Cain the murderer came, who was a sinner by birth, because born of sinful parents, whom God had driven out of Paradise.

His mother had bright hopes at his

birth, and called him Cain (gotten), for she said "I have gotten a man from the Lord." When Abel was born she called him "Vanity," to contrast him with her first-born son. Many a mother since Eve has had large and happy expectations from her first-born, which have been disappointed as Eve's were.

The boys had no Bible to teach them God's will and the way of salvation, but they had from their infancy the word of God from their parents' lips. They could see the beautiful Garden of Eden, and could walk up to its gate, where the Cherubim were placed, and where the flaming sword turned every way to keep the way of the tree of life. Their parents, doubtless, told them repeatedly of their own creation, and of their happy state in Paradise, and of Satan's tempting them; and how they eat the fruit of the tree, which God had commanded them not to eat; and of the judgment God pronounced upon them and their descendants; and of the judgment, too, of their cruel enemy, Satan, wherein lay man's only hope of deliverance from the consequences of his woeful fall. Under these teachings and under the visible presence of God at Eden's gate, the boys grew to be men, and began to learn for themselves the reality of God's sentence on their father, Adam, in having in the sweat of their face to eat bread.

Cain became a tiller of the ground, which God had cursed, and which now brought forth thorns and thistles; and Abel became a keeper of sheep for the animals needed some one to shepherd them.

Both the sons owned God, and His claims over them, but Cain's religion was

that of an unbelieving sinner, who trusts his own thoughts of what God will accept, rather than the Word of God; so he brought of the fruit he had cultured an offering to God, just as if he had a right to worship his Creator, as an unfallen creature could have done. He did not own his sad position away from God, nor his need of mercy. He drew near to God as though sin, and death by sin (Rom. v.), had not entered into the world.

Abel acted quite differently. If he had been ignorant of sin, and unbelieving like Cain, he would have brought his lambs alive, as an offering to God. But God had given Abel to believe his true condition before Him, and he slew of the firstlings of his flock, and offered them to God; and God accepted Abel's sacrifice, and testified by his gifts that he was righteous (Heb. xi. 4); but to Cain and his offering God had not respect.

When Cain saw that God accepted Abel's lambs, and that He passed by his beautiful fruit, his wicked heart was angry. He would not seek a sin-offering for himself, but pride and malice filled his breast. This is what Scripture calls "the way of Cain." It is the religion of every unconverted, unbelieving child. Perhaps children prove, in nothing more than in following this "way of Cain," their guiltiness as to the sin of unbelief, which is the root of all sin and departure from God, and shuts out of heaven at last, unless by grace repented of. They think, to put it into their own language, that they have some goodness in them, and that God will love them if they make further progress in good doings; and so they grow up in Cain's way, and not only disbelieve what God says about their

sinful state, but when the occasion arises they show their hatred of any who really come the right way to God as Abel did.

I have seen boys hate their school-mates, and do to them any little spiteful thing that lay in their power, because their school-mates said that Christ was their Saviour. This spirit of Cain led religious rulers and priests to crucify out of envy the Son of God.

Abel did not suspect his brother of this lurking malice, and this gave Cain the terrible opportunity as he talked with him in apparent brotherly love, and walked with him in the field, to rise up and slay him.

Here, then, we find in the first two lives of men the two seeds God spoke of to Satan in the former chapter. Cain, the seed of the wicked one, who slew his brother, because his own works were evil and his brother's righteous; and Abel, the first of the children of God, who, born of God, believed God's Word, and was counted righteous by God, and loved, and lived to, God.

The end of Abel's history is soon told. On the behalf of Christ it was given unto him, not only to believe, but to suffer for His sake (Phil. i. 29), sealing in his life-blood his faith in Christ, by which, says the Apostle, he, being dead, yet speaketh (Heb. xi. 4).

Cain's end is destruction. God met him with that awful question: "Where is Abel thy brother?" Cain dares to tell a lie to God: "I know not. Am I my brother's keeper?" Many have said the same since, but they shall not escape any more than Cain did. "What hast thou done? The voice of thy brother's blood crieth unto me from the ground. And

now art thou cursed from the earth, which hath opened her mouth to receive thy brother's blood from thy hand, when thou tillest the ground, it shall not henceforth yield unto thee her strength; a fugitive and a vagabond shalt thou be in the earth" (Gen. iv. 10-12). Cain is driven out of his place of outward privileges, as he bitterly laments, "From Thy face I shall be hid;" but he asks not for mercy or salvation. All he desires is that his life on earth may be spared, and this the Lord promises him. Thus Cain went out from the presence of the Lord, and dwelt in the land of Nod, and sought to make himself happy away from God's presence.

Are any of my young readers seeking to fill an empty and sinful heart as Cain did? If so, may they, like the prodigal son, be brought by their very misery to remember that House, where there is bread enough and to spare, while they perish with hunger. To any who are trusting with like faith to Abel's in the precious blood of Christ I would say, that the same grace which gave you to believe is sufficient for you to live to God as Abel did. The Lord grant it of His great mercy.

Ever, dear children,
Your affectionate friend,
UNCLE R.

JESUS SAID,

Suffer the little children to come unto Me.
Mark x.

CALLING one day upon a poor old man who is blind, I found him with his little granddaughter (a child between five and six years of age) sitting upon his knee. During the time I was reading and talking

to him, the child appeared to listen intently to what I said, when, after having closed my Bible, I drew her towards myself, and asked, if she could tell me who loved her.

She replied, "Yes, Mammy, Daddy, and Grandfather and you."

I said, "Yes, dear, so we all do, but there is *One* who loves you more than all of us put together, and who wants you to love Him, Can you tell me now? She shook her head and looked wonderingly at me. I said, "Jesus it is who loves you so tenderly." And as simply as I could, I endeavoured to tell her of the love of God, in giving His only Son to save her, and all who believe on Him; how He blessed little children when on earth, died on the cross for them, and is now in glory with His Father, and soon will come again, to take those who love Him, to be with Him for ever.

Charlotte stood almost breathless, and her eyes beamed with delight, and then putting her tiny hands upon mine, exclaimed. "Does *Jesus really, really love me?* Then I'm sure I do, *I must love Him.* Oh, it is nice; do tell me some more, Missis, 'bout Jesus."

I was told in the town, some days afterwards, that a woman went to see the child's friends during the afternoon, after I had been there, when Charlotte inquired the first thing, if *she* loved Jesus, and if she thought Jesus loved her *as much as that Missis had told her?* When I called the following week, she ran to meet me, and begged me to sit down, and let her bring her stool *quite close*, "'Cause I want you to tell me more about *Him* (pointing upwards), Jesus. I do love Him so now, and I know where He is; up there." When I had talked some time to the child, she

requested to sit on her grandfather's knee, to hear me read to him. I remarked, "You love your grandfather, Charlotte."

"Yes," she said, "I *do*."

She then told me she loved Jesus the best of all. Before I left, she asked, "Who telled me all about Him?" I said, God's own word, the Bible, told us of all His love, and what He did and said, and though He was now in heaven, He could see and hear us.

"I don't know how; I can't see *Him*," she said, and ran to look up out of the window.

I fully satisfied her of the truth of what I had told her, by taking her hand, and with one of her little fingers tracing some of the beautiful, simple passages, word by word—though she could not read them, of course—assuring her, I was showing her God's own precious word, every bit of which was true. All doubts seemed gone, when I left this wee lamb, most happy, and saying, "*I do want to see Jesus.*"

THE SHUNAMMITE'S SON.

"It is well" (2 Kings iv.).

THERE'S beauty above in the bright blue sky,
On earth is the reaper's glee;
'Tis harvest time in Jehovah's land,
And the corn by the breeze is gently fann'd
Like the waves of a golden sea.

But sorrow shall wait on the reaper's mirth,
The lord of those fields shall sigh;
One only boy
Is his father's joy,
This day that boy must die.

And the sun has look'd forth in his morning pride
On the child with a scorching ray;
"My head! my head!"
'Twas all he said,
'Twas all the child could say.

And, see, one is come, that has borne him home,
And he sits on his mother's knee;
But who can tell
How her countenance fell,
Her alter'd boy to see?

He knows her not with his dull, fixed eye,
On her bosom he pillows his head;
When the sun shines bright
From his noontide height,
The boy on her knee is dead.

But faith within the mother's breast
Shall calm her agony;
"The God who gave,
Is the God who shall save,
And give back my boy to me."

Though sad be her heart, the bright lamp of hope
Shall light up its innermost cell;
The son lies dead
On the prophet's bed,
But the mother can say, "IT IS WELL."

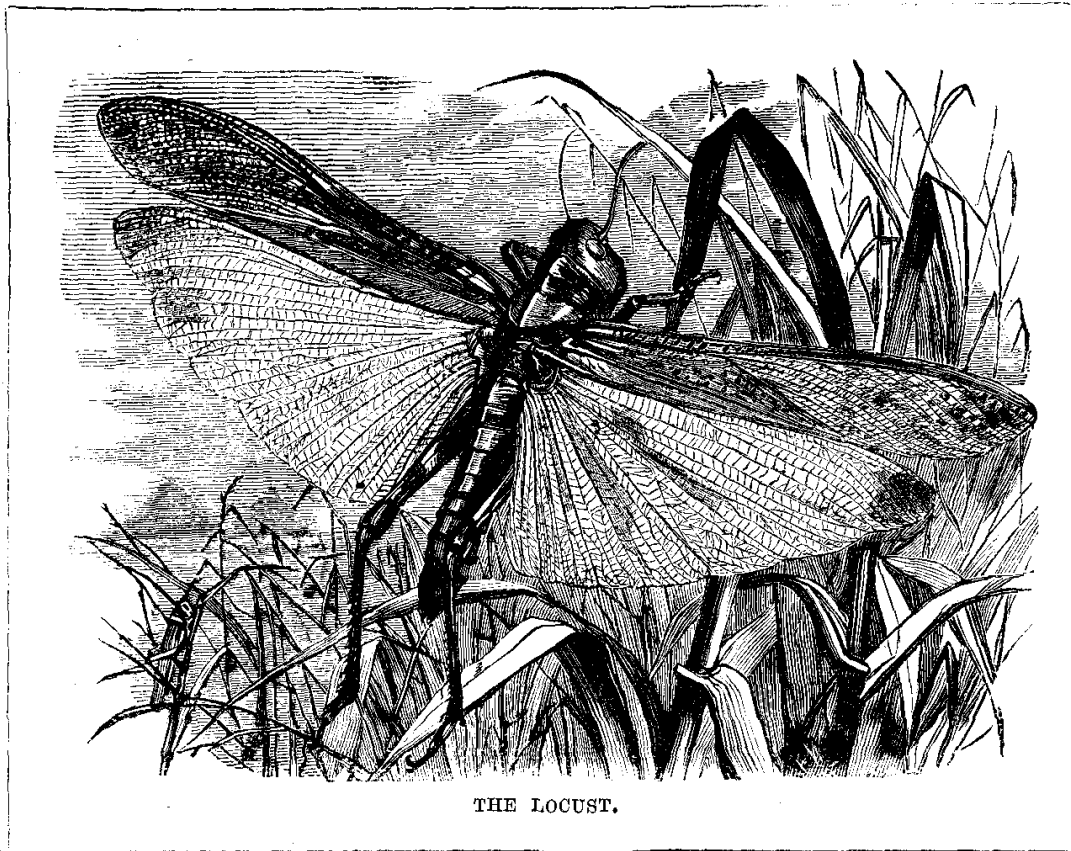
'Tis well with the mother, 'tis well with the boy,
His breath and his life are restored;
The child is awake!
Let her hasten and take
To her arms this new gift from the Lord.

And I know it is well with the servants of God,
Nought them from their stronghold shall sever;
Whether Christ shall soon come,
Or they be laid in the tomb,
'Twill be well with His people for ever.

They fear not the "arrow that fieth by day,"
Nor the plague that walks forth in the dark;
The sun shall not smite,
Nor the moon by night,
One who's hidden in Jesus, the Ark.

They fear not to die, for the deep, dark grave
Is a bed where their Saviour has lain;
They sink not to hell,
But with Him they shall dwell,
For Jesus can raise them again.

And can I, too, hope to arise from the dead,
And Christ as my Saviour to see?
If I trust in His word,
And own Him as Lord,
'Twill be well then for ever with me.



THE LOCUST.

FOUR LITTLE PEOPLE.

PART III.

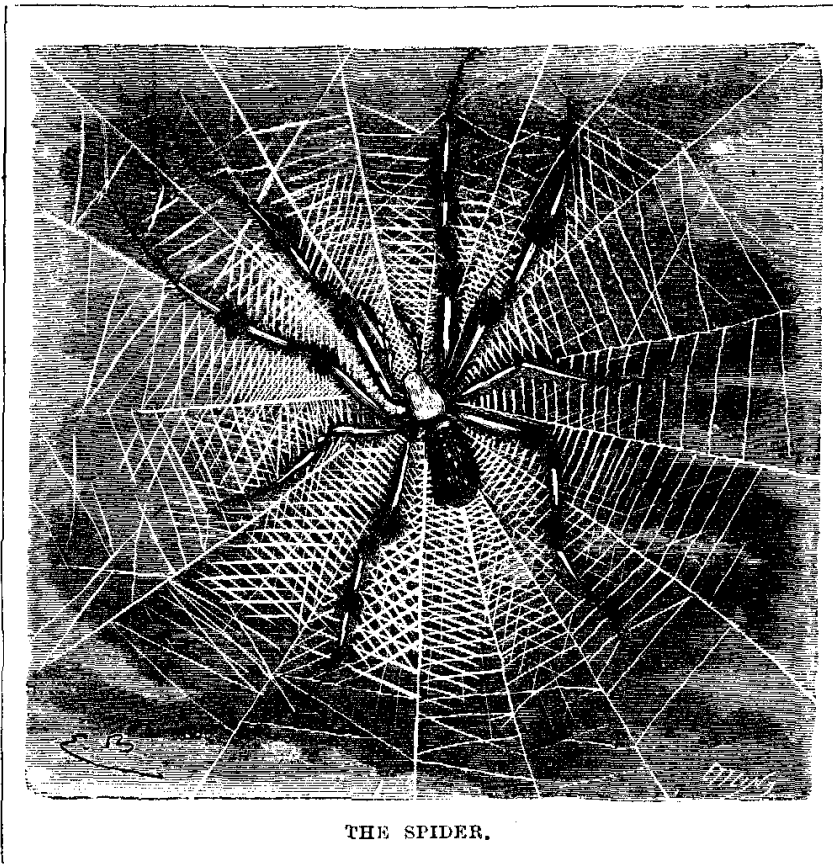
Now for the third of our little people. "The locusts have no king, yet go they forth all of them by bands." I wonder if you know anything about locusts. They are little, brown insects, very much like grasshoppers. They do not trouble us much here in England, but in the hot eastern countries they do terrible mischief. At a certain time in the year they start forth, hundreds and thousands of them together, and travel over the country. Many things have been tried to stop their onward way; people have made fires to burn them, or have dug trenches and filled them with water, hoping to drown

them; but in spite of everything, on they go with irresistible force, devouring every green thing in their pathway, every blade of grass, and every green leaf, until the land looks blasted and bare as if scorched by fire. A long time I puzzled over the locusts. I thought over all I had ever heard about them, and I could not think what lesson we could possibly learn from such destructive creatures. At last I came back to the Bible words; over and over again I said them to myself, "The locusts have no king, yet go they forth all of them by bands"—and then it flashed across my mind, "Yet go they forth." There is something here for us, if we have learned the lessons of the first of our little

people, if we have a treasure stored up against the dark days, and know what it is to have our dwelling in the Rock, then these words are full of meaning for us. We are not to sit down idly and do nothing but enjoy ourselves. Let us go forth, not as the locusts, carrying desolation and famine and death in our way. No, the heavenly Master has given us something better than that to do; it is ours, if we will, to go forth in service to Him. Do you not think we should be willing, aye, more than willing, glad, that our lives should be wholly for His service, Who has loved us and given Himself for us? Dear children, will you think of this? I want you to think how much of your lives is spent for the Lord Jesus. You know it does not follow that because you serve Him, you must go and preach, or visit the poor; for little children would hardly have opportunities of doing either; but He, that tender, loving Saviour, counts it as service to Himself if the daily life is spent so as to please Him; if the lessons, and everything that you do, are done with the thought of pleasing Him, that may be all the service He has given you, except the service of your lips, for even little children can carry the living water to those who are thirsty, and faint, and weary. Will you not choose gladly to serve Him? It is not that you have to do it, but if you know anything of how He has loved you, I am sure you will want to please Him, and I am sure, too, that He will give you grace to do it. He has given you an example; and His own words are, "Herein is My Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit; so shall ye be My disciples."

PART IV.

And now we come to the last of our little people. "The spider taketh hold with her hands, and is in kings' palaces." Who would have thought that a spider could teach us anything? I expect you do not much like spiders. There is no need to tell you what they are like, is there? for you have all often seen them. Everywhere the spiders go, it does not seem to matter to them, as long as there is a place to spin their web in, as our verse tells us they are in kings' palaces. What do they teach us? Can you think? It is a beautiful lesson. "The spider taketh hold with her hands." Cannot you do this? I think what God means for us is that we are to lay tight hold of the precious promises He has given us in His word, and make them our own by faith. A tree with the most beautiful fruit on it, would be of no use to us, if we did not gather it; and so God's Word will pass before us, often I am afraid, almost uninteresting, if we have not faith to lay hold of the precious things there; and the Bible is full of precious things, as a poor woman said to me one day, "There seems to be always there just what I want." You will find, too, that if you have learned anything of the first three of our lessons, you will need the fourth; for if you are trying to please the Lord Jesus, you will find in the Bible just what He likes, and you cannot please a person unless you know what suits him. Study your Bibles, little people; value them; search in them as you would for hid treasure, and may God give you to make the treasures there your own.



THE SPIDER.

But the spider has another lesson for us, that if we knew, we would not miss for anything. "And is in kings' palaces." What does this mean? Is there no thought here of the place where we are going? I do not think it is simply the Lord Jesus being with us here as He has promised, "Lo! I am with you alway," but more than this, we are going to Him, we shall soon be entering into those many mansions, within the King's palace, our home, there to be in the very presence of the King; there where sorrow, and sighing, and tears may never enter, where sickness and death are done away, and sin and

restless longing are all unknown; there is to be our home, and what rest is there! what peace in the very word *home*! And the One Who is all the joy and all the glory of that glorious land is the One Whom we have known, in Whose love we have trusted, and Whom we have delighted to follow here. Oh! it is no stranger who will greet us in that heavenly home, but the Lord Himself; and it may be so soon. Who can measure the time when He has said, "Behold, I come quickly?" May it be ours to be ready, waiting for Him, "That when He knocketh, we may open to Him immediately."

JOHN BERRIDGE.

IV.—HIS WORK.

BELIEVING that he was now preaching the truth, Berridge speedily looked for blessing to his hearers; but for two or three weeks no news of good or ill reached him, and the old doubt re-appeared, "Am I right?" But, unknown to him, the message he was delivering was taking effect in the hearts of the people; in some for blessing, in others stirring up that enmity to God and the things of God which is the only fruit of the carnal mind. Six months after the great change he wrote, "They were surprised, alarmed and vexed. The old man, the carnal nature, was stirred up, and railed, and opposed the truth." This did not at once openly show itself; God first graciously allowed His servant to be encouraged by news of good.

One day, a woman of his parish came to him, while he was still in doubt. On seeing her, he said, "Well, Sarah?"

"Well! Not so well, I fear," was her blunt reply.

"Why, what is the matter, Sarah?"

"Matter! I don't know what's the matter. These new sermons! I find we are all lost now. I can neither eat, drink, nor sleep. I don't know what's to become of me!"

Imagine his joy at hearing this, after the deep trouble he had passed through—a joy confirmed when two or three more came that same week in like distress. But his joy was mixed with sorrow. He called to mind the years—six at Stapleford, two at Everton—which he had spent, labouring, he thought, for God, but really, though unintentionally, hindering

the work of God, by confirming his poor hearers in their ignorance. Eight wasted years, never to be recalled! Many a misguiding word spoken, which he could never bring back! No wonder that with his deep feeling and earnestness, his love for the souls of men, the remembrance of this brought a shadow of grief across the brightness of his joy, and it awakened the true desire in his soul, to know and to preach nothing but Jesus Christ and Him crucified. Now, like the Ephesians, who, when converted to God, destroyed their books of magic, he collected all his old sermons—his sad mixture of truth and error—and gave them to the flames, shedding tears of joy while they were being consumed. This was quickly bruited abroad, and mingled curiosity and alarm helped to fill the church with hearers, some coming distances of six, eight, or ten miles; and God in grace met with many, to the salvation of their souls.

We now come to an incident, which, though it seems but a small event, doubtless affected the whole of his after life, and greatly increased his usefulness as a servant of God. Berridge had always been in the habit of writing his sermons out at full length, and reading them from the pulpit. Shortly after his deliverance of soul, he was invited to preach, in a neighbouring church, what was called a Club Sermon. His time was greatly occupied with his parish duties, the day named rapidly drew near, and no sermon was yet written for the occasion. His old ones were burnt, and it is doubtful whether he could have found one worth reading had they been in existence, so he comforted himself with the thought that he could use one of those he had lately written, thinking that

none of his people would be present to hear it a second time. To his dismay, on the Sunday before the day fixed, one of his parishioners told Berridge that he intended to accompany him. This upset the good man's plans, and he used all the arguments he could find to attempt to persuade his friend to stay away, but without success. "Well," thought he, "I will rise early, go my journey, and write my sermon when I arrive at my journey's end." It was a little comfort on the way, to think that there would only be a small company of people, a comfort soon taken away, by hearing that all the clergy and people in the adjacent parishes intended hearing him. His fame had travelled before him. This so excited him, and disturbed his mind, that all hope of study was gone, and he was therefore obliged to go into the pulpit, not knowing what he should speak, and having to trust God for his words. Was he disappointed? Did he break down? This may be answered by another question, Does God ever fail any one of His people whose trust is truly in Him? Berridge did not break down, but so graciously was he helped, that he was perfectly free from embarrassment, and the most solemn attention was given by his hearers.

This was a great lesson to him, and he learnt from it that God, who had evidently sent him as a labourer in the field already white to harvest, was able to furnish him with all that he needed for his labour, was able to sustain him, to give words to speak and power of utterance. He learnt that God could be, and was, his helper, and this was a great step in his training for the service he was soon after to fill so well. It gave him so much more leisure,

for with one exception, he never again wrote a sermon. This increased time was spent in preaching, not only at home, but also in the villages near at hand.

This lesson seemed never to have been forgotten, one would almost think the circumstance was present to his mind, when nearly twenty years later he wrote to his "dear Rowley," (Rowland Hill) a characteristic piece of advice, which, if remembered by those who labour for the Lord, would be worth volumes of instruction. "Study not to be a fine preacher; Jerichos are blown down with rams' horns. Look simply unto Jesus for preaching food, and what is wanted will be given, and what is given be blest, whether it be a barley or a wheaten loaf, a crust or a crumb. Your mouth will be a flowing stream, or a fountain sealed, according as your heart is. Avoid all controversy in preaching, talking or writing; preach nothing down but the devil, and nothing up but Jesus Christ."

W. J.

THE PHYSICIAN.

ONE fine, sunny day, while I was staying at the sea side, there was a great rush of people to the beach, so that several hundreds were soon gathered to one spot. The general inquiry was, "What's the matter?" "What has happened?" As soon as information could be obtained, it appeared that a young man, who had that morning arrived with his wife by an excursion train, had been bathing in the sea, and having swum out of his depth was brought to the shore in an exhausted and dying state. Ah! poor man, he little

thought when he left home, that he should be so near death before the day was over. And which of us can say with certainty, when we rise in the morning, that we shall live throughout the day? Not one. For we only live while it pleases God to continue that breath which He gave to us when we came into the world; so true it is that "in Him we live, and move, and have our being."

The persons who were nearest to the dying man, acted as they judged best, if possibly he might recover, but they did not well know what to do; when, providentially, a physician who was passing that way, seeing the crowd, went to ascertain what was the matter, and arrived just in time to give such proper advice and directions as, by the blessing of God, saved the poor man's life. This physician, who was also a believer in the Lord Jesus Christ, was thankful to God for the opportunity given to him of rendering this service to a fellow-creature. He soon had him conveyed to a suitable place, and after the proper remedies had been applied the young man so far recovered as to be able to return to his home with his wife in the evening. Before they left, the kind doctor spoke to them about their souls, and pointed them to Jesus, the Saviour of sinners.

When I think of the young man being nearly drowned, and not able to help himself, it brings to my mind the condition of a sinner who, not having believed in Christ, is "ready to perish," and who yet cannot do a single thing towards saving himself. This is just what the Word of God declares. And if he should die in that state, he would sink far lower than the bottom of the sea; for he would be

drowned "in destruction and perdition," and thus be for ever banished from the presence of God.

But when I think of the kind physician who came to the help of the dying man, it calls to my remembrance that Great and Good Physician, the Lord Jesus Christ, who came from heaven to this sinful world, on purpose to "seek and to save that which was lost." Luke xix. 10. He knew that unless sin was put away, no sinner could ever stand before God, and live in His holy presence. So, He willingly came to suffer on the cross, "the Just for the unjust, that He might bring us to God." 1 Peter iii. 18. He there "put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself." Heb. ix. 26. All the waves and billows of the judgment of God rolled over Him. He laid down His life, and was buried; but God raised Him from the dead, and seated Him at His own right hand, in the heavenly glory; thus plainly showing that He was well pleased with His beloved Son, and perfectly satisfied with the work which He had finished for the remission of sins.

Do you, dear reader, know that you are a sinner? And do you know Jesus as the Saviour of your soul; and forgiveness of your sins through His precious blood? He says, "They that are whole have no need of THE PHYSICIAN, but they that are sick: I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance." Mark ii. 17.

I was pleased to hear that before the young man went home, he expressed his gratitude to the kind friend, who had been the means of saving his life. And if you know Jesus as the One who has saved your soul, are you not thankful to God for having sent His Son to die for you? And do you not love Jesus, who laid down His

life, that sinners like you might dwell with Him for ever in His Father's house, where sin and sorrow can never enter? And does not His love constrain you to live to Him, looking to Him to enable you to do those things that are pleasing in His sight, and which He has made known to us in His precious Word? For sure I am that if you, who are young believers, are walking with the Lord, such thankfulness and desires will be produced in your souls, to the praise of Him whose you are, and whom it is your privilege to serve. T.

THE FIRST RESURRECTION.

"There shall be a resurrection of the dead, both of the just and unjust." Acts xxiv. 15.

In the churchyard of Onchan, a village in the Isle of Man, on a tombstone, is the following inscription:—

"I bought this grave in my day,
Not to be opened to the judgment day;
When the Judge will come, and glory crown,
The dead shall hear the trumpet's sound."

God does not always take people at their word. If that grave holds the body of one of "the children of God," one of "the children of *the resurrection*," (Luke xx. 36,) one of "the dead in Christ," (1 Thess. iv. 16,) one who has "fallen asleep in Christ," (1 Cor. xv. 18,) then, according to the word of Him, who is "the resurrection and the life," that one is to be raised at the resurrection of *life*, (John v. 29;) the resurrection of "*the just*," (Acts xxiv. 15;) at "*the first resurrection*," (Rev. xx. 5.

That grave will be opened, for it is then the trump of God shall sound, and those who sleep through Jesus shall be raised, and be for ever with, and like the Lord. 1 Thess. iv. 17; Phil. iii. 21. A thousand

years before the wicked dead stand before God at the judgment, at the great white throne. Rev. xx. 11, 12.

But if, on the other hand, the one whose body lies mouldering there, never came to Jesus to get *life*, (John v. 40,) never was "born of God," and therefore not a "child of God," (John i. 12, 13,) if having died "in sins," "without God," "without Christ," "without hope," then, indeed, that grave will not be opened by divine power till the judgment, when the dead, small and great, shall stand before God; and when the books are opened, and another book is opened, which is the book of *life*, and the dead are *judged* out of those things written in the book, according to their works, "and *whosoever* was not found written in the book of *life* was cast into the lake of fire." Rev. xx. 12-15. Well, reader, although God does not always take people at their word, will you take Him at His word? John iii. 33. For He says, "He that believeth on the Son hath *everlasting life*," and shall not come into judgment; but he that believeth not the Son, shall not see life; but the wrath of God abideth on him.

W. R. H.

A MERCY SEAT.

And he made the mercy seat of pure gold. Px. xxxvii. 6.

A dam. Romans v. 14.

Moses. Hebrews xi. 23.

Elisha. 2 Kings iv. 34, 35; xiii. 21.

Rahab. Joshua ii. 3, 4, 6; Hebrews xi. 31.

Cyrene. Matthew xxvii. 32.

Yoke. Matthew xi. 29, 30.

Simon. Luke vii. 39, 40; xv. 10.

Elisha. 2 Kings iv. 21.

Altars. Genesis xii. 7, 8; xiii. 18; xxii. 9; xxvi.

Thomas John xx. 25. [25; xxxiii. 20; xxxv. 7.

MARY H., Aged 10.

GOOD NEWS FOR YOUNG AND OLD.



PSALM I.

A MARTYR'S LETTER.

THE following letter of godly John Bradford to his mother a little before he suffered for Christ has a voice to all disciples of the Lord Jesus in these days of ease and self-indulgence, which may God bless to our readers.

“God's mercy and grace in Christ be more and more perceived of us. Amen.

“My most dear mother in the bowels of Christ, I heartily pray and beseech you to be thankful for me unto God, which thus now taketh me unto Himself. I die not, my good mother, as a thief, a murderer, an adulterer, &c., but I die as a witness of Christ, His gospel and verity, which hitherto I have confessed (I thank God) as well by preaching as by imprisonment, and now even presently I shall most willingly confirm the same by fire. I know [own] that God most justly might take me hence simply for my sins (which are many, great, and grievous; but the Lord for His mercy in Christ hath pardoned them all, I hope), but now, my dear mother, He taketh me hence by this death, as a confessor and witness that the religion taught by Christ Jesu, the prophets, and the apostles, is God's truth. The prelates do persecute in me Christ whom they hate, and His truth which they may not abide, because their works are evil, and may not abide the truth and light, lest men should see their darkness. Therefore, my good and most dear mother, give thanks for me to God, that He hath made one to be a witness of His glory; and attend to the truth which (I thank God for it) I have truly taught out of the pulpit of Manchester. Use often and continual

prayer to God the Father through Christ. Hearken, as you may, to the Scriptures: serve God after His word, and not after custom: beware of the Romish religion in England, defile not yourself with it; carry Christ's cross, as He shall lay it upon your back: forgive them that kill me: pray for them, for they know not what they do: commit my cause to God our Father: be mindful of both your daughters, to help them as you can. I send all my writings to you by my brother Roger; do with them as you will, because I cannot as I would, he can tell you more of my mind. I have nothing to give you, or to leave behind me for you, only I pray God my Father, for Christ's sake, to bless you and keep you from evil. He give you patience, He make you thankful; as for me . . . I confess to the whole world, I die and depart this life in hope of a much better, which I look for at the hands of God my Father, through the merits of His dear Son Jesus Christ. Thus, my dear mother, I take my last farewell to you in this life, beseeching the Almighty and Eternal Father by Christ to grant us to meet in the life to come, where we shall give Him continual thanks and praise for ever and ever. Amen.

“Out of prison, the 24th June, 1555,

“Your son in the Lord,

“JOHN BRADFORD.”

FEAR NOT THEM WHICH KILL THE BODY, BUT ARE NOT ABLE TO KILL THE SOUL: BUT RATHER FEAR HIM WHICH IS ABLE TO DESTROY BOTH SOUL AND BODY IN HELL. Matthew x. 28.

UNSATISFIED.

THE Baroness de Chantal was, as her title shows, a person of no mean position in life. She was early left a widow, but with children. After her husband's death she lived with her father and father-in-law, wealthy, and having everything which earth could afford to give pleasure. From childhood she had been a devoted and passionate Catholic. But neither her wealth nor her religiousness gave her true happiness. She wrote the sad words which follow, "*There is something within me which has never been satisfied.*" How many of my readers must confess, "That is just as I feel." She wrote this to her spiritual director, a noted divine of the Romish Church, under whose influence she had for some time been, and in reply he pressed upon her her household cares, her duties to her children and her parents, and also advised her to occasionally read good books. Still she continued unsatisfied. At last she entered, under his advice, a convent, breaking every natural tie to do so. She left behind her the two old men who loved her, her father and father-in-law, heeding not their entreaties, while her poor son stretched himself on the threshold of the door to prevent her passing into this living death. Her father, broken-hearted, died the next year.

