

GRACE AND TRUTH

For Old and Young.



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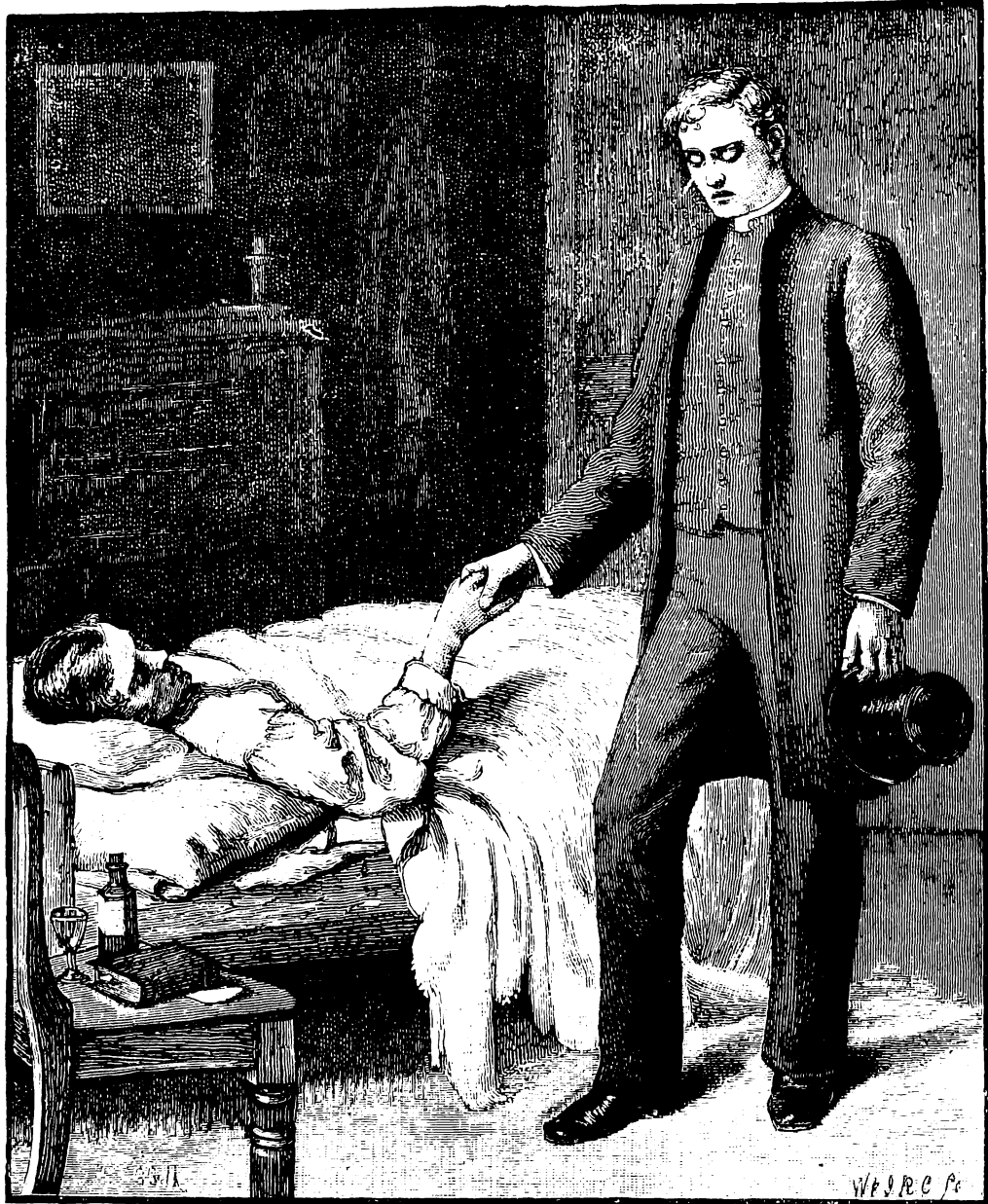
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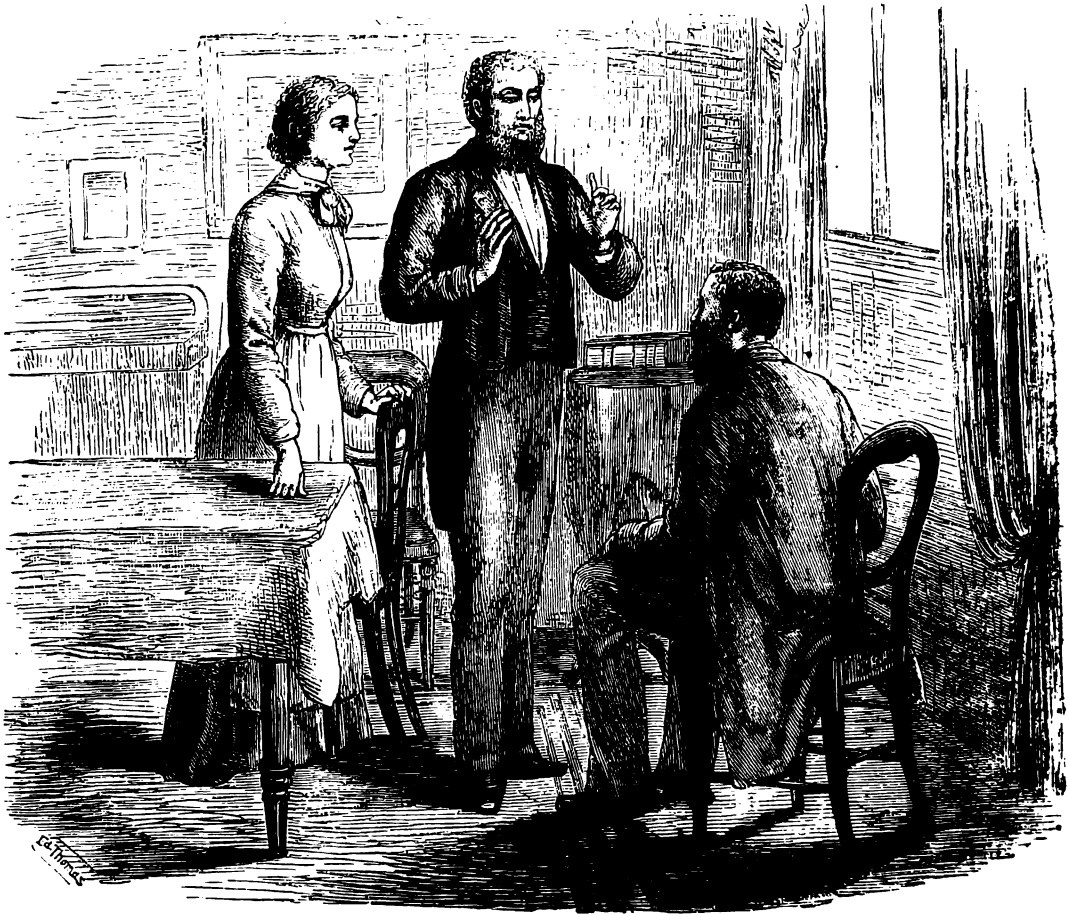
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"As he clasped the hand of his dying friend for the last time on earth, he exclaimed, 'You are right, Joe, and I am wrong.'" (See page 34.)

GRACE AND TRUTH

For Old and Young.



“I THOUGHT I WAS DYING,” SAID THE MAN.

God's Glad Tidings of Salvation.

SNATCHED FROM HELL.

THIS dying of typhus fever, Sir, and quite crazed-like : he don't know me nor anybody, and raves dreadful. We don't think he'll live many days.”

So said a poor troubled wife when I called to speak to a man about his soul—all I could do was to go away and pray about him. Some three or four weeks after this, I called again, expecting of course to

find the man dead, but hoping to say a word or two that might be used to the widow. When therefore the woman opened the door, and cheerfully invited me up-stairs to see her husband, I was agreeably surprised. The more so when I saw the man himself, and heard him tell what the Lord had done for his soul.

“Just before I got the turn, Sir, or just after, I thought I was dying,” said the man. “I couldn't move a hand, nor speak a word, nor

even open my eyes. There I lay, dead like, and yet alive, for I seemed to know where I was, but I felt myself sinking, sinking down lower and lower into a great gulf. I can see it now ; it was hell, Sir, sure enough. I couldn't call out, nor utter a groan ; as to that, it seemed to me as if my soul was out of my body and going down, down into hell itself. It was awful ! I shall never forget it the longest day I have to live. If ever a man has been half-way to hell, and been snatched up again, it's me, Sir. O, what must a lost soul feel ! and I was lost, Sir, and knew it, and felt it as plain as plain could be. But just when I was almost out of sight of the daylight and whirling down into the black darkness below, a text of Scripture seemed to dart into my mind all at once, as if a voice had spoken it. I heard it as plain, Sir, as I hear you now. Where I had heard it before, or whether I had read it in some tract, I'm sure I couldn't tell you, but it came to me just as I was sinking into hell, Sir ; and I seemed to lay hold of it, and believe it at once, then and there. I wasn't dreaming, Sir, it was no dream, not

It was too awful real to be a dream. Anyhow, the moment I laid hold of that word, Sir, I was snatched up again—right up to this very room where we are now, and I felt I was on my bed again, as I had been before. I wanted to cry out for very joy, but I couldn't say a word—no, not for many hours ; but at last I got my speech and the very first thing I said (as my wife here will tell you, Sir) was, 'Christ has snatched me out of hell !' and so He has."

"I thought he was raving again, Sir," interrupted his wife, "but he wasn't, for I soon found he know'd me, and know'd what he was saying too ; but I couldn't make out what he meant for ever so long, for you see he wasn't allowed to talk, as he was so weak, and it wasn't till some time after that he could tell me all about it."

"And it's all true, Sir," continued her husband, "and as soon as ever I was well enough to go to my work again I told everybody 'Christ has snatched me out of hell.' I've been to all my neighbours in this court and told every one of 'em. Some think I'm not right, Sir, but God knows I'm in my 'right mind' now, if I wasn't before. Mr. B., (at that time a noted Baptist minister in London, but since departed) is going to baptize me next week, for I mean to confess Christ, as He has snatched me out of hell."

And so he did. I knew him long afterwards, and ever found him a most consistent earnest Christian man. His chief anxiety for some time was to see his wife (a good moral woman) brought to Christ, for well he knew that morality cannot "snatch from hell."

Several of his immediate neighbours were brought by his instrumentality to believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, but for a while his wife remained in nature's darkness. That he loved Jesus and that she did not ; that he had no dread of death or of the judgment to come, because "Christ had snatched him out of hell," she knew well enough ; but it was nine months after her husband's conversion before she cast herself as a lost sinner upon that precious blood which "cleanseth from all sin." Her husband asked me to speak to her, but I soon found that to tell a quiet inoffensive woman who was utterly unconscious of saying, doing or thinking any harm, who faithfully performed all her duties as a wife should, went regularly to chapel with her husband and was (in a natural way) really thankful to God for having raised her husband from a deathbed, to tell her I say that she deserved hell, might have distressed her, but could not have convinced her. Her one offence was the lever that lifted her soul at last out of its deathlike torpor. And what was that ? "He that believeth not is condemned already." The one fact that she, unlike her husband, had not believed in Jesus, that she had therefore hitherto rejected Him who had so graciously "snatched her husband out of hell," that therefore an eternal barrier of her own choosing as yet lay between him and her,—this it was that at last converted her, and I found her quietly resting in the Lord ! Her husband had been used to give her peace, and now the desire of his soul was granted him. Both were saved.

But has the word ever brought you to have to do with Christ Himself? If conscience answers No ! let me implore you not to delay another hour. You know not what a day may bring forth, but you may be sure of this, because God hath said it, "He that believeth not is condemned already." Already condemned ! Your eternal future hangs upon a thread, which may snap in a moment ! There is but one refuge—the blood of Christ, and only those who find refuge there can say they are SNATCHED FROM HELL !

R. C. B.

"WE HAVE FOUND HIM."

John i. 45.

BY DR. MC KILLIAM.

DEAR unsaved friend, this is the secret of salvation. I presume that you are often at least unhappy, and sometimes long for rest of soul. It was so with the writer of this short appeal to you long before he was saved. A life of worldly brightness and youthful pleasure could not keep out thoughts of SIN, JUDGMENT, and ETERNITY. So it is with you, and you need Jesus. You have heard frequently about Him; you are acquainted with the leading doctrines of Christianity; you are a strict observer of the rites and ceremonies of religion; your life is outwardly fair and upright perhaps, but you have not found this Person, JESUS, and therefore you are not saved.

More than this, you may be like Cornelius, devout, God-fearing, and prayerful, yet not be saved. (Acts. x. 1, and xi. 14.)

You may have tender kindly feelings; be very charitable to the poor, and may sometimes have religious emotions, nevertheless be UNSAVED. Mc Cheyne in that beautiful hymn—

"I once was a stranger to grace and to God,"

describes his emotions while still unsaved, as so tender that his soul rose into rapture while he read the wild measures of Isaiah, the beautiful language of John, and that he wept as he read the story of the crucifixion. Mr. Haslam, in his wondrous story of "From Death unto Life," tells us that he felt that he loved God before his conversion. You too, my friend, may have oftentimes had like feelings; but you have not *found Him*. He alone is the salvation of God to you

and me, poor sinners whose very finest feelings and best deeds are tainted with sin "Neither is there salvation in any other" Acts iv. 12. Very likely you may count amongst your friends godly ministers, pious relatives; and in your times of anxiety you may have often looked to them for what you need, but even if they know Him ever so well for themselves all that they can do is to tell you about Him; they cannot be Him to you, therefore they cannot save you.

"Look to Jesus, weary one,
Look and live,—look and live."

Now, if this is true, that it is just Himself you need, He is not far to seek. Blessed be God He is very near, (Rom. x. 6, 7,) and in hundreds of ways He has told you that you may have Him now. Do not read further even. Turn to Him. Speak to Him, as if you saw Him—trust all to Him, and you will indeed find Him at this very moment, and in Him all that you need. Do not wait to seek for feelings other than you now have. He has loved you as an unsaved one, and given Himself for you, a sin offering Substitute to the wrath of God, due to you for sin. Now He gives Himself to you as the Almighty Saviour. In His protection you are safe for ever. He will be the truth to you, and teach you all you need to know. He will be your overcoming strength and give you victory over besetting sin. Come now, beloved, to the sinner-loving Saviour, and find in Him what you cannot find anywhere else—a present and full salvation.

"DANGER AHEAD!"

BY GEO. HUCKLESBY.

AN engine driver was driving an express train on one of the American railways, and looking ahead, to his horror saw that a train was rushing towards him on the same line of rails, and that an awful collision was inevitable! What could be done? Not a moment was to be lost. The engine driver

might try to save his own life, but then how about the passengers in the express train? There was but one thing he could do, and that was to detach his engine from the express and go on first to break the force of the shock. The noble fellow quickly cut off the steam, applied the breaks, and in a

moment uncoupled the engine; then putting on full steam went at an awful pace to break the blow. Another instant, and the engine was thrown off the rails, and beneath it lay the poor fellow crushed and lifeless.

The passengers were unconscious of their danger, and quite ignorant of what the brave driver was doing to save them from almost certain death, but through the brave deed of the noble fellow they all escaped. Ascertaining what had been done, they immediately started a collection to show their gratitude to him for jeopardizing his own life to save theirs.

How this touching incident reminds us of the old, old story of Jesus and His love. As He looked down from those realms of glory He saw sinners ready to perish, going on as fast as the wheels of time could carry them to death and judgment. There was but one way whereby we could be saved; He Himself must come to die in our stead. And down from those shining courts above, the blessed Saviour came, and on Calvary's cross, taking the place of distance, darkness and death, gave His own life-blood a ransom, and so placed Himself between us and the dreadful danger that was ahead.

Enduring the cross, He has opened up the

path to eternal glory. He has by His atoning death, not only bridged the awful chasm that sin had made, but He has opened up a way to the home and heart of God. And now the gospel comes to us in all its sweetness, assuring us that "Whosoever believeth in Him shall not perish, but have everlasting life." "Verily, verily I say unto you, he that heareth my word, and believeth on Him that sent me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into judgment, but has passed from death unto life." "Through this man is preached unto you forgiveness of sins, and by Him all that believe are justified from all things."

Dear unsaved reader, will you show your gratitude to such a Saviour, by believing His word, by resting your soul's salvation upon His finished atoning work? "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved;" for "he that believeth not shall not see life, but the wrath of God abideth on him." Delays are dangerous; time is short; life is uncertain; and Christ is soon coming to take His own unto Himself, and then the door of mercy will be forever closed. "Now is the accepted time, behold, now is the day of salvation."

CHRIST—SAVIOUR OR JUDGE?

BY S. TREVOR FRANCIS.

THE coming of Christ is a solemn reality. As surely as the Scriptures assert His first coming as Saviour, so do they declare His second advent as Judge. All that is unreal will then be made manifest. Masks will drop off; shams will be gone; and all mere profession will perish. Those who have been most careful about religious ordinances, but never possessed Christ, will awake from the delusion; but too late. There will be no refuge, no shelter from the fearful storm. "But who may abide the day of His coming? and who shall stand when He appeareth?" (Mal. iii. 2.) The word of God predicts that when men are least expecting Him, He will come. "Where is the promise of His coming?" will be the constant cry, until like the flashing lightning He will be

seen descending upon this earth. To the ungodly it will be a day of terror and doom. They have rejected Him as a Saviour; then must they behold Him as Judge. They have heard the invitation, "Come unto me," and have been deaf to its yearning appeal; then will they hear the terrible sentence, "Depart," and be among the despairing multitude who shall "go away" into everlasting punishment. How solemn, to go from heaven, hope and happiness, and drift away on the dark tide of despair for ever! Dear fellow sinner, ye who are consciously unforgiven, now is the day of salvation. Flee to the blood of Jesus. Waste not a moment! Tomorrow may be too late. God's Spirit saith, "TO-DAY if ye will hear His voice, harden not your hearts." (Heb. iii. 7, 8.) DO NOT DELAY!

Green Pastures and Still Waters.

THE SERVICE OF SORROW.

BY J. DENHAM SMITH.

“In their affliction they will seek me early.” Hosea v. 15.

THE value of Jacob's trouble will be that they will acknowledge their offence and seek His face. It will be through much tribulation that they will enter the kingdom.* Passing through the awful fiery trials that will try them, they will be refined as silver is refined, according to the prophet—“I will purge away thy dross.”† The principle applies now. Under all dispensations God uses trial and sorrow, that, being purified from evil, we may be partakers of His holiness.‡ This is the object of His chastening.

There was only One who ever trod this earth as man who never needed such chastening. He who is represented by the fine-flour offering, was essentially perfect before God. “He sought to subdue no evil, needed no discipline to form His character into obedience, meekness and submission. Affliction found in Him these things, but did not bring them.” How different with us! “It was,” said God, “because my people are bent to backsliding from Me” that they were smitten. (Chap. xi. 7).

But as the confession of his brethren was sweet to Joseph, so is ours to the blessed Lord when, under His afflicting hand, we are led to say, “I will bear the indignation of the Lord, because I have sinned against Him, until He plead my cause and execute judgment for me: He will bring me forth to the light, and I shall behold His righteousness.” (Micah vii. 9.) Such is the service of sorrow. “Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom He receiveth.” (Heb. xii. 6.) Hence, “we count them happy which endure.” (James v. 11.)

“That word endure,” remarks another, “was

* Dan. xii. 1; Matt. xxiv. 21, 22; Mark xiii. 19

† Isaiah i. 25.

‡ Heb. xii. 5—10.

a word of which Christians in olden times well knew the meaning. But is it usual now to count them happy who endure, or to count them happy who have nothing to endure? Most likely it is the latter; for it is an age of easy-going Christianity. It loves smooth roads and flowery paths, and cheery, though semi-worldly, company. It wants to forget that this world is to God's children a wilderness, and so they rejoice who have nothing to endure, and those who have are far from happy; for they too often lack His enduring grace. Still the word remains ‘endure,’ and they who do so will verily know more of the joy of the Lord thereby. Yes; He who gives life in death, and light in darkness, even He gives joy in patient enduring. It is a forcible word; it is the same word in Greek for endurance and patience, and it includes in its meaning most emphatically the word ‘wait,’ and that other word ‘be still.’”

Yet that which we endure may not always be “chastening.” If living in obedience, taking up the cross, and following the Lord, there may be sorrow, but not for chastening. “Are ye able,” said the Lord to His disciples, “to drink of My cup, and to be baptized with My baptism?”

Faith sees this cup, and can draw from it sweetest consolation. Hence one who had well known it, personates sorrow thus—

“It costs me no regret that she
Who followed Christ should follow me;
And though where'er she goes,
Thorns spring spontaneous at her feet,
I love her, and extract a sweet,
E'en from my bitterest woes.”*

Fruitfulness is for the most part by means of chastening. “Every branch in Me that beareth fruit He purgeth it”—cleanseth it. This is not only the declaration of a fact, but a precious promise that He will purge, cleanse (i.e. sanctify), every branch in Him that beareth fruit. But what is said of Ephraim indicates deep suffering and sorrow for her sin. “I will hedge

* Madam Guion's *Address to Sorrow*.

up thy way with thorns, and make a wall that she shall not find her way out again. I will cause her mirth to cease." (Hos. xi. 11.) Is this only in anger, or in love? Not only in anger, as the result will show. "I once," said Dean Alford, "saw a shadow resting on the bare side of a hill. Seeking its cause, I saw a little cloud, bright as light, floating in the clear blue above. And I said thus it is with our sorrow. It may be dark and cheerless here on earth; yet look above, and you shall see it to be but a shadow of His brightness whose name is love." Blessed are the afflictions which, if we have wandered, bring us back to such love. It was during his sorrow that so blessed a change came over Ephraim.

"I have heard Ephraim bemoaning himself thus: 'Thou hast chastened me, and I was chastened: I was as a bullock unaccustomed to the yoke.' " But note what does God say when the soul is contrite? "I dwell with him that is of a contrite and humble spirit, to revive the spirit of the humble, and to revive the heart of the contrite ones." (Isa. lvii. 15.) Elsewhere He says, "To this man will I look, even to him that is poor and of a contrite spirit, and trembleth at My word." Isa. lxvi. 2.)

Sweet in the light of this subject are the Beatitudes of Matt. v.—"Blessed are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven. Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted." Thus, dear child of sorrow and trial, let this speak to thine heart; though grieved for thy sin; or pain, or bereavement, or loss of means be thy lot—from saddest things God evolves richest blessing,—great artist that He is, working in us and for us with a skilful hand and with the undying love of His heart. So sings our Christian bard—

In the still air the music lies unheard;
In the rough marble beauty hides unseen;
To make the music and the beauty needs
The master's touch, the sculptor's chisel keen.

Great Master, touch us with Thy skilful hand;
Let not the music that is in us die!
Great Sculptor, hew and polish us; nor let,
Hidden and lost, Thy form within us lie.

Spare not the stroke; do with us as Thou wilt;
Let there be nought unfinished, broken, marred;
Complete Thy purpose, that we may become
Thy perfect image, Thou our God and Lord.

"HIS BANNER OVER ME—LOVE."

BY G. F. MABERLY.

IN Numbers i. 52, we find that Jehovah ordered the children of Israel to pitch their tents, every man "by his own camp, and every man of his own *Standard*, throughout their hosts." The words standard and banner are translations of the same Hebrew word, the original signifying to cover or cover over. A further command is given in Numb. ii. 2, that "every man of the children of Israel shall pitch by his own standard with the ensign of their father's house; far off about the tabernacle of the congregation shall they pitch."

There were, as we learn in this chapter, four standards or banners, one on the east side, that of the camp of Judah, on the south side that of the camp of Reuben, on the west side the standard of the camp of Ephraim, on the north side that of the camp of Dan, while the Levites were in the midst of the whole encampment to guide and direct the movements of the host; and by their presence "round about the taber-

nacle of testimony" to hinder any rash presumptuous person, from rushing unbidden into the holy places and so of bringing down "wrath upon the congregation of the children of Israel."

The position occupied by the Levites teaches us our true position,—they were gathered round the structure in which dwelt the Most High, Jehovah, king of saints! We now, as kings and priests to God in a happier dispensation, are gathered round the person of Him who "tabernacled among us" (John i. 14; in the original), He, the Lord Jesus is our one great centre and He alone.

There were also twelve signs or ensigns, one to each tribe, and thus every person knew his proper place in the camp—knew when he had strayed and what was his duty. Oh! that such were the case now. The Lord lead us only to follow the Lord Jesus, to find our blessedness in Him and we shall not go astray, but find readily enough our place and sphere of service in the

"church which is His body." We shall then better understand that blessed title of Him our Altar, Priest and Lord, "Jehovah-Nissi," the Lord my Banner. Exod. xvii. 15.

The banner or standard is used now in all armies. Formerly he who carried it was called the Ensign, and his office was of vast importance. The standard he carried was the rallying point of those fighting under the same banner. The "colours" as the standard is called, were committed to the ensign with imposing ceremony in the presence of the assembled regiment, and he had to take an oath to defend them with life and limb, and if need were to wrap himself in them as a shroud, and devote himself to death.

"Ensign" is also the name of one of the flags in the British and in other fleets. Its chief purpose is to denote the nation to which the ship belongs."

Such was one of the uses of the standard, and such the duty of the standard-bearer. But there was another. The position was one of great danger—the standard greatly exposed its bearer to the weapons of the enemy; for the standard-bearer took possession of contested spots and claimed them in the name of the prince he loved, and many were the desperate struggles even unto death to take and keep possession of the important positions of an enemy. He was thus on all occasions at the post of danger. Chosen because he was the bravest and most trustworthy, we see the import of the words "My beloved is white and ruddy, a standard bearer among ten thousand." (Song. v. 10. margin.)

In our great Captain the two qualities named in this verse are pre-eminent. He is to those who know him, "the chiefest among ten thousand, yea, He is altogether lovely." (Song v. 16.)

The Lord Jesus was a shining mark for the great Enemy. For forty days He endured his temptations without sin, and after this fearful ordeal, He hungered—and His very hunger was taken advantage of by that relentless foe, who knows neither love, nor mercy, to try Him still further. But the Son of God stood firm,—and as the great Leader of His people He fought the fight and came forth from the fearful struggle more than conqueror, utterly defeating the enemy, and at the last, "having spoiled principalities and powers He made a show of them openly, triumphing

over them in His cross." Praises to His name!

"His banner over me—*Love*." So we see the text reads—the word *was* being in italics. Love is the word inscribed upon the Banner of the Redeemer. He takes possession of the poor slaves of sin and Satan; He "overcomes" them with "His eyes," not of fire but of love, Song vi. 4, 5, and when He overcomes them, He takes entire possession of them, "spirit and soul and body," changing them into His own likeness, imparting to them His own Spirit, enlisting them in His army, while He leads them on to constant victory.

Be it ours therefore to remember that we are the Lord's property. His to love, to serve, to please in all things. The rank and file of an army follow not their own fancies, or desires or imaginations, but the standard-bearer; and he is but carrying out the orders of the commander. So is it with us. Our own imaginations, our thoughts are not to be the rule of our conduct, but the orders of the great Captain, the commander of "the host of God's elect."

The Lord Jesus has overcome us to bring us into "His house of wine," to feast us with His love. Wine speaks of that which cheereth God and man (Judges ix. 13, Psa. civ. 15.) It was poured upon every burnt offering, showing God's joy in the sacrifice rendered according to His appointment, in that it portrayed the mighty Sacrifice to come. The wine showed also the joy of the offerer in feeling that both he and his offering were accepted. Also, "We joy in God through our Lord Jesus Christ."

LOVE then is His rallying cry, written in His own blood. Let this be our cry too. Love to Christ; love because He so loved us. Love to one another; "for by this shall all men know that we are His disciples if we have love one to another." (John xiii. 35.) Let us own no other rallying cry but *Love to Christ and to His people*; and let Him be the glorious person, to whom we assemble and whose standard we bear; and so shall we find indeed the blessedness of being "brought into His banqueting house," there to share the sweet intimacies of His love, preparatory to the time when He "will feed us and will lead us to living fountains of waters," (Rev. vii. 17.) satisfying eternally every desire of the glorified, and eternally creating new appetites and aspirations, that He may have the joy of satisfying them. Amen.

Talks, Tales, & Teachings for our Young Friends.

THE NEW YEAR AND THE OLD.

BY FANNIE EDEN.



AHAPPY NEW YEAR! A happy new year! What a ring of joy there is in the children's greeting, as they cling around

their parents, while they give and receive loving caresses! How brightly beam their smiling faces as the little tokens of love are disclosed, and the presents that their busy hands have been preparing so long and so secretly, are given away at last.

And hark! The sound of the postman's knock adown the street, and there is a stir and flutter as though a fresh breeze had passed along it; doors are opened, and eager hands are outstretched to take in the tender greetings sent from loving hearts afar.

It is a happy time, and the brave old sun is doing his very best to make the world outside as bright as warm hearts are making the homes within. What a glorious day it is in spite of the icy cold air. Who says they do not love the winter? Not I, for one. Why, it has urned the world into a fairy scene!

The snow is lying white and unsullied over the fields. Scarlet holly-berries gleam in the hedges among the glossy leaves. Every branch and every tiny twig of the leafless trees, stand out in the fairest and most delicate white tracery against the deep blue of the winter sky.

And over all the glorious sunlight is dancing and sparkling, turning the icicles into pendant diamonds, and the frozen dewdrops into pearls.

Ah! little ones, the world is fair and bright, and you are happy you scarce know why. Already your faces are turned trustingly towards the coming year, never doubting but that it holds within its grasp some fair, bright gift for you. Well, it is but natural, young hearts bound ever joyously forward on the mountains of Hope, and we would not have it otherwise; but as you grow older you will find a calm pleasure (that you know not of now), in letting your thoughts wander back again over the quiet fields of memory.

Last night as the soft snow was falling, and the sad winds were sighing a farewell to the dying year, I sat by the glowing embers, and in a quiet reverie I let my thoughts glance backward over the year that was almost gone.

Sorrows had been mine and many tears, but with them what bright glimpses into the depths of my Saviour's love. The dark hour of woe had but revealed my Lord's great tenderness, even as the blackest night discloses but the greater radiance of the stars.

As I thought of all these things, my heart was filled with praise, and in the words of a beautiful hymn, I said:—

“With judgment and with mercy,
My web of time He wove:
And aye, the dews of sorrow
Were lusted with His love.
I'll bless the hand that guided,
I'll bless the heart that planned,
When throned where glory dwelleth,
In Immanuel's land.

And now, dear children, have you not some thoughts to cast back over the year that has just been laid away in the tomb of the past eternity. Have you no mercies to thank God for? No broken resolves to mourn over? No shame to feel for mis-spent hours that are for ever past and gone?

Perhaps during the past year, the Lord has

revealed to you His dying love, and you have received Him as your own. Is it so? Then what a glorious gift the old year brought you, one that will bring you boundless joy through all eternity!

But it may be you would not receive it. Perhaps you turned away treating with cold indifference the wondrous Giver and His gift. For another long year you have allowed the patient, tender, waiting One to stand outside your door and knock, and knock in vain.

Is this so? Alas! alas!

But oh! for Jesus, sake let it be so no longer. The time will come when He will knock no more. Then why not accept Him now; begin the New Year as a new creature in Him, a part of His glorious new creation. Will you give joy to all heaven with this decision?



"THE LITTLE TOKENS OF LOVE ARE DISCLOSED." (page 8.)

SEVEN NEW THINGS.

BY JOSEPH W. JORDAN.

DEAR Children,—As this is the first month of our new paper entitled, "GRACE AND TRUTH," I have selected for our first talk, seven New Things from God's word; the first of which is—

A NEW TESTAMENT, Heb. ix. 15.

I daresay you will think at once, Why, that is

the second part of the Bible. Yes, quite true, the first part is called the Old Testament, or Old Covenant, and the second part the New Testament, or New Covenant. Now the Old Covenant was given at Sinai, by the hand of Moses, amidst lightnings and thunders, and the sum of it was "Do this and thou shalt

live." When much younger I thought that by trying to be good, and seeking to keep God's commandments, I could get to heaven, but then I found that if I tried ever so much I could not with my naturally sinful heart "be good." And then I began to understand something of the New Testament or Covenant, which instead of "Do this and thou shalt live," is, "Believe in what God has done for us," by giving His own beloved Son the Lord Jesus Christ to die on the cross. For by believing on the Lord Jesus Christ we receive the forgiveness of sins (Acts x.43), and everlasting life, (John vi. 47.)

Then the second new thing is—

A NEW HEART. (Ezek. xviii: 31.)

Without a new heart we cannot please God, because we are born with a heart that is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked (Jer. xvii.9), and therefore so thoroughly bad that God gives us a new one altogether.

I was one day passing along a street, when I saw a little girl running across the road with a jug in her hand; she stumbled and fell, breaking the jug all to pieces. Well, do you think she began picking up the pieces, thinking to take them home and make a good jug out of them? Oh, certainly not, you say; she could not do that. No, dear children, she would need to buy a new one: and in like manner God does not seek to make our evil hearts better, but promises a new one.

Now the third new thing is—

A NEW WAY. (Heb. x. 19, 20.)

You will remember that when Adam and Eve committed sin and disobeyed God, they were driven out of Eden, and from God's presence. So they and we were all shut out from God. But then the Lord Jesus came to our aid, and by His death upon the cross He has opened up the way for us to get back to God, as the beautiful verse says,—“For Christ also hath once suffered for sins, the just for the unjust, that He might bring us to God.” (1 Pet. iii. 18.)

Again our fourth new thing is—

A NEW SONG. (Psalm xl. 3.)

Only those who have their sins forgiven, and possess a new heart and the new way, can sing the new song of love and praise unto Him who has saved them.

I know many dear children who have received Christ as their Saviour, and they have

written to me in the words of the hymn,—

“I feel like singing all the time,
My sins are washed away.”

So, dear children, we who sing the new song down here, shall renew it in heaven, when we reach there, because the Bible says—speaking of that bright and happy home in Rev. v. 9, “And they sang a new song.”

A NEW NAME (Rev. ii. 17.)

is the next new thing I will tell you of. This is what the Lord Jesus will give to every one of His lambs. Oh! I do think this is so precious, because it is as if He said, That lamb belongs to me. When I buy a new article, say a book for instance, I write my name in it, as much as to say, That belongs to me. So the Lord having purchased with His precious blood all those who believe in Him, He then says He will put His new name upon them, which will show they are His very own.

Further, our sixth new thing is—

A NEW HOME. (Is. lxxv. 17.)

And how necessary this will be, for God tells us in 2 Pet. iii. that He is going to burn up the present heavens and earth, because, dear children, they are defiled with sin, and the very heavens are not clean in His sight (Job. xv. 15), but then we look for new heavens and a new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness.

And oh, what a bright home the new heavens will be to us; because once there, we shall never sin against nor grieve the Lord any more.

If you have your sins forgiven, a new heart, the new way, and are singing the new song as you journey onwards, then I am sure you would be happy if the Lord Jesus called you away.

But if you have not received these glorious gifts, oh, take them at once, by accepting Jesus as your Saviour; otherwise, where will you be when He burns up your present home, this earth?

Now our last, or seventh, is—

ALL THINGS NEW. (Rev. xxi. 5.)

And this will include everything that I have not been able to mention. Ah! what a blessed time that will be when God makes all things new. We shall never grow old then—nothing will ever fade, change or become stale, but everything will always look new, and beautiful.

Then will you not share in all this? The Lord help you to do so.

Food for Christ's Lambs.

SPIRITUAL NOURISHMENT,

AS TYPIFIED BY THE ROAST LAMB, THE MANNA, AND THE OLD CORN OF THE LAND.

BY T. SHULDHAM HENRY.



THE history of the children of Israel as a whole is typical of the history of the individual Christian now. It presents to us the three positions of the believer. 1, In Egypt; 2, in the wilderness; and 3, in Canaan. In Egypt as a matter of *fact*, in the wilderness as regards our *experience*, and in Canaan by *faith*.

Egypt corresponded with the world in which we live; the wilderness with the scene where God proves and teaches us; and Canaan with the "heavenly places" of Ephesians. Now for each of these positions the children of Israel had quite different food. The roasted lamb was the sustenance God provided for their brief stay in Egypt preparatory to their journey, the manna for their walk and warfare in the wilderness, and the old corn of the land for their conflict in Canaan.

In Ex. xii. we have a new era commenced, a turning point in the history of God's people, Israel. They were not in themselves different from the rest of the nations around. There was no good in them that could cause God to look favourably on them. They were His choice; He took them up to train them, and try if there was any good in man. Alas! after four thousand years of probation God has had to pronounce His verdict "none good—no, not one." As sinners they were under the just judgment of God. There must be judgment on sin. It is the righteous sentence of a holy God. He cannot wink at or pass by sin. God's claim must be met—there must be death—the blood of Israel's lamb, or Egypt's first-born, the first the savour of life, the latter, the savour of death. The blood must be shed. Thank God for the good old theology of the blood, so much sneered at in the present day! Men forget that "without shedding of blood there is no remission."

The blood is the life—life given for life for-

feited by sin. God says, "The life of the flesh is in the blood, and I have given it to you upon the altar to make an atonement for your souls, for it is the blood that maketh atonement for the sins. (Lev. xvii. 11.)"

The first thing then for those in bondage and sin is redemption by the blood of the Lamb; then we have redemption by power from the hand of their enemies. This we find in Ex. xii. The lamb slain delivered from judgment, and the Red Sea from their foes—two distinct aspects of the cross. The whole nation of Israel date their existence as a redeemed people from this. It was a new epoch, it was their starting point. Dear friend, have you commenced to live? From the moment of your birth you have been a dying man, a dying woman, a dying child, and you do not begin to live till quickened by the Holy Spirit and sheltered by the blood of God's Lamb. "This month shall be to you the beginning of months." You can write in your diaries your natural birthdays, but can you write your spiritual? Can you say, "I was born such and such a year, month, day?" If not, you can at least say, "Once I was blind, but now I see." This we insist on, or you have not commenced to live. "Ye must be born again." Well, Israel's lamb was slain; the blood was shed and sprinkled on the lintels and upper door posts, as God had said, and so they were sheltered by the blood, and the destroying angel passed over the children of Israel when He passed through the land. They were safe, for the judgment of God due to sin had fallen on the Lamb—their Substitute.

Though there were thousands of lambs slain, yet it was only one Lamb (v. 6) that was slain. Outside was destruction—inside they were safely, calmly, believingly feeding on the lamb roast with fire. The order is beautiful,—judgment, faith, security, communion. Those not sheltered by the blood were slain, for God is a God of judgment. Death fell on Israel's lamb,

and on Egypt's firstborn. Not an Israelite was lost. Not an Egyptian was saved. They fed on the lamb that had been slain. They could hear the wail of despair outside, as the righteous God was carrying out His righteous sentence on those not sheltered by the blood, but they were trusting implicitly in the word of God which said "When I see the blood I will pass over you,"—so with us. Our judgment has fallen on Calvary's Lamb, and we are now sheltered and safe, and called to feed by faith on the flesh and blood of the Son of Man.

This is God's provision to wean us from Egypt, the scene around. We are called into the fellowship of His Son Jesus Christ our Lord,"—fellowship with Him in His sufferings, (1 Cor. i. 9; Phil. iii. 9, 10). The lamb was to be "roast with fire, not sodden with water." We have to feed on One who has gone through the fire of the wrath of God for us. Who can tell what this blessed One suffered when He was made sin for us, when a holy God was exhausting all His righteous judgment for our sins on Him? When we sit down at the Lord's table we have fellowship with Him in His sufferings, remembering His love and death for us, till the morning come without


clouds when He "will receive us unto Himself." It was to be eaten "with unleavened bread and bitter herbs." There can be no fellowship with Jesus if we are walking in disobedience or worldliness, and not in the power of an ungrieved Holy Spirit. "If we *say* (mark this word) we have fellowship with Him, and walk in darkness, we *lie* and *do not* the truth. We *know* it, but do not *do* it. Do not let us then talk of fellowship with the Son of God. There must be practical holiness of life—unleavened bread.

Again, "Eat not of it raw, nor sodden at all with water, but roast with fire, his head with his legs, and with the purtenance thereof." This represents a *whole Christ* we are to have fellowship with. His head denotes the place of wisdom, His legs His walk here. He is our wisdom, we are to follow His holy footsteps. All between these two—His head and legs—are ours also, viz., His heart the seat of His love, and His shoulders the place of strength. We feed on a whole Christ. How this ought to separate us from the world around. To be in it, which we are, but as taken out of it by Christ, delivered from it by the cross, but sent back into it to be fruit-bearers, cross-bearers, and witness-bearers.

(To be continued.)

ρ SING TO ME OF HOME.

BY FANNIE EDEN.

 SING to me of home, for night is falling,
And I am tired of the toilsome way;
And like a wounded bird with pinion broken,
My heart is fluttering downward to the clay.

O sing of home, then shall my wearied spirit
Soar far away from this sad world of strife,
And leave behind the mists of care that gather,
And lie so chillingly upon my life.

O sing to me of home, and while I listen,
Still dearer shall the heavenly mansions grow,
And I shall yearn for rest so still and perfect,
That there my tired heart shall fully know.

And sing of Him, the gentle loving Saviour,
Who hears each quivering sigh, and dropping tear.
And who with tender heart e'en now is yearning,
To soothe my sorrow, and to hush my fear.

Ah! sing of Him, for He will never, never,
Wound me with cold indifference and neglect.
And bid me cling to Him, though left forsaken,
By friends of old, and of their love bereft.

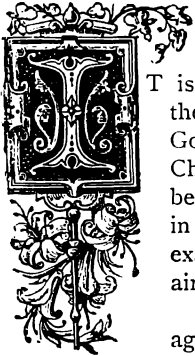
O sing of Him, so shall my soul be strengthened,
And soothed with tender memories of His love;
And I shall taste, while waiting 'mid the darkness,
The untold joys that shall be mine above.

gleanings in the fields of Scripture.

THE INFINITE VALUE OF GOD'S WORD.

BY GEORGE F. TRENCH.

INTRODUCTORY.



It is not possible to exaggerate the importance of the study of God's word as the duty of every Christian. As well might it be said that the value of light in the physical world could be exaggerated, or of food, or of air.

It is only the sceptic, the agnostic, who taunts us with going over and over again familiar ground, when he sees us deep in the study of the Bible. The miner may have to pass often through the old shaft and gallery to reach the object of his continuous search. But not less is he gaining treasure still, for the deeper he goes the purer its quality, the greater its worth.

Nor does this apply only to the ministers of God's word. For them indeed it may be said that when study ceases, freshness, power and results are at an end. But it applies to all who live the new life. The strength of his testimony, the progress, the holiness of the Christian, will be ever governed by his power and practice of thus taking in the divine nourishment of the divine life.

But the Word of God not only feeds our faith, it is also the light for our path through this waste wilderness, the sword of assault upon the powers of evil, and the shield of protection from them. It lifts up the veil that makes the great future a mystery, and thus amid gloom, and heaviness, and sorrow, gladdens the Christian heart with joyful and certain hope. Above all, the written word reveals to us the living Word, and He reveals to us God.

Is not, then, the value of the Word infinite? It is not merely that no living soul can get on without it. That is true. It is a necessity of existence truly understood. But it makes its possessor infinitely rich. His wealth exceeds the wealth of kings; for it never fails. In the

words of John x. 35, "The scriptures cannot be broken."

This may be understood as applicable to all its parts.

It contains Precept—God's precepts cannot be disobeyed with impunity.

It contains Promise—God's promises cannot be broken.

It contains Prophecy—God's prophecies cannot be permanently unfulfilled.

It contains Principles, involved in the history of the past of both Old and New Testaments—and God's principles cannot be violated.

Heaven and earth shall pass away, but the word of God shall not pass away. It is eternal.

Who is the steadfast believer?—who is the fruitful branch?—who is the faithful witness in his circle and surroundings?—who is the bringer in of sheaves of happy converts to Christ? Is it not the soul that delves and dives into the word in secret converse with the Father by the Spirit? Who is safe from worldly attractions and the love of gold?—who walks harmless amid storms of opposition?—who wears the serene and peaceful brow, though trouble and care be on every hand?—who sails his ship in a straight and even course?—who stands immovable amid prevailing winds of doctrine, and every diverse conceit of human wisdom and vagary of human imagination?—is it not he who, not fitfully or of occasional impulse, but by steady and constant application, as from the very fountain of life drinks in the sweet waters of truth.

"The wellspring of wisdom is as a flowing brook," said the preacher, (Prov. xviii. 4), and "Happy are thy men, happy are these thy servants which stand continually before thee, and that hear thy wisdom," is a word of eternal truth from queenly lips to which every soul who takes such a place will from his soul's depth respond.

The pages that will appear under the above heading will it is hoped be a kind of channel through which the brook may flow to many hearts from the wellspring of Wisdom Himself.

God's Mighty Men of Valour.

IGNATIUS, PASTOR AND MARTYR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SHORT PAPERS ON THE REFORMERS."



RUINS OF THE COLOSSEUM.

RESTLING in a lovely valley, where snowy mountains rise on either side, and watered by the broad Orontes, which glides between its fertile meadows, lies the town of Antioch. At the time of which we write, A.D. 100, it was the grandest city of the East. Very beautiful was it with its gardens of roses, and plum-trees, and magnificent with noble edifices on every side.

But fair as was the city and its surroundings, its people, alas! were only noted for wickedness and selfish devotion to sinful pleasures. But even here God had His witnesses.

After the cruel martyrdom of Stephen, many of the faithful ones had wandered hither, and here Barnabas had taught for two years amongst those whom we read were the first to be called Christians. At the head of this little church, their devoted minister and Bishop was Ignatius. His name would lead us to imply that he was of Roman origin, and it is probable that he was one of the many citizens of Antioch who owed their birth there to the fact that it

was the court of the Roman governor, and the residence of his legions.

His character was that of strong resolution, practical decision, plain thought, and blunt expression.

Already the churches of the East were being invaded with pernicious and subtle doctrines, and this the church of the capital was more exposed than any other to a general attack from all quarters. Of unspeakable benefit was it then, that the church at Antioch should possess a bishop of such straightforward good sense, and uncompromising spirit as Ignatius. Besides this, he had drank in the divine truth from the lips of the apostle John, and so was at once able to detect whatever was expressly contrary to his teaching.

There is an old tradition which speaks of him as the little child whom the Lord set in the midst of his disciples, and whom He had taken in His arms, saying, "Whosoever shall receive one of such children in my name, receiveth me." Be this as it may, from an early age he had been a true and loving follower of Christ.

"Greater love hath no man than this," says the Word, "that he lay down his life for his friend." Very beautifully was this exemplified in this noble pastor, for when the occasion came, he willingly offered himself up for his beloved brethren. It came about in this wise:—

To the great dismay of the Christians at Antioch, the news came that the Emperor Trajan was about to pass through their city. Alas! they feared that this would be but the signal for a fresh outburst of persecution. After Christ, the brethren were dearest to the bishop's heart, so with a sublime self-abnegation he determined to appear before the dread emperor, confess he was a Christian, and endeavour by every means to turn the emperor's wrath against himself, to the saving of his people.

He went, and was received with bitter reproaches, as one who, possessed with an evil spirit, was leading others to transgress the laws of the land. "No evil spirit," said Ignatius,

“dwells within me, but Jesus Christ the Crucified, because,” said he, “it is written in our Book ‘I dwell in them and walk in them.’” Immediately his sentence was pronounced. “Since Ignatius confesses that within him he carries Him that was crucified, we command that he be carried bound by soldiers to great Rome, there to be thrown to wild beasts for the entertainment of the people.”

On hearing this, Ignatius exclaimed, “I thank Thee, O Father, that Thou hast deigned to honour me with perfect love towards Thee, binding me thus with iron bonds in fellowship with Thy apostle Paul.” So with quiet joy he put on his chains, and after praying for his church, and recommending it with tears to the protection of the Lord, was hurried away on his long journey under a guard of ten soldiers.

During the long quiet hours of his voyage across the sunny Mediterranean, Ignatius busied himself in writing farewell letters of exhortation to different churches, and filled they were with that burning earnestness which could not but flow from one who was on the road to martyrdom.

At Smyrna a great pleasure awaited him, for the first to greet him there was his loved and long-tryed friend Polycarp, who was now a bishop at that place. Very sweet must have been their short intercourse together, and filled with many tender and delightful recollections, of their early youth. Often had they sat together at the feet of that favoured apostle whose head had leaned on the bosom of Jesus, and many tender memories must have been theirs of his words that were so often the unwritten word of God. We can, in some little measure, imagine their mingled joy and grief at meeting and parting under such touching circumstances.

Before leaving Smyrna, Ignatius wrote an epistle to the Romans, in which he speaks of his eagerness for his approaching martyrdom, beseeching them not to intercede to prevent it. To him to live, he said, was to be absent from Christ : to die to be with Him; and far more widely would the gospel be preached by his death than by his life. Then he warned them against heresy and false teachers, and commended to their prayers that which was never out of his mind, the afflicted churches of Antioch. Exquisitely beautiful is his closing sentence—“Remember in your prayers the

church of Syria, who instead of me has God for its pastor: Jesus Christ alone and your Love will be its bishop.”

And now he was hurried from Smyrna to Troas, where he was refreshed with the tidings that his life had not been offered in vain, for the persecution in Antioch had entirely ceased. Here he found time to write to Polycarp, and to the saints at Smyrna, and also to the Philadelphians, thanking them for their kind offers to himself, and for their successful prayers.

And now he was fast approaching the end of his wearying journey.

As they set sail across the Adriatic a gale of wind sprang up, so that for a long time they made very little progress, but were like Paul of old, “driven up and down in Adria.”

To the loving attendants who had accompanied him this delay was very grateful. Very precious to them were these parting hours, and very solemn and touching were the scene and conversations that must have taken place on the deck of the little vessel between the joyful martyr and his little group of friends while they were being tossed about at the mercy of winds and waves. At length they sighted Italy, and beforelong they landed at Ostia, the port of Rome.

And now the morning arrived for his execution. With many tears his brethren at Rome came to bid him a last farewell. Their hearts were broken with the thought of separation, but he only rejoiced at the prospect of so soon being with the Lord he loved.

After lovingly embracing them all, He knelt with them in prayer, and still in the hour of death showed how his heart was filled with the love of the saints, for he earnestly prayed for the churches that the persecutions might cease and that the love of the brethren might continue one to the other.

Then he was hurried away to the amphitheatre. O awful sight! a thousand men and women maddened with cruelty by the sight of the dying gladiators were awaiting the appearance of this helpless venerable old man. No pity at the thought of his blameless life and the sight of his snowy hairs moved them. With a wild shout they received him. Quickly the lions were let loose, and amid the cheers of the people he was almost immediately devoured. And thus the blessed martyr won his crown.

Work in the Lord's Vineyard.

Messrs. Moody & Sankey's visit to Waterford, short as it was, was one of the most wonderful events in the history of that country. The powerful addresses seemed to go right into the hearts of the people, and many were brought out of darkness into light. The letters from the young converts, testifying their joy in the Saviour, have been both numerous and interesting.

It is impossible to give any idea of the vastness of Messrs. Moody & Sankey's work in London. Priory Hall has been filled every night as soon as the doors have been opened, and the preacher's appeals to the anxious ones to confess in a definite way their anxiety to be saved, have been very largely responded to. Hundreds of men, women, and children have been brought to the Lord, and these are now trying to lead others to Him. One case in particular is most interesting; that of an atheist, who having come to the Hall one evening out of curiosity, was deeply impressed by the Spirit of God: two nights after, he came again bringing thirty-two atheists with him.

The afternoon meeting for Women on Sunday the 18th, was one of the most wonderful that even Mr. Moody can ever have seen. The address was with power, and in response to his call for decision at the close the number that stood up could scarcely have been under three thousand. The overflow meetings have also been the means of blessing to many.

Messrs. Moody and Sankey began in the south-western suburb of Wandsworth, on Tuesday, Nov. 20, with a stirring and interesting afternoon service. The Hall, although almost in the country, was very well filled, and a deep interest was evidently awakened in the hearts of the listeners. The subsequent afternoon Bible readings and evening meetings have been very largely attended, and there were proofs that the Lord was leading many souls to Himself.

One who has been labouring in the Lord's service for over 20 years, says that he has never seen such an earnest desire among the people to hear the gospel as there has been during these meetings; and that, having been all through the mission in the Agricultural Hall, eight years ago, he has no hesitation in saying that the work now is far deeper than it was on that occasion.

Making allowance for those who will attend these services more than once, it is estimated that over two millions of souls will be reached during Messrs. Moody and Sankey's campaign in London.

In Clonmel, much blessing resulted from the four days' mission of Messrs. Whittle and McGranahan in the Skating Rink. On one occasion nearly one hundred stood up to testify their anxiety to be saved.

* * * *

In France a very successful attempt has been made to carry the gospel into the upper and middle classes, and their anxiety to receive the truth has been very evident. Great blessing has been experienced under the earnest appeals of Canon Wilberforce, and an address from Lord Radstock in Paris was with power, many testifying to having received Christ.

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China.— Writing from Chefoo, Mrs. Sharland says, "In the Misses Chapin and Havens boarding school, 23 Chinese girls are being trained for the Lord's service, ten more having been converted during a week of prayer. In the boys' school at Tung-chau there has been equal blessing. In the Chinese school conducted by the Misses Cushman and Sear, out of 40 boarders, 21 have professed to be converted: and in Mrs. Sharland's own school, several have been lately brought to know the Lord."

In P'ing yang Fu the Rev. S. A. Drake says the work is going on satisfactorily. Two years ago, only seven or eight attended the meetings, whereas now more than 80 men and women meet together, twenty-six having been baptized.

From Tsing Ho Hian the Rev. A. G. Parrott, mentions several interesting cases of conversion in that city. Twelve persons have been baptized there since the work began. Some of the converts endure great persecution among their friends and relatives; one woman, in particular, having for some time before her conversion attended church regularly, was so beaten by her husband and neighbours, that she twice attempted to destroy her life. She has since been converted, and though still suffering the same persecution as before, she has taken a firm stand for Christ, and has never denied her Lord.

* * * *

In Colar, India, the Lord has been giving great encouragement. There have been gospel meetings every night at the Orphanage, and for the last three weeks souls have professed to be saved.

* * * *

In Bohemia, the work of the Lord has begun to prosper in spite of all hindrances: as many as 20 meetings are held in the week, and souls are being saved, and delivered from the thralldom of Roman Catholicism.

GRACE AND TRUTH

For Old and Young.



“WILL YOUR SUN SET IN PEACE?”

God's Glad Tidings of Salvation, AN OLD MAN'S STORY.

BY GEO. HUCKLESBY.

HOW beautiful to us is the soft hush of a summer evening. How radiant, yet how peaceful, is the smile of light cast back over the world by the sun as he sinks away in the golden west. All nature seems holding its breath in the presence of the still glory of the dying day, and the quiet peace of the evening hour enters into our souls, bringing with it a feeling of rest.

In the calm of such an evening I came upon an aged man sitting beside his cottage door, and leaning upon his stick; he was bent with the weight of years that had whitened his hair and furrowed his brow, but there was such a look of calm peacefulness about him that I felt sure that his sunset would be one of quiet glory too. I felt so interested in him that I was constrained to stop, and pointing to the setting sun said, “Friend, you too are westering fast; will your

sun set in peace, and arise again in glory?"

"Aye, aye," said the old man, with a gentle smile, "bless the Lord, it will. I know that to be absent from the body is to be present with the Lord, 'I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that He is able to keep that I have committed to Him against that day.'"

"It gives me great joy," I said, "to hear you speak thus; how long have you known this?"

"For over sixty years," the man replied, "I have been able to call the Lord my own."

Taking my seat beside him, I said, "I feel very interested in you, will you tell me how it all came about?"

"I shall be only too pleased, sir," he said; "it is always a joy to speak of what great things the Lord hath done for me. At the age of sixteen," he began, "I was a wild, careless youth. Desiring to see life, I enlisted for a soldier; but I had not served two years in my regiment before the Lord began to trouble my soul. My past life came up before me, and oh! it seemed so black, I thought of eternity beyond, and it was so dark that I was almost driven to despair."

"How often it is," I said, "that the Lord begins the work by making us perfectly miserable."

"Indeed it is so, sir. Well, I heard one day that a drummer in our regiment had a little meeting for preaching every Sunday, and so in my misery I determined to go. I went, but nothing that was said seemed to meet my case; I appeared to be beyond the reach of mercy, too bad to be saved."

"This is a common device of Satan," I said, "first to make a man careless about his salvation, and then to persuade him that it is too late."

"So I found it, sir. Getting no comfort at the meeting, I endeavoured to stifle my conscience, and to drown my serious thoughts in drink and gay company. This did very well as long as the excitement lasted, but in the morning my distress and misery were as great as ever."

"Well, what did you do next?"

"I thought I would try the theatre, sir, so next evening I went, and all unknowingly they preached a sermon to me there that I shall never forget."

"How was that, my friend?"

"It was in a foreign country, sir, where they

sometimes perform sacred things on the stage. During the play, a man appeared, who seemed to care for nothing, and who defied everything. Death appeared before him, but at that he made sport. This was followed by another scene, in which hell was depicted with its awful fire and its dreadful torments. At this the man trembled, hell stared him in the face, the devouring fire was awaiting him; he tried to make his escape, but every avenue was stopped by a demon who appeared and forced him back. Driven to despair, he was compelled to face the awful flames, into which he was cast. At this point the curtain dropped, and the solemn scene was over.* As I looked at the poor fellow I saw a picture of myself, and of my fearful end. It seemed like God's voice to me, and I trembled from head to foot; the perspiration rushed down from my brow."

"Did it cause you at once to fly to Him for mercy?" I asked.

"Well, sir, I resolved, there and then, that if I could only get out of the theatre alive, I would lead a different life; and for two or three days I went on very well, and in my own strength sought to work out my salvation, and to earn heaven by my own merits."

"Did your reformed life last long?" I said, with a smile.

"Ah! sir, after a few days I was thrown off my guard, and a fearful oath escaped my lips, and my hopes of heaven were dashed to the ground. All seemed to be over; it was no use trying; and, filled with remorse and despair, I thought of committing suicide. Then the awful scene which I had witnessed at the theatre would come before me, and I felt that I dare not face those awful flames."

"Ah! poor soul," I said, "you had to find out that eternal life is the gift of God through Jesus Christ our Lord, and that salvation is not of works, lest any man should boast."

"That was just it, sir; just what the Lord was teaching me. But to go on with my story; when I had reached this stage of misery, I met one of my converted comrades, and I told him all my sorrow."

"He entreated me to go to the preaching

* How good of the Lord to use even such a profane scene as this: for what could be more offensive to God? Is it not like His forbearance?—Ed.

that night, and I went; but there was no word of comfort for me, and I was leaving, when a soldier stood up, and asking us to wait a little, he told us very simply how the Lord had given him rest for his soul. Every word seemed to be for me; he had often longed, he said, to lead a different life, and become a Christian, and again and again he had resolved and tried, and as often he had broken down. 'One day,' however,' he said, 'a sweet gospel message came to me and entered my soul. "Be it known unto you that through this man is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins, and that by Him all that believe are justified from all things." 'And just as soon,' the soldier went on, 'as I took God's wondrous gift *as a gift*, and ceased my foolish efforts to obtain salvation by my own works, I found peace.'

"Like a flash of light the truth burst upon me, I saw what a mistake I had been making in trying

to do my best to merit God's favour—to obtain eternal life, when it was all done by Him who was wounded for our transgressions and bruised for our iniquities, upon whom was the chastisement of our peace, and by whose stripes we are healed. I saw that Jesus had died for me, and I could say with the apostle, The Son of God loved me and gave Himself for me; that He was made sin on my account, that I might be made the righteousness of God in Him. And from that day, sir, I have not had a doubt.

"Well, dear friend," I said, clasping his hand as I rose to go, "Have you ever found Him change?"

The old man's face beamed with a holy joy as he raised his eyes reverently, and said, "Sir, my loving heavenly Father has never changed for a moment during the sixty years of my pilgrimage. Saved by grace and kept by grace, I now wait to see His face who died that I might live."

A WORD TO PROCRASTINATORS.

BY W. J. HOCKING.

GINNER! how many times hast thou heard the gospel of the grace of God? How many more times wilt thou hear it? Is this hour thy last upon earth? Ere to-morrow's sun thou mayest be cold and stiff. What is Satan whispering in thine ear even now? "Nonsense," he says: "plenty of time to-morrow to think of such things." Liar! Deceiver! To-morrow he may consign thee with gleeful chuckle to the flames of hell. That is his object with thee, poor deluded one. He wants to get thee into that place prepared for himself and his angels. Hast thou ever thought, thou Gospel neglecter, of the dismal future Satan has awaiting thee? Hast thou ever thought of those grim spectres that will surround thy tormented soul? How they pierce thee with stings of remorse! What are they? Who are they? Ah! thou knowest them well. They are thy *lost opportunities*. How they wring thee with untold anguish! Each one reminds thee, but too truly, that it is thine own fault that thou art here. Hark! What words are those that echo and re-echo in thine ear? They are the gracious invitations in the gospel. But alas! not for thee *now*. Thou hast neglected them once too often. Once the sweet words "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are

heavy laden and I will give you rest," were spoken to thee. Now they seem to mock thee; because they tell thee thou mightest have had rest, thou mightest have gone to Jesus and have been freed from that terrible burden of sin which now, heavier than a millstone, drags thee down, down, down, into the depths of woe and misery.

"Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." "Too late, too late, too late, for me!" Oh, how this cry breaks from thy lips when thou recollectest that thou mightest have been saved! Ah, why didst thou harden thy heart to the appeals of mercy? Why didst thou put off decision day after day, till now the door is shut, never to be opened? Yes, well thou dost remember how the preacher spoke to thee about thy black heart, full of enmity against God (Rom. viii. 7). Thou knewest he was speaking to thee. He told thee that thou, like every other child of Adam, wast branded with the word "Guilty!" (Rom. iii. 19.) "Condemned" (John iii. 18.) Ah! how thou didst tremble like Felix of old! How uncomfortable wast thy seat! What a conflict raged within thee! Christ persuading, and Satan dissuading. Yes, thou wert not far from the kingdom then. Oh, what wouldst thou give to live those moments over

again! Thou didst never expect to come to such a place as this. What did the liar tell thee that night? "Plenty of time," he said; "wait till a more convenient season." "Wait till you have more time, till business is less pressing, till that family trouble is over, wait till you have enjoyed the pleasures of the world a little more; wait till you get old and have nothing else to do." Oh, if thou hadst only known that thou hadst but such a short time to live, say, wouldst thou have let the opportunity slip? But thou didst not know, and therefore thou didst not care. The risk was run, and here thou art 'mid weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth; *lost*, LOST!

The tracts thou hast read telling of the grace of God; the gospel messages thou hast heard offering a Father's welcome to a vile sinner; how they rise up and condemn thee now! How those hymns sung in the Sunday School ring in thine ears! How those texts that thy mother taught thee flash into thy memory. They were all unheeded once. Now 'tis too late! O woeful cry—*too late!*

Unsaved reader, will the above words ever apply to thee? They *may*, if thou continue to neglect so great salvation. Procrastinate, put off, avoid decision: thou dost not need to do anything more to be lost. Do not tell me whether thou art a liar, or a swearer, or a drunkard, or an adulterer, or an infidel. Tell me, art thou a *neglector*? Thou mayest attend church regularly, drop thy gift into the collection plate, honestly pay thy pew rent, unite in the Litany, stay awake during the homily; aye, perhaps thou

art a churchwarden; yet thou art a neglecter. Thou hast never yet found out that by nature thou art fit for nothing but hell. Nor hast thou yet seen that Christ undertook thy case, and now offers Himself as thy Saviour. Yes, thou art surely a neglecter, and God has put a question to thee in His word. Perhaps thou art a skilful mathematician; well, here is a problem that baffles the sum of human wisdom to answer. Get down thy dusty Bible and turn to Hebrews ii. 3. "How shall we escape if we *neglect* so great salvation"? Canst thou by searching find an answer to this? Oh, but Satan says, "You don't mean to neglect it; after these engagements are all over then you will see about it. You will be able to devote all your attention to the consideration of such a grave matter."

Beware! With such wily words the enemy has betrayed thousands. This is his most successful trap. He busies people with amusements, politics, social reforms, scientific researches, and a hundred other things, to the exclusion of that so eternally momentous—even the concern as to the future destiny of the soul. Take care then, lest while thou art "busy here and there," thy last opportunity be gone—gone to return no more. "Escape for thy life" was the word to Lot and his family, as they were hurried out of Sodom. One of that family forgot the warning, "Look not behind." She loitered, she procrastinated, she was not urgent to escape, she looked behind, and her only chance was gone. She was lost, and the word comes to thee, unsaved one, "Remember Lot's wife."

"IT IS FINISHED!"

WHAT a relief to the heart it is to be able to say, with respect to aught that has caused us anxiety, "It is done—it is finished." Suspense is a very unhappy condition to be in. Uncertainty is akin to sorrow. It darkens the present, and beclouds the future. And if this be true with respect to earthly things, how much more so is it with respect to things spiritual? I can imagine a person anxious about his soul. The sword of the Spirit has entered; conviction and contrition have been wrought. Jesus, in all His power and willingness to save, is before him; yet, for want of entering into the infinite perfection of Christ's work upon the cross,—how it has perfectly glorified Jehovah,

and met all the claims of righteousness and truth, and that for him; his soul is filled with doubt and anxiety.

Questions arise; questions which never could have arisen, if the force of the Lord's utterance upon the cross, "*It is finished*," were laid hold of by the soul. Jesus said not, "It is finishing." No, blessed be His name, not so would He try the anxious soul. He said not, "It shall be finished." The blessed utterance of those holy lips was, "IT IS FINISHED." And what was finished? Simply *Redemption*, for the price was paid; *Remission*, for the blood had been shed; and *Salvation*, for the work was completed. What more do *I* want? *GOD* requires no more.

"WHEN THEY HAD NOTHING TO PAY."

Luke vii.

BY HERBERT R. FRANCIS.

IN this picture drawn by the unerring hand of God the Spirit, we have :

- 1.—A cold heart;
- 2.—A desolate heart ;
- 3.—A divine heart.

The cold heart is the heart of a religious professor. Religion and pride go together, that is, religion without Christ—such Simon seemed to have been. Of all the terrible words that fell from the lips of the Lord, none were so cutting as those addressed to cold-hearted religionists. Simon would not have touched that woman in his house at the feet of Jesus, nor would he have allowed her so much as to touch the fringe of his garments on which was written the word of the Lord.

Forgiveness of sins he did not understand. A broken heart, a distressed soul, a weary spirit, he knew nothing about ; he had never cried "out of the depths." A formal religion he had ; prayer he said ; he was not only as good as other people, but better than most.

But here also was a poor woman who had doubtless been drawn by the words "Come unto me." What a contrast!

Here is sinfulness ; there is self-righteousness.

"She came to Jesus as she was,
Weary, and worn, and sad."

She accepted His word, "Come unto me." She had nothing to pay ; Simon could pay by his own effort, as he thought ; she had no religion, she had no character, no goodness, no self-confidence, no prayers, no knowledge ; nothing but a

black account of sins, nothing but a broken heart nothing but a desolate dreading of the future which brought her down to the feet of Jesus. Verily she had nothing to say, as well as nothing to pay ; she might have said if she had known it—

"Nothing in my hand I bring."

But her silence was far more eloquent than words.

Oh ! reader, have you come ? Have you taken the place of lowly self-emptiness ? For what was she after all, but like you, like me ? But look, this poor outcast attracts the attention of Simon. In his heart he scorns her, and scorns the Lord for not sharing in his contempt. But see, the Lord, in the sovereignty of grace and love, lifts up the fallen one, and casts down the pride of man. He takes away the weariness of this weary one. In all the dignity and glory of the Creator God, in tones of tenderest love, He says, "Thy sins are forgiven thee." Then to dispel the blackness of sin from this Satan-bound prisoner, He adds, "Thy faith hath saved thee, go in peace." Has He done this for you, my friend ? Have you the knowledge of Him as Saviour ? If not, get down, I pray you, get down at His feet, hear Him say as you do so, "Thy sins are forgiven." Precious words ! soul-elevating words ! He says it, and that is enough. The Lord of life says it to you ; take the words as applied to yourself, and the same peace that entered this woman's heart will enter yours. Only get down before Him, and you will be at peace with God and know the joy of pardon.

OUT AND INTO.

Gen. vii. 1.

OUT from the storm when the wild waves surge,
Wailing their ceaseless funeral dirge ;
Out from the blackness and the strife
Which Christless, peaceless hearts call—Life !

Into the Ark, when the waters lie
A mighty pathway to the sky—
Into the light of the Father's face,
Into the sinner's resting-place.

Thou ! It is thee whom Jesus calls ;
He wants *thee* safe e'er judgment falls,
He wants *thy* heart with all its sin ;
He wants the soul He died to win.

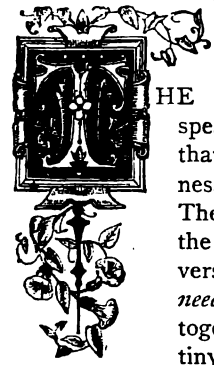
Outside is death, and death alone ;
Inside the peace that Jesus won ;
Outside, the wailing misery,
Inside, a song eternally.

Green Pastures and Still Waters.

HE CARETH FOR YOU.

"My God shall supply all your need according to His riches in glory by Christ Jesus."—Phil. iv. 19.

A NEW YEAR'S ADDRESS BY W. LINCOLN.



THE Motto Text for this year speaks of the present ; it shows that God is a God of the wilderness as well as a God of glory. There are two or three things in the very arrangement of this verse that are precious. *Your need* and *His glory* are strung together—like two hands—your tiny hand grasped by His strong one. *Your need*—His *riches in glory*. Again, at the beginning of the verse we find "My God," and at the end, "Christ Jesus." And thus the beginning and the end are connected.

You may almost guess from these remarks how I shall talk to you about this verse. There are four points in it upon which I shall speak: three commencing with a pronoun, and one with a preposition :—"My God," "your need," "His riches in glory," "by Christ Jesus."

"My God," who is infinite in resources, and whose heart is ever towards us. He loves to give ; it is His delight. Yonder shining orb in the sky is ever giving ; pouring forth its beams of light and warmth on many, many worlds besides our own ; and it is a question with astronomers whether it is at all impoverished through this constant giving out for thousands of years, or no. You have there a feeble picture of God, whose very nature it is to give. "It is more blessed to give than to receive," (Acts xx. 35); and it is likely that He would take the more blessed place. What has He not given? There is a personality about it. "My God" "shall supply all *your* need." That, by nature, is all you have got—that, and your sins. When you were brought to the extremity of your case, *then* God delighted to give.

"*All your need.*" That is a beautiful word : you would not leave it out, would you? And you have more needs than you are aware of ;—spiritual needs as well as bodily needs. When the Lord Jesus said, "Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven, He

certainly meant it to draw out His disciples, to teach them to ask Him to make them poor in spirit. If you had a thoroughly broken will, you would be so happy. In humbleness of mind, in lowliness of heart, in brokenness of spirit, is our rest. The more thoroughly submissive we are to God, the more perfectly happy we are. When you can say that all those blessings in Matt. v. are yours by experience, then you may say that you have no spiritual needs—not before. "My God shall supply all your need."

But there are two difficulties in this verse which you may not have noticed. "My God shall supply *all your need.*" Now, as a matter of fact, God sometimes lets His people suffer great poverty, and come to great extremities. The very writer of this verse said, "I am instructed both to be full and to be hungry, both to abound and to suffer need." And you find another difficulty if you add the rest of the verse : "My God shall supply all your need, according to His riches in glory by Christ Jesus." I take the meaning to be—not that God will not allow His people to suffer need—but, that if we trust in Him, God is so pleased with faith, that if we are really trusting in Him, and have any need, there will be an interposition, so timely and so marked, that we shall see it is from God ; and it will be so good to see it come direct from God, that the relief will be a hundred fold better than in ordinary circumstances.

God allows our faith to be tried. Elijah's faith must have been tried when he saw the brook Cherith dry up ; but God provided for him. In that passage in Mark x. 29, 30, "There is no man that has left house for my sake and the gospel's, but he shall receive an hundredfold more," &c. It does not mean literally an hundredfold, but in joy of soul at God's response to confidence placed in Him. That is the idea suggested in this verse: He *will* supply all our need, but in His own way and at His own time.

Oh how sweet that crust will be, when sent straight from Him!

“According to His riches in glory.” When Paul and his companions left Melita, the people laded them with such things as were necessary. That is man’s way. Man gives according to the need: God looks at the need, but He blesses “according to His riches in glory.” Does not this assume that glory must be a very wonderful thing? There are four things mentioned in Scripture which God says we need. “Your Father knoweth that ye have need of *all* these things.” (Luke xii. 30.) “Let us therefore come boldly unto the throne of grace, that we may obtain *mercy*, and find *grace* to help in time of need.” (Heb. iv. 16.) When you need mercy, come to My throne. It assumes that we need mercy to the very end. Did you ever sing a hymn, or pray a prayer, for which you did not need mercy? And if we need mercy when we are at our best, surely we do at our worst. “Ye have need of *patience*, that after ye have done the will of God, ye might receive the promise. For yet a little while, and the coming One shall come, and shall not tarry.” (Heb. x. 36, 37.) I have kept this to the last, because it looks on to the glory. It is when the glory is so bright, and Jesus the Lord seems so soon coming, that you have need of patience. If you are living on the future, and appropriating it to yourself, then you have need of a little patience, and *He* will “supply all your need according to His riches in glory.” All the needs of your spirit which weigh you down, though perhaps unknown to yourself, God can

and will “supply according to the riches of His glory by Christ Jesus.”

Though God delights to give, He could only do so “by Christ Jesus.” Had it not been for Him, you would have had nothing. Even unbelievers are indebted to the cross of Christ, so how much more are we! “The Lord is good to *all*, and His tender mercies are over *all* His works.”

I would like you to ask yourself one question as you look at your Motto Card throughout this year. Whether would you rather have even your temporal mercies come to you through the cross of Christ, or no? Do you like to be indebted to Christ for everything, or would you rather be independent? “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?” Even the smallest things in life come to us through Him. The bread you eat, the glass of water you drink, all come to you through Christ.

Now I will go back for a few minutes to the first point. “*My God.*” There is the Person who loves us so much that He does not want us to rest in any of His mercies short of His Christ and Himself. “*My God.*” Paul speaks by experience. It is as though he would say, “I have known Him for many, many years, I have proved Him well, and I know that He will ‘supply all your need according to His riches in glory by Christ Jesus.’” Be it ours to know this God well, too, and prove the strength of His promise.

Notes of an Address. (Contributed by F. A. B.)

SOUND THE ALARM!

BY A. MIDLANE.

Sound the alarm! that deep slumber no longer
Brood o’er the eyelids asleep on the wave,
Bearing them on, as each billow grows stronger,
Straight to the judgment beyond the cold grave.

Falter not! heed not the coldness around thee,
Sound the alarm from the heart of thy God;
Darkness and evil would seek to confound thee,
God with His servant stands—ever has stood.

Think of the gulf—with its yawning for ever!
Think of the love which would rescue and save,
Think of the gracious and still loving Saviour,
Victor for ever o’er death and the grave.

Sound the alarm! for time onward is rolling,
Death, the relentless, is mowing the field,
Satan with vanities souls is befooling,
Arm for the conflict—no, never to yield!

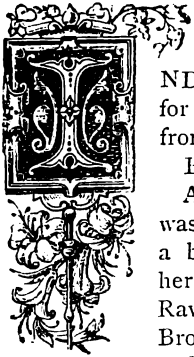
Sound the alarm! tell the judgment is nearing,
Judgment relentless, discerning, severe!
Some ’mid the multitude, may, thy words hearing,
Hasten the sceptre of mercy to near.

Up and be doing! eve’s shadows are falling,
Think not of rest ’till the Master shall come;
Soon, and His voice will be lovingly calling,
“Rest for the labourer, servant, come home!”

Talks, Tales, & Teachings for our Young Friends.

"GOOD DOG!"

BY G. S. JORDAN.



NDEED he was a good dog ; for he saved a dear little girl from drowning.

But let me tell you the story.

A little girl, aged five years, was walking with her brother, a boy a year or two older than herself, by the side of the river Ravensbourne, at a point near Brockley, when her foot slipped and she fell into the water.

The current near this place is very strong and rapid, and the child had already been carried some yards away from the spot, when a fine large dog, belonging to a gentleman living in the neighbourhood, bounded into the water and seized the child by her dress, just as she was sinking, and swam with her to the bank, where she was taken out of the water by a young man who had been attracted to the spot by the cries of the little girl's brother. But for the dog she would most undoubtedly have been drowned. The child was taken home and restored to her parents. Now, was he not a good dog, to do such a kind brave action as that and without being told? He saw the little one in danger, and he plunged into the water and saved her.

Whenever I hear or read of any having their lives saved, I nearly always think of the Lord Jesus, the great and only Saviour of both soul and body—the One who came specially into this world to save that which was lost. I sometimes ask dear children at meetings, what it was that was lost. And I generally get one and the same answer, Sinners. Then if I ask who are the sinners? The reply is, Everybody. Now that is quite right, for "all have sinned," and committing one sin makes a sinner. So I am sure you fully know, my little friend, that you are a sinner.

Is the sinner in danger? Yes, for God's word says, "The soul that sinneth, it shall die." And this danger that the sinner is in is far more terrible than just losing this life by drowning, for it is to lose both body and soul, and to be cast for ever into the lake of fire.

You will remember when the Lord Jesus came walking on the sea to His disciples. Peter asked that he might be allowed to come to Him on the water. He saw the Lord Jesus walking on the waves, and he thought he could do so too. And the Lord said to him, Come. And Peter came out of the ship, and walked on the water to go to Jesus. "But when he saw the wind boisterous, he was afraid, and beginning to sink, he cried, saying, Lord, save me." And immediately Jesus stretched forth His hand, and caught him.

Is not this a beautiful story, my dear young friend? Here was poor Peter sinking ; on the very point of losing his life, he cries out, "Lord save me." And at once the strong arm of the Saviour is stretched out, and Peter is saved.

Now, my dear young reader, if you have not yet come to the Lord Jesus and believed in Him as your own Saviour, you are somewhat like the little girl, and Peter. Both were sinking, both were unable to help themselves. And, as I said before, every sinner—and remember you are one—is in awful danger. And not only so, but you are utterly unable to help yourself. You can neither by any means, nor by any power that you possess get yourself out of the danger that you are in. Only One can do this. And He has already finished all the work in connection with your salvation.

"Done is the work that saves,

Once and for ever done !

Finished the righteousness,

That clothes the unrighteous one."

The Lord Jesus, in His great love, left heaven and all its glories to come into this sinful world. He became a man, and in God's own time He went to the cross for us. He plunged into the dark waters of death and of judgment. He suffered all the righteous wrath of God against sin. He bore its heavy punishment Himself. He gave up His life because of His love to us. His precious blood was shed to atone for our souls and to cleanse and wash away our guilty sins.

Dear little friend, you have never heard of such a wondrous story of love as this. And to



THE RESCUE.

think that not one of us deserved the least bit of His love. And yet in spite of all our sinfulness He loves us still. We may well sing :

“The love that Jesus had for me,
To suffer on that cruel tree,
That I a ransomed soul might be,
Is more than tongue can tell.
The bitter sorrow that He bore,
And oh, that crown of thorns He wore,
That I might live for evermore,
Is more than tongue can tell.”

But, dear young friend, all the love of the Lord Jesus, and all His agony of suffering and blessed perfect work of the cross will never bring the least blessing to your soul, if you still refuse to

accept Him as your Saviour. You see He cannot save you unless you allow Him to do so. He wants you, like Peter, to call to Him, to look to Him for salvation, and then He will stretch forth His arm of love and fold you to His bosom, for it is there that He carries the lambs of the flock. Would you not like to be one of His own saved ones? It is so precious to know Him as our own Saviour, to have all our sins pardoned and to be quite sure that we shall dwell with Him for ever in His own bright home above. And you can know all this, dear little one, by believing what God says that the Lord Jesus has done for you, in bearing your sins and all their punishment in His own body on the tree.

THOUGHTS ON THE MONTH—FEBRUARY.

BY FANNIE EDEN.

THE first month of the new year is over, and already we are turning our faces joyfully Spring-ward. I say joyfully, for what heart is there that does not give a throb of pleasure at the approach of this delightful season? The little children love it, I know, and the lambs, and the birds, and the flowers; and although February often comes to us shrouded in a veil of mist and rain, and sometimes even in a mantle of snow, yet we love her too, for is there not about her a faint whisper of the beautiful spring that is coming?

Well do I remember such a day (one of many that came to us last year), when I sat by the open window drinking in the mild soft air, and thanking God in my heart for the beautiful country that He had made so fair. The last remnants of snow were melting from the green hills; the little brooklets, set free by the genial sun, were singing softly to themselves as they wandered away to the sea. Crocuses, purple and golden, lifted up their cups to the sun, and pure white snowdrops clustered their pretty heads together, as though they were whispering one to another the wonderful story of their resurrection from the dark cold ground. Lovely almond trees, never waiting for a green leaf to burst, had shaken out their cloud of blooms that were as delicately pink as the inside of a sea-shell. In the old apple tree, whose brown buds were getting big and swollen, a wild-voiced thrush was pouring out such a flood of song,

that I knew its tiny heart was filled with joy as was mine with the brightness and beauty of the day.

Dear little ones, I should love nothing better than on such a day to take you with me and go bounding over the fields in search of wild flowers. “But there are none,” you say. Yes there are; I know some shady nooks where the earliest primroses bloom, and many spots where the “floure of all floures” (as old Chaucer called the sweet daisy) grows, and we would mix ivy leaves and wild parsley and tiny chickweed flowers in our bunches, and while sitting on some rustic stile with the spring-like breezes fanning our cheeks, and with the larks singing all around, we would speak of the One who created all these fair things for our pleasure; “He who rejoices alway in the habitable parts of the earth” and “whose delights are with the sons of men.”

Is it not wonderful to think that He who by His word brought worlds into existence, is the same gentle lowly Jesus who took little children in His arms and blessed them, and who loves them so, that He died that He might have them Himself for ever!

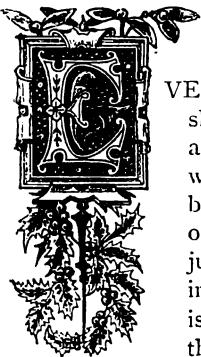
Dear children, it is the “lambs” that He “carries in his bosom,” and it is in “your youth” that he asks you to remember Him. Give yourselves to Him now, in the beautiful spring time of your life, when your thoughts are fresh and sweet as flowers, and your young hearts are like a nest of singing birds.

Food for Christ's Lambs.

SPIRITUAL NOURISHMENT,

AS TYPIFIED BY THE ROAST LAMB, THE MANNA, AND THE OLD CORN OF THE LAND.

BY T. SHULDHAM HENRY.



VEN as we saw Israel under shelter of the blood in Egypt, and feeding on the roasted lamb with unleavened bread and bitter herbs, so may the child of God, screened from coming judgment, feed on Christ, in the preciousness of all He is, and all He has done; and in the power of practical holiness, and subduedness of soul. This feast was to be "until the morning." So we are privileged to have fellowship with Christ in His sufferings, during this dark night of Satan's reign, looking forward to the "morning without clouds," when Jesus Himself shall return to claim and to take His own. Blessed morning! Glorious hope! Happy destiny!

The children of Israel now turn their back on Egypt and come to the shores of the Red Sea. In Ex. xiv. we find them there in dire distress and helplessness. The Red Sea was before them, Pharaoh's host behind them, and mountains on either side. There was no escape. "They were sore afraid, and the children of Israel cried out unto the Lord." They heartily wished themselves back to their brickkilns in Egypt. All was uncertainty and gloom. Their hearts fluctuated between "graves in Egypt," and death in the wilderness. They were "without strength," and they had to learn it. Another lesson they had to learn was, that "salvation is of the Lord." Therefore God brings them to this extremity of perfect helplessness. There are thousands of troubled souls just in the same position. They are deeply convicted of sin. They have tried mightily to break its power, but have utterly failed. They are overwhelmed with distress and misery, and cry out in the agony of despair, "Oh! wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me?" They have no liberty, no joy, no sense of deliverance, no song. Surely for such the scene before us is full

of instruction. Israel had to do nothing, but simply to "stand still and see the salvation of the Lord"; for, saith God, "the Egyptians whom ye have seen to-day, ye shall see them again no more for ever."

What a deliverance God wrought that day! He stretched out His arm, the sea divided and Israel passed over on dry land. The place that was life and safety to them, was death to their enemies. Not an Israelite was lost, not an Egyptian was saved, not one. What a salvation! How complete! *He did it all.* No more cruel bondage, no more stripes and oppression. All their enemies were dead, and the Red Sea now rolled between them and the place of their bondage. In Egypt they were delivered from the judgment of God by the blood of the Lamb. In the Red Sea they were delivered from Egypt and their enemies, and their bitter cry of distress is now turned into a song of praise.

"And Israel saw the great work which the Lord did upon the Egyptians." "Then sang Moses and the children of Israel." They can stand now on the wilderness side of the Red Sea, and behold all their enemies dead on the sea shore. What a sight! Did they *hope* their enemies were dead, and would never rise against them again? No! They *knew* the blessed reality, they were certain. What a blessed lesson we learn, dear children of God, from these types and figures of our redemption by blood and by *power*? What anguish we see, when some quickened soul first learns the need of redemption, but sees nothing but the rolling waves of death before, Satan and the sins of a past life behind, with all their dreadful claims and no deliverance! Death, judgment, and hell always before them, and God's hand laid heavy upon them. How helpless! How miserable! Many of us have gone through it, but thank God, it is past and gone, and deliverance has come through the blessed Son of God. He was not merely "the Lamb slain" to satisfy the claims of a

holy God, but He was the Man of war, the Captain of our salvation, to deliver us from the hand of the enemy, and this present evil world. Think of Him, what He endured when Satan, the Prince of this world, came against Him—our Substitute—and when the waves and billows of God's wrath went over His soul, with no way of escape! All this was for us, that we might pass through death and judgment dryshod. He came to deliver us, 1, from the wrath to come; 2, from this present evil world (age); and 3, from the power of darkness—from him that had the power of death, that is the devil. He hath done so. Glorious deliverance through the cross of Christ! We are now "brought out of Egypt"—the world—and "brought to God," though in the wilderness as a matter of experience. What have we then to do? To sing, to praise. What a song of complete deliverance is the fifteenth

chapter of Exodus! Every sentence breathes certainty and joy, ascribing to Jehovah all the praise and the glory for having done all from first to last.

In Col. i. 12 we have our corresponding doxology, "Giving thanks unto the Father, who 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 (our first translation, our second one being at Christ's coming) into the kingdom of the Son of His love (margin): in whom we have redemption through His blood, even the forgiveness of sins." Here we have redemption by blood, and redemption by power.

This is our song on the shores of resurrection, heaven's side of the cross, where we are separated for ever from sin, Satan, the world. Praise the Lord!

(To be continued.)

A WORD TO YOUNG BELIEVERS

On 1 Thess. i.

BY HENRY GROVES.

AT the commencement it is well to remember that these Thessalonians were converts of some eighteen months' standing, so that what we read of them is what the Holy Spirit records of those who had not many months before been strangers to the Christ of God. That the gospel had come to them "in power, in the Holy Ghost and in much assurance" we learn from *v. 5*, and this ministry with its threefold demonstration had produced a threefold result in its hearers, leading to "the work of *faith*, the labour of *love*, and the patience of *hope*," in Christ Jesus. These are the fruits from the seed of God's word received in good ground, and it is well to exercise our hearts and to examine ourselves to see whether the word of God has been received, so as to produce such effects. Of these believers the apostle could say, Their "faith growth exceedingly," and "the love of every one towards each other aboundeth," (2 Th. i. 3). Precious testimony! borne witness to by God Himself. But faith must have its *work*, love its *labour*, and hope its *patience*, for without these, our faith, love and hope are fruitless, and exist but in name.

Not only so, but their reception of the Gospel

was marked by three results. They became followers of the Lord and of His apostles, (*v. 6*); they became ensamples to all their fellow saints (*v. 7*); and they sounded out, or echoed forth the word of God to their unsaved neighbours (*v. 8*).

They were first followers or imitators themselves, then they became examples to others by their lives, and lastly they echoed out the word and became preachers in every place. What precious results of a year-and-a-half's knowledge of Christ! Is it so with us? Or are we satisfied with knowing we are saved, and careless as to how much we shew forth His praises who has called us from darkness to light? Let us remember then, that we are saved to become *followers, examples, and echoes* of the truth we have received.

Lastly, let us consider the three things taught them in the Gospel they received. It led them to *turn* to God from idols, to *serve* the living and true God, and lastly to *wait* for the Lord from heaven. A few words on these three points may be helpful. What is idolatry? The apostle John winds up his first epistle with these solemn words, "Little children, keep yourselves from idols." He knew the fascination of the

world's idolatries, of which we cannot give a better description than that contained in the following well-known lines :—

Whatever comes as a veil between
The eye of faith, and things unseen,
Causing that brighter world to disappear,
Or seem less glorious, and its hopes less dear ;
That is our world, our idol, tho' it bear
Affection's impress, or devotion's air.

Things lawful in themselves are perhaps our most dangerous idols. Our pursuits, our business, our duties, our studies, may any or all become idolatries to us if we keep not the Lord in His right place, and find Him the chiefest of ten thousand.

What does *service* to another imply? That I am at His command. I am not my own. It was thus Paul could speak of himself in his relation to God, "Whose I am, and whom I serve." The One we serve is both living and rue, and would say to us as He did to Abraham,

"I am thy shield," to protect thee in thy walk and service, and "I am thy exceeding great reward," to compensate a thousand-fold for all the sorrows in the service, and for all the trials in the way.

And lastly, what is it to *wait* for another, and what is implied in this attitude of expectancy? We know what it is to be expecting the arrival of a friend or brother, or father, but do we thus know what it is to wait for the Son of God from heaven—thus to expect the advent of the Bridegroom? This was what the Thessalonians were taught, at their conversion, making the hope of the coming of Christ, a living, bright reality, for He was to them no stranger; He was the risen One who had delivered them from the coming wrath, and they knew Him. Morally they had been taken out of it already, but before the bursting of the storm of judgment, and His coming in flaming fire to take vengeance, they would be gathered up from it, and so be for ever with the Lord.

Gleanings in the Fields of Scripture.

ON THE BIRTH OF CHRIST.

Written in the year, 1657.

When the Almighty doth His First-born bring
Into the world, behold how everything doth strive
To bear Him witness, and proclaim that this
Was He, on whose most healing name
Man's restitution lay— [Heb. i. 6 ; Matt. i. 21.
The woman's seed promised in Eden. Thus it
Was decreed, to print an eminence upon that day,
Within whose womb so great concernment lay.
And first those Prophecies that seemed to lie 78.
In a long sleep, the "day-spring from on high" [Luke i.
Summons them up. To Bethlem they are sent,
And there they read their own accomplishment.
Here Abraham finds his promis'd Seed, in whom
The nations' bliss was wrapt; David, his Son, [Ps. cx. 1.
(Andyet his Lord) [Matt. xxii. 43]; Jacob's dim aged eye
Beholds his wished-for Shilo; [Gen. xlix. 10.
Jeremy, the Lord our Righteousness; [Jer. xxiii. 6.
Ezekiel, his kingly Shepherd; [Eze. xxxiv. 23.
Isay, Immanuel, the virgin's Son; [Is. vii. 14.
Wisè Daniel whom he seeks, he finds
Within the compass of his weeks; [Dan. ix. 24, 25.
Messiah's birth, where Micah's prophecy before
Precisely fixed it; [Micah. v. 2.
Malachy, the last of all the ancient prophets here,
Of the new covenant, finds the Messenger. [Mal. iii. 1.
These, and an army more of prophecies,

Like stars of several magnitudes, arise from
Several periods, and thus fix their station,
Conjoined in one great constellation,
Just over Bethlem with that Eastern Star,
And jointly sing,—we here fulfilled are. x. 1.
Thither comes also Moses with a train of types [Heb.
And sacrifices, which contain shadows of that
Great Prophet he foretold. [Deut. xviii. 15.
This day unveils their face on His, unfolds their
Mysteries; and here with one consent they publish all,—
Lo! this was He we meant. The blessed angels from
The heavens descend, the Prince of heaven's birthday
To attend; and, clothed with light and glory, they
Become the heralds, those glad tidings to proclaim
Unto the watchful shepherds. Forthwith they to
Bethlem, as directed, haste away, and find as
They were told; and everywhere, what they had
Seen and heard, they do declare. And that the
Heavens as well as angels, may contribute somewhat
To this solemn day, a star is born
That ne'er before appeared, [Matt. ii.
Whose course so wisely through the air is steered
To Bethlem, that by it as a thread
The Eastern wise men thither just are led;
And there it made a halt, and so do they. xxiv. 17.
To Jacob's Star, while they their homage pay. [Num.

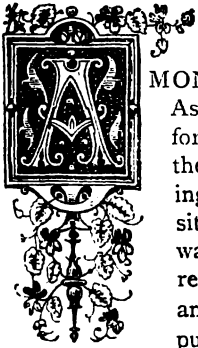
God's Mighty Men of Valour.



VIEW OF SMYRNA.

THE MARTYRDOM OF POLYCARP.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SHORT PAPERS ON THE REFORMERS."



AMONG the cities of pro-consular Asia Smyrna was pre-eminent for the wealth of her citizens, the magnificence of her buildings, and the beauty of her situation. Not in such outward splendour did her church resemble her but in the beauty and brightness of her inward purity and holiness. Poor was

she in what the world counts poverty, but rich in the sense in which her Lord interprets riches. Amidst the dear devoted saints of this church Polycarp long lived and ministered in the office of bishop. In the days of the apostles no thoughts of worldly grandeur and greatness clung around that word as now it does. Not then were they "Lords over God's heritage," but humble ministers and servants of God's saints; instructing the people in the word, and comforting and attending the dying and the sick. Often, doubtless, they worked with their hands, thereby procuring not only enough for their own wants and those of their families, but that they might have wherewithal to provide hospitably for others.

In this sense (the only scriptural one) was Polycarp a bishop. We have seen that Polycarp was the dear friend and companion of

Ignatius, and that he cheered his last hours with pleasant intercourse and communion while the martyr was on the road to death. We have seen also how they had listened together to the glowing tender words of the "beloved apostle" as he told out the wondrous story of the Saviour's life, death, and resurrection. Often (at least so tradition has handed down to us) Polycarp in his old age was wont to say, that he lived far more in the tender memory of those early days, associated as they were with sweet moments of holy joy, than in the scenes that then passed before him. When events of intervening years had faded quite away, these spots in the fields of memory remained bright and clear.

There is a great contrast in the dispositions of the two friends; while Ignatius was full of Peter's fire, Polycarp had all the dove-like gentleness of John. Impatiently did Ignatius yearn to obtain the martyr's crown, but with child-like submission, Polycarp waited the Lord's own time.

It was to the church of Smyrna that the message in Revelation was given by Him that is holy and true,—“Fear none of those things which thou shalt suffer. Behold the devil shall cast some of you into prison that ye may be tried, and ye shall have tribulation ten days; be thou faithful unto death and I will give thee a crown of life.”

Very literally were these words fulfilled in Polycarp as well as in many others of that church. A dreadful persecution broke out under Marcus Antonius, and the account, written by some of the survivors, of the terrible suffering of the christians makes our hearts bleed, while at the same time we are filled with adoring wonder at the grace which sustained them through the fearful hour. "At the time of their torments," says one writer, "they seemed absent, as it were, from the body, or rather, the Lord being present with them conversed familiarly with them; thus they were supported with the grace of Christ."

But this meek submission and joyful confidence only added to the rage of the people. "Away with these," they cried, "let us have Polycarp!" At the first notice of what was going on the aged bishop resolved to remain at his post, but the earnest prayers of his brethren at length prevailed, and he retired to a farmhouse not far removed from the town. Here he remained a day and a night, spending most of his time in heartfelt prayers for all the churches. At length his retreat was betrayed by a little child who had been racked ere he would disclose the secret.

They discovered him peacefully reclining in an upper room, from whence he might easily have escaped along the roof. Feeling, however, that his time had come, he made no attempt to flee, but with the words "The Lord's will be done," he went down, and gave himself into the hands of his captors. His venerable appearance and calm composure struck even those cruel men with shame and compunction, which was not lessened when with cheerful hospitality he set before them meat and drink. In return he asked but the indulgence of an hour for prayer. This they willingly allowed him, and heathen though they were, they heard, with hearts almost softened to pity, the earnest supplication for all with whom he had ever held intercourse. In the fulness of his heart he continued to plead with God for two hours, standing before them. They could allow him no more time, and they set out with him to Smyrna.

It does not appear that the pro-consul was personally hostile to the christians, and evidently the venerable appearance of the aged man, bending as he was under the weight of ninety years, touched his heart, for again and again he be-

sought him to swear by the Emperor and give proof of his repentance. "Curse Christ," said he, "and I will release you." With calm aspect, with eyes upraised to heaven, the old man said, "Sixty-and-eight years have I served Him and He has done me nothing but good, and how could I revile Him, my Lord and Saviour." Finding him invincible, the pro-consul caused it to be proclaimed "Polycarp has declared himself to be a christian." With an infuriated shout the heathen populace replied "This is the father of the christians, the enemy of our gods, by whom so many have been turned away from offering sacrifice; give him to us that we may burn him!" Yielding to the cry of Jews and pagans, the governor gave him into their hands, and together they hastened to bring wood for his stake. All being ready, he meekly stripped himself for his last struggle. When the faggots were arranged around him, they were about to nail him to the stake, but he begged them not to do so, saying, "Leave me thus, I pray, unfastened; He who has enabled me to bear the fire will give me strength also to endure its fierceness." Before the fire was lighted, he prayed, "Lord Almighty God, Father of thy beloved Son, Jesus Christ, by whom we have received from thee knowledge of thyself, I praise thee that thou hast judged me worthy of this day and of this hour to take part in the number of thy witnesses, in the cup of thy Christ."

And now the fire was kindled, but a high wind drove the flame on one side, and the Romans fearing that he would not be consumed, plunged a spear into his side, and the holy martyr was "with the Lord." It seemed as though the Lord greatly blessed the Christ-like manner in which he suffered, for the good of the church, for the rage of the people abated, and their thirst for blood was quenched for a time. The pro-consul too being wearied with slaughter, absolutely refused to have any more christians brought to his trial.

"How manifest," says Miller, "is the hand of the Lord in this sudden change. He had limited the days of their tribulation before they were cast into the furnace, and now they are accomplished, and no power on earth or in hell can prolong them another hour. They had been faithful unto death and had received the crown of life."

Work in the Lord's Vineyard.

Messrs. Moody and Sankey began their mission at Stepney on Thursday Dec. 6th. Notwithstanding the fact of the Hall being some distance from any thoroughfare, the meetings were very well attended, and particularly so by the class whom it was considered most desirable to reach. The plan adopted at Wandsworth of reserving the front seats for labourers, was considerably developed at Stepney, and most nights a solid square of nearly one thousand working men occupied the seats immediately in front of the platform. The afternoon Bible Readings for women were very largely attended, and in the evenings the hall, large though it is, was literally crammed to overflowing. The after-meetings have been times of great blessing and decision. On Christmas eve the Stepney Mission concluded with a farewell address, when over one thousand who professed to have received blessing during those meetings were exhorted by Mr. Moody to lead godly, consistent lives.

Spain.—Correspondents writing from Barcelona say there are three places where the gospel is preached. There are meetings of some kind almost every night. On Saturday evenings there is a Bible class, which has continued for years; it has borne and is bearing precious fruit among christians, but little progress is made amongst the unconverted; three souls have however been added during this last year.

N. W. Spain.—In the province of Galicia, in the N. W. of Spain, are several married English labourers. At Corunna, Mr. Spooner and Mr. Chesterman; at Vigo, Mr. Wigstone; and at Marin, Pontevedra, Mr. Blamire. In these places and in villages around not a few Spaniards have received Christ into their hearts and have become "living epistles." But the worst features of the Spanish character have been so nourished by Romanism that these converts need great grace from God to overcome the rank evils of their hearts, and also to bear the sufferings that befall them; these, however, are used of God to keep down their natural corruptions. The measure of religious toleration that Spain now has, prevents Rome's use of fire and sword against those who escape her fetters, and imprisonment is rare; but social and domestic persecution are vigorously employed. Poor converts often cannot obtain any employment, and those engaged in trade lose their customers, and are often reduced from comfort to penury. An extract from a letter written by Mr. Blamire just before the new year, gives the bright side of the picture. "On Christmas morning, being a feast day, we had arranged to go to the island of Tamboo for the baptism of seven persons, for some of whom much prayer had been offered. Among them was the father and mother of two young lads who were drowned last May. Two boats were filled, nearly all being believers, and we had a most happy and solemn time. Now we are busy preparing for our coffee-meeting. Twenty or more have already come on foot, some from Morgadanes, some from Carril and Villagarcia, and to-morrow we expect others from Vigo, Redondella, &c. May God give us a good time.

Madrid.—A brother writes, "We have had good meetings of late, and the Lord is working, as also Satan. We have had the joy of receiving two more into fellowship, and the restoration of a sister who had gone to mass to please her family. A young brother has left, and another has fallen through wine; but the victories are on the side of peace. The Lord prevails."

The Upper Zambesi.—Those who have heard of the remarkable journey of Mr. Fred Arnot to this great river of southern central Africa will rejoice to learn that after a year's silence he has been heard of, and is expected at Shoshong, the L.M.S. station from which he started. Mr. Coillard, the French missionary, is also expected there from Busutoland on his way to Zambesi." If any of our readers are unacquainted with Mr. Arnot's work they would do well to procure the little fourpenny pamphlet entitled "From Natal to the Upper Zambesi." It tells how the young Scotch Christian, without influence or funds, by God's grace performed this journey in the face of difficulties, discouragements and perils that would have daunted most men. His purpose of heart in making known the gospel is also very manifest, and we hope yet to hear of God's rich blessing on his labours.

Russia.—Dr. Baedeker, who has several times been to this great empire on the service of the gospel, and who recently returned from Southern Russia expects soon to be again in the northern provinces. The visits of evangelists are so rare, that special prayer is called for, that God may guide and make His word very fruitful.

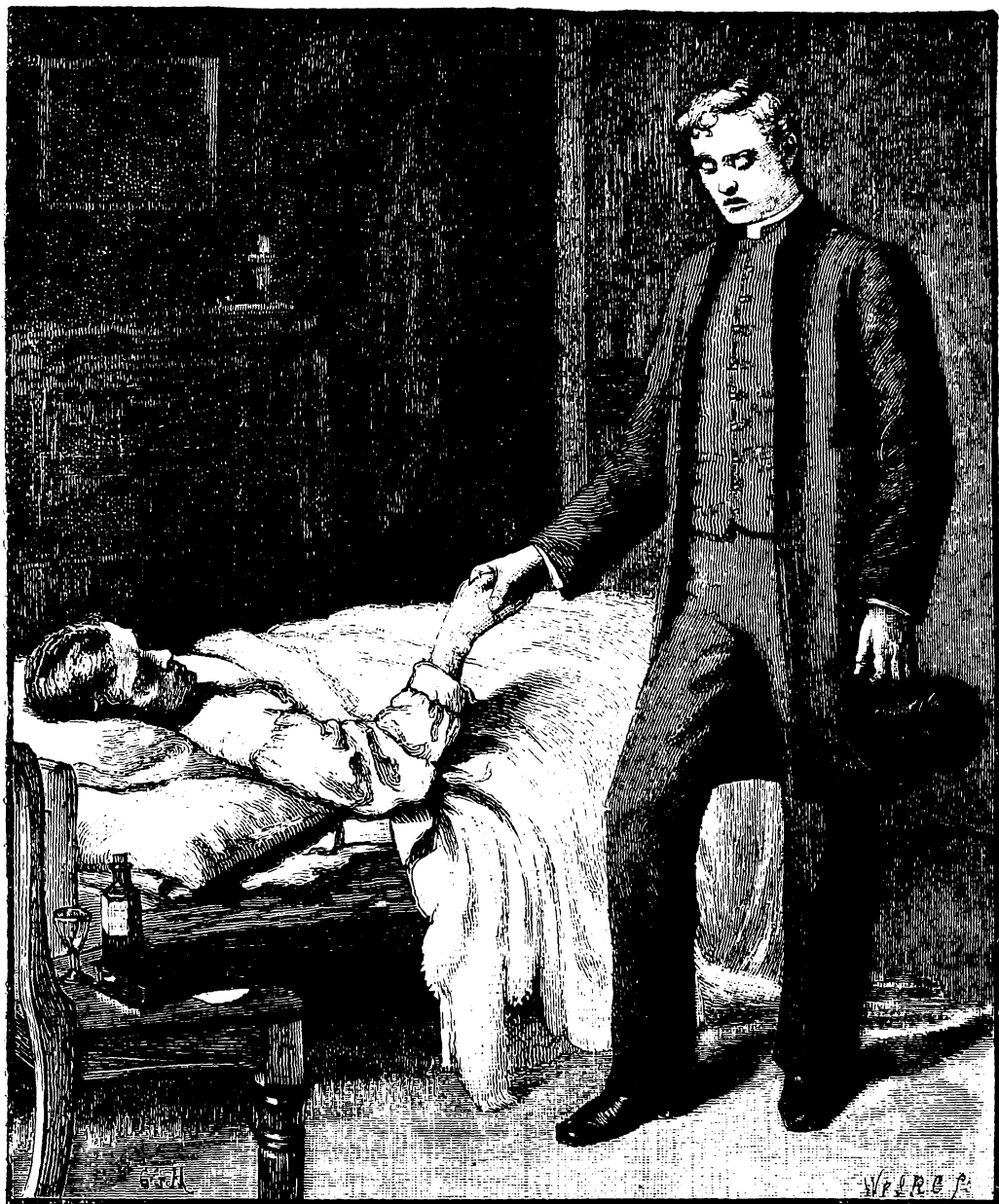
China.—Mrs. Sharland writing from Chefoo, says that since she last wrote there have been the usual fluctuations in the school life, trials and joys, encouragements and discouragements, evidence of Satan's attempts to upset God's work; yet evidences, too, of God's help and blessing, marked answers to prayer, intervention of His Almighty hand, and every reason to believe that souls have been saved. Two scholars were converted during the autumn, and grounds for hoping that two or three others are seeking after things concerning eternity. Mr. G. Barker says that everywhere except at U. Wang Chong, the Mohammedans gave him a hearty welcome, they carried off his Arabic Bible to their mosques and begged him everywhere to sell it.

At Shan-kia-chik the people crowded to hear him, and at Siao-no-chong they pressed him to stay a few days and teach them.

Syria.—We learn from Jaffa that the Bible is received everywhere with glad and grateful hearts; it was distributed amongst the Greeks, Latins, and Mohammedans, and now among the Jews. At first it was distributed privately among the Jews, but when it became known the missionary was literally besieged with Jews who eagerly seized the word from his hand. Since distributing it in Jaffa a new state of things has been introduced; the Bible is taking the place of the Koran, and misgivings of Mohammedanism are gaining ground.

GRACE AND TRUTH

For Old and Young.



“As he clasped the hand of his dying friend for the last time on earth, he exclaimed, ‘You are right, Joe, and I am wrong.’”

God's Glad Tidings of Salvation.



"YOU ARE RIGHT, JOE, AND I AM WRONG."

YOU are right, Joe, and I am wrong."

This honest confession was made by a young clergyman, and made most emphatically to a young farm labourer who was dying of consumption, but who

had been just converted as a sinner before God. He had gone to see his aged father, living in the same village, who had been suddenly stricken with paralysis, and while there beside his deathbed had witnessed his conversion. His own health was failing at the time; he had led an ungodly life, and what he had heard and seen on that solemn night had been used of God for blessing to his soul.

He had gone home feeling he *had had to do with God*. There is nothing of more tremendous moment to a sinner than this, whatever may be the character of his life up to that point, whether moral or immoral, religious or otherwise. Until then he is blind to his actual condition and unconscious of his danger; conscience may trouble him at times, but he finds a thousand ways to silence it; but when *God* speaks to the soul "dead in trespasses and sins," all is changed. So this young man had found. His dying father, knowing the kind of life poor Joe had led, and knowing too that up to that moment his own example, as one living "without God in the world," had helped him on in his sinful career, had sent for him the day following his own conversion, and had spoken solemnly to him almost with his last breath. This had deepened the work begun the night before, and then the same visitor who had been used to his father had gone to see him, and in a little while the young man was rejoicing in the Lord, as a sinner saved by grace through faith in the Lord Jesus Christ.

Now it happened that the aged rector of that village did not believe that any sinner can *know* that he is saved, but can at best only hope to be. The old gentleman was so fully persuaded he was right in his "views," (for truth is with too many only a question of "views,") that he had issued a pamphlet on the subject, and his

curate, equally zealous, had gone about teaching the poor villagers that it was "presumption," "fanaticism," and so forth for any one to say, "we *have* redemption, the forgiveness of sins."

On first coming to reside in the village this young man had announced his intention of going to every house in it for the purpose of overturning this error. He began at the very last cottage in the place, and there he met with a labourer's wife, who with the Bible in her hand meekly but most fully refuted him; and as he went from house to house he found no better success. These simple people would cleave to the Bible, and he soon gave up his purpose of visiting the whole village.

Nevertheless, he was still fully persuaded that these people were all wrong and that he and his rector were right; and when poor Joe was taken ill he went to see him, to save him if possible from what he regarded as "a dangerous and presumptuous error," and to afford him "religious consolations by the ministrations of an authorised priesthood."

But poor Joe didn't want anything of the kind; he was already "rich in faith and an heir of the kingdom," and when the young clergyman came with well-meant, but mistaken kindness to see him, he found him able to say, "I am saved because God says so." You see he had already got hold of the "dangerous and presumptuous error" of taking God at His word, of believing, trusting, relying upon *Him!*

Joe was but a babe in Christ; he only knew at first the one passage of Scripture which the Lord had used to give him peace, and was therefore sorely beset and puzzled when thus assailed. But the Lord was with him, and at the first interview he clung to that one text and to Him who gave it. Before the zealous young curate could come again his first visitor had been to see him, to whom he told out all his doubts and difficulties; and being divinely prepared to "receive with meekness the engrafted word," they were speedily removed, and in their stead such portions as the following were put before him.

"But as many as RECEIVED HIM to them

gave He power (privilege) to become THE SONS OF GOD.” (1 John i. 2.) “Beloved, *now* are we the sons of God.” (1 John iii. 2.) “He that believeth on the Son HATH everlasting life.” (John iii. 36.) “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 (the judgment), but is passed from death unto life.” (John v. 24.) “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 (any one, Satan or self) pluck them out of my hand.” (John x. 27, 28.) “Whosoever liveth and believeth in me SHALL NEVER DIE.” (John xi. 26.) “And this is the record, that God HATH given unto us eternal life, and this life is in His Son. HE THAT HATH THE SON HATH LIFE.” “These things have I written unto you that believe on the Son of God, that ye may KNOW that ye HAVE eternal life.” (1 John v. 11—13.) Thank the Lord! I *do* know it,” said poor Joe, “in spite of all that they can say. But what if I should sin in spite of myself?”

“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.) “My little children, these things write I unto you that ye sin not. And if any man sin we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous. He is the propitiation for our sins.” (1 John ii. 1, 2.) “The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all (every) sin.” (1 John i. 7).

Happily Joe could read, nor was he lacking in natural intelligence. Little bits of paper were put into his Bible, leaves were turned down, or marks made against all these and other portions of God’s heaven-given Book, and when the curate came again, as he now began to do every day, he found such an array of truth prepared against him that he exclaimed petulantly, “Some fellow has been here!”

Joe made no secret of the fact, but told him candidly who it was, and then he tried to persuade him to forbid his coming.

“No sir,” said Joe, “he was used to my father, to my sister, and to me. I don’t shut *him* out.”

“But, my dear fellow, he teaches what is false,” exclaimed the curate, fully believing what he said.

“Well sir, if you can show me that from my Bible, all well and good. But if you can’t, it’s no use your telling me not to let him come, washing or no washing.” This was an allusion to the probable loss of his wife’s employment, of more consequence to him now than ever, and *she* had been at him already about it. But if poor Joe was faithful, the curate was generous, and had no thought of injuring a dying man. He only sought to do what he conceived to be his duty, and so, as Joe was firm, there was no help for it but to set to work and prove his point from the Bible—if he could. This he earnestly tried to do, morning by morning. The other visitor having some miles to travel to reach the village, and meetings to attend in the neighbourhood, usually came of an evening, and thus they never met, but the curate’s teaching was met.

Joe’s poor body was slowly but surely sinking beneath the power of disease, but he grew in grace and in the knowledge of the truth; he earned to know himself “a new creature (creation) in Christ Jesus,” and “seated in heavenly places,” “one spirit with the Lord,” a member of His body, loved even as He is loved; and thus the utter impossibility of ever being lost, or of not KNOWING he was saved for ever and ever, became stronger and stronger. For hours did he and the young curate pore over the Word of God. If the former alleged a difficulty, it was submitted to the first visitor and answered in a day or two, and at last one day the curate came to bid the dying man “Goodbye.” He was going to another parish; they would never meet again in this world; they had spent very many hours together over God’s precious Word, the curate had found a teacher divinely taught in the poor dying labourer; and if he had striven earnestly against him at first, it was because he thought he was right. He was now at last convinced, and I trust *converted*, and with the honesty that had marked his course right through, he now came to confess the truth. As he clasped the hand of his dying friend for the last time on earth, he uttered the words with which this little narrative opens, “YOU ARE RIGHT, JOE, AND I AM WRONG.” And so saying he bade him farewell, and hurried from the room. Joe has long since been with the Lord; may we not hope they will meet again

CONFIDENCE AND POWER.

BY LEONARD STRONG.

THE mother of a family was seized with a dangerous illness. She was greatly alarmed, being unfit for the presence of God, and she sent an earnest request for a godly coachman to visit her. He was just starting on a journey, and begged the lady's maid, a christian person, at once to visit the dying woman. She replied, "The Lord would not use me, for I have no *confidence*." His wife then begged a christian lady to visit her, but her reply was, she had no *power*. She thought of these two words, and said to herself, "Confidence! Why, this is the *confidence* that we have in Him, that if we ask anything in His name, He heareth us; and if we know that He heareth us, whatsoever we ask, we know that we have the petitions that we desired of Him." (1 John v. 14, 15.)

With this word in her heart, she was encouraged to go forth on the mission of love, and as she left her house for that purpose the word *power* was again brought forcibly upon her mind, as though she heard a voice saying, "POWER—the gospel of Christ is the power of God unto salvation to every one who believeth." The gospel of Christ, then, is all the power needed, it is the *power* of God."

Thus armed with *confidence* and *power*, she went forth, lifting up her heart to God for the salvation of the sinner, and to give her His gospel to speak in power.

Upon reaching the house she paused to pray, and entered in the confidence that she was heard. On admittance to the chamber of the sick woman, she asked her if she was dying?

"Dying!" replied the patient. "Do you really think so?" she added. "I am sure I am dying," she said. "Have you any hope in your death?" she asked. "None whatever," said the sick woman. "Wherefore?" was the reply. "Because of my sin and neglect of God," she answered. "Have you ever heard of Jesus Christ, who came to take away our sins and be our peace?" "Yes." "Have you ever heard that the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin?" "Yes!" "Have you ever heard that God so loved the world that he gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth

on Him should never perish, but have everlasting life?" "Yes!" "Do you think that God is true?" "Yes!" "Believe, then, in the Lord Jesus Christ, and I shall meet you in glory! I say, Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and I shall meet you in glory! I repeat, Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and we shall meet in glory! I leave that saving, true word of God on your heart, Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and I shall surely meet you in glory!"

She then left her, in confidence that the Lord heard, and that the gospel of Christ was laid upon her conscience, and returned home.

The dying woman spoke not for several hours; she replied not to the inquiries of any of the family. She was either in a stupor, or, with her eyes closed to all around, she had retired within herself, occupied with her soul's condition and the grace of God! Before the morning she had summoned all her family to her bed side.

They all attended in breathless silence. Her words were few, but her manner most urgent.

"I am now dying," she said; "I am going from you, I am just dying. I have one word for you all, and it is this, Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and I shall meet you all in glory. I say to you all once more, Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and we shall all meet in glory!" Having said this, she turned on her pillow, and breathed out her soul to Jesus.

This great, dying exhortation, this gospel preached by the mother to her husband and children in her last words, was noised abroad, and was only accounted for by the fact that the coachman's wife had visited her with the word of God's grace, and many feared and owned the power of the word.

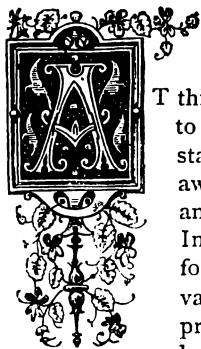
A christian man, hearing the report, enquired at the mouth of the coachman's wife, and she related these simple facts.

"Blessed art thou," said he, "and thankful shouldst thou be among the saints, since the Lord gave thee, a weak one, *confidence* in Him, and sent thee forth with His *power* so that a dead one was quickened into life, and a soul gathered for the glory."

Green Pastures and Still Waters.

THE SIN OF ANANIAS.

BY GEO. F. TRENCH.



AT this early time the church was, to use a modern phrase, in a state of "revival," of religious awakening, and of very earnest and sincere activity God-ward. In the power of ardent love for God and His people, private property became common property, and even lands and houses were sold, that the price

might be placed at the disposal of the apostles, for the good of the poor.

Josef of Cyprus (whom the apostles called Barnabas) distinguished himself in this way; perhaps by the great value of the inheritance which he thus devoted to God's service. Possibly he was much spoken of, and this act of sacrifice applauded among the brethren. However that may be, Ananias and his wife, apparently people of little faith and much pride, not wishing to be behind-hand in actions that led to so much notoriety, sold some land and brought part of the price, representing it to be the whole. This was the offence which God signalized by a terrible stroke of sudden judgment upon them both; thus calling very serious attention to it, and teaching a needed lesson for all future ages of the church's history.

Now, to learn this lesson, let us contrast chap. iv. 32 with chap. v. 4: "Neither said any of them that aught of the things which he possessed *was his own*," with—"Whilst it remained, was it not *thine own*?" In the former case, the apostles, by their reception, and the Spirit, by the record of these sacrifices, plainly approved them. In the latter, the apostles and the Spirit as plainly condemned them, at least in the case of Ananias.

What is the principle that explains the apparent anomaly? For observe, it was not merely the falsehood which Peter condemned; it was Ananias' thought that his possession was required of him by God. "Was it not thine own? and after it was sold, was it not in thine own power?" In other words, Peter might have said: "God does not want your money;

who asked you to give it? How gratuitous of you!" And this, not because he was unsaved; we have no indication of that: but because of the state of his heart toward God. His gift out-ran his faith. He was rich, but not rich toward God. God loveth a cheerful giver. What, then, is the measure of our service, what the guiding principle in acts of devotedness or separation from lawful pursuits and conditions of life? How am I ever to know whether or not I am required to perform an act of self-sacrifice?—whether or not, when done, it will be accepted?

In reply to this enquiry, Peter, by the Spirit, here teaches us that moral obligation, in things sinful or right, is to be distinguished from the obligations of devotion. I do not speak of motive, but of character, and of measure. The motive power which should keep a christian from stealing, is the same as that which moved Barnabas to part with his property at Cyprus. It is love for Christ. But the obligation is different: for, whether I love Christ or not, I must not steal. But it does not follow, nay it is not true, that whether I love Christ or not, I must give my money to the poor. Here the distinction comes in. Certain laws of God stand sure, unalterable by dispensation or doctrine. One is (for illustration) that I am to respect my neighbour's property, and neither to covet, nor to take it. The Gospel has not changed this, Acts iv. 32 notwithstanding. What if certain quickened and affectionate hearts surrendered all they had to their neighbours? What if God accepted it of them, sanctioned their action, and held it up for imitation? May I, a poor man, therefore demand as a right, the contributions of you, a rich one? By no means: "Thou shalt not covet," still holds good. The law of property and honesty is not abrogated; and "the righteousness of the law [of Moses] will be fulfilled in those who walk not after the flesh but after the Spirit" (Rom. viii. 4). This was Ananias and Sapphira's mistake. They translated the devotion of others into a moral obligation binding on them. Being in a low and feeble spiritual state of health, they could not

understand that people would volunteer such sacrifices, and do more for Christ, in love to His people, than any law of His required. They put themselves at once "under law," and thus spoilt the virtue of their gift.

The whole significance of the new teaching that issues from Calvary, as distinct from that which issued from Sinai, is thus involved in this simple yet deeply solemn incident. And there is a very serious and very subtle danger attendant upon times of high religious activity, and on scenes and circles where a high standard of walk and conduct are set up: namely, that of making obligatory upon ourselves or others the measure and character of devotedness which has seemed no more than reasonable service to some whole-hearted saints.

It is impossible, at this point, to enlarge upon the various directions in Christian life in which this danger operates. I will only say that the instances are many and grievous where burdens of duty, of obligation, of responsibility—of *law*, if you will allow the word—have been laid wholesale upon the consciences of young Christians, which, however beautiful the actions of self-sacrifice, of service, or of separation may be, where the love and faith of the person are, so to speak, up to the standard, are simply intolerable when it is otherwise. The result is nothing short of disastrous. A soul receives the impression of duty solemnly laid upon it: conscience responds to reason that the thing is right. But love fails, or faith falters, and the act is not performed; the conscience becomes

defiled, and that soul is permanently damaged.

Let us remember Peter's indignant rebuke to such notions of Christ's service: "Was it not thine own?" "Was it not in thine own power?" Christ's "service is perfect freedom." If it is otherwise, it is not His. We may keep rank with our brothers and sisters in work for the Lord, in contributions to His poor, in avoidance of many lawful but unprofitable pursuits; in dress, in furniture, in equipage, in society, in recreation; and have as good a name as Ananias and Sapphira would have had, if Peter had accepted their legal performance. But if grateful love has not prompted each such act, and if conscience has not been upward turned to reflect the will of the living Lord, and none other, our fair professions will be ruthlessly exposed by and bye, as hypocrisy, and nothing less.

"Speak unto the children of Israel, that they bring me an offering: of every man that giveth it *willingly, with his heart*, he shall take my offering." (Ex. xxv. 2.) Peter had not read that verse in vain. The measure of our love must be the measure of our gifts and sacrifices, if we would please Him whose eye searcheth the heart and trieth the reins. Moses would take no offering from the niggard giver. Christ will not accept offerings that run in a rut. Individual conscience needs to be in exercise; and with larger love will come more liberal service, more entire consecration, more complete surrender of worldly good; and all will be done in the joyful, exuberant gratitude of those who make large gains. *Read Phil. ii. 7, 8.*

TO-DAY, TO-MORROW, AND THE THIRD DAY.

Luke xiii. 31—35.

BY HENRY DYER.

THE flight and brevity of time has always had its voice to man as God's creature, and it should ever have a voice to us. "Times and seasons" were provided by God as Creator, when He gave the heavenly bodies their punctual revolutions, as well as their illuminating power. Time was drawn by the heathen as a human figure with hair only on the forehead—none behind, that men, warned how irrevocable it was when past, might be stirred to "take Time by the forelock." But God's lessons are lost on rebellious man until he has first received God's gift of His Son; and the unregenerate

squander time either openly and knowingly, or else unknowingly by wasting it on trifles. As Cowper says:—

"The rest, too busy or too gay to wait
On that sad theme, their everlasting state,
Sport for a day, and perish in a night,
The foam upon the waters not so light."

But the saint and servant of God is armed against this evil as he is against all other dangers, and is as thrifty of his time as he is of all other talents entrusted to him.

It were an instructive exercise to trace out

all examples and exhortations to this point in God's word, did time and space permit. But it is to be hoped younger fellow saints will be moved to do this for themselves, and to imitate the diligent ones there told of—first, in their constant use of God's word, and secondly, in their prompt obedience to it. An aged and still living labourer in God's church has often said amongst us, "God's child and servant has full time given him for everything that God would have him do, but he has not five minutes to lose."

In Luke xiii. 31—35 we see this same thrift of time in our Lord Himself. The whole section of Luke's gospel to which it belongs is a grand illustration of His diligence, and how much He wrought in even a single journey. All the narratives and discourses from Luke xiii. 22 to xix. 28 (the point of His public entry into Jerusalem) seem to belong to His one last journey from Galilee to Jerusalem.

At the very commencement of this section (one (apparently an idler and a meddler in theological questions,) asks "Lord, are there few that be saved?" and is met by the intensely earnest reply, "Strive [agonize] to enter in at the strait gate," &c.

Threatened danger next seeks to impede and turn aside His steps, but this is met by the same promptness as was the idle questioner. The Pharisees tell Him of Herod's intention to kill Him, and it was evidently no mere invention, for our Lord sends through them a message direct to king Herod:—"Go tell that fox,"—as cruel, that is, and as cunning as a fox, but as feeble,—“Behold, I cast out demons, and I do cures to-day, and to-morrow, and the third day I shall be perfected.”

It is as if he said, "I cease not any of my most public work—any of the *short three-day service* to God that is left me; I drive out demons, and I heal the victims of sin and sickness as my God, by His Spirit, shall enable me.' Such also is our service, only a brief three-day business of sharp conflict with the powers of sin

and Satan: and then a third-day perfecting

What an expression we here have by our Master of the brevity of His service-day on earth! and of His unflinching purpose to occupy it boldly for God! Only a three-day business, and all of it to be spent in public conflict with the demons of the pit, and on behalf of the victims of sin and sickness.

Well may such words stir us up during the short period of the life-service of saints below and of their warfare against wicked spirits in heavenly places.

In verse 35 these same words as to the brevity of His life-work are repeated, with this addition, that every onward footstep of His path was toward Jerusalem, the place where, as a Prophet of God, He must "perish."

"Unmoved by Satan's subtle wiles,
By suffering, shame, or loss,
Thy path, uncheered by earthly smiles,
Led only to the cross."

Nor was He compelled as one unwilling. "I must WALK to-day, and to-morrow, and the day following." How like Him who "set His face as a flint," because He knew that He should not be ashamed. Resurrection would soon justify Him, and recompense Him also for all the path of suffering He had trodden.

All through the Gospels our Lord is seen as the Man of diligent and heavenly haste. In Luke i. 78, He is spoken of as the "Dayspring from on high" that "hath visited us:" and a visit is only a brief thing; and in Luke xix. 44, when His earthly course was closing, He mourns that Jerusalem had not known the time of her "*visitation*." In Luke xii. 50, "I have a baptism to be baptized with, and how am I straitened till it be accomplished," and Luke xxii. 15, "With desire have I desired to eat this passover (i.e., this my last passover), with you before I suffer."

May our value for "to-day, and to-morrow, and the day following," be like our Master's, and our use of them also be diligent and faithful.

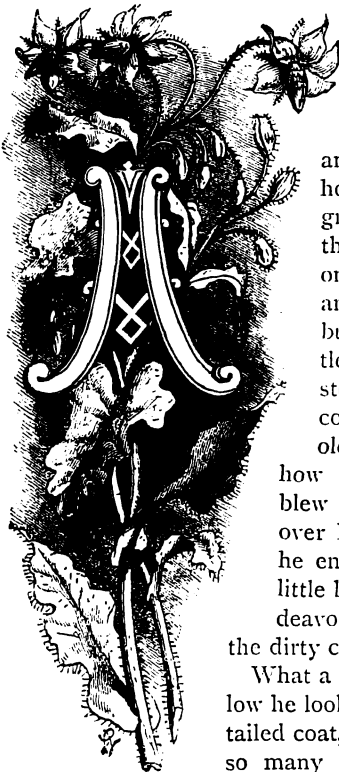
THE MAN IN THE GLORY.—There is a Man, sitting on the throne of God in heaven—a Man that is Jehovah's Fellow. To Him, God, the Holy Spirit, has borne testimony in the Scriptures; to Him He calls the sinner's attention; to Him He

guides the eye of faith of each believer, and there He will fix it. For He, the only begotten Son of the Father, is the sole One on whom, and on whose life and works as Saviour, God, even the Father, can rest in complacency.

Talks, Tales, & Teachings for our Young Friends.

THE MARCH WIND'S MESSAGE TO JOHNNY.

BY FANNIE EDEN.



WILD March day it was ! How the wind blew, roared, and whistled, and how it twirled the groaning old weather-cock high up on the old steeple, and hustled and buffeted poor little Johnny, as he stood in a windy corner just by the old church, and

how provokingly it blew his coat tails over his head, when he emerged with his little broom, and endeavoured to sweep the dirty crossing.

What a funny little fellow he looked in his long-tailed coat, that was ever so many sizes too large

for him, and in his comical little hat with scarcely a bit of brim; but what a brave, bright little fellow he was too, and how cheerfully he bore the piercing blast, while industriously he swept and swept at his crossing, keeping a sharp look out all the time for a chance errand. You would not have guessed, to see his bright eager face, that already Johnny had known much suffering and sorrow, and that even on this very morning he had left his home without a taste of breakfast, but so it was.

Time was, when Johnny always had his breakfast, aye, and his dinner too, with something nice and hot; but that seemed a long time ago, when Johnny was quite a little boy (he was seven years old now, and quite a man). It was in the happy time when home was bright, and father came home from his work every evening to play with him, and dance him on his knee. Mother's face was rosy and

pretty then, Johnny remembered, not thin and white as it was now, since father had taken to stopping out late at night, and only coming home at last either wild with anger, or sullen and stupid with drink.

And yet how Johnny loved that erring father, and how often he spent the evening gazing through the window watching for his return, and how often he lay awake and sobbed, because he missed him so, and yearned for his good-night kiss, and if there was a soft spot left in the poor drunkard's heart it was for his little Johnny.

But see ! what is the wind doing now ? Why it has come tearing round the corner, nearly knocking over a nice-looking old lady, and there goes her basket topsy-turvy, and away flies a bundle of papers like a lot of little white birds all down the street. The old lady picked up her basket and looked helplessly after her papers, but already the mischievous wind had carried them all out of sight; so with a gentle sigh, and a shake of her head, the old lady trotted off. Did I say all ? No not quite, for one little white messenger came fluttering round the corner where Johnny was standing, and nestled at his feet.

Curiously Johnny lifted it up and opened it, and slowly spelt out the words written thereon. "Suffer—little—children—to—come—unto—me, and—forbid—them—not—for of—such—is the kingdom—of—heaven."

"Come—unto—me—all—ye—that—labour—and—are—heavy—laden,—and—I—will—give—you—rest."

What did it mean ? Who had said that ! Who wanted children to come unto Him ? It must be somebody kind and good, somebody who loved little ones very much ; how he wished he knew who it was, that he might go to Him. And mother might go too, for oh she was so often weary, and heavy-laden, Johnny thought with a sob, and so all day Johnny conned and puzzled over the words, (for they had a strange sweet charm to him,) until he knew them by heart.

Another wild March day, but where

Johnny? Not in the cold windy corner, not at his crossing; no, cold, hunger, and exposure had done their work, and poor Johnny had been tossing for a week on a bed of wild, delirious fever. O what a week of sorrow it had been to his poor mother; for to add to her misery, the husband and father, who ought to have been there to sustain and help her, had gone off on a drunken spree with some evil companions, and had never been home since the day before Johnny was taken ill.

All through his illness, Johnny's cry was "Father, father, come home. Why doesn't father come home to Johnny?" In vain the mother tried to soothe the delirious boy, he continued his moaning cry till her heart seemed breaking with grief.

He is quiet now, for he has sunk into a heavy stupor or sleep, and the weary mother is gazing down on the little white worn face of her darling, so different from the bright brave Johnny of a week ago; and she is trying to imagine what the world will be like to her when she hears his cheery voice no more, and when she listens in vain for his bounding step. Then she thinks of all his loving little ways, and how bravely he has toiled through the long cold winter to earn some pence for her. Ah! life will be black as night then, no hope in life, nothing left to live for; so she mused in white, tearless grief. But hark! what is Johnny say-

ing? Sweetly and slowly he is repeating the March wind's message, though his eyes are still closed, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

Like a strain of long-forgotten music, or like the voice of the mother-tongue heard in a foreign land, the words fell on the mother's ear,

calling up from the sleeping past long forgotten memories. Where had she heard those words before? She pressed her hand to her brow and tried to think. Oh! she remembered now. It was long ago, ah! so long ago it seemed now. She was a little child, a rosy, happy child, and she was in the Sunday school, the dear old village Sunday School—(O how plain it was all coming back to her,) why she could remember the day even, a warm, bright day, and the birds were singing outside, and the green ivy leaves were peeping and rustling at the open window, and the teacher's arm was round her,



"How often he spent the evening gazing through the window watching for his return."

and she was listening while she said to her those very words. Big tears are stealing down the mother's cheeks now, for she is thinking of the tender loving words of the gentle teacher as she told her of the Saviour who had said those words, and who had died to save her, and how she had besought her to give her heart to Him. But she had never done so, she had forgotten all about Him, and the one to whom she had

given her heart, with all its wealth of love, had cast it off and spurned it as a worthless thing.

O if she could only have that Saviour now! A great yearning came upon her to go to Him, but no, it could not be; how could she offer Him that cast-off worthless thing her heart, when she would not accept Him in her young bright days. Would he care to have her now? Ah no!

Again the child's voice broke in upon her reverie, as if in answer to her thoughts. "Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." What did it mean? Were the angels whispering these sweet words to her dying boy, to give her comfort ere he passed away? Had the good Lord sent her the message to tell her she was welcome? Slowly she dropped down on her knees beside her boy, and with sobs and tears gave up her broken heart to the One who had died to have it for His own, and who even now was longing to give her rest.

As she knelt there, slowly her boy's eyes opened. "Mother," he said, (and she saw that all his delirium had passed away,) "Who said it?"

"Said what, darling?"

"About little children."

"Why Jesus, darling, Jesus now up in heaven."

"And does He want me to go to Him?"

"O yes, dear, He died that He might take you to His beautiful home."

"O mother, why didn't you tell me before, and then I could have thanked Him, and told Him how I loved Him."

The conscience-stricken mother could only shake her head and weep.

"And you too, mother," Johnny continued, "He wants you too; why don't you go, and He will give you rest."

"Johnny," said the weeping mother, "I have been wicked and forgetful of my precious Saviour, but we will go to Him together now."

"And father too," said Johnny, and his little lip trembled with emotion. "I want father to go too. O father, father, why don't you come to Johnny?" And the tears broke out afresh.

"Johnny, we will pray for him every day and every hour, and God will hear our prayer and bring poor father home." Comforted with this assurance, Johnny turned his weary head over on the pillow and fell asleep.

* * *

Johnny did not die, after all, but lived to know how God could answer prayer. One night when he was getting better, a cold, chilly, wet night, there came a low, hesitating knock at the door, and soon a gaunt spectre of a man crept in, hungry, weak and weary, and sank exhausted on the floor. "Mother, mother," cried Johnny in a burst of wildest joy, "here's father come home!" and his little arms were round his neck in a moment, his soft cheek against his, while his kisses were lavished upon him as though he were the best of fathers in the world. Ah! no need to doubt his welcome now.

"My little Johnny, my little Johnny," the poor man could only murmur, "you love your wicked father yet."

"I should think I do," said Johnny, "and mother does too; why, we've prayed and prayed every day, and many a time a day, for God to bring you home, haven't we, mother?"

"Wife," said the man, "God has done more for me than bring me home, He's saved my soul. When I lay at the point of death in the hospital, He showed me what a wretch I had been, and then when He had showed me all my sin, He showed me all His grace, and please God for ever more I'll live for Him."

O the joy in that little home that night—we will not attempt to paint it. We will leave the family as with tears and smiles they told one to the other what great things God had done for them.

"I'M HAPPY NOW, PAPA."

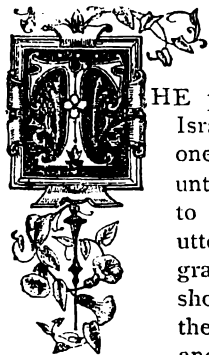
"Good-night, Dad," called out a childish voice from his crib, and soon a pair of chubby arms were round the father's neck, and a soft cheek pressed against his, while he gave his little child his good-night kiss. Looking up into his father's face, while happy tears glistened in his eyes, the little fellow whispered softly, "I'm happy now, Papa, I'm saved; I know in my heart that Jesus died for me." Greatly surprised was the father, for notwithstanding that he had prayed, and looked for his child's conversion, he had hardly faith to accept the blessing, when it came. Tenderly he questioned his boy, but he was, in his child-like way, quite firm. "I've made my choice now, I have chosen Christ," he said, and nothing could shake him. Oh how thankfully the father knelt with his child that night, to thank God for His goodness!

Food for Christ's Lambs.

SPIRITUAL NOURISHMENT,

AS TYPIFIED BY THE ROAST LAMB, THE MANNA, AND THE OLD CORN OF THE LAND.

BY T. SHULDHAM HENRY.



THE position of the children of Israel in the wilderness was one of complete separation unto God. What lessons had to be learned there of man's utter worthlessness, and God's grace! They started from the shores of the Red Sea, with their hearts full of gratitude and praise, and after three days'

travelling, they found no water. Then they came to Marah, and could not drink its waters, for they were bitter. And they *murmured*. God brought them into the wilderness to *prove* them (Deut. viii.) Their first trial was, they find no water.

The three days' journey typify the place into which the believer is now brought—dead, and risen with Christ. We have been separated by the death and resurrection of Christ—three days—for ever from the world. Just as Christ on the cross separated the saved thief from the unsaved one, so now the cross stands between us and the world, and we have been crucified to it. Such being the case, we must not be surprised if we find “no water”—nothing to satisfy us here. We cannot now drink of earth's streams, and be satisfied. The things that once pleased us, and in which we sought satisfaction, yield none now; they charm us not. The language of our hearts now is—

“Oh, worldly pomp and glory,
Your charms are spread in vain;
I've heard a sweeter story,
I've found a truer gain!
Where Christ a place prepareth,
There is my loved abode;
There shall I gaze on Jesus,
There shall I dwell with God!”

We find no water; but let us beware of murmuring, when we find nothing in this world to satisfy. It is tempting God. When the Israel-

ites did find water, it was bitter—they could not drink it. This was trying indeed; more trying than finding none. How often the children of God seek some object which they think will give them pleasure, delight, satisfaction. They have set their hearts on it—they must have it. They are permitted to obtain it. God—to teach them—gives them the desire of their heart. What is the result? Bitterness, sorrow, leanness of soul.

Nothing can sweeten the bitter cup of earthly trials but Christ. The Lord “shewed Moses a tree, which, when he had cast it into the waters, the waters were made sweet.” This “tree” is Christ: He is God's remedy. “As the apple tree among the trees of the wood, so is my beloved among the sons. I sat down under his shadow with great delight, and his fruit was sweet to my taste.” (Cant. ii.) What a difference it makes when Christ is brought into every circumstance of life! The bitter becomes sweet; the trials become blessings; and murmurings end in joyful praise and thanksgiving to Him who hath done all things well.

Again: we see the children of Israel tried in the wilderness of Sin. (Chap. xvi.) Now it is a question of food to eat. They could not trust Jehovah, who delivered them from bondage and the Egyptians, to provide for their daily wants, and they *murmured*. How did God meet their murmurings? In grace. Oh! it is all grace from first to last. “Of His fulness have all we received, and grace for grace.” He met all their discontent and murmuring in grace, until they put themselves under law, when their murmurings had to be punished as rebellion and sin. He met their need by providing “bread from heaven”—wonderful grace! “Then said the Lord unto Moses, Behold I will rain bread from heaven for you, and the people shall go out and gather a certain rate every day.” Jehovah's redeemed ones were to

feed on it to sustain them daily in the wilderness, and to strengthen them for their conflict with Amalek.

What means this "bread from heaven"? It is Christ. It is all Christ. The Lamb typified Christ; the Red Sea, the death of Christ; the tree, Christ; the manna, Christ. In John vi. we have the great Antitype of this. Jesus there calls Himself the Bread of life—the Bread of heaven, to give life, and to sustain the life given

(To be continued.)

and imparted to the believer. The manna was their *daily* bread; but none was to be gathered on the seventh day—the Sabbath.

Our space will not permit us to enlarge on this precious and important truth: we must postpone the consideration of it until next month, asking God, by His Holy Spirit, to bless these few thoughts to the liberating and establishing of many of His children, for Christ's sake. Amen.

PRACTICAL THOUGHTS ON THE EPHESIANS.

INTRODUCTION. (Read Acts xviii., xix., xx.)

BY W. J. HOCKING.

THIS epistle was written, as its first verse tells us, by Paul to the saints at Ephesus. Now Ephesus was the capital of that important province called Asia, and ranked at that time as one of the chief cities of the then known world. Being situated near the sea coast, and having a central position, it grew great commercially. Merchant princes were in its streets, and vessels from all parts filled its harbour. Long caravans brought merchandise from



THE GODDESS DIANA.

the interior to be sold in its markets and bazaars. But great as it was in the mercantile world, it was not of less importance as a religious centre. For at Ephesus stood the huge temple of Diana, one of the seven wonders of the world; and crowds of pilgrims flocked from all parts to pay their devotions to the goddess, said by the cunning priests to have fallen down from heaven, or from Jupiter the god of heaven. Besides this, Ephesus was celebrated for its

practice of magic. Exorcists, wizards, conjurers, and fortune-tellers of every class and description, were to be found there, while written and spoken charms were very common.

Thus we see that in this most cultured city, the people were bound hand and foot in the chains of idolatry. And though it had been made a "free city" by the Romans, it was in slavery to Satan: though the inhabitants were keen in worldly bargains, they were daily and hourly being deceived by the subtle enemy of souls. But God was going to command the light of the glorious gospel to shine into the thick darkness; and so Paul was led to visit this place. It was when journeying from Cenchrea to Jerusalem (A.D. 53) the apostle first passed through it. Though his stay was very brief he found time to preach to the Jews (for they had founded a colony in the town). His discourses in the synagogues were well received, and he was begged to stay longer. Being anxious to get to Jerusalem however, Paul declined, but promised to return if God willed it.

In about a year's time he kept his promise, and he found that one Apollos had been preaching during his absence, and some few persons had been convinced that Jesus was the Christ. But Apollos knew little more than the teaching of John the Baptist, so Paul instructed them more fully. He also went to the synagogue, and spake boldly to the Jews for three months.

Finding that they now hardened their hearts against the truth, and misrepresented his words to the townsmen, he turned from them. Tyrannus, doubtless a professor of rhetoric or

philosophy, is said to have had a school in the town. This was probably nothing more or less than a large open space, where he was accustomed to lecture to his pupils. To this place, however, Paul repaired and in it proclaimed his message to those who chose to listen to him. Day after day this "stranger" was found there declaring in burning words the truths so familiar to us, but so new to them. He told eager listeners of the living and true God who made heaven and earth, and daily sustained all things. He said that this great God had sent His Son into the world, and this Son was not a block of stone like Diana, but a real living Person.

Moreover the Lord Jesus had shown his divine power by deeds more mighty and wonderful than mere juggling tricks. And such was His love that He had died on the cross for them. These and many other things Paul spoke of, while God testified to His word by granting His servant special power. For handkerchiefs, sent by Paul in the name of the Lord Jesus, healed diseases and cast out evil spirits. This struck a blow at their belief in magic; for no conjurors could do such a thing as that. Some exorcists attempted to use the name of the Lord Jesus in their incantations; but it resulted in such a signal failure that it was noised all over Ephesus. (See Acts xix.)

Throughout two full years the work thus went on; and great was the tide of blessing that followed the labours of the apostle. Many were turned from darkness to light, and these not only from the common people. Exorcists and diviners were arrested by the power of the Spirit, and led to Jesus as their Saviour. In the power of their new love, such confessed the tricks by which they had deceived the people. And bringing out more strongly the reality of

their conversion, they made a bonfire of the books, (worth about £1875,) containing the secrets of their magical arts.

Such was the testimony God raised to Himself in, as it were, the very stronghold of Satan. And the Spirit concludes His description of the work there by the suggestive words "So (in this manner) mightily grew the word of God and prevailed."

But a scene presently occurred which caused immense uproar, and which hastened Paul's departure. It arose on this wise. Many of the Ephesians were engaged in making silver shrines or models of Diana, and of her temple. These they sold to pilgrims and others at no small profit. But when the people began to turn from idols to serve the living and true God they had no occasion for these things. So these craftsmen found their trade getting less and less. Thereupon one Demetrius, a chief among them, stirred them up to oppose Paul. And an indignation meeting was held in the vast theatre, which boded no small ill for the apostle. After much riotous procedure, the assembly was dismissed by the town clerk, and quietness restored. Paul, however, deemed it wise to remain no longer, so he departed [A.D. 57] after the long stay of nearly three years.

Once after, he met the elders of Ephesus at Miletus, where after many words of counsel and warning he bade them a final and affectionate farewell. (Acts xx. 17—38.)

But though the beloved apostle did not see them face to face again, (as far as we know,) he thought of them [A.D. 62] when a prisoner at Rome, (Eph. iii. 1). Then it was that he penned this letter to them, full as it is of wonderful teaching. And if the Lord will, we hope to look into this letter to see next month what it says to us.

"WE JOY IN GOD."

GOD calls us to joy. Joy is not sustained in the soul by anything of our own, but God having given His Son to bear all that He had against us, He would have us to joy, and rejoice in *Himself*, and never can we get to the end of that joy. If Christ be my portion, I cannot but joy and rejoice in Him. When I am really

enjoying Christ, a thousand little things are quietly set aside. I never had my heart occupied with a living Christ, without finding that His love drew my affections after Him. I never get careless without there being cold chills. To the disciples it was not only that the Lord was their shelter, but it was *Himself* they loved.

God's Mighty Men of Valour.

AUGUSTINE, AND HIS MOTHER MONICA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SHORT PAPERS ON THE REFORMERS."



Augustine the great evangelic light of the West, was born in the beginning of the fifth century, in the little town of Tagaste, in Numidia, Africa. His father was a heathen, but he had an inestimable treasure in his loving, praying mother, Monica. Clever and admired, temptation came very early to Augustine, and he soon became addicted to evil companions and a prey to the worst vices.

His broken-hearted mother, who was now a widow, and had only Augustine left to her in the world, was in the deepest affliction: in vain she remonstrated with him; there was nothing for her but prayer. One night, after she had been long in supplication for him, she had a remarkable dream; she thought she was standing on a deep, dark abyss, weeping bitterly. A voice spoke to her asking her why she wept. "It is for Augustine, my dear son," she answered. "Be of good cheer," the voice replied, "for where thou art there he shall be also."

She felt comforted by this, and the next morning told her dream to Augustine. He tried to laugh it off, and said that perhaps it meant that she was to become as he was; but she answered very earnestly, "No, for it was not said, where he is there you shall be, but where thou art there he shall be." Augustine was struck with his mother's solemn reply, and a longing for something better than the sinful life he was leading begun to stir in his breast; but alas! instead of turning to Christ, he embraced Manicheism, a subtle form of error long since died out of the world.

One day his mother, with her heart filled with

anguish, went to a good old christian pastor in the neighbourhood, and besought him to see her son and try to convince him of his errors. Knowing the young man's pride and obstinacy, he was unwilling to undertake the task. "Let him alone," was his advice, "only go on praying for him, and in due time God will lead him right." Poor Monica with floods of tears again urged her request, till the pastor answered, "Woman, go away, it is not possible that the child of so many prayers and tears should perish." With a feeling of comfort in her heart, Monica rose and left the house.

But worse trials were still in store for the devoted mother. Augustine, who was now a teacher of rhetoric, was very anxious to go and live in Rome. His mother dreading the many new temptations of this great and wicked city, and naturally wishing to keep her only child beside her, implored him not to go, and fervently prayed that God would hinder his plans. It seemed as though God and her son alike disregarded her entreaties, for Augustine, pretending he wished to go to the harbour to see a friend off, slipped away, and was soon with the ship far away from land. In vain the mother waited her son's return, and soon the truth burst upon her that she had been cruelly deceived.

Afflicted and desolate, poor Monica returned to her home, so lonely now, without her child, and there amid groans and tears commended her wandering boy to the keeping of her Saviour.

"Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." And soon had Monica with joy to confess that even then God was answering her prayers in His own wise way, for this very separation was the means of Augustine's conversion.

As soon as he landed in Italy, he was laid low with a dangerous illness, and now his faith in Manicheism was shaken.

Soon after this he removed to Milan, where Ambrose was in the height of his power,

attracting crowds by the truth and eloquence of his teaching. Augustine attended his meetings, drawn there first by curiosity and admiration of his beautiful language. Soon, however, he began to listen more earnestly, his interest was roused, and he grew weary of his Manicheism. He continued diligently to attend, and although he still pursued his foolish, sinful life, yet the burden of sin became very heavy, and Augustine was thoroughly unhappy.

At last he became fully convinced of the truth of Christianity, but he dreaded the strictness of a christian life. He used often now to pray the strange prayer, "Lord, convert me, but not now." Often and often he seemed to hear the words sounding in his ears, "Awake! thou that sleepest, and arise from among the dead, and Christ shall give thee light." And his answer would always be "Presently, Lord, by and by, let me alone a little longer." Oh, the marvellous long-suffering of Christ!

At this time he and a dear friend, Alypius, used often to read the epistles of Paul together. One day when they were reading and conversing, a visitor came in. He seemed greatly surprised at the Book they were reading, and the conversation turned to the subject of Christianity. The visitor, who was himself a believer, began

to relate various anecdotes of persons who had recently been converted and had given up all for Christ. As he listened, Augustine's heart burned within him, and he yearned to be as they were.

As soon as the visitor left, Augustine went into the garden, and weeping bitterly he threw himself down under a fig-tree, and implored God to save him. Then he opened his Bible, and the words before him were, "Not in rioting and drunkenness, not in chambering and wantonness . . . put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ." The words entered into his soul; he bowed before them, and immediately he was filled with peace and joy. His friend, who had followed him into the garden, leaned over his shoulder, and reading, a little further on, the words, "Him that is weak in the faith receive ye"—exclaimed, "Surely, that is me; my faith is small, but I too may be received;" and he, also, having faith in the Saviour, was filled with peace.

Without resting, the young men went to Monica, and who can describe her joy when she found that God had heard and answered her prayers?

We must reserve the account of Augustine's ministry for another paper.

GLEANINGS IN THE FIELDS OF SCRIPTURE.

At Jesus' Feet—

To hear His WORD as a DISCIPLE (Lukex. 39.)
To WEEP in DISTRESS (Jno. xi. 32.)
To WORSHIP in DEVOTION (Jno. xii. 3.)

His place ours—

In the last chapter of the Gospel of John the beloved disciple occupies the same position, in relation to Christ, that in the first chapter, Christ occupies, in relation to the Father. In one we get the "Son in the bosom of the Father;" in the other the apostle John, as the one who "leaned on Jesus' breast." What a theme for our wonder and worship.

Fanning and Sifting.—

Christ fans to get rid of the chaff.—Matt. iii. 12.
Satan sifts to get rid of the wheat.—Luke xxii. 31.

Man's Giving and God's.—

Man's giving: "That every one of them may take a little." John vi. 7—11.
God's giving: "As much as they would." John vi. 7—11.

Pride Goes Before Destruction.—

Study Nebuchadnezzar (Dan. v. 20)—Belshazzar (Dan. v. 23—30)—Amaziah (2 Kings xiv. 10)
Uzziah (2 Chron. xxvi. 16)—Hezekiah (2 Chron. xxxii. 25)—Prince of Tyrus (Ezek. xxviii. 2, 5, 17)—Herod (Acts xii. 32)—(See Luke i. 51, 2.)

The Christian and the World in John xvii.

He is given to Christ out of the world.—Left in the world.—Not of the world.—Hated by the world.—Kept from the world.—Sent into the world.—Preaches to the world, (all in John xvii.)

Work in the Lord's Vineyard.

Italy.—A friend kindly sends us an extract from a letter written by the aged Count Guicciardini, who has for many years been a witness for the Lord in Italy. "You ask me for details of the work of the Lord in Italy. I may tell you that, even in the midst of the darkness of these countries, and of the unbelief which rules the human race, we have that in which to rejoice and to bless God, who shows us many miracles of conversion to the living God. As for myself, I cannot be very active on account of my advanced age and inherent infirmities. Nevertheless the Lord in His goodness has honoured me by using, for His service my insufficiency, and I bless and thank Him for His compassion, of which he has made me witness; I say this while humbling myself before Him. For myself, I believe that the truths of the gospel are making progress and extending in Italy. We have many workers who are truly men of God, full of grace and of the Holy Spirit; zealous and active, who bear with them everywhere the good news of the gospel; there are also churches in the midst of which the soul feels refreshed by the Spirit of God. Every day we see the harvest extend and ripen. May the Lord be pleased to send a greater number of workers into His harvest. You can imagine easily that if we see much good, we also meet with many difficulties, and we are obliged to weep over things which are not directly according to God's will. Still for this we must pray, and since you give me the opportunity by your letter, I beseech you to unite your prayers with ours that the Lord may help us."

Madrid.—At Bellas Vistas the Roman Catholics never took any notice of the poor miserable rag-pickers, living huddled together in ignorance and dirt. All these years it never occurred to them that the children were half wild, and should be gathered and taught, but when we go and get the poor things together an hour on Sundays, and another on Wednesdays, all at once they wake up, and now they try to steal a march on us, and have put a day school near our mission. Of course the first thing they do, is to prohibit the children coming to us. However, they still come, and as yet we know no difference. "If God be for us who can be against us?" Our last opened school has to go through the same experiences as the other four. All sorts of reports are raised about it, and us, and for the moment the attendance is less, but we shall see prayer answered, for God who gave us the best house in the Barrio when men resolved we should not enter it, and also give us an earnest christian mistress, and fill the desks with those whom He will favour with His holy word.—*Albert R. Fenn.*

Work among Chinese.—Mr. W. Macdonald writes from Penang:—"One young man, who for a long time was greatly beset by his parents and relatives, has now used his liberty in the face of their entreaties and their threatenings, and has more peace and power. He witnesses of the Lord to his Chinese countrymen and to Europeans, and whilst being frequently reviled and denounced by man, receives the special consolation that our Lord always gives to those

who suffer for His name's sake. This very brother was telling me, a few days ago, that he had met with one who was baptized among us some two years since, and who through persecution fell away; he still says that he believes the gospel, but that his circumstances are such that he must keep it secret. He has just left to go into Siam to seek his livelihood. A woman here gave us great hopes at one time that she was the Lord's. She was convinced that she should be baptized and come to the Lord's table, but her family were all against her, and all her people. She trifled with her convictions, did not prepare herself to lose her life for Christ's sake, and now she does not even welcome a christian to visit at her house. We are sorry for her. She seems not like an unbeliever, but rather to be a 'fearful one.'"

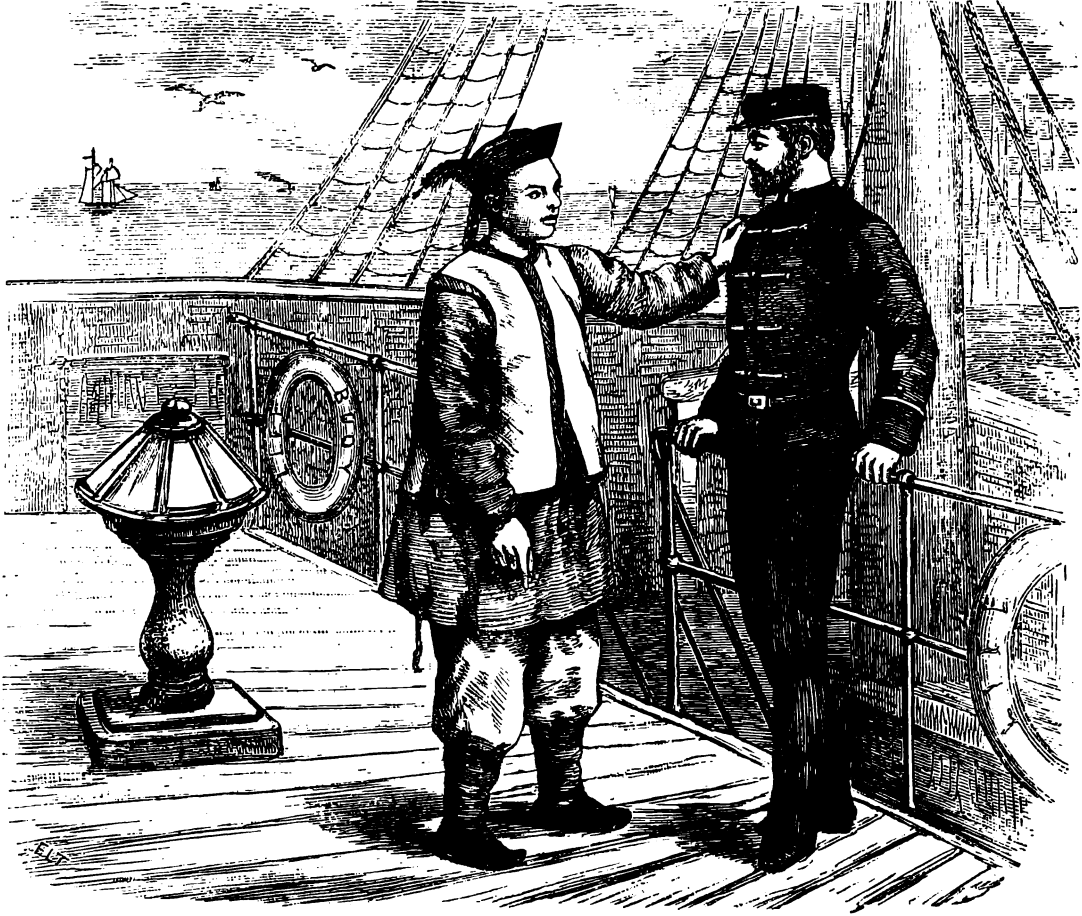
France.—Mr. A. H. Darling writes to a friend about St. Etienne, where he has recently gone:—"I am glad to have an opportunity of preaching the gospel to some patients of the Medical Mission here three times weekly. On Tuesday there were 56; to-day not so many. I also go from door to door, climbing the houses of four and five flats high, visiting each family, giving them a gospel and a tract, and also the message of love by the living voice when able. I meet with strange people, some of them very rebellious against God. Work is exceedingly bad; many thousands are out of employment, but instead of being softened thus, they are more rebellious. If we had not the promise of our heavenly Father being with us, we might well despair in the work, but I find some willing listeners. Romanism has disgusted people; they have gone to the other extreme and become free-thinkers or atheists."

Nice.—My service during the winter months, I am sorry to say is much restricted owing to a weak body, still I am able to be out till sunset, and afterwards have my time much occupied in correspondence connected with the "Strangers' Rests" at Marseilles, which it was my privilege to commence in 1879. During a considerable part of last summer I had the satisfaction of spending much of my time in the work there, and hope to do so again this year. At the present time I am much interested in and occupied with a Bible Kiosk that is erected in the grounds of the International Exhibition. There have been very few sales as yet, but I trust that we may have the joy of being able to put the Word of God into many hands. Nice is a sad place to live in, a city given up to the idol of pleasure, and, like Lot of old, we have much occasion for being daily grieved with the filthy conversation of the wicked.—*C. E. Faithfull.*

The Upper Zambesi.—Letters from Mr. F. S. Arnot, dated Leshuma, Sept. 12, have been received, for which many will give God thanks. He had come down from Loelui, the town of the king of the Barotse, had visited some of the natives in the neighbourhood of the Victoria Falls, and was just about to return to Loelui. The report that he had been captured by the Matabele seems unfounded. Interesting details will be found in the *Missionary Echo* of this month.

GRACE AND TRUTH

For Old and Young.



God's Glad Tidings of Salvation.

THE CONVERSION OF NING ALEE, A CHINAMAN.

BY A NAVAL OFFICER.

WAS a young officer on board H.M.S. *Rifleman*, then laying up in Hong Kong harbour for repairs. We had a number of Chinese on board, to one of whom, Ning Alee, an intelligent man, but an idolater, I had often and earnestly spoken of the true God, and of the gift of eternal life

through His Son. His marked attention again had excited hope, and earnestly had I prayed for his soul, when one beautiful summer evening, as I stood in deep thought, by the gunwale, Ning Alee came up, and placing his hand tenderly on my shoulder exclaimed—

“Why, what is it you are so earnestly thinking about?”



"I was asking the Lord that His light might shine into your heart."

"Oh," said he, "I also was thinking of you, and I am come to tell you that I believe in Jesus, and am happy now."

How great was my joy! But a still greater surprise was in store. Gazing first on the shipping around, and then on the expanding sea and the distant towering mountains, "All this," he solemnly exclaimed, "will pass away, and not a vestige remain." Again putting his hand on my shoulder, he added, "and this poor body will crumble into dust, but my brother, (and his face lit up with a joy I shall never forget,) the soul shall never die; for ever we shall be with the Lord Jesus."

What else could I do but lead him down to my cabin and thank God for that love which had made us both sons of God, and made us one in Christ Jesus, with whom we should spend eternity together? That same evening, after I had gone to my hammock, I felt some one near. It was my friend and brother Ning Alee, "Good-night!" said I, "Good-night!" he replied, but still he moved not. A bright smile told me what it was he wanted, and again saying, "Good-night!" I gave him a parting kiss. To my surprise he had brought his sleeping mat close under my hammock, and to the day he left the ship there he lay as close as he could get, and night and morning expected his salutation kiss. Whether on board ship or on land, he continually sought my company, and as often as possible we read together the Word of Life.

Ning Alee suffered constant persecution from his idolatrous countrymen while on board; but his was a real conversion, and he bore it patiently; and bright was his testimony for Him who had called him out of the darkness of idolatry into the marvellous light of eternal life. Six months had we the privilege of being to-

gether; and when the parting came it was most tender, for he hung on my neck and cried like a child.

Twice after this I saw Ning Alee on the American steamer *Origionion*, then running between Hong Kong, Shanghai, and Japan. The last interview was truly affecting. The moment I stepped on board, in the presence of all his shipmates, he threw his arms around my neck, kissed me tenderly, exclaiming, "My brother, my brother!" At last he had found one (the captain's valet) whose heart the Lord had opened to receive the truth, to whom he at once introduced me; and we returned to the saloon to read the word of God together. While speaking of those ever-precious words, "God so loved the world," &c., the valet suddenly exclaimed, "Did Jesus die for me?" and immediately he confessed the name of the Lord. This was great joy to Ning Alee, who thus obtained a true friend and a brother.

Night stole quickly on; the shadows of evening told us we must part, perhaps to see each other no more till we meet in eternal peace and glory. Sorrowfully we dropped over the ship's side into my waiting boat; when Ning Alee, resting his head on my shoulder, earnestly besought the Lord that He would keep us both following in His footsteps till we met in the glory, where parting would be known no more. Then he clung to me as if he could not let me go. "Oh, my brother," said he, weeping as if his heart would break, "it is hard to part. I part with father and mother, sister and brother, but it is not like this."

When last I heard of him he was still journeying on, a bright light in a dark place; and never have I doubted that we shall meet and rejoice together where the sorrow of parting will never be known again.

"NECESSARY, BUT NOT ENOUGH."

OR, THE CONVERSION OF A ROMAN CATHOLIC.

BY A. MARSHALL.

A POOR lad was lying on a sick bed in the town of P—. Born and brought up in the Roman Catholic communion he supposed that his prayers, attendance at mass, and confession would help on the salvation of his

soul. He did not believe that good deeds of themselves would be sufficient to merit forgiveness, but with Christ's work added he fondly hoped that he would stand a "good chance" of getting to heaven "at last."

A kind Christian lady sought to show him, from the Scriptures, God's thoughts about sin and salvation—that the Lord Jesus, by His one offering on the cross, had done all that was necessary for the sinner's deliverance. On hearing this, in an ecstasy of joy, he exclaimed, "I always knew that it was necessary that Christ should die, but never till now did I know that it was enough."

What a depth of meaning there is in these simple words! Unconverted men and women, Protestants and Roman Catholics, firmly believe that it was necessary for Christ to die, but they do not consider that what He has done and suffered is sufficient for their soul's salvation. They think that they must add their faith, prayers, works, experiences, sorrow for sin, &c. This is a fatal mistake. Everything necessary for the deliverance of souls from condemnation and from the thralldom of sin and Satan was completed on Calvary—sin's mighty debt was paid; the penalty was borne; the ransom was provided; the cup of wrath was exhausted. Justice is fully and perfectly satisfied—not with what you have done, dear reader, but with what Christ has done for you. Listen to the triumphant cry which came from His own blessed lips, "It is finished!" (John xix. 30.) The precious blood of Christ has, once for all, completely

satisfied every demand of law and justice.

A clever sceptic asked a humble Christian to define the gospel in which she gloried so much. Her reply was as follows,—“God is satisfied with the finished work of Christ, and I am satisfied with that which satisfies Him.” How delightfully precious and true! Do you know anything, dear reader, of such “satisfaction?” Or are you satisfied with yourself, your prayers, faith, or repentance? Self-satisfaction is soul-destruction. If unsatisfied with the world, its pleasures, and amusements, think of and meditate upon God's wondrous love to you.

“Look away from self and sin,

Look and live! Look and live!

Look at what the Lord has done—

Look and live! Look and live!”

Cease looking within. Do not occupy yourself with your faith or feelings. Look to the Lord Jesus groaning, bleeding, and dying for you, and ask yourself the question, If God is satisfied with the finished work of Christ, why should I not be satisfied with that which satisfies Him?

“Be it known unto you, therefore, men and brethren, that through this Man is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins; and by Him all that believe are justified from all things from which ye could not be justified by the law of Moses.” (Acts xiii. 38, 39.)

THE BASKET OF STRAWBERRIES.

I WAS travelling in Cornwall; it was a hot summer's day, and before starting I had purchased a basket of strawberries to slake my thirst on the journey. At the outskirts of the town the vehicle stopped, and a lady stepped in. She had barely taken her seat when, her eye lighting on the strawberries, she ejaculated loud enough for me to hear, “O dear me, I am so sorry.” On hearing her exclamation I enquired the cause thereof, when she replied, “Because I omitted to procure some strawberries to take with me to the friend I am going to see, who is sick.” I immediately said, “Pray madam, take these,” presenting the strawberries to her. “I could not deprive you of them,” was her reply. “I assure you, madam, you are quite welcome to them if you will accept them,” I answered. “Oh no,” she said, “I cannot take

them unless you allow me to pay for them,” at the same time putting her hand into her pocket. “You must have them for nothing, madam, or not have them at all,” I rejoined. Still she hesitated; but at length, when I added, “You must have them on my terms or not at all,” she perceived my purpose was to give and not to sell, and immediately she thankfully received them.

After they had become her property, I said, “The reluctance you have shewn in receiving those strawberries is just what many a sinner shows towards God in the matter of his soul's salvation, because he wants to pay God something for it.” The conversation was here stopped by her having to leave the omnibus.

A few months after the above incident took place, I was again nearing P— by a different

route, which necessitated my crossing a river by a ferry-boat. The boatman was a hale old Cornishman, of full sixty summers, who said to me on stepping into his boat early in the morning, by way of excusing the use of the pipe which was in his mouth, "Always have a pipe after breakfast, sir," and immediately added, "have been a teetotaller for twenty-eight years, sir." His countenance confirmed his statement that he was a temperate man. "Teetotalism is

slowly paddling me across the river, I sought to unfold to him the way of salvation through faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, and illustrated the freeness of eternal life, as God's gift to the sinner, by the foregoing narrative of the basket of strawberries. I had no sooner finished than he exclaimed, "O dear me, I see what I have been about these last twenty-one years, like that lady wanting to give God something for His great salvation; but I see that it is all the free gift of His love through our Lord Jesus Christ, I have nothing to do but to take it;" and he then began to rejoice, being filled with joy and peace in believing.

Nine years elapsed ere I again saw my friend, the boatman, who, having expressed his joy in again seeing me, said, "O sir, I have had the peace of God flowing into my soul ever since you met me in this boat that morning; and besides which He has converted two of my sons, one of whom has gone to the Island of Bermuda to preach Christ."

Beloved reader, this incident is related if by any means your eyes may be opened to see that God is a giving God; He "so loved the world that He gave His

only begotten Son, that whosoever beliveth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." In the midst of a world of ruined, guilty sinners, who have forfeited every claim on His mercy and favour, He was in Christ reconciling the world to Himself, not imputing their trespasses unto them, never judging or pronouncing a woe but on those who dared to hinder Him in the blessing of the needy sons and daughters of Adam.



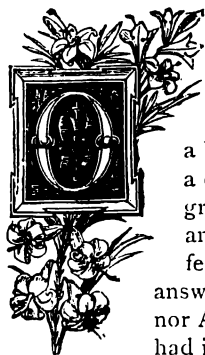
"THE BOATMAN WAS A HAILE OLD CORNISHMAN."

all very well for this life, my friend, but it will not save the soul," I replied. "So I find, sir," was his ready answer. And on getting into further conversation I soon discovered that he was in an enquiring state of mind, having been many years previously awakened to a sense of his need of a Saviour. All these years, however, he had never known the forgiveness of sins through the precious blood of Christ, nor the blessedness of peace with God. As he was

Green Pastures and Still Waters.

GRACE INDESTRUCTIBLE.

BY J. DENHAM SMITH.



VER against the indestructibility of the divine life in a believer, and as showing how a child of God may fall from grace, it is said that both Satan and Adam, who were once perfect, lost their first estate. The answer to this is, neither Satan nor Adam had *eternal* life. They had innocence, they had creature

life, but not *Christ*. They did not stand in Christ; and were not one with Him, nor had He said of them, "They shall never perish, neither shall any pluck them out of my hand." Scripture is never against Scripture; no one word of it can be falsified by another. Unchangeable is the declaration—"He that heareth my word, and believeth Him that sent me, hath *eternal life, and cometh not into judgment, but hath passed*" (once for all) "*out of death into life.*" (R.V.)

We have no doubt then as to the final perseverance, or rather the final preservation, of a child of God; but what many may reasonably doubt is, Are they children of God? It is one thing to know justification in the Bible, and another thing to see it for our own souls. Let me ask, How are we living? Are we professors only, and not possessors? Many are such, and so fall away. But from what do they fall? Not from grace—they never knew grace; not from Christ—they were never His; but from a mere profession of Him, *having a name to live whilst they were dead*. Then is it on final preservation that we are to rest our hope for eternity? Certainly not, but on Christ; not on election, or on predestination, but on Christ alone. There is no foundation for us, living or dying, but that indicated in the precious words given us in John iii. 16; and Heb. ix. 26—28.

A servant of God once said to me when near his end, "It is not dispensational truth, important as that is, which now occupies my mind, but the shed blood, the open grave, and the rent

veil." "Concerning heart experiences in a dying hour," in agreement with this, says a valuable author, "when the believer draws near the end of life, and from his dying bed looks back upon the past, one of his clear and most vivid experiences is not that of saintship, but sinnership. Then it is that of all the precious truths of God's most holy Word, in which his soul was wont to delight, none seem so suitable to him as those which declare a full salvation without works—salvation for every needy sinner through the death of Christ in the sinner's stead. He may have been a disciple of Jesus for fifty years. He may possess much knowledge of the deep things of a covenant God. He may have been richly favoured throughout his christian life with much fellowship with the Father and with His Son Jesus Christ. He may be closing a life of much usefulness in the service of his gracious Master. Nevertheless it is not from his much knowledge, or his much fellowship, or his much usefulness he derives comfort and peace in that solemn hour, but only from the fact that "the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin." Thus he found peace fifty years before.

"None but Christ! His merit hides me;
He was faultless, I am fair;

None but Christ! His wisdom guides me;
He was outcast, I'm His care.

"None but Christ! His Spirit seals me,
Gives me wisdom with control.

None but Christ! His bruising heals me,
And His sorrow soothes my soul.

"None but Christ! His life sustains me;
Strength and song to me He is;

None but Christ! His love constrains me.
He is mine, and I am His.

"His while living, His when dying,
His at judgment's solemn tryst;

E'en in heaven, on Him relying,
I will boast of *none but Christ*."

ALL THINGS NEW.

BY DR. MC'KILLIAM.

"In Christ . . . old things are passed away; behold all things are become new; and all things are of God."—2 Cor. v. 17, 18.

BELOVED, the moment you and I believed on Christ we entered into a new life, a new world, and became, a new creation. The death of the Lord Jesus was not only death to us, but the end of the old world; yea, the end of all created things. Not that these things have yet actually passed away, but by faith to us they have, because we "died" to them all when "crucified with Christ." In the risen and ascended Christ, God beholds the new creation, and that alone, and in the measure in which the eye of our heart is occupied with Christ we shall see the same. To us the last day of that old time was the Sabbath, during which *we* lay dead in Joseph's tomb ("buried with Him by baptism into death"—Rom. vi. 4), while the din and folly of human holiness, and rite and ceremony, the last terrible specimen of which was the crucifixion of the Son of God—rolled overhead.

Now we are in the risen and ascended Christ, God's new Man—"the beginning of the creation of God," (Rev. iii. 14.)—the only Life. It is of a truth a new existence, and here, and now, "we are alive unto God." The first day of this fair new world (*kosmos*) was the resurrection morn. Beloved, we are resurrection people, soon to be clothed with glorified bodies, and we are living on the first day of the week—the early morning of the Lord's day. In Christ, seated together with Him in the heavenlies, we ought to look back on the earth,—we are not of it; "our citizenship is in heaven."

It may profit us to look a little more fully into this.

The man of the old creation, the first Adam, was made a living soul. God placed him in the midst of the old fair creation, and gave him to be the head of all that order of things. On him, under God, all was made to turn and depend. Adam sinned, and by his one act of sin, death came and spread through unto all, "death reigned over all." (Rom. v. 12, 14.) thenceforth man, till then the living head of all things, became a dead, worthless, helpless

nothing. Whatever he may now believe at the devil's mouth, he has no real spiritual power. He is a dead thing, and all his so-called ability, and capacity, and worth are lies of Satan's whispering. If there is energy at all, it is the devil's producing. (Ephes. ii. 2.) The word of God declares emphatically that in that old creation, so ruined, there is no good; all is death and corruption. Throughout Old Testament times this was proved both without law, and under law. It was proved most fully in the sad history of a people chosen and educated by God (only *not created anew*). Jehovah's last appeal to man so circumstanced was by His Son, and Him "they crucified." It is enough: the marred vessel is rejected for ever by the Potter—the whole old creation is declared a cursed thing; "Esau have I hated."

"Behold! *I make* all things new." (Rev. xxi. 5.)

In this new creation God is the all and in all. Nothing is left to us. Here, it is not that we are men made by God and left to stand or fall, having, like Adam, the inherent ability to stand, with the possibilities of failure; but we are in Christ (members of His body), a creation of God whose very nature is wholly and for ever an expression of divine grace and power. "We are God's workmanship, created in Christ Jesus." (Ephes. ii. 10.)

The resurrection of Jesus Christ "from among dead ones," was the first act in this new creation, and on believing in Him who was put to death for our sins and raised again for our justification, every one, so believing, is, by the power of God, made part of this new creation. On such an one this great change has passed. He is transferred for ever from the old Adam standing with its connections, laws, and consequences. He has died to all. He is **IN CHRIST**. The old arrangement of things is destined to pass away amid terrible judgments, but amid the ruin we shall stand forth fully manifested to the praise of the glory of the grace of God; and the Christ of God shall re-arrange all things according to the will of His Father.

Wherever and whatever the blessed portion of Christ shall be, therein shall the man in Christ share. The wreck of all which has already been rejected of God cannot touch him, for, from that scene he passed long before.

It is a dreadful truth that even now, at this very moment, the only event awaiting all out of Christ—the old creation—is the sure and terrible everlasting destruction from the presence of God. At the moment when the blackness of darkness hovered over Calvary's cross, the doom of that old creation was irrevocably fixed. The sentence was passed, but God has

paused to proclaim grace to whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord. In the "longsuffering" of God the pause is prolonged, moment by moment; not an hour is promised. In the light of this truth God's cry of "*Now*" is ominous. "To-day," with the implied rebuke "*after so long a time*," "To-day if ye will hear His voice," is to those who understand it, a cry of more dread solemnity than can be expressed. Oh! that poor condemned sinners would flee to Jesus Christ. In HIM there is absolute safety. "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."

STANDING BEFORE GOD THE SECRET OF POWER.

NOTES OF A LECTURE BY W. LINCOLN.—I Kings xix.

BELOVED, it is important that all service should emanate from communion with God. Because we have grace from the Lord to-day, for any service, it does not follow that we shall have it to-morrow. Every day we should gather the manna fresh, and feed upon it. Samson might go hither and thither and shake himself, but it was nothing but the manifestation of weakness. We often go on in the Lord's work without power. We may have a knowledge of the truth, and preach the gospel, but it is worse than useless, if it does not arise from power and energy in the Holy Ghost.

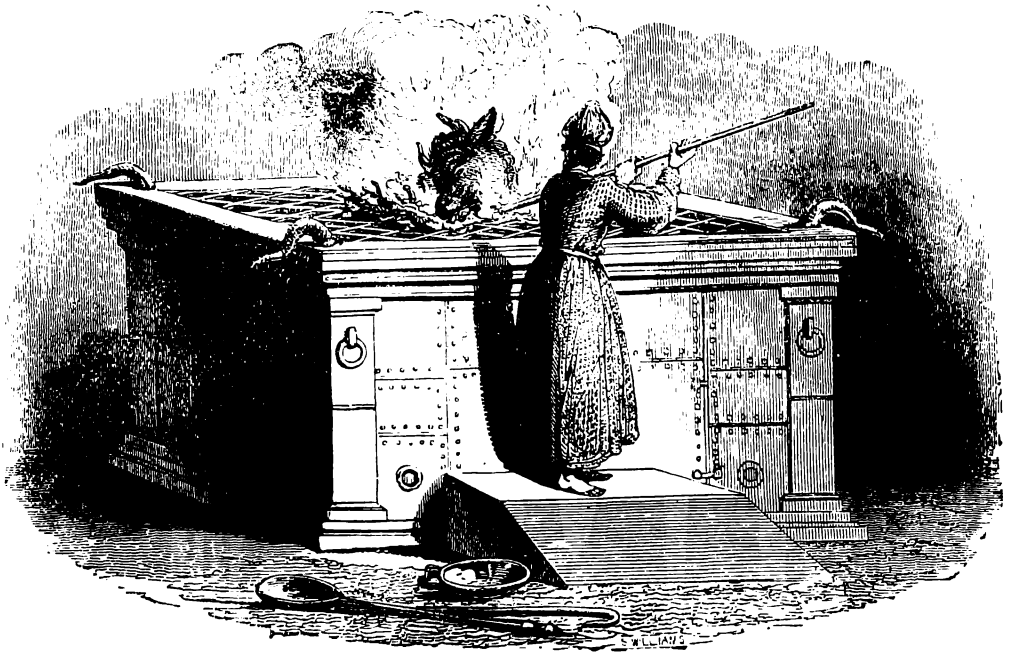
In this part of Elijah's history we see how we may be used and owned of God, and afterwards, like Samson, lose our strength, because we walk not with God. When Elijah went out, he could not but be owned by God—a saint *must* be owned, when walking before Him. Paul would comfort the Corinthian saints with the comfort wherewith he himself was comforted by God. Now, where was Elijah when God owned him? He was in the presence of God—chap. xvii. 1; "As the Lord God of Israel liveth, before *whom I stand*." In chap. xviii. 15, Elijah was not afraid of Ahab: he was bold, and if you want to be bold in the Lord, you must *stand before God*. If you want to be used, stand before Him; and if you want to have the flesh broken down, stand before Him.

Oh, how we see the tenderness of His love in caring for His servant. We may sleep, and as it were allow the hair to be shaven off, but ah! beloved, God never forsakes us in our weak-

ness. I do not know of anything that humbles us more, than to see the character of God, and the grace of His heart. For see now how God takes care of Elijah, not only when he was walking in strict obedience, but when he failed. In the 17th chapter he walked in obedience, and the ravens brought him bread and flesh in the morning, and he drank of the brook; and when the brook was dried up, the Lord still cared for him. What a blessed thing to go here and there, guided by God!

Now look at all the time Elijah loses—all the time we lose—no benefit to our own souls—no bringing glory to God. "Jezebel sent a messenger unto Elijah, "So let the gods do to me, and more also, if I make not thy life as the life of one of them to-morrow about this time." Where does he go when he hears this? Into the wilderness. Ah! what a place—and alone. He is not now standing before God, he is thinking about himself. And what is the thought of his heart?—it is about dying. "Take away my life, for I am no better than my fathers." A man who had declared there should be no rain, and it was so: a man so used of God to say, "Let me die!" Ah, how one feels the nothingness of self, and nothingness of service, when not standing before God! but blessed is it to see how God cares for us, even when we wander. Look at the tenderness of God—"The journey is too great for thee, Arise and eat." And Elijah "went in the strength of this meat forty days and forty nights unto Horeb, the mount of God."

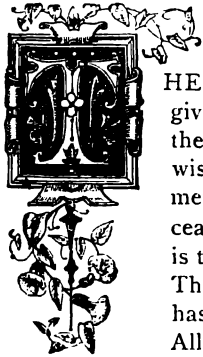
Gleanings in the Fields of Scripture.



THE BRAZEN ALTAR.

FORESHADOWINGS IN THE TABERNACLE.*

BY GEORGE HUCKLESBY.



HERE is too little attention given to the typical truths of the Old Testament. One has wisely said : "The Old Testament is the New Testament concealed, and the New Testament is the Old Testament revealed." The author of "Divine Realities" has shewn that this is true. All through he clearly shows

that every iota of the service of the tabernacle sets forth the person and work of the Lord Jesus Christ. He is the substance of all the types and shadows, and in Him is the fulness of redemption. The author says :—"The brazen altar was the piece of furniture standing next to the gate, on the way to the tent in which the God of Israel dwelt. It seems to set forth

in unmistakeable language, the death of Christ as God's rich provision for meeting all our need as sinners. It reveals some of the mighty mysteries of the cross of Christ, which we shall be ever learning in the glory. The brazen altar was the place to which the animals were brought for sacrifice ; the victim was fastened with cords to the horns thereof ; the offerer then laid his hand upon its head, implying indentification, and to which the well-known hymn refers.

"My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of Thine,
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin."

The priest then took the sacrificial knife, and plunged its glittering blade into the vitals of the animal, and put it back into its sheath, after having done its deadly work. The offerer stood by and beheld his substitute bleeding

* Divine Realities foreshadowed in the Tabernacle and its Services. London : W. B. HORNER & SON, 27, Paternoster Square.

and dying in his stead. The priest then laid the body of the victim upon the fire on the altar, where it was consumed; and from it ascended a sweet savour unto the Lord. The ascending flame told the offerer of its acceptance; and the ashes beneath the altar told him of a finished work. The fire fed upon the sacrifice, consuming all there was to consume; consequently, there was no fire, no judgment for the offerer; he had a substitute in his offering.

In this our minds are carried on to the anti-type—the dying Lamb of God. The death of Christ is called in holy Scripture, “that sight,” as though it threw all other sights entirely into the shade. The Son of God, the Author and the divinely-appointed Heir of all things, died a malefactor’s death upon the cross! There justice unsheathed her sword, and sheathed it again. God’s inflexible holiness was vindicated; the fire of His wrath descended and spent itself upon the sinner’s Substitute.

The altar too was a type of Christ. It was made of shittim wood, and overlaid with brass.

The wood was a type of the humanity of Christ—the body that was prepared for Him by God, according to Heb. x. The shittim wood is often called “incorruptible wood” on account of its endurable nature; and would thus set forth in a striking way the incorruptibility of Christ’s flesh.

In Ps. xvi. 10, we read, “Thou wilt not leave my soul in hell, neither wilt thou suffer thine Holy One to see corruption.” The apostle Peter quoted this very Scripture on the day of Pentecost, and proved by surrounding facts that David did not speak of himself when he wrote those words, but looked on to the Lord Jesus, who died and rose again, and whose flesh saw no corruption. (Acts ii. 31; xiii. 37.)

The body was taken down from the cross, and buried by Joseph of Arimathea in his own new tomb, where it remained three days, and without sign of corruption. A contrast indeed to the body of Lazarus in John xi., of which poor weeping, broken-hearted Martha said, “Lord, by this time he stinketh, for he hath been dead four days.”

The brass overlaying the shittim wood was capable of enduring the fire upon the altar; and was doubtless a type of Divine righteousness meeting the claims of God, and setting forth Christ in His divine nature as the only One who was able to stand in the sinner’s stead, be consumed by divine justice, and yet endure God’s wrath against sin. “He that spared not His own Son, but delivered Him up for us all,” dealing with the sinless One, as though He had been the actual sinner.

THE WORDLESS BOOK.*

A *blackened* page—

“O God!” I cried,
“Is *this* my soul?
Is there not *one* white spot
Within the whole?”

His Spirit answered to my groan—
“All is corrupt, from foot to crown.”

Isaiah i. 6.

A *crimson* page—

“And is *this* all?
For loathsome sin
Nothing for me to do,
Nothing to win?”

He answered only, “When I see
The Blood, I will pass over thee.”

Exodus xii. 13.

Oh colours! blend
Within my heart,
Wrought in and sealed by Love,
In whole, not part;

As colours hid within the sun
Shine through eternity as one.

A. S.

A fair *white* page—

“Oh, may I dare
To hope for this?
Shall I not err, and then
His mercy miss?”

“Complete in comeliness, that I
Have put upon thee,” was His cry.

Ezekiel xvi. 14.

A *golden* page—

“My destiny!
Too great, too high,
For such a worm as I,
Those glories lie.”

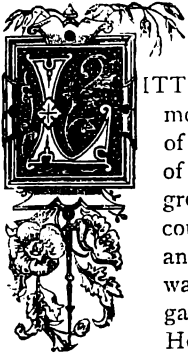
His Heart rang out its mighty claim—
“That *they* be with Me where I am.”

John xvii. 24.

* A little Book, consisting of four pages—black, crimson, white, and golden.

Talks, Tales, & Teachings for our Young Friends.

TED'S REQUEST.



LITTLE EDWARD, or more commonly called Ted, was the son of Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, and a great pet with his father, who could never bear to refuse him anything. Well, one day Ted was busy at play in the garden of the White House, when suddenly

he perceived an old soldier on crutches toiling slowly towards him, and on coming nearer the child noticed that great tears were flowing down his sunburnt face.

Now Ted had a very tender little heart, and it grieved him to see any one cry, so he quickly asked what was the matter. "Ah, sir," replied the man, "I have been shot in the war now going on, and they have sent me to the hospital, but I want to return home to my poor wife and children before I die. Alas! I cannot obtain leave, as no orders will be granted until the war is over; so every day I have crawled up here, to try and see the President; for if I could only ask him, I know he would give it me."

"Oh, is that all?" cried Ted, "just you come along with me, and I'll take you to father." Through halls and staircases went the little boy and his soldier-friend, until at length they reached a curtained door, before which was stationed a guard. The man looked at these two visitors, but said, "You cannot go in to-day, Ted, for the council is sitting; the President has given strict orders that no one is to be admitted."

Poor boy, great was his grief at hearing this, but just then the door opened as one of the ministers was passing out, and Ted in a moment catching sight of the face he loved so well, cried out "Father, I want you—tell this man to let me in." Immediately came the President's answer, loud and clear, "Let Ted

in." Opening wide the door, the guard stood aside; in hurried Ted, bringing the old soldier with him, and was soon pouring into his kind father's ear the story of the poor man's trouble. At once the President took a sheet of paper, and quickly writing an order for the man's return to his native land, gave it to him and



allowed him to leave, rejoicing that his request had at last been fulfilled.

You see, my dear children, but for Ted there was very little chance of that soldier ever getting in to see the President. So it is with us; we of ourselves could never come to God, but Christ Jesus has died for us thus taking away sin, and now He says, "I am the way, the truth, and the life; no man cometh unto the Father but by Me."

"KEEP CLOSE TO THE ROCK."

BY FLORENCE M. COWEN.



THE hedges were covered with blackberries, heavy clusters growing in beautiful luxuriance. Millie and her little brother Johnnie, with eager fingers stained with

the red juice, gathered the fruit as fast as possible, running from bush to bush in their hunt after the finest and best.

"The tiresome things always grow just where we can't get them, I mean the biggest ones," sighed Millie, with cheeks hot and flushed. "Johnnie," she exclaimed, with a sudden thought, "I don't think it would matter for just this once if we got down there where the train goes—there are some beauties there."

Of course Johnnie agreed; everything that Millie said and did must be right, he thought.

Oh, Millie! what about all your promises to mother before you left home, to take care of Johnnie, and keep away from the railroad? But Millie was a very thoughtless little girl, and had forgotten everything but the blackberries.

"Keep very close to the hedge, Johnnie," she said, lifting the little fellow over the gap and landing him safely on the narrow path between the rails where the trains passed over and the hedge where the coveted blackberries grew. There they hung, such beauties, ripe and luscious, and soon all danger was forgotten, and the children picked away to their hearts' content. But, a sudden whistle! and the next moment the train swept round a large projecting rock that prevented their seeing its approach. Terror-stricken, Millie seized her little brother, and placed him upon a narrow ledge of the rock, then scrambled up herself. "Keep close to the rock, Johnnie," she cried, as the little fellow,

bewildered, and trembling with fright, held on with all his might.

The train soon whizzed past, almost touching the children as they clung desperately to the projecting piece of granite, but they were safe, and with beating heart and trembling limbs Millie lifted her little brother down again.

Blackberries and everything else were forgotten now, in their haste to get home, and sob it all out to mother, and I don't think thoughtless Millie tried that again.

Keep close to the Rock, nay more, keep on the Rock, the only place of safety. I mean the Rock Christ Jesus. If you are there, nothing can harm you; dangers may be on all sides, but they will not have power to move the heart that has found its rest upon the Rock of Ages.

You all know the hymn, dear little readers:—

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee."

Have you ever thought what those sweet lines mean? Jesus is that riven Rock that has stood the storms and tempests of long ages, and it is He who now bids you come to Him and prove that He is all that the Bible says of Him:—

"Jesus is a Rock in a weary land,
A shelter in time of storm."

Thousands have found Him to be that.

Boys and girls, who have learnt to love Him, and have grown up into manhood and womanhood, to go forth into the cold world to meet its trials, and worse, its so-called pleasures and allurements, have proved that He has been able to keep them resting on the immovable Rock, safe and out of the reach of all danger.

Oh! I want you to test Him. This Rock will bear all your weight, no matter how hard you lean. Jesus Himself asks you to-day to trust Him, to come to Him with your sins known and unknown, and accept His pardon of them. He has said "Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out." So come.

"Hiding in Thee, hiding in Thee,
Thou bless'd Rock of Ages I'm hiding in Thee."

What a blessed place of refuge!

Food for Christ's Lambs.

PRACTICAL THOUGHTS ON THE EPHESIANS.

BY W. J. HOCKING.

PAUL, an apostle of Jesus Christ by the will of God."—It is interesting to observe that Paul, in nearly all his epistles, claims "the will of God" as the foundation of his apostleship. He was not called by men or by the other apostles. (Gal. i.) His work was not dependent upon the approval of his hearers. Indeed, it was never a question as to whether he liked his position or not. But the mighty impelling principle in the apostle was the fact that his orders were direct from God (Acts xxvi. 15—18); and who could countermand, enforce, or sanction them?

Now God's truths always hold good; so that here is a lesson for every believer. We may not have the miraculous revelation Paul had, but we must have assurance that we are in such and such a sphere, because it is the "will of God." Remember that the Lord of the harvest sends His labourers where they are most needed, and to do that for which they are best fitted. What a solemn thing, then, it is to be in the place of another, and thus to neglect the service most suited to us. If, however, we are certain (and God can show us) that we are doing *His will*, what confidence we must have in looking for blessing on our labours! For we know that there are ever results to God's work, though they may not appear at once. Let us then bow in God's presence to learn His will concerning us, and then go forward in faith, whatever difficulties beset the path.

"To the saints which are at Ephesus."—Saints are holy ones, sanctified, separate from sin, dedicated to God. How then can the Spirit of God describe these once idolatrous Ephesians as saints? Evidently they were not such by nature, nor is it implied that they were more

* * [As explanatory of the remarks that follow, it may be said that only such points are dealt with as seem to suggest either simple instruction in God's truths or practical hints for the daily walk of the believer. Any who have questions to ask on the epistle, may send them in marked Queries, and they will have due attention as we proceed..]

godly in walk than other Christians; but the secret comes out further on in the verse. They were "in Jesus Christ." In themselves dwelt no good thing (Rom. vii. 18); but, being in Christ "old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new." (2 Cor. v. 17.) Do you ask whether God overlooked their sin? In no wise: Jesus Christ, by an offering for sin, condemned sin in the flesh. (Rom. viii. 3.) He put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself, (Heb. ix. 26,) and thus fully vindicated God's righteousness with regard to it. (Rom. iii. 25.) For the Lord Jesus on the cross bore the sum of God's wrath and anger against sin, even going down into the grave. Then God, to show that the whole question had now been completely settled, once and for ever, raised Him up on the third day and seated Him at His right hand. Now it is by virtue of that stupendous work that sinners become saints. "He bare our sins in His own body on the tree." (1 Pet. ii. 24.) We died with Him. (Rom. vi. 8.) We were raised up together and made to sit together with Him in the heavenlies, (Eph. ii. 6,) and how were we raised up? With any sin upon us? Surely not; else we could not be in Christ Jesus; but, being identified with that glorified One, God can look upon those who have been black, hell-deserving sinners as saints or holy ones.

Now, dear fellow-believer, have you really got hold of this wonderful truth that God calls you a saint? Perhaps you answer, "Yes, I quite see that the Lord Jesus has put away my sin, and now, being in Him, I am holy." So far, so good: but do you feel the power of it in your soul? God's truths are not like scientific facts, or philosophical abstractions which minister solely to the intellect. To feel the force of divine statements, they must go home to the heart and conscience. Then and only then are they seen in their true significance. So bear with me while I ask you solemnly whether you ever sat down alone with God and pondered the wondrous reality that God says you are holy? No doubt you have read it in the

Word and perhaps rejoiced over it for the time, but how soon you forgot it when the Book was shut! Oh, let me entreat of you to get into God's presence and there consider and meditate upon it, till the blessed fact be burnt into your very soul. Just think that the infinitely pure and holy God looks at you in Christ who is your sanctification (1 Cor. i. 30). He sees you "clean every whit," "perfected for ever." Is such a thing a trifle? Is it to be despised or held lightly? Should it pass into one ear and out of the other, as we say? Nay, nay, shame on the very thought! God does not consider it a trifle; for it was purchased by nothing short of the precious blood of His Son. And He would have us grasp it too in all its fulness.

What joy and comfort this truth brings to the heart! No more doubts as to whether we are saved or not! No more fears lest we fall tomorrow and are eternally lost! For God has made us His own, sanctified us, and all our sins are put away for ever. What can we do but bless and praise Him for such grace! Did I say "What can we do?" There is one thing that God expects from us, and that is to be saintly in our walk. Mark the wondrous grace of God our Father: He does not say, "If you walk godly you will by and by become holy," but "I have made you saints, now walk as such."

And what is it to walk as saints? First, *positively*, we are to present our "bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God." (Rom. xii. 1.) We are His already; and so it is only "reasonable service" to give Him of His own. He has consecrated us that we might have the sole object of glorifying Him in this world. Oh, if saints would only remember that every one of them, from conversion, is dedicated to God, there would be less time wasted in silly, frivolous ways! But secondly, *negatively*, we are not to be "conformed to this world," "be ye separate." How can those who have been washed "whiter than snow," again defile themselves with iniquity? It is indeed a sad and terrible thing to see saints of God unmindful of their "holy calling," and meddling with this, that, or the other sin. Like Israel of old, forgetting they are the redeemed of the Lord, bound for Canaan, they want to go back again into Egypt, and long for the sinful pleasures found there. Oh then, "holy brethren, partakers of the heavenly calling," let me beseech you to take this matter before the Lord. Really learn of Him what He has made you, and then seek grace that you may walk worthily, remembering God sees you a saint *in Christ Jesus*, but that the world sees you a saint only by *your walk*.

A SLAVE TO SELF, OR CHRIST'S FREE MAN—WHICH?

BEING THE STORY OF A SECOND CONVERSION.

I HAD been a Christian for about ten years when the second conversion, of which this is the story, occurred; for I can as clearly speak of two conversions in my history as I doubt not the apostles Andrew and James could speak of two in theirs—one when they believed in Christ as Messiah, and the other when He became their sole object on earth, detaching them more-over by His express call, even from their daily occupation. Peter, indeed, could speak of a third conversion, expressly mentioned by the Lord as such: "When thou art converted, strengthen thy brethren." (Luke xxii. 32.)

But while these instances show that such cases are by no means rare, it is well to remember that when God does save a man, expressly as a pattern to them "which should hereafter believe in Him to life, everlasting," he is so completely

turned to God from everything at the outset that we do not read of anything that could be regarded as a second conversion in the history of the apostle Paul. It should, however, be clearly understood what is meant by conversion.

The Greek word is generally translated "to turn," or "turn about." In Matt. ix. 22, we read "But Jesus *turned him about*, and when he saw her," &c. In Matt. xii. 44, we find "*I will return* into my house." In both cases the word is the same as that translated "conversion." Any definite turning to *God* is a conversion to *God*. People may turn to other things; we often hear of a conversion to politics, or to some school of medicine; with these, however, we need not concern ourselves now, as the only conversion I have to speak of is "*to God*."

When first we believe we are *converted*, as

we read of the Thessalonians, who "turned to God from idols to serve the living and true God."

But this may only be a turning from some one thing, as in their case "*from idols*," which might still leave room for a turning from the world, or a turning from self.

It must be plainly understood that conversion does not always imply salvation, which can only be obtained *once*, and is for *ever*; whereas a certain conversion may occur several times in a Christian's life. This, indeed, I clearly apprehended in my own case, having been saved, as I have said, ten years before the conversion of which I now write, and during the whole of that time I was perfectly clear as to eternal life. I had always enjoyed sound gospel teaching, and was also rightly taught what a Christian should be, although I had never grasped the *power*. I used to attend the meetings regularly on the Lord's day, and I helped also a little in working amongst the young. I also went to one meeting in the week, feeling it was not right to do less. Under the plea, however, of necessary bodily exercise I mixed largely with the world in sports and amusements. In travelling I desired to see as much of the world as possible; in short, although I recognized the claims of God *over part of my time*, I lived the rest to please myself.

Not that I ran to any excess; on the contrary,

in every respect my life was very regular and steady. It is of principles I now speak, and my principle was to please myself as far as possible, without violating what my conscience told me God required. Of course I was not very happy.

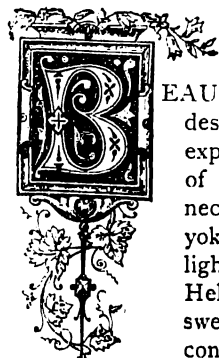
In this I am sure you, my reader, will bear me out if you are trying to run with the world and *draw the line*, so as to include as much of it as possible. The very fact of marking out a boundary between myself and the world short of that formed by the cross and grave of Christ showed that I was not of one mind with God in the matter, and therefore out of communion with Him on this subject, and no soul can be happy when it is out of communion. In this way, therefore, I went on drawing my own lines of demarcation, which included those pleasures that I most loved, while rigorously excluding those I did not so much care for, or had a bad conscience about, which lines were necessarily always shifting and uncertain, not being established by God's word; and as I had a good many Christian companions, each with lines of their own drawing, and which often did not coincide with mine, the question continually arose, "Is this right?" or "Is that wrong?" But the Lord had a better course for me than always steering as near as possible to the rocks and shoals which I loved, although I knew the danger I ran of striking upon them.

(To be continued.)

God's Mighty Men of Valour.

AUGUSTINE, AND HIS MOTHER MONICA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SHORT PAPERS ON THE REFORMERS."



BEAUTIFULLY does Augustine describe the blessedness of his experience upon his acceptance of the Lord. "I bowed my neck," he said, "to Thy easy yoke, and my shoulders to Thy light burden, Christ Jesus, my Helper, my Redeemer. How sweet was it to be free! I conversed familiarly with

Thee, my light, my riches, my Saviour, and my God." So filled was his heart with joy, that it

was constantly running over in praise. "I could not at this time," he goes on to say, "be satisfied with contemplating the mysteries of redemption. The hymns and songs of the Church moved my soul intensely: the truth was distilled by these into my heart, the flame of piety was kindled, and my tears flowed for joy."

Soon after Augustine was baptized he resolved to return to Africa, for now that he had become a Christian he was obliged to give up his situation as professor of rhetoric, and there was

nothing left to keep him in a foreign land. So with his mother Monica, who was now with him, he bade farewell to his Italian friends, and started homewards. But now a sad blow fell upon Augustine, for at Astia, the port of Rome, his beloved and devoted mother was taken dangerously ill of fever, and in eleven days she died. Much sweet intercourse had been theirs, during their journeying, before her illness, and Augustine's memory clung to these last days as hours of peculiar happiness.

Their talk had been of heaven and heavenly things, and they loved to trace together the loving hand of their heavenly Father, in all the events of life. And then they would leave the past behind and look on to the eternal, sinless, sorrowless life that was to come. And they would speak of Him who is the joy of heaven, and of the songs of praise in which they too would join around His throne, and of their bliss when they should hear the words, "Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." "At such times," said Augustine, "the world appeared to me of no value, and my mother would say, 'Son, I have now no delight in life,—one thing only, your conversion, was the object for which I wished to live. My God has given me this in large measure. What do I live for?' This was a few days before her illness. One day a friend was expressing sorrow that her body would have to lie so far away from her home and kindred; she answered brightly, 'Nothing is far from God, and I do not fear but that He will know where to find me, at the resurrection.'"

In Africa, Augustine lived three years very quietly in his old home, but soon after this he was made the (so-called) bishop of Hippo.

Very deeply did Augustine feel the sense of his inadequacy for the ministerial work, but God giveth grace to the humble, and his ministry was signally blessed to the edification of saints and expulsion of various heresies. And now he could feel the benefit of the discipline through which he had passed, for He who is "wonderful in counsel and excellent in working" had raised up in him (the one who had formerly imbibed the heresy of Manicheism) an instrument well adapted to oppose. In speaking of this, a modern writer (A. Miller) says, "Thus did the all-wise God secretly raise

up a testimony in opposition to Pelagius, and by means of his heresy bring out more Scriptural views of the gospel of grace than had been taught since the days of the apostles; and also fuller views of christian truth, holiness and humility. The western churches, led on by Augustine, continued perseveringly to assail the false doctrines, with councils, books and letters."

In his own home Augustine was exceedingly simple and unostentatious, disdaining all unnecessary show and expense. He was very hospitable, and ever loved to entertain his guests with cheerful kindness.

As the life of this venerable man drew to a close, heavy clouds of trouble gathered around him and his country. The hitherto peaceful land was laid waste; villages burned, people mutilated and murdered. And now the bright faith of Augustine shone out, for during the first part of the siege of Carthage, which lasted for thirteen months, the brave old man of over seventy endured cheerfully its horrors, and with his words of christian faith and hope sustained the hearts of the christians, and even nerved the commander of the town and the people with his bright cheerfulness. But before the thirteen terrible months were over, the dear old man had gone home, and was at peace in that land where war can never be.

Augustine and Monica are together at last with the blessed Saviour whom they loved so well. Their names ever twined together will always be worthy of remembrance as true disciples of their Lord, and Augustine will ever shine as a bright star in the firmament of the past, as one who was the means of turning many to righteousness.

RISEN WITH CHRIST.

If ye then be risen with Christ, seek those things which are above, where Christ sitteth on the right hand of God."—Col. iii. 1.

If we turn to the world, all at its best is vanity of vanities, but there is a power enabling us to pass through it—a golden chain hanging down from heaven, which we have laid hold of. It is only as I am occupied with God and with Christ that I can be unworldly.

Work in the Lord's Vineyard.

Italy.—The news from various parts of Italy is most encouraging. At Bologna the brethren continue to assemble together, and are alive in soul.

At I Givoli the Lord has of late added two souls to the meeting there, and at Alessandria two believers have lately been baptized.

Barcelona.—We are made increasingly conscious of the state of indifference of the people by the little interest they take in coming to any meeting; and, while readily promising to attend the Bible-class, they seldom come. It seems more than ever necessary to go where they are; so we have begun a small meeting on Sunday afternoons in a cottage, hoping in time to have several houses in different parts of Gracia, where we can read and speak a few words of the Gospel, and sing some bright hymns. One old woman near has offered us her house whenever we like to go. She has heard the truth for years, and listens attentively because convinced it is of God, yet still remains undecided, though so friendly to us that she is glad to gather her neighbours for the little service. The first Sunday we went we had indeed a motley group. The woman and her husband were waiting for us, as well as her two grown-up daughters, sitting sewing. As soon as we were seated, their friends began to come in, till the room was full. We found it somewhat difficult to use the opportunity, but at last the attentive manner of our hostess, and her repeated exhortation to the others to 'listen,' together with the singing of a hymn, made way for a little Gospel message. Each time since it has been easier, for they are becoming more orderly, and the last time had even put away their sewing. We never stay long, as it might weary them, and also interfere with our class for Spanish sisters, at four o'clock. Next Sunday we hope to begin in another part, and will be most thankful to have help in prayer. Similar efforts have been much blessed in other suburbs of Barcelona, as many as fifty persons assembling in one cottage every Sunday.—*Charlotte Clark.*

Nursapur, India.—Last Lord's day I had the pleasure of baptizing four persons—two men and two women—who have only lately heard the voice of Jesus, although they have been, to a certain extent, acquainted with the Gospel for many years. They live in a village which Mr. Macrae has visited a good deal lately, and where he had had a mud house built for a school and meeting-room. Ten children are now being taught there, and the teacher reads the word every evening to the adults. I arrived there rather late on Saturday evening, and as I approached in the darkness I heard a voice. I stood still for a moment to listen, and could distinctly hear a chapter in Genesis being read, whilst every now and then the voice would say, "Don't talk." On looking through the bushes I could see a circle of dark figures squatted on mats near a house, with an oil lamp in the centre, near which the teacher was seated. There was a bent-down old man, who had seen eighty rainy seasons; his old partner, sons and daughters-in-law, a few grand or great-grand-children. The latter were those who required the occasional word of com-

mand to be silent. The aged couple, and a son and daughter-in-law, were those baptized next day in a tank close to their house. I was agreeably surprised to find how much they knew of the Word, and of what the Lord had told those to expect who followed Him. They seemed quite to understand that they should not look for better treatment from the world than their Lord and Master had received.—*T. Heelis.*

Wenchow, China.—When I arrived here, not one of the people, as far as I know, had ever heard of the God who made them, and when I attempted to settle, I was robbed, my house was broken into, and every means was used to drive me away. But I have made many friends among the people since then, especially after my dear wife came and learned the language, and could talk to the women. For many years it was slow, trying work; most kept as far away from me as they could, but latterly progress has been more rapid and more solid. During the last three years we have baptized 88 persons, last year 36. It is very gracious of the Lord to let us see from time to time some poor idolaters turning away from dumb idols to serve the only living and true God, and wait for His Son from heaven, but what are these among the teeming tens of thousands who have never heard of the living God? The population of this district is said to be about two and a half millions of souls, and only 100 or so have thrown off the yoke of idolatry, and they have hard times from the heathen around them. Some have been beaten and robbed, their houses set on fire, and themselves driven from their native villages; some have had their standing corn destroyed, and others have been cheated out of their land, because the heathen know now that when a man becomes a Christian he will not defend his rights in the way he used to do, and they are mean enough to take every advantage. In many places there is now a spirit of hearing among the people, many are willing to listen to the gospel, and a few are coming under its power, but we want to see many flocking, pressing into the kingdom, for the time is short. I believe the Lord is at hand. One of our greatest wants is godly native assistants, men full of faith and of the Holy Ghost, having power with God, able to learn, and able to teach others the mystery of salvation through the precious blood of Christ. We have eight places where we should have services every Lord's day, and there are only four brethren really fitted to conduct them. My dear wife has more than enough to do among the women; she has classes and meetings in their houses during the week, and on Lord's day afternoon has a class here of about 20 or 2 women, who are all making progress in understanding the Word of God. I have been so long here and have around me so many of the natives that I love, and by whom I am loved in return, that Wenchow is perhaps dearer to me than my native land. The Lord has bestowed many blessings, and given us many indications that this is the place where He would have us to be, and we gladly labour on as long as it shall please Him to give us health and strength, or until He come.—*Geo. Stott.*

GRACE AND TRUTH

For Old and Young.



God's Glad Tidings of Salvation,

OLD ROBERT AND HIS PEAS.

BY W. H. BREALEY.

GOOD morning, maister, good morning"—said a cheery voice, as I entered the gate of a cottage-garden some time ago. "'Tis a 'mazin fine morning, and I be mighty glad to see ye." The speaker was an old man of some eighty-four years, very crippled

with rheumatism, and at the time of giving such a warm welcome to the writer, was standing before the little stool, shredding a quantity of peas to dry in the sun, thus preparing them for the coming year's sowing.

On enquiring after his health, he replied, "I be pretty well as to 'elth, but terrible bad a-crippled, (this was invariably his answer to that question, but he went on to say) "I was just drying a few peas when you came in, maister, and they be a



mighty fine sort, never seed such peas, and a wonderful crop I've had this year. I was just a thinking what a 'mazin thing the power of God is. You see, maister," said he, holding up a handful of shelled peas for my inspection, "You see, maister, what uncommon small and helpless things they be, and yet when they be put into the earth what they do come to ! They do grow eight foot high if they grow an inch, and I look upon it like this : 'tis just like the Word of God, like the gospel, which is the power of God unto salvation. 'Tis a terrible small bit of it is sowed in our hearts, but don't it grow ! and don't it do a 'mazin lot of work there ?

"Yes," I replied, "you are quite right ; the Word of God is called seed, 'incorruptible seed that liveth and abideth for ever ;' and it is capable of producing very wonderful effects in the persons in whose hearts it is sown and grows ; but tell me, Robert, what effect the seed sown in your heart has had upon you."

"Well," he replied, still holding the peas in his hand, "I baint any scholar—I never larned to read when I was a boy, as I was a parish 'prentice, and the Board of Guardians put me to work when I was seven years old. I've been pulling turnips when the frost have took the skin off my fingers, but I knowed no more about book-larnin than the hosses I used to lead to plough. I was a terrible bad feller, and so I always should 'a been, but for the power of God ; my heart was as full o' weeds as any furze-brake ; and I was over sixty years old 'afore 'twas a broke up, and sowed with the good seed. The Lord sent your father to me and my old 'oman with the gospel, and seems as though 'twas burnt into my heart, I remember it so well. Old Sally she was converted first, and used to tell to me, and pray for me ; but seemed 'twas no good. The Lord had got to begin. Just like you or I, maister, might put these peas in the ground, but if the land was hard and the Lord didn't put His hand to 'em they wouldn't grow ; and so it seemed to be with Sally's words. But the Lord's time soon was coming, and then He touched me, and spoke to me, like He did to the poor dead man that was going to be buried ; and when He had to do wi' me 'twas no good to resist, I was bound to give in. I was sitting in the old cottage where the chapel used to be held, and

your father was preaching from the 53rd of Isaiah, and it seemed to me I saw myself going astray like a lost sheep, going farther and farther away into the dark, and I seemed to be lost. Then somebody came after me, and told me to *look* ; and I fancied it must be true, for I turned right round in the room, it seemed so real. But 'twas in my heart, and I saw the blessed Lord with all my sins laid on His body, and He on the cross, dying for me ; yes, the Lord said 'twas for me. It seemed a'most too much for me, but I was turned right round from that time. I mind the verse." And here the old man, with a glow of satisfaction and joy, repeated the verse ; "All we like sheep have gone astray, we have turned every one to his own way, and the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all ;" and added "That verse isn't a terrible big one, and some mighten see much in it ; 'twas a small seed, maister, but 'twas a wonderful power to me, and have been ever since. That verse is my favourite, 'tis nigh on to eighteen years ago, I fust (first) larned 'im, but I never forgets 'im ; and when my old Sally died, two years ago, she liked that verse beyond all the rest."

"Well," I said, "that verse has certainly been a blessing to you, as it has to me, and thousands more ; but haven't you felt very lonely and miserable since Sally died ?"

He replied with a burst of real joy, "Law bless 'ee no, maister, I've got Christ along wi' me, and I can't help being happy. To be sure I miss old Sally, for we was married nigh on to three-score years, and that's a long time ; but I know she is wi' Jesus, and I shan't be long before I go along with her too. So I've got Christ along wi' me and I be as happy as a drish (thrush), I han't got no troubles, for He have a took 'em all away wi' my sins."

I saw old Robert frequently after this conversation took place, but he always had the same happy face, and the same unshaken confidence in the Word of God ; always maintaining he was "as happy as a drish," even to the end of his journey, which was not many months after. And when I saw him in the workhouse, with his strength almost gone, the last words I remember his saying were, "I be very happy, for I've a got Christ along wi' me."

“NOW” AND “NIGH.”

“I shall see Him, but not now; I shall behold Him, but not nigh.”—Numb. xxiv. 17.

THESE are solemn words once calmly uttered by Balaam. They are words of truth—but they are words *fearfully* true—and that not only respecting him who spake them, but of thousands in this world besides. It may be, dear reader, they are true respecting you.

And first, you may ask, Who is the person to whom Balaam refers when he says, “I shall see Him, I shall behold Him?” “God hath appointed a day in which He will judge the world in righteousness by *that Man* whom He hath ordained, whereof He hath given assurance unto all men in that He hath raised Him from the dead.” (Acts xvii. 31.) To this Man Balaam referred when he said, “I shall see him, but not now; I shall behold him, but not nigh.” This Man is the Son of God—a Man who is God’s “Fellow,” (Zech. xiii. 7,) a Man who is Himself the “Mighty God,” (Isa. ix. 6,) and who “liveth and was dead, and is alive for evermore, and hath the keys of death and of hell,” “the Man Christ Jesus.”

Balaam knew that a day would come when he *must* behold Christ, but he was conscious that he should never see Him *nigh*, because he felt that he loved not the Lord, but preferred this present evil world. Balaam’s history stands as a solemn warning to those who, knowing a great deal of truth, and having many convictions of conscience, defer to some future time the all-important subject of salvation. The same man that said “I shall see Him, but not now; I shall behold Him, but not nigh,” said, also, “Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his.” Men still like Balaam desire to live in carelessness, indifference, and worldliness; and to have heaven besides. But, dear reader, you must make your choice: it will not do to be double-minded as to salvation.

Reader, will you have present things and future and *eternal* sorrow; or will you seek “*first* the kingdom of God and His righteousness,” and have future joy and everlasting glory?

It may be you are poor, and therefore think yourself out of the reach of the temptations of

the world. It may be so, but you will find that the common cares of life, that even a loaf of bread may prove as effectual a hindrance to the soul’s salvation as the “deceitfulness of riches, or lust of other things.” Seek the Lord *now*, while He may be found; call upon Him while He is *near*; and be assured yours is a path of madness, as Balaam’s was, if you defer turning to Christ until on a sick bed, or a more convenient season comes.

But what was the end of this prophet who spake so many blessed words of truth and expressed such good desires? He perished whilst fighting against the Lord’s people Israel. (Numb. xxxi. 8; Josh. xiii. 22.) Take heed that your last end is not like his!

Are you resolved to prefer Jesus to everything else? Is He your *present* object of joy and trust? Are you worshipping at His feet, and esteeming Him above all value, above all price? Do you know Him, even *now*, as assuredly your God, your Saviour, and your Lord? By faith “we see Jesus,” even though He is invisible. By faith we behold and love Him, even though we have not seen Him, and rejoice in Him with joy unspeakable and full of glory, even though now we see Him not.

If you would behold Christ *nigh*, you must trust in Him, and look upon Him *now*; if you see Him not *now*, you will not behold Him *nigh*. God’s word is NOW. Faith’s word is NOW. “*Now* is the accepted time; *now* is the day of salvation.” “*To-day* if ye will hear His voice harden not your hearts.” The word of unbelief is “*not now*.” “*Not now*” will end in “*not nigh*.” And the poor procrastinating sinner will lift up his eyes hereafter and see Jesus “*afar off*.” He will hear those fearful words, “*Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire*.” He will be “*punished with everlasting destruction from the presence of the Lord, and from the glory of His power*.”

“Behold He cometh with clouds, and *every eye shall see Him*, and they also which pierced Him, and all kindreds of the earth shall wail because of Him. Even so. Amen.”

THE BLOCK TELEGRAPH.

WHILST I was waiting at the railway station in Edinburgh, I seized the opportunity of speaking to an engine-driver regarding God's glad tidings. He was a great swarthy man, and possessed not only a strong muscular physique, but a vigorous natural intelligence, with a clear, decisive judgment. He could discern at a glance the relation in

tunnel until he gets the signal that the line is clear, but whenever the signal is given he may at once proceed. "Do you not tremble," said I, "in going into the dark tunnel for fear the line may *not* be quite clear?" He instantly gave such a look of pity and compassion at my suggestion as he answered firmly, and very decisively, "No, never. I have trusted the

signals given by the block telegraph thousands of times, and I know it too well to have any doubts."

"Looking to the signal of the block telegraph gives your heart perfect rest and confidence that the line is clear. Why?" "Because I know the signal is true, and reports a fact," he answered confidently. "Well, my friend, if God has given a signal for you, and now invites you to look to it and be saved, He likewise signals what is true, and reports a fact. 'Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world.' Why do you believe yon signal, and doubt God's signal? You believe man rather than God. 'But God commendeth His love toward us, in that while we were yet sinners Christ died for us'" (Rom. v. 8).



HE ANSWERED FIRMLY, "NO, NEVER."

which he stood to the great system of traffic which was pouring in and out of that active scene at one of the busiest hours in the height of the travelling season.

At the time I was speaking to him I saw his eye fixed intently upon an important signal pole some fifty or seventy feet in height, standing midway between the station and the tunnel under the Calton Hill. He explained to me that no engine-driver is allowed to enter the

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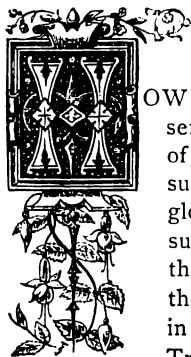
He was, I saw, convicted in his own mind, and was in deep thought, while his eye turned from time to time to the block telegraph for direction. Slowly, just then, the arm was lowered, and he received his signal to advance. He gave a farewell look, smiling as he pointed to the block telegraph, while with the other he turned on the steam, and with a whistle and a bound the train moved out of the station.

Green Pastures and Still Waters.

"THE SUFFERINGS OF CHRIST,

AND THE GLORY THAT SHOULD FOLLOW."

BY E. BRAND.



OW very beautiful it is to observe the gradual development of God's mind to man. "The sufferings of Christ and the glory that should follow," were subjects which occupied the thoughts of the Father and of the Son from all eternity, but in the all-wise purposes of the Triune God they were but gradually unfolded to man.

Like to a seedling in the fair garden of Eden might that first glorious promise, with all its eternal results, be compared: "I will put enmity between thee and the woman, and between thy seed and her seed; it shall bruise thy head, and thou shalt bruise his heel."

Abel saw in its first buddings a token of future growth, "and he brought of the firstlings of his flock unto the Lord." Enoch, the seventh from Adam, prophesied of its topmost boughs when he said, "Behold the Lord cometh with ten thousands of His saints." Abraham rejoiced to see the day when on its wide-spread branches there should be leaves of healing for the nations. Under the hill of Sinai burst forth those precious buds, "peace offerings" and "sprinkled blood." "God loved the people," "He made known His ways unto Moses;" and Moses, looking through the long vista of future ages, saw the slain Lamb, and understood the meaning of those solemn words, "the *life* is in the *blood*." "Whoso drinketh my *blood* hath *eternal life*." In David's day the word took deeper root, and the foliage became more full and green. "The sufferings of Christ, and the glory that should follow" were the burden of many Psalms. The Prophecies have added many goodly branches. "I will raise unto David a righteous Branch." "O daughter of Jerusalem, behold thy King cometh unto thee; he is just and having salvation." "He hath borne our griefs and carried our sorrows." "He was wounded for our trans-

gressions, he was bruised for our iniquities." "When I passed by thee, and saw thee polluted in thine own blood, I said unto thee, when in thy blood, *Live*." In the soil of the Four Gospels this precious tree put forth some mighty branches. "Unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour which is Christ the Lord!" "God so loved the world, that He gave His only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." In the Epistles the branches run over the wall. "He hath broken down the middle wall of partition between us." "Now therefore ye are no more strangers and foreigners, but fellow citizens with the saints, and of the household of God." "In Christ Jesus, ye who sometime were far off, are made nigh by the blood of Christ." "Your life is hid with Christ in God." "There is therefore now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus." "The Lord shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God." "We shall all be changed, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump; for the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed." The Lord Jesus "will come to be glorified in His saints, and to be admired in all them that believe."

"Blessed is he that readeth" in the many-tinted leaves of the Book of the Revelation, those precious truths which are the crowning glory of God's sacred word. Whilst they speak to us of the Lamb slain, they tell us of a day of unexampled splendour, when the new Jerusalem will "come down from God out of heaven, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband"—a day when the "Root and offspring of David" shall be acknowledged "King of kings, and Lord of lords."

The "sufferings" of Christ are over; eighteen hundred years ago the question, "What mean ye by this service?" received a full and everlasting answer in the cross of the Lord Jesus,

THE PARABLES OF LUKE XV.--THE LOST SHEEP.

BY W. LINCOLN.

IN this chapter we have three parables, the first setting forth the work of Christ in our salvation, the second the work of the Holy Ghost in our salvation, and the third the work of the Father in receiving us when we go to Him. Christ takes the first place—He dies; the Spirit draws; and lastly, the Father receives. That is the doctrinal way of considering them, but as a matter of experience they are to be viewed in the inverse order; the sinner does not at once understand the death of Christ, or the work of the Holy Ghost, but comes with the word, "I have sinned," and is welcomed; he then finds that the Spirit has been working, and the Spirit shows the sufficiency of Christ for our salvation. The first two are thus connected: in the first we have Christ getting down till He reached the sinner's real condition before God; it is traced for us how Christ comes down to get at our case to save us; then in the second we have the way in which the Spirit casts us upon Christ. Thus we see how the two are most intimately connected: Christ with open arms to receive, and the Holy Ghost moving the sinner to flee to those arms.

But now let us look at what we have recorded of the work of Christ in the sinner's salvation. There are three points for our consideration. First, the sheep lost. "What man of you, having an hundred sheep, if he lose one of them doth not leave the ninety and nine in the wilderness, and go after that which is lost, until he find it?"

"One of them." It is the way of the world to deal with majorities, but of God (much more humble, as it were, in the world's estimation) to deal with units; patiently toiling, as Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, to get at and bless one soul. Often is it said in Scripture that God observes units, individuals; I will quote an instance or two. First read of Jesus on His judgment throne, Matt. xxv. 40—"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren;" how dear each saved soul must be to Him. Again, "It is not the will of your Father

which is in heaven that one of these little ones should perish." One more: the true meaning of that disputed phrase in Hebrews ii. 9, is this—"That He by the grace of God should taste death for every one." He did not merely pour out His blood for the mass, but if one poor sinner, wanting salvation, only sees that nothing and nobody else can be his friend, Christ did everything to get at that one. There is that one sinner who by nature seems bent on ruining himself, losing friends, situation, every home joy, and, if God does not arrest him, his very soul; often, I say, there is such a case, one willing to lose his soul to save his sin. And conversely there is the good God and Christ seen to be giving up everything, for God gave up His only-begotten Son, and Christ Jesus gave Himself, to get that one poor lost sinner. One, one! "He tasted death for every one." I am not now speaking in a doctrinal sense of what "one" is, but I believe that, instead of its being merely for the church, any soul might say, "He loved me, and gave Himself for me." Have you ever noticed in the gospel of John, how much is made of that individual one? And John, in his teaching, is the profoundest of the four evangelists. What is it in chapter iii.? Nicodemus. What is it in chapter iv.? The woman of Samaria. In chapter v.? One palsied man. In chapter viii.? The woman taken in adultery. In chapters ix. and x.? The poor blind man that cried, "Lord, I believe thou art the Son of God." In chapter xi.? Lazarus. And in chapter xii., the three of that small family, but all like so many ones. God, in the old Testament, when dealing with Israel, counted His people in thousands; and that is carried out in the New Testament, for in the book of the Revelation you will find that those sealed are twelve thousand of each tribe; always in thousands. But when God counts His people to form His church, how then? In ones. Strikingly is this brought out in putting two Scriptures together. In the Book of Kings we read that when the temple was built the number

of Gentiles who were in Jerusalem was one hundred and fifty-three thousand, and in allusion to that the number of the miraculous draft of fishes was one hundred and fifty and three; representing the believers to form the church, but the thousand is dropped; the idea is that each one is so very, very dear to Him. Do I believe that? Do you?

Reflect a moment, again, on that word "lost." "If he lose one." Shall I enlarge upon the sinner being lost? It is a thought in Scripture, but not the prime thought here. The prime thought is God's loss; "if He—*He* lose one of them." In what way do I explain the fact of God's being a loser? By this assertion, to which I stand: that if a man is damned his damnation does not glorify God anything like so much as if he were saved; therefore, if the sinner is not saved God is a loser. If a man is lost, he glorifies one attribute of God somewhat—His infinite righteousness, but only a little, though he has to suffer eternally. If a man is saved he is a reflection of the work of Christ, and Christ has glorified every attribute of God perfectly. A sinner saved is a witness of the love and mercy of God in Christ. You are lost, it is true, and the Son of man came "to seek and to save that which was lost." Lost to real happiness and holiness, lost to God, lost now, and, if eternity opens upon you as a lost sinner, lost for ever. But thank God, it is true that "the Son of man came to seek and to save that which was lost."

The "ninety and nine" in the first parable are the same as the nine in the second. The Pharisees have to retire, for they cannot stand His searching words; so the ninety and nine of the religious unsaved in parable one drop off and become the nine in parable two; and the nine in the second become the one, the elder brother, in the third, the one that dared to stay to the last, objecting and accusing.

Now look, oh! lost sinner! here. Who is it that is to begin the work of thy salvation? Art thou to do it? Certainly not; God has provided it by the gift of His Son, if thou wilt only accept it. "And go after that which is lost." It is implied that He has to go a long way, for a lost sheep is a most silly, stupid animal; on it goes, through meadow after meadow, over hill after hill, never thinking of returning until perhaps

it is starved. Who is to move in the matter? "Doth He not go?" And to put it to your conscience, what mine says is perfectly true; never once did I think of coming back to God, and never should I, if Christ had not sought me. In the second parable the word is different; here, "till He find it," means till He actually gets to the sinner where he is.

God created man upright, but "All have sinned and come short of the glory of God";, that is, none dare stand in the presence of a holy God; all have come short of standing in God's glory, therefore Jesus must come down to us—the Shepherd must come after us. He was made flesh and came into the world. He went to Bethlehem, but lo the sheep were not there! His taking human nature would not by itself save your soul. He trod the streets of Capernaum, of Bethsaida, of Jerusalem, but He did not find the sheep there. He trod all the confines of Israel, north and south, fully to fulfil His commission, but the sheep were not there.

Where did He find the sheep, if He did get to a sinner's real condition? On Calvary! All the time He was in the world He was suffering from the wrath of man, but that was not enough; on the cross He suffered from the wrath of God. He came out from God as the sunbeam from the sun, into this world as the sunbeam shines down here; for the sunbeam shines, it may be, into the foulest moat, into the darkest prison. Jesus got at us in every way, He bore God's wrath against sin, and having tasted death, and got under the waters of judgment, He can put out His arm and lift us up. Christ has got at our real condition; He has made such atonement, that, whatever may be against us, the moment we believe in Him we are saved. The blood it is that makes atonement, and nothing else—"without shedding of blood is no remission."

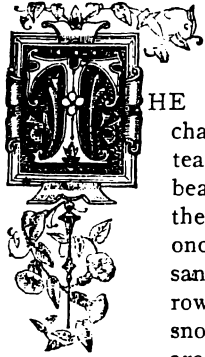
If it devolved upon Christ to see to it, then I see what a work there must be to get me. But I will quote two scriptures to show how thoroughly this is done. First, that parable in Luke x., of the Good Samaritan. In verse 30 it says, "leaving him half dead." You are not in hell yet; and again in verse 33, "A certain Samaritan, as he journeyed, *came where he was,*" and so got at him.

To be continued.

Talks, Tales, & Teachings for our Young Friends.

THOUGHTS ON THE MONTH OF MAY.

BY FANNIE EDEN.



THE month of April, with its changeful skies, its smiles and tears, has passed away, and beautiful May, all fragrant with the breath of flowers, is with us once again. Away in the pleasant country the verdant hedges-rows are wreathed in their snowy blooms, laburnum trees are shaking out their golden

tresses, and the scent of lilac fills the air. Even the dusty roads are fringed with the gold of dandelions and buttercups. Birds are singing, bees are murmuring, and happy children are rejoicing in the gladsome hour.

I think I must tell you of one happy May which I spent with my little ones, far away from the murky town, amid the exquisite scenery of Kent. We had rooms in a pretty white-washed cottage, surrounded by an old fashioned-garden filled with fruit trees and flowers. At the bottom of the garden was a row of grand old walnut trees; from the boughs of one hung a swing, and here, when lessons were over, the little ones swung to their hearts' content.

The first night of our arrival I was charmed with the notes of a bird that sat on the bough of an old apple tree under my window, and sang the livelong night in notes now soft and low, now loud and thrilling. "What bird was that, singing so beautifully all the night?" I said next morning to the woman who owned the cottage. "Why ma'am, that was the nightingale!" she answered.

The nightingale! I was delighted. Often had I heard of this wonderful bird, but never before had I heard its sweet notes. You may be sure I listened eagerly next night to hear its song once more, but I listened in vain, for although I often heard it in the woods I was never serenaded by a nightingale again.

Stretching away in front of our little cottage was a wild common, which now, as it was May, was well covered with gorse bloom—a veritable "field of the cloth of gold."

I once read that when Linnæus, the great naturalist, came to England, and saw for the first time one of our commons covered with gorse bloom, he was so delighted with the sight that he fell on his knees and thanked God. When I saw how beautiful it was, I wondered no more at his enthusiasm.

How can I tell you of our delightful wanderings in search of wild flowers, or how shall I describe the glee of the little ones, when they came to woods where blue-bells grew in thousands, filling the air with richest perfume? Filled, too, were these pleasant shades with the pure, delicate wood-anemone: "children lost in the wood, and covered with leaves in their slumber," as a poet prettily says.

One day, as we were wandering among these delights, one of the children called out, "Oh mamma, do look here; isn't this *just lovely*?" and there, certainly, was the prettiest sight. In the stump of an old tree, all cushioned with velvet moss, a blackbird had built its nest. In it were three lovely, blue-speckled eggs; ivy leaves were around and above it, and a delicate trailing plant, covered with tiny white star flowers, had grown, and twined, and wound about it, as though lovingly helping to screen it from view. For a while we enjoyed the pretty sight; and then, tenderly replacing the flowery covering, we went away; doubtless greatly to the relief of Mrs. Blackbird, who was fluttering around in dismay.

Once again we went to visit the blackbird's pretty home. The children hastened joyfully forward, hoping to find in place of the eggs three little downy baby birds. On reaching the spot they started back with a cry of grief. The pretty nest had been discovered, doubtless by some cruel, thoughtless boy, for there it lay broken on the ground with the blue speckled eggs crushed beside it. What grief had that heartless one caused the poor mother bird!

I must tell you of one other memory of that month of May.

I went sometimes to see the cottagers in



"OH MAMMA, IS'NT THIS JUST LOVELY" ?

their simple homes. One morning as I entered the door of one I saw a sight which was more pleasant to me than all the beauties of nature around. An old woman sat in her arm chair, and at her feet was a fair child whose lap was filled with May blossoms; they were lying unheeded however, for in the woman's hands was a Bible, from which she read in gentle, earnest tones.

The old woman raised her eyes, and I saw by the vacant eye and listless look that she had passed into her second childhood. Yet it was sweet to see how, at the mention of the name

of Jesus, a gleam of intelligence would brighten up the sunken eye and vacant face, and clasping her withered hands together she would say with an upward glance, "I am just waiting for Him." Happy woman, I thought; though dead to all the joys and sorrows of earth, there is power yet in the name of the One you have loved so long, to bring a flood of heavenly joy to your soul. And happy is the child who, in the May of its existence, has learned to love Him too, and learned also the blessedness of ministering for Him to others.

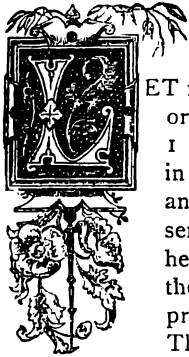
Food for Christ's Lambs.

SPIRITUAL NOURISHMENT,

AS TYPIFIED BY THE ROAST LAMB, THE MANNA, AND THE OLD CORN OF THE LAND.

BY T. SHULDHAM HENRY.

(Continued from page 43.)



LET me ask you to consider God's order in these Chapters:—1 Redemption, 2 Life, 3 Rest, in type. Redemption, by blood and by power; Life, through sending down the Bread of heaven; Rest, as represented by the Sabbath. Here we have precious food for our souls—The first, viz. Redemption, we

have already considered: let us now turn our thoughts to that which represents life and sustenance—viz. the manna.

Jehovah's redeemed ones are now travelling through the wilderness; they are going on to the rest of God; they are still toiling through a scene of trial, where, if there is not dependence on God, they "faint". The wilderness is the place where the flesh dies—as another has said—and where all hangs on the simplicity of dependence on the love of God. They are now dependent on God for the supply of all their need; and though Israel murmured against Him, in grace He fed them with "angels' food." They had bread from heaven every morning to sustain them for the day.

The Lord's redeemed ones now, who have received life by eating the flesh and drinking

the blood of the Son of Man, have to feed daily upon the Word of God to sustain and develop this life. The Incarnate Word is set forth in the written Word; so that by feeding on the written Word on Christ the Bread of Heaven we feed. This manna represented Christ *sent down from heaven*, in incarnation and humiliation, to give life and to sustain it through His death.

We get a sevenfold description of this manna in the Word. 1st. It was *small*. (Ex. xvi. 14.) As it lay on the ground it looked like hoar-frost; bright, sparkling, but *small*—insignificant. So Jesus was poor, despised, insignificant in the eyes of men. They saw no beauty in Him. They despised Him. (Isa. liii. 3.) He was a carpenter: they esteemed Him not. They considered Him an impostor: they rejected the just claims of Him who will yet be seen as the King of the Jews. When the Israelites first saw the manna, they cried out "What is it?"—which is the meaning of the word manna. When the Jews saw Jesus, they said unto Him, "Who art thou?" (John viii. 25.)

2nd. It was *round*. A thing that is round is perfectly even, without angles or irregularities. If you examine fine flour under a microscope, you will see that each particle is perfectly round and even. Fine flour is the product of bruised

corn. Jesus was "the corn of wheat" that was bruised. He is the fine flour. He was perfect in all His ways: He was the only perfect one. There were no angularities, or crookednesses, or unevenness, about Him. He well pleased His Father. His holy life, His actions, His words, His motives, could stand the closest scrutiny of His Father's holy eye, and bring forth the blessed testimony, "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased."

3rd. It was *white* (Ex. v. 31). He was the infinitely pure and holy One. He was "the Holy Thing" that was born of the virgin Mary. He was the Holy Child Jesus. In His life He was "holy, harmless, undefiled, and separate from sinners." "In Him was no sin." He knew no sin. Even the demons acknowledged that He was "the Holy One of God."

4th. Its taste was like wafers made with honey.

"How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear."

If His Name is sweet, how much more Himself? The Bride in Canticles says, "I sat down under His shadow with great delight, and His fruit was sweet to my taste." (Cant. ii. 3.) We have said that Christ, the Incarnate Word, is set forth in the written word; so that what applies to one is taught in the other. Thus we may apply the words of Jeremiah, "Thy words were found, and I did eat them." How often have we proved the truth of this! "And Thy word was unto me the joy and rejoicing of mine heart." (Jer. xv. 16.) How few can say with Job, "I have esteemed the words of His mouth more than my necessary food" (Job xxiii. 12). Christ and His word ought to be so precious to us that we might exclaim with David, "How sweet are Thy words unto my taste; yea, sweeter than honey to my mouth" (Ps. cxix. 103).

5th. It was like *coriander seed*. This is most fruitful, most productive, and highly aromatic. Jesus was the corn of wheat that died to bring forth much fruit. We—all the redeemed from first to last—are the fruit of this wondrous death. When the fruit is gathered, what a harvest! It was also sweet-smelling. "His name is as ointment poured forth." His presence is fragrant, and if we are much in His presence we carry about with us His fragrance; that is,

we show forth the virtues—the grace, the love, the longsuffering and gentleness—of the Blessed One.

6th. It was like *fresh oil*. It was rich and luscious to the taste. No staleness about it: the same to-morrow as to-day if gathered fresh; so Jesus, if fed on day by day, is ever relished by His dear ones, and He proves a rich feast to their souls. He is always the same.

7th. Its color was as the color of bdellium. Little is known of this stone; it is only mentioned as being in the garden of Eden. But it is believed to have been bright, as pearl or crystal, reflecting the rays of the sun. So Jesus was glorious. He was "the brightness of God's glory, and the express image of His person." "He is altogether lovely." He veiled His glory here, but when we see Him in His unveiled beauty, how glorious will He appear! We shall see Him as He is, and be like Him. Oh! what a Christ! what a Saviour! what food He has provided for our daily wants, for our growth and strength!

Let us now see when and how they were to gather this manna. They were to gather it morning by morning. If they failed to gather it, they got no food for the day. If they were not up early, before the sun, it was all gone, and they were left without. We have lessons to learn here. Do we feed on Christ every day? Are we treating our souls as we do not treat our bodies? Do we go without our food all day long? If so, is there not something wrong? The appetite is gone and we have no relish for our food, so we do not care to eat. Is it not so with many of God's children? They have lost their appetite for the Word; they have no relish for it, and it is not their daily bread. They get starved, stunted in their growth, and are unable to meet the assaults of the enemy, or cope with trials that beset or the temptations that surround them.

Dear reader, how often do *you* feed upon the Word of God? You complain you are weak, you are cold, you are easily led away. You begin to doubt your salvation, and your testimony is colorless. We have the cause here: you do not feed daily on the Word. I do not mean merely reading a chapter or so every day: you may do that for duty's sake, and not get a crumb.

Mind, I am not speaking against reading a chapter daily; for that, or more, you ought to do; but I mean sitting down quietly—it may be for a few moments only, as you may not have more time—to *meditate* upon the Word: it may be even a verse. This take with you, and have it with you in your engagements during the day. This one crumb from the Master's table will strengthen you for all that lies before you. It ought to be obtained early in the morning. The Israelites had to be up before the sun, or go without their food for the day. They could not go to the next tent and ask for some manna. There was none there to spare. Each gathered enough for himself only, according to his eating—his appetite—some more, some less.

In these days of indolence and ease, you continually get the answer to the question, "Do you read your Bible every day?" "Oh, I have no time." Have you time to eat your breakfast? You ought to make time. Get up a quarter of an hour earlier, and spend it in prayer and meditation. I believe this is a great cause of backsliding among young Christians. I would urge on you not to go without an early meal of the bread of heaven every morning.

The children of Israel gathered the manna down on their knees. The manna lay on the dew and they gathered it off the dew. The Holy Spirit—the dew of heaven—is the only teacher of God's word. Meditating on the word, asking God by His Spirit to teach, is the sure way of being fed and instructed, and the only way of growing in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Thus the word of God will dwell in you richly, in all wisdom. Remember this is God's only provision for your spiritual growth and sustenance. The Bible is a sealed book to many, even of God's children. The cupboard is locked where the food is kept. Prayer is the key to unlock it.

Some people desire to eat their food, but have no appetite. They want a little fresh air. The atmosphere of the city with all its surroundings has taken it away. Bank holiday comes. A few hours on Hampstead Heath makes a wonderful difference. When they return home they enjoy a good meal. It is so with some of

us. Carried away with the worldliness about us, we become engrossed with the business of life, or the political strife around us, thus feeding the flesh, and what feeds the flesh starves the soul. From feeding on the wretched trash of novels, or worse, religious novels of the present day, or poring over the newspapers, the appetite is gone for the pure bread of heaven. We do not object to have our bread adulterated—though we would not tolerate our baker adulterating his bread—we do not object to spend much precious time over religious books but we do not care to feed on the pure unadulterated word of God. This is the case with many; they like it cooked, or else it is light food to them, and they soon get to loathe it as did the children of Israel the manna in the wilderness. If there was less book reading and more Bible reading, there would be fewer wrong views and erroneous doctrines held by the children of God.

The antidote to all this is communion with God. Get up into the mount alone with God. There the bracing atmosphere of His presence will whet the spiritual appetite and give us a relish for a good meal of God's most precious word. The mountain top is the placewhence to blow away the worldly influences, and the distracting tendencies of our surroundings. Then we may say:—

I stand upon the mount of God,
With sunlight in my soul;
I hear the storms in vales beneath,
I hear the thunders roll.

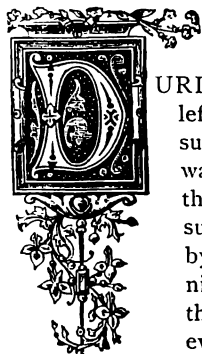
But I am calm with Thee, my God,
Beneath these glorious skies;
And to the height on which I stand,
Nor storms, nor clouds can rise.

Oh, this is life! oh, this is joy!
My God to find thee so!
Thy face to see, Thy voice to hear,
And all Thy love to know.

This is the secret of having a relish for the word of God. Eagerly, prayerfully will we feed upon it, and we shall prove its power to sanctify, to separate us from all here below that is not of God.

A SLAVE TO SELF, OR CHRIST'S FREE MAN.—WHICH?

BEING THE STORY OF A SECOND CONVERSION.

(Concluded from page 62.)

URING the autumn of 187— I left home for a month's pleasure tour. The programme was a delightful one to me, as the proposed journeyings just suited my tastes, being mainly by water. One of my companions was a child of God, the other was not. At first everything went well, our plans

prospered, the weather was fine, the scenery magnificent.

But after a few days things suddenly took a turn. We suffered shipwreck, and, after being nearly drowned, were compelled to give up the water and travel by land. All this spoke to my conscience, which was by no means completely at ease, for none of my many boundary lines between what was right and what was wrong for a Christian had really satisfied it; but of one thing I was glad; by going on foot instead of by water I found we should be able to include in our route a town I had long wished to visit, in order to see a Christian who lived there, and of whose consistent and happy life I had very often heard. Fortunately the town was in the midst of beautiful scenery, so I was enabled to change our route without disclosing what was in my heart. After some unpleasant adventures we reached the town about 7 o'clock one evening. On leaving our hotel after dinner I went to the meeting-room and found that a lecture was being given by the very man I had come to see. I cannot remember a word of that address. I had attended meetings and lectures from my infancy. God was now going to work in my soul by other means.

I was not unknown by name to the lecturer, and was, with my friends, invited to supper. Somehow I listened that night with wonderful interest to what I heard of the Lord's work in which he was so happily engaged, and as I looked at his face I felt that he at least had found a source of pleasure in serving his Master to which I was still a stranger. What struck

me, too, was not so much the work he spoke of as the manner in which it seemed to flow from a real love to Christ, so that I felt it must be a very happy life to lead.

At a late hour we left, promising to breakfast with our new friend in the morning. We had to tell him something of our plans, although I must say I felt somewhat ashamed at laying my tour of pleasure by the side of his work for the Lord. I thought a good deal that night about the different paths he and I were pursuing, though we were both children of God.

In the morning, after breakfast, he brought out a map and showed us our way to a neighbouring lake of great beauty, which we had arranged to reach by boat, and bade us good-bye; but with a sad look at me that went to my heart, for I saw he pitied me.

I let my companions row while I steered. All at once, when about half way to the lake, the *truth* flashed upon me, and I saw I was the *slave of self* instead of being *Christ's free man* and His servant. I saw I was being dragged about, for its own pleasure, by the wretched self that God had condemned, and I felt it was not I. I had different tastes. I longed to serve Christ, and as the sense of His love to me, and His forbearance all the long years I had known Him, filled my heart, I felt I was in an intolerable bondage that I would endure no longer.

I felt I had a right to be free. Christ had died to set me free, and yet here was I working like a galley-slave to please myself. What made me see it so clearly was, that I had just left a *free man*. He, at any rate, was not toiling at the old oar. He was under a new Master, and was free from the tyranny of the old.

A slave will endure a great deal of bondage if he is not brought face to face with freedom; but if he is in the company of a free man, his soul must indeed be dead if he does not long to lose his fetters. My mind was now fully made up. I would not endure it another day.

The time past of my life was indeed more than sufficient to have lived in the flesh, to have

wrought my own will, and Christ having suffered for me in the flesh, I armed myself with the same mind, no longer to live in the flesh, after the desire of men, but according to the will of God. It was from myself (which I had served so faithfully) that I now turned to Christ; from doing my own will to a desire to do His. I sat in the boat with all this passing in my mind, and said nothing; but I prayed to the Lord to make this conversion a very real one, and to enable me from that day to do *His will*, and not my own.

At last I began to think how to get out of my tour, as I longed to spend some days where I was to see more of my friend, who, not by his words, but simply by the force of *living for Him who died for him*, had been the means of this my second conversion; and the Lord opened the way in a remarkable manner. My unconverted companion began talking about the tour, and how tired he was of walking. I proposed to stay myself a few days where we were, while he paid a visit to some friends he had near, to which he assented. By this time we reached the lake, but I confess its beauties are almost forgotten in the remembrance of the beauty I saw in the path of Christ. On our return my companion went on his way, while we who were Christians went up to see my friend again. He was surprised at the sudden change in our plans, but on hearing we were

staying in the town insisted on our making his house our home. This we did, and what I saw in his life fully confirmed me in my discovery, that *to please one's self is slavery, and that the only way to liberty and happiness for a Christian is to do the will of God.*

This, then, is the simple story of my second conversion from the principle of serving self to serving Christ; for although in many respects I did the same things, by God's grace it was in measure through the influence of a new principle, and it is *this* that is of all importance in God's sight. *What we do* is of course a serious question, but *why we do it* is a far deeper one both to God and ourselves.

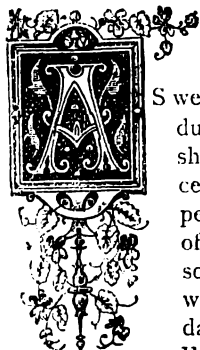
I have hesitated for many years to record these experiences, feeling how feebly they present the great truth of deliverance from self, and knowing how still more feebly I have carried it out. But seeing in Scripture how often a personal testimony is given, I look to the Lord that he may use this narrative to the full deliverance of any of my readers who may still be seeking to serve two masters.

"For the love of Christ constraineth us; because we thus judge that if one died for all then were all dead: and that he died for all that they which live should not henceforth live unto themselves, but unto him which died for them and rose again." (2 Cor. v. 14, 15.)

God's Mighty Men of Valour.

JACQUES LEFEVRE,

AND THE RISE OF THE REFORMATION IN FRANCE.



As we have seen in other papers,* during the dark night that shrouded Europe for so many centuries, a few lights appeared at intervals, raised up of God, to minister a little solace to the few faithful ones who wearily waited for the dawn. We have seen how Wickliffe, in the middle of the

fourteenth century, appeared in England, and endeavoured, by spreading divine truth, to liberate his groaning brethren from the spiritual bondage of iniquitous Rome. We have seen, too, how, nearly half a century later, Huss and Jerome arose to a similar work in Bohemia.

A century rolled away, and then with the appearance of Luther came the partial emancipation of the church in many countries from the thralldom of popery.

We are now about to turn our gaze to another scene of action—a new nationality has come to

* Short Papers on the Reformers—*Child's Bible Companion*, 1883

mingle in the great drama of the Reformation. France held, in the opening of the sixteenth century, a very foremost place among christian countries. On its south and south-east was Switzerland, on its east was Germany, and on the north, parted only by a silver streak of sea, was England. At all these gates, as it were, the Reformation was waiting for admission. In the year 1510, we find the throne of France occupied by Louis XII. He had just assembled a parliament at Tours to resolve for him the question as to the lawfulness of going to war with the Pope—one who violated treaties, and sustained his injustice by levying soldiers and fighting battles. The answer of that assembly marked the moral decadence of the Papacy. "It is lawful not only for the king to act defensively, but offensively against such a man." Thus fortified by the advice of his parliament, Louis commanded his armies to march against the Pope. This is mentioned here as a symptom of the near approach of the new times.

"The river," says one, "which waters great kingdoms and bears on its bosom the commerce of many nations, may be traced up to some solitary fountain among the far-off hills. So was it with that river of the water of Life that was now to go forth to refresh France." It had its rise in a single soul. In the year 1510, a stranger visiting Paris would hardly have failed to mark an old man, small in stature and simple in manners, going the round of all the churches, and prostrating himself devoutly before the images and shrines. This same old man, steeped as he was at this time in darkness and superstition, was destined to be, on a small scale, to the realm of France what Wickliffe had been to England. His name was Jacques Lefevre. He was born at Etaples, a village of Picardy, and although now verging on seventy, was hale and hearty. Wonderfully in this old man was the promise fulfilled, "at evening time it shall be light," for it pleased the Lord that he should not depart until the eclipse of superstition had wholly passed from his soul.

As he was, as far as we know, the first man to emerge from the darkness of his native land, we think he is worthy of some share of our attention; we will describe him, then, in a few words. Lefevre was naturally endowed with a capacious intellect. There was scarcely

a field of study open in those ages which he had not entered, and made in them great proficiency. His thirst for knowledge had led him to visit Asia and Africa, there to view all that the fifteenth century had to show. Returning to Paris he was, Erasmus tells us, the first luminary in the constellation of lights that at that time adorned the Theological Hall of the great Paris University. Yet with all his learning he was so meek, so amiable, so candid, and so full of lovingkindness that it was impossible to know him and not to love him.

But even this man had his enemies, and they tried to insinuate that the man who had visited so many countries could hardly have escaped some taint of heresy. So they began watching him, but could find no fault with him; never was he absent from mass, and none remained so long on his knees before the saints as Lefevre. Nay, so superstitious was he that this man, the most distinguished professor of Sorbonne, might often be seen decking the statue of Mary.

Lefevre at this time formed the idea of collecting and rewriting the lives of the saints, and this, through God's mercy, was the means used to open his eyes to the truth.

When he had already made some progress, it struck him that he might find in the Bible materials that would be useful in his work. "Unwittingly," says Wye, "he opened the portals of a new world. Saints of another sort than those that had till that moment engaged his attention, now stood before him—the virtue of the real saints dimmed in his eyes the glories of the legendary ones. The pen dropped from his hand and he could proceed no further.

As he continued to search the word of God, Lefevre really found that the Church of the Bible was a totally different thing from the Church of Rome; the wondrous plan of salvation, the plan of justification by faith alone, came to him like a sudden revelation. He says in one of his works that is still extant, "It is God who gives us, by faith, that righteousness which by grace alone justifies to eternal life."

These words of Lefevre, surely Spirit born, assure us that the dawn had broken on poor benighted France. It was a single ray, perhaps, but it had come direct from heaven, and was the harbinger of the flood of glorious light that was about to burst forth.

To be continued.

Work in the Lord's Vineyard.

Corunna, Spain.—Spain's need is deep. Her sons sit in darkness, all the deeper through their once having had the light. Spain's religion has ruined her. It has lowered and hardened the conscience, and sunk the nation into brutal ignorance and superstition, or else driven men into infidelity. However God has not left Himself without a witness. We find that the gospel is not only the good news of God, but also the power of God. Around us there are a goodly number of believers walking in newness of life. Mr Spooner and I find our chief work in seeking to build up and feed these saints, at Ferrol, Arteijo, and Corunna. Recently we visited a village and spoke from door to door. Many received tracts and gospels, and we had the joy of leaving the place without a single voice being raised against us; and we saw one large group listening to some one reading aloud the papers we left. Seldom are we so quietly received; and sometimes we are driven out of the mountain valleys amidst falling stones, and cries of "Death to the Protestants."—*Geo. J. Chesterman.*

Godavery Delta, India.—There is indeed very much to try one's faith in this country where the generality of the people are too religious, going about to establish their own righteousness, but not submitting themselves to the righteousness of God. I speak particularly of the great mass of Hindoos, but thank God that among the so-called outcasts, there are many who have found the Lord Jesus precious. We came home yesterday from a tour extending over six weeks. At the last village we visited we stayed a fortnight, and though the people were very busy threshing the grain, they manifested considerable interest in the Word and four were baptized who had by grace believed since our last visit. One of these was a dear young girl of about 15, who had for a long time known the Lord and suffered for His name, for her parents are still heathen. By her consistent walk she won her father's consent to be baptized, and on Lord's day her mother who had been bitterly opposed was won over, and even came twice to the meeting, a thing she was never known to do before, though their house is within a stone-cast of the school-room. Pray that the Lord may give this dear girl the joy of seeing both her parents and her grandmother sitting at the feet of Jesus, and that shortly. Two others were the wives of Christians in fellowship, and the fourth a widow whose mother and eldest son left her the same day, and she is left with two little boys, to manage as best she may among her heathen neighbours, who will have nothing to do with her, *but Jesus is with her.* Then all is well, "so that we can boldly say, The Lord is my helper, and I will not fear what man shall do unto me." We are preparing to start out again to a festival held at the mouth of the river, where many thousands gather to bathe in the sea, supposing that in doing so their sins are all washed away.

"No other fount I know,

Nothing but the blood of Jesus."

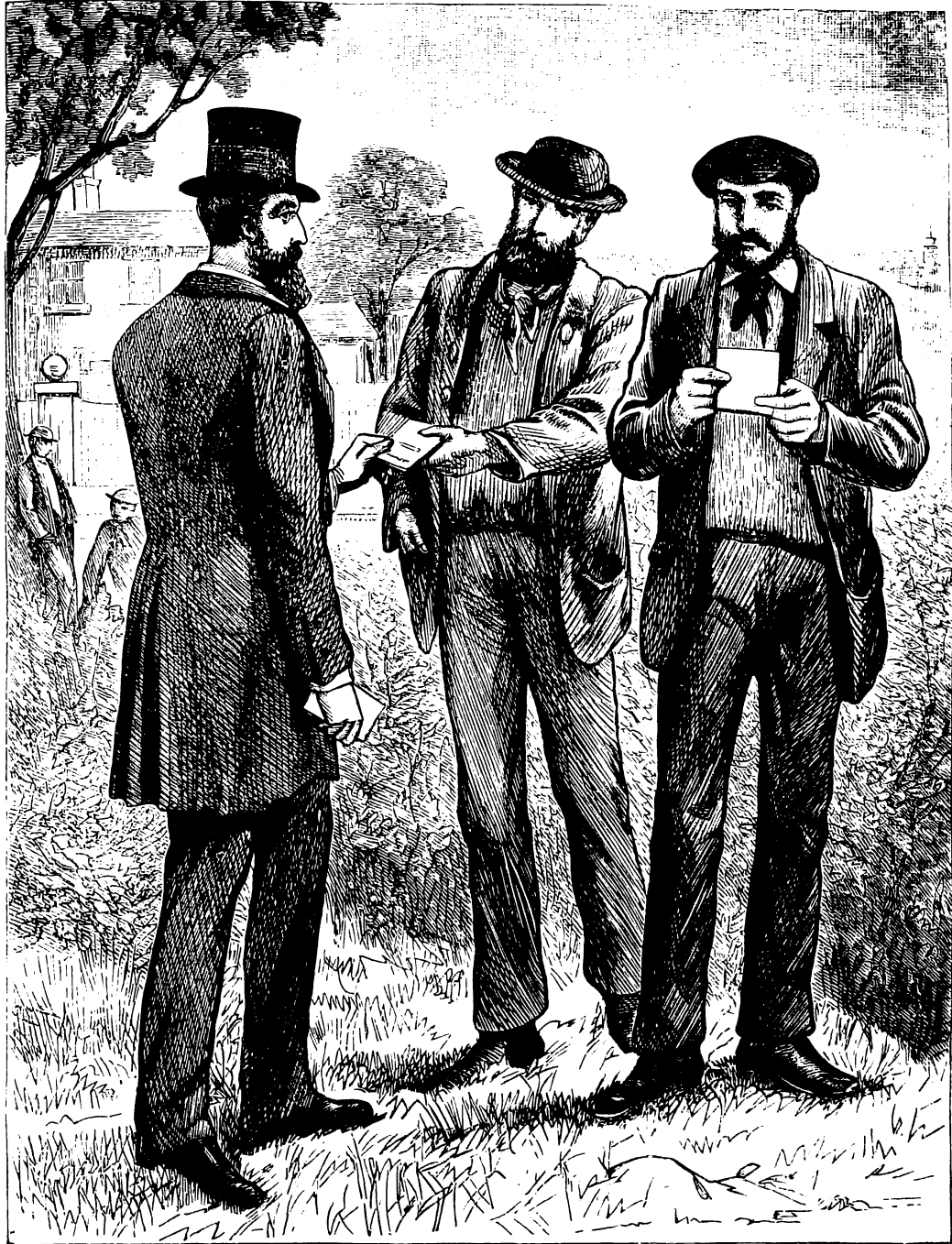
His blood indeed cleanses from all sin.—*J. Norman Macrae.*

Leon, Spain.—We have been giving our attention here lately to a town called Astorga. For years they have fiercely withstood the sale of the Bible in that town. We went there about a month ago and of course had a good deal of trouble, blazing gospels thrown about, and tables overturned by students; the civil guard and police declined to interfere, and the mayor upheld the rioters. But God got Himself the victory, and now our enemies behold us protected and assisted by their own police. Every time we go, they stand in front of our table while we sell! The character of the people there is worse than what we have here; we are thankful to be able to sell in that place, as it is a nest of convents, monks, priests and superstition. Within two or three years we will see a change among the people through the presence of the "Word" in the town. In **La Baneza** we still hold meetings, and last visit I fell in with one whom I met about four years ago, and who then said "if he only knew how to understand the Bible as well as he knew how to catch trout, he would be very contented." Since then he has continued to read the Word daily and is completely changed as regards his life. Hearing of one being in the jail who has heard the gospel, I visited him and took the opportunity of preaching to the other 22 prisoners, who were all in the yard warming themselves in the sun. It was a surprise to find two prisoners there having Bibles which they read nearly all day.—*J. Cecil Hoyle.*

Santalistan, India.—I counted how many leaves in the grammar *one* verb occupies—107; that is, 214 pages! One great difficulty with the Santal language is, it is full of idiomatical sentences, so that when you have learnt a verb or two, adjective, adverb, &c., you have no *rule* for putting them together; and Bengali is spoken differently here to what it is in Calcutta, so you must get hold of the words the people use, and cannot depend on dictionaries and grammars. Who would have thought of this as a consequence of building a tower to reach to heaven? But what is to hinder *grace* conquering a difficulty which *sin* gave birth to?—only unbelief and self-exaltation. When our female servant, Dooly, comes to sweep our room, she always stands and prays before she commences. What an example to English servants! Then in the afternoon, when her work is done, of her own accord she goes with another woman to the villages, and sings and speaks for Jesus. The Santals do not worship Kali (only the Bengalis), but sacrifice to devils and departed spirits of any one they think had a spite against them, to appease their wrath. God, they think, is good; so they do not sacrifice to Him. They call the sun, God. They do not pray every day, but sacrifice on feast days, or when they are in trouble. They have groves, and a few stones heaped up marked with red, where they worship. With regard to the difficulty of the language, I trust the "mountain" will soon be cast into the sea, and that in its place there will be a tree of faith, grown from a very tiny seed. The size does not matter, if it *grows*. Our Lord does not say, Faith as a grain of *sand*, for then there would be no result.—*Emmeline Hollyer.*

GRACE AND TRUTH

For Old and Young.



"GOD GRANT THAT YOU MAY BE JUST IN TIME."

God's Glad Tidings of Salvation,

A LAST WARNING; OR, "JUST IN TIME."

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LIGHT AT EVENTIDE."



LITTLE time back I was spending the afternoon of a Lord's day in distributing Gospel books and tracts among a number of miners in the county of—. It was a lovely summer's day, and the men were gathered in groups

here and there, either sauntering slowly along, or sitting under the trees talking together and enjoying the sunlight and the pure air. The sunlight seemed a joy in itself to them, as did also the fresh air, after working all the week, in the darkness and unwholesome atmosphere of the mine. I was well known among them and received many a hearty "Good day," or "God bless you," as I passed in and out among them, now sitting down to read for a time with some, now speaking a few words with others about their soul's salvation, and giving them the little silent messengers which all told the same tale, though by different pens and in different ways, of the Saviour's love,—the old, old story, so wonderful, yet so divinely true, the story of that Saviour's cross of shame, His death to win life for guilty ruined man.

I had given away nearly all the large packages of books I had brought out with me, and was returning slowly to my home; I had almost reached it, indeed I was crossing the last field that separated me from my own garden gate, when I met two young miners coming slowly towards me. I stopped as we were about to pass each other, and selecting two little books from the few that remained in my hand, I held out one to each and said:

"Will you accept and read this?"

Each took the book I held out and thanked me, and one, a fine, strong, healthy, and handsome young man of about twenty-five or twenty-six, stood still and read out the title-page of his, "Just in time."

A deep feeling of solemnity, amounting even to awe, crept over my soul, and looking up into his frank, open countenance, I said:

"Yes, my friend, and God grant that you may be just in time for salvation, just in time

for heaven." Again I repeated it, "God grant that *you* may be just in time."

He was a stranger to me, and I could not account for my sudden and deep interest in him. We had met for the first time that afternoon, and to look at him you would have said he had long years of life and health before him.

He did not sneer or scoff at my words, though he seemed surprised at a stranger thus so solemnly accosting him. "Thank you," he said quite earnestly, and we each passed on our way, I going home to ask the Lord of the harvest for His own blessing on the seed sown by the wayside, that He would not allow it to be devoured by the fowls of the air, so ready to snatch it away. Even as I prayed this young man's face came before me again and again, till I cried, "Bless him, Lord; save him." Little I thought how soon, and under what circumstances, we should meet again.

On the following Tuesday night, only two days later, I had just retired to my room for the night, and was about to extinguish my light, when a loud knocking at the street door made me throw up my window to see what was the matter.

"Who is there?" I asked, seeing a young man at the door.

"Are you Mr.—?" was the answer.

"Yes."

"Will you come at once and see a young man in E— Street; he is dying, and wants you."

"Have you not made a mistake? I know no one in E— Street."

"No, sir, are you not the gentleman who gave a young man, on Sunday afternoon, a book entitled 'Just in time'?"

"Yes, I am; what of it?"

"Please come at once," he said, "and I will tell you going along."

Hastily I dressed and went out into the summer's night, guided by my companion. On our way towards E— Street he told me that his mate had gone down the shaft that after-

noon as usual, and had jumped out of the bucket ere it reached the bottom ; he had done it dozens of times before and feared no danger, but this time, as he jumped, his foot slipped. The descent of the bucket closed an iron trap door, thus making a firm foundation for the vessel to rest upon. Owing to his foot slipping he was a moment too late to get clear of the iron door, and was caught by its closing and crushed between it and the side of the shaft. His breast bones were broken in, and he was lying there, his friend said, in terrible agony, unable to speak, only making a gurgling sound if he attempted it, and just gasping for breath, while life seemed ebbing fast away.

By the time the young man had finished his story, adding many details which I need not relate to you now, we reached the cottage, and I entered. What a scene met my gaze ! There lay the fine strong man, whom I had seen only two days before in the full vigour of health and youth, now absolutely helpless. The pallor of his face was ghastly, his eyes were almost starting in their sockets, feebly he gasped for breath, and over him hung his young wife, the wife of but one short week, with lips and cheeks almost as colourless as his own, in speechless and tearless agony.

He looked fixedly at me as I entered and tried to speak ; it was useless, no word would come.

"Shall I read with you and pray for you?" I said.

He made a low hissing sound, the only approach to "Yes" he could make.

I read to him that "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life ;" and I spoke to him of the love of God in desiring his salvation ; of the efficacy of the blood of Christ to save him ; I told him he was lost and ruined by nature, but that Jesus came to seek and to save the lost—that having done the work by which sin could be put away out of God's sight, he could now bring the sinner into God's presence. As simply as I could, I besought him to take his place as a sinner and trust Jesus as a Saviour, and then I knelt down and besought the God of all grace to give him faith now to lay hold of Christ ere it were too late, to give him the

knowledge of the forgiveness of all his sins through that precious blood that cleanseth from all sin.

Even as I prayed, one after another of his mates came crowding into the little room, all full of rough sympathy, and many a coat sleeve was brushed across the eyes of brave men to hide the tears that would rise unbidden at the sight of the strong man's agony, and the young wife's speechless woe.

The scene was too much for me, and for a few moments I went outside into the open air, lest I should break down entirely, for rarely, if ever, had I seen a sight so pitiful.

I had been but a few minutes out of the room when my name was called hurriedly, and I returned to the sick man's side. As I entered the room his eyes rested on me entreatingly, with a look at once despairing and beseeching. Again I said, "Shall I read and pray?" and again came the painful effort on his part to speak, and then the low hissing sound of assent. I read to him this time the story of the father and the prodigal (Luke xv.), and then I also read to him the prayers of the Pharisee and the publican, and repeated this one verse : "Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out." And while strong men bowed and wept, I cried to God once more, to the living God, to save his soul now at the eleventh hour, and to give him the knowledge of pardon and peace and salvation through the blood of the Lamb.

As I finished, his face changed. The damp of death and the pallor of the grave were upon it, but hope lighted it up, despair had fled. He signed for a drink, and his wife held the glass of water to his lips while she raised his head gently to enable him to take it. He drank a little, and then, to the amazement of all, he who had been unable to utter a sound beyond the low hissing noise so painful to listen to, said out in a clear painless voice, and with eyes lifted up as though he saw the One to whom he was speaking—

"Just in time! God be merciful to *me* a sinner, for *Jesus Christ's* sake, Amen!"

He had scarcely uttered the last word when his head fell back on the pillow, a little shivering sigh escaped him, and we were in the presence of the dead.

THE THREE SAILORS; OR, "GOD IS NOT MOCKED."

"**G**OD is not mocked." So spake a Christian worker to a German sailor, who with two companions had for weeks tried to disturb meetings for sailors held in London.

These three troublesome ones had long been borne with and prayed for, but apparently in vain, as they invariably sought to distract the attention of the others present, by throwing books about the room during prayer, or by interrupting the hymns with socialistic songs. At length, one night, when their conduct had been worse than usual, before closing the meeting the preacher asked all present to read, one by one, the first verse of the first Psalm. One after another read the solemn words—"Blessed is he that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful,"—until all in the room had repeated them except the three disturbers, who refused to read. Then wishing the ringleader "Good-night," the worker added emphatically, "*GOD is not mocked,*" words of whose truth the scoffer was soon one day to be terribly convinced; and so, most assuredly, will any reader of this paper be, who is living as if GOD were to be trifled with. My reader, do you think you can reject the gift of God with impunity, when that gift is none other than His only begotten Son?

Some weeks passed, during which the same worker was at his post, and one evening one of the three who had so tried his patience was present, and stated that he had a message to deliver, which was heard with close attention, and was to the following effect:—

The three companions in wickedness had tramped from London to Birmingham, where the one who has been called the ringleader was stricken with fever, and taken to the hospital. While lying on that bed of sickness he begged his companion to return and ask pardon of the christian he had so insulted, and shortly afterwards passed into eternity, apparently without a ray of hope, the last words on his lips being, "God is not mocked!"

Strong, rough men who had sinned for years with a high hand, were deeply impressed, as with solemnized manner, this message from

the brink of eternity was delivered, and surely, my reader, it cannot fail to remind you of that time, perhaps close at hand, when the messenger who takes no refusal may lay his icy hand upon your shoulder, and then your destiny will be *fixed for eternity*. Are you among the many who are living for self and sin, regardless of God and eternity? "Be not deceived; God is not mocked for whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap." A man would be counted a fool if he sowed *tares* and expected to reap *wheat*. And this principle is as true in spiritual things as in physical, with one most important difference, namely, that God, not willing that any should perish, has in matchless grace interposed on behalf of the one who truly repents, and said, "Deliver him from going down to the pit, for I have found a ransom." (Job xxxiii. 24.) This ransom, of infinite value, is declared in 1 Tim. ii. 5, 6, to be "Christ Jesus, who gave Himself a ransom for all," and so perfectly has He met the claim of a holy God against a world of sinners, that now the very vilest may obtain eternal deliverance from the penalty of his sin on the ground that "*Christ died for the ungodly,*" and that *God says,* "*Whosoever believeth in him should not perish,* but have everlasting life."

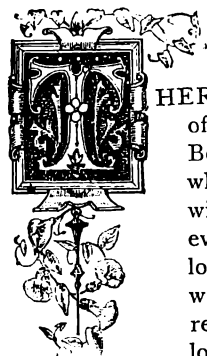
My reader, the guilty conscience of the dying sailor said "God is not mocked," and *his* eternal destiny is settled. You through mercy are reminded once more that "*whosoever will*" may "*take the water of life freely.*" Will you not cease to mock God by your sin and unbelief, and believe His message of mercy? If not, remember He has also said, "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."

Once more, my reader, let the words burn into your heart, "GOD IS NOT MOCKED;" for you must either reap the results of your life of sin and unbelief, which will be "everlasting punishment," or enjoy the results of Christ's death, which, if you truly trust in Him, will be "everlasting life." Which shall it be?—*J. J.*

Green Pastures and Still Waters.

THE UNFAILING ONE.

BY J. DENHAM SMITH.



HERE will soon be a healing of all our backslidings at the Bema, that tribunal of Christ, where all the evil of the past will be for ever forgiven, for ever forgotten! We have a lovely foreshadowing of the way in which the Lord can receive us graciously and love us freely, in His appear-

ance unto Peter at the sea of Tiberias. A calm and solemn glory rested on Him there. He was the same, and yet not the same, as before His resurrection. The same in love, but not in suffering or in sorrow. A soft twilight envelopes His person as we see Him on that shore; and this is significant, because it is a morning twilight. The night of His sufferings lies all behind Him, as ours soon will, and in its stead we shall have a heavenly day.

Thus it will be with Israel when He will again appear to them and renew His connection with them. As He met the little flock at the sea of Tiberias, so He will meet the sheep of His pasture in the land where they will own Him as their one Saviour and true Shepherd. Hence, "I will allure her." He will, by holy inducements and persuasiveness, entice her to Himself. How true it is, God hath sweetnesses for the penitent soul far above all the sweetness of any earthly joys, much more above the so-called "pleasures of sin."

By the calm glory that surrounded His Person, and by the banquet on the shore, He allured the disciples to Himself. But before the Lord could enjoy this renewed connection with them He placed them, as it were, before His tribunal, as He will place us ere we are presented to the Father. In 2 Cor. v. 10 we read, "We must all appear before the tribunal of Christ," where He will once and for ever settle with us, concerning the things done in the body, that nothing of evil may remain between us and His eternal enjoyment of us.

Thus too will it be with Israel in that day when, having looked on Him whom they have pierced, He will receive them unto Himself, assuring them once and for ever of His forgiveness and forgetfulness of the past, as the word is, "Receive us graciously," and as the promise is, "I will love them freely." So that with them and with us, though there will be a deep sense of all that we have been and done, there will be no more conscience of sin, and no inordinate fear. If tears, they will be all wiped away. Peter reminds us of this. When he saw it was the Lord he girt his fisher's coat about him, and plunged into the sea to meet Him. Ere this, when they were seated at the supper, and the Lord had said, "One of you shall betray me," he had no confusion of soul, no questioning of his love. And now that he sees it is the Lord, he leaves all else that he may be with Him alone.

Notwithstanding his sin and grief, genuine love was in his heart. Oh, for more of such love! It was the net first told him it was the Lord. Filled with fish, yet it did not break; nor, as aforetime, did the boat begin to sink. The Lord had told them where to cast the net. In passing I may say the gospel net of this dispensation will do its work; I have never any doubt of that. The only question is, Do I put my own hand to it as I ought? The former net, for the time, with Israel, has been broken; as Messiah He receives nothing yet. His kingdom is not now. But this net of His gospel will do all His pleasure, as we sing—

"Dear dying Lamb, Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power
Till all the ransomed church of God
Be saved to sin no more."

Not a hoof will be left behind. Not one whom He is preparing on earth will be absent from the mansion which He is preparing in heaven. I love to think of John xxi. as forecasting many things in the coming kingdom.

THE PARABLES OF LUKE XV.--THE LOST SHEEP.

BY W. LINCOLN.

WE have seen that Christ came down to where the sinner was, and so reached him for blessing, through the death of Christ. God can save and be as righteous and holy as if He did not, yea, can even more fully declare His righteousness.

Now turn to a miracle in Matt. viii. 1—3. "When he was come down from the mountain, great multitudes followed him. And, behold, there came a leper and worshipped Him, saying, Lord, if Thou wilt, Thou canst make me clean. And Jesus put forth His hand, and touched him, saying, I will, be thou clean. And immediately his leprosy was cleansed." All this miracle is full of mercy. Mark the action, He touched him, got right down to his filthy, leprous case; so, if you are lost, you have only yourself to blame, for God has done all this to save poor sinners. Now I will quote plain words. "This is He that came by water and blood; not by water only, but by water and blood." Not by life only,—separation to God—but by water *and blood*. I am trying to show the meaning of the word "found," for it does not mean the same in all these three parables; but I must put them together. In the second, the Spirit finds you when He shows you where you are. In the third, it is when you come before the Father and cry, "I have sinned," that the Father falls upon your neck and kisses you, and says, "This my son was dead and is alive again, was lost and is found."

Just one word upon the putting "on his shoulder." If you come to the third parable, when the prodigal is sitting at the table, we see that the Lord will take care of His poor saved one all the way home. Joy occurs twice in the chapter; first, when the sheep is found, and second, when He has got home with the sheep. He brings the sheep home at last, but meanwhile He has a work to do for that sheep. Ah, saints of God, you do not know all the trouble you give to the Lord Jesus; it is no easy task to look after you every day, in all your failings and naughtiness. It denotes how He has to

act for you, all the work of the Lord Jesus before God, looking after you and caring for you; and from the word "shoulder" we can see it is hard work, for that is always implied by the use of the word. Just a scripture to prove this—Matthew xxiii. 4, "For they bind heavy burdens, and grievous to be borne, and lay them on men's shoulders." So that putting it on the shoulder indicates that it is hard work still. The saving work is complete, proved by the fact that you are upon His shoulder, but do not forget that, being saved, there is this priestly work still being carried on for you.

But we will pass on to the third point, which speaks of joy. Though this priestly work involves all the watching against Satan—though it is constant work for Him it denotes security for us. Safe in the arms of Jesus, I am ever secure, and can look down upon the devil, who would draw me away from the Lord when I enjoy His love and His smile. But we have here the joy of the Shepherd, at the success of His search. I have said we read of joy twice; in the Greek in the first place it is in the present tense, in the second it is not present; we give the joy when we come at first, and then there will be the joy when He has at last brought us home. It does not mean the sheep rejoicing, it is He who was a loser, and would have been a great loser, for one is a great number with Him. Jesus is the pastor, who seeks not the fleece, but the sheep, that He may give unto it salvation and everlasting life; and when He has done so, what then? It does not say you are glad, but *He rejoices*. See how you will gladden the heart of Jesus our Lord if you will come to Him and drop into His arms, and He is close to you. And then when He comes, He wants others to rejoice too. He has not got us all home yet, the time of rejoicing of all the church is to begin at once; and the time of the recognition of saints is not yet, not till Jesus comes. Then shall we rejoice together. Our Lord Jesus will survey that number of saints forming the church, and say, "Rejoice with me," and then will be a day of rejoicing such as never yet was,

a day that will never end, that will only be beginning to all eternity.

What a happy day is before us if we believe in Christ; oh, what an awful day if we do not. Luke xvi. about hell follows Luke xv. about heaven. It is a singular fact, that the last verse in Scripture, except the book of the Revelation, reads thus, "Now unto Him who is able to keep you from falling,"—and that is a great work—"and to present you faultless," you a sinner, who loathed yourself, *faultless*—think what a change, "with exceeding joy." Oh, my God! what a love Thine is! Now listen again; "I say unto you"—He drops the parable form and speaks as the Amen, the faithful and true witness, who knows heaven and who knows hell, who knows the Father's bosom and your

wicked heart—"that likewise,"—Christ's own conclusion which He wishes you to draw,— "joy shall be in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, more than over ninety and nine just persons which need no repentance,"—or fancy they do not, that is the idea.

A last word; do you not see how much more Christ and God can do for your soul than you do? The saved do not value it as Christ and God do; but, unsaved sinner, you sell your soul for any little trifle. Christ gave all that He had to get one, and you care little or nothing about it; the Lord rectify your judgment, by His own. Be determined to be *the one*; say, Lord Jesus, save or I perish, I cling to Thee, I believe in Thee.

—Notes of an Address. (Contributed by F.A.B.)

SINGING TRUTH UNTRULY.

BY GEO. F. TRENCH.

IN the year 1862, having been asked to speak at a meeting in a town in Herefordshire, I noticed some gaily-dressed young ladies whose voices greatly assisted the singing, but whose appearance and manner conveyed the idea of a want of seriousness.

After the address, and while singing one of the well-known hymns, I stopped the singing, and called attention to the solemnity of the words, and to the profession of faith which they conveyed, insisting that unless it was a true profession in the case of each singer, it should not be sung; that the Lord Jesus was listening and comparing the utterance of the lips with that of the heart; that He would certainly hold people responsible for singing words untruly; and I begged that none would sing them unless they could do so as in the sight of God, whatever disaster this might involve in the conduct of the meeting.

I then started the next verse, and to my surprise and satisfaction these young ladies had the honesty and courage not to sing; although this involved a very manifest loss to the har-

mony, and I was left with a few feeble voices to conclude the hymn as best I might.

When walking home a few miles to the house of a friend, I was accompanied part of the way by a young clergyman who had been present. He then said:—"I was quite taken aback by your stopping that hymn as you did; I really could not sing any more; though in the ministry, as you know, I am not what I ought to be, and my life has been far from consistent with my preaching." He thus afforded me a happy and solemn opportunity of beseeching him to renounce his false profession now and cast himself, with the sinner's plea, on the infinite grace that will forgive even sin like this. The future will declare with what effect.

Now that the singing of gospel hymns takes so prominent and so desirable a part in evangelistic work, it would be well if all who sing would pause and observe whether or not the words put before them are such as they could truly use of themselves, for, saith the Scripture "By thy words thou shalt be justified, and by thy words thou shalt be condemned."



"SUDDENLY, SUDDENLY, SHE WAS THERE!"

GOING TO THE GOLDEN CITY.

LAME and old, lame and old,
 She lived alone in a mud-built cot,
 Walls and windows let in the cold ;
 Desolate, desolate seem'd her lot.

Food in winter was hard to win,
 Fuel to warm her harder still ;
 She had buried her last of kith and kin ;
 She was poor and lonely, and old and ill.

Never a fire in her tiny grate
 Had shone to-day with its feeble spark ;
 The sun was setting in pomp and state—
 Setting, to leave her alone and dark.

Whence the light in her aged eye ?
 Whence the smile on her furrow'd brow ?
 'Tis a beam from the Saviour's throne on high,
 A seal of His presence with her now.

Surely for some the golden gates
 Are opened awhile ere they enter in,
 And they taste the glory which yet awaits
 The spirit ransomed from death and sin.

She knelt on her rough uneven floor,
 And bent her cheek on the broken bed ;
 And want and weakness were felt no more,
 For tears of joy were the tears she shed.

" O Father in heaven, Thy love has been
 Ever around me in weal and woe :
 I thank Thee for all that mine eyes have seen,
 Of all Thy faithfulness here below.

" I thank the Great Shepherd that follow'd me,
 And brought me safe back to His flock ;
 And though from His side in heart I oft stray,
 My feet, through His grace, are firm on the
 Rock.

" And day after day Thy Spirit's grace
 Has led me on with unwearied love,
 And now I soon shall behold Thy face
 In the happy home of Thy saints above.

" Father in heaven, be with me still !
 Jesus, my Saviour, oh, quickly come !
 Free me from every earthly ill,
 And bear me speedily, safely home ! "

The widow slept ; and while her eyes
 Were closed in slumber, a dream she dream'd,
 Filling her soul with sweet surprise,
 So strange and so true the vision seem'd.

When morning dawns, and the widow wakes
 " It could only have been a dream," she cried,
 " How swift a journey the spirit takes !
 I thought at first I had surely died."

Her scanty store for a scanty meal,
 She carried in to a neighbour near ;
 " I should like the warmth of your fire to feel,
 And to eat my morsel in comfort here."

" Ay, ay, come in ; there is always room,
 And put thy chair in the old man's nook,
 And tell him something to chase his gloom,
 Out of thy favourite, holy Book."

" Thou hast but a scanty breakfast." " Nay,
 It is enough," she quickly cried.

" The promise fails not from day to day,
 I know my Father will still provide.

" And if so be He should want me home,
 It's a token that's easily read :
 Whenever He means to bid me come,
 And not before, He will stop the bread."

" You're happy, Nancy ?" " Ay, ay," she cried
 " And so would you be if you were me ;
 There's never a sinner for whom Christ died
 Whose life on earth should unhappy be.

" And yesternight I was dreaming, too,
 A happy dream you would like to hear ;
 I dream, I know, what is mostly true ;
 I wish the end might be true and near.

" I stood, I stood by a river's side ;
 And far away on the other shore
 Was a golden city, its gates flung wide ;
 But there was no one to take me o'er.

" I saw the shining ones in the street ;
 I heard their harp-strings music pour ;
 I saw them waiting my soul to greet ;
 But there was no one to take me o'er.

" I thought I saw where the Saviour's throne
 Shone in the midst of that city fair ;
 Oh, how I longed to be up and gone !
 And suddenly, suddenly I was there ! "

She ceased ; and after a pause they said,
 " And what did you see in that city fair ?"
 No answer. Her spirit to heaven had fled ;
 Suddenly, suddenly, she was there !

Gleanings in the Fields of Scripture.

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

IT was a common practice among the Greeks to hold a feast called *eranos*, to which all contributed, and of which all partook. A similar arrangement soon sprang up in the Christian communities, and were called "Agapæ," or charity feasts (Jude 12). At these gatherings was celebrated, probably at first daily, and afterwards weekly, the Lord's Supper. It consisted of two parts: a loaf, broken and distributed during the meal, and a cup, partaken of by all present, after it. This bread and this cup were distinguished from the meal itself by the solemn declaration over them of the fact of the Institution (1 Cor. xi. 26). The entire feast, however, had a solemnity and sanctity imparted to it by the Eucharistic acts which accompanied it; and while this bread and this wine constituted the "Supper of the Lord," the entire "charity feast" became consecrated by it as a "Lord's Supper." (1 Cor. xi. 20). To it the brethren came, not as individuals, but as members of the body of Christ. This gathering of the church was His body upon earth; that sacramental bread and wine were the symbols of His body which had been given on earth, and which had been given for them. To the "charity feast" the rich brought of their abundance, the poor of their poverty. But, once assembled, there everything was common.

The party spirit which raged outside soon invaded these sacred scenes: the rich members ceased to discern in that gathering "the Body," and to discern themselves as "members of that Body." They regarded themselves as individuals, and the food which they brought as their own. The poor were put to shame: some of them, arriving late, would be hungry; while the rich had eaten and drunk to excess. On those who acted thus there fell naturally God's judgments of sickness and death.

To correct this terrible evil and grave scandal, S. Paul recalls to them the solemnity of the act of Holy Communion—what it meant, how it was instituted. He reminds them of how the

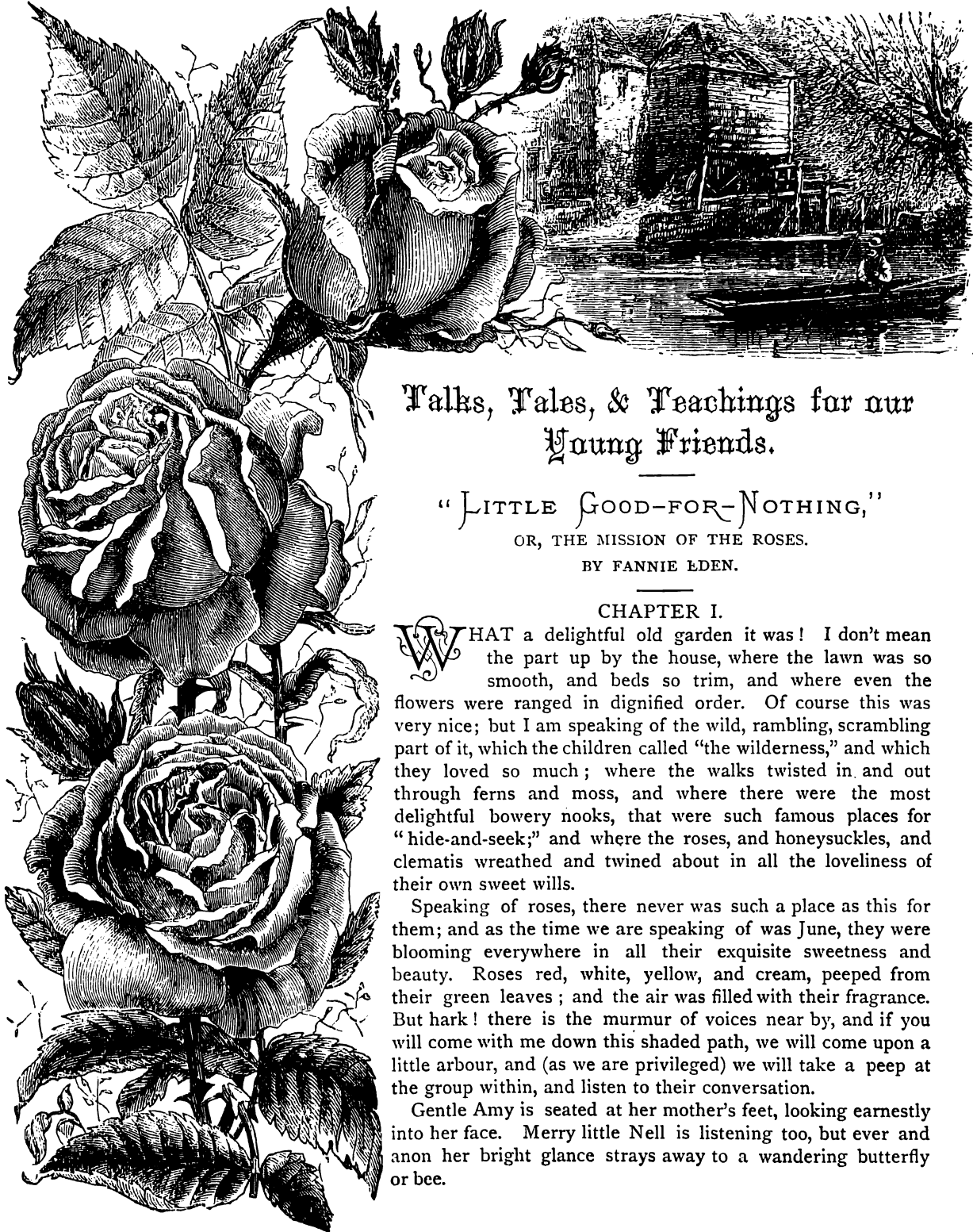
whole feast was consecrated by having that Eucharistic bread and wine united with it; and he commands those who merely wanted to satisfy their natural hunger to do so at home, before coming to the "Lord's Supper."

The two thoughts of communion with Christ and communion with one another, and of the bread and wine being the expression* of union with Him, and indicating the source of Christian unity, intersect and interlace each other like the fine threads of some tapestry which are so skilfully interwoven that you cannot distinguish *them* while you look on the image or scene which they definitely produce. We may with theological subtlety discern them; but if we do, we shall lose that loving image of the Holy Communion which the apostle wrought out in his teaching, and on which he and the early Church gazed with tender adoration, and from which they drew the deepest draughts of spiritual life.—*Ellicott's Commentary on 1 Cor. xi. 20—34.*

*This sentence is slightly altered.—Ed.

GODLY SORROW.

WHAT ye sorrowed after a godly sort." Better, *that ye sorrowed after the will of God.* The series of emotional words which follow, represents the apostle's estimate of what he had heard from Titus. There was (I) *earnestness* where there had been indifference to evil, or even approval of it (1 Cor. v. 2); and this was shown (II.) in the *vindication* of their conduct which they had sent through Titus; and (III.) in their stern "indignation" against the offender; (IV.) in their "fear," partly of the supernatural chastisement which Paul had threatened, partly of the judgment of God which was "against such things"; (V.) in the *longing* to have him once more among them, which mingled with their fear; (VI.) in their new "zeal" for the law of purity; (VII.) in their actual *vengeance*, i.e. their sentence of condemnation passed upon the offender.—*Ellicott's Commentary on 2 Cor. vii. 11.*



Talks, Tales, & Teachings for our Young Friends.

“LITTLE GOOD-FOR-NOTHING,”

OR, THE MISSION OF THE ROSES.

BY FANNIE LDEN.

CHAPTER I.

WHAT a delightful old garden it was! I don't mean the part up by the house, where the lawn was so smooth, and beds so trim, and where even the flowers were ranged in dignified order. Of course this was very nice; but I am speaking of the wild, rambling, scrambling part of it, which the children called “the wilderness,” and which they loved so much; where the walks twisted in and out through ferns and moss, and where there were the most delightful bowery nooks, that were such famous places for “hide-and-seek;” and where the roses, and honeysuckles, and clematis wreathed and twined about in all the loveliness of their own sweet wills.

Speaking of roses, there never was such a place as this for them; and as the time we are speaking of was June, they were blooming everywhere in all their exquisite sweetness and beauty. Roses red, white, yellow, and cream, peeped from their green leaves; and the air was filled with their fragrance. But hark! there is the murmur of voices near by, and if you will come with me down this shaded path, we will come upon a little arbour, and (as we are privileged) we will take a peep at the group within, and listen to their conversation.

Gentle Amy is seated at her mother's feet, looking earnestly into her face. Merry little Nell is listening too, but ever and anon her bright glance strays away to a wandering butterfly or bee.

"Alas! yes," the mother is saying, "far away from here, in the great city, thousands of children dwell, crowded in filthy alleys and unwholesome courts, to whom the sight of God's fair country is unknown."

"O mother," said Amy, sadly, "where do they play?"

"In the streets or gutters, or wherever they can, my child; but it was not to speak of these children's sad homes, that I called you to me just now, but to tell you of a way by which you can bring a ray of gladness into the lives of some little suffering ones, and also be the means of conveying to them some of the loving, tender messages of God."

"O Mamma," said Amy, clasping her hands, "would it be doing something for Jesus?" "Yes, my darling, most certainly it would." And Amy bowed her head in reverent joy, for she loved Jesus.

Then their mother told them how good and kind people had built large houses for the reception of little children who were ill, and how they were taken from their crowded unwholesome homes, and tended and cared for till they were better; and she told them how kind ladies, knowing that children loved flowers, had thought of preparing bunches to be sent to the poor sick children. "And I have been thinking," the mother went on to say, "how nice it would be if my little girls could once a week gather a large quantity of flowers, and, affixing a gospel text to each cluster, send them to gladden the hearts of the little sufferers. "O Mamma! how delightful!" said the children, clapping their hands; "May we begin now, Mamma?" said Amy, "the garden is filled with roses, let us send nothing but roses this time?" Consent was given, and soon the happy children,—happy because they were ministering to others,—were filling their arms with fragrant blooms.

"Mamma," said Amy later on, as they were arranging their flowers, "do you think there might be some poor little orphan there, with no one to love her?" "Doubtless there is, dear child, why do you ask?"

"Because," replied Amy, "I would so like to write a little letter, and put it in a bunch of roses, for such a little girl, just to tell her I am sorry for her, and that I love her; may I,

Mamma?" "Yes, dear, you may if you like."

"But how do you know that the right little girl will get it?" said Nelly, with a merry laugh.

"I'll ask Jesus to give it her," said Amy, never doubting, in her childish trustfulness, but that He would hear her. And soon her little note was written, and placed in the midst of a cluster of exquisite white roses, and soon the beautiful flowers were sent on their way to do their silent mission.

CHAPTER II.

THE heat was great in the city, the afternoon sun was beating fiercely against the panes of the hospital windows, which were open to let in, if possible, a breath of air to the little sufferers. But there was no fresh air to enter, and instead came the ceaseless roar of the surging sea of life below.

On the long rows of little white beds, aching heads tossed wearily, as the children languished with pain and with the intense heat, and eagerly their parched lips received the cooling drinks offered by kindly hands.

But of all the little sufferers none were so sad and weary as poor "Little Good-for-nothing," who lay with aching limbs, and a more aching heart, in a tiny bed in the corner.

Some weeks previously a small piece of humanity covered with rags, and dirt, and wounds, had been picked up from beneath the wheels of a cart, and carried to the children's hospital. Here she was tenderly cared for, and when she awoke to consciousness great was her astonishment to find herself in clean garments and on a pure white bed.

When asked her name, she only answered, "They calls me 'Little Good-for-nothing.'" From what could be gathered she had no mother, nor father, nor friends, but was one of the little homeless waifs of whom there are alas, so many in great London city.

She was a strange mixture of shrewdness and ignorance, and showed at times a capacity for great tenderness and love, but would, on the slightest provocation, break out into fits of ungovernable passion, and use language which shocked the attendants to hear. Owing to this her old name had clung to her, and here as elsewhere she was "Little Good-for-nothing."

But of late the child had been waking up to thoughts and feelings which before she had never dreamed of. She had seen how on visiting days the children's eyes had grown bright with expectancy, and how, when the doors were opened, fathers, mothers, and friends had hastened in, eager to see their little darlings. None were so poor but that they had someone to love them, except poor "Little Good-for-nothing"; and she had watched, with a hungry yearning at her heart, some mother clasp her child in her arms, and press her to her breast, and murmur over her as though she could never make enough of her. And then the little orphan would turn her face to the wall and sob, for at last she had awoke to the fact that in all the wide world there were none who loved and cared for her. Some such thoughts as these were filling the child's heart this afternoon, as faint and weary she lay back, with white face, and eyes closed, on her pillow.

There is a stir and bustle in the room which causes her to raise her eyelids, and she sees the nurse passing down the ward, her arms filled with exquisite roses. "Oh, how beautiful!" "Oh how lovely!" burst from the children's lips, as pain and weariness forgotten, they sat up, stretching out their hands for the much-loved treasures.

The nurse passed on from bed to bed, until she came to the little crib in the corner. "Now then, which will you have? take your pick, little one, Red, White, or Yellow," she said, merrily, as "Little Good-for-nothing," all trembling with eagerness and delight, stretched out her hands toward the fragrant blooms. Prompted by some innate love of the refined and pure, or shall we not rather say, led to it in answer to little Amy's prayer, she turned from the gaudy crimson and yellow blooms, and drew lovingly towards her a cluster of pure white roses.

How she rejoiced over those roses, the first she had ever possessed, how she pressed them to her lips, and revelled in their sweetness!

But there is a flutter of paper in the room, for the children are opening and reading their texts, and there is a murmur of children's voices as they commit to memory some of God's precious words. Who knows how many hearts received them that afternoon to lose them never more? Prompted by the others, "Little Good-

for-nothing" found her text, and she found beside what the others did not, a letter all for herself; she opened it, and read these words, for she could read:—

"Dear Little Girl, I am writing this to you to tell you that I am so sorry you are ill and suffering, and to tell you that I love you. I am only a little girl like you, but I love Jesus, and I want to tell you that He loves you, O so much, and that you need not be sad and lonely any more, for He loves you far more than mother, or father, or friends, for He died for you, poor little girl, that He might wash your sins away, and take you to live with Him in His beautiful heaven, He only asks you to love Him. Some day I may see you up in heaven, and then you will know the little girl who loves you, and has sent you the flowers, called—AMY.

P.S. I asked Jesus to let you get my letter."

Tears were coursing down the child's cheeks, but they were tears of joy now. She was not alone and desolate any more, there was someone in the world who loved her. And she was filled with a strange mysterious awe, as she thought that there was One in heaven who loved her too, for she never doubted it for a moment; had He not sent the letter straight to her? And, as the first tender green shoots of the tiny seedling turn instinctively towards the sun, so her newly-awakened heart yearned towards the One who loved her, but whom she, as yet, knew not.

Again and again "Little Good-for-nothing" read and re-read her letter, and then she turned to the text. It was this—"And He took them up in His arms, put His hands upon them and blessed them."

"Who does it mean?" she said, wonderingly, to the nurse who was near her.

"It means Jesus!" said the nurse, reverently.

Jesus up in heaven! Why that was the One who loved her, she mused.

"Who did He take in His arms?" again she asked, abruptly.

"Why, little children," answered the nurse; "would you like me to read to you all about it?"

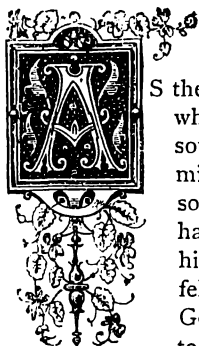
"O yes!" said the child, eagerly.

And then the kind nurse took a Bible, and read to her the "sweet story of old."

To be continued.

God's Mighty Men of Valour.

WILLIAM FAREL,



As the light of the truth of God which had entered Lefevre's soul banished for ever from his mind the gloom of monasticism, so he knew well that this light had not been given him to hide under a bushel; and he felt that at once he must, by God's grace, communicate it to his pupils around him.

Now of all places the Sorbonne was the most dangerous in which to proclaim a new doctrine. Centuries had rolled away, and none but the school-men had spoken there; and daring indeed would be the man who could proclaim in this, the citadel of scholasticism, a doctrine which if received would explode that which had been heard with reverence for ages.

Lefevre well knew the risks to which he was exposing himself; nevertheless, he went on to spread around the joyful tidings of salvation by grace. As may well be supposed, a great commotion was raised around the chair from whence proceeded sounds so new and strange. With varied feelings did the pupils of the venerable man listen to the new teaching. The faces of some were lighted up with joy, and they looked like men to whose eyes some glorious vista had suddenly opened, or as though they had unexpectedly discovered something for which they had long, but vainly sought. On the faces of others, astonishment and anger were plainly written; and their knitted brows and flashing eyes plainly bespoke the anger of their souls.

The agitation in the class-room soon communicated itself to the university; and on every side were heard reasonings and objections. Some were frivolous, some were filled with blind prejudice and hatred of the doctrine, but some were honest, and in real earnest, and these Lefevre made it his business to answer, showing them that his doctrine did not give licence to sin, and that it was not new, but as old as the Bible. Mutterings of the distant storm were heard, but it had not burst; and meanwhile

Lefevre, within whose soul the light burnt clearer day by day, went quietly on with his work.

It is well to mark that these events took place in 1512. Not until five years after this had the name of Luther been heard of in France: the monk of Wittemberg had not yet nailed his Theses to the doors of the Schlosskirk. From this we see most manifestly that the Reformation, springing up at this time in France, did *not* come from Germany. Before Luther's hammer, as one has said, was heard ringing out the knell of the old times in Wittemberg, Lefevre was proclaiming beneath the vaulted roof of the Sorbonne the advent of a new and brighter age. The word of God, like God Himself, is light; and from that source alone came the welcome day, which after a long dark night broke upon the nations in the morning of the sixteenth century.

Among the crowd of pupils who gathered around the chair of the aged Lefevre, there was one who especially claims our attention. Between this scholar and the master existed an attachment of no ordinary kind. None of all the crowd so hung upon his lips as did this youth; nor was there one on whom the eyes of that master rested with so kindly a light.

This youth was WILLIAM FAREL. He was born among the Alps of Dauphiné, at Gap near Grenoble, 1489.

His parents, measured by the standard of that age, were eminently pious. Every morning as the sun kindled into glory the white mountains around his dwelling, the family were assembled to count their beads; and as evening descended, crimsoning and then paling the beautiful Alps, the customary hymn ever ascended to the Virgin.

As Farel himself tells us, his parents believed all that the priests told them, and he in his turn believed everything that his parents told him. Until the age of twenty he grew up with all the grandeur of nature around him, but with the darkness of superstition in his soul. A historian speaking truthfully of him says, "It

would have been as hard for him to believe at this time that Rome, with her pope, and her holy priests, with her rites and ceremonies, were the mere creation of superstition, as to believe that the great mountains around him, with their snows and their pine forests, were a mere illusion, a painting on the sky, which but mocked the senses, and would one day dissolve like an unsubstantial, though gorgeous exhalation. "I would gnash my teeth, like a furious wolf," said he, speaking of his blind devotion to Rome at this period of his life, "when I heard anyone speaking against the pope."

It was his father's desire that he should devote himself to arms, but young Farel longed to be a scholar. Shut up though he was, in the seclusion of his native valley, the fame of the Sorbonne had reached him, and he longed to drink his fill at this renowned well of learning. In 1510 he presented himself at the gates of the university, and was enrolled among its students.

It was here that young Farel became acquainted with Lefevre, and before long they were bound together in the bonds of closest friendship. Outwardly there were few points, one would have thought, to bring them together. One was old, the other young; one deeply learned, the other a mere tyro in knowledge; one enthusiastic, the other shrinking and timid; but beneath these external differences there beat two kindred souls. Both alike were noble, unselfish, and devout; and although living in an age rife with scepticism, their devotion was ardent and sincere. Often might the aged master and the young disciple be seen hand in hand visiting the shrines, and kneeling together before the same images.

But the time came when the spiritual dawn broke upon the soul of Lefevre; and he now began to let fall at times words that told of the new light he had gleaned from the Bible.

"Salvation is of grace," would he say to his pupils, "the innocent One is condemned, and the criminal is acquitted; it is the cross of Christ alone that openeth the gates of heaven, and shutteth the gates of hell." With consternation

Farel listened to these words. What did they mean? to what would they lead? If this were true, what use then were his visits to saints, his kneeling at altars? Had his prayers been uttered to the air? All the teachings of his youth, the sanctities of home, the beliefs learned at his parents' feet, rose up before his mind and appeared to frown upon him. Tossed with doubt and uncertainty, he longed to be back in his quiet home, where such thoughts might never torture him more. A crisis had come in the history of Farel; he must either press forward into the light with his beloved master, and become what the world called a heretic, or plunge back again into deeper darkness—but he felt he could never be the same as before.

Peace had left him; "the sorrows of death" and "the pains of hell" had taken hold of him and he felt he could not save himself. It was just when he was near despair that the words of Lefevre were spoken again in his hearing, "The cross of Christ alone opens the gates of heaven." "This is the only salvation for me," said Farel, "if I am to be saved it must be of grace, without money and without price." And so he immediately pressed into the portals that were opened to him by the blood of Jesus. The tempest was at an end, and he was now in a quiet haven. "All things," he tells us, "appear to me in a new light, Scripture is cleared up. Instead of the murderous heart of a ravening wolf," he says, "I came back quietly, like a meek and harmless lamb, having my heart entirely drawn from the pope, and given to Jesus Christ."

And now while Lefevre continued to preach and teach from his chair in the lecture room, Farel, always bold and uncompromising, went forth to scatter the seeds of divine truth in the temples. It was wonderful that one who had been so recently steeped in superstition, could at once under the power of God, throw off so entirely the yoke of the papacy. But so it was. To the Bible alone did Farel go for light and learning, and so his emancipation was complete.

To be continued.

Work in the Lord's Vineyard.

Liverpool.—Numbers of Spaniards attend the "Strangers' Rest," where they have a good Spanish worker, I believe. A number of Slavs have also been in the habit of attending the "Rest," although there is no person there to speak to them in their own languages, and though they know very little English, as a rule. They are not sailors, but are employed in sugar works. Last year, when in Liverpool, I saw a few of them; and two, in particular, who had Testaments, were very anxious to get the whole Bible in the "Church Slavonic," the dialect into which Cyril and Methodius translated the Bible for the Slavs who were pouring into Europe a thousand years ago; but I was unable to obtain a copy in London or from the continent. One of these "Slavonians" was an intelligent fellow and he and my brother became great friends. He said the priests (Greek Church) would not think of allowing them to have the Bible, as then they would know as much as the priests themselves; and that the priest told them the Bible said that a man who did not do harm to his neighbours would go to heaven. My brother looked out a number of passages which he made him turn to in the Slavonic Testament. He seemed very much struck with them, and continued to read the Testament, and understood what he read; for he was able to answer many questions thereon, having learned to speak English pretty well. He had to return home, a few weeks ago, to Sztrapho, in the north of Hungary; so he was furnished with three Testaments and some Slavonic text cards (printed by hand) to take back and give to his neighbours. I do hope the man will be as a light shining in a dark place.—*W. G. S.*

Finland.—The following interesting letter shows the present work of God far north in Finland. It was written by a Christian there to a friend in Hull: "Our dear brother Braxén has been holding largely-attended meetings in the neighbouring country, people coming sometimes ten miles to hear the word, bringing their little ones with them, and not seldom remaining over two or three meetings. A solemn, earnest spirit of enquiry characterises all the meetings; and it has been no unusual thing to have a whole room-full of enquirers after the meeting proper has been concluded. Many have thus wept their way to the Cross, and been enabled to trust in the atoning blood. The people are mostly of the respectable poor, though well-to-do farmers and peasants also gladly attend, inviting us to their own villages and offering their hospitalities. There are unusual opportunities of giving away New Testaments and Bibles; but as our means do not permit of indulging in this privilege, we have sold them to the people. Testaments, at 8d., find ready purchasers; but not so the Bibles, which are 2/6 each—no small sum for these poor villagers. "Songs and Solos" are much used for preparing the way for the message of life, and in opening up doors for us. One of four brothers, all brought to Christ, God seems to have singled out for some special work; and he is sent for by his brother-farmers far and near. The vicar of the parish in

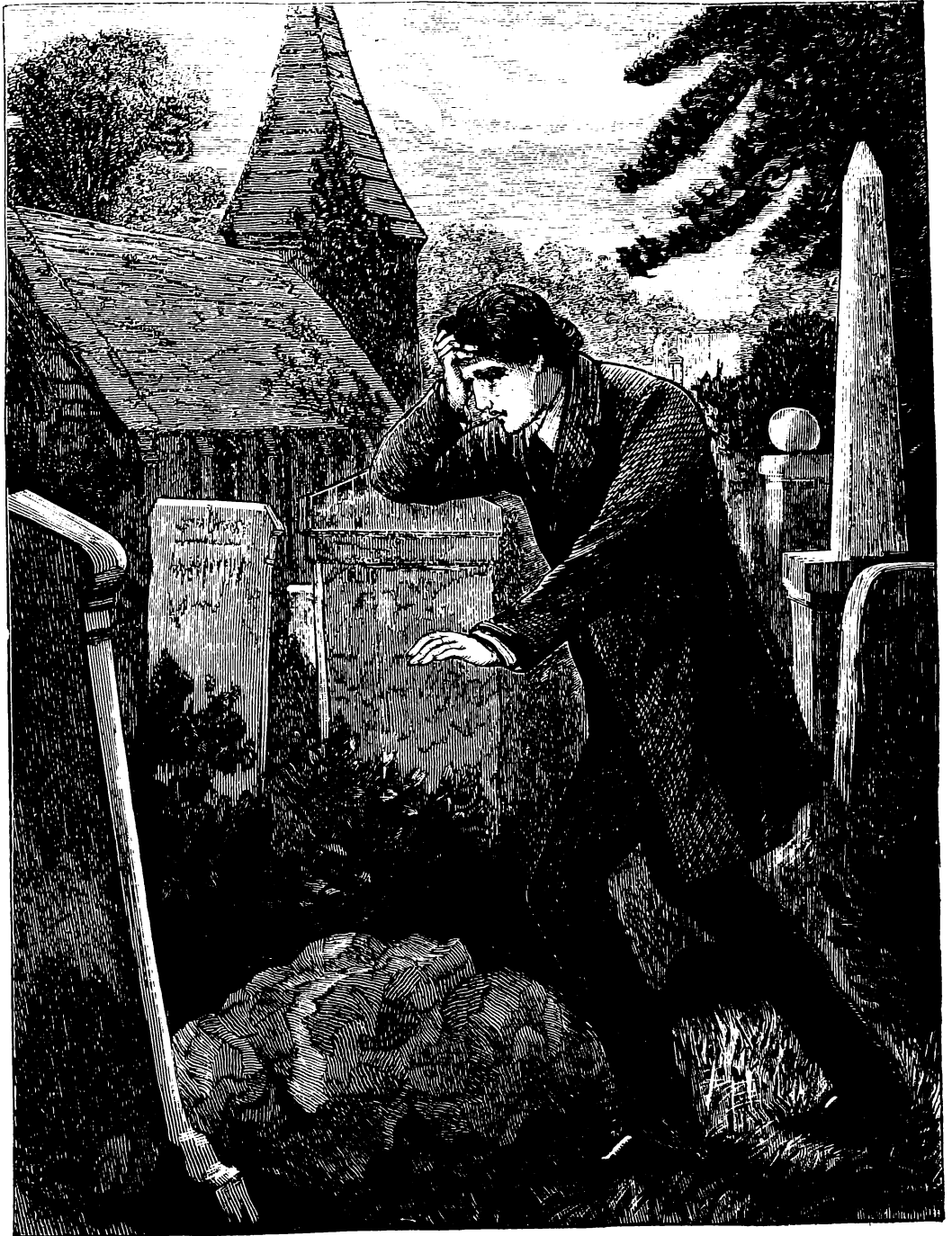
which he lives having asked him to preach to some people, said he rambled too much about the scriptures; he also disapproved of his calling God "Father" in his prayer: but Edwin, through grace, so handled the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God, that the clergyman was silenced; and if Edwin now only can keep humble, we may expect the Lord will greatly use him. Before his conversion he was a wild, reckless, daring fellow; but after it he broke off, or rather his sweetheart broke off, their engagement, because to her enquiry as to whether he would not dance at their own wedding, he replied, *that*, certainly, was out of the question.—*F. W. L.*"

Colar, Mysore, India.—We have just come back from a large cattle fair, held every year, about 17 miles from here, on a plain which extends three miles, and is covered with tens of thousands of cattle and men. Besides our three selves we had four Indian evangelists, gifted and earnest workers, also five of our student youths, and blind Samuel, to labour in the gospel morning and evening. A very deep impression was made. On the Lord's day some of our hearers stood for two hours listening to the words of life. Good work was being done, and thousands had heard the message of salvation, when suddenly a false rumour spread that a man had died of cholera. In one day and night tens of thousands literally fled with their cattle from the plain: it was deserted, so we had to return home. We had raised a cottage with bamboo mats, but it was a poor protection from the rays of the sun. The heat is very great, and we expect a very hot summer. On the afternoon of the Lord's day all the Orphanage workers who can be spared from the Sunday-school and classes, go forth to the neighbouring villages to proclaim the glad tidings; and on the Saturday evenings they meet and tell where they went and what sort of reception they met with. In one village an old woman sought very earnestly for salvation, and suddenly seemed to understand and accept the truth gladly. But some wicked person set her house on fire, and persuaded her that it was her new God who had done so. In her ignorance she believed it, and this report was spread in the villages around.—*Louisa H. Anstey.*

Madrid.—The meetings continue to be very well attended, and there are many serious listeners: one after another confesses himself or herself to be on the Lord's side; but we have not full enquiry meetings, as we had at one time. Two or three backsliders are returning. A dear little girl belonging to one of our schools has just died in the Lord. She only entered last autumn, and seemed at once to hear and live. The parents, though they had themselves scarcely attended any meetings, were so convinced of the truth through their child that they had no priest either for sickness or funeral. A man and his family began to come a few weeks ago, but he was very soon after taken ill, and seems to be dying of consumption. Apparently he is on the Rock, and he told the priest he did not need his services, as he had confessed to the Lord Jesus.—*Charlotte Fenn.*

GRACE AND TRUTH

For Old and Young.



"BESIDE HIS MOTHER'S GRAVE."

God's Glad Tidings of Salvation,

AT HIS MOTHER'S GRAVE.

BY F. E. H.



HE only son of his mother, and she was a widow!" How often, since these pathetic words were written, have they stolen into hearts. They are so simple, and yet so inexpressibly sad.

Roland W. was an only son; his mother had not, like the widow of Nain, to grieve that he lay lifeless on his bier, but that he was, alas! dead in trespasses and sins; without God and without hope in the world.

The loving, praying father had passed away with his boy's name on his lips; the devoted wife's only desire then was that she might live in order to pray for her unsaved child.

It had been the father's wont to gather his household around him in the evening, and read to them from the Bible, and to lift up his heart to God before them in fervent prayer and praise. Now that he was gone, the mother's heart yearned to see their son take his father's place, and to hear his voice raised in thanksgiving to God as his Saviour, but Roland cared not for these things; his ear had grown weary of the oft-told tale, the sweet old story of a Saviour's dying love. He turned angrily away from all his mother's tender entreaties. Like the deaf adder, he cared not for the voice of the charmer, charmed he never so wisely.

Often now to his mother's grief, when night closed in, and the family Bible was opened, her boy's chair was empty. "So far from being able to take his father's place," the mother sighed, "he will not even come to listen!"

She never reproached him, but he could see by the sorrow depicted on her gentle face how much her heart was grieved. At last, to avoid seeing her he stayed out later and later with his wild, foolish companions, in the hope that she would have retired ere his return.

Often when stealing noiselessly to his room, his ear would catch the sound of his mother's voice, broken with sobs, pleading with God for him. His heart would be touched, but the pleasures of the world had too great a hold upon him, he would not yield to the Spirit's

pleadings within him. Still his mother prayed on, and often even his sleep was broken by that patient pleading voice agonizing with God for him.

At last, to use his own expression, the place became "too hot for him." "It's no use," he said, "I must either leave the house or I shall be converted; I can't stand much longer against mother's prayers!"

One night he put a few things together, and with his heart hardened against his gentle praying mother, he stole away, and turned his back to the only one in the world who really loved him and cared for his soul's salvation. He left the neighbourhood, carefully concealing his address, for well he knew that if it were possible his faithful mother would find him out.

And now the last restraint gone, he gave himself up fully to worldly pleasures, and sought to drown his conscience and the remembrance of his cruelty and deception in wine and excitement.

One day the news reached him that his mother was ill. His first impulse was to go to her, and a pang went to his heart at the thought, that doubtless his conduct had caused a shock to her tender frame. But Satan soon began to whisper, "Don't be a fool! she'll soon get over it; if you go home, you'll have to give in, you can't stand against her and her prayers!" And he let the wicked spirit prevail.

Time went on, and again an ominous whisper reached him, "Your mother is seriously ill!" Suddenly, like a mighty rushing wind, the conviction swept over him, "She is dying of a broken heart, and I am being my mother's murderer!" All the old love, so long held back, came again into his heart like a swelling flood. He flung himself down, and weeping like a child, he cried, "Mother, mother! I am coming! I am coming! Do not die for me!"

In a frenzy of haste he put some things into his bag, hurried to the station, and was soon hastening on at express speed to his mother. But rapidly as the train rushed on, how slow it seemed to his yearning heart. At length, with

a wild shriek the train swept into the little station, and Roland was soon hurrying down the well-known country lanes.

His heart was lighter now that he was drawing so near home, and he tried to picture the joy on his mother's dear old face when she saw her truant boy again. "They shall not announce me," he said, smiling to himself at the pleasant picture he was conjuring up. "I'll steal quietly into the dear little cosy parlour, where she'll be in the old arm-chair, and I'll just kneel down beside her, and kiss her dear gentle hands, and take her in my arms, and say, 'Mother, darling precious mother, I'll never leave you any more; O forgive me, mother, and let me be your joy and comfort to the end!' And she'll not reproach me, bless her, with a word, I know her gentle, loving heart enough for that—she'll just lay her trembling hands upon my head and bless me, and take me to her heart!"

Cheered with these happy thoughts he hurried on. Just then, the moon burst from behind a cloud, and he saw the little village church standing out sharply before him, surrounded with its gleaming white gravestones.

Suddenly,—he could not tell how or why—like a cold blast from a tomb, the thought swept over him, leaving him chill, and trembling, "What if she be dead already? I dare not go home," he moaned, "what if I find the house dark? What if the chair be empty? I will go to my father's grave; if she be dead, they will have placed her there!"

He passed along the churchyard path, now buoyed up with hope, now depressed with fear. His steps dragged heavily as he neared his father's grave; he closed his eyes lest he

should see what he feared; slowly and tremblingly he knelt beside the mound, and stretching out his hands, he felt, oh horror! he felt the newly upturned earth, and he knew he was beside his mother's grave. O scorner, thou who hast despised the prayers of a tender, loving mother, canst thou tell Roland's agony at that moment? Never to hear that gentle voice again? never to kiss the loving lips? No, the voice of love was still; the tender eyes were closed, the hands ever so busy for his comfort were folded now, the willing feet were resting at last!

But above all came the thought, "No one in the world to pray for me now! I have broken the heart of the only one in the wide world who cared to pray for my wicked soul!" At last the arrow of conviction had entered his heart, and all that night, with the stars and moon gazing down upon him, Roland knelt beside his mother's grave, calling to God, for Christ's sake, to have mercy on his wicked soul. And far away beyond the stars and moon, surely angels hushed their harps that night, that they might listen to the sweeter music of an awakened sinner's prayers. There was joy in heaven over that sinner's repentance, and in the day of the Lord the departed mother shall see that her prayers were answered, and her boy was saved.

When the first faint streaks of morning broke, Roland left his mother's grave an altered man. He had learned bitterly that the way of transgressors is hard, but he had also learned that he was not so black and bad but that the precious blood of Christ could save him. He is now an earnest worker for Christ, and a preacher of the Gospel.

"HIS PRESENCE MAKES MY PARADISE."

THE circumstances in which the person was found who uttered the above words will afford the reader some idea of the surprise and joy we felt in thus discovering one who, having believed the testimony God had given of His Son, was only living to prove that the Kingdom of God was not meat and drink, but righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost.

In conveying my sons to their school a few miles in the country, I had many times observed,

that, which to the natural eye, seemed a most pitiable object: an old man, passing threescore and ten, very feeble, kneeling on a heap of stones by the roadside, with one hand leaning on a stick, to support his weak body, and with the other using a hammer, labouring to earn the bread that perisheth. My children had often ministered to his temporal need when passing outward on the Monday, and homeward on the Saturday; but it was our privilege, and profit I

trust, to be ministered unto on this occasion, by one who appeared to have nothing but poverty in and around him.

Driving as close as we could, I said to him, "My friend, have you ever heard about the Lord Jesus dying for sinners?" In a moment, with face beaming with heavenly joy, he replied, "Yes sir, and I know that He died for me."

"Then," said I, "You are a rich man indeed; breaking stones to-day and in the glory to-morrow."

"Yes sir, and it may be in five minutes; and

wearing grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, which was sustaining this "weak thing" of God's choice in all his need, and turning that which naturally could only contribute misery, into a paradise by His presence.

Returning again in a few hours, I told him how we were cheered this morning, and although I had so frequently passed him during the winter, how our eternal friendship was only now discovered by us.

Again, like the sound of a well-tuned instrument when touched, he said, "Yes sir, brethren in Christ, and we've got to do with a good Father and a kind Saviour."

God had revealed His Son in the heart of that dear old man; and Jesus had become everything to him; and the water that He had given him, was in him a well of water, springing up into everlasting life.

I have often challenged my soul with this question, surrounded as I am, in the providence of God, with every earthly comfort,—Is the acquaintance with my blessed Saviour of such a character, that the withdrawal of all these temporal comforts from my lot, would only serve to make more manifest that "the life I now live in the flesh, I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave Himself for me"?

My dear unconverted friend, what are thy thoughts of this old man's happiness? Thou hast not yet drawn from those living waters that filled his soul; but listen, as the glad tidings of the grace of God ring out their closing peals to thee, poor heavy laden and thirsty one, "And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely." Then shalt thou prove, even here, in the midst of tribulation, that "His presence makes thy paradise."



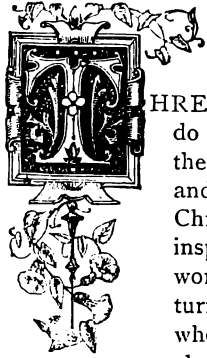
I can say with Job, 'all the days of my appointed time will I wait, till my change come.' But He who died for me, sir, has promised that He will never leave nor forsake me, and His presence makes my paradise."

No sooner was the last word uttered, than the toil was resumed; our hearts had indeed been filled, and bidding him farewell, we drove on; not without deeply exercised souls as to the precious testimony to that never failing, never

Green Pastures and Still Waters.

"TILL I COME."

BY GEO. HUCKLESBY.



THREE times in the Scriptures do we hear these words from the lips of our adorable Lord and Master, the Lord Jesus Christ; and from the pen of an inspired apostle we have the words "Till he come." If we turn to the different passages where the expressions occur, we shall find that they contain

weighty and important lessons for us to-day. In John xxi. 22, we have *expectancy*; in Rev. ii. 25, *stability*; in Luke xix. 13, *activity*, or diligence in service; and in 1 Cor. xi. 26, *obedience*. Four things which should characterize every child of God until Christ comes again.

First, EXPECTANCY, or looking for that blessed hope. In connection with the Lord's second coming there is a certainty and an uncertainty. We are certain as to the fact, but uncertain as to the time. We have our Lord's own promise to cling to, "I will come again." We have the testimony of the two angels on Olivet, "This same Jesus shall so come in like manner as ye have seen Him go into heaven." This is confirmed by the Holy Ghost through the apostle, "A little while, and He that shall come will come, and will not tarry." And again our Master's thrice-uttered word in the closing chapter of the inspired volume, "Behold, I come quickly," and then "Surely I come quickly." He is coming, He will come, He must come, His word binds Him to return, and His big heart of love yearns for the blessed moment when He will receive us unto Himself, that where He is there we may be also. But then we have the uncertainty as to the actual time of His return. His own word was, "Watch ye therefore, for ye know not when the master of the house cometh, at even, or at midnight, or at the cockcrowing, or in the morning; lest coming suddenly he find you sleeping; and what I say to you (disciples in the apostolic age), I say unto all (who should believe on Him during

His absence), watch." The same grace which brought salvation unto us would teach us to be looking for that blessed hope. The Holy Spirit ever seeks to fix the believer's eye upon the Lord Jesus, and to have Him on the tiptoe of expectation; scanning the horizon for the first streak of the Bright and Morning Star; looking for and loving the appearing of the Lord Jesus Christ.

Then, as that blessed moment draws nigh, the sure word of prophecy declares that perilous times will come. Iniquity will abound, and the love of many will wax cold. Wicked men and seducers will wax worse and worse, deceiving, and being deceived. Already we feel the cold grey mist of morning. The clouds are gathering, the darkness is thickening, the path is narrowing, and the difficulties are increasing every step of the journey. A sceptical world says, "Where is the promise of His coming?" and a slumbering church exclaims, "My Lord delayeth His coming." Ritualism is making rapid strides to the front, and Rationalism is carrying its thousands along with its mighty current, God is publicly blasphemed, and His holy word openly denied. Man's utter ruin by the fall is being laughed at, and the atoning work of Christ ignored. The senses are being pandered to, in that which professes the name of Christ. Intellect is being worshipped, and man deified in the world; everything is rapidly preparing the way for the manifestation of the Man of sin. The foundations are out of course, and will continue so until Christ shall come to set all things right. The solemn verities of eternity are trifled with, and fundamental truths are explained away.

Hence the force of our Lord's words in Rev. ii. 25, "Hold fast till I come," an exhortation to STABILITY in these last days, calling upon us to stand fast, and to hold fast amid all the conflicting scenes around, in spite of all the winds of doctrine on every side. Oh! to be men of God, those who habitually walk with Him, and who dare to stand up and faithfully

bear witness to His precious truth ; those who can weep over a divided church, and yearn over a doomed world ; and thus seek to spend and to be spent for Him who spent all that He had for us ; the One who said when treading this vale of tears, "The zeal of Thy house hath eaten me up!" Caleb and Joshua remained faithful to God, even though three millions of people were against them. Elijah stood up for the Lord God of Israel on Carmel's height, although the king, with his host of false prophets, and the whole nation had grievously departed from Him, and were steeped in gross idolatry. The prophet Micaiah might be threatened by the ungodly monarch, yet he still spoke the solemn truth of God. The three Hebrew youths could face a fiery furnace, and a Daniel enter the lions' den, rather than deny their God.

So with the perfect Pattern, the divine Exemplar of faith, who set His face as a flint to go to the cross. Neither the entreaties of a Peter nor the threats of the Jews could turn His steps aside, or shake His faith in God. Gethsemane, with all its attendant bitterness of soul, must be entered, and Calvary, with its supernatural darkness, its unmeasured distance from God, and its unutterable woe, be endured, yet He remained steadfast and unmoved. The chosen apostle to the Gentiles could say, "What mean ye to weep and to break mine heart, I am not only ready to be bound, but to die at Jerusalem for the name of the Lord Jesus." The same whole-hearted servant prayed for fellow-servants at Ephesus, that they might be rooted and grounded in love ; and wrote to the Colossians, exhorting them not to be moved away from the hope of the gospel, but to hold fast the Head ; and urged the Corinthians to be steadfast, unmoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord. Jude, by the Holy Ghost exhorts the saints to earnestly contend for the faith once delivered to the saints, to be valiant for the truth, and manfully and skilfully wield the sword of the Spirit, even though the hand might cleave to the sword, as did one of David's mighty men when defending a little piece of property belonging to his royal master. The apostle Peter too saw the need of the saints of God being aroused to stability when he wrote those earnest words, "Ye therefore, beloved, seeing

that ye know these things before, beware lest ye also, being led away with the error of the wicked, fall from your own steadfastness; but grow in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ."

May we, beloved child of God, be found cleaving unto the Lord with an undivided heart, occupied with Him, and occupied for Him, and thus carrying out His exhortation, "That which have already hold fast till I come."

"MY GRACE IS SUFFICIENT
FOR THEE."

THY grace, Lord, is sufficient,
Sufficient in our day
To stem the tide of evil
That rolleth in alway.

Sufficient in Life's famine
The cruise of oil to fill ;
The more Faith draws upon it,
The more outpoureth still.

Sufficient in Life's battle
Our giant foes to slay ;
We've but a tiny pebble,
But grace shall win the day.

Sufficient in the desert,
Sufficient for our need ;
With five loaves and two fishes
Five thousand Thou dost feed.

Sufficient in the dungeon
"Songs in the night" to raise,
And change the garb of heaviness
For robes of joy and praise.

Sufficient for Thy lowly ones—
The lilies of the vale—
And for the trees of Lebanon
Bowed 'neath the wintry gale.

Sufficient for Thy martyrs
Is thine abounding grace,
To die the death with lion's heart
And with an angel's face.

Sufficient in our weakness,
Sufficient in our pain,
To turn our loss and suffering
For Thy sake, into gain.

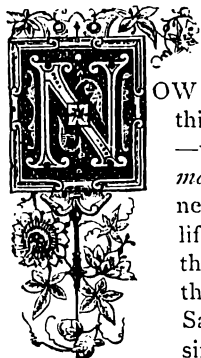
Oh wondrous power of blessing !
Oh alchemy divine !
That makes each stony trial
With golden glory shine.

Food for Christ's Lambs.

SPIRITUAL NOURISHMENT,

AS TYPIFIED BY THE ROAST LAMB, THE MANNA, AND THE OLD CORN OF THE LAND.

BY T. SHULDHAM HENRY.



NOW let us briefly refer to the third truth foreshadowed here—viz. *Rest*. The Sabbath for man is here instituted in connexion with redemption and life. Man not only requires these, he also requires rest; therefore God gives him a Sabbath—indicative of the sinner's rest in Christ crucified.

We have three Sabbaths spoken of in the word of God. (1) God's, (2) man's, (3) millennial. The Sabbath of Gen. ii. is God's Sabbath, when He rested from His great work of creation. We are not told that this Sabbath was imposed on man as a command: the fact that God sanctified it is no proof that His rest was instituted for man, or was ever made known to him. God rested from His work. His rest was broken by man when he sinned, and then God began to work again, and has been working ever since; as Jesus said, "My Father worketh hitherto, and I work." In this dispensation it is the Spirit who is working. God could not give sinful man rest on the ground of creation; therefore we have no mention of a Sabbath-keeping between Gen. ii. and Exodus xvi., a period of more than 2000 years. If God's Sabbath were given to man, is it not strange that scripture is silent about it? Yet it is remarkable that we nowhere find the observance of the Sabbath stated to be a universal obligation. But when we see that the Sabbath instituted in Ex. xvi. is a shadow of Christ and God's rest in Him, and is given to man on the ground of redemption and life, this silence is a key to the understanding of this precious subject.

God's Sabbath was interrupted in Eden, and now in the wilderness we see man's Sabbath instituted. It is only on the ground of the Lamb slain that God can bring the sinner into the enjoyment of the blessed rest of a finished work. If this Sabbath were a shadow of God's rest in

Christ, man could not be brought into this typical rest until the blood of a paschal lamb had been shed. Accordingly, how perfect is the order! the lamb slain, the blood sprinkled, the song of redemption sung, the manna from heaven given, *then* the Sabbath instituted. Here it is spoken of as a precious gift, "The Lord hath *given* you a Sabbath." So the Lord Jesus said, "Come unto me, and I will *give* you rest." Afterwards it was given as a law to be kept, with its restrictions and penalties. (Ex. xx. 8—11; Numb. xv. 32—36.)

Another thing I would have you observe: the Sabbath was only given to a *redeemed* people, as a sign of redemption. Obedience was demanded from them as such, "Remember that thou wast a servant in the land of Egypt, and that the Lord thy God brought thee out thence through a mighty hand and an outstretched arm, *therefore* the Lord thy God commanded thee to keep the Sabbath-day." (Deut. v. 15.) It was God's sign to them that they were sanctified by the blood of the lamb, that is, separated from Egypt to God Himself, and they were to keep it as such a sign. What would be the meaning of God's giving this Sabbath—this rest—to the world to keep it as a sign that they were sanctified from the world to God? Is it not true now that none have this sign upon them, that is, have rest of soul, but those who believe on Jesus crucified and risen? To cease from works is the only possible ground of entering into rest. God's controversy with man is about this rest; he will insist on bringing his works as a recommendation, or adding his works as an accompaniment, to redemption; whereas God has declared salvation for the sinner to be a *finished* work.

This shadow of God's rest in Christ and His finished work He fences around with pains and penalties to show His abhorrence of man's efforts to do anything or bring anything to obtain it. Turn to Numb. xv. 32, where you will see what we mean: God gave them a command not

to work on the Sabbath-day, the penalty of breaking which was death. Many might have thought it a light thing to gather a few dry sticks on the Sabbath, and that the punishment for the crime was too severe, because they argue upon it from their own petty thoughts, instead of bringing their thoughts into subjection to His word. The Lawgiver imposed the law and attached the penalty, while man said voluntarily, "All this will we do." Man breaks the law knowingly and deliberately, and then says, "God is unjust to inflict the penalty." Can anything be more insulting to God? God instituted the Sabbath to show forth His rest in Christ and the believing sinner's rest also in Christ, and He insists that the figure of this rest was to be guarded with the penalty of death. Not a scrap of man's work can He admit into the eternal Sabbath of rest in Christ. It is not only true that the wages of sin is death, it is equally true that if men insist on *doing work* for salvation, rest, or peace, the wages of such work will be everlasting death; but "to him that worketh not, but believeth on Him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted for righteousness." (Rom. iv. 5.)

There is another point in connexion with this, and that is, that God did not permit burdens to be borne on the Sabbath-day. "Thus saith the Lord, Take heed to yourselves, and bear no burden on the Sabbath-day." (Jer. xvii. 21.) This was a solemn "take heed"; it was just as wrong for them to bear burdens as to gather sticks, or do any work whatever on the Sabbath-day. All the children of Israel must have rest, perfect and complete, and this was the Sabbath.

When the blessed Son of God came, who was the end of the law, He invited these two classes to Himself for that rest which works could not give, and which burdens were not to disturb or mar: "Come unto *Me* all ye that (1) *labour* and

are (2) *heavy laden*, and I will give you rest." (Matt. xi. 28.)

Do not suppose for a moment that in these remarks I wish to make light of God's blessed provision of one day's rest in the seven for man and beast, or to interfere with the place the Lord's day occupies since the resurrection of the blessed Lord. As a man I value the former, and as a christian I rejoice in the latter, considering it the christian's happy privilege to keep sacred and separate to the Lord His own precious day, in commemoration of His triumph and victory over Satan, sin, death, and the grave. The seventh day given to Israel has never changed, it is still the seventh. The eighth day and first day of the week is the Lord's day, and we are now under the binding law of love to keep His own day for Himself, for His worship and His service. The dispensations have changed. When the sun rises the shadows flee away. Christ spent the last Sabbath of the Jewish dispensation in the silent tomb, and with Him there the types ended. On the first day of the week He arose out of the grave, as the Head of the new creation.

The seventh day has not been transferred to the first day of the week, as we can find in the word of God. Certain schools of theologians say so, but God has not said so. The time is coming when the seventh day will be so transferred, but not in this dispensation. When Israel will be restored to the fulness of blessing in their own land, and when the temple worship is restored in its more than pristine magnificence, then the priests are to offer their sacrifices "upon the *eighth day and so forward*." (See Ezekiel xliii. 26, 27.) They will then offer their sacrifices for a remembrance of the blessed Antitype on Calvary, just as we Christians now meet on the first day of the week to remember Him in the "breaking of bread."

CONFIDENCE IN GOD.

PSALM III.

BY W. H. BENNET.

THE knowledge of the circumstances under which this Psalm was written enables us the better to appreciate its few but weighty verses. Absalom, the third son of David, by feigned humility and profession of sympathy

with the people in their troubles, "stole the hearts of the men of Israel," became the leader of an open rebellion, and proclaimed himself king. (2 Sam. xv. 1—12.) When tidings reached David his heart was bowed, and he at once fled

with the few who remained faithful to him. He must have remembered the solemn prediction of Nathan the prophet, who, whilst assuring him that the Lord had put away his sin in the matter of Uriah, told him that sore chastisement, in the form of evil out of his own house, would fall upon him on account of it. He must have felt that he was reaping in public what he had sown in secret. A solemn lesson for us all; for He who hath said "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap," is One who "will not call back His words." (Isa. xxxi. 2.) Condemn His people with the world He will not, but chasten them He must, if, instead of walking in His law, they yield to their own fleshly desires.

But though God chastens He does not crush, and in this psalm we see how His hand was *under* David as well as *upon* Him, sustaining while it disciplined. It appears to be the utterance of his soul on the first morning after his flight, at the close of that night when his very life had hung upon a thread, and his fate had been determined by Absalom's rejection of the counsel of Ahithophel in deference to that of Hushai. God had answered David's prayer that He would turn the counsel of Ahithophel into foolishness, and had defeated that counsel that He might bring evil upon Absalom. Thus had he been shielded through the night, and now with the dawn of the morning light he takes a calm review of his position. He states his difficulties, but gives expression to his confidence. Those who troubled him had "increased" until they were "many" (verse 1); they had "set themselves against" him, arrayed as for battle (verse 6), and, what was to him the bitterest pang of all, they were saying, "There is no help (or *salvation*, as verse 8) for him in God" (verse 2). But over against all his foes and their taunts he can set GOD, being assured of His covenant faithfulness, and thus anticipate the triumphant question of Paul, "If God be for us, who can be against us?"

He had shown his deep *submission* in the touching language with which he sent back the ark: "If I shall find favour in the eyes of the Lord, He will bring me again, and show me both it and His habitation; but if He thus say, I have no delight in thee, behold, here am I, let Him do to me as seemeth good unto Him"

(2 Sam. xv. 25, 26); and by the pathway of submission he reached the height of fellowship. In Eli's days Israel *thought* God's presence must of necessity go with the ark, and by terrible defeat had to learn their mistake; David *knows* that God's presence is not dependent upon any symbol, and that he can have God without the ark. And so, rising from the consideration of his foes on earth to the contemplation of Him who "sitteth in the heavens," he can say, "But thou, O Jehovah, art a shield for me; my glory, and the lifter up of my head" (verse 3). As a true son of Abraham, a partaker of Abraham's faith, he knows Abraham's God, who had said, "I am thy shield." (Gen. xv. 1.) There might be "many" foes, but which of them could reach the one whose "shield" was God Himself? Men might put him to shame by saying that God had given him up, but he knew God as His glory; and though his own thoughts and the remembrance of the past might bring deep depression, and cause him to bow his head very low, yet there was brightness in store, for God was the lifter up of his head.

How beautiful in its simplicity is verse 4, "I cried," "He heard"! When David reached his halting-place for the night, he seems to have given himself to prayer. The answer, in his preservation through the night, we have already noticed. But how verse 5 expresses the depth of his confidence in God, "I laid me down and slept; I awaked; for Jehovah sustained me"! It was no light thing for a man in those circumstances to lie down and sleep. With what childlike faith he must have dealt with God about everything, and committed everything to Him! Accepting the chastisement, bowing to the rod, (as we see in the case of Shimei, 2 Sam. xvi. 10,) he so trusted God to deliver him that amid the gathering forces he lay down and slept. And now refreshed in body and mind, he again displays that spirit of faith that filled him in those early days when he went forth against Goliath in the name of the Lord of hosts, and declares that whatever may be the number of his foes he "will not be afraid." Yet this confidence does not prevent further prayer, but rather helps it; "Arise, O Jehovah! save me, O my God!" God is said to *arise* when He interposes for His people, and rescues them from the power of the enemy. (See Ps. xii. 5.)

It may be asked, what is the lesson of this psalm for us, seeing we are not likely to be in the circumstances in which David was? It is true that we are not in his position, but have we not one against us who is mightier than any human foe? and are not we surrounded by enemies whom no earthly weapons can touch? Powers of darkness are our antagonists, and against them we gain the victory only as we know GOD as our *shield*. Again, do we not know what it is to be in trial and perplexity? and are we not sometimes filled with depression and shame through the feeling that in a particular trial we are reaping what we have sown? Not *always* is it so, thank God, but sometimes it is, and nothing will help us but the knowledge of God, and the sense of what He is to His people—"My glory, and the lifter up of my head." It was when quoting a psalm that Paul told us these things "were written for our learning, that we through patience and comfort of the Scriptures might have hope." (Rom. xv.

4.) And if we thus use this psalm we shall join in that beautiful expression, the truth of which God's people are learning all through their wilderness journey, and which they will for ever sing in the glory, "Salvation belongeth unto Jehovah," or "Salvation is of Jehovah."

The closing sentence of the psalm is understood by many as a prayer in which David embraces the *whole* nation, even those who had been drawn aside from the path of allegiance to him as God's anointed one. Ewald remarks, "This one short word throws a bright lustre upon David's noble soul;" and Perowne says, "What a glimpse it gives us into the goodness and generosity of that noble heart." While groping upon earth we cannot see over the barriers that in this day so separate those who are Christ's, but when we are in fellowship with God we rise above all such barriers, and embracing in faith and love all who are His, we from our hearts pray, "Thy blessing be upon Thy people."

Gleanings in the Fields of Scripture.

PRAYER, AS MENTIONED IN GOD'S WORD.

I.—EXHORTATIONS TO PRAYER.

1. Seek the Lord and His strength, seek His face continually.—1 Chron. xvi. 11.
2. Pray for the peace of Jerusalem—Psalm cxxii. 6.
3. Seek ye the Lord while He may be found, call ye upon Him while He is near.—Isa. lv. 6.
4. Pray for them that despitefully use you.—Matt. v. 44.
5. Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest, that he will send forth labourers into his harvest.—Matt. ix. 38.
6. Watch and pray that ye enter not into temptation.—Matt. xxvi. 41.
7. Ask, and it shall be given unto you: seek, and ye shall find: knock, and it shall be opened unto you.—Luke xi. 9.
8. Men ought always to pray and not to faint.—Luke xviii. 1.
9. Strive together with me in your prayers to God for me.—Rom. xv. 30.
10. That ye may give yourselves unto prayer.—1 Cor. vii. 5 (*R. V.*).
11. Praying always with all prayer and supplication in the Spirit.—Eph. vi. 18.
12. In everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God.—Phil. iv. 6.
13. Continue in prayer.—Col. iv. 2.
14. Pray without ceasing.—1 Thess. v. 17.
15. Brethren, pray for us.—1 Thess. v. 25.
16. Finally, brethren, pray for us, that the Word of the Lord may have free course and be glorified—2 Thess. iii. 1.
17. I exhort, therefore, that first of all supplications, prayers, intercessions, and giving of thanks be made for all men.—1 Tim. ii. 1.
18. I will therefore, that men pray everywhere. 1 Tim. ii. 8.
19. Pray for us.—Heb. xiii. 18.
20. Is any afflicted? let him pray.—Jas. v. 13.
21. Is any sick? let them pray over him.—Jas. v. 14.
22. Pray one for another, that ye may be healed.—Jas. v. 16.
23. Be sober, and watch unto prayer.—1 Pet. iv. 7.
24. We will give ourselves continually to prayer.—Acts vi. 4.



Talks, Tales, & Teachings
for our Young Friends.

“LITTLE GOOD-FOR-NOTHING,”

OR, THE MISSION OF THE ROSES.

BY FANNIE LDEN.

CHAPTER III.

“LITTLE Good-for-Nothing” listened eagerly as the kind nurse read in gentle tones the sweet story of a Saviour’s love for little children; and, like the child in the little hymn, longingly she “wished she had been with Him then.” Perhaps He might have placed His hand on her head, she thought, and blessed her; and perhaps He might have clasped her in His arms, as she saw that mother the other day clasp her child.

“Thank you,” she said, as the nurse closed the book, and was rising to go; and then very timidly, “Would you mind leaving that beau-

tiful book with me to read? I want to read more about the one who loves little children."

"You shall have it all for your own," said the nurse, placing it in her hand; and, with a happy smile, the child received it.

Often now was she seen bending over her book, for she seemed never weary of reading of the gentle, loving, holy Saviour. How different He was from any she had ever known before! how good and tender, how patient and unselfish! And then His cruel death!—O the bitter tears that fell from the child's eyes as she traced His wonderful history to its thrilling close.

"O how could those cruel men pierce His hands and nail Him to a cross! how could they mock and scorn Him! And He never grew angry with them, she marvelled, as she would have done, even if she had been ill-treated a little; but no, He only said, "Father forgive them, for they know not what they do." O what grace and love!

But while musing and wondering at His great goodness, while her own heart was being drawn out in love for Him, doubts and fears, and at times even anguish, began to fill the soul of poor "Little Good-for-Nothing." In the light of His holy presence she said—

"O how bad I am! how wicked! I have such a sinful heart; I have told lies, once even, when I was very hungry, I stole a pie from the poor old blind woman who keeps the stall near our alley. And Jesus saw me do it, and He knows how bad I am; He couldn't love me; He would turn from me. Those must have been good little girls and boys that He took in His arms and blessed. O what must I do to become good, so that Jesus will love *me*?" And in her grief of heart she spoke to the nurse.

Now the nurse was a kind conscientious woman, maybe a christian, but she knew not how to point an anxious, seeking soul to its Saviour. "You must say your prayers," she said, "and try and be a good girl, and Jesus will help you."

But "Little Good-for-Nothing" had never had a gentle mother to fold her tiny hands together and lovingly teach her lisping tongue to tell its wants to Jesus. So she said piteously, "I don't know how to pray."

Then the nurse took pains to teach her the Lord's Prayer, and "Gentle Jesus," and every

night and morning very religiously the child repeated them over, but to her grief, the old violent temper burst out again; she seemed to get no better, rather worse, she thought. And often at night, when the fires and lights burnt low, and when the other children slept, the nurse passing around with noiseless step, would see the child lying with open eyes brimming over with tears.

"Why do you not sleep, little one?" she would say, "you will never get better if you fret so."

And "Little Good-for-Nothing" would answer, "I want to be good for Jesus to love me, but oh, I'm so bad that I'm afraid I shan't never get good any more." And the nurse would sigh, but she knew not how to comfort the child.

It was just at this time that some wonderful news began to be circulated amongst the children: news so strangely pleasant, so fraught with hitherto unthought-of joys, that many young hearts were beating high with anticipation.

It was whispered about that a kind and rich gentleman, who lived away in the country, was fitting up some of his cottages to receive a number of the little children, who were not doing well in the great hot city. "We will soon be ready," he had written to one of the governors, "to receive the little languishing sufferers. My little Amy, at whose earnest intreaties I have acted, flits about in a state of the wildest excitement from morning till night, watching the arrangements being carried out to her complete satisfaction. She hopes to be able to receive 'her little girls,' as she calls them, next week; and if rich new milk, fresh air, and wandering among the buttercups, will do good, I think we shall soon have the pleasure of bringing the glow of health to many a faded young cheek."

And now the children's sleep was filled with visions of delight, and their days with talks of the pleasures to come; and those who knew anything of the country, tried to make those who did not, understand the beauties of trees and flowers and fields of waving grass.

To "Little Good-for-Nothing" it was the language of an unknown tongue—she could form no conception of what they were now speaking. Her little life had been spent amidst dirt and squalor and wretchedness, and the only beautiful thing she had ever possessed was her lovely

white rose, which, though dead, was lying fragrant between the leaves of her Bible. It was very dear to her, that rose, for it always seemed to whisper to her of the little girl, somewhere, she knew not where, who loved her and was sorry for her. She used to wonder often if she would ever see her, and whether, if she knew what a naughty little girl she had been, she would love her still. "She is happy and good," she used to sigh, "and Jesus loves her, and she could never know how hard it is for a 'Little Good-for-Nothing' like me to do right. She said

perhaps some day in heaven I should meet her, but she does not know how bad I am. Jesus would not let me in there among the beautiful white angels, where all are pure and good."

Taken up as she was with her own thoughts and cares, "Little Good-for-Nothing" took less heed than the others of the talk of the beautiful country to which some of them were going. However, when the doctor came his rounds and saw the little pale anxious face, he determined that she should be one to go.

(To be continued.)

LITTLE LONDONERS.



THE sun never seemed so hot before. One's feet ached as they trod the burning pavements, and in vain one looked right and left for shelter from its fiery rays. London on the first of

August does not sound very pleasant, and oh, how one's heart longs then for the sea breezes, and the gentle sound of the waves against a pebbly beach; or what wouldn't one give to be sitting in the long cool grass of a shady meadow.

On this particular first of August, I found myself not far from the East Enders' park, and thought I would turn my steps thitherward for a few moments and rest under the trees. As I neared the gates, my eye caught sight of a perfect—what shall I call it—swarm of ragged urchins sporting on the green lawn close to the entrance. Seeing my surprised look, the park keeper who stood at the gate, remarked in a half good natured, half irritated tone, "Oh yes, marm, they're enjoying of themselves, and a nice time we have of it, on a first of August."

I learnt from him that on this summer Bank holiday, the authorities opened the park to the poor of the neighbouring district, and hundreds of ragged unkempt children took advantage of this to "picnic" upon the piece of green before mentioned.

I walked on, and stood by the railings to watch this strange assembly.

Knots of children, dirty and half clad, were scattered at different intervals, greedily devouring the food they had brought with them, which consisted for the most part of dry bread, and bottles of thin weak tea. Long and loud were the squabbles that ensued if Betsy or Tommy dared to drink more than their share. Most of the elder children had to "mind baby," and it was these wretched little creatures I pitied, thrown ruthlessly on the grass, or mercilessly slapped when the patience of their nurses was exhausted; others were darting hither and thither, playing the ingenious games that only East End children know how to play. The knocks and blows of the park keeper when these unruly urchins ventured beyond the space allotted to them fell unheeded, and only tended to increase and excite them to more daring deeds of mischief.

"Would you like to hear a story?" I asked, addressing the nearest group. In a moment I was surrounded by half-a-dozen little grimy figures, then half-a-dozen more, until there was quite an assembly of these poor unkempt, unwashed children.

Ah! and as I told them about Jesus the children's Friend, the Shepherd of the lambs, who shed His blood for them on the cross, many a hard impudent face softened, and even tears coursed their way down the poor wizened cheeks. These children, some of them, were as ignorant as little heathens, but Jesus loves them and longs for them as much as He does for those who have nice homes, nice papas and mamas, and clean faces.

I heard one of these street Arabs, who when she was asked by a kind Christian lady, if she knew about Heaven and Hell, confessed her ignorance as to where Heaven was, but Hell she confidently affirmed was "where she lived, and all the people were devils." I suppose the dark and loathsome alley, where she had dragged out an existence amid drunkards and swearers, answered to the description of that awful place where those who refuse to listen to the voice of God everlastingly dwell.

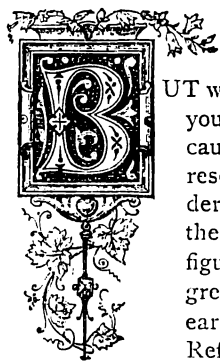
If you have not been washed in the blood of the Lamb, have not come to Jesus and received Him as your Saviour, God puts no difference

between you and any one of these little heathens I have been telling you about. The Lord says we have "all sinned and come short of the glory of God," and therefore we all need a Saviour.

It is not enough to listen to what parents and teachers tell you about Jesus, nor even to say your prayers morning and evening. God wants to give you a new heart, a heart that shall learn to love and trust Him. You must know what it is to come to Jesus as a sinner, and take Him as the One who suffered instead of you, before you will be fit to live for Him down here, and dwell with Him hereafter.

God's Mighty Men of Valour.

WILLIAM BRICONNET.



UT we must leave William Farel, young, resolute, and brave, causing the public temples to resound with his voice of thunder, as he gives utterance to the truth, to contemplate other figures that stand out with great distinctness in this the early dawn-light of the French Reformation.

WILLIAM BRICONNET, Bishop of Meaux, cannot be called one of God's "mighty" men, for alas! having put his hand to the plough he looked back and became unworthy of the kingdom of heaven. Nevertheless, after Lefevre, he was the one whose influence contributed greatest to the spread of Protestantism in France.

At that time Leo. X., the most magnificent of all the popes, was on the papal throne. He was the same man who is said to have made the remark, "What a profitable affair this fable of Christ has been to us!" Well might he say so, for, as the Bishop of Meaux had an opportunity of discovering, it had filled the Vatican, not with virtues, but with every dazzling dignity, golden honor, and voluptuous delight that the refined but carnal heart of Leo could imagine or desire. "Enjoy we the papacy," said he to his nephew, "since God has given it us."

What a strange city did Briconnet find this

Rome! The ministers of its church, clothed in purple, feasted at sumptuous tables, where freely flowed the juice of the grape. Their couches were down and their equipages splendid; yet all this worldly grandeur was carried on under the name of religion. All day long bells ceased not to toll; even at night their chimes fell upon the half-waking ear, telling that even then prayers and praises were ascending from the shrines of holy Rome. An hour passed not without processions of veiled nuns and hooded monks sweeping past with banners and incense.

"How full," thought the Bishop, "is Rome of religion, but how empty of virtue! how gorgeous its ceremonies, yet how cold its worship! May not the pope for once have spoken infallibly, and may not this religion be indeed a stupendous fable?" So he meditated, as he climbed the lower ridges of the Appenines, and cast a look behind at Rome, which, with its cluster of domes and spires, was fast vanishing in the blue distance. Like Luther, Briconnet returned from Rome with his faith shattered.

On returning to his diocese new scenes awaited him. He was astonished at the change which had occurred in Paris during his absence. He saw that some strange new influence was stirring the hearts of men; a fairer and brighter light was in the sky. What was this new knowledge which was transforming lives and gladdening hearts? He longed that he too might taste of it.

Lefevre was well known to him, and going to his old friend he begged to be told of this strange sweet influence, so silent yet so mighty, that seemed to be transforming all around. Lefevre placed the Bible in his hands, and told him to search and find it there. The bishop opened the book, and found there what he could never find in Rome, a church clothed, not in fine linen, but with "the beauty of holiness." He saw Christ as the author of free salvation, the One who alone by His infinite sacrifice, was able to become the bestower of eternal life, and this too with no intervention of the church.

This wonderful knowledge became to him as living water and heavenly food. "Such is its sweetness," said he, "that it makes the mind insatiable; the more we taste of it, the more we long for it. What vessel is able to receive the exceeding fulness of its inexhaustible sweetness?"

Many of Brïçonnet's letters are still preserved, and they show plainly, in spite of the mazy style in which they were written, what his sentiments at this time were. An English historian says, "He repudiates works as the foundation of the sinner's justification, and puts in their place Christ's finished work apprehended by faith, and, laying little stress on external ceremonies and rites, makes religion to consist in love to God and personal holiness." The bishop received the new doctrine without experiencing that severe mental conflict which Farel had passed through, and he found the gate not strait, and he entered in—somewhat too easily perhaps—and took his place in the little circle of disciples which the gospel had already gathered round it in France: Lefevre, Farel, Roussel, and Vatable; although alas! he was not destined to remain in that holy society to the close. But we anticipate.

As Brïçonnet cast his eye around France, he knew not where to begin the much-needed Reformation. However, he commenced, undoubtedly in the best place, near home. Not now, as before, should his rectors and curés squander their revenues in the dissolute gaieties of Paris, while their duties were delegated to ignorant deputies in Meaux. In October, 1520, he published a mandate, proclaiming all to be "traitors and deserters, who, by abandoning their flocks, showed plainly that what they love is their fleece and their wool."

"To remedy," says another writer, "the great evil of the time, widespread ignorance, he instituted a theological seminary at Meaux, where, under his own eye, there might be trained able ministers of the New Testament; and meanwhile he did what he could to supply the lack of labourers, by ascending the pulpit and preaching himself."

At Paris the influence of Brïçonnet was felt among the high personages of the Court, high-born and wearing a mitre the door of the palace stood open to him. He might speak words that would fall unheeded from the lips of a humbler man, and it pleased God that through his instrumentality the truth should reach one whose place was very near the throne; we speak of the fair and illustrious Margaret of Valois, the sister of the king, Francis I. As gentle and amiable as she was lovely, she was passionately loved by the king, who always spoke of her as his "darling," and Margaret was no less devoted to her brother. But the beautiful Margaret, the star and ornament of the Court, the one whose brilliant qualities of intellect won her the homage and admiration of the polished circle around began to be unhappy. She felt in her soul that all was not right within; there was a heaviness and sadness in her heart that not all the gaieties and pleasures around her could dissipate. She was in this anxious state, troubled with the knowledge of sins unforgiven, ill at ease, yet knowing not whither to fly for rest and peace, when Brïçonnet met her. He saw at once the cause of her grief and wretchedness, and placing in her hand that which Lefevre had put into his, he left her to the eager study of the Bible.

Drinking from this divine fount, peace and joy filled her soul; and as another sweetly says, "Margaret forgot her fears and her sins in love to her Saviour." She recognized in Him the friend she had long sought, but sought in vain, in the gay circles in which she moved, and she felt a strength and courage she had not known till now. Peace became an inmate of her bosom; she was no longer alone in the world. There was now a Friend by her side, on whose sympathy she could cast herself when her brother should frown, and the Court should make her the object of its polished ridicule.

(To be continued.)

Work in the Lord's Vineyard.

Chicago.—We are sometimes asked why we do not go to the heathen, while around us they are to be found without number. Empty profession and open infidelity abound on every hand. One truth after another is being let go by those who once were considered very evangelical, in order to keep pace with the times; till in this city of nearly 600,000 people, there are scarcely half-a-dozen pulpits where a "certain sound" is to be heard. God-sent labourers are much needed here and in Canada. May the Lord raise up and send many such.—*J. M. Reid.*

Berlin.—In the year 1875, after I had completed my theological studies in Halle University, the Lord led me over to England, brought me to the knowledge of His love in Jesus, gave me work to do for Him in connection with the Missionary Institution of Mr. Guinness in London, where for nearly five years I was engaged as tutor to the students. In 1880 the Lord opened my way to return to Germany, and after I had preached the gospel in various parts of Berlin, I started a special mission work in Moabit, being led of the Lord just to that sphere of labour. On account of my sincere belief in baptism of believers only, I was led into a rather isolated position, our mission work not being carried on on denominational lines: still I preached Christ and Him crucified as the sinner's substitute and righteousness; Christ risen as the believer's life, strength and joy; Christ coming again as the believer's hope; and the Lord has graciously blessed His word and brought salvation to many a heart and home. There are now nearly 50 believers in regular fellowship with us. My dear wife, who is English, has four meetings every week with women, and these meetings have in many cases been the means of much blessing. We have a Sunday School of 150 to 170 children, classes for men and women; and our Sunday evening Gospel services are well attended and owned of God to the conversion of souls. We conduct our services in a Mission Room (Bremer Strasse 8, Moabit), and desire to build a larger Mission Hall. We have much encouragement; some of the converts are actively engaged in the work; some of the men are able to give a brief gospel address or to conduct the meetings if I should be away preaching in other parts of Berlin. "Every convert to be a worker," is our principle. The work is supported by the free-will offerings of Christians; and in answer to much prayer, often after seasons of severe trial, the Lord has graciously supplied all our need. To Him we look, as our expectation is only from Him. We had the pleasure of a visit from Dr. Baedeker and Mr. Reginald Radcliffe at the end of January, and several men have decided for Christ through their testimony.—*Julius Rohrbach.*

The Maories of New Zealand.—The enemy tries to sow tares in the field still. I lately visited some Maories, and found some Roman catholic prayer-books among them, and some of them thought it was "karakia pai," good or beautiful worship. It commended itself to such as are not really converted, because from the beginning they have been drilled

into ritual. Having only the form and not Christ, they think the Romish form is better still. The priest had told them that the apostle Peter was the first pope in Rome, and that they ought to call upon Mary and the saints. I showed them plainly that Peter never had been in Rome, according to the Bible. They also had told them that Christ had built His church upon Peter, the rock. I showed them that the word Peter means a stone; a rock is another thing—the Lord himself, whom Peter confessed. And as for the calling upon Mary and the saints, I proved from scripture that it was idolatry: both the angel and Peter declined to receive any such adoration. Some said I was right, and a dispute commenced among them. These things act as the wind does between the chaff and the wheat. "Every one that is of the truth heareth my voice," says the Lord: but we must let His voice be heard. A great many have taken the blue ribbon, especially among the young people. It has caused a moral improvement, but it is not conversion. I visited last Lord's day a place called Honowhema, where I was told a clergyman comes three times a year and gives the sacrament, and that is all he does. There is great need in such places to bring them the simple gospel; they are willing to hear it, not only by preaching but also in conversation. At another place, Orona, there lives the Rangitane tribe, most of whom I may call brethren in Christ: they are a noble and truth-loving people. About ten miles further are the Awapuni, of the same tribe, but they have often scoffed at the truth. I visited them lately, and they listened with great attention to the gospel. What grace it is, to be permitted to witness for the Lord!—*Abraham Honoré.*

Corunna, Spain.—On Good Friday, Br. Chesterman, Bernardo the shoemaker, and I, went to a small seaport town 12 miles distant. We had passed through it some months ago, but had never sold the scriptures there. On reaching Lada, we put up our donkeys at the first inn, where our hostess fried us two eggs each in oil, she being too religious to fry them in lard, nor would she give us any bacon. However, we got more than F. Arnot has had at times in Africa; so, settling our small account, we were ready for work, or for flight if necessary. Beginning at the farthest part of the town we worked towards home. The priest was at the church, taking down a wooden Christ from a cross, but we found most of the people in their houses, to whom we spoke of a living Christ, able and willing to save sinners. We had a good time, selling 41 gospels, besides gospel papers, and distributed a host of tracts.—Bernardo and I spoke a month since in Corunna from "Choose ye this day whom ye will serve," with "Put away the strange gods which are among you," &c. The word was with power to an aged woman, who sent for Bernardo the next morning to help her to clear out the pictures of her gods whom she had worshipped for 40 years. Gospel texts were put in the empty frames. We believe this woman really trusts Christ. She had often heard the gospel but could not abandon the idols; now she says "Jesus only" for her.—*George Spooner.*

GRACE AND TRUTH

For Old and Young.



"SUCH A SCENE OF DIRT AND WRETCHEDNESS I HAD NEVER BEFORE WITNESSED."

God's Glad Tidings of Salvation,

WHITE AS SNOW.

BY A. V. M.



HE snow was falling fast when I set out, carrying with me some dainties I thought might be fancied by Mrs. W—, a poor dying woman, whose husband was a great drunkard, and had threatened to kill any one who should talk to her about “religion,” and lifting up my heart to the Lord to incline her husband to allow me to speak to his wife, I reached the cottage.

In answer to my knock a gruff voice enquired who was there. “A friend,” I answered, “do open the door: I want to speak to you.” Upon this the door opened, and Nat appeared, asking what was my business. I replied that I had brought some jelly for Mrs. W—, and asked if I might see her.

“But who has sent you?” he asked in surprise.

“My Master,” I answered.

“But who is your Master?”

“He is the ‘King of kings.’”

“I know nothing of Him,” said Nat, looking much surprised; “but where do you live?” I told him where I was staying, and he exclaimed, “What have you come all this way in the snow to see Dorothy? then come in, you shall not be disappointed,” and I thankfully followed him into the cottage.

Such a scene of dirt and wretchedness I had never before witnessed; there was no fire in the grate, and scarcely an article of furniture in the room, and Dorothy was shivering with cold. “Do you think you could light a fire, Mr. W—,” I asked; “your wife is very cold.”

“I have not a stick in the house, and no means to obtain any either.”

“Don’t lock the door,” said I, “I will soon be back again;” and leaving him standing watching me, I hurried to the nearest place where wood and coal were to be obtained, and requesting them to be sent immediately, I returned to the cottage. In a short time a cheery fire was burning in the grate, and Nat produced a small saucepan, into which I put

some beef tea I had brought, and soon had the pleasure of seeing Dorothy enjoying a nourishing meal.

“How good it is of you to take so much trouble for me,” said the poor woman; “what makes you so kind?”

“The Lord Jesus sent me to you this morning,” said I, “to tell you He loves you so much that He came down into this world and died on the cross, bore all the punishment that was due to you as a sinner, and God has proved that He is satisfied with what Jesus has done, by raising Him from the dead and seating Him at His own right hand in heaven, and now the work is finished, and God can be just and the justifier of him that believeth in Jesus.”

“Oh, is that all true?” asked Mrs. W—. “I have been a great sinner, and hated the very name of religion or anything good, and now I am dying, and I am afraid to die, for I have been an enemy of God, and I know I deserve to be sent to hell, and why shouldn’t He send me there? I’m a lost woman, *yes, lost! lost!*”

“Thank God you know it,” said I, “for I have a message for you; listen to this, ‘The Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost’; so you see Mrs. W—, it is those who are *lost* Jesus came to save. He wants to save *you*, just as you are; will you give Him this joy now, and let Him save you now? He is able to do it, and He is willing; He waits with outstretched arms to receive you; He speaks to you and says, ‘Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.’ And ‘Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out.’”

“It is all very beautiful,” said Dorothy, “but it is not for me, I am *too bad*, I have been *too wicked*; if I had only thought of these things when I was well and strong, there might have been hope, but I have lived an ungodly life, I never wished to be saved till I was told I must die, and now it is too late; my life has been spent in the service of Satan, and He will pay my wages in Hell. Oh, it’s too late! it’s too late!”

"It is true the wages of sin is death," said I, "but the gift of God is eternal life, through Jesus Christ our Lord.' God offers you His gift, Christ, instead of the wages you have deserved; it is not yet too late. Remember the thief on the cross; he had been Satan's servant or slave all his life, yet at the very last he turned to Jesus in simple faith, and said, 'Lord, remember me when Thou comest in Thy kingdom;' and Jesus, in His infinite love, answered him, 'This day shalt thou be with me in Paradise.' Will you not, Mrs. W—, come to Jesus as this poor thief came?"

"Oh that I might come!" said she, "but you don't know how bad I've been."

"But Jesus knows all about it," I answered, and He says, 'Come now, and let us reason together; though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool.' (Isaiah i. 18.

"White as snow," she murmured, "Oh, how precious, how sweet; white as snow." I read the 53rd of Isaiah, and took leave of her.

One fine morning, as I sat by her side talking of Jesus, she said, "I believe that I am the greatest sinner that ever lived." "Then come to Jesus at once," I replied, "for He says, 'I came not to call the righteous, but *sinner*s to repentance.' And again, 'God commendeth His love toward us, in that, while we were yet *sinner*s, Christ died for us.' And again, 'When we were *enemies* we were reconciled to God by the death of His Son.' And again, 'For when we were yet without strength in due time Christ died for the *ungodly*.'"

"Oh, do tell me more," she exclaimed, "that just meets my case; I've been ungodly, and an enemy, and a great sinner, but this gives me hope. Oh, tell me more!"

"All He asks us to do in order to be saved, is to believe on Him, to trust Him fully, entirely."

"Is that all?" asked Dorothy, "have I *nothing* to do?"

"Nothing," I replied, "Jesus has done everything. On the cross He said, 'It is finished,' and if you try to add anything to what is finished, in earthly things, you only mar and spoil it, so in this you can add nothing to it, it is complete."

"I see, I see," she exclaimed; "He that

believeth on the Son HATH everlasting life. Oh, do help me to praise Him; I can never thank Him enough; I do believe on Him; I do trust Him; oh, how I long to see Him to thank Him for His love, His wonderful love in saving me. I don't think there will be one soul in heaven who will sing so loud as old Dorothy, for I've been a greater sinner than any of them ever could be; oh, how wonderful it is that Jesus should love His worst enemy so much as to die to save her from eternal death; oh, what glory to think that very soon I shall be with Him. I can thank Him better then, when I see Him face to face."

Dorothy lingered only nine days after this, and her faith never once wavered, for it was fixed, not on her frames or feelings, but on the imperishable word of the living God; because He said it she believed it. I was with her as much as possible, but no one thought the hour of her departure was so near. I was with her in the morning at twelve, and at four in the afternoon a messenger came to ask me to go at once. I hurried to the cottage, and found her very near death, but rejoicing in the certainty that she was going to Jesus.

"Read about 'white as snow,'" she said, and I did so. She lay still a moment, and then said, "Let me say good-bye now, as I may not be able soon." I bent over her for a moment, unable to speak: she pressed my hand in hers and said, "I shall meet you above, farewell! God bless you, and make you a blessing to many others, as you have been to me." As soon as I could speak I read her favourite chapters, the 3rd of John, and 21st and 22nd of Revelation; she smiled and said, "That is where I am going;" then turning to her husband who stood beside her, she said, "Nat, will you come there? If so, you must come to Jesus as a poor, lost, guilty sinner, and He will in no wise cast you out; give up your false infidel doctrines. You are better off than I, for you can read the Bible for yourself; oh, Nat, my dear husband, do believe in Jesus."

For some time after this she did not know us. Once I asked, "Do you know me?" She shook her head. "But you know Jesus?" I added. She smiled, and said, "Oh yes." Just before her spirit took its flight, she looked up with a smile; I bent over her, and asked her to tell me what she saw. "Jesus! Jesus!" she

replied, "don't you see Him? Can't you see Him? Hark, He calls me. Yes, I come, Lord Jesus, I come to Thee." Another bright, beautiful smile lit up her face, and with the name of Jesus on her lips she passed from this world of sin and pain and death to be with the One who had loved her, and washed her from her sins in His own blood, and made her as white as snow.

GOSPEL HARDENED.

A WOMAN who had often heard the gospel both in public and in private, was dying; and a Christian visitor, on going to see her, spoke to her as he had often done before, of faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. She was not, as far as I know, an immoral woman, but appeared to have always led a quiet, industrious life, attending church and conducting herself blamelessly.

Her visitor read to her those Scriptures which speak of God's grace to meet the need of the perishing sinner, such as "God so *loved* the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life," and "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."

He read the narrative of the Brazen Serpent in Num. xxi. 4—9, to which our Lord referred, and pointed out to her that we are *sin-bitten*, that its poison is in and throughout our very nature, that Christ was made sin for us on the cross although He "knew no sin"; that as brass (or copper) can bear the fire, so He bore, suffered, endured all the fire of the wrath of God against sin; that as the dying Israelite was healed who believed God, when He said "it shall come to pass that every one that is bitten when he looketh upon the serpent of brass shall live,"—healed as soon as he looked—and sprang up a new man as it were, so the moment a poor sinner looks to Christ crucified and risen again, he is saved and saved for ever, becoming a new man in Christ Jesus.

He prayed for her, and then turning to her asked whether she could *now* believe on the Lord Jesus Christ unto everlasting life?

What would you think was this woman's reply? Remember, this was by no means the

first time she had heard the gospel; on the contrary, she had heard it so often that she knew all about it. Her reply to all that had been read and said in her hearing was, "I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN BY 'BELIEVING!'"

It was in vain that her visitor sought to make it plain; she had heard the gospel so often that it had lost all meaning in her ears; she was gospel-hardened, and so she died! May my reader beware of a condition perhaps more terrible than any other because of the anguish it must entail throughout eternity—that of being GOSPEL-HARDENED.

WHY WILT THOU DIE?

DRAVING death! unheeding judgment!
Where, O sinner, standest thou?

To the curse of God defiant—

"Rebel" branded on thy brow!

Using all God's benefactions,
Poured around thee, day by day,

Yet His mercy still despising—

Heed thee where thou standest, pray!

God in judgment could arrest thee

In thy sad career of sin,

But the mercy thou despisest

Rather would thee woo and win;

God delights not in destruction,

Only bow and prove it so—

Prove what love, and peace, and pardon

Would toward thee quickly flow.

Bow in lowliness, relenting,

Contrite for a life of sin;

See the loving gates of mercy

Open for thee—enter in.

Heavenly hosts are near thee waiting

To receive thy soul's reply

To the question, so momentous,—

"Sinner, wherefore wilt thou die?"

Bid them, up to God returning,

Bid them say the work is done!

Drawn by cords of love and mercy,

Thou believest on the Son;

Pardoned now, anew created,

Grace triumphant—grace alone,

Henceforth walk that Christ thy Saviour,

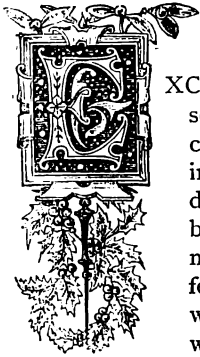
In thy every step be known.

Green Pastures and Still Waters.

THE PARABLES OF LUKE XV.

II.—THE LOST PIECE OF MONEY.

BY W. LINCOLN.



XCEPT the Father which hath sent me draw him, no man can come unto me, we read in John vi. 44. The Father draws by the Spirit: as has been well said, "If there were no Christ there would be no feast, no salvation; if there were no Holy Ghost there would be no guests to take salvation." Bear in mind the distinction between the work of Christ as set forth in the previous parable, and the work of the Holy Ghost as shown in this.

Here we have the Holy Ghost at work, and we should attend to it very patiently and carefully. I would give you certainly and undoubtedly the words of scripture. Here is the way in which the Holy Ghost acts upon your conscience, unsaved sinner, to induce, incline, compel you to accept Christ's salvation. What a mercy it is, that when the gospel is preached the Holy Ghost is present. I do not know a more solemn scripture than Acts vii.; when Stephen was preaching to those about to be his murderers, he said, "Ye do always resist the Holy Ghost"; and an awful thing it is to resist the Holy Ghost, for the sending of the Holy Ghost is the last action on the part of God ere judgment comes. Few are awake to the solemn fact that the Holy Ghost has been here nearly two thousand years; a momentous fact it is, which renders the ministry of Christ's servants more damnable to those who reject it than even the ministry of Christ Himself. Shall I prove it? "Whosoever speaketh a word against the Son of Man it shall be forgiven him; but whosoever speaketh against the Holy Ghost it shall not be forgiven him, neither in this world, neither in the world to come." (Matt. xii. 32.) The Holy Ghost has come down on purpose to draw souls to Christ, and He acts in love and grace, touches the conscience, and yet sinners resist Him. They will hear of it again some day.

We have four points here, and will meditate slightly on each one. First, "a candle"; secondly, *lighting* the candle; thirdly, "the house"; and fourthly, *sweeping* the house.

The candle certainly sets forth God's word; as we read in Psalm cxix., "Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path." If you want to be saved be sure you prize and read God's word, and try to understand it and not forget it. We are warned distinctly by the Lord Jesus Christ that when the word is preached Satan tries at once to get it out of the heart, and to be sure that it is not understood. Have you a Bible? Do you read it to your children, or in your own bedchamber?

But what is meant by lighting a candle? It is a fact which all know, that there have been times with the best of us when we have read the word but could see no point in it, and we all know as believers that we sometimes read a chapter and get nothing out of it. Yet the well is deep, and those who read it most and understand it best find it more and more precious. You will often come upon nuggets in it, better than gold, if you will only read it. For it is often the experience of those who are saved that some text or texts come to the soul with such a flash as they never had before. Who causes that? God the Holy Ghost. How? Generally by preaching, sometimes by private reading. Has some text never been laid upon your heart? Is there a text lying upon your soul now? A minister once narrated that a man had said in his presence that he could see nothing in the Bible—no point in it. He answered him in this way; "One night I was in want of something, but in the darkness could not find it. I endeavoured to light my candle, but though I tried again and again I could not get it to light, and had at last to give it up and get into bed again. In the morning the reason was evident—the extinguisher was upon it." There are plenty of scriptures you do not enjoy, for the love of the world and the flesh act as an extinguisher; but the Holy Ghost is

stronger than you, and can bring some text with power to your soul. It may be some awful text about hell, or your lost condition, or some precious word about Christ; and as the light streams in, you say that you never saw that text in such a way before. If God drives home to your heart such a text as John v. 24, there is the lighting of the candle.

The next point is "sweeping the house." The "house" signifies the human heart, which in the case of the unsaved is inhabited by that wicked spirit, the devil, while in those who are saved the Spirit of God dwells (see Matt. xii. 43—35; 1 Cor. vi. 19).

But what is meant by the sweeping? Do you know of your heart ever having been turned upside down by circumstances? Perhaps a child lost—your only one; did you not feel as if you could "curse God and die"? You could not have believed you were so wicked, and up came those infidel thoughts by the dozen, and yet you thought you were so good. It was all in your heart, but the broom swept it up and brought it to the light, and you began to see what you were as you could not before. In Matt. xiii. we read of seed sown in good ground; does it mean a *good heart*? No, in a *ploughed* heart; in a heart broken up, and then there is the dropping in the seed. Now put the two together; the Spirit was not making you bad, but making you feel your badness. We should not believe we were so bad, unless we felt it and knew it. You know the effect of a beam of sunlight in a room; you can see the particles of dust floating in the sunbeam; but use a broom, and what a cloud is raised, as the sunbeam will prove. So the Spirit of God applies the word, thus lighting a candle and sweeping the room, showing you your badness, showing you Christ's full salvation, leading you to discover the preciousness of Christ, and that you must have done with self and make Christ everything.

In the first parable we see Christ coming close to the sinner; in the second there is the Holy Ghost thrusting you on that Saviour so that you can only say, "Lord, I believe." If you have been driven to Christ, or, through gradually being made to see that you are undone and that Jesus is mighty to save, led to Christ, the effect is the same; but until the Holy Ghost has thrust you upon Christ, you are lost.

The coin shows that you are dead, defiled,

that the image of the King upon you is effaced, useless. In the first parable it is mere ignorance; in the second, uselessness, setting us forth as cumberers of the ground. But the Holy Ghost shows us our lost condition, putting in us the light of God's word, and then we learn that however lost, wicked, useless, ignorant we are, if we believe in Jesus the whole thing is changed, and we are going to heaven who before were going to hell. And when you believe, and take Christ as your Saviour, the Holy Ghost has found you, and you become God's child. Through Christ's work the Father could say, "Bring hither the fatted calf and kill it, and let us eat and be merry"; and through the Holy Ghost's work the prodigal said, "I will arise and go to my Father"; and the parable of the prodigal son is an apt conclusion of the three.

Is God working upon you? Rest assured that whenever the gospel of the grace of God is being preached the Holy Ghost is there, and He may use a poor preacher to reach your conscience. I therefore conjure you, by everything divine and eternal, not to trifle with these solemn realities, but to take God's salvation and rejoice.

Then mark the closing verses of the parable—joy in God's heart, visible so that angels can look upon it, and bow down and worship. "Likewise, I say unto you, there is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth"; that takes the prodigal's place, saying, "Father I have sinned, and am no more worthy to be called thy son"; but pleads Christ's salvation, and trusts in Him. It does not say, "*my* piece of silver"; preachers have no business to speak of "*my* flock," even the Holy Ghost does not say "*my* sheep": they are Christ's sheep. Jesus gave His life to get them, and says to each one, "Thou art mine." Again, it says that when the Shepherd has found the sheep He goeth home. He is gone for a while; but it does not say of the Holy Ghost *He* is gone, for He is here. God continues the Holy Ghost here, and saves sinners here, on purpose that others may be saved. You do not know that you may hear the gospel again; or, if you hear it again, you do not know that you may not be rendered more callous; therefore, if you would be saved, make sure of salvation at once.

—Notes of an Address, communicated by J. S. H.

THE MORNINGS OF SCRIPTURE.

BY J. G. B.

IN the progress of Scripture, we have several infant-seasons, as I may express myself, or mornings.

Creation was one—but that of course. That was the birth-day of the works of God—the morning of time. And when the foundations, in that season, were laid, “the morning stars sang together,” as we read in the Book of Job.

The Exodus was another of these mornings. Israel, as a nation, was then born, or in its early infancy. “When Israel was a child, then I loved him, and called my son out of Egypt,” the Lord says by the Prophet Hosea. The year started afresh then, as though it were new-born. The month of the Exodus was made the beginning of months. Life from the dead, a resurrection morning, was celebrated in the song of Moses and the congregation on the banks of the Red Sea.

The birth of the Lord Jesus was another. That event rose upon the world like the light of morning. A very long and dreary night had preceded it. Israel was a captive, and in the dust. But the birth of the Lord Jesus, like the morning, awakened the new creation; and the lights of many other days broke forth together, to tell that the long, dark night had at length given place to a very bright and cheerful morning. Heaven rejoiced, like the sons of God at the creation. Angels, once so well-known in Israel, re-appeared. The grace that had acted in infant, patriarchal days, again displayed itself. Promises to Abraham and to David, which anticipated the new birth of the people and of the kingdom, are cited and rehearsed. All this is seen on this great occasion, this fresh morning-hour in the progress of the ways of God. And the child born in Bethlehem is welcomed by the Seer of God as “the day-spring from on high,” the sunrise or the morning. (See Luke i., ii.)

The resurrection of the Lord was another of these mornings. It came after the gloomiest night that ever brooded on the face of creation. But it was light, and light indeed. It was the pledge, the harbinger of an eternal day. It was the turning of the shadow of death into the morning. “It began to dawn towards the first day of the week,” when this great mystery dis-

closed itself—as we read in Matthew xxviii.

The Kingdom will be another of these mornings. It will be day after night—Christ’s day after the night of sin and death, Christ’s world after man’s world. “He that ruleth over men must be just, ruling in the fear of God; and He shall be as the light of the morning when the sun riseth, even a morning without clouds; as the tender grass springeth out of the earth by clear shining after rain.” This is written of this coming kingdom. (2 Sam. xxiii.)

The new heaven and the new earth will be another. It will be creation at its *second birth*. “And I saw a new heaven and a new earth,” says the prophet; “for the first heaven and the first earth were passed away.” It is called the dwelling-place of righteousness, the scene where “God will be all in all.”

Sweet it is to see morning after morning thus rising, as we pass down the ages which Scripture measures.

But we have another sight to see to. Man has been again and again turning God’s morning into the shadow of death. Creation, which came forth from God so fair and full of joy, quickly was turned into a wilderness of thorns and thistles. The ground was cursed which, at its morning-hour had witnessed the joy of the Lord over it, and the blessing of the Lord on it. Israel, who sang their resurrection-song on the banks of the Red Sea, became a captive in the dungeons of Babylon, and the land of the glory was left wasted and desolate under the foot of uncircumcised oppressors. The sun that in the morning of Bethlehem rose on the world as the light of it, and on Israel as the pledge of a new day, set in the night of Calvary—for man was a sinner and rejected Him. The same blessed Jesus who rose a second time upon the world and upon Israel as life from the dead, bringing light and life from eternity to us with Him, now has to see the waning, fading, evening shades of Christendom, which are soon to close in the midnight of Apocalyptic judgments.

The morning of the new heaven and the new earth, God will maintain in its first beauty and freshness for ever. It shall be maintained as the one eternal day, the sun of which shall never go down.

Talks, Tales, & Teachings for our Young Friends.

"LITTLE GOOD-FOR-NOTHING,"

OR, THE MISSION OF THE ROSES.

BY FANNIE EDEN.

CHAPTER IV.

WHY, where am I?" said "Little Good-for-nothing," sitting up in bed, one fair bright morning, and gazing around in wonder. The long room with its rows of beds that her eyes had grown so accustomed to had disappeared, and in its place she found a pretty bedroom with three tiny beds in it hung with white; simple pictures such as children love were against the blue walls, and sweet gospel texts placed where they could catch the eye. Soft muslin curtains draped the windows, but did not shut out the sunlight that was flooding the room with golden beams. Books and toys and flowers too were there placed by the careful, loving hands of one who had evidently studied to make the children's room as fresh and cheerful as possible.

But much quicker than it has taken to tell you this, "Little Good-for-nothing" had remembered where she was, she remembered the removal the day before from the hospital, the long, long ride, at first so strangely pleasant, and at last so very very wearisome, the arrival in the evening, when she was so sleepy, and—everything else was lost, for the little weary one had been put to bed, and consciousness was drowned in sleep.

"So I am really in the beautiful country at last," she murmured, as she gazed with pleased surprise at the pretty room: and then with a sudden impulse she leaned forward and drew back the curtain from the open window. Never even in her dreams had the little city waif pictured anything half so fair, and she drew in her breath, and gave a low cry of delight as she drunk in the lovely scene.

Green fields and winding lanes, and meadows golden with buttercups lay before her, fresh and sparkling with the early morning dew, cows knee deep in clover were evidently enjoying themselves greatly, while overhead the larks were quite beside themselves with joy if we may

judge by the way in which they were singing.

"How beautiful! how beautiful it is," she said, "but oh, if this world is so fair, what must heaven be?"

But her reverie was interrupted by the cries of wonder and delight from the occupants of the other beds, who were now awake, and like herself were filled with joy at finding themselves in the beautiful country. And soon the kind cheery nurse entered, and breakfast was brought in and taken with a keener relish than they had known for many a day.

"Why you will soon get better if you go on like this," the nurse said, laughingly, as she watched the basins of delicious milk and home made bread disappear. "And now I must make you all look as nice and tidy as possible, for Miss Amy will be coming soon to see you; she is the dear kind young lady who has been the means of giving you this pretty house to live in, and all the pleasant things about you, so I hope you will behave very nicely before her.

You may be sure that the children waited with great eagerness to see the kind young lady, and they chattered and talked about her, wondering what she was like and what she would say.

But soon "Little-Good-for-nothing's" eyes wandered away to the lovely view outside, and her thoughts travelled to a fairer country, that this fair scene suggested, and while a great longing took possession of her soul to know that one day she might enter that land where care, and sin, and sorrow where unknown, bitter tears of despair filled her eyes and coursed down her cheeks as she thought of her own great unworthiness, and unfitness to enter.

"Will you have some flowers?" said a sweet voice beside her, and "Little-Good-for-nothing" hastily brushed away her tears as she withdrew her eyes from the open window, and turned to meet the gaze of a fair young face that was looking at her with eyes of gentle tender pity.

"Thank you," said "Good-for-nothing" taking the flowers, but she could not withdraw her



“ ‘WILL YOU HAVE SOME FLOWERS?’ SAID A SWEET VOICE.”

eyes from the face of the lovely child beside her, lovely with more than mere beauty of feature, for there was about it that nameless charm and grace that can be derived only from spiritual loveliness within.

“Why do you cry?” said the fair child, dropping her voice with instinctive delicacy, lest the others should hear, “Have you had to leave your mother, poor little girl?”

“I have no mother,” said “Little Good-for-nothing,” sadly.

“Perhaps you want your father then?”

“I have no father.”

“No father, no mother,” said the child slowly, as though trying to comprehend the depth of such a bereavement, while her eyes filled with tears of pity, “poor little girl, have you no one to love you?”

“No, no one,” said “Good-for-nothing,” sorrowfully; “why yes I have,” she said, with a sudden recollection that brightened her face, and putting her hand under her pillow, she drew out her Testament, and took therefrom her little letter, in which was pressed her white rose. “Yes, somebody loves me, the little girl who sent me this, but I don’t know where she

is, and perhaps,” her bright look fading away, “perhaps she would not love me if she knew me.”

“Why would she not love you now, poor little girl?” said her little visitor, laying her hand softly on the child’s.

“Because I’m bad,” said “Little Good-for-nothing,” turning away and hiding her face in her hands, “so bad; I used to say wicked things, and tell lies, and once I stole a pie when I was very, very hungry; so the little girl couldn’t love me, and Jesus won’t love me, and nobody won’t love me, for I’m just good for nothing!” and the overcharged heart of the poor little child sought relief in a burst of bitter tears.

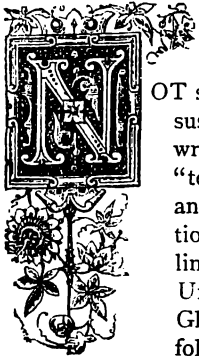
“O yes, Jesus does love you, however bad you’ve been, and I love you too; for oh you are *my* little girl, my own little girl,” said little Amy, whose eyes had been fixed on the letter, and she clasped her hands with delight. “I wrote that letter, and asked Jesus to let you get it, and I’ve prayed for you so often since.”

“And are you really Amy? and do you love me now? O how glad I am! I never, never thought I should ever see you”; and in a moment the children’s lips had met in a loving kiss.
(To be continued.)

Food for Christ's Lambs.

THE EPISTLE TO THE EPHESIANS.—CH. I.

BY W. H. F. C.



NOT solely for the saints at Ephesus was this beautiful Epistle written, it was also addressed "to the faithful in Christ Jesus," and thus its practical application is widened far beyond the limits of time or local interests. Under the guidance of the Holy Ghost, the Apostle Paul unfolded the truths contained in

these six chapters for the instruction and edification of all who love the Lord Jesus Christ in every place. This may be said also of all the Epistles, though it may not be so distinctly stated as here that they were for a larger circle than those to whom they were primarily addressed. Hence the christian may in a special sense take up this Scripture as a portion for himself, preserved and handed down as it has been through succeeding years by the watchful care of God for His own word. The saints at Ephesus have long since fallen asleep in Jesus. The faithful in Christ Jesus remain, and never was the teaching of this Epistle more needed by them than in the present day.

It was at Ephesus that Paul saw some of the most remarkable fruits of his labours. There for the space of three months he boldly preached in the synagogue things concerning the kingdom of God. Special miracles were wrought there by his hand, the Word of God grew mightily and prevailed, and "he ceased not to warn them night and day with tears." (Acts xxx. 31.) It was to these converts the Epistle was afterwards written, when the apostle was a prisoner at Rome. Prevented as he then was from visiting them in person, he nevertheless, had them much on his heart, and in his thoughts. Having heard of their faith in the Lord Jesus, and love to all the saints, he did not cease to mingle their names with his prayers and praises. In order that their hearts might be comforted the letter was conveyed to them by Tychicus, who was himself a beloved brother and a faithful minister in the Lord.

It is well to notice at the outset that Paul

introduces himself as "an apostle of Jesus Christ *by the will of God.*" In no other Epistle does he so speak of Himself. We are familiar with such expressions as "called to be an apostle," or simply "an apostle of Jesus Christ," or "a servant of Jesus Christ," but here his apostleship is stated to be "by the will of God," and this is the great thought that pervades the entire Epistle. Every blessing is brought before us as having its origin in *the will of God*, of which mention is made no less than four times in the first chapter.

This is in complete harmony with the great theme that is dwelt upon, and with which the apostle, after the usual salutation, immediately proceeds to deal. "Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who hath blessed us with all spiritual blessings in heavenly places in Christ." (chap. i. 3). Thus at the very starting point we have God brought before us, not only in respect to the nature of His relationship to the Lord Jesus Christ, but also with regard to the character of His actions towards us. We commence at once with God acting in and of Himself, not limited by the extent of any human need, but according to the riches of His own grace and His own will. Hence the lofty character of the entire Epistle, the measure of the full blessing is Christ, and as no place is good enough for Him but heaven, the character of that blessing is spiritual and the sphere heavenly. It is God Himself who has blessed, has chosen, has predestinated His saints to sonship. He has acted thus according to the good pleasure of His will, not only *of* Himself, but also *for* Himself, that the result might be infinite blessing to the believer, "to the praise of the glory of His grace, wherein He hath made us accepted in the Beloved."

The apostle was desirous that the saints should know the hope of God's calling, and comprehend the riches of the glory of His inheritance in them. In other portions of Scripture we have presented to us the operations of God's grace from the believer's point of view, but here it is unfolded in all its fulness from God's side of the

question. It is important to notice that before the apostle opens out the heavenly prerogatives of our calling in Christ, or unfolds the mystery of the church, or addresses the saints with regard to the duties and responsibilities flowing from that high position, he does in the 7th verse refer to our individual condition as sinners by nature, having need of redemption and forgiveness. In verses 3, 4, and 5, God unfolds to us His calling as consistent with His own counsels and purposes of grace, and therefore in those three verses our sinful condition is not taken into account, but we have brought before us God's thoughts as to the way He desires to have believers in His presence as purposed eternally

in Himself. The order in which the truth is emphasized is perfect and according to God. The blessing is first individual and afterwards collective. We must as individuals know what redemption implies and what forgiveness means, as brought out in verses 3 to 16, before we can appreciate or enter into the collective blessings into which the Lord's people have been brought, and which are summed up by the apostle in verses 17 to 23. Thank God we are thus placed in the position of nearness and intimacy with reference to the eternal counsels of God, even as those who will share the glory of the Lord Jesus Christ.

WHAT GREAT THINGS GOD HATH DONE FOR ME.

LIKE the rest of the children of God, I cannot boast what great things I have done for Him or why He should have shown me such favour, but marvellously kind has He been to me; and as I pen these lines my heart swells with gratitude to Him who by His Spirit not only called me, but forced me in. Truly,

“ I was a wandering child,
And did not love my home,
Nor did I love the Shepherd's voice,
But loved afar to roam.”

Now I belong to the “one flock,” and, with God's help, I am going to tell you how the Shepherd went after the wandering sheep until He found it.

The world and I, somehow, never did get on well together; I was fond of its pleasures, yet they never could satisfy. Something within constantly said, How about eternity? yet I tried hard to put these thoughts away. Again and again they pressed sorely upon me, and many times they made me very sad. As time wore on this voice spoke oftener and louder. Troubles came, and sickness too, and with them terrible thoughts of death and eternity. Then I made resolutions to consider my latter end and mend my ways, but alas! as soon as I was well again I forgot all my vows.

After years of dissipation, commenced by trying to drown these thoughts of eternity, I was visited in an alarming manner. I awoke from

my sleep, one morning, with God's voice ringing in my ears, and demanding satisfaction for my sins.

Like one bereft of reason, I jumped out of bed, and rushed into the street in desperation, but oh! the awful agonies, and tortures of conscience I endured! I was almost mad, but the loving hand which convicted me of sin brought me to my knees, and at the top of my voice I cried for mercy. After a short time I became composed, and returned to my room where I prayed in agony of mind. For two or three days I cried unceasingly to God, the burden upon my soul being almost overwhelming.

I lay down, but could not rest, and all I could do was to cry “I'm lost, lost! too late! too late! no mercy for me.” I thought I could hear the cries of the damned; while also I could hear the songs of the redeemed, which filled me with despair. Of nothing could I think but that I was in hell. The worm of a guilty conscience had begun to gnaw, and I felt it would be for ever. Satan, too, was busy tempting me to commit suicide; and I had already settled it in my mind, if no deliverance came, to do so. Truly he was harassing me, but he made me cry out to God the more.

Two professors of religion saw me in this state of despair, and being (I now fear) professors only, they understood me not, nor could they give that help with which God's word is

filled for such poor guilty ones as I was. An old woman, who was nearly frightened out of her wits at my strange conduct, did manage to give me a crumb of comfort, by telling me, "You are not lost yet, for you are alive, and there is time to repent."

About the third day a voice from within very softly but firmly said, "THY SINS ARE FORGIVEN THEE," and immediately the burden was gone. I did not know what to make of this, it was so sudden, but while I was waiting expecting the burden to return (as of course it did not), I thought I could see the Saviour sitting at the right hand of God, and immediately my troubled soul trusted Him.

After this I opened the word of God, and my eyes fell upon Isaiah lx. 1, which says, "Arise, shine; for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee." These words, being applied with great power, were a source of comfort to my soul. And well do I remember the new hopes and new desires which filled my mind, and how I went for a long walk and poured out my soul in gratitude to Him, who had dealt so kindly with me. A transformation had taken place in my soul, and it was God and God alone I had to thank for all. Glory be to His most Holy Name!

It is several years since the above took place. I was then strangely ignorant of God's plan for saving sinners. Experimentally God had taught me that blessed truth, The blood of Jesus Christ, the Son of God, cleanseth us from all sin. Since then He has shewn me more clearly that because Christ died on the cross, and thus paid the penalty due to me, I was delivered from the guilt of my sins; He died that I might live. God accepted what His Son had done for me, and I was free for ever. Wondrous redemption!

And now, dear reader, are you a poor sin-stricken soul as I once was, afraid of God and of death? Oh trust in the Lord, and be not afraid. You cannot be more wicked than I was, nor can you know less of God than I did. "If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and believe in thy heart that God hath raised Him from the dead, thou shalt be saved." I have proved that word, "Come unto me all ye that labour, and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

From the moment I believed I felt that what

the Lord said of Paul was true of me, "He is a chosen vessel unto me," and it has been my daily joy to carry the glad tidings of God's salvation to those who are perishing, and to strengthen the weak, and to build up the children of God in their most holy faith, as I receive it of Him: and to God's children I say put your whole confidence and trust in God your Father. Since my conversion I have been greatly tried by the devil, the world, and the flesh, yet can I say, Jesus is the same to-day as He was then,—

"Ever present, truest Friend,
Always near His aid to lend."

I have been led by His Spirit through some dark times, yet all things have worked for my good. I would say to others, look not to man for help, for vain is the help of man. If my salvation had depended upon man's assistance, I should have been lost, but now I am saved, saved for ever.

A. M., *Kettering.*

SIN'S CONFLICT OVER.

○ GOD, Thou great Jehovah!
I tremble as I bow
Before Thy awful presence,
In Christ receive me now;
Nothing, my God, to give Thee—
Nought but a heart of stone;
Goodness, and grace, and mercy
Are of Thyself alone.

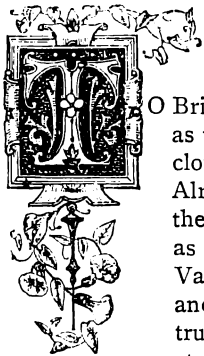
I see it all in Jesus—
Streams from the fount divine,
So full, so overwhelming,
And want to know it mine;
To know that I, a sinner,
Am not shut out from Thee;
To know that I, a rebel,
A happy saint may be.

Yet wherefore words repeating?
Thy Spirit urges "*now*,"
In lowliness, confessing
My sinfulness, I bow;
I can withstand no longer,
Now close this bitter strife;
I take, Thou God of mercy,
From Thee, the gift of life.

No doubting, no misgiving,
'Tis all Thy work, O God,
Sealed by Thy grace—my pardon—
In Jesus' precious blood;
I know it now, and thank Thee,
And all Thy grace adore,
And mourn, Thou God of mercy,
I did not bow before.

God's Mighty Men of Valour.

WILLIAM BRICONNET.—*continued.*



O Briçonnet and Lefevre it seemed as though a morning without a cloud was rising on France. Already the gospel had entered the palace. In her lofty sphere, as one has said, Margaret of Valois shone like a star of soft and silvery light, clouded, it is true from the awe in which she stood of her brother, and the

worldly society around her, but emitting a sweet and winning ray which attracted the eye of the beholder.

We see, in the conversion of Margaret, how a merciful providence was providing against the evil days which, in spite of the fair promise, were destined to come to the faithful ones. Triumphs were indeed to be theirs, but not of the kind anticipated. Not by victories over princes, the overturning of dynasties and the lettered conflicts of scholars would the gospel triumph, but by the unswerving endurance of its disciples in the dungeon and at the stake.

Margaret was not strong enough to prevent the bursting of the tempest upon the heads of her beloved brethren, but she did much to temper its force. She was, as we have seen, dearly loved by her brother the king, and by the sweetness of her spirit she did much to restrain his headlong passions.

Often with quiet tact she would defeat the plot of the monk and undo the martyr's chain. Many who would otherwise have perished were saved to the Reformation by her interposition.

But the process of events takes us back for a time to Meaux. We have seen how the Bishop of that place did much to help on the good work by securing the removal of immoral and incapable curés, and by the founding of a school for the teaching of pastors, but now he took another step forward, and hastened, by all that lay in his power, to open to the French people that great and only fountain of divine light the Bible.

It had long been the earnest desire of the aged Lefevre, to see before he died "every man in France able to read the Word of God in his

mother tongue." With this object he began to translate the New Testament. He first published the four Gospels, on the 30th October, 1522, a week after came the remaining books, and on the 12th October, 1524, the whole were published in one volume at Meaux. Contemporaneously the publication of the translation of the Bible was going on in Germany. Now it was that the Bishop Briçonnet did so much to help on the spread of God's Word.

He made his steward distribute copies of the four Gospels gratis. "He spared," says Crispin, "neither gold nor silver," and the consequence was that the New Testament was widely circulated everywhere. In town and country now the great theme of conversation, and the subject of study, was the Bible.

The artisans of Meaux who were principally carders, spinners, and weavers, were never weary of conversing together about it as they plied their loom or tended the spindle. Often they would spend their meal hour reading it together. A chronicler of the fifteenth century tells us that the labourers in the vineyards and in the cornfields, when the noon day came and they rested from toil, would draw forth the sacred volume, and while one read the rest gathered round him in a circle and listened to the words of life. They longed for the return of the meal hour, not that they might eat of the bread of earth, but that they might appease their spiritual hunger with the bread of life.

Simple, yet strong, became the faith of these humble labourers. They needed no formal argument to show them that the book was divine, they felt in their souls that it had been sent to them from God. To doubt it, seemed absurd. Had it not opened heaven to them? had it not revealed to them the throne of God, and the way to it by the one and only Saviour? Compared to the husks given them to eat by the tribe of ignorant curés and monks what heavenly manna was this! "Of what use," said they, "are the saints to us? Our only Mediator is Christ."

"Let us look," says a modern historian, speaking of these humble disciples at this



“THEIR TOIL ENDED, THEY OPENED AND READ THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.”

time, "somewhat more closely at this little flock to which there attaches this great interest, that it was the first Protestant congregation on the soil of France. They were the workmanship, not of Briçonnet, but of the Spirit, who by the instrumentality of the Bible had called them to the "knowledge of Christ," and the "fellowship of the saints." Let us mark them at the close of the day. Their toil ended, they diligently repaired from the workshop, the vineyard, the field, and assembled in the house of one of their number. They opened and

read the Holy Scriptures; they conversed about the things of the kingdom; they joined together in prayer, and their hearts burned within them. Their numbers were few, their sanctuary was humble,—no mitred and vested priest conducted their services, no choir or organ-peat intoned their prayers; but One was in the midst of them greater than the doctor of the Sorbonne—greater than any king of France—even He who has said "Lo, I am with you alway."

(To be continued.)

Gleanings in the Fields of Scripture.

A LAMB STOOD AS NEWLY SLAIN.

(Rev. v. 6).

THE apostle John, from whose eyes the veil of futurity was withdrawn, in looking down the long vista of time to the rising up of the Lord, prior to His coming to judge the nations, sees Him as a lamb newly slain. The perfect tense in which the verb "*sphazo*" is here placed regards an action as complete, but having an abiding effect. And how beautifully this fits in with the teaching of other parts of the Word, as to the lasting efficacy of that one sacrifice which was offered for sin. In Heb. x. this is strikingly brought out in contrast to the Jewish sacrifices which were offered, year by year, on the day of atonement. They could never make the worshippers perfect: there always remained the conscience of sins. Hence the renewal of the sacrifice; for the blood of bulls and goats could not take away sin. God had no pleasure in them, therefore the barrier between Himself and man always existed, his conscience never having been purged. The believer, having his conscience cleansed, because sin has been expiated, draws near to God by virtue of that one offering which has for ever satisfied the demands of divine justice and has also fully met his need as an awakened sinner. Thus for more than eighteen hundred years God has been forgiving sins through that one sacrifice, and still it is just as efficacious as ever.

In verses 11 and 12 of Heb. x. the contrast is continued. The high priest always stood when he went into the holy place, taking the attitude

of a servant, as waiting and ready for service. The work was not complete. On the contrary, the Lord Jesus when He had offered Himself once, sat down for ever at the right hand of God. The work He came to do was finished, (as He said on the cross), and so He is now seated. God's last and greatest act in creation was the formation of man, then He rested: the stupendous work of the Son of God was the redemption of man, as fallen, and He also sat down to rest from His work.

The word translated "for ever" in Heb. x. 12 is different from that rendered "eternal," "everlasting," and "for ever," in other parts of the New Testament. It means that the Lord Jesus is seated "continuously," "uninterruptedly," during a certain period; that is until His enemies be made His footstool (see Ps. cx. 1); then He will rise up to execute judgment. "For ever" therefore would not give the exact sense here.

REJOICING.

Rejoicing in Rom. v. 2, 3, 11.

We get here three grades of Christian joy. First, joy in looking forward to the glory of God which is to be ours, Rev. xxi. 11. Second, joy in tribulation, because we have the love of God shed abroad in our hearts, and thus know Him to be a gracious loving Father who makes all things work together for good. Thirdly, exceeding each of these, joy in God, which is the highest possible. It rises above all circumstances, however adverse, and cannot be influenced by them.

Work in the Lord's Vineyard.

Iceland.—I got safely to Iceland and landed at a place called Eskefjord on the east side, where I remained more than a week, and held two meetings and visited among the people. Eskefjord is a small village with about twenty houses, but having two shops, a good many come to it from surrounding districts. A number of the people understand Danish, and in visiting I sought to bring the Gospel before them, reading in the Icelandic Testament, and also in Danish, and I found them very friendly, but only met one man, a Norwegian who appeared to have spiritual life. I was detained there longer than I intended, partly owing to the weather. The hills being covered with snow (even late in May), travelling is difficult and dangerous. I then left for Seydisfjord, and after a journey of about nine hours mostly through snow, I got to a farmhouse about twelve miles from Eskefjord, where we were kindly received for the night. Three of us slept in a little room where only four could sit at table, but being very tired, it was a very welcome resting place for the night. I found a young woman in the house very glad to hear the Word, and she showed me a New Testament; she understood me tolerably well, and was the first I met with who seemed anxious to hear the truth. I gave her a small Danish hymn book, and she gave me an Icelandic one. I then left for the next farmhouse on horseback, as the way lay along a valley, and was kindly received, and having rested, and spoken to two in the house who knew some Danish I was advised to leave that evening late, to travel over the snow at night when it was hard. Many Norwegians come here for fishing, and I have been moving amongst them. Having been offered a place for meetings on Lord's day, and the loan of the schoolhouse for two meetings, I trust there may be blessing to some souls.—WM. SLOAN.

Vigo, Spain.—For two or three months past, every Lord's day afternoon we have held a small meeting in Redondela. Our christian sister from Vigo, Ines de Gracia, went to live there two years ago. Her husband is a custom-house officer, and not long ago professed to be converted. His wife took a firm stand on the Lord's side, and offered her small sitting room for a meeting. Two other believers, husband and wife, from Ponterreda live there, and I thought it would be good even if we could only meet together for prayer. Four others have met with us, a tinsmith, a baker, and a retired captain of the Spanish army and his wife. We had been annoyed a good deal up to about three weeks ago. Our enemies knew that Ines and her husband were going away, and they believed our small meeting would come to an end, as no one would let us a house. They were mistaken, for the captain and his wife offered their small parlour in a central part of the town. To this house I went a week yesterday; and found the town up against us. We were hooted through the streets, yelling was kept up on either side of the house during the small meeting, the door was stoned, and a window broken. Yesterday Mr. Smith and I went, and yelling was kept up outside the house, so that it was nearly impossible to hold a meeting, and about a

hundred followed us through the town. May the Lord work His will, and may it turn to the salvation of souls. I am glad to say that the poor who belong to Redondela stand firm through it. Last Lord's day we baptised 7 here at Vigo, one of whom seems to have feared God even in the church of Rome, and embraced the gospel as soon as she heard it.—J. P. WIGSTONE.

Marin, Spain.—For the state of the work here we have to thank God and take courage. Meetings are very good, especially as this is the time of much occupation among the farmers, and almost all are landowners on a small scale at least. The Lord continues to bless His own Holy Word. He is opening hearts and mouths of believers, and also their houses for cottage meetings around. We have a Bible woman named Peregrina, the daughter of a fortune-teller, who with her father, mother, and little sister were converted to God some four years ago, in Pontevedra. She is very intelligent, having well studied the Bible for herself, and is full of love and zeal for souls. She finds open doors and ears, so far, wherever she goes; every morning we have prayer together before she sets out. To me it is a great matter of thankfulness to have her to do what I am obliged to forego, for the sake of teaching my two boys. After all the needless and needful delays on the part of the local authorities we are at last able to proceed with the building of the new meeting room at San Tomé. It would cheer the hearts of many christians to see how lovingly and in earnest God's children here are doing what they can to help. None of them are rich in this world's goods, but most of them are rich in faith and love, and filled with the desire to serve Him who laid down His life for them. Those who have not been able to give money are giving their time and strength to help to throw down walls two feet thick and carry away the *debris*. The little cottage and garden given by a poor needlewoman stands high upon a rock which has been cut down twelve feet to make the main road, and now they oblige us to bring the whole down to the same level before the building can commence. You can well imagine the immense labour which this involves: with the exception of two paid men to direct, it is being done by loving hearts and hands. The broken stone is not, as in England, carried away in wheelbarrows (a thing almost unknown in this part of Spain) but baskets are filled and carried on the head. We have all been taking a turn, at least in filling baskets if not in carrying them. My husband goes over every day, and our presence greatly cheers and encourages the rest in their labour of love. Our fund for needful expenses in connection with the building slowly increases; it has only reached about half of the £60 required. On this ground there is a spring of water which never dries up, and it would be a great boon to the country round and to many a weary traveller if we could make a public fountain of it—a simple affair with some texts of scripture upon it. We need much, and constant help in prayer, as the number of believers and the responsibility increase.—ROSETTA S. BLAMIRE.

GRACE AND TRUTH

For Old and Young.



"OH YES, I WILL MEET YOU IN GLORY."

God's Glad Tidings of Salvation.

"PROMISE YOU WILL MEET ME IN GLORY."

BY H. E. W.



IF there be a joy on earth akin to that which fills all heaven, it is to see a young, rough, wretched soul snatched from the power of sin and Satan. If anything can add to that joy it is to witness such an one finish his short career with gladness, and pass away not only in peace, but positively triumphing over death and the grave.

I am going to tell you of such an one ; one who passed clean away from all sin and sorrow ; the temptations and the defilements of crowded and wicked London ; one who had a bright entrance into that golden city we so love to sing about. You all know that a great number of lads are employed about the London railway depôts. And perhaps I need not tell you that, as a rule, they are rude, uncared for, alas ! generally a wicked class of boys. But amongst these I have found a precious, and not unfruitful field of labour. I seek to make these boys my friends. When the day's work is done I gather them around me, help them to instruction and amusement, seek them comfortable lodgings, and all this that I may, as often as possible, tell them of the love, and the life, and the dying work of One who came down from heaven to give life unto the world.

On visiting my lads a little time ago, at their various posts at Waterloo Station, I found an absent one, kept away by sickness ; and on the same evening I was unexpectedly spoken to by his father, who in great distress told me that he was lying dangerously ill at St. George's Hospital ; and that he greatly wanted to see me. Poor man ! the sting of death was piercing his soul. " Oh," cried he, with an anxious agonised face, and the tears trickling down his careworn cheeks, " Oh, my son ! my son ! " I tried to comfort him, but alas ! he knew not Christ, nor the antidote to the sting of death.

That night I hastened to the hospital, and was soon by the bedside of my suffering boy. There he lay, but he knew me not. Raging fever was burning up his vitals. He was unconscious to all around ; yet was his mind most

active. And what, think you, filled his mind ? JESUS, the blessed Jesus, whom in spite of all his temptations and circumstances, he had learned to trust as his Saviour, and to love as his friend. In the midst of the raging fever, what think you was the burden of his song ? " Safe in the arms of Jesus " rang out clearly in that hospital ward. It was sorrowful to see such a wreck of nature, but, oh, the relief, when in the midst of that wreck, the soul can thus cling to, and find its rest in Jesus !

When next I stood by that bedside, the fever was gone, but weakness was left behind. With outstretched arms he welcomed me, and again, but now with feeble voice, came forth the same cheering words, " Safe in the arms of Jesus," calling forth from myself the joyful response, " Yes, safe on His loving breast." " Yes, yes," said the dying lad, a bright smile lighting up his emaciated face, " I am resting in perfect peace."

A few sentences from the Word of Life, and a word or two of prayer (for he was too weak to bear much), and I rose to leave. Gently drawing my ear to his face, he whispered, " I want you to take my dying message to all the railway boys. Tell them I was once a poor, needy, guilty sinner, but that Jesus has died for me ; tell them I am simply trusting in the finished work of Christ ; tell them that, helpless as I am, He will not cast me out ; tell them to ' Behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world.' Oh, tell them I want them to meet me in glory ; tell them the same Jesus is willing to save them, that He has gone to prepare a home in that beautiful land."

His strength was nearly gone, but there stood his weeping, sorrowing, unconverted mother, and it seemed as if he could not depart without one more appeal to her. Oh, how he prayed, how he urged her to come to Jesus. His last feeble words were, " Mother—I—am—dying—promise—you—will—meet—me—in—glory."

Most touching and solemn was this moment. There lay the beseeching, pleading, gasping dying boy ; there stood the weeping, broken-hearted mother. And then with sobs came out

the promise: "Oh, yes, I will come to Jesus, my poor darling boy; I will meet you in glory."

Nor was it a vain resolve, for she too has found the joy of being safe in the arms of Jesus.

Dear unsaved friends, Is there no message in these dying words for you? It stricken down with fever would your language be, "Safe in the arms of Jesus"? Or would it have to be said of you—

"So near the door—and the door stood wide
Close to the port—but *not inside!*"

Near to the fold—yet *not within!*
Almost resolved to give up sin!
Almost persuaded to count the *cost!*
Almost a Christian—and yet *lost!*

Oh, that your cry may be—

"Saviour, I come, I cry unto Thee;
Oh, let not those words be true of me
I want to *come to the point to-day!*
Oh, suffer me not to turn away!
Give me no rest till my soul shall be
Within the refuge—Safe in Thee!"

THE OLD BLIND KNITTING MAN.

WHEN in Somersetshire some short time since, I passed an old blind man, feeling his way along by means of a walking stick. His calm, peaceful countenance, and his silvery hair frosted by many a winter, quite arrested my attention, and the desire I had to speak with this old man was not to be resisted. I felt anxious to know whether he was a believer in the Lord Jesus or not; and I had an inward conviction that it was possible he possessed "Peace with God." Just at this time a little girl came up, and entered into a brief conversation with him; and the very manner he evinced in speaking to the child only increased my desire to speak with him; accordingly I walked up to him and repeated a verse of a hymn that then came to my mind:



"I heard the voice of Jesus say:
'I am this dark world's light;
Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright.'

I look'd to Jesus, and I found
In Him my Star, my Sun;
And in that light of life I'll walk,
'Till trav'ling days are done."

The old man attentively listened, and then calmly said, "That hymn is in my hymn book," which he informed me was one with raised type, by which blind persons, assisted by their fingers, are enabled to read. He further informed me that he possessed a Bible, adding, "I'd rather give up *all* my knitting and netting, than give up my book; it gives a peace that the world

can't pluck out or meddle with." From this I gathered what he afterwards told me, that he got his livelihood by knitting and netting articles which he then sold. "You have heard the voice of Jesus then?" I said. "Yes," he replied, "I have," and then went on to say "Many people think it is presumption for one to say he *is* saved; but there are the *promises*: 'Whosoever believeth in Him shall not perish, but have eternal life:' again, 'There is therefore *now no* condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus.' I *believe* in the promises." I shook hands with this dear believer in the Lord Jesus Christ, glad to have met with him, and bidding him good-day, I parted from him, feeling in myself that, if we should not meet again on earth, we should meet again "Where partings are no more."

Allow me to ask you, dear reader, have you peace with God? a peace (to make use of the old blind man's words) "which the world can't pluck out or meddle with;" a peace which this cold hollow world cannot possibly give. It may afford you pleasure, it may give you amusement, but give you PEACE it never can. You may be a troubled, anxious soul desiring to possess peace with God. You say "I believe that Christ died for sinners, and that He was raised from the dead: but to say I *have* peace, I could not." You *do* believe that Jesus died and rose again, but you *fail* to see that all *are* justified who believe that Jesus was delivered for *their* offences, and raised again for their justification. It seems to you, so to speak, "too good to be true"; but why should you doubt God? He does not lie; yea, Scripture says, "*He cannot lie*" (Tit. i. 2). The secret of the old blind knitting man having peace with God is simply this, he believes the *Word of God*. Did he believe what man has to say, he would consider it a great want of humility to say he *is* saved; or did he consider his feelings on the matter, they would in no way help him, rather the reverse. It is not what man's theology may teach, or what one's feelings (whether happy or miserable feelings) may suggest, but "What saith the Scripture?" (Rom. iv. 3.) The blessed unfailing word of God assures me that God is satisfied with, yea, glorified by, what His beloved Son suffered upon the cross of Calvary more than eighteen hundred years ago. God's

answer of satisfaction to Christ's death is the resurrection. "*God raised Him from the dead*" (Acts xiii. 30). Is it not that the debtor is harder to satisfy than the creditor? The debt has been paid for *all* who believe; justice asks no more, her sword is sheathed. The death of Jesus has met the demands of God. "In that He died, He died unto sin *once*; but in that He liveth, He liveth unto God" (Rom. vi. 10). God desires the confidence of the anxious one. God has given His Son that the sinner might see He has kept nothing back from him. Adam's fall (as we say) and our fall in him, were the result of *want of confidence* in God. Satan insinuated that God had *kept something back*. (Gen. iii. 4, 5.) The insinuation was received, the lie credited, and man driven out. Nevertheless, God has not left us to perish, but, in order to prove that He has kept nothing back, He *gives* His own blessed *Son*, not an angel, nor an archangel, but His Son.

"COME UNTO ME"

Matt. xi. 28.

COME with thy load of sin and shame,
Though thou hast spurned Him, scorned His name,

His heart of love gives thee no blame,
Oh, hear him bid thee come.

Come, for he waits with pierced hands,
To loosen Satan's iron bands,
To break his power and his demands,
Oh, sin-bound sinner, come.

He yearns to give thee rest, to cast
Into love's ocean life's dark past,
And claim thee His while life shall last,
Oh, restless wanderer, come.

Turn not away—earth has no spot
Where joy abides and sin is not,
Life's fairest history bears some blot,
Come, care-worn sinner, come.

See at the empty cross and grave,
Love strong in death to seek and save;
He seeks return for all He gave,
Oh, hear His voice, and come.

Eternal life lies at thy feet,
Christ at the blood-stained mercy-seat
Waits to give thee His welcome sweet,
Oh, linger not, but come.

Spurn not the Saviour crucified,
Who thus in love unbounced died.
Claim Him Redeemer, Friend, and Guide,
Oh, while He calls thee, come.

Rest on His strong eternal arm,
Find in His love eternal calm,
Change sighs for thy salvation's psalm,
Oh, answer Him, and come.

Green Pastures and Still Waters.

SERVICE, LORDSHIP, AND THE COMING OF CHRIST.

"Blessed is that servant whom the Lord when He cometh, shall find so doing."—Matt. xxvi. 46.

SERVICE FOR CHRIST.

HERE we have Service for Christ, the Lordship of Christ, and the Coming of Christ.

Who are servants of Christ? A man in the flesh, that is one who has never been born of God, cannot serve Christ. Such is not only a sinner, but a servant of sin and Satan. By nature he is destitute of the power to serve, and therefore

all his efforts and attempts to please and serve God, are only the strivings of that which God has pronounced corrupt, and judged as incapable of yielding anything that is pleasing to Him. I have said that a man in the flesh cannot serve Christ, but I will go farther. A believer who is walking in the flesh cannot serve Christ. It is possible to be born of God, and to have received the power for service, even the Holy Ghost, and yet to be carnal and walking in the flesh.

The supposed service of such can only be fleshly zeal, and may attract much notice, but it brings no glory to Christ. True service for Christ will ever be the outcome of devotedness to His Person, and of His constraining love, and will always be in the power of the Holy Ghost. Therefore, beloved, if we desire our service to be such as will call forth the approval of the Lord, and redound to His glory, let us individually give heed to ourselves, not now and again, but continually cleansing our works and our ways by the Word of God, that we may be vessels fit for the Master's use. "If any man *serve* me, let him *follow* me" (John xii. 10.) This leads us to consider the

LORDSHIP OF CHRIST.

Why has God thus connected Service and the Lordship of Christ? Because we only serve Christ truly as our souls recognise and own Him as Lord. Before ever Saul of Tarsus, a pattern of faithful service, went forth as a ser-

vant of Christ, the language of his soul was "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" Lordship *first*, service *next*. Not only, "My Saviour"—"My Beloved is mine," but also "My Lord,"—"I am His." True service begins here, "Setting apart Christ in the heart as Lord." (1 Pet. iii. 15. *R.V.*)

As the soul is engaged with the *Lord* and realises His claims, service will be the outflow. Service such as the angelic hosts render, who cover their faces with their wings. Real service will be characterised by lowly reverence, as we think on the grace that has given us such an honour.

But while there is privilege there is also responsibility. Whatever ability each one has, has been given by the Lord, and He expects it to be used—traded with—giving and receiving, thus it will increase. It may be little, still there is responsibility, and grace will be needed to manage it. Watch against Satan's wiles to steal away that little. The Lord has given it, and if little, He will require little, but He *will* require it. According to the gift will be the grace needed. The servants responsibility is to the *Lord alone*, not to other brethren. "Ye serve the Lord Christ." (Col. 3. 24.) Service thus rendered will be in the light of

THE COMING OF CHRIST.

Does not the thought that He is coming speak to the hearts of all who seek to serve Him? To our service for Him in the world, the place of His rejection, He has linked His coming for us to receive us to be with Himself. All true service will thus have as the object of the soul Christ the One who is coming. Mark the words, "*When He cometh.*" Many a servant has been faithful in His absence for some time, but the great thing is continuance. Being *found of Him* at His coming in the right condition, and in the right position.

He is coming. This is searching to our hearts. Were He to come now how would He

find us? His coming speaks of service rewarded, but first there is our manifestation at the judgment seat. We are to appear before Him, in the light of His presence, whose eyes are as a flame of fire. First judgment on ourselves, every man shall give an account of himself to God; then judgment on our works—every man's work shall be tried. What disclosures will there be then, where all will be reality! What shall be the test? *Good, faithful* servant, *not* grand, successful. And also faithful in a few things. What about the great crowds, and the thrilling addresses? The question then will be *quality* not quantity. Did it meet His approval? Was it according to His mind? Was it according to the Word? "My reward

is with Me to give every man according as his work shall be." (Rev. xxii. 12).

Then, we will know and value our God as a consuming fire, as we see all that was grieving to Him, and when seen in His light grieving to us, consumed from before our eyes. What a solemn time, and it *is* at hand. It will also be the time of triumph. The "well done," the joy of the Lord, the kingdom and the glory, in which we shall reign with Him for whom we suffered. All this will be at His coming. But for whom? The faithful and wise servant! Faithful in that what was received, was used, whether little or much; wise in that he said not *in his heart*, "My Lord delayeth His coming."

OUR CENTRE.

TWO thieves—and "Jesus in the midst." (John xix. 18.) A time had been, when He who now hung on the cross, reviled by sinners, forsaken of God, was the centre of heaven's glory, the object of angels' worship. But man had sinned, and God's word had gone forth, "the soul that sinneth, it shall die." Yet "in Him is no sin." (1 John iii. 5) Why then should the curse light on Him whom Pilate acknowledged to be "This *just* person?" (Matt. xxvii. 24.) The answer is found in 2 Cor. v. 21. "He hath made Him to be sin for us, who knew no sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him. Here then is the explanation of that sight which must have astonished heaven and hell—Jesus, the Son of God, crucified in weakness, "in the midst" of sinners, "lifted up," that He might draw them unto Himself, henceforth to be their hiding-place, the centre towards whom should flock "everyone that was in distress, and everyone that was in debt, and everyone that was discontented." (1 Sam. xxii. 2.)

"Heaven wept, that man might smile,
Heaven bled, that man might never die."

But not for ever was He thus to suffer. Having stooped down to the depths of our sin and need, (depths so deep that only *His* love could go deeper,) and having lifted on His Almighty shoulder the crushing weight of *our* sin, and its curse, He bore it away to "a land not inhabited," (Lev. xvi. 22), and cast it into the

depths of the sea, and then rose triumphant over sin and death, and sat down at God's right hand, a *Conqueror*. Yet even then His work of love for sinners was not ended, nor did His thoughts of love towards sinners cease. No, for He is exalted to be a Saviour, to give repentance and remission of sins, (Acts v. 31), and of those who trust him as a Saviour it is written, "He ever liveth to make intercession for them," (Heb. vii. 25), for *us*, for whom He died to lead us "safely" by "the *right* way," to "a city which hath foundations." And as often as His people here seek to remember Him, His promise is fulfilled "where two or three are gathered together in My name, there am I in *the midst* of them." Surely, "Unto Him shall the gathering of the people be," (Gen. xlix. 10). He who once hung, that He might be a Saviour, "in the midst" of sinners, still delights to be "in the midst" of His saints.

John, in his lonely Patmos life, could tell of "One like unto the Son of Man," "in the midst of the seven candlesticks" (Rev. i. 13), even Him, whose "delights" have ever been "with the sons of men." (Prov. viii. 31.) And "this same Jesus," once seen dying "in the midst" of thieves, *now*, "in the midst" of His church, shall one day be seen "in the midst of the throne" (Rev. v. 6), "For He must reign" (1 Cor. xv. 25). And then,—among the praises of angels and archangels, when "every creature which is in heaven, and on the earth, and under the earth, and such as are in the sea," shall

unite in ascribing worthiness to the Lamb "in the midst of the throne,"—then shall also the praises of the redeemed ascend to Him, saying "Thou art worthy . . . for Thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us to God by Thy blood." (Rev. vi. 9).

God had declared, "His name shall be called Jesus," and He will *ever* be, "Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever" (Heb. xiii. 8). Whether "yesterday" on the cross "in the midst" of sinners, as sin-bearer, or

"to-day," "in the midst" of the church, as High Priest, to "undertake" for US, or "for ever," "in the midst of the throne," surrounded by those who have been redeemed by His blood, whose song of praise shall rise unceasingly to Him Who "hath done great things for them." (Ps. cxxvi. 2).

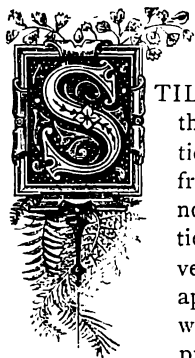
"The Lord thy God *in the midst of thee* is mighty; He will save, He will rejoice over thee with joy; He will rest in His love, He will joy over thee with singing." (Zeph. iii. 17.)

J. A. N.

Food for Christ's Lambs.

THE EPISTLE TO THE EPHESIANS.—CH. II.

BY W. H. F. C.



TILL bearing in mind that in this beautiful Epistle the position of the believer is regarded from a divine point of view, we now proceed to the consideration of the second chapter. In verses 1 to 10 inclusive, the apostle in a few pregnant words depicts the past, the present, and the future condition

of the Christian as before God. Let us endeavour humbly and prayerfully to follow in this line of thought. As regards the past and present, how forcible is the contrast brought before us in the very first verse. "And you hath He quickened who were dead in trespasses and sins." It is here a question of life and death without qualification. In the unregenerate nature there can be no spiritual life. God's verdict is "dead in trespasses and sins." How terrible is this description of the state of an unconverted soul. So searching and true is this indictment that only those who have been "born again," will bow to its justice. With such there is now life where death in a spiritual sense existed before. And this new life is divine because it is God Himself who has quickened. But the second and third verses plainly, very plainly, tell us, that although there could be no spiritual life when in that condition, there was a carnal nature. "And were by nature the children of wrath, even as others." This nature was by no means passive. It asserted its real character in many ways on all sides. Hence we read

that "we all had our conversation in times past in the lust of our flesh, fulfilling the desires of the flesh and of the mind."

In like manner the prophet Isaiah records a similar experience. "All we like sheep have gone astray, we have turned every one to his own way." Different paths may have been chosen and various ways pursued, but they were all wrong paths and crooked ways. The fruits were corrupt because the nature was corrupt. If the root be bad the tree and the fruits must necessarily be bad also. It was while we were in this condition, that the great love of God operated towards us. Man's extremity was God's opportunity. His store of mercy was abundant. The "great love" caused the "rich mercy" to flow down from Heaven. The medium is faith, and the result a free and full salvation in all its divine completeness as presented to us thus in the sixth verse, "and hath raised us up together and hath made us sit together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus."

Then thirdly as to the future. "That in the ages to come He might show the exceeding riches of His grace in His kindness toward us through Christ Jesus." It is all in and through Christ Jesus. We can have nothing apart from Him. Being thus by the will of God called to be Christians, Christian fruits are looked for by Him whose workmanship we are. There were fruits many and varied in time past. But they were dead works. There must also be fruits now, only of a totally different kind, and of a character suited to Christianity, that is to say

“good works.” This should be the practical outcome of the grace that has been manifested towards us. “To do good and to communicate forget not, for with such sacrifices God is well pleased.”

Then again, the apostle Paul would have them also to remember that as Gentiles they were in times past “afar off.” “At that time ye were without Christ, being aliens from the commonwealth of Israel, and strangers from the covenants of promise, having no hope, and without God in the world.” This brings out the grace of God into still bolder relief. The outer circle of the Gentiles, and the inner circle of the Jews, with all their privileges, have both been materially affected by this glorious work of Christ. The blood of the Spotless One who offered Himself to God can alone purge from sin, whether of Jew or Gentile. For hundreds of years God had seen the blood of the victims

that were slain continually on Jewish altars, but it could not purge away sin. No blood but that of Christ could do this. The poor sinner who now believes that Christ offered Himself to God for him, and that God has pardoned him is “accepted in the Beloved” whether he be a Jew or a Gentile. That he has been thereby brought by God into a place of blessing and nearness without any effort on his part is the special teaching of the last few verses of this chapter. It may be summed up in a few words. Once afar off but now made nigh; once dead in sins but now alive to God; once exposed to divine wrath, but now in a place of security; once strangers and foreigners, but now “fellow-citizens with the saints, and of the household of God,” built upon a sure foundation and incorporated as living stones in a Heavenly and holy temple in the Lord.

To Him be all the praise !

THE SECRET OF BLESSING.

“I shall seem to him as a deceiver; and I shall bring a curse upon me and not a blessing.”

Gen. xxvii. 12.

SUCH was the prompt reply of Jacob to his mother Rebekah, when she tempted him to obtain Isaac's dying blessing by fraud and deceit. Already had Jacob supplanted his elder brother by most dishonourably obtaining his birthright. That act he might attempt to justify. The purchase of the birthright was a fair bargain as the world judges; Esau well knew what he was doing, and, if he chose to sell such an inheritance, Jacob might think himself fully justified in securing it on the best terms he could; any misgivings of conscience as to the paltry consideration he gave to obtain such a blessing he would easily silence by a thought that paltry as was the mess of pottage it had saved his brother's life; and glibly would he repeat to himself Esau's own words:—“Behold I am at the point to die, and what profit shall this birthright do to me?” Yet Jacob had so much conscience left that when asked to commit a positive fraud he felt at once the sin of it, and the disastrous consequences likely to follow. Urged on by his mother, who, moreover, promises immunity from those consequences, Jacob complies; and, by trickery, falsehood, and deceit, he obtains the coveted blessing.

There can be no doubt that both Rebekah and Jacob, when the deed was done, would have many misgivings of conscience. But both would seek to justify their unholy deed. Had not the Lord told her that “the elder should serve the younger”? And so they would flatter themselves that they were only bringing about the well-known purposes of the Lord.

But the stern reality of facts soon convinced Rebekah of the fatal mistake she had made. Both at once found that they had plunged themselves and the whole family into inextricable calamity, “Esau hated Jacob because of the blessing wherewith his father blessed him; and Esau said in his heart, The days of mourning for my father are at hand, then will I slay my brother Jacob.” And lest she should be deprived of both sons in one day she is obliged to banish from her bosom and her home her much-loved Jacob. Who shall tell the twenty years of grief that saddened the heart of Isaac, and took his grey hairs with sorrow to the grave! As to Jacob, these two unholy deeds not only tell his state of soul, but foreshadow a life of toil, sorrow, disappointment, and sad distance from God.

And yet God was faithful to His own purpose,



JACOB'S DREAM.

“And he dreamed, and behold, a ladder set up on the earth, and the top of it reached to heaven; and behold, the angels of God ascended and descended on it.”—Gen. xxviii. 12.

and, in spite of the failure of Isaac, Rebekah, and Jacob, at the close of his first day's journey how marvellously shines out not only His forbearance, but compassion and grace in giving to Jacob the well-known beautiful and instructive dream, so strikingly illustrated in our engraving. But alas! how little did all this break down the soul of Jacob. In the presence of it surely he should have been humbled in the dust because of his deception to his father, and his dishonesty to his brother. But though he was deeply impressed with the unexpected presence of God, and moved at the wondrous promises, yet the selfish, scheming character of his mind again comes out, and Jacob begins to bargain with God saying, "If God will be with me," &c. How sad was all this! Whenever we stand in the presence of God how that presence brings out the strange contrast between grace and our unbelieving, self-seeking natures.

Jacob was now a young man, and these beginnings are a true index to what God has been pleased to record of his after life; and dear young christian, God has placed this on record for your especial good. At the end of a hundred and thirty years, Jacob was obliged to confess, "Few and evil have the days of the years of my life been." And wherein lay the secret of Jacob's failure? He trusted not in God, but to his own understanding. He was continually scheming to take care of himself. He manœuvred to get the birthright; he planned to secure the blessing; he craftily secured

the increase of his flocks with Laban: oh, how he schemed to save himself and his family from the wrath of Esau! In all this he trusted not in the Lord, and by his plans, though for a time he might seem to succeed, he brought trial, and sorrow, and disappointment upon himself and his family. And God had to humble him, and to strip him, and the only thing recorded of him in the New Testament is "By faith when he was a dying, Jacob blessed both the sons of Joseph; and worshipped, leaning upon the top of his staff."

Do you, dear young believer, wish to escape Jacob's troubles? Let the thirty-second Psalm be your portion. Scheme not for yourself. Say to the Lord, "Thou art my hiding-place; thou shalt preserve me from trouble; thou shalt compass me about with songs of deliverance." Then will the Lord say unto you, "I will instruct thee and teach thee in the way which thou shalt go: I will guide thee with mine eye." But at the same time He will give you this word of warning: "Be ye not as the horse or as the mule, which have no understanding: whose mouth must be held in with bit and bridle, lest they come near unto thee." Jacob thought himself very clever, but, in reality, he had no understanding; and so God had to hold him in with, as it were, bit and bridle. "Many sorrows shall be to the wicked: but he that trusteth in the Lord, mercy shall compass him about." Jacob at last discovered that the secret of blessing was to be honest, and trust in the Lord.

Gleanings in the Fields of Scripture.

A LESSON ON RUNNING.

A holy determination.—"I will run." Ps. cxix. 32.
Attractions of Christ.—"Draw me, we will run."

Cant. i. 4.

Encouragement to run.—Not being weary.—
Isa. xl. 31.

Run to get a reward.—"So run." 1 Cor. ix. 24.

We may run in vain.—Phil. ii. 16.

Patience, or endurance, in running.—Heb. xii. 1.

A safe place to run to.—Prov. xviii. 10.

Pray that the word may run.—2 Thess. iii. 1.

WALK AND STANDING.

Rom. v. sets forth the believer's relation to God.

" vi. " " " " sin.
" vii. " " " " the law.

In Rom. v. we have *peace* with God, (v. 1).

" we have the *love* of God shed
abroad in our hearts, v. 5.

" we *joy* in God, v. 11.

Love, joy, and peace are three fruits of the Spirit, Gal. v. 22. There (Gal.) they refer to the walk,—here to the standing of the believer. That is to say we must manifest the relationships we have with God in our daily life,

Talks, Tales, & Teachings for our Young Friends.

"LITTLE GOOD-FOR-NOTHING,"

OR, THE MISSION OF THE ROSES.

BY FANNIE EDEN.

CHAPTER V.

"H, mamma!" said Amy, rushing into her mamma's room, later on in the morning, "What do you think? something has happened so lovely! I have found my little girl!"

"Your little girl?" said her mamma, laughing, "Since when did you possess a little girl of your own?"

"Oh, mamma, you know what I mean,—the little girl that I wrote to at the hospital; she got my letter and the roses; and oh, mamma, it was so good of Jesus letting her get my letter, for she has no one to love her in the world, and she was grieving so about it, and it did comfort her so to get my letter, and mamma, just think! she'd never heard about the Lord Jesus!"

"Poor little child! I am afraid there are many more in the great city in the same condition."

"But, mamma, isn't it nice that she should be one to come to the cottage?"

"Yes dear, doubtless the Lord has sent this little waif to us that we may care for her, and instruct her as to Himself."

"Yes, mamma, that's just what I was thinking; and oh! I do wish you would go and see her, and make her understand that Jesus loves her, although she is naughty. She cried so bitterly this morning, because she said she was afraid she never could get good enough for Jesus to love her, and you know, mamma," said little Amy, earnestly, "she never can get good in her own strength, can she?"

And so it came about that Mrs. Arundale went that evening to see "Little Good-for-nothing" herself.

It had been a burning day, but the evening was cool and pleasant, and Mrs. Arundale found "Little Good-for-nothing" propped up by the open window, with her Bible on her knee. It was a great delight to the little invalid to feel the soft air, all laden with sweet

country scents, fanning her cheeks and brow and she watched with a dreamy pleasure the day die away out of the violet sky, and the yellow stars peep out one by one.

How strangely different was this fair scene from the crowded heated dirty court, where her young days had been spent. It was like another world, she thought. And how strange it was to think that there was another world far away up there, past the stars, which was fairer and more beautiful even than this—a world that is all fair, where there were no dark places hidden away from the sight as there were here, where filth and wretchedness, vice and misery abounded, and from whence the sounds of strife and cursings were ever ascending, mingled with the cries and sighs from breaking hearts. Such thoughts as these were filling the heart of "Little Good-for-nothing," although doubtless so vague were they, that she could not have put them into words if she had tried. Mrs. Arundale had been watching for a little while unknown to her the child's face, and had divined somewhat her thoughts, and as if in answer to them, she said softly, as she seated herself beside her, "And I saw a new heaven and a new earth: for the first heaven and the first earth were passed away. And I heard a great voice out of heaven, saying, Behold the tabernacle of God is with men, and He will dwell with them, and they shall be His people, and God Himself shall be with them, and be their God. 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."

"Oh, ma'am," said "Little Good-for-nothing," turning with a pleased smile to the gentle face that was looking so kindly at her, "I was just thinking about that beautiful heaven."

"But all those beautiful things are said about this earth, my child—this earth that you see around you."

"Little Good-for-nothing" was still for a



moment with surprise. Her thoughts went back again to the scenes of her childhood. The dirt, the squalor, the cruelty, the oppression, the misery and ignorance, the cries, the tears, the breaking hearts—it was all going to be put right some day : God had not forgotten as she sometimes thought He must have done. Oh, what a delightful thought that was !

Again Mrs. Arundale's voice broke in upon her musings,—“I will give unto him that is athirst of the water of life freely. But the fearful, and unbelieving, and the abominable,and all liars, shall have their part in the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone, which is the second death.”

With a cry of fear, “Little Good-for-nothing” hid her face in her hands, and agonizing sobs shook her frame. “Oh, ma'am,” she said, “that's where I shall have to go, when God makes His beautiful new earth ; for oh ! I'm so bad, and I've told lies, and stole, and everything, and praying don't make me any better, for if I don't *do* naughty things, I think them, and that's just as bad, isn't it ?”

“Do you not know, dear child, that God has said, ‘The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth from all sin’? Do you think if you or I could have done anything to save ourselves that God would have let His Son die? When you were lying all bruised and unconscious,—as nurse has been telling me you were,—under the horses' feet, could you do anything to save yourself?”

“Oh no, ma'am ! I didn't know nothing till I found myself in my nice white bed in the hospital ?”

“Did the doctor ask you to try and help him to set the bone in your broken leg, and to try and think what medicines you'd better take to make you well?”

“Little Good-for-nothing” could hardly help smiling through her tears at this—it seemed so funny.

“Oh no, ma'am ! the doctor wouldn't ask such a little ignorant thing as me anything, I had to just lie still, and let him make me better in his own way.”

“Ah, little one ! that is just what God wants us to do with our poor sin-sick souls ; just lie still and *let Him save them* in His own way. Listen to God's own words—“For when we were *yet without strength* in due time Christ died for the ungodly. God commendeth his love towards us, in that *while we were yet sinners* Christ died for us. For if when we *were enemies* we were reconciled to God by the death of his Son, much more being reconciled we shall be saved by his life.”

A gleam of light seemed to be breaking through the mists of doubt that were hanging over the child's soul as she listened.

Then Mrs. Arundale took the Bible and read that sweet story of the Good Samaritan, and his great love to the poor helpless stranger who was lying wounded and dying by the way-side ; and she explained that it was a picture of the Saviour's love to poor helpless sinners. Then she read of the poor silly sheep that had wandered far away over the dark mountains, and how the tender shepherd went out and sought and sought till he found it, and then brought it home on his shoulders rejoicing.

As Mrs. Arundale read on the doubts and fears of the child rolled away, and when she raised her head from the book, she was almost startled at the look of serene happiness that was on the child's face.

“I see it all now,” murmured “Little Good-for-nothing,” “Jesus did it all ! Oh ! how He must have loved me !” (*To be continued.*)

FREDDY'S FIRST AND LAST APPEARANCE.

HE belonged to a company of strolling players, who went from place to place, taking about with them horses and tents, and all the paraphernalia that goes to make up a travelling circus. Since his earliest babyhood, Freddy could remember no other life than this of being hustled from town to town, and village to village.

He had been brought up by the proprietor of the circus and his wife ; (his own father and mother had deserted him); and at the age of three the little fellow commenced his training as an acrobat and equestrian, and now at seven years he was declared to be, (according to the flaming bills on the walls), the most wonderful progeny the world had ever seen,

Hitherto he had not appeared before the public, the manager and his wife having kept him in the back ground until such time as they deemed his education complete.

They had now halted on the outskirts of a large town, and huge posters announced the fact that the little fellow would perform hitherto unknown feats on his extraordinary pony Mercury, &c.

As for Freddy himself, his heart beat high, and his little pale face burned in expectation of the moment when he should make his first appearance in public. Crowds of people were assembling in the gaily decorated tent, and from behind the folds of a heavy red curtain, that divided the performers from the inquisitive public, the little fellow peeped, as with one arm round his pony's neck he awaited his turn to enter the ring.

In a few moments, Mercury, all excitement, cantered into the enclosure followed by his little master. The gas jet from above fell upon his spangled dress, and lighted up his little flushed and eager face.

In a moment the boy was well-nigh deafened by the boisterous applause that greeted him : but with wonderful grace and composure he performed feat after feat, until, amid still louder approval and delight, he and Mercury disappeared behind the folds of the red curtain.

In vain the audience shouted for him to return, the manager went into the centre of the ring, and informed the clamouring crowd that the boy could not come before them again that night, as, being his first appearance, he was a little overcome ; but that the rest of the performance would go on as usual.

Behind the scenes, however, a group had gathered round the senseless form of the little fellow, who lay in the arms of one of the actors, whilst Mercury, panting and exhausted, stood by his side.

A few minutes later he was conveyed by the doctor, who had been sent for, to the hospital hard by. He had received a severe internal injury, and his life hung upon a thread.

* * * *

In the accident ward he lay pale and motionless, his brown eyes filling now and again with tears.

"What is the matter, my boy?" said the nurse kindly. "I shall have to leave my pony,

and my spangled dress, and I shall never, never see them again," sobbed Freddy. In vain the nurse tried to comfort him, saying if he would keep very still and quiet perhaps he would get well again.

The sound of singing just then fell upon his ear, and turning round Freddy saw a little group of ladies enter the ward. They had come to sing the sweet gospel story to the poor sufferers lying there. Freddy was very fond of music, so he dried his tears, and listened. There was something wonderfully soothing in the oft repeated strain :—

"Precious Name ! oh, how sweet !
Hope of earth, and joy of heaven."

Noticing his anxious little face, one of the ladies stepped forward and took the child's hand in hers. "Would you sing a bit more of that, please?" he said, "I like it very much."

Another verse was sung :—

"Oh ! the precious name of Jesus,
How it fills our souls with joy,
When His loving arms receive us,
And His songs our tongues employ.
Precious name," &c.

As the last sounds died away, the lady sat down beside the boy and whispered to him of Jesus, who died to save the children and make them His own.

"But my dear little pony, and my spangled dress. I shall have to leave them behind !"

"Ah ! but Jesus has something better than a spangled dress to give those who have been washed in His blood. Shall I tell you about it."

Freddy nodded assent, and the kind-faced lady told him of the spotless robe the Lord Jesus gives to all who enter the golden gates of Heaven. Of the myriads who arrayed in those glittering garments surround the throne of Him who loved them and bought them.

In the light of this beautiful picture, the spangled dress seemed to fade into insignificance.

"Would He give *me* a white robe?" enquired the little fellow, anxiously, "I suppose, may be, they are only for *very* good people."

The lady reassured his heart by telling him that it is to poor lost sinners God gives the garments white and pure, to those who have come to Him as such, and have believed on the

Son, and His finished work on Calvary, and having received pardon and forgiveness through Him, are drawn to the Father's heart, and by-and-bye take their place with Him in the city, where no sorrow nor sighing can enter. The boy listened with wrapt attention, and with a sigh of relief turned his brown eyes towards the

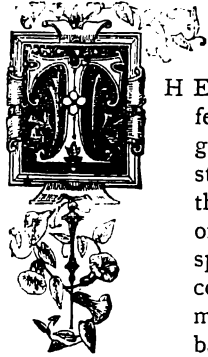
window, and away to the blue sky beyond.

He did not speak again after that, but lay thinking of the golden city and the white robes, and the tender Saviour who loves the little ones.

Before night had cast its shadows over that scene of pain and suffering, the Shepherd came and gathered this stray lamb into His bosom.

God's Mighty Men of Valour.

WILLIAM BRICONNET.—*continued.*



THE little flock at Meaux were feeding peacefully amid the green pastures and by the still waters of truth, and while the lovely and fragrant fruits of the Spirit, which ever spring up where the gospel comes, were flourishing in its midst, the din and roar of battle was heard all around. The pride and ambition of

Francis of France and Charles of Spain had turned Europe into an arena of conflict. Yet in the councils of Providence these very tempests, which were devastating the world, served as ramparts around the little band of Christians who were endeavouring to walk in the truth, for so occupied were these mighty ones of the earth in fighting for the brilliant prize of an earthly crown, that they forgot, or cared not, for a time to persecute those whom in their hearts they hated, so for a little space they were left alone. Thus it was that with the crash of arms and the roar of battle around them, the song of peace was heard ascending from their midst, "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble; therefore will not we fear, though the earth be removed and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea. God is in the midst of her, she shall not be moved."

We have related in a previous chapter how the New Testament had at a very early period of the Reformation in France been translated into the vernacular of that country. Soon there followed a version of the Psalms of David in 1525. After this Clement Marot, the lyrical poet, undertook, at the request of Calvin, it is

believed, the task of versifying the Psalms, and accordingly thirty of these were rendered into metre and published in 1541. Noble tunes were composed for them, and now for the first time was heard the "Old Hundredth," and some of the finest tunes still in use in the Psalmody.

The publishing of these Psalms set to music had a strange and wonderful effect on the French people. Speaking on this subject a modern historian says, "The combined majesty and sweetness of the old Hebrew Psalter took captive the taste and genius of the French people. In a little while all France, we may say, fell to singing the Psalms." "This chorus of holy song," he goes on to say, "was very distasteful to the adherents of the ancient worship. Wherever they turned, the odes of the Hebrew Monarch pealed forth in the tongue of France saluted their ears, in the street and the highways, in the vineyards and the workshops, at the family hearth, and in the churches."

"The reception these Psalms met with," says Bayle, "was such as the world had never seen."

Although much of this may have been the mere gratification of the natural taste for that which is sublime and beautiful, yet we know that the entrance of God's word giveth light, and God used the mighty power of music as a vehicle for the wonderful propagation of the Gospel, and thus to the downfall of popery. Such was the storm of Romish wrath that broke out against the composer Marot that he was obliged to flee the country. Rome forbade the book to be used, but the people were all the more eager to possess it. And now it was that

the rage of the monks of Meaux that had been for so long suppressed broke out against the faithful ones with such fury. Finding that by the propagation of these new truths their dues were diminishing at an alarming rate, the Franciscans crowded to Paris and raised the cry of heresy. They exclaimed that Briçonnet had become a Protestant, and not content with this, he was gathering around him a company of greater heretics than himself. All France, they said, was becoming poisoned by this deadly pestilence, and if immediate steps were not taken to suppress it the whole country would be lost.

There were three people in particular in Paris upon whose ears these complaints were not likely to fall with indifference. One was Noel Beda, the head of the Sorbonne, who felt himself bound to guard most sacredly from heretical taint that orthodoxy which to him was the glory of the University. Another was Antoine Duprat, a man who cared nothing for orthodoxy in itself, but one who was determined to crush anything that was likely to stand in the way of his own political advancement. His exalted office, for he was Chancellor of France, added to his personal qualities, made him a formidable opponent. Wylie says of him, "He was able, haughty, and overbearing, and never scrupled to employ violence to compass his ends. He was a man too, of insatiable greed. He plundered on a large scale in the king's behoof, by putting up to sale the offices in the gift of the crown, but he plundered on a still larger scale in his own, and so was enormously rich."

Such were the two men who now rose up against the gospel. It had still another, and even a more bitter opponent, and this, sad to relate, was Louisa of Savoy, the mother of the gentle, pious Margaret of Valois. The king of France, her son, was now the prisoner of Charles V. at Madrid, and pending the captivity of Francis, the government of France was in her hands. She is described as a woman of determined spirit, dissolute life, and heart inflamed with the hereditary enmity of her house, to the gospel as shown in its persecution of the Waldenses. It must be added, however, that the hostility of Louisa was somewhat modified and restrained by the singular sweetness and piety of her daughter Margaret.

"Such," said a modern historian, "was the trio, the dissolute Louisa, regent of the kingdom; the avaricious Duprat, the chancellor; and the bigoted Beda, head of the Sorbonne; all three had one quality in common, they heartily detested the new opinions."

Louisa was the first to take a determined step for their suppression. She proposed in 1523 the following question to the Sorbonne:—"By what means can the damnable doctrines of Luther be chased and extirpated from this most Christian kingdom?" The answer came, brief, but emphatic, "By the stake."

Soon after this, parliament was convoked to discuss the subject, and, if possible to strike down the (so-called) heresy, while there was time. The first who was summoned before it was Briçonnet, Bishop of Meaux. It was put plainly before him, he must either abandon the truths of Protestantism, or become a martyr at the stake. For a time he stood firm. He thought of the little flock at Meaux, who had looked up to him with an affection so confiding and tender, he thought of the woe denounced against him who, after putting his hand to the plough, looks back, but the blazing stake was before him, and Briçonnet could not face its horrors. On the 12th of April 1523 he was condemned to pay a fine, and was sent back to his diocese, after first promising to restore public prayers to the Virgin, and to forbid anyone to buy or read the books of Luther, or to preach publicly the new doctrines.

Alas for Briçonnet, he had saved his bishop's mitre, and his life, but at what a cost! Yet it is not for us to judge him; except the Lord had kept us, what strength should we have had against such a fiery ordeal. We must leave him to the Lord. It may be that he reasoned himself into the belief that he might still love his Saviour in his heart, though he might not confess Him with the lips, that while bowing before Mary and the saints he could look up inwardly to Christ, and lean on Him, the crucified One. But oh, the dishonour that he brought on his Lord! the leanness and barrenness to his own soul! and oh, the anguish of his mind in the lonely hours that must come to all, when there is time to listen to the pleadings and upbraidings of heart and conscience! When we think of those awful moments can we not pity this our weak and erring brother?

Work in the Lord's Vineyard.

Marin, Spain.—The "local" on the ground-floor of our house continues to be well filled on Sunday mornings. We commence the meetings at 8 a.m. to catch the village people who come to Marin for the market (Sunday being market-day); and last Sunday, being the fair at Pontevedra, great numbers of strangers came in, doubtless attracted by the singing, for these young Spanish christians really do sing beautifully. The meeting continued for three hours, the place being full the whole time, and many listening while the tears ran down their faces; we all felt the power of God was in the meeting. Four of the Spanish brethren prayed, and several gave testimony to the power of Christ to save them. Mr. Millne also spoke in Spanish, of course with some mistakes, but you could see from the rivetted attention of the people that they understood. Many were present who had probably never heard the gospel in their lives before, having come from a distance to visit the fair. Visiting the villages is a most interesting part of the work here. One old farmer, 85 years of age, listened to the good news of salvation with an earnestness and willingness to receive Christ such as I have seldom seen. The authorities at Pontevedra have taken up the case of those who stoned us at Estribella, and have put six of the ringleaders of the riot into prison. By request of the prisoners we went yesterday to try and get them pardoned and liberated, but found we could do nothing for them. It is rather uncommon in this country for the poor despised Christians to get so defended, and doubtless it is owing to the kind interference of the English Vice-Consul at Marin, himself a Spaniard, and born in the Romish faith. The happy result is that now we can hold meetings in Estribella, and walk about the place giving tracts, none daring to make us afraid. The "local," which the priests have made a desperate effort to take from us in various ways, even the Archbishop of Santiago troubling himself to assist them, is now secured to us by a written document for 18 months. May God give many souls in that place.—**LYDIA S. BROOKS.**

Nursapur, India.—I have just returned from a short tour with our dear brother Macrae. We thought it wise not to continue longer in a tent with the thermometer 100 and 103 deg. during the middle of the day, as we both suffer in our heads. Whilst out we baptised two young women last Lord's day, and afterwards broke bread with Christians from four villages. It was pleasant to have fellowship together in the truth. When speaking one evening to Pariahs and Chucklers, we were apparently in danger of having our heads broken. You may know that the Pariahs consider themselves to belong to what is called the right-hand class of natives, and that their near neighbours, the Chucklers, are of the left-hand community. Some of the former caste (*they* do not consider themselves outcasts) under the influence of toddy, got an idea into their heads that we were trying to destroy the line of demarcation between the right and left, and arming themselves with sticks seemed quite prepared for a feud. A small stick was thrown at us, but as we quietly kept our seats, no

blows were struck. Next day all was quiet, and in the evening we had a nice opportunity of speaking of Jesus. We hope that God is working in that place, and therefore the adversary is working also. A boy who had small-pox has recovered, but his poor father, who attended him, has succumbed to the disease. We had some hopes regarding him.—**T. HEELIS.**

Pont de Vaux, France.—A sick man near this whom I have visited for some months, put his trust in Jesus for the salvation of his soul, I believe, and expressed his assurance that he would soon be with Him. His widow yielding to the solicitations of his relatives got the priest to bury him, for although the sick man had always refused to confess to him, yet the priest passed over the rules, for they dread evangelical funerals, and provided they have people's *bodies*—and their money—they are content. An aged woman who gave signs of repentance and faith died a few weeks ago, and at the house as well as at the cemetery I had the opportunity of preaching to about fifty persons, all Roman Catholics. I have some thoughts of visiting the neglected Protestant villages of La Drome and L'Ardeche this summer. May I ask prayer that I may be rightly directed?—**W. BIRD.**

Madrid.—I feel greatly cheered by the increasing numbers of those who come out in the heat to my little Bible reading on Sundays; yesterday we were 16, my *sala* is very small, so we come in very close contact with one another, but I am sure the Lord blesses us, and some of our united prayers at these seasons have been answered. I feel sure it is a good thing for us to meet in this way. In *Bellas Vistas* the indifference of the people is not yet changed, but I have remarked how the Lord gives me some special opportunities for conversation each time I go; so I feel encouraged knowing that the effort is not in vain. We have a little gospel meeting too, once a week, in the house of a Spanish sister; she calls in the neighbours, and until they come together I converse with one and another, then we read and have some homely talk over the word of God. I pray that in this way the Lord will enlighten their minds, and save them from their sins. One old woman comes who I believe has received blessing through the Word, but still she has many Romish ideas about what a christian should be; she talks of having seen lights from heaven on Good Friday, and of a christian in her village who died and whose spirit appeared afterwards; but I seek to show her through the word of God that these are only false imaginations, brought about through the superstitions of the religion she was brought up in. I feel helpless if the Lord does not speak Himself, but it is wonderful to see His Spirit's work in some. Yesterday I had conversation with a deaf woman who cannot read, but she has received the gospel, and is able to speak with intelligence about the Lord's word, and I hear she is talking to every body about Him; she told about some conversation she had with a priest, and really what she told him must have been convincing, and she says though she speaks to him so plainly he comes again and again. The Lord bless the testimony of such.—**MARIE E. GIESER.**

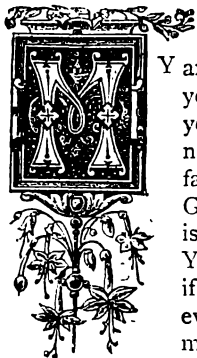
GRACE AND TRUTH

For Old and Young.



God's Glad Tidings of Salvation,

DOES GOD CARE FOR THE SORROWS OF THE UNSAVED?



Y answer is yes, and I will give you a proof of it. I know if you are unconverted you are not likely to believe this, nay far more ready to think that God's only concern about you is to punish you for your sins. You can readily believe that if you were a good man, or even a righteous man, there might be some chance for you; or if by any means you could get your sins forgiven, and make a fresh start, and go on even moderately well for some time, God might then be moved to take some notice of you. It may be you are in trouble, a great deal of trouble, (I find very few people who are not), and you are blaming yourself; and deep down in your heart you are saying, Well it serves me right, I have brought it all on myself; my sins have found me out, and now God is punishing me for them,—at such times some people are much softened in spirit, and are ready to hear about God; others get angry with God—not at their own foolish ways, but because they think God is dealing harder with them than their sins deserve.

These thoughts are very natural, but they are not true. Now for my proof that God cares for unsaved people. Many years ago there was a great famine in the land of Israel and for many miles round. In Zarephath, a heathen city, there was a poor widow, and she had an only son. When the famine began she possessed a barrel of meal and a cruise of oil. This, she might have thought, would see her and her son through the famine, but seedtime and harvest-time came and went, and not an ear of corn was found from one end of the land to the other. Day by day that meal and oil got less and less. Who shall tell with what intense sorrow she thought of the moment when she should come to the last handful of flour in that barrel? For months they had scarcely taken enough to keep body and soul together; at last

the dreaded moment had come, and nothing was left but that she should dress it for her and her son, and that they should eat it and die.

Now mark, she was an ignorant idolator; she knew nothing of God and nothing of sin. Did God care for her? Was He moved by her great distress? Did He help in her dire extremity? That is the question. You know how God provided for Elijah by the brook Cherith by sending ravens night and morning with bread and flesh, and he drank of the brook. You may say, but Elijah was a prophet and a good man. What about the widow? She was neither one nor the other. Did God care for her? Yes, He thought of her as much as He did for the prophet. His eye watched every handful of meal that she took out of the barrel; He heard every sigh that was breaking her heart, and at the right moment He sent Elijah a long journey to save her from perishing. "Arise, get thee to Zarephath," said He to the prophet, "which belongeth to Sidon, and dwell there: behold I have commanded a widow woman there to sustain thee, so he arose and went to Zarephath. And when he came to the gate of the city, behold the widow woman was there gathering of sticks; and he called to her and said, Fetch me I pray thee a little water in a vessel that I may drink. And as she was going to fetch it, he called to her and said, Bring me I pray thee a morsel of bread in thy hand. And she said, As the Lord thy God liveth, I have not a cake, but an handful of meal in a barrel, and a little oil in a cruise: and behold, I am gathering two sticks that I may go in and dress it for me and my son, that we may eat it and die. And Elijah said unto her, Fear not; go and do as thou hast said, but make me a little cake first, and bring it unto me, and after make for thee and thy son. For thus saith the Lord God of Israel, the barrel of meal shall not waste, neither shall the cruise of oil fail until the Lord send rain upon the earth. And she went and did according to the word of

Elijah ; and she and he and her house did eat many days." (1 Kings xxii. 9—15.)

Here then is the clearest possible proof of God's care for a poor widow in great distress, and that before she was in the least troubled about her sins. Are you in trouble, a poor desolate widow, it may be with a dying child, and an empty cupboard ; or are you worn out with sickness, or greatly perplexed by the difficulties of life ? As surely as Elijah could pledge the Lord God of Israel, much more surely can I pledge the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ to care for you.

The wailings that Egyptian bondage wrung from the hearts of captive Israel brought down the pity of God. It was when the world was oppressed with sorrow and distress and misery ; nay more, was at enmity with God, utterly indifferent about its sin, that God so loved it as to give His only begotten Son. The sorrow of the

world is the fruit of the sin of the world, and it was the sense of this that made the blessed Son of God, when in the midst of it all, a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief. The grief of His heart at all this found relief in the exclamation, "Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." And that He might be able to give you rest He bore the judgment of sin the root of all sorrow, in His own body on the tree.

Dear unsaved sorrowing one, take your sorrows and your sins to God, and He will show you His pity. This poor woman had no trouble about her sins till death came into her house. Come to God and He will teach you that sin has brought death on yourself and all your surroundings, and how it is put away ; and this He will teach you by death, not your own, but by the death of His beloved Son.

THE PALACE BALL.

IT was in one of the gay capitals of the Continent ; the festive season was in its infancy, when a noble lady—a friend of mine—called on a highly accomplished young English lady, about to make her debut into the world, and spoke of some gospel meetings I was holding, anxious to awaken, if possible, a desire for spiritual things. She found her mind and heart thoroughly engaged with preparations for balls and parties. "See," she said, "how many invitations to balls I have got already," and she threw down card after card, some of them sparkling in gold and colours. "Fourteen balls," she exclaimed ; "and look, here is the best of all, an invitation to the palace." Sure enough, the card bore the royal arms ; it was from the king, desiring her presence at a ball to be held at his palace.



One ball passed after another until it was within a fortnight of the much-desired and longed-for palace ball.

It was the close of a grand ball at the Russian Ambassador's, where she danced during the night, as usual much admired and sought after; her brother had accompanied her, and as the ball ended, he found the sledge awaiting her. She came out, with her cloak thrown loosely round her, from an intensely heated atmosphere into one of extreme cold. In the recollection of the oldest natives there had scarcely been such a winter.

Throwing herself into the sledge, which had stood waiting for a considerable time in the cold night air, the furs doubtless penetrated by the frost, they were driven at the utmost speed over the icy streets, but the effect of all this was a chill to the poor girl.

She arrived at home when all were asleep, and in the hope of sleeping it off she went to bed; but the morning found her in a state of fever, and her throat seriously inflamed. In vain did she attempt to throw it off; the doctor had to be sent for, who ordered her at once to bed, and to have the usual fever-remedies applied.

Despite all efforts, however, the malady assumed a serious aspect. A nurse had to be sent for, to watch her; the throat was getting worse, the fever increasing, sleep was leaving her, and her brain was soon in high inflammation.

At times the invalid fancied they were making her ball dress, and she urged them to sew faster, that it might be ready, telling them how to trim it, and how important it was for her that it should be ready; then she thought the time had come, and they did not let her go; at such times she would try to rise and burst through the hands of the attendants, as if she must go at once. At other times she seemed to be at the ball, the whirl and excitement all around her, and she herself dancing with the king. The doctor soon pronounced the malady infectious, and no one must cross her chamber door who cared for life.

Thus cut off from those she loved, but in her frenzy heeding it not, another day or two passed away; her reason, however, never returning. Once there seemed a lucid moment; a sudden thought had crossed the fevered brain, and death,

eternity, hell, flashed before her. She cried, "Give me a Bible," but no Bible was near, and then her thoughts changed. She must not die, they must get out the dress, she would go to the ball; and thus, while urging them to hasten the preparations, her soul passed away from a body already blackening in dissolution.

Her mother, soon after bursting into the room, threw herself on her knees by the couch of death, and cried, "Oh! my darling, my darling, my darling, speak to me." But all was silence, the silence of death.

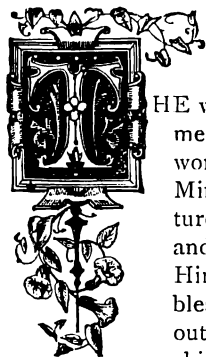
A day or two after we laid her in a grave cut through the snow and ice, and that evening as I crossed a square on my way to the little chapel, I could see the palace illuminated; hundreds of windows flashed their brilliant glare of light across the ice-bound lake, Equipages of various descriptions dashed through the grand entrances and I remembered then, what I had forgotten at the time, that it was the night of the palace ball. On this her whole heart had been set: for months she had been preparing for it. To her it was the grand event of the winter, the climax of her youthful ambition and joy. In view of it no thought of God or eternity, of eternal life or of death could find a place in her heart. Enjoyment—a night's excitement—was of more value than eternal realities. But, alas! the word had gone forth, "This night thy soul shall be required of thee," and sooner or later that night will overtake every unsaved soul. "It is appointed unto men once to die and after death the judgment."

SALVATION,

Salvation is not God claiming from man, nor man acting for God, or making out some means of meeting Him. But in God acting for man; it is power at work in man's favour; and this not to help or plead merely, but to deliver from the state he was in—to save him. And it is such to everyone that believes, Jew or Greek, who alike need to be saved. God's power to save takes man up in his sin and need, not in his titles or claims, even if given of God as of old to Israel, and applied to a lost Gentile as to a lost Jew. Grace levels such distinctions and meets *every one* that believes, for the way is faith, not law, and this is as open to the Greek as to the Jew. The Gospel is God's power to salvation.

Green Pastures and Still Waters.

GOD THE SOURCE OF MINISTRY.



THE way in which the New Testament presents ministry is truly wonderful. God is the Great Minister, surveying His creatures in their various orders and degrees of relationship to Himself, with corresponding blessings. Thus, He serves out to all the rain and sunshine, giving fruitful seasons ; and to the church, higher and richer blessings, as we know, for they stand in another degree of relationship to Him. The Lord was the great personal manifested Minister ; in every passage of His life being the servant, knowing the while how entirely this was all answering the mind and the way of God, and that it could therefore only issue in His own final joy and glory, as we read in Phil. ii., and Heb. xii. 2. The Holy Ghost is now the great hidden and efficient Minister, constantly tending the Church, and serving forth to each saint the things of the Father and of Christ, sustaining him by His presence, and in all conflicts and sorrows, even by His own groanings (Rom. viii). And thus we get a marvellous display of ministry in God ; whether in the Father, as surrendering the Beloved ; the Lord in personal suffering and trial ; or the Holy Ghost, in the constancy of His presence in a place that thus draws forth the groan and intercession.

But we get ministry in the church too—ministry that results at *once* from communion and peace with this blessed God ; and which, therefore, shows this communion with Him, or is the necessary outflowing of it. It may have various forms ; but it is divine ministry ; of that quality which we have seen in God, in the Father, the Lord, and the Spirit—ministry which serves others at a cost or sacrifice. Thus, the apostle speaks of the teacher, the exhorter, the giver, the ruler, and so on ; but shows them each in the exercise of ministry, acting *with respect to them* as debtors to others, and not in honour of themselves. Each is to profit all, the

whole growing together by virtue of each (Rom. xii. ; Cor. xii. ; Eph. iv). Peter also shows that the ministry is to have two distinct qualities ; 1st, according to the grace received of God, and *not beyond* that measure ; 2nd according to the need of others, and therefore, as a steward not *below* that measure (1 Pet. iv. 10, 11).

But second Corinthians is the chief place where ministry is discussed. The apostle presents his own there, and shows it indeed to be one unbroken course of self-sacrifice and labour for others. For the *nearer* we get to Christ, the brighter this ministry shines ; and an apostle like Paul stood the nearest to Him. There we see in him sympathy with every infirmity of the saints. Who was offended without his burning ? The *care* of the churches came upon him *daily* ; if he were *afflicted* or *comforted*, it was still *for them*—"All things were for your sake." He says death worked in him that life might work in them. Whether he were beside himself or sober, he could still account for it on *self-sacrificing principles*. He followed his Lord so closely, that while he says of Him, "He became poor that we might become rich ;" he says of himself, "as poor, yet making many rich." He was ready to spend and be spent for them, and that too in the spirit of entire self-surrender ; "though the more abundantly I love you, the less I be loved." He wanted them to do no evil, though he should be himself as a reprobate ; and he was glad when he was weak and they were strong. A blessed display of divine grace and ministry this. This epistle shows us ministry in the person of an apostle, as the Gospel of Mark shows it to us in the person of the Son Himself, the one being behind, but still in the *track* of the other.

But let us get more distant than an apostle ; yea, as distant as we can among the ranks of the saints. We are bound to look for *ministry* of the same *quality*, if not of the same *quantity* or strength. Every saint has some office to fill in the great ministry of reconciliation ; and thus, in a sense, is an ambassador for Christ,

or representative of God in grace, in some measure as Christ was in fulness. This is taught, as I judge, 2 Cor. v. 17—21. If I wash but a saint's foot, it is still a part of the great ministry of reconciliation, for it is so far a reflection of the grace of God—a taking my place in the great embassy of the ambassador's suite, which has come down from God to this world of sinners. Every man in Christ is thus to know all things in a new way—to see himself in the reconciliation, and go forth *from that ministry according to it* to others. And thus we have ministry down from God in the highest, to the weakest and most distant companion in the blessed ranks of the redeemed.

But I would not omit that we have it in the intermediate hosts also. For His angels are *all* ministering spirits, and those of them who stand nearest to God, like the apostles to Christ, are perhaps the most abounding in ministries, as Gabriel. And it may be that

Satan would not take his place in this great system of ministry or divine benevolence; he stood in *pride* rather than in *service*, and thus fell into condemnation (1 Tim. iii. 6); he abode not in the truth, refused to take part in the economy of grace and truth, which, as we thus see, occupies the service or ministry of God Himself with the Lord and the Spirit, the hosts of angels above, and all orders and estates of men in the church or on earth. And when the glory is revealed, and the heavens and the earth are filled according to God, ministering will still go on, and the *less* will still be blessed of the better; for the heavens shall hear the earth, and the river shall flow from the Throne through the City, and the leaves of the tree in the heavenly Jerusalem be for the healing of the earthly nations. For ministry, while it calls for self-sacrifice, expresses also intrinsic glory and strength, and thus the *less* is always blessed of the *better*.

J. G. B.

THE TWO YACHTS.

WHERE I am now staying, near the banks of a beautiful river, I am often taught a lesson in Christian life. About four miles from where I stand, the river empties its brown waters into the broad blue Atlantic, at the head of a well-known and picturesque bay. The further bank, for about half the distance, is wooded to the water's edge, while lower down there are sandhills on both sides, and islands in the river. These islands make the navigation very difficult, and no vessel can come up without the pilot, who boards every ship from his little boat waiting in the bay. Just opposite and in mid-stream lie two yachts strikingly different in appearance. The one has one very high mast, which is evidently meant to carry an immense stretch of sail, and the yacht looks a beautiful sight when she glides about in the bay outside with all her snowy canvas set, like a swan upon the water. The other, a small screw steamer, has two short masts, both of which together cannot spread as much sail as the cutter's one. But between the two a low white funnel tells the tale of another power altogether.

Now when I see these yachts coming up or going down the river, or sailing about in the bay, I frequently think what a picture of a *child*

of *this world* the cutter is, while the steam yacht often reminds me of the course of a *young believer*. When both are at anchor you can, of course, see no difference in their sailing qualities, and in appearance you would prefer the graceful cutter. So the votaries of this world in every way outshine the children of God to the outward eye. Their dress is gayer, their manners are clothed with this world's grace and ease, and their conversation is merrier and more attractive.

But while here, I have observed that although the steam yacht often goes out, the cutter is but seldom used. I find the latter can never leave or enter the river unless the wind is fair. On the other hand, the steam yacht goes out in all weathers; when once the light blue vapour begins to curl out of the funnel, you know that a force is generated within that is entirely independent of wind and weather. She can steam out in the face of a strong breeze, and her course is solely dependant on the will of her owner. It is in sailing then that the superiority of the one is seen over the other.

And so it is *in their lives* that we learn the real difference between the believer and unbeliever. The unbeliever must sail with the

stream or with the wind. His course is guided and directed by the opinion of others, and the influence of surrounding circumstances. If these are favourable, and by careful training he is kept out of open or gross sins, he pursues a fair course; if on the other hand they are contrary, he soon drives upon the rocks. In either case he is dependent on external influences. The true Christian is not so. He has a power within, a power superior to all without. He can steam down the river of life, either with a fair wind or a foul, but although he sails faster with the former, he is often surer with the latter. Adversity is a safer wind than prosperity. A young believer is *not dependent* on circumstances, neither need he be carried away with the current around. Yet in a rapid stream, a yacht requires to have the steam up, even to keep her position, for quite a little storm is often raised round the bows by the fast ebbing tide. So when a young Christian resolutely *stands still* for God against the hurrying tide of evil of any sort, whether in a boarding school, at home, in office, warehouse, or a shop, an outcry is at once raised against him, by those who are rushing down to destruction.

A steam vessel is a wonderfully *certain* thing. Its voyage, departure, and arrival can be carried out exactly according to its master's plans. A sailing vessel is, on the contrary, helplessly dependent. In the same way a Christian's course ought to be certain and sure, guided by the will of His Master, who has entrusted him with a divine power to carry it out, giving him the new life and the Holy Ghost. The will of God is the pilot that directs the vessel; but all the pilots in the world could not steer the sailing yacht up the river with a head wind. The child of this world *cannot* obey the will of God, and none can carry it out unless they possess the divine power of resurrection life in active exercise.

Nothing is more useless or helpless than a steam yacht without her steam up. She cannot sail like the cutter, for she does not carry the same canvas. Her elaborate machinery is a mere dead weight for want of the motive force. How like many a Christian who is ignorant or careless of the power he possesses. There may be an outward indication (like the steamer's funnel) that the power is within, but it is not in

use, and he is carried about with every tide an object of contempt and pity, for he can neither sail with the wind as fast as the world, and he certainly cannot stand against it. Are any of my readers in this state? Surely they must own how true this picture is; but let them not rest content with this, but, by constant *study of the word and prayer*, so feed the divine life that it may be in healthy readiness to obey the Master's will, whether it be in witnessing for Him by stemming the current around; or in steadily pursuing the voyage of life to His glory, sure, *if the pilot is at the helm*, of arriving at the haven at the appointed hour; or, it may be, in braving the dangers of a storm, just in time to rescue some poor sailing vessel from destruction.

COMING SHORT OF GOD'S GLORY.

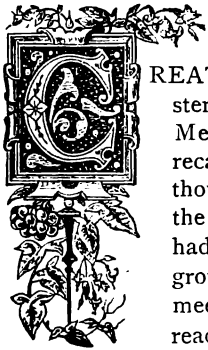
God being revealed, sin is measured by the glory of God. We are so used to this that we overlook its force. How strange to say "and come short of the glory of God." Men might say, why of course, we do; but, morally speaking this has been revealed, and if one cannot stand before it according to it, we cannot subsist before God at all. Of course it does not mean of His essential glory. All creatures come short of that of course, but of that which was fitting for, according to, could stand in His presence. If we cannot stand there—fitly "walk in the light as God is in the light," we cannot be with God at all. There is no veil now.

WHAT WE DO KNOW.

Though we do not know what to pray for as we ought, we *do* know that all things work together for good to them that love God. God works of and from Himself in our favour, and makes everything work together for our good. We know not what to look for. Perhaps in the present state of things there is no remedy, no direct setting aside of, or remedy for what makes us groan. But this is certain, God makes all things work together for good to them that love Him. The sorrow may not be remedied, but the sorrow is blessed. The believer is called according to God's purpose; and God orders everything for his good.

God's Mighty Men of Valour.

THE FIRST MARTYRS OF FRANCE.



REAT was the grief and consternation of the little flock at Meaux when they heard of the recantation of Briçonnet. Yet though the one who had taken the part of shepherd to them had fallen, they stood their ground. They continued to meet together for prayer and reading of the Scriptures, sometimes in a garret, some-

times in some solitary hut, or hidden away in some woody copse.

It was from this congregation that the first martyrs of France were taken, men "whose blazing stakes were to shine like beacons in the darkness of France, and afford a glorious proof to their countrymen that a power had entered the world, which braving the terror of scaffolds and surmounting the force of armies would finally triumph over all opposition."

One of these was a humble wool comber, Denis by name. He was apprehended on the ground that he was one of the "Meaux heretics." One day Briçonnet went to his prison to visit him. (The fallen prelate was often put to this kind of task by his enemies the more thoroughly to humble him.) Filled with shame and confusion Briçonnet stood before the prisoner, and began with stammering tongue to exhort him to purchase his liberty by a recantation. With a sorrowful and downcast look, Denis listened to this entreaty, and then fixing his eyes steadfastly upon the trembling prelate solemnly repeated the words of the Lord, "Whosoever shall deny me before men, him will I also deny before my Father which is in heaven." Pierced to the heart, Briçonnet reeled backward, and staggered from the cell. But he alas! returned to his palace, while the faithful wool-comber passed from his cell to the stake. "That long and terrible roll," says Wylie "on which it was so hard and yet so glorious to write one's name was now about to be unfolded."

"This was no roll of the dead, it was a roll of the living; for while their contemporaries disappeared in the darkness of the tomb, and

were seen and heard of no more on earth, those men whose names were written there came out into the light, and shone in glory undