Faithful Words

For OLD and YOUNG.

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INTRODUCTION.

YEAR by year we feel increasingly the weight of the solemn trust committed to us in issuing this Magazine. Concerning the Gospel, writing, as preaching, becomes sensibly more difficult the longer anyone is engaged in it. However, with thankfulness to God we record it, this year has been the most encouraging we have experienced. We do not say this year there has been more sound work following the distribution of our pages than before, for such a question is not for us to answer, but more tokens of good accomplished, have been brought to our knowledge. Let this encourage our kind friends and helpers, both by pen and distribution, to fresh zeal and renewed efforts in spreading abroad the joyful news of God's salvation in Christ, and through His blood.

No one can deny the readiness with which Gospel truth is read in our favoured day. The Lord of All has set before His servants an open door, which none can shut. Happy are those servants whom He shall find working and watching for Him at His coming again. There is nothing for a Christian more quieting and cheering than going on with the work his Master has given him to do, and having His Lord's presence with him while so occupied—fulfilling as an hireling his day, waiting for the resting-time as the shadows lengthen.

Still, while we rejoice in the joy of the hour, we know full well that the harvest will soon be gathered in. The night comes, when no man can work. Even now awful clouds of infidelity make Christians tremble; but the signs of storm in harvest only lend fresh energy to those whose hands and hearts are set on reaping their Master's corn.

Our old friends will, we trust, readily accept the exhortation to renewed effort in circulating our pages. Those who have this year for the first time interested themselves in the Magazine will not find fault with us for entreating for hearty earnestness in making it known in cottages and houses where at present the Gospel does not come. Only by personal effort and loving labour can this object be attained, but love for souls is not to be daunted.

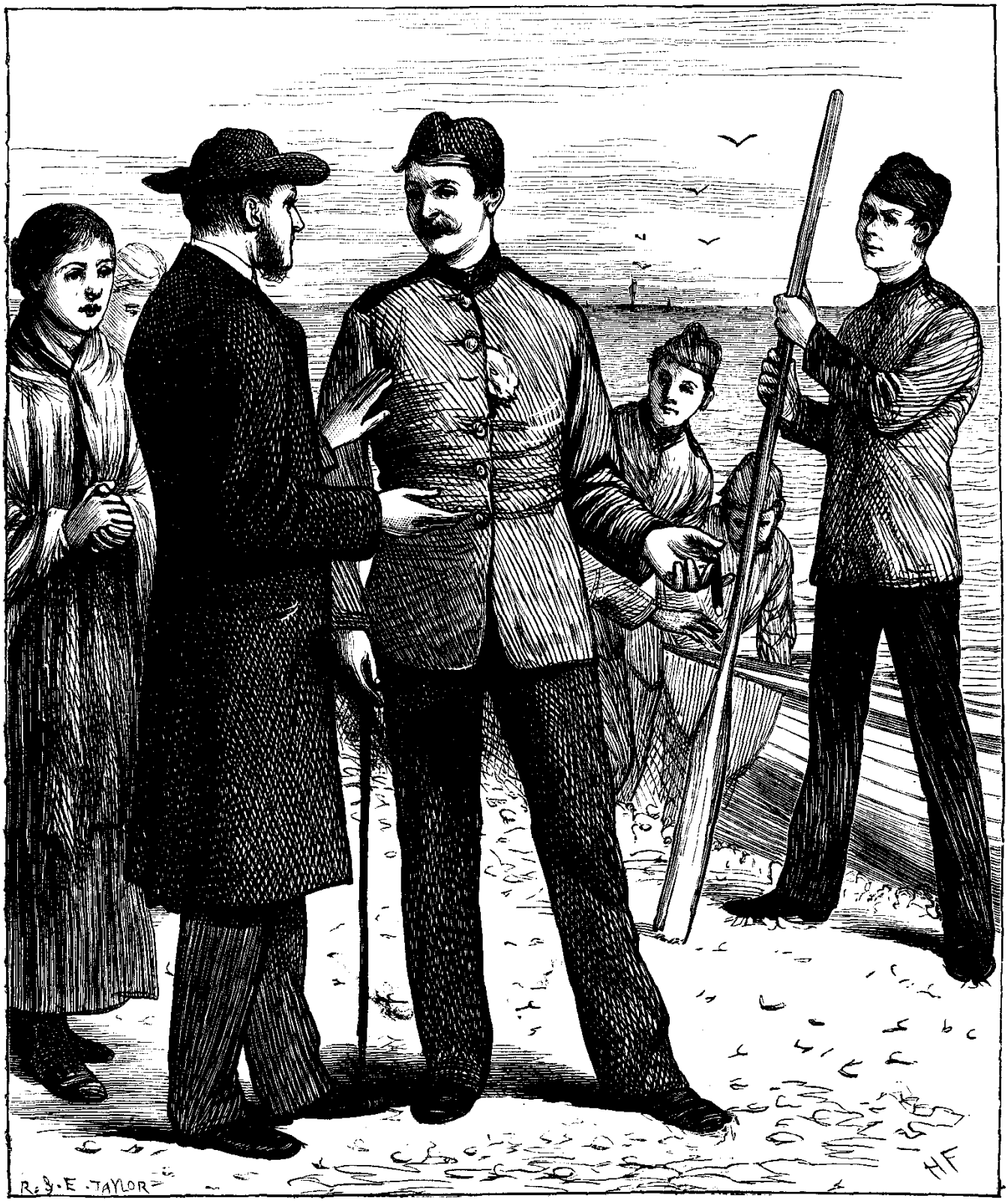
We gratefully acknowledge the papers contributed by our friends, and trust they will favour us with their continued help, for through them the Magazine lives.

We remind our readers that what is recorded in FAITHFUL WORDS is plain matter-of-fact truth. We do not insert stories of the imagination. Also we must add that, as our papers are original, they cannot be reprinted without permission.

THE LAST ADDRESS THEY HEARD (*see p.* 130).

FAITHFUL WORDS

For Old and Young.



WHERE WILL YOU SPEND ETERNITY?

WHERE WILL YOU SPEND ETERNITY?

THE last rays of the summer sun were lingering over a pretty and fashionable watering-place on the west coast of Scotland. The seashore and pier were thronged with crowds of visitors, who had come either for pleasure or health. Some were gathered in groups here and there; others sauntering slowly along, or sitting on the shore talking together, and enjoying the pure air, while bands of music, negro minstrels, and singers were plying their callings.

My thoughts went up to One—"yon glorified Man in heaven"—who alone could satisfy and refresh world-wearied hearts, many of whom were to be found there.

With the desire to win some for Christ, I took my stand at a busy spot, where three roads met. A goodly number listened for fully an hour to the "old, old story," so wonderful, so divinely true—the story of that Saviour's cross of shame and agony—the story of His death to win life for guilty, godless, graceless sinners.

Many passed on indifferent; others listened for awhile, then sauntered off, as if it were a matter that really did not concern them in any way; some remained listening to the words of life.

Towards the close, four young marines, belonging to one of Her Majesty's ships which lay at anchor in the middle of the Firth, came forward, evidently bent on mischief. They pushed their way to the front of the little company, uttering fearful oaths and yelling.

A deep feeling of solemnity, amounting even to awe, crept over my soul, and I spoke to the young men solemnly about eternity and their sad and awful state. "Where will you spend eternity?" I asked.

"In hell," one of them replied, with a laugh, his companions joining, and each repeating the words, "In hell."

"God does not want you to go there," I continued; "He gave His well-beloved Son to die, that such as you might not go there. Will you have Christ and eternal life now, as you are, and where you are?"

"We have made our choice, and mean to stick to our own way for the present, and trust the devil for eternity," was the awful reply.

"Come on," they shouted, "don't listen to these canting hypocrites any longer."

Many in the company really pitied them, as they marched off arm-in-arm, singing "There's a good time coming, boys."

Alas, they believed not "There is a way which seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death." (Prov. xiv. 12.) Death stands at the end of "man's way"; waiting to hand him down to judgment, and a never-ending eternity in that fiery burning lake, where worlds cannot purchase one drop of water to cool the burning, parched tongue.

The meeting being over, and the crowd having dispersed, I went after the young men to try and get them to listen to the word of God. I found them about to launch a small boat, in order to row over to their ship. Once more I solemnly warned them of the danger they were in, of going to that hell about which they spoke so lightly, and entreated them to accept God's saving mercy; but my words only called forth a mocking laugh as they once more rejected proferred grace.

The boat they were shoving off was a very small one, and they were enticing a boy to accompany them, offering him a shilling to row it back to shore.

I pointed out to them the danger they were in, venturing out on such unsafe craft, but was told to mind my own business; others also tried to persuade them to abandon the attempt, but it was of no use, they had made up their minds to have their "own way," and, with fearful oaths, dared anyone in the crowd—for a crowd had by this time gathered—to interfere with them.

Turning to the boy, I said, "You shall not go," and suiting the action to the word, I drew him away.

The four young men in their madness, and in a spirit of triumph, jumped into the boat, and pushed from the shore, waving their hands in glee.

It was evening, and quickly getting dark, and we watched them for a time as their boat slowly moved away. I then used the opportunity to speak of God's love and grace to the company that stood on the shore, and certainly the solemnity of eternity awed that meeting, for the tears glistened in many eyes.

In the midst of the speaking we were startled by a piercing cry. We looked, but could only see a dark speck in the distance. "Help! help!" we heard, and knew that the boat was upset!

What a moment of excitement on the shore now! Men's faces turned pale, women screamed, and boats were hurriedly launched to the rescue. Oh! how intense was the anxiety of those whose eyes were strained toward the point whence the cry for help came. The voice was that of one of those four young men. He was clinging to the keel of the upturned boat. But where were the other three? In eternity!

Scarce one short hour before, to the question, "Where will you spend eternity?" had they one and all replied, "In hell!" and now three of them were drowned—passed from time into eternity.

As I stood that evening at the brink of that watery grave, its heaving waves seemed to echo the words, "We have made our choice, and mean to stick to our own way, and trust the devil for eternity."

I have not since met the young marine who was that night rescued. The God of all grace and mercy had His eye upon him, and saved his life. I often think of him, and if this, the story of his deliverance, should meet his eye, if yet unsaved, may it lead him to Christ.

Dear reader, where will you spend eternity?

J. Mc K.

THE SECRET OF HAPPINESS.

THE only way for a child of God to be happy, is for him to have no will of his own, but to do his Father's will.

A TRUISM.

YOU cannot get out of a man what is not in him. If Christ is not in you, He does not shine out of you.

HE WILL FORGIVE ME TO-MORROW.

"SHE's dyin'—she's dyin' now; they don't s'pect her to live another hour," said one of our little village boys to me the other day, rather late in the afternoon. The child was full of concern, and looked as if he expected me to reply, "Then I will go at once to see her." It was a house to which I did not feel at liberty to go unsent, and at such a time; still, like the pleading tongue of a passing-bell, the solemn words, "She's dying now—she's dying now," seemed to say, "Pray for her soul!" And there was deep, dire need to pray for this soul passing into eternity. The young woman had utterly neglected her soul, she had despised her day of visitation. For years she had seen the messengers of glad tidings—their feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace—pass by, and even stand at her door; but they had been to her a derision and a reproach—men to be scorned, and to be set at nought. She had never, so far as I knew, even so much as once responded to the numberless invitations given her just to come and hear of Christ. "Poor dying soul!" thought I, "it must be hard, to say the least, for you to be saved on a death-bed."

It was a sweet spring evening, and as soon as the sun had set, the whole choir of birds in the well-preserved wood, over against our hamlet, broke forth in their melodious even-song. It was already late, when a knock at my door roused me from my work.

It was the sister of the dying girl.

"Would you please come and see my sister?" she said, her voice choked with sobs: "we don't think she can last over the turn of the night, and she's so anxious to be saved."

I went with her at once, of course, feeling deeply the solemnity of the call to speak of Jesus to such a dying soul, but thankful also for the words, "She's so anxious to be saved."

We were soon at the cottage of the dying girl. There was a dim light in one of the windows—that of the death-chamber. How sickly it seemed! What a contrast to the sweet, clear lights of the heavens above!

And there was the little garden-gate, where, four nights before, she had stood in the moonlight with her lover.

If it was sombre outside the death-chamber, it was ghastly within. There, on a bed, around which stood three or four women, and at the head of which sat her lover, lay the dying girl. The dim light of the one candle revealed a face I can never think of but with horror. Oh, those eyes! over which the darkness of death had already come, but which yet seemed to start from their sockets with eagerness to pierce the gloom!

"Why do you keep me in the dark?" she would keep saying. As I took her hands, saying how sorry I was to see her so ill, I felt that they were already cold, and lost no time in beginning to speak of Jesus; but to all I said, she replied, in a passionate and bitter tone, "He won't forgive me!"

"He is ever ready to forgive," I replied.

"He won't," she answered; "He won't forgive me!"

"But He died to save us. You believe that Jesus died on the cross for sinners, don't you?"

"Oh, yes, I believe that! But He won't forgive *me!*"

"Oh," I said, "if you had wronged any of us, we would forgive you, now, at once; and God is full of mercy."

"He won't forgive me! Oh, my wicked life! I've been a wicked sinner! Am I going to die to-night?" As she asked this question she half-raised herself, and gazed with fearful eagerness into my face.

I could only say, "I don't know; but, oh! I beg you to trust the Lord Jesus to save your soul."

"Oh, I must not die to-night," she said, taking no notice of my entreaty. "I'm not prepared to die! I'll get through to-night, and He'll forgive me to-morrow."

"Hush!" said I; "'*Now* is the accepted time: *now* is the day of salvation.' God saves all who believe on His Son. Oh, behold Him! Look at Him—crucified for sinners!"

"How can I look at Him?" she answered, impatiently. "I don't see Him. Oh, He won't forgive me!"

"Ask Him," I said, remembering the words, "Whosoever shall call on the name of the Lord shall be saved."

Looking upwards, she cried, "Lord, forgive me!" But, after a pause of a moment or two, she exclaimed, in the bitterness of despair, "Oh, He won't speak!"

I could not but remember how it is written, "They shall call upon Me, but I will not answer," yet could not give her up, and tried again to lead her poor heart to Christ, and repeated some words of the Scripture to her. But she made no reply. Deeply eager for her soul, I asked her if she had heard the Scripture.

"I want to sleep," she said, in a tone which forbade me to trouble her more.

We then knelt, and prayed for her, entreating the Lord to save her, to incline her heart to believe on Him; and when we rose from our knees, her sister, who was deeply anxious about her, implored her to cry for mercy before it would be too late.

"I'm not going to die to-night," she said. "I'm not prepared to die. He won't forgive me to-night: He'll forgive me to-morrow. I'll see the daylight yet!"

"He'll forgive you now, not to-morrow, my dear!" said her sister, weeping.

"To-morrow!" was her reply. "He'll forgive me to-morrow."

The sister continued to plead with her, but to no purpose. At last, drawing her sister close to her, the dying girl said, "I'm going to sleep, and, if I wake no more, you'll forgive me?" Her sister's loving "Yes, my dear," seemed completely to satisfy the dying girl.

"Oh," I thought, "if you had but the same confidence in God!" but I dared not interrupt, nor even continue to listen to what I perceived was not meant for a stranger's ear.

When this private talk was over, she drew her hands under the bed-clothes, and composed herself, as if for sleep. "What o'clock is it?" she asked, as her sister tenderly arranged the coverings. "Eight o'clock." "Eight o'clock at night?" "Yes, my dear." "Eight o'clock at night," she repeated, in solemn, measured tones. "Good night all;

I'm going to sleep. I'll see the morning; He'll forgive me to-morrow."

She spoke no more—these were her last words. Shortly after it was evident she was going. "Call them up," said the sister, and immediately the father and brothers were by the bedside. Deep and solemn was the silence, broken only by the breathing of the dying girl, and the subdued sobbing of the living. It was broken at length by the sister, who, in a voice of anguish, exclaimed, looking across to her weeping father, "Oh, father, this is a death-bed without Jesus! Oh, my sister! my sister! to die like this!"

"She's gone!" said someone; and so, indeed, she was. One by one the men left the chamber, weeping as men rarely weep. The lover was the last to go; and never shall I forget his look of agonised farewell.

Alas! for those who must take a long, a last parting from those they loved on earth so tenderly!

Despise not the love of Christ, slight not His love, lest the time shall come when you, too, will cry, "He won't forgive me!"

Dear young friend, how is it with you? Are you a Christ-rejecter? Is there room in your heart for every friend but Jesus? Do you see no beauty in Him—the Chiefest among ten thousand—the altogether lovely?

E. B—R.

CHRIST ALONE, THE SAVIOUR.

ONE evening I met an elderly man with a wallet and a mason's hammer slung over his shoulder. He accosted me with these words: "I say, maister, it's hard work, this I've in hand." "Indeed," I said; "what is it?" "Why, travelling about from place to place, seeking work and getting none."

After making several enquiries, and giving him a trifle, I said, "Your present condition is just like that of a soul without Christ—ever seeking rest and finding none. Away from Him there is no rest or peace; but it is blessed to know that He said, 'Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.'" (Matt. xi. 28.)

"Well, maister, I'se not a repping and swearing man, I can assure ye."

"I am not saying you are; but you do not expect to be saved simply because you do not swear?"

"Well, no," he replied.

"How *do* you expect to be saved?" I said.

"By praying to Christ," said he.

"You cannot be saved simply because you pray to Christ," I replied, "right as it is to pray. Our salvation depends upon what Christ has done. His merit saves. There is no merit in prayer."

He looked perplexed, and, after a short pause, said, "I read my Bible, sir."

"Reading your Bible will not save you any more than abstaining from swearing, or merely praying, will. These things, good as they are in their proper place, will not cleanse our souls from one single sin; only 'the blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleanseth us from all sin.' (1 John i. 7.) Christ *alone* can save us."

Not willing to be thus robbed of the thought that he could do something to merit salvation, he said—

"I never lies down at night, sir, without saying this prayer: 'O Lord, keep me and all mankind this night, Amen.'"

"Does it do you any good?" said I.

"Well, sir, it's better nor nothin'."

"Does it give you peace of conscience after you have said it?"

"No," he said, thoughtfully.

"After repeating it can you say, 'Well, if God calls me before morning I shall wake up in glory?'"

"No, sir, I can't," he replied.

"My friend," I said, "your good deeds, your reading, and your praying cannot give you peace of conscience—peace with God. Nothing but faith in what God has said in His word can give you peace"; and, turning to Rom. v. 1, I read these words, "Being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ."

"You may remember," I continued, "that when the jailor at Philippi cried, 'Sirs, what must *I do* to be saved?' the answer was, 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou *shalt be saved*.'" (Acts xvi. 30, 31.)

"Yes, sir, I do," he replied.

My dear reader, it may be that you, like this old man, have a thought lurking in your heart that there is something you can do for God, that you can make yourself more acceptable to Him by reading the Bible, or by praying, and so you may be expecting salvation as much from your own efforts as from the Lord Jesus. These things will not save you, you must be willing to be saved upon the ground of the blood Christ shed for sinners alone. It is because of Christ's atonement that God can "be just, and the justifier of him which believeth in Jesus" (Rom. iii. 26); on this ground alone can a sinner obtain the forgiveness of sins. (Matt. xxvi. 28.) J. H. I—G.

THE RACE AND THE REST.

IF our reader will peruse Philippians iii. 7-15, and Psalm lxxxiv., he will find that in both these Scriptures a journey is spoken of, and an object to be attained at the end of the journey.

In Philippians iii. Christ is the object, and nothing is looked upon as of importance upon the journey—nothing is considered noteworthy. We can understand this, for if Christ be the object before the soul, nothing can for a moment be put in comparison with Him—nothing can be taken account of but reaching Him.

In Psalm lxxxiv., on the other hand, the rest of God is the object to be attained, and on the journey everything is taken account of, everything is dwelt upon, everything is noteworthy. This rest will be enhanced to us by all that we have passed through before, and thus the greater the exercise of soul now, the greater will be the enjoyment then. Besides, we are brought into sympathy with the mind of God: *God* is waiting for His rest; *we* are waiting too. God has not His Sabbath yet, for, as has been said, "Love cannot rest where there is misery; holiness cannot rest where there is sin"; He is waiting, and so are we. *

NATURAL SIGHT.

IT is as painfully difficult to trace the workings of the flesh in ourselves as it is painfully easy to see them in others.

A CRY FOR SOULS.

FELLOW christians! The time is short, life hastens to its close; this new year cries to us of days and months for ever passed, of opportunities lost or missed, which will never return. Let us, then, in view of eternity, stir up our souls to fresh earnestness. We will not occupy our thoughts with what others say or do. The crushing weight of indifference to the realities of heaven and hell, which is sinking hundreds into everlasting ruin, needs no demonstration; and the lethargic state of the children of God with regard to the gospel, the lack of desire, the purposelessness or indirectness of prayer, and the absence of travail for souls, is none the less apparent, and hardly less sad; yet of these matters all we would now say is, God save each of us from taking eternal realities as matters of course, and from becoming ourselves as indifferent to them as the dead or the sleeping around us!

The only way to be of use for God in this world is personally to serve Him. We do not emulate any great work for God, or any movement on a large scale, but what we do desire for our readers and ourselves is, that each of us being moved by His grace should be doing his special work for Him. We plead with the individual christian who reads this page, that he or she will set his or her spirit this New Year's day to the prayerful consideration of eternity. True missionary effort is the outcome of personal zeal for God.

God blesses earnestness, and true earnestness is a fruit of His Spirit. A genuine worker for souls is a love-gift from Him to the children of men. Wherever such a spirit burns it is a divine boon to the village or district where it is sent. It is not only light but heat, the light and warmth of love. Through such a heart God speaks. His love to sinners flows through the warm spiritual life-blood of His peoples' affections. It is marvellous grace, but He has put His Spirit in His people, and He gives His people to feel for sinners, to yearn for sinners, to weep and travail for their souls. It is, we repeat, the love of God moving the hearts of men for men. Through the very hearts of His ser-

vants God speaks, and commands the attention of the careless and indifferent.

Mere lucid gospel statements stir no souls; the cold, electric-light character of disseminating truth moves no hearts. It may edify understandings, it does not lay hold of spirits. It shines about men and dazzles them; it does not, like the sun's rays, warm them. We want love as well as light. We do not need intelligence in order to be earnest, but God forbid that increase of intelligence should mean a diminishing of earnestness. Wherever such is the case, this is evident, that while the head has become filled with knowledge about God and the Bible, the heart has let God's love leak out.

Be in earnest, fellow christians: a downright earnest gospel-worker, praying, yearning, determined by the grace of God to save souls, is the winner of the jewels for the Redeemer's crown. Zeal may perhaps blunder, and haste perchance stumble over a stone, but ten thousand times better to make mistakes in doing good than to live the lifelong, miserable mistake of doing no good.

True earnestness is only to be gained in one way: we must get near to the heart of God. His love kindles ours; His compassion for a perishing world moves our spirits. His Spirit stirs our souls, and works in us and through us for the salvation of men.

Love cannot but be active. Love asleep, while the objects of its affection are perishing, is but love's image; it is but a block of stone carved into the shape of the reality, and painted up to look like life. We do not want images, we want men and women labouring in the gospel. Helpers in the gospel in the abstract are of no use, they are dead weights in the life-boat, where every hand should be handling an oar, and every muscle be strained to rescue the perishing. We know that there are christians like worn-out, pensioned-off steeds turned out to grass, who enjoy their fat things; but with infidelity stalking defiantly across the land, and superstition sapping the foundation of the gospel, it is no time for christians to rust out of this world into heaven and rest.

We have said we do not suggest doing any great thing for God, for when the idea of doing some *great* thing fascinates the mind, the usual result is that nothing at all is done.

Begin with meditation. Meditate upon eternity. Pray about its realities, seek for grace to be possessed with its tremendous issues; then you will begin to act for eternity.

Take yet another step. Shut yourself in the chamber alone, and speak to God about eternity, with the name of one soul—a friend, a neighbour—upon your lips. Let that name and eternity be breathed together before God. Where will that person spend eternity? Think over it, pray over it, weep over it, and, possessed with the reality, you will not be able to avoid speaking to your friend about it.

Visit the sick and the dying. Death-beds are the most powerful sermons the living can hear. Those sweet testimonies to the love of Jesus, those visions of glory, those cheering words of Jesus to His own; ah! what preacher ever told to the heart so well who and what the Saviour is for His people, as the dying whispers of His beloved people?

Get you to the death-beds of the lost, you who make light of hell and eternal woe. Those awful cries are a dread reality; that unutterable despair is no idle dream. There, too, shall the slackening spirit of the gospel-worker revive in earnestness. From such scenes he shall arise and go forth, weeping fresh tears, to work afresh for sinners.

We plead for earnestness, and feel that, in so speaking, we are pleading for what God loves. Consider the tears of Jesus over rejecters of His grace; meditate upon His sighs, aye, how "He sighed *deeply*" over the unbelief of men; mark the energy of Paul and the apostles; see how the Holy Spirit wrought in them; and shall it be said that because we live in an indifferent day, we too may sleep among the dead? Because the night is *far* spent, shall its last hours be lost in idleness or disputes, in self-seeking or vanity?

Awake, awake! This New Year will be the last for many who read these pages; it may be the last which we shall ever see; before its close the Lord may come. H. F. W.

THE SWEETEST SIGHT.

"*BUT we see Jesus.*" When we awoke to the terrors—not the imaginary terrors, but the proper terrors of our condition, as without God and without hope in the world, how did we get peace but by looking off unto Jesus from that criminal self, where the longer and the more honest our search for anything good, the more hopeless was the prospect? Since then we have known much of the weariness of the journey, for the path of the christian is not one exempt from trial and suffering; the Lord never promised that the tear should not flow; and what can keep us above it all but this, "*We see Jesus*"?

Like those around us in other things, we are unlike them in this. We see trial, we see sorrow, but we see Jesus. No mists from within, no clouds from the poor world around can hide Him from our view; all things may be in confusion around, the love of many waxing cold, myriads rushing headlong to destruction, but we see Jesus above it all. May the blessed Spirit keep us occupied with Him; all else we can afford to part with. *

HEAVENLY THINGS.

WHY could Paul say, "Brethren, be followers together of *me*"? He was a man of like passions with us, and it would be going too far to say that he was never overcome, never failed. We can only understand it by remembering, that the point here is not the state attained to, but the object before the soul: Christ was always Paul's object. It is a cheer to our hearts that we have before us, not only the Author and Finisher of faith, but one running after Him, a man of like passions with ourselves.

If we are occupied with the path, we never shall present the likeness of Christ that we see here; nothing but occupation with Christ will produce this. Paul was not occupied with the path, or with anything to which he had attained; the object was everything to him. He refers to his path only as "forgetting the things that are behind."

It cheers us to know, that though we may fail a thousand times—and we shall judge ourselves, surely, for our failure—yet we may always have the right object before us.

On the other hand, christians may go on, nothing outwardly to be found fault with, all fair outside, and yet they may be amongst those who "mind earthly things." We must have an object of some kind; if Christ is not our object, earthly things are. They may not be wrong things, such as would be scouted by christians, but they are earthly, sublunary things, and how foolish it is for us, when we come to think of it, to mind earthly things!

It may be to-morrow, it may be to-day that the Lord will call our spirits to Himself, or He may come and change our vile bodies, and earthly things will be over for ever. There will be a complete transfer of interests then, but we need not be exiles from our true home now; our spirits need not be prisoners here.

If attainment were the point, one could not dare to speak of this subject, but it is a cordial to our hearts to know that the point is not attainment, BUT WHAT IS OUR OBJECT.*

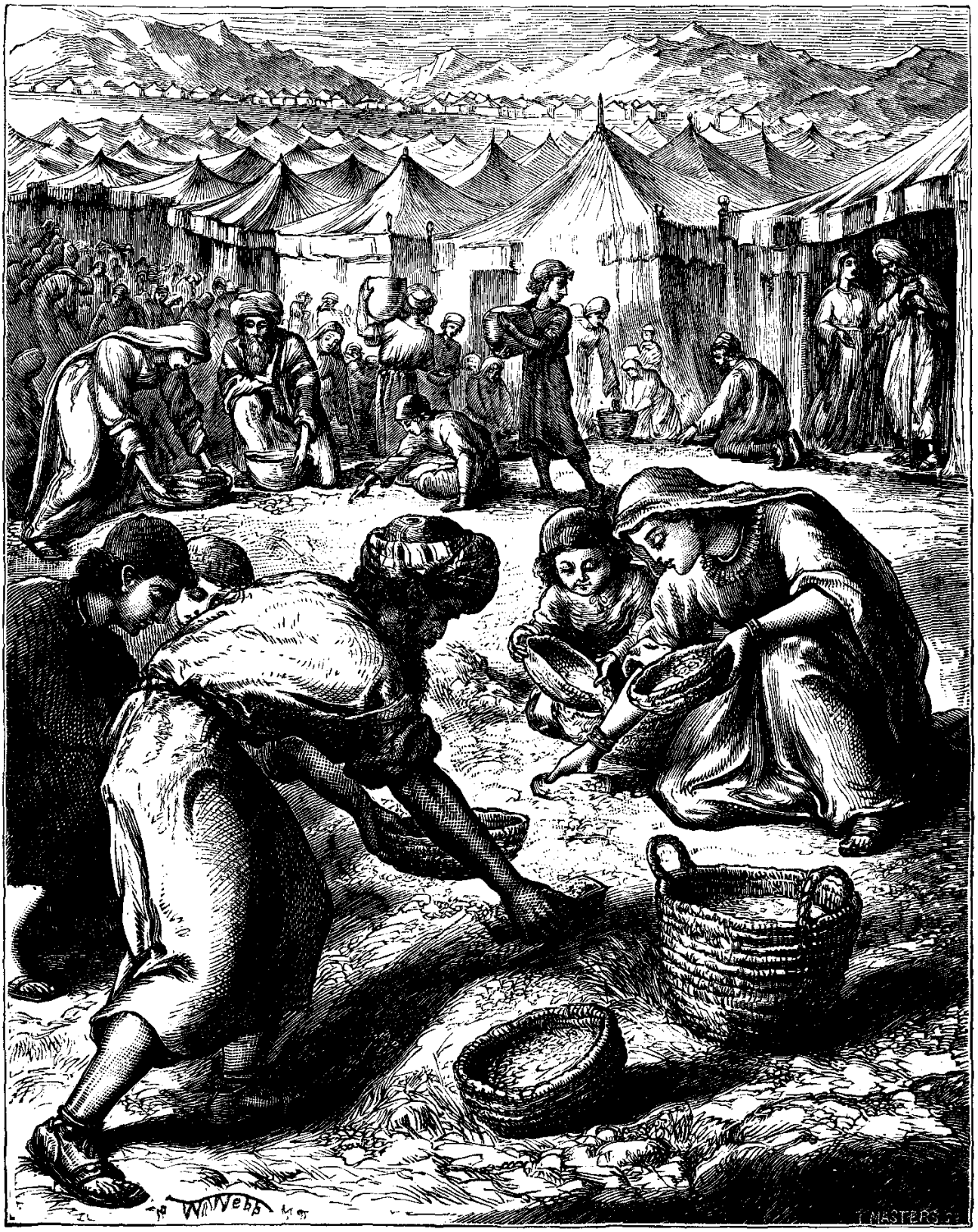
FALSE FRIENDS AND TRUE.

WOE to the servant of God whose bosom friend is a flatterer. He is a fool who relishes flattering. Are not there fools many?

A man's best friend is he who tells him the truth. Have you such a friend? Has he offended you?

Bread from Heaven.

WHEN Jehovah brought His people Israel out of the land of Egypt, He led them into the wilderness, where there was no food for them to eat. Then the people began to murmur, and they said to Moses and Aaron, "Ye have brought us forth into this wilderness, to kill this whole assembly with hunger." (Ex. xvi. 3.) There were no corn-fields, no abundant fruit trees around them which could support their vast multitudes, and, we need not say, no stores or shops



GATHERING THE MANNA.

where food could be bought. I wonder what you would have done had you been a little Israelite with your parents in the wilderness, instead of being as you are, an English child living in a happy home. It is only likely that you, too, would have cried, "We shall all die of hunger."

Whatever happens in this world, people must eat. Whether armies of soldiers, or families of little boys and girls, we all must eat or die. No wonder then that children cried when they found themselves in a great place of rocks and mountains, where no food was to be had, with only tufts of grass and shrubs around them, and when the reply to their request for food was, "We have none to give you."

Do you not sometimes think, as you look at the homely, brown-coated, little chirping sparrow, how that Jesus said, "Not one of them is forgotten before God: but even the very hairs of your head are all numbered"? (Luke xii. 6, 7.) If God feeds the sparrows He will care for us. When He heard the cry of His people for food, in the wilderness, He said, "I will rain bread from heaven for you"; and so it was "when the dew was gone up, behold, upon the face of the wilderness there lay a small round thing, as small as the hoar frost on the ground." This was the bread God had rained from heaven.

You who have been out early on a bright frosty morning, and have watched the early sunlight glistening on the sparkling frost, can easily picture to yourselves what this wonderful bread looked like which God rained from heaven.

It was sweet to the taste, like wafers made with honey; so the little children would relish the food the gracious God had sent to their parents' tent doors.

When the people saw this bread they were very astonished, and said one to another, "What is this?" They did not know what it was. I wonder how many amongst them had been waiting and watching for the food Jehovah had promised them the day before. Such as had faith in Him would be on the look-out for His gifts. Those who love God, and believe Him, expect the fulfilment of His promises. It is impossible to believe God and not to look out for the working of His hand. If your father had promised you a gift, you would be constantly expecting the present, for you would believe your father's word, and this would be having faith in your father.

Now when Jehovah fed His people Israel with bread from heaven, He not only satisfied their hunger, He also gave them the manna in such a way as to prove their hearts' trust in Himself: "The people shall go out and gather a certain rate every day, that I may prove them, whether they will walk in my law or no." They were to trust Him for the way He gave them their bread. They were to gather up a given quantity for the day's eating, and no more.

Your parents do not give you a large loaf on Monday morning to last you all the week, do they? That would be an odd child who after having had its breakfast should say, "Please, mother, put a slice of bread on the table that I may have it before my eyes all day long, for I fear you will forget me when dinner-time or tea-time comes round." And if a child were to slip a piece of bread in his pocket at breakfast-time for fear his kind mother should forget that her little boy would be hungry by-and-by, his mother would look with a very sad face upon her unbelieving child. I know a great many happy little children having loving parents, but I do not know one amongst them all who ever thinks his parents will *forget* to give him bread to eat at meal times.

Now we have said Jehovah proved the children of Israel, to see whether they would believe He would give them their daily bread. So He bade them gather a given quantity every morning, and you will see them in our picture hard at work picking up the little round white balls of bread. And how they must work! for when the sun is up the manna will melt away—God does not encourage people to be lazy.

Alas! not all the children of Israel trusted Jehovah, for some were in spirit like the child we have imagined storing up his bread, lest his mother should forget to give him his meals. "Let no man leave of it till

the morning," said Moses. "Notwithstanding, they hearkened not unto Moses; but some of them left it until the morning, and it bred worms and stank."

The sparrows have neither storehouse nor barn, but God feeds them; and you, dear children, are of more value than many sparrows. Jehovah loved His people Israel and therefore could never let them starve in the wilderness, whither He had brought them. If He leads you to any place or to any duty, He will take care of you there. What He begins He carries on and finishes. There is not one child, however small, who really believes on Jesus, whom God will not carry all the way to heaven; and He will feed that child with spiritual food on the way. It would not be like God to forsake any one He had taken up in His grace. No loving father could forsake his children, and God is our Father, and loves us with an everlasting love.

We have more to say on the manna, but not to-day.

The Sculptor and the Lamb.

SHALL I tell you, dear children, a pretty story I heard lately? It made me think of Jesus, the Lamb of God, who laid down His life to save sinners; perhaps it will make you do so, too, and God likes us to think about Him.

They tell me there is an old church, far away in a part of Germany, called the Black Forest. I have never been there, but I am sure if I did go it would strike me as a very strange thing to see over its doorway the carving of a little lamb, lying stretched out dead. When you have heard how it came to be put there, I think you will say it is a touching story.

Now, some years ago, it happened that the tower of this church, which, as I told you, is very ancient, seemed to be getting quite unsafe, and likely to fall into ruins. You may be sure the people of the place did not wish this to happen, for they were proud of the old building, that had held its head up so high among them for so many, many years. They sent for a man, who was known to be clever, both as an architect and a sculptor, and he undertook to have the old tower properly repaired. The first thing he did, was to have a very high scaffolding put up all round it, for the masons to stand upon while they worked, and each day he went up amongst them to direct their work.

One day he came as usual to see how they were getting on. He mounted the scaffold, and went from one of the masons to another. He had so often been up before, that I fear he had grown rather careless of danger, and went along without thinking where he was. Suddenly his foot slipped, and with a loud cry he fell. Oh! how terrible it must have been for those about him to see him disappear; and how powerless they were to give him any help!

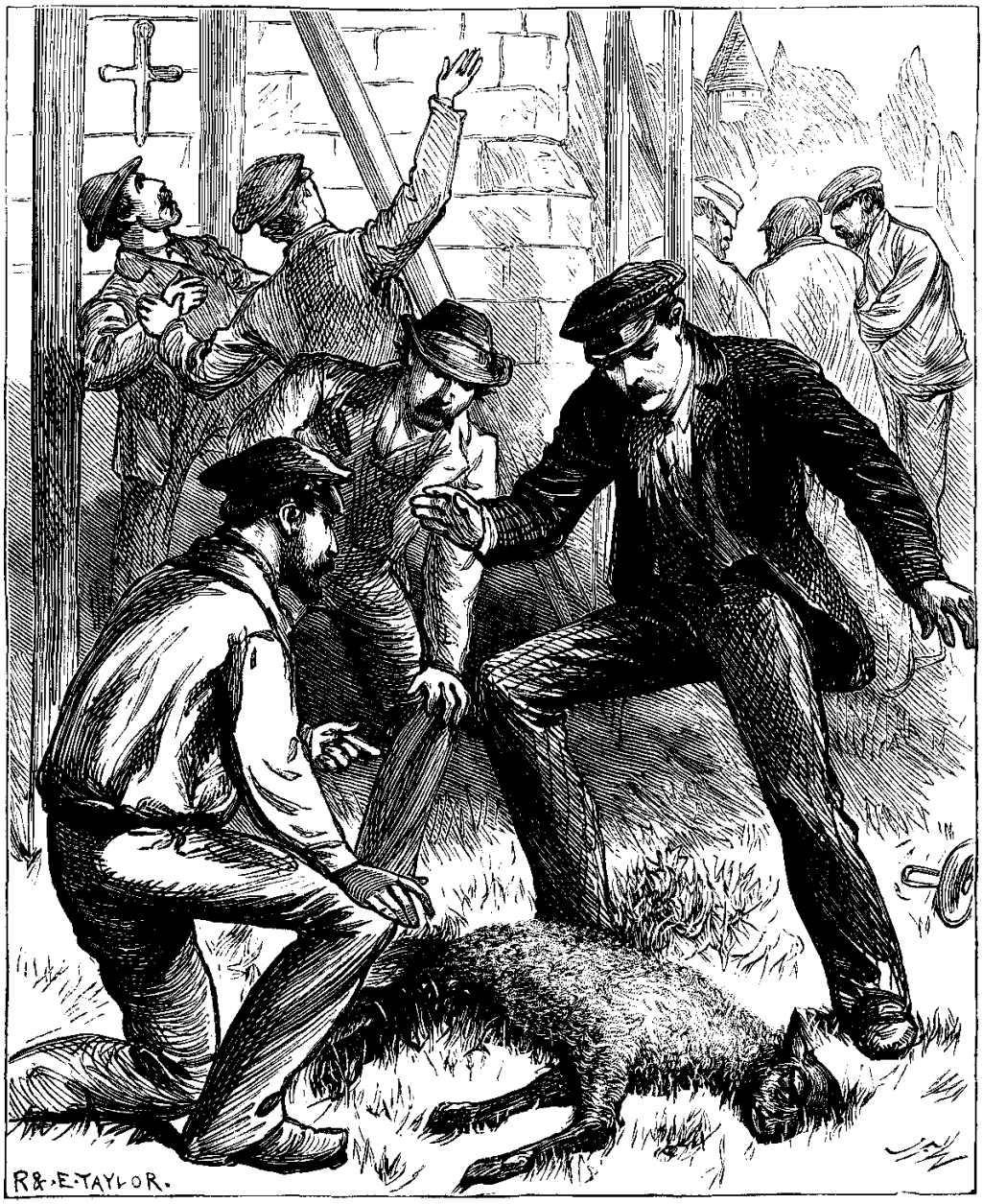
Can you not picture to yourselves how terrified he would feel, as he came downwards? I am sure he must have thought there was nothing but death before him; and if he did not know Jesus, as his Saviour, how terrible that death would be, with the judgment to follow!

Though it did not take him so long to reach the ground as it has taken me to tell you about it, yet he had plenty of time to think of all this, for people's minds work very quickly when death seems near.

As fast as they could, the workmen hurried to where their master lay, apparently lifeless at the foot of the old tower. They feared they were raising from the ground a dead body, but what was their surprise to find he was only a little stunned by his fall, and in no way really hurt!

The secret of his wonderful escape was soon made evident, for there, on the spot where he had lain, was stretched, lifeless and crushed, a lamb! It had been feeding beneath the tower, and God had mercifully allowed that it should stand just where it could break the fall of the poor sculptor—and so the lamb had died instead of him.

Do you not think it must have touched



THE LAMB HAD DIED INSTEAD OF HIM.

his heart very much, as he stood and looked at the little innocent victim that had been sacrificed to save him? I am sure it did, for he felt so grateful that he asked leave to carve the image of the dead lamb over the doorway, and there it is to this day, just as the sculptor carved it many years ago.

I wonder did he think, as he worked at the carving, of another Lamb, who had died for him—Jesus the Lamb of God? I cannot say, but I hope others may think of Him when they look at it and hear the story. It would, indeed, be well if the sculptured lamb made their thoughts turn to Jesus, that precious Saviour, who laid down His life that poor, fallen, helpless ones might be saved. You see, dear children, it was a very bad thing to fall from that tower down on to the grass below, but do you know we have all had a far greater fall? Yes, we have; for God long ago made man innocent and upright, but he listened to the devil's lie, and so

he fell—he fell from God, and now we are all sinners, "none righteous, no, not one"; and if God, "in His great love wherewith He loved us," had not given His son to save us, we should have fallen down, down, down, into hell for ever.

And how did Jesus save us? He died for us on the cross. There the Lamb of God came under all the weight of the wrath that we deserved, so that now God says, "Whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

But I want to tell you something more of the Lamb of God, that makes God's story about Him so much more beautiful than my story about the sculptor's lamb. Many years after Jesus had laid down His life on the cross for us, one of His disciples had a vision of things in heaven. You may be sure there were many beautiful and wonderful things to see there, but I think nothing was so beautiful to him as what I am now going to tell you. He saw the throne of God, and in the midst of the throne "stood a Lamb as it had been slain"—there was Jesus, God's Lamb! How happy it must have made John to see Him living there—not an image only of a dead lamb, like the sculptor's over the doorway, but a living person, who loved him, and was on God's throne for him, for "He ever liveth to make intercession" for His blood-bought ones, and He says, "because I live, ye shall live also."

But there is yet something more about the Lamb of God that I must tell you before I stop. It is very solemn and terrible, and it is nearly the last thing God tells us about His Lamb.

In the same wonderful book, in which we are told how happy those are, who have "washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb," God tells us that there is an awful day coming, when all, who will not now come to Jesus to be washed in that precious blood, will have to meet Him as their Judge, and to bear then "the wrath of the Lamb."

Oh, dear children, how terrible this sounds! Only think of the meek, patient, long-suffering Jesus coming at last in wrath to those who refused His love, and would not come to Him to save them. I do pray that none of you, who know how He came to die for sinners, may be among the number of those who will have to face "the wrath of the Lamb." How good it is that "to-day is the day of salvation," and that to-day I may once again point you to Jesus, as, long ago, John the Baptist did his disciples, when he saw Jesus coming unto him, and said, "Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world." D. & A. C.

I WANT JESUS ALL THE TIME.

DEAR Charlie lay, day after day, gradually growing weaker, in a very poor little room, having but few comforts and scarcely anything to make it pretty. It was up several flights of stairs, in a house let out to different tenants, and the noise made by so many persons was often very trying to the suffering child.

I never saw Charlie during all those weeks of constant pain and weakness without his having a ready smile and a happy word to greet me. Can my little readers tell me what it was that made Charlie so happy, in the midst of everything to render him unhappy? Ah! I think some of you can, because you have found out for yourselves that there is One whose presence can make the darkest place bright, and give comfort and joy in the midst of pain and sorrow. But to those who wonder what *could* make such an afflicted little boy contented and often joyful, I would just whisper, "It was because JESUS was there, and Charlie *knew* and *loved* Him."

If you had sat beside dear Charlie's little bed, he would have told you how he, a sinful boy, had come to the precious Saviour, and how Jesus had taken him, vile and wicked as he was, and had washed him in His precious blood, and made him so clean that he was fit to stand in the presence of God in glory. The Lord would tell the little boy by His Spirit of the place to which He would soon bring him, where there is no pain, nor crying, nor any sorrow—a place which could never be filled till Charlie was there.

Now, do my readers wonder that Charlie

could be bright and happy in the midst of pain and discomfort?

Dear Charlie knew that he was to be with Jesus in glory, but then he wanted something else; it was that Jesus *might be with him here.* So he wished everything around him to be just as Jesus would like to see it. Before Charlie was taken ill, he had pinned up a coloured print on his wall, of a foolish subject; but now that Jesus had come so close to him, and the Holy Spirit had taught him what pleased Jesus, he looked on it with a very different eye. One day he turned to his sister, and said, "Alice, take that away, and burn it up; Jesus doesn't like to come in with that there; and I want Jesus to be here *all the time.*"

Ah, my little christian reader, do you want Jesus "all the time"? is nothing too dear or too precious to be done away with if it does not please Him?

So dear Charlie passed away; the end was very bright. "Nearly home," he whispered, as I sat by him a little while before he breathed his last. His latest moments were spent in loving appeals to his father, who he feared was not saved. "Oh, father," he said, "you are not happy; you never will be till you come to Jesus."

Charlie knew where lasting peace and happiness were to be found, and from his lowly bed and cheerless room he passed to fulness of joy in the paradise of God. Absent from the body, he was present with the Lord. Oh, my young friend, are *you* happy? There is no real joy apart from Jesus. Whilst on earth Charlie knew Jesus, and then when death came, and he went into His presence, it was to meet the One whom he had known and trusted; there was no fear in his heart, for "perfect love casteth out fear." F. B.

True Stories of God's Servants.

ALLEN GARDINER.

THE story of the life and death of Captain Allen Gardiner and his companions is a very beautiful one, from which we may learn lessons of courage and endurance, and confidence in God. It may be that as we read it we shall count it a sad story; but we need to remember that things are not what they seem, and that the servants of Christ have ever found joy and peace unspeakable even in the last extremity of danger braved in His service, and distress borne for His sake.

Allen Gardiner was born near the close of the last century, at Combe, in Berkshire. Like many English boys, he had a great desire to be a sailor, and so, although his parents would have been glad if their boy had chosen almost any other profession, they allowed him to enter the navy.

Allen had been carefully trained at home, and when he went to study at the Naval College he found a friend who was most anxious to lead him to the knowledge of Christ; but it was not until some years later, when he was far away from parents and friends, that the many prayers of those who loved him were answered. God spoke to his heart and conscience in a heathen temple in China, as he watched the Chinese at their idol-worship; and from the time of his own conversion he had a great desire to be used by God to open the way for the messengers of His gospel among the nations who knew Him not.

One who leads the way in a path of danger, who clears the road before an army, or first enters some unknown region, whither others may follow in the track which he has left, is called a pioneer. Captain Gardiner was a missionary pioneer: he does not seem to have thought of being an evangelist himself; but he greatly longed to clear the way for others who should preach the gospel in places where its glad sound had never been heard.

His first work as a missionary pioneer was in Zululand, whither he went in 1834, hoping that he might be the means of opening a way into those benighted regions for ministers of the gospel. After spending some time in South Africa, Captain Gardiner returned to England, published an account of his "Journey to the Zulu Country," and then, having been joined by some missionaries, set out again for Africa, intending to spend the rest of his life among the Zulus.

In the year 1837, however, when a war

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broke out between the Zulus and the Dutch, and all missionaries were obliged to leave the country, Captain Gardiner's thoughts again turned to the people among whom he had wished to labour, when the hope of being a missionary first sprang up in his heart. These people were the Patagonians, a race of very tall Indians, living, as you know, at the exteme south of America. As Captain Gardiner was at that time on board H.M.S. *Dauntless*, cruising along the western coast of South America, he often went ashore, and became acquainted with the customs of the Araucanian Indians, as the native inhabitants of that coast are called. These Indians are a warlike people, who ride magnificent horses, which were first brought into their country by the Spaniards. Their outer dress is a poncho, which is a blanket with a hole in the middle; the wearer thrusts his head through this hole, and his toilet is made. Both men and women paint curious patterns upon their bodies with red and black paint; the children are tied up in little cradles, and thus travel behind their mothers on horseback, or are hung upon the pole of the hut when the family is at home.

These Indians live in tents, or in miserable huts made of wickerwork, plastered with clay, such as may have been seen in our own land long years ago. They are very bold riders, and all, even the children, are wonderfully clever in using two hunting weapons which were introduced by the Spaniards, the bolas and the lazo, or lasso. The bolas is a rope of hide, with a ball of iron or copper, about the size of a cricket ball, attached to it; this is slung with such force, and such true aim, that it becomes a very deadly weapon in skilful hands. The lasso, which means "noose," is a very long rope of hide with a slip-knot at one end. It is very difficult to learn to throw the lasso in such a manner as to ensure this knot falling so as to entangle the animal at which it is thrown; children begin to practise throwing the lasso when very young, and soon become so expert as to be able to catch wild birds with it.

But had the Spaniards merely taught these Indians to be bold riders and hunters? They had had some care for their souls; and not only in the interior of South America, but along this Araucanian coast, Roman Catholic priests had rescued many of the native inhabitants from heathenism. Unhappily, however, they had taught them, along with the profession of christianity, many things not found in the scriptures of truth. Their plan was to "make christians" of the heathen by baptizing them, and while they compelled them to give up their idol worship they taught them to pray to saints and angels, to adore images of Christ and the Virgin Mary, and to believe in the doctrine of purgatory.

The more Captain Gardiner saw of the Araucanian tribes in Bolivia, Chili, and La Plata, the more hopeless it seemed to him to attempt any missionary work amongst them, and the more strongly did he desire to open the way for the messengers of the gospel in a country where no false teaching had been forced upon the people. Such a country he believed he had found in Patagonia, for there no Romish priests had penetrated, and his slight acquaintance with the people led him to believe that they were intelligent and willing to be taught.

The Patagonians do not worship idols, but believe in a good spirit which they say dwells in the sun, and a bad spirit which dwells in the moon; they believe that the souls of the good go to the sun after death, and those of the wicked to the moon.

Like most heathen people, they have curious customs with regard to the burial of the dead. Everything belonging to the dead man—his tent, his clothes, and skins—is burnt; and spears, knives, and such things as cannot be consumed by fire are buried with him. It is the custom to blow with the mouth over the grave, and the relations cut themselves in token of mourning, and cast the blood which flows from their self-inflicted wounds upward to the sun, as they kneel around the grave and call upon the good spirit.

Upon the grave a heap of stones is then raised, and the great desire of the survivors seems to be to forget the dead, and to destroy every memorial which might bring them to their recollection.

Faithful Words for Old and Young 10 (1881)

When Magellan, the Portuguese voyager, first saw the inhabitants of this wide-stretching country, more than three hundred years ago, he thought them "larger and taller than the stoutest men of Castile," and they are very much taller than their neighbours the Fuegians, but not such a gigantic race as the old navigators described them to be. The Spaniards first called them "Patagones," or "large feet," from their wearing huge boots made of rough hides, and the name has remained to this day.

The country is bare and rocky, covered with clumps of thistles; dwarf oaks and stunted bushes grow here and there, but there is very little vegetation even in summer, and in winter the whole land is one vast sheet of snow. The native huts, called toldos, are made of the hides of the timid and swift guanaco, stretched upon poles. The chief animals of the country are the guanaco, a kind of lama, and the ostrich. Like the Araucanians, the Patagonian Indians use the bolas and lasso, and are very wary and skilful hunters. They are very suspicious of strangers, and although honest in their dealings one with another, will take anything, upon which they can lay hands, belonging to a stranger, and their word can never be trusted.

South of the Patagonia, on the other side of the Straits of Magellan, lie a number of islands, barren and rocky, one of which forms the famous Cape Horn. When Magellan passed by that desolate coast, he called the land "Tierra del Fuego," Land of Fire, from the number of fires which were lit upon the shore, but a less appropriate name could hardly be found for a country which is swept by piercing winds, and where rain or snow falls almost every day.

Unlike their tall neighbours, the inhabitants of this bleak land are very short; they wear little clothing except their own long matted hair, and a piece of seal skin; their bodies are painted with earth, white, black, or red, and around their necks hang strings of seals' teeth.

As their barren country affords them no means of living, they spend much of their time in catching fish, and have even trained their dogs to dive and fish for them. Their language is not the same as that spoken by the Patagonians, and they are not only the most miserable, but also the most savage race in South America. They have murdered the crews of several vessels which have been driven upon their coasts, and it is believed that in times of scarcity cannibalism is not uncommon among them. Captain Gardiner had visited them and attempted to gain their confidence, but without success.

It was when he returned to England, after his three years' stay among the Zulus, that Captain Gardiner wrote a letter, entitled "An earnest Appeal on behalf of the Indians of Patagonia," in the hope of awakening an interest in the minds of his friends with regard to this neglected people.

"Where is there," he asked, "a nobler work, or one of higher importance, to which we can set our hands and devote our energies than the endeavour, on the ground of that love which has bestowed so freely upon us the inestimable blessings of salvation by Jesus Christ, to convey the same message of peace and joy to those dark places of the earth, where multitudes of our fellow-sinners are sitting in the shadow of death, with no man caring for their souls?" P.

THE QUESTIONS.

WE did not obtain sufficient replies to our questions through last year to warrant their re-commencement. However, if we hear that there is much disappointment because the questions are dropped, we will resume them. What we should like, is to keep some of our young friends of fourteen to sixteen years of age in Bible study. Our magazine has now had an existence of eight years, and several children who corresponded with us at its commencement are now young men and women. Can we help you? If you have questions you cannot answer, we will try to aid you by writing articles to remove your difficulties.

You know the character of "FAITHFUL WORDS," so we need not say the questions must be of a practical kind.

For list of names of children who have gained the prizes see Cover, p. 3.

FAITHFUL WORDS
For Old and Young.

THE VERY WORDS.

THE VERY WORDS.

THOSE of our readers who have visited the London hospitals may have seen, as I have done, a bright flush of pleasure light up the pale, weary face as the welcome gift of a few flowers, attached to a card, on which is written a verse of Scripture, is laid on the pillow, or placed in the eagerly extended hand of some suffering one.

Week by week, all through the year, the sweet, silent messengers find their way into the wards. The first violets and primroses tell of the return of spring, and when the brighter-hued, but less fragrant blossoms of the autumn are no longer with us, through the cold, dark days of winter, a few sprays of dried grass, or pieces of seaweed tastefully arranged on the text-cards, serve to cheer the heart and win the eye of the patients.

And the flowers have their own sweet story to whisper—much to say to the opened ear and heart of the wisdom and power of God, who gave them their bright colours and forms of beauty, who chose for each tiny blossom the place most suited to its growth and development, and who will in His own time bless again this creation, now groaning and travailing because of man's sin. But creation, with all its wonders and beauties, cannot answer the question, "What must I do to be saved?" (Acts xvi. 30.) The heart of man is fallen from God—we are by nature sinners. The written word alone tells how sin can be pardoned and the sinner brought to God.

Some weeks ago I was asked to visit a patient in the —— Hospital. Owing to a change having been made in the visiting hours, I found myself in the ward before the house-doctor had finished his afternoon round. As I was about to withdraw, I was invited by the patient, who occupied the bed nearest the door, to sit down by her for a little while, "For," she said, "maybe, you will be able to tell me words I am trying to know rightly."

Mrs. B.'s story was soon told. She had entered the hospital very ignorant of the things of God, and careless about her soul. A few days before I saw her, she said, "A lady came into the ward, and brought each of us some flowers. I felt ill and tired, and did not want to talk, so, when she came near me, I turned my face to the wall, as if asleep. Then she laid the flowers upon my pillow, and passed on. When I heard her go downstairs I took them up. It seemed to do me good to look at them; but I soon saw the flowers were not all—there was a card, with some writing on it. I read the words over and over again, and wondered what they could mean, and soon began to care more for the card than I did for the flowers. As I read them I could not help crying—it seemed as if all my life came back to my mind, and I felt I was a great sinner. When night came I put my card away. In the morning I could not find it, and the words seemed to have gone out of my mind. I should like to know what they were."

"Try to remember one word, and I will ask the Lord, by the guidance of the Holy Spirit, to bring the right verse to my mind," I said.

"There was the word '*sin*' in it, and that seems about all I can think of," Mrs. B. answered.

"Were these the words, 'For the wages of sin is death; but the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord'?" (Rom. vi. 23.)

The look of disappointment that clouded the face of poor Mrs. B. was sad to witness. "No," she answered. "Those are not the ones I was longing to hear."

I repeated another verse with the word *sin* in it—"The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin." (1 John i. 7.)

"The very words—the very words! Oh, how thankful I am!" cried Mrs. B. "And you are quite sure they are in the Holy Scriptures?" continued she, speaking rapidly, and with deep feeling.

I read the words to her from the Bible. For some time we talked of the wonderful love of God to the perishing and the lost. I do not know—perhaps I never shall know on earth—the result of that afternoon's conversation, for when the visiting day came round again I found that Mrs. B. had re-

turned to her own home; but I know who has said, "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"; and so, in simple, happy confidence, I leave it with Him.

Reader, has the question of sin ever made you anxious or unhappy? Have you ever thought of it as a dread reality involving the most tremendous consequences?

If so, peace of conscience and rest of heart are to be found—where? In prayers, or tears, or works? No, in simple faith in what the word of God declares concerning the all-cleansing blood of the Lord Jesus Christ.

Believe it, and then, but not till then, your heart will be attracted in grateful love to Him whose blood was shed. E. J. L.

SEEKING.

WE met a man who told us he had been seeking God for four years or more. He informed us he had been to various churches and chapels, and was wandering from place to place, seeking for the knowledge of the forgiveness of his sins. We believe this man to be a sample of many professedly zealous souls. The truth is, he was not in downright earnest. His seeking was of a listless character. He did not seek for mercy with even the determination of a poor man who has lost a shilling. Such a poor man would seek, *meaning* to find, but this self-styled seeker for eternal good had a kind of notion, that while it was quite right to make a religion out of his seeking God, it would be out of the question to find and to rejoice in the knowledge of salvation?

THE LORD'S LOVE.

"WITH desire I have desired to eat this Passover with you before I suffer." The One who spoke these words to His disciples was called "Wonderful, Counsellor, the Mighty God"; but the knowledge that He is all this does not keep us at a distance, for we find Him the One who has the tenderest of human sympathies, and, while we lean on His almighty arm, we feel the throbbing of His human heart. *

REST IN CHRIST.

ONE morning in January, as I looked out of the window, I saw that there had been a heavy fall of snow during the night. I had intended going to a place about two miles off, to see a young married woman, who was sick, but I thought that because of the weather I would give it up. However, in the course of the forenoon, the verse, "He that observeth the wind shall not sow, and he that regardeth the clouds shall not reap," was brought so forcibly before my mind, that I was constrained to go and see her.

Mary was not only in deep distress of mind, but in great grief at the prospect of leaving her little children. This gave me the opportunity of telling her that she was the very one who needed the comfort of having Jesus for her friend, that if she came to Him He would not only pardon her sins, and give her eternal life, but would love and care for the children in a far better way than anyone on earth could do.

"But," said she, "I am so young, and the children are so young—it's hard to be taken away from them so soon."

"We read in the gospel by Matthew that the Lord said, 'Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? and one of them shall not fall on the ground without your Father.' (Ch. x. 29.) Will not He, who cares for the sparrows, care for your little ones?"

"Come now," I continued, "I have a special invitation for you. Jesus says, 'Come unto Me, all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' That REST is to be found in the forgiveness of your sins."

"But how am I to come to Him?" she said, at length; "must I not feel a change before I can believe?"

"If you search the whole word of God," I replied, "you will find nothing about feeling a change in order to be saved. You are not saved by feeling, but by grace; all you have to do is to believe. 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved, and thy house.' It is neither by seeing anything, nor by feeling anything, that you are saved. Now," I continued, "you see this bed: that is sight. I don't need to tell you there is a

bed here. If you were carrying a heavy load, you would not require to be told that you were heavily burdened: you would feel it. But suppose you said to me you had some very valuable things in your chest, I should need to have faith in your word about it. Faith is believing in what we neither see nor feel. God speaks and tells us of pardon and peace, and what we have to do is to believe God. We don't *feel* we have eternal life, we *know* we have it, for God's word tells us so."

Tears fell down her pale face as she spoke of the past, and how she had set up one idol after another, and lived without God, and she trembled lest He would not receive her—wreck as she was—at the end of her wasted life.

"The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin," was my only answer to her troubled heart, and I had the joy of seeing her lose the burden of her sins. Mary seemed to find rest in its fullest sense almost at once, and was enabled to take her children and leave them with the Lord, neither did she ever again take up the burden herself.

One day, when a friend was speaking to her of her sufferings, she said, with a beautiful smile, "I don't want anything but patience to wait; I don't want to get better. I just want Christ, nothing but Christ!"

Dear Mary had great faith in the power of prayer. One day, when I was uniting with her in prayer, I forgot one of her friends. She touched me before I rose from kneeling, and said, "You have forgotten I——." We then joined in prayer again, and she seemed quite satisfied. One of her relatives having spoken to her about the children, she told me afterwards that it only grieved her, "for," she said, "I gave them to Jesus long ago, and it seemed like taking up the care again to be speaking and planning about them."

Her conscience was most tender, and during her last week on earth she was more tempted than at any previous time. This was partly caused by her extreme weakness of body. The last time she complained of this was four days before she was taken home, and then she said, "But Jesus will never leave me, for He has promised, 'I will never leave thee nor forsake thee.'"

Two days after she was very bright, and seemed better. She said to me, "Do you know, I asked the Lord to let me live for a day or two longer." I asked her why she had done so, as she generally longed to go. "Because I wanted to know more of Christ before I went," and for nearly two hours she was just hungering and thirsting after the word. As I read verse after verse, she made me mark them for her; and as I was leaving her, she said, "I have been wondering what kind of robes we shall wear in heaven." Then with a bright, beautiful smile, she added, "One thing I know,—there will be no spots on them." I had told her some time before of a little child who had come to Jesus, and whose daily prayer was, "that Jesus would keep her from spots," which was her childish way of expressing falling into sins.

When next I called to see her, she had gone to be for ever with the Lord. I felt that words failed to express my sympathy with the bereaved husband; I could only point him to the one never-failing source of comfort and rest, even in the darkest hours.

Dear reader, are you ready? Only those washed in the blood of the Lamb are ready,—only they shall enter in through the gates into the holy city. Will you be found in that blood-washed company? Will you join in the great anthem of the redeemed, "Unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood, and made us kings and priests unto God and His Father, unto Him be glory and dominion for ever and ever. Amen." J. D.

COWARDICE.

DON'T be a coward. If you show the devil a bold front he will flee from you. The unconverted friends you fear, are much more afraid of you than you are of them! Tell them boldly that you are Christ's, and they will frighten you no more. It is astonishing how timid unconverted people are in the presence of a downright, hearty christian.

THE LORD FOLLOWED ME.

IN the fifteenth of Luke, by a series of pictures, are shown the Three Persons of the Godhead interesting themselves in the salvation of poor sinners. We cannot fail to notice in the parable of the shepherd going after the lost sheep the words, "until he find it." And, again, in the second—the search by the woman for the lost piece of silver—the same words appear, "till she find it." These few words reveal the unwearying love of the Shepherd, and the unceasing labour of the Spirit, in seeking for and bringing back to God that which was lost.

And often do we see in real life what these parables bring before us—the triumph of love, which nothing can hinder, the intensity of the love which brought our Saviour-Shepherd into this wilderness world to find the lost and perishing sheep, and which leads the Holy Spirit to let the light of truth shine into our dark hearts.

The following true story tells us a little of this grace:—Henry was the son of christian parents, who often lovingly spoke to him of Christ and of his soul. But, like many young men, his desire was to see more of the world, and for this reason he rejected the truth. And he went further; for one day, without saying a word to those who loved him, he left his home, "to strike out in the world for himself." When dinner-time came, Henry's seat was vacant, and the hearts of his parents were filled with fear, to which was added sorrow when they at last heard from a neighbour of the intention of their poor son. They had this comfort, that they could leave all their trouble with God, and He, whose ears are open to His people's cry, was not slow to hear, or to show forth His power.

It was on a Saturday Henry had turned his back upon his father's house, that he might gratify his desire and enjoy the world.

While walking about the town to which he had come, Henry heard, one Sunday evening, a familiar hymn sounding from a hall, and he strayed into the building. In the course of the preaching the evangelist raised his hand and pointing where Henry was, said, "There is a man here to-night who is willingly ignorant of the truth. Oh, think what it will be to meet a God, who in love to your soul has given His beloved Son to save you from wrath, if you still close your heart to that love, and, with your eyes wide open, take sides with the enemies of God!"

Can we call that "a shot at a venture"? Was it not, rather, a word and an action given by the Spirit of God to reach that poor lost one? The word of the preacher went home to Henry's heart and conscience, and at the close of the meeting he went forward to shake hands with the speaker. "Do you know the Lord Jesus as your Saviour?" he asked. "Yes, sir," replied Henry, "I found Him right here to-night. I was the one you pointed at. I was willingly ignorant of the truth, and ran away from home so that I should not hear it, but the Lord followed me." The servant of Christ and the young believer rejoiced together, and the next day the parents' hearts were gladdened when they received the news that their son, who had been as one dead to them, was alive again; that he who had been lost, was found.

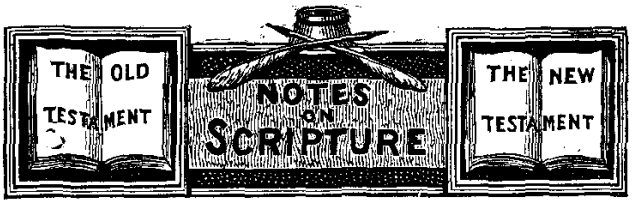
It was true that Henry had found Jesus as His Saviour, but was it not also true that the Shepherd, having lost His sheep, had gone after it until He found it? Surely it was so; in spite of the deliberate rejection of His grace, the Shepherd had set His love upon this poor soul, and the sin of His refusal brought out the more abundantly the grace and love of the Shepherd's heart, so that He followed him, and at last the lost sheep was found upon the shoulders which never weary.

And true as was the joy of the servant of Christ, and of the parents, could it equal the joy of heaven over the lost sheep when brought home with rejoicing? Had not the Saviour-Shepherd His joy in knowing that His labour was not in vain? He could rejoice over this poor soul—the sheep which had gone astray as the fruit of the travail of His soul.

We make no question as to the welcome which Henry received when he returned home, pardoned by God. But think of the welcome which awaited him—and which awaits you, returning sinner—in the Father's

house. Think of the love ready to be lavished upon you, the kiss of welcome, the robe of righteousness, the ring of eternal love, the shoes of peace, and the feast of the fatted calf—the joy of the Father over you.

Dear reader, do you know what it is to rest on the shoulders of that Good Shepherd? Have you ever received the Father's welcome? If not, oh, think of the love of that Shepherd who is still seeking you! Remember that the Father is waiting to welcome you, and though you may be a great way off, He will not only welcome, but in His compassion, will come to meet you. And ere the doors which now stand open to receive you shall be closed—and closed for ever—oh! arise and go to your Father, assured that in spite of the distance of that far country—in spite of the stains of travel, there is still room, there is bread enough and to spare, there is still an embrace and a kiss which may be yours. Will you receive them? W. J.



Faith.

NO one unless he have faith can please God, for no moral association exists between man and God where man lives in independence of God. A heathen does not believe that God is; he is, therefore, without compass or guiding star upon the waters of life; whence he came or whither he is bound, he knows not. The mere professing christian believes as an article of his creed, the fact that God is, but does not believe God Himself; he is like a mariner accepting the theory of the compass yet setting sail without it, and knowing that the pole star is overhead yet refusing to cast his eye up to it. Better not to have knowledge of compass, or of pole star, than to have it and drift to shipwreck rejecting their guidance. The genuine believer takes God at His word, and shapes his course by its directions. Faith is the great principle upon which the people of God go holily through this world to heaven.

The believer needs faith for his daily life. We must not suppose because we have faith in Christ for our soul's salvation that we have reached the end of the voyage. Quite otherwise, for while there cannot be any pleasure given to God by us before we believe on Him, our daily progress in the life of faith only commences after our hearts have truly taken in the tidings of His love to us in His Son.

This paper is addressed to such as "believe to the saving of the soul," and who being saved, "live by faith," that is, live in a practical way by faith. (Heb. x. 36-39.) It is necessary not only to plead with the unsaved to "believe on the Lord Jesus Christ," that they may be saved; it is also necessary to exhort the saved soul to remember that faith is the only principle on which he can please God.

In the eleventh chapter of the Epistle to the Hebrews, we have the activities of faith presented to us in a series of groupings, which, like a picture in partitions, unfolds the life of faith from the moment God is believed by the sinner, till the time when life's pilgrimage being over the saints shall be perfect in resurrection bodies.

The first three verses of the chapter are preliminary to these groupings. These words, "Now faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen," none but a true believer can really understand in his heart. We do not deny that any man may comprehend the idea, that he who has faith has in him the assurance, the giving substance to, of things hoped for; but no man, save a true believer, can know in himself what this assurance, this substance is! Knowing about a truth, and having the truth in the heart, are vastly different things. No amount of infidel argument can thrust out of the soul of the dependent child of God this substance, or drive from him this divinely-given conviction of what he sees not.

The believer dependent on God has in him the God-given assurance and conviction of the truth of what God says to him. Be-

cause he has set to his seal that God is true there is in him a rock-like basis. His soul is firm, unlike those whose hearts are movable as water, or variable as the wind. Melted hearts and shifting souls are no testimony for God.

Holy men of old obtained a good report through faith: they believed God, and so lived for God. Faith in God was the cause which produced in them the effect of godly living.

It is remarkable that before faith in God for salvation is spoken of, faith in Him as Creator is set forth. What these eyes behold, what these feet tread upon, of this material world, was not made from what appears. The believer has faith to know God as the Creator, as well as his Saviour.

In Abel, Enoch, and Noah, we have the first of the series of pictures of faith, which this portion of the Scriptures presents to us. Three great traits of faith are here grouped together, by means of the record of incidents in the lives of these three men. First, faith which is wise as to the sacrifice; second, faith which waits for translation to heaven; third, faith which saves others, and condemns the world hastening on its judgment.

Both Cain and Abel were religious, but Cain's religion was the presumptuous bringing to God of the fruits of the earth He had cursed, while Abel's was the witness of death being the sinner's only desert, and of the excellency of the victim slain in his stead. Here are the two great divisions of all religious zeal — the cultivation and improvement of that which by nature is prolific in thorns and thistles brought to God; the acknowledgment that for the sinner's approach to God the sacrifice of the life of another is necessary.

Let no one think that mere religion will save his soul. There is no little of the pleasure of self-complacency in bringing to God the toil of the hand and the sweat of the brow—no little self-satisfaction in doing our best, and working, as we think, well to gain God's favour; but the religion of Cain, ancient as it is, only shuts out the sinner from God's presence: "Unto Cain and to his offering He had not respect." (Gen. iv. 5.) The round of religious duties, the whole array of prayers, works, tears, penances, labours; the outcome of the sentiment, that provided a man does his best according to the thoughts of his heart—which sentiment is at the bottom of the popular religiousness of our times—are all merely natural religion. They are merely "an offering of the fruit of the ground," the energy of the fallen nature of man. And those who are thus active go "in the way of Cain." (Jude i.)

Cain was offended because God accepted not his offering. And the question which Jehovah put to him may be put to-day to the religious man who has not found peace through the blood of Jesus, and who rebels against the declaration that his works are worthless. "Why art thou wroth? and why is thy countenance fallen?" Angry and disappointed, Cain would not heed the word of God.

Cain did not well—he sinned—but the word of mercy for him was, "If thou doest not well, sin lieth at the door"—sin, or a sin-offering, croucheth at the door. As if the Lord had said, "The victim lies at the very door of your house!" Why, then, did not he avail himself of the provision for his sin? Why did he not go and take a lamb, and bring it as an offering to the Lord? His religiousness, his pride refused that sacrifice. He would not heed or have it, even as men will not have Jesus now—even as men deliberately and wilfully reject the one offering of Christ. Cain was angry because God received not his self-elected offering; he was disappointed because God would not have his religion, and he sank deeper into the mire — he became guilty of his brother's blood, and at length became a vagabond, a wanderer from the presence of Jehovah.

Oh! poor travellers to eternity on the way of Cain, the value of the Sacrifice slain for sinners, the Lamb of God is nigh you. Will you still refuse the Lamb of God? "The word is nigh thee, even in thy mouth, and in thy heart: that is, the word of faith, which we preach; that if thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in

thine heart that God hath raised Him from the dead, thou shalt be saved." Oh! be not ignorant of God's righteousness, and still go about to establish your own righteousness, submitting not to the righteousness of God.

Abel's faith recognised his own sinful state, and trusted in God for the remedy for man's ruin. God testified of Abel's gifts—"the firstlings of his flock, and of the fat thereof"—the sacrifice, and its excellency. Abel's gifts told of the worthlessness of self and the worthiness of the Lamb, and these, his gifts, speak to us of Jesus, the Lamb of God. Thereby he obtained witness that he was righteous, even as in this day do all who believe God and rest in the finished work of His Son.

Here are the two great religions of men—the religion of self effort, the religion of faith in the sacrifice of Jesus. Which is yours, dear reader? We are received by God in the value of Christ's work, or rejected in the worthlessness of our own. This way of Cain is an awful road upon which to travel to eternity.

To reject God's sacrifice for sinners is to do in the end as Cain did; he "went out from the presence of the Lord" and "dwelt in the land of (the vagabond) Nod." This is the course the world has taken; on this fatal roadway the popular religiousness of our times is hastening. Away from the presence of the Lord, Cain built a city, and filled it with inventions and with arts, and made there his home, of a world without God. How familiar to this nineteenth century, with its inventions and its arts, is the way of Cain!

EXERCISE FOR WARMING COLD SOULS.

VISIT the dying; care for the sick; clothe the naked; feed the hungry; run to help others, and give no time for the devil to occupy your heart with its own wretchedness or other people's manners.

A BEAUTIFUL GARMENT.

THERE is a garment called humility, which renders its wearer unseen. Let him who would pass through this world to the glory of God garb himself with this raiment, as it is written, "Be ye clothed with humility."

GOD'S PURPOSE FOR US.

IT is happy for our souls, and healthful too, to be occupied with God's purpose for us. Each heart knows its own bitterness, but "*God is faithful,*" and what a cheer this is to our hearts! We need this cheer as pilgrims passing through the rough places of this world; we need to remember that we are, as it were, booked for glory. The moment Israel left Egypt, Canaan was their issue; so all who are sanctified in Christ Jesus, God will confirm unto the end, blameless, in the day of Jesus Christ our Lord. The cross and the glory go together; we have to say to the one; we *have* the other. *

The Little Boy who could not say where his Sins were.

ONE evening, a few months ago, after a service in a town situated upon one of the principal gold fields of Australia, I asked some among the audience as to the security and salvation of their precious souls, and their present knowledge and enjoyment of the forgiveness of their sins. From nearly all to whom I spoke I received, in response to my inquiries, "I hope so, sir; I hope so."

This reply was given by some with much readiness, as though it were a well-learned lesson, by others it was uttered in uncertain tones, such as make the heart ache, of one who yearns for the salvation and deliverance of precious souls.

Somewhat saddened, I turned to a little fellow of about eight years of age, and said to him, "Well, my little man, where are your sins?" He looked up into my face and smiled sweetly, but did not speak a word. Fearing that he did not catch my question, I repeated it, but still received no answer.

His mother said, "Come, don't be silly, Harry; answer the gentleman at once." He looked up at me, still smiling, but did not answer.

Thinking that he was shy, I said a few words to him, and then bade them good

WHAT HARRY COULD NOT TELL.

night. On arriving home his mother said to him, "Why didn't you answer, Harry?"

"Because I couldn't," rejoined the little boy.

"Why, that you could, I'm sure," said the mother.

"No, I couldn't, mother."

"Why could not you, Harry?"

"Because I don't know. I know that Jesus bore my sins and put them away, but where He has put them I don't know, and I did not think anyone else did."

Oh, what a volume of precious peace-giving truth falling from the lips of a mere babe! Oh, that all of you, dear young readers, might be able to take up the words of little Harry, "I know that Jesus bore my sins and put them away."

It may be, my young reader, you are troubled about your sins; and perhaps you now say to

yourself, "Oh, how I wish that I were like that little boy! If I could but say what he said, should not I be happy!"

Well, I have good news for you. You may know what he knew, and be able to say what he said this very hour, and on no less authority than the word of the living God. Do you believe His word?

"Yes," you answer, "I believe everything the Bible says, but yet I cannot say that my sins are all pardoned." Let us see what the Bible says. We will look at a few texts. Turn to Isaiah liii. 6: "All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way." Do you believe that? "Yes." You don't hope you believe it, do you? "No, certainly not." Do you feel that you believe it?

"No, I believe it." Well, go on now: "But the Lord hath"—Does it say may, or will? "No; hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all." Do you believe those words?

Look now at Hebrews i. 3. This Scripture speaks of the same blessed Person, "Who being the brightness of His glory, and the express image of His person, and upholding all things by the word of His power, when He had by Himself purged our sins, sat down on the right hand of the Majesty on high." The resurrection of Jesus our Lord from the dead is a proof that His work is finished to the satisfaction of God.

What about your sins, then?

"But I don't feel," is your answer. Now, we have not been speaking about our feelings, but about God's word. You said at the outset that you did not feel you believed, but believed. If you believe that you have gone astray, but that the Lord hath laid on Him (Jesus) your sins, and that He has borne them on the tree, and that He by His death has put them away, and that He is now risen, and seated at God's right hand—blessed proof that His work is done!—where are your sins? Do you think it possible that Jesus bore your sins and put them away eighteen hundred years ago, and that they are still upon you?

"Well, no; they must be gone, whether I feel it or not. God says so—I believe it."

Now a few more texts as to where the believer's sins have been put. Micah vii. 19, "Thou will cast all their sins into the depths of the sea." Isaiah xxxviii. 17, "For thou hast cast all my sins behind Thy back." And Psalm ciii. 12, "As far as the east is from the west, so far hath He removed our transgressions from us." When will the east and west come together? Never. When will the believer and his sins come together? Never. The Lord hath said, "Their sins and iniquities will I remember no more." (Heb. x. 17.)

Rest on God's word alone, and with the little boy, you will answer the question, "Where are your sins?" by saying, "I know that Jesus bore my sins and put them away, but where He's put them I don't know." J.G.

I'M AS GOOD AS ANYBODY.

IN the neighbourhood of the home of a lad of whom I am about to tell you, there had been from time to time special religious gatherings for the young. Several of his acquaintances were in some way changed; but how that change was brought about this lad could not understand.

One winter's evening he set out with the determination to go and see for himself what these services were like, and what had made his young companions so different.

My young friend was a lad who, from his infancy, had been trained religiously, and, who was naturally amiable—so comparing himself with many lads whom he knew, he reasoned thus: "It is a good thing for them to be changed; it is very well for them to begin to lead a new life, but with me it is very different. I always read my Bible, and pray every day. I have no need of this change. I am as good as anybody."

With these self-righteous thoughts filling his mind, he arrived at his destination. He listened attentively to the preaching of the word, and sang the hymns with the rest, and then returned to his home with the confirmed idea that he needed no new birth.

The next night he went again, and presently something was said, which seemed as if aimed directly at him. The word of God, "All have sinned, and come short of the

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glory of God," struck into this self-righteous lad's soul. The Holy Spirit revealed to him his lost condition, and he saw himself to be, "though as good as anybody," still, after all, nothing but a poor lost sinner. His heart was broken, and in his shame and grief he besought the Lord to speak peace to his sin-burdened soul.

Henceforth that lad no longer boasted of his own goodness. He looked to Christ for pardon, and is now living to tell others of his Saviour.

Dear young friends, are you saying, "I am as good as anybody"; or, have you cried to God, "I have sinned," and found mercy? C.E.A.

True Stories of God's Servants.

SEARCHING FOR THE PATAGONIANS.

CAPTAIN GARDINER'S appeal was not made in vain. A few friends at Brighton, where he then lived, met together to consider in what way they could best help him, and they determined to subscribe money to send out a Mr. Robert Hunt, who was to be the first English missionary to Patagonia. Captain Gardiner gladly offered to accompany him, and so, bidding his wife and friends and country farewell, in the winter of 1844, he embarked with Mr. Hunt on board the brig "Rosalie," and in less than two months reached the Straits of Magellan.

The voyage had been pleasant, and hitherto all had gone smoothly, but on landing at Cape Gregory the missionaries were dismayed to find no trace of the people whom they came to seek.

As the Patagonians live by hunting, they rarely remain long in the same place, and although Gregory Bay had been one of their principal resorts, all was now silent and deserted there.

Captain Gardiner, on his previous visit to the bay, had met with an encampment of more than a hundred Indians, and had explained to them, by means of a Spaniard who had lived in the country for many years, that his object in coming among them was to prepare the way for those who should instruct them in the knowledge of the true God.

The Indians had told him that he might remain in their country as long as he pleased, and might build himself a house; and they had promised to protect him, and allow none of his property to be stolen. Before Captain Gardiner parted from these friendly Indians, their principal chief, Wissale, who had been absent upon a trading expedition, arrived with about a hundred more. They brought with them a black man named Isaac. He had come amongst them from a North American whaler, had lived with them three years, and understood their language well.

By means of this man Wissale was made aware of Captain Gardiner's intentions, and he, too, behaved in an open and friendly manner. Isaac spoke well of him, and there seemed no reason to doubt his sincerity; but we shall see what his fair promises were worth.

It was necessary that the stores and provisions which Captain Gardiner had brought with him should be landed at Gregory Bay, for the "Rosalie" was not to sail beyond that point; so the materials for the wooden huts were taken on shore, one of them was set up beside a spring of fresh water, and the missionaries spent their first night in their new quarters. They lighted a large fire upon one of the hills, in the hope that the smoke might attract the natives, but no traces of them were to be found, and the spot where they had dwelt two years before was now overgrown with grass. Hoping to obtain some information as to their whereabouts before the "Rosalie" sailed, Captain Gardiner resolved to go in search of them, and left Mr. Hunt to look after the landing of the provisions. After a little he found a Fuegian, who, with his wives and children, and having his tent and bow and arrows, appeared to be on his way through the country. Taking this man for his guide, he set out upon his journey of discovery.

He was absent for two nights, during which time Mr. Hunt was, as he says in his journal, "alone, yet not alone." Although the "Rosalie" had not yet left the bay, not one of her crew would be persuaded to risk his life by remaining on shore; but the lonely

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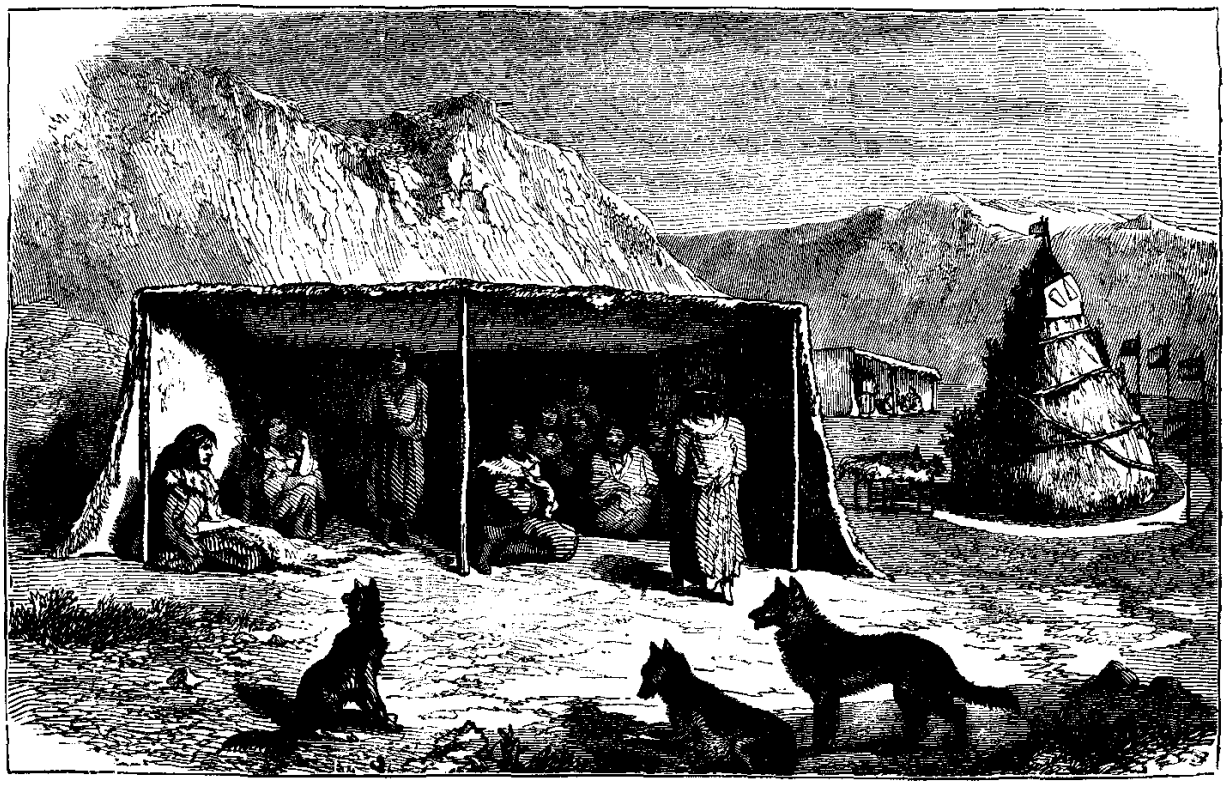


PATAGONIAN TENT.

missionary, as he slept in his poor hut on the deserted shore, knew that all around him was the mighty shield of God's protecting care, for is it not written, "The angel of Jehovah encampeth round about them that feareth Him, and delivereth them"?

The same care watched over Captain Gardiner, and he returned in safety, but without having found any trace of the Patagonians. Next morning the "Rosalie" sailed out of the bay, and left these devoted men in their place of self-chosen exile.

Once more Captain Gardiner went in search of the natives, and again returned without success, guided through the darkness by a lantern which his friend had hung outside one of the huts.

Next morning, to the great surprise of the missionaries, a man arrived, faint with fatigue, carrying a bundle on his back. He was neither a Patagonian nor a Fuegian, but a runaway soldier. He told them his name was Mariano Maldonado, and that he was a deserter on his way to Rio Janeiro. He did not know where he was, and only begged for food and shelter.

Mariano brought news of the Indians, for he had fallen in with a party of them who belonged to Wissale, the chief himself being absent on a hunting expedition. During the time he had remained with them, they had moved their encampment of six tents very often. They had treated him well, but he had met only two days before some Indians from another tribe—Bravios Indianos (ferocious Indians) he called them—who had robbed him, and threatened to kill him with their long knives. They were close at his heels, he said, and he had with difficulty escaped from them.

This intelligence was alarming, indeed, for the missionaries. They had already been in great peril, although they were unaware of it; for when the Fuegian who had acted as their guide, and had afterwards left them in a very sudden manner, returned, Mariano at

once said, "There is one of the Indians who robbed me!"

It was only too evident that the lonely dwellers in the wooden huts were in a situation of great danger. But their courage did not fail. "Though in perplexity," Captain Gardiner writes in his journal, "we were not cast down; we could carry all our wants, our cares, and our apprehensions to the throne of grace, where none ever pleaded for succour in vain; and thither we went and cast ourselves down, earnestly imploring counsel and strength from Him who has promised never to leave or to forsake His people."

Believing that it was their first duty to seek out the Patagonians, Captain Gardiner and Mr. Hunt determined to leave the huts, having locked up their store of provisions in them, and once more start, this time together, in search of them. They used every argument to persuade Mariano to accompany them, but he refused, saying he was too footsore and weary to begin a new journey, and they were reluctantly obliged to leave him in charge of their little station.

It was near midnight when they silently started upon their quest; each carried a cloak, in which to wrap himself during the cold nights; Captain Gardiner had charge of their store of biscuits, and Mr. Hunt carried a gun.

Noiselessly they crept along the sandy shore, not even disturbing the dogs which kept watch beside the Fuegians as they slept, and walked on, now through tall rank grass, now over marshy ground, until when day dawned they reckoned that they had travelled ten miles from the station.

On they plodded, resting every now and then to take their scanty meal of ship-biscuit and water, scorched by the hot sun by day, and by night so benumbed by the cold winds that they were obliged to get up and jump about to warm themselves; but amid all difficulties and perils they were strong in confidence in God. As they lay down at night among the thick, damp grass near a muddy pond, with the group of stars called the Southern Cross gleaming in the sky above them, they enjoyed, as they had never enjoyed before, singing the well-known hymn beginning

"Come, let us join our cheerful songs,"

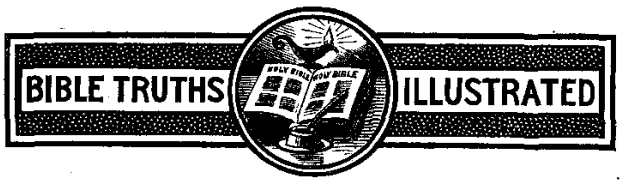
for there are no circumstances in which the children of God cannot praise Him. They were far away from the Fuegians now, and not afraid to raise their voices, like the disciples of old, in "praising and blessing God." Even for the muddy pool they were full of thankfulness; it reminded them of Hagar's wilderness fountain, for at the time when Captain Gardiner discovered it, Mr. Hunt was so exhausted by thirst and fatigue that he must have died if no water had been found. But people cannot travel long through a barren and desolate country. The little store of biscuit was nearly finished, and during their long march they had found nothing except some cranberries which grew here and there in marshy spots. Once Mr. Hunt shot a hawk, and they managed to cook it; but it was a rare occurrence for them to meet with anything fit for food, and it soon became plain that if they hoped to save their lives, they must at once retrace their steps to the station.

The return march was full of hardships; they were doubtful of finding their way, and Mr. Hunt grew so weak that as he tried to force a passage through the tangled mass of grass and rushes he constantly fell down, and at last entreated Captain Gardiner to proceed without him. To this he would not consent. "We must reach home together," he said, and the very tones of his brave, kindly voice brought strength and cheer with them, "or both remain, and end our journey and our work here." Ten or twelve small berries plucked from a clump of bushes, which, in the distance, they had mistaken for the huts, refreshed Mr. Hunt, and by easy stages he was able to reach the station, where they found, to their great joy and thankfulness, that the buildings were still standing.

Mariano told them that he had passed the time of their absence in constant alarm, for the Fuegians, who were now increased in number, had surrounded the hut where he was, drawing their knives, and threatening to kill him. He believed that it was only the

terror of his gun—for they had seen birds fall dead when he lifted it—which prevented them from breaking into the storehouse and plundering it. "Nothing but an overruling Providence," writes Captain Gardiner, recognising the true source of security, "could have preserved the station from pillage."

The missionaries felt that they had done what they could in searching for the Patagonians, and that it was now their duty to remain quietly at their post until, as Mr. Hunt writes, "it should please the Lord to show us more distinctly what His will was concerning us, and the work in which we were desirous to engage." P.



The Manna.

LAST month we looked a little into the story of the manna sent from heaven to feed Israel in the wilderness. We will now turn to the sixth chapter of the gospel by St. John, where Jesus speaks of the Bread of God.

The gift of the manna is part of the sweet story of old, teaching us, as it were, by a lovely picture of Jesus. He is the true Bread sent to us by God, so that we may eat of Him in our hearts, and not die. Those who do not eat by faith of Him have not life everlasting.

After the Lord had fed the five thousand people on the mountains of Judea, the people said to Him, "What sign shewest Thou then, that we may see, and believe Thee? what dost Thou work? Our fathers did eat manna in the desert; as it is written, He gave them bread from heaven to eat."

To their unbelieving question Jesus replied, "Verily, verily, I say unto you, Moses gave you not that bread from heaven; but My Father giveth you the true Bread from heaven. For the Bread of God is He which cometh down from heaven, and giveth life unto the world." (John vi. 30-33.)

The manna which the people of Israel gathered in the wilderness only fed their bodies; they lived on its nourishment while they were in the wilderness; it did not keep them alive for even one hundred years—far less did it sustain their souls; neither did it give them new life, nor did it make them holy men, and women, and children. No; it is Jesus only, the Bread of God, who gives life to us dead in sin, and who makes all who feed on Him in their hearts holy people. All the people who ate of the manna in the wilderness are dead, but the Lord said, "If any man eat this Bread, he shall live for ever"—he shall have the life which death can never touch.

Jesus is the Life-giver, and as much so for little children as for grown persons. All alike need Him. Without Him no one can live to God. As the people went out and gathered the manna for themselves, and ate it for their own nourishment, so must all go to Jesus for themselves, and eat, as it were, "that Bread of Life," in their own hearts for their own need.

Jehovah-Jesus gave Israel the manna; He gives us Himself. He gave for our souls' salvation, and our everlasting life, His own body and blood—that is, His own precious death. "Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that believeth on Me hath everlasting life."

The people who gathered the manna in the wilderness believed, did they not? We do not hear of anyone saying, "I don't believe that the bread which comes from heaven can keep any body alive in this wilderness!" Oh, no; they were hungry, and so they ate and lived. Do you know in your young heart what it is really to long for, to hunger for Jesus? "I do want to know Jesus as my own Saviour," is the cry of the heart which really desires Him. Jesus said, "He that cometh to Me shall never hunger"; and what He said eighteen hundred years ago, when He spoke to the Jews, He says to you and to me to-day as He speaks to us by His Spirit.

It was at night-time, when the dew fell, that the manna was rained from heaven, and it lay at the top of the dew. God made a clean place for the manna to lie on. But when we think of His dear Son coming from the holy heavens to this wicked and dark world, how wonderful it is! He came from the glory and purity of heaven to give life to poor sinners of

and in this world. I trust that you can say from your heart, "Jesus is mine."

You remember that the Israelites might not hoard up the manna, but had to gather it fresh, morning by morning, except on Friday morning—the last day but one of their week—when a double portion was sent them by Jehovah, for no manna fell on the Seventh day.

You do not like bread that has been kept till all its sweetness has gone. And it is your happy portion to go day by day, hour by hour, to Jesus, the Bread of God, and to find His love ever fresh. As your body needs food several times daily, so does the soul require to be frequently fed by eating by faith of the Bread of Life.

The people had to get up early in the morning, before the sun was up, to gather the manna, and a christian child spends a happy day when he begins it with Jesus. He must have the first place in our hearts. Early in the morning, before the sun was up high, they gathered the manna; which signifies for you, before your school hours begin, before the day's work commences, you need to gather something of Jesus for yourself. Never forget early morning prayer and reading of the word of God.

"The children of Israel did eat manna forty years"! What a long time this seems. When I was a little boy I thought forty years must be an immensely long time. You remember that the Israelites were in the wilderness forty years, therefore they ate manna all the time they were there. The little child of a year old, who began his journeyings with his life, travelled on in the wilderness till he became a tall, strong man, and all that long time manna was his food. If you live to grow up to be quite an old christian, still Christ will always be the food of your soul. There is none other food for our hearts but Jesus. Jesus is as much needed by the little child as by the grown man. We always need Him.

I am sorry to say that sometimes the people of Israel grew tired of the taste of the manna. Said they, "Now our soul is dried away: there is nothing at all, beside this manna, before our eyes." (Numb. xi. 6.) So it is still, sometimes we see those who began brightly and happily as christians turn to the world, and pine after its pleasures. It is impossible to delight the heart in the things of the world, and in Christ also.

We call to mind some who once professed to be the children of God, and who we believed were christians, who have now gone back into the things which once they shunned. The truth is, they lost *heart taste* for Jesus, and so, alas! made light of His love, and then made the things which He hates their pleasures. May you all gather the manna for yourselves! May each of you eat the Bread of God!

LITTLE MINNIE.

LITTLE Minnie's mother earned a scanty living by trading in a small way. She was too poor to buy Minnie the nice things many of my little readers so much enjoy. When Minnie was about eleven years old, she began to look very unwell. The child's sickness increased, and at last she was forced to give up going to school. I often visited her mother's cottage, and read the word of God to her, and as I noticed that little Minnie's face was looking paler and paler, and that the little strength she had was fast declining, I could not but yearn over the child, that the Lord would in mercy reveal His great love to her.

One day, after I had been reading and speaking of the love of Jesus, I asked her if she knew that Jesus loved her. Bursting into tears, she replied, "I don't know what to say."

Now Minnie's mother and her grandmother were both of them children of God, and they longed that Minnie might become a child of God, that she might know her sins were all forgiven her, for Christ's sake. As the child grew weaker, her little playthings had to be laid aside; but the Lord had begun to speak to Minnie's heart.

Young as little Minnie was, she knew that she needed a Saviour. And so she cried aloud with great earnestness, but with childlike simplicity, "Lord, save me! Lord save me!"

When the Lord was upon earth, we all

LITTLE MINNIE.

know how He loved little children, how He took them up in His arms and blessed them, and said, "Suffer little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of God." Also when the voices of men appear to have ceased to shout, "Hosannah to the son of David," and the children kept up the strain, even in the very temple itself, and the chief priests and scribes said to the Lord, "Hearest Thou what *these* say?" He replied, "Yea; have ye never read, Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings Thou hast perfected praise?" for not one of those childish voices was unnoticed by Him, and to-day in heaven He takes notice of the voices of children calling upon Him on earth.

The Lord Jesus heard little Minnie's voice when she cried, "Lord, save me! Lord, save me!" and it was but a very little while after she had called upon Him that He spoke peace to her heart, and she exclaimed with joy, "Grandmother, I *am* saved, Jesus *has* saved me, grandmother. I *am* going to heaven." Then there was joy in heaven. Yea, there was joy in her poor mother's heart, too, even as the hot tears rolled down her cheeks, as she thought how sick and ill her little Minnie was.

Little Minnie was now full of joy; she delighted to talk of heaven and of Jesus; and when her mother asked her one day, "But would you not like to stay here a little while, along with your poor mother?" "No, mother," was the quick response, "I want to go to heaven, where Jesus is."

"But what will poor mother do when her dear Minnie is gone?" Then she replied, "You can come, too, mother."

Thus with joy and in peace little Minnie fell asleep in Jesus. "Verily I say unto you, Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven." (Matt. xviii. 3.) A. J.

FAITHFUL WORDS

For Old and Young.

THE GIPSY.

THE GIPSY.

LAST winter, hearing of a gipsy who had been converted to God, and who was camping in a neighbouring village, I was so strongly impressed with the feeling that I ought to go at once and see him, that I could not enter into what was going on around me. A friend accompanied me, and we started for the gipsy's tent.

It was a bright frosty night, and we found G. before an open fire, with a number of young men around him, whom he was exhorting to come to Christ, the alone Saviour of sinners. He assured them, from his own experience, that the world would lose its charm for them, did they but once know the Saviour, who was so precious to him.

After his first concern of soul, our gipsy friend had tried what religiousness would do for him. But it had given him no peace of mind, no power over indwelling sin. After he had tried religiousness, the happy moment came when (I say it reverently) he tried Christ—he believed His word.

This was at a time when he was brought to the very extremity of bodily weakness. God raised him up from his illness, and then, as he said, "I could sing, I am 'washed in the blood of the Lamb.'" Being brought to God, G. sought His glory; the love of Christ constrained him, he broke with his old worldly companions, took up the cross, and followed Jesus.

He had been for two years in a fighting booth, a ringleader in sin, and his gains had arisen chiefly from late fiddling at beer houses. This will give some idea of what it cost him to obey these words, "Come out from among them, and be ye separate, saith the Lord; and touch not the unclean thing."

Our friend testified with cheerfulness of the goodness of God, in having kept and preserved him, and in having used him in the conversion of many of his former companions. One of these, learning that he was going to preach in a cottage, was prompted by curiosity to go and listen at the window to what gipsy G. had to say.

"That's gipsy G.'s voice, sure enough, and praying too," said the young man; "this is reality, it's no sham." Even as he listened God spoke to his soul, and he went away rejoicing in the knowledge of forgiveness of sins.

Before we left his tent, one of us drew a loaf or two out of a basket we had brought with us, and said to the poor gipsy, though unaware how tried the man was, "God moves in a mysterious way, His wonders to perform."

Then he told us that he and his family had come to an end of their food, and had no means of procuring any more; they knew not where to look for a breakfast the next morning. His wife was anxious and distressed, for she had several little hungry children; but her husband had told her he was confident that the Lord would supply their need, according to His promise, and that they should have their breakfast as usual. And now God had answered his prayers, and supplied him with his daily bread.

Bidding them good night, we returned home, thankful for the lessons taught us, of the blessedness of trusting God, and of His faithfulness to His people. T. D.

THE THREE HEARERS.

DURING the winter of last year, when dense fogs darkened the metropolis, I was asked to visit a poor woman, who was in an apparently dying condition. "She can't live much longer if these fogs last," remarked the person who told me of her.

"And what of her soul?" said I: "is her eternity to be spent with the Lord Jesus?"

"Ah, that is her anxiety, and I feel so unable to help her. A gentleman has read the Scriptures to her for several Sunday evenings, and his visits seem to have shewn her what a sinner she is, but she thinks herself dying, so cannot put off her desire to be saved till Sunday comes."

"There is no time to lose," said I; "is it too late to see her to-night?" But the woman's sons had just come home, and the place was locked up, so we decided to wait till the next evening.

"I will meet you at the top of the street," said my informant, "for it is an awkward place to find." True to her promise, my guide was waiting to conduct me to the house. "I have told Mrs. P. of your coming," she said, as she left me at the door; "and may the Lord bless your visit to-night! I will call for you presently, as I wish you to see two other poor women."

A bright flush spread over the woman's suffering face as I entered, and she said, "Ah, I've been waiting all day for God to send me a message straight from Himself. Have you brought it?"

"What sort of message do you expect God to send you, Mrs. P.?"

"Words whereby my poor soul can be saved," was her earnest reply.

"Tell me how long you have been anxious about your soul."

"It's nigh about two months ago that I had a fit all alone in the house, and then I thought, for the first time in my life, of the danger I was in. Hell, with its horrors, came before me, and I've had no rest since. A gentleman has read the Bible to me many times, but his explanation has made me more anxious, and now my suffering of soul is worse than that of my body."

"I trust, my friend, you are prepared to believe God's word?" "I am," she said. So I opened my Testament, saying, "Here then is a message from God for you. Jesus says, 'Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that heareth My word, and believeth on Him that sent Me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation; but is passed from death unto life.' (John v. 24.)

"You hear the word?" "I do." "And believe on Him who sent Jesus?" "Most truly I do." "Then you have everlasting life."

"To be sure I have. Why, I never saw it like that before."

"And shall not come into condemnation?" I continued.

"No," she said, emphatically; "the Lord Jesus bore my judgment. I can rest now,—I have passed from death unto life."

So readily did the poor woman receive the truth that for a moment I could scarcely think she knew what she was saying. After a pause I said, "Are you ready to die?"

"Quite," was the reply. "Yes, I shall meet my dear father. His dying prayer for me is at length answered. I was but a little child when my father died. As I was taken from his side, just before he breathed his last, he cried, 'O God, save my poor orphan girl from going to hell, and give her a home in heaven, for Christ's sake.'"

"I do believe on the Lord Jesus Christ," she continued, "from the very depth of my heart, and give Him thanks for His great love toward me."

I left her, assured that God would carry on His own work in her soul. He had begun it; He had wounded by the lips of one of His servants, He had used me to heal the wounded soul.

My guide was anxiously waiting my re-appearance outside the room. She led me to another comfortless room, in the same street, where, sitting on a broken wooden chair, by the side of a dull coke fire, lamenting sorely her pains, I found another woman, Mrs. H.: "Almost more than a mortal can bear," she said of her sufferings. I heard her pitiable tale, and, after a few words of kindness, she became calmer. Having ministered to her bodily wants, I asked if she could bear to hear a verse or two read. She said she would be glad, and lit her candle, pushing it close to me. "I wish I could read, ma'am," said she; "perhaps then I should worship God better: but I've had to work very hard all my days, and little time do us poor folk have for learning."

"Well, Mrs. H., if you can't read you can hear, and God tells us that, 'He that heareth, and he that believeth,' has the blessing." So I told her of the message heard and received by her neighbour, and asked if she too would come to Christ. She appeared interested in the story of the woman in the fourth chapter of John, and thanked me for reading a pretty story to her; but her pains and her rheumatism absorbed her thoughts, she had no sense in her soul of her need of salvation.

I besought her to consider her deep need

of a Saviour, to which she replied, that when she got better she would try to pray and worship better. Telling her of her inability to worship God while dead in trespasses and sins, I left her for the night, feeling how awful was the condition of my second hearer.

I then went to my third hearer. A neighbour kindly lent a candle, for the fog rendered the room almost as dark as night. Long shall I remember the scene of dirt, squalor, and suffering that met my eye as the weak voice of the inmate bade me to enter. An aged, gaunt-looking woman was sitting upon a most miserable bed. Dirty rags and papers filled up the broken panes of the window. A tiny fire burned in the grate. One or two broken stools, an old table, a few broken cups, and an old bottle full of water composed the furniture of the chamber. Tears ran down the poor woman's face as I expressed my sympathy at her condition. "And is your arm broken?" enquired I, for I noticed it was bandaged up in a sling.

"Yes, in two places, and the agony is something dreadful. About ten weeks ago I was knocked down in the street by a horse and van, and since these fogs I've had bronchitis, and no one to do much for me but my husband, and he has to go out to try and earn a few pence to help support us. There is no rest night nor day," said she, restlessly throwing herself back on her wretched pillow.

"Jesus said, 'Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest," said I, tenderly, to the poor sufferer.

"Ah, yes, I used to hear that as a girl at the village school, but times are altered now. I've had plenty of knocking about since then. I've travelled in many lands with my husband, who is an old soldier. Oh, how I dread this night!"

"Poor heart, if you will only rest on the Lord Jesus to-night you will say you never rested so well."

"Will He let *me* rest on Him?" she enquired.

"Indeed He will—only try Him."

"I'm seventy-three years old," she said, "and I've always meant to come; but I seem no nearer to Him now than when a girl at school."

"There was a poor woman once, Mrs. S., who spent all her living in paying physicians, and grew nothing better, but rather grew worse." "Ah, that's like me," she broke in earnestly. "But," I continued, "she heard of Jesus, and came to Him, saying within herself, If I may but touch the hem of His garment I shall be made whole. She touched Him, and was made whole!"

"If Jesus were as near to me as to that woman, I would put forth my hand and touch Him too," said the poor sufferer.

"He is here," said I, "and faith believes in His presence."

"But, ma'am, I haven't faith."

"Faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the word of God."

"True, and I will think of what you've told me, for I do mean to come to Jesus."

"What," said I, "you've been putting off coming for seventy-three years, and now you are on what may be a dying bed. How much longer dare you put off?"

"You have spoken justly, ma'am, but I dare not say I've come; and I must consider about what you've said. Believe me, I am very grateful for your remarks, and truly thank you for your concern about my soul."

The hour was late, and I was obliged to leave, promising to see her again.

My third hearer felt her need, but did not intend to come *at once* to Christ; my second did not feel her need, and had no thought of coming *at all;* but my first *felt* her need, and *came at once.*

I saw the three women again. One was rejoicing in the Lord and speaking His praise with joyful lips. "I do thank Him," she said, "for placing me on a sick bed, for on it I've learnt my need of a Saviour, and now know Him as my all. I'm ready to die or to live, whichever way He wills it." The second was better in health, but still in a state of apathy as to her condition. The third was still putting off.

They all three got well, but only one gave to God her heart's praise; no change could

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I discover in either of the other two, though I saw them many times.

It is written, "He that hath ears to hear, let him hear" (Luke xiv. 35), and, "He that rejecteth Me, and receiveth not My words, hath one that judgeth him: the word that I have spoken, the same shall judge him in the last day" (John xii. 48); "Take heed therefore how ye hear." (Luke viii. 18.) E. E. S.

TOO LATE.

A SERVANT of God once told me of a terrible scene. He received an urgent call to visit a dying man, who a few hours before had been the picture of health, robust and powerful, but now, without a moment's warning, was stricken down in death, and was without God and without hope.

Upon entering the room, the servant of God found the dying man's sorrowing family and friends, hurriedly gathered, surrounding his bed. Amidst the most profound silence he knelt down at the bedside of the dying man, to ask God, in this awful extremity, to come in and save his soul, but not a word of prayer could he utter. And in another moment he heard, as it were, the lost man's heart-strings break in death, and immediately this scripture flashed into his mind, "And in hell he lifted up his eyes, being in torments."

Oh, dear reader, this was a man who had had many opportunities of being saved; he was one who, being often reproved, had hardened his neck, and was thus suddenly destroyed, and that without remedy.

Let me ask, Are you treading in this man's footsteps, stifling your convictions, resisting God's Spirit, trifling with God's word, and exhausting God's patience? I beseech you, stop once again and consider what you are and what you have done, and hearken to this soul-stirring word: "Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts: and let him return unto the Lord, and He will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for He will abundantly pardon." (Isaiah lv. 7.)

Poor wanderer, act upon this scripture, and return, and all shall be yours—forgiveness, justification, and eternal life; for hath not Christ put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself, and cannot repentant believers say, "Who His own self bare our sins in His own body on the tree;" and, "For Christ also hath once suffered for sins, the Just for the unjust, that He might bring us to God," and once again, "The gift of God is eternal life, through (or in) Jesus Christ our Lord"? Grace reigns through righteousness, and the moment you return to God, owning Christ as the only Saviour, God can and does save you; you shall never come into judgment, you pass from death unto life, and as Christ is, so (in God's account) is the christian in this world.

And now, as you read these lines, avail yourself of this fresh opportunity of being saved, for remember—

"There is a time, we know not when,
A point, we know not where,
Which marks the destiny of man,
To glory or despair.
There is a line, by us unseen,
Which crosses every path,
The hidden boundary between
God's patience and His wrath."

T. O.

THE TRUE BELIEVER'S PRESENT PLACE, PORTION, AND PRIVILEGE.

THERE is one blessed and divine fact which it is the privilege of every believer to know; and not only to know, but to have as a truth ever before him, and to hold in divine power in the soul. It is this, that there is at this moment one, and only one, Blessed Man on the Throne in glory, who has met every claim, fulfilled every requirement that God, a holy and righteous God, had against us as sinners. (Heb. i. 3.) This, and this alone, is the ground of every believer's present acceptance before Him. (Eph. i. 6.)

So perfectly, and to His entire satisfaction, has all been done by that Blessed Man now in glory (His own Beloved Son), that God Himself can righteously give to us a title to be in His own presence, in spirit now, up there; and a title, too, to be caught up to that glory for which we wait (1 Thess. iv. 17), and in hope of which we now rejoice (Rom. v. 2); a title to be for ever with Him who has done it all, and has gone into the place

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which He has prepared, and where He is waiting to receive us to Himself. (John xiv. 3.)

Such is the perfection of the work of Christ, that no part of it has to be done over again (Heb. ix. 25, 26); but He has gone in and has sat down (Heb. x. 12)—a proof that redemption is accomplished, and that the work is done to the full and eternal satisfaction of Him who gave it Him to do. (John xvii. 4.)

God has therefore taken that wondrous Man, who, on the cross, was the object of scorn and contempt, and a gazing stock for men, and placed Him on the throne of glory. The highest seat in glory is occupied at this moment by the Man who gave up His life upon the cross. (Acts ii. 32, 33.)

The way back to God, which was closed before, is now thrown open (Heb. ix. 8), and by faith in the blood of Jesus we go into the very place where He sits down. (Heb. x. 19, 20.)

As priests to God (Rev. i. 6), our privilege and service are to abide there as continual worshippers before Him. (Heb. xiii. 15.)

"Blessed are they that dwell in Thy house, they will be still praising Thee." T. M. W.

BENEVOLENT NEUTRALITY.

DURING the war between France and Germany, England was said to exercise a "benevolent neutrality" towards one of the combatants. There is large amount of "benevolent neutrality" respecting eternal things current amongst professing christians.

There is a benevolent interest in the salvation of sinners, a complacent wish that they may not be lost, but all the while the benevolent professor is doing nothing to help them! The Master has said, "He that is not with Me is against Me, and he that gathereth not with Me scattereth abroad." (Matt. xii. 30.)

EFFECT OF SORROW.

SORROW either sours or sweetens the soul. It sweetens when Christ's sympathy is received.

Faith.

IN direct contrast with the way of Cain we have the steps of Enoch—"Enoch walked with God." The world-crowd rushes on one way, the solitary man of faith necessarily takes the contrary direction. We find the difficulties of our short lives very great; to walk with God for three years is no light thing. Let us consider this ancient man of faith, and mark well his patience and endurance as we listen to the word, "And Enoch walked with God . . . *three hundred years*."

Sin was lusty and strong in those primitive days, and as year by year the world grew older in iniquity Enoch walked with the never-changing God. Walking with God we are like God, and not like the changing times in which we live. His eye was not on the world's progress, but on heaven.

"And Enoch walked with God: and he was not; for God took him." (Gen. v. 21, 24.) What a short, sweet history of a long life! We are not told what great works he did; these will be known hereafter in heaven; but he had this testimony, "that he pleased God." Enoch believed that "God is a rewarder of them that diligently seek Him." Cain had his all in this world, Enoch looked for his reward in heaven.

Nor was Enoch an inactive spectator of the growing sin around him; he lifted up his voice against the evil of his times, he warned men by the Spirit of coming judgment. "Behold," said he, "the Lord cometh with ten thousands of His saints, to execute judgment upon all, and to convince all that are ungodly among them of all their ungodly deeds which they have ungodly committed, and of all their hard speeches which ungodly sinners have spoken against Him." (Jude 14, 15.) Men had enough to say against God in those days, we may be sure; there would not be wanting then, as there are not now, ungodly sinners to cast the blame of their own misery on God.

So day by day went by for three hundred years, and then, when the three hundred and sixty-fifth year of his life came, Enoch was not —he was taken to heaven. He did not see death; God translated him from this world of sin to the glory above. We are not told what stir his absence made, whether the event was accepted as a matter of course, or if the Father of Lies deluded the ungodly to believe some falsehood respecting Enoch's absence from the earth. Thousands of years have come and gone since that day, and Enoch has proved, all that time in heaven, that God is a rewarder of them that diligently seek Him. He has dwelt in the uninterrupted calm of God's presence, while the earth has seen men come and go, kingdoms rise and vanish, and sin still continue its course.

As we think of him, we think of the imminence of our Lord's coming, of the day so near at hand when He will call home to heaven all His own who are alive, without allowing them to pass through death. Will their absence create a stir upon this world? Some, we know, will then begin to say, "Lord, Lord, open unto us!" And we know, too, that after the people of God have been translated, God will send men a strong delusion, and they will believe a lie. Reader, may you be called home to heaven at the day of our Lord's coming! Are you ready for His coming *now?* Are you amongst the number who reply to His words, "I come quickly," "Amen, even so, come, Lord Jesus"?

We may say that our life of faith should be made up after Enoch's testimony. Our first aim should be to please God, and it is our privilege to wait for His Son from heaven. Pleasing God in walk and ways is the active part of the life of faith; waiting for His Son from heaven, even Jesus, who hath delivered us from the wrath to come, is the patient side of faith's career on earth.

Walking with God, we shall become heavenly-minded, and shall be looking for the coming of Jesus, who shall bring us into His Father's house. Enoch did "not see death"; and it is written, "We shall not all sleep." The time is near for the children of faith, when the saying shall be brought to pass, "Death is swallowed up in victory." (1 Cor. xv. 51, 54.) *By faith* Enoch did not see death; we, too, have the sure word, "We shall not all sleep." Do we really and truly, like Enoch, believe God? Perhaps our reader can say, "I do trust in the sacrifice of Jesus"; can he also say, "I do believe that Jesus is coming to take His people to heaven without dying"? "We which are alive . . . shall be caught up . . . in the clouds"? (1 Thess. iv. 17.) Are we genuinely walking with God in the faith of His Son's coming from heaven to take us there? Beloved christian reader, there is nothing which so thoroughly makes a man for God, as going on day by day, looking for His Son from heaven.

Trusting in the sacrifice of Jesus, rejoicing in its efficacy, and its worth, walking with God, and waiting for His Son from heaven, are the first principles of the life of faith.

The testimony of Noah completes this early picture of the way of faith. The things around him were apparently as secure as are the things of the world this day. Cain's city was making progress in arts and sciences, in music and handicraft, but God had said judgment was coming, and Noah believed God. The solemn word of God respecting coming judgment stirred Noah's soul. Has His word concerning "the wrath to come" in like manner moved our souls with fear for the saving of our houses? Jesus is coming to take His people to heaven; Jesus is coming to judge the world. Where those two truths are really believed, even as Enoch and as Noah believed what God said, every thought and every action of the christian's life is affected by the faith of them.

There are two distinct characters in Noah's faith as here presented to us, which we will look at; he built an ark for the saving of his house; and he condemned the world. When the christian is truly energized by the faith of coming judgment, he cannot fail to seek the salvation of his house. Those who do not believe that Christ is coming to take His own out of the world to heaven, and that having thus come to the air He will next come

to the *earth* to judge its iniquity, may perhaps afford to be indifferent to the salvation of souls. But such as have *faith* in God's word respecting the coming of His Son, dare not cease seeking for the salvation of their houses.

We emphasize having *faith*, for we may hold a doctrine and yet not have faith about its truth. Faith is a living, energetic reality in the soul. It is the evidence of things not seen. Noah saw not the things which moved his soul: we see no sign of coming judgment; but if we believe in our hearts that judgment is coming, work for souls, warn souls, plead with souls we must. And where there is sluggishness for souls, there is absence of FAITH in Christ's coming.

The jeering of the multitude, who heard Noah's hammer ringing against the gradually rising sides of his ark, would only call forth from him more earnest preaching of righteousness. How he must have warned the godless world of impending wrath! He had the word, "My Spirit shall not always strive with man . . . . yet his days shall be an hundred and twenty years." (Gen. vi. 3.) But year by year the number of those years diminished, till at length the last day of the last month of the last of the one hundred and twenty years came. Noah entered into the ark, the door was shut, and the flood came and swept the rest away.

The sneers of scepticism should only rouse the children of faith to fresh zeal. We know not how few our opportunities may be. The last hour of the day of grace will come—the last sound of gospel entreaty and of warning will be heard. The last moments of the last hour of the day of grace are at our doors. Oh! for zeal for souls. Awake, christians, let the cry be heard, Christ is coming, and the door will soon be shut. For when He comes, what next? Judgment! Judgment on the ungodly. The flood of wrath poured out upon this guilty world.

Let us add to our faith, which trusts the blood of Jesus, that faith which we have seen gave Enoch his footsteps, and to that the faith which gave Noah his energy. These three things should be found in all their intensity in each believer. Day by day let us think afresh of the precious blood of Jesus, of His offering of Himself, and of the perfections of His sacrifice; day by day let us humbly and softly walk with God; and day by day let our voices be heard pleading with sinners and crying of coming judgment.

H. F. W.

LITTLE sunshine—little honey.

The Uncertainty of Life.

THINK, dear young friends, of the uncertainty of life, and do not let the fact of your having health and strength lead you to put off seeking and finding Jesus at once.

It was not long since that an aged christian was speaking on the uncertainty of life to a little boy named Willie, whom we knew. The aged christian said:

"I am an old man, and you are very young, but it may be you will die before me."

"I might," replied Willie, who was, when he gave this answer, strong and hearty.

Only a very short time after this brief conversation, Willie was taken suddenly ill, and in three days he was gone. During his illness his mother said to him, "I think, Willie, you are going to die."

"I think I am, mother," he replied.

"But are you not afraid? you are a sinner, and God will not have anyone in heaven in his sins."

"I know I am a guilty sinner, mother, but Jesus died for sinners, and He died for me."

Shortly afterwards his mother asked him if he knew where his father was.

"In heaven," was his reply; "and I shall soon be there."

What a happy thing it was for Willie, that he had come to Jesus when he was strong and well. Do you think he could have given all his thoughts to the great question of his eternal happiness during the pains of his

"IT MAY BE YOU WILL DIE BEFORE ME."

illness? Now is the accepted time, now, is the day of salvation, while you are well and strong; yes, as you read this very page, now is the time to seek the Lord.

I am sure if you sat by the bedside of an aged man, you would hardly think you were going to leave this world before him; but, dear boys and girls, be in earnest, for you may be called hence suddenly.

HE'LL COME AFTER US.

NINE wee things—not one of them more than five years old—made up my little class last Sunday. But we said it was all the better, for once, as we could talk the more freely to one another.

Little Frank was the first to come up to say his Psalm, "The Lord is my Shepherd," and when he had done saying it I asked him who wrote that lovely Psalm. He could not tell me, however, and little Georgie said it was God, and little Bella that it was Jesus; that was all the answer I could get. So I told them it was King David, and that David when he was a boy was a shepherd lad, that he used to "mind sheep," as the children here would say. When I said this, little Willie said, "Our George do mind sheep; and sometimes the sheeps do run away ever so far."

"Yes, that's just what sheep often do, Willie," I said; "and it's what children do, too. Children are God's little lambs, for He made them, and they run away from Him. *You have run away from God.*"

The children looked grave, for I had said "You have run away from God" in a very

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earnest, solemn tone. "What is to become of you?" I added; "what are you to do?"

"Go back to 'im," they nearly all replied, earnestly.

"But how are *you to do that? God is in* heaven." They all looked puzzled for a few seconds; but presently little Bella said, "He'll come after us."

"Yes, Bella, that's just it," I replied; "Jesus, the Son of God, came after us. He came all the way down from heaven to seek His lost sheep and lambs; and once He found some little lambs and big sheep—that is, you know, little children and their mothers; and He took the little ones up in His arms, because they were so little; that is what He always does, for the Bible says, "He shall gather the lambs with His arm, and carry them in His bosom."

"God's arms is big," said little Georgie; "He could carry all we."

"Yes," I said, "He can carry you all. But will you come to Him when He calls you? Will you stop running away, and say with your heart to Him what you so often say to me—

'Lord Jesus, take me to Thy breast,
And bless me, then I shall be blest'?"

"Yes, governess, yes," they all said, so gravely and earnestly that I felt they meant it.

Now, dear boy or girl, who may be reading this paper, I should like to speak just a little longer to you. Have you ever said to yourself, as David did in another of his Psalms, "I have gone astray, like a lost sheep"? Have you found this out yet? If you have not, oh, pray that God may show it you. Believe what God says in Psalm liii., "Every one of them is gone back," and what Isaiah, His prophet, says in chap. liii. of his book: "All we like sheep have gone astray: we have turned every one to his own way."

You know that the Son of man, Jesus, has come to seek and to save that which was lost. You know, too, that He died to save sinners. He is the Good Shepherd, who laid down His life for the sheep. He came after us, indeed. It is true He has gone back to heaven; but every day He sends forth His hundreds, His thousands of under-shepherds, to feed His saved sheep, and to tell His lost ones that He came to seek and to save them.

Will you not turn round to the living One who died to save, and cry, "Behold, I come unto Thee!" E. B—r.

FRANKIE.

AT a very early age my dear Frankie's conscience was awakened. During five years of his boyhood, many a time as he was going to bed he slipped into my hand little notes written by himself, asking many questions, all of which were upon one subject, and showed what the dear boy's thoughts and feelings were.

He wished to be good, and to know his sins forgiven. The coming of the Lord had a powerful hold upon his young mind, and was a frequent subject for inquiry in his little notes.

God, who had begun the good work, was carrying it on. Convictions deepened, and at length Frankie was in great distress about his soul. God in His infinite mercy, however, delivered him from his misery, so that he could say, "Through the grace of God I am saved."

For some time previous to his having rest in the Lord the disease, which at length carried him off, showed itself. He became weak in body, and at times manifested considerable anxiety respecting his future position in life. But when he was able to look up to God as his Father his earthly prospects ceased to trouble him.

After a time it pleased God to try Frankie's trust and patience. Violent pains in the head seized him. Some two or three days after they came on, he was enabled to say, "I know the Lord is sending them for my good. There is something for me to learn. He will have His work perfected in me. Every throb of pain is like a little tune that says, 'For your good, for your good.'"

Some five weeks before he was taken, he said to his mother, "I don't think I shall ever go down stairs again; I have now done with everything on earth. I shall not see the garden again; the only thing I do feel a little

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about leaving is my walk in the garden with papa. I know he will miss me very much."

Many a time we prayed together that it would please God to remove the pain, and I have witnessed the look of thankfulness when it passed away for a time. Once or twice a little word of impatience escaped his lips. "My dear Frankie," I would say, "I cannot tell why God permits this pain, but I do know that it is for your good, and mine too." At such times he would pray for patience to endure his trial without murmuring.

While yet suffering from these attacks, he remarked one evening, "I know these pains will leave me before God takes me. He will not take me away in the midst of such pain as this." And this was the case.

From the time he was confined to his bed I spent every evening with him, reading the gospel of John, and praying with him when he could bear it. Often when I had ceased praying he would begin, and in simple, earnest words plead for each member of the family. One evening in particular he took up the strain of prayer three times, each time in thanksgiving for himself, and then asking for the blessing of others.

He was particularly fond of repeating the first five verses of Psalm ciii., and often we repeated them alternately, verse by verse. If I began with the first verse, he would instantly go on with the second, and so on. At other times, with such a look of peace, he would begin, "Bless the Lord, O my soul!" It was evident that he entered into the spirit of the words.

When we had finished reading the gospel by John, I asked him what he would like me to read next. "In the Revelation," he replied. The book opened on chapter ii. 17, which I read. He immediately asked the meaning of the "white stone." I told him that *one* meaning was, communion with the Lord, a secret communion so intense that it could not be expressed to another. So Jesus was the nearest and dearest Friend, and what Jesus told him, and he said to Jesus, could not all be told even to me.

During his illness he manifested considerable anxiety for the salvation of the unsaved, and frequently prayed for the conversion of his young friends. On one occasion he spoke very earnestly to an unconverted person who came into his room. "Now will you not go to Jesus? Ask Him to enable you to come. You must not say you cannot do this. I was not always what I am now, and He will do for you what He has done for me."

As his mother was going out one morning he said to her, "If anyone enquires after me, say I have proved that nothing but Jesus will do; that I have gone to Him, and not been disappointed. To the unconverted my message is, 'Come to Jesus at once.' Say it is my message."

Very often, before going to sleep, he would say, "Mamma, I am so happy—I cannot sleep without telling you—I have not a doubt nor a fear, and if I never open my eyes again in this world, I know it is all well. . . . Now that I am saved all must be well." After waking he would sometimes say, "I have had such a nice sleep; I am going to thank God for it. I will not sleep again without thanking Him."

One cold day in August his mother remarked to him that the summer was ended; he looked up into her face, and said, with such a beautiful smile, "But we cannot say that we are not saved."

On one occasion, as his mother was reading from the seventeenth of John to him, he stopped her, and said, "Just think, mamma, that with the same love the Father has loved the Son, He has loved me."

He once asked us to pray that the Lord might soon take him; but a day or two after he said, "You must not now ask the Lord to take me, but to give me patience. I desire to glorify Him. I have prayed to Him, but I now want to praise Him for the rest of the time that remains." One night he remarked, "I will not ask papa to come to pray with me to-night: it makes me too dependent on him, and I am afraid that, if he always comes and prays for me, I shall not pray myself."

Often, as he looked at his thin, wasted hands, he would remark, "The outward man is perishing, but the inward is renewing day by day." Anticipating the grief which we

should feel when he was gone, he tried to comfort us. "I know what the first week will be to you, but you must think of me as being with the Lord. Paul could say 'a little while'; surely we can. It will be only a little while, then we shall be all again together, and then for ever. The Lord will enable you to give me up; when He calls me He will give you strength to bear it."

It was now evident that his end was drawing near. The night before he died he earnestly desired us not to sit up with him. "I have asked the Lord for a quiet night," he said, "and I am sure to have it, so go to bed." He appeared distressed when we hesitated, so we left him till midnight, when I returned to his room, and found him awake. "I have slept a little, and am going to sleep again," he said. He was then very calm and peaceful.

Looking up to his mother, and smiling, he said, "Now I have nothing more to ask the Lord for."

"Oh, my darling boy," his mother replied, "we shall always need to ask, we shall need up to the last moment." He gave a very earnest look, and said, "Ah, but it is the last. I am going, and very soon: perhaps in a few hours. Do you not think so? Now the Lord is giving me my wish. I told you all the pain would be taken away, and so it is. I shall soon be with Jesus—blessed Jesus." Shortly after he added, "It has been peace and joy for a long time: now it is overflowing."

"You know now what the white stone means?" I then said.

"Oh, yes," he replied, "and the name written on it."

He gradually sank during the day. It was a day of very great suffering. In the evening a smile spread over his countenance, and after one or two faint breathings he was in the presence of the Lord. R. B.

IT is not gold or jewels which God values, but the state of the hearts of His people, as we read, "The ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price." (1 Peter iii. 4.)

THE MERCHANTMAN, AND WHAT HE BOUGHT.

AS far back as Abraham's day we read of men weighing out gold for the purchase price of what they wished to possess. The merchantman followed his occupation from the earliest times; he weighed out his money and obtained things in exchange for his gold.

Let us look to the thirteenth of Matthew, and listen to our Lord's word, about the merchantman. The Lord Jesus often spoke in parables. He did not always in plain, unmistakable language explain the hidden things of God to men, hence His words were sometimes misunderstood; and He tells us that He did so speak because the hearts of His hearers were hard, and that they might not readily understand His word. To His disciples Jesus explained some of His parables, and He would have us who love Him comprehend their meaning.

You remember His parable about the rich man who found a treasure in a field, and which he hid, and then, for the joy he had in that treasure, went and sold all that he had in order to buy the field which contained it.

Our Lord was then speaking of Himself. He was rich, yet for our sakes became poor, that we through His poverty might be rich. The field is the world; the treasure, His people; and the joy, the gladness of His love over His treasure.

It is very sweet to our hearts to consider this deep love of our Lord, "for joy thereof goeth and selleth all that he hath." He gave up His glory in heaven, He left the throne on high, and for the joy of having you, and all who are His, as His treasure for ever, suffered and died upon the cross of Calvary. Does not this teach us how He loves us? Yes, indeed,

One there is above all others,
Oh, how He loves!

Keep the love of Jesus before your heart, think of it continually, and you will be happier day by day. Say to yourself, "Why should Jesus value such an one as I, so as to leave all His glory and honours, and to die, that I might be His?"

THE MERCHANTMAN WEIGHING OUT THE GOLD.

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And as He has bought "the field"—that is the world—remember that it is His, not only because being God He made it, but because as a Man He purchased it by His blood. He will do with the world what He thinks fit. But if you had a field in which a treasure was, of one thing I am certain—you would take your treasure out of it. So will Jesus, He will take you and all who are His out of the world, before He punishes the guilty upon the earth for their rejection of Him.

There is another beautiful parable which Jesus spake, it is also a very short one: "The kingdom of heaven is like unto a merchantman seeking goodly pearls, who, when he had found one pearl of great price, went and sold all that he had, and bought it." Jesus is this merchantman, the pearl of great price His people. The pearl is a bible type of purity. The gates of the Holy City are each one pearl—perfect purity is the gateway to eternal glory. Yes, Jesus looks at His people as perfectly pure and holy; He sees not a spot or a speck on them, and by-and-bye He will present His church to Himself, not having a blemish or any such thing.

Poor sinful children and grown people are regarded by Jesus as His pearl. He values them more than anything else. They are indeed of great price to Him,—so costly that nothing less than His own blood could pay for them. But Jesus has bought us, and we are His for ever. He bought the world that He might take the treasure in it out of it, for His joy. He bought the pearl of great price that it might be His pure and lovely possession for ever.

ALLAN GARDINER.

III.

PERPLEXED, BUT NOT IN DESPAIR.

IT may seem strange to us that the missionaries should have made no effort to teach these Fuegians, who were the only natives they had hitherto met with; but we must remember that they were quite ignorant of their language. Captain Gardiner was anxiously looking for the arrival of the Patagonians, because from their chief, as has been said, he had obtained leave, upon his former visit, to settle upon his land and teach his people. While awaiting the arrival of this chief, the missionaries could not but be aware that their situation was one of great peril: three Fuegian families were encamped near them, and kept a close watch upon the little storehouse, observing every movement of the two white men. Within a few days, however, they suddenly struck their tents and departed, probably in despair of obtaining what they wanted.

Mariano still remained with the missionaries, and together they set to work to fortify their huts, not so much to strengthen them in case of attack, as to protect them from the bitter winds and the snow drifts. They built a high wall of sods and clay round the little settlement, and secured the storehouse by every means in their power.

This work was hardly finished when one morning two Indians came to the huts, bringing news which rejoiced the hearts of the missionaries. Wissale, the chief with whom Captain Gardiner had spoken during his previous visit, had returned from his expedition to Rio Negro in quest of horses, and was not far distant. This was good news indeed, and they thanked God and took courage.

Wissale presently arrived, and was soon dining with the little party in one of the huts. He knew a little Spanish, and easily understood what Captain Gardiner said to him. He was a tall, fine-looking man, wearing a guanaco mantle and skin boots; his head was bound by a scarlet band, and from his waist hung a handsome dirk.

To all that Captain Gardiner said about his object in coming from England, and his desire to instruct his people, the chief gave a ready assent, but at the same time Mr. Hunt, who did not speak Spanish, and therefore had more time to observe the manners of their guest, noticed that he appeared anxious to appropriate any articles in the hut which took his fancy.

Pointing to a cloth cap which was hanging against the wall, he desired to have it, and when he could not put it upon his head, he said it would just suit his son, and proceeded

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in the same ready manner to take for himself Mr. Hunt's best hat.

The missionaries bore cheerfully this spoiling of their goods, and as the tents had not arrived they tried to make Wissale and his attendants—eight tall Patagonians—as well as his grandmother and mother-in-law, comfortable for the night. However, after trying to sleep in the hut, they preferred the open air, and lay down on the grass, under shelter of the wall, wrapped in their mantles.

By-and-by, when Captain Gardiner went to seek the chief, that he might invite him to dinner, he saw that something was wrong. Instead of advancing cordially to meet him, as he had done the evening before, Wissale sat sullenly in the midst of his men; his mantle was wrapped closely around him, and his upper lip was hidden by the folds of it; this Captain Gardiner knew to be a sign of anger, and he was much perplexed, for he had done everything in his power to show him kindness. Wissale refused the invitation to dinner, and presently began to threaten Captain Gardiner with his dirk, while he threw down the hat and cap, and other things which had been given him, refusing to touch them. Then, mounting his horse, he told Captain Gardiner that on the morrow, when his people should have arrived, he would be revenged upon him. For because he had not obtained as much ship-biscuit as he thought proper, he accused the missionaries of refusing to give bread to his children.

Captain Gardiner made a last effort to soften him. Taking with him more biscuits, he again explained to the angry chief his object in coming to the country, adding, "I cannot leave you until you have given me your hand." Wissale did stretch out his hand to Captain Gardiner, but his expression of countenance, as he rode away, was not such as to inspire him with much confidence.

The missionaries were so alarmed at their position, in the midst of a savage tribe, whose chief was assuming such a threatening attitude towards them, that they prayed that if it were not God's will that they should remain at their post, He would send a ship to take them off. At the same time, they earnestly hoped that they might be able to remain; but they could not doubt, from certain expressions of Wissale's, which were repeated to them by Mariano, that when the rest of the people had arrived it was his intention to put them to death.

"All that could be devised to ward off the impending danger had now been done," Captain Gardiner writes in his journal; "but," he adds, "our hopes of deliverance were not built on any measures of our own devising. We had endeavoured to use the best means in our power to preserve ourselves and the station from harm, and now we betook ourselves to our sure refuge, the God of all means, and the Father of the friendless, assured that, if it should be consistent with His glory, not a hair of our heads would be touched." Then they opened their Bibles, and read together from the book of the prophet Isaiah these words: "Salvation will God appoint for walls and bulwarks. . . . Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee, because he trusteth in Thee. Trust ye in the Lord for ever; for in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength." And, kneeling upon the floor of their hut, they committed themselves to the care of Him who never slumbers nor sleeps.

They decided to offer a present to Wissale upon his return. They had brought with them some gilt buttons, brass bells, and small looking-glasses: things very worthless in themselves, but likely to attract an untaught people, and from their store they selected what they thought would be sure to please the chief, adding a tall brass candlestick and four knives. When Wissale returned with some of his friends to the hut, he carefully examined the gifts, and accepted them. Captain Gardiner then took the opportunity to explain to the chief that these things were intended as the price of the land upon which the wooden huts stood, and that he desired to live in his country, and to teach his people the word of God. Wissale assented, saying, his heart was with the missionaries, that they were his brothers and the fathers of his children; but he made one condition—that when-

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ever they eat, he must eat with them. He also demanded their money, and they gave him what Spanish coin they had.

As soon as he had left, they returned thanks to God, who had in so marvellous a manner placed His shield about them, and went to rest, hoping that they might yet be able to win the hearts of the Patagonians, and teach them the knowledge of the true God.

Next morning an English vessel came in sight. If she had arrived the day before, when they had been in such perplexity and danger, the missionaries would surely have believed that she was sent, a white-winged messenger, in answer to their prayer that God would grant them a way of escape. Even now, as Captain Gardiner thought of his wife and children, and of all the comforts and joys of home, he must have longed to step on board, and leave the dreary Patagonian shores behind. But he was not the man to forsake the work to which he believed God had called him, so long as there was any hope of success, and now that Wissale appeared to be in a more kindly mood, neither of the missionaries had any thought of deserting their post. They hailed the ship, indeed, but only as a means by which they might send letters to their friends at home. Wissale also sent a message by the captain of the "Commodore," bidding him tell the people of England that his heart was towards his brother, Captain Gardiner.

THE QUESTIONS.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—I have received so many letters from you in answer to the note of last January about the continuance of the questions, that we cannot do otherwise than continue them. If it were possible, I would reply to each of you, but hard-worked people have not sufficient time to do so; only be sure of this, that it is only want of time, not lack of love to you, that hinders. What has given me so much joy in hearing from you is that many a dear boy and girl has told me, simply and brightly, of being truly the Lord's. How I wish that all who have written to us could say the same! And I believe that real love to the Scripture has called forth many of the letters received, for I have heard how sorry you were to see given up a means of helping you to dig into the sacred mine of the divine word. May the Lord make your love to His word to abound, and your knowledge of His love to increase!

Our questions will be resumed in our March number, and we propose beginning with the gospel by John. We purpose asking you forty questions during the five ensuing months, at the end of which time we shall award six prizes for the best answers given. This will leave five more months to complete the year, and of this, if the Lord will, we will speak by-and-bye.

You will direct your answers to

QUESTIONS,
Care of Mr. ALFRED HOLNESS,
14, Paternoster Row,
London, E.C.,

stating your age and giving your address. Let such as may change their address not forget to tell us. Your replies must be sent in not later than the 25th of the month.

Now let me say that, as rich and poor answer our questions, it is not fair that any help should be received in stating the replies. We want you each to take your own spade and dig for yourselves. Your parents and friends may show you how to dig, but they must not dig instead of you. If you find any of the questions very difficult, say so, and we will see how we can aid you.

In writing you this little letter I have said "we" as well as "I," the reason being that some kind friends have offered their assistance in helping you. Hence, if you have any little difficulty about understanding Scripture we shall be glad to receive your letters and will do our best to assist you.

Your affectionate friend,
EDITOR OF "FAITHFUL WORDS."

QUESTIONS FOR MARCH.

1. The Gospel by St. John shows the Lord Jesus Christ as a divine Person, the Son of God, come into the world. Why did the Son of God thus become Son of Man?—2. Chapter i., as far as verse 18, may be called the introduction to the Gospel. What are the two subjects of these verses?—3. Upon what occasions did the Baptist bear witness of Christ? (See chapter i. 19-40.)—4. It is believed that while Andrew was one of the two disciples of John who "followed Jesus," "came and saw where He dwelt, and abode with Him," John the apostle was the other. To what other people did Christ first manifest Himself? (See chapter i. 41-51.)—5. Mention, with references, and in the order of their occurrence, some events in the life of Jesus which are told by St. Luke before the time when the history given by St. John begins.—6. From the Gospels we know that St. John was the son of Zebedee and Salome. (Compare Matt. xxvii. 56 and Mark xv. 40.) What do we learn (*a*) of his father; (*b*) of his mother? Do we know anything of another member of the household? Tell all you can of him.—7. As Galilee is the scene of the narrative of the earlier gospels, what is especially that of the fourth?—8. St. John calls himself "the disciple whom Jesus loved." Can you remember any words which show that St. Paul knew that *he* was loved by the Son of God?

NOTE.—Ask yourself *this* question, and answer it *to* yourself: Does Jesus love me?

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FAITHFUL WORDS

For Old and Young.

ESCAPE FOR THY LIFE.

ESCAPE FOR THY LIFE.

SOME eighty years ago, on a sloping side of the Righi, one of Switzerland's loveliest mountains, stood the pretty village of Goldau. The blue lake below reflected the exquisite landscape in its calm waters: and over the peaceful hamlet the towering peak of the Rossberg reared its protecting head, as if to shield the nestling chalets from every storm; all nature smiled around, and no thought of danger crossed the minds of the simple villagers, as they went about their daily occupations. But one bright summer's day a stranger came up the mountain side, and passed through the village to the peak above. That evening, on his return, a dread cry of alarm spread through Goldau. The stranger was a learned man, a man of repute, a general in their army—no timid coward seeking to affright them; yet he it was who now circulated an awful prophecy of danger.

The Rossberg, which they had always looked upon as their mighty protector from the terrific storms that swept across the mountains, that very Rossberg, he said, would infallibly prove some day their worst enemy. He told them that, for all its apparent immovability and strength, the peak consisted but of loose stones, with light soil beneath, which must sooner or later yield to heavy rains, when the whole enormous mass would crash down upon the valley beneath, overwhelming them in its fall. Terror filled the hearts of the inhabitants; the faces of the hardy mountaineers were blanched with fear; women wrung their hands in horror and dismay; and as night fell, the sounds of wailing and distress were heard in every cottage. But morning dawned, and the glorious sun shone out, lighting up with its rosy hues the gigantic crags. The Rossberg, that had seemed to frown so threateningly over-night, now looked softly and tenderly down upon Goldau, as it lifted its head into the blue heavens. The stranger had gone from the village, and the warning voice that had so disturbed its tranquility was no longer heard there.

"Bah!" said some, scoffingly, "an old wife's tale! Our mountain, that has stood since the world began, will surely stand to the end of it. What fools we were to take the learned general's words so to heart!" Others made a pilgrimage to the summit of the Rossberg, to judge for themselves if there were any foundation for the alarm. They came back shaking their heads wisely and doubtfully, and yet returned to their homes, taking no steps to escape from the threatened danger. For many days the agitation continued, the more timid urging that whilst there was time they should fly from the coming evil. But autumn was succeeded uneventfully by winter, and winter by spring; at last even these, overpowered by the incredulous and indifferent, forgot their fears.

Years went by, and the Rossberg still stood immovable. Some who had been foremost in the panic had lived out their days peacefully in their native village, and had sunk into their quiet graves. Children, who in terror then had clung crying to their mothers' side, had grown into strong men, and were now ready to tell, with a sneer of scorn on their lips, of the nightmare of their infancy. Twenty years had passed over their heads since the stranger's warning had so disturbed Goldau, and yet all things continued as they were from the beginning. There is no record that one single person fled from that city of destruction in consequence of the solemn prediction so emphatically given.

The inhabitants were saying, "Peace and safety," little thinking that the unusually heavy rains of that very August were to accomplish the sudden destruction, from which there was no escape: when with an awful crash, as of long-suppressed thunder, shaking to their foundations the surrounding mountains, and making the earth tremble as it fell, down came the towering crag of the Rossberg, overwhelming in its fearful descent the ill-fated Goldau and two neighbouring hamlets, and choking up the sweet lake that had so long bathed its foot. So sudden was the blow that not one house escaped, and more than a thousand souls were at that moment launched into eternity.

And now, reader, as you have listened to

this terrible tale, what opinion have you formed of the conduct of the villagers of Goldau? I think I hear you exclaim at their folly and foolhardiness—warned of coming destruction, and not flying from the place. You say severely that as they rejected all warning they richly deserved the fate, which was only too long delayed.

But wait before you pronounce a hasty, though perhaps a righteous judgment. Let me ask you a pointed question: Are *you* doing likewise? "Wherein thou judgest another, thou condemnest thyself; for thou that judgest doest the same things . . . . and thinkest thou this, O man, that judgest them which do such things, and doest the same, that thou shalt escape the judgment of God?" Have you not been warned of a far more terrible impending judgment, that falling upon you would destroy both soul and body for all eternity? Has no warning note of coming danger sounded in your ear in these closing hours of the day of grace? Have you not been told, as were these poor villagers, that destruction is hanging over you? And how shall *you* escape if *you* neglect so great salvation?

Far worse than the terrible overwhelming landslip will be that awful coming day of the "wrath of the Lamb" to those who have refused His mercy. In that day those who now turn a deaf, indifferent ear to His offers of salvation, will in abject terror call upon the mountains to fall on them—seeking the fearful fate of Goldau, in the vain hope of hiding themselves from the face of Him who comes to tread "the winepress of the fierceness and wrath of Almighty God." Are you, in the heedless spirit of the Swiss mountaineers, saying, "Where is the promise of His coming? for, since the fathers fell asleep, all things continue as they were from the beginning of the creation."

Ah, take heed! You are dwelling in slippery places—living in a false security blinded by the god of this world. Let this one more warning word arouse you to a sense of your position and your danger. Fly while it is called to-day to Jesus, who delivers from the wrath to come. Ere to-morrow's sun has risen the solemn words spoken by our God long ago may be fulfilled. "Because I have called, and ye refused; I have stretched out My hand, and no man regarded; but ye have set at nought all My counsel, and would none of My reproof: I also will laugh at your calamity; I will mock when your fear cometh; when your fear cometh as desolation, and your destruction cometh as a whirlwind; when distress and anguish cometh upon you. Then shall they call upon Me, but I will not answer; they shall seek Me early, but they shall not find Me." D. & A. C.

STUCK FAST.

How long will you continue to live your present worthless life, dear friend? You know that the word of God is true; you have in your nearest friend the witness to the reality of the joy of salvation; and you say you would like to know yourself to be one of God's people; and yet you stick fast in the thick mire of soul-sluggishness. For that is the simple truth about your state. Alas, how many have died in that awful mire, to awake in hell. Arouse you, come to Christ, and live the short remainder of your life for Him!

HAVING TO DO WITH CHRIST.

PERSONAL, sensible contact with Christ is what we all need. There may be in a christian a blameless course, and yet this dealing with the Lord may be wanting. How is such a state as this better than that of boastful Laodicea, "rich and increased in goods, and having need of nothing"?

We are strengthened by contact with Christ; we receive a fresh impulse from Him, like the man in the myth, who, when wrestling with his adversary, was strengthened every time he touched the earth.

The christian can always praise God; whatever his own condition may be, he has always something to praise God for. Ready or unready, the saint is the subject of divine grace. But how blessed to be ready in spirit for the coming of Christ—to have always an understanding with Christ from day to day! B—k.

OUT OF WEAKNESS MADE STRONG.

IN that corner of the ward lies a young woman, whose worn, suffering look tells even to an unskilful eye that life is drawing to a close.

As the terrible cough shakes her exhausted frame, the weary eyes seem to ask for a little relief, but there is none for poor Jane from human aid.

Jane's life has been one of suffering, and for the last fourteen years, to use her own words, "she has not had a single day's health." And now she is lying homeless, friendless, and helpless, scarcely able to communicate even her few wants to the stranger hands, which care for her in her need.

Does the sufferer know of the bright scene, where sickness and death cannot enter? To speak to her is to run the risk of exciting that terrible cough; yet to leave her in uncertainty is impossible.

Going up to Jane's bedside, the visitor enquired, "Do you know the Lord as your Saviour?"

There was a moment's hesitation; then at length there came from the poor, parched lips the feebly spoken answer, "Oh yes, years ago!"

"Then you are going to a Friend?"

"Oh yes."

"Do you suffer much pain?"

"Yes," whispered the sufferer, "it seems —it seems hard—to—lie—here"; and Jane gasped for breath as she spoke; "but He gives strength for the day." Then, with a great effort, she added with a smile, "He gives—it—to—me."

"It will be rest soon, *never* to end!"

"Oh yes," replied Jane; "what a prospect! it will only begin."

While she paused to recover breath, the visitor repeated one or two passages of scripture, and remarked, "He will not forget *you*."

The worn face brightened, as Jane whispered, "Oh no, it would not be like *Him* if He did." Then, fearing she was misunderstood, she repeated earnestly, "It would not be LIKE HIM if He did forget!"

Several times she made an attempt to speak, but her voice failed her; so, fearing lest she should exhaust her failing strength, the visitor left her, with a promise to return. Soothing words of kindness and hope, such as the watcher by the sick bed must ever be ready to minister, were not needed here; rather were lessons learnt, and the knowledge gained how God sustains His tried ones in feebleness and suffering.

A few days later Jane remarked, "How wonderful it is that the Lord should send me kind friends, now that I have no one. I have no friends left; there are some who know me, but I have no relations; but I have a Friend that sticketh closer than a brother; He will be with me to the end."

There was a long pause, and then Jane whispered, "I've suffered—sore, but He—suffered—worse. He tempers the wind—to —the shorn—lamb, you know. He will not lay on—us—more—than we can bear. My God—shall supply all—your need."

At Jane's request her visitor read the closing verses of Rom. viii., and the remark was made that, "the Lord Jesus could not ever leave those who had cost Him so much."

"No," said Jane, "it would not be like *Him* if He did; He could not be what He is if He did; He could not be God if He did.

"I have heard people say," Jane said, after a short silence, "that we need two conversions." She tried to explain what was meant by this, but failed. "But I don't believe *that*, you know—once in Christ, in Christ for ever."

Weak and lonely ones, for whom I write this little paper, are you ready to sink beneath the trials of the way? Think of this sufferer, sustained and kept by Jesus, nay, rather "consider Him"; "be of good courage," ere long the cloud must break, never again to gather.

When her visitor rose to leave, Jane said, "It was kind of you to come. Sometimes people come in, and don't speak to me. It is nice to speak to one another, you know. They that feared the Lord spake often one to another"; and once more the feeble voice gave way. After a pause, she continued, "The Lord hearkened and heard it, and a book of remembrance was written before Him." M. M.

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I SHALL HAVE TO CHANGE WORLDS.

I WAS asked to see a woman who was hopelessly ill, though still able to attend to her household duties. As soon as she saw me, she said, "Oh, do sit down, and tell me what to do!"

"What is the matter?" I asked.

"Well," she said, "I know I shall have to change worlds, and I am not ready."

"But what can you do to get ready?" I replied.

"I have gone to chapel," she continued, "as much as ever I could; and when I have stayed at home, it has been because I have been weighed down with trouble and cares too heavy for me."

"Suppose," I said, "you had never missed going, would that avail you anything now?"

"No," she replied, "I believe not; though when I was speaking lately about the state of my soul to some one, he said, 'You have never been so bad as to have cursed God to His face'; but this gives me no rest or peace: I know that you have something that I have not—will you tell me what it is?"

"Yes," I replied, "I have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ. We have all heard a great deal about the mercy and love of God, and truly He is both merciful and loving, but He is also just and holy, and He cannot show His love and His mercy without His justice and holiness being maintained; but I know that the Lord Jesus Christ met all God's claims against me; He paid all my debt for me in His death, and now I have peace with God."

We read together Romans iii. 10-25, and v. 1-11. She looked surprised as the preciousness of the words came home to her, and said—"I have never seen that before."

I then read to her these words, "And as Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of Man be lifted up: that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have eternal life. For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life. For God sent not His Son into the world to condemn the world; but that the world through Him might be saved. He that believeth on Him is not condemned: but he that believeth not is condemned already, because he hath not believed in the name of the only begotten Son of God" (John iii. 14-18); and light seemed to break in upon the darkness.

On another occasion I said to her, "Well, there is one comfort; God, who cannot lie, has sent His message to you and to me. Can you receive it?"

"Yes, I do receive it."

"Then you must have peace."

"I have," she said; "thank Him for it; this disease may go on now, for I shall soon be with Him in heaven."

From this time till her death, she was full of peace, rejoicing in the finished work of Christ, always ready to hear more of Him who had brought her out of darkness into His marvellous light.

One day she said, "I never thought I should know what I do about Jesus, and I believe He has still more to show me and tell me about Himself."

I replied by some remark about her great sufferings.

"Never mention them," she said, "I shall never murmur about being laid here; I bless Him every day, and oh! it will soon be over, and I shall spend eternity with the One who has done everything for me so unworthy." She would often say, when dwelling upon the contrast between the often repeated Jewish sacrifices, and the blood of Christ, eternal in its efficacy before God, "What a wonderful, gracious, merciful Father we have to bring us poor creatures into such a place, so near Himself!"

Her last words were, "Come, Lord Jesus." R.

WHERE IS YOUR HOME?

I WAS lounging on the deck of a large screw steamer named the P., crossing the Bay of Biscay, homeward bound from Gibraltar, and got into conversation with one of the sailors. "Where are you bound for when we get to London?" I asked.

"Well, I have not quite made up my mind," said he; "my friends are all in New York,

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and my father sent me a letter the other day, saying I had knocked about quite long enough now, and he would be glad if I would come home to him."

"Ah, then," I answered, "your father loves you."

"Yes, I should think he does; he always did, and he always will."

"Well," I said, "my Father, Who has always loved me, Who loves me, and will love me for eternity, has sent me a letter telling me He will be glad to have me home."

"Where is your home?" said my companion, looking puzzled.

"Heaven is my home, my eternal home, and God is my Father; and He sent His Son into the world to make the way home clear for me. How are you going to get home to your father in New York?"

"Why," said he, "there is only the one way for me to do that—I must pay my fare, or work my passage."

"Ah," I said, "there is the difference; I have not got to pay my fare, or work my passage, for the gracious Lord Jesus Christ has done both; He died on Calvary, that the way might be opened for me into the presence of His Father, and He paid the debt I owed for sin; and He says, 'I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life; no man cometh unto the Father but by Me.' What do you think of that?"

"Of what?" he asked.

"Of what Christ did on Calvary in dying, 'the Just for the unjust,' to bring us to God."

"What?" said he; "I have been unjust, and do you mean to tell me that Christ died for unjust men like me?"

"No, *I* do not tell you such a wonderful truth, but *God* says it. It is the word of God I have to rest on, and that is a rock which shall never be moved."

"Died—the Just for the unjust—to bring us to God," he whispered, as if pondering the words; "that sounds strange!"

"Yes, it does sound strange, my friend, but it is true as God's throne in heaven. 'He (Christ) died, the Just for the unjust, to bring us to God';—wondrous, but precious truth for the soul, taught by God to believe it." J. G.

A WORD TO THE YOUNG CHRISTIAN.

ARE you growing in grace, and in the knowledge of your Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ? It is not enough to know "our sins forgiven," nor even that we are safe for ever—"no one able to pluck us out of His hand"—but He wants us to "shine" as lights in this dark world. Are you shining?

"Holding forth the word of life!" It is by communion with Him, who is the Light as well as the Life, that we shine.

Communion with Christ is easily marred. He wants all the heart. Half-hearted christians never shine—they may make a noise. Shining is calm work, but it is also brilliant work; and as in this matter we are like "reflecting glasses," we must see to it that we are not dimmed by the vapours of this world, or of our own self-seeking or self-pleasing.

Let us pray that we may indeed walk so clear of that which grieves Him or clouds us that we may all

"Shine,
You in your little corner,
And I in mine." W.W.

TRUE CHRISTIANITY IS AGGRESSIVE.

WHETHER in the secret of our souls, or whether in our work for the Lord, continual overcoming and winning is what we should seek after. When a christian sinks down into the spirit of self-protection, when the thoughts of his soul relate to his own good simply, how he shall be fed, and the like, he is not winning more knowledge of scripture, nor overcoming for Christ's sake, and, like a garrison hemmed in by the enemy, is in danger of starvation.

In his work for the Lord, when a christian loses the spirit of winning souls from Satan's power for Christ, he is as a workman in danger of the extinguisher.

The spirit and tone of the soul characterises the quality of the work done.

TESTIMONY.

THE christian's countenance should be like a glass, which reflects its brightness upon those who look into it.

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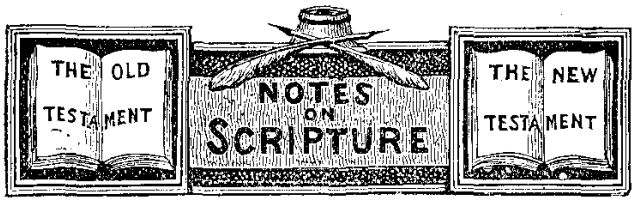

Abounding Grace. (2 KINGS iv.)

THOSE classes of persons which suffer the most in times of temporal adversity are such as are most dependent on others for their daily bread. And so it is in christian things. Those believers are the most starved, who depend the most for their spiritual prosperity on the men God has gifted to dispense His word to His people. Speaking generally, it must be confessed that there is a sore lack of good things in the church. We do not affirm that the lack is felt alike everywhere, for some do not suffer as do others; in spiritual, as in worldly affairs, some have riches, while others have not; yet here and there, where the lack exists, is a believer well fed, and in good spiritual health. How is this? Such an one has been alone with the Lord, who never sends empty away.

A few words given by the Lord in the secret of His presence sustain and preserve the soul in the worst of times. His grace is like the poor widow's pot of oil—there is no end to it. So long as need exists, His resources are availing for all times, and never more valued than in the season of famine. When the widow—very expression of human need and desolation—in the depth of her poverty shut up her sons and herself in her own house at the bidding of the prophet, she taught us a lesson. For what did her act signify? Simply this—that she went in faith direct to God with her wants. She, poor desolate one, shut her doors against the famine-stricken land around her, and filled the house with empty vessels. It was, in fact, saying to our God, "The olive has failed, famine is in the land; there is no help from without: see, O Jehovah, my house empty of food, filled with empty vessels, counting upon Thy resources."

Hers was very striking faith, indeed! Would that we individually apprehended God in like manner! We know the result, beloved readers; we know how God answered the widow. May we not say, there was only one way in which He *could* answer her? He had sent His prophet to her to teach her to trust in Him, or, rather, to prove Him: for there is a great deal in proving God. We often think we trust Him. Let us try Him—prove Him. "Prove Me now," are His own words. The widow did trust His word, and she proved Him who sent it to her. She and her sons went borrowing of empty vessels; the word to them being, "Borrow not a few."

No one, we should think, would grudge the loan of an empty vessel in a day of famine to a widow! Emptiness was common property—people could give that away, or lend it freely. And in a day of spiritual dearth, no doubt, if any poverty-stricken, starved soul had faith for it, he could fill his house with empty vessels—"not a few." Anyway, there are large numbers of God's people, whose continual cry is *their* poverty and want; but God has not changed, and His riches of grace are exhaustless.

"Thine handmaid hath not anything in the house, save a pot of oil," said the widow to the prophet. Now may we not say that such as would prove God, have the pot of oil in their own houses. And we are sure, if believers would only believe God, despite dull hearts and trying circumstances, and would only get alone with God for themselves, they would come round to the widow's words, and say with adoration, "Lord God, I have nothing left save Thy grace."

When a believer comes to this, I have nothing left save Thy grace, he has come to all the riches of God Himself, and it is impossible for him to want. Even as David said, with the Lord before him, "I shall not want." And God oftentimes brings us to the faith of the fulness of His grace, by allowing us to realize our absolute inability to be truly nourished and enriched from any hand save His.

Now we say we know the result when the widow addressed herself to Jehovah, and brought all the empty vessels she could borrow to His grace, which the oil figures.

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Jehovah filled every vessel. Great and small, costly and common, of whatever size and pattern, not one was beyond His resources. And the end for the widow was that she was far better off by the pot of oil and the famine than had there been no famine: for the God who became her resource was her sustainer until the end.

She had enough to pay her debts. For what are our debts—however heavy to human calculation—in the presence of His riches of grace? And she had enough to live upon—a store given her by Jehovah, who knew the widow's need—till, with the end of her pilgrimage, she should, at rest in His presence, need no more.

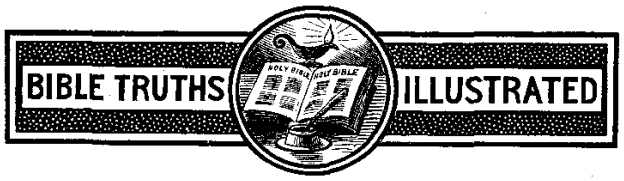
Yes, beloved reader, remember that God's grace is first for our debts. First of all, God in His grace pardons our sins. The knowledge of forgiveness of sins is the first great truth of which the believer should be assured. No more conscience of sins must be believed, and then we shall learn what God's grace for us in our everyday life is.

And here we would say to the believer, rejoicing in the grace of God in forgiving his sins, take heed to this word, "If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." (1 John i. 9.) God's grace never supplants righteousness. Do you know His grace? If so, "Go: pay thy debts." Be at peace with your fellows; have no grudge against any; neither let any have quarrel against you; and then "live . . . . upon the rest"—live upon His grace; His grace, *your* God's grace.

Yes, live upon it. The widow, now no longer poor, but enriched by her God, had a sufficiency for her lifetime. God is a giving God. He began with us, in our depths of misery, by giving for us His only beloved Son. "Thanks be unto God for His unspeakable gift." Ah! shall we even in heaven be able to express to God what *this* gift is? But what we cannot express by lip, we may have our hearts filled with. It is a blessed thing when a sinner saved by grace has his heart too full of thankfulness to God to be able to utter out its gladness and its intense gratitude. And how does God go on with us, fellow christians? By giving. "He that spared not His own Son, but delivered Him up for us all, how shall He not with Him also freely give us all things?" (Rom. viii. 32.) So we say, *live* upon grace. As we live upon God's gifts of food and drink, so let us spiritually live upon His daily, hourly grace to us. We shall not be poor, half-starved believers then. In our Father's house there is bread enough, and to spare. Live upon His grace. All we have to see to is, that we are empty vessels.

The widow could have told us, and no doubt will do so when we meet her in glory by-and-bye, "I would not have been without the famine for anything. I learned God by it and in it, as I could have done in no other way. He proved Himself to be to me—a poor, weak creature, without a helper on earth—the God who gives."

But let us not forget that, before she got her wealth, she filled her house with vessels which declared the prevailing distress, and that before the oil began to run, the doors of her house were closed against the famine outside, and she and her poverty were alone with God and His grace. Let this fact be not only instruction, but also an example to ourselves. For then we shall find that having gone to God for our own need, and having been filled to the full with His grace, He has made us like Himself, givers, yes, givers, out of the exhaustless stores of His grace, to the empty vessels of which there are not a few around us. H. F. W.



The Sin of the Golden Calf.

THREE months after Jehovah had led Israel out from the land of Egypt He bade Moses bring them to the wilderness of Sinai, and there He gave them His law.

As we read in Rom. v., man had not had the direct law of God up to the time of Moses; but Israel, being redeemed from out of the land of idolatry, and from the dominion of

ISRAEL'S FIRST GREAT SIN.

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Pharaoh, and being brought near to God as His peculiar people, He had given them commandments and instructions, such as were in accordance with Jehovah's holy mind.

You, my dear young friends, in your happy homes, are called by your parents to obey their laws and wishes. You would think it very strange if your father commanded the children in the street to obey him, and the children in the street would only laugh at your father for so speaking to them. But you, being his children, love your father's commands, and, because you are his, are bidden by him to do his pleasure. Now God deals with His people in a way quite differently from that in which He deals with the poor heathen, and He looks for obedience from His own; He looks for obedience from each of you who love Him, and by your obedience to Him you show that you love Him. He said to Israel, "I bare you on eagles' wings, and brought you unto Myself. Now therefore, if ye will obey My voice indeed, and keep My covenant, then ye shall be a peculiar treasure unto Me above all people: for all the earth is Mine: and ye shall be unto Me a kingdom of priests, and an holy nation." (Exodus xix. 4-6.)

Hearing Jehovah's word, "all the people answered together, All that the Lord hath spoken we will do." I am sure our dear young friends, who love the Lord, feel how weak they are, for God has taught them that they "are not sufficient of themselves to do anything as of themselves." We have no strength in ourselves is the heart-language of a true christian. It was only the other day a young believer said to us, "I have not strength of myself even to love God." Now, while God the Father looks to us, as His children, to obey His word, He also teaches us that in Jesus only, by the Holy Spirit, is our power to do His pleasure; and when we are weak, then are we strong. Our God teaches us in His word to depend upon Him, and if we love Him we shall seek His grace for our daily walk.

They were very different words which Jehovah spoke to Israel from the words of love He speaks to us through the Son of His love. All the nation was called together to the foot of the mountain, both great and small, the rulers of thousands and the poorest of the poor—men, women, and children; but they were bidden not to come near the mountain—not to touch it under pain of death. When God the Father spoke to man through the lips of Jesus, the Son of Man, little children, and the poor and weak, were tenderly bidden come near; and even now, though Jesus is in heaven in glory, still the least and the weakest of us may go close to Him. In this is one difference between God speaking through His holy law and by His Son to man.

There is a large plain at the foot of a high group of mountains, which form the Sinaitic range, and there it is thought the people of Israel were gathered together to hear the words of the law. This plain is wide, and capable of holding a vast multitude of people, and above it the lofty and precipitous crags of Sinai frown. To the children of Israel, who had dwelt all their lives in the flat country of Egypt, the very sight of Sinai must have been appalling.

But how they must have trembled when Sinai shook with thunders, and when from out of the dense darkness and clouds around its top, the long and "exceeding loud" sound of the trumpet bade them come somewhat near, and attend to the voice of Jehovah. "So terrible was the sight, that Moses said, I exceedingly fear and quake." (Heb. xii. 21.) The little children and "all the people that were in the camp trembled." Again, in this day of God's dealing in grace, we have a contrast, for we are not come to the mount that could be touched, but to Jesus and His blood. Yet, let us remember that, if anyone has not come to Jesus and His blood, he must have to stand before the holy God, and give an account for all his works. Oh! who could thus stand before God? How terrible it will be to have to appear before Him unsaved, unforgiven, and doubly so for such as have heard of His grace, and have made light of it.

You are all, I trust, familiar with the ten words, or ten commandments, given by Jehovah from that thick cloud on Sinai, and, therefore, we shall not repeat them here.

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The first commandment is, "Thou shalt have no other gods before Me," and when the people stood afar off for fear, and Moses drew near to the thick darkness where God was, He said, "Ye have seen that I have talked with you from heaven. Ye shall not make with Me gods of silver, neither shall ye make unto you gods of gold." As well as the words or commandments, the Lord communicated many judgments to Israel, which are recorded in the twentieth to the twenty-third chapters of Exodus. Moses told the people all that Jehovah had told him—both words and judgments—when with one voice the people said, "All that the Lord hath said will we do, and be obedient." (Exodus xxiv. 8.) Their ways, of which we shall speak presently, will be evidence of how impossible it is for man in his own strength to obey Him.

Moses wrote down all the words of the Lord, and, shortly after, again went up into the mount where Jehovah was. The sight was like devouring fire on the mountain-top, and the children of Israel saw it.

I wonder if my young friends have felt while reading these pages how terrible in holiness God is? How shall anyone dare stand in His presence? I do not now mean how shall anyone stand in His presence who is sanctified by the offering of the body of Jesus, and made fit for the very holiness of God's nature. But there are readers of this page who have not been to God, and who have not had their sins washed away in the precious blood of Christ. And to them I say, "How can you ever stand before God in your sins?"

"Oh! but we will obey Him, and be good!" Yes, thus some speak. Not long ago a youth, who had begun to think of eternity, thus expressed himself. So he tried to be good, tried to be holy, but the more he tried the less good he found he was. And at last he said, "I find I am a sinner," and he fled to Jesus for peace. Think of the devouring fire, think of the voice and words of God on Sinai; He is holy, and hates sin. There is no other way of peace for anyone, save that which is made by the precious blood of His Son. In ourselves we are unholy, and we can never make ourselves holy, and unless we are sanctified, that is, made holy by the one offering of Jesus, we can never stand in peace before God.

It was some few weeks after Israel's promise of obedience that they began to weary of waiting for Moses. He was in Jehovah's presence on their behalf, receiving instructions concerning the beautiful tent they were to make, in which Jehovah said He would dwell, amongst them (Exodus xxv. 8); and concerning the altars and the sacrifices they were to have, by which they were to approach Him, and concerning the beautiful garments of holiness which the priests should wear who would minister for them before the Lord. Yet, while Moses was receiving these gracious instructions from Jehovah, Israel grew tired of waiting for their leader, and "gathered themselves together unto Aaron, and said unto him, Up, make us gods, which shall go before us; for as for this Moses, the man that brought us up out of the land of Egypt, we wot not what is become of him." (Ch. xxxii.) Alas, alas! only a few weeks before they all had said they would obey this first commandment of the Lord, "Thou shalt have no other gods before Me."

Where was their strength to obey Jehovah for six short weeks? Already they had forgotten the words of the Lord. "And Aaron said unto them, Break off the golden earrings, which are in the ears of your wives, of your sons, and of your daughters, and bring them unto me. . . . And he received them at their hand, and fashioned it with a graving tool, after he had made it a molten calf." Yet he had heard Jehovah's words, "Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of any thing that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth."

Sin was added to sin, for so it always is, one sin begets another, and sins grow bigger and greater by their very commission. We never know where sin is going to stop. Many a child has said, "I will only do this one disobedient act," who, before the day has been out, has added sin to sin.

The people brought their golden earrings

I WISH I COULD BE A CHRISTIAN.

to Aaron, who made a mould in the shape of a calf, heated a furnace, and then melted the gold and poured it out in the shape he had made, and, having fashioned it thus far, he had it finished and ornamented with a graving tool. The calf was one of the gods of Egypt, and images of the calf were carried in processions by the Egyptians. The Israelites wanted gods to go before them. The fiery, cloudy pillar had gone before them, and was halting over them, even during this the time of their awful wickedness; but they wanted gods, and they made them, and chose as their idol the calf, one of the chief gods of Egypt. *(To be continued.)*

I wish I could be a Christian!

NELLIE was resting by the bank of a shining brook near her home one lovely Sunday morning, and looking very sad. As the tears rolled down her cheeks, the cause of her sorrow was explained by her desires contained in these words, "I wish I could be a christian!"

What had made Nellie feel so unhappy on this bright Sunday morning? Well, I will tell you. She had been to hear a young missionary preach on behalf of the negroes, and, as she listened to his eloquent pleading, not only for the poor heathen, but also for the souls of those who then listened to him, poor Nellie felt very sad, and the bitter tears would come into her eyes, and the sobs would make themselves heard, as she felt that she was just as bad as the poor black children across the sea, for she, too, was not saved. And so after the preaching she slipped away from her friends and ran down to the brook, where she might be alone and sob out the misery of her troubled young heart unseen. But was she unseen? Ah, no! My readers know very well that there is One who always sees us. God was looking down on Nellie,

and He was going to give her the desires of her heart, though she would have to learn a good many things first.

The one friend to whom Nellie found courage to tell her trouble only laughed at her. The young missionary soon left the village, without preaching again, and Nellie's sorrow, after a time, wore off. But she never forgot that she was lost, that if she died as she was she could not go to heaven. She tried to forget this solemn truth, but in vain; when she was awake at night she again remembered it, even if she had forgotten it during the day, and so she went on for a long time.

She then tried to be good, thinking if she could only succeed she should be all right; but having a quick temper, Nellie seemed to get worse instead of better, till at last she felt that she was too bad ever to be a christian at all. She did not know that the Lord Jesus has power to save all who come to Him. And, indeed, when she heard preachers say, "Come to Jesus," she used to think to herself, "How can I go? I wish I only knew how—I would walk anywhere if He were down here now; why don't they tell us how to come?"

For years Nellie was seeking at times how to be saved, and none of those whom she heard preach told the simple, plain way of salvation. But at last one preacher told his hearers to take their difficulties to God in prayer. Here was something Nellie could understand; and she went home, took her difficulties to God in prayer; then soon after she was led to read the precious verse in Matthew i., "They shall call His name Jesus, for He shall save His people from their sins." That was what she wanted. She read on and on through the New Testament, and there, to her surprise and joy, she found that God had sent His own Son to die, to put away the sins of all who believe on Him. She learned, too, that in order to come to Jesus she did not require to go anywhere; coming to Him meant believing Him with all her heart, and telling Him so. She also found that she could speak to Him just where she was, and He would hear her.

It was so delightful to Nellie to find that she might have all her sins washed away and be brought to God, that at first she hardly dared believe it, but before long she did; and I will tell you what helped her very much—she learned by heart several verses, and, amongst others, these words of Jesus, "Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that heareth My word, and believeth on Him that sent Me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation; but is passed from death unto life." (John v. 24.) Whenever she began to feel sad she would repeat them over to herself, and the dark thoughts soon went.

So at last Nellie knew that she was saved, because God's word said so.

And who was happier than Nellie then? Her friends soon observed the change, and, to her great delight, in a short time her sister also was saved. Before long Nellie was taken very ill, but she was very happy; she was so glad to think that perhaps she might soon see Jesus, who had saved her.

One day during her illness the doctor who had been to see her looked very grave, and, calling her friends out of the room for a minute, told them that Nellie had only a short time to live. Great was their surprise at the happy smile with which she received the news. Ah, Nellie belonged now to Jesus, who had been right down into death and the grave; and He had made even that bright with His own love, and there was no terror left for His own loved ones. But, contrary to the fears of all, she recovered, and lives now with one desire—to please the Lord Jesus.

Dear children, will not you, too, trust the Saviour, and live for Him? L. T.

MY SPANISH CLASS.

I SHOULD like to tell you, dear English children, about my class of girls in Spain. They were all little ones, and it was a great pleasure for me to teach them. I think I can see them now, as they used to sit before me, each in her little print skirt and jacket, and a coloured handkerchief tied round her head. They did not look at all like English children.

When I first went to Spain I did not think of teaching in a Sunday-school, although I missed my former Lord's Day occupation very much, as I had always been accustomed to

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teach in England. One day the gentleman in whose house I was living said, "Why do you not go to the Calle San G. school?" "I did not know," replied I, "there was one." "Oh, yes," he said, "you will find there Miss M." She was a young Spanish christian whom I knew. I went the next Sunday, and found two classes of girls and one, very large, of boys. I cannot tell you how much I wished I could teach them. I sat by Miss M., in front of the girls, but I could only say a few words, as I had not been long in the country, and was very ignorant of the language.

Her class consisted of elder girls. One of them was Magdalena. I was pleased to look at her bright eyes and intelligent face. She had been brought to know the sinner's Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ, through going to school, and then her father and mother were converted.

The other class was instructed by a young teacher, who afterwards left. I wished very much to take that class, but was too timid to do so alone, so I asked Magdalena to help me. But she was not always willing, for which I was sorry, because I am sure, next to prayer and reading God's word, nothing is more helpful to the christian than to work for Jesus. Try it, dear young christians, if you have not yet begun.

A thought came into my mind, which proved very helpful to me. I resolved to show them a large Scripture picture, and explain it to them. Perhaps it would be that of Elijah and the ravens, or Daniel in the lions' den. I used to point out the different things in the picture that seemed most interesting, and then ask questions. Verses of Scripture, too, were always repeated that seemed to refer to the subject.

I do not remember that these Spanish children ever gave me any trouble. Some of them were more intelligent than others. Dear little Feliciana listened very attentively. One day I was speaking of the Lord's love, when Feliciana said, "It is more than the love of a mother." I always thought this little one would be a child of God; and since I have returned to England, I have heard that the dear girl has come to Jesus, and that her brother, who was also in the school, has become a preacher of the truth.

Dear little English children, do you love Jesus? You have so many more advantages than these poor little Spaniards. They have not heard so much of the good news as you have, yet some of them have accepted Christ. Do not neglect this great salvation, lest in "the day of judgment" it should be "more tolerable" for these little ones than for you.

"Come to the Saviour, make no delay;
Here in our midst He's standing to-day;
Hear now His accents tenderly say,
'Will you, dear children, come?'" M.E.T.

ALLAN GARDINER.

IV.

FAREWELL TO GREGORY BAY.

AFTER the departure of the "Commodore," the Patagonian chief forgot all his fair promises, and seemed bent upon robbing his "brother," Captain Gardiner, by one pretence or another, of his little store of provisions.

In this strait the missionaries cried to God, and besought Him to show them what His will concerning them was; then, comforted by the thought that they were in the hands of their Father in heaven, without whom not even a sparrow falls to the ground, they began to prepare a feast for the hungry hunting party.

Captain Gardiner was not afraid of the natives; on his former visit he had slept alone on shore, setting up his tent among them, when not a single man from his ship could be induced to bear him company; but he saw plainly that nothing could be done so long as they looked upon the missionaries and their property as fair game, and had no thought but of how they might plunder them with the least risk to themselves; and it became more and more manifest both to him and Mr. Hunt that the time had come for them to leave Gregory Bay.

Scarcely had this become a settled determination with them when an English barque cast anchor in the bay. They at once began to take down the wooden huts, and prepare to go on board. "Thus," writes Captain Gardiner, "we took a final leave of the spot

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where we had hoped to have been instrumental in making known to these poor ignorant heathen the glad tidings of salvation. Wissale came down to the shore to bid them farewell, and this brief missionary sojourn upon that desolate coast came to an end.

Those days of weariness and painfulness—those nights of watching—might seem to have been spent in vain, but no shadow of doubt rested upon Captain Gardiner's bright spirit. "We can never be wrong"—thus he wrote in his journal, on his homeward way—"we can never be wrong in casting the gospel net on any side or in any place. During many a dark and wearisome night we may appear to have toiled in vain, but it will not always be so. If we will but wait the appointed time, the promise, though long delayed, will assuredly come to pass."

Gardiner again visited, and again was driven from the coasts of these poor heathen. Still he prayed on in patient hope, and at length set to work to prepare for a new expedition. He had two launches built—one of which was to serve as a mission home, the other as a storehouse, for he intended to take six months' provisions for himself and his companions. Two tiny boats were also built, by means of which the mission party might land where they pleased, and get back to their floating home at night.

And now that all was ready, the question arose, Who will go to Cape Horn? It was soon answered, for many willingly offered themselves. "Let me go with the captain," pleaded Irwin, the Bristol boat-carpenter, who had been with him in his second expedition, "let me go; it is like heaven upon earth to be with him, he is such a man of prayer."

Irwin's wish was granted, and he sailed once more with his beloved captain. And from a quiet little Cornish village, where they had spent their days and nights tossing about in our rough seas in their open boats, came three fishermen, Bryant, Pearce, and Badcock, and they were chosen as boatmen to the expedition. Then from London, where he had been used to work at his occupation all the week, and on Sundays to teach the shrewd little city children in the Sunday-school, came Mr. Maidment. He was not weary of teaching the children in the great city, but his heart yearned over those far-away children, born in dark and desolate homes, to whom the name of Jesus was unknown, and he longed to speak that "name of matchless worth" in ears which had never heard it. It would be sweet, he thought, to speak of Christ, to tell the story of His lowly birth, of His life of love and of sorrow, of His death of shame and anguish, and of His glorious resurrection and ascension, to those to whom it should be no twice-told tale, but the very message from God straight to their hearts.

One other companion Captain Gardiner was to have. Mr. Williams, a Staffordshire doctor, who wrote, earnestly praying to be allowed to join the little band.

He had only just time to bid his friends good-bye and reach Liverpool before the vessel sailed, in the month of September, 1850. "Fairly on board," he wrote in his first letter from the "Ocean Queen," "and standing out for the wide ocean, how varied were the emotions felt! But the one, above all others, was a sense of joy at the certainty of now being actually engaged in the great work of making known the Saviour of the world, and that, too, to a poor, benighted people—a race of savages."

A few years before, although in a country full of Bibles, and where the light of truth was shining all around him, Mr. Williams had been living as much without God in the world as the poor heathen in the dreary, frozen wastes of Fuegia. At that time the Bible was to him, to use his own words, "a mere lumber book," and science, literature, and his profession his whole delight. During a terrible illness, however, when he believed himself to be at the point of death, he awoke to the realities of life, of death, and of eternity. It is said that drowning men have seen, as in a map, all their past lives unrolled before them. Just so did Mr. Williams see his own history. Fair and blameless enough before his fellow men his life had been, and even well-pleasing in his own eyes, but the thought of standing before God, and giving account to Him of

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those thirty years, during which he had lived in wilful ignorance of Him, now filled him with indescribable awe. A horror of great darkness fell upon him, and the first ray of light which pierced the gloom came when someone standing beside the sufferer bade him "look to Jesus."

As a drowning man hears the cheer from the lifeboat, borne faintly to him over the fury of the storm, and knows that succour and rescue are at hand, so did this tempest-tossed soul hear in the utterance of that Name the assurance of deliverance. He did "look to Jesus," as he was bidden, and "with the very bidding," he says, "I found an infinite joy in so doing." The darkness was passed, the storm was stilled, and there was a great calm.

Restored to health as by miracle, when he had seemed past all hope of recovery, Mr. Williams went forth into life again. But the face of all the world was changed to him. "Myself and my fellows," he said, when speaking of this time in his history, "I no longer regarded as creatures of a moment's duration, but I saw eternity impressed as a seal upon the whole generation of men. Jesus was most precious to me—my glory and infinite joy. The Bible, hitherto a sealed book, was now a river of water to my thirsty soul. I felt that I would care to live only for the sake of reading it. How it amazed me to know that that precious light had so long shone in my way, and I never had perceived it!"

Mr. Williams was a home missionary before he had any thought of going abroad to preach. A time of great terror and distress came to the place where he lived; numbers of his fellow townsfolk were dying every day of cholera, and, as he went from house to house, the doctor's visit was as that of an angel of God to many a stricken home. When he had done what he could to relieve the pain of the sufferer, kneeling beside the bed, he would speak of the Lamb of God who taketh away the sin of the world; and many an ear, soon to be deaf to earthly sounds, eagerly drank in the message of pardon and peace from his lips. We cannot wonder that his memory was long cherished at Burslem, and that many prayers followed him upon his untried way, as he set out to be a missionary among the Fuegians. P.

ANSWERS TO MARCH QUESTIONS.

1. To reveal the grace of God to poor sinners, and to be "the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sin of the world."—2. (*a*) The witness borne by John the apostle to Christ; the Word with God; the Word who was God; the Word made flesh, the Revealer of the Father. (*b*) The mission of John the Baptist.—3. (*a*) To the messengers of the Sanhedrin (the great council of the Jews, presided over by the high priest, which met in a hall near the Temple). (John i. 19-28.) (*b*) At the appearance of Jesus. (Chap. i. 29-34.) (*c*) To the two disciples. (Chap. i. 35-40.)—4. To Simon, son of Jonas, whom He called Cephas; to Philip of Bethsaida; to Nathanael.—5. The birth of Jesus. (Luke ii. 1-7.) The circumcision of Jesus. (Luke ii. 21.) The presentation of Jesus in the Temple. (Luke ii. 22-38.) The visit of Jesus to Jerusalem, at the feast of the Passover, when He was twelve years of age. (Luke ii. 40-52.) The baptism of Jesus. (Luke iii. 21-23.) The temptation of Jesus. (Luke iv. 1-13.—6. (*a*) That Zebedee was a fisherman (Matt. iv. 21, 22), having hired servants (Mark i. 20). (*b*) That Salome, the "mother of Zebedee's children," was among those women from Galilee who followed Jesus to Jerusalem, "ministering" unto Him. (Matt. xxvii. 36.) She was also among those who looked on afar off at His crucifixion. (Mark xv. 40.) And one of those who brought spices to embalm Him. (Mark xvi. 1.) Her love for her two sons led her to ask for them the place of honour in the Messianic kingdom. (Matt. xx. 20). (*c*) James, the son of Zebedee. We know that he was in the boat, by the sea of Galilee, with his brother John, "mending their nets," when the Lord called them to be His disciples. He is mentioned among the twelve whom the Lord appointed to be with Him (Mark iii. 14); he was present at the raising of Jairus's daughter (Luke x. 51); he saw the transfiguration (Luke ix. 28); he joined his brother in asking the Lord to allow them to call down fire from heaven to consume the Samaritan village (Luke ix. 54); he joined his brother in asking of the Lord a place—one on His right hand, and the other on His left hand—in His glory (Luke x. 35): he was taken by the Lord on the night of His agony, with Peter and John, to the garden of Gethsemane (Mark xiv. 33); on the day of the Lord's ascension he was one of the company who "continued in prayer and supplication" in the upper room at Jerusalem (Acts i. 13); he was "killed with the sword" during the Herodian persecution, A.D. 44 (Acts xii. 2).—7. Jerusalem. —8. "The Son of God, who loved me." (Gal. ii. 20.)

QUESTIONS FOR APRIL.

1. What Jewish feasts are mentioned in St. John's Gospel?—2. Mention four words characteristic of the writings of the apostle John, used in his Gospel—one of them 52 times; another 25; another 23; another 7.—3. The Lord called the apostles James and John "thunder-sons." Mention some instances (not in this Gospel) showing their vehement, impetuous character.—4. From St. John's Gospel, should you think he was a son of thunder or a son of love?—5. The apostle, whose wrath had been roused against the Samaritans, afterwards received some of them as brethren. Give the reference.—6. By an expression which He used when in the Temple (chap. ii.) Jesus proved Himself to be the Son of God. What was that expression?—7. On the same occasion, how did the Lord show His tender consideration for His creatures?—8. From some words of the Lord to Nicodemus we learn that the conduct of a man in reference to Christ shows his *moral state*. Can you quote the words? (This is one of the questions which can only be answered by *thoughtful study* of the chapter.)

Direct your answers to

QUESTIONS,
Care of Mr. ALFRED HOLNESS,
14, Paternoster Row,
LONDON, E.C.

stating your age and giving your address. Let such as may change their address not forget to tell us. Your replies must be sent in not later than the 25th of the month.

Faithful Words for Old and Young 10 (1881)

FAITHFUL WORDS

For Old and Young.

THE GUARD'S VAN.

THE RAILWAY FIREMAN.

"I WAS a rough, careless sort of chap, getting my living as a fireman on a railway-engine. One day a guard on the line, who was a good-living kind of man, though I don't believe, looking back, that he was a christian, called me into his van and read some bits to me out of a book of 'Moody's Sermons.' Well, I did not take much heed on him at first, till he comes to a story about a young fellow, and the case exactly fitted mine, and the conviction of sin came so strongly over me as he read, that I felt I must get outside or I should burst; so I said to the guard, 'That's plenty of that yarn—I'm off.' But the guard says to me, 'Wait a bit, Bill; I'm just at the end'; so I managed to hear him out, and then went off to my engine, and fairly broke down, and wept like a child.

"I was properly miserable, I tell you, on that engine; so after a time down I goes on my knees, and cried to the Lord to open my eyes, for I didn't know nothing about such things, being a gallus chap, you see.

"Just then up comes the engine-driver, and asks me what's up, and I told him. And he says, 'Well, you are a precious fool, taking on about something in them story books.' For he was a real bad un', was that engine-driver, and so for a time he laughs me out of it. But somehow I couldn't get rid of it altogether.

"Shortly after this we were sent off to a branch line they were making, and had to sleep—a lot of us—in a temporary shed; and when we got there, the first night the engine-driver says, 'I say, chaps, what d'ye think? Bill's turned religious,' and they all laughed at me.

"But I says, 'Chaps, there's one thing certain; it's never too late to begin, or too early to make a start'; and feeling something down-like, I just prayed to God to shift that engine-driver off the same engine as me, or else to shift me.

"After that the engine-driver nagged on me uncommon, and gave me no peace, for, you see, I wasn't quite the same somehow since I heard that there tale. However, it weren't for long he nagged, for some few days later we had a collision, and two or three trucks were smashed up, and the driver had to go up before the board, and they warned him to be careful, as he'd have to go the next offence. Well, just after this he gets drunk, so they takes and sacks him, and who should be put driver of my engine but a christian.

"I didn't like the looks on him much the first time I saw him. And the first day I was with him I jumped off the engine when we got to the junction, to get a glass of beer, for I was fond of that, for all I was more serious about the tale. But the driver, he says, 'Bill, where are you off to?'

"I says, 'To get a glass, surely.'

"He says, 'Come back, and I'll tell you some facts of what they put in beer, and what it does for them as puts it into themselves.' And presently after that he says, 'Now you're not happy, I know you're not.'

"And I says, 'Well, mate, that *is* so.'

"And he says, 'D'ye know what you want to make all them things drop from you?'

"I says, 'No,' for, you see, I was as blind as an owl, and knew nothin' about conversion.

"'Well,' he says, 'you want a new nature, and you can only get that *in Christ*.' And then when he tells me that it was only to believe on Him, I *was* surprised, and couldn't scarce believe him; but feeling strange-like on the engine as we went along, I called to God to have mercy on my soul, and somehow then and there it seemed that the light came in upon me, and little by little, creeping, as it were, I got to know the truth.

"For, you see, I'm no scholar, and don't know much; but this I do know, that I have everlasting life, believing in the Lord: and what that driver said is true, for after that the drink never troubled me again.

"He was a clever chap, was that driver; he wouldn't stop to argify, he wouldn't; he went straight *to the book* if any tried that on with him."

This, in his own words, is the simple tale of the fireman; and as we consider how it was God used the engine-driver to bring

him into calm and rest, may both anxious souls, and workers for souls, learn the lesson of going to "the book," there to have all questions settled. He was "clever" indeed! Oh! that all God's children would only "go straight to the book" in a spirit of simple dependence on Him. J. F.

PEACE, GRACE, GLORY.

"BEING justified by faith," we stand in God's presence without a charge against us being possible. Hence we have peace with God—a peace never changed, and unchangeable, because it is founded upon the blessed work of Christ—not founded upon anything in us, or dependent upon our frames and feelings.

There is the peace of communion, which may be broken, but nothing can ever touch this peace with God.

Peace, grace, and glory form a blessed trinity, which God gives us. We have peace to start with. Glory is before us, and there is grace for us all the way between. Grace when we fail or fall; grace to keep us all the way: for God only deals with us in grace. Then comes glory. We are wretched sinners in ourselves, but, being saved, we may say, God can do nothing with us but bring us to glory. For the thief saved by grace, hanging beside the Lord, the only place was glory.

B—K.

LEARNING LIFE THROUGH DEATH.

THE christian, by means of the sorrows he experienced in this world, and which break his heart, learns by the grace of the Lord what He is as the resurrection and the life. Some, it is true, are more deeply taught this lesson than others, for it is only learned in suffering, and by the Lord revealing Himself to the subject hearts of His tried people. He turns the very bitterness of bereavement and the agony of suffering into occasions for revelations of Himself to the heart as the One who, being in heaven, gives strength—His strength, to His own on the earth where He once was. None but a true christian has the faintest experience, during sorrow and death, of resurrection and of life where Christ is in heaven. The Lord has satisfaction in supplying His grace to His poor and tried but subject people.

HAS IT MADE ANY DIFFERENCE TO YOU?

POOR old woman! She had fallen the day before in the slippery street, and had broken her arm. She had been carried into the hospital, and very disagreeable she looked.

Miss ——— at first shrank from speaking to her, but the earnestly-expressed wish of another patient prevailed. Going over to her bedside, the visitor enquired, "Do you think you are any better?"

"O'ot!" exclaimed the old woman, "I could na ken muckle odds yet, I only cam in yestreen."

The visitor was about to leave her, when an encouraging look from her friend opposite made her still linger. A few words of sympathy quieted the old woman, and the visitor ventured to ask, "Do you ever think of these words, 'Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners'?" but before the sentence was finished, the old woman burst out, "O'ot, I ken all aboot these things; I've been weel brocht up. I ken all aboot it."

And she turned her head angrily away, and shut her eyes.

She knew all about it, but it was no joy to her heart, it had not lightened her long life of poverty; and now in her old age she was content to rest on the fact that she had been "well brought up, and knew all about these things."

It may be that you, too, have been well cared for, well brought up. Then let me ask you, has it made any difference to you that there was One who walked through this world, Who saw all its sorrow, sin, and desolation, and Who at length died upon the cross to save our souls?

"You mean Jesus?" we hear you say, dear reader; "yes, we do."

Do you know Him? As a little girl once said to another, "Do you know Jesus to speak to?" Do you know Him in your heart as your own Saviour and Friend?

Remember, if you know about these things, and yet do not receive God's beloved Son, your life on earth will be a miserable one; and in the future it will make to you the difference between heaven and hell. M. M.

THE LITTLE BLACK HUT ON THE HILL.

MANY years ago a christian girl left her native land and loving friends, to go with her husband to Australia. There many trials awaited her—losses were experienced, and much hardship endured. At length Marian's husband took the management of a sheep-farm, far up the country.

It was a lonely place; the only other dwelling in sight was a little black hut perched high up on a neighbouring hill. Its inhabitants were a man, notorious for his wickedness, a drunkard and swearer, and his poor ill-used wife.

One day, while walking on the hillside, Marian heard a woman's voice from the hut, singing—

"I do believe, I will believe,
That Jesus died for me;
That on the cross He shed His blood,
From sin to set me free."

Her emotion may be better imagined than described. Here in the wilderness, with none to whom she could speak of Jesus her Saviour, these sounds from that poor hut seemed to her like heavenly music. She determined to lose no time in seeking out the singer, and found it was the drunkard's poor wife, who, in her husband's absence, was thus lifting up her heart and voice to Him whom she had found a very present help in trouble. How great was the joy of each to find in the other a sister in the Lord; how deep the thankfulness of each heart that the Lord had thus brought them together. From that time they frequently met and found comfort and consolation in speaking together of Him whom each had found to be the "Chiefest among ten thousand, the altogether lovely One."

Months passed by, bringing little change in either home, when news came that a preacher was about to hold a meeting in a house at some considerable distance. Marian's health prevented her from going, but the poor woman of the hut felt a great longing to attend it. Yet how could she get her husband to consent? Earnestly and often she prayed to her Heavenly Father about it, and He heard her prayer, though He saw fit first to try her faith.

On the evening before that fixed for the preaching, she summoned all her courage and asked her husband to let her attend it. Her request was met by a storm of abuse, and with fearful oaths he declared she should not go. As she went weeping to bed, distressed yet not in despair, she again put up her petition to the throne of grace, for she felt that she *must* go to the preaching.

Next morning she again begged her husband to let her go. "Well, *go* then," he replied, "but mind you come away directly the preaching is over, for if you stay to the hymn I'll kick you all the way home."

With a heart full of thankfulness for the permission, so churlishly given, the poor woman hastened to the house where the meeting was held. The preacher was an earnest and devoted servant of God, and his words fell as summer rain on the parched ground, upon the soul of the drunkard's wife; she was comforted and refreshed.

The time passed rapidly away, the preacher finished his address, the hymn was given out and sung, and not until the meeting was over did she remember her husband's threat, which she had good reason to fear would be carried out to the letter.

Meanwhile her husband had seen his wife set out to the preaching with feelings of anger, wondering to himself why he had yielded to her entreaties. "But if she stops, she shall suffer for it," he muttered.

After a time he thought he would follow her, so as to be ready to put his threat into execution if she dared to disobey him.

As he approached the house he heard voices singing—

"I do believe, I will believe,
That Jesus died for me;
That on the cross He shed His blood,
From sin to set me free."

Not only on his ear, but on his heart the words fell; never before had he felt so strangely impressed. The savage intention to "kick his wife all the way home," gradually passed away, and when she came out of the house, trembling with fear and almost ready

to sink on the ground at the sight of him, she was astonished to find that he offered her no violence; he did not even speak an abusive word, but walked in silence by her side all the way home.

Still more astonished was she when *he* himself proposed that they should both go on the following evening to hear the preacher. He went, and the Lord met with him there, convinced him of sin, and soon after he was enabled to rejoice in the finished salvation which Christ has wrought out for every sinner who believes in Him.

From this time all was changed in the hut; the lion had become a lamb. Time proved the reality of the change, for each day saw him growing in grace and in the knowledge of the Saviour. "Oh, Marian," said the thankful wife, when telling her friend of the happy state of things, "you cannot think what a change it is! I am so happy, I can only sing and praise God. I get no more blows or hard words, my husband is so kind and loving—why it is just like courting days come back, only ever so much better."

Marian, whose christian sympathy had often comforted the poor wife in the dark days of sorrow through which she had passed, was now ready to rejoice with her in her joy, and together they praised God for His marvellous grace in plucking the husband as a brand from the burning.

This man, once the bond slave of Satan, now became an earnest and devoted servant of Christ, and showed by his walk and conversation that "old things had passed away, and all things had become new"; he loved to speak to all with whom he came in contact of that Saviour Who had saved him, and Who gives him the joy of God's salvation. M. M. B.

LAY HOLD ON GOD.

STIR up your soul, fellow believer, to laying hold on God, and not for yourself and your circumstances merely, but for His glory and His name, and the good of His people. Men of prayer and faith are sorely needed in these times. In secret dealing with God the soul finds not only the power but the way to act for Him.

HOW OLD JOHN GOT HIS TOP-COAT.

"How are you, this bitter cold day, John?" said one old man to another, as they walked together one wintry Sunday morning.

"I'll tell you what it is, friend, I am about starved; that's all I can say. This sharp wind do seem to blow right through my old bones. I have just been telling the Father I do want a great top-coat uncommon bad, and I believe He'll send it me."

That same evening the two friends again joined each other as they went into the meeting.

"Look here," said old John, complacently patting his chest, which was now well enveloped in a warm overcoat, "the Lord has spun me this top-coat."

"The Lord has spun you a coat, John! 'Tis a rare good 'un; but how's that?"

"Well, you see, as I was walking back this morning, tap, tap, goes a lady at her window, and beckons me, and says she to me, 'Come in, John, come in; I expect you're feeling this cold wind, so see, here's a coat to keep you warm.' So I takes it, and thanks her kindly. But I know'd who had sent it: Him as clothes the grass of the field, and I did thank Him on my knees when I got in, for it is He that has spun me this top-coat, bless Him!" D. & A. C.

BROUGHT TO GOD.

SUSAN E. lived in the little village of R—. When a little child the thought of eternity would often come to her; but as she grew older, such thoughts became less frequent, until after she had left home for service, when she became very unhappy; she could hardly tell the cause of her trouble, but there was something she seemed to want.

One day when Susan had been to see her sister, she gave her a book to take back to her place; she looked at the gift, and did not care to have it, as she saw it was a religious book, but as her sister pressed her to read it, she took it back with her, and began at the beginning, thinking, as she had taken it, she would read it all through.

One evening, as she sat reading, she came to these words, "Reader, are you saved?

Oh, answer this question to yourself, before you put down this book!" Susan knew she was not saved, and she felt that her sins were so dreadful that she should go to hell if she died unforgiven.

With this question in her mind, she went to bed, but not to sleep; Satan was near her, for she had been a true slave to him, and he did not want to lose her, so he bade her not to think of dying yet, as there would be plenty of time to think of such a subject when she was older; but Susan seemed to hear another voice whispering to her sin-stricken soul, "I died for thee, My child." She knew it was the voice of Jesus, and oh, how she longed to cast her sins on Him, to be free from the load, and to find rest!

But she thought she must do something before He could accept her; and thus she went on from day to day, carrying the load of sin, until at last she thought of writing to the friend who had given the book to her sister. This friend could feel for Susan in her trouble, for she had known what it was to be in sorrow, on account of her sins, but was now quite happy, knowing that the Lord Jesus had borne their dreadful punishment in her stead. So when she received the letter, this was what she wrote in reply—

"Dear Susan,—You ask me what you can do to be saved; now there is nothing for you to do, but simply to trust in Jesus. Go to Him as you are, for His own words are, 'Him that cometh unto Me, I will in no wise cast out.'

"'The blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleanseth us from all sin,' not from a few sins, or from many, but from all. Jesus has done it all for you; for He left His home in heaven, and came to seek and to save the lost."

It seemed to Susan too good to be true that there was nothing for her to do to be saved, and it was not until some time after this that she found what a blessed Saviour Jesus is. But having found what she had so long sought, she was so happy that she could not keep that joy to herself; she felt she must tell others of Jesus and His love. She wrote to her friends at home, telling them how very happy she was since she had found the Lord; and that what Jesus had done for her He would do for them also.

Susan thought they would be pleased to hear such good news, but they could not understand it. One sister came to see her, and told her not to be so foolish as to think of such things, and not to set herself up to be so much better than other people. "Dear E.," said Susan, "I do not want to set myself up: by the grace of God I am what I am; but if you felt as I do, you would be glad to tell others of it."

When some of her friends said that she would go out of her mind, Susan thought of what was said to her Master when on earth, how His friends said, "He is beside Himself."

Nearly four years have gone by since Susan began to trust in Jesus as her own dear Saviour, and she still feels that she must do what she can in telling others of His great love. God has been pleased to use her as an instrument in His hand, in leading many little children to Himself; may He use this simple story to lead someone to Jesus! E.

KEEP THYSELF PURE.

"KEEP thyself pure" (1 Tim. v. 22) is an important word for christians. So many are so busy in putting others to rights—so occupied in trying to relieve their brother or sister from the mote in the eye—that they really have not time to see where or what they themselves are. "*Thyself*," says the scripture. Such as judge themselves are the most tender towards others; such as are really the most practically pure are the most sensitive to the evil within themselves, and hence the most forbearing with others.

Keeping "thyself" pure will prevent many a heart-sorrow through friendship with evil. No one puts new-laid eggs in a bag of soot; even little children with clean clothes on keep out of the dirt for a time. A man who keeps himself pure will be careful with whom he associates; he will lay hands suddenly on no man; he will also give a wide berth to other men's sins.

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A THREEFOLD ASPECT OF THE LOVE OF THE LORD JESUS.

Read JOHN xii., xiii., xiv.

I. LOVE IN ITS DEVOTEDNESS EVEN TO DEATH.

WITH the twelfth chapter of the Gospel by John before us, we can but feel that to a spectator on the highway to Jerusalem everything outwardly betokened the brightest moment in the Lord's history. Hosannas filled the air; the multitude owned Him; the world had gone after Him. The Greeks also, representatives of the Gentile nations, desired to see Him: "Sir, we would see Jesus." Everyone seemed ready to welcome His entrance in the glory of the kingdom to His rightful honours as David's Son on David's throne. Even His enemies owned that they prevailed nothing.

The desire of the Gentiles thus expressed —"Sir, we would see Jesus," brings out a hidden purpose that had long occupied His heart, filled His bosom, and was now about to be announced. Jesus turns from the rays of brightness and glory which shone around His pathway, and contemplates the sufferings of Calvary; and as He gazes into the depths of the cold, silent grave we hear Him say, "Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone."

He had no desire to abide alone! A company united to Him on the new ground of resurrection engages His thoughts; but knowing that before He could associate that company with Himself, He must first enter the cold, silent grave, He says, "But if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit."

He had counted the cost. Devoted in His love, He became obedient unto death, even to the death of the cross. He knew that our eternal blessings and the Father's will could be accomplished only through the baptism of death, and the setting aside, for the moment, of His rights to the kingdom which, as David's Son, is His—so He shrank not from the cross.

Gaze upon Jesus, contemplating His sufferings; adore and worship, as you behold Him who loved not His life even unto death! Let us raise the glad note, beloved, and celebrate the praises of Him of whom each believer can say, "He loved me, and gave Himself for me."

II. LOVE IN ITS UNTIRING PATIENCE.

As we read chap. xiii., another quality of "love divine all praise excelling" is discovered to us, as, with His outer garment laid aside, Jesus girds Himself to minister to the necessities of His people.

"Having loved His own which were in the world, He loved them unto the end." Nothing tests the character of love like patient endurance with its object. Surely in Christ "charity suffereth long." Every day, every hour, as the redeemed of the Lord travel onward to their rest, their wilfulness or their waywardness tests this love.

Let us take a retrospect of our walk. Is there not much in our ways that would have weaned another's affections from us? Jesus is "the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever." "Yesterday" He proved His love by dying for us; "to-day" He assures us of the reality of that love, whilst living for us; and "for ever" we shall enjoy His blessed presence, for "He loves to the end."

Did you ever quietly ponder over the undistracted service of that precious One in the glory? "If any man sin, we have an Advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous." He cannot allow a stain to soil the pure garment for a moment. Is the saint in weakness, "He is touched with the feeling of our infirmities." His love enters into all the details of our sorrows, and if He feels them as the man Christ Jesus He knows how to succour us as the Son of God.

III. LOVE DELIGHTING TO DISPENSE ITS BLESSINGS.

Chapter xiv. opens with the "eternal lover" about to be separated for a while from those He holds most dear, and shews us Himself, Who had loved unto death (chap. xii.), and Who loves still as the risen One (chap. xiii.), about to confer with lavish hands priceless treasures on those He is leaving behind. Nothing delights love so much as bestowing favours on its objects. Nothing less will satisfy Him, Who said, "As My Father hath

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loved Me, so have I loved you," than that His own should consciously possess and enjoy the privileges He bestows.

He sweetly shows how we can pass through a troubled scene with an untroubled heart. He desires that His disciples may believe on Him, and thus confide their future to the care of His skilful hand, assuring them that He is leaving them for a little moment, to prepare an eternal home with Himself for them in His Father's house.

Jesus next tells them that His walk and ways on this earth were a faithful reflex of the Father's heart, and during his absence confides them to the care of that Father Who Himself loved them.

He then places the whole power of His "Name" at their disposal, and that according to its unspeakable value in the Father's eyes. "If ye shall ask anything in My Name, I will do it."

His heart enters into their disconsolate condition during His absence, and provides for it by the gift of an abiding Comforter; so that they should not be left orphans, but that all things He had said should be graciously preserved for them. These very Scriptures prove the fulfilment of this promise, for are we not privileged to listen even now to the words of Jesus which then fell from His blessed lips?

Again He opens that bounteous hand and bestows another gift of grace. His own peace is conferred upon them as their present portion. In quality, if not in measure, that which He enjoyed as a stranger here is to be ours.

What more could this faithful lover of our souls have done for us? Has He not given us all that love could give? In response to His "I am coming again to receive you unto Myself, that where I am there ye may be also," do not we say, "Even so, come, Lord Jesus"? H. N.

THE POWER OF HOPE.

THE power of hope over the soul should be emphasized. We do not mean hope as a mere doctrinal truth, but as a practical reality. As a doctrine, hope has a large place in Scripture. When the doctrine is applied practically, it occupies a foremost place in the formation of christian character.

Being christians, we have faith—we believe God; we believe His Son; we know that our sins are forgiven, and that ours is the inheritance of the saints in light. This is most blessed and real; but we need hope as well as faith.

Some may say, We have hope. Let us, then, inquire for what are we hoping? By faith we know what we have. What have we not yet? It is for what we have not that we are hoping.

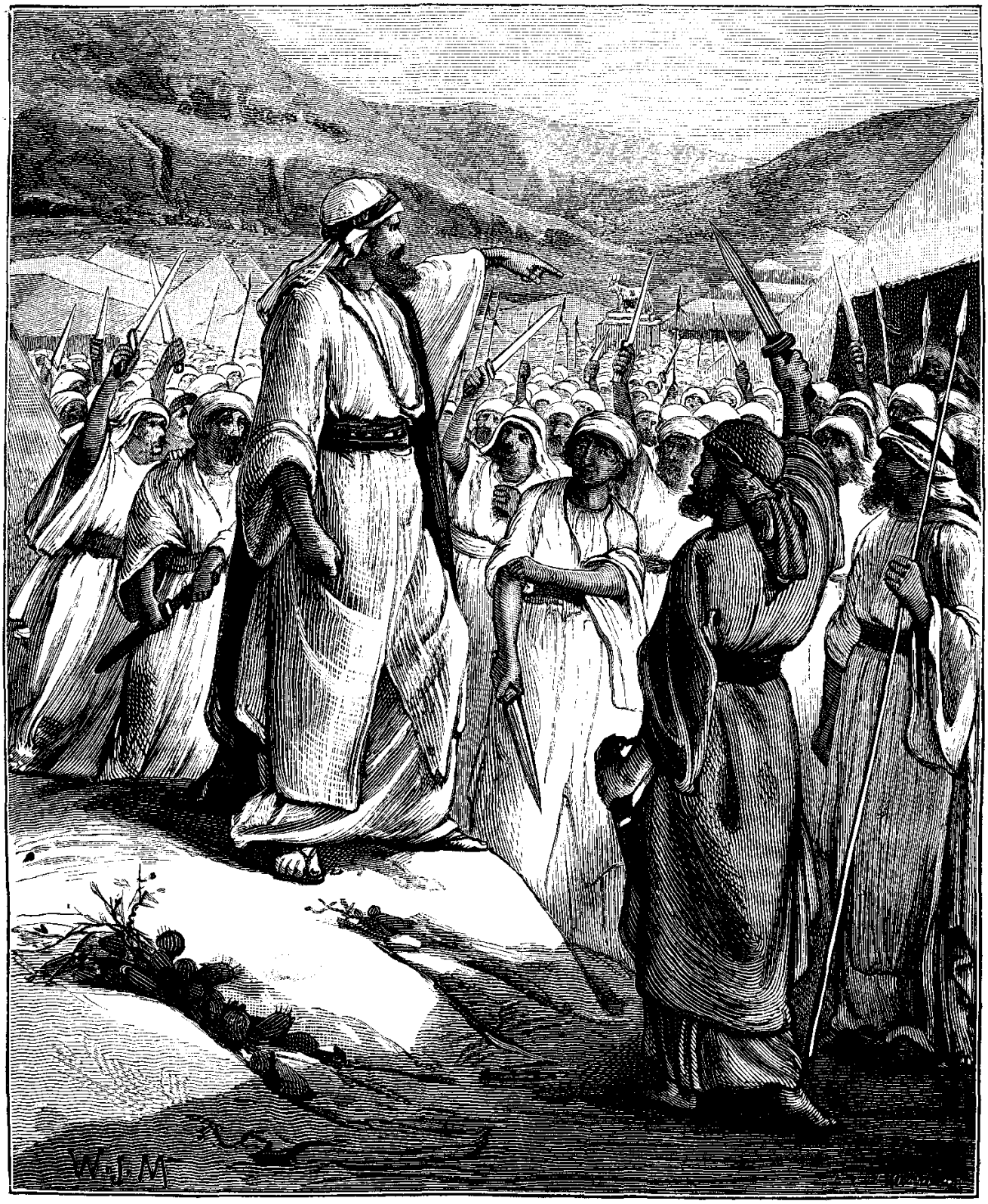
We are hoping for glory. We rejoice in hope of the glory of God. Our hopes are not like earth's hopes: fail they cannot, for God cannot fail. God has promised His people glory. At present their portion is shame and suffering. As the Lord's path was one of shame, so is that of His people. As glory is now His portion, so shall glory be theirs. "If we suffer with Him, we shall be glorified together."

Now, when this hope is strong within the soul, unworldliness and christian life are strong also. It is a most elevating, up-to-heaven-lifting prospect; it is also a most invigorating reality. Sit down to enjoy the world a man cannot, whose heart is filled with hope of the glory of God; live for himself, and be occupied with himself, he cannot; his future makes his present.

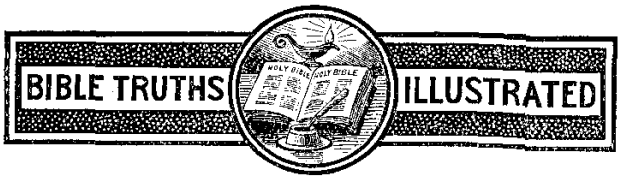
"In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye," this hope may be realised: "for yet a little while, and He that shall come will come, and will not tarry."

ON PEACE WITH GOD.

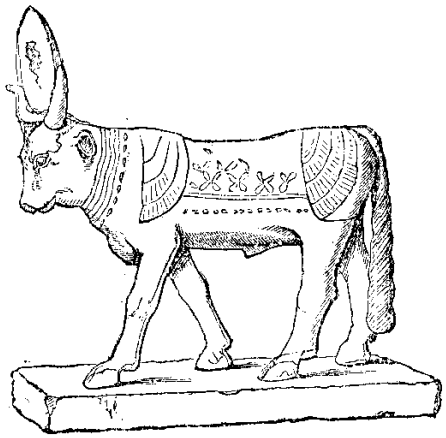
THAT which would destroy any human friendship—exposure, is absolutely essential when we have to do with God. Why are there so many wretched, without peace? Because they have not come to the end of themselves. When I know I am helpless, help is there; when I know I am weak, strength is there; when all hope is gone, hope appears; when I am covered from head to foot with leprosy, there is the Fountain. "Man's extremity is God's opportunity." B—K.



MOSES'S CALL TO THE LEVITES.



The Sin of the Golden Calf.



THIS little picture is a drawing of a bronze figure of "Apis," one of the Egyptian calf-idols; you will see it is graved over its back, shoulders, and neck, and also that it has a disc between its horns, which is the Egyptian emblem of the sun. The sun signifies universal power, which is here by this sign attributed to the false god.

The ancient Egyptians had more than one calf-idol. It is not necessary to explain to you the difference between them: suffice it to say, that fasting, and also dancing and singing, were held in their honour, and on sacred occasions of their idolatrous worship their grandees carried a gilded ox in a shrine held up on poles. On some of these occasions the children were found in large attendance, for it was considered highly fortunate to be amongst these worshippers.

When we consider these facts, the awful sin of the golden calf comes before us with an intense reality. It was a wilful departure from the true worship of Jehovah of the most determined kind. Moses was out of sight, and the people wanted a visible sign of power amongst them, and they turned to the familiar idol of the land of their slavery!

Having their god, the golden calf, they added sin to sin again, and said, "These be thy gods, O Israel, which brought thee up out of the land of Egypt." We cannot doubt that many a true heart in the camp sighed and groaned over this departure from God, and many prayed to Jehovah for deliverance from evil. But as a nation—as a whole—Israel on that sad day "changed their glory into the similitude of an ox that eateth grass." (Psa. cvi. 20.) They forsook Jehovah, and returned to the form of Egyptian idolatry. Now all this happened a few short months after their seeing the wonders of Jehovah in Egypt and His deliverance at the Red Sea only a few weeks after their trembling at His voice and lightnings and fire on Sinai, and when they were camped at the foot of the mountain. Indeed, on the very morning of their sin against Jehovah they had gathered the manna He sent them from heaven, and drank of the waters from His smitten rock, and even while they hailed their golden idol they were under the shadow of His cloud of glory, which forsook them not day or night!

Let this solemn instruction teach us all to pray that we may be kept from departing from the living God. In christian lands the idolatrous course of Israel has been largely followed; men forsake the unseen God by making forms before which they worship; images and paintings of the holy Jesus are bowed to, to the great dishonour of His glory and to the denial of the presence of the Holy Spirit on the earth. What tears, what sighs, and passionate looks have we witnessed, while the strains of tender music have kindled the feelings, as a poor sinner has fallen before an image of Jesus, or of the blessed Virgin Mary with the Son of God and man in her arms! It is not for us to fall before blocks of carved wood or stone; our living, loving Saviour is near us, and His Spirit is in us. Let us believe in and reverence Him. While we mourn over the terribleness of Israel's sin, let us, we say again, pray that we may be preserved from the system of idolatry.

People may smile at such a warning in what is called our "enlightened age," but how many really earnest, professing christians are grieving God by seeking to draw in spirit near to Him by the help of pictures or images, painted glass or sweet music! We

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do not say such procedure is the same departure from God that Israel's calf-worship was; but when it is said, "We really worship God, and only use these things to make us think of Him more easily," the principle of idolatry is owned. God is not seen; "we walk by faith, not by sight"; His Spirit alone is the power to worship Him; "God is a Spirit: and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth" (John iv. 24); and the system of religion which sets up objects to help the soul Godward is a denial both of faith in the risen Christ and of His Spirit who is given us.

You who love God have Him near you all day long; He never leaves nor forsakes you; and you can always speak to Him, and find the freshness of His presence. At home, in school, at work, or in play, you may always know the Lord is near you, and find His strength your portion. Like Moses, when in the mount talking with God, the man Christ Jesus is now on high for us—we cannot see Him, but let us seek for grace to walk by faith in His divine presence.

Dear young friends, greater wonders than Jehovah wrought in Egypt and at the Red Sea are recorded in His word for us. Christ, our passover, has been sacrificed for us; the power of Satan has been overwhelmed; through death, Christ has destroyed him who had power over death, that is the devil. It is not Sinai's thunders, truly, that we have heard, but words more wonderful, for the very words of God the Father have been spoken to us through the lips of His incarnate Son; and having the gospels, we live, as it were, in the very sound of their heavenly music. And cannot we who believe say, that day by day we feed on the manna that came down from heaven, and drink of the living waters of Christ our Rock? and, more still, that even as we read these lines the cloud of God's unfailing protection is over us? We can. All this grace is ours; yet despite all this grace, unless God keep us, we, too, may forsake Him by going into the religion of sight and sense, and by having our forms of God and sacred things to help us, as it is said, to worship Him; but really to hinder us from worshipping Him, and to lead us into the rejection of His truth.

In the camp of Israel many a true heart sighed over the sin of the people; the idolators had their enemies. But with Aaron, their leader, and the great men of Israel making and surrounding their idol, it was not light work for any true heart on that day. In our own land, in years gone by, men protested against idolatry, and sealed their words by their blood in the face of kings and mighty men. Christian boys and girls, seek for grace to be true and firm-hearted for God. God is greater than the greatest men, and happy are they who are true for Him.

We feel we must thus exhort our dear young friends—we want you to cleave to the word of God. If you are spared to grow up, and to enter the world, perhaps you will remember these our words, and you will not then think our appeal to you to hold fast to the word of God unnecessary.

It is very sad to think of Aaron building an altar before the golden calf, and saying, "To-morrow is a feast to Jehovah." It shows us how blind to evil we may become, so blind that we even may seek to bring in God's name to hallow acts of gross disobedience to His word.

All this while Jehovah was looking upon His sinning people, just as He looks upon us in all our ways; but when, at length, He saw them engage in their idolatrous eating, drinking, and dancing, He bade Moses leave Him and go down to them.

The way in which Moses heard from Jehovah the awful fact of Israel's sin, and, more, Jehovah's wrath against them, is so wonderful that we beg each of our dear young readers, who loves the Lord to read and consider the words of Scripture for himself. Moses had just received the complete instructions from God respecting the tabernacle and its service, in and by which He would dwell among the people, and also the two tables of stone written with the finger of God, when he heard from the very mouth of God of His anger against sinning Israel. Yet he was in spirit so near God, he was practically so holy, that he could at once

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plead with God, for His own glory's sake, to spare the people.

And God did spare them; He did not cut them all off, as they deserved. Shall not this great intercession of Moses encourage us to plead with God for the salvation of those whom we love? He will hear our prayers.

So Moses descended from the presence of Jehovah, and went down the mount, having the precious tables of stone in his hands. Joshua was with him, and as he heard the shouts of the people about the golden calf, he thought it was the noise of war in the camp; but, said Moses, no, "the noise of them that sing do I hear."

Presently he came near the camp, and saw the idol, and the people dancing, then in his righteous anger he cast the tables out of his hands and broke them, for he would not take into the camp the commandments of Jehovah, the first of which is, "Thou shalt have no other gods before Me."

Moses took the calf, and cast it again into the fire, and ground it to powder, and, strewing the gold dust upon water, made the people drink up their god! He bade them consume their idol to their shame and its contempt—as it were, to drink up their sin, and to have it within them as the water of the curse.

Then Moses went to the gate of the camp, and called for those who were on the Lord's side, upon which the Levites gathered themselves to him. Moses bade them gird on their swords, and go through the camp, and slay every man of the dancers whom they found, whether sons or brothers, neighbours or friends—no mercy was to be shown to any; and the Levites went from gate to gate through the camp, and cut down no less than three thousand people that day. Thus Israel had to purge itself from its sin—had with its own hands to inflict chastisement upon itself for its iniquity.

Also the Lord plagued Israel because they made the calf which Aaron made. He afflicted them for their sin, though in His mercy He did not destroy them. What they sowed they reaped. And so it is to this day, while the Lord loves His people, and will bring every true believer safe to His promised land, yet He punishes their disobedience. It is as with a father and his children. The father loves the child, but if the child be disobedient the father punishes him for his ways. By grace the people of God are saved, but if they transgress God's commands He visits their sin upon them.

God in His government deals with His people's evil ways, even though in grace He has pardoned them. The true believer has his sins forgiven for all eternity, and is a child of God, but whom the Lord loves He chastens, He deals with His own as a father with his children whose ways are evil. H. F. W.

SEEKING.

"SEEK ye the Lord while He may yet be found" (Isa. lv. 6), says the prophet; but there is a time coming when it will be too late to find Him, for it is written, "They shall seek Me early, but they shall not find Me." (Prov. i. 28.)

Children know very well what it is to seek. A boy drops a marble, it rolls away; he does not see which way it has rolled, but because he wants his marble he seeks for it with real purpose of heart, and seeks diligently till he finds it. What makes him so earnest in seeking? The desire he has for finding what he has lost. *Seeking* means a great deal; it does not mean giving a hasty look and then leaving off the search. We know a little boy who seldom finds what he fancies he seeks, simply because he is so careless in looking for what he thinks he is really searching after.

The Lord says, "He that seeketh findeth" (Matt. vii. 8), and no truly earnest heart has ever sought the Lord in vain. We do so long to have you in earnest, dear young friends. Life is very, very uncertain. Eternity is very near. Have you found the Lord?

Do you think you are as earnest in seeking the Lord as you are in seeking to succeed in your lessons or in your duties in life? It is so happy to see a dear boy or girl truly longing to know God. He will never, never disappoint you, for "he that seeketh findeth"; and how happy are those who have found the Lord Jesus and know Him as their Saviour!

Oh, me love Him so.

NOT very many years ago there lived a dear, bright little pet of a child, named Mary. She was the youngest of a large family, and, being of a peculiarly sweet, loving disposition, was of course much beloved by all. Her father looked forward with pleasure to the evening, when, laying aside the business of the day, he should enjoy a romping game of play with his little girl, or, as she sat perched on his knee, he should listen with amusement to her funny talk.

Her brothers and sisters, too, even the grown-up ones, found a special attraction in home when little Mary was there. But to her loving mother, often unable to leave her sofa through long illness, the child was doubly dear; for, tiny and young as she was, being then only about three years of age, Mary would show in a hundred little ways her love for her mother, and her great sympathy with her in her sufferings.

But, notwithstanding all this natural sweetness of disposition, this little child had just as bad a heart as any boy or girl who may read this story; and this bad heart of hers showed itself sometimes in passionate fits of temper, or an inclination to disobey. Of course, at such times her kind and wise parents were obliged to tell her how wrong such conduct was, and how displeasing to God, and would tell her of the loving Lord Jesus Who came down to dwell upon this very earth of ours, and died to save even naughty little children, as well as their fathers and mothers.

As time rolled on, however, it could not but be noticed that these fits of naughtiness were not nearly so frequent. Once her dear mother, having gathered around her the four youngest children, was reading the sad yet beautiful chapters which tell how our blessed Lord "was taken, and by wicked hands was crucified and slain."

She read, slowly and with deep feeling, the words, "there they crucified Him," adding, by way of making it more simple, "that is, killed Him—hung Him on a cross to die."

In the hush that followed, a little choking voice sobbed out, "Oh, what a pity!" It was little Mary's; she was sitting so still on a hassock at her mother's feet, that she had been forgotten—but she had been drinking in every word. She rose up, and, with great tears in her blue eyes, repeated, still more earnestly, "Oh, mamma, what a pity!"

Not long after this, she was standing by the window, with her arm fondly entwined around an elder sister, and, after looking very fixedly up into the beautiful sky, across which many white clouds were passing, she suddenly said, "Me know that dear Father up in the sky, and, oh, me do love Him so!" squeezing her little hands tightly together, as if to give still greater force to her words; adding, "And when Mary goes to sleep for a

long, long time, Mary will go up there, too."

For a moment her sister could not make any reply. So certain was she in her own mind that, as God Himself called Samuel when a little boy, so had He made known to the heart of her little sister His great love to her, and had drawn this little lamb to love and trust the Good Shepherd.

Soon, ah, how soon, the other call was given!—a call from earth, and from all the loving embraces of those who would fain have kept her with them had it been the Lord's will, but a call to a home of the brightness of which we cannot even dream: we only know that our Saviour, the blessed Lord Jesus Himself, is there, and that is quite sufficient for all who love Him.

One day, before little Mary had reached her fourth birthday, a regiment of soldiers passed along the road in front of the house, their band playing lively music. This, a great attraction to most little ones, caused Mary, with her usual quickness of movement, to spring upon a rather high window seat to see all that was going on. Forgetting, in her excitement, to be careful, and unnoticed by others, she stepped backwards too near the edge, and fell suddenly with great violence to the ground, receiving on the back of her head the whole force of the blow.

Severe illness followed. At times the dear child lay in unconsciousness and blindness, but during the intervals between these sad attacks she only showed signs of peaceful content and quiet joy, while now and then an expression of perfectly rapturous delight overspread her face, as if, indeed, she saw more than mortal tongue could express.

Once her dear mother, bending over her, just to prove if she were able to understand what was said to her, whispered softly, "My darling, the dear Lord Jesus is going to take you away from mamma, and from everybody here, to live with Him in heaven. Would you like to go, or would you rather stay with mamma?"

When she had put the question in the words here given, Mary's mother remembered how often when asked to go anywhere little Mary had clung fondly to her, and had answered in baby language, "No, tank you, me be near my dear mamma," and she wished she had not said what she had. She wondered if her dear child would reply, "Me be near my dear mamma."

But no. The words came, clearly and earnestly, "Me would like to go"; and soon after the Lord Jesus took her to His own tender bosom.

"Asleep in Christ." "For ever with the Lord." Such thoughts alone could check the blinding tears of those who looked for the last time on earth on that precious little form. They thought, too, of the words, "Them that have been put to sleep by Jesus will God bring with Him," for well they knew that when the Lord Jesus comes all His saints who are on earth will meet in the air all whom He has put to sleep, and then our dear little Mary will certainly come with Jesus.

Dear little girls and boys, the hand which now writes this story fondly stroked little Mary's curls, and the eyes which now see this paper often looked with pleasure into the merry laughing ones of little Mary. Yet she would be sober and grave enough when singing, as she delighted to do, her favourite hymn, "For ever with the Lord," and also another which spoke of Mary sitting at the Saviour's feet, listening to His every word.

Let me very lovingly ask each one of you, How is it with you? Are you prepared to die if a sudden slip of the foot should be allowed of God to call you away from earth? Would you feel sure, as this baby-child did, that if you died you should "go up there" to be with One whom you "knew" and "loved, oh so much"?

God grant that, washed from your sins in the precious blood of Christ, you may be ready either for death or for the coming of our Lord, for whom we wait!

Never forget that the Lord Jesus has kindly said, "Suffer the children, and forbid them not to come unto Me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

So whatever your age may be, you are not too young or too old now to come. E. G.

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THE BROKEN PANE.

IN a pleasant village situated at the foot of one of the Cumberland lakes lived Mary C., a young girl remarkable for her gentle disposition and her outwardly religious and blameless life. She was seldom absent from the old parish church on the Lord's Day, and was looked upon as a christian by all who knew her.

Mary lived as a servant in a gentleman's family, and while there she was taken ill. During her long illness she was visited by a christian lady, well known to the writer, who had been acquainted with her from her childhood.

Notwithstanding Mary's consistent life, this lady was not at ease about her real state before God. She knew that nothing short of being born again could fit her soul for heaven. (John iii. 5.) Yet she felt great difficulty in dealing plainly with Mary.

Calling one day to see her, longing for an opportunity of speaking to her about her hope for eternity, she found her in a state of great agitation, with a look of intense despair upon her countenance.

Anxiously she enquired the cause of her distress. The poor girl, wringing her hands and bursting into tears, cried, "I am a sinful girl, I am a sinful girl. I've told a lie! Oh, whatever shall I do?"

Before the window of the room in which Mary was then lying grew a very fine chestnut tree. One of its branches had grown near the window, and, being blown against it by the wind, had cracked one of the panes. One day, before her illness, as Mary was cleaning the window, the piece of glass came out altogether. She did not mention the circumstance to anyone, and no notice had been taken of it until this day, when one of the servants, in cleaning the window of Mary's room, discovered the broken pane, and said, "Mary, do you know who broke this window pane?"

"I do not," said Mary. Almost immediately afterwards she cried out, "Oh, what shall I do? I am a sinful girl, I've told a lie, I've told a lie."

The visitor at once saw that God had given her an opportunity of speaking to the young girl about her state. On further conversation with her, she found that she had been resting her hope of salvation upon her own goodness, instead of trusting in the perfect work of Christ. She was shown that "Whosoever shall keep the whole law, and yet offend in one point, is guilty of all" (James ii. 10), and that she was "guilty before God" (Rom. iii. 19), and needed forgiveness, life, and righteousness through Christ. The Holy Spirit showed her that her righteousness was as "filthy rags" in the sight of God, and revealed to her Jesus as the Saviour from all sin, and she was led to put her whole trust in Him.

If the reader is trusting in his own doings, or in his own righteousness for eternal life, let him remember that he must be saved out of spiritual death in this life before he can be saved from eternal death in the life to come.

J. I. J—G.

ALFRED'S APPEAL.

THE following letter was written by a boy called Alfred, who for some years was confined to his bed by disease of the spine. Alfred was a bright witness to the love of his precious Saviour. He delighted in the thought that he was one of Jesus' lambs, and that he was soon going to be with Him.

With the earnest desire that Alfred's letter may lead many of our dear young friends to the feet of Jesus, I now ask them to read it. He wrote it to the lads in his teacher's class. Remember, it was written on a sick bed, by one—young, like yourself. Read it slowly and thoughtfully; and may God make it a real message to you!

"Dear Boys,— . . . . God says, 'All our righteousnesses are as filthy rags.' I should like to hear of you coming to Jesus; but before you can come to this precious Jesus, you must feel that you are sinners, and that you can do nothing, and need a Saviour . . . . If you don't feel yourselves sinners, you won't want a Saviour; for Jesus says, 'I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance.'

"If you feel your want of a Saviour, come

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to Him, and accept Him as your own, for He says, 'Him that cometh unto Me, I will in no wise cast out.'

"Dear boys, just picture yourselves lying on a bed, and knowing that you will never get better. How would you feel? If you were not one of Jesus' lambs, you would feel miserable, but if you belonged to Jesus you would be happy, and would not want to get better. I should not like the dear Lord to come and take all His people home, and you be left behind; but if you take Jesus as your Saviour, you will have no fear of being left behind. Come to Him before it is too late, before the door is shut which no man can open, and if you are left outside it will be too late. Good-bye. I remain

One of Jesus' Lambs,
ALFRED O——."

THE LITTLE GIRL AND THE TEXT OF SCRIPTURE.

IT is very kind of the blessed Lord to lead little children to Himself, and to teach them to trust in the word of God. He is teaching many, as well as leading them to Himself, in our days. But children have their difficulties, as well as grown-up people, as this simple story which shows you how to find help from the word of God witnesses.

There was a little girl who really loved the Lord Jesus, but who, at times, doubted whether she was truly His; and more especially would this be the case when she had been disobedient or naughty. She then would feel that she was not what God would have her be, and, instead of thinking how He loved her, she, for the moment, forgot that no one becomes a child of God by being obedient. The truth is that because a child of God belongs to his Father in heaven he ought to be obedient.

On one occasion, when this little girl was very much troubled lest, after all, she was not a real christian, her mother reminded her of the way the blessed Lord Jesus silenced Satan, by quoting to him from the word of God.

A long time after this conversation the little girl said to her mother, "Mamma, I never now have those doubts which I used to have. When they came into my mind I said to Satan, 'The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin'; and after two or three times of being thus spoken to he left tempting me to doubt."

Now was not this little girl wise? She had simple faith in the word of God, and, young as she was, through grace she gained the victory by it.

QUESTIONS FOR MAY.

1. It is written, "No man hath seen God at any time," and yet He is not "an unknown God," as the wisest people in the world thought Him. Explain, quoting a verse of scripture, how this is.—2. We cannot live without food for the body. Our minds feed upon what we read and think about. What is the food for the *soul?*—3. Nathanael called Jesus the "Son of God," the "King of Israel." He was both. But what did He love to call *Himself?*—4. Quote some words spoken by Mary, the mother of Jesus, which every disciple of the Lord would do well to remember and follow. — 5. The apostles Peter and John are often spoken of together in the Gospels. Mention some places in the Acts where we find them together. What opinion did some of those who heard them speak form of them?—6. What places are mentioned in St. John's Gospel?—7. St. John does not once speak of himself by name in his Gospel. Where does he not only give his name, but also give some account of himself?—8. What miracle does St. John narrate which the other three evangelists also record? Can you remember any prophecy of which it was the fulfilment?

Direct your answers to

QUESTIONS,
Care of Mr. ALFRED HOLNESS,
14, Paternoster Row,
LONDON, E.C.

stating your age and giving your address. Let such as may change their address not forget to tell us. Your replies must be sent in not later than the 25th of the month.

ANSWERS TO APRIL QUESTIONS.

1. The feast of the Passover. (John ii. 13, 23; vi. 4; xiii. 1; xviii. 28.) The feast of Tabernacles. (Chap. vii. 2.) The feast of the Dedication. (Chap. x. 22.) A feast of the Jews. (Chap. v. 1.) The feast of the Dedication, mentioned only here, was a joyful festival, celebrated much in the same way as the feast of Tabernacles; it was in commemoration of the cleansing of the Temple and rebuilding of the altar (B.C. 164). It is thought that the feast mentioned in John v. may have been the Passover.—2. "Life," 52 times: "light," 23; "truth," 25; "love," 7.—3. They said they were ready to face all difficulties and dangers; to drink of their Lord's cup and be baptized with His baptism. (Matt. xx. 20; Mark x. 35-41.) They forbad those who cast out devils in Christ's name (Luke ix. 49), and desired to call down fire from heaven to consume those who received not their Lord.—4. A son of love; but his gospel was written in his old age, and after he had known the love of Christ.—5. Acts viii. 14.—6. "Make not *My Father's house* an house of merchandise."—7. While He drove out the sheep and oxen, and overthrew the tables and money, He bade those who sold doves *to take them away*.—8. Chapter iii. 19-21: "And this is the condemnation, that Light is come into the world, and men loved darkness rather than Light, because their deeds were evil. For every one that doeth (practiseth) evil hateth the Light, neither cometh to the Light, lest his deeds should be reproved (or discovered). But he that doeth truth cometh to the Light, that his deeds may be made manifest, that (or because) they are wrought in God."

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FAITHFUL WORDS

For Old and Young.

THE OLD CHRISTIAN COUPLE.

THE OLD CHRISTIAN COUPLE.

"WE lived together over fifty years, and never had a jar or a cross word. You see, we were right fond of each other, and were just like two children together; and now he's gone, the dear man! But I know he has gone to glory, and I couldna wish him back again, although I did think that I should have gone first, because, you see, I have been a poor, weak, ailing thing for over thirty years, and he was such a fine, big, healthy man. But, there, the Lord knows best—and, oh! he was so happy. Just before he died he lifted himself up in bed, and laid his hands upon my head, and commended me to God—bless him! and I have been so sustained and comforted, far more than I ever could have believed, for I used to say to him, 'I don't know what I shall do without you'; but, you see, the Lord knows how to comfort His people."

If my reader could have seen the quiet calm on the wrinkled face of the aged christian so recently bereft of the one who had been the companion of her joys and sorrows, and have heard her words of holy trust in God as she told the story of her great grief, he must have been impressed with the fact that it is not a vain thing to trust in our God, who has said, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee."

Both husband and wife had moved in a very humble sphere of life; but if "holy living" is rightly set forth in the words, "If One died for all, then were all dead, and He died for all, that they which live should henceforth not live to themselves, but to Him who died for them, and rose again," then both husband and wife were holy livers, for their home was placed at the service of Christ; and many a child of God can testify to the loving hospitality found in that lowly dwelling, where they sought to serve their Lord and Master.

Many a young christian in the city where the aged couple lived will bless God for that home. Its doors were opened in the afternoon of each Lord's Day for reading the scriptures with young believers, and in the evening the grace of God was proclaimed within its walls.

For twenty-five years, both inside the cottage and outside, the gospel was preached. I have seen the old man take his Bible, and stand at the top of the street, and read in a loud voice. If no one appeared outside to listen, he still went on, counting upon the Master whom he sought to serve to speak to those inside the houses. The locality in which he dwelt was a very dark one, spiritually, but the faithful servant lived to see some of the opposers of the gospel become its true adherents.

We will ask the aged widow to tell us of her husband's conversion, and the way the Lord led him to this place. It is a favourite theme with her.

"Well, you see, it's more than fifty years ago now since we married. I was converted myself, but I did not know anything about being 'unequally yoked,' and so, as he wanted to marry me, I consented. But I soon found that he was in danger from bad companions, and I prayed to the Lord every day to do anything to him, so that his soul might be saved.

"Well, one day he was taken with small-pox, and he got worse and worse, and the doctor said he could not get over it. He left a bottle of medicine, and told me to give it to him regularly. I never left him, and gradually he got worse. When I heard him ask me to come and pray with him, I did pray, and he prayed, and I found he had been learning what a sinner he was. At last he cast himself upon Jesus, and such peace filled his heart that it had an effect upon his body, and from that moment he got better.

"When the doctor came the next day he did not expect his patient to be alive, and, when he saw the change, he said, 'Well, you have to thank your wife for this.' But he did not know the true reason, so I told him the Lord had saved his soul, and that had made the difference. You see, I had asked the Lord to send him some illness—anything, in fact, rather than for him to go to hell—and this was the answer.

"Some years after that, we thought we would go to America, as there was a nice

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little place prepared for us there that a friend had told us of, so we sold our things and packed up, and all was ready; I had left my husband to go and say good-bye to my friends, when I received a telegram, telling me to come at once, as my husband had fallen down a hatchway, fifteen feet deep, and it was feared he would never recover. I hastened back, and found that he had been taken to the hospital. I went to him, but the nurse would not permit me to stay the night: she said it was not allowed. What to do I did not know. I had heard such bad reports of large towns that I was afraid to sleep anywhere, but I thought if I could find out the house of a minister of Christ I should be sure to be right; so I trudged about from one shop to another, until at last I met with a woman, who directed me to a minister's house. I went there, but he said they 'never took strangers in.' Ah! I did feel heart-broken. I could not understand it, for many a poor creature had we taken in. I then went back to the woman, and she directed me to a christian lady, who took me in, and I shall never forget her kindness.

"In the course of a month my husband recovered wonderfully, but it was all over as to our going abroad.

"After a time, a gentleman came to my husband, and asked him if he would undertake to sell books. He said there was only one book that he knew much about. But the gentleman was determined to have him, as he said he wanted somebody he could depend upon, and so we came here, where we have been for five-and-twenty years; and my husband has travelled through the country with his books, and in many an out-of-the-way cottage and country house has Christ been preached, for everything in nature—sunshine or storm—was a text for him to speak of Jesus.

"Ah! we have seen much sorrow in this house, but much joy, too. All our dear children have gone home, but they have all gone to be with the Lord; and now their father has gone also. He caught cold through walking home in the wet after preaching. But, ah! such a peaceful six weeks before he died. His sufferings were dreadful, he said he did not think such pain could be felt, but he was more than happy. He said, 'I have known for many years what peace is, but this is joy by Christ indeed.' And so he passed away."

H. N.

WILL I NOT LET HIM IN?

SUCH were the words used by an elderly woman, who had been awakened to her true condition before God, for in many ways He had knocked at the door of her heart.

For some time she had regularly attended preaching of the gospel, and, though anxious about her soul, she continued unsaved. One night, however, while listening to an address from Rev. iii. 20, "Behold, I stand at the door, and knock," she became still more deeply impressed. The words went home to her heart.

"Behold, I stand at the door, and knock," kept ringing in her ears during the night, and her weary eyelids sought in vain for sleep. She found no peace till the following night, when, still thinking over the text, she thought she saw Jesus standing at the door of her heart, knocking for admittance, and she said to herself, "Will I not let Him in?" Peace and joy then entered her troubled soul, and she could say, "My Jesus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine." The cloud of sorrow passed away, and, with a face beaming with heavenly joy, she rejoiced in the Saviour's love to her.

Her walk and testimony since that night have shown to those around her the reality of her faith.

Anxious reader, there is also a Saviour for you. Is your heart ready for Him? Will you also say, "Will I not let Him in?" A. C.

YOUR OWN WORK.

WHEN the Lord left this earth He gave to "every man his work." (See Mark xiii. 34.) Have you, christian reader, received distinctly and definitely from the Lord what your specific work for Him is? And are you doing your own work? Happy, indeed, will those servants of the Master be, who, when He comes, are found engaged for Him in the work He appointed them!

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REST IN CHRIST.

EARLY one morning in the autumn of 1878 the inhabitants of a quiet village on the Solway Frith were thrown into a state of excitement by the intelligence that David W. had perished in the waters of the Frith the night before.

David's fishing tackle had been found on the shore in the early morning by some of the fishermen belonging to the village, and at once their worst fears were aroused as to his safety. A few of the less experienced, or the more sanguine, expressed a hope that he might still be safe along the shore, but the older fishermen shook their heads, and said, "If David ventured into the tide last night he's gone for ever, for no human power could save him."

The forebodings of the old fishermen were soon justified—the lifeless body of David was found on the shore some distance from the village.

With hearts big with grief, those stalwart Cumbrian fishermen bore the body of their late companion to the humble cottage which he had so lately left, in the full possession of health and strength, where the grief-stricken wife and the five helpless children were waiting to receive it.

Sometime before the morning on which this narrative opens, the village in which David lived had been the scene of a remarkable energy of the Holy Spirit, and a great many sinners had been brought to the Lord Jesus Christ, David amongst the number.

At the time when this spiritual awakening began he was living as a manservant, up to which period of his life he had been without Christ, "having no hope, and being without God in the world." (Eph. ii. 12.)

When David heard of first one and then another of his acquaintances believing on the Lord Jesus Christ, and finding "peace in believing" (Rom. xv. 13), he began to scoff and to ridicule the idea of anyone knowing his sins forgiven in this life. However, whilst some special services were being conducted at the little mission house, David went one night, not so much to hear the gospel as to scoff. The preacher, who had been apprised of his intention, said afterwards to the writer, "I saw him enter the room, and take his seat upon one of the benches. On his face there was a hard, scornful smile, which he maintained during the whole of the meeting." But the next night, to the surprise of all, David went again, and took his seat as before; the smile of scorn was gone, and in its place was a look of deep anxiety, which betrayed a heart ill at ease.

The Holy Spirit had been doing His work in David's heart, convicting him of sin; he was wretched and burdened with the sense of his guilt. He remained to the prayer-meeting, but found no rest. During that night, however, David found rest from the burden of sin in Jesus, who says, "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." (Matt. xi. 28.)

David's first desire was to speak to others of the joy he had found in Jesus. He called upon several families in the village, to tell them how great things God had done for him. As the missionary entered one house, the inmates said, "We have just had David here, telling us he has found peace in believing on the Lord Jesus Christ; and he was so full of it that he ran off, leaving his hat behind him." Thus he at once began to testify of the Lord who had washed him from his sins in His own blood. Several of his former friends, Festus-like, said he was mad, but he in effect replied, with the apostle Paul, "I am not mad . . . but speak forth the words of truth and soberness." (Acts xxvi. 25.) He also began to exhort, entreat, and warn his fellow servants; but this made him many enemies, and cost him his place.

On the morning of his leaving his place a few friends presented him with fishing tackle and garments, to enable him to obtain a livelihood in another way for himself and family. He had been engaged in his new occupation but four days when the melancholy event described above occurred. He attended a meeting in the mission-house before going to his new occupation for the last time, he was full of joy, and joined heartily in a hymn he loved—

"I am resting so sweetly in Jesus now!
I sail the wide sea no more;
The tempests may sweep o'er the wild stormy deep,
I am safe where the storms come no more.

"Oh! long on the ocean my bark was tossed,
Where tempests and storms ne'er cease!
My heart was in fear, and no refuge was near,
Till in Jesus my soul found her peace.

"Oh! how sweet in a haven of rest to hide—
No billows of doubt or fear!
The ocean may roll, but there's rest for the soul
When the voice of my Saviour I hear.

"I have anchored my soul in the haven of rest;
I sail the wide sea no more, no more;
The tempests may sweep o'er the wild stormy deep,
But in Jesus I am safe evermore, evermore."

When David left home, he intended to fish in the midnight tide, which, had he been more experienced, he would probably not have attempted, and the rapid current carried him away.

Dear reader, let me ask you one question: If it had been your fate to have perished that night in the waters of the Frith, whither would your soul have taken its flight?

"Seek ye the Lord while He may be found, call ye upon Him while He is near." (Isa. lv. 6.)

J. H. I—g.

HIS TWO "I" S.

A FEW years ago, with two others, I visited an old woman living alone in a little upstairs room in a large seaport town. She was one of the class God speaks of as "the poor of this world, rich in faith, heirs of the kingdom which He hath promised to them that love Him"; and already her face, though wrinkled with age, was lit up with a joy and a glory altogether foreign to her poor dreary lodging.

We sat and chatted some time about the Lord she knew so well, and about His goodness, and then enquired of her how long she had known Him, and what the manner of her conversion was; accordingly she replied, "Well, I always say that the Lord met with me at Sychar; and bound me with His two 'I's."

This peculiar expression puzzled us; she saw it and hastened to explain, saying, "You don't understand me; but I say He met with me at Sychar, because I was a poor ruined sinner like the woman in the fourth chapter of John when He met with me, and then He fastened this passage of Scripture upon my mind—'When I see the blood I will pass over;' and from it I found peace."

Turn over the leaves of your Bible, dear reader, and come to the fourth chapter of John; you will see there the character of the woman the Lord had undertaken a long, weary journey to meet. Without dispute she was a sinner, shunning the gaze and company of her fellow-women, for she came at an unwonted hour of day to draw her water. But Jesus, in His tender pity, knowing all about her, waited, weary with His journey, by the well-side, that He might meet her in all her wretchedness and speak peace to her wearied heart. Ah, we say, as we consider the well of Sychar, with the Saviour and the sinner by its side, Poor thirsty, guilty soul, thou hast now met with the only One who can meet thy heart's deep, deep need!

Have you, my reader, looked at this wonderful picture until you have found yourself, as it were, there also, and in company with the Lord—yourself, a sinner, like the woman of Samaria? Do you reply you are not an open sinner, as she was, but moral, respectable, and religiously inclined? All this may be, yet you know that you are a sinner in thought, word, and deed. The word of God distinctly describes you as such, and your own conscience will not acquit you, though you may seek to silence it. Our Lord Jesus, the Saviour of sinners, the only One who can meet your need, waits to save and satisfy you, even as He waited by the well to bless the poor woman of Samaria. He is not upon earth, it is true, but in heaven. He is now the risen, ascended, glorious Saviour, who has Himself accomplished the work of redemption, yet He waits that He may be gracious even to you.

But how then can God pass over our sinfulness? Let us listen to His word. By the blood—"When I see the blood, I will pass over you." (Ex. xii. 13.) Mark, He does not say, "When I see your good works," nor does He bring in morality, respectability, religious inclinations, charity, repentance, or prayers. "It is the blood that maketh atone-

ment for the soul,"—the "precious blood of Christ, as of a Lamb without blemish and without spot." This "blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleanseth us from all sin." Have you "faith in His blood?" In other words, you have accepted as true God's estimate of that precious blood, which enables Him to pass over the sinner righteously, without visiting sin upon his guilty head?

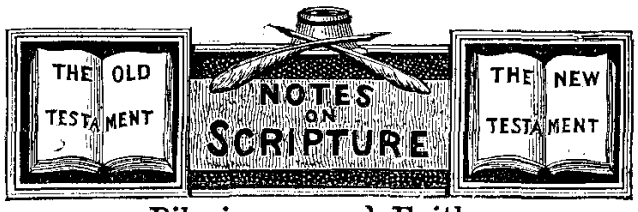
"Save by the blood He could not bless,
So pure, so great His holiness:
But He it is who gave the Lamb,
And by His blood absolved I am."

Notice, then, the two "I"s of which the aged woman spoke. "When *I* see the blood, *I* will pass over you." God does not say, "When you see it." But the One, who in righteousness deals the stroke of judgment on the guilty and the lost, knows the value of that blood; and His eye resting upon it, He righteously passes over the believer who is sheltered by it. Oh, is that peaceful, happy shelter yours? It shall be, by simple "faith in His blood."

Thus it is, divinely and perfectly, that God meets all our guiltiness. But can He also meet our thirst? Does He satisfy as well as save? Yes, He can, He does, as the aged woman I speak of so abundantly testified; for whence came the radiant joy so manifest upon her face? From communion with her blessed Saviour. She had over her mantel-piece this text, taken from Heb. xiii., "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee." "Ah," said she, "I have given Him a great deal of trouble, but He has been with me all along, and now He says to me, "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee;" and her dear old face was upturned towards Him, the expression of a heart brimful of praise.

Since I saw her she has passed away to be with Christ, "which is far better." I look to meet her once more, on that glorious morning when Jesus shall gather all His ransomed ones together, when she and I, with all His redeemed, shall sing His praise "who loved us and washed us from our sins in His own blood, and hath made us kings and priests to God and His Father."

Reader, will you meet with us then, and join in that anthem? J. R.



Pilgrimage and Faith.

IN our February and March issues we spoke of the working of faith, as opened up in the first seven verses of the eleventh chapter of Hebrews. Let us follow this deeply interesting theme, as it is illustrated in the ways of Abraham.

We remind our reader, we are not now speaking of faith for the salvation of the soul, but faith in its effects in him who has believed to the saving of his soul. Being saved, we need to walk daily by faith in God for each hour's spiritual necessities.

We may speak of the qualities produced in the believer by faith. One excels in patience, another in energy—varied traits of faith are evident in different children of God—sameness and a dead level are not what we observe.

As we peruse from our chapter, the eighth to the tenth verse, we note that *pilgrimage* is the great lesson the Holy Spirit teaches in this His brief record of the father of the faithful; and the pilgrim character of Abraham's faith may be emphasized by these four characteristics—*obedience*—*non-reasoning*—*persistence*—and *hope*.

In the first place, God called Abraham, and he obeyed. Obedience to the call made him a pilgrim. Pilgrimage and salvation are quite distinct. God says to the troubled soul, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved;" and "by grace ye are saved through faith"; but a man may be saved, and yet not be a pilgrim. It is obedience to the call of God that makes His saved people pilgrims. In the patriarch's case, we read, "The God of glory appeared unto . . . . . Abraham" (Acts vii. 2), and bade him get him out of his country and kindred and father's house, and promised him great blessing. And as truly as Abraham was called, so is every saved soul called. Perhaps the young christian is so overjoyed at the

contemplation of what he is saved from, that he as yet hardly realizes what he is saved for. He is saved from wrath—he is saved for glory; and the God of all grace who has saved him is the God of glory who calls him.

Mark the title—God of glory. The world has its glories, God has His. He has an inheritance for us. No joys are too great, no prospects too splendid, for Him to spread before us. We rejoice in the hope of the glory of God! A heavenly portion is ours; we are partakers of the heavenly calling. (Heb. iii. 1.) As God is before us in this His character, and as the exceeding greatness of the reward He Himself is to us is present to us, we take the step of the pilgrim. Such is the working of faith.

There may be hesitation in at once fully obeying the call of God. It was so in the case of Abraham, for his natural ties, as we find by comparing Acts vii. with Genesis xii., hindered his prompt obedience. But the Spirit of God, when speaking of Abraham's faith in pilgrimage, does not refer to those years of hesitation. This omission is a solemn lesson, for that part of our life which is not spent in faith remains, as it were, unreckoned — a blank in the chronicles of heaven. As we think on this, how short will be the records of many lives—all the hours spent in self-trust going for nothing! Oh! for earnestness for glory.

As God will have His people pilgrims and obedient to His call, He sends them trial and disappointment, and writes death on the objects of their natural affection. This we see indicated in the firmness of step of Abraham after his father's death;—a solemn lesson to us not to set our hearts on the things of earth, but to fix them on God!

"I will bless thee" is the divine promise; and though we cannot see a trace of the inheritance which is ours, God's word suffices, and faith *goes out* in the energy of obedience. May our hearts be stayed on God! He has called us to glory: let this fill our souls, and we shall be pilgrims.

Non-reasoning is the successful manner by which the believer goes out. "He went out, not knowing whither he went." It was blind faith, that is, blind to circumstances and earth—but in no sense blind to God and heaven. Faith takes but one step at a time, does not calculate, but relies on God. Planning and contriving are not faith. It is all very well to say, "We are pilgrims, and walk by faith," and the while to mark off each stage, as it were, in our time-table! The great characteristic of faith's progress is simplicity as to what may be before us. Reason looks to what will happen, faith looks to God.

As to going out, some may inquire, What are we to go out to? what are we to go out from? We are to go out to God, who has called us to heavenly glory. If a man were leaving India for his home in England, his heart would be in his home, and the more he valued his home the greater would be the earnestness of his steps. In such a spirit we are truly pilgrims. We go out from the world. This is much more simple than many suppose. In every-day speech we hear that so-and-so has given up the world. What the world is *to us* our consciences tell us, and as we grow in grace we learn more deeply its character, so that in the true sense a believer is always going out. It is every-day work, and the business of a lifetime—indeed, until home is reached.

"Not knowing whither he went" is the happy simplicity of confidence in God. The parent takes his child's hand, and leads him along, and the child, having its father's hand, is happy. Let our care be to go where our God calls us; He will care for our circumstances, let us care for His word.

Persistence in faith's path is more difficult than the first step. Some affirm that the first step is the greatest, but if entering the pilgrim course be the greatest thing, it is going on in the course which tests the character of the pilgrim. "*By faith he sojourned.*" Let us weigh these words. How few believers make a good middle who make a good start—how very many in advancing years are found settling down upon their lees!

Perhaps the *call* and the *going out* are more appropriate for the young believer; certainly the *sojourning* of faith appeals to those of riper years. How many a bright young

life has grown into a dull, religious respectability! A kind of religious status is gained, a name for certain piety and goodness, but, alas! the true pilgrim character is lost. The secret is, the believer has failed to *dwell* in those heavenly hopes and prospects which once made him bright and vigorous for God.

Abraham making the land of promise a place for pitching his tent in, is a fine example for us. There he brought up his son and grandson in tents, teaching them lessons of pilgrimage. He dwelt not in a city—no fixed habitation was his abode. Let our hearts ponder over this lesson, and seek for like grace. A christian, surrounded with his family, teaching his children of heaven, is a lovely sight. No man can live for earth and truly teach of heaven at the same time. What a call is this to christian parents, who are looking for glory and the coming of Jesus! *Sojourning, dwelling in* what we started with, is of all importance.

The secret of Abraham's persistency of faith is given in the next sentence: it lay in his powerful *expectation*, "for he *looked* for a city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God." The genuine pilgrim is he who looks for the solid glory of eternity. Let this hope fill the breast, and life cannot be squandered on the world. Impossible! No true believer, with a keen eye for eternal glory and a fixed gaze on its abiding might, can be a trifler with the fleeting moments of this brief lifetime.

Let us stir up our souls, fellow christians, by looking for the city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God. The world will thus become a plain, over which our feet speed; its glories and honours of no worth; its wealth and glitter mere baubles; we shall be people of purpose, and the world will recognise the power of the God of glory over us.

It is the power of God's call that draws us from the world, and the prospect of His glory that maintains us in our path. True pilgrimage is a simple question of faith, and obedience, and hope, God being the object of faith and hope, and His word the ground of obedience. H. F. W.

WE GLORY IN TRIBULATIONS ALSO.

HERE is indeed the Spirit's work; one must have drunk deep at the fountain-head to be able to do this. Christians, reckon up your treasures; you will find that the richest ornaments in the wardrobe of grace are brought forth in days of adversity. Was it in your dark days or in your bright days that you obtained the best things?

Why should we *not* glory in tribulations?

B—k.

JOY IN THE LORD.

1 PETER i. 3—8.

AMIDST all our fading earthly ties there is the heavenly One who changes not—"whom not having *seen we love*." What reticence we find in ourselves and our fellow saints about Him! Surely this love is not to be unexpressed, though the "joy" is "unspeakable." The Word says, "yet believing ye REJOICE." This is active EXPRESSED joy, and where the joy exists in health and vigour it must find vent. There may be quiet complacent peace and rest in a sense of salvation, but that is comparatively selfish; the saint should be occupied by and with Jesus Christ so as to appreciate and find delight in *His own* beauties and excellences, and thus not only bow before Him with silent overpowering adoration, "but shout aloud of His praise."

Oh, may we seek in our chamber more intimate, soul-searching communion with Him, and we SHALL have something to say ABOUT HIM! "They that loved the Lord, spake often one to another."—*Extract.*

A Simple Story of the Grace of God.

ONE bright afternoon, some few years ago, a young girl stood at the window of a pleasant sitting-room watching the sun as it slowly disappeared in the west, and, as she watched it, one great longing desire arose in

WATCHING THE SUN.

her heart and expressed itself in these words, "O God, when wilt Thou convert me?"

All around her was beautiful, all spoke of the goodness of God, but to His love she was a stranger. A few Sundays before, she and her sister had been called into their mother's room to thank God for the conversion of one of her brothers. The mother rejoiced that three out of her eight children now knew Christ as their Saviour, but while she thanked

God on behalf of the three she cried to Him to have mercy speedily on the five others who were still unsaved.

C.'s tears flowed fast as the mother poured out her soul in praise and prayer to God; she was glad that her brother was happy, but the thought of his happiness only made her long more for the aching void in her own heart to be filled.

And yet C. knew something of the happiness of the world, for God had given her loving parents, and her earthly surroundings were such as might well gladden her; but all this was not enough, for God had awakened a desire in her heart to know the Lord Jesus as her Saviour, and she could not rest. Still she went on day by day proudly, speaking to no one of the great sorrow that was in her heart; yet, in her ignorance, crying to God to meet her in some way. Little did C. think how He was waiting to be gracious, and for her to surrender herself to Him.

But oh, the grace of God! He knew the desire in C.'s heart for rest, mixed as it was with self-will and pride; He saw the yearning for forgiveness, and having allowed her to prove her own utter weakness and helplessness, He revealed His love to her in His own way.

Shortly after the circumstances thus described, C.'s mother received a letter from an earnest evangelist, proposing that he should come to the place in which they lived and give some gospel addresses. This proposal was gladly agreed to. C. then cried to God that He would make this preacher, whom she had never seen, the means of bringing her into rest.

Upon the night of his arrival, having heard that C. and her sister taught in the Sunday school, he asked if they loved the Lord Jesus, and receiving no answer, added, "How can you try to tell others of what you know nothing yourselves?" Then, as they were still silent, he went on to speak of that love, and to tell them how that the Lord Jesus was waiting to receive and welcome them. During the gospel addresses this one question kept ringing in C.'s ears, "How can you try to tell others of what you know nothing about yourself?"

Satan was about to lose one of his tools, and he could not do so without a struggle. In C.'s mind arose a vision of all that, as she thought she might lose by coming to Christ; so she tried to laugh off the effects of the conversation with another young friend who was staying in the house. This succeeded for a time, but at last the little party began to separate, and C. went round to say good-night. When she came to the preacher of the evening, she paused, for his words, "How can you try to tell others of what you know nothing yourself?" came back to her with great force. She felt convicted in God's presence, and walking hastily out of the drawing-room, hurried up to her room, knelt down, and there alone with God she unburdened her soul to Him.

What did she say to Him as she knelt there? She scarcely knows herself; perhaps not much, but God saw the bitter tears of real humiliation which she shed, and *God* had much to say to *her*.

A deep tide of joy poured into her soul as she believed God had received her, the weary, restless one, and had made her His own for time and for eternity. She need no longer go about sad and discontented, for He had made the storm a calm. His own presence had dispelled the gloom once and for ever from her heart. She rose from her knees, knowing that she was forgiven, and had been welcomed by the One who promises never to cast out those who come to Him. (John vi. 37.) It pleased God in His mercy to bring C.'s sister also to Himself that evening, and a few hours later the mother and the two daughters knelt together again. But this time the mother was not praying for the conversion of the dear ones beside her, but was thanking God, with tears of gratitude, for thus bringing two more of those children who were so precious to her to Himself.

Two years later it pleased God to take that dear mother home, but not until He had made her cup of joy run over in seeing all her eight children brought to Himself.

Several years have slipped by since the events mentioned in this simple little paper took place. Does C. ever regret that evening,

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when, alone with God, she forsook the service of Satan, and was received by God? Oh no, nor will any do so who come to Jesus. "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life." (John iii. 36.) O.

I LOVE JESUS THE BEST.

MOST of you, dear children, have nice homes of your own, and loving parents to take care of you when you are ill; but it is not so with many other little children,—it was not so with Alice, the little girl of whom I am going to tell you. When she became ill her parents, though loving her quite as much as your parents love you, yet having a poor home, and having to work for their daily bread all day, sent her to the hospital to be properly taken care of.

Alice was placed in a nice little cot in the children's ward. There was a shelf put at the foot of her cot, and on this her kind nurse placed any pretty little toy she could get that she thought would amuse poor little Alice as she lay there day by day. They were not very pretty toys—at least you would not have thought them so—a tiny wooden doll, a little bit of blue ribbon, a piece of blue and purple delf that Alice thought very gay and pretty when the sun shone on it. These and other trifles were poor Alice's little treasures; but treasures they were to her, and very beautiful they seemed in her eyes as she lay there day after day, hour after hour, looking at them or playing with them as she was able.

I do not know if Alice's parents had ever taught her of Jesus' love in dying on the cross; I do not think they had. And as she was very silent and reserved, and seldom spoke even to her kind nurse, very little was known of what she was thinking all day, or whether it made her very sad to be ill or not.

But there was a gentleman who used to come very often to visit the children in that ward. Sometimes he spoke in a distinct voice, so that every child in the ward could hear him tell how God loved sinners and gave His Son to die to save them. Sometimes he went from one little cot to another, and spoke separately to each child. One day he stood for a moment by Alice, and said, "Jesus said, 'I am the Good Shepherd; the Good Shepherd giveth His life for the sheep,'" and then passed on. Another day he said to her, "'Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that He loved us, and sent His Son,'" adding,

> "'He knew how wicked man had been,
> And knew that God must punish sin:
> So out of pity Jesus said
> He'd bear the punishment instead.'"

The child looked at him, but said nothing.

Another day Mr. H. said, "If I were giving you a present, I do not think I should give you the most precious thing I have; I might give you sixpence or a shilling, but I do not think I would give you my watch. Now, God does just the opposite. He saw that you, Alice, wanted life, because you are a poor lost sinner, and so He gave you what was most precious to Him; having, therefore, one Son—His well-beloved—He sent Him to die, that you might live for ever with Him."

"I never heard the sound of little Alice's voice," said Mr. H., "week after week, as she lay there. She listened to those texts of Scripture I told her every day, and the little verses of the hymns, but never got over her shyness sufficiently to speak to me till one day shortly before her death. I was then speaking to her nurse about her, in so low a tone I did not think it possible she could hear us."

The nurse replied, "I do not think the poor little creature will live much longer."

Without a second's pause, in a clear, distinct voice, Alice said, sitting up in her bed, and pointing with her hand to her little treasured toys, and gazing earnestly on them as she spoke—

"I do not want to live, nurse; I love, I *love* Jesus, and I would leave all my pretty toys, and go to Him."

From that time till her death, some days after, Alice's heart was set upon going to Jesus, who loved her and died for her. She had given her heart to the Lord Jesus, and so death was as nothing to her, for *she loved Jesus*. R. B.

Faithful Words for Old and Young 10 (1881)

THE GOOD GIRL.

"BUT I am a good girl." The speaker was a deformed child, to whom I had been speaking about her soul. I pointed out to her what goodness God required. Still she reiterated, "But I am a good girl."

"But tell me, dear child, what sort of people did Jesus die for?"

"For sinners," was her prompt reply.

"Then are you not a sinner?"

"Oh, no, I'm good."

"But Jesus did not come to save good people."

"My father says I'm good, and so I am," she said, while tears ran down her cheeks.

"I do not dispute your father's word as to your being good towards him. You may be a very loving and obedient little daughter, and kind to everybody, but yet not good enough for God, who is holy. Jesus said, 'I came not to call the righteous, but sinners.'"

"I don't believe you," she cried, "I believe what my father says."

"I do not want you to rest on my word, but God's word, and see what is written here." Opening my Bible I pointed with my finger to the words, "There is none that doeth good, no, not one" (Rom. iii. 12), asking her to read them aloud.

"I can't read," she said sullenly, "but father can."

"Then will you ask your father to read this chapter to you? You have a Bible, I suppose?" No, she had not a Bible, but, she said, her father would read the chapter to her if she had one.

I gave her a small Testament, asking her to come again. Some little time after, there she was, with a pleased expression upon her old-looking face.

"What makes you look so bright, dear, to-night?"

"If you please, ma'am," said the child, simply, "I'm saved."

"How is that!"

"Why, father read that chapter to me, and then I began to understand what a sinner I was. So I told the Lord Jesus, and asked Him to forgive me all my sins. I came to Him as a poor sinner, and He has saved me by His own blood."

I questioned her at some length, fearing lest, after all, what she now said should not come from her heart. She then told me what I had said to her about sin had made her very unhappy.

"I had always thought myself good," she added, "and had been told, if I were a good girl, I should go to heaven; but you showed me that if I only had one foolish thought it was sin in the sight of God. I began to think of the many naughty thoughts, and the many wrong things I had done. Then I became afraid, and tried to pray."

"Suppose the Lord Jesus should come to-night for all those that are ready to meet Him, would He take *you?*" I asked solemnly.

She was silent a moment, then she looked up and said quietly, "I'm sure He would."

"Why are you sure?"

"Because I've come to Him in the right way, and He means what He says in the Bible."

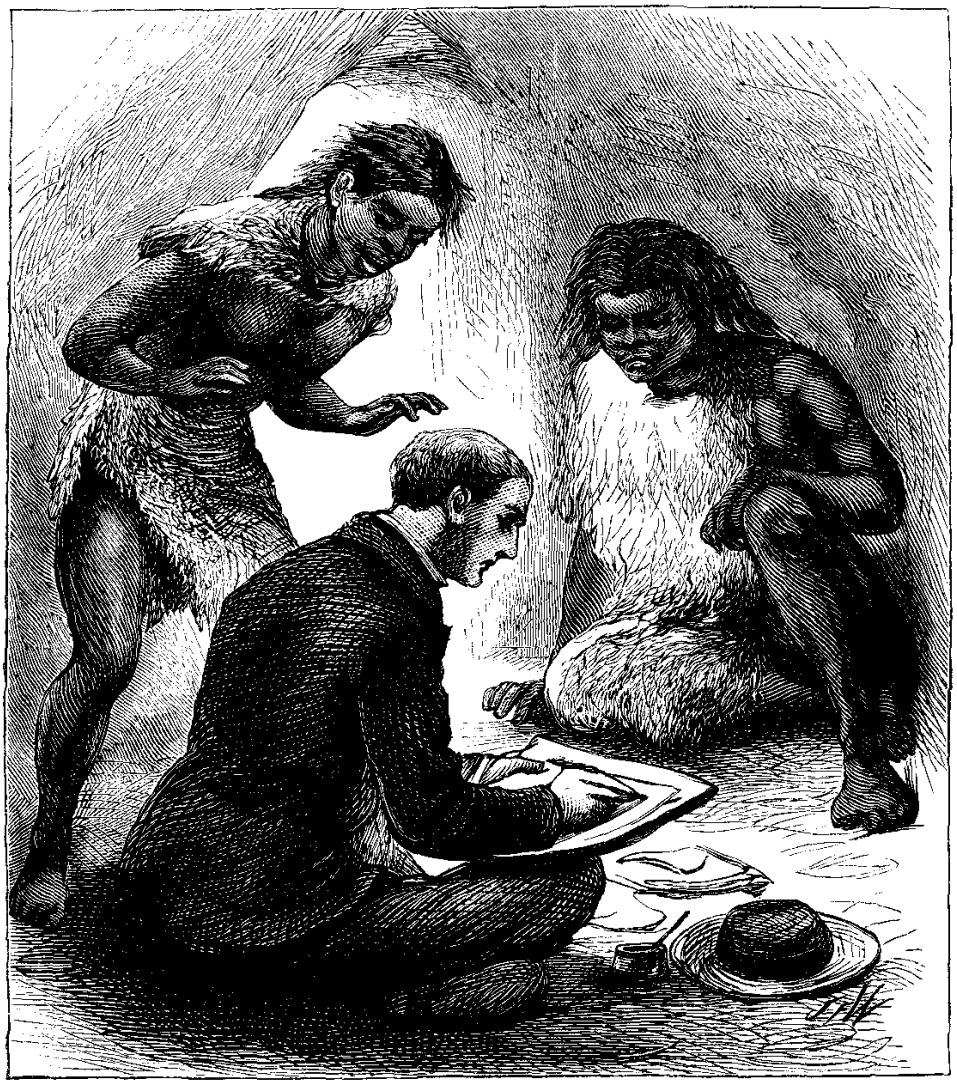
E. E. S.

A SIMPLE PRAYER.

THERE is nothing too small for you to speak about to God. God hears the prayers of a child quite as truly as He hears those of a man. In the family your father or mother listen to the requests of the little ones as readily as they do to those made by the grown-up sons and daughters. Take all your cares, small and great, to your Father, who is in heaven—He will listen to all you have to ask Him.

Two little boys of six and seven years of age were busy one afternoon, with their governess, making some sweets. She was suddenly called away, and on leaving the room said, "You must not touch the toffee till I come back."

It was almost more than the fingers of the eldest could do not to meddle with it, so he said, "I will ask the Lord to keep me from touching it, or I am sure I shall." He and his little brother very simply spoke to God about their temptation, and I know none of you would say their prayer was too trifling for God to hear and answer. He heard them and kept them obedient.



CAPTAIN GARDINER WRITING HIS LETTER.

ALLAN GARDINER.

CHAPTER V.

AFTER they had been twelve weeks at sea, early one December morning Mr. Williams awoke to find Captain Gardiner at his side, telling him that land was in sight. "I arose and went on deck," he writes; "there was Tierra del Fuego, sure enough: its snow-tipped mountains were looming through the vapour of the morning sky." As the "Ocean Queen" was about to cast anchor in Banner Roads, three canoes were observed to be making their way to the ship. While the occupants could still be seen only through the telescope, their shrill cry of "Yammer-schooner" ("Give me") came borne upon the wind. It thrilled the hearts of the missionaries. Yes, they had come to "give" to these poor people, not bread which perisheth, not the bright beads, and painted glass, and scarlet cloth, so dear to the hearts of savages—but the knowledge of the love of God in His unspeakable gift to sinful men, even His own Son, our Saviour Jesus Christ.

The December days passed quickly, and it was time for the "Ocean Queen" to proceed on her way to California. Some of the letters which she took with her, destined in due time to give anxious friends at home their first news of the welfare of the mission party, were dated "Wigwam, Banner Cove, December, 18th,

1850." We might imagine from this that the missionaries had made their home on land, in spite of the unfriendly, or rather too friendly natives; but the letters explained that they had built themselves a wigwam on Garden Island, partly that this rude hut, much like the Indian wigwams which surrounded them, might serve as a shelter for them when they came on shore for a time, but chiefly that they might secure a hiding-place for part of their provisions, which could not be stowed on board the boats. Not even the watchful Fuegians suspected that beneath the earthen floor of that rudely thatched hut, where the white men sat around the blazing wood fire, was a deep pit in which stores of food, which were to last for six months, lay buried.

And now let us take a peep at the home letters, and see in what spirit the writers entered upon their work.

"We have this day," wrote Mr. Williams to his sisters, "taken leave of the ship and all on board, and now, with our boats moored alongside the place fixed upon for our station, in a wigwam of our own building, seated on the earth of our floor, I write to bid you once more farewell. To-night the ship leaves us; a boat will take my letter on board. Farewell. It is beyond all thought blessed to be given up entirely to the service of Christ."

In Captain Gardiner's letter we have a graphic touch, which brings his surroundings home to us. "One of the natives," he says, "is looking over my shoulder, wrapped in wonder at seeing me draw such strange marks on my paper." After speaking in his usual bright, hopeful strain concerning the difficulties before them in their task, he adds, "I feel that the Lord is with us, and cannot doubt that He will own and bless the work which He has permitted us to begin. And when we look upon these poor degraded Indians,"—how little the skin-clad savage who was watching his pen guessed the longing that filled the writer's heart at that moment —"and consider that they are, like ourselves, destined to live for ever, we yearn over them, and feel willing to spend and be spent in the endeavour to bring to their ears in their own tongue the great truths of the gospel of salvation."

We said at the beginning that this was a sad story, and sad it is indeed. That it is not *all* sadness, is what makes it so wonderful and beautiful that it is not too terrible to tell or to listen to.

Time passed on, and brought no further news of the little party on Garden Island. It had been arranged when they started that, as they took with them only enough provisions to last for six months, at the end of that time the friends of the mission should send them a fresh supply from England. The stores were ready, but it was a very difficult matter to send them to such an out-of-the-way spot. No vessel could be found which would go so far out of her course without a sum of money being paid far beyond the power of those at home to furnish; so what seemed the next best thing was done,—the stores were sent as far as the Falkland Islands, and left there until a ship which was said to sail every month to Tierra del Fuego should be ready to start. Twice it was arranged for one of these ships to touch at Garden Island; but the vessel first sent was wrecked, the next disobeyed orders, and so the stores never came to those who waited, waited day by day in patience and in faith.

We may imagine them, as each morning dawned, saying to each other, "Surely the ship will come to-day—it is but to endure a few hours longer!" and then going out to wander along the barren shore, searching for shell-fish; thankful if they could find a little bit of dark green seaweed clinging to a rock, of which they might make broth; ever and anon raising their eyes to gaze over the barren waste of waters, if haply there might be a white glimpse of the expected sail. We may think of them, as each sun set, commending each other once more to the care of God, and closing their eyes in hope of what the morrow might bring.

It was not until the month of October, 1851, that such anxiety was felt as to the welfare of Captain Gardiner and his party, that H.M.S. "Dido" was ordered to stop on her way to the Pacific, and search for them among

the islands near Cape Horn. She arrived at the Falklands in January, and there heard news of those of whom she was in search. On October 21st, the captain of a small vessel, which had at last made its way into Banner Cove, had found painted upon the rocks, "*Gone to Spaniards' Harbour.*" Presently he came to the words "*Dig below,*" and found a letter from Captain Gardiner, which explained this inscription. "The Indians being so hostile," it said, "we have gone to Spaniards' Harbour." To this place Captain Smyley turned. As he drew near, he saw a tall-masted boat, with clothes hanging from her rigging, in the little harbour stream. This was the "Speedwell."

"We have found them," he said to his men; "they must have been having a wash. Look, there are their clothes hanging out to dry."

With two of his men, he eagerly jumped into a boat, delighted at the thought of having found the missing ones at last.

All around the little bay was lonely and still; no eager cry of welcome came to greet him; and when he reached the boat, within her, covered with a mattress, lay a sailor—dead. By the name upon his frock they knew he must be Pearce, one of the three fishermen who would never more return to their far-away Cornish home. There were wounds upon his head and neck, which made Captain Smyley fear that he must have been killed by the Indians, perhaps already too weak from starvation to resist them. Beside the boat was another body, near an open grave. There were prints of bare feet along the sands, and everywhere books, papers, clothing, and tools were strewed about, as though the savages had been searching for something which they would count precious.

From these papers, which were rough journals kept by the seamen, the Captain discovered that the grave which had been dug near the boat was that of Badcock, one of the Cornish seamen, who had perished from disease, brought on by starvation, nearly six months before. Hope died in his heart as he read on, and found that even at that time their provisions were all but exhausted; "We have now left," wrote Captain Gardiner, "half a duck, about a pound of salt pork, the same of damaged tea, a pint of rice, two cakes of chocolate, and four pints of pease; to which I may add six mice."

This was written at Midsummer, and it was now January; could there be any hope that those who had then been in such distress were still living? It seemed a forlorn hope indeed, but Captain Smyley determined, as soon as possible, to come back and search every inlet of the Fuegian coast until he had found the "Pioneer" and the rest of the party.

Of the pencilled writing upon the half-sheets of paper which he had found on the beach, torn and drenched with sea-water as they were, he was able to read enough to convince him that the body which he had just buried was that of Mr. Williams. He found, too, that it had at one time been Captain Gardiner's intention to try to make his way to the Falklands; but the small boats proved unfit for the stormy voyage, and so the devoted men had waited until their provisions were gone, and they were so broken by sickness and hunger as to be unable to make an effort to save themselves. Driven from place to place by the Indians, they were obliged to live through the stormy nights, when the snow fell constantly, in one little boat—for the "Pioneer" had become a wreck—so laden that there was scarcely room to move: but amidst all their sufferings there was no word of murmuring or of despair; nay, to use the words of one of them, "they were happy beyond expression."

If this kind-hearted Captain had been able upon that snowy day to explore Spaniards' Harbour a little further, he would have found the body of Captain Gardiner, as it was found by the officers of the "Dido" soon afterwards, not two miles away from the place where the others had been found, lying beside the wreck of the "Pioneer." Upon the rocks hard by a hand was painted, and underneath, "Psalm lxii. 5-8"—those words of David, when he was in trouble, and found how good it was to tarry the Lord's leisure—"My soul, wait thou only upon God, for my expectation is from Him. He only is my Rock and my Salvation; He is my Defence; I shall not be moved."

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Following the direction indicated, the exploring party from the "Dido" found, lying in a cave, the body of Mr. Maidment, and not far off a paper, upon which were these words: "If you will walk along the beach for a mile and a half, you will find us in the other boat, hauled up in the mouth of a river, at the head of the harbour, on the south side. Delay not; we are starving." This was in Captain Gardiner's handwriting; and presently a little pencil note, written by the same hand, and addressed to Mr. Williams, was found. It was dated September 6th, 1851, and was doubtless intended to tell him of the death of Mr. Maidment. Here and there the writing was quite illegible, but the little note was precious, as containing the last words written by Allan Gardiner:—

"My dear Mr. Williams,—The Lord has seen fit to call home another of our little company. Our dear departed brother left the boat on Tuesday afternoon, and has not since returned. Doubtless he is in the presence of his Redeemer, whom he served faithfully. Yet a little while, and though . . . . . the Almighty to sing the praises . . . . . throne. I neither hunger nor thirst, though . . . . . days without food . . . . . Maidment's kindness to me . . . . . heaven.

Your affectionate brother in . . . . .

Allan F. Gardiner."

The Captain of the "Dido" carefully kept this and all other papers which he could find, with Captain Gardiner's Bible.

Then the ship "Dido" sailed away, leaving behind her, as the only memorial of their brief sojourn upon that desolate shore, those lonely graves, where all that was mortal of the servants of Christ who there laid down their lives, faithful unto death, rests until the morning of the resurrection. P.

BEST OF ALL.

"You won't be lonesome in heaven, my Georgie," said a mother tenderly, as she bent over her dying boy; "there's grandfather and grandmother there, and your two aunties, and dear little baby."

"Aye, mother," murmured Georgie, earnestly; "but, best of all, Jesus is there."

D. & A. C.

ANSWERS TO MAY QUESTIONS.

1. God is not "an unknown God," because it is written (John i. 18), "The only begotten Son, who is in the bosom of the Father, He hath declared Him."—2. Christ, "the true Bread from heaven" (John vi. 32); "the Bread of God" (verse 33); "the Bread of Life" (verse 35).—3. "Son of Man" (John i. 51; iii. 13; v. 27; vi. 27, 53, 62; viii. 28; xii. 23, 34; xiii. 31).—4. "His mother saith unto the servants *Whatsoever, He saith unto you, do it.*" (John ii. 5).—5. St. Peter and St. John were among the company assembled "in the upper room" at Jerusalem (Acts i. 13); they went to the Temple together (iii. 1); they were together before the Sanhedrin (iv. 13, 19); they were sent together to Samaria (viii. 14); they were both at Jerusalem after the Herodian persecution, in which "James the brother of John" was killed (xii. 2); they were together at the first great council at Jerusalem (xv. 6; compare Gal. ii. 9). They considered them "unlearned and ignorant men," for they had not been brought up, as St. Paul was, at the feet of a great Rabbi, and they "took knowledge of them that they had been with Jesus." (Acts iv. 13.)—6. Places mentioned in St. John's Gospel: Bethany (Bethabara) beyond Jordan (i. 28), Bethsaida (i. 44), Nazareth (i. 46), Cana of Galilee (ii. 1), Ænon (iii. 23), Bethesda (v. 2), the Treasury (part of the Temple) (viii. 20), Siloam (ix. 7), Solomon's Porch (x. 23); Bethany, near Jerusalem (x. 40), Ephraim (xi. 54), Kedron (xviii. 1), the garden (xviii. 1), the high priest's palace (xviii. 15), Gabbatha (xix. 13), Golgotha (xix. 17.)—7. In the opening verses of the Revelation, St. John calls himself the Lord's "servant John." (Rev. i. 1.) He also speaks of himself to the seven churches as their "brother and companion in tribulation, and in the kingdom and patience of Jesus Christ." (Verse 9.)—8. The feeding of the five thousand. (John vi. 14.) It was an act of creative power. (Ps. cxxxii. 15.)

QUESTIONS FOR JUNE.

1. Our words, so far as we are true, express what we are. How has *God* expressed Himself? (The answer may be given in a verse of scripture, or in your own language.)—2. In giving the law, God had required His people to do something. What did the Lord Jesus say in one of His conversations with one, to whom He declared (or explained) God, which showed that God was then *giving*, not requiring? What did St. Paul, in his Epistle to the Romans, speak of as the *gift of God?* Where does the same apostle give thanks to God for His gift?—3. Give an instance from Acts of a prisoner who could sing praises to God while his feet were in the stocks, and who could wish his judges to be as he was—a man who was perfectly satisfied—and say what words of our Lord to the Samaritan woman, and to the crowds who followed Him to Capernaum, were fulfilled in his case?—4. The Lord Jesus could not show Himself openly at the great feast of rejoicing: but whom did He invite to come to Him? What did He promise them? What did He mean by this promise?—5. Mention one of the apostles, only named in the other gospels in the lists of the twelve, who is more than once spoken of by St. John. Give some incidents in his life from this gospel, and from the Acts?—6. There are six miracles recorded in the gospels of the cure of blindness. What are we told concerning the blind man, whose story is given in John ix., which we do not read of the others?—7. One part of St. John's Gospel especially contains what is not told by the other evangelists. Mention, as nearly as you can, where that part begins and ends.—8. To whom did the Lord say, "Blessed are they who have not seen, and yet have believed"? Can you remember any verse at all like this in the first Epistle of Peter?

Direct your answers to

QUESTIONS,
Care of Mr. ALFRED HOLNESS,
14, Paternoster Row,
London, E.C.,

stating your age and giving your address. Let such as may change their address not forget to tell us. Your replies must be sent in not later than the 25th of the month.

Faithful Words for Old and Young 10 (1881)

FAITHFUL WORDS

For Old and Young.

THE DOCTOR'S STORY.

THE DOCTOR'S STORY.

SOME few years ago a young farmer walked into my consulting room, looking worn and nervous, and with all the appearance of having undergone great mental anxiety. He complained of having lost his sleep, that his appetite for food had in great measure left him, and that he was subject to attacks of palpitation of the heart.

After hearing his tale of bodily suffering, I wrote him a prescription, and he had risen to take his leave, when I said, "You have been telling me the story of your bodily sufferings, but what about your soul? Do you know anything of the Lord and His salvation?"

I can never forget the smile of holy joy and peace that immediately lighted up his face as he again seated himself, and said, "Ah, sir, thank God I can now say that my soul is resting on Jesus; but as you have spoken to me on that subject, I must tell you that the agonies of conviction I have gone through have broken up my bodily health, and brought me to seek advice from you this day."

"How were you awakened to a sense of your lost condition; and what means did God use to bring you to a knowledge of the Saviour?"

"Sir," he replied, "I was a godless, thoughtless young man, living for pleasure, and in sin, running after the world's vanities; spending my leisure moments with companions like-minded, in the dance and the song and the public-house, heedless of God or eternity, and never feeling my need of salvation.

"I worked on my uncle's farm, who cared nothing as long as I did my duty. One day I heard, as if it were the voice of God speaking to me, the words, 'You are going to hell and eternal ruin.' I shook and trembled. My soul was in agony. Night and day the words haunted me, 'You are going to hell,' The horrors of the pit of woe were then before my mind.

"I tried to get away from them, but in vain—sleep left me. I tossed all night in mental agony upon my bed. I tried hard to drown my thoughts by dissipation. I went to the tavern and the dance, but they were like oil poured upon the fire of my soul. I then thought I would turn over a new leaf, and gain peace and relief to my soul by being religious. I began to attend church, to read my prayers, and to be regular at all the services. But all I did only seemed to make my condition worse, and I was almost driven to despair.

"Being advised to see the minister, I called upon him. He asked me what was the matter with me. 'Oh, sir,' I said, 'can you tell me how I am to be saved from hell?'

"'My good fellow,' he replied, 'do your duty, attend your church, say your prayers, and be regular at Holy Communion, and you may hope to get saved.'

"'Sir,' I said, 'I have done all that, but I can get no peace. My sleep is gone, and I am in agony. Can you not help me to get salvation?'

"'My good fellow, you are unnecessarily anxious; I can only tell you to follow your religious duties.'

"I found it was of no use talking to him, so I left—my misery more than I could bear. Just then I heard of another minister in the neighbourhood as a godly man, so I went to him, and poured out the anguish of my soul before him.

"He listened to my story, and assured that God had begun a good work in me, said, 'My young friend, the Spirit of God has convicted you of sin, and shewn you your lost condition, that He may lead you to the Saviour. You have not gone to the only source of pardon, the precious blood of the Lord Jesus Christ shed upon Calvary more than 1800 years ago, but you have been trying to save yourself, and make yourself better; and surely in that way you never can get peace. God settled with His own Eternal Son on the cross for your sins, when He laid them on Him 1800 years ago. He who died for your sins and was your substitute in death, is now in glory.'

"Blessed be God, in a moment I saw it all. I had been trying to get rid of my sins, which God had for ever put away on the cross of His own Son. My soul got rest and joy at once in believing."

"Blessed be God," I said, "for His great love and mercy to you."

"Yes, sir," he replied, "but my health was dreadfully shattered, and the minister advised me to come into the town to see you."

He came back in about a month, much renovated in health, and his soul rejoicing in God his Saviour. But he told me he thought he must leave his situation, as his relatives refused to keep him unless he gave up his beloved Saviour.

After this I did not see him for more than a year. Great was our joy then, as we spoke together of our Saviour's dying love for us and of our joyous hope of His coming again.

I have shortly detailed this touching story as one of the many instances of cases in which our loving God and Saviour, in His own way and in His own time, without any of the outward ordinary means, seeks out and brings to Himself His own lost wandering sheep. To Him be all the glory! R. D.

HOW CAN I DOUBT?

THERE was a gay wedding, and the world smiled on the beautiful girl who was married that morning. She had all that earth can give to make one happy, and the wedding trip was begun on the Continent. Perhaps Harriette thought her cup of joy was full; but she little knew how soon it was to be dashed from her.

Of a kind and generous disposition, and outwardly correct as to christianity, she would have been deeply annoyed had any one said to her, "You are as far from the kingdom of God as the poor thief or drunkard." Yet such was really the case, for she knew not Christ as her Saviour. She spoke of Him as "our Saviour," and with the multitude often kneeled to praise His name, but as yet her heart was far from Him. But He loved her, indifferent as she was to His love, and in His own way He had prepared for her a severe trial to bring her to a true sense of her need, and of Christ's sufficiency. The wedding trip was nearly over, when the sad news reached England that Harriette was a widow. Her husband had been involved at a gambling-table, where the thirst for play had so overpowered him that he had staked his whole fortune and lost it.

Driven to despair, the unhappy man thought only of ending his life, which he saw would be one of poverty and shame, and in a moment of madness he destroyed himself, without one farewell word to his young bride.

When the children of God are under trial, the realization of His unfailing love in all circumstances sustains them through everything, and this is why we see suffering saints so peaceful; but with the unsaved it is different. Who can wonder then that poor Harriette, not having the peace of God which passeth all understanding reigning in her soul, rebelled against her sore trial? and with no happiness left on earth, and no comforter, her reason gave way, and she was brought to England the wreck of her former self. The doctors advised that she, with an attendant, should take a long voyage, to try if by any means her mind might regain its usual vigour. God was watching over her with tender love, and ordering every step of her way. In the same vessel that bore the sorrowful young widow over the waters of the Mediterranean was a man of God—a missionary, who spent his life in winning souls for Christ. He had heard the sad story of his fellow voyager; he marked her look of hopeless misery as she paced the deck day after day, taking no interest in anything around her, and he resolved to tell her of One who could give her joy and peace.

He very gently addressed her one day, and said a few words about God's love, but Mrs. M—— regarded him with haughty indifference, and passed on. Still, he was not to be repelled, and sought for another opportunity. It came, and though still scorning his simple words—for Harriette was a proud woman—the message took effect. Little by little she understood it all—saw herself as God saw her, a sinner, lost for ever, with a "heart deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked." (Jeremiah xvii. 9). Could it be that she, the upright, amiable woman of the world, who had never harmed a fellow-creature in her life, who had served others,

had been kind to the poor, and even quite religious, was really lost? Yes, she saw it all, and in her soul rose a great cry, "Woe is me, for I am undone." ! (Isaiah vi. 5.)

When once the sinner really owns himself lost, and gives up all his self-righteousness, he finds how sufficient is the work of Christ, which God has accepted, and whereby peace is made. Happy are they who give up self for Christ, and self-confidence for heart-belief in the Son of God and His perfectly-finished work!

And what is this self-confidence, this righteousness of our own, that we cling to so fondly, and it takes so much to deprive us of? God calls it "filthy rags" (Isaiah lxiv. 6), for He sees not as man sees. We see our fellow men very benevolent, charitable, and so on, and we think they will have a good hope of heaven; but if still unsaved, every action, however commendable it may seem, is tainted with sin, for our very nature is sinful, and a corrupt tree cannot bring forth good fruit. (Matt. vii. 18).

Reader, if you know not Christ, you are that "corrupt tree."

Mrs. M—— found Jesus to be her Saviour, her all in all, and no sooner did His sweet peace fill her soul than her mind was thoroughly restored, and she was indeed a new creature in every sense. Sorrow had done its work, it had led her to Christ. He said when on earth, "Whosoever drinketh of this water shall thirst again." (John iv. 13). And had she not proved it? The world, with its pleasures, the gift of great personal beauty, admiration, flattery—all had been unsatisfying; she had drunk of that water only to thirst again. But when she found the living water, she drank and thirsted no more. Reader, are you thirsty? Jesus says, "I will give unto him that is athirst of the fountain of the water of life freely." (Rev. xxi. 6.)

After the lapse of some time, an earnest christian baronet made Harriette his wife; and thus did God, ever mindful of His own, provide a happy home for His child.

Among her servants was one Eliza, the cook, who loved her mistress, and longed much to have the same bright confidence in Christ. "Ah, my lady," she said once to her, "I wish I were like you; you have no doubts."

"Doubts, Eliza!" replied Lady S—— with emphasis; "how can I doubt, when I am on the Rock?"

After tenderly nursing her husband during his last long illness, she was herself called to lie on a sick bed, whereon she ended her earthly career. During this time, the faithful servant Eliza esteemed it her greatest joy to help to sit up with her mistress at nights, and tend her in every way. She well remembers what a happy death-bed that was, how marked with joyful anticipations of the home beyond the grave.

"Doctor," asked Lady S—— one day, "how long do you think I shall live?"

"I cannot tell," he replied; "perhaps only a week."

"Oh, you never told me before," she exclaimed. Eliza, standing by, marked her face, and it seemed as if her beloved mistress were speaking of taking a journey to meet one whom she loved, so happy did she look. Yes, verily, the end of that journey to the believer is the presence of Christ, where there is fulness of joy.

One day Eliza took Lady S—— some little delicacy to tempt her failing appetite, and she exclaimed, "Oh, Eliza, your willing service does me good."

"Ah, my lady," replied the girl, "your memory will ever be dear to us all."

But her mistress raised her thin hand to heaven and said, "Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto Thy name give glory."

Seeing her children and servants round her bed, she looked at them lovingly, and stretching out her arms, she cried, "Oh, that I could take you all in my arms up to heaven, where I am going."

A loved friend was in the room just as her soul was in departure, and looking down at the sweet pale face on the pillow, he bowed his head, and prayed, "Lord Jesus, receive her spirit;" she looked up with a smile, not of earth, and she was gone.

Oh, the power of the love of Christ, to give such calm happiness on a dying bed! Reader, may you know it, there is nothing like it! G.A.C.

THE LOVE OF GOD.

"ARE you saved?" I asked an aged woman, who was sitting by her son's bedside, in one of the wards of a workhouse infirmary.

"I am a poor, ignorant woman, sir; I was never educated, and cannot read."

"But," I replied, "do you love your son?"

"Certainly I do," she said, emphatically, and almost indignantly.

"Then you can love, and understand what it is to be loved, and yet you have never been educated? You see, it requires no education to understand love. Now, God's love is the essence of the gospel. Your son's helpless, suffering condition has led you to take a journey to comfort him, and God in His rich grace has shown His love, for

> 'When we were helpless and undone,
> The Father gave His only Son;'

and by His gift He has proved His matchless love to sinners.

"God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." "Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that He loved us, and sent His Son to be the propitiation for our sins." (John iii. 16—1 John iv. 10).

These blessed words have banished doubts and fears from many hearts. May they banish excuses and fears from you, my reader, as you contemplate the wondrous fact that "God is Love."

H. N.

FROM DEATH UNTO LIFE.

ON a Sunday afternoon, thirty years ago, an English officer and his bride were proceeding gaily, in company with many other sight-seers, towards St. Peter's at Rome, to witness a gorgeous service; and in all the stream of people there were no hearts lighter than those of this young couple.

They were talking about some friends of theirs then in Rome, who had the means to gratify every desire, and yet whose general condition was one of utter discontent.

"Now, how happy we are!" said Captain Grey. "We have nothing to grumble about. We pity these poor people, although we haven't as many hundreds a year as they have thousands."

Mrs. Grey assented joyously. And then he added, after thinking, "Happiness comes from God: it is His gift. How good He is to us! We ought to be very grateful to Him." They contrasted their sunny lives with those of others, until there was in their hearts a kind of yearning to know who the beneficent God really was. It was the goodness of God leading them to repentance. (Rom. ii. 4.)

That night Mrs. Grey drew a little book out of her travelling bag, and exclaimed in laughing surprise, "'Crumbs of Comfort'! Who could have put this here?"

"Some unknown friend," said her husband; and, contrary to what they would have done on any day before, they read it aloud, impressed with the incident as a sequel to that of the afternoon. Then the two knelt down together for the first time, and offered up the little prayer printed upon the tract.

Some months later they were at a town which was a veritable Vanity Fair, but in which they heard preachers, who told people what they should give up, but did not set before them Christ as a Saviour, not only from future death, but in the present life—as a Person and Object of Desire, Friend, Counsellor, Comforter. Captain Grey listened eagerly to some of this preaching, which convinced him that he was in the wrong way, but did not shew him how to find the right one.

The curate of one of the preachers referred to, a good and earnest man, said one day to Captain Grey that he thought people, who were anxious about their souls, learnt much at the bedsides of the sick, and asked him to come and see a poor woman who was dying.

Captain Grey, believing that at least the awfulness of death would make this world less enthralling, and the one beyond more real to his heart, willingly agreed.

On the way, the curate told him that the woman had led a very wicked life, and during her illness had been terribly afraid of dying. God had shown her that she was a sinner, and for the last week, up to yesterday, while he talked, and read, and prayed beside her, she

had lain in a kind of agony, overshadowed by the powers of darkness. Sometimes her terror and horror were so great that those around her saw the perspiration rolling down her face.

Day after day the curate agonized for her soul, and at last, when he poured forth his heart, pleading with God the work of Christ, the poor woman suddenly was freed from her bonds, and cried out in rapture, "Jesus! Jesus!"

When they reached the poor woman's bedside she was lying, peaceful and happy, as though asleep.

"She's better, sir," said her attendant, in answer to the curate's enquiry. "She's been quiet ever since."

Quiet ever since she believed on Christ, her Saviour from sin and from Satan.

"I am glad to hear that you are better. Would you not like to recover now, and come back to your friends?" said Captain Grey.

"Not for anything!" she answered, in great surprise. "I am going to Jesus."

"But are not you afraid to die?"

"No, no! I hope I shall go to-day or to-morrow. Jesus will be with me."

"O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?" This text, one of the very few he knew, came into his mind at this instant, and he said to himself, amazed and feeling as though in the midst of a revelation, "Now I believe that what the Bible says is true." If it was true, he argued, that death itself—to him a desperate wrench—a plunge into black and icy waters—an utter dread of loneliness—could thus be transformed almost to a rapture through faith in Christ, and by His felt presence, He and His work must be exactly what the Bible declared.

How real a Saviour is Jesus! As soon as the poor woman called upon Him in faith, she saw that He had died for her sins. And more, she was given to know that, having loved her thus, He would love her and keep her for ever.

Captain Grey went home and prayed for hours, and before he rose from his knees he had cast himself on Christ, the mighty Saviour.

As has been said, thirty years have passed away since the time of our story, and from that time its subject has been working for his Lord and Saviour, and finding his deepest pleasure and only satisfaction in the love which surpasses knowledge. G. C. C.

AFTER DEATH.

READER, have you ever thought that the time is coming when you will fall out of the ranks, and your place in the world be filled by another? It may be long years hence—it may be to-day; but be the interval long or short, a time is coming when you must leave the world, for "It is appointed unto men once to die."

Now, if this were all—if there were nothing after death—unquestionably those would be the wisest, who, making the best of this world, are journeying along life's beaten track, taking the rough with the smooth, philosophically bearing the one, and gladly enjoying the other; and, as far as their circumstances permit, making life like a cloudless summer day. If there be nothing after death, true wisdom would consist in seizing the pleasures of the passing moment, and in acting on the maxim quoted by the apostle, when he says, "If the dead rise not, let us eat and drink; for to-morrow we die." (1 Cor. xv. 32.)

"If the dead rise not," the best thing we can do is to eat and drink—if they rise not! but if they do rise—what then? Momentous question! Question, did we say? There is not the smallest particle of doubt about it, for God tells us that death is not the end of man, nor the grave his goal; "after this the judgment." (Heb. ix. 27.) "I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God; and the books were opened: and another book was opened, which is the book of life: and the dead were judged out of those things which were written in the books, according to their works." (Rev. xx. 12.)

Pause, reader, and consider these two passages from the word of the living God, and remember, "God is not a man, that He should lie; neither the son of man, that He should repent: hath He said, and shall He not do it? or hath He spoken, and shall He not make

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it good?" Not more certain is it that the sun rose this morning than that after death there is the judgment. God has said so—God never lies. What, then, can you do, dear reader, to escape this judgment? How can you "flee from the wrath to come"? We read "the Lord is a God of judgment" (Isa. xxx. 18), and "shall bring every work into judgment" (Eccles. xii. 14).

Blessed be God, the way of escape is outside ourselves. God sent His Son into this world, that the world through Him might be saved (John iii. 17); that those who believe in Him might have everlasting life, and never perish (John iii. 16). Christ died on the cross, and bore the judgment of God against sin, and we are now saved by the grace of God through faith (Eph. ii. 8). In Him we have redemption through His blood, the forgiveness of sins (Eph. i. 7). He has delivered us from the wrath to come (1 Th. i. 10).

The believer can say—

> "Death and judgment are behind me,
> Life and glory are before,

Christ's death on the cross has saved me; He bore the judgment that was due to me; He has given me eternal life, glory awaits me."

Reader, your life is hastening on to its close with accelerating rapidity. Soon it will be over—soon the trifles that float upon the river of time will be lost in the ocean of eternity. Are you so mad that, for the sake of these trifles—for the pleasures of this passing moment—you are prepared to brave the coming judgment? Be sure of this, if you reject mercy in the day of mercy, you will have to meet judgment in the day of judgment. Solemn thought! Which shall it be? I beseech you not to trifle with this great question. Come to Christ now, and then for you there will be no judgment.

"It is appointed unto men once to die"; it does not say to *all* men. No, if you are a christian, you may be caught up to meet the Lord at His coming without ever seeing death. And should you be laid to rest for a little while in the grave, your spirit will be with the Lord beyond the grave, awaiting that bright moment when Christ, our Life, shall appear, and we shall appear with Him in glory. H. M. D. P.

WITH THE LORD.

A FEW days ago we were standing around the open grave of an aged believer, who, during a calm and consistent life, had experienced much of the presence of the Lord Jesus. It is no light thing to look back twenty or thirty years over the career of a christian, and to recall the seasons of distress and pleasure, of bereavement and of freshly made earthly ties, and to say, the power of that life was the enjoyed peace of Christ's presence! Such a testimony is in itself a demonstration of the reality of the truth of God. If there were more of living Christ among christians, there would be less infidelity in the world.

While standing at that open grave, the present enjoyment of the spirit of the believer whose body was about to be laid in the earth, came forcibly to the heart. The scriptures teach us much concerning the resurrection of the body; no one who reads his Bible can lack direct verses and passages on this subject; and the scriptures also tell us of the state before the resurrection, in this present time, of the spirit of the believer. The body is committed to the dust, this our natural eyes behold, and tears fill them as we bury our dead out of our sight. No less does our spiritual eye perceive, and with increasing brightness, what is unseen save to faith and love, the condition of the spirit of the saint of God whose body is committed to the grave.

Let us gather a few short loving words of comfort and of joy on the state of our friends in Christ whose bodies sleep. "Willing rather to be absent from the body, and to be present with the Lord." (2 Cor. v. 8.) "Having a desire to depart, and to be with Christ; which is far better." (Phil. i. 23.) "To-day thou shalt be with Me in paradise." (Luke xxiii. 43.) We feel that the special emphasis of these verses lies in each case upon the word *with*—and in the last quoted, falling as it did from our Lord's own lips, we have the fact they all express, given to us with sweetest tenderness, "Thou shalt be *with* Me."

In the ecstasy of the apostle, of which we read, in 2 Cor. xii. 2, 3, 4, we have a kind of index to what it must be to be with the Lord in paradise. There He "heard unspeak-

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able words, which it is not lawful for a man to utter." Whether he was in the body or out of the body at the time, he could not tell—God knew, but the joy of his spirit was being in the presence of the Lord in heaven. It is with such ecstasy that our friends now with the Lord are filled.

"To me to live is Christ," said the apostle, "to die is gain." (Phil. i. 21.) Christ with him on earth was his joy below, a joy which the evil of the world and the trials of life would sometimes interrupt. To be with Christ in heaven was uninterrupted bliss. There are moments in the christian's course, when the Lord manifests Himself to him—"I will love him, and will manifest Myself to him" (John xiv. 21)—those moments are heaven on earth. "Thou shalt be with Me" is the saint's present portion in paradise.

Keeping before us the fruitful "*with*" of the verses quoted, we pass from the present portion of the departed saint to his and our eternal portion. What is the very first announcement to our hearts of what shall be ours, without a break, on the morning of the resurrection? And we say "ours" in its fullest breadth —"ours"—who are alive on this earth, "ours," who are in paradise. We listen attentively to the announcement, "So shall we ever be *with* the Lord." (1 Thess. iv. 17.)

The Lord Jesus Himself, in His personal grace and glory, is thus before us, and as we meditate upon the portion thus announced, we recall His own words to His disciples respecting His thoughts concerning them and us in relation to the eternal home, "I will come again, and receive you unto Myself; that where I am, there ye may be also." (John xiv. 3.)

With reverence we may say, "This is exactly what we should expect from the Lord, whose pleasure is in His own. His joy is having His people where He is." Ah! if this be so respecting the eternal home, it is none the less so respecting paradise and His own with Him there. We think of the truly holy and happy hours they spent below, who are now with Him above. The joy of those seasons was Himself filling their hearts, perhaps, at times with such fulness that the earth and its surroundings were verily forgotten. Whether in the body or out of the body they scarce knew; of one thing only were they aware—Christ's presence was *with* them. Now they are *with* Christ.

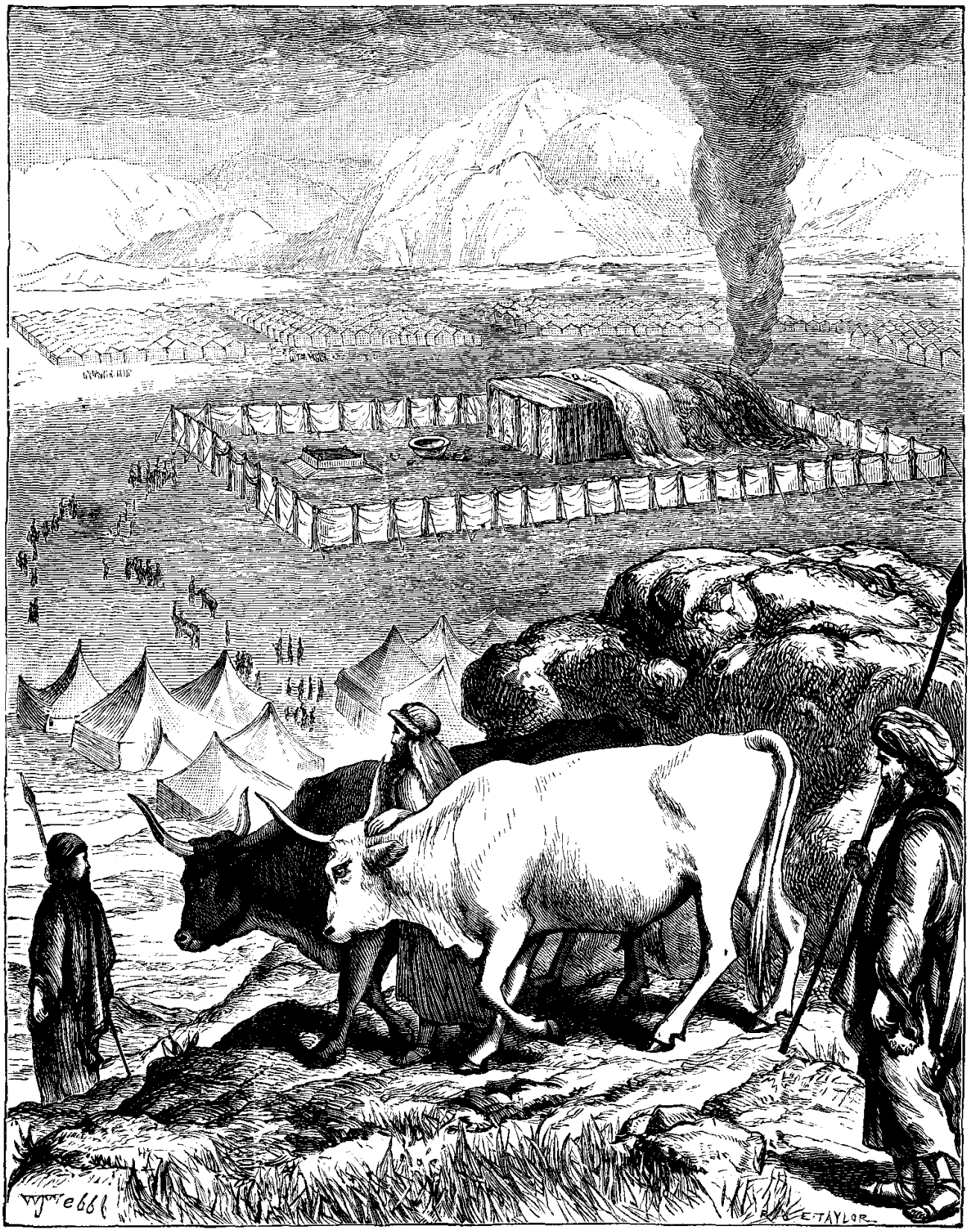
How time and eternity, the condition of "in the body" and "out of the body," this state of weakness and the future state of resurrection power, become, shall we say, minor considerations, in the presence of Christ Himself? True experimental christianity is the conscious knowledge of Christ, and perhaps compared with no other teacher do we consciously learn Him in this lifetime, as at the hands of suffering and death. H. F. W.

Bringing Sacrifices to the Tabernacle.

LOOK carefully at our picture on the opposite page, as it gives, in a general way, the situation of the tabernacle in the wilderness, surrounded by the tents of the tribes of Israel. Over the tabernacle the cloud of God's protection is spread—a covering to the children of Israel from the great heat of the sun, and a light to them during the hours of darkness. The scene of the tabernacle, and the tents around it, as presented in our picture, is supposed to be from a point on one of the steep, rocky hills of the wilderness of Sinai. You look down upon the camp of Israel, and see its order and arrangement. The mountains of Sinai, bright with eastern sunlight, rise up in the distance.

Could we really have seen this great sight, the happy thought uppermost in our minds must have been: Jehovah dwells in the midst of His people Israel! His tabernacle is in the centre of their tents, and His cloud overshadows them (Numbers xiv. 14).

We might say much to you concerning the tabernacle itself, as it is presented to the eye by our picture, but our purpose now is to speak a little of the sacrifices. In the foreground, some men are represented bringing bullocks down the steep hill, to offer them to Jehovah. The offering of the herd was the



BRINGING SACRIFICES TO THE TABERNACLE.

rich man's gift; those who were very poor brought only turtle doves, or young pigeons.

There were two great divisions of the sacrifices—sweet savour sacrifices and sin offerings—of these we read in detail in the early chapters of the Book of Leviticus. Sinners need a sacrifice. The first time the word *sin* is mentioned in the Word of God is in direct connection with sacrifice. After Cain had slain Abel, when his countenance had fallen in despair, Jehovah said to him, "If thou doest not well, sin lieth"—or, as some render it, a sin offering croucheth—"at the door" (Gen. iv. 7.) The word used for sin and sin offering is the same. At the door of the sinner's habitation the sin offering lay.

The man who had sinned, brought his offering to the door of the tabernacle of the congregation. You can easily see where the door is by the picture. God has only one way to Himself.

Also, says the scripture, the man who had sinned must bring his offering "before the Lord." (Lev. ix. 4.) We must be in God's presence about sin. It was not simply that the religion of Israel demanded sacrifice for sin, but the person who had sinned must needs be before the Lord with his sacrifice. Have you been thus in God's presence about your sins, and the sacrifice of the Saviour, who died upon the cross to put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself? It is not enough to be brought up in a christian land, to read the Bible and to know its doctrines—you must be in heart before God concerning sin and Christ's sacrifice.

Being in this solemn place, the man who had sinned, laid his hand upon the bullock's head. What does this mean? Sometimes your father or grandfather will lay his hand upon your head and say, "Bless you, my child." And we read in the Bible of hands being laid in blessing upon the head. Do you think that blessing is intended by laying the hand on the head of the sin offering? Oh, no; something very different. The offerer confessed his sins on the head of the sacrifice for his sins.

When the sinner laid his hand upon the head of his sin offering, it was just as if he had said, This victim takes my place, it is about to be slain for my sin.

After this act he killed the bullock "before the Lord." The victim, "without blemish," suffered death in the stead of the sinner. There is a verse of a hymn which brings this type very sweetly to our hearts, as speaking of Jesus:—

"O Christ, what burdens bowed Thy head,
Our load was laid on Thee;
Thou stoodest in the sinner's stead,
To bear all ill for me.
A victim led, Thy blood was shed—
Now there's no load for me."

Then the priest took of the blood of the slain sacrifice and sprinkled it seven times before the vail of the holy place, where Jehovah dwelt. You have observed "*before the Lord*" has already been mentioned three times in these first few verses of the fourth chapter of Leviticus. The sinner brought his sin offering before the Lord; he laid his hand upon its head and killed it before the Lord; and then the priest took of its blood and sprinkled that seven times before the Lord.

The sinner's hand was laid upon his sin-offering's head; the sacrifice was slain; and then the blood, which had been shed for his sin, was *before the Lord* instead of his sin.

All who believe on the blessed Lord who died for our sins, have the privilege of knowing that God looks not at their sins, but upon the blood of Jesus Christ His Son, which was shed for them.

Once more we have these words "before the Lord." Look at the seventh verse of our chapter, and you will find them there. But I must ask you to turn again to our picture. The "door of the tabernacle" is close to the square block upon the slanting base, which you observe within the curtained enclosure where the tabernacle stands. This is the brazen altar. Next to the brazen altar you see a kind of basin; this is the laver. Then comes the sacred tent or tabernacle itself. It was at the vail or door of the tabernacle the blood was sprinkled. Inside the tabernacle was another altar, but made of gold, upon which sweet incense used to be burnt; after the priest had sprinkled some of the blood before the vail of the tabernacle, he went inside the tent and

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"put of the blood upon the horns [the four corners] of the altar of sweet incense *before the Lord*."

The man who had sinned, could not see the priest do this. The priests only could enter within the tabernacle. This act was done before Jehovah, for Him to see. It teaches us of His satisfaction in the precious blood of Jesus, which cleanses us who believe from every sin. Very happy it is for us to know that God looks upon the blood of Jesus which was shed for our sins, instead of our sins; and very restful it is to think what God's thoughts are respecting the value of that sacred blood.

What a sweet tale does this ancient sacrifice tell us about our sins, our holy God, and Jesus, who died for our sins. Let the sinner, who feels his sin, get before the Lord concerning Christ our sacrifice, and let him, by faith, confess that Christ died for him—or, at least, that his sins called for the Saviour's death.

"Oh! but I do believe that," I hear one of my dear young friends say; "but still I have no comfort, no peace within my soul." Well, you cannot do any more, neither is it necessary that you should. God is glorified by the death of His Son for us; we have simply to believe. Christ is our priest, and is in the presence of God for us.

The anointed priest took the blood of the slain victim and sprinkled it before the Lord before the vail, and he touched the horns of the golden altar inside the tabernacle with the blood. This the comer to God could not do. Neither could he see what the priest did inside the tabernacle. He had to believe God. And you and I have to believe God, and peace and joy is ours in believing.

God bids you come to Christ, bids you trust in the blood which Jesus shed. This is what you are called to do. The full benefit of Christ's work is thenceforth yours. No longer are your sins crying out to God. The precious blood of Him who died for you, and not your sins, is "before the Lord." But what the value of this blood itself is in the eye of God in heaven, no creature can truly declare. Where the sweet incense rises up to Him, there the precious blood is to be found;

In heaven Thy blood for ever speaks
In God's omniscient ear.

I do not Want to Wait.

THIS little note, written by a child to her mother, is given you to read, dear children, in the hope that many of you will do as this child did: resolve not to wait until you "grow up," but come to Jesus now, for He who once said, "Suffer the children to come unto Me," and "Him that cometh unto Me, I will in no wise cast out," is the very same Jesus now, and although you may not have found it out, you need to "know Him as your Saviour" just as much as the writer of this letter did, when she wrote these words:—

"My dear mamma,—I have been long wanting to know the Lord Jesus as my Saviour, for I have found out what a wicked child I am, and that I cannot make myself better. But I have asked the Lord to make me better, for I know that I cannot stand in the presence of God as I am, and I know that Jesus has died for me as well as for other people. I am very unhappy about my soul, mamma, and I shall not be happy till I know the Lord Jesus as my Saviour.

"I do not want to wait until I grow up, for that, perhaps, will never be; and it says in Proverbs, the 8th chapter and the 17th verse, 'I love them that love Me; and those that seek Me early shall find Me.'

"I am seeking the Lord early, though not so early as I ought; but I hope to find Him. Good-bye—Your affectionate child."

It was the voice of the Good Shepherd, speaking deep down in this child's heart, and bidding her come to Him, which made her desire to seek the Lord. Has this still small voice never spoken to you?

What do you do when it speaks? Do you "incline the ear" of your soul, or do you try to drown that voice of love by thinking

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of other things, things "which cannot profit nor deliver, for they are vain"?

THE LOVING VOICE OF JESUS.

AS a little boy lay wide awake in his bed one dark night, he heard a voice speaking to him. It was not the voice of his father, nor was it his mother's voice, for they were gone to bed, and probably they were fast asleep at the time. And the voice did not speak to the little fellow's outward ear at all, but it spoke to his heart, and it spoke so plainly that he could not help understanding what it said to him.

It was the loving voice of Jesus that this little boy heard, and he knew whose voice it was, as it said to him, "My son, give Me thine heart."

I am very sorry to tell you that this little boy did not want to hear the voice of Jesus that night, for he was not willing to give his heart to the Lord at that time. Still he knew that he was a sinner in the sight of God, and he trembled as he thought that he must one day stand before Him.

Why did he refuse to hear His call?

Satan tempted the little boy to put off listening to the voice of Jesus until he grew older; and he listened to the tempter, instead of listening to the Saviour. So he refused to take heed when the Lord spoke to his heart that night.

Are there not many little boys and girls who are now doing just what this little boy did upon the night of which I have told you? They have heard of Jesus, and of His salvation.

"Oh, do not let the One depart
Who says in love 'Give Me thine heart.'"

By-and-by it happened that a very dear friend of the child of whom I have told you was taken ill. His name was Henry, and he was a little older than his friend. The boys had been schoolfellows, and liked to get side by side, both reading out of the same book, and they loved one another as boy-friends do. Henry was taken ill, but before his sickness came he had listened to the Saviour's call, and he fell sweetly asleep in Jesus full of joy because of God's salvation.

His young friend was left behind, full of sorrow. Henry was gone to be with Jesus in heaven, but he was still unsaved, and he knew that he was unfit to die.

Again God spoke to him, but he still refused to hear Him, and listened to the tempter's voice.

Time sped on. The little boy had grown to be a strong active lad, but he had not given his heart to the Lord.

Often he could not sleep for thinking about death; and he would sometimes try to pray, as he was lying upon his bed. He did not pray because he loved prayer, but only because he was afraid, and when the morning came he tried to forget the fears of the night. But, do what he would, he had no real joy nor peace; he had "no hope," for he was "without God" in the world.

If the Lord had dealt with this lad according to his sins, and had left off speaking to him, he must have one day died in his sins. But the love of Christ passeth knowledge. This lad's soul was very precious in the eyes of the Lord, and such was His love, that He spake to him once more, entreating him to come to Him and be saved.

When at last the lad listened to the voice which had so often called him, what a tale of love he heard! The Lord Jesus told him that He had died upon the cross for him; that He had shed His precious blood to save such a sinner as he was; and that although he had refused His love for so long a time, He loved him still.

Believing on the Lord; loving Jesus because He had first loved him, he found joy and peace; he was no longer afraid to die, for he knew "the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."

But one thing grieved him. He often thought how he might have known the love of Jesus years before; those years were gone by, and they were years wasted; for he had spent them in pleasing himself, instead of seeking to please God. Let not my reader esteem it a light thing to turn away from the voice of Jesus, and give heed to Satan, who ever whispers, "Not now, but to-morrow."

Oh, that each one may respond at once and

THE SCHOOLFELLOWS.

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say, "I will hear what God the Lord will speak." You will be sure to hear good tidings, for He will tell you of His wondrous love to a poor sinner—even to *you*. A. J.

IONA, THE LIGHT OF THE WESTERN WORLD.

THE summer twilight had deepened into night as I sat upon the deck of a steamer, a few months ago, and watched the gradually darkening sky above the heaving waste of waters, through which the vessel was making her way home from Ireland. If you have ever been on board ship, you will know that when the day, with all its excitement and bustle, is over, and the quiet night comes on, one is apt to feel a little sad and lonely. It was such a feeling as this which made me say to myself upon that summer night at sea, "It is too cold and dark to stay here any longer; I will go below."

Before leaving the deck, however, I thought I would walk round to the further side, and take one look.

"We must be near the coast of Wales now," I said, "if it were only light enough to see it."

The prospect from the other side was dreary enough—a dim outline of what might be land was visible, but nothing more—and I was just turning away, when, in a moment, as by a lightning flash, the whole scene was lit up, and I saw, so close alongside that it seemed but a few yards away, a rugged, dangerous coast. But it was no sudden flash which showed sea, and sky, and rocky shore in that noon-day brightness. Upon a heap of rocks, piled one above the other, like some rude castle, stood the light-tower, from whence the light came. But even while I looked the ray which had beamed so far over the water was gone, and all was wrapped in gloom as before. An instant passed, and then, full and fair, it shone out once more, and I knew that upon that rocky islet some friendly hand had set a revolving light, to shine, in storm or calm, night after night—a blessed light, indeed, to the eye of many a mariner.

I would not have missed that sight; but the reason why I recall it now is because the rocky islet upon which this light-house stands reminds me of another ocean rock on the coast of Scotland, and of how long, long ago this lonely island used to be called "the Light of the Western World."

Some time ago you may have read in FAITHFUL WORDS the story of Succat, the Scotch boy, who was stolen away from his home on the banks of the Clyde by Irish sea-robbers, who made him their slave, and sent him into their fields to keep swine. If you know the story, you will remember that God spoke to Succat's heart when he was in that far country, in loneliness and fear, and brought back to his mind the teaching of his father and mother, who were christians, and had many times spoken to their boy of the love of God to sinners, though he was at that time too fond of pleasure and of his own way to heed them much. The story goes on to tell how Succat was rescued, and brought home, once more to look upon the faces of the dear parents whom he had thought never to see again, and how his heart yearned over Ireland, the land where in solitude and slavery he had been brought to God, so that he of his own accord returned there, no longer as a slave-boy, but as a missionary. Succat had learnt the Irish language during his captivity, and now, going from place to place, he collected the pagan tribes by beating a small drum, and told them in their own tongue the history of the Son of God.

You may think that Succat lived a long time ago, when such a thing could happen in Scotland as a boy being caught by sea-robbers and sold for a slave. Yes, Succat, or St. Patrick, as he was afterwards called, lived about fifteen hundred years ago, and he had been dead two hundred years when Columba, the missionary of whom I am going to tell you, made his boat of osier rods covered with skins, and sailed away with a few companions to the rocky island of Iona.

Many things had happened during those two hundred years. The Romans, who had been ruling in Britain, had gone back to their own country, and the fierce Saxon invaders had come, bringing with them a time of

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trouble and terror, of which you can read in your history of England.

These wild tribes hated those christians who would not serve their gods and learn their heathen customs, and persecuted them so constantly that they believed they had almost crushed the christian faith in Britain. But God had Himself lit up the candle of His truth in our land, even before the Romans came—no one knows how Christianity first got to Britain, but there were christians there in very early times, for one of their own writers tells us that there were "places in Britain inaccessible to the Romans which had been subdued by Christ,"—and He did not allow complete darkness to cover the people even in those dreadful times.

There were several copies of the Psalms and the Gospels scattered here and there over the country, and some of these precious manuscripts Columba took with him when he sailed away from Donegal and landed in Iona. It is true that these manuscripts were in Latin, the language of the Romans, but a good many people in Ireland and Scotland knew Latin at this time, and were able to translate for the good of those who did not. In the British Museum there is a copy of the Psalms, beautifully written in Latin, with the Anglo-Saxon translation written between the lines; I am sure you would like to see this old book, for it speaks to us of how earnestly other men long ago laboured to preserve pure the word of God, which each one of us can now read for himself, without asking anyone to translate for him.

Columba was the son of an Irish king, but an earnest desire to preach to the Scotch, as Succat had once preached to the Irish, led him to go and live upon this little island, which lies close to the shores of Scotland. He and his companions made wooden houses upon the island, for the Scottish king had granted Iona to Columba, and there they dwelt, cultivating the grassy slopes on the sheltered side, feeding cattle, but, above all, studying the word of God. Columba often sailed across to the mainland and preached to the people; they heard him gladly, and many were converted to God.

We are told that he would spend whole days and nights exploring difficult passages in the precious manuscripts, and he taught others what he had himself learnt, so that from their rocky island-home a little band of missionaries went out, one by one, to travel far and wide over Holland, France, Switzerland, and Italy, bearing with them the precious seed of God's truth, while they supported themselves by the work of their own hands.

It is too true that these missionaries taught some things which are not to be found in God's word, for, during the five centuries which had rolled by since the Lord Jesus left this world to go to His Father, much error had crept into His church; still at this time the missionary colleges, such as that founded by Columba at Iona, were not subject to the church of Rome. Some of Columba's teaching has come down to us. "The Holy Ghost," he said, "makes a servant of God. The Holy Scriptures are the only rule of faith; throw aside all merit of works, and look for salvation to the grace of God alone. Beware of a religion which consists in outward observances; it is better to keep the heart pure than to abstain from meats."

When any man offended him, we are told, he forgave him; when any offended God, he prayed for him.

The missionaries from Iona made some attempts to preach to the Saxons, and turn them to God from idols, but this fierce people believed that their gods had given them the victory, and refused to listen to men whom they counted their slaves.

But the day came when Oswald, the son of one of these persecuting heathen kings, had to fly from his home. He took refuge in Scotland, and loved to listen to the old men at Iona. They spoke to him of how the Lord Jesus Christ, now in heaven, is the head of His church, and the young prince promised that he would never acknowledge any other. He longed to go as a missionary among his own people. When he did return, however, it was as their king. He reigned over the northern part of Britain, and he sent to ask for a missionary from Iona who should help him to teach his subjects.

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"The people are so obstinate," said Corman, the missionary, who had been sent; "they are so hard and obstinate, I cannot teach them,"—and he returned to Iona.

As Aidan, one of the brethren of the island, heard his complaint, he said, half to himself, "If Thy love had been offered to this people, O my Saviour, how many hearts would have been touched? I will go and make Thee known—Thee, who breaketh not the bruised reed."

Then, turning to Corman he said gently, "Brother, was it their stubbornness or your severity? Haply you forgot God's word, to give them the milk first and then the meat."

Aidan did go, and even his want of knowledge of the tongue then spoken north of the river Humber, was no hindrance to him in his work, for Oswald joyfully received him, and many a time a sight strange enough in those days was seen—the missionary preaching to the people while their king stood beside him interpreting his words.

The missionaries from Iona were very dear to the English people; and they would throng around one, if by chance they met him, begging him to teach them the word of God.

One of these men of God is particularly remembered, his name was Cuthbert, and his delight was to wander on foot through the most out-of-the-way mountain districts and carry the good news of God to lonely hamlets, from which others might have turned aside. Journeys in those times were not tours of pleasure, however beautiful the country might be through which the traveller was passing, but often full of hardships and dangers.

"What shall we do?" said his companions, one day when a heavy snowstorm had rendered their only road impassable; "the snow closes our road along the shore; the storm bars our way over the sea."

"There is still the way to heaven that lies open," said Cuthbert, with a smile, as he plodded on through the drifts.

We cannot wonder that in later times when they thought of these devoted servants of God, men called the island, which had been their home, the "Light of the Western World." C.P.

ANSWERS TO JUNE QUESTIONS.

1. John i. 14 and 18. The Lord's words to Philip, John xiv. 9.—2. See the Lord's words to the Samaritan woman, John iv. 10. See St. Paul's words (Rom. vi. 23, and 2 Cor. ix. 15.)—3. St. Paul, when a prisoner at Philippi, and when answering for himself at Cæsarea before King Agrippa, and Bernice, and Festus, proved the truth of the words of Jesus, "Whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst." (John iv. 14), and "He that cometh to Me shall never hunger: and he that *believeth on Me shall never thirst*" (*John* vi. 35).—4. *Any man.* Living water. The Spirit (John vii. 37-39).—5. Philip. Bethsaida his city (Ch. i. 44.) "Follow Me," first said to him by the Lord (i. 43); Philip finds Nathanael (i. 45, 46): Jesus asks him about the bread (vi. 5, 7); Greeks tell Philip they "would see Jesus;" he and Andrew "tell Jesus" (Ch. xii. 21, 22); to this apostle the Lord said, "Have I been so long time with you, and yet hast thou not known Me, Philip?" (John xiv. 8, 9); he was among the company of disciples at Jerusalem after the ascension (Acts i. 13), and on the day of Pentecost (Acts ii. 1, 14).—6. That he was *blind from his birth.* (John ix. 1.)—7. From *about the twenty-sixth verse of chapter vi. to the end of chapter* xi.—8. To Thomas (John xx. 29), "Whom having not seen, ye love." (1 Pet. i. 8.)

QUESTIONS FOR JULY.

1. In speaking of His sheep (John x. 28), the Lord said, "I give unto them *eternal life.*" Where did He Himself explain what the eternal life is which is given to God's children?—2. What wonderful truth concerning God was first told by the Lord Jesus to Nicodemus?—3. What words, uttered by Jesus upon the cross, are told us only by St. John? Does any one of them remind you of an expression which He used, in speaking to His Father, in chapter xvii.?—4. At what season of the year do you suppose that the feeding of the multitudes (chapter vi.) took place? Give your reasons.—5. *How often* does St. John tell us of our Lord's life being attempted by wicked men? Give particulars of each attempt, with references.—6. To whom did the Lord say the following words: (*a*) "He that hath seen Me hath seen the Father"; (*b*) "If ye know these things, happy are ye if ye do them"; (*c*) "I am the Resurrection and the Life"; (*d*) "Will ye also go away?"; (*e*) "Whosoever committeth sin is the servant of sin"; (*f*) "Dost thou believe on the Son of God?"; (*g*) "If any man thirst, let him come unto Me, and drink"; (*h*) "My kingdom is not of this world"; (*i*) "Be not faithless, but believing"; (*j*) "If a man love Me, he will keep My words"; (*k*) "Those that Thou gavest Me I have kept"; (*l*) "Follow thou Me." Give references.—7. We read in this gospel of two men who came to Jesus by night, at different times, and for very different purposes. Who were they?—8. How did the Roman soldiers who crucified Jesus unconsciously fulfil the scripture written concerning Him?

Direct your answers to

QUESTIONS,
Care of Mr. ALFRED HOLNESS,
14, Paternoster Row,
LONDON, E.C.

stating your age and giving your address. Let such as may change their address not forget to tell us. Your replies must be sent in not later than the 25th of the month.

The names of our young friends who have gained the prizes for the best answers to our questions from March to July will be found on page 3 of the wrapper of our September number. The prizes will be awarded and sent in August, if possible, to those who have gained them.

We are desired to say that in answer to one of our questions the number of times the words Life, Light, Truth, and Love are stated was incorrectly printed, and that that question is therefore withdrawn.

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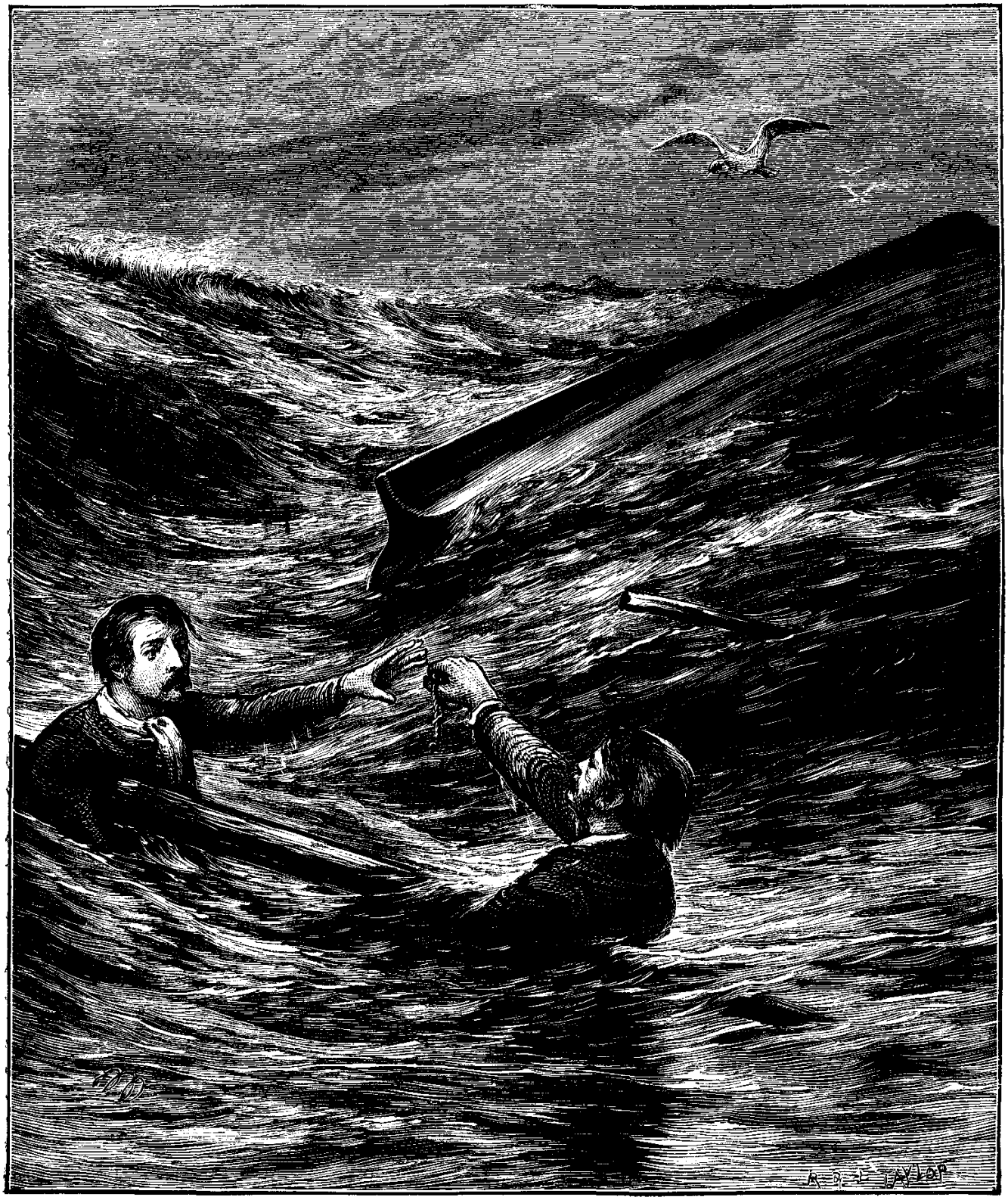
FAITHFUL WORDS

For Old and Young.



"WE CANNOT BOTH BE SAVED."

WE CANNOT BOTH BE SAVED.

WE are not unaccustomed to hear tales of the self-forgetful devotedness of human affection, and as we think of them we say, "Yes, it was very beautiful, but what will not a mother do to save her child from perishing?" or, "It was a noble act, but how could a father stop to think of danger to himself when the safety of his child was at stake?" That even our poor human love should spend itself to the uttermost upon its objects seems to us only natural and right, but now and then instances of self-renunciation are met with, where no strong bond unites the one who deliberately gives up the only hope of rescue for the sake of the other, if only he may save him from perishing. Such cases make us pause to ask where the motive for the deliberate choice lay; surely it must be sought beyond the sphere of human affection, in the depths of a heart which has known the constraining power of the love of Christ.

As we write we think of one, young, happy, beloved, who made choice of death rather than life just at the threshold of a career which seemed to offer fair prospects only. This was not because life was not dear, not in blind heedlessness of the future, but from the deliberate conviction that he himself was, by God's mercy, ready for the great eternity which lies near us all, while the companion with whom his lot was cast, at the moment of terror and danger, was not ready.

It was the old story of a boating accident; two young men had gone out alone, their boat overturned, and, after a brief interval of bewildered struggling in the water, they found themselves both holding on, clinging for dear life to the slender mast. It was a frail support, too frail to bear their weight, and, as it sank beneath his grasp, one of the drowning men began to curse the ill-luck which had left them in such a helpless plight.

The bitter words of the scorner reached the ears of his companion, who grasped the other end of the mast, and told their own mournful, but unmistakable tale concerning him who uttered them. In a moment his resolution was taken. "We cannot both be saved," he said, as a sudden wave bore him nearer to his friend; "this poor mast will only float one of us, and if *you* sink as you are, you must be lost for ever. Carry this home to my mother"—and he took his watch from his pocket—"and tell her we shall meet in heaven." Then, with one last look upon the face of his friend, he let go his hold and drifted away. No help was near; a few feeble efforts to keep himself afloat soon exhausted the young man's strength;

> "And then, by toil subdued, he drank
> The stifling wave; and then he sank."

Sank, to rise no more, within sight of him for whom he had given his life; for but a short time passed before succour came to the young man who still held on to the drifting mast, and he was saved.

For two whole years the rescued man kept the watch which had been given him with such a solemn charge; he dared not deliver it to the mother of his dead friend, nor did he tell the touching tale of his last moments to anyone. His lips seemed sealed as with an iron seal, yet still as he went about day by day, the picture of that bright young form sinking beneath the waves was ever before his eyes, and all the voices of this world's mirth could not drown those last solemn words of warning to him, "as you are, you must be lost for ever," nor those words of confidence concerning his own future uttered by the friend who had so willingly died in his stead.

It was not until he was himself brought to God that the rescued man began to understand how much he owed to his friend. Then it was he found heart to tell the story of the Christ-like death. "Those were true words," he said, "terribly true—'If you sink as you are, you must be lost for ever!' Oh, my friend, you gave your life to save me, not only from the death which threatened us both as we drifted on the wide sea, but from the unspeakable woe of that endless death which must have been my portion if I had died in my sins. I know," he continued, as he handed the watch to the mother of his friend, and delivered his last message to her—"I know that his love for me was like the love of

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Christ." The mother could thank God, in the midst of her sorrow, as she heard the tale. God in His grace had enabled her son, in the hour of extremity, to be more than conqueror through Him whose love was a reality to his heart.

FOR EVER AND EVER.

WHAT a blessing in the hands of God is the printing press! How many souls have reaped lasting benefit from reading the tracts and books so widely circulated in the present day; and what an encouragement it is to those, who distribute them when they hear of a person brought to Christ through their means.

An earnest Christian, one who delights in seizing opportunities of serving his Master, having occasion to pass through a room in which a young man was sitting, said to him in a pleasant way, "Will you allow me to present you with a little book?" James did not like to refuse, and coldly answered, "Yes." "But I've another favour to ask," continued the gentleman, "will you promise to read it?" In a careless manner James then put the little book into his pocket, but still he said "Yes" a second time.

When James R—— put his hand into his pocket a few hours after, he felt the little book there, and suddenly the thought flashed across his mind, "I *must* read it, or I shall have told an untruth," for he scorned the very idea of a lie.

James never imagined that through reading the book a great and wonderful change in himself would be the result. The first words that met his eye were the following, "And the smoke of their torment ascendeth up FOR EVER AND EVER," which are taken from the 11th verse of the 14th chapter of the Book of the Revelation.

These words, "FOR EVER AND EVER"—"FOR EVER AND EVER" were deeply impressed on his mind; the awful thought that the wicked should endure their torment "*for ever and ever*," without any hope of an end to their misery and woe, took possession of his whole being. He read the book through, from beginning to end, and as he closed it he felt, for the first time in his life, that he was a sinner in the presence of God, and in danger of that punishment which endures "*for ever and ever*."

No young man had been more zealous than he in seeking the pleasures of the world and the enjoyment of the society of gay and worldly people like himself, but now the reading of that book, and the application by the Holy Spirit of that solemn verse to his soul, seemed to alter everything. He could no longer enter into those amusements which before had so thoroughly charmed him. The cry of his heart was, "What must I do to be saved?" His earnest longing was to be certain of escaping everlasting punishment. At first he tried to get peace to his soul by performing deeds of kindness and benevolence, thinking to atone for his sins by giving away money to the poor. But could this satisfy the conscience that had been stirred up by the Lord? Indeed, it could *not*. James still felt the weight and burden of his sins, and was daily learning that in him there dwelt "no good thing."

At last he determined to seek out the gentleman who had given him the book, tell him all that had passed, and see if he could give him any advice that would help him. James was most kindly and cordially received, and thus a friendship began which only terminated when the elder man was called away from earth to be "for ever with the Lord."

In the course of conversation, James remarked to his friend, "Some time ago, when I was preparing of an evening to meet my young worldly friends, I did not think of weariness, although I had been employed all day in my usual occupation; but now, when I want to go to a prayer-meeting, or anything of that sort, I often feel tired and languid. Then the thought crosses my mind that I have an enemy drawing me back, and I begin to question whether I love the Lord or not."

"Yes," was the reply, "you were like a man running upstairs without any hindrance, but now you feel as if you had a log tied to your leg. Remember that you were running

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formerly just in the direction in which the devil wanted you to go, and now he seeks to hinder you in your efforts to walk in the right way. You are feeling the pressure of sin on your conscience and heart, but it seems to me that all this time you are trying to *do* something to render yourself fit for God—is it not so?" And then this kind friend told him of the precious blood that "cleanseth us from all sin," of the love of God, His wondrous love, in giving His Son to die. As the "old, old story" was repeated, James received the blessed truth into his heart, and knew that not only was he spared from torment "*for ever and ever*," but that God loved *him*, so poor and unworthy one, and that now he was a child of God.

No longer almsgiving in order to be saved; no longer the bondage of a slave; but the happy freedom of a child rejoicing in a father's love, and ever looking forward to the delights of the father's home.

"And these shall go away into everlasting punishment: but the righteous into life eternal." (Matthew xxv. 46). H. L. T.

LOVE'S MOTIVE.

We love for a reason; there is always a *because* in our love. God loves without a reason. In due season Christ died *for the ungodly*. B—k.

BROUGHT TO GOD.

CHRIST died that He might bring us to God; this was God's purpose from the beginning; but what was in the way? Righteousness. The moment Christ died, the veil was rent, and the Saviour and His saved were brought into immediate proximity to God, in the light. Now He has His wish: the heavens are opened; there is nothing between us and God but the veil of this body: in title we are with Him now: the cross has opened heaven; the glory is its answer. B—k.

BROKEN BONDS.

THERE was a regiment quartered in the garrison, at—— where were two christian friends, Grey and Hamilton—the conversion of the former of whom we related in our last number. The regiment had the reputation of being one of the worst, morally speaking, in the service; its officers were a wild, drunken set, given to swearing; and their recklessness may be imagined from the fact, that a popular amusement after mess was for one of them to hold up a penny as a butt for pistol shooting. On one of these occasions a man's thumb happened to be shot off instead of the penny, but this did not stop the game, which was, of course, a betting one.

Grey and Hamilton knew a young lieutenant in this regiment, whom they longed, with God's help, to lead to Christ. He was what men call "a fine fellow," naturally, and generally liked; frank, upright, and chivalrous. The two friends had often shown him that he was utterly neglecting his never-dying soul, without, apparently, any movement being made in him; but they knew that his satisfaction in his present career was somewhat disturbed.

One day Grey met him, and said, by way of greeting, "Well, how are you getting on, Fairfax?"

"I'm not getting on at all. I am wretched," was the answer.

"I am very glad to hear it," replied his friend.

"Glad to hear it! You shouldn't answer me in that sort of way. I tell you I am wretched and miserable."

"And I say I am very glad to hear it, and I hope you will be worse. I am not wretched and miserable, and why should you be?"

"I wish I was not. I can't get any rest. I don't know what is the matter with me."

"Whether it is that you feel the burden of your sins, or whatever the source of your unhappiness may be, there is only one permanent remedy," replied his friend. "Come to Christ, and you will be as happy as I am."

"You are always telling me to come to Christ," said Fairfax, impatiently, "and I have not an idea what you mean."

Then Grey explained that coming to Christ was the heart-belief of His words, the surrendering the heart to Him.

Fairfax only shook his head gloomily, saying, "I don't understand anything about it."

"Don't try to grapple with the way of peace as with an intellectual problem. God speaks to you. Your responsibility is to believe what God says. If you want to be saved from everlasting death, and to have God for your Father in this world, the first thing necessary is that you should believe His word. And His first word to you is that you are a sinner."

"I do know that," said Fairfax; "I should think I did."

"'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.) 'He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life.'" (John iii. 36.)

But Fairfax only replied with an abrupt "good-bye," and was off, leaving his friend disappointed, but not discouraged.

A few days after this conversation, with a vivid remembrance of his own happy experience of death-beds, Grey asked Fairfax to visit the hospital with him, and Fairfax agreed. The thermometer being below zero at the time, the windows were never opened. Grey read and prayed amidst the sick for about an hour, Fairfax sat down, and behaved himself quietly until they got out; when his anger burst forth. "How could you take me into that den, letting me in for such a dismal, doleful morning?" Grey wished his friend good-bye, and again left him disappointed.

Shortly after this, Fairfax, who had a small farm, saw a sheep straying. The snow had just begun to melt, and the ground was very heavy; he drove the sheep down to a gate, but just as he was getting it through into the enclosure with the flock, it turned and rushed past him. This sort of work went on for some time, when Fairfax, with oaths, cried, "You brute! I wish you were dead!" The sheep instantly fell down. Fairfax went up to it, ascertained that it was dead, and then stood beside it as though turned to stone. He did not try to assign the incident to natural causes, or call it a coincidence. He was impressed by the awfulness of God, who, it seemed to him, had asserted His power in indignation at the sinful appeal made to Him. He felt at once that God might send out His judgments against him next, and cut him off. The words of his friends came back to him, and he wished, in his fear, that he could say the great God was his Father.

An interval of many months, possibly a year, followed this incident. Fairfax had taken the position of a seeker, but could not understand how to come to Christ. He supposed he had not enough faith. Theoretically, he received the Bible as the word of God, and agreed that the doctrine of justification by faith was contained therein; but he could not believe for himself.

But God was working in his soul. He felt not only that he was a sinner, but he feared God, and owned His righteousness; thus repentance and turning to God were wrought in his soul, yet without his knowledge of what God was working in him. Up till the time here described the work was the breaking down of his soul's stubbornness, that his heart, broken and subdued, might be ready for the reception of Christ. We shall now see how God used another incident to teach him what faith is.

One day he asked Grey and Hamilton to go out with him for a cruise in a yacht. It was a sunny morning when the friends started, but when they were returning a dense Newfoundland fog came on, and made their position one of considerable peril. Night was setting in, the fog had blotted out sea and sky, making it impossible to steer.

Suddenly Grey exclaimed, "Our motto this morning was, 'In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy paths.'" (Prov. iii. 6.) "Let us plead the promise," said Hamilton, "and we shall be guided what to do." And they knelt down on the deck while one of them prayed.

In a minute or two Hamilton, who had gone to the bow, cried out, "Look, the fog is clearing!" and as he spoke it divided before the little vessel, making, as it were, a path across the ocean.

"The lighthouse! the lighthouse!" was the next cry, as all saw the bright dot, ten miles off, flash out.

One of the sailors produced a compass and

lantern, and they took their bearings, but this was no sooner done than the walls of vapour closed up again, and all was dark as before. Nevertheless, the voyagers had seen the light, and received their guidance, and independent now of their surroundings steered straight up to their destination.

Fairfax was much impressed by this answer to prayer, and while his mind was full of it, he related the story to a clergyman, of whose sympathy he felt assured. However, throughout the narrative this christian friend listened with an expression of countenance calculated to make a speaker regret his confidence, and observed, at the end, with dry emphasis, "A very remarkable story. Now if most people had told me that, I should not have believed it; indeed, as it is, I frankly confess it is a *most* remarkable story."

"But I assure you that it's true, every word of it. Perhaps you didn't understand that I was there myself?"

"But, you see, I was not," was the reply.

"I don't understand you"; and Fairfax got vexed. "I tell you I saw it all with my own eyes."

"But I didn't," was the answer, given again, with emphasis on the I.

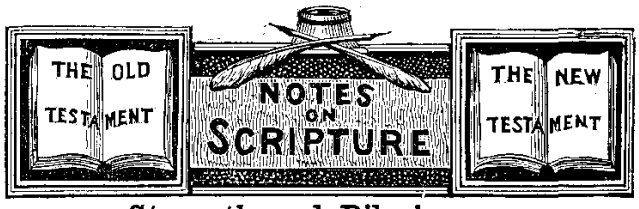
"What do you mean, sir? You don't venture to tell me to my face that you doubt my word?"

"Oh, you thought you saw all this, of course; but perhaps you dreamt it, or perhaps you have not related it quite as it happened; or it may even be something peculiar in our minds, relatively, which unfits me to take in what you say. You will not think the worse of me, will you?" Then the clergyman, seeing Fairfax's vexation, put his hand on his arm, and said quietly, "Now, my dear Fairfax, you are angry with me for doubting your word—a mere man, while you continue to doubt the word of God. You feel, and rightly, that I insult you when I refuse to accept what you tell me as true; yet you calmly and complacently announce that you do not believe the God of truth. It is written, 'He that believeth not God hath made Him a liar.'" (1 John v. 10.)

In that instant scales fell from the eyes of the young man, and he saw with dismay what his conduct had been towards his God. He expected his fellow-creatures to believe him, yet he had been insulting God.

The consciousness of the sin which his whole life had been towards God, and of the love and patience shown by God towards him, entered his mind at the same moment, his heart was softened at the thought of this wonderful forbearance, contrasted with his own anger at the idea of being doubted. He was enabled to believe the love of Christ, and then and there he received Him. He saw unbelief to be a hideous sin, and he praised God at his deliverance from it, and entered joyfully into the rest of faith.

A few days after this Grey met him near the hospital, the scene of their former "dismal, doleful morning" together, when Fairfax said smilingly, "I am going into the hospital to get my spirits up," for with the new-found joy in Christ new desires had filled his heart. His pleasure now was in the things he formerly hated. G.C.C.



Strength and Pilgrimage.

WE must refer our reader to our June issue for the paper of which this is a continuation. Our subject is pilgrimage and faith; the verses now before us being the 11th to the 16th of Hebrews xi. The reader will observe, that from the 8th to the 16th verses of this chapter the theme is mainly pilgrimage. Some of the qualities marking true pilgrimage have already occupied us.

By faith Sarah received *strength* to become the mother of Isaac, through whom the Seed came. It is especially interesting to note this fact as here recorded by the Spirit of God, for we cannot forget Sarah's laughter of unbelief when in the tent door she heard the Lord's words to Abraham: "Sarah thy wife shall have a son." (Gen. xviii. 10.) She laughed within herself, as if what God had said was impossible of realization. Then the Lord said

to Abraham, "Wherefore did Sarah laugh?" She was measuring the divine promise by her own strength. How often are we like Sarah in this respect? Let us heed the Lord's words of gentle rebuke to her: "Is anything too hard for the Lord?" Faith looks to God. With God all things are possible, and all things are possible to him that believeth. Blessed assurance for the people of God!

We know that Sarah denied her laughter, for she feared the rebuke of the Lord, but He said to her, "Nay; but thou didst laugh." The Lord would not allow her to escape from the exposure of her unbelief to herself. We may say that it is His way with His people, to teach us in our souls what we really are in His presence. Such dealing with us lays us bare before Him; it also teaches us truly to trust in Him. Now we can but feel that the exercise of soul Sarah passed through must have led her to God in a peculiar way, so that she could say experimentally, "Is anything too hard for the Lord?" for "by faith Sarah received *strength*."

Sarah did not forget her want of faith in her day of realized blessing, and most touchingly she refers to it when Isaac was born: "And Sarah said, God hath made me to laugh, so that all that hear will laugh with me." (Ch. xxi. 6.) God had turned the doubting laugh at His promise, into the joyous laugh of exultation in Himself.

Let us be sure of this, if the consciousness of helplessness and death in ourselves seemed to forbid our hopes of blessing, we shall not wish to hide our seasons of want of faith, at the time when the gracious intervention of God brings in life and blessing. It is most encouraging to see this holy woman of old time, with the promised son in her arms, thus gratefully confessing what God had wrought in her. He had given her the faith, and her faith's fulfilment.

There is laughter—joy in its highest sense—for all the pilgrims to glory, who really trust God. He turns our hopeless moments into occasions of deep joy by giving us to trust in Himself.

We next mark the result of Sarah's faith: "Therefore sprang there even of one, and him as good as dead, so many as the stars of the sky in multitude, and as the sand which is by the sea shore innumerable." A family shall spring up in resurrection. From death heaven and earth will be peopled. This refers to the Lord Himself, who died and rose again for God's people.

Turning from the vast issues arising from the resurrection of our Lord, let us for a moment apply these words to our own daily lives, as we think we may, without speaking of their direct interpretation. We may safely assert, he who has faith in God, who counts Him faithful in the presence of what nature can only see to be death, will assuredly find that great fruits of blessing shall follow his faith.

Sarah received strength by her faith in God, and the life and joy that followed as the result of her faith, was not only for herself, but of a far-reaching kind for others. As we have said, she had to go through the necessary exercise of soul; she had to learn God's strength in herself, before she rejoiced in what God had done for her; but the reward that followed was not for herself only, for to this day her words are proven, "All that hear will laugh with me."

Faith in God produces a harvest of blessing, and what at the first was gained in deep exercise of soul for oneself, becomes also a rich reward for others. He who has true faith in God for the difficulties of the day, will assuredly, by his faith, help other believers to rejoice in God also.

The holy people of old, spoken of in our chapter, died in faith, they were a waiting people; Christ the promised seed and the city of God's building were before them in prospect. Christ has now come, He is ours, but we too are going home and hence too are waiting in spirit.

We derive strength from God for life's difficulties as we journey on; but let us keep continually before us that we are journeying on; we are going home to God. This world is not our rest, it is the place where we learn God in adverse circumstances.

In faith, the company of pilgrims died, "not having received the promises, but having seen them and greeted them from afar,

and having confessed that they were strangers and pilgrims on the earth." Heb. v. 13 (R.V.)

There is exceeding beauty in these words, which so fully characterize the heavenward walk of God's people. We see in them the strength which is stronger than death. Like a bright beacon, the promises guided them on their path, and as they drew towards its end, the light of the beacon shone the brighter to their eye of faith. Time rolled them daily on to God. Their steps led them daily nearer to "a country of their own." (R.V.) How true is this of the children of faith. Heaven is, indeed, for such "a country of their own"—

Heaven is our fatherland,
Heaven is our home.

—This confession of being strangers and pilgrims on this earth is not a mere form of words. A stranger is one, who is away from his home. The things around him may be beautiful, but they are not those of his home. We admire the glories of the snow-clad mountains and the loveliness of the flowers of other lands, but we pass through these scenes; we are not at home; we are strangers on our way to England. Our ways, our language, make it manifest to the people of the land through which we pass that we are seeking a country of *our own*. A stranger has not the ways of the people of a foreign land, a pilgrim hastens through it. Such characteristics mark the child of faith in this world. He is known by his language and his behaviour.

We read of "pilgrims" now-a-days, who travel to some shrine, taking return tickets for their journey. Such travellers illustrate verbal pilgrimage. We cannot be strangers and pilgrims on Sundays and on religious occasions, nor just while singing hymns of heaven; no, it is the course of a lifetime that proves what we are. Settling down in the world, giving ourselves to its ease and luxury, or its ways and prospects, deny us the title of strangers and pilgrims.

God looks to us for purpose of heart; these holy men and women of old "might have had opportunity to have returned," but their backs were towards the country whence they came out. We do not forget how some of Israel in the wilderness sighed for Egypt and its flesh-pots and onions, and we remember Lot's wife looking back upon Sodom. These were not pilgrims in truth, and they perished by the way. When a saint of God forgets his calling, and attempts to combine in his heart the world and heaven, he lives a disappointed life, and dies a death of self-reproach.

Most cheering are the words to the stranger and the pilgrim, "God is not ashamed to be called their God." Have we truly trusted His word? He finds pleasure in our confidence in Himself. The eternal God looks down from heaven, His dwelling place, and is not ashamed of the weakest child, who believes His word. Let us stir up our souls to more confidence in God, not only for life's steps, but also for looking to Him as the God of resurrection.

Do we, not only as a fact marked by the flux of time,

"Nightly pitch our moving tent
A day's march nearer home,"

but as a heart enjoyment? We are going daily on to meet God. Now is our salvation nearer than when we believed. All that is solid and abiding is before us. Beyond us are gathered very many of our fondest friends; they "died according to faith," and God "hath prepared for them a city." There will be no pitching of tents in heaven—no days marches there; it will be eternal rest in the presence of God.

THE SECRET OF THE LORD.

GOD has His private as well as His public ways of teaching and of dealing with His people. His hand is to be seen in public acts, in government and in deliverance, and though, perhaps, none other eye, save that of His child with whom He is specially working can see it, still His hand is plainly to be observed in His secret ways.

We learn God in the most intimate manner by what He works within our souls. We learn Him in secret. Many know a good deal *about* God; few know much of God Himself.

We would suggest the need there is for mediation. There are great lessons to be learned when, alone in God's presence, we wait to hear His voice to us.

'TELL ME A STORY, PLEASE.'

Tell me a Story, please.

"TELL me a story, please, Edith"; and a small hand was coaxingly laid on my arm, and a very pleading little face looked up to mine.

"Tell you a story, Bessie! I wonder what kind of a story would interest you most."

"A true story, or, of course, I should not care for it. Tell me about something that happened when you were a little girl—the best thing you can remember."

"The best thing I can remember in connection with my own early life is that, when I was a little girl, not quite eleven years old, the Holy Spirit of God showed me what I was—a sinful and lost child, and then led me to trust in the Lord Jesus as my Saviour. But you will not understand my story unless I

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begin at the beginning, and tell you that, as my mother died when I was a little baby—too young to remember even now how she used to look—I went to live with my grandparents. They were very kind to me; indeed, if I had been their own little girl they could hardly have been more so. I was not sent to school, but my grandmamma taught me at home, and so I learnt not only to read and write, but many other things that were useful for me to know. I was very fond of reading, and read a great many books, and I cannot remember a time when I did not love to read the Bible. Once, when I was about five years old, after I had been reading about the Lord Jesus, I cried so much that my grandmamma thought I was ill, or in pain, and I could not tell her what my trouble was, for I did not know the right words, but I know now that it was the sense of unpardoned sin. Child as I was, I felt myself to be a sinner against God. After that, while I was still only a little girl, the Holy Spirit often strove with me, but I would not yield to His gentle whisper in my soul, urging me to be a christian. I kept putting it off, thinking that I did not understand how I could go to Jesus; and that it would be easier when I grew older. But the Lord Jesus looked in love and pity; He thought about me, cared for me, though I did not then know Him as my Saviour.

"When I was about ten years of age, a lady, who was slightly acquainted with my grandmamma, called at our house, and asked if I might be allowed to attend the Sunday-school. I wished very much to go, but my grandmamma would not consent. But did the lady give it up, and say, 'It is no use trying; that little girl will never be allowed to be a Sunday scholar'? Oh, no; she had read in the precious word of God, 'And let us not be weary in well-doing: for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not.' (Gal. vi. 9.) In a few weeks she called again, asking, as a favour to herself, that I might be allowed to go 'just for once.' She did not meet with a refusal again.

"The following Lord's Day I was taken by her to the Sunday-school. I was placed in the Bible-class, though by several years the youngest there. A very earnest, faithful teacher won my affection at once, and week by week I used to kneel in prayer, and ask God, who I felt quite sure was able to do all things, to make my grandmamma willing before I asked her that I might attend the Bible-class. I had not attended it very long before I became really anxious to know how I could be saved. I did not understand how I could go to Jesus, for I knew that He was no longer a man upon earth. Often I thought I would tell my teacher how much I longed to be a child of God, and ask her how I could become one. But Satan, who always seeks to hinder souls from coming to the Saviour, put something in the way time after time, so that my teacher never knew that the heart of at least one little girl in her class was burdened by a sense of sin—was longing, oh, so deeply, for peace and pardon.

"Sometimes I used to write a note to ask, 'What must I do to be saved?' but when the time came to give it to my teacher, I thought I had not written it well enough for her to read, or else I had held it in my hot hand till the outside looked quite soiled, and I would not give it to her.

"But the Lord, who knew my need, met it in His own way. I told you, Bessie, at the beginning of my story that I was very fond of reading. We had a library in connection with the school, and I enjoyed reading some of the books very much. One afternoon a book was placed in my hands by the teacher who attended to the library. I did not think at first that I should find it interesting, for there were not any pictures in it, and the binding was worn and old."

"What was the book about?"

"It was a true story of one of God's servants—one who was used in bringing many souls to Christ. In that book I found the answer to the question I had so long been asking. Four lines of poetry showed me God's way of peace. They were:—

"Believe on Him who died for thee;
And sure as He has died,
Thy debt is paid, thy soul is free,
And thou art justified.

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"I was alone when I read these lines, and I said, I know it was the Lord Jesus who died for me, and I think these words must be true, they are so like some I have read in the Bible: 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.' (Acts xvi. 31.) So, very simply trusting in Christ, I knelt down and thanked God, who had so loved me as to give His own Son to bear the punishment I deserved, and believing—I knew, because the word of God said it—that I was saved. And the One who saved me when a little girl of eleven years old is the One whose own words are, 'My sheep hear My voice, and I know them, and they follow Me: and I give unto them eternal life; and they shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of My hand.'" (John x. 27, 28.) C. J. L.

LIZZIE'S NEW YEAR'S WISH.

THE last day of the old year was just closing, when a child of fourteen, looking up into her widowed mother's face, said softly, "Mother, dear, kiss me," and as the mother folded her darling in her arms, she laid her head upon her shoulder and whispered, "I should like to wake up in the morning and see my precious Saviour."

This was Lizzie Herbert's wish for the new year which was about to dawn upon her.

Her young life had been touched by grief, for early in the year which had now all but passed away, her father had died. While the family took comfort in the sweet assurance which often fell from his lips, that he was "going home," and knew that all was well with him whom they so fondly loved, there was still an empty place in the home which no one could fill, a sense of loss and bereavement which did not pass away.

But it was not the sadness of life without him, nor the desire to be in the place of rest and peace into which her dear father had entered, that made little Lizzie utter her new year's wish. Some time before, when a friend, knowing her affectionate nature, had said to her, "You will soon see your father again, Lizzie,"

She had replied earnestly—

"I want to see Jesus, my Saviour, first"; for she could not think of the home to which she was going without thinking first of Him who is not only the "Lord of that place," as the hymn which children know so well says, but the light and the joy of it.

Pushing away the bedclothes and laying her hand, so small and thin, upon her heart, Lizzie said,—

"I have Jesus here, mother; I am going to Him, and the thought of it makes me so happy; but oh, how I wish you could come, too."

The mother's heart echoed the words—Lizzie was her especial treasure, greatly beloved in her house for her sweet unselfish ways. When she had been strong and well her brothers and sisters could plainly see that Lizzie, who was always giving up her own will, and who took such pleasure in doing little acts of kindness, was indeed a follower of Him who was meek and lowly in heart. And now, as they watched her upon her bed of pain, they saw that the hope of soon being with the Lord Jesus was such a reality to her that all else was as nothing in comparison with it.

"Shall we sing to you, dear?" some friends asked one day, as they stood beside the pale sufferer.

"Yes," she said, "do sing, but sing about Jesus; it must be all about Him."

"Should you like to recover, Lizzie?" another friend asked.

"Yes," replied the sick child, "if it is His will; but I would rather go," she added earnestly, "and see my blessed Saviour."

The new year's sun arose, winter passed away, the early spring came, and still Lizzie lay upon her sick bed, and still she spoke of heaven, and of how ready she was to go, being washed in the Saviour's blood, when the Lord should call her to that blessed house.

"For you know," she would say, simply, "I have such a beautiful white robe."

Dear children, ask yourselves how it came to pass that this child, young as you are, could speak thus. You are sure that it must be a great comfort when one is sick and weak, and friends look sad and anxious, and the

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doctor says, "It cannot be much longer now," to have the blessed Saviour for your friend, and to know that heaven is your bright home, and that you have "a beautiful white robe," like those of whom we read in the Revelation, "that they have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb." But, remember, it was not upon a sick bed that Lizzie first sought the Lord.

She came to Him when she was strong and well, and no one knew that she would die early; and so His love had brightened her life, and it was now her joy and comfort in sickness and in death. The word of God had been her delight, and now, when a friend came to visit her, she would say—

"Do give me some thought of Jesus before you go."

Dear little Lizzie! it was when the pure white snowdrops were blooming in their sheltered nooks, and the garden beds were a-blaze with the yellow crocus flowers, that her new year's wish was granted, and her ransomed spirit went to be in paradise with the One who had loved her and had died for her.

She greatly desired that all she loved should know, as she had been taught to know, the sweetness of the love of Jesus, and to her brother, especially, she said, "Promise to meet me in heaven." This brother has since come to the Saviour who was so dear to Lizzie, and he, too, now seeks to serve the Lord Jesus, and to please Him.

My great desire, dear child, in writing this brief sketch is to lead you also to that same Jesus, in order that when days of sorrow or fear come upon you, as they surely will, you may have a Friend who will never leave you nor forsake you, "a Friend who sticketh closer than a brother." H. N.

THE KING AND THE ARROWS.

IT is a happy thing to trust in God. A little boy, who really trusts in his father's love, never feels that his father grows tired of helping him; neither does he think, who truly trusts God, that God is or can be ever weary of caring for him. We may say, the greater the difficulty, the nearer God is to us. When all forsook St. Paul, and left him to answer his accusers alone before the Roman authorities, he said, "The Lord stood with me, and strengthened me." (2 Tim. iv. 17.) He found the Lord with him, giving him power, at that hour in a most distinct way. You may always count upon the Lord when you are suffering for Him.

But God expects faith from His people. This is the lesson the story of the king and the arrows, and his striking the ground, teaches us. Elisha was dying, and king Joash came to his house, and wept over him, for Elisha had been for several years the strength of Israel; his faith in God had brought them many a deliverance. Then Elisha bade the king open the window and shoot an arrow, and the prophet said, "The arrow of the Lord's deliverance, and the arrow of deliverance from Syria" (2 Kings xiii. 17), showing the king how God would deliver Israel from the Syrians.

Having thus spoken, the prophet told the king to take the arrows, and to smite upon the ground. King Joash smote thrice, and stopped. Elisha, the man of God, was vexed at Joash's want of zeal, and told him he should have smitten five or six times, for then he would have completely conquered Syria, but as it was, he should gain but three victories.

How many of God's children are like king Joash—they begin well, and go on a certain way, and then stop—therefore they do not gain complete victory over their difficulties or spiritual enemies. It was this spirit in the king that made the prophet angry.

You have not Syrians to overcome, but each one of you, who believes, has something to conquer for God. To begin with, you can only succeed in His strength: so we say to you, first of all, "Come to our window and shoot your arrow."

Away it flies, piercing the air, now it has fallen into the ground. What does the arrow signify? Just this. God is for you—He will deliver you—therefore you need not fear for any foe. This is bold ground to take up, but not too bold for the least child, who really believes God, and who does what God bids him.

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THE KING AND THE ARROWS.

All this we can tell you just as the prophet spoke to the king, but now *you* must show your faith for your own self. You must your own self smite upon the ground. How much faith have you? How much zeal for God? Ah! how we desire that there should grow up a band of earnest believing overcomers for God amongst our dear young readers. We cannot give you this zeal. Elisha did not tell Joash how often he should strike upon the ground, this was the king's own work, but Elisha was grieved when the king smote only thrice. How many of you shall we find by and bye, were those who God saw upon this earth truly and heartily devoted to Himself?

THE STORY OF BAEDA, THE TRANSLATOR OF ST. JOHN'S GOSPEL.

PERHAPS some of you, dear children, as you read the story, last month, of the sayings and doings of the missionaries from Iona, who, long ago, went about preaching in the north of England, may have wondered how it is we know so much about them. It is wonderful, in one way, that even their names have come down to us, for, you know, they lived nearly three hundred years before our King Alfred, the "great" and the "good," ruled over the south and west. But they were so beloved, that their sayings were treasured in the hearts of the people, and their names were "familiar on their lips as household words" long after they had left the scene of their labours.

There was, moreover, a remarkable man in the north country, who lived some years after Aidan and Cuthbert had passed away, who not only treasured in his heart the memory of these faithful and earnest men, but wrote the story of their work for the time to come. For his "Ecclesiastical History," as well as for his last great work, of which we shall speak presently, Baeda is remembered to this day with gratitude and affection, and is called our first English scholar.

Baeda was born near the banks of the Tyne, and when he was seven years old his parents sent him to be educated at Jarrow, for they thought he was a clever boy, and wished the monks there to teach him their learning. As the boy grew up he studied diligently, and soon from being a learner he began to teach others, still living the life of a student among the scholars at Jarrow. By and by the thought came to him that he would set down in writing the story of how christianity had come to Britain, nearly two hundred years before. I am sure you have read this story in your English History, though you did not know who first wrote it down.

It is the tale we all remember so well of Gregory, the Roman monk. He saw, in Rome, one day, some British children who had been stolen from their country, and taken far over the sea to be sold for slaves. You must remember that the Britains were mostly heathens then. There they stood in the market, their bright, wondering faces and long, fair hair contrasting with the dark complexions of their companions. Gregory asked from what far land they had been brought thither, and was told that they were "Angles;" he looked sadly at the children, and turned away, saying, "Ah, they might be angels, if they were but christians!"

Baeda tells us that as Gregory left the slave market in Rome that day he carried with him an earnest desire. "Why should not I," he said to himself, "by the grace of God, be a missionary and apostle to the Angles?"

There were wild tales abroad of the fierce and cruel deeds of the foreigners who had conquered Britain, and had tried to root out the true faith; but these tales only made Gregory think with pity and longing of the land where the little ray of light which had once shone was being quenched in blood.

Years passed, and he became pope; "Gregory the Great" men called him. Baeda tells us in his History how he determined to send missionaries to win the land of the Angles to the faith of Christ.

When Pope Gregory sent Augustine and his forty monks to "make christians of the Angles," they crossed the sea and landed on our southern coast. Baeda tells us that the reason why Augustine chose to begin his work there was because, although Ethelbert, the king of the Kentish folk, was a pagan and a worship-

per of Woden, the Queen Bercta was a christian. She had learned the knowledge of God in France, and had brought with her to her English home a few christian priests. Their faith and courage, however, was hardly proof against the fear of the powerful and cruel priests of Woden.

Finding at Canterbury the ruined walls of what had been a christian church in the days before the Saxons came, the missionaries built them up again, but beside the little church towered a great pagan temple with its hideous image of the war-god.

It must have been a glad day for Queen Bercta and her countrymen when Augustine arrived and came to ask the king's leave to preach to his people. Ethelbert readily agreed to meet the missionaries and hear what they had to say, but the priests of Woden were sorely displeased, and tried to turn him from his purpose. "At least," they said, "let the meeting be in the open air, where sorcery will not have the power to harm us."

So on the Downs, near Canterbury, the king and queen, with a goodly array of heathen priests and warriors, waited for the missionaries.

Presently the sound of many voices was heard; Augustine and his forty monks were approaching, singing a psalm.

As the strain of their music died away, Augustine, by means of an interpreter, explained to the king the truths of the christian faith, and begged him to allow him to teach them to his subjects. Ethelbert listened. For himself, he said, the faith of his fathers was enough; he was not minded to forsake it for a new faith of which he understood nothing. For his people, Augustine might teach them what he would; he and his fellows should have all they needed, and no man should do them hurt.

Before long, Ethelbert, rather yielding to the entreaties of Bercta than convinced by the words of Augustine, was baptized by the missionaries, and on Christmas-day ten thousand of the Kentish folk crowded to follow the example of their king.

Of this missionary work, with all its "pomp and circumstance," Baeda tells us, as well as of the lowly, quiet work of the missionaries from Iona, which began nearly a century later. The north country where they had preached was his own country, and many who had heard them were yet alive in his time, so that we cannot help wondering whether he noted in his own mind the contrast, and tried to find out from God's word which was the right way of preaching the gospel, as well as the right gospel to preach.

Baeda's History is very interesting, but his last work was his greatest, the work for which we have most cause to remember him. He died at Jarrow, after a life of study, just as he had finished translating the gospel by St. John into the tongue of the common people: the language we now call Anglo-Saxon.

Day by day he grew weaker, at last he could write no more, but lay on his bed while his scholars, who greatly loved him, wrote down the words as he bade them. They marked his wasting form and toiling breath with deep anxiety, and often besought him to spare himself. "We never read without weeping," one of them said afterwards; but Baeda would not rest until his work was done. "Learn with what speed ye may," he said; "I know not how long I may last; I would not have my scholars read a lie when I am gone."

So teacher and scholars wrought on until the end of the twentieth chapter was reached. "Rest, dear master," said the scribe, as he looked up from his task. "Nay," he replied, "take thy pen, dip it in the ink, and write quickly, write on, write fast."

"It is finished now," said the scribe, as he laid down his pen at the last sentence.

"Thou hast said the truth," replied Baeda, and, as he repeated them, the words seemed fraught with a deeper meaning; "it is finished!" Then, bidding them lift his head and turn his face, so that he might look upon the place where he was wont to pray, with failing breath the master once more joined his beloved scholars, as they chanted the solemn anthem, "Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost," and then quietly closed his eyes in death. He had, as has been said of another, "all eternity to rest in."

C.P.

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QUESTIONS FOR AUGUST.

THE questions for the remaining months of this year will be upon the history of St. Peter as it is told in the Gospels and in the Acts. The questions will also occasionally require reference to the Bible generally, and more especially to the two Epistles of Peter.

Although the "disciple whom Jesus loved" does not, as we have seen, even once call himself by name in the Gospel written by him, yet those who have so patiently and carefully studied that Gospel during the past five months, while searching for answers to the questions, must have learned, by comparing it with the other Gospels, a great deal about the writer. They have also traced the history of the apostle James. One more in the group of apostles so often mentioned together remains for us to study—reverently, for he was a most honoured servant of Christ, chief among the apostles—and diligently, for we know that all that is recorded about him was written for our learning.

We should remember that the apostles, though they had the wonderful blessing of being the Lord's chosen companions during those three years when He went about doing good—though they saw His mighty works and heard His gracious words—were yet men living in the world, with their likes and dislikes, eager but hasty spirits, proud yet timid hearts, just like men living in the world to-day. By forgetting this, we lose the lesson which we should learn through seeing how graciously their Master bore with them.

As you trace the tender, watchful ways of the Lord Jesus Christ with the apostle Peter, remember that it is the very same Jesus now in heaven with whom you have to do. No one is so interested in all you do, and to whom you can take your hearts and your lives, day by day, telling Him, as the hymn says—

"Not half the story,
But the whole."

One word to those who have not much time, and to those who may be ill, and so find it difficult to answer all the questions. Do not be discouraged, but just answer as many as you can, and leave the rest.

ANSWERS TO JULY QUESTIONS.

1. John xvii. 3.—2. That God loved the world (chap. iii. 16.)—3. Woman, behold thy Son! Behold thy mother! (chap. xix. 26, 27.) I thirst. It is finished. These last words remind us of the words in chap. xvii. 4.—4. In the spring (chap. vi. 4) because the Passover was kept in the spring, verse 10 tells us there was "much grass in the place," this St. Mark says was "green." Green grass in abundance would be found in Palestine only early in the year, before the burning sun had scorched the country.—5. In chap. v. 16; in verse 18; in chap. vii. 1. At the feast of Tabernacles (chap. vii. 32-45). In the temple (chap. viii. 59); again (chap. x. 31); and again verse 39. The priests and Pharisees took counsel (chap. xi. 49-53); sought for Jesus (verse 56-57). Judas came (chap. xviii. 3-)—6. (*a*) To Philip (chap. xiv. 9.) (*b*) To His disciples (chap. xiii. 17.) (*c*) To Martha (chap. xi. 25.) (*d*) To *the twelve* (chap. vi. 67.) (*e*) To *the Jews* (chap. viii. 34.) (*f*) To the blind man (chap. ix. 35.) (*g*) To all who were around Him in Jerusalem, at the Feast of Tabernacles (chap. vii. 37.) (*h*) To Pilate (chap. xviii. 36.) (*i*) To Thomas (chap. xx. 27.) (*j*) To Judas, not Iscariot (chap. xiv. 23.) (*k*) To His Father about His disciples (chap. xvii. 12.) (*l*) To Peter (chap. xxi. 22.)—7. Nicodemus, to learn of Him; Judas, that he might betray Him.—8. They shared His garments among them, and cast lots for His upper garment, as it was written. (Psalm xxii. 18.) They brake not the legs of the Lord, thus fulfilling what was written (Exodus xii. 46) about the Paschal lamb, which was a type of Christ, "Neither shall ye break a bone thereof"; and concerning the Lord Himself (Psalm xxxiv. 20), "He keepeth all His bones; not one of them is broken." We read also that "one of the soldiers with a spear pierced His side," and in the prophet Zechariah the words, "They" (the people of Jerusalem, when they shall repent and turn to the Lord) "shall look upon Me whom they have pierced." (Zechariah xii. 10.)

QUESTIONS FOR AUGUST.

1. (*a*) In which gospel have we the account of the apostle Peter's first interview with the Lord Jesus? (*b*) To whom did he owe more than to anyone else in the world? (*c*) The word Simon means "hearer." As Jesus gave a name to James and John, so He gave a name to the brother of Andrew. What was it? and what did it mean? By what name does Peter call himself in his Epistles? (*d*) In what character did St. Peter know the Lord when he was first brought to Him?—2. (*a*) Where were the brothers Simon and Andrew when the Lord said to them, "Follow me, and I will make you fishers of men"? and what was their occupation? (*b*) Can you tell where their early home was? (*c*) Where do we read of "the house of Simon and Andrew"? and what happened there?—3. What can you tell of the history of Simon's brother, Andrew? (You will find it chiefly given in the gospel by John.)—4. (*a*) When did Peter find himself in the presence of the Lord of glory, who had power over all creation? (*b*) What effect did the sight of the greatness of the Lord produce in Peter? (*c*) By whom were the words, "Now mine eyè seeth Thee; wherefore I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes," once uttered? (*d*) What was the effect of beholding the glory of the Lord upon the prophet Isaiah? (*e*) Ezekiel? (*f*) Daniel?—5. (*a*) Although Peter felt his unfitness to be in the presence of the greatness of the Lord, he did not go away from Him. How did Jesus comfort him? (*b*) When did the Lord speak the same reassuring words to the beloved disciple?—6. The promise to Peter that he should catch men (take them alive) was repeated. When was it fulfilled?—7. Mention two occasions on which Peter confessed that Jesus was the Christ, the Son of God.—8. (*a*) Peter was generally the first to speak. Give some instances of this. (*b*) Mention an occasion upon which, in his eagerness, Peter proved not a rock, but a stumbling-stone.

Direct your answers to

QUESTIONS,
Care of Mr. ALFRED HOLNESS,
14, Paternoster Row,
London, E.C.,

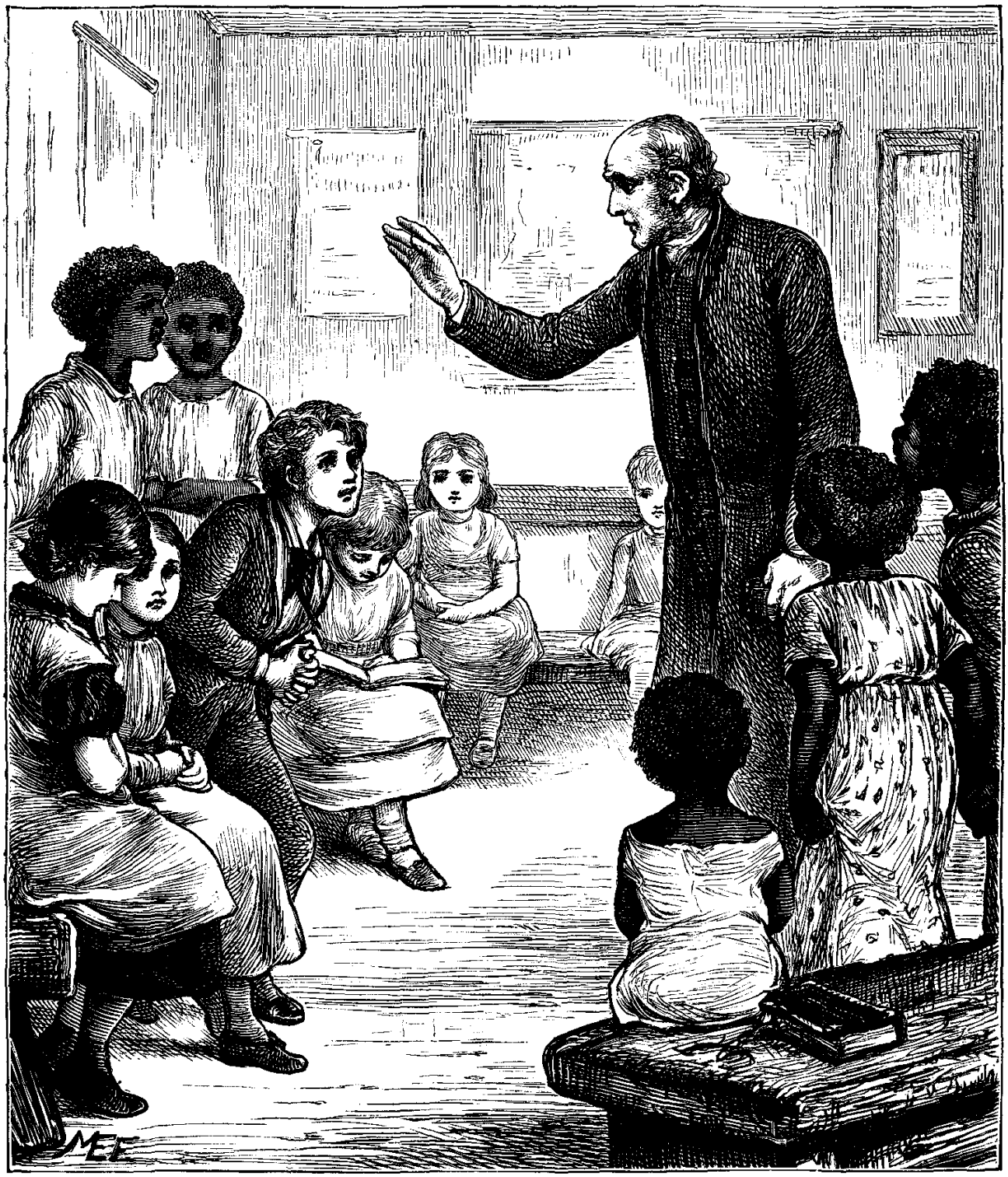
stating your age and giving your address. Let such as may change their address not forget to tell us. Your replies must be sent in not later than the 25th of the month.

The prizes to be awarded at the end of the year will be similar to those we have distributed this month. *See cover, p. 3, Sept. No.*

Faithful Words for Old and Young 10 (1881)

FAITHFUL WORDS

For Old and Young.



THE LAST ADDRESS THEY HEARD.

THE ELEVEN CHILDREN AND THE FLOOD.

A DEVOTED servant of God, who had been labouring for many years in the West Indies, on the morning of January 11th, 1881, entered the church in which he ministered, unusually impressed with the responsibility laid upon him of addressing his large congregation, consisting of white and coloured people.

He took for his text, "Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever" (Heb. xiii. 8), and faithfully and tenderly did he speak of the unchangeable love of the Saviour. At the same time he warned his hearers that, unless they were secure on the Rock of Salvation when the floods of judgment came, there would be no refuge for them.

It was the custom of our friend to open and close his Sunday-school with hymns, followed by prayer, but on this particular day —the first time during a period of nineteen years—he paused at the end of the hymn, and desired the children to wait while he addressed a few words to them. The hymn they had been singing spoke of the flood, and of the open door of the ark for those who believed God in that day. Mr. A. appealed to the children and exhorted them to seek safety at once in Christ, whose loving arms are outstretched to receive all who in this day of grace seek salvation. The truth that in Christ alone is safety to be found from coming judgment filled the preacher's soul, and, by God's grace, the truth reached some, at least, of his hearers.

Eleven of the children—some boys, some girls, some black, some white—at the close of the address went up to their pastor and told him they wished to take their place on the Lord's side. It was a touching sight to witness the earnestness of these dear children. Their kind friend, and also their teachers, who had long been looking to the Lord for real blessing in the various classes, were overjoyed at this token of the work of God among them.

Little, however, did the preacher, or the children and grown-up people who heard him that day, think what was about to happen. Little did they think that his more than usual earnestness was the last warning many of them would ever receive—the last call to them to seek salvation—the last entreaty to them to find mercy.

Midnight came, and, without any warning whatever, a water spout burst in the mountain near their town—Basseterre. Volumes of water, from ten to fifteen feet high, poured down in several streams, with irresistible force sweeping everything before them. Substantial houses, as well as slight tenements, were whirled round like corks by the mighty, resistless torrent; and some were swept miles out to sea. The inhabitants of many of these houses were sleeping calmly, and were awakened only to perish.

When the morning came it broke upon a scene of the direst desolation. The survivors of that awful flood mourned their missing relatives and friends, who had been swept into destruction in a moment. Two hundred and fifty of the inhabitants of the town perished, many of whom were amongst those who had heard the preacher the day before. How many, or how few, we wonder, believed the message and found salvation?

Of the eleven children who came to our friend, saying they wished to be on the Lord's side, all were swept away, not one was left.

How little did the hearers imagine that the Spirit of God was striving with them for the last time as they heard the preacher's earnest words. It was to them the last opportunity. "Now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation."

As the preacher looks back upon that memorable morning and afternoon, he longs to know what only "the day" will declare, even how many of the people he loved really believed the word of God to the saving of their souls.

Dear reader, stop one moment and ask yourself, Has the Spirit of God ever striven with me, and have I responded to His loving entreaties? This world and each unsaved soul is under judgment. The long-suffering of God prolongs the day of grace, but this will soon end, and what an eternity awaits those who have resisted the Spirit of God and despised the warnings of His word!

Very soon the last warning will be ad-

dressed by the servants of God to their fellow men. The last gospel address will before long be uttered, the last call to come to Jesus will soon be made. It may be as congregations break up, people will say, "How earnest he was this morning, or this evening," and then go home to sleep their last sleep. But some, like the eleven little children, will seek and find, they will go from preachers to the Lord, they will enter the ark while yet there is room.

Then will come the long foretold judgment, the flood of wrath. Where will you be in that day? "Be ye, therefore, ready, for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of Man cometh." E.C.

INDECISION.

THE writer had occasion recently to spend a fortnight in an out-of-the-way part of Ireland, and as he was staying close to a farmstead, during the evenings he frequently sat with the household, consisting of two brothers and a sister, all of whom had a reputation in the neighbourhood for godliness. Their barn, some years previously, had been the scene of a happy work of grace, when about twenty souls showed tokens of the Lord's dealing with them, amongst whom was Robert, the elder of the brothers.

During an interesting conversation one evening on matters concerning his soul's peace, it became apparent that though Robert had Godward thoughts and aspirations, and professed to be trusting in Christ's finished work for deliverance from wrath to come, yet, like many others, he seemed to be relying on his own works and walk for present peace with God. I need scarcely add, consequently he did not enjoy it.

The teaching of scripture on these points was gladly appealed to, and many passages dwelt upon, which made it clear that the precious blood of Christ not only gives assurance for the future, but present fitness to meet the holy eye of God. It gives a perfect conscience (Heb. x. 14), removes every fear, meets every inward demand, banishes every accusing thought, and gives the believer "boldness" even now "to enter into the holiest," where God dwells. (Verse 19.)

Robert, though encouraged by these scriptures, still had misgivings, not perceiving the place which works hold in the christian's life. By reference to James ii., he was shown that works corroborate the profession of faith in Christ, whenever the latter is real. A christian should, by his daily life, say to each person he meets, "I will show thee my faith by my works." We are justified before men by works flowing from our faith; God knows our hearts, and He justifies us when we believe on His Son.

On looking back, I cannot help feeling that, if poor Robert had known that his end was so near, he might have taken a deeper interest in the precious revelation of God's heart which we have in His word.

Our God would so eclipse for us this poor present scene and its glitter by the glory which shines beyond — a glory, by means of which we can alone truly estimate all the blessing that there is in Jesus for our hearts— that our identification with Him on earth should be unmistakable, and our confession of His Name distinct.

Shortly after these endeavours to bring our friend to a true sense of his state before God, he met with a gun accident, which in a few hours resulted in his death. His brother states that during those few hours of intense suffering he prayed incessantly.

What heavenly joy would have flooded his soul in the almost immediate prospect of being "with Christ"!—what a glory it would have cast over those few last hours! How precious would be the reflection, could we indulge in it, that Robert had stood identified with his Saviour and Lord in a less doubtful way! Are you confessing Christ? J. K.

FROM DARKNESS TO LIGHT.

IN one of the fairest districts of a beautiful county is a little hamlet, over which lay a pall of moral darkness. Here lived Dame Halberd, a most eccentric character, holding little intercourse with her neighbours, shunning them as shunned by them. At the time of which we write her life had run the appointed span—seventy years. But God had chosen to pluck her as a brand from the

burning, and to shed abroad His light and love in her dark heart.

One Sunday afternoon, a little party of christians entered the village to speak of Christ and make His worth known. They took their stand at a short distance from Dame Halberd's cottage. At the close of the preaching one of the party approached her house with tracts in his hand, when the old dame appeared at the door, brandishing a formidable staff, and screamed at the top of her voice, "Go back with ye, and read your books at home—a parcel o' cobblers and tailors. If ye come here, I'll knack your brains out!"

Surely her case would seem hopeless! But God acts in various ways, and He took means to reach the conscience and heart of this hardened sinner. Living with her was a daughter-in-law, upon whom consumption had laid its hand. A christian gentleman, braving the dame's displeasure, entered the house to read to the dying woman, and point her to the Lord, the Saviour. The old dame did not refuse this comfort to her daughter, though she refused to stay in the room. However, curiosity having some part in her nature, wondering what would be said, she took a seat on the stairs, where she might hear but not herself be seen.

The message seems to have had no effect on the one for whom it was intended. The daughter shortly afterwards passed away, leaving hardly any glimmer of hope to those who cared for her soul, but the word, as a nail fastened in a sure place, convicting Dame Halberd of sin. And we can only marvel at the way it was brought to pass. She who had resisted all her life was smitten down by the word which smites and heals—which wounds and binds up.

In much distress of soul, she sent to ask the gentleman to come again. He gladly went, and the comfortable word which he carried was like unto seed dropped into the ploughed up field of good soil, taking root and bringing forth fruit. Her heart had been prepared for the entrance of the word; it took root and produced joy and gladness.

In her little village, where everybody knows everybody's business, the circumstance of Dame Halberd's conversion could not be hidden long, nor did she desire it. There had been a long-standing feud between her and a neighbour. This she felt was not right in a christian, and she went to seek reconciliation. Indeed, so noticeable was the change in her life, that the villagers asked, "Whatever has come to Dame Halberd?" A relative, a professing christian, living a few miles distant, shook her head dubiously, saying, "Well, Mrs. ——, she was a very bad woman." A very bad woman! For what purpose did the Lord Jesus take that journey into Samaria, if not to give the living water to "a very bad woman"? For whom are the blessings which He purchased by His death? Are they not for those who present themselves "like a beggar with a wallet full of sins"?

Joy unspeakable became hers. "Happy!" said she one day, "Happy! I'm as happy as a prince!" And what was the ground of her joy—the confidence of her boast? "The blood of the Lamb," which continually filled her thoughts and heart. Those whose trust is in Him who shed it know that it is the sure foundation upon which all our hopes are built.

"Loving Him that begat," she "loved those also who were begotten of Him." None were more welcome to her house than "the parcel o' cobblers and tailors" whom she had formerly driven from her door. During the brief period of life granted her after conversion—about two years—she continued happy in the joy of God's salvation.

Reader, have you been turned from darkness to light? Is the blood of the Lamb your only hope and confidence? Can you say now, from the very depths of your heart, "He is worthy"? W. J.

HAPPY SERVANTS.

HAPPY servants of the Master are they who when He comes will be quietly going on with the work He gave them to do. He will find some servants quarrelling and smiting their fellow-servants; others forgetful of their service, eating and drinking with the drunken. Oh, christian, are you a happy servant of the Lord Jesus Christ?

MY VISITOR.

I GIVE below the dream of an aged and much beloved believer in Christ, whose bodily feebleness has for many years laid her aside from ordinary christian privileges. It is given in her own words as related to me by herself; and I shall not soon forget the savour of that moment to my own spirit:—

"I sat in my little room, quiet and alone, when my door was opened and a visitor entered, with a most heavenly countenance, and took his seat at my little table. I looked at him, and said to myself, 'He looks like one who knows the presence of God.' After we had sat a few moments, and exchanged some words of spiritual intercourse together, I said, 'Excuse me, but I have not the pleasure of knowing you,' when he replied, with emphasis and feeling, 'Oh, *yes*, you *do*.' Again we sat a little longer, and again I said, 'I do not know you.' He replied as before, "*Yes*, you *do*.' He then rose to leave me, and raised his hands, as if to bless me, and lo! *they were pierced hands!* I instantly exclaimed, 'My Lord and my God!' and my Visitor was gone."

I SHALL BE LIKE A CHILD AT HOME.

IT was my happy privilege for some few years past to visit a dear old saint of God, who has lately fallen asleep, to await that long looked-for morn when the trumpet shall sound and the dead in Christ arise.

Many are the happy hours I have spent in her solitary room, and often have I come away refreshed from my visit to one poor in this world, but rich in faith.

Close upon a century her years had run, and for a very long time she had known the Lord as her Saviour, her refuge, and comfort. One constantly felt when with her in the presence of one to whom heaven was not simply heaven, but home.

As a home she constantly spoke of it, with evident reality, and yet with perfect simplicity; for the deep, blessed teaching of the Spirit of God had made this home, so soon to be hers, a very real place to her; a place she longed for day by day.

If, after some threatening attack, we said to her, using the familiar name by which we always called her, "Well, granny, not gone home yet?" she would reply, "No, not yet; I must have patience."

One afternoon I said to her, "Well, granny, wouldn't you like to live to be a hundred?"—as she only wanted three or four years of that great age. Her quick reply, as she raised herself on her arm, was—

"No, I wouldn't—not at all; I want to go and be with Jesus; if I am His and He is mine, what more do I want? His rod and staff will comfort me."

Then, as one standing by repeated the lines—

> "There would I find a settled rest,
> While others go and come;
> No more a stranger nor a guest,
> But like a child at home,"

granny added, "Yes, I shall be 'like a child at home'; I shall 'see Him as He is, and praise Him as I ought.'"

Thus this aged woman, ignorant and unlettered though she was, had been taught by the Holy Spirit to know and believe, in the simplicity of faith, the love of God to her; it was this knowledge that made heaven a home to her.

"A child at home!" Beloved reader, is that your thought of heaven? You sing, "Heaven is our home." But what is home? The expression of social bliss on earth is conveyed in that word; as the father returns home after the labour and toil of the day, and the little ones run down the path hastening to meet "father," each longing to be first to obtain the welcome kiss: that is home.

He who gave His Son for us, is He not our Father? Did He not give us the kiss of welcome when, in our rags and ruin, we first came to Him? What are our thoughts of Him now? Should we be in His presence as children at home? Let us ask our own hearts whether we have so learnt His love, that casteth out all fear, and are so walking before Him and with Him that we look forward to His presence as dear old granny, now at rest, did, with the restful, assured feeling with which a child looks forward to his home.

Unsaved one, nothing but fear and dread

can fill your heart as you think of His bright glory and what is consistent with it. While you shrink from hell do you not wish there was some other place where you could go by-and-by rather than to the presence of Him whom the redeemed call "Father"? May the Lord, in His tender mercy, use the words of that dear old saint to tell you of the blessed realities of faith! "I often think," she used to say, "I am a great sinner; but He is a bigger Saviour. You think yourself a great sinner, don't you?—I know you do; but He is a greater Saviour."

May you, my reader, know for yourself how great a Saviour the Lord Jesus is! C. B.

A LITTLE CHILD.

AND the Lord set "a little child" in their midst, 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." (Matt. xviii. 3.)

We find that "little children" have a part in Scripture, and seeing this, should we not remark more than we do that the Lord also *now* uses them to teach others more of Himself; and, instead of scorning, as we older ones often do, to learn from "a little child," recognize the great power that God often gives them over others?

We read, in the millennium God wills that those animals which are now the fiercest shall obey "a little child," and "a little child shall lead them"; and why then should *we* be unwilling to be led by a little believer, or to learn a lesson from anything, however small we may think it, the Lord would choose to lead and teach us by; for nothing that helps us to follow more closely after Himself could be unimportant.

I once knew a dear little boy, who was much used of the Lord in his simple way to those around him. His mother recognized the Lord's voice of comfort and exhortation to herself many a time through her child. He was only six years old; and the first time his words impressed her was after a workman in their house had had a bad fall from a ladder. Someone, who was talking of it before the child, said, "Oh, poor Will, I hope he won't die *now!*"

The little one was playing, and, to her surprise, looked up gravely, and said, "Then you must *pray* for him," and was quite quiet. After a while he quaintly added, "*I have*," thus showing he had learnt the simple lesson of faith, so hard to learn by us. "Whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive." (Matt. xxi. 22.)

Once when his mother was sick he said, "Mamma, are there any harps in heaven?"

"Yes, dear," she said; "it says in the Bible, 'And I heard the voice of harpers harping with their harps; and they sung as it were a new song before the throne.'" (Rev. xiv. 2, 3.)

"Oh," he said, with great stress, "if it's in the Bible it *must* be true, and they'll *never* wear out!"

The dear sick mother had been fading away some time, and had been most anxious about leaving this little son, hoping he was the Lord's. When the child spoke thus it seemed like an answer to her prayers straight from the Lord, while it taught and reminded her that she also ought to have more of his child-like trust.

Soon after, he came up and laid his little curly head by her side, and said, wistfully, "Oh, mother, I shall cry when you go—I *know* I shall; only sometimes, just sometimes, I wish I was going too, and if I do I shall *never cry* again!"

"Yes, darling," she said, marvelling at her little son, and softly added, "'And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things are passed away.'" (Rev. xxi. 4.) Truly this sweet little one was a living example of the Lord's words, "Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings Thou hast perfected praise" (Matt. xxi. 16), and used of Him day by day unconsciously to convey words of encouragement and hope to his mother; thus was he the little instrument to teach her more of His heart.

And we should do well to remember the warning given, which might be looked at in connection with the above verse—"Take

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heed that ye despise not one of these little ones; for I say unto you, That in heaven their angels do always behold the face of My Father which is in heaven." (Matt. xviii. 10.)

And if we *did* remember this more often, how many unkind, thoughtless speeches to the little ones, and especially the Lord's little ones, would remain unsaid; sometimes, perhaps, they try older ones, or weary them. Well, if we are patient and loving, it is more than rewarded by knowing we are being so to those for whom the Lord has a special love and care. Let us not forget that He said, "Whosoever shall give to drink unto one of these little ones a cup of cold water only in the name of a disciple, verily I say unto you, he shall in no wise lose his reward" (Matt. x. 42); thus showing He certainly is not indifferent to the way in which His little ones are treated. He commends them specially, too, to Peter, where He said, "If ye love Me, feed My lambs." (John xxi. 15.) T. O'N. N.

THE AUTHORITY OF CHRIST OVER ALL.

"THESE words spake Jesus, and lifted up His eyes to heaven, and said, Father, the hour is come; glorify Thy Son, that Thy Son also may glorify Thee: as Thou hast given Him power over all flesh, that He should give eternal life to as many as Thou hast given Him." (John xvii. 1, 2.)

Power, or authority, over all flesh! Such are the words which we overhear. It is the Lord who speaks. He is about to leave this world, and in His hands the Father has put authority over all humanity. Whether the merest babe or the greatest of kings, all men are subject to His power. Let us consider well these words: God, the Father, has given over to His Son Jesus the human race. Let infidelity assert itself as it will, or vain reasonings argue as is their wont, here stands the immutable fact—every human being is under the absolute authority of the Son of God.

It is power, not salvation, of which the Lord speaks; and when we consider Him, set at naught by sinners, despised and spit upon, and at length nailed to the accursed tree, there is something in this certain knowledge that authority over all men is His, which rejoices the heart. Let us ask, What does man generally say to this? What is the response of the heedless and the pleasure-loving to it? what the voice of the proud, and of the self-confident? We would say to each of our readers, "You are absolutely, and for time and eternity, under the authority of the Man, Christ Jesus. You are at His disposal. Your present and your future lie with Him. You are shut up to Him. You cannot break away from under His sway. Should you defy His authority for your lifetime, you must yield thereto for ever when your last breath leaves your mortal frame."

Not long since, we were hearing of the death of a notable modern infidel. He was dying, he said, in perfect calm. He was, according to his assertions, leaving this life to be no more—to become nothing, so far as thoughts and feelings, so far as responsibility and personality, are concerned. But the borderland of this life being passed, the limit of human disbelief is passed also, and the calm contempt of infidelity is gone for ever. In life beyond death, is the Lord—a Man in heaven, and He has authority over all flesh. Having become a Man, God has given into His hands the human race. He may permit men to use even the very reason He has given them in opposition to Himself, but when death comes the limit of man's wilfulness is reached.

Now, this authority over all is not merely universal; it is for a special purpose, and the purpose is one of perfect grace: it is that the Lord may give eternal life to as many as God the Father has given to Him. He who has power over all, is the giver of life to all who come to Him. All whom the Father gives Him come to Him, and him who comes to Him Jesus in no wise casts out. The power is absolute, and the grace is perfect.

We must have to do with the Lord in His power, if not in this lifetime, then in eternity. But if we go to Him, owning our natural state of spiritual death, He is the Life-giver, and will give us life. The life becomes ours by gift. "I give unto them eternal life." It comes to us from the Son of God. "He that believeth on the Son hath life."

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Now, as those who must very shortly meet the Lord, let us inquire in what way have we had to do with Him. Have we had to do with Him as the Life-giver? Have we believed on His name? He came to this earth to give sinners, dead in their sins and in their state of nature, everlasting life. He gives this life to all who believe on Him, and His Father, who sent Him. Are we connected with Him in life, or are we merely part of the human race, all of which must submit to His authority?

GOD UNVEILED.

"AND the veil of the temple was rent in twain from the top to the bottom." When this took place there was no change in God: there could be none in Him; and man was unchanged, too. God was what He had always been; the enmity of man's heart was the same as ever; but by the cross the work had been effected, through which God could look with complacency on man, in himself unchanged. Not only was there atonement, but reconciliation.

We are reconciled now; everything in heaven and earth will be reconciled in the future. The effects of the cross will be known in the new heavens and the new earth, where pain, suffering, and sorrow will be banished for ever, and the strong hand which now moves the springs of wickedness shall be paralysed for ever.

It is important for us, as christians, to remember that the rending of the veil has left us, as men, unchanged. We must be *real* before God. In His presence there can be no sanctimoniousness, no effort. The secret of power is just to hold ourselves in nothingness, and to allow God to be manifested. Moses' face shone from no effort on his part, but because he was near God. In the transfiguration there was nothing of what men would call power, but there was the outshining of God.

We have only to *be what we are;* to let God come out, holding self as nothing. B—k.

How differently the same words may come to us from two different persons! Why is this? Because one is nearer God than the other.

B—k.

Translated.

IT was a lovely evening in June. The soft golden sunlight was stealing through the window of the apartment where I lay. The sweet warbling of the happy birds, as they flew in and out amongst the leafy trees in the garden, was pleasant to the ear. But, faint and weary with the labours of the day, I lay down to rest instead of taking my usual duty of walking with the pupils of the school to which, at that time, I was attached. Thoughts of my uselessness, consequent upon the prostration to which I had latterly been no stranger, filled my breast with sadness, and the hot tears chased each other down my cheeks in the silence of that pleasant room. In my folly, I thought it hard to be denied the strength which so many others enjoyed. But better thoughts were soon suggested to my weary spirit. Had not my loving Lord His own purpose connected with His dealings towards me? Was not what He planned the very best thing for me? Yes! I knew it, and my thirsty soul drank afresh of those living waters that cheer and invigorate the drooping spirit. If He loved me so deeply, so intensely, what was my part in the matter? Surely to lie quietly in His hands, and get as close to His tender heart as possible. Though my work might be, humanly speaking, almost at a stand-still, may be He had lessons to teach me which might be too difficult to learn in the hum of the busy schoolroom. Quietly and peacefully I lay at last under His shadow "with great delight," finding "His fruit sweet to my taste." "Teach me Thy mind, Lord," I said, "and keep me very near to Thee, and make me satisfied to be useless in the outer world, if it be Thy will." It was enough. Sweet peace filled my soul, and I gladly rose to meet the children as they came in from their pleasant ramble. It was not a large school, but amongst that little band there were some to whom the precious name of Jesus was nothing. It woke no glad, answering response in their hearts,

IN THE WOODS.

for some knew not the virtue of "the blood that cleanseth from all sins."

Tea was waiting for the little party, and hats and jackets deposited in their proper places, the children entered the long narrow dining-room in which the repast was prepared. It was customary for the pupils to tell me what had interested them in their walk, and conversation soon commenced.

"Oh! Miss B——," said Emilie Faybaud, a little French girl, of about thirteen years of age, "we had such a nice walk, only we were in danger of being *translated*."

"Translated, dear? I suppose you mean prosecuted," said I, as I saw the expression upon the child's countenance and drew my own inference.

"No, I think it was *translated*," replied Emilie, musing. "'If anyone is found inside these grounds they shall be *translated*,' it said."

It was as I supposed. Emilie's little French

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mind had not retained the correct word. But I felt the Lord might use the term she had misapplied.

"Emilie," said I, after a moment's silent prayer, "if sending you all back into those grounds would *translate* you, I would send you back at once. Even tired as I am, I would take you all there myself."

A puzzled expression of surprise passed over the child's face, as she asked in an eager tone, "What does 'translation' mean, Miss B——?"

"Translation means a passing out of one state into another. There is a verse in the Bible which says, 'Giving thanks unto the Father, which hath made us meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light, who hath delivered us from the power of darkness, and hath *translated* us into the kingdom of His dear Son.' Do you know what that translation is, dear children?" I asked, as I looked at the eager faces turned towards my own. "I do!" "I do!" said one or two voices in low, soft tones, and I knew they spoke truly. But from many came no response to the question, and amongst them was the little French girl of whom I have spoken.

"My dears," said I, after a moment's pause, during which I had seen that more than one of the silent children was anxiously listening, "there are two kingdoms. One belongs to Satan now. In it are all those not washed from their sins by the precious blood of Christ. By nature, every man, woman, and child is found there. The other kingdom is that of God's dear Son, the Lord Jesus Christ. His kingdom is holy, pure, undefiled. None may enter it with sin upon them. But God *translates* from the kingdom of Satan into that of His dear Son. Jesus Christ shed His precious blood to put away our sins. 'Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.' Now, who would not long to be *translated?*"

Thoughtful and serious, the children resumed their evening tasks, but I noticed that Emilie was unusually silent. Even when the hour arrived for free converse amongst the happy group, she sat alone, evidently occupied with her own thoughts. Anxiously I watched her, hoping that the seed dropped might have fallen upon good ground. Only a day or two passed, when one evening she came and stood by my side. Her hand was placed confidingly in mine and she said—

"Dear Miss B——, I have been so sad since that night at tea. I knew I was in the wrong kingdom. My sins were not washed away, but this evening I have come to Jesus like a poor, lost sinner, and He has *translated* me into His kingdom." And the little arms were about my neck, and the glad, happy tears flowing down the little French girl's face.

What could I do but lift my heart in one long, deep strain of gratitude to my loving Lord for His wondrous grace to Emilie and me? To Emilie, in thus revealing to her the efficacy of His person and work, and *translating* her into "His glorious kingdom;" and to me, a poor, frail vessel that He had deigned to use in a moment of weariness and exercise, to make known His mind and heart to one of His chosen ones.

Let us not repine or waste our time in useless regrets for the bodily strength that may at times be wisely withheld from us. Rather let our very weakness cast us more and more upon our loving Saviour, drawing us closer and closer beneath the "shadow of His wing," that thence we may be able to speak the "word in season" to hearts that know nothing of His love. "Let us not be weary in well-doing, for in due season we shall reap if we faint not." M. V. B.

SAVED AT THE CHILDREN'S SERVICE.

ON a Sunday evening, early in the present year, a great number of children assembled at our "Children's Special Services," K— Street. Amongst them I noticed three or four lads about seventeen years of age, who seemed inclined to be noisy. We bore, however, with that small inconvenience, looking to the Lord for wisdom; and after the address we invited those children who were really anxious to know more about Jesus to stay behind, saying that we should be very happy to point them to the One who says, "Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out."

A great number responded to our invita-

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tion, and stayed behind to be spoken to; amongst them were those three elder lads whom we had noticed. They were now quiet and subdued, and seemed really anxious about their souls.

We prayed to the Lord for them, spoke to them individually, but could not get any satisfactory answers from them; and as the hour was late we went to our homes, praying for those to whom we had spoken that evening.

On the Thursday news came to me of the death of a lad who had been crushed in a printing machine a day or two before, but who had lingered for two days after his terrible injuries. This lad proved to be one of the three who had been at our school the previous Sunday evening, and who had remained to be spoken to.

Later and more cheering news reached me on the Friday; the dear boy had sent a message to me just before he passed away: "Tell Mr. R— and the teachers at K— Street," he said, "that I found Jesus on Sunday night."

This was all, but the joy it occasioned us may be better imagined than described, for our hearts were overflowing with praise to Him "Who doeth all things well."

Dear reader, I narrate these few simple facts for your benefit, and for the Lord's glory. Let the sudden call which came to this boy remind you that "in the midst of life we are in death." Should death come as unexpectedly to you as it did to him, where would you spend your eternity? Would it be with Jesus in glory? or would it be with fiends in darkness? If you are not prepared for death, I trust this true story may lead you, through the Lord's grace and mercy, to cast yourself as a sinner upon His loving kindness, and thus bring glory to His name by believing in Him. W. H. R.

IT SHINES ALL THROUGH.

LOUIE is a dear little child, always quiet and attentive at the Sunday school. Though she cannot read, she brings her little Testament with her, and sits with it open in her hand while the other children are reading their Bible lessons. Her mother told me, about a week ago, that Louie often sits looking at her Testament at home, and that one day while doing so, she said, as if to herself, "There are no pictures in this book because it is God's book, and it *shines all through!*"

What a sweet thought, dear children, was it not? Can you say it shines all through? Can you see brightness in God's book? If it is as yet all dark and mysterious to you, may God open your eyes by His Spirit that you may see how His word shines, and take it as the lamp that will light your feet through this dark world to the unclouded brightness of His presence!

"Not by works of righteousness which we have done, but according to His mercy He saved us, by the washing of regeneration, and renewing of the Holy Ghost; which He shed on us abundantly through Jesus Christ our Saviour." (Titus iii. 5, 6.) M. A. J.

LOVING OBEDIENCE.

WILLIE'S father told him not to touch the cherries which looked so bright and sweet as they hung in hundreds on the branches of the old tree in the garden. Willie loved his father and obeyed his command. It was a plain direction and easily understood. However, one day Willie was invited to a friend's house. When there, he was asked to do a thing he was not forbidden; however, presently he said, "No, thank you, I would rather not, for I do not think my father would like me to do it." How was it the little boy knew his father would not like him to do the thing? Because he had listened to his father and knew what he had said. He remembered the words his father had spoken. Here was obedience to his father's wishes, without the direct command being given.

Now the Lord Jesus says, "If ye love Me, keep My commandments." He has given plain directions which cannot be mistaken. But He also speaks of a man keeping His words, that is, of having His sayings treasured up in the heart and doing what Jesus loves.

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HELEN AND HER DOLL.

PAPERS FOR VERY LITTLE CHILDREN.

I KNOW three little girls called Helen, Winnie, and Mary. Grandmother liked them to come to her every day for half an hour, to hear about the word of God. They were not old enough to read well themselves.

The first thing they were taught was this: God sent His dear Son, the Lord Jesus, to save bad people. And we were all bad, not one good amongst us. Not one, even, who was partly good, and partly bad. Each one was all bad; men, women, and children all alike.

"That isn't true of me," said Winnie; "I am not *all* bad. I have some bad things in me, and some goodness besides."

"And I'm good," said Mary.

"*I* have some badness, and some goodness," repeated Winnie.

"You are quite wrong, Winnie," said Helen, "your goodness is all badness; God says so."

Was Helen right? Yes, God has said so. He has told us very plainly that we are all bad. He has said that every imagination of the thoughts of man's heart is only evil continually, that the imagination of man's heart is evil from his youth. This means that all our thoughts, and plans, and wishes, and likings are bad, not good. He has given us a long list of bad things that come out of man's heart, but not one good thing; He has told us that what we call our goodness, He calls our "filthy rags."

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Winnie did not like to hear this. But grandmother told her Helen was quite right, and that she, and Helen, and Mary, and grandmother herself, were all born with bad hearts, that never got any better. Mary looked very angry when grandmother said this. She frowned, and pouted her lips, and said "I'm *good*! I know I'm *good*!"

"But you are not good, Mary," said Helen.

"*I am* good! *I am* good!" said Mary, in a very loud voice; "if you don't say I'm good I will kick you and beat you!" And Mary raised her hand to beat poor little Helen with all her might, but grandmother stopped her and said, "We all see now, Mary, that you are not good." Then Mary sat still, and looked at the floor with a very cross face, and said nothing more for some time; anyone who had seen her then would have thought, "What a naughty little girl that must be!" Grandmother felt quite sure that neither of these three little girls really believed and felt that she was bad. Perhaps you may think from what I have told you that Helen believed and felt it. But grandmother knew something about Helen, which you have not been told. It was this. Not long before, Helen had come into the drawing-room looking very much pleased about something. She said to grandmother, "I want you to give a new doll to Bertha, and a new doll besides to poor, naughty, silly little me."

Grandmother did not answer her at first, and then Helen said, "The reason I say poor, naughty, silly little me, is because I am not proud, like the Pharisees. I beat my doll Florence, and sent her to bed after her tea yesterday, because she *would* be a Pharisee. *I* am not!" And Helen looked as before, very much pleased with herself because she was not proud. That is, she thought she was not. You can now understand why grandmother did not think that Helen really believed, any more than Winnie and Mary, that she was all bad, with no goodness in her. I think if you look into your own heart you will very likely find that you are either like Helen, Winnie, or Mary. Either you think you are good, like Mary, or you think you are partly good and partly bad, like Winnie, or you are proud of knowing, or of *saying*, that you are not good. Only God the Holy Ghost can make us truly believe and *feel* that we are lost, bad, and proud sinners, with no love of God in our hearts. I hope and pray that God will shew it to you, dear little children, whoever you are that hear this story. Next time I will tell you of something more which these little girls had to learn.

F. B.

BAEDA'S STORY OF THE SPARROW.

I WANT to tell you one more of the stories told by Baeda in his history; a very touching story it is, and one which may well make you pause, dear children, as you read it, and thank God for His goodness to you. In these days in which you live, in your happy English homes, the light of God's truth is shining all around as freely as the light of day, but in those far away times, though the sun shone bright and warm on wooded hill and fair green valley, it might still be said, in a very terrible sense, of our country, that "darkness covered the land, and gross darkness the people."

Do you remember a long Psalm of twenty-six verses, each verse ending with the words "*for His mercy endureth for ever*"?

Yes, you are right; it is Psalm cxxxvi. Now, if you turn back a little and find Psalm cxvii., that short Psalm of only two verses, you will see some words which give us another reason for praising God, "*for His truth endureth for ever.*"

I want you to carry these thoughts of the everlasting mercy and the everlasting truth of God in your hearts, while you read about the dark hours of which we are now speaking, in the history of our country, that you may observe the way in which He caused both His mercy and His truth to shine forth even in those sad times, and so may understand the loving kindness of the Lord.

Some children the other day were reading the first of these Psalms; they had particularly chosen to read it, because they liked the way in which all the verses ended alike.

But as they read, one after the other, they hurried over the words "*for His mercy endureth for ever*," almost as if they had been the

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words of a game, not part of a song of praise to God. It was plain to anyone who heard them read that these children were not thinking just then of what book they were reading.

Presently, however, they were asked a question, and they began to look at their Bibles very carefully to find the answer.

The question was something like this,—

"There are some things mentioned in this Psalm as reasons why we should give thanks to the Lord which do not apply to us in the same way as they did to the people who first sang it; can you find any of them?"

You see any child who thought for a few moments could tell that it was God's people Israel who had to thank Him for smiting Egypt and bringing them out of that land of slavery; for dividing the Red Sea, and causing them to pass through, while Pharaoh and his host were overthrown; for leading them in such a wonderful way through the wilderness, and then giving them the land of great and famous kings for an heritage;—all this was the mercy of God to His ancient people; not to us; so that question was soon answered.

I think you can guess what the next was. Yes; the children had found out what things the people of Israel had especially to praise God for. Now they were asked to find some things mentioned in this song for which *we*, as well as they, could thank the Lord.

You know the early part of the Psalm speaks of the wonders of God's creation, so you may be sure that there were many answers such as this: "We can praise God for making the heavens, and the sun and moon and the stars;" and this, "We can praise Him for stretching out the earth;" and this, "We can praise God for giving us food to eat." All these answers were given, and very right ones they were; but at last a little boy who had not yet spoken gave an answer which showed that he was really thinking now, if he had not been very attentive before. "We must praise Him," he said, "because He redeemed us;" then another little boy said, "And because His mercy is for ever;" and the one who had first spoken added, "And because He gave us His word."

Perhaps you will say the last answer was not right, for the word of God is not spoken of in this Psalm. That is true, but still I think it was a good answer, for it is part of the mercy of the Lord, which is for ever, that He has given us His word which teaches us the beginning and the end of everything, to be to all who will heed it as a lamp ever shining clear and bright, showing the way through this dark world; a light which can never fail, nor grow dim, for it has been lighted by God Himself, whose "truth endureth for ever."

But we must not forget that we were going to speak of another of Baeda's stories. I daresay you remember that when the strangers from Rome came with such pomp and show to "make christians" of the wild Kentish folk, they were received by Queen Bercta, the christian daughter of a French king who had married the King of Kent, and made her home in England.

Now in those days there was a very powerful king in the north of England named Edwin; you may think of him if you ever go to Edinburgh, for he built that city, and called it after his own name. King Edwin was a mighty warrior, and when he went through his kingdom, a great flag, blazing with purple and gold, and a waving plume of feathers were carried before him. He subdued many peoples to his will, and earned the name of "Wide Ruler." As time passed on, Queen Bercta's daughter, Ethelburg, grew up. Her mother had taught her the true faith, but the day came when she had to leave her southern home, and travel far away to the north country, for she was to be the Queen of the mighty King Edwin. With Ethelburg went a friend of Augustine's named Paullinus, a tall, dark man, with black hair, long remembered by the northern folk. When the Queen's first little daughter was born, she persuaded the King to allow the baby to be baptised by Paullinus, for she thought, unless the little child were baptised, she could not be a child of God, or be brought up in the Christian faith.

By-and-by it got abroad that the Queen and her friend, the dark-haired stranger, had almost persuaded the great King himself to quit the worship of Woden; and the wise

men of the great northern kingdom came together in a great assembly to ask the meaning of this strange story, and to enquire concerning the new faith. You must not forget that when this meeting took place, as far as we know, through all the north of England the people were sunk in the most hopeless heathenism.

Baeda tells us that when the great council was assembled a very aged man stepped forth into the midst, and spoke thus :—"The life of man, O king, which we know on this earth, if we set it by that life which we know not of, seems to me even thus. When you are sitting at meat with your lords at winter-tide, with the great fire lighted on the hearth, so that it is warm and bright within, but the icy rain-storm rages without, sometimes, then, a sparrow will fly in at one door, tarry for a moment in the light and heat of the hearth-fire, and then fly forth from the other. While it is in the hall it is at peace, and unhurt by the winter storm for a little space, but it flies out again straightway into the cold gloom from whence it came, and your eyes behold it no more. So tarries for a moment the life of man in our sight; but what hath gone before, or what shall follow after, we know not at all. If this new teaching tells us aught certainly of these things, let us follow it."

So the aged man spoke. After him arose Coifi, a great man, priest of the idol temple. Before all the people, he addressed the king: "No man ever," he said, "O king, hath served the gods more faithfully than I, seeking the truth diligently, but ever the less I found it. If these gods were good for anything they would help their worshippers. Let us burn their temples, and cast down their altars!"

The people watched, with awe upon their faces, as Coifi armed himself as a warrior, and then rode forward, and cast his lance into the sacred temple which stood on the green banks of the Derwent. Surely, they thought, the gods will slay their false priest even in the very act of daring impiety! But when they saw no harm come to him, they, too, lost faith in the old gods, and were ready to listen to Paullinus.

When the Lord Jesus was on earth, we read that a poor father, who had brought his only son to Him, hoping that He would heal the child of his sore disease, cried out, "If Thou canst do anything, have compassion on us, and help us." Just such a despairing cry was that of the aged man of Baeda's story. He had lived a long life in this world, and now he knew that he must soon leave it, and go—whither? Ah! that was what he longed to know; it was the sense that there surely was a life beyond the grave, and a feeling of dread and uncertainty as to what that unknown future would be for him—the sense that there was somewhere the God who had given him being, and to whom he must give account, that made him say, "If this new teaching can tell us anything *certainly*, let us follow it." We see the mercy of God in making this aged man think of the future, for such thoughts as these do not arise in our hearts of their own accord. By nature everyone only tries to get further and further away from God, but if His Holy Spirit speaks in the heart and conscience, and makes an old man or a little child feel a great want—the want of someone to take him by the hand and lead him away from himself, and all his sin and misery, to One whom he can trust with that precious, wonderful thing, his soul—this is a great mercy.

When all was dark above and around this earth God's voice was heard amid the silence and the great darkness. "Let there be light," God said, and the light was. In like manner, when God speaks, light shines into the dark chambers of the human heart, and none can hinder its shining.

This is our comfort when we think that, while at the coming of christianity to Britain there were many hearts all ready to receive the truth, the missionaries who came to teach it were themselves so far from having learnt the story of the grace of God in the simple and beautiful way in which the Bible tells it.

You remember how, when they came to Canterbury, instead of telling the poor heathen people that "God so loved the world as to give His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish,

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but have everlasting life," they sang Latin psalms, praying God to turn away His wrath from the people and the city. Though they made many sad mistakes, and sorely misrepresented the gospel, the missionaries from Rome did, no doubt, tell of the love of Christ, and of His death for us. But they did not fully know what the Lord Jesus spoke of as the "gift of God," and so thought people could help to move His heart towards them by their prayers and by doing things, which they called good works, to make Him care for them. I wonder whether, when Paullinus heard the aged Northumbrian comparing the life of man to the flight of a sparrow, he thought of the words of the Lord to His disciples about the little birds which were sold in the streets of their towns, when He said, "Not one of them is forgotten before God; fear not; ye are of more value than many sparrows," and whether he repeated to him those other words of blessed welcome to the weary, "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest"? C. P.

PURPOSE OF HEART.

PUT your whole heart into whatever you do for the best of Masters—the Lord Jesus Christ. There is a fine text in II Chron. xxxi. 21: "In every work that he began in the service of the house of God, and in the law, and in the commandments, to seek his God, *he did it with all his heart*, and prospered."

Now, may it be true of you, dear boys and girls, who love the Lord, and seek that before Him which is "good and right and truth," that you do whatever you do for Him with all your heart. Half hearted people are poor servants, and we would not have you poor servants of your Lord and Saviour. It is a happy sight to witness a child serving his mother with all his heart, doing his very best for love's sake, and like service rendered to the Lord of All is pleasing to Him.

ANSWERS TO AUGUST QUESTIONS.

1. (*a*) In the gospel by John. (*b*) His brother Andrew, who found him and brought him to Jesus. (John i. 42.) (*c*) Peter, or Cephas. The Rock-man. (John i. 42.) In the first "Peter, an apostle of Jesus Christ"; in the second, "Simon Peter, a servant and an apostle of Jesus Christ." (*d*) As the Messiah the Anointed One. (John i. 41.)—2. (*a*) Casting a net into the Sea of Galilee: for they were fishers. (Matt. iv. 18; Mark i. 16.) (*b*) The Western Bethsaida, near Capernaum. (John i. 44.) (*c*) It was at Capernaum. There Simon's wife's mother was healed of a fever by the Lord. (Mark i. 29.)—3. Andrew was one of the two disciples of John the Baptist who, on hearing him say, "Behold the Lamb of God," followed Jesus, desiring to know where He dwelt, and abode with Him that day. (John i. 40.) By his means his brother Simon was brought to Jesus. (John i. 41.) He is mentioned in the lists of apostles in the gospels. At the feeding of the five thousand he pointed out the little lad with the five barley loaves and two fishes. (John vi. 8, 9.) When the Greeks desired to see Jesus, Andrew was one of those who told Him about it. (John xii. 22.) With Peter, James, and John, he asked the Lord privately about His future coming. (Mark xiii. 3.)—4. (*a*) When, at the word of Christ, *the net, empty all night* (the time when fish are generally caught), was let down, and enclosed a great multitude of fishes, so that both the boats began to sink, (*b*) Peter "fell down at Jesus' knees, saying, Depart from me: for I am a sinful man, O Lord." (Luke v. 8.) (*c*) By Job. (Chap. xlii. 6.) (*d*) He said, "Woe is me! for I am undone; because I am a man of unclean lips, and I dwell in the midst of a people of unclean lips." (Isa. vi. 5.) (*e*) He fell upon his face. (Ezek. i. 28.) (*f*) There remained no strength in him, for his comeliness was turned in him into corruption, and he retained no strength. (Dan. x. 8.)—5. (*a*) "Jesus said to Simon, Fear not." (Luke v. 10.) (*b*) When John, in the presence of the glory of Christ, *fell at His feet as dead, He laid His right hand upon him*, saying, "Fear not." (Rev. i. 17.)—6. At the Day of Pentecost, when, after Peter's first sermon at Jerusalem, three thousand people were brought to God. (Acts ii. 41.)—7. When the Lord had asked the disciples, "But whom say ye that I am?" Peter answered, "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God." (Matt. xvi. 15, 16.) When some of His disciples were going back, and walking no more with Him, Jesus said to the twelve, "Will ye also go away?" and "Simon Peter answered Him, Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life. And we believe and are sure that Thou art that Christ, the Son of the living God." (John vi. 67-69.)—8. (*a*) "(Mark x. 28.) (Mark xi. 21.) (Luke xii. 41.) (*b*) When the Lord had been speaking to His disciples of His sufferings, death, and resurrection, Peter rebuked Him, saying, "Pity Thyself, Lord (or 'God be favourable to Thee, Lord'): this shall not be unto Thee." (Matt. xvi. 22, 23.)

QUESTIONS FOR SEPTEMBER.

1. When Peter said, "We believe and are sure that Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God," the Lord told him that flesh and blood had not revealed this to him, but His Father in heaven. Mention some words of the Lord Jesus in Matt. xi. which teach the same truth.—2. What wonderful scene in Peter's history does he allude to in his second epistle, speaking of what he himself had seen and heard?—3. Where do we read that the Lord prayed for Peter; and what did He ask for him?—4. Jesus said to Peter, "When thou art converted, strengthen thy brethren." Peter's answer shows us what it was that he needed to be converted or turned from. What was it?—5. We read (Mark xiv.) of the Lord sending two of His disciples to prepare for the last supper: who were they? What did the Lord say about that supper?—6. Peter, James, and John were all asleep in the garden of Gethsemane during the agony of the Lord. Why did He say especially to Peter, "Simon, sleepest *thou*"?—7. What did the Lord say to Peter when he drew his sword against those who were come to take Him, and wounded the high priest's servant, which might have reminded him of the time when Jesus had rebuked him, saying, "Get thee behind me, Satan, for thou savourest not the things that be of God, but those that be of men"?—8. How do we know that the Lord was thinking of Peter even while Peter was declaring with an oath that he did not know Him?—9. Which of the apostles was mentioned by name in a message sent to all of them concerning the Lord's resurrection?—10. We are told (Luke xxiv. 34) that when the disciples, who were going to Emmaus, returned to the eleven at Jerusalem they said, "The Lord is risen indeed, and hath appeared to Simon." Is there any account of this given elsewhere?

Direct your answers to "QUESTIONS, care of Mr. Alfred Holness, 14, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.," stating your age and giving your address. Let such as may change their address not forget to tell us. Your replies must be sent in not later than the 25th of the month.

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FAITHFUL WORDS

For Old and Young.

SAVED FROM THE FLAMES.

SAVED FROM THE FLAMES.

IT was late one Saturday night when the subject of this story, a draper in a southern suburb of London, retired to rest. He had toiled through the week, and was soon heavy with sleep, altogether unconscious of any danger. His stock-in-trade being to him of immense value, he had a trap-door made in the floor of his bed-room, which was immediately over his shop, so that opening the trap he might at any time see if all were safe below.

Early in the morning his wife was awaked by the smell of fire. She roused her husband; he leaped up, lifted the trap-door, and saw, to his horror, a blaze below.

To shut down the trap, call to his wife to snatch up their sleeping babe, and shout to the household in the upper part of the building to escape for their lives, was but the work of a moment. He had just time to make a dash into his shop through the smoke, and to rescue his ledger from the flames; but his opening of the door fanned the flames into fury, and in a few moments everything—insurance policy and all that he had—was but smoke and ashes. "Even the very clothes I wear," said he, "and those of my wife and children, are not our own."

The writer to whom this incident was narrated was struck very forcibly by its application to the multitudes of people who are spiritually asleep; they think they are secure, but really the flames of judgment are already under their feet. As he heard the draper tell his tale, he could but think of the day when there will be nothing left of this world's pleasures or wealth, when, its business and excitements over, men, women, and children must stand before God, and remember that that time may be here in a moment.

We would raise the trap-door, as it were, and bid you look beneath you, reader. The world and all that is therein shall be burned up; that for which you live, if you are living for aught save Christ, will be destroyed. There is, as it were, but the thickness of a board between you and everlasting destruction, that is if you are one of the thousands who live for this world, for its business, its wealth, its rewards.

My friend could not possibly find safety in his burning house, his only safety lay in escape from it. He was a hard-working man, and his business was his all, but the moment his eye fell on the flames, his love to his wife and child, and his desires for his household, made another man of him. Then his dreams of prosperity and wealth in his shop were over, and his only thought was the safety of those whom he loved. He fled for dear life from the very place he had lived for. A very good illustration this of conversion; that sight through the trap-door turned him out of his house for salvation sake. Would to God you might get such a sight of eternity, which is so near you, as to cause you to flee from the wrath to come!

He had no wish to select the most suitable clothes of his wardrobe for himself and his family, in order that they might quit the house in favourable attire;—no, nor does the sinner who believes the reality of God's word respecting coming judgment wait first to deck himself in this or that garment of self-righteousness; he is possessed with one great consideration,—his own safety. And the sinner's safety depends, not on what the house of this world will afford him, but on his getting out of it.

This is the first consideration, dear reader —"escape for thy life." If you sleep on, you will be lost. It is only a question of time. Another hour and our friend the draper would have been burned up, and his wife and child with him. You have no time to lose; if you delay you will be lost, and not yourself only; you may be the cause of the woeful end of your nearest and dearest friends.

As my friend spoke to me, saying the very clothes he stood in were not his own, I could but think of the grace which clothes as well as saves the believer. We stand in Christ, we are clad in Christ, and we can sing—

> "Clad in this robe how bright I shine,
> Angels possess not such a dress."

The draper was insured, we have observed, but his policy was burnt, therefore he had nothing to show why the insurance company

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should make good his loss. But the record of the insurance at the head office was not burnt. His hope, therefore, rested in the books of the company, and, we may say, the integrity of the company and his confidence were bound up in those records. Reader, are you one of that large class whose faith rests on some evidence in themselves? Do you rest, for example, upon the Holy Spirit's work in your soul? Sometimes all this appears to you to have vanished, like the poor draper's insurance policy! He had to trust to records kept by the head office, you have the word of God to rely on.

The divine record stands unchanged; you may rest perfectly confident in what God says. The secured possession of eternal life to every believer in the Son of God is based on the simple but blessed fact that He has not only removed all the evil from the sight of God by His shed blood, but that He in resurrection and ascension to God's right hand has become the righteousness and the life of every believer.

God's own blessed purpose is to take away all ground of confidence in self, so that we may find true, stable, and eternal rest in His own beloved Son. G. L.

HEAVENLY REFRESHMENT.

See Joshua v., 10-15.

THE Lord enters into every detail of our wilderness journey, into the minutiæ of every circumstance; there is manna all about the otherwise unprovided host. This alone ought surely to be enough to make the desert blossom as the rose. But there is more than this! Do we know anything of what it is to know Christ, where He is, not merely to know Him as entering into our circumstances down here? Do we know anything now of the atmosphere of heaven? Do we know what it is to get above the trials and cares of the world, the pettinesses that belong to us here (for they are but petty things, though the Lord in His grace enters into them) where we can feel the gales from heaven, and have our souls refreshed by them? B—k.

SHALL I EVER BE SATISFIED?

AT some distance from Paris there lived, not long since, a young lady who had very often in her heart, as well as on her lips, the above words. Miss L—— had tried in many ways to solve the question, but she had used only earthly means, and was at length forced to own that she had found no lasting satisfaction in anything. From a mere child she had been reaching after something more than her life here gave her, only to prove, as many others have proved, that all the pleasures and pursuits of this world were unable to satisfy her; for the human heart is too large for anything "under the sun" to fill it.

With an active, intelligent mind, eager for knowledge, Miss L—— had studied many things far beyond the range of most ladies' researches, and whilst those of her studies which in any way touched upon the subject of divine wisdom only led her to a profound conviction of the wonderful power of God, yet they left her utterly ignorant of His grace. God preserved her from being influenced by the infidel opinions that abound in many French and German writers on scientific subjects; indeed, she has often owned that nothing but His own power could have sheltered her from this terrible danger, to which she was so exposed.

But though the path of literature was well trodden and much loved by her, she found that the fountain of peace was not there. Satisfaction she was ever yearning after, and she turned to find it, if it might be, in the study of the fine arts. She would travel miles to visit a famous sculpture or painting, was acquainted with most of the old masters, and knew in which particular galleries of the palaces of Rome their great works were to be found. As soon, however, as she found that she had distanced most of her acquaintances in knowledge of a subject, it lost its charm for her, and she turned to some other.

But it was always the same story of disappointment, and sometimes when alone she would sob in sheer weariness of the life of gaiety or study, that never for one day gave her what she wanted. Miss L—— knew better than many the sources of this world's delights; she had drunk of them in the glit-

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tering, crowded ball-room, in the luxurious concert halls of one of the gayest cities of Europe, in the scientific discussions of the clever speakers of the day, and had fully proved that over all the fountains of this world are inscribed the words, "He that drinketh of this water shall thirst again."

So far we have described the dark side of her story; now for the bright. In the midst of the whirl of pleasure and gaiety, a heavy family bereavement fell upon her; all parties were given up; Miss L—— was left much alone. An unknown friend induced her to read the New Testament, and to her surprise she found in that book the answer to her oft-repeated question, "Shall I ever be satisfied?" She was led to see her lost state, and to confess that nothing but God's salvation could stay the longing of her heart.

At first the words of the Scriptures, to her so strange, so wonderful, seemed too good to be true; but as she read how God Himself had planned the great redemption, and learned His tender pity and boundless love, her very heart was bowed down in prayer, that He would teach her to trust all she was to Him.

The Lord never turns away from one soul who truly seeks Him. Very soon, as Miss L—— read on and on, in what had hitherto been a sealed book to her, she laid it aside again and again, to kneel, and with a rapture too deep for words, to pour out her soul in adoration and praise for the grace and love that she saw in the Lord Jesus. Simply believing in Him she knew herself saved, and no words could express the joy of her heart.

After the long years of unrest it was so grand, so surpassingly wonderful, to find perfect peace, that it seemed almost more than she could bear. It was a new world to her, a new life, and as she bade farewell for ever to the brilliant scenes once so familiar, she left them without one regret. She had now found a perfect object for her heart; far beyond the highest ideal she had ever formed was this precious reality; and her whole life was to be His henceforth. Of course she met with ridicule and persecution, but this only sent her to the Lord in prayer, and in the peace of His presence every trial became bright.

Years have passed, years only showing more of the inexhaustible treasure given to her by God. As she walks down here with the knowledge that she belongs for ever and for ever to His Son, she learns something, too, of the radiancy of that glory in the face of Jesus Christ, which floods with its own light and warmth the whole pathway of all who trust themselves to Him.

Dear reader, do you know this perfect peace, this "love which passeth knowledge?" God Himself can do no more for you than He has done. He has given His only Son to die for sinners. He offers you a free, full salvation; what are you doing with His offered gift? Oh, take it ere it be too late, and having accepted it, praise Him for His wonderful love. L. T.

TWO CLUBS FOR TIME AND NOTHING FOR ETERNITY.

A NEW occupant in one of the beds of the little village hospital attracted my notice, when I went in one afternoon to visit another sick man. I turned to show a little sympathy to the stranger, and hearing he had badly fractured his thigh, I said, "I am sorry you have met with this accident. It is a sad business when the husband and father is laid aside."

He turned his face towards me with a bright smile, and replied, "Ah, but I am well provided for; I have long ago made provision."

The smile was so happy that I thought there must be a deeper meaning in the words, and said, "Well provided for? I am glad; but is it for time, or for eternity?"

"Well, when you come to think on it, miss, it's for time;—I'm in two clubs."

"And what provision have you made for eternity?" I asked.

"For eternity?" he repeated; "why, I hadn't thought of that—nothing."

I sat down on the edge of the little bed, and looking him earnestly in the face, said—

"What! two clubs for time, and nothing for eternity? And yet time is so short, and eternity, how long! My friend, does not this seem folly?"

"Well, so it might be, miss, now you put it in that way."

"Indeed it is terrible madness. Only think, you had two clubs to fall back upon when you broke your leg, but if that accident had brought death to you, you had no provision —nothing for eternity. I have not the grey hairs that you have, but, thank God, many years ago, through His grace, I made my provision for eternity. Let me beg of you to do the same."

"Yes, miss, I reckon you are about young enough to be my daughter, and it is high time I began to think of another world. But then, you see, I have always been a very temperate man; lived honest, and I think I have as good a chance of going to heaven as any one. I'm what one would say is thoroughly respectable."

"It is strange, though," I remarked, gravely, "that God does not say one word in His book about thoroughly respectable people getting to heaven."

The sick man looked uneasy, and fidgeted in his bed, then said, "Doesn't He, miss? I'm no scholar, and I have not read the Bible; I wish I could."

"What do you think of a verse like this, that I have many times read in the Bible, 'All have sinned, and come short of the glory of God'?"

"Well, yes, to be sure, all have sinned; but I thought if one turned over a new leaf as one got old, and said one was sorry, and all that, one might be sure of getting to heaven."

"You told me a few moments ago that being a thoroughly respectable, honest, temperate man gave you a good chance of heaven, and now you talk of some day turning over a new leaf and being sorry, so that you allow that you are a sinner, after all. Now what do you think your turning over a new leaf, as you call it, will do for God? And will your being sorry blot out any one of your sins? If you had run up a long bill at the baker's, which you were quite unable to pay, would your telling him you were sorry you had got into his debt take that debt out of his books and set you free?"

"No, to be sure it would not."

"And do you think God is going to be less just as to His accounts than a tradesman of this world? Depend upon it, since He has said you have come short of His glory, He will have a reckoning with you as to that short-coming. No reforming or turning over new leaves could bring God glory as to the sins of the past, or blot one of them out of His book. He says you have 'come short' in all His claims upon you. You know when a man wants to get into the army they measure him to see if he is up to the standard for height, and if he comes short, he is rejected; they will not have him for a soldier; you have heard of that?"

"Aye, miss, I know about it; of course they won't have him if he comes short."

"And do you think God will be less particular about people coming short of His standard than the Queen is about those who come short of hers?"

My poor friend closed his eyes and writhed uneasily.

I said, "I am afraid I am troubling and worrying you, and I wanted to tell you something to comfort you."

"Nay, miss, you don't trouble me, it's my leg that troubles me."

But, as I rose, I felt it was more than that, and as I took his hand to wish him good-by, said, earnestly, "Now, do think as you lie there, that you have sinned and come short, that you are lost, and have no chance of heaven. Then, think that Jesus died for the lost ones; ask yourself what has His death done for you, and do get some sure provision for eternity, as well as your two clubs for time."

D. & A. C.

PRACTICAL EXHORTATIONS.

ATTEND first to your own vineyard; when it is in order, help your brother, but do not interfere with him.

BE sure of this—a man who is continually putting other people to rights is wrong in his own soul.

WHEN a christian is out of communion with God, he is sure to see plenty of motes in the eyes of his brethren.

MAN'S ONLY HOPE.

ONE morning in a railway-carriage, I found myself sitting opposite to an African, who told me that he had travelled from Western Africa to see for himself what art and science and education had done for Europe. —how far they had raised it above his native Africa. He spoke with the animation natural to his race, and became quite eloquent.

After listening to his remarks, I said, "Well, all over Europe, wherever you go, notwithstanding all that art, science, and education have done—and they have done much to raise man in the social scale, and much to embellish, and adorn, and otherwise improve this world (from man's point of view)—you will find sin, and misery, and death in the land, even as in Africa. For, notwithstanding all the things which man has at his command, and all the 'many inventions' he can boast of, he is powerless to remedy any of these sore evils."

"Oh yes," said he, "nothing but 'the blood,' nothing but the blood of Christ can do that."

There we sat, the black man and the white, both by nature children of wrath, but both, through infinite grace, "washed," "cleansed" —made nigh by the precious blood of Christ, and both together enabled to rejoice in the love of God manifested in the gift of His Son. I walked some little distance with my newly-found brother, and then we parted, perhaps never more to meet in this world; but surely we shall meet in that day when all the blood-bought people of God will be caught up to meet the Lord in the air; no longer bearing distinctive marks of nationalities, but "like Him," for each and all of the redeemed will see Jesus as He is.

Upon reflection, I felt saddened at the thought that the African's experience of Europe could but send him home to his native land, it may be a "wiser," but at any rate, from the christian standpoint, "a sadder man." For have not art and science and the improvements of the day, in the hands of the prince of this world, filled man with pride and boastfulness? and is not the religious thought of christian Europe denying the need of the blood of God's Son, which proclaims not only the extent of human guilt and ruin, but also the way in which God is fitting sinners of all races for His glory?

Let me ask you, dear reader, are you boasting in this world, which lies in the "wicked one" (1 Jno. v. 19), and under the judgment of God? Or can you, with the African, "boast in that which honours God," the cross of the Lord Jesus Christ? Oh, to be enabled to say with the apostle, and with all true disciples of the Lord Jesus, "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." (Gal. vi. 14).

R.W—E.

WHAT CAN I DO BUT PRAISE HIM?

"I WISH you would go and see my grandfather," said a lad to me; "he is very ill." I found the old man sitting by his cottage fire; his legs were bound up, and he was suffering greatly from dropsy. As I spoke to him, and read the word of God, I found that he was not ignorant of the way of salvation, but he had not seen or believed in the full provision which God had made for him as a sinner, when He gave His Son to die upon the cross. He soon not only knew, but believed the love God had to him.

The last time I visited him, with a friend, I said to the sick man, who was now confined to his bed, "Well, what will you do when you get to heaven?" The reply was spoken with surprise and emphasis: "What can I do but praise Him?"

The following is an extract from a letter received some time after from the friend who accompanied me upon this last visit:—

"I cannot help thinking of the Lord's goodness to that old man, ——'s grandfather—'plucked as a brand' at the last hour to be a worshipper for eternity in the glory, seeing his Saviour's face, and adoring Him, instead of for eternity brooding over his misery in the lake of fire."

W.

"SHUN foolish questionings," and go on quietly and earnestly with the work God has given you to do.

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FISHERS OF MEN.

MARK I.

THE blessed Servant of God and of men is walking by the Sea of Galilee. His eye is towards four fishermen. He calls them from their nets to come after Him, and to become, by His grace, fishers of men.

He had come from heaven to do the Father's will, to seek those which were lost. Most gracious it was in Him to associate with Himself in His work of love disciples of His calling. The Lord would not be alone in the loving toil of catching men from out of the sea of this world.

He began to preach the gospel of God, and bade men repent and believe the gospel. Now that He is in heaven the gospel of God is concerning the Son risen from among the dead. This is our net, and the Lord is "working with" His servants giving power to the word.

In the fisherman who catches men, in the true evangelist, there is without doubt, a special intimacy with the Master in relation to the work in hand. We hear of gifted preachers, eloquent speakers and the like; the true gift of a fisherman is the catching of fish. Some will catch a basket of fish where others do not gain even a bite. A skilful fisherman cannot explain how it is he catches the fish, an intuitive guidance, an instinct fits him for the work. A true gospel fisherman can, however, explain how he catches men—the Lord gives him the wisdom to accomplish the work. Apart from Him nothing can be done. The Lord knows where the "fish" are, and how they may be caught, "Come ye after Me, and I will make you to become fishers of men."

The four disciples from the border of the Sea of Galilee followed the Lord into Capernaum. Its synagogue was familiar to them, its pride that to which they were accustomed; moreover, in a house there, lay the mother of the wife of one of them, sick of fever, and with its sorrows they were also acquainted.

On the first Sabbath day of their coming after the Lord in order to their catching of men, they were taught the pride of the citizens, and the presence of Satan in the place of worship in Capernaum. Was this to show them a strength mightier even than human pride, even the love of God, and that which is stronger than Satan's power over man, even divine authority? Who can catch men without these two powers? If we would catch men, one thing is evident, the Lord must go first and we must follow Him.

The people were astonished at His doctrine, for He taught them as one that had authority, and not as the scribes. "Not as the scribes" are important words for us. It is not sufficient to have learned the letter of the word, to know by rote its passages, to have ability in finding chapter and verse, and to be orthodox in doctrinal knowledge; all these may be ours, and yet our teaching may lack the power of God. Human wisdom and learning may be present in handling the word of God, and the gospel preached be that "as the scribes"—without the authority of the Spirit of the living God. Our Lord's teaching commanded His hearers. He spoke to them with divinely-given authority.

Sermons made to make an impression, doctrines clear as the winter's stars, truths told in mere human vigour, will not catch men. It is the fisherman who catches the fish, not merely his lines or net. By all means have sound nets, and the right kind of lines—by all means preach the truth—all the truth, and nothing but the truth—but it is only as coming after the Lord that we shall catch men. Real dependence on the Lord is needed—particular dependence for the particular occasion. He must tell us where to go, what to say, and how to say it. Apart from Him we can do nothing. It is not even enough to be called by Him to be a fisherman of men, it is also necessary for the called fisherman closely to follow the Lord.

As the Lord taught in the synagogue that Sabbath day, His teaching discovered Satan's presence. The religious calm of customary worship was rudely broken; in the presence of the congregation the demon cried out, "What have we to do with thee, Jesus?" Ah! shall the very politeness of religious assemblies delude souls into fancying that all is peace? Too often such calm is as that peace which smiles on the countenance of death.

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Satan was in the synagogue, and covetousness in the temple, and both fled, driven out before the Lord.

Jesus rebuked the demon in the man and cast it out of him, then the people "were all amazed, insomuch that they questioned among themselves, saying, What is this? A new teaching! With authority He commandeth even the unclean spirits, and they obey Him."

Is the arm of the Lord shortened? He is risen from among the dead, He has brought Satan's power to nought. "A new teaching!" Ah! we ask not for new doctrines, but for the power of Christ. What a "new teaching" would this be in most places of worship.

WORDS FOR THE WAY.

A CHRISTIAN when in communion with God, walks softly: you do not hear the noise of his creaking steps announcing to everyone the way he is going.

THE servant, who has received directions from his Master, does not ask his fellow servant what he should do.

HE who has received his instructions from his Master had better not run before he is sent.

"A GIFT blindeth the eyes," and religious patronage ruins a christian's simplicity.

IT is a sore mistake for little men to suppose they have grown an inch taller because a great man is dead; a man is what he is, let his circumstances be what they may.

THE cloud led Israel. Beware of that behaviour which is practically trying to make a path for the cloud.

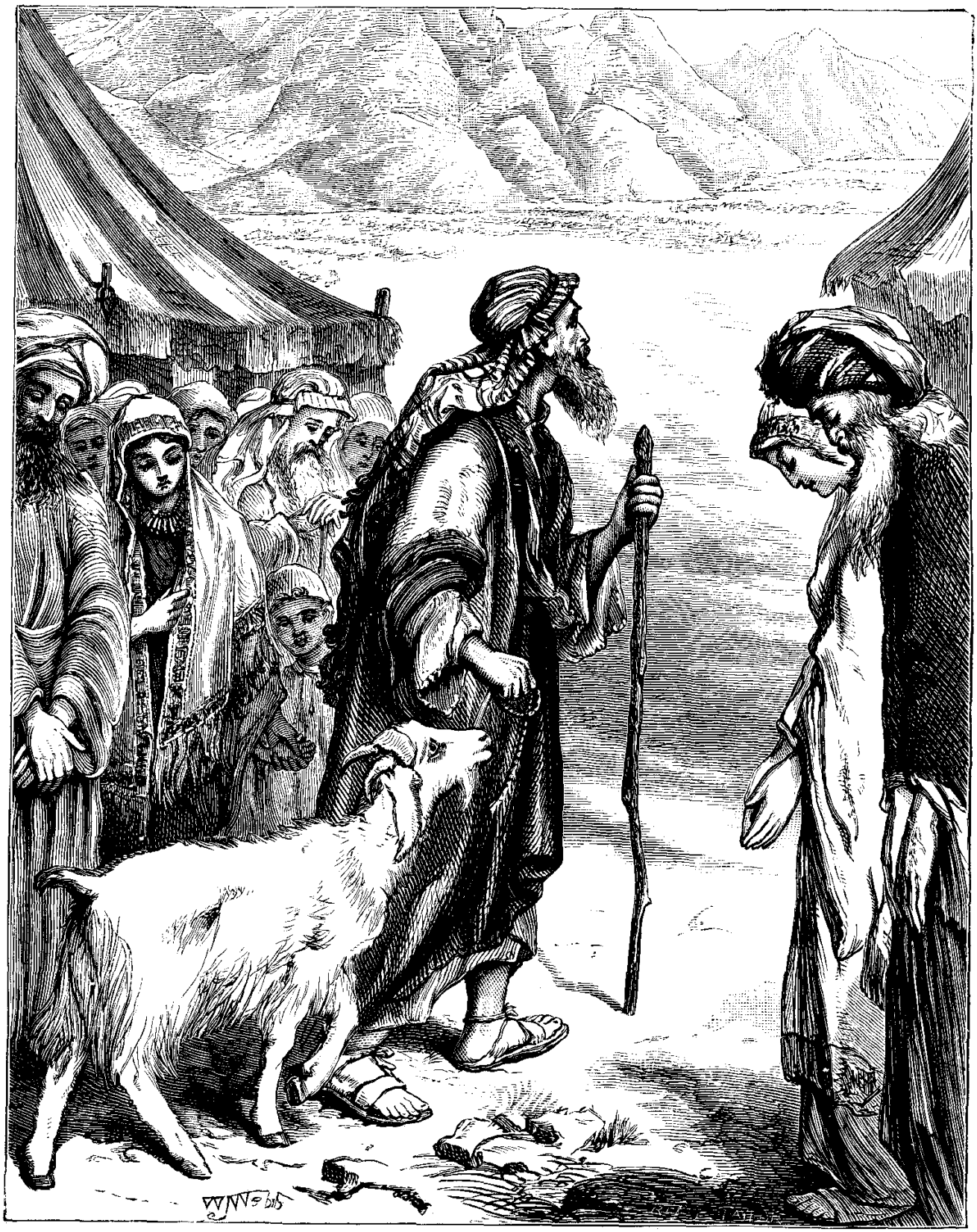
CHRISTIANS are bidden think of the things which are lovely and of good repute. God did not make His children to follow the occupation of moral scavengers, and to collect all the evil things said one of another they can lay hands upon.

The Great Day of Atonement.

IN our July number we spoke about the sacrifices which the children of Israel brought to the Tabernacle. The sacrifices for sin chiefly occupied us. Amongst these sacrifices there is one of a peculiar character, of which we now shall speak. If you will open your Bibles at the sixteenth chapter of Leviticus, and then turn to the ninth and tenth chapters of the Epistle to the Hebrews, you will find instruction concerning a sin offering, which in many respects differed from the other sin offerings. It was an offering made for sin once a year, and not for the particular sins of one person, but for the whole nation of Israel.

You have read the first few verses of the sixteenth chapter of Leviticus! They are very solemn. God would not allow Aaron to come at all times into the Holiest of All, where His ark was. Why was this? It is necessary to look into the tenth chapter for the answer. Nadab and Abihu, the sons of Aaron, had offered strange fire before the Lord, which He commanded them not, and they had perished for their disobedience. Then the Lord prevented Aaron from coming frequently into His presence, and would only permit him to enter the Holiest of All once a year. The sons of Aaron had been unholy and disobedient, therefore the priest's freedom of entering Jehovah's presence was forfeited.

The Holy of Holies—that sacred inner chamber of the Tabernacle—became thus, in the eyes of the priests and people of Israel, a place of the utmost solemnity. God dwelt there in His holiness, and amongst all the people of Israel only one man, and that one man only once a year, dared approach this dwelling-place of God. Sin had separated man from God. Alas! what a terrible separation exists between the sinner and God. But it is our joy to tell of the sacrifice of Jesus,



LEADING THE SCAPE-GOAT OUT OF THE CAMP.

and of His blood, which not only cleanses away the sins of all who believe, but which has also made a way for believers into God's very presence.

I would ask my dear young friends to turn once more to the picture of the Tabernacle in our July number. All the children of Israel assemble round the Tabernacle, but only such as have an offering to bring can come to its door; no one of all the tribes, unless of the tribe Levi, may pass beyond the brazen altar, which stands just within the curtained enclosure. Beyond the brazen altar you observe the brazen laver: to this the priests only who are engaged in the service of the Tabernacle may come. After the laver is the Tabernacle itself. Inside it the priests only who have the holy work of attending to the things in the holy place may go. A vail separates the holy place from the Holiest of All, and into this inner chamber, as we have said, only one man, the High Priest, may ever enter, and he only once a year. What a long way off must God have seemed to be from His people in those days! How different from the privilege christians possess! Now little children—yes, every little child who believes, has liberty to go right into God's presence through the blood of Jesus.

I think you can all see how sin kept Israel at a distance from the holy God. God is "of purer eyes than to behold evil" (Heb. i. 13), so He shut Himself away from His people Israel, though He dwelt among them. There is no freedom for anyone whose sins are not atoned for to enter God's holy presence.

Now, I wonder if you understand in your hearts this truth—If a sacrifice for the sin, which shuts out from God, be brought into His presence, then God can look at the sacrifice for the sin instead of the sin itself. This, in a figure, was the happy lesson taught by the great day of atonement. Aaron because of sin was not to go at all times into the Holiest of All, but when he went he was to go there with the blood of a sacrifice for himself, and also for the people of Israel, and this blood was brought into the place where God dwelt to make atonement for the sins of the people. The blood shed for Israel's sin, and not the sin, was therefore before God in the Holiest of All.

Aaron was quite alone in the tabernacle of the congregation when he went in to make an atonement. He was a figure to us of our great High Priest, Jesus Christ our Lord, who did all the work Himself. Not one of my dear young friends, I trust, thinks even for a moment that he or she can put away the smallest of his or her sins.

"Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
Naught for sin could e'er atone,
But Thy blood, and Thine alone."

Yes! Jesus has finished the work His Father gave Him to do; His precious blood has made atonement for us who believe on Him.

Now, what was the High Priest doing in the Tabernacle of the congregation that day? He was sprinkling the blood of the sacrifice upon the mercy-seat, and before the mercy-seat. The seat was, as it were, God's holy throne—the place to which man could not come because of sin. But the blood shed for sin was put upon the place where God dwelt.

The High Priest entered into the Holiest with his hands full of sweet incense, from which we learn how that God required the man, who once a year was a type of His blessed Son entering His presence in heaven for us with His own blood (Heb. ix. 12), should approach Him only with the mercy-seat covered with the cloud of incense—that is, with the throne of God covered right over, as it were, with the sweetness of the perfection of the Lord Himself. Our only hope is Jesus and His blood; but what a hope is this! In Him and by His work we are brought to God.

How happy is this contemplation as we think of our holy God! Lo! the perfection of His Son is ever before Him, and the precious blood Jesus shed on our behalf, because of our sins, speaks for us in His presence instead of our sins crying out against us. "Having therefore, brethren, boldness to enter into the Holiest by the blood of Jesus, . . . let us draw near" (Heb. x. 19-22); and these words, "draw near," are as much for little children as for grown-up people.

Perhaps some of you are saying, "But the picture is of a live goat being led by a man into the wilderness, and we have been reading all this time about the blood of a goat which was slain." Well, the slain goat was "the Lord's lot," the live goat was the people's. I wish you first to think of God's satisfaction in the precious blood of our Lord Jesus Christ, and if you believe that the very righteousness of God is satisfied by the death of Christ for us, I am sure you will be able to take in the happy lesson of the scapegoat for yourselves.

The people could not see the High Priest sprinkle the blood of the slain goat in the holiest before the mercy-seat; but when he had made an end of reconciling by blood the holy place, then he laid both his hands upon the head of the live goat, and confessed over him *all* the iniquities of the children of Israel, and *all* their transgressions in *all* their sins, putting them upon the head of the goat.

Here was something for them. And what were they to see? The goat, with their sins upon its head, led out of the camp, far, far away from them all. What a happy sight! It was going away from them all. Would it come back again? No; never. The goat was never to return and bring their sins back again. God had looked upon the blood instead of their sins, and now they had the joy of knowing that their sins were gone out of the camp away from them all.

As you look at the picture think of the happy reality of the christian's joy. His sins are gone, never to be remembered again for ever. Jesus has put them away by the sacrifice of Himself, and God remembers them no more. Hence, we who believe God can rejoice in our sins being forgiven and forgotten by our God.

The Eyes of the Lord.

"I THINK Bella loves Jesus now," said little Annie to a lady who was formerly Bella's teacher, "for she is quite different from what she used to be. She has a class of little children in our Sunday school, and she speaks so kindly, and has such patience with them."

"I am very glad to hear such good news," said the lady; "I hope soon to see Bella, and then I will ask her about this great change in her conduct."

Bella was a girl who had given her teacher a great deal of trouble, by ridiculing the Bible, showing much opposition to any who sought to speak to her of its solemn truths; so the news that she had become a Sunday school teacher greatly surprised her friend, who longed to speak with her and be assured as to the reality of the cause of the alteration in her.

An opportunity soon offered, and Bella was invited to meet a company of her old classmates.

The meeting was a very happy one, and among the bright faces of those dear young people not one face was brighter than Bella's. Her former teacher wondered at her all through their cheerful tea-time, but did not hear the good news of God's grace to her until, as they rose from the table, Bella drew her aside and said—

"I want to tell you something about myself that will make you very glad. I am quite a different girl from what I used to be. I am saved from hell, and on the road to heaven. The Lord Jesus is now my friend. I can truly say I am on the Lord's side."

"Dear Bella," replied her friend, "do tell me about your conversion. I have heard of your teaching in a Sunday school, and I feared lest you were making efforts with a view to your acceptance with God."

"No, indeed," said the young girl, earnestly, "The Lord's own precious blood has cleansed me from all sin, and I love to do something for Him who has done so much for me. But I do not wonder at your being surprised at the change in me, for I was a very troublesome girl when with you. I often think of the patience you had with me, and how the Lord has heard your prayers on my behalf, and it encourages me to go on patiently with my restless little ones. Ever since I trusted my soul to the Saviour's keeping," she continued, "I have

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longed to tell you the news, and have been asking the Lord to make the way plain for me to see you; and I am sure He has answered me to-day.

"You will remember that text over the mantel-piece. Ah, there it is," said Bella, as her eye fell upon it, and she read—"'The eyes of the Lord are in every place, beholding the evil and the good.' (Prov. xv. 3.)

"When I was very naughty, you would often point to that text and say, 'Bella, you forget, the eyes of the Lord are upon you.' I used to feel angry, and wish the text wasn't there, and yet I couldn't keep from looking at it. At last the words followed me wherever I went. I began to feel very wretched. Do what I would, I could not get away from the eyes of the Lord. My heart said, 'Whither shall I go from Thy spirit? or whither shall I flee from Thy presence?' The more I thought of God's omniscience, the more miserable I became. I tried to become good, but my sins stared me in the face. Unfit for His presence, my fitness for hell presented itself. What could I do, or where go to find relief? One night, when almost beside myself with despair, I shut myself up in my room, and there by my bedside I told Jesus everything. I told Him I could not get away from His eyes, that I felt they were searching me through and through, and nothing but badness did they see. Was He able to deliver me from the terror of His presence? Would He save me? He heard me, and answered me, and gave me such sweet peace, such assurance of His love toward me, as I cannot express. He told me that He died for me, that His blood was sufficient to cleanse my guilty soul, making it meet for His eyes. I believed His words, and became truly happy. I do not dread His eyes now a bit; I know they are gazing upon me with infinite love. Only one thing I dread, lest I should grieve Him by naughty ways. But He has hitherto helped me, and I trust myself to His good keeping.

"Now I have told you," said Bella, "all I can think of about my conversion; and very glad I am to tell you what the Lord has done for my soul."

Bella is still working for the Lord, and it is her old friend's earnest prayer that she may be kept pleasing Him until He calls her away to the home that awaits her. E. E. S.

PAPERS FOR VERY LITTLE CHILDREN.

GRANDMOTHER said, "To-day I have a new book, which you shall all read, one page at a time."

Winnie said, "I can only read a very little."

Mary and Helen said, "We can't read one bit."

Grandmother said, "You can all read my new book; even little children who don't know A B C, can read my book just as well as if they had learnt reading."

Then grandmother opened her little book at page one. Winnie and Mary and Helen would all be glad if it was a picture book without any reading at all—perhaps it was.

No! it was quite true it had no reading at all, but then it had no pictures either. It had only two black pages—quite black all over.

"Is it black all through, grandmother? If you turned over the page would there be nothing but black? Oh what an ugly book!"

Grandmother said, "To-day I shall not turn over the page; we shall only read these two black pages. What do they tell you? You don't know. They tell you what your three little hearts are like, unless God has made you all new. You know you did not like to hear the other day that our hearts are all bad. I am sorry to have to tell it you, and to show you such a very ugly picture of your three hearts. But I want you to understand how I know that it is true. I cannot see your hearts, so I could not have told they are all bad. It is God who sees them, and He has said so. Now let me hear you all say these words, which God made a man say long ago: 'I know that in me dwelleth *no* good thing.' Say them six times."

Mary and Winnie and Helen said these sad words six times.

"Now," said grandmother, "there are some more sad words God has said about men, women, and children: 'They are altogether become filthy!' Say those words six times, too."

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THE BLACK PAGE.

Mary and Winnie and Helen said these words six times also. They thought this was not a very nice lesson.

Grandmother had one more little verse for them to say: "There is none that doeth good, no not one." They said these words six times. It would be a good plan for all little children to learn these words, for it is much better to know and believe what God has said about us, than to have our own thoughts about ourselves. What mistakes we make! But God makes no mistakes.

Mary and Winnie and Helen could not understand why God said this. "*Sometimes* I am good," Winnie said. And they all thought that they had sometimes done very good things. Sometimes they had been obedient, and sometimes kind, and often for whole days they had never screamed, nor stamped, nor fought, nor said "I won't!"

"Why does God say we are *all* bad?"

Grandmother said, "God does not mean that there are no nice pleasant things in you; there are nice pleasant things even in dogs and birds; they get very fond of people who feed them and pat them, and dogs are often very obedient and useful.

"But they do not know about God, and cannot love him. Children *can* be taught about God, and when they hear of His love, and of all that the Lord Jesus has done for them, God looks into their little hearts to see whether they love Him, and whether they are kind and obedient *to please Him*.

"If they loved God, and were doing everything to please Him, that would be quite a different thing from being only nice and pleasant.

"Then they would give up their own way, because they loved the Lord Jesus more than themselves; they would obey at once when they are told to do things they don't like; they would love people who are unkind to them. Children can love people who are kind to them, when their hearts are all bad; I mean when their hearts are quite, *quite* empty of love to God. They can love even their birds and kittens, and rabbits, and dolls. But no one loves God till God has made them quite new. No one loves God in the very least till then. And I want you to understand that a heart that has *no* love to God in it, is a bad, black heart. Look again at the little book, and ask God to make you believe you are like that black, black page."

Helen said, "I know I don't love Jesus. I would like better to hear stories about animals. But sometimes I like stories about Jesus just for a little bit. Still I would like to please myself much more than to please Him. Do you know how the little children sit in the infant school? They have seats going up, up, like the staircase, and the big little children sit on the top seat. Now if I had seats like that for all the people I love, and I put the people I love *most* at the top, who do you think would sit on the top seat?"

Grandmother said, "Would I sit there?"

But Helen said, "No, I'm afraid only one person would sit there all alone, and that would be *I, myself*."

Then grandmother said, "I think Helen has told the truth about us all, till God has made us all new. And when we think of 'I, myself' sitting all alone at the top, I am sure we may believe that God has told the truth about our bad, black hearts."

THE TIMES OF ALFRED—ENGLAND'S COMFORT.

WE cannot tell what the preaching of Paullinus was like, but if he humbly asked God to show him how to teach His word to the heathen folk in the North country, we know that he did not ask in vain; and if God is the Teacher, the darkness which makes our eyes so blind to His love must fly away like the shadows of night at sun-rise, even as the Lord Jesus said when He spoke of Himself, "I am come a Light into the world, that whosoever believeth in Me should not abide in darkness."

All that history tells us is that many of Edwin's people forsook the old gods, and hearkened to the teaching of Paullinus, and that all went well with the land until a mighty heathen king, who ruled over the middle part of England, joined with a Welsh king to make war upon Edwin, and slew him in battle. Then the conqueror tried to make the Northern folk heathens again, and some of them went back to their old gods, while many fled away to Kent with the queen and Paullinus.

Are you not glad to think that better days soon came for Northumberland? It was a stormy time, full of changes, and the next king of the North lands was Oswald, the young prince of whom you have read, who learnt the gospel from the Iona missionaries when he was in banishment, and who was so anxious when he became king that his people should be taught, that he went about, with Aidan, putting his words into English for them, so once more the feet of him who brought glad tidings were beautiful upon the mountains of our dear native land.

Although Baeda's history is very interesting, you must remember that his most important work was his last, that translation of St. John's gospel which he only just lived long enough to complete. This work did not die with him. Those who could read, and there were many, among his own scholars and elsewhere, read in their own tongue that gospel which tells us so especially of the love of God in the gift of His Son, and contains so much of the teaching of the Lord Jesus Himself, in His very words, as those of you who have lately been studying it know.

The way in which God has preserved His word and given it to us is an interesting subject at all times, but especially now, when everyone is talking of the "Revised Trans-

lation," it is interesting to enquire a little about the old ones.

The translation of part of the Bible into the tongue of the English people, which came next to Baeda's work, is called the Durham Book, and was probably made in the reign of King Alfred. It contains the four gospels, but I am afraid you could hardly understand two words of it, so much has our language changed since that time. Here is a piece, however, for you to try how much you can read.

"Soth ic secge eow, se the ne gaeth aet tham geate in to sceapa falde, ac styhth elles ofer, heis theof and sceatha.

"Se the in-gaeth aet tham geate heis sceapa hyrde, thaene se geat-weard laet in, and tha sceap gehyrath his stefne: and he nemth his agene sceap be naman, and laet hig út."

After all, I think you will be able to make this out; but you see I have chosen a very easy verse or two of St. John's gospel, and I have not put in any of the old-fashioned letters which make the Durham Book rather hard reading now-a-days. The volume itself is very beautifully written—all by the hand, as you know all books were at that time—upon skins very carefully prepared, and is a monument of patient labour. The letters at the beginning of each gospel are painted with bright colours, and, strange to say, there are four portraits supposed to represent the four evangelists.

It is to our King Alfred that we owe the first translation of the psalms. Before he was king, he had collected a great many in a little book which he always carried in his bosom that he might read it in intervals of rest. We are told by his friend Asser that once, while conversing with the king, he happened to quote a sentence from the Bible. Alfred, who greatly reverenced God's word, and was a man of prayer, at once took his little book from his bosom and asked Asser to write down what he had repeated. As, however, the book did not contain one blank page, the king bade that a clean sheet of parchment should be folded in the shape of a book, and there the words from the Bible were written. By degrees the book grew into a large volume, for, says his friend, "like a most productive bee he flew here and there, asking questions as he went, until he had eagerly and unceasingly collected many various flowers of divine scripture, with which he thickly stored the cells of his mind."

But Alfred was no miser; he felt that all that God had given him he must, as a good steward, dispense to his people; he was eager to turn the treasures of his "handbook," for so he called it, into Saxon, and it was from this book, in which we are told that the king, amid his many anxieties, found "no small consolation," that he began his translation of the psalms from Latin into the tongue spoken by his people.

The book itself has been lost, but from some parts of it which have been preserved we see that it contained not only passages of scripture but other writings. Here is an extract which seems to be a prayer of the king:

"Lord, Thou who hast wrought all things worthy and nothing unworthy; Thou who art the Father of that Son who has awakened and yet awakens us from the sleep of our sins, and warneth us that we come to Thee!

"Thou who hast given us the power that we should not despond in any toil, nor in any inconvenience, as is no wonder, for Thou well rulest and makest us well serve Thee.

"Thou who hast well taught us that we may understand that that was strange to us and transitory which we looked on as our own—that is, worldly wealth; and hast also taught us to understand that that is our own that we looked on as strange to us—that is the kingdom of heaven, which we before disregarded.

"Thou who always preparest eternal life for us, and preparest us also for eternal life, hear me, Lord, Thy servant! Thee alone I love above all things; Thee I seek; Thee I follow; Thee I am ready to serve. Under Thy government I wish to abide, for Thou alone reignest."

The more we know of King Alfred's life and reign, the more we see that he did, indeed, seek to be himself under the government of God, praying for His blessing and guidance in all his undertakings, and that God made

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his way prosperous, so that he will be always remembered as our great and good king.

I think you would like to read a story out of the king's book about a good man who, when he found that the ignorant country folk of the place where he lived, would not come to church that he might preach to them, thought of a plan for winning their attention. He took his stand at eventide upon a bridge which led from the town to the country, and there he sang so sweetly that the people stopped upon their way home from fair or market, and crowded the bridge, to listen to his song. Then, when numbers were assembled, he taught them the word of God, and they heard him gladly.

I am sure this story must have delighted the king as he wrote it down, for the thought lay heavy on his heart that his people were very ignorant, and that there were but few who could teach them: his wish was that every free-born child should "persevere in learning till he could read the English scriptures with fluency."

The word for Christ in the English of Alfred's time is "Healer," and by this beautiful name he calls Him in his writings.

In the Saxon Chronicle, which is the earliest English history we have, we are told of three men who were found cast ashore upon the Cornish coast. They had come all the way from Scotland in a little boat, "wrought of three hides and a half," without oar or rudder. Taking with them a week's provisions, they had stolen away from their country by night, for they wished, for the love of God, to live as pilgrims somewhere—they cared not where.

Here we have another glimpse of the sad uncertainty in which men who had not God's word to guide them lived. In their ignorance these Scotch pilgrims thought to please God, and, perhaps, help to save their souls, by letting themselves drift in a little boat upon the rough seas which beat around our shores—so ready are our foolish hearts to believe that God wants something from us, until we find that we can bring nothing to Him but our sins, and the sad story of our misery, and that He of His own free love and mercy gives us

"Every gift that love could give."

We can fancy, when these poor wanderers were brought, as the Chronicle says they were, to King Alfred, how kindly he must have treated them, but we do not know what became of them afterwards. C. P.

ANSWERS TO SEPTEMBER QUESTIONS.

1. "No man knoweth the Son, but the Father; neither knoweth any man the Father, save the Son, and he to whomsoever the Son will reveal Him." (Matt. xi. 27.)—2. The Transfiguration. He speaks of himself as an eye-witness of the majesty of the Lord, and one of those who heard the voice from the excellent glory, saying, "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased." (2 Pet. i. 16-18.)—3. The Lord prayed that Peter's faith might not fail; otherwise, when he thought of what he had done, he might have been in despair like Judas. (Luke xxii. 32.)—4. Peter needed to be turned from trust in himself to trust in Christ; for when Jesus said, "I have prayed for thee," he still replied, "Lord, I am ready to go with Thee, both into prison, and to death." (Luke xxii. 33.)—5. The apostles Peter and John. (Luke xxii. 8.) "With desire I have desired to to eat this passover with you before I suffer." (Luke xxii. 15.)—6. Because Peter had been more confident than the rest that he loved his Master enough to do or suffer anything for His sake.—7. "Put up again thy sword into his place: for all they that take the sword shall perish with the sword. Thinkest thou that I cannot now pray to My Father, and He shall presently give Me more than twelve legions of angels? But how then shall the scriptures be fulfilled, that thus it must be?" (Matt. xxvi. 52-54.) "Suffer ye thus far" (Luke xxii. 51), and "The cup which My Father hath given Me, shall I not drink it?" (John xviii. 11).—8. "The Lord turned, and looked upon Peter." (Luke xxii. 61.)—9. The apostle Peter. The angel said to the women, who were early at the sepulchre, "He is risen . . . tell His disciples and Peter that He goeth before you into Galilee." (Mark xvi. 6, 7.)—10. No. It seems that Peter must have been alone when he first met his Master after His resurrection.

QUESTIONS FOR OCTOBER.

1. (*a*) Which of the evangelists records the saying of Christ to Peter, "Upon this rock I will build My church"? (*b*) What is the rock? (Give the answer from the gospel, and also from a verse in 1 Cor. iii.)—2. Does Peter anywhere in his Epistles allude to the *Rock foundation*, and the church being built upon it?—3. (*a*) How do we know that, though His servants may preach His word, Christ Himself is the Builder of His church? (*b*) With what does He build?—4. Had the Lord began to build His church when He spoke these words about it to Peter? (*b*) When did He begin, and where have we an account of the beginning?—5. Christ said unto Peter (Matt. xvi. 19), "I will give unto thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven. Can you find an account of the fulfilment of this promise with respect (*a*) to the Jews; (*b*) to the Gentiles?—6. What saying of the Lord to Peter concerning His death does he allude to in his second epistle?—7. (*a*) Can you mention any occasion upon which Peter, who had once been afraid of the consequences of confessing that he belonged to Christ, showed great courage and boldness in testifying for Him? (*b*) What caused the great difference?—8. Peter was one of those who looked after the Lord as "He was taken up; and a cloud received Him out of their sight." (Acts i. 9.) Does he say anything in his writings as to where the Lord is now?

Direct your answers to

QUESTIONS,
Care of Mr. ALFRED HOLNESS,
14, Paternoster Row,
London, E.C.,

stating your age and giving your address. Let such as may change their address not forget to tell us. Your replies must be sent in not later than the 25th of the month.

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FAITHFUL WORDS

For Old and Young.

I HAVE TO MEET GOD.

I AM READY.

THE following striking incident was related to the writer by a relative of the Mr. R., of whom the story speaks. The event happened in Australia, some years ago.

A notorious criminal, of a base, hardened nature, had, after a long course of lawlessness, been captured, tried, and sentenced to death. Learning that the wretched man paid no heed to the ministrations of those who sought to bring the truths of God's word before his soul, Mr. R. determined to seek permission to spend the last night with him in his cell, earnestly desiring to be made instrumental, in God's hands, in leading him to Christ ere his life was cut off. Having obtained the necessary order from the authorities, he was admitted and locked up in the same cell with the convict.

For hours Mr. R. remained seated, vainly trying to catch the eye of his unhappy companion, and to engage him in conversation. The prisoner, although he was evidently in a most agitated and fearful state of mind, yet maintained a sullen, defiant reserve, pacing the stones of his cell backwards and forwards like a restless lion, clanking his chains, and uttering loud groans. Hour after hour did he perform this self-imposed task, never halting, save occasionally to heave a heavy sigh, apparently ignoring the presence of a second person.

At last, whilst Mr. R. was looking entreatingly at him, he suddenly stopped, shook his chains, and fell flat upon the floor with a crash, and an awful groan which seemed to proceed from his inmost soul. Then rising and turning to Mr. R., he said, with fearful emphasis, and a look of deep earnestness, "Mr. R., don't you think I am afraid to die!"

Seizing the opportunity, Mr. R. quickly asked, "What, not afraid to die? Then why these hours of restless pacing to and fro, why those repeated groans, that look of terror?"

"No," replied the convict, "I'm not afraid to die!" then snapping his fingers, he added, "I'm no more afraid of death than that, but oh, Mr. R., the awful thought tormenting me is that to-morrow morning, at eight o'clock, I've got to meet God! got to meet God!!" Eternity alone will reveal the result of Mr. R.'s visit.

Dear reader, pause here. You have also to meet God; yes, to stand face to face with Him. How will you meet those eyes? Do you think that your case is not so desperate as the Australian convict's, that because you have not outraged the law and order of your country, because you are not condemned to die by the hands of the executioner your life is more secure, and therefore that there is no need for you to be under such deep and immediate concern about the future? Scripture says, "there is no difference." Remember one sin makes a sinner, and such is the holiness of God that when sin was imputed to His own Son, the Lord Jesus, on Calvary, He turned away His face, being of "purer eyes than to behold iniquity" even there.

Think not that God asks everything from or of you in order to fit you for His presence.

"All the fitness He requireth
Is to feel your need of Him."

Then "prepare to meet thy God"! How? By coming at once, as a lost, ruined sinner, and accepting the pardon, peace, and eternal life offered to all who receive Christ for themselves, believing on Him. This is the only ground upon which God sees a sinner ready. Resting on the finished work of Christ, you can truthfully say I am ready to meet Him.

Let me entreat you, my friend, at once to let this most important matter between your soul and God be settled. Do you require to be convinced that the subject does not admit of even one day's delay? Then listen while I tell you solemn facts.

"Gentlemen, to-morrow morning, at ten o'clock, precisely, if you please."

These were Serjeant C.'s words to the solicitors and officers of the Court of justice over which he presided, when, after a heavy day's work, he rose to leave. Being a man of precision, and desiring to finish off certain cases, if possible, the next day, he gave those around him a gentle reminder to be in good time.

But, long before ten o'clock the next morning Serjeant C. had been summoned into eternity. Death suddenly overtook him,

shortly after his arrival at home, the same evening. The sad event was altogether unexpected, and we know, from the serjeant's own words, "Gentlemen, to-morrow morning, at ten o'clock," that his speedy death was the thing farthest from his own thoughts.

Friend, this page has fallen into your hand, not by chance. Think! "to-morrow morning, at ten o'clock," where may you be? Are you ready?

The late Lord F., with his Lady and servants, was burnt in the train travelling from London to Holyhead, August 20th, 1868. His motto was, "Je suis prêt" (I am ready). It was true; his lordship was ready. Why? Because he had come as a sinner to Christ, and rested for salvation alone in Him. Is it so with you? Had Lord F. "hoped to be ready," how utterly hopeless would have been his case—overtaken in a moment, and, before help could be afforded, burnt to a cinder! What an unspeakable mercy that he could truthfully adopt as his motto, "I am ready."

You may think it presumption for a person to be sure that he is ready to meet God. It is no presumption to believe what Christ has said: "Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that heareth My word, and believeth on Him that sent Me, *hath* everlasting life." And the Apostle John could write: "We know we have passed from death unto life." Do not rest, short of the like assurance.

If you have received Christ as your own Saviour, you have life, eternal life, and are ready; if not, you are dead in trespasses and sins, in the fearful position of having "the wrath of God abiding on you," which may descend before "ten o'clock to-morrow morning," then, how and where will you spend eternity? ——— C. G. D.

WE JOY IN GOD.

"O GOD, Thou art *my* God," each believer in the Lord Jesus can say this. Yet what a wonderful thing to be able to say, "We joy in God." Nothing can be higher than this, and when God sums up the blessedness of the eternal state for His people, how does He do it? It is written, "And God Himself shall be with them, and shall be their God." B—K.

ANOTHER BRAND FROM THE BURNING.

"For ever! what a volume lies
Within these simple words alone;
How we regret, how dearly prize
What once was trifling in our eyes,
When 'tis for ever flown."

If this is true of earthly trifles, how terribly true of eternal realities?

It is said of those, who have been drowning, that their life history, like a panorama, flashes before the vision in a few brief moments, often filling the soul with terror. Such terror and anguish tore the inmost being of T. N. as he was brought face to face with that most agonizing picture—*a wasted life.*

There had been nothing very black, as men say, in his career. He was neither a thief nor a murderer. He had done what thousands of others are doing, frittering away existence, leaving God and eternity out of the reckoning. He had known, but had willingly forgotten, that the "wicked shall be cast into hell, with all the nations that *forget* God." Living thus for sixty-two long years, he was at length compelled to face the realities of eternity, with its tremendous issues. An affection in the throat, which baffled the skill of the surgeons and physicians, left nought to be looked for here but a lingering, painful death from starvation.

I had seen him three years before, and had spoken to him of present grace and future judgment, but a careless word about putting such matters off to "a more convenient season" was his only response.

After this, a distance of 200 miles between us prevented personal intercourse, but messages of the gospel were often sent to him by post. "Is this God's answer? Is this the way the prodigal is to be brought to the Father?" I asked myself, when I heard of his sad illness.

I longed to be a messenger to him, and God graciously opened the way. Once again we found ourselves conversing together on grace and judgment;—the grace of God that first brings salvation, and then teaches us to deny ungodliness and worldly lusts; the judgment already pronounced, and soon to be finally executed, on all that "obey not the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ."

Would that the careless spendthrift of precious opportunities could have seen the unutterable anguish that filled T. N. as he sat reviewing his past history!

He gasped out a few words, the burden of which was, "Ah! I have been a fool, I have wasted my life."

I saw that the Holy Ghost was convicting him of sin; and desired to see those convictions deepen. As God's messenger, I felt that if I were to "Show unto man his uprightness," it must be in God's way, by leading him to say, "I have sinned, and perverted that which was right, and it profited me not." The very depth of his moral being must be exposed before God; and he must, in common with everyone who is born of God, repent, condemn himself, and justify God.

After several interviews, I was compelled to leave him in much the same condition. Days and weeks rolled on, and the pain of body was exceeded only by the anguish of soul. He was now solemnly alive to his state before God, and his cry was, "Lord, be merciful to me a sinner." He was in the right way to get blessing now, for a repentant sinner is the very one to hear God's message, "Deliver him from going down to the pit, I have found a ransom."

Imagine my joy then, and rejoice with me, fellow-worker, at the contents of the following note from a near relative—

"On calling last night to see T. N., I thought his usually sad expression wonderfully brightened, and could not help speaking to him of the change, 'Thank God,' said he, 'I have a hope now; last Wednesday night I was lying awake hour after hour, praying to the Lord to let me know if I was saved, and He answered my cry, and since then I can do nothing but praise and bless the Lord, I am so happy. I am willing to live or die, whichever the Lord pleases.'

"You would be surprised to hear him talk," my friend continued; "He says that he is so full of joy that he does not now feel the need of food, even if he could take it."

The few more weeks which rolled by were spent in prayer and praise, and in thoughts of the blessing of having a Saviour, a Father and a Friend, to welcome him to an eternal home. His soul was filled with joyful amazement that *he* should be thus plucked as a brand from the burning. He gathered his children round his bed to warn them not to follow his example, and live wasted lives, but in their early years to repent, and believe the gospel.

At length the ransomed spirit left the suffering wasted body. He awaits, in sure and certain hope, the glorious resurrection morn, when the graves will yield up their dead, and the dust of ages start into life. Then his corruptible body will be raised in incorruption, made like unto the glorious body of Jesus, his Saviour and Deliverer. H. N.

DIVINE FAVOURS.

"BECAUSE Thy lovingkindness is better than life, my lips shall praise Thee." The psalmist does not here praise God for what He *does*, but for what He *is*; His lovingkindness. The christian who is most occupied with the Lord Himself is the one who will most look for His *favours;* he will esteem everything a favour that comes from His hand, whether it be trial or sorrow, or what people call mercies.

"Because Thou hast been my help"—he does not say, "Therefore I will rejoice in Thy help," but "therefore in the shadow of Thy wings will I rejoice." The joy of the psalmist is in God Himself. B—K.

READY.

OUR loins should be girded now, our lights burning, and we like men that wait for their Lord. Let us ask ourselves, Is everything in order? Are we just ready for the journey—ready to start, with no preparation to make, or is there something to be done in our hearts and in our homes before He comes? Are there things that must be cleared away—soiled garments to be pulled out of the mire, and then girt hastily around us? It will not be the time for girding *then*. Soon the time will have come for ungirding, and the only girt one will be our blessed Lord and Master, pre-eminent in service as in all else. B—k.

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I WILL IN NO WISE CAST OUT.

IN a pretty village near London, a man lived some years ago, who was the terror of his neighbours, and of his own family. He himself said that few went deeper into sin than he did. His poor wife suffered greatly, not only from his violence, but from the difficulty of providing for their children, as most of her husband's earnings went in drink. At one time, in a fit of passion, he deliberately attempted to take the life of his child, but through God's mercy was prevented from doing so. He was so hardened that it seemed vain to hope for any reformation. But "Is anything too hard for the Lord?" In this case we get a clear answer—"With God all things are possible"; for this man, sunken deep in degradation, was yet to become a bright witness of the omnipotence and grace of God, a vessel through whom the glory of God's grace was to shine, and brighten many a heart.

At the very time when he was bent on destruction, he was led to think of eternity, and it suddenly flashed upon him that he was not ready. He saw he was lost, and in anguish of soul owned himself to be a guilty, vile sinner whom God alone could save. He fled to Christ Himself, and proved the truth of His blessed words, "Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out," and learned that God's salvation is like God—infinite, eternal.

Thomas R. now began to live for Christ. He became a quiet, humble, happy servant of his Lord. But it is always true that as we sow we also reap. The many long years of a sinful life had led his children into the same paths, and now they mocked at the "religion," as they called it, of their father. Deep, indeed, was the anguish of his soul as he saw what his own example had produced. Constant and fervent were his prayers for his unhappy children, but for years his faith was sorely tried as he saw them still unrepentant.

As time went on, Thomas became loved and respected by his fellow-christians for his earnest devotedness to the Lord. Always eager now to serve Him, he sought out ways of doing good to those around him. He became an indefatigable worker in a Sunday-school, which he was one of the first to establish, and where he had the joy of seeing not a few of the little ones led to Christ.

Reader, do you own Jesus as your Lord and Saviour? He is coming soon—oh! see to it that you are ready. L. T.

CONFIDENCE IN THE SCRIPTURES.

I CALLED, a few days since, to see a poor old bed-ridden woman, who has been a sufferer for several years.

She professes to be a believer, and I was talking a little to her about going to heaven. Her husband, an aged man, who had worked hard all his life, but whose feebleness rendered him unfit for daily labour, was sitting by her bed-side.

Although I had frequently visited the wife, I had never met him before, as he had only recently been obliged to give up his work and remain at home. I turned to him and asked, "Are YOU going to heaven?"

He answered, "Yes, unless the Scriptures are false."

"Oh!" I said, "is your heart all right then?"

He replied, "I trust the Scriptures more than my heart." He further remarked, "I put all my trust in the Lord, and He has said, 'I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee,' and His blood has washed away all my sins."

This was what a poor uneducated quarryman could say about his hope for the future, and that in a tone of firm decision. I was struck with his simple confidence in the Scriptures, and at once saw that, though ignorant and unlearned as to what the world calls wisdom, he was taught of God, and therefore could trust Him. How few, in these days of great religious profession, possess the simple faith and child-like confidence of this dear old man, and, if asked, "Are YOU going to heaven?" could give such an answer!

"The *word* of the Lord endureth for ever. And this is the word which by the gospel is preached unto you." (1 Peter i. 25.) E. W. T.

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GRACE AND MERCY.

WHILE grace has reference to the sins of men, and is that blessed attribute of God, which these sins call out and display—mercy has special and immediate regard to the *misery* which is the consequence of these sins, being the tender sense of this misery displaying itself in the effort, which only the continued perverseness of man can hinder or defeat, to assuage and entirely remove it. . . .

In the Divine mind, and in the order of our salvation as conceived therein, the mercy precedes the grace. God so loved the world with a pitying love (herein was the mercy) that He *gave* His only-begotten Son (herein the grace), that the world through Him might be saved. (Eph. ii. 4; Luke i. 78, 79.) But in the order of the manifestation of God's purpose of salvation the grace must go before the mercy—the grace must make way for the mercy.

It is true that the same persons are the subjects of both, being at once the guilty and the miserable; yet the righteousness of God, which it is quite as necessary should be maintained as His love, demands that the guilt should be done away before the misery can be assuaged; only the forgiven may be blest. He must pardon before He can heal; men must be justified before they can be sanctified. And as the righteousness of God absolutely and in itself requires this, so not less does the sinner's conscience, which needs to know how God can in righteousness pardon a guilty sinner.—*Extract.*

OUR UNFAILING GOD.

Do not let your heart be discouraged, christian, by what you must necessarily pass through in this world, to the loss of the sense in your soul of the unfailing mercy and goodness of your God. The world is the same world it ever was. God knows all things, and He never leaves and never forsakes His own. Trust Him. Encourage your soul in the Lord. Be strong and of a good courage. Fear not. If God be for us, who then can be against us? Blessed unanswered, unanswerable question!

MURMUR NOT.

"DO all things without murmurings and disputings, that ye may be blameless and harmless," is God's admonition to us. He knows the proneness of our hearts to fall out with our lot and surroundings, but He brings in Jesus the humbled One, as much as to say, "Consider Him. He left the sphere of glory and power, majesty and command, for a condition of humility and weakness, trial and servitude, to learn obedience in the things which He suffered."

Submitting as the true Servant to the mighty hand of God, He was exalted in due time. So should we be exalted in due time, but alas! we seek to rise up instead of being content to lie down. "One thing thou lackest," was Christ's judgment of the rich and morally endowed young ruler, for he went away sorrowful, having great possessions; he would not submit himself to the will of the divine Master. Submission would have brought poverty and a cross on earth; fellowship with the Son of Man, treasure in heaven.

"One thing is needful," were our Lord's words to one, a murmurer at being left to "serve alone." Another chose the needful thing, for sitting submissive to His word, she contented herself with His sufficiency. She learned, too, how He could sympathize in the deepest sorrow, which rent her heart at her beloved brother's death. She bowed beneath His hand—a willing vessel, to be exalted in due time by having her loving service unto Him recorded as a lasting memorial of her.

The first lesson the Lord sets for us is a ruling one in His school, viz., submission to Him, His word and will. All grumbling arises from having our wills thwarted in some degree, our tastes not complied with, or plans frustrated; but our God must rule; His "way" is perfect, and He will have our "way" perfect, too. He found us altogether opposed to Him, but He broke us down. Blessed be His name. He is the God of power as well as love. Do we not forget this, and so live as though we were not dependent on Him for every breath we draw, every motion of

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our limbs, every function of our constitution? If we forget, He remembers that we are dust. Yet in infinite mercy He still maintains His sway, and bends our wills, stubborn too often, alas! by the way of tears and suffering. Yet all is to cause us from the heart to say, "Thy will, not mine, be done."

If we consider the history of His earthly people Israel, we find them murmuring again and again. In judgment He ever remembers mercy, so He leads them about for forty years, all to prove and humble them—to show what was in their hearts and what was His heart. He knew from the beginning they required a practical demonstration of the evil ever ready to spring from within. Here, then, is a great purpose in their long sojourn outside Canaan. He will fashion us after the pattern of His Son. Testing found no contradiction in His will, in ours it does.

Let us, beloved, look up to Jesus for succour by the way; accept our times from our Father's hand, learning to say with one of His suffering ones, "My Father always does the *very best* for me." Thus may we rest in His love, wisdom and power, and under His tuition learn in measure to say with our Lord Jesus, "Even so, Father; for so it seemeth good in Thy sight." T. R. D.

AFTER GOD'S OWN HEART.

DAVID was a man after God's own heart, notwithstanding all his failures. What a large portion of the word of God is occupied with him, with his troubles, and exercises of soul! How little in comparison we hear of Solomon and all his glory!

Now, how is this? How could it be said that David was a man after God's own heart? It was because he always counted upon God. However wrong he had been, whatever his trouble, he always went straight to God. This is what christians should do—go through thick and thin to God. Let us remember that there are no surprises to Him, however *we* may be surprised at all the evil and failure which we find in ourselves.

B—K.

TWO IMPORTANT QUESTIONS.

FIRST.—Do you know that peace has been made through the blood of Christ's cross?

Beloved reader, mark it well! It is not that Christ is making peace; nor that He will make it; but it has been made.

Eighteen hundred years ago Christ shed His blood on the cross, and through that blood, peace was made. There He silenced every foe, there He answered every charge, and met every claim which could be brought against the believer, there He satisfied Divine justice, and there the sword was sheathed in His bosom, there He bowed His blessed head, and before He died, the loud, clear tones of the Victor were heard, "It is finished!"

Glory to His matchless name, the penalty has been borne by Jesus. Sin—root and branch, has been judged at the cross in His death. The divine character has been vindicated; and now, the mighty work having been accomplished, God's righteousness is declared "that He might be just, and the justifier of him which believeth in Jesus." (Rom. iii. 26.)

All enemies are vanquished: not one is left; "The Lord hath triumphed gloriously." He was delivered for our offences, and raised again for our justification. And now peace, absolute and eternal, based upon that mighty, unchanging, and infinite work, is the present portion of the sinner, whatever the amount of his guilt may have been, who believes on God who raised up Jesus our Lord from the dead. (*See* Rom. iv. 24, 25.)

What an astonishing fact! It is not a mere doctrine, but a great, glorious fact, that "Peace has been made through the blood of His cross." (Col. i. 20.) Every foe is vanquished, and the Victor has been received up into glory, where He now sits "crowned with glory and honour." (Heb. ii. 9.)

Just suppose, after peace had been concluded in the late Franco-German war, when the French had been completely conquered, you had met a man on a journey, and had asked him whither he was bound.

"Oh," says he, "I'm going to try and make peace with the Germans."

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You laugh at him and say, "Why, my friend, you have surely taken leave of your senses; peace has been made with the Germans. And if it was not, *you* could not make it; the proper authorities must do that; but it is made."

"But still," he replies, "we must do our best, and the best can do no more."

You turn away, and say, "The man has parted with his senses." But how shall we describe the irreverent folly of those who are trying to make their peace with God? He has declared that by the blood of the cross of His holy Son, peace has been made. Shall not that suffice? Oh, foolish man! When will you cease your efforts, and rest in the blessed and glorious fact that peace has been made?

Second.—"Have *you* peace with God?" Peace has been made, but have you peace? Observe, it is peace with God of which we speak: not peace with yourself, nor with your neighbour, nor with your friends. Not some thing inside you, not something around you, not a *feeling*—but a *possession*. It is peace made *through* blood, made on behalf of sinners.

The moment you believe on God who raised Jesus our Lord from the dead, who was delivered for our offences, and was raised again for our justification, and see how that God has in righteousness done for you what no power of yours could ever have effected—*you know your sins are gone. There is nothing left for you but peace.* God has justified you by faith; and being justified, you have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ. It is yours. You may say, "I have now peace with God."

Alas! that souls should be trying to make their own peace with God. It is impossible. Jesus has done it already. What is needed is peace-takers, not peace-makers.

Dear anxious, seeking soul, why try any longer to make your peace with God! Oh, rest in what has been done! W. E.

His be the Victor's name,
Who fought the fight alone,
Triumphant saints no honour claim,
His conquest was their own.

Waters from the Smitten Rock.

"I HEARD the voice of Jesus say,
'Behold, I freely give
The living water: thirsty one,
Stoop down, and drink, and live.'"

Have you heard His voice? And can you, indeed, sing—

"I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream:
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
And now I live in Him"?

I hope each one of you can do so, dear young friends! At the beginning of this year we spoke together of Jesus—the Bread from heaven: now, as we have come nearly to the year's close, we will speak of Him as the Giver of the living water. Jesus says, "If any man thirst, let him come unto ME, and drink." (John vii. 37.) He gives, and the way we get is, by coming close to Him, and receiving from Him.

Those who are thirsty value most the water they drink. I noticed, one hot summer's day, many children round a fountain, all of them getting cupsful of water. If they had not been thirsty they had not sought the fountain. So it is with the soul. The longing soul *thirsts for what this world can never give*, and this longing drives the sinner to Jesus, who loves to give life, refreshment, and joy to all who come to Him.

Soon after the children of Israel had been fed with the manna they began to murmur for water. The children, too, were very thirsty, so much so that their fathers and mothers thought they would die. Do you think the good God would let the dear little children, whom He brought out of Egypt die for want of water? You will remember, when Pharaoh spoke about letting the grown-up people go, and of keeping the little children behind in Egypt, God would not allow such a thing for a moment, and could He, now they were out of the land of bondage, suffer

STRIKING THE ROCK.

them to perish with thirst in the wilderness? It would not be like God. Oh, no.

It is very happy for you to know how the good and gracious God loves you and cares for you. He will never let one little child, who believes on Jesus Christ His Son, perish; and do not think He is not near His people, and with them in His grace.

Now there was a rock in the wilderness of Horeb. It must have been a great one, for God spoke of it to Moses as "the Rock in Horeb." Travellers speak of a great rock in Horeb, which has in it some holes, just as if water had run out from them. Some think this is the very rock Moses struck. Whether they are correct or not is more than we can say. Be that as it may, the rock was one which the children of Israel could easily see.

Jehovah bade Moses take the rod with which he had smitten the waters of the Nile, and smite this rock, that water might come out of it for the people to drink. The Lord would have the chief people of Israel see His servant Moses strike the rock. It was an open sight before their elders. He said that the people should drink.

Of one thing we may be certain, the water was fresh and bright, and there was plenty of it, for God gives enough and to spare when He bestows His bounties on His people. Our picture has little children as well as grown up people standing around this wonderful rock. Many a hand is stretched forth, you observe, by the eager people, and we can almost hear those clamorous men behind Moses crying out, "Give us water, that we may drink."

Now Moses lifts his hand, he holds up the rod; see! he smites the great rock, and lo! the waters gush out in living streams. Every one can drink now. There need not be one thirsty lip in all Israel now. Every one may fill his jug or cup, for God has given the water.

How thankful, how happy the children of Israel should be! Bread from heaven theirs, and water from the rock.

"How good is the God we adore,
Our faithful, unchangeable Friend,
Whose love is as great as His power,
And knows neither measure nor end."

Jesus has been smitten by the hand of judgment, and from Him, once crucified, we obtain our joy. He fills those who believe with His Spirit; they are satisfied and full of happiness. If one of you, dear young friends, is saying in your heart, "Oh! but I am not quite happy in soul," let us first ask, "Have you been to Jesus, who was smitten for sinners on the cross?" You say, "I have. I know my sins are forgiven. Jesus has saved me, and I am going to heaven, but still I am not fully happy in Christ."

Well, the little children had to go across the wilderness as well as the old people. Not only fathers and mothers, but little boys and girls too. They could not always be carried, and so at times some grew very weary and sad. And so it is now; little christian boys and girls have to go through the world as well as their parents; they have to find out what trouble is. Not that God sends greater burdens than their young shoulders can bear. Still, sometimes they look very sad. What is to be done? Just this: come to Jesus for happiness as you went to Him for salvation. "If any man thirst, let Him come unto Me, and drink."

In our picture, in the foreground, is a little child with a small cup, and close to the child are two large vessels. Do you think there will be water sufficient for filling the child's small cup as well as for filling the large vessels when the waters begin to flow from the rock? Oh yes. And so there is joy for you and for all in Christ; He will fill you with His Spirit if you come to Him by faith. Jesus has been smitten on the cross for you, long, long ago, dear young christian, and now He gives the Spirit of God to you, to dwell in you, and to fill you with joy.

PAPERS FOR VERY LITTLE CHILDREN.

III.

THE next day grandmother turned over the page of her little book. There was no black; all was red. "And now," said grandmother, "we will turn over one page more." There was no black, and no red—all was white.

"Before I tell you about the red page," said grandmother, "I wish you to look at the white, white page—all white; no spot in it. You see, it is just the opposite of the black page we looked at first. What can it be a picture of?"

"I know," Winnie said. "It must be a picture of good people, with good hearts."

"But, you know," grandmother said, "we learnt the last time, 'There is none that doeth good: no, not one.' Yet there are many people of whom this white page is a picture. You do not understand how this can be. You will understand it better when I have told you about the red page that comes between. So, now, we will turn back to the red page, and I want you to attend with all your might to what I am going to say. I am going to tell you about the most wonderful thing that ever happened.

"Perhaps you have often heard about it before, but I want you to *think* about it, and to listen to every word, that you may know *why* this wonderful thing happened, and what it has to do with you. First, tell me what you know already about the Lord Jesus Christ."

Winnie, and Helen, and Mary all said they knew that Jesus came down from heaven, and was once a little baby, and was laid in a manger, and that then He grew up, and did wonderful things; He made sick people well, and He made blind people see, and even He made dead people alive; and after that wicked people nailed Him to a cross, and He died, and then He became alive again, and at last He went up to heaven.

All this the three little girls knew.

Then grandmother said, "I want you to tell me who Jesus is. You say He came down from heaven. Who is Jesus?"

"I know," one of the little girls said. "He is the Son of God."

"Yes," grandmother said, "Jesus is God Himself, and He is the Son of God the Father. But there are not two Gods. The Father and Jesus His Son are both God; and, besides, the Holy Spirit is God: yet all three—the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit—are only one God."

Winnie said, "I can't understand that at all. I don't see how three can be one."

"Nor can I," grandmother said, "nor can anybody. It is one of the many, many things which no one understands. But I want you now to remember that the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Spirit are all God; besides I want you to remember that Jesus, the Son of God, is man, besides being God. He was not always man. He was always God, but He only became a man 1881 years ago. Since then He has been a man as well as God, and He will always be a man as well as God.

"The Father is only God, not a man; the Holy Spirit is only God, not a man; but Jesus is God, and He is a man, too. Now I want you to listen whilst I tell you *why* the Son of God became a man. He became a man that He might die, and you know how He died, nailed upon the cross. But why did He want to die?"

Winnie said, "I know. He died to save sinners."

Grandmother said, "Yes. But I want you to tell me what that means. How could sinners be saved by His dying? And what did it save them from?"

Winnie said, "I don't know why His *dying* saved them. I know that we are saved from going to hell, but I don't know why He had to die."

Grandmother said, "God said these words a long time ago, 'The soul that sinneth, it shall die.' If men had never sinned they would never have died. Death is the punishment for sin. Say these words six times over, 'The soul that sinneth it shall die.'"

Winnie, and Helen, and Mary said these words six times.

Then grandmother said, "Dying is not the end of the punishment. Men and women and children never, never come to an end, even when they die. But those who die with their hearts like the black page can only be unhappy and wicked always, so that there could be nothing but unhappiness for us all for ever and ever, if God had not done something to save us from our sins, and from the punishment of our sins. F. B.

THE COMING ONE.

"I HOPE to be with you on Saturday, but cannot tell you at what hour." So wrote a very dear relative, and great was the pleasure with which the announcement was received.

When the day came our first thoughts were of the dear one so soon expected. "Auntie will be here to-day," the children said to each other; "how nice it will be to see her again." Of course the usual duties had to be performed, for it would not do to neglect anything; all must be order, not confusion, when our visitor should arrive; so some went to school and others to household duties as usual.

We knew not when to expect her of whose coming we had heard, but we were ready, and longing to see her whenever she should come, and the hope of the pleasant meeting lent a charm to all our work; so that although we had to think and talk of many other matters, there was constantly in our hearts the anticipated pleasure of seeing one whom we all loved.

The day wore on, and the evening came, and yet she had not arrived. Some of us began to fear she would not come, and had almost given her up, when the sound of wheels was heard—they stopped at our gate—yes, Auntie had come!

I will not tell you of the joyful meeting, of the few pleasant days she passed with us, nor of the sorrowful good-byes which followed (for earthly joys soon pass away, and there is only *one* place where partings are unknown), as I want to speak to you of another coming One, whom it is our joy to expect, though we know not the day nor the hour of His coming.

The Lord Jesus is soon coming to take His loved ones home, and we are told to wait and watch for His coming. Do our hearts rejoice at the thought that He may come to-day? Do we long to see His face, to hear His voice? As we perform our necessary daily duties does the hope of His return brighten all we do? Alas! with many of us it is not so; we get occupied with the things of this world, our hearts become cold and forgetful; we are apt even to think that our Lord delayeth His coming, and to seek our own things in this world.

Oh, let us wake up, let us watch and be sober, for surely the coming of the Lord draweth nigh. Not the less would our duties be attended to, not the less diligently would our work down here be done, for everything would be done for Him and to Him, and all that is contrary to Him would be avoided, if this hope were the spring of all our actions. Let us seek to keep it bright and real in our hearts; too often it is but a doctrine in the head, not a real loving hope in the heart.

Are we really expecting our Lord to come? If so, surely our lives and ways will show it.

Who is it we are looking for? That blessed Saviour who loved us, and gave Himself for us; who shed His blood on the cross to deliver us from hell; who has gone to prepare a place for us in the Father's house above.

What is it we are expecting? That He will take us up to be for ever with Himself, free from all the sin, the trial, the pain of this life, to that bright place where death cannot come, and where sorrow and tears are unknown; where we shall see Him face to face, and be like Him. His own word to us is "Surely I come quickly." May our hearts readily and joyfully respond, "Even so come, Lord Jesus."

M. M. B.

FOLLOW ME.

WHILE speaking to some of the little girls in my class one day, I asked them what two words the Lord Jesus said to Philip when He found him.

"Follow Me," was the prompt reply. "Then," said I, "those two words also apply to you. What is your answer?"

One said, "I mean to follow Him some day." Another, "I should like to follow Him." But one little girl did not make any answer. She was very attentive and thoughtful, and so our little class broke up.

The next Sunday the silent little girl put a small note into my hand, which ran as follows: "I came to Jesus this afternoon, and my answer to that question is this: I will arise and follow my own dear Saviour." B.

GOD IS STRONG.

A MOTHER was busily employed in her household work, one forenoon; she looked sad, for she had a heavy heart. Her husband had newly entered into business, and the affectionate wife and mother had anxious thoughts as to whether he would succeed. In a word, though a child of God, she was under a cloud by letting her mind think over her trouble, instead of the love of Christ and her Father's care. Her little daughter, a child of about four years old, looked anxiously at her mother, as she moved about the room so gloomily, and not in her usual manner singing some hymn of praise or chatting to her little one. All at once the child cried out, "Ma! sing to God; He is strong."

The words came as a direct message from God to the mother's soul, chiding her for her unbelief, but reminding her of her "Strong Tower." "When my heart is overwhelmed, lead me to the Rock that is higher than I," became her prayer. The load was lifted from her heart, the cloud pierced by a glad ray from His presence; she could now sing in a fresh sense of His love.

When the father came in to dinner he was greeted with a smile, and told how God had used the words of his little one to remove the shade of unbelief from the mother's heart. She was "made strong," and could sing aloud to God her strength. (Psalm lxxxi. 1.)

T. R. D.

Faithful Words for Old and Young 10 (1881)

ANSWERS TO OCTOBER QUESTIONS.

1. (*a*) St. Matthew. (Ch. xvi. 18.) (*b*) The truth which the Lord said His Father in heaven had revealed to Peter about Him—that He was "the Christ, the Son of the living God." St. Paul says, "For other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ." (1 Cor. iii. 11.)—2. Yes. (1 Pet. ii. 3-5.) "If so be ye have tasted that the Lord is gracious. To whom coming, as unto a living stone, ... chosen of God, and precious, ye also, as lively (living) stones, are built up a spiritual house."—3. (*a*) Because He says, "*I* will build My church." (Matt. xvi. 18.) (*b*) With "living stones"—that is, those who having come to Christ, the Living Stone, have received life from and in Him. (1 Pet. ii. 5.)—4. (*a*) No; for He said, "I *will* build." (*b*) Fifty days after His resurrection, when the Holy Spirit came upon the apostles, and after the preaching of Peter, three thousand "were added"; and we read, "the Lord added *to the church daily such as should be saved*" (those who were being saved). (Acts ii. 41-47.)—5. (*a*) On the occasion of his address to the Jews, out of every nation under heaven, who were assembled at Jerusalem on the day of Pentecost. (Acts ii.) (*b*) When he spoke the word of God to Cornelius and his kinsmen and near friends at Cæsarea. (Acts x.)—6. Peter says, "Shortly I must put off this tabernacle, even as our Lord Jesus Christ hath showed me," alluding to the words which Jesus spoke, signifying by what death He should glorify God. (John xxi. 18.)—7. (*a*) When Peter and John were brought before the high priest and his council at Jerusalem, and asked by what power they had healed the lame man, Peter spoke with such boldness of Christ and His resurrection, and of how God had made the Stone which had been set at naught by them the head of the corner, that they marvelled. (Acts iv. 13.) (*b*) We read that Peter was "filled with the Holy Ghost"—he was not speaking in his own strength.—8. "Jesus Christ, who is gone into heaven, and is on the right hand of God." (1 Pet. iii. 22.)

QUESTIONS FOR NOVEMBER.

1. (*a*) Show, by reference to the Acts, that the christians to whom St. Peter wrote his epistles were Jews. (*b*) He reminds them (1 Peter ii. 10) that they were, in time past, not a people, but were now the people of God. Can you think of any passage in the Prophets which refers to this?—2. Christians are sometimes spoken of as "seated together in heavenly places in Christ," sometimes as those who are on a journey through this world to the place where Christ is; in which way are they looked upon by St. Peter in his first epistle? Give references to prove your answer.—3. In the Old Testament the people of God were (*a*) chosen by Jehovah; (*b*) sanctified, or set apart, by *ordinances*; (*c*) unto obedience *to the Law*; (*d*) and sprinkling of the *blood of bulls and goats*. What does St. Peter show as belonging to those to whom he wrote instead of all these?—4. (*a*) Peter had shown pride and self-confidence himself; how does he recommend to others the very opposite? (*b*) He had suffered because he had done wrong; how does he say christians ought to suffer? (*c*) Christ had prayed for him, that his faith should not fail; how does he say that believers are kept? (*d*) He had been in danger from Satan himself; how does he warn others? (*e*) Christ had said to His disciples, "Watch and pray, lest ye enter into temptation"; does Peter say anything about this?—5. Why was it needful that St. Peter should say to *Jews* who believed in Christ, "Beloved, think it not strange concerning the fiery trial which is to try you"?—6. In 1 Peter iv. 18, we read of the righteous being "*scarcely* saved," and in 2 Peter i. 11, of "an entrance ministered *abundantly* into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ." Give instances of *the latter* from the New Testament.—7. St. Peter says of believers, "Ye are a royal priesthood." What sacrifices can such offer to God?—8. What does St. Peter give to christians as a reason for fearing God?

Direct your answers to

QUESTIONS,
Care of Mr. ALFRED HOLNESS,
14, Paternoster Row,
LONDON, E.C.

stating your age and giving your address. Let such as may change their address not forget to tell us. Your replies must be sent in not later than the 25th of the month.

THE STORY OF JOHN DE WYCLIFFE.

THE Durham Book, that early translation of the Gospels into English, of which we were speaking last month, is full of interest to us, not only because of its own beauty and value, but from the wonderful way in which it has been kept through the changes of twelve centuries, while so many other things have perished, leaving not even their names behind.

Many stories are told of the perils of this manuscript by sea and land, and it still bears upon its pages the marks of salt water. But while it was a great blessing for our country that this Book of the Gospels should have been made, we must not imagine that it was a perfect translation. In many places, from not thoroughly understanding the Latin which he was turning into English, the translator seems to have tried to guess at the meaning of words, and very curious some of these guesses are.

It is impossible to say how far this early version of the Gospels made its way among the people, and we cannot find that after the Conquest any further attempt was made to give them the scriptures in their own tongue. The poor people went to church, but only to hear psalms chanted and prayers read in a language unknown to them. At last, in the reign of Henry the Third, in a great council, it was declared that henceforth no translation of any part of the Bible save the Psalms, and parts of sacred hymns, which had been introduced into the service books of the church—such as the words of Mary when she said, "My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour"—might be made in the speech of the people.

The Lord Jesus came to "preach the Gospel to the poor," and the messengers of John the Baptist were bidden to tell their master that "to the poor the Gospel was preached," when he desired to know whether Jesus was indeed the Christ who was to come. How terrible to think that those who bore the name of Christ's servants were at this time the very ones to take from the poor and unlearned the word of God!

Those who thus led the people astray did

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not themselves read the Bible, or they might have trembled at the solemn "Woe unto you!" pronounced by the Lord when He was upon earth upon those teachers of the Law who had taken away the key of knowledge—those blind guides who shut up the kingdom of Heaven against men, neither going in themselves nor suffering those who would to enter.

As we pass on to the time of Edward the Third, we find it had become the fashion to make rhyming verses about the gospel histories, and these verses were repeated by the priests on Sundays and holidays, and sometimes sung by minstrels to their harps at merry meetings. Even through such means God, no doubt, taught many souls, and brought them to Himself.

You would be surprised, if you could read some of these old ballad-sermons, to see how very little that was true and how much that was false and mischievous they contained. Upon the cover of one book, the "Cursor Mundi," is this inscription—

"This is the best book of all,
The course of the world, men do it call."

It is full of stories from the Old and New Testaments, with here and there a curious and sometimes very foolish legend. From such a book as this, we may see that when people begin to take away from God's word, they are not afraid also to add to it.

We read but little in the New Testament about the infancy of our Lord beyond the story of His wondrous birth—the great fact that the eternal Son of God became for our sakes a little helpless Child. When the wise men came to present their gifts to Him who was born King of the Jews, they found Him, wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger, an Infant of days. But the maker of the song about the birth of Christ, which is in the "Cursor Mundi," represents Him sometimes as a Child, sometimes as a Man. In the story of the flight into Egypt, for instance, when Joseph and Mary are frightened at the wild beasts which they meet in the desert, the Child goes before His parents to guard them, and bids them not fear,

"For all the beasts that are so wild
Before Me must be tame and mild."

Then when Mary becomes weary and thirsty with long travel, at the word of the Child Jesus, a palm bows low at her feet and lays its fruit in her lap, while at its root a clear spring bursts forth to refresh her. Again, when they arrive at an Egyptian city, Mary, with the Child in her arms goes to the temple, where the people are worshipping their idols, and at sight of Him the idols fall shattered to the ground.

Those who have watched during the long cold night hours tell us that it is just when the darkness is deepest that the first gleam of dawn springs up in the eastern sky. Even so it was in the history of our country. In a quiet village home in Yorkshire, in those dark and evil days, a boy was growing up, thoughtful and studious, who will ever be remembered as the man whom God used to give us for the first time the whole Bible in a tongue "understanded of the people." You may have heard Wycliffe spoken of as the Morning Star of the Reformation, but you cannot understand how deservedly the name was given him unless you have some idea of the depth of that darkness upon which he, through God's goodness to him, caused the truth to shine. Let us see how it shone first for him in his own soul.

It was when he was a young man at Oxford, already looked upon as a good scholar, that a terrible pestilence, coming from Asia, swept over the greater part of Europe. Men called it the Black Death, and well they might, for we read that in one year half the people in England died of the plague. Death was brought very near to the young scholar, and with the thought of death came that other thought which makes it so terrible, the thought of judgment to come, and of the long eternity beyond. Wycliffe, we are told, "passed days and nights in his room, groaning and sighing, and calling upon God to show him what path he ought to follow."

And how did the answer come? "The entrance of Thy word giveth light," said the Psalmist, and it was through the study of God's word that light came to Wycliffe. No wonder that word grew dear to him, and that his strong spirit rose in indignant defiance against those who tried to keep from the people that

message of God which he counted every man had a right to read for himself, as if sent to him alone.

Wycliffe became the parish priest of Lutterworth. He preached to the people, explaining the gospel to them in their own household speech. He appealed to the Bible as the one ground of faith, the sole authority which was binding upon every man's conscience in the sight of God.

"All truth," he wrote, "is contained in scripture: we should admit of no conclusion not approved there. Though there were a hundred popes, and all the friars were turned into cardinals, yet should we learn more from the gospel than from all that multitude. True sons will in no wise go about to infringe the will and testament of their heavenly Father." Again he asks, "If the Holy Spirit gave the apostles the gift of tongues, that every man might hear in his own tongue the wonderful works of God, why should not the living disciples of Christ now open the scriptures to the people so clearly and plainly that they may verily understand them?"

When Wycliffe was forty years old his spirit was so stirred by what he saw all around him, that he cried with a loud and bitter cry against those who dared to pretend to sell the pardon of God for money, and against the begging friars who swarmed everywhere, eating up the substance of the poor, like locusts.

Against these evil deeds Wycliffe made his voice heard like the voice of a trumpet. He also called upon young men, like-minded with himself, to arise and go from place to place preaching the gospel—bidding them imitate the friars, in making their way to the remotest villages; "but while they teach the people legends of the saints," said he, "do you preach the gospel—it is the sublimest work; and after your sermon is ended, go visit the sick, the aged, and the blind, and succour them according to your ability."

So the "poor priests," as they were called, went forth and pursued their mission much as Aidan and Cuthbert had done. When they came near a village they would begin to preach in the fields, or going on into the towns, take their stand in the market place and speak to the people with a simple eloquence which won their hearts. So beloved were these missionaries that when the clergy tried to stop their mouths, and sent the constables to lay hands on them, the people rescued and protected them; and so each day, through God's mercy, some ray of His gospel-light was brought to the homes and hearts of the people.

About this time Wycliffe fell sick, and was at the point of death. Beside his bed stood some who tried to persuade him that this sickness was but the beginning of the judgment of God which must fall swift and sure upon the man who had dared to speak and write against the sacred doctrines of the church.

"You have death on your lips," they cried, "be touched by your faults; retract all you have said."

Bidding his servant lift him up, Wycliffe fixed his eyes upon his accusers until they quailed before his fearless gaze, and said: "I shall not die, but live, and again declare the evil deeds of the friars."

But God had better work for His servant to do. He had been fearless and keen in his warfare with evil; he had wielded the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God, with a strong hand; and the last years of his life—for he did recover from his dangerous sickness—were to be spent in translating that word into the plain speech of the English people.

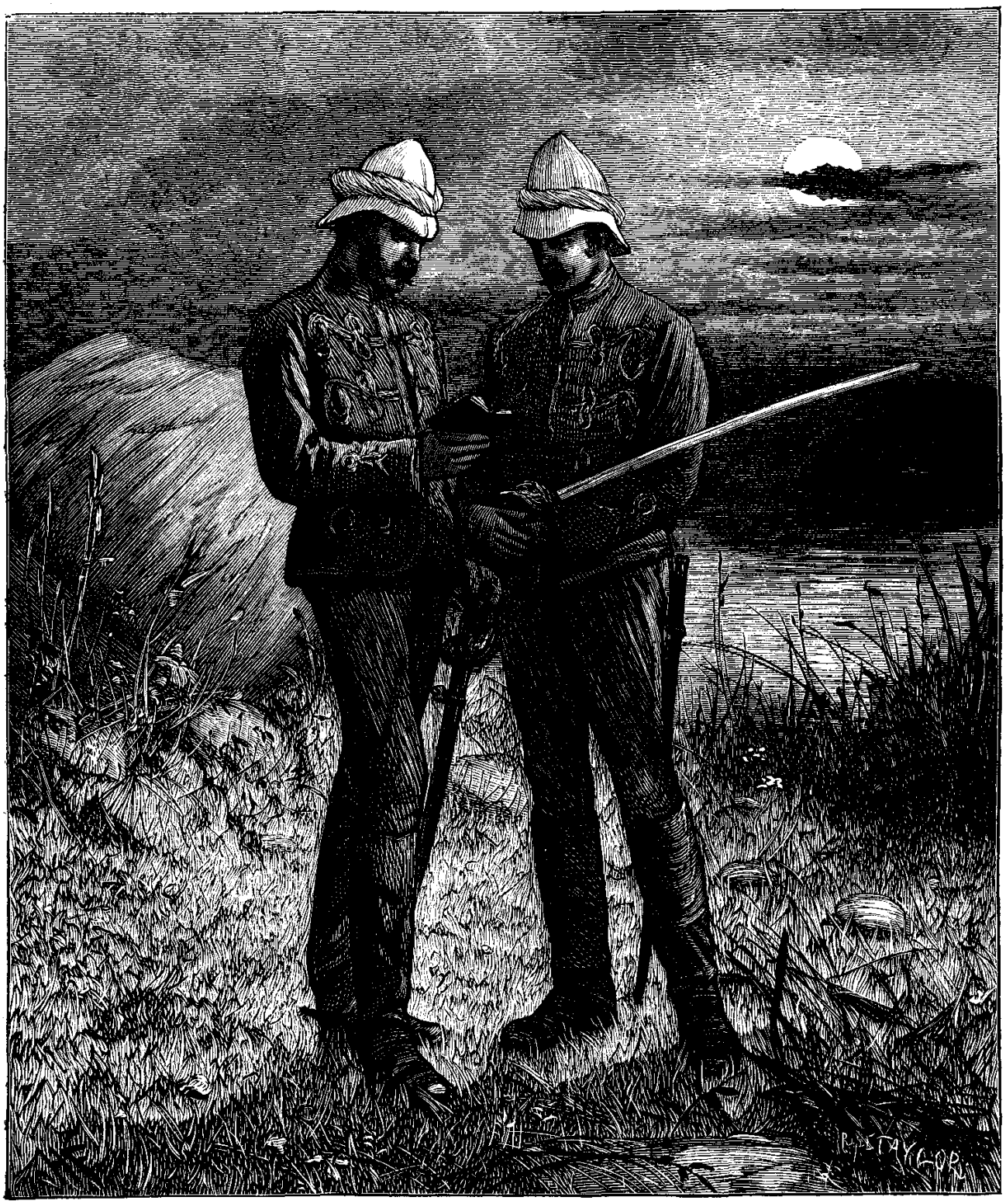
C. P.

GOD, OUR FATHER.

SEEK to know God more as your Father. Tell God your difficulties and trials. Do not hide what is in your heart from Him. The child delights in telling his earthly parent both his joys and troubles, and the parent has real satisfaction in listening to his child's voice; so does God love to hear the cry of his children. There is a secret of happiness in the christian, who goes simply to God as his Father, which makes him at peace in trouble. Whether it be at your daily tasks or in your common occupation, keep close to God, and speak freely to Him.

FAITHFUL WORDS

For Old and Young.



SAFE FOR TO-MORROW.

SAFE FOR TO-MORROW.

WE delight to remember that whether beneath tropical skies, or amidst arctic winters, a loving Father's watchful eye gazes upon His children, and His ever-attentive ear listens to their cry. It is sweet also to know that the workshop and battle-field have alike witnessed that wonderful scene, which sends a thrill of joy through all heaven as the cry goes up to the golden gates, "Rejoice! I have found My sheep," when that which was lost is found.

Perhaps the lost one may have been the son of many prayers. Careless and indifferent, he went from home, leaving aching hearts behind him, but as comrade after comrade is shot down before his eyes, he begins to think, and to think of God. From him, mortally wounded on the battle-field, or in the hushed wards of the military hospital, the prayer goes up, "God, be merciful to me a sinner!" and the answer is heard by his soul when his ears are growing deaf to every earthly sound, "To-day shalt thou be with Me in paradise."

The following incident was related to us by an officer whose regiment served in Zululand:—

"It was about this day last year, the night before the battle of Ulundi; and a brother officer and myself were on picket on the banks of the Umvolosi River, within a few miles of Ulundi. There had been a skirmish with the enemy that day just across the river, and our cavalry had lost several men. We left them where they fell, down in the valley; and as we stood there in the moonlight, on the still night air we heard a sound like a distant waterfall, waxing louder and louder. This was caused by some thousands of Zulus who had come down to the opposite bank of the river to sing their war-song.

"For an hour, as we stood there in the moonlight, we listened to the weird, unearthly sound, and knew well what they were doing—mutilating the bodies of our comrades. Of course that mattered nothing to them; still it gave us a queer kind of feeling to think that it might be our own fate next day, for we knew that there would be a battle on the morrow. I tell you what my feeling was then: death makes everything very real! When a man knows he has to face death, there can be no sham then, no trifling then!

"Well, my friend and I read a chapter by the moonlight, standing with our swords in our hands. He had not been decided before, but as we parted later on, each going to our different tents, I asked him how he felt about facing the morrow. He replied—

"'Well, whatever comes, I believe I *am* safe for to-morrow, as I am trusting in Christ.'

"The battle of Ulundi was fought next day, and the Lord preserved us both. While some were taken, we have been spared to tell of His goodness, and praise His name, and serve Him down here. And we have cause to praise Him for His great deliverance, have we not? We should not merely speak His praise, and sing His praise, but live His praise."

What a glorious testimony! Far away from home and friends, beneath the silent starry skies, those two young officers could calmly speak of facing death in an appalling form on the morrow, with the quiet assurance that for them all would be well, because they were trusting Christ.

Dear reader, can you catch this message wafted from the battle-fields of Zululand? and can your heart truly echo the words, "I am safe for to-morrow, as I am trusting in Christ."

"We expect a bright to-morrow,
All will be well;
Faith can sing through days of sorrow,
All, all is well;
On our Father's love relying,
Jesus every need supplying,
Or in living, or in dying,
All must be well."

A. S. O.

GOD HAVING HIS WAY WITH US.

WHEN christians enjoy true happiness in this present world, it is because the Holy Ghost has some of His own way with them. What then will the joy of eternity be, when He shall have all His own way? B—K.

TAKING GOD AT HIS WORD.

I WAS lately at some services in a fishing village; the meeting house was crowded, and the gospel was preached simply and faithfully.

Among those who remained to be spoken to at the close of the meeting was a young man, about twenty years old. During the evening I had noticed his deep, earnest gaze fixed on the speaker as each word seemed to go straight to his heart.

Going up to him, I said, "Do you know Jesus as your Saviour?"

"I never heard the like before," he said, adding in eager tones, "Oh, tell me more about Him."

I spoke to him, as I would have spoken to a child, of the Lord Jesus. He was ignorant, indeed, but the Holy Spirit had convinced his conscience of the true nature of sin and touched his heart with a sense of the amazing love of God.

This young man was able to grasp at once the most blessed of all truths; for it was the person of the One who died for him that had captivated his heart.

"I'll take Him at His word," he said, as we rose to leave, when the others had gone and the place was being locked up. As he accompanied me far on my way home, we still spoke of Him who is the chiefest among ten thousand, the altogether lovely One."

It was the first time he had heard about Jesus, for he had never, before that night, attended a preaching or entered a place of worship. He had never read about Him; "In fact," he said, "I cannot read, but I'll soon learn." We agreed to meet upon the following evening, but before that time came, his eyes had seen the King in His beauty.

Next morning I received a message that he was very ill and wished to see me. With some difficulty I found the house. Getting no response to my knock, I opened the door and walked in. Everything bespoke the deepest poverty; a drunken, sullen-looking man sat smoking by the fire, while the mother and a sister stood around a bed in the corner of the room.

There lay my young friend; but a great change had passed over him. There were traces of pain and suffering, yet his face was calm and peaceful, and a pleasant smile parted his lips; I did not need to look twice to see that the lines of death were already upon that pale countenance. Bending over him I said, "Are you suffering much?"

"He has been unconscious all the morning; I am afraid he won't know you," said the mother, as I received no reply.

"Have you much pain?" I repeated; but still no answer came. Bending lower, I said, "The blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleanseth us from all sin."

"Aye, that's it, that's it!" he exclaimed.

Oh, the power of the Name of Jesus! It seemed as if nothing could recall him from the stupor in which he lay but that Name which is above every name, and which doubtless was the first to spring from his soul into the fulness of adoration and praise as he entered the presence of the King Eternal.

As his eyes rested on me, he pressed my hand, and with a look of recognition and welcome, said, "I'm glad you have come. I'm going home to heaven; I shall see Jesus, and be with Him for ever."

Presently he spoke again, "Will you tell them," indicating his father, mother, and sisters, "about Him." He entreated them to come to the Saviour and meet him in heaven; then closing his eyes he lay back quite exhausted.

I asked him whether he would like me to read.

"Yes," he said, "about Jesus"; and I read from the eighth chapter of Romans, "For 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."

As I finished, a radiant smile lit up his features, as he slowly but distinctly said, "Never be separate from Jesus," and with a gentle sigh he fell asleep in Him, to awake in His likeness and be satisfied. K. R.

ALL IS DONE.

IN a small village in Gloucestershire, lived an aged man and his wife with their daughter. The poor girl had long been a sufferer, and during several severe illnesses she had been visited by many who told her of God's full, free salvation for poor lost sinners.

The doctor gave no hope of recovery, and she suffered extreme pain, at the last being only able to speak in a very low whisper.

One morning I went to see her, and as I approached the bedside, she looked up in my face and said, "'Tis done! what could *we* do? All is done."

The night before her death, although in great pain, she was most anxious to kneel down to thank and praise the Lord for having saved her; this she did, and was heard by those around to utter the following words:—

"Jesus is my Saviour; oh! what a sinner I have been! born in sin, shut up all my life, but now I can talk. My pain is all gone, I am quite well. I know I must pass through the valley of the shadow of death, but His rod and His staff will comfort me." Presently she turned round and said to a friend who helped to nurse her, "You'll come, won't you, E——?"

"I'll try," said her friend.

"But trying won't do," she replied; "I have been doing that all my life, but I am so happy now. You must come, come to Jesus." To her father she spoke in the same way. In a low voice she sang some of her favourite hymns, repeating over and over the well-known one, beginning, "Jesus! Lover of my soul," and was presently taken home to be with her Saviour.

Dear reader, can you say, "Jesus is my Saviour?" If you cannot yet say this, remember that He Himself said, "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

Never mind how great a sinner you may be, for Christ says, "I am come to seek and to save that which was lost. I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance." If you, like this poor girl, can say, "Jesus is my Saviour," what rich blessings are yours; what a glorious future awaits you; even to be like and with that Saviour for ever. E. M. D.

CALEB, THE FAITHFUL.

THERE is something unique about Caleb; "he wholly followed the Lord his God."

What varied experience must have been his! he was forty years in Egypt, forty days in the land of promise, and then forty years in the wilderness. He had a day in the land for every year in the wilderness to cheer him—a day for a year; and then he had to go through all the trials, and exercises, and delays of the people. Think what Caleb must have felt as one and another was added to the death-roll! And yet this man of faith, this man of hope, this man of God, went on quietly through the wilderness, through all the difficulties of every-day life, cheered by what he had seen in the land. We may well call him the apostle of hope.

Let the christian get tastes of the heavenly possession, let him seek the practical knowledge of "Christ in you the hope of glory," and this hope will give him—Caleb-like purpose for the way.

REALITY OF SOUL.

THE truisms and dogmas of christianity will not support us in times of trouble; nothing will do then but reality—the having to do with God for oneself.

"It is good for me that I have been afflicted," the psalmist says; when God's hand is upon us we must be real; but let us always remember that whatever may be the motions of His hand, His heart is always towards us; there can be no change there. It is easy to thank God for His favours, for the mercy He bestows; but trial, when we know His heart, is what we gain most from. The days of sorrow are the days in which we learn most. Our path may become more lonely and more isolated as we go on, but there should ever be the oil of gladness upon us, joy which should be seen in our very faces, as we learn ever more and more of what is in God's heart for us. Looking at trial alone will only sadden and discourage us. He who looks at what is dark, becomes dark; but if he gaze at light, he becomes like the light at which he gazes. B—K.

HOMELESS AND HOPELESS.

"CAN a woman forget her sucking child, that she should not have compassion on the son of her womb? yea, they may forget, yet will I not forget thee."

One bitterly cold night last winter, a poor prodigal found his way to his mother's door, hungry, wet, and cold. He timidly knocked, and feebly but earnestly said, "Mother, dear mother, let me in."

"I dare not," she replied; "I cannot. My landlord threatened to turn me out if ever I took you in again; you know what a disturbance you made last time, coming home so drunk."

"Oh, mother!" the young man answered, "I am starved through and through, I have nowhere to go to, and I shall perish with the cold; I have a shilling, and I will let you have it if you only let me lie on the hearth."

The mother still refused, saying, "You must leave my door, and cause me no more annoyance."

The poor prodigal slowly and sadly dragged himself away. Where was he to go? What was he to do? Every door was closed; all hope seemed gone. He betook himself to some neighbouring lime-kilns in search of warmth or shelter. But alas! his worst foreboding proved true. On the following morning his body was found where he had laid down, stiff and cold in death.

Reader, you too may be a prodigal; you may have wandered far from your Heavenly Father's home. Have you any lingering desire to return?

Oh! let me tell you how infinitely different will be your reception from that of this misguided son. You will find, if you only return, your Father's door wide open. Even now He is yearning over you, and waiting to receive you. By the time you take the first homeward step, He will be already on the road, and running to meet you. There is waiting for you the kiss of forgiving love, no closed door, no refusal shall meet you, but a gracious welcome to the choicest blessings of complete salvation. Will you come, and come now?

H. M. C.

LEARNING CHRIST.

A YOUNG christian has a general idea of Christ as a Saviour, but he little knows how deep is his need of Him. As we go on with God, and learn what we are in His presence, we enter more deeply into what we find Christ to be to us in His character of Saviour.

So we grow day by day in confidence in Him—a confidence with which nothing can for a moment be compared; nothing can be placed beside it. Ours is a case of utter ruin and bankruptcy. Our love even cannot be other than selfish, and that from the deep necessity of the case. The rocks split and the graves were opened when Christ died; but no effect whatever was produced upon the heart of man. We are bankrupt of everything, but we *have* everything in Christ. If the christian does not believe that God delights in him, he needs some further discovery of what he is in himself. If you know how complete the ruin, you will learn that you could not be in God's presence if you were not the object of His perfect complacency.

We learn thus what Christ is to us; we learn to lean on Him more and more; we learn what a Saviour He is. Soon in His presence, and perfectly like Himself, we shall learn Him in another way.

B—k.

LOVE IN THE LORD.

TWO young christians lived for some time in the same family, the one as governess to the children, the other as companion to the aged grandmother, and were, in consequence, much thrown together. The young governess, who was, in every sense of the word, alone in the world, conceived a most ardent affection for the companion, who, while she loved her friend, yet did so with far less apparent ardour. Time passed on. The governess at length possessed a home of her own, in which her early friend was ever a most welcome guest. During one of these visits, the companion, whose health had given way, suffered almost unceasingly the most acute pain. One day she proposed that they should pray together. They did so, and for the first time alone. The effect was wonderful, and not ever to be forgotten by either. Kneeling thus to-

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gether, close to God, His love was in an especial way shed abroad in their hearts.

It could hardly be otherwise, for now they had come mutually and consciously in contact with Him, who is Love—its very fountain—of whose fulness of love we evermore receive when we thus approach Him. The friendship, however true, is not perfect which is unconsecrated by prayer; and the friends, who have not introduced God into their love, have yet the only satisfying and the sweetest joy of love to taste. When once the feeling of restraint—which often prevents even christian friends from treating God as a Friend to be spoken to not *only* in secret—is removed, there is also removed all let or hindrance to true christian love.

The story of Naomi and her two young daughters-in-law is a beautiful instance of the power of divine love to develop and intensify a human affection. The words—"Thy God shall be my God"—betray the secret of the ardent and persistent love of Ruth. She clave unto Naomi, while Orpah kissed her, and returned to her people and her gods.

And that love, too, between David and Jonathan, which was wonderful, passing even the love of women, was it not because of "the *Lord* between me and thee," as Jonathan touchingly expressed it? Did not Jonathan "strengthen David's hand in *God*"? Was it not "the kindness of the Lord" which he asked from David for himself and his house? And was it not "the kindness of God" which David gave? No merely youthful human love could ever have attained such strength.

And how willing the Lord is to join the company of friends! Not less so now than on that Lord's Day evening long ago, when He drew near to the two who were journeying towards Emmaus. How wise were they to pray Him to abide with them! And scarcely less sweet is meeting with the Lord in the society of one beloved, than all alone. It was happy to be Mary, who saw Him all alone and first that sacred day; but happy as well to be these two whose hearts He made to burn within them. "A threefold cord is not quickly broken." Love in the Lord is the sweetest and intensest love.

E. B——R.

THAT DAY.

"THAT day." Thus does the Apostle Paul speak of the coming time when all secrets shall be revealed, and when we all shall stand before the tribunal of the Lord Jesus Christ. *That day* was constantly in his thoughts; in the midst of his gospel work he looked on to it; in the sorrows and the joys of the christian path it was before his mind.

The end of a year recalls our thoughts to the end of our life-work, and to the time when we shall stand before the judgment-seat of Christ. We address the christian, for to speak of the judgment to the unbeliever is but to contemplate destruction. But the christian does look forward to "that day" when every motive will be laid bare, and every act made manifest in its true character.

We were walking with a christian not long since; he was looking on in his thoughts to "that day," and his mind turned to an old servant of Christ now at rest. "It was about thirty years ago," said he, "that old Dr.——, of our town, was speaking to me thus: 'I was thinking that by-and-by, when we come to appear before our Master, it will be found how many a great name amongst us will be unmentioned before His tribunal, while the names of unseen workers will be had in remembrance, and in that day He will say to the little-thought-of labourer in His Name, Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.'"

How true this testimony, dear christian worker and waiter for Christ! How much that now earns the reward of the approval of our fellow christians will be found as but wood, hay, and stubble in "that day"! while the despised, the unknown, will receive the welcome smile of the Lord when seated upon His throne.

Seek to keep before the heart the wholesome memory of these two words, "that day." They will be a check upon many a purpose, and will restrain from many an action. To follow the holiness and gentleness of Christ would be more before us as our aim, did we but consider this future more deeply. As we take leave one of another once more, our parting words shall be, "that day."

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Little Lizzie.

ELIZABETH N. was a remarkably quick child. She could read the New Testament when only four years old, and was exceedingly fond of listening to stories, in which she took a most intelligent interest.

When six years of age she was attacked with measles, and during her illness showed a great fear of death. But it was not His will, who doeth all things well, to take the child unto Himself until she was fully prepared to go, so the sweet floweret was left to bloom a little longer, and gladden the hearts of many dear relatives and friends.

After this illness she was taken to Scarborough, and enjoyed all the beauties of the place with childish ardour. She was passionately fond of reading, so much so, in fact, that it was found necessary to limit her to a certain portion of time for that loved employment each day, and it often cost her a severe struggle to obey when told to lay aside her book. The little child grew in obedience, and showed, for example, by writing little notes to beg the forgiveness of any whom she had offended, that her conscience was tender.

An impatient spirit, however, often brought little Lizzie into trouble. It is true she strove against it, but it frequently gained the mastery. When remonstrated with, she would cry and say she could not help it—she tried to be good, but could not; and after receiving a kiss of forgiveness she would ask to be prayed for, knowing well that no human help would avail her anything, for it is Christ alone who can give us power to overcome; He is the strength of His people, and as much so of little children as of grown-up persons.

God spoke to this child again and again with His still, small voice. She said nothing about it to her parents at the time, but would go in silence alone to her room and weep. On one occasion her sister, who had heard a devoted clergyman preach, told Lizzie the text—"Go thy way for this time; when I have a convenient season, I will call for thee" (Acts xxiv. 25)—when Lizzie exclaimed, "Oh! I wish I had been there; it would have just suited my present state of mind; I shouldn't wonder I should have been converted if I had!"

Yet, though Lizzie was not assured of her salvation, she loved to do good. Frequently she gave the village children small books and tracts, and during the last winter of her life spent part of her evenings helping a young woman to write.

When the dear child was about twelve years old she was laid on a bed of such suffering as she had never known before, and the doctors could not cure her.

One evening when she was sitting up, supported by her sister, she begged her to pray for her. In the prayer which was offered up the request was made that Lizzie might know she was one of the lambs of the flock. "I should like to be one of His lambs," she said, with emotion. Her sister explained that "through faith in His name," and not by our own works or feelings, we know we are His.

"But," said Lizzie, "but I can't believe." Poor child! Dangerously ill, and yet she could not believe! Dear young reader, if you have not already done so, oh, seek the Lord now while He may be found, lest that should be one day your pitiable case.

He who carries the lambs in His bosom was watching over the little invalid. Some time after, as her sister bent over her, she exclaimed, "I feel such a wretched sinner—will you pray for me? Will you ask papa to pray for me?" She was again directed to "the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sin of the world," in whom alone is rest for the weary heart, whether of little child or old person.

Upon her father coming in, and asking if she were afraid she was going to die, she replied, "I want to be good—I want to be a good girl."

When she was again left alone with her sister she exclaimed, "Oh! I cannot sleep whilst I am in such distress of mind." She was again told of the Lord Jesus, the Re-

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deemer, who died for sinners, and of His readiness to forgive. Many texts were repeated for her comfort and encouragement, and then her sister said, "Did you believe papa would pray when you asked him?"

"Yes," was Lizzie's immediate reply.

"Well, now, papa had not promised, but the Saviour has promised if you come to Him He will not cast you out, and He never breaks His promises; He loves you much more than papa or any of us can love you."

She then asked her sister to pray that she might have a good night's rest, after which she seemed more composed. As her sister was preparing for rest, Lizzie, who was sitting up in bed, asked her to read the Bible to her. A small book of evening portions which lay on the table was taken up, and a passage which was thought suitable selected.

"Is that the Bible?" asked Lizzie, quickly. "Read to me about there being joy in heaven over a sinner repenting." The fifteenth of St. Luke was read, and at its close a remark or two made, and the question asked, "Are you not happy?"

"Yes," was the unhesitating reply.

"Do you believe God has pardoned your sins?" "Yes."

"When did you know they were forgiven?"

"Whilst I have been sitting here. I am so happy." Adding, "What must I do when Satan tempts me?"

She was encouraged to look constantly to Jesus, reminded of some precious promises, and her sister then asked if she should again pray and thank God for what He had done for her.

"Oh, yes, do; and ask Him not to let Satan tempt me."

As her sister prayed, she raised her hands and clapped them together—an expression of joy which sent a thrill through the heart of her anxious attendant, which will never be forgotten, as the little invalid had suffered so much pain in her arms as to have been unable during the last two or three days to use them, even to perform the slightest offices for herself.

After the prayer, she again said, "I am so happy."

During the night Lizzie was kept awake by much suffering, and on one occasion asked, "What must I do? How can I bear it?"

Again she asked her sister to pray for her, and afterwards remarked, "I've been thinking of the sufferings of Jesus, and it makes me patient"; and, again, in a little while, "I've been so happy in the night—I could have shouted out for joy if I had had strength."

Several times during the next day she exclaimed how happy she was, and in the evening, as her sister sat by the bedside reading and repeating hymns to her, she said, "I don't feel afraid to die now," and she named a relative who had died a few months before as one whom she would meet in heaven. She begged her sisters to forgive all she had done wrong. The dear child suffered exceedingly at times, and during the severe pain she would always request someone to pray with her. One night, after this request had been complied with, she said to her sister, "God has answered your prayer: He has taken away all my pain."

"Has He dear? Then you are thankful?"

"Yes; I have cause to be thankful," she replied. "Will you thank Him for me?"

She then asked her sister to talk to her of Jesus, and was told of the little girl, twelve years old, whom the Saviour raised up from her death-bed, and of the father who, when supplicating on behalf of his son, cried out, with tears, "Lord, I believe: help Thou mine unbelief."

She was very fond of hearing this hymn repeated—

"My God, I am Thine! What a comfort divine,
What a blessing to know that my Jesus is mine!"

One day, after family prayers in her room, she said, "Papa, if it be God's will I should die to-day, I am quite ready." Another time she said, "I just feel as if Jesus were talking to me!"

In the long weeks of illness which ensued Lizzie had not always, however, this sweet realization: her weakness caused her at times to be rather irritable. But, then, she was always very sorry, and begged earnestly for forgiveness. At other times she would display much patience, and be very thankful for everything that was done for her.

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Some of her last words were, "I am very happy, and am going to heaven. I have three little sisters there."

To her father, who said, "Trust in Christ," she replied, "I cannot trust Him more than I do." H. & E. C. K.

PAPERS FOR VERY LITTLE CHILDREN.

IV.

GRANDMOTHER said, "But why should God want to save us? Why should He care about bad people with black, wicked hearts? Do you love the people who don't love you?"

Helen said, "*I* don't. I don't love them at all."

Winnie said, "I *couldn't* love people who are unkind to me. I shall never, never love my cousin Mary. She threw my doll down stairs and broke it, on purpose to make me unhappy."

Grandmother said, "That shows that your heart is not like the heart of God. You could not love your cousin Mary because she broke your doll; but God could love the people who killed His Son. That very day God showed how much He loved them. That very day God opened the gate of heaven that sinners, saved from their sins, might go in to live with Him. That very day a thief, who had mocked at the Lord Jesus, went into heaven to be with God for ever. God saved these people because He loved them so much. He did not love them for anything that was good in them. He loved them because *He* is good. *We* love people who love us, and who are kind to us. God could love the people who hated Him, though He hated their sin. You see how different you are from God."

Mary said, "I know a text that says, 'God is love.'"

"Yes," grandmother said. "That text tells us *why* God saves us. But now I want you all to understand *how* God saves us. Suppose the Son of God had never become a man, and had never died, why could not God have saved sinners? Why could He not have said 'I will forgive you all, and let you come to be in heaven with Me?'"

Winnie said, "I don't know why."

Helen said, "I think I know. It would have made us think God didn't mind naughtiness."

Grandmother said, "That is quite true. And *we* should have thought too that wickedness did not matter. We should never have known what a dreadful thing it is. But there is another reason besides why God could not take wicked people just as they are into heaven. Would you like to be in heaven if it were filled with selfish, cruel, wicked people, who had no love in their hearts?"

The little girls said they would not. "I think it would be a dreadful place," Winnie said.

"So then," grandmother said, "there were two things which God shows us about our sins. First, He shows us how bad they are, and what a dreadful punishment they deserve; next, that His people's sins are taken away, so that when He has us in heaven, there will be no selfishness, no pride, no rudeness, no lying there, nothing, nothing that is wrong. Now tell me what is the *first* thing God shows us?"

Helen said, "How bad our sins are, and what a dreadful punishment they deserve."

Grandmother said, "You see God could have shown us that by sending us for ever into hell. But God loved us too much to like to do that. And yet sin *must* be punished, because it deserves punishment.

"God made the wonderful plan that the Son of God should become a man, and bear the punishment His people deserve. You know God had said, 'The soul that sinneth, it shall die.' And the beloved Son of God came from heaven to die *instead* of us. It was not only that He was nailed to a cross by wicked men, but God turned away from Him as He hung upon the cross. God treated Him as *we* deserve to be treated, 'He made Him sin for us.'

"When Jesus died, the sins He suffered for were put away. God made Him alive again, and took Him into heaven.

"I can say to you who belong to Jesus, the blood of Jesus was shed for you. He died *instead* of you. So now you see what this red

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page means. It tells us of the blood of Jesus. Jesus suffered for us.

"Now I want you all to learn a little text. It is quite short. You may count the words upon your fingers. 'Christ died for our sins.' Say these words six times."

The little girls did so.

"Now," said grandmother, "one text more. 'The blood of Jesus Christ His Son, cleanseth us from all sin.'"

The little girls said these words six times also.

"Now you know," grandmother said, "what the red page means. It tells us of the blood Jesus shed for sin, and if you believe on Jesus you will see how much He loves you, and you will love Him too. Oh! how much you will love Him when you really believe, and when you think *why* He saved you, and *how* He saved you!" F. B.

ANSWERS TO NOVEMBER QUESTIONS.

WE are very pleased with the earnest way so many of you have answered our questions during this year. We have also received several nice letters from our young friends, and very happy indeed are we to know from your own selves that you do love the holy word of God, and that you belong to the Lord Jesus Christ for time and for eternity. As we take leave of one another for 1881, we affectionately commend you to God and the word of His grace, and we are sure you will never, never regret having diligently sought in the sacred word the answers to our questions upon it.

1. (*a*) Acts ii. 9. The gospel was not preached to the Gentiles until Acts x. (*b*) Hosea ii. 23, "I will say to them which were not My people, Thou art My people; and they shall say, Thou art my God."—2. As "strangers and pilgrims" (1 Peter ii. 11); as those to whom Christ had "left an example, that they should follow in His steps" (1 Peter ii. 21); as those who were to "pass the time of their sojourning here in fear" (1 Peter i. 17.)—3. They were (*a*) elect according to the foreknowledge of God the Father; (*b*) through sanctification of the Spirit; (*c*) unto obedience *of Christ*; (*d*) and sprinkling of the *blood of Jesus Christ* (1 Peter i. 2.)—4. (*a*) He bids them be "clothed with humility." (1 Peter v. 5.) (*b*) He speaks of "suffering wrongfully" as "thankworthy" (1 Peter ii. 19); of those suffering for righteousness' sake as "happy" (1 Peter iii. 14), bids them "rejoice" in being "partakers of Christ's sufferings," (1 Peter iv. 13) and says that one who "suffers as a christian" should "not be ashamed," but glorify God. (1 Peter iv. 16.) (*c*) "By the power of God, through faith, unto salvation." (1 Peter i. 5.) (*d*) "Be sober, be vigilant; because your adversary, the devil, as a roaring lion, walketh about, seeking whom he may devour." (1 Peter v. 8.) (*e*) "Be ye sober, and watch unto prayer." (1 Peter iv. 7.)—5. Because God had promised that the Jews should be prosperous in this world, unless they were disobedient.—6. Paul (*2 Tim. iv. 6-8*) Stephen (Acts vii. 55-60.)—7. Spiritual sacrifices (1 Peter ii. 5); the sacrifice of praise (Heb. xiii. 15).—8. The costly price of their redemption. (1 Peter i. 18, 19.)

Names of prize-winners and prizes won will be given, please God, in January, 1882, on cover, page 3.

OUR FIRST ENGLISH BIBLE, AND HOW IT WAS RECEIVED.

WYCLIFFE made his translation from the Latin Bible. Though a good scholar, he did not know Hebrew or Greek, those languages not being studied in his time. Long before, a learned monk called Jerome had translated the Old Testament from the Hebrew into Latin, and from his translation, which is named the Vulgate, our first English Bible was made. Wycliffe began by translating the New Testament—first the Revelation, and then the Gospels; and as he knew Latin well, and loved God's word and sought to give its meaning faithfully, his translation was far better than any which had been attempted before his time. It is said that he worked from ten to fifteen years at his great task; and it is interesting to remember that it was in the year 1380, just five hundred years before the year in which the latest English version of the scriptures has seen the light, that Wycliffe's appeared.

Then the labour of the copyists began. In an incredibly short time, and in spite of all opposition, portions of the precious manuscript were in circulation everywhere. Those who could not obtain more would buy a little book containing perhaps part of a Gospel, and wear it, in place of a relic, around their necks lest it should be taken from them.

Wycliffe died four years after his work was completed, but he lived long enough to know that his desire was fulfilled. He had indeed given to the people a treasure which no man could take from them—the word of God in their own tongue, and that word bore fruit in their hearts.

A writer of this time, bearing unconscious witness to the fact how mightily the word of God grew and prevailed, exclaimed, with vexation, "You could not meet two persons on the highway, but one of them was Wycliffe's disciple!"

"Master John Wycliffe," said the monks, "by translating the gospel into English, hath rendered it more acceptable and more intelligible to laymen and to women than it hath hitherto been to learned and intelligent clerks! The gospel pearl is everywhere cast

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out and trodden under foot of swine. It is heresy to speak of holy scripture in English. Let the people learn to believe in the church rather than the gospel."

"Many nations," replied the dauntless old man, "have had the Bible in their own language. The Bible is the faith of the church. Though the pope and all his clerks should disappear from the face of the earth, our faith would not fail, for it is founded upon Jesus alone, our Master and our God."

Defenders of the new Bible were found where they were least expected. "Are we, then, the very dregs of humanity?" asked a powerful nobleman, when it was proposed in the House of Lords that every copy of the new book should be seized, "Are we the dregs of humanity, that we cannot possess the laws of our religion in our own tongue?"

Wycliffe died in peace, but within twenty years after his death it had been made a grievous crime in the eyes of the law for any man to translate any part of the scripture, or to read or possess one of his Bibles. It was an Archbishop of York who brought about the passing of this law. Thus did the ministers of that church which had first sent christianity to Britain when she was in the darkness of heathenism seek to quench the light of truth, and plunge her people into a deeper, sadder gloom than before.

As time went on and this law was enforced the prisons were filled with quiet, humble men, whose only offence was having possessed, perhaps, but a torn fragment of a manuscript containing words which had been the bread of life to their souls!

Those were times when a few plain words cost a man his life. "Nay; I adore not the cross, but Him who suffered upon it," said one. And for his free speech he was burnt to death.

Although many were sent to prison and to death for reading the word of life, the people began to hold meetings in secret places, as the early christians had done, and many of them, in the fiery trial which tried them, proved faithful, in all these things being more than conquerors through Him that loved them.

But it was not only the poor who were counted worthy to suffer for the faith of Christ and the love of His word. We read of a nobleman who said of the scriptures that they had taught him "to abstain from sin." He had also dared to say that the pope had no authority to teach what was contrary to scripture. When called upon to confess to the archbishop the impious words he had used, he fell upon his knees before the assembled crowd of churchmen, and cried aloud, "I confess to Thee, O God." He bewailed the sins of his youth, his pride, anger, intemperance; then rising, with his face wet with tears, he turned to the archbishop, and said, "I ask not your absolution; it is God's only that I need."

As the day wore away, the clergy tried by threats and entreaties to induce him to retract his bold words, but in vain. Then the archbishop rose up, and all the priests and people stood with him, bareheaded, while he read the sentence of death.

"It is well," said Sir John Oldcastle, as the tones of the primate's voice ceased; "though you condemn my body, you can do no harm to my soul, by the grace of my eternal God."

Dear children, through God's mercy to our land, His word is as free to us now as the very air we breathe and the sunshine which gladdens our hearts. Let us ask God to make it precious in our eyes, because it *is* His word to us, that we may hold it dear and sacred, with something of the reverence and love of those who suffered so much for it in the times of which we have been speaking.

It is better for us to dwell upon their faith and courage, and their humble obedience, than upon the terrible pride and wickedness of their persecutors; only let us remember that these men themselves were led captive by one more powerful than they were, and were so deluded by Satan that many of them thought, in their blindness, that they were saving the word of God from dishonour by treating it as a thing too sacred for common use. "The church alone can interpret Holy Scripture," they said, for they did not know that God, by His Holy Spirit, is the interpreter of His word, and that human wisdom avails nothing in the things of God. C. P.

A HAPPY CONVERSATION.

"ARE you a christian?" said Rose to a little friend of mine, one day.

"I know I am a believer in the Lord Jesus Christ, and so I am saved through His blood, and I belong to Him now," was the answer.

"That is just what I do not understand," said Rose. "I, too, believe in the Lord Jesus, but I cannot say that I am saved. I thought you knew you were saved before I asked you, or I should not have spoken to you. Tell me how is it that you know you are saved, and I am not?"

"I can say I am saved," said the little girl, "because the Bible says, 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.' If you really want to come to Jesus, then just tell Him so. I shall pray for you, and will ask my teacher to do the same."

Rose did as her friend advised. She told the Lord how she would like to come to Himself, though she did not understand how. And while Rose was thus speaking to the Lord, her friend and the teacher were asking Him to enlighten her.

What Rose said to the Lord was really from her heart. Soon after she could say, "I told Him I wanted to come, and He said, 'It is thee I've been waiting for.'" Many little children say, "I should like to come to Jesus," but they only say it with their lips; they have not a real desire. How is it with you, dear young friend? Are you like little Rose? B.

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