In the Convent of the Visitation she went through a very mild round of devotion, while she "waited for the Bridegroom." The rules were not at all harsh, there was little to do, and the nuns drifted into "a fantastical system of devotion." The unhappy Baroness, in this spirit of false adoration, tattooed with a burning iron the

name of JESUS upon her bosom. Oh, that she might only have known what it was to have Christ dwelling in her heart by faith!

But Christ was unknown, and her days passed unenlightened by the Word and Spirit of God, uncheered by the love of Christ. The love and reverence which should have been given to God were given to her spiritual director, and after his death, her only thought was about him, deluding herself into the belief that he appeared to her in dreams and visions, while celestial perfumes filled the air. Unsatisfied through all her life, she wrote just before her death, "All that I have suffered during the whole course of my life is not to be compared to the torments I now feel. I am reduced to such a degree, that *nothing can satisfy me, or give me any relief, except one word—Death!*"

A melancholy end, indeed! But this I can say with certainty, that the same yearning after something to satisfy exists in every heart that has not Christ for its portion. Nor can the world give *anything* to meet this desire; there is nothing under the sun which can do so. God's Word often speaks of the "longing of the soul," and compares it to hunger and thirst. Where can this hunger and thirst be met? "Jesus said, 'I am the bread of life: he that cometh to me shall never hunger, and he that believeth on me shall never thirst.'" (John vi. 35)

W. J.

YE MUST BE BORN AGAIN.

Man's true birthday is when he is born again; he existed before, but only began truly to live when Christ began to live in him. John iii.

A LITTLE CHILD.

A CHILD is but a simple being. It is like the bud which is to unfold itself into the full-blown flower, or as the acorn which in due time becomes the stately oak. Yet, notwithstanding its littleness and simplicity, it occupies an interesting place in the Scriptures of Truth, one or two of which, among many, are these: "At the same time came the disciples unto Jesus, saying, Who is the greatest in the kingdom of heaven? And Jesus called a little child unto Him, and set him in the midst of them, and said, Verily I say unto you, Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven. Whosoever therefore shall humble himself as this little child, the same is greatest in the kingdom of heaven. And whoso shall receive one such little child in My name, receiveth Me." Matt. xviii. 1-5. "Suffer little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of God." Luke xviii. 16. The understanding and thoughts of a child are, however, weak and immature, as expressed in 1 Cor. xiii., When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child: but when I became a man, I put away childish things.

These and other Scriptures of a like character, were recently brought to my remembrance by a simple circumstance. I was passing by the town residence of one of the highest noblemen in the land. The mansion has a stately appearance, corresponding with the rank of its owner, and though it stands in the midst of a great city, it has an air of protection and security which is wanting in ordinary dwellings. A continuous stream of traffic

passes before it, but it stands so far back from the main road, and is so well protected by the strong and handsome railings which enclose the trees and grounds that give ornament to it, that it has almost the tranquillity of a country-seat. In these grounds I saw a little girl who was evidently the child of comparatively poor parents, running up and down the smooth gravelled path, trundling her hoop with manifest delight. She was probably the child of the porter, or of one of the servants of the household. She was, no doubt, enjoying the protection and comfort of the pleasant place with scarcely a thought about it; and we may be sure that she was not disturbed by a sense of the greatness and grandeur which surrounded her.

Is not this a fair illustration of the way in which many dear children, who have come to the Saviour, rest in His love and enjoy the protection of His great and gracious name? They do not altogether understand it, and they could only give the expressions of a child about it; but they know it in their hearts, and are happy under the shelter of His almighty love and grace, through the wondrous work which He accomplished upon the cross.

T.

THE TREASURE, THE PEARL,
AND THE JEWELS.

I DOUBT not that among the young readers of this paper, there are some who, like little Samuel, have early heard the Lord's voice, have early learned their sinfulness, and have been drawn by the Father to His Son; and to these I write a few words, to remind them how precious they are in Christ's sight.

There are three expressions used in the

Bible which show very clearly the place the Lord's people have in His thoughts. In Matt. xiii. 44, the Lord Jesus speaks of "*treasure hid in a field; the which when a man hath found, he hideth, and for joy thereof goeth and selleth all that he hath, and buyeth that field.*" It is not difficult to see that the Lord is speaking of Himself, and His love to His own. What brought the Lord into this world? What led Him to lay aside His glory and His power? For He whose glory Isaiah saw (Isa. vi.), became the lowly Son of Man, who had no place whereon to rest His head, and when here on earth He did nothing in His own power, but was ever dependent upon God, and all that He did was by the Spirit of God. Why did the Lord Jesus give up all that He had? Because, in this world of wicked and rebellious men, there were those He loved, His treasure, and He came to buy the field. The field is the world, and He has bought it that the treasure in it might be His. Nor was it only that the Lord gave up His rights and glories, but He gave up His life itself, that we who believe in His name might be saved. As an old writer says, speaking of this—

"And, having given the rest before,
Here He gave up His life to pay our score."

Just think, dear children, how He must have valued us, His people, to suffer all that He did. Notice, too, His words: "*For joy he goeth and selleth all that he hath.*" The Lord's was no grudging gift, but, as we might gladly give up something we prize for the sake of those dear to us, so the Lord, in an infinitely fuller manner, gave up all that He had—"He gave Himself," as St. Paul writes—for us.

But this is not all. We do not usually prize unlovely things, so the Lord speaks of the beauty as well as the worth of His people; He compares them to "*a pearl of great price.*" Matt. xiii. 46. No doubt most of us know what a pearl is, and admire its beautiful, pure hues. So the Lord looked upon His people, and the beauty of the pearl had in His eyes, led Him, as in the case of the hidden treasure, to give all He had to buy it. What marvellous grace! Yet, when He came, seeking goodly pearls, we saw "*no beauty that we should desire him.*" But *He desired us, and the price He paid was His own most precious blood.*

One other word. The Lord speaks, in Malachi iii. 16, 17, of those that fear Him, and says, "*They shall be mine in that day when I make up my jewels.*" He is here speaking of those of His people Israel who will by-and-by fear Jehovah, but it is not less true of the Lord's people now. "*My jewels!*" How sweet it sounds! And this is what the Lord says of sinful creatures like ourselves, not a whit better than others, save only for what His grace has done. What love is His! And should not we, if we had some very precious jewels, often look upon them, and do you not think that the Lord ever looks upon His people? Indeed He does, and I pray that, as we think of His love, and of the delight He finds in us, we may be filled with peace and joy in Him. And *more than this; if we have earthly friends who love us, and whom we love, we seek to please them; how much more should we seek to please Him whose love to us is infinitely greater than any earthly love can be.*

W. J.



BLIND ROBERT.

ONE day I met a little boy in the street, who was going along very slowly, feeling his way by the houses and the fences; and I knew that he was blind. If he had had eyes to see with, he would have been running and jumping about, or driving a hoop, or tossing a ball, like the other boys in the street. I pitied him. It seemed so hard for the little fellow to go about in the dark all the time, never to see the sun, or any of the pretty things in the world—never to see even the faces of his parents, and brothers, and sisters. So I stopped to talk with him. He told me that his name was Robert, that his father was sick at home, and that his mother had to take in washing, and work very hard to get a living. All the other children had some kind of work to do, but as he could not see to work, he was sent after clothes for his mother to wash! I

asked him if he did not feel angry because he was blind. He looked very thoughtful and solemn for a moment, and then he smiled and said, "Sometimes I think it hard to have to creep about so. Sometimes I want to look at the bright sun that warms me—and at the sweet birds that sing for me—and at the flowers that feel so soft when I touch them. But God made me blind, and I know that it is best for me; and I am so glad that He did not make me deaf and dumb too. I am so glad that He gave me a good mother, and a school to go to; and I am also glad that I am not one of the heathen children that pray to idols.

"But, Robert, if you could see, you could help your mother more." I said this without thinking, and was sorry as soon as I said it; for the little boy's smile went right away, and tears filled his blind eyes, and ran down his pale cheeks.

"Yes," he said, "I often tell mother so; but she says that I help her a great deal now, and that she wouldn't spare me for the world; and father says, I'm the best nurse he ever had."

"I am sure you are a good boy, Robert," I answered quickly.

"No, sir," he said, "I am not good, but have got a very wicked heart; and I think a great many wicked thoughts—and if it wasn't for the Saviour, I don't know what I would do!"

"And how does the Saviour help you!"

"O, sir, I pray to Him, and then he says, 'I forgive you, Robert! I love you, poor blind boy!' And then I feel so happy; and it seems to me as if I could almost hear the angels up in heaven."

"Well, Robert, do you ever expect to see the angels?"

"O, yes, sir! It is only my clay house that has no windows. I can see with my mind now, and that, mother tells me, is the way they see heaven. And I heard my father reading in the Bible the other day, where it tells about heaven, and it said there is 'no night there.' But here it is night to blind people all the time. O, sir, when I feel sorry I cannot see, I think about heaven, and it comforts me!"

I saw now that Robert began to be uneasy, and acted as if he wanted to go on. I said, "Don't you like to talk with me, Robert?"

"Yes, sir, I do; and it's very kind of you to speak so to a poor blind boy, but mother will be waiting for the clothes."

This evidence of the little fellow's frankness and fidelity pleased me. I had become much interested, and made up my mind to find out more about him. So I

took some money out of my pocket, and gave it to him, telling him to take it to buy something for his sick father. Again the tears filled his blind eyes.

"O, sir," he said, "you are too good! I was just wishing I could buy something for poor, sick father; he has no appetite, and we have nothing in the house but potatoes. He tries to eat them, and never complains; but if I could only get a chicken for him, it would make him better, I know it would! But I don't want you to give me the money—can't I work for you, and earn it?"

I made him take the money, and then watched him to see what he would do. He went as fast as he could for the clothes; then bought a chicken to make broth of; then a loaf of bread; and felt his way home. I followed him, without his knowing it. He went to a little, old-looking house, that seemed to have but one room! I saw that he put the bread and chicken under the clothes, and went (as I thought by the sound) close to his father's bed before he showed them—then dropping the clothes, he held up the loaf in one hand, and the fowl in the other, saying, "See, father; see what God has sent you!"

He then told about my meeting him and giving him the money, and added, "I am sure, father, that God put it into the kind man's heart; for God sees how much you wanted something to nourish you."

How beautiful to love God and to trust in Him, as poor Robert did! Could you be so contented and happy, if you were as poor as he was, and blind, too? Think about it, dear children.

Who did sin? John ix. 1-41.

JOHN BERRIDGE.

V.—THE DECISION.

BERRIDGE'S earnestness and zeal soon became a subject of conversation in the religious circles of the day, and his fame reached the ears of those devoted servants of Christ, John Wesley and George Whitefield. He had heard of them, of course, but malice and envy had not spared them, and the report which Berridge received was not such as induced him to seek their acquaintance. The word of the Lord Jesus has always been fulfilled, "The servant is not greater than his lord; if they have persecuted me, they will also persecute you." But more truthful reports of one another opened the way for some letters to pass between them, which in June, 1758, led to a personal interview with Wesley, a life-long acquaintance and kindly interest in one another, though much unsoundness in Wesley's teaching prevented the same depth of attachment between them as existed between Berridge and Whitefield. When, years later, Berridge was told of Lady Huntingdon's death, he said, "Ah! is she dead? Then another pillar is gone to glory. Mr. Whitefield is gone, Mr. Wesley and his brother are gone, and I shall go soon." His informant, Mr. Hobbs, said, "Yes, sir, it is not probable you will long survive them, and although some little difference in opinion existed between you here, I have no doubt you will unite in perfect harmony in heaven." Berridge answered with a quiet smile, "Ay, ay, that we shall; for the Lord washed our hearts here, and He will wash our brains there." His meaning is plain; he believed

that at heart both sought the Lord's interests and glory, the difference arose from deficient and darkened understandings, but when with Christ in heaven their knowledge would be perfect. Whitefield was very hopeful about Berridge when he heard of his conversion; he wrote, "Mr. Berridge, who was lately awakened at Everton, promises to be a burning and a shining light." And again, "A new instrument is raised up out of Cambridge University. He has been here preaching like an angel of the churches indeed."

Wesley had been carrying the Word of Life throughout many parts of England and in North America for about twenty years; Whitefield also for about the same length of time, and God had most wonderfully blessed their labours. Without doubt the influence and example of these men greatly helped Berridge to form the decision that he would preach as they did, wherever he could get a hearing. The same spirit which led Whitefield to write, "The whole world is now my parish, wherever my Master calls me I am ready to go and preach His gospel," was not lacking in Berridge, though his vicarship at Everton effectually prevented such a wide stretch of country being traversed by him.

The whole matter seems to have been carefully weighed. This the following letter shows:—

"Everton, Bedfordshire, Aug. 8th, 1775.
DEAR SIR,—When I began to itinerate, a multitude of dangers surrounded me, and seemed ready to engulf me. My relations and friends were up in arms; my college was provoked; my bishop incensed; the clergy on fire, and the

church canons pointing their ghastly mouths at me. As you are now doing, so did I, send letters to my friends, begging advice, but received unsatisfactory or discouraging answers. Then I saw, if I meant to itinerate, I must not confer with flesh and blood, but cast myself wholly on the Lord. By His help, I did so, and made a surrender of myself to Jesus, expecting to be deprived not only of my fellowship* and vicarage, but also of my liberty. At various times, complaints or presentments were carried to my college, to successive archdeacons and bishops, and my diocesan frankly told me I should either be in Bedlam or Huntingdon gaol by-and-bye. But through the good blessing of my God, I am yet in possession of my senses, my tithes, and my liberty; and He who hitherto delivered, I trust will yet deliver me from the mouth of ecclesiastical lions and the paws of worldly bears . . . Ask no man's leave to preach Christ; that is unevangelical and shameful. Seek not much advice about it; that is dangerous. Such advice, I found, generally comes the wrong way, heels uppermost. Most preachers love a snug church, and a whole skin, and what they love they will prescribe . . . Make the Lord your whole trust, and all will be well . . . The Lord direct, assist, and prosper you, and your much affectionate friend and servant,

John Berridge."

Unless we know a little of the state of society in Berridge's day, we shall think some of the above expressions forced and exaggerated. Now-a-days, a man who desires to make known the Lord's good-

* That is, his degree of Fellow of Clare Hall, Cambridge.

ness and compassion is not thought to be more than usually in need either of a strait jacket or of fetters. His friends hardly think of sending him to a lunatic asylum, nor do his enemies expect to imprison him. God be praised, there are now many whose lives are spent in the work of the gospel. But when Berridge lived the state of things was so different that we with our present-day experiences can hardly conceive it. The higher classes as well as the lower were in a most degraded condition. The country was little better than heathen. The poor had hardly any knowledge about God, though they readily listened to the gospel when it was carried to them, and the "white gutters" which the tears washed down the blackened cheeks of the Bristol colliers while they listened to Whitefield showed that, as in the days of the Lord, the common people heard gladly. But the upper classes, though knowing *about* God, were heathens in another way—they did not like to retain Him in their knowledge. A cold, heartless infidelity blighted the lives of numbers. "Ignorance and brutality reigned in the cottage. Drunkenness reigned in palace and cottage alike. Gambling, cock-fighting, and bull-fighting were the amusements of the people."* Such a condition, as far as the poor were concerned, was hardly to be wondered at; no helping hand from those above them was reached down to lift them up to higher and nobler things. A sharply drawn line kept class from class. The tradesman looked down upon the labourer, the gentleman looked down upon both. The Duchess of Buckingham wrote to

* Prof. Goldwin Smith.

Lady Huntingdon, "I thank your ladyship for the information concerning the Methodist preachers; their doctrines are most repulsive, and strongly tinged with disrespect towards their superiors, in perpetually endeavouring to level all ranks and do away with all distinctions. It is monstrous to be told you have a heart as sinful as the common wretches that crawl on the earth. This is highly offensive and insulting, and I cannot but wonder that your ladyship should relish any sentiments so much at variance with high rank and good breeding." But in God's sight the souls of these "common wretches that crawl on the earth" were as precious as Her Grace's; the work of God's Spirit and the cleansing value and power of the blood of Christ were as much needed to make her fit for heaven as those she so despised. Her letter, however, is an index to the feelings of those of her rank towards the poor. The harsh and cruel laws of the land point to the absence of all common human sympathies; the sentence for trifling crimes was transportation beyond the seas, or death itself, yet the wholesale slavery or slaughter of those whose only crime was their black skin grieved no one but a few troublesome persons, whose consciences were much too tender, according to the common ideas, for their own comfort. Even a Christian man, as John Newton undoubtedly was, could be the captain of a slave ship, and make several voyages in that wicked trade without being conscious of anything wrong!

Surely a Jonah or a John Baptist was needed to cry in trumpet tones, "Repent!" We should suppose that those who bore the name of Christ were alive to the

need and exerted themselves. But they neither knew the need nor cared to know. The Established Church, which, from the position it held, should have been foremost in good works, was slumbering in spiritual sleep. If its ministers preached at all, it was either a kind of heathenish philosophy—"heathen chaff," as Berridge called it—or salvation through works; the Word of God, or even the Articles of the Church had but little influence upon their sermons. Berridge mournfully tells us that the doctrines of grace were a common offence to the clergy, that powerful efforts had been made to eject the gospel doctrines out of the Church, and there was likelihood from the nation's infidelity that a future attempt to do so would succeed. He also says, "The principles of the clergy and the leading men, of the nation . . . are growing continually more unscriptural and licentious." Whitefield, though a Churchman, exclaims, "Oh pity, pity the Church of England! See how too many of her sons are fallen from her Articles, and preach themselves, not Jesus Christ the Lord." Nor was Dissent better. The light of Puritan days had become dim, the truths which Bunyan loved and taught were forgotten, and Dissent was simply an opposing force to the politics of the Church.

But though the religious bodies were wrapped in slumber, God had raised up individual witnesses, whose voices broke the stillness of that spiritual night, whose bright light shone through that darkness which could almost be felt. As already mentioned, twenty years before this date (1758) Whitefield and Wesley had been led by God to preach His gospel, the

former especially being welcomed in many pulpits, while vast multitudes thronged to hear him. But he committed an unpardonable offence in the eyes of the clergy—he had meetings in private houses, and went from house to house reading and expounding the Word of God. No great sin, we should say, but it was sufficient then to shut almost every pulpit in England against him. He was not daunted. “Finding the pulpits are denied me, and the poor colliers are ready to perish for lack of knowledge, I went to them, and preached on a mount to upwards of two hundred. Blessed be God that the ice is broken, and I have now taken the field. I thought it might be doing the will of my Creator, who had a mountain for His pulpit, and the heavens for His sounding-board, and who, when the gospel was refused by the Jews, sent His servants into the highways and hedges.” So began and so went on that glorious work, beneath no “fretted vault,” but under God’s own heaven. It is matter of history how Whitefield was despised and evil spoken of; how in one place the wardens rang the church-bells to drown his voice; how all sorts of means were resorted to to drive him hither and thither, to crush him and the work which God had given him to do. The question for Berridge’s decision was: Should he stay at Everton, comparatively unknown by any but his own parishioners, his days passing in peace and quietness, hiding the truth which God had given him, or should he too go forth, willing to bear shame and contempt for the gospel’s sake and for the name of Christ? There was enough involved in the question to make

a strong-minded man hesitate, but after counting the cost, he prepared himself to give up all—his friends, his living, his liberty if the Lord saw fit—to receive the reproach of Christ here, but glory with Christ, and His own blessed approval, by-and-bye. It is impossible to recall those sad, dark times, and the risks which these men ran—perils by sea and land, perils from their own countrymen; the labours incessant, without feeling drawn to them—without admiration for their courage and their faithfulness—without praise to God for His grace in raising up the living among the dead! All around was so cold, but the warmth of love led them on; all was so hopeless, but the patience of hope sustained them, and though not a friend might be at hand to help or to comfort them, their hearty faith in Christ carried them over all difficulties. “If you are invited to go out, and feel yourself inclined to do so, take a lover’s leap, neck or nothing, and commit yourself to Jesus.” So Berridge advised another, and the daily committal of all into Christ’s hands, the submitting to His guidance and protection, was the secret of their diligence and success.

W. J.

A BIBLE ENIGMA FOR MAY.

The love of God to sinful man—
 The mystery angels seek to scan—
 Whom seers of old in vision saw—
 Whom sinners trust—whom saints adore.
 Eight letters form this wondrous Name,
 And blest are all who trust the same.

A star, whose brightness quickly palled.
 A little hill in grief recalled.
 A sinner saved, who sinners sought.
 A soldier’s spoil most dearly bought.
 A ruler who in Christ believes.
 A gift each babe in Christ receives.
 He who a hard petition craved.
 He, who lost all, by mercy saved. UNCLE R.

ARE YOU A CHRISTIAN?

Romans i. 16.

A FRIEND of mine, some time ago, was travelling in the wilds of Orissa. As he pursued his way, he came in sight of an officer's tent. The officer seeing he was a European, invited him to dinner. He accepted the invitation, and after the repast, the officer said, "Mr. Wilkinson, you have come out here to try to convert the Hindoos?"

"Yes, that is my object," answered my friend.

"And a pretty affair," rejoined the officer, "you will make of it; you don't know these fellows so well as I do."

"Ah, sir; I think I know something of them already."

"Ah, but you have not had to deal with them as I have. If you had been accustomed to the command of a company of Sepoys, you would soon find out their duplicity and faithlessness."

Mr. Wilkinson assured him he knew some converts whose earnestness and sincerity were beyond all suspicion and question.

"Ah!" said the officer, "I should like to examine them."

"Your wish can soon be gratified, for here is one of them coming up the avenue. Gunga," continued Mr. Wilkinson, addressing the native who entered, "here is a gentleman who wishes to examine you as to your Christianity."

"What right has he to examine me?" inquired Gunga; "and does he mean to do so in anger or in ridicule?"

"So," said the officer, "you have turned Christian?"

"Yes."

"How did you get your living before you turned Christian?"

Gunga was astonished. His was also grieved.

"I am a Brahmin," said he, throwing back his robe over his shoulders, and exhibiting a mark that attested that fact. He could not conceive how such a question could be asked of him.

The officer, somewhat abashed, asked how he had felt before he became a Christian.

He replied, "I felt that I, like all my countrymen, was in miserable darkness. I longed for the truth, but I could not find it. At length, I heard that the light of truth was to be found on the Padre side, and thither I instantly repaired to light my own taper at the source. I found what I sought for, and I carried my candle to the bazaars and public places, that I might communicate the same light to others."

As he went on, the officer admitted to Mr. Wilkinson that this was indeed something which he had not expected to hear. A tear stood in his eye as he spoke. He had found in a Hindoo a true believer in the Lord Jesus Christ; and he was preparing to retire, to indulge in his own meditations, when Gunga said—

"I should like now to examine you. Are you a Christian? Are you, indeed, a Christian?"

This was an arrow to the officer's heart; and this question, asked in Christian simplicity, became the means of his conversion.—*An Extract from B. L.*

Children of God by faith in Jesus Christ.
Galatians iii. 26.

GOOD NEWS FOR YOUNG AND OLD.



NOAH AND HIS FAMILY IN THE ARK.

THE ark, the ark, and it alone,
 Was safety in the flood;
 So Jesus, and no other name,
 Saves sinners by His blood.

John i. 7.

All in the ark were very safe,
 For God had shut them in;
 So all Christ's sheep are in His hand,
 And none can pluck from Him.

Gen. vii. 16.

John x. 28.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,

You have sent several proofs to my last question, both as concerning Cain and Abel's conduct in God's sight, and also as to the truths in the New Testament, which answer to their different ways of approaching God. The first list of texts is as follows: Matt. xxiii. 35, Luke xi. 51, John viii. 44, Heb. xi. 4, xii. 24, 1 John iii. 12, iv. 20, Jude 11. The second is Rom. iii. 20, 24, iv. 5, Gal. iii. 5, Heb. ix. 22. This third chapter of Romans gives us the rejection of all who approach God as Cain did, in verse 20, "By the deeds of the law there shall no flesh be justified in His sight," and in the 24th verse the acceptance of every guilty sinner, who by faith comes to God as Abel came, "Being justified freely by His grace, through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus."

After Abel's death, there was only the seed of Cain, the murderer, on the earth. We read how they multiplied, of their greatness on the earth, of the cities which they built, and of their inventions in arts and industries to make themselves happy in the world without God. But notwithstanding the prosperity of Cain's race, they, and their cities, with all their varied skill, perished in the flood.

The learned, the accomplished, the mighty and great will leave all that has distinguished them among men in the grave, and each will be judged for the deeds done in the body; and as all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God, only those whom God justifies freely by His grace, through the death and blood-shedding of the Lord Jesus, will be saved.

But God must have a people on the

earth, and so He raises up Seth, from whose family come all the ransomed, who shall sing their Redeemer's praises for evermore, so the fifth chapter of Genesis is concerning Seth and his descendants down to Noah. Nothing is recorded of their cities or their history in the world, but here we, for the first time, find death. All that is told us of Seth and his family is how long they lived, the name of one son, from whom Christ came, and then of all but Enoch and Noah that solemn word is written, "and he died." Death reigns in God's family on earth, but after these patriarchs had seen the death of their first parent, Adam, who had brought sin and death into the world, Enoch was translated that he should not see death, and thus God opened heaven as the home of His redeemed, they had before to taste death themselves.

Enoch was sixty-five years old before Methuselah was born, and then, for three hundred years, he walked with God. What a contrast to Cain, with his cities and his music, and his workers in brass and iron, away from God.

Boys and girls build many a castle in the air about their future, as to what they hope to do and be, when they are grown up. Perhaps my young reader has almost settled in his mind what he is to be and do, regardless that his life is as a vapour, which appeareth for a little while and then vanisheth away. However, suppose God should permit you to live and see all your future hopes fulfilled. What is to be after all these hopes have been granted? You know that, sooner or later, your life will vanish away, and the place that has known you, will know you

no more. What, then, will it profit you, should all your earthly wishes be gratified, in the day in which, as Scripture says, all your thoughts shall perish? Do you think this is a sad chapter ending in death so repeatedly? Remember it is the first time, after man's fall from God, that heaven is opened as the home of sinners saved by grace. Enoch bade farewell to a cursed earth, and a lost paradise, and a dying world, to live in heaven with God, with whom he had walked three hundred years. His heart had dwelt in God's home and presence, and he is missed on earth. "He was not, for God took him." This is the blessed story of the second life of Genesis.

Abel teaches us how a sinner can meet God and be counted righteous with Him. Enoch teaches us that the end of knowing God and walking with Him is to live with Him for ever. God's love shines out brightly in these facts. By grace He justifies the believing sinner, and by the same grace, He gathers His redeemed into His eternal home. What a hope is the believer's, to live with God in His own presence above, where sin and death are unknown.

God thought, too, of all His own left behind in a world ripening for judgment, when He took Enoch to Himself. He was about to pour the flood of waters on the world of the ungodly, and His people knew this both from Enoch's prophecy of the judgment of the world, Jude 14, and by Noah's preachings, but no drop of wrath fell upon them. God housed all His elect, and bade Noah prepare an ark to the saving of himself and his family before the flood came. If you look carefully at the ages of these patriarchs, and the date of the flood, you will see that

God called them all home to Himself after Enoch's translation, before the flood came. Methuselah, who lived the longest of all, and whose father went to heaven without dying, entered the company of the spirits of the just made perfect the year of the flood.

And now, dear children, there is a countless multitude of ransomed spirits waiting, in paradise, the blissful moment when God will bring them, with Jesus, and then all who are waiting for that blessed hope on this earth, shall be caught up with them to meet the Lord in the air; and this will be before the day of wrath breaks upon this sinful world.

If the Saviour should come as you read these lines, dear young reader, would you perish like Cain and his race, or would you be caught up as Enoch was, to be with Christ for evermore?

Your affectionate friend,
UNCLE R.

THREE LADS "GONE DOWN."

MANY years since, I was residing with my family at a small bathing town in the South of England. It was customary, during a few months of that year, for a Christian to come from a neighbouring town, to preach the gospel on the Lord's Day evening. A proposal was made on one of these evenings, in the month of July, to preach in the open air instead of our usual meeting place. Accordingly, about half-past six, we adjourned to the beach. There were large logs of timber lying high on the beach. On one of these the preacher stood, whilst many gathered around him, listening to his

words ; there were also many passers-by, who paused for a few minutes and then moved on again. Amongst the latter were three lads. They also paused for a moment or two ; then rushed to the water's edge, got into a boat, and pushed off. No particular notice was taken of them ; the preaching was continued, the hearers appearing very attentive. About half an hour had elapsed from the time that the boat containing the three lads had been seen to leave the shore, when suddenly, there was a cry, "They are gone down," and a general rush was made to the water's edge. We were near the Preventive Station. The boatmen in the service immediately put off in one of their own boats, to see if they could save the poor boys from a watery grave. It was a most distressing scene, for none could tell with certainty *who* were in the boat. One young woman came down to the beach directly she heard the news, fearing that her husband was one of the number, as he had left home but a short time before. Parents, wringing their hands, were inquiring whether either of the boys belonged to them. At last (though it was in reality but a short time) the boat that had put off to seek their rescue, returned, having been entirely unsuccessful. All that they had recovered was a cap belonging to one of the poor lads. The parents crowded around to see if they could identify the cap. It was identified by a man of the name of T. W. It belonged to his son. The clue being given, it was soon ascertained who the other two were. The three companions had been seen the previous day assisting in digging a grave, little thinking how very soon others would have to perform the same office

for them. Two of these boys bore but an indifferent character ; the third, T. W.'s son, had, contrary to the wishes of his parents, associated with the former two ; his father had, that evening, only a short time before the accident occurred, charged him not to leave the house until his return. He was merely going to his field, where he still was when tidings of the accident reached him. Poor man ! his heart misgave him ; his boy, he feared, was one of the lost. That fear was soon changed into certainty, when, as related above, he saw the cap which had been found by the boatmen. Who can tell the agony of that parent's heart ? In an act of direct disobedience his child had perished. Oh ! my dear children, the Scripture does not speak in vain, when it says, "Children, obey your parents," and again, "Honour thy father and thy mother." Oft-times, you may not see the why and wherefore of their commands ; still the word is "obey." A blessing attends obedience—a curse disobedience. How little did this poor lad think what the end of this act of disobedience would be. What must he have felt when he saw his danger ? What would he have given to have been where his father left him ? Wishes were vain in that hour ; it was then *too late*. God deals in much long-suffering and mercy now. He does not, in His infinite grace, visit all acts of disobedience with such signal judgment. He is willing to receive the disobedient and sinful child, that confesses his sin, and looks for forgiveness through the blood of the Lord Jesus Christ. But we do sometimes see His hand put forth in judgment, as in the above instance—and why ? Is it not as a

warning to others, and to show us that, though He bears long with us, yet that sin is as hateful to Him as ever it was; and that unless confessed and put away, judgment must follow. Another thing I would notice—it is this: these lads, regardless of its being the Lord's Day, had set their hearts on pleasure. They had, it appears, agreed together to go out in a boat that evening. On their way to the beach, they passed by one of God's servants, who was, at that very time, delivering a message of pardon, through the sacrifice of the Lord Jesus, to all who felt their need. These poor fellows, bent on their hearts' desire, passed by. An hour's pleasure was to them preferable to listening to the good news of eternal life and happiness, freely offered to all who go as guilty, helpless sinners to Jesus. It was the last opportunity afforded them of hearing these glad tidings. Doubtless, they thought, as many others think, that there was time enough for them. What a warning! We know not how soon *our last* opportunity may come. Defer not, beloved children. Put not off, for another hour, the fleeing to that blessed Saviour, who is so ready to receive all who come to Him.

GLORY, GLORY, GLORY.

THERE was a lovely little child,
As merry as the birds,
And, bounding gaily o'er the ground
She loved to sing the words,
"I'm glad I ever saw the day,
Sing Glory, Glory, Glory,
When first I learnt to read and pray,
And sing of Glory, Glory."

The Saviour said, "Let little ones
Come, and my blessing claim,"
And He will in His bosom bear
The tender little lamb.

I'm glad I ever saw the day,
Sing Glory, Glory, Glory,
When first I learnt to read and pray,
And sing of Glory, Glory."

That child had heard the tale of love,
Which Jesus came to tell;
She knew that He had died on earth,
To save from sin and hell.
And 'twas this love that made her sing
Of Glory, Glory, Glory,
And to the Saviour praises bring
In Glory, Glory, Glory.

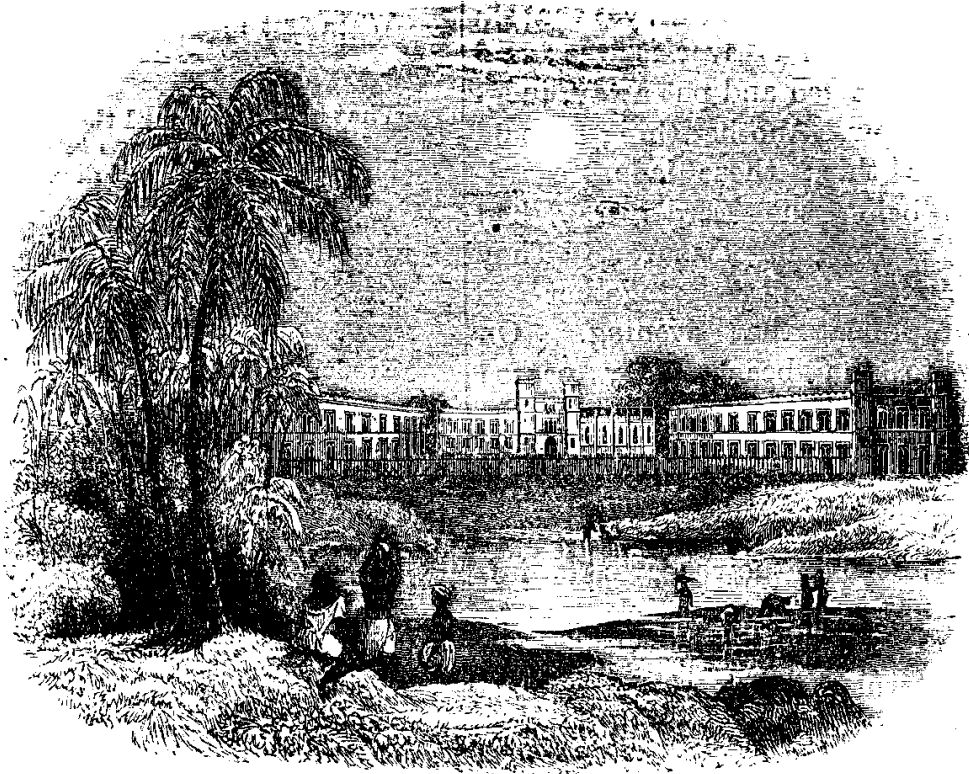
Ere long upon her dying bed
She lay in feverish pain;
In broken accents sweetly still,
She raised the joyous strain!
"I hope to praise Him when I die,
In Glory, Glory, Glory,
And shout salvation as I fly—
To Glory, Glory, Glory."

Her little burning hands were clasp'd,
Unconsciously she smiled,
And looking upward to the sky,
Renew'd her measure wild;
"'Tis glory's foretaste makes me sing
Of Glory, Glory, Glory,
And praise Him who is King of kings,
Like those that sing in Glory."

And when the fever's rage was spent
Upon her helpless frame,
She smiled upon the weeping friends,
Who round her pillow came,
And softly lisp'd her fav'rite lay,
And murmured "Glory, Glory,
I'm glad I ever saw the day,
Sing Glory, Glory, Glory."

The Saviour said, "Let little ones
Come, and my blessing claim!
And He will in His bosom bear
The tender little lamb—'"
She spoke—and closed her eyes in night:
The soul had fled to glory!
For ever in that world of light
To sing of Glory, Glory.

And now, what lesson should be learnt,
From this sweet infant's story?
To follow in her steps along
The narrow path to glory;
There's room enough in that blest place,
Where Jesus dwells in Glory,
For God has freely offered grace,
And Glory, Glory, Glory.



“JESUS WILL SOON SATISFY ME.”

ANNIE was for about four years a scholar in a Sunday school at a place called Coolie Bazar, on the outskirts of Calcutta. Although she was thirteen years of age, you would scarcely have taken her for more than ten. She was a pale, delicate child.

Soon after her illness commenced, she said to her mother, one day, “Mother, I once read in a tract that a doctor said to a dying patient of his, ‘I fear, sir, there is no hope.’ ‘I know, I know,’ replied the despairing sinner. ‘You say there is no hope for my body, and I *feel* there is no hope for my soul. No hope! no hope!’ But oh, mother,” continued Annie, “how thankful I am, though my body die, I *have* hope for *my* soul. Blessed Jesus,

through Thee I have obtained this hope, and I shall not be ashamed.”

Reading the Bible was her great delight, and when she became too weak to hold the book, she used to beg her friends to read to her.

On one occasion, at night, when the burning fever was so great as to cause excessive thirst, she said, as her mother got up to give her some tea, “Jesus will soon satisfy me.” An hour passed, and Annie’s mother was again awakened. She heard the most joyous sounds from the afflicted child, though at the time, she was racked with bodily pain. “Happy, happy, happy! oh, I am so happy!” exclaimed the dying girl.

Dear young friends, you have heard David’s testimony, that God gave him

“songs in the night;” and was it not so in Annie’s experience?

Her own simple account of God’s dealings with her soul was to me very touching. She said, “About two years ago, I was much impressed, and I then determined to follow Christ. But I soon left the path He showed me. Then God made me ill, and once more I seemed to come back to Him; but again, when I got well, I wandered. Oh, how wicked I was! Yes! God had to make me ill once more, and to keep me ill, before I would give my heart wholly to Him; but now I am His, and soon I shall be with Him in glory.”

Although Annie was so confident of her Saviour’s love, she deeply felt her own sinfulness in the sight of God; so much so, that she would never allow anyone to call her “a good girl;” and when the expression was used in her hearing, she would burst out into tears, and exclaim, “Oh, I am so bad: do not call me good!”

On the evening before she died, a friend called to see her, and asked her how she did. “Weaker, but happier,” was the reply. The night following was spent in restlessness and great bodily pain, and, when the morning dawned, it was evident to all that it would not be long before her weary spirit would be at rest. Annie knew it too, and calling her little brother to her, she said, “Henry, here is my beautiful red and gilt Bible for you, which Mrs. B— gave me last year. I thought perhaps you would read it. Do read it, Henry, darling. And then, turning to her mother, she said, “Mother, you will meet me in heaven. Oh, how delightful that will be!” The stupor of death was fast overpowering her bodily senses; but, making one last effort, she threw her arms

around the neck of her cousin—a girl some years older than herself—and begged and entreated her to be a Christian, saying, “Oh, Maria, ‘seek the Lord while He may be found:’ He is so precious on a dying bed.” She then asked her mother to read to her the hymn in which these words occur—

“Nothing in my hands I bring.”

When this request had been complied with, the dear child fell back on her pillow, and softly murmured, “I am going to sing the new song, ‘Worthy is the Lamb that was slain . . . when thou passest through the waters I will be with thee . . . in my Father’s house are many mansions.’ Oh, my Father, I bless Thy name! I thank Thee, I thank Thee, my Father!” And with these sweet words on her lips, her spirit passed away to be for ever with the Lord.

THE WILFUL BOY.

As a boy was returning home with a basin filled with hot meat and vegetables which he had procured from an eating house, to which he had been sent by his mother for the family’s dinner, he was run against by a gentleman, who knocked the basin out of his hand, which was broken to pieces, while its savoury contents were spilt upon the ground. The gentleman did the best that was in his power to remedy the mischief which he had done, by making an apology, and paying the full amount of the loss which he had occasioned. The amount agreed upon, consisting of a piece of silver and some pence, was placed in the boy’s hand, and then the gentleman hastened on his way.

As soon as he had gone, the boy acted in a most extraordinary manner, for he cast away the money, and declared that he would not take it home. Those who were about him gathered up the scattered coin, and remonstrating with him for his folly, endeavoured to persuade him to take the money to his mother, as the only proper answer which he could give for the loss of the basin and of the expected dinner. But nothing could induce him to change his determination; and he went home without the viands for which he had been sent, and without the liberal recompense which the gentleman had paid to him.

Striking as this incident is, I should not have related it except for the purpose of illustrating the folly and madness of the rejection by the sinner of the grace and love of God, presented in the person and work of His beloved Son. The sinner is in himself unfit for the holy presence of God; yet, when God has provided full and finished redemption in Christ for the believing sinner, how solemn it is to turn away from His salvation! How shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation? (Heb. ii. 3).

What satisfactory answer could the boy give to his mother? And what reply can the sinner give to God for rejecting the the only way by which he can be saved? "And when the king came in to see the guests, he saw there a man which had not on a wedding garment. And he saith unto him, 'Friend, how camest thou in hither, not having a wedding garment?' *And he was speechless.*" (Matt. xxii. 11). "Ye will not come to ME, that ye might have life." (John v. 40). T.

JOHN BERRIDGE.

VI.—THE ITINERANT.

BEFORE Berridge was appointed to the curacy of Stapleford, the following words were addressed to him by his bishop: "And now again we exhort you, in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, to seek for Christ's sheep that are dispersed abroad, and for His children who are in the midst of this naughty world, that they may be saved through Christ for ever." But strangely enough, this most excellent exhortation was shorn of meaning. Berridge was not supposed to venture outside his parish in search of Christ's sheep; by the expression "this naughty world," was meant only so much of it as was laid down in the parish map! When he, while vicar of Everton, preached in other places, the same bishop asked indignantly, "Did I appoint you to such and such places?" But the new desire given him for the salvation of others, led him to break the parish bounds, and in the true spirit of the exhortation, he began to seek for those dispersed abroad. Hidden in all the ignorance and darkness around him, like the treasure hid in a field, there were those whom God had chosen for eternal glory—those for whom Christ had died—and he, carrying the good news of God, went forth to seek them, that by the power of the Spirit of God, they might hear, receive it and live.

His itineracy seems to have been confined for a time, to private houses, probably having such meetings as brought Whitefield into disgrace. In August, 1758, Mr. Hicks, a clergyman of Wrestlingworth, a little place four miles from Everton, was converted to God, and as Berridge's son in the

faith, often accompanied him on his preaching tours.

The following letter, written in May, 1759, is interesting as giving Berridge's account of his work, and of his first open-air sermon.

"On Sunday sen'night, a man of Wybersley, a Nathanael indeed, was so filled with the love of God during morning prayer, that he dropped down and lay as one dead for two hours. He had been so filled with love all the week before, that he was often for a time unable to work.

"On Sunday night last, as I was speaking in my house, there was a violent outcry. One soul was set at liberty. We sung near an hour, and the Lord released three more out of captivity.

"On Monday sen'night, Mr. Hicks accompanied me to Meldred. On the way we called at a farmer's house. After dinner I went into his yard, and seeing near a hundred and fifty people, I called for a table, and preached for the first time in the open air. Two persons were seized with strong convictions, fell down, and cried out most bitterly. We then went to Meldred, where I preached in a field, to about four thousand people. In the morning at five, Mr. Hicks preached in the same field, to about a thousand. And now the presence of the Lord was wonderfully amongst us. There was abundance of weeping and strong crying; and, I trust, beside many that were slightly wounded, near thirty received true heart-felt conviction. Seeing about a dozen people in the brewhouse, I spoke a few words. Immediately the farmer's daughter dropped down in strong conviction. Another was also miserably torn by Satan, but set at liberty before I had done prayer. At four I

preached in my own house, and God gave the spirit of adoption to another mourner.

"On Monday last, I went to Shelford, four miles from Cambridge, near twenty from Everton. The journey made me quite ill, being so weary with riding, that I was obliged to walk part of the way. When I came thither, a table was set for me on the common; and, to my great surprise, I found near ten thousand people round it, among whom were many gownsmen from Cambridge. I was hardly able to stand on my feet, and extremely hoarse with a cold. When I lifted up my foot to get on the table, a horrible dread overwhelmed me; but the moment I was fixed thereon, I seemed as unconcerned as a statue. I gave out my text, Gal. iii. 10, 11, and made a pause to think of something pretty to set off with, but the Lord so confounded me (as indeed it was meet, for I was seeking not His glory, but my own) that I was in a perfect labyrinth; and found, if I did not begin immediately, I must go down without speaking. So I broke out with the first word that occurred, not knowing whether I should be able to add any more. Then the Lord opened my mouth, enabling me to speak nearly an hour without any kind of perplexity; and so loud that every one might hear. The audience behaved with great decency. When my sermon was over, I found myself so cool and easy, so cheerful in spirit, and wonderfully strengthened in body, I went into a house, and spoke near an hour, to about two hundred people. In the morning, I preached again to about a thousand. Mr. Hicks engaged to preach in Orwell-field, on Tuesday evening. I gave notice that I designed to preach on Monday sen'night, at Grandchester, a mile from

Cambridge. Mr. Hicks and I have agreed to go into Hertfordshire; afterwards to separate, and go round the neighbourhood, preaching in the fields, wherever a door is open, three or four days in every week.

“Believe me, your affectionate servant,
“JOHN BERRIDGE.”

There are certain expressions in this letter which must be referred to again; at present it will be well to follow Berridge in his work.

Let the reader turn if possible to a map of England, and notice the extent of the counties of Bedford, Cambridge, Essex, Hertford, and Huntingdon, and he will see that the district in which Berridge set himself to labour was no small one, while at the same time he fulfilled his duties as Vicar of Everton. For years his horse-back journeys frequently covered a hundred miles a week. On Sundays he preached at Everton at 7 o'clock in the morning, and even at this early hour people who came distances of twenty miles would be present, having set out at midnight. He preached again at half-past ten, at half-past two, and in the evening. On his journeys he preached in barns—his “cathedrals,” as he called them—or in farm yards, or wherever he found opportunity. Labour of this kind was worrying work for body and mind, and he was often thoroughly worn and exhausted; “but when he is weakest,” a friend wrote, “God so strengthens him that it is surprising to what a distance his voice reaches.”

Lady Huntingdon once invited Berridge to Bath, recommending another to fulfil his duties during his absence. He wrote in reply: “I do not want a helper merely

to stand up in my pulpit, but to ride round my district, and I fear my weekly circuit would not suit a London or a Bath divine, nor any tender evangelist that is environed with prunello [*i.e.*, clothed in fine black cloth]. Long rides and miry roads in sharp weather! Cold houses to sit in, with very moderate fuel, and three or four children roaring or rocking about you! Coarse food and meagre liquor; lumpy beds to lie on, and too short for the feet; stiff blankets, like boards, for a covering, and live cattle in plenty to feed upon you! Rise at five in the morning to preach; at seven breakfast on tea that smells very sickly; at eight mount a horse with boots never cleaned, and then ride home praising God for all mercies!”

“If every parish church were blessed with a gospel minister,” he wrote to another, “there could be little need of itinerant preaching; but since these ministers are thinly scattered about the country, and neighbouring pulpits are usually locked up against them, it behoves them to take advantage of fields or barns to cast abroad the gospel seed. . . .

“Never preach in working hours; that would raise a clamour. Where you preach at night, preach also in the morning; be not longer than an hour in the whole morning service, and conclude before six. Morning preaching will show whether the evening took effect, by raising them up early to hear.

“Expect plain fare and plain lodging where you preach, yet, perhaps, better than your Master had. Suffer no treats to be made for you, but live as your host usually lives, else he may grow weary of entertaining you . . . If the clergy rail

at you where you go, say not a word about it, good or bad. Matt. xv. 23. If you dare be zealous for the Lord of Hosts, expect persecution and threats, but heed them not . . . The chief block in the way will be the prudent Peters, who will beg, entreat, and beseech you to avoid irregularity. Give them the same answer that Christ gave Peter. Matt. xvi. 23. They savour of the things that be of men; heed them not. When you preach at night, go to bed as soon as possible, that the family may not be kept up, and you may rise early. When breakfast and morning family prayer is over, go away directly, that the house may be at liberty. Do not dine where you preach, if you can avoid it; it will save expense and please the people. If you would do work for the Lord, as you seem designed, you must venture for the Lord. The Christian's motto is, Trust and go forward, though the sea is before you. Ex. xiv. 15. Do then as Paul did, give up thyself to the Lord; work, and confer not with flesh and blood, and the Lord be with thee.

“Dear brother, Yours affectionately,
“JOHN BERRIDGE.”

W. J.

“LOVE THE GIVER.”

SUCH was the inscription upon a small china mug which I purchased some time since for my young daughter, and I selected that one on account of the pleasant motto which was engraved upon it. The child was greatly gratified at receiving the little present. But how should I, as a parent, have felt, if I imagined that she valued my trifling gift above myself, who, according to the

mercies of God bestowed upon me, daily provide for her many and continuous wants?

Let us look upon a scene which is by no means uncommon. The father of a large family sits down to dinner with them upon a Sunday, which is the only day of the week in which he is able to take that meal with them; for he toils early and late in order to provide for the wants of his children. And it is a real pleasure to him to meet them, with their kind mother, at the family table, and to see them comfortably dressed, looking happy and cheerful. And when he surveys the abundance of savoury viands which is set before them, and expresses the usual form of thanksgiving to God, does he not feel grateful for His mercies to him and to his children? In many instances, no doubt, he does, and owns God as the Giver of them. But one fears that, in other cases, it is rather the liking for the good things of this life, than the thankful recognition that they are derived from Him who is the Giver of “every good and every perfect gift” (James i. 7), “filling our hearts with food and gladness.” Acts xiv. 17.

Did not the Lord Jesus, when testing the multitude who followed Him into Capernaum, say unto them, “Verily, verily, I say unto you, Ye seek Me, not because of the miracles, but because ye did eat of the loaves, and were filled?” Thereby showing that they did not seek Him from love to Himself, but on account of the food for the body, which He, in His grace, had distributed to them in the desert. He then said, “Labour not for the meat which perisheth, but for that

meat which endureth unto everlasting life, which the Son of Man shall give unto you." And, continuing, He presented Himself as the "Bread of God," "which cometh down from heaven, and giveth life unto the world."

"From that time, many of His disciples went back, and walked no more with Him." John vi. How plainly this manifested that they had no love to Himself, but only cared for the food which it was in His power to bestow. They loved the gifts, but not the Giver.

My desire for you, dear reader, is that you may know the gift of God, even that of His dear Son, of whom it is written that "God so loved the world, that He gave His only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." John iii. Then, having received this gift through faith, you will have blessing for evermore in Him, and, while you remain in this world, you will be in a position to enter into the truth that God hath created meats "to be received with thanksgiving of them which believe and know the truth. For every creature of God is good, and nothing to be refused, if it be received with thanksgiving." 1 Timothy iv. You will thus prove that you love the Giver, while you are thankful for His gifts.

T.

God now commandeth all men every where to repent. Acts xvii. 30.

The very command to repent supposes a fountain of grace in the heart of God. If God was not willing to forgive sinners, He never would have commanded them to repent. Acts xvii. 30.

Except ye repent ye shall all likewise perish. Luke xiii. 3.

ANSWER TO THE MAY BIBLE ENIGMA.

EMMANUEL.

E phesus from her first love fell. Rev. ii. 1, 4.
 M izar the hill, remembered well. Ps. xlii. 6.
 M atthew the publican believed. Matt. ix. 9.
 A chan through spoil his death received. Josh. vii.
 N icodemus now in Christ believes. Jno. iii. 1, 21.
 U nction each babe in Christ receives. 1Jno. ii.20.
 E lisha for a hard thing craved. 2 Kings ii. 10.
 L ot, losing all, by grace was saved. Gen. xix. 17, 22.

R. A. R., Aged 9 years, 11 months.

A BIBLE ENIGMA FOR JUNE.

Because by faith the saints appear
 From sin and condemnation clear,
 Approved before God's face,
 Twelve letters spell, to sinful men
 A blessed fact, beyond the ken
 Of all not taught by grace.

Whom did Jesus find, and call?
 Where two mourners found their all.
 Far from it the waters stood.
 Find the land that God called "good."
 Love to Christ nigh cost his life.
 What to bind with sought his wife?
 As she died, his name she spoke.
 At His word the maid awoke.
 To what dew is love compared?
 They through wiles from death were spared.
 Israel smote the giant king.
 Longed he for the dove's swift wing.

UNCLE R.

A prayerless soul is a Christless soul, and a Christless soul is a hopeless soul.

The salvation of the soul, is of faith, that it might be "by grace" that all the praise may be given to the Lord Jesus Christ, for he once suffered for sin, the just for the unjust, that He might bring us to God. Romans iv. 16; 1 Peter iii. 18.

GOOD NEWS FOR YOUNG AND OLD.



Luke xviii. 9-14.

Two men went up into the temple to pray; the one a Pharisee, and the other a publican. The Pharisee stood and prayed thus with himself: God I thank Thee that I am not as other men... The publican, standing afar off, would not lift up so much as his eyes unto heaven, but smote upon his breast, saying, God be merciful to me a sinner I tell you, this man went down to his house justified rather than the other.

Matt. xxi. 15, 16.

WHEN the chief priests and scribes saw the wonderful things that He did, and the children crying in the temple, and saying, Hosanna to the son of David! they were sore displeased, and said unto Him, Hearst Thou what these say? And Jesus saith unto them: Yea: have ye never read, Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings Thou hast perfected praise?

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—

Enoch's translation, as you have proved from the following Scriptures, is a type of that blessed Hope which is given by God to His people now, and which His Apostle Paul reveals to us by the word of the Lord. "Behold, I show you a mystery: We shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump." John xiv. 2, 3; 1 Cor. xv. 49, 51, 52; 1 Thess. iv. 15-17; Phil. iii. 20, 21. What a blessed thing to be ready with our loins girded and our lamps burning, to go in with the Bridegroom, and what a solemn and awful thing to be without oil in our lamps, without the Holy Ghost within us, and to be shut out when the Bridegroom cometh. The Lord lay these realities upon the consciences and hearts of my young friends.

We come now to Noah, the third life in Genesis. Noah walked with God in a day of universal violence and corruption, but God did not take him to Himself, as He took Enoch; His purpose was to preserve him through the time of His judgment on the world for future blessing. God never repents of His promises, whatever be the evil in which His people are found. When sin first entered the world, did He not speak of the seed of the woman bruising the serpent's head? And now that He is about to destroy all flesh from off the earth, because of men's terrible corruption, will He fail to preserve a seed from whom the Redeemer shall come? No, indeed, blessed be His name, for the gifts and calling of God are without repentance. When Noah was born, sixty-

nine years after the translation of Enoch, his great grandfather, Lamech, saw, by faith, in his new-born son, a promise of rest and comfort to the earth, which the Lord had cursed for man's sake. In faith he called his name Noah, Rest—and Noah lived to make good his name, and give rest to the ground after the flood of judgment had been poured out. Noah walked with God, we read, and was perfect in his generation. Noah was a godly man, and a preacher of righteousness. He was the only man who feared God's word about the coming destruction of the world. The ungodly mocked at the word of God, and would not believe that they and the world they lived upon, would soon be destroyed by God, but "by faith Noah, being warned of God of things not seen as yet, moved with fear, prepared an ark to the saving of his house: by which he condemned the world, and became heir of the righteousness which is by faith." Heb. xi. 7. God's saints are the confessed sinners in the Bible. The wicked deceive themselves by mocking at sin, and calling evil good, and darkness light. This is the course of this world. A young person living in pleasure is called by the world "gay," but God says such an one "is dead while she liveth." 1 Tim. v. 6. A man who heaps up riches, the world calls fortunate and prosperous, but God says the rust of his gold and silver shall be a witness against him, and shall eat up his flesh as it were fire. "Ye have heaped up treasures in the last days." James v. 3. Many hope to go to heaven when they die, because they are not worse than most men, and are better than some. This is

believing Satan's lie. Doubtless there were many such who would not believe that God would destroy them by the flood, till the waters rose and swept them away with their refuges of lies. But Noah, a righteous man, and one who walked with God, said by his act in building the ark, what David said with his mouth, "Enter not into judgment with Thy servant: for in Thy sight shall no man living be justified." He was moved with fear, and built an ark as God had bidden him; he entered the ark as a sinner, to save himself and his house from God's judgment upon a sinful world, in which he lived. The ark was God's way of salvation, and Noah entered with his house by faith. He trusted God's word against all present appearances. He acted in the faith of things not seen as yet, and he built a ship on dry land, and made it water-tight, pitching it within and without with pitch, in prospect of the coming flood. He made no masts; he put no rudder on its stern, for God was to pilot it, and so he only made a window in the top, and God shut him in, and there he rested in faith, while the waters lifted him and his ship above the earth and its mountain tops, and thus, without steering it himself, or even knowing the course it was taking, he and his family and the land animals rode safely over every surging billow, till the ark rested on Mount Ararat, and God bade him come out on the dry land. They had been a year in the ark, and there had been no death in it, but outside every living soul had perished in the waters. Surely we may say, this points to Christ, the living and true ark, in whom there is no death, and out of whom there is no life. "He

that believeth not the Son shall not see life; but the wrath of God abideth on him." John iii. 36. As Noah left the ark, he took the clean animals and offered a sacrifice to God, thus owning himself a sinner saved by mercy and through atonement. Gen. vi., vii., viii.

And God smelt a savour of rest in Noah's sacrifice, and promised He would not again send a flood, or curse the earth as He had done. Let us take warning by what God has already done to this earth. We came from Noah's family, who by Noah's faith were saved from the deluge. Have my dear young readers believed as Noah did, and taken warning from God of things not seen as yet, and fled to Christ, the only Saviour, from the wrath to come? The world is as unbelieving now as to the day being fixed for the pouring out of the fire of God's wrath at the appearing of the Lord Jesus Christ, once crucified by man, as the world of old was in Noah's days. 2 Thess. i. For one hundred and twenty years Noah warned his fellow sinners of the coming flood, and they went on eating and drinking, marrying and giving in marriage, till the flood came and took them all away; so also, says the Lord, will it be when the Son of Man comes. But as God had a little family of saved ones then, so has He a little flock now, who by His grace have turned to Him from idols, to serve the living and true God, and to wait for His Son from heaven, **THEIR DELIVERER FROM THE WRATH TO COME.** 1 Thess. i. 9, 10. My dear young reader, are you one of them?

Your affectionate friend,

UNCLE R.

THOMAS BURCHELL.

AN incident in the early life of Thomas Burchell, a devoted and successful missionary to the West Indies, is very striking.

Mr. Burchell was in early life a cloth manufacturer in the west of England. His first piece of cloth he sold to a person in Bristol, who, a few days afterwards, was reported to be on the point of insolvency. With the energy which characterised him throughout his whole life, he determined, if possible, to regain legal possession of his property, of which it appeared he was about to be defrauded. It occurred to him, that by walking all night he should be in Bristol some hours earlier than if he waited for the coach, which did not start till morning. He therefore set out at once, and had walked nearly twenty miles by daybreak. He now approached the Severn, at a point where he expected to find some one who would ferry him over. As he reached it, he saw a boat push off hastily from the land. He hailed the crew, but they plied their oars more vigorously, and were soon out of hearing.

Looking round, he saw another boat just putting out, and feeling that if he did not succeed in gaining a passage in her, he should fail to attain the object for which he had made such efforts, he used all the means in his power to attract the attention of the boatmen and induce them to return. It soon became evident that they had noticed him, and seemed debating whether they should return or not. He at length had the satisfaction of seeing them pull for the shore. As they approached, it struck him that he had never seen five such desperate looking ruffians. After some objection on their part, they

told him to get in. He had not long done so before he found that he was in most undesirable company. They began whispering together, and the few words he caught showed him that he was in extreme peril. He then perceived that they were steering in the opposite direction to that in which he wished to go. He spoke to them of this, when one of the number, an Irishman, openly and resolutely avowed their design of murdering him. They all then set up a loud shout in confirmation of their purpose, and as though to urge one another on to the deed.

From their horrid oaths and avowed intentions he now found that they took him for a spy in the preventive service, and he perceived some kegs of spirits covered with straw in the bottom of the boat. It was in vain he assured them that they were mistaken in their suspicions; they only renewed their imprecations and threats of immediate and signal vengeance. Finding that they scoffed at his protestations, he ceased, and began to speak with them of God, a judgment, and eternity. After speaking in this strain for some little while, he observed the countenance of one of them to relax, and a tremor to pass over the frame of another. Still they did not alter the boat's course, but continued steadily rowing in the wrong direction.

He then addressed each one solemnly and separately, and this with so much evident sincerity and deep feeling, that the captain of the crew cried out, "I say, I can't stand this. I don't believe he's the man we took him for. We must let him go. Where do you want to be put out, sir?" The traveller replied that he wished to be taken up the Avon as far as

Bristol. The man said that they could not go so far as that, as they dared not pass Pill; but that they would take him as far as possible, and put him in a way to continue his journey by the shortest route. He thanked them, and begged them to make the utmost speed, for his business was urgent. Finding them so subdued, he spoke to them of their sinful lives, and pointed them to Christ as their Saviour. They all appeared impressed by his statements and conduct, and not only refused to receive what he had stipulated to pay as fare, but offered to forward a keg of spirits to any place he would mention—an offer which was of course declined. On landing, one of the men accompanied him to a farm-house, and induced the occupant to drive him to Bristol. He, by these means, succeeded in reaching his journey's end at an early hour, and in regaining possession of the greater part of his property.

Even had the results of this perilous boat voyage stopped here, it would have afforded a striking instance of the blessings which attend Christian fidelity and boldness, springing from a sense of God's presence and access to Him in prayer. But more remains to be told. Many years afterwards, on Mr. Burchell's return from Jamaica, he was at a small village in the neighbourhood of Cheddar Cliffs, when a man accosted him, offered his hand, and appeared surprised that he was not recognised. It proved to be the smuggler who had guided Mr. Burchell to the farm-house. After some conversation, he said, "Ah! sir, after your talk, we none of us could follow that trade again. I have since learned to be a carpenter, and am doing very well in this village; and attend

a chapel three or four miles off. And our poor captain never forgot to pray for you till his dying day. He was quite an altered man, took his widowed mother to live with him, and became a good husband, a good father, and a good neighbour. Before, every one was afraid of him, he was such a desperate fellow; afterwards he was as tame as a lamb. He opened a little shop for the maintenance of his family; and what was better still, held prayer meetings in his house. The other three men are now in a merchant vessel."

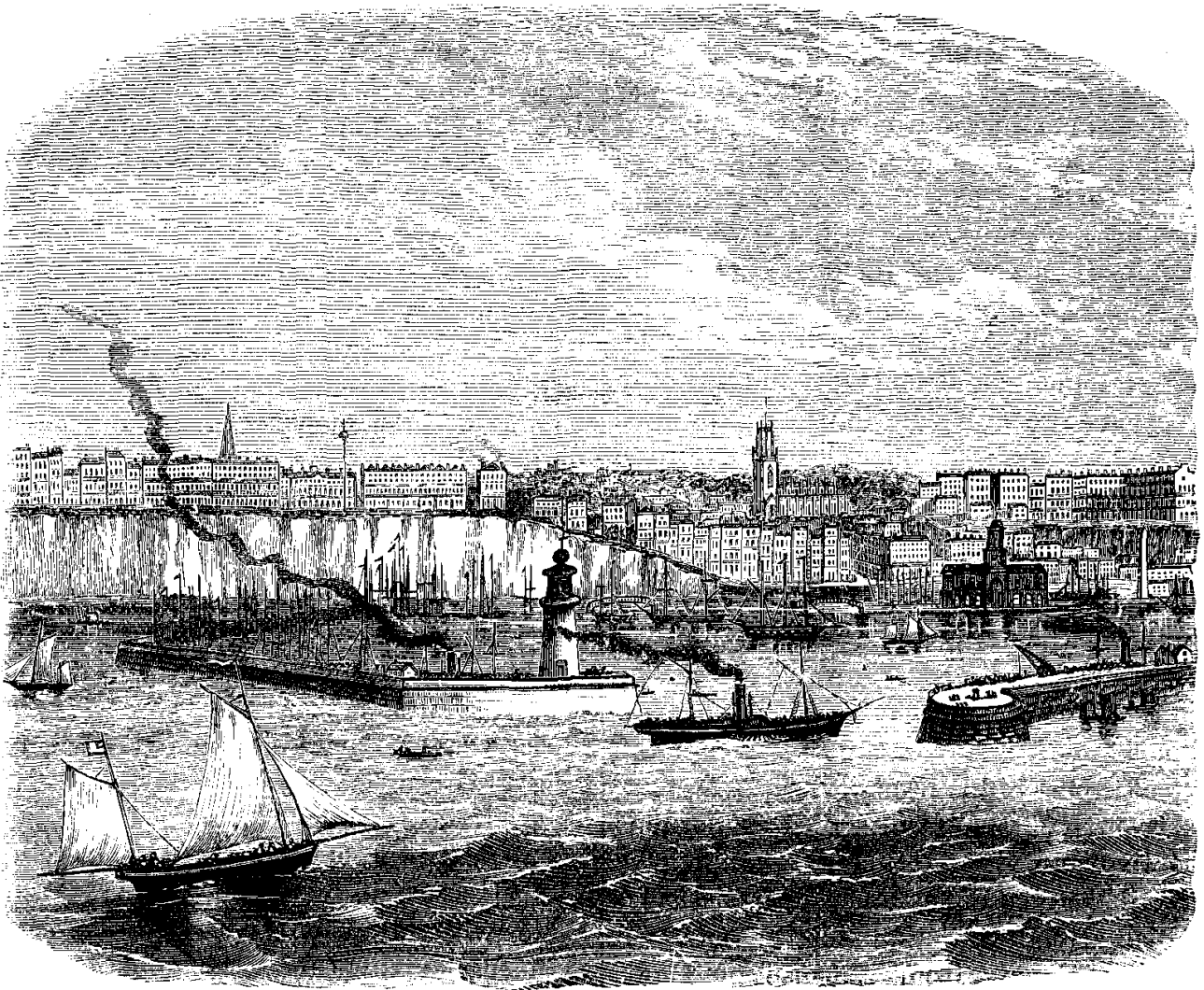
LETTER FROM A YOUTH.

(Dictated a few days before his death).

1 John i. 7.

DEAR BROTHER,—I wish to speak a few words to you from my death-bed. I am turning daily weaker; I have faith in Christ that He has blotted out all my sins. I can speak of death now without fear. Jesus Christ has taken the sting out of death through His own death. Oh, Willie! I would like you to read your Bible with attention, not in a careless manner. If I had read the Bible more I might have been spared a great deal of trouble in this my affliction. You will likely be home at the funeral, and when you see the cold clay lying in the coffin, remember that the spirit is in heaven. Oh, Willie! may these words sink deep into your heart, as they come from a brother's death-bed! It will be the last letter you will get from me, if the Lord will. Beware of the vanities of this world, for they are fleeting things, but "the word of the Lord endureth for ever." Farewell, I hope to meet you in a better world.

JOHN G—.



RAMSGATE HARBOUR.

A CHILD'S PRAYER ANSWERED.

You have all heard of the great rolling waste of waters, called the sea, which surrounds the land in which we dwell. You may perhaps have seen it, when taken by your kind parents to Brighton, Margate, Scarborough, or some other place on the coast. The story I am about to tell you was told to me by a pilot, one whose business it is to guide ships safely past the dangerous rocks and sands, on which they might strike and be

dashed to pieces. This pilot went out one day, in his boat, to a ship about to anchor in St. Helen's Roads. Hailing the captain, he told him of some dangerous ground thereabouts, and gave him some friendly advice as to the course he had best pursue. The captain thanked him for his kindness, and invited him to breakfast on board. Accepting this invitation, and fastening his boat to the side of the great ship, the pilot climbed on deck, and followed the captain and his

mate to breakfast in the cabin. One circumstance he noticed much, that the captain, unlike many on ship-board, gave thanks, on sitting down to table, to the great Giver of all good. His attention was also attracted by a plate, or board, hung on the cabin side, on which were painted in large letters those solemn words—

“PREPARE TO MEET THY GOD.”

The captain, observing his visitor's attention fixed on this inscription, asked him whether he knew God. A solemn question this, and one to which I hope my readers can reply as the pilot replied, “I trust I do.”

“Well,” said the captain, as soon as he was left alone with the pilot, “since you know and love God, you will be glad to hear how it was given to me to know Him. You see that mark,” pointing to a line scored in the cabin-floor from side to side; “on that very spot, two years ago, I was brought to Christ.” He then rehearsed to my friend, the pilot, a narrative, of which the following is the substance.

For many years he had been a very great sinner. Given up to the fearful habit of drunkenness, spending all he earned on drink, and leaving his wife and children without sufficient clothing and food. How shocking this must have been to his poor wife; and how sad for the children, that the money which ought to have procured them food, should be wasted by their hard-hearted father on drink. How thankful should any of my dear readers be, to whom God has given kind, Christian parents, who care both for their bodies and their souls.

This man was, as you may suppose, wretched enough. “The way of trans-

gressors is hard.” “There is no peace, saith my God, to the wicked.” One of his children, a daughter, about thirteen years old, had found a friend in a kind lady, who took her to a Sunday School, clothed her, and taught her about Jesus, who came into this world to make known God's love to sinful man. This lady's heart was cheered by finding that her instructions were used of God to bring this poor girl to know Jesus as her Lord and Saviour.

It was by the third chapter of John that God had spoken to her heart; and on returning from school in the evening, she told her mother of this great mercy, and persuaded her father to let her read the same chapter to him. Poor child! She hoped that the Word which had been such a blessing to her, would prove as useful to her father; but it was not so at that time.

Shortly after her conversion this child became very ill, and gradually grew worse and worse, until, at last, the doctor gave up all hope of her recovery. When told that her case was hopeless, she cheerfully replied, “If it is a lost case with the body, it is not so with the soul.”

Her parents, still anxious for her recovery, consulted a physician, by whom her father was advised to take her with him to sea. The mother was quite afraid to trust her girl to the care of her drunken father, but at last consented to let her go, as the voyage seemed to afford the only remaining hope of her life being spared.

Before sailing, the captain took on board a quantity of the very articles which had brought so much misery on his wife and children—namely, brandy, rum, and so forth.

When they had been a few weeks away from England, the ship sailing at a rapid rate, it struck just before midnight on a reef of rocks. The captain and his men were in liquor at the time, but the sudden shock startled them all into a measure of sobriety, for they well knew, unless saved by a miracle, what a sad fate immediately awaited them. The first shock made the vessel creak and tremble from stem to stern; and instantly the captain cried, "Hoist the boat out, or we shall all perish!" How must such words have alarmed those wicked men! To *perish* in the deep, deep sea, far from home and friends, beneath the midnight sky, and with all their sins upon their heads!

The boat was being hoisted out; the captain, who had forgotten his poor child, ran into the cabin to get his watch; and while in the act of unhooking it from the wall, he heard, through all the din and tumult of that fearful scene, a low, sweet voice in prayer. Turning round, he saw his child upon her knees, and heard her say, "Lord, save us, or we perish!" At that very moment, as if in instant answer to the prayer, the mate called out from above, "The wind has changed! The ship is off the reef! Lend a hand to take in sail!"

The captain was overwhelmed. His own long course of sin; the wonderful goodness of God, in answering so instantly the prayer of his child; the sudden change from expected destruction to comparative safety; all these things so completely overcame him, that he sunk down upon his knees where he afterwards drew the mark on the cabin-floor; and of him for the first time in his life it could be said, "Behold, he prayeth." The same

gracious God, who had heard his child's prayer, and saved the ship, with the lives of all on board, now heard the cry of the broken-hearted sinner, and received him through the precious blood of Jesus, on whom he was enabled to cast himself for eternity. Next morning he had all the rum and brandy thrown overboard, that it might no longer tempt him or his men.

JOHN BERRIDGE.

VII.—THE POWERFUL WORD.

THE effects which followed Berridge's preaching were certainly most remarkable and unusual. The very fact that people flocked in thousands to hear him, proved that there was a strangely attractive power either in the man or in his ministry. At times, his field congregations numbered from ten to fifteen thousand persons.

But large congregations were not the only result of his preaching. There were also what were called "physical manifestations," that is, the bodies of some of his hearers were strangely affected; some, those convicted of sin, suffering severe bodily pain and contortion; others, believers, falling into trances, during which their enjoyment of the love of God was deep and full. It was to this Berridge referred in his letter quoted in our last paper, when he speaks of the violent outcry made by those convicted of sin, and of the man of Wybersley who was so filled with the love of God. These strange effects were not confined to the sphere of Berridge's labours; they accompanied, for a time, the work of others who took part in that great revival. In no place did they continue long; they were present during the early part only of the revival, and then passed away. Perhaps the

simple explanation is this: that at a time when the outward profession of religion had become such a cold, lifeless thing, God allowed these extraordinary signs to accompany His Word as a proof of its power, but when the stronger witness was given by the changed lives of those who were converted, unusual signs ceased.

It was in 1759 that these "manifestations" most frequently showed themselves in Berridge's district. On one occasion in Everton Church, about two hundred men were crying for mercy. Women and children were also affected, but chiefly men. At Harlston, Berridge was in great weakness of body, and so fatigued and dejected that he said, "I am now so weak, I must leave off field preaching." But counting on God's help, he stood up to preach, there being nearly 3,000 hearers. At first, he could scarcely speak, but God so graciously strengthened his body, and refreshed his spirit, that he spoke with great power in every respect. The cries, groans, and wringing of hands were incessant. Berridge afterwards had the joy of rejoicing over some who found Christ. At the close of the preaching he was lively and strong.

He went to Stapleford, in which place he felt a very tender interest. For six years he had been curate there, but during that time had never preached the Gospel. About 1,500 persons met in a field to hear him, a great number having come to mock and jeer. This they did, and expressed in no gentle terms their contempt of those who either sought for mercy or rejoiced in God. During the sermon, the ringleader of the gang was himself reached by the arrows of the Word. At first he rushed about like one mad, but at last fell to the

earth crying, "My burden! my burden! I cannot bear it!" He had been threatening to horsewhip out of the field those who cried to God; he now took up their language, and his followers turned round and threatened to horsewhip him, till they saw that he was lying on his back like one dead. The only signs of life were the violent working of his breast, and swelling of the veins of his neck. This lasted some hours, then he was eased in soul and body.

Believers were affected in a different way. They were overpowered with love and joy, and became insensible to things around them, not like the others, suffering pain, but simply lying calm and unmoved, with hardly a sign of natural life. An eye-witness talked with some of them and wrote—"What they all agreed in was: (1.) That when they went away as they termed it, it was always at a time they were fullest of the love of God. (2.) That it came upon them in a moment, without any previous notice, and took away all their senses and strength. (3.) That they were in another world, knowing nothing of what was done or said, by all that were round about them."

Of course it was easy for persons to mimic this, and it was mimiced. But if what was real was of God, it was a serious thing to pretend to be affected. Similar occurrences took place about twenty-five or thirty years ago in the north of Ireland; persons fell to the ground like dead men, "stricken," as the people called it. In a certain place, four or five young men saw a preacher approaching them, and at once formed a wicked plan to joke at his expense. They arranged that as soon as

he was within hailing distance, one of them should fall down under pretence of being "stricken," the others were to shout for help, that they might laugh at the preacher's confusion when he discovered that he had been tricked. Their plan was speedily carried out; one fell, the others shouted, the preacher hastened to them, but when they lifted up the fallen man, they found that he was "stricken" in a way they had not looked for—he was dead! "God is not mocked."

But, strange as all these "manifestations" were, it was still stranger to see those who had lived only for themselves, and for their pleasure, perhaps in sin, turned from it all to God to serve Him. This was the greatest proof of the power of God, and the most blessed result of the preaching, that the entire bent of a man's life should be changed, and that he should no longer live unto himself, but unto Him who died and rose again. Yet this was true of thousands. It is thought that during the first twelve months only of the joint itineracy of Berridge and Hicks, above two thousand persons were awakened. Berridge began to write down the names and addresses of those who sought spiritual help from him, but when they reached in number about a thousand he had to discontinue the practice. W. J.

HEREIN IS LOVE.

1 John iv. 10.

In the parish of C——, in the North of Devon, resided a family, the parents of which are children of God. Their eldest child, when young, attended a Sunday School in the neighbourhood of their

residence, where he was instructed in those truths which are able to make wise unto salvation, through faith in Christ Jesus. When he became older, he left the school and obtained employment, and the instruction he had received seemed to have been forgotten and lost. In this state he continued until the age of eighteen, when it pleased the Lord, of His great mercy, to bring him to a saving knowledge of Jesus, in the following remarkable manner.

At the time alluded to he was in the service of a farmer, whose wife was converted to God, and who had often spoken to him and his fellow-servant concerning their state before God.

One evening, when she returned from hearing the word of God, she found John H—— and his fellow-servant sitting by the fire. She asked why they had not been at the meeting? To which John replied, that there was no room there. Knowing this to be a mere excuse, she said, "There will be room enough in hell!" to which he answered, "We shall only make the fire larger!" They then went out, swearing, and saying that she only made them worse by speaking to them. It was winter, and dark, and as they went out of the house, John —— stumbled over an iron pot used in farm-houses, which the servant had left outside the door, and in falling he slightly injured his knee. There was a small wound, but it did not seem likely to be attended with serious consequences.

It was on a Wednesday evening when he fell as above described, and he continued without seemingly having much the matter with him, until the Saturday

week following, when he complained of a swelling in his neck. A medical man saw him on the Monday following, who at first was inclined to think that it might be the mumps, and he was thinking of leaving, but there was something that struck him as strange about the symptoms, and on more closely examining them, he was alarmed at the case, and pronounced it to be one of great danger, as he found the swelling in the neck was connected with *lock-jaw*, and he at once intimated that there were but little, if any, hopes of recovery.

This fearful malady was making rapid progress; he soon became stiff and unable to lie on his back or side, but lay on his stomach, with his head hanging over the bed, in great suffering, and incapable of moving.

He was in this state when a servant of Christ went to visit him. He spoke to him about his soul, and asked him what he thought would become of him if he died in his present condition. His reply was, "Oh, sir! if I die now, I know I shall go to hell." He then spoke to him about Jesus as a Saviour.

The same evening there was a meeting of believers for reading the Scriptures, at the house of Mr. ——. When they met, it was proposed they should devote the time to prayer for the conversion of poor John; and also for parents generally, that they might be more exercised in soul respecting the conversion of their children. Prayer was offered up to the Lord with much earnestness, and there was such a manifest presence of the Spirit of God in the meeting, that those who prayed felt assured their prayer would be answered.

The first thing Mr. —— learnt on the

following morning, was, that poor John was converted! He went to see him, and found him peaceful and happy instead of restless and distressed. He was lying in the same position over the side of the bed as on the day before; but, oh! how changed as regards his soul! On seeing Mr. ——, he said to him, "I know now that my sins are forgiven. I am not afraid to die, and I shall go to Jesus. Last night that word came to me, 'Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord; Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool.'" A great change had indeed been wrought in him—he had passed from death unto life, and was now manifestly a new creature in Christ Jesus.

His mother said he had been praying in the night, and that now the Lord had answered prayer for him, and that he had told her he was saved, she could give him up to the Lord, being assured of his salvation.

Mr. —— then read to him John xiv., and after reading and speaking some time stopped, seeing him much exhausted, and asked if he should pray with him, to which he replied, "Please go on, I want to hear all I can of the Lord first, I shall not go for half an hour."

Mr. —— remained with him some time, and it was evident that his soul was resting peacefully on the atoning blood of Christ; and that through faith he had "peace with God." It was now that what he had formerly heard at the Sunday School returned to his recollection, and as one proof of it, he requested Mr. —— to sing the hymn beginning—

“ There is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Emmanuel’s veins,” &c.

which Mr. ——— only read to him, as he was suffering greatly in body.

After he had left, poor John was not satisfied with the hymn having only been read, but requested it might be sung, which was accordingly done by a few of the Lord’s people that were gathered around his bed. He then spoke much about his unconverted fellow-servant, and his unconverted relations, sending messages to each, and exhorting them to seek the Lord, and not to put off doing so, as he had done, to the time of sickness and death. His mistress came to see him, and was satisfied, and thankful to the Lord, that He had plucked him from that very burning of which he had so heedlessly spoken but a little time before.

He continued till the afternoon of the same day, when a violent convulsion came on, and he was speechless.

One of his godly relations, who was standing by his bedside, then said, “ I could not pray for him to be taken whilst he could say anything for the Lord, but now he can speak for Him no more, let us ask the Lord to take him soon to Himself.” Accordingly they did so. One faint expression only they heard which sounded like “ Jesus.” And whilst they were praying, his happy spirit peacefully departed, to be “ for ever with the Lord,” who had so loved him and given Himself for him.

For ever be the glory given
To thee, O Lamb of God !
Our every joy on earth, in heaven,
We owe it Thy blood.

ANSWERS TO THE JUNE BIBLE ENIGMA.

PEACE WITH GOD.

Rom. v. 1.—Therefore being justified by faith, we have PEACE WITH GOD, through our Lord Jesus Christ.

- P hilip. John i. 43.
- E mmaus. Luke xxiv. 13, 30-33.
- A dam. Joshua iii. 16.
- C anaan. Exodus iii. 8.
- E paphroditus. Phil. ii. 30.
- W iths. Judges xvi. 6-8.
- I chabod. 1 Samuel iv, 20-22.
- T alitha cumi. Mark v. 41, 42.
- H ermon. Psalm cxxxiii. 1-3.
- G ibeonites. Joshua ix. 3-7.
- O g. Deut. iii. 3.
- D avid. Psalm lv. 6.

M. H., aged 10 years.

- P eter came at the Saviour’s call.
- E mmaus, where they found their all.
- A dam, from thence the waters stood.
- C anaan the land that God called good.
- E paphroditus low was laid.
- W iths formed the bands Delilah made.
- I chabod’s name his mother breathed.
- T abitha back her life received.
- H ermon’s soft dews to love compared.
- G ibeonites’ wiles their lives had spared.
- O g once was Bashan’s mighty king.
- D avid longed for the dove’s swift wing.

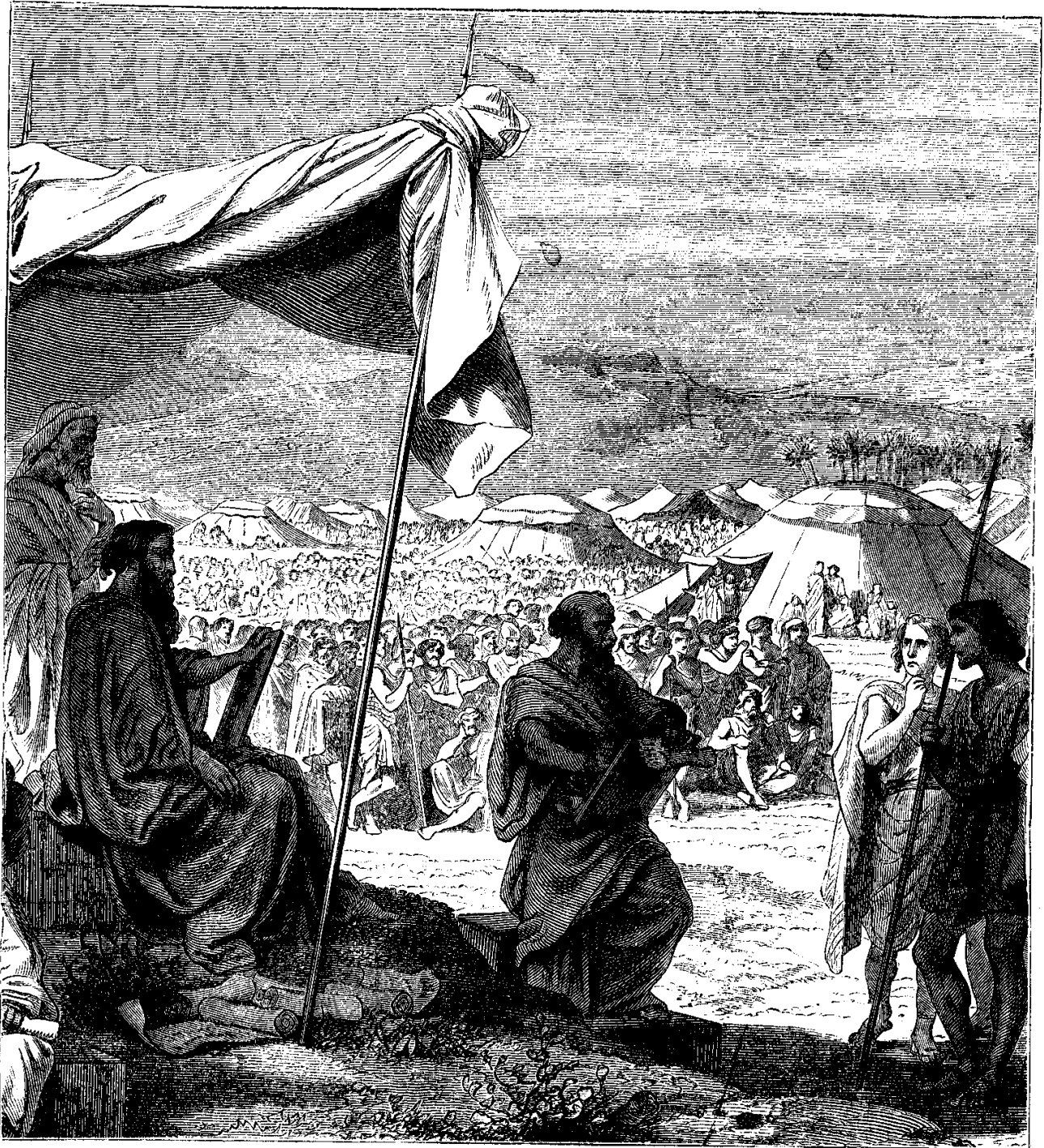
R. A. R. aged 10.

A BIBLE ENIGMA FOR JULY.

Eight names of Him I love
Let my young readers trace,
And they will quickly prove
That Name He bore in grace.

- The Name from Jacob’s lips which fell,
Doth to all nations blessing tell.
- The Name in glory He declared.
- The Name His early followers shared.
- The Name to loyal hearts so dear.
- The Name when soon He shall appear.
- The Name that Israel yet shall own,
And gladly welcome to His throne.
- The Name that tells His path below.
- The Name we shall in glory know.

GOOD NEWS FOR YOUNG AND OLD.



NUMBERS iii.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,

Here are the proof texts you have sent me from God's Word, which refer to the Flood, Matt. xxiv. 38, 39; Luke xvii. 27; 2 Peter ii. 5, 6; to the Ark, 1 Peter iii. 20, 21; Heb. xi. 7; and to the Rainbow, Isaiah liv. 9; Ezekiel i. 28; Rev. iv. 3; x. 1.

Before God sent the flood of waters to destroy man, whom He had created, from the face of the earth, He beheld that the wickedness of man was great in the earth, and that every imagination of the thoughts of his heart was only evil continually, Gen. vi. 5-7, and as Noah and his family left the ark "the Lord said in his heart, I will not curse the ground any more for man's sake; for the imagination of man's heart is only evil from his youth; neither will I again smite any more every living thing as I have done." Gen. viii. 21. Alas! how soon did Noah's saved family prove this by forgetting the God that had saved them. As they grew and multiplied, they consulted together to make themselves a name by building a great city; which should have a tower whose top (was to be) unto heaven, Gen. xi. 1-9, and not spread peacefully over the face of the earth, as God had bid them do. Gen. ix. 1-7.

As they would not trust in God, and peacefully go forth to replenish the earth, God scattered them by judgment, confounding their language, and compelling them to cease building their city which because of this was called Babel, confusion. In the next chapter, God comes forth in grace, as in the eleventh He had acted in judgment. All the world had given God up, not liking to retain Him in their knowledge, for when they knew God they glorified Him not as God, neither

were thankful; but became vain in their imaginations, and changed the glory of the incorruptible God into an image like to corruptible man, and to birds, and four-footed beasts, and creeping things. Rom. i. 21-25. But if man had given God up, God would not give up man, and in grace He calls one of these idolators to know Him as the God of glory, Acts vii. 2; and in doing so God calls him to leave his country, and his kindred, and his father's house, to go forth into a land which God promised to show him. And Abraham obeyed God's voice, and left his country as a pilgrim on his way to this unknown land.

Now mark, my dear children, that in God calling Abraham out of an idolatrous world in order to bless him, He was condemning the world as an evil place, which He could no longer acknowledge.

Abraham was the first of God's saints that was called out of his country to go to another place. The world had given God up, and therefore God must separate His own from the world. At first Abraham moved to Haran with his father and his nephew, and they settled there, but God had called Abraham not only to leave his country, but also his kindred, and his father's house, and so when his father Terah died, God removed Abraham from Haran to the land of Promise, to which He had called him at the first. Acts vii. 3, 4. Abraham now fully obeyed the call of God, and had left his father's house as well as his country, and his kindred. God calls sinners by His Spirit now, out of a world not only ungodly, but also guilty of the death of His Son, and awaiting the day of wrath, when God will send Jesus in flaming fire to destroy His foes.

The world is a worse place now Godward than in the days of its early idolatry. Satan is its prince and its god, and God in His infinite grace is calling sinners out of it, to a greater blessing in a better land than Abraham's. He calls sinners now to heaven as their inheritance, where He blesses them with all spiritual blessings in Christ. Eph. i. 3.

And if my reader is one whom God has called thus with a heavenly calling, may he or she be true to that call, and not stop on the way at any Haran to please flesh and blood, or God will have to remove that which detains you from following Him with a whole heart. When Abraham goes forth again, he does not stop by the way. "They went forth to go into the land of Canaan, and into the land of Canaan they came." Gen. xii. 5. This was the true pilgrim spirit. This is what one longs for oneself, and for all who are God's pilgrims now. Canaan was the land where God promised to bless Abraham, and nowhere short of it would be obedience to God's gracious call. Are you, my Christian reader, however young you may be, blest anywhere this side of your Canaan? Christ is in heaven, and your home and inheritance and all your blessings are there, and there God's Spirit would conduct your heart and spirit. As one of the early martyrs sweetly said, when about to be thrown to the wild beasts, his heart with all its treasure, was in heaven, and he longed to be himself where his heart had been so long.

But the pilgrim's path is one of faith throughout, and when Abraham reached Canaan and had pitched his tent, and built his altar there, God allowed a famine to try his confidence. And without

waiting for God's word, Abraham and his family left God's land and sojourned in Egypt, to escape the famine. Directly we get off the ground of faith in God's word, and dependence on Himself, our strength is gone. Abraham ceased to be the happy worshipper directly he left God's land for Egypt. He found bread there, but not bread for his soul. He had lost the sweet assurance that God was with him, and he was afraid lest the ungodly Egyptians should kill him and take Sarah from him, so they agreed, not to return to Canaan and trust the living God, but to tell a lie and say they were brother and sister, that they might live safely in Egypt. Many a Christian has fallen into the same snare, and in order to live in peace with God's enemies, he has denied his calling and his hope. But this lie brought Abraham into the very trouble he sought to avoid. The king of Egypt hearing that Sarah was Abraham's sister, and admiring her beauty, took her from Abraham, and had not God come in in mercy and delivered Abraham and Sarah from Pharaoh and Egypt altogether, Abraham would have lost the blessing God called him to Canaan to bestow.

God had not changed in His love and grace to Abraham, and directly restoring mercy brings Abraham back, he returns to his true life as God's pilgrim and worshipper. Oh, what a mercy, when a young believer really hears that word, "Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way? by taking heed thereto according to Thy word." Psalm cxix. 9. We never should go wrong if, whatever the trouble was, we trusted God, and waited to know His word, before we took another step. If Abraham had asked God what

to do in the grievous famine, he would never have gone to Egypt to escape it. We remember what the blessed Lord said, when He hungered in the desert, and Satan tempted Him to command the stones to be made bread: "It is written, man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God."

Your affectionate friend, UNCLE R.

GOING TO MY HAPPY HOME.

I SHOULD like to tell you of a dear little boy in America, at a place where they have a class every Saturday at four o'clock, conducted by Christians, who tell the dear little ones about the love of God, and through the truth taught in that way hundreds of children have been brought to the knowledge of Jesus. One little boy in this way was brought to Christ, who had a drunken father, for whom he often prayed; and one day, as he knelt down, and poured out his heart in prayer to God for his conversion, who should come in but the father? He took him by the collar, pulled him up from his knees, and said, "Let me have no more of such praying, let me never catch you on your knees, praying like that again."

The boy looked up and said, "Oh, dear papa, I love you very much, and I love dear mamma, too, but I love that dear Jesus who died for me better still, and I cannot help praying to Him, but I will not pray in the house, if you wish me not."

And so that dear child, away among the trees of the garden, prayed fervently for the conversion of his father and mother; and often was he kept without food because he loved that blessed Saviour, who had become so dear to his soul. At length

he became ill, and as he lay upon his dying bed, he called his mother, and said, "Dear mamma, I am going away from this cold, cold room to my home, where there shall be no night, and no need of a candle. I shall not be long down here. I am going to have all my tears wiped away, and be for ever with the Lord; and I would like to see my dear papa once more before I go." She sent for her husband (he was in a drinking-house), and when he came in, he rested his elbow on the mantelpiece, and looked vacantly at his dying child.

"Do come near the bed, dear papa," the little fellow said.

He came over, and bending his head down, said, "So you are dying, my child."

"Oh, no, papa, not dying, but I am going to my home above, where we shall die no more. Will you help me to sing that sweet hymn, papa?"

"I am going home to die no more."

"I cannot, I do not know it," the father said.

"Will you join in the chorus?"

He promised to try; and there stood the father and mother, weeping bitterly, and the dear child comforting them, saying, "Do not cry for me, I am going to that place where tears shall be all wiped away." And then raising his sweet voice, he sang—

"We go the way that leads to God,
The path that saints have ever trod:
So let us leave this sinful shore,
For realms where we shall die no more.
The ways of God are ways of bliss
And all His paths are happiness;
Then, weeping souls, your griefs give o'er,
We are going home to weep no more.

Come, sinner, come, O come along,
And join our happy pilgrim throng;
Farewell, vain world, and all your store
We are going home to die no more."

The father and mother promised to give their hearts to the same Saviour whom he loved, and go where they should die no more. And, dear little children, may that precious Saviour be yours too; so that if death comes, you may be able to go home to that blessed place where we shall "*die no more.*"

RECRUITS.

A FEW days ago I saw a Recruiting Sergeant leading five or six youths to the Recruiting Office, in order that they might enter Her Majesty's army. The young fellows looked poor and shabby, and presented a striking contrast to the trained, well-dressed, and decorated Sergeant who conducted them.

The manifest poverty of the youths brought to my mind the condition of poor sinners who come to Christ. For the most part they have been endeavouring to make both ends meet by trying to keep the law, and thus commend themselves to God. But they have found out that the more they tried, the farther they seemed from the desired end. Then, like the youths who could not gain a livelihood and maintain a decent position, they resolve to enlist; or, as regards the sinner, to go to Christ, having heard and believed that He is willing to receive all who come unto Him, however poor and needy they may be.

I observed, too, that most of the young men were by no means of high stature; and I questioned whether they would all reach the requisite standard. But as respects God's standard, how blessed it is to know that lowliness of spirit, which is despised by man, is that which God highly esteems, "Though the Lord be

high, yet hath He respect unto the lowly; but the proud He knoweth afar off." Psalm cxxxviii. 6. We read also, in Luke xix., how the Lord called Zacchæus, who was "little of stature," and brought blessing to him and to his house.

Another thing which I noticed was, that they all came just as they were, having done nothing to mend their condition. It was not, indeed, in their power to do so. And that is just the way that the sinner should come to Christ, as expressed in the familiar hymn—

"Just as I am—without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me;
And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come.

"Just as I am—and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot
O Lamb of God, I come."

In a short time, what a change will be effected in those recruits! They will cast off their shabby clothing, and be dressed in the uniform of the regiment to which they are attached, and be trained to march uprightly, and in company with their fellow-soldiers; and so be fitted for the warfare which may await them. Just as believers are brought to the Captain of their salvation, and are trained and instructed by Him, that they may become good soldiers of Jesus Christ. (2 Tim. ii. 3). Then too, they in due time may also prove themselves to be zealous recruiting-sergeants, inducing others to come to their great and glorious Captain, and to enter into His blessed service.

Have you, young reader, yet enlisted? Have you hearkened to the invitations and entreaties of the Gospel, and come to Christ? If you have, may you prove faithful, and seek to lead others to Him.

T.



L.—B.—G.

FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

WILL you read the seventeenth chapter of the first book of Samuel, as I wish to point out to you some important lessons from that very interesting part of God's Word.

You see that David, when he was a youth, had killed three fearful foes, namely, a Lion, a Bear, and a Giant. The first letters of these three words are at the top of this little paper, all belonging to this beautiful little story and its meaning.

We are told what the foes did; and I think we may say that they may be fairly called,

A Roaring Lion,
A Hungry Bear, and
A Boasting Giant.

You would, I know, dear children, tremble to meet either of these terrible enemies; but David did not go out against them merely to show he was not afraid of them, and to prove his strength, of which he might afterwards boast. That would have been a wicked thought, but it was

not David's. His object in slaying all these foes was to save others—a lamb from the Lion and the Bear, and his own people Israel from the threatenings of the Giant.

We do not learn that David told any one of his having killed the lion and the bear, until a long time afterwards, when it became right to do so. What a rebuke to proud thoughts this is! David was very fond of the sheep and lambs of his father's flock; and it must have pained his heart to hear the *gentle lamb's bleating* when the lion had taken it away in its mouth. If you had *seen* that little lamb in the jaws of the lion, you would, I am sure, have trembled for its safety. Every moment you would have expected to see it crushed to death by the closing of the lion's jaws. You see that the little lamb could do nothing—it was helpless. *Would* anyone—*could* anyone rescue that lamb before the lion shut his jaws? That is the question, and what a question!

Well, this is a little picture of the state of everyone who has not been rescued by Jesus. Have you been *saved* by Jesus? If *not*, then are you in the jaws, not of a lion, who can only hurt the body—but of death itself—you are under the "power of Satan," who is likened in God's Word, to a lion roaring for its prey. Acts xxvi. 18.

God says that you are a *sinner*, and that the wages of sin is *death*. Believe what God says as to this; but this is not all. The chapter presents another picture—look on it—it is very precious and beautiful. Would it not have made you *rejoice* had you also *seen* David instantly leave his father's sheepfold, and go after that lamb, to have *seen* him smite the lion and "deliver it out of his mouth," before he had closed his jaws to crush it?

But David did something more—the lion, enraged against David for depriving him of the lamb, arose against David, and the latter "caught him by his beard, and smote him, and slew him." Poor little lamb, thou wert nearly perishing, but now thou art *quite safe*. Tremble no more—thou art in David's arms, and the lion is *dead*. What a wonderful deliverance! A moment since, in the lion's jaws—now in the strong arms of David. How safe—how secure!

One thing more would have delighted you: namely, David's naturally beautiful face, brightened up with the joy, satisfaction, and thankfulness he felt on returning to the fold with the lamb safe in his arms.

But how was it, do you think, that David did not flee away when he heard the lion's growl? Because God was with him—and if he had fled we should not have been able to compare him to Christ Jesus, "who came into the world to save sinners." David did expose his life to the fierce rage of the lion and the bear to save the lamb. But good as David was to the lamb, we have rather to contrast than to compare him to the Lord Jesus. David only risked his life, and he escaped. Not so the blessed Lord Jesus, He knew He must die before He could save one sinner from his sins. He came therefore from His Father's glory on purpose to seek and to save that which was lost; although He knew full well what a fearful thing it was to suffer the wrath of God against sin, He did not shrink from it, but "steadfastly set His face" to go to the cross.

Dear children, it was the love of Jesus to sinners which led Him to die for them, and it is joy to Him to receive *all* who

come to Him. Will you let Him have the joy of receiving you? He has told us that He is the Good Shepherd, who goeth after the lost sheep until He finds it; but His heart is so full of joy that He calls to others to "rejoice with Him," the whole of heaven rejoices with Him, and those on earth who know what it is to be saved and loved by Him, rejoice too. What a welcome there is for you in the heart of Jesus Christ, for He is the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever.

I REMEMBER, I REMEMBER.

I REMEMBER, I remember,
 When I was quite a boy,
 And playthings used to constitute
 My chief delight and joy;
 I often, as I play'd with them,
 Would pause and heave a sigh,
 Reflecting that the time would come
 When I must put them by.

I well remember that this thought
 Oft made me very sad;
 And I have sat and wish'd that I
 Might never be a lad.

I was too young to reason then,
 And it escap'd my view,
 That, with the toys themselves, would cease
 My plaything passion too.

It was a childish circumstance,
 But since I've known the Lord,
 I've often thought the incident
 A lesson might afford
 To children of another class,
 Who shrink from gospel joys,
 Because in winning them they must
 Relinquish earthly toys.

How often, bidden to be saved,
 They sinfully demur,
 And say, "But, oh! the sacrifice,
 The loss I then incur,"
 Forgetting, or discerning not,
 The truth at last to be,
 That with the toys the tastes depart,
 At least, substantially.

JOHN BERRIDGE.

VIII.—PERSECUTION.

LET it not be supposed that Berridge was allowed to carry on unmolested the work we have described. All classes of persons were aroused against him. "No opposition was too violent, no names were too opprobrious, no treatment was too barbarous to impede his career, or render him odious in the estimation of the public. Some of his followers were roughly handled, and their property destroyed." So writes one who afterwards worked with Berridge. But none of these things discouraged him, or turned him from his purpose of preaching Christ. "Expect persecution, but heed it not," he had written to another, and the advice was truly carried out in his own life. Two methods were resorted to in order to silence him—the rough-and-ready mode of personal injury, and the not less painful personal insult, together with false representations to his bishop, to induce him to forbid Berridge's work outside the parish of Everton.

One or two instances of attempted violence are recorded, which speak in a wonderful way of God's grace, and show, too, the power of His Word. Two men got underneath the table upon which Berridge, preaching to a great company of people, was standing, with intent to overthrow it, but while there, the words of the preacher so affected their hearts, that they abandoned their design, and afterwards confessed to Berridge, with grief and shame, what they had intended to do. Others came having their pockets filled with stones wherewith to stone him, but were reached by the Word, and emptying their pockets, besought Berridge to pray

for them. Another man went to Everton Church, with the purpose of confusing Berridge, and causing him to break down in his preaching. To this end he took his seat directly opposite the pulpit, and proceeded to make contemptuous gestures and remarks. Not at all confused, Berridge paused in his sermon, and addressed the man personally, and with such solemn words, that on leaving the church, the would-be disturber said, "I came to confuse this good man, but God has made him the means of convincing me that I am a lost sinner."

But to a sensitive man insult and scorn would be quite as painful as knowing that he stood in bodily danger. The grace bestowed upon Berridge helped him to rise above this too, and "heed it not." "Gentry, magistrates, and others," wrote the one just quoted, "became one band, and employed every engine to check his progress, and silence him from preaching. "*The Old Devil*" was the only name by which he was distinguished among them for between twenty and thirty years!" An honourable title to one who could rejoice in being counted worthy of reproach for the name of Christ! Had not men angrily said of Christ Himself, "He hath a devil"? The servant is not greater than his lord, and though Berridge, in a remarkable way, followed in the footsteps of the blessed Example, this was unnoticed; his kindness to the poor, the help he bestowed upon the needy, his sympathy with the distressed, his love and charity to all men, counted as nothing; he was guilty of irregular preaching, and in consequence no name was too bad for him. Even his fellow-clergymen, who should have taken pains to inquire into the truth or

falsehood of these reports before believing them, took no trouble in the matter, but accepted the "evil report," and by their conduct sought to make Berridge's work still more difficult, while their attitude towards him gave sanction to others to molest the object of their dislike.

We now give, in Berridge's own words, an account of an attempt to silence him. He says:

"Soon after I began to preach the gospel of Christ at Everton, the church was filled from the villages around us, and the neighbouring clergy felt themselves hurt at their churches being deserted. A person of my own parish, too, was much offended. He did not like to see so many strangers, and be so incommoded. Between them both, it was resolved, if possible, to turn me out of my living. For this purpose, they complained of me to the Bishop of the Diocese, that I had preached out of my parish. I was soon after sent for by the Bishop. I did not much like my errand, but I went. When I arrived, the Bishop accosted me in a very abrupt manner: 'Well, Berridge, they tell me you go about preaching out of your own parish. Did I institute you to the livings of A——, or E——, or P——?'

"'No, my lord,' said I, 'neither do I claim any of these livings; the clergymen enjoy them undisturbed by me.'

"'Well, but you do go and preach there, which you have no right to do.'

"'It is true, my lord, I was one day at E——, and there were a few poor people assembled together, and I admonished them to repent of their sins, and to believe in the Lord Jesus Christ for the salvation of their souls; and I remember seeing five or six clergymen that day, my lord, all

out of their own parishes, upon E—— bowling green.'

"'Pooh!' said his lordship, 'I tell you, you have no right to preach out of your own parish; and, if you do not desist from it, you will very likely be sent to Huntingdon Gaol.'

"'As to that, my lord,' said I, 'I have no greater liking to Huntingdon Gaol than other people; but I had rather go thither with a good conscience, than live at my liberty without one.'

"Here his lordship looked very hard at me, and gravely assured me that I was beside myself, and that, in a few months' time, I should either be better or worse.

"'Then,' said I, 'my lord, you may make yourself quite happy in this business; for if I should be better, you suppose I shall desist from this practice of my own accord; and if worse, you need not send me to Huntingdon Gaol, as I shall be provided with an accommodation in Bedlam.'

"His lordship now changed his mode of attack. Instead of threatening, he began to entreat. 'Berridge,' said he, 'you know I have been your friend, and I wish to be so still. I am continually teased with the complaints of the clergymen around you. Only assure me that you will keep to your own parish; you may do as you please there. I have but little time to live; do not bring down my grey hairs with sorrow to the grave.'

"At this instant, two gentlemen were announced, who desired to speak with his lordship. 'Berridge,' said he, 'go to your inn, and come again at such an hour, and dine with me.'

"I went, and on entering a private room, fell immediately upon my knees. I

could bear threatening, but knew not how to withstand entreaty, especially the entreaty of a respectable old man. At the appointed time I returned. At dinner I was treated with great respect. The two gentlemen also dined with us. I found they had been informed who I was, as they sometimes cast their eyes towards me, in some such manner as one would glance at a monster. After dinner his lordship took me into the garden. 'Well, Berridge,' said he, 'have you considered of my request.'

"'I have, my lord, said I, 'and have been upon my knees concerning it.'

"'Well, and will you promise me that you will preach no more out of your own parish?'

"'It would afford me great pleasure,' said I, 'to comply with your lordship's request, if I could do it with a good conscience. I am satisfied the Lord has blessed my labours of this kind, and I dare not desist.'

"'A good conscience!' said his lordship, 'do you not know that it is contrary to the Canons of the Church?'

"'There is one Canon, my lord,' I replied, 'which saith, *Go preach the Gospel to every creature.*'

"'But why should you wish to interfere with the charge of other men? One man cannot preach the Gospel to all men.'

"'If they would preach the Gospel themselves,' said I, 'there would be no need for my preaching it to their people; but as they do not, I cannot desist.'

"His lordship then parted with me in some displeasure. I returned home, not knowing what would befall me; but thankful to God that I had preserved a conscience void of offence. I

“I took no measures for my own preservation, but divine providence wrote for me in a way I never expected. When I was at Clare Hall, I was particularly acquainted with a Fellow of that College; and we were both upon terms of intimacy with Mr. Pitt (the late Lord Chatham), who was at that time also at the University. This Fellow of Clare Hall, when I began to preach the Gospel, became my enemy, and did me some injury in some ecclesiastical privileges, which beforetime I had enjoyed. At length, however, when he heard that I was likely to come into trouble, and to be turned out of my living at Everton, his heart relented. He began to think, it seems, within himself, We shall ruin this poor fellow among us. This was just about the time I was sent for by the Bishop. Of his own accord he writes a letter to Mr. Pitt, saying nothing about my Methodism, but to this effect: ‘Our old friend Berridge, has got a living in Bedfordshire, and I am informed there is one —, that gives him a great deal of trouble—has accused him to the Bishop of the Diocese, and, it is said, will turn him out of his living. I wish you could contrive to put a stop to these proceedings.’ Mr. Pitt was at that time a young man, and not choosing to apply to the Bishop himself, spoke to a certain nobleman, to whom the Bishop was indebted for his promotion. This nobleman, within a few days, made it his business to see the Bishop, then in London. ‘My lord,’ said he, ‘I am informed that you have a very honest fellow, one Berridge, in your Diocese, and that he has been ill-treated by a litigious person. He has accused him, I am told, to your lordship, and wishes to turn him out of his living. You

would oblige me, my lord, if you would take no notice of that person, and not suffer the honest man to be interrupted in his living.’ The Bishop was astonished, and could not imagine in what manner things could have thus got round. It would not do, however, to object; he was obliged to bow compliance, and so I continued ever after uninterrupted in my sphere of action.

“The person, having waited on the Bishop to know the result of the summons, had the mortification to learn that his purpose was defeated. On his return home, his partisans in this prosecution fled to know what was determined on, saying, ‘Well, you have got the Old Devil out?’ He replied, ‘No, nor do I think the very devil himself can get him out!’”

The Bible Berridge used is still in existence, its margins and blank pages full of manuscript notes and references to passages of Scripture, which God had graciously given him for comfort in distress and guidance in difficulty. Among them occurs the following note: — “1 Chron. xvii. 1, 2. June 22nd, 1758, when I began to itinerate, and when my Squire and Potton Vicar complained of me to the Bishop.—Rev. iii. 8-11. July 24th, 1758, when my Squire complained to my college.” In the first passage there is an evident reference to his desire to go forth for God to preach the Gospel, and the encouraging word, “Do all that is in thine heart; for God is with thee.” From the second passage he drew the comfort that the Lord had set before him an open door, and therefore no man could shut it; the promise that those who opposed should one day own the Lord’s love to him, together with the exhortation to hold

fast what he had, that no man should take his crown. A happy thing when God's own word is our comfort and guide in such a manner!

But though an effectual check was put upon the attempts to repress Berridge through the Bishop, the false, slanderous reports could not be so readily withdrawn; and to the end of his days these idle tales found acceptance in people's minds, helping to form their opinion of him. An interesting story was told by a clergyman after Berridge's death, which proves this. Berridge going once to attend a visitation, was joined by a stranger, who was also a clergyman; after some conversation, the stranger asked Mr. B—— if he knew one Berridge, in those parts, whom he had heard was *a very troublesome, good-for-nothing fellow!* "Yes," rejoined B——, "I know him, and do assure you that whatever you may have heard, one half of his wickedness has not been told you." The stranger expressed his surprise, and requested B—— to point out the man to him when they arrived at the church, which he promised to do, and the conversation took a more general turn. On their arrival, the stranger reminded him of his promise. "My dear sir," said he, "I am John Berridge." "Is it possible?" said the astonished stranger, "and can you forgive me? will you honour me with your acquaintance? will you admit me to your house?" "Yes," replied the good old man, "and to my heart."

W. J.

IF THINE ENEMY HUNGER, FEED HIM; IF HE THIRST, GIVE HIM DRINK; FOR IN SO DOING THOU SHALT HEAP COALS OF FIRE ON HIS HEAD. BE NOT OVERCOME OF EVIL, BUT OVERCOME EVIL WITH GOOD.—Romans xii. 20, 21.

A BIBLE ENIGMA FOR AUGUST.

A SAINT of old, to whom God swore,
For trusting Him in trial sore,
That He his seed would bless,
Has named the place where he obeyed,
A name that comforts souls dismayed.
Can you that comfort guess?

He whose devotion to God's king
Provoked his father's rage.
An unwise son, yet dearly loved,
As speaks the sacred page.
Where Israel stood to hear God speak,
And trembled at His voice.
To him the king God's glory bore,
Which made his house rejoice.

What we need add to saving faith,
That we may never fall.
When he had found the Christ, he sought
Another soul to call.
The song that His redeemed shall sing,
When He shall save them all.
His name too sacred it would seem,
By surname he is known.

Blest was the sorrow he endured
In yielding up his own.
A church with God's pure Gospel blest,
Yet now its bitterest foe.
The devil's child, by judgment taught,
Was made Christ's power to know.
The name by which God's host was called,
When faith in God was low.

ANSWER TO JUNE ENIGMA.

SON OF MAN.

Mark ii. 20.

S hiloh. Gen. lxix. 10.

O mega. Rev. i. 8.

N azarene. Acts xxiv. 5.

O ur Lord. 1 Thess. i. 3.

F aithful and True. Rev. xix. 11.

M essiah. John i. 41.

A uthor and finisher of faith. Heb. xii. 2.

N ew Name. Rev. iii. 12.

H. G. Q., aged 14.

GOOD NEWS FOR YOUNG AND OLD.



PAUL BEFORE AGRIPPA.

Paul told Agrippa that the Lord Jesus had sent him to the people and to the Gentiles "To open their eyes, and to turn them from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God, that they may receive forgiveness of sins, and inheritance among them which are sanctified by faith that is in Me." Acts xxvi. 18.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,

Your subject this time is a very solemn one. Let each one ask himself or herself, Do I know this call of God? Have I heard the Good Shepherd's voice, who calleth His own sheep by name? Here are your proof texts that all God's own people have each been called by God, as was Abraham. Ex. iii. 4; 1 Sam. iii. 3, 4; Is. xliii. 1; li. 2; Mark ii. 14; John x. 3; Acts ix. 1, 3, 4; x. 3; Rom. i. 6, 7; viii. 28-30; ix. 16-24; Gal. i. 15; 1 Cor. i. 20; Heb. ix. 15; 1 Pet. ii. 9.

If God were pleased to take His people home to Himself as soon as He had called them by His grace, as He did the dying thief, we should not know the worst evils of our fallen nature, and might imagine that when born again the believer would never backslide; but God leaves most of His people here for their trial, that they may know what they are in themselves, and what He is in His unchanging love towards them. When Abraham and his family arose to go to Canaan, and in due season entered the promised land, no difference was discernible between Abraham and his nephew Lot. But God will not allow any of us to walk in other men's faith. The trial must come to each, sooner or later, as to our own state before God, to manifest what we really are, and what we have received from His own teaching and grace. A child of godly parents, brought up in the fear of God, and taught His truth, may appear to be walking in faith, when he may be only acting under the influence of a Christian home-training, and when his circumstances change, we are ready with disappointed hopes to exclaim

with the prophet, "How is the gold become dim! how is the most fine gold changed." Lam. iv. 1.

Till the testing moment came, Lot was Abraham's constant companion. He started with him on his pilgrimage. When Abraham halted at Haran, Lot tarried with him. After Terah's death he went forward with Abraham, and followed him to Canaan. He was Abraham's companion in his tent and at his altar. When Abraham's faith failed in the day of famine, Lot went down to Egypt with him, and when the Lord called Abraham out of Egypt, Lot returned with him to the place where his uncle's altar had been at the beginning. But at length a trouble arose in the families of the two pilgrims, and this became the means of discovering where Lot's heart really was. God had abundantly prospered both Abraham and Lot, "and," as we read, "the land was not able to bear them, that they might dwell together: for their substance was great, so that they could not dwell together. And there was a strife between the herdmen of Abram's cattle, and the herdmen of Lot's cattle: and the Canaanite and the Perizzite dwelled then in the land. And Abram said unto Lot, Let there be no strife, I pray thee, between me and thee, and between my herdmen and thy herdmen; for we be brethren. Is not the whole land before thee? Separate thyself, I pray thee, from me; if thou wilt take the left hand, then I will go to the right; or if thou depart to the right hand, then I will go to the left." Gen. xiii. 6-9. Hitherto, we read that Abram took Lot with him to Canaan. Gen. xii. 5. That "Abram went up out of Egypt . . . and Lot with him." Gen. xiii. 1.

The Spirit describes him as, "Lot . . . which went with Abram." Gen. xiii. 5. But when the strife of their herdmen made Abram, for peace sake, decide that he and Lot must separate, Lot could no longer walk in Abram's faith. He must act for himself. What did he need at this moment, which became the turning point in his history? Surely to inquire what was God's will concerning the place where he should pitch his tent. As scripture says, "In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy paths." Prov. iii. 6. Lot did not, however, seek counsel of God, but lifted up his eyes, and beheld all the plain of Jordan, that it was well watered everywhere, and there he chose to dwell. He judged for himself, and was guided by prosperous circumstances. How much is contained in those few words, "Lot lifted up his eyes." Had he lifted them higher, even to heaven, God would have guided him in the right path; but Lot was independent, and selfishly chose the best land for himself, and pitched his tent towards Sodom. If the temptation had been put before him at the first, to go to Sodom and settle there, where the men were wicked, and sinners before the Lord exceedingly (verse 13), he would surely have refused; but departures from God are always small in their beginnings, and their dark end is hidden in the light of some present attraction. It is most important to trace out the first wrong step in a course which ended so terribly as Lot's. You know what followed. Little by little, Lot departed from the path of pilgrimage and faith. He soon gave up his tent, and dwelt in Sodom, and there "that righteous man, dwelling among them, in seeing and

hearing, vexed his righteous soul from day to day with their unlawful deeds." 1 Pet. ii. 8. He allowed his daughters to marry Sodomites (Gen. xix. 14), and thus were they "mingled among the heathen, and learned their works." Ps. cvi. 35. Then he sits in the gate of Sodom, the place of a ruler among them. Gen. xix. 1.

At length, the judgment of God drew nigh. God had sent his angels to call Lot and his family out of the city. He was about to destroy, but Lot's relations would not listen to his warnings. When he bid them flee, because the Lord would destroy the city, he seemed only as one that mocked unto his sons-in-law. See that mournful procession leaving Sodom in the early dawn. An old man with his wife and two daughters, with lingering steps, urged on by the two men that were leading them by their hands, tearing them away from all they loved and valued, the Lord being merciful unto Lot, his heart still in Sodom, upon which in a few hours God would rain fire and brimstone from heaven, saved as by fire, his wife turned into a pillar of salt as she disobediently looked back from behind Lot; his daughters in the end, the mothers from whom came the Amorites and the Moabites, the enemies of God's people, and poor Lot ending his days in fear in a mountain cave. Gen. xix. 30.

Dear young readers, you who profess to be followers of Christ, be warned by Lot's unhappy history; walk not in the light of Christian relatives or friends, but seek to walk with God, fear the dictations of your own will, and depend wholly upon the Lord for guidance on your every step in life. Abraham lived and acted by God's word. Lot only followed Abraham. We

never hear of him seeking a word from God, and so he follows his own will in the end, and loses his all in putting gain before godliness. Beware of your will working, beware of choosing for yourself, after the light of your own eyes. Lot's was a marred life, a soiled and blotted testimony, a warning instead of an example. May God save you from lifting up your eyes and choosing for yourselves.

Your affectionate friend,
UNCLE R.

THE AFRICAN CONVERT AND HER MOTHER.

WHILE Dr. P. was with us, five made public profession of their faith in the gospel. Most of these were foreigners, who by the wars in the interior, had in the mysterious providence of God, been brought by a way they knew not, to find an eternal home, by becoming fellow-citizens with the saints, and of the household of God; and often did they endeavour to describe with native eloquence, the distinguishing love and mercy of that God who had directed their feet to the Kuru-man Mission. Mamonyatsi, one of these, some years after died in the faith. She was a Matabele captive, and had accompanied me from the interior, had remained some time in the service of Mrs. M., and early displayed a readiness to learn to read, with much quickness of understanding. From the time of her being united with the children of God, till the day of her death, she was a living epistle of the power of the gospel. Once, while visiting the sick, as I entered her premises, I found her sitting weeping, with a portion of the Word of God in her hand. Address-

ing her I said, "My child, what is the cause of your sorrow? Is the baby unwell?"

"No," she replied, "my baby is well."

"Your mother-in law?" I inquired.

"No, no," she said, "it is my own dear mother, who bare me." Here she again gave vent to her grief, and holding out the gospel of Luke in a hand wet with tears, she said, "My mother will never see this word, she will never hear this good news." She wept again and again, and said, "Oh, my mother, and my friends, they live in heathen darkness; and shall they die without seeing the light which has shone upon me, and without tasting that love which I have tasted!" Raising her eyes to heaven, she sighed a prayer, and I heard the words again, "My mother, my mother." This was the expression of one of Africa's sable daughters, whose heart had been taught to mourn over the ignorance of a far distant mother. Shortly after this evidence of divine life in her soul, I was called to watch by her dying pillow. She feared no rolling billow. She looked on the babe to which she had but lately given birth, and commended it to the care of her God and Saviour. The last words I heard from her faltering lips were, "My mother."

JESUS CAN'T DECEIVE ME.

ONE very hot day last summer I was sitting by a patient in one of the wards of N. D. Infirmary. All the beds in the long room were occupied; and my attention was presently attracted by a woman stooping over a bed, and fondly kissing a pale-faced little girl.

When she was gone, I went over. "Fanny R., aged 14," was written on the ticket at the bed's head. I found that she was ill of dropsy, and got but little

better; the doctors, she told me, did not say whether she would recover. I soon found that she did not know Jesus, or the forgiveness of sins; but she looked earnestly, while I spoke of His love; and when I saw her again, in a week or two, she welcomed me warmly. "Oh, no," she said, "she could not say that she was saved; she wished to be; she prayed to be; but she was not happy; she would not like to die."

Shortly after, meeting her in the street, she said, "Oh, Miss, I am glad to see you."

"Why, Fanny! are you so much better?"

"Yes, I am better!" she said, "but I am only out now for an hour's walk."

"Well, and have you been thinking of Jesus since I saw you?"

"Oh, yes! and what is best, He has forgiven me all my sins."

"Has He?"

"Yes, I know He has, and I'm so happy now, and not afraid to die! I did ask Him to, ever since the first time you came to see E. K."

Fanny soon left the infirmary and came to live at home, close to where I held a little class on a Sunday afternoon. She used to come in with her bright, beaming face, and sit and listen, amid all her pain, until she became too weak. "Oh, I am very happy!" she used to say. "I have Jesus, my Saviour, always with me."

"Fanny," I said one day, before some of her neighbours, "*you* know that the blood of Jesus Christ cleanses from all sin, don't you?"

"Oh, yes!" she replied, with a smile.

Her little Bible was always beside her. "I do love Jesus! and I know He loves me," would be often her joyful exclamation.

One Sunday afternoon, as I was leaving her, she held my hand and said, "Oh, Miss, *I can't* be afraid to die now, for my sins are all forgiven; and I would rather go to be with Jesus, than stay here. I long to see Him."

"But He is with you now, is He not?"

"Oh, yes! He is precious!"

Those were Fanny R.'s last words to me. I little thought so then, for she was not worse than usual. Next Lord's Day afternoon, after school, I tapped at her door—no answer; I lifted the latch, and peeped in. There lay little Fanny asleep; her mother beckoned me in, but promising to call in a week, I would not disturb her. My home was many miles away, so that my opportunities of seeing her were seldom more than weekly; often less.

Next Sunday I had hardly taken my place in the little school, and recognized Fanny's brother opposite me, when E. K. said, "Do you know, ma'am, that little Fanny is gone?"

"Fanny! Fanny R.? No! When?"

"Last night, ma'am; and so happy."

After the children were gone, I went over to see the poor mother, whose kisses had first drawn my attention to her child. Beside all that remained of that child, she repeated Fanny's dying words, "Mother, I'm going to Jesus! Won't you come? Oh, mother! I should be quite happy if you would but come to Him. Precious Saviour! Jesus! my life, my light, my peace, my joy, my all!" And on that young face, dear children, was an expression, a smile even in death, the like of which I never yet saw on any face in life. Fanny was gone! away from the body, and at home with the Lord!

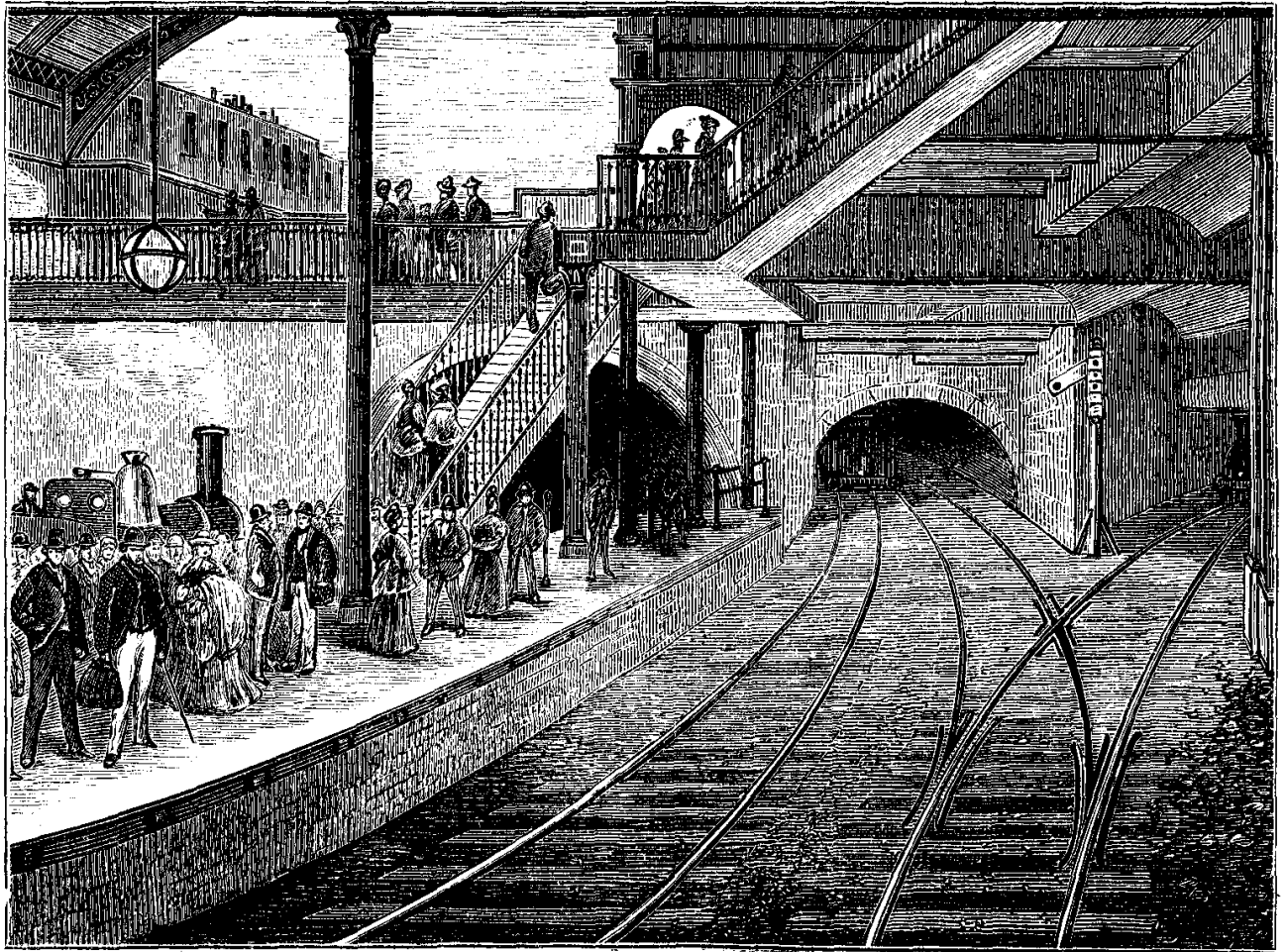
The day before her death, a lady called to see her, who did not know the peace which the blood of Jesus gives; and she was surprised at Fanny's joy in the prospect of death, and at her calm assurance of sins forgiven. "My dear child," said the lady, "are you sure you are not deceiving yourself?"

"*Jesus* can't deceive me, Mrs. —; Oh, no!"

"I hear th' accuser roar

Of ills that I have done;

I know them well and thousands more,
Jehovah findeth none."



A FRIEND.

“A FRIEND in need is a friend indeed,” said I to myself on a recent occasion, when, alighting at a railway terminus, I observed a young woman, who had also reached the end of her journey, walking on the platform with a female friend who was there ready to receive her. The young woman was evidently in trouble, and was weeping bitterly, while her friend, who was a middle-aged person, was manifestly deeply sympathizing with her, and trying all she could to comfort her. I should have thought that she might have been the mother of the young woman, from the tender interest expressed in her countenance, but if she were, the relationship was not evidenced by any likeness to each other. At any rate, she

appeared to be a true, sympathizing friend. I, of course, could not think of intruding upon the intimacies of friendship; though my observation of them raised in my heart sympathy with them.

What a blessing it is to have a real friend! One to whom we can impart the sorrows and trials of our hearts. But how few there are who answer to this essential requirement! Even if one's friend be ever so true, that friend may fail to apprehend the actual want of one's heart, or be unable to apply the right remedy. And, worse still, one who is called a friend, may give unwise counsel, or even be turned into an enemy. The blessed Lord Jesus proved this in His holy life upon earth; as expressed by the spirit of prophecy. “Yea, mine own

familiar friend, in whom I trusted, which did eat of my bread, hath lifted up his heel against me." Psalm xli. 9. And again, "I was wounded in the house of my friends." Zech. xiii. 6.

But He, having died for those who were once His enemies (Romans v. 6-11), has made those who believe on Him His friends. John xv. 15. How comforting and assuring are the words, "A friend loveth at all times," Prov. xvii. 17; and "There is a Friend that sticketh closer than a brother." Prov. xviii. 24. And what Friend is there, but the Lord Jesus, who answers to these claims? How assuring it is to read of Him, as He is now above, having gone there through death for us, that "We have a great high priest, that is passed into the heavens, Jesus the Son of God," who is "touched with the feeling of our infirmities." Hebrews iv.

Yes, there is ONE indeed,
 In Whom these blessings blend;
 The very Friend of souls in need,
 And faithful to the end.
 His love, so true and pure,
 Is an undying flame,
 Through every change it doth endure,
 And Jesus is His name.
 What grace on earth He shew'd,
 To those who mourn'd and sigh'd;
 And, oh! what depth of love o'erflow'd,
 When He for sinners died.
 Exalted now on high,
 With glory crown'd above,
 He stoops to hear each feeble cry,
 And answer it in love.
 Then, turn thou unto Him,
 Whate'er thy woe and grief;
 What though thine eyes with tears be dim,
 He'll give thee full relief.
 Oh, lay thine head and heart
 Upon His holy breast,
 And He will heal thy bosom's smart,
 And be Himself thy rest.

Have you never remarked that the relations and acquaintances of a real Christian take little notice of him while they are basking in the prosperities of the

world; but that when they are in any trouble they generally go to him? May believers never discourage this tendency of their worldly friends! It is an acknowledgment on their part, that a Christian possesses a power of comfort in trouble which they do not possess. And the Lord may bless a word in season which may be spoken to them.

But as regards the Lord Jesus, it is a poor matter to go to Him only when we are in trouble. What should we think of a friend who only came to us when he was in distress and difficulty; and who kept all his prosperity and joys to himself? The Lord is the source of the joy of the believer. Let us, then, who have believed in His name, not only go to Him when we are in trouble, but make Him our continual joy, and find our chief delight in serving Him. T.

A WORD IN SEASON.

It was spoken to a boy of only four years old, by a friend of the family, who took up the child in his arms, and said to him, "There is such a thing, my dear child, as the pardon of sins; and there is such a thing as knowing it, too." 1 John ii. 12; v. 13. This loving appeal went to the conscience of the child. Often and often, as he grew up, did he think, "There is such a thing as the pardon of sins; and there is such a thing as knowing it, too;" and at fourteen years of age God gave him to believe that his sins were all pardoned, through faith in the blood of the Lord Jesus Christ. Rom. iii. 25. The knowledge of the forgiveness of his sins made him very happy. And from the time that he got peace in believing he took a delight in making known the love of God to others.

JOHN BERRIDGE.

IX.—FRIENDS.

BERRIDGE'S manner of life secured to him not only the opposition and persecution of some persons, as detailed in our last paper, but it was also the means of knitting to him in close and esteemed friendship many of those who could appreciate at its true worth, his love to, and labour for Christ, and whose friendship therefore was worth having. It is our pleasant task now to refer to some of these friends.

One of the names first occurring to the mind in this connection is that of the "Rector of Surrey Chapel, Vicar of Wooton-under-Edge, and Curate of the fields, commons, &c., throughout England and Wales"—Rowland Hill. A hearty friendship began between them in 1764, and lasted for life. In that year, Rowland was sent to Cambridge, that he might become qualified for one of the family livings in Norfolk, in the gift of his father, Sir Rowland Hill. But at college his religious zeal and earnestness caused him to be so marked and hated (though only a young man twenty years old) that he used afterwards to say that nobody ever gave him a cordial smile, except the old college shoeblack, who had the love of Christ in his heart. Berridge heard of him, and the following note was sent to Mr. Rowland Hill, at Cambridge:

"Grandchester, Tuesday morning,
December 18th, 1764.

Sir,—Mr. Thomas Palmer was at my house last week, and desired me to call upon you when I went to Cambridge. I am now at Grandchester, a mile from you,

and where I preached last night and this morning, and where I shall abide till three in the afternoon; will you take a walk over? The weather is frosty, which makes it pleasant under foot. The bearer of this is Mr. Matthews, who lives at Grandchester Mill, at whose house I am. If you love Jesus Christ, you will not be surprised at this freedom taken with you by a stranger who seeks your acquaintance only out of love to Christ and His people. I am, for His sake, your affectionate servant,

"JOHN BERRIDGE."

There is no doubt that Mr. Hill walked over, and it is not surprising that between the two men so similar in many respects, a fervent love one to the other should spring up, unhindered by the great difference in age. The one was a young man whose life was in the future, the other nearly sixty years old, but the one purpose which animated the life of both, furnished a true bond in the Lord. Another letter written between six and seven years later, shows the depth of affection on Berridge's part.

"Everton, *May 8th, 1771.*

"Dear Rowley, My heart sends you some of the kindest love, and breathes its tenderest wishes for you. I feel my heart go out to you whilst I am writing, and can embrace you as my second self. How soft and sweet are those silken cords which the dear Redeemer twines and ties about the heart of His children! How different from mere natural affection and much more from vicious self-love! Surely it is a pleasant thing to love with a pure heart fervently; and something of this love I feel for you, which brings a melting tear

into my eye, and refreshes my very body as I write. Grace, mercy, and peace be with you! May heavenly truth beam into your soul, and heavenly love inflame your heart!"

Then follows much sound and weighty advice concerning the work in the gospel, and the letter concludes as follows: "Make the scriptures your only study, and be much in prayer. The apostles gave themselves to the word of God, and to prayer. Do thou likewise; labour to keep your mind in a heavenly frame—it will make your work pleasant, and your preaching and conversation savoury . . . The world is all before you, and Providence your guide and guard. Go out, therefore, and work whilst the day lasteth; and may the Lord Jesus water your soul, and give ten thousand seals to your ministry! I am, with great affection, your friend,

"JOHN BERRIDGE."

It is pleasant to find that this wealth of love was returned by Rowland Hill. He said after Berridge's death, "Many a mile have I rode, many a storm have I faced, many a snow have I gone through to hear good old Mr. Berridge; for I felt his ministry, when in my troubles at Cambridge, a comfort and blessing to my soul. Dear, affectionate old man, I loved him to my heart."

Another very esteemed friend was John Newton, Curate of Olney. Perhaps the reader will know him better as the writer of that ever-fragrant hymn, "How sweet the name of Jesus sounds," and of others in the Olney Collection. His life had been a strange one. His father was master of a vessel, and when John was eleven years old, he was taken to sea. The training of his pious mother was—for a time at

least—forgotten; he lapsed into infidelity, ungodliness, blasphemy and recklessness of living (his own account of himself). At one time he was pressed into the Royal Navy; he deserted, to be arrested and flogged. When released from the Navy, he entered the slave trade, but his service on the coast of Africa in this horrid employment was a hard one; he was ill-treated, and so nearly starved, that at one time he would fain devour raw roots to satisfy his hunger. A narrow escape from shipwreck, accompanied with great suffering, together with some remarkable visions, and perhaps the remembrance of his mother's training as well, were used to turn him from his wicked ways to God. Newton did not at first abandon the wretched slave trade, in which he afterwards sailed as captain of a vessel, but eventually this was given up, and with great zeal he entered upon a curate's labours at Olney.

It was here that Berridge made Newton's acquaintance, and, as with most or all of Berridge's friendships, it was hearty and sincere. He writes on one occasion, "I need not tell you how much I love you; nor that Jesus has taught me to do so." Newton wrote an Ecclesiastical History, which he submitted to Berridge's perusal, who liked it much, "But," wrote he, "I am rather sorry you have undertaken to carry it through; sorry for your sake, not the reader's. I fear it will, chill your spirit and deaden your soul." The letters Berridge wrote to Newton embrace all kinds of subjects, from a reference to a purchase of "eight night-caps from Mr. Marchant," to matters connected with the spread of the gospel, and the state of the churches round

about. In one of his last letters to that excellent man, he says, "I am full of expectation for your Messiah, and hope it will not be long before it appears. A glorious subject, indeed, and God has engaged your hand to the work. All ministers should preach about Jesus, but only His secretaries are fit to write about Him. I find Him growing very precious to my soul, and wrapped more closely round my heart. My daily prayer is to grow up into Him, and lose myself in Him, and find Him my all in all. Perhaps I may soon be called upon to see Him whom my heart loves, and to throw myself at His feet . . . I have been ill for three months, and for two Sundays kept out of my pulpit. My body is wasted and weakened . . . What a mercy to have the prospect of a heavenly home, and well founded too, when the earthly cottage is feeble or falling!"

It was only natural that, knowing Newton, Berridge should know also the gentle, but afflicted William Cowper, the poet, who was living at Olney with Newton. Some kind words about him occasionally occur in Berridge's letters. Berridge was charmed with Cowper's poetry, but sent some critical remarks upon it "as a lover and a friend." "My strictures will not hurt him," said he, "I wish his muse may hurt him no more. Poetic fame is a sweet morsel for the mind to feed upon, and will try to beguile his heart into idolatry." Perhaps one of the truest estimates of Cowper's poetry was given by Berridge. "His poetry, though excellent, is not likely for sale. There is too much gospel for the world, and too little for most believers."

W. J.

SIBERIAN RAPIDS.

IN sailing down some of the rivers of Siberia, you come to a sudden fall, where the water rushes over the steep rocks with great rapidity, and makes a roaring noise that can be heard for miles. These falls, or rapids as they are called, are very dangerous, and it requires great skill and caution to pass them safely. Here is an account of the way in which it is managed, written by a traveller in Siberia, M. Hansteen:—

"We sailed down the river in a strange, cumbrous kind of boat, and I was not a little uneasy at first at its extraordinary dimensions, but four days of quiet sailing allowed me time to become accustomed to it before reaching the first fall. At length we felt the first wave—the oars were drawn in, the boat began to be tossed about, the rapidity of its course increased every moment, the noise of the waters was deafening—all our nerves were on the rack—we were rushing along much faster than a horse could gallop. At length we passed it. The water is now calm; the pilot comes down from his place, wiping his brow, and says to the principal person on board, 'I congratulate your lordship.' He pays the same compliment to the captain. Every one exclaims, 'Praise be to God!' and the deep silence which had reigned till then is broken by hearty cheers."

Two more rapids were safely passed, and then they came to the "Padun," the greatest fall of all.

"The next day (the 7th of June)," continues Professor Hansteen, "we approached the Padun. The pilot and the captain decided that we must wait for a more

favourable wind and calmer weather before venturing to pass this dangerous rapid. We cast anchor between the rocks on the left bank of the river. I passed the day on land. I caused my tent to be pitched on a little island covered with verdure, and adorned with flowers of all colours. The sun shone bright, the sky was cloudless, and the deep silence that reigned in the woods around was broken only by the spotted serpents, which, frightened at my approach, glided away under the withered leaves of the last autumn.

“In the evening, when I returned on board the boat, I learned that the captain and the two pilots thought that we might now venture to pass the rapid. I went to my cabin to pack up my effects, and to secure about my person a rouleau of six thousand roubles, and a good poniard, in case of being shipwrecked and cast on shore.

“At length we set off; the old, white-haired pilot stood immovable in the bow, with one of my towels in his right hand to serve as a signal, and holding a rope in his left. The crew were at prayer. In silence we reached the edge of the line of white foam, and the boat began to plunge under the water, and rise again abruptly. In a few moments the keel grated against the stony bed of the river; all at once we were stopped in our precipitous course. The waves dashed furiously against the boat. The captain cried, ‘Row, row hard!’ The oars began to act; and at length we got into deeper water, and were rapidly borne on by the torrent. At this critical moment a dispute arose between the old pilot at the prow

and the fisherman on deck. It appeared that the one wished to steer to the left, and the other to the right. The latter uttered some words of exclamation; then, turning to me in triumph, pointed out an enormous rock, near which we were passing; the next moment another rock appeared on the other side: we had passed safely between them,—the dangerous passage was over. The venerable pilot came down from his place, and wiped away the tears which filled his eyes; the colour came back into his cheeks, which during the time of anxiety had been deadly pale. ‘Slava teba Bogn’ (thanks be to God), escaped from his lips, and the usual forms of congratulations were begun.

“After giving each of the pilots ten roubles, and distributing five more among the crew, which seemed to please them very much, we proceeded on our voyage.” Psalm civ.

THE CRADLE OF NOSS.

“AND a queer cradle it is!” some of our readers will be likely to exclaim. A gulf is found in one of the Shetland Islands, which is an object of much curiosity to travellers. The opening between the rocks is not more than sixty yards wide, while the depth is four hundred feet! The chasm is formed by the separation of a portion of the rock and soil from the mainland—probably by some violent commotion of the earth, or possibly by the action of water through a long succession of ages.

This detached rock is wholly inaccessible except by a sort of wooden chair, travelling from precipice to precipice on rings which run upon two cables stretched across over the gulf. This chair is called

the Cradle of Noss. Seated in this, a man will carry across to the island a number of sheep, and leave them there for the season. The boatmen make light of the risk of crossing it, but it seems tremendous to a brain disposed to be giddy.

A few years since a celebrated climber conceived the idea of forming a passage-way over this frightful chasm. And the promise of a cow, if he succeeded, emboldened him to make the attempt. He went within the opening in a canoe, and then climbed up the precipitous sides, fixed a pulley and suspended a large, strong basket upon a rope which could be thrown across to the mainland; and by its means the connection was formed.

After this bold enterprise had been successfully achieved, the poor man, forgetting how much more difficult it is to go safely down than it is to ascend a precipice, neglected to take advantage of his own bridge, and, in trying to regain his boat, his foot slipped, and he lost his life!

Perhaps some of our readers think he was a very silly man, who could provide a way of safety for others and yet neglect it himself. And he was. But are all the readers of Good News clear of such folly? Will not many be found at last of whom it will be said, they were the means of saving others, but were not themselves "wise unto salvation?" These things they ought to have done, but not to leave the others undone.

A good way to lead others in the right path is to be in it, and happy in it ourselves. Phil. iv. 4.

HOW CAN WE KNOW THE WAY?

JESUS SAITH, I AM THE WAY, AND THE TRUTH, AND THE LIFE: NO MAN COMETH UNTO THE FATHER, BUT BY ME.

ENIGMA FOR SEPTEMBER.

THE blessed Name to contrite hearts most dear,
When wakened conscience echoes Sinai's voice;
It speaks of peace; it dries the rising tear,
And bids the weary, mourning one rejoice.

Type of the world, whose sudden doom we see
Foreshadowed in her dire catastrophe.
He spake instead of God; no words of fear,
Or racking terror pained the listener's ear.
He called upon the Lord, and not in vain:
The Lord replied with thunderstorm and rain.
The latter of the two, who heard him tell
Of four small things, in wisdom which excel.
O'er that fair city rose the sun so bright,
But blackened ashes marked the spot at night.
Sweet name of peace! Here God His dwelling makes,
Here He the bow, the shield, and battle breaks.
Jehovah's foe, concerning whom He swore,
His host should henceforth wage a ceaseless war.
In Persia's law her name for ever stands,
Warning to wives to heed their lords' commands.
"The glory is departed!" thus she cried,
Who gave him birth, called him that name, and died.

Once trodden in His hour of deepest woe,
From it shall yet His brightest glory glow.
What wore he on his heart before the Lord,
That for God's people he might learn His Word?
Ah! how he loved her! and each laggard year
Seemed but a day, so strong his love for her.

ANSWER TO AUGUST ENIGMA.

Jehovah-Jireh.

And Abraham called the name of that place
Jehovah-Jireh (the Lord will provide). Gen.
xxii. 14.

- | | |
|-----------------------|-------------------------------|
| J onathan's | * J ustus |
| 1 Sam. xx. 30, 31. | Col. iv. 11 |
| E phraim | * I saac |
| Jer. xxxi. 20; Hos. | Gen. xxii. 16, 17. |
| xiii. 13. | R ome |
| H oreb | Rom. i. 7. |
| Deut. v. 2 & xix. 16. | E lymas |
| O bed-Edom | Acts xiii. 8 to 11. |
| 2 Sam. vi. 11. | H ebrews |
| V irtue | 1 Sam. iv. 6. |
| 2 Pet. vi. 5. | |
| A ndrew | * These names were not found. |
| John i. 40, 41. | |
| H allelujah | |
| Rev. xix. 6 | |

R. A. R., aged 14.

GOOD NEWS FOR YOUNG AND OLD.



ABRAHAM AND LOT.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,

Your answers this month give the warnings of God's word not to follow Lot's course, and they are so express and so solemn that I give them in full as you send them to me, and may you and I have grace to hearken to them:—"My son, if sinners entice thee, consent not . . . My son, walk not thou in the way with them; refrain thy foot from their path." Prov. i. 10, 15. "Enter not into the path of the wicked, and go not in the way of evil men. Avoid it, pass not by it, turn from it, and pass away." Prov. iv. 14, 15. "He that walketh with wise men shall be wise: but a companion of fools shall be destroyed." Prov. xiii. 20. "The backslider in heart shall be filled with his own ways." Prov. xiv. 14. "He that hasteth to be rich hath an evil eye, and considereth not that poverty shall come upon him." Prov. xxviii. 22. No man can serve two masters: for either he will hate the one, and love the other; or else he will hold to the one, and despise the other. Ye cannot serve God and mammon." Matt. vi. 24. Jesus Christ said, beware of covetousness, for a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of things which he possesseth. Luke xii. 15. Charge them that are rich in this world, that they be not high-minded, nor trust in uncertain riches, but in the living God, who giveth us richly all things to enjoy. 1 Tim. vi. 17. "Ye adulterers and adulteresses, know ye not that the friendship of the world is enmity with God? Whosoever, therefore, will be a friend of the world is the enemy of God." James iv. 4. "Love not the world, neither the things that are in the

world. If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him." 1 John ii. 15.

Abraham's life of faith may be divided into two parts:—The first, his pilgrimage to Canaan and his sojourn there as a stranger; the second, his faith in God concerning his seed, while remaining childless.

This second part of his life of faith we will now consider. And a most important history it is to us, for he is therein declared by God's Word to be the example and pattern of a sinner being justified by faith, as we are taught in the fourth chapter of the Romans. Abraham's faith had brought him to God's land, thus was the end of God's calling him out of his heathen darkness to know Him as the God of glory fulfilled to him; but without the promised seed how was he to inherit that land? He possessed not an inch of it himself. It was peopled by the wicked Amorites, and he was only a pilgrim and a stranger in it. This is his question in Gen. xv. 8, "Lord God, whereby shall I know that I shall inherit it?" The security lay outside himself. God promised the land to his seed, while Abram remained childless. He is troubled that his servant Eliezer, as born in his house, will be the heir, and that the inheritance will pass away from him. Then "the word of the Lord came unto him, saying, This shall not be thine heir; but he that shall come forth out of thine own bowels shall be thine heir," ver. 4. This was God's good news to Abraham in the hour of trouble. "And He brought him forth abroad, and said, Look now toward heaven, and tell the stars, if thou be able

to number them : and He said unto him, So shall thy seed be." ver. 5. Abraham believed the word that God had spoken, and all his trouble was gone. No longer was he in fear of his servant supplanting him in the inheritance. He believed God, rested on His sure promise, and counted things that were not as though they were; and God reckoned Abram righteous on account of his faith. This beautiful history is recorded for our sakes, that we might by faith be reckoned righteous as Abraham was. He believed God's word and looked forward to Christ, the seed promised him in God's covenant; the guilty sinner, who by grace believes now, looks to the same blessed seed, but now no longer as a promised Saviour, but as a Saviour God gave eighteen hundred years ago, when He delivered Him to suffer on the cross for His people's offences, and raised Him again for their justification.

Remember, dear young friends, that Abram believing God's word on that starry night about the promised seed, altered nothing in Abram's tent. He was still the childless old man, and Eliezer was still in his house. But all was changed in Abram's heart. He had heard God's word, and he gives up all his fears and reasonings, and all is peace. He counted on the truth and faithfulness of God, and he saw in those starry heavens the sign of his countless seed. We read this ancient story, and in the day we live, we see its fulfilment. "Who can count the dust of Jacob, and the number of the fourth part of Israel?" Numbers xxiii. 10. But when Abram believed God, he had no sign in his tent that he should ever have a son. Faith does not rest on feelings or outward evidences. It believes solely

because God says so, and thus God counts a sinner righteous. If my reader knows himself a guilty sinner before God, with no righteousness of his own to give him any hope of ever partaking of the inheritance of the saints in light, God sends to him a word of salvation: "To him that worketh not, but believeth on Him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted for righteousness." Rom. iv. 5.

Dear young friends, it is blessed news for every one who is honest before the God who knows us altogether, that He saves the sinner by Another, even the Lord Jesus Christ, not by our own works.

The Lord Jesus Christ has wrought a perfect salvation in His precious death, so that God is just, and the justifier of him that believes in Jesus. Rom. iii. 26.

Which of you wants mercy of God? Which of you wants pardon and salvation? Those who have never believed what God says of sin and of their state before Him as sinners, ungodly, and enemies, (Rom. v. 6, 8, 10,) will not understand God's good news. The lifeboat is of no personal interest to those who believe the ship they are sailing in is sea-worthy, but to the shipwrecked the lifeboat is an unspeakable blessing. To the perishing, God declares that He has found a perfect salvation in His dear Son, and whosoever believeth in Him is justified from all things (Acts xiii. 39); and "To Him give all the prophets witness, that through His name whosoever believeth in Him shall receive remission of sins." Acts x. 43.

My dear young friends, do not rest till you can say that you by faith are among that happy company, who are blessed with faithful Abraham.

Your affectionate friend, UNCLE R.

A MESSAGE FROM HEAVEN.

A YOUNG telegraph operator in a provincial town longed for a message from heaven, but he could not have guessed it would reach him in the way it did.

He had been sleepless all night, thinking of his need of a Saviour; and in the morning he went to his work, with his heart full of the publican's prayer, "God be merciful to me, a sinner!"

The sunny weather and summer scenery had no attractions for him, for he was longing for peace with God. Absorbed with his desire, he continued to pray, "God be merciful to me, a sinner," and was constantly repeating the words, when the click of the signal told him that his office was called. He took his place at the instrument, and—with what emotion!—spelled this message from Windermere: "July —, ——. To Jane B——, at W——, ———shire. 'Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world.' 'In whom we have redemption through His blood, the forgiveness of sins, according to the riches of His grace.'"

Such a telegram as that, the young man had never known to pass the wires before. It was addressed to a girl, who, in distress of mind, had written a letter to her brother, but it proved a double blessing, for it came to the operator also, on its way, as a reply from heaven to his prayer. He received, and rested in the Lamb of God.

Meantime, the telegram went to its destination, and brought a message of life also to the poor servant girl.

Now, these words are living words still, as true as ever, and mighty through God to save, not only two, but ten thousand times ten thousand.

"I AM NOT ASHAMED TO OWN MY LORD."*

AN eminent legal gentleman, who had been a sceptic until middle life, one evening surprised his wife by saying, "I have found Christ, and I must set up my family altar. Let us go into the drawing-room and pray together." *Luke ix. 26.

His wife was a Christian woman, and might have been expected to assent at once; but it happened that the drawing-room was occupied, and the guests not being Christians, she felt that their presence might interfere with devotion.

"There are four lawyers in there," she said; "hadn't we better go and have prayers in the kitchen?"

"My dear," said he, "this is the first time I ever invited Christ to my house, and I am not going to invite Him into the kitchen." Rev. iii. 20.

He went directly to the drawing-room, greeted the lawyers, and said to them:—

"My friends, I have just been convinced of the truth of Christianity. I have found out that Jesus Christ died for me on the cross. I have given myself to Him, and now I am going to invite Him to my house. While I offer my first family prayer, you can remain, if you will. I leave it to your choice."

The lawyers all declared they would be glad to remain: and they did so.

Noble was the example he set them there and then, and his act contains a lesson for every one. Whoever or whatever you have with you, give Christ the first place.

The man of whom this story is told was Judge McLeon, of Ohio, afterwards Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States.

TWO THINGS NEEDFUL.

“Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way? By taking heed thereto according to thy word.” Psalm cxix. 9.

“THERE are two things wanted,” said Daniel Quorm, “for Christians to get along in this life, and you won’t do much with only one of them, the Bible and prayer—prayer and the Bible. We can’t get along this river with only one oar in the boat; we shall only keep pulling round and round. Scores and hundreds of religious people are to-day just where they were ten, twenty, thirty years ago, exactly in the same place. They’ve got no more light; no more power. They say there is no standing still in religion; well, there is a deal of lying still, that’s all. Folks keep up their old ailings and failings just as if time had stood still, and the reason is, that they have only one oar in the boat, and they keep pulling themselves round and round. We must have the Word as well as prayer; prayer is not prayer without the Word. I can’t pray right till I get hold of a promise, then I can go bold as a lion. Why, if I were to go down to the bank at Redburn, and ask for five pounds, they would think me a crazy man; but when I go down there with a cheque for five pounds—or five hundred for that matter—I go straight in, and put it down, and I pick up my money and come out again. Now that is just how I dearly love to go to the throne of Grace.”

“They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run, and not be weary, and they shall walk, and not faint.” Isaiah xl. 31.

IS CHRIST MAGNIFIED BY YOU?

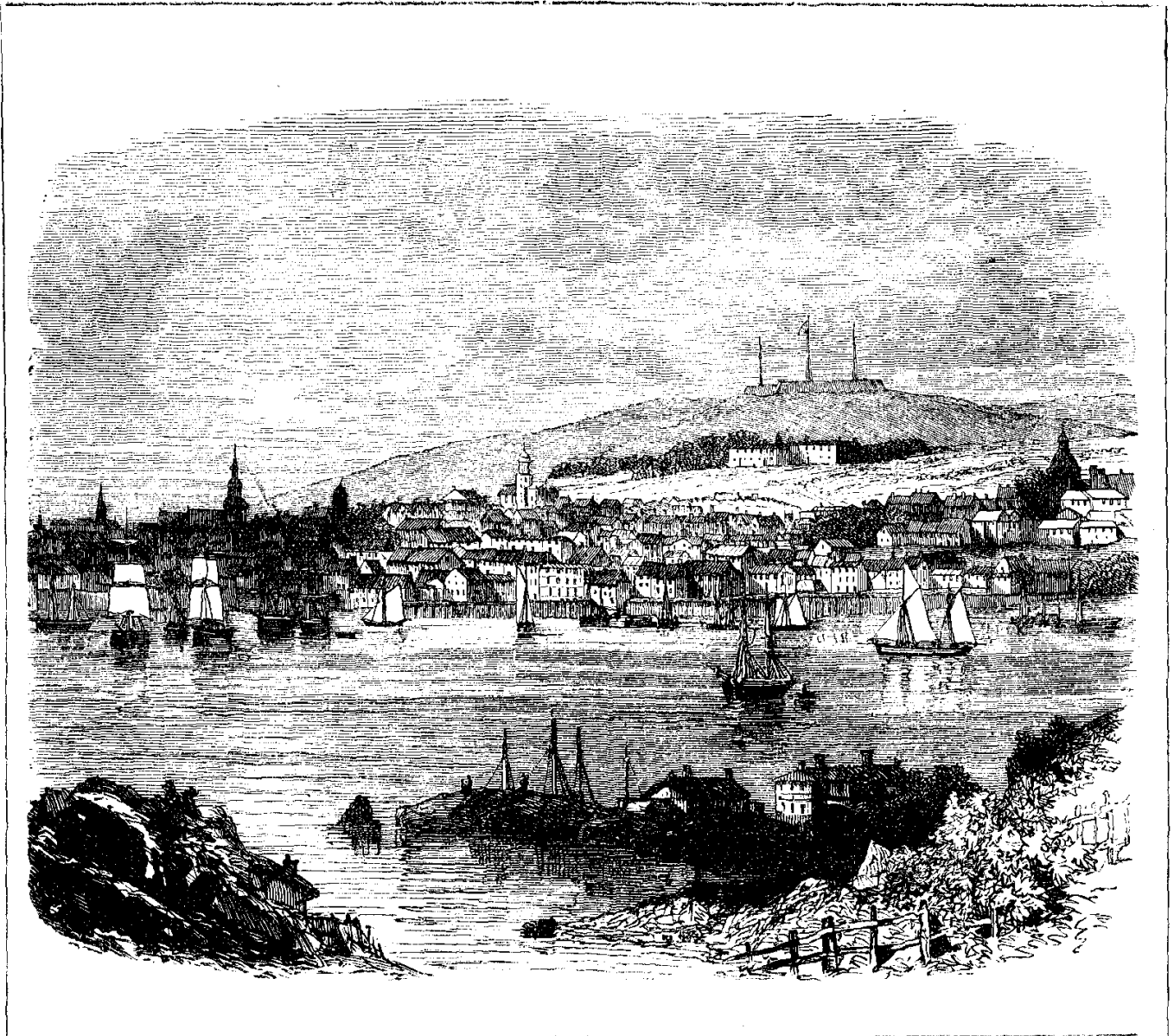
Phil. i. 20.

A SPANISH artist was once employed to paint “The Last Supper.” It was his object to throw all the sublimity of his art into the figure and countenance of the Lord Jesus; but he put on the table in the foreground some chased cups, the workmanship of which was exceedingly beautiful. When his friends came to see the picture on the easel, every one said, “What beautiful cups!” “Ah!” said he, “I have made a mistake, these cups divert the eyes of the spectator from the Lord to whom I wished to direct the attention of the observer.” And he forthwith took up his brush, and blotted them from the picture, that the strength and vigour of the chief object might be prominently seen and observed. Thus all Christians should feel their great study to be Christ’s exaltation, and whatever is calculated to hinder man from beholding Him in all the glory of His person and works should be removed out of the way!

God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom the world is crucified unto me, and I unto the world. Galatians vi. 14.

CONVERSATION.

I WOULD establish but one great general rule in conversation, which is this—that men should not talk to please themselves, but those that hear them. This would make them consider whether what they speak be worth hearing; whether there be either profit or sense in what they are about to say; whether it be adapted to the time when, the place where, and the person to whom it is spoken.—*Steele.*



AN OLD PROFESSOR SAVED.

M. T—— got his soul exercised, and afterwards saved, out in Nova Scotia. It was very blessed, and striking too, so I will put down what I can; for God may arouse and convert someone else as they read the account. Never shall I forget the old man's face as he sat on the front seat on my left hand. Misery was depicted on every feature; and no wonder, because for twelve long, weary months he had been troubled by God about his sins,

had been passing through soul-trouble. He got roused up under the faithful preaching of G. N——. Oh, how merciful God was to this aged one! I should judge that from twenty-five to seventy he had been a thoroughly reformed man, had given up swearing, had abstained from strong drink, and to his morality had tacked on "the form of godliness," being a regular baptized communicant; but God's eye was on this guilty one, and at the age of seventy a heaven-sent message reached his soul, and he felt convinced,

had he died—albeit he had reformed, was respectable and respected, as well as *outwardly* religious—he must have gone to the pit of unutterable anguish and never-ending woe, “where *their* worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched.” Mark ix. 44. He had left God out of his calculations, but the words, “Ye *must* be born again,” pierced him to the quick, and left him a condemned, guilty sinner, stripped of his self-righteousness under the holy eye of a sin-hating God. Aged Mr. T—— stood high up in the estimation of his fellow-townspople, and well in his religious community; but before God he was an unconverted, unforgiven sinner. The “new birth” with him was “the one thing lacking.” Strange that people overlook or seek to explain away this verse, “Except a man be born again he cannot see the kingdom of God;” but there it stands, and must abide. All man’s explanations can never erase it; but heaven’s door must for ever be barred against every soul of man who neglects it. It was rather remarkable, humanly speaking, that M. T—— came to our meeting; he was such a regular attendant at his own place. But come he did, and that very afternoon he got “peace and joy in believing.” The Scripture which God used to set him free was, “He that believeth on the Son *hath* everlasting life;” and whilst explaining that it was not believing about the Son, or simply believing the Bible (for he had done this all his life), but there must be a living faith in Jesus, the Son of God, upon the Father’s throne, and that whoever really had faith in the Son, let it be ever so weak, God’s Word declares that “he that believeth on the Son” (not hopes to get, but) “*hath* ever-

lasting life,” a present blessed reality. Well, there and then, on the very bench, he set to his seal that “God is true,” and he knew for a divine certainty that he had “passed from death unto life,” on the authority of Christ’s own words—“Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that believeth on *me hath* everlasting life.”

This, then, was enough for him. God had spoken first, a year before, the words, “Ye must be born again,” which had thoroughly aroused him from his death-like slumber and false profession. Now the same voice had set him free. How true the words, “If the Son therefore shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed!” and so he was “free indeed.” His heart became full, his face shone, his cup ran over, and at once he confessed the Lord Jesus as his own dear Saviour. From this time he endeavoured to walk so as to please and glorify Him who had loved him, and washed him from his sins in His own blood. It was now no longer the miserable drudgery of a soul in bondage to sin and Satan, feeling the burden of his sins to be intolerable, but the happy, intelligent service of a freed man; he was now able “to serve the Lord *with gladness*; not for many months, however, down here below, for he was to be called on high “to be with Christ,” with whom his happy spirit now is, waiting with Christ; whilst we on earth who “are saved” wait for Him who has said, “Surely I come quickly.”

“Soon He will come, the saints shall be raised;
We who remain alive shall be changed;
Then all caught up at His blessed call,
Changed to His likeness once for all.”

H. T.

JOHN BERRIDGE.

X.—MORE FRIENDS.

THE intimacy between Berridge and Whitefield has already appeared in previous papers. It ended only with the death of the latter in 1770, and the loss of his friend was bewailed by Berridge as the removal of one barrier to the swelling tide of lawlessness and heathenism. It seemed to him that the faithful were failing from among the children of men, and there were none to step into their places.

Berridge frequently preached at Whitefield's tabernacle in Moorfields, and Whitefield occasionally visited Berridge at Everton. From one of the latter's letters it appears that he always provided a rather extravagant feast for his guest. His own table was very frugally spread. "I make no feasts," said he, "but save all I can to give all I can. I have never been worth a groat at the year's end, nor desire it." He broke through this rule on Mr. Whitefield's visits, and always provided for his friend "an eighteen-penny barn-door fowl!"

Other friends were Mr. Samuel Wilks, of the East India Company, a devout man, who for many years wrote a hymn every morning and evening, leaving at his death the extraordinary number of about 4,700 hymns; Henry Venn, of Yelling, a faithful preacher, and one much blessed in the revival of those days; and, notwithstanding a sharp passage of arms on important doctrinal points, the "saintly Fletcher of Madeley" was truly loved by Berridge as a brother in the Lord.

But one to whom Berridge owed much

was John Thornton, of Clapham, a merchant and philanthropist. This good man was known far and wide in that day for his generous benevolence. He was very rich, but he used his riches to a good purpose, so that Cowper sung,

"Heaven gave thee the means
To illumine with delight the saddest scenes,
Till thy appearance chased the gloom, forlorn
As midnight, and despairing of a morn."

His purse was always at Berridge's disposal. For though Berridge inherited a considerable amount of wealth from his father, and his own income as vicar was not small, he gave so liberally that he was often left without means for himself. He had only to ask Thornton for help to receive it, and frequent gifts of money for the poor, of books for distribution, and even of cloth for garments for the lay preachers, whom Berridge largely supported, came to hand and proved a real help.

Perhaps the most intimate of his friends was that noble lady, the Countess of Huntingdon. We cannot say how or when their friendship began. In a letter to Lady Huntingdon, dated November 16th, 1762, written in reply to an invitation to go to Brighthelmstone (Brighton) to preach, he referred to a previous visit, which so far as they knew, had yielded no fruit, and he declined to go again; notwithstanding that "you threaten me, madam, like a pope, not like a mother in Israel, when you declare roundly that God will scourge me if I do not come." The previous visit he believed to have been God's doing; he could not say so now, and in sending a refusal he felt no check or reproof.

In the spring of 1763 Lady Huntingdon lost her daughter Selina. She wrote to

Berridge, doubtless expecting consolation from him, and he gave it too, but perhaps hardly in the manner expected by her. Here is his letter :—

“Everton, *June 23rd*, 1763.

“My Lady,—I received your letter from Brighthelmstone, and hope you will soon learn to bless your Redeemer for snatching away your daughter so speedily. Methinks I see great mercy in the suddenness of her removal; and when your bowels have done yearning for her, you will see it too. Oh! what is she snatched from? Why, truly from the plague of an evil heart, a wicked world, and a crafty devil, snatched from all such bitter grief as now overwhelms you; snatched from everything that might wound her ear, afflict her eye, or pain her heart. And what is she snatched to? To a land of everlasting peace, where the voice of the turtle is ever heard, where every inhabitant can now say, I am no more sick. No more whim in the head, no more plague in the heart; but all full of love and full of praise, ever seeing with enraptured eyes, ever blessing with adoring hearts, that dear Lamb who has washed them in His blood, and has now made them kings and priests unto God for ever and ever, Amen. Oh, madam! what would you have? Is it not better to sing in heaven, ‘Worthy is the Lamb that was slain,’ than crying at Oathall, ‘O wretched woman that I am?’ Is it not better for her to go before, than to stay after you, and then to be lamenting, ‘Ah, my mother!’ as you now lament, ‘Ah, my daughter?’ Is it not better to have your Selina taken to heaven, than to have your heart divided between Christ and Selina? If she was a silver idol before, might she not have proved a golden

one afterwards? She is gone to pay a most blessed visit, and will see you again by-and-bye, never to part more. Had she crossed the sea and gone to Ireland, you could have borne it, but now she is gone to heaven ’tis almost intolerable. Wonderful strange love this! Such behaviour in others would not surprise me, but I could almost beat you for it, and I am sure Selina would beat you too, if she was called back but one moment from heaven to gratify your fond desires. I cannot soothe you, and I must not flatter you. I am glad the dear creature is gone to heaven before you; lament, if you please, but glory, glory, glory be to God, says

“JOHN BERRIDGE.”

The following letter, too, is quite in Berridge’s style, and shows how much he was at home with her ladyship :—

“*July 3rd*, 1763.

“My Lady,—Oh, heart! heart! what art thou? A mass of fooleries and absurdities! the vainest, foolishest, craftiest, wickedest thing in nature! And yet the Lord Jesus asks me for this heart, woos me for it, died to win it. Oh, wonderful love! adorable condescension!

“‘Take it, Lord, and let it be
Ever closed to all but Thee.’

“J. B.”

Lady Huntingdon on her part was equally free with Berridge, and submitted many of her plans to him, esteeming his judgment, and knowing that he would say what he really thought. She established a college for preachers at Talgarth, in South Wales, and sent the draft of her rules to him for his approval, to receive however his disapproval of the project in return, “for,” asks he, “are we commanded to *make* labourers, or to pray the Lord to

send labourers?" Her ladyship went on with her scheme, and acquainted Berridge with the blessing attending it, so he bade her "rejoice, but rejoice with trembling. Faithful labourers may be expected from thence, but if it is Christ's college a Judas will certainly be found among them." As years passed on, Lady Huntingdon had to mourn that some of her preachers deserted her for the ranks of the dissenters, and Berridge still has a word of comfort and advice—"If they depart, let them depart, and rejoice you have been instrumental in sending them forth; if a lively (living) preacher goes, he will prove a live coal among dying embers; if a dead one departs, he is buried out of your sight."

This—in more than one sense—noble lady died not long before Berridge, and when he was told of it he said, "I shall go soon." He was right.

W. J.

HOW TO HEAR THE GOSPEL.

ROWLAND HILL paid a visit to an old friend a few years before his death, who said to him, "Mr. Hill, it is just sixty-five years since I heard you preach, and I remember your text, and part of your sermon. You told us that some people were very squeamish about the delivery of different ministers who preached the same gospel. You said, 'Suppose you were attending to hear a will read, where you expected a legacy left you, would you employ all the time in criticising the manner in which the lawyer read it? No, you would not; you would be giving all ear to hear if anything was left to you; and how much it was. That is the way I would advise you to hear the gospel.'" Good advice remembered sixty-five years!

Now, therefore, are we all here present before God, to hear all things that are commanded thee of God. Acts x. 33.

BEHOLD HE COMETH.

ONLY a few weeks since, a preacher in St. John, N. B., told his hearers, a mixed congregation of saved and unsaved people, "There is one thing sure and certain, which is, you will ALL have to die, for the Bible says, 'It is appointed unto *all* men once to die.'" This, however well meant, was not true, because he put in the word "all," and thereby added to God's Word. A look at Heb. ix. 27, will show that it says, "It is appointed unto men once to die," the word "all" being omitted. Now his saying what he did was very serious, inasmuch as it was setting Scripture against Scripture. How careful preachers ought to be. If you turn to 1 Cor. xv. 51, it distinctly says, "We shall *not all* sleep." Again in 1 Thess. iv. 15, "We which *are alive and remain unto the coming of the Lord.*" There isn't a question that, if a man lives in his sins, he *must die* in his sins, and be banished from God's holy presence into "the lake of fire" for all eternity. Scripture gives no uncertain sound as to that, but the believer or saved man may be translated and *not see death*. It isn't a question of what people think, but what God says; to this we must bow. The blessed Lord Jesus, when on earth, told His disciples (John xiv.), "I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, *I will come again*, and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also." That long-standing, yet sure and faithful promise hasn't yet been fulfilled; but the point is, when the Lord Jesus went on high, what were the disciples to wait for? Surely *not* for *death* and the grave! Oh, no, but for the Saviour to come and remove them

from earth to the Father's house on high. Now, let us look at some who were converted through the apostle Paul's preaching, and see if they *expected* to die. Turn to 1 Thess. i. 9, "Ye turned to God from idols, to serve the living and true God; and *to wait for His Son from heaven.*" How conclusive, "*to wait for His Son from heaven.*" Passages can be multiplied to show that the believer's "blessed hope" (Tit. ii. 13), is his Lord's return—not death; and, oh, how sweet to believe on divine authority, that at any moment the Saviour may rise up from the Father's throne, and "descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God: and the dead in Christ rise first: then *we which are alive and remain* shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to *meet the Lord in the air.*" 1 Thess. iv. 16, 17. Of course, believers *may* have to die; if so, their spirits "depart to be with Christ," but this is quite distinct from His coming for us. In 2 Cor. v. 4, you get both spoken of, and which was, and is to be *desired*. There cannot be a doubt, then, that as the early believers were waiting for God's Son from heaven, so should believers be now. Let one verse more suffice: "Let your loins be girded about, and your lights burning; and ye yourselves *like unto men that wait for their lord.*" Luke xii. 35, 36. Let not one then say in his heart, "My Lord *delayeth* His coming;" it but proves such an one to be an "evil servant" (verse 45). Such would be as bad, or, if possible, worse than the one branded by God with the name "scoffer"—alas! how numerous are they. 2 Pet. iii. 3. There shall come in the last days scoffers, walking after their own lusts, and

saying, "*Where is the promise of His coming?*" God grant that every one of His dear children may be in longing expectation for their blessed Lord's return, for surely, "The coming of the Lord draweth nigh."

"Soon He will come; the saints shall be raised;
We *who remain alive* shall be changed;
Then *all caught up* at His blessed call,
Changed to His likeness once for all."

And now one solemn word before closing, for any "foolish virgins" who may read these lines, those unconverted professors who are so numerous, and crowd the churches and chapels of Christendom, attempting to sing God's praises in their sins—remember this, your "form of godliness" is *very* wickedness. And Christ says, Because you are neither cold nor hot, I will spue thee out of my mouth. Rev. iii. 16. How truly it may be said of such, "This people draweth nigh unto me with their *mouth*, and honoureth me with their *lips*, but their *heart* is far from me." Don't be satisfied then, I pray you, with "a name to live," whilst thou art "dead;" but arise, *at once*, dear reader, and go to Christ, and make Him your own personal Saviour, and get your sins washed away in "His precious blood;" then will you be one of the "wise virgins," and when He comes you will ascend to meet Him, as it is written, "They that were *ready* went in with Him to the marriage: and the door was shut." Matt. xxv. 1-13.

"The heavenly Bridegroom soon will come
To claim His bride, and take her home
To dwell with Him on high.
Trim your lamps and be ready,
Hear the midnight cry."

H. T.

GOD'S WAYS OF ANSWERING PRAYER.

"For my ways are not your ways," is a truth often seen in God's methods of answering our petitions.

A Christian mother sat by the dying bed of her child, a lovely little girl, bright and winning. As the mother watched the shadow of death stealing over the sweet face, and the eyes that had sparkled with glee grow glassy and staring, she exclaimed, in agony, "I never thought it would come to this. Whenever I knelt in prayer, I asked God to make us a happy family by-and-by in heaven, as we had been a happy family on earth. But I did not mean in this way. I wanted my dear child to live a long life before God took her. Is this the way He answers my prayer?" Perhaps, could she have seen, as God saw, the dangers to which that little one would have been exposed, had she lived to grow up; could she have foreseen the snares for the young feet, or the sorrows for the young heart, she would have perceived that God's way of answering her prayer was the best way. "Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?" Gen. xviii. 25.

MAN'S WAY.

- "Let him alone!" says the Atheist.
- "Worship him!" says the Pantheist.
- "Develop him!" says the Materialist.
- "Polish him!" says the Broad Schoolman.
- "Church him!" says the Ritualist.

GOD'S WAY.

- "Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God." John iii. 3.
- "If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature." 2 Corinthians v. 17.

ANSWER TO THE SEPTEMBER BIBLE ENIGMA.

JESUS SAVIOUR.—Matt. i.

- J ericho. Joshua vi. 20, 21.
- E lihu. Job xxxiii. 6, 7.
- S amuel. 1 Samuel vii. 9, 10.
- U cal. Proverbs xxx. 1.
- S odom. Genesis xix. 23, 24.

- S alem. Psalm lxxvi. 2, 3.
- A malek. Exodus xvii. 16.
- V ashti. Esther i. 19, 20.
- I chabod. 1 Samuel iv. 21, 22.
- O lives. Luke xxii. 39. Zech. xiv. 4.
- U rin. Exodus xxviii. 30.
- R achel. Genesis xxix. 20.

M. H., aged 11 years.

BIBLE ENIGMA FOR OCTOBER.

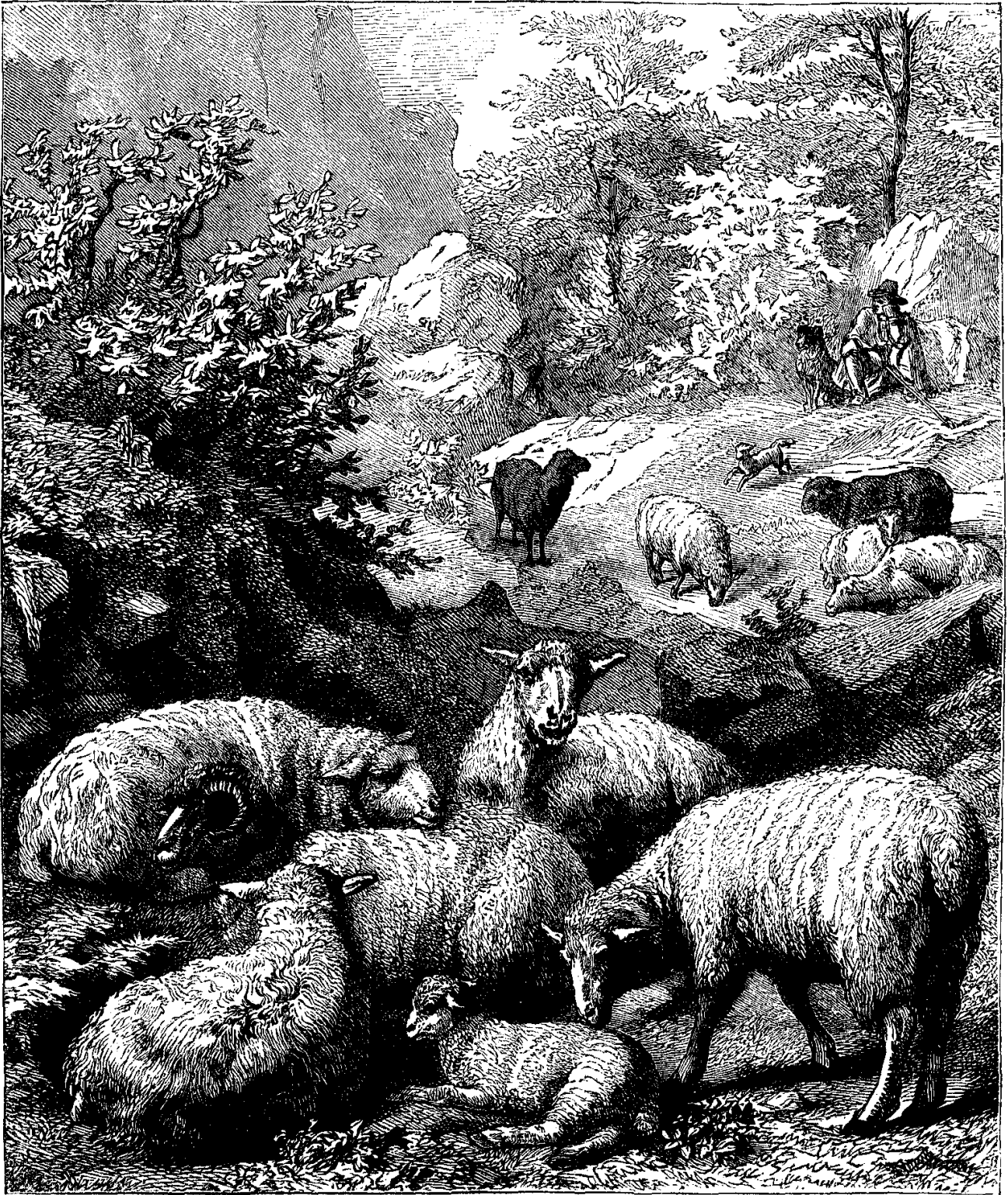
A NAME belongs to Christ alone,
Which demons in their terror own;
A Name to saints most dear.
Were it not His, His work were vain,
Sin would o'er all the victory gain,
And hope would disappear.

Ten letters this blest Name will spell,
May you both know and love it well,
And its full virtue prove;
How it gave savour sweet to God,
When weighted with sin's dreadful load,
Without one smile of love.

More precious far than gold it is.
God's Throne where all is love and bliss.
The gift of God to sinners given.
Hope for departing saints in heaven.
He seven sweet gifts from Christ receives.
What most of all His spirit grieves.
What should our converse ever be.
What in Christ's path we always see.
What God will all things shortly make.
When will God's saints those joys partake.

UNCLE R.

GOOD NEWS FOR YOUNG AND OLD.



And David said unto Saul, Thy servant kept his father's sheep, and there came a lion and a bear, and took a lamb out of the flock; and I went out after him, and smote him, and delivered it out of his mouth; and when he arose against

me, I caught him by his beard, and smote him and slew him. Thy servant slew both the lion and the bear; and this uncircumcised Philistine shall be as one of them, seeing he hath defied the armies of the living God. 1 Sam. xvii. 34, 35, 36.

JOHN BERRIDGE.

XI.—LAST DAYS.

IN a letter to a friend named Mills, Berridge wrote in October, 1788, "Solomon's account of old age suits me well. The windows are dark; the daughters of music are low, the grinders cease, for all are gone; and the grasshopper is a burden. Well, thanks to God through Jesus Christ for the prospect of a better world."

In May, 1792, he wrote to a young lady: "Once more I am paying a corresponding visit to you and others, expecting it to be my last, on account of my eyes, which are growing so dim, that I can read but little of what I love dearly, the precious Word of God . . . I am very feeble in body, but as well as I should be, and must suffer my heavenly Physician to prescribe for me."

To another he writes in August of that year: "You ask me how I do? Eyes very dim, ears deaf, head much shattered, and spirits very low, yet much exempt from pain. Here my Jesus shows His tenderness."

These and similar passages show that Berridge's health was breaking up. The psalmist says, "The days of our years are threescore years and ten; and if by reason of strength they be fourscore years, yet is their strength labour and sorrow." The truth of this Berridge was proving. He was now about seventy-six years of age, and he had spent a life of hard work.

His weakness of course greatly limited his physical ability for work, and gradually his preaching tours through the country had to be abandoned; but to the end he

retained his interest in the work of the gospel. At last he was reduced to preaching once on the Sunday at Everton. "Twenty-one good meals," he exclaims, "and only one sermon. But I live upon a King's bounty."

But though his outward man was perishing, his inward man was renewed day by day. Like fruit which ripened in the beams of the sun, his soul became mellowed in divine things, and the fervent love which he bore to Christ ever since he knew Him became deeper. "When shall I see His face?" was an exclamation often upon his lips. His last letters show his deepening attachment to Christ, his Master. To the young lady before referred to he writes, "I see nothing worth knowing but Jesus Christ and Him crucified, for Him to know is life eternal. Follow Him at all times, and let your heart dance after Him, as David danced after the ark. And when He comes into your bosom, hold Him fast, and turn all other company out. He loves to be alone with His bride. You may find Him in the shop, or in the street, if you seek Him there; and often whisper in His ear, 'Jesus, come and bless me!' If He sometimes surprises us with His visit, and comes unexpectedly, yet He loves to see the doors open, and the bosom waiting for Him. Many kind visits are lost through a gadding heart; therefore keep at home with the Lord and let Him hear much of your loving talk, and tell Him all your wants, and all your grievances, and cast all your care upon Him, and hide nothing from Him. Lean firmly upon Him, and He will cheer your heart in every trying hour, and bring you safe at last to His eternal home, where sin and

sorrow never come, but where joy and peace for ever dwell."

After Berridge's sight began to fail, a friend asked him if, now that he was deprived of his books, he did not find his hours rather gloomy? "No," said he, "blessed be my God, I can yet read a little, though but a little; when I rise in the morning I go to my Master, and tell Him what I shall want for the day; I then read as long as I can, and afterwards I talk to my Master the rest of the morning, and then my Master talks to me the rest of the day, and how should I be gloomy?"

Truly, "He that loveth Me shall be loved of My Father, and I will love him, and will manifest Myself to him!"

In January, 1793, Berridge purposed to visit London, as he usually did in the winter time. But on the very morning fixed for his departure, serious symptoms showed themselves, pointing to the putting off of his earthly tabernacle. "A general languor ensued; his appetite totally failed, and his strength rapidly and visibly decreased." On Sunday, the 20th January, he went downstairs as usual, but was exceedingly weak, and had great difficulty in reaching his bedroom in the evening. Ill as he was, he was extremely cheerful. To a friend he said, "I thought my Master would have called me home yesterday, but I must wait His time." A few hours later still more serious signs were developed, and it was evident to all who saw him that his departure was near at hand.

It was a wonderful testimony to the sustaining grace and power of Christ at a time when flesh and heart fail. Imagine the poor old man, nearly blind, deaf, dying without wife or child, brother or sister, kith or kin to speak one word of natural com-

fort or consolation, yet not cast down. A friend who had visited him some time in 1792 afterwards wrote, "We were much affected by his commending himself to the Lord, as quite *alone*, not able to read or hear, or do anything. But he said, 'Lord, if I have Thy presence and love, *that* sufficeth.'" "

That "presence and love" he enjoyed, and therefore his mind was quiet and peaceful, not a fear cast its cloud upon him. And now his speech was failing, and all that he could do was to refer with gratitude to "the rich support he experienced in the prospect of eternity." The excellency and preciousness of Christ, the sure foundation laid by God, much impressed him, and he once exclaimed with emphasis, "What should I do now, if I had no better foundation to rest upon than what Dr. Priestley points out?"

On Tuesday, the 22nd, the final stroke came. His face was contracted, he lost all power in part of his body, and almost all power of articulation. His curate, Whittingham, said to him, "Sir, the Lord has enabled you to fight a good fight, and to finish a truly glorious course."

His answer was, "Blessed be His holy name for it."

"Jesus will soon call you up higher."

"Ay, ay, ay," replied the dying man, "higher, higher, higher!" A little later he exclaimed, "Yes, and my children too will shout and sing, 'Here comes our father!'"

This was all; a few moments more, and he was *with the Lord*. W. J.

"And I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, Write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours; and their works do follow them." Rev. xiv. 13.

IF YOU SHOULD DIE—WHAT THEN?

“What shall it profit a man—if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?”—Mark viii. 36.

HE was a strong and burly young man, by trade a blacksmith. Brought up respectably, to attend a place of worship, and so forth—he found his way, despite all barriers of this kind, into the more outward wickedness to which man so readily yields. God has said in His Word, “The heart” (not some one particular heart, but *the* heart, He speaks of it as if there were only one) “is deceitful above all things, and *desperately* wicked” (Jer. xvii. 9); and Jim, the blacksmith, for so he was generally named, gave way, easily enough, to the temptations of Satan, and the evil inclinations of his own heart. He took to drinking, and soon found himself enslaved by this degrading habit. His father died, and some other relatives, too, at about the same time, and each left him a little money.

This was a fresh encouragement to persist in the downward course, the broad road which leads to everlasting destruction, and the money left him, together with the little he had saved from his own earnings, was soon swept into the publican’s till.

But God is over all, though man disobeys Him, and His eye was upon Jim the blacksmith, poor drunkard as he was fast becoming. After a drinking bout one night, he went home as best he could, and got to bed. The next morning he awoke with palpitation of the heart, a thing he had never suffered from before. Alarmed, he hurried to the doctor, from whom he received some medicine, with orders to go home and rest quite quietly.

“That’s good for a blacksmith’s trade,” said Jim to himself, “to have to bide quiet and do no work. No, if I’ve got to die, I may as well be at my work, as lying idle on my bed.” So saying, he went to his work. In his forge, as he strove to forget his trouble, and drive away the growing sickness of his body by hard work, he was met by God, whom he had so long defied.

He saw no vision, heard no thunder peal, but the still small voice of God inquired of him, “If you *should* die, what *then*?” Startled by this question, he set himself the more eagerly to his work, and strove to banish the very thought of death. But vain was the effort, for still the words were ringing in his ear, “If you *should* die, what then?” Ill and feeble as he was fast becoming, he was obliged at last to leave his work, and take the needed rest and medicine. They had their effect in due course, and soon he was well and strong again. Gladly would he have forgotten that warning voice, and have put it from him with the empty medicine bottle; but no, the question sounded night and day in his ears, and he became deeply anxious about his never-dying soul. For twelve long months he went on thus, now trying to get away from the question which tormented him, now eagerly desiring to go to some place where he might hear how his soul was to be saved, and yet ashamed to be seen going. What a tyrant-master Satan is!

One Lord’s Day evening, a friend saw Jim loitering on his door-step, and said, “Will you come to the meeting to-night?” “Aye, will I,” cried Jim, “and gladly” So together they went. Jim delighted thus to have a companion, for he was

ashamed to go alone. That night he heard the simple story of the full and free salvation which God has provided, but has provided *only for sinners*. The preacher was a child of God, and preached His truth, and Jim was born again that night—begotten of God “by the Word of Truth.” James i. 18. He saw what a poor, guilty sinner he was in the presence of a holy, sin-hating God, and he was enabled, as one who deeply needed mercy, to cast himself upon God, and to trust in the blood of Jesus Christ, which cleanseth from *all* sin. 1 John i. 7. This was seven years ago, and still Jim is rejoicing in the knowledge of the forgiveness of his sins, and the possession of everlasting life through Jesus Christ. Rom. vi. 23. Perhaps this story may fall into the hands of some who will say, “He must be a very ignorant and presumptuous man—this Jim—to say he *knows* his sins are forgiven; and more so still to pretend to know that he has eternal life.”

Let us see what the Scriptures have recorded on these matters.

First, then, as to the *knowledge* of the forgiveness of sins. Let us look at John's first epistle, chap. ii., ver. 12. There we read, “I write unto you, little children, because your sins *are* forgiven you for His Name's sake.” The term “little children,” or children, embraces all the Christian converts to whom the apostle was writing; and he wrote, not to explain to them how their sins might at last be forgiven, but as he says, *because* they were already forgiven. He writes to them in order “that their joy might be *full*.” Chap. i. 4. Compare this blessedly simple statement with Isa. liii. 6 and 1 Pet. ii. 24, and the Lord graciously give you, as He gave Jim

the blacksmith, to take Him at His Word.

Then as to the known possession of eternal or everlasting life, we find the Word speaking very plainly. Will you turn to John iii. 36. How clear it is. “He that believeth on the Son *hath*” (not “hopes he has,” nor “*will* have” some day, but *HATH*) “everlasting life.” Read the rest of the verse, and mark the alternative! Then again John v. 24: “Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that heareth MY word, and believeth on Him that sent me, *HATH* everlasting life.” Read the rest of this precious verse, and then turn to John vi. 47.

Jim is no drunkard now, but a bright and happy Christian, for now he knows the Truth, and the Truth has set him *free*. John viii. 32. And so it must be with all who would be saved. God's order is salvation *first*—life out of death—and then good works. You can't do good works before you have life, and by nature you are dead in trespasses and sins before God. Eph. ii. 1. But blessed contrast. He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life. “He that hath the Son, *HATH* life.” 1 John v. 12.

Jim can answer now without a fear the question which once tormented him.

I ask you, my reader, how *you* would answer it? If *you* should die—what then?

It is appointed unto men once to die, but after this *the judgment*. So Christ was once offered to bear the sins of many: and unto them that look for him shall he appear the second time, without sin, unto salvation.” Heb. ix. 27, 28.

What is your hope before God?

The Lord bless His Word to your soul, and give you to receive it. A. S. L.

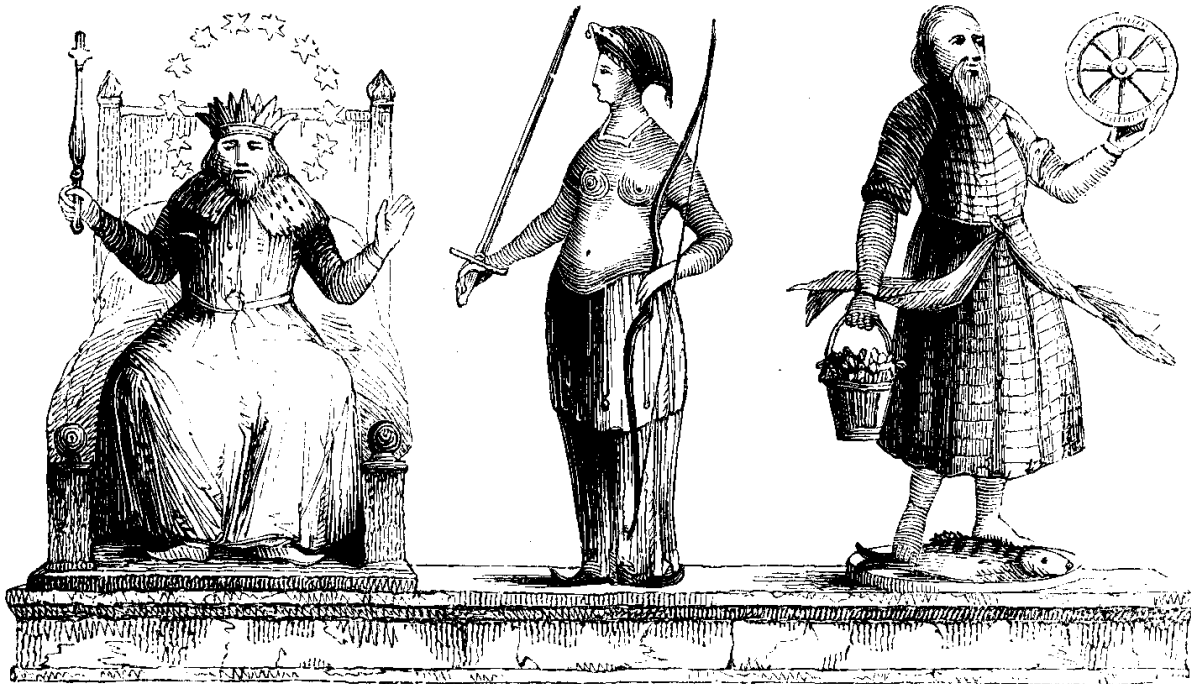


SUNDAY.

MONDAY.

TUESDAY.

WEDNESDAY.



THURSDAY.

FRIDAY.

SATURDAY.

THE ABOVE ARE SEVEN GODS OF THE ANCIENT BRITONS.

“I FOUND AN ALTAR, WITH THIS INSCRIPTION TO THE UNKNOWN GOD”—

And the times of this ignorance God winked at; but now commandeth all men every where to repent: because He hath appointed a day, in the which He will judge the world in righteousness by that man whom He hath ordained; whereof He hath given assurance unto all men, in that He hath raised Him from the dead. Acts xvii. 22 to 34.

LITTLE ANNIE'S BUNDLE, AND HOW SHE LOST IT.

Do you know what a bundle is, my little friends?

"Oh! yes," you say; "it is a parcel—perhaps a large one or perhaps a small one."

Well, there are, as you know, several kinds of bundles—such as bundles of wood and bundles of clothes—but now I want to speak about a bundle which, perhaps, you carry about with you.

Some of you will remember hearing a story of a poor man climbing a hill, with a large bundle upon his back, and how he felt it a very great burden, because he had carried it a long way and could not get rid of it, although he tried very hard to do so; and you will remember, too, how at last he came to a place where suddenly his burden dropped off, rolled away, and was never seen any more.

Now, what sort of bundle do you think it was which the man was carrying?

The man is a picture of a poor sinner, and he carries the bundle of his sins. He may try very hard to get rid of his sins by good works or prayers, but he cannot do so—there the burden remains until he turns his eye away from himself altogether, and looks to the Lord Jesus Christ, who was lifted up on the cross to save sinners (John iii. 14); and directly he does this, believing on the Lord Jesus Christ, he is saved, and the bundle of sins suddenly disappears, and never comes back again. Not only are his sins all forgiven, but they are forgotten too. Col. ii. 13; Hebrews x. 17.

Do you know what it is to be bearing this bundle about with you every day? The great God who knows everything says

that in one way all are alike in His sight—that "*all* have sinned," and "there is *none* that doeth good, *no, not one.*" Rom. iii. 12, 23. So you, my little friend, are a sinner, whether you feel the burden of it or not; and, as you well know, there will be no sin of any kind in heaven. So, if you really wish to be in that bright home where the Lord Jesus is, you must have all your sins put away, the bundle must be gone before you can enter in.

Let me tell you of a dear little maiden of about thirteen years of age, who felt what a burden sin was. When she was only a little mite of five, her nurse dropped her when putting her into a bath, and her poor little back was hurt so much that ever since she has had to lie down, and has suffered a great deal of pain, and has never run about at play, or been for nice walks like you have. But it was not the pain or weariness she felt such a burden—no, it was her *sins*. She said to me one day when I spoke to her about the Lord Jesus: "Sometimes I am naughty and cross, and I do not think I am fit for heaven." I told her Jesus, the Son of God, did not come down to save the good boys and girls, but the bad ones, and He had died upon the cross that sinners who looked away from themselves to Jesus, and believed on Him, might be happy and able to say, "He bore my sins in His own body on the tree." I. Peter ii. 24. Dear little Annie then said, "They are so heavy," meaning her sins were a great load upon her, for although she believed Jesus had died for her the burden was not yet gone, but when I went on to speak more of Jesus and His love in dying for the naughty ones, she saw that if Jesus had died instead of her and had borne *her*

sins upon the cross she would never have to bear them or the punishment at all—and she said she could thank the Lord Jesus for bearing them *all* away. When I next saw little Annie she was so bright and happy, and told me she knew now she was washed and made whiter than snow in the precious blood of Jesus—because, “The blood of Jesus Christ, God’s Son cleanseth us from all sin.” 1 John i. 9. Yes, now the bundle of Annie’s sins was gone, for she saw that the heavy burden was laid upon the Lord Jesus when He was on the cross, and that He carried it away into the land of forgetfulness, and that her sins will never be remembered any more. Hebrews x. 17.

Now, my dear little friend, have you lost your burden yet? Can you go about brightly and happily, trusting in the Lord Jesus as your own dear Saviour, able to thank Him for what He has done, and trying to live for Him who died for you.

The Lord Jesus has been lifted up from the earth, and now says to the poor heavy-laden sinner—whether young or old—rich or poor, “Look unto *me*, and be ye saved.” Isaiah xlv. 22. “Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.” Matt. xi. 28.

Look, then, just as you are to the Lord Jesus Christ, like little Annie did, and “think of His love when He gave up His life” for the naughty ones, and then, like little Annie, you will be able to say your heavy load is gone; and then I know that if I never meet you on earth, I shall see you at that large meeting when all those whose sins have been washed away in His precious blood rise to meet the Lord Jesus in the air, to go home with Him to be with Him for ever.

I. F.

FROM DARKNESS TO LIGHT.

DR. KALLEY, the well-known Scotch physician, who went to Madeira some years ago, was the favoured instrument in beginning the blessed work of conversion among the poor papists, which, in the midst of persecutions, and death, and banishment, has continued until this day.

The truth of God was but little known in that island previous to the arrival there of Dr. Kalley. Few of the poor people had ever seen a Bible, or seemed to know that the New Testament was written by men who went about with the Lord Jesus when He lived on earth. They were astonished to hear these things, and soon a few began to desire to read and hear the word of God.

The interest went on increasing till thousands assembled to hear the gospel. Many were converted; persecution arose; some were imprisoned; and among the rest the doctor himself, who subsequently only saved his life by escaping in disguise, and taking refuge in an English vessel. The poor converts also were obliged to flee for their lives, a few at a time, as they could escape. Eight hundred believers in this way were driven from their country; and at length found a refuge in Illinois, in the United States of America, where, through God’s kind providence, they have found friends and liberty, unknown in their own priest-ridden country. This work of God has been designated the greatest fact of modern missions; it proves that the Papacy is unchanged, as a persecuting power, from what it was in the dark ages; that true Christianity is unchanged from what it was in the days of Peter and Paul, Stephen and

Polycarp; and there is the same power in the truth still, to sustain those who sincerely embrace it, as was found in the days when Queen Mary burned her subjects in Smithfield, only because of their faithfulness to the Lord Jesus Christ.

Among the numerous interesting incidents connected with that remarkable work of God, one is recorded which is peculiarly valuable as a comment on the inspired declaration, "Thy words giveth light; it giveth understanding unto the simple." Psalm cxix. 130.

It happened, during the earlier years of this revival, while the doctor himself still remained in the island, that he and his friends were surprised one day by hearing of a work of God in the further part of the island, with which he had never held any intercourse. Dr. Kalley's wonder was excited, and he resolved to find out what had been the origin of a church of four hundred Protestants in a dark popish district. The result of his inquiries was as follows:—

An old woman, of full sixty years of age, residing in a certain village, had a bad leg, which could not be cured at home, and having heard of Dr. Kalley's fame, she resolved to go to him. The doctor undertook to prescribe for her bodily disease, but according to his invariable custom, prepared his prescription by a dose of spiritual medicine, and before allowing her to swallow a pill, or see his far-famed ointment, he gave her a plain and simple account of the Balm of Gilead, and showed her how to find the good Physician of souls, who healeth all who come to Him. He told her of Jesus Christ, who had come from heaven to save sinners;

he told her that there is no power in anything that man can do to save himself, but that the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin; that he that believeth on Him hath everlasting life; that a new nature is imparted to him; that God's Holy Spirit is put within him; and that he is saved with an everlasting salvation.

The poor woman was astonished and delighted with what she heard, so new, so wonderful, so suited to the need she felt; and she rested not till she inquired for the Book from whence he had learned and read to her such marvellous things. "Could she get one? Were they to be bought?" "I will sell you one," said the doctor, "but can you read?" "No, sir, but I will find some one to teach me, or to read to me." The purchase was effected. The old woman returned to her native village with her prize. She found some one to teach her to read. As soon as she could read a little, she began to read aloud to one of her daughters. Soon her sons came to hear, then her grand-children, cousins, and neighbours; multitudes heard the Word of this great salvation, and believed and read for themselves, till a congregation of four hundred had collected before the priests heard or cared about a matter of which they had no suspicion.

One planteth and another watereth, but it is God that giveth the increase. It seemed but a small matter to say a few words to an old woman about the first principles of the gospel; but see how large a crop grew from the putting in of the good seed. Is there anyone who has himself been made partaker of the grace of God, who knows the truth as it is in Jesus, that cannot do thus [much? Is

there any one who cannot point one poor sinner to Jesus? You cannot tell but that the result will be as wide-spreading as in the example just quoted; that remains in the hands of Him who has given you the seed to sow. But results there will surely be. The Lord has said, "For my thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways, saith the Lord. For as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways, and my thoughts than your thoughts. For as the rain cometh down, and the snow from heaven, and returneth not thither, but watereth the earth, and maketh it bring forth and bud, that it may give seed to the sower, and bread to the eater: so shall my word be that goeth forth out of my mouth: it shall not return unto Me void; but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it." Isaiah lv. 8-11.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,

The portion of Scripture I wish to draw the subject of my letter from for this month, you will find if you read the sixteenth to the twenty-first chapters of Genesis.

As God tested Abram's faith when he trusted Him for his land, by sending a famine, after he as a pilgrim, had reached the country to which God called him, when he was dwelling in Ur of the Chaldees; so after Abram believed God concerning the gift of a son, God tested his faith for fifteen years before what He told Abram on the starry night was fulfilled in his tent. It seems that Abram's faith broke down the same year in which he believed God, and God counted it to

him for righteousness. The tempter was his own wife, Sarah, and the instrument she used was ready to hand. Abram had an Egyptian slave in his tent; most probably she was purchased when Abram and Sarah were in Egypt, for the child of God never gets into a wrong course without reaping in the end some evil thing from his unfaithfulness.

Sarah, like Eve of old, throws the blame on God, that the promise of a son was not fulfilled. But unbelief always limits God, and never waits on Him. God had not spoken to Abram of a time, as He did fourteen years afterwards, when Sarah bare Abram a son in his old age, at the set time of which God had spoken to him. Gen. xxi. 2. Therefore it was the reasoning of an unbelieving mind to doubt the promise, because she and Abram were still childless.

When a believer ceases to trust God for His blessings, he will be ready to listen to the tempter, should he propose some carnal means to secure these blessings independently of God. Therefore the Apostle Paul in the fourth chapter of Galatians, speaks of Hagar and her son to illustrate the evil principle of adding anything to God's salvation, to make the soul of the believer more secure than Christ has made him. False teachers had troubled the Galatian Church by teaching that they must keep the law of Moses, or they could not be saved. Thus had they given up the liberty wherewith Christ had made them free, and instead of waiting for the blessed hope of heavenly glory through Christ's work (that righteousness of God apart from works) by faith, they were seeking to be made more perfect by adding to Christ's work their own doings.

Now God allowed Abram to use his own efforts to gain the promise, but when Ishmael was born, and he loved the child, trouble broke out in the tent. His beloved Sarah was despised by her bondservant Hagar, and after fourteen years of home trouble, God tells Abram that Ishmael is not the child He promised, and He repressed Abram's cry, "O, that Ishmael might live before Thee," and bids him wait for Sarah's son, Isaac, who should be born the following year. And then according to God's faithful word, the promised seed is given Sarah, and God fulfils to Abram the word He promised fifteen years before. But can there be two sons in the same house—one born after the flesh, and the other the son of God's promise? Abram earnestly hoped that this might be, but Ishmael mocks God's precious gift, and God bids Abram cast Hagar and Ishmael out of his tent. And Abram obeys God, though the thing was very grievous, because of his son.

We, who by grace believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and are only righteous in Him, only wise in Him, only holy in Him, only accepted in Him, and in ourselves ever remain helpless, sinful, and foolish, are subject to Satan's wiles, who seeks to bewitch us as he did the Galatians, (Gal. iii. 1), and to get us to trust in self in some form or other. Now those who do so sin against the truth, and make Christ of no effect.

Beware of any hope out of Christ, any righteousness out of Christ, any holiness out of Christ. "Christ must be all, or not at all," as an old writer says. Happy the believer who can say, I am eternally satisfied with Christ. I would not have

holiness, wisdom, righteousness, or heaven itself from any or through anyone but Christ. May God drive out of our hearts the son of the bondswoman, and make us to glory only in Christ, who of God is made unto us who believe, wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption.

Your affectionate friend,

UNCLE R.

MINISTRY TO SUFFERING CHILDREN.

THERE is a girl's school in my neighbourhood which is conducted by Christian young women, by which I mean that they are true-born children of God. (Read 1 John xii. 13; and Galatians iii. 26). They, therefore, not only give their scholars a good education as regards temporal things, but they seek to impart the knowledge of the salvation of God, which is in Christ Jesus, the Lord.

These teachers have established a practice in their school to which I desire to direct attention. They take an interest in sick children, and they permit their scholars to contribute, if they please, a halfpenny per week each, but not more, towards the support of an institution in which afflicted children are taken care of. The scholars are not urged to give, but they have the privilege, if they choose, of ministering to the poor sufferers.

Many children have pence given to them to spend as they please; and, as we are aware, such pence are often expended upon fruits, sweetmeats, and trinkets; but if a child in the school to which I refer is willing to refrain from such indulgencies, and to give a trifle to poor suffering children, they have the opportunity of doing so. The amount is limited to a small

sum, in order that it should be the gift of the children themselves, and not a contribution from their parents. Sometimes a child is doubtful whether to expend the halfpenny in sweets, or to give it to the sick children; and, as we may suppose, the decision varies. At one time selfishness rules, and the sweets are purchased. At another time, kindness towards the poor children prevails, and the coin is laid aside for them.

Another way in which the girls are allowed to minister to the sufferers is by dressing dolls for the little ones. This practice imparts perhaps some instruction in dressmaking, which it is necessary that girls should learn, while it yields the pleasure of doing something for the good of others. A third method is, the gift of suitable magazines, such as the scholars may possess; or their parents supply, for the perusal of the young sufferers.

Is not this good training for the young? For it is not only right that children should be instructed in useful things, so that they may be enabled, if the Lord will, to earn their living; but that they should enter into the blessedness of some little self-denial for the good of others. The believer in the Lord Jesus Christ is exhorted to "do good unto all men, especially unto them who are of the household of faith." Galatians vi. 10. And we are taught of God, that only those gifts which proceed from the constraint of the love of Christ are acceptable with Him. 1 Cor. xiii. There are many dear children who, having received the unspeakable gift of God, through faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, are made willing by His Spirit to do a little for the benefit of others, to the praise and glory of His holy Name.

BIBLE ENIGMA FOR NOVEMBER.

God spake to Him, in human weakness bowed
As none have been beside,
Of His high Godhead. Can you find the words,
Which are to Him applied?

The land, whose kings bring presents to the King
of kings. [strings.
To God he grateful praises sang to harp's sweet
The prophet who his brethren's cruelty forbad.
To please the king he built what made the
righteous sad.

[man's grave.
The king, chief mourner, followed to a great
By faith she risked her life, two of God's host to
save. [ocean's wave.
Once strong in pride, now buried 'neath the

He brought sweet comfort to the loving prisoner's
breast. [guest.
The queen her people saved by making him her
The name they gave their altar when they sought
their rest.

Father to him who nobly did a kinsman's part.
His river he preferred to God's in pride of heart.
She blessed is declared, because she God believed.
Her hands outstretched to God, by idols long
received. UNCLE R.

ANSWER

TO THE OCTOBER BIBLE ENIGMA.

THE HOLY ONE.—Mark i. 24; 1 John ii. 20.
T rial of faith more dear than gold. 1 Pet. i. 7.
H eaven, God's throne, of bliss untold. Matt. v. 34.
E ternal life, God's gift so free. Rom. vi. 23.
*H ouse that shall stand eternally. 2 Cor. v. 1-4.
O 'ercomer all Christ's gifts receives. Rev. iii. 5.
L ukewarmness most the Saviour grieves.
Y ea, should our converse ever be. Matt. v. 37.
O bedience in Christ's path we see. Phil. ii. 8.
N ew we shall all things shortly see. Rev. xxi. 5.
E nd, when the saints with Christ shall be.
1 Cor. xv. 24. * Rev. iii. 16.

R. A. R., aged 10 years.

* Two words, High Priest and Lying, were in the writer's copy.

GOOD NEWS FOR YOUNG AND OLD.



LEVITICUS XVII.

IT IS NOT POSSIBLE THAT THE BLOOD OF BULLS AND GOATS SHOULD TAKE AWAY SINS. * THE BLOOD OF JESUS CHRIST GOD'S SON CLEANSETH US FROM ALL SIN. * Hebrews x. 4 ; 1 John i. 7.

JOHN BERRIDGE.

XII.—CONCLUSION.

ON the following Sunday, the body of John Berridge was committed to the earth, there to rest in his Saviour's keeping, until the awakening shout shall fulfil "the sure and certain hope of the resurrection." An immense throng of people were present, and their simple, tearful grief told with truer eloquence than any words could do, the place which Berridge had won in their hearts.

Quaint in his life, he was quaint also as to his burial, and at his own request his resting place was on the north-east side of Everton Church—a spot upon which a shade of disgrace lay, for here were buried the bodies of those only who had died by their own hand. In his pleasant way he said it would be an effectual means of consecrating the spot, and removing its reproach.

Upon the tomb was inscribed the following epitaph, written, except the date, by Berridge himself:—

HERE LIE
THE EARTHLY REMAINS OF
John Berridge,
LATE VICAR OF EVERTON,
AND AN ITINERANT SERVANT OF JESUS CHRIST,
WHO LOVED HIS MASTER AND HIS WORK,
AND, AFTER RUNNING ON HIS ERRANDS MANY YEARS,
WAS CALLED UP TO WAIT ON HIM ABOVE.
READER,
ART THOU BORN AGAIN?
NO SALVATION WITHOUT A NEW BIRTH!
I WAS BORN IN SIN, FEBRUARY, 1716,
REMAINED IGNORANT OF MY FALLEN STATE TILL 1730,
LIVED PROUDLY ON FAITH AND WORKS FOR SALVATION
TILL 1754,
ADMITTED TO EVERTON VICARAGE, 1755.
FLED TO JESUS ALONE FOR REFUGE, 1756.
FELL ASLEEP IN CHRIST, JANUARY 22ND, 1793.

Berridge did not publish much. His

time was too fully occupied with his parochial and evangelistic duties to write books. A pamphlet of about 140 pages came from his pen, under the strange title, "The Christian World Unmasked: pray come and peep." It is written in the form of a dialogue between a doctor and a grazier, but the doctor's care is rather for the soul than for the body. There are many excellent passages in it, but his humorous disposition spoils much of it. A kindly critic likens this fault to "the dead fly in the apothecary's ointment." However, Berridge shows most conclusively the lost estate of man, and the sufficient and only salvation through Christ Jesus, whose divine glory he boldly declares. He treats also of faith, of justification, of sanctification, of election, and kindred subjects. One or two extracts may be welcome:—

"Jesus Christ, the Bread of Life, is freely offered in the gospel to every hungry famished soul. Such are prepared for the bread, and the bread prepared for such. And these should never pore upon the doctrine of election, but muse upon the gospel promises, and call on Jesus confidently to fulfil them. He turns no real beggar from His gate, though full of sores. His heart is lined with sweet compassion, and His hands are stored with gifts. He has supplies for all wants; legs for a lame beggar, eyes for a blind one, cordials for a faint one, garments for a naked one, a fountain for a filthy one, and a rope for a sham beggar, who asks for mercy, and yet talks of merit."

"It is the Saviour's office, as it is His honour, and His heart's delight, to save a sinner freely; to call, and wash, and heal, and clothe, and feed a prodigal at His own

expense. He asks no recommendation, but our misery and helplessness; and does relieve His patients now, as He relieved them in Judea, out of mere compassion. All that seek in His appointed way, will be saved graciously, and love the Saviour heartily. He makes them happy, wise, and holy, and they give Him all the praise. He puts the crown at last upon their head, and they return it to His feet, as a due acknowledgment that the crown was purchased by His merit, and bestowed through His mercy. Thus Jesus will be ever glorious, ever lovely, in a ransomed sinner's eyes; and eternity will seem too short to utter half His praise."

Part of this pamphlet gave great offence to some persons. Fletcher, of Madeley, wrote an attack upon it, which was revised by John Wesley, and was "bound up with another tract which he (Fletcher) wrote against honest John Bunyan." Berridge did not reply. If what he taught was sound, he knew it would endure; if faulty, he was content to let it be overthrown.

From his pen came also a collection of hymns, published under the title of "Sion's Songs." They came into existence in this fashion: Berridge was not satisfied with the collections of hymns then in use, and an opportunity arose to make another. "Ill-health, some years past, having kept me from travelling or preaching, I took up the trade of hymn-making, a handicraft much followed of late, but a business I was not born or bred to, and undertaken chiefly to keep a long sickness from preying on my spirits, and to make tedious nights pass over more smoothly." This is candid, and the reader would not expect to find great things, especially when he

learns that the whole number (nearly 350), were written in six months. Of the result, the critic before quoted says, "The Vicar of Everton was no more a poet than Cicero or Julius Cæsar; and although the doctrine of his hymns is very sound, the poetry of them is very poor. Berridge is at his best when he speaks of Jesus. His love to that name, and his sense of reverence kept in check his natural failing. One hymn is given as an example.

"Jesus, how lovely is Thy Name,
To virgin hearts betrothed to Thee,
To all the poor, and sick, and lame,
Who Thy salvation taste and see.

Like precious ointment pourèd forth,
Thy Name perfumes a faithful soul,
And by its rich and fragrant worth,
Revives and makes a sinner whole.

"It brings the hungry soul a feast,
Where all delightful dainties meet;
And when the royal cheer we taste,
Oh! then Thy Name is charming sweet!

"No harmony so heals the heart,
No music so delights the ear;
No concert can such joy impart,
As Thy melodious Name to hear!

"It proves our daily joy and boast,
Our rock of hope and bulwark strong,
Our anchor when the ship is tost,
And will be our eternal song.

"Thy Name, like vernal mornings, will,
Seem always pleasant, always new,
And groweth dear and dearer still,
As we can take a closer view."

And now we must take our leave of this good man. These pages have not been written to exalt him, but with the desire to magnify the grace of God in him. Whatever earnestness and zeal, whatever

faithfulness and love there was (and there was much), came from God, and Berridge, a man remarkable for his humility, would be the first to disclaim all praise. But the happy day is fast drawing near in which he will receive the Lord's own commendation and approval. In the meantime we can thank God for Berridge and his companions, and for the lessons of their lives. To them also, under God, we owe much of the truth we now enjoy, for second only in importance to the Reformation under Luther four hundred years ago, was the revival of the eighteenth century, in which John Berridge played so noble a part.

W. J.

A MOTHER'S DEVOTION.

A SHORT time ago, the wife of a gateman in Belgium, was acting for her husband in his temporary absence, when her little boy strayed in front of an express train. Without a moment's hesitation the mother sprang across the rails, and seizing her child, tossed it upon a bank the very second before she was herself caught by the engine and killed, while the child escaped with but a few bruises.

This is one among the many instances of the devoted love of a mother for her child. It is not, indeed, often that it is called to so severe a test as it was on this occasion. But in much more quiet and homely ways, the deep love of a mother is constantly shown. What would our homes, for the most part be, except for the active and self-denying love of a good mother? With what attention and care she carries on the daily training and support of her children! And how little

do they understand and appreciate what she is doing for their benefit! Yet she goes on, day after day, week after week, and year after year, toiling and caring for them. And how happy is a God-fearing mother, if after all, she sees her children walking in paths of truth and godliness, and in due time becoming sensible of the blessing of having a good mother.

But a great part of the blessing is missed, if we do not see that it is God who has planted this love in her heart; and that it is He who is entitled to praise and thanksgiving for so good a gift. This will not make us love our mother less, but much more; seeing that she is the channel of His goodness and mercy to us in things pertaining to her province. It is blessed to know and to remember, that "every good gift, and every perfect gift is from above, and cometh down from the Father of lights, with whom is no variability, neither shadow of turning." James i. 17.

And yet, even the love of a mother may fail, as, alas! we sometimes learn by sorrowful proofs. But, how blessed it is to know that the love of God never fails. How precious to the believer in the Lord Jesus Christ, are the words in Romans viii. 38, 39, "I am persuaded, that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus, our Lord." And how encouraging to the sinner is the testimony that "God so loved the world, that he gave his only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." John iii. 16.

T.

ARE YOU SAFE IN THE STRONG HAND?

ONCE, when surrounded by a number of little ones, whose cheerful voices had joined in some hymns about the Lord Jesus—whom they had learnt to love “because He had first loved them” (1 John iv. 19), and whose smiling faces were now looking up into mine to know what was to be the next thing to do—I put a penny in each of my hands, and told the little ones who were nearest to me that, if they could get the pennies out of my hands (which I had closed tightly), they should have them to do what they liked with.

Very soon, of course, each hand was attached by three or four of these dear little children; and I, of course, kept tightly holding the pence, to prevent the little ones taking them from me, although I meant to give them the money at last.

Well, they all tried very, very hard indeed, and for a long time, but found that they could not open my hands; and at last, one by one gave up, saying, “Oh! it is no use; you are so strong, Mr. F——.” When all had given up, I told them of part of the holy Word of God, where we read about the Lord Jesus Christ being the good Shepherd who gave His life for the sheep (John x. 11), (that is, for all those who trust in Him as their Saviour), and I went on to tell them of what He says about His sheep. (Now if you, my little reader, will turn to the tenth chapter of John, and the 27th, 28th, and 29 verses you will find it with me). There He tells us that He knows His sheep, and they hear His voice and follow Him, then the Good Shepherd goes on to say “they shall *never* perish, neither shall any one pluck them out of my hand.” The little children could not get the pennies out of my hands because I was too strong, and how good it is to know that all who believe on the Lord Jesus are safe in His strong hand out of which no one can pluck them.

If some strong men had come into the school-room where I was sitting—they could soon have opened my hands and taken the money from me—but *no one* can pluck the weakest child out of the Good Shepherd’s strong hand. Even Satan, who is so strong, cannot touch us if we are there. And then we read on and find that He says, “My Father which gave them me is greater than all, and no one is able to pluck them out of my Father’s hand, I and my Father are one.” So the Good Shepherd holds us in His strong hand. I am quite sure the sheep may rest quite securely, because they are kept by the power of God. 1 Peter i. 5.

It was not the pennies kept hold of me. Oh! no, it was I who kept hold of the pennies, and my reader, if you are really a believer on the Lord Jesus Christ, you may not only say your sins are forgiven for His name’s sake (1 John ii. 12), but also, that you shall never perish, because the same blessed One who died for you—the Son of God—has hold of you for ever.

Well, at last I opened my hands and let the little ones take the pennies from me, and giving a few more to those near me, left the school, but I know that many have not forgotten their little lesson that afternoon. I want you to remember it too.

Before I close I must ask you one question. Are you, my young friend, in that strong hand? If not, look to the Good Shepherd who gave His life for the sheep, and then by-and-bye we shall meet one another in the Good Shepherd’s home.

I. F.

IN EVERYTHING GIVE THANKS.

CHRISTIANS might avoid much sorrow if they would only believe what they profess—that God is able to make them happy under all circumstances.

Some imagine if such a dear friend were to die, or such and such blessings to be removed, they should be miserable; whereas God can make them a thousand times happier without them. Isa. xxvi. 3.

INSCRIPTIONS ON THE ROCK.

“HAVE you ever seen the cow and the calf?”

This strange question was put to the writer one day by a friend, when paying a visit to Ilkley, in Yorkshire.

He naturally enough replied that he had seen many cows, and not a few calves, and asked what peculiar cow and calf his friend referred to.

He was told to come and see.

As the day was delightful, and the air invigorating, and the scenery around bold and striking, he willingly set out with his friend and others to see the new wonder. Arrived in the beautiful neighbourhood of Ben Rhydding, he was shown a piece of rock of large dimensions, and a smaller stone, that had evidently been split from it, and was told, “Here you have the cow and calf.”

“Why, they are only two stones, or pieces of rock: why call them by the names of cow and calf?”

His friend did not know, but said they had been thus designated as long as he could remember, and invited him to take a walk on the cow's back. So up the larger stone or cow we climbed, and, walking on the cow's hard, stony back, we had a good view of the surrounding landscape. Here we felt we could stay for hours gazing on the wonderful works of God. But the view of magnificent scenery was not the only thing that pleased us. Something else contributed largely to give us pleasure, and what that was I will now tell.

As we walked to and fro on the top of the rock, we observed on its surface a large number of names and inscriptions engraven, the work of visitors, most of whom are now doubtless numbered with the dead. In large letters I read, “Be

sure your sin will find you out; believe on the Lord Jesus and thou shalt be saved.” “He'll save you just now: that is my dying testimony, May, 1855.” And there was another—a very striking one, the last two words having been scaled off. “This is as a dying saint in the midst of his children lately said: ‘Trust Him, trust Him, He's waiting to (be gracious).’” There were inscribed the names of many who desired that they at least should not be forgotten. But these inscriptions showed that, in the crowd of visitors from year to year, there were some found whose desire was not to perpetuate their own glory, but to bear testimony to the love of God their Saviour, and to His power to support them when heart and flesh failed.

How forcibly was I reminded of the patriarch Job. He wanted his words graven with an iron pen and lead in the rock for ever. And what words were they? The words, “I know that my Redeemer liveth; and that He shall stand at the latter day upon the earth.” Here, indeed, were words like unto his own, “graven on the rock.” But the fact of their being engraven on the rock suggested another thought; it seemed to denote the unperishable nature of the truths thereon inscribed. The rock shall wear out, the inscription be erased, but the truths inscribed on it are lasting as eternity.

Should the reader ever go to Ilkley, he will find it worth his while to pay a visit to the rock, and read these touching inscriptions for himself. But if that is not possible, let him not forget what the rock teaches. It gives a warning to the sinner, which should not be neglected; it directs him to believe in the Lord Jesus Christ for the salvation of his soul; and it gives us the testimony of His dying saints, that God is willing to save “just now,” and that He is “waiting to be gracious.” Such truths are worthy of all acceptance.

A SWEET REPLY.

"I love them that love Me, and those that seek Me early shall find Me." Proverbs viii. 17.

SOME time ago, a little class in a Sunday-school, having finished their lesson, were looking earnestly at a print they had just received. It was that touching scene representing the disciples with Christ on the Sea of Tiberias. The wind had risen since they left the shore, and was swaying the sail almost into the water. A very high wave was dashing against the prow of the frail boat, and threatening the next moment to sweep over all. One of the boys said earnestly, "What a dreadful storm! You can almost hear the thunder. How glad I am that I was not there."

Little Ally looked up from the paper and said, "I should like to have been in that boat."

"You would like to have been in such an awful tempest?" asked the first speaker in surprise. "Why?"

Ally replied simply. "*Because Jesus was there.*"

It was a sweet reply. I have never forgotten it. I hope *you* will never forget it. To love to be near the Saviour even in a storm. To be near Him because His presence can make us forget the tempest, and trust in Him that when He thinks best, He will hush the angry winds and waves. One of our hymns says:

"With Christ in the vessel
I'll smile at the storm."

Those who love the company of Christ He will take sooner or later to be with Him for ever. Ally did not have to wait long. A few days of violent suffering from fever, and then he went to be with Christ. That the Saviour was with him in the heaviest storm that ever broke over this dear boy, we may learn from his dying words, "I love Jesus." John viii. 42.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,

WE have now looked at the life of the father of the faithful, and have traced the steps of his faith from the time God called him by His grace to leave an idolatrous home and land for a country which he should afterwards receive as an inheritance, through years of faith and patience, until he received his beloved Isaac, in the land God had promised him. We come now to the great and final trial of his faith, and of his obedience to his God, who had so abounded to him in His goodness and truth.

Genesis xxii. gives us this thrilling story, and doubtless it is to my young readers one of the favourite chapters in Genesis.

The faith and obedience of Abraham when God tried him in so painful a way, to prove if Abraham loved the blessed Giver more than his precious gift; the meek subjection to God and to his father in his son Isaac; the sorrowful three days' journey, and the happy end to Abraham's trial are so interesting and instructive, and are types, too, of Gospel truths so forcible and clear, that my short letter cannot contain even a sketch of so wonderful a history. But two practical lessons I desire you may learn from this closing scene in our patriarch's life of faith. The first is that God sooner or later tries the faith He gives His children, and the second is that He is a jealous God, and will not let us rest in His gifts, however blessed, nor allow us to give them the place in our affections that belongs to God Himself.

What a happy home was Abraham's during Isaac's childhood. How he with Sarah must have delighted in "his only Isaac, whom he loved," verse 2. How they must have rejoiced during those fifteen years in God's precious gift, and in that covenant of blessing, which God had

declared should be established with Isaac. Genesis xvii. 21.

What a blow, then, must that unexpected word of God have been to Abraham, "Take now thy son, thine only Isaac, whom thou lovest, and get thee into the land of Moriah, and offer him there for a burnt offering upon one of the mountains, which I will tell thee of." verse 2. And yet the anguish of heart is not dwelt upon. This was between himself and God, and all that was seen in the tent and before Isaac and the servants was prompt and unquestioning obedience. If we pour out our sorrows in faith to God alone, He will give us grace to be calm and trusting before men. When the blessed Lord took the sinner's place before God, all was calmness and meekness before men. His anguish had been alone with His Father in sad Gethsemane, when He sweat as it were great drops of blood, and when He went forth to suffer and die for sinners. 'As a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so opened He not His mouth.'

The Apostle James, in speaking of true and living faith always bearing fruit in works of faith, by which faith is perfected, warns us against the delusion of saying we believe, without possessing a faith like Abraham's, which, when it was tried, carried him through his deep sorrow, and wrought with His actions during those three days of anguish, and enabled him to obey God and offer up Isaac his son upon the altar. In the Hebrews we read that it was by faith that Abraham, when he was tried, offered up Isaac, and he that had received the promises offered up his only begotten son, of whom it was said, "That in Isaac shall thy seed be called: accounting that God was able to raise him up even from the dead; from whence also he received him in a figure." Heb. xi. 17-19.

And now, my dear young friends, let me close my letter by calling your thoughts to the Antitype of Abraham and Isaac.

God has given us more than Abraham gave God. Abraham yielded up in obedience to God his loved Isaac, but God gave in His own free love, unasked by sinful men, His Son, that by His death, all who believe may be saved through Him. See the greater than Isaac in His own free love and obedience unto death going to Calvary to be the Lamb God needed for the sacrifice. See Him stretched upon the shameful cross, and nailed and hanging there to save sinners! Hear His cry, ere He bows His head and dies, "It is finished." And as Abraham's eyes were opened to see the ram caught in a thicket to take the place of his son upon the altar, to be offered there instead of Isaac, may your eyes be opened to see the sacrifice for your individual sins, in the death of the Lord Jesus Christ, without the shedding of whose blood in your stead your sins can never be forgiven.

Your affectionate friend,

UNCLE R.

ANSWER

TO THE NOVEMBER BIBLE ENIGMA.

THOU ART THE SAME.—Heb. i. 12.

T arshish. Ps. lxxii. 10.

H ezekiah. Is. xxxviii. 20.

O ded. 2 Chron. xxviii. 9.

U rijah. 2 Kings xvi. 11.

A bner. 2 Sam. iii. 31—38.

R ahab. Joshua ii.

T yre. Ezek. xxvii. 32.

T itus. 2 Cor. vii. 6—16.

H aman. Esther vii.

E d. Joshua xxii. 34.

S almon, Ruth iv. 21.

A bana. 2 Kings v. 12.

M ary. Luke i. 44.

E thiopia. Ps. lxxviii. 31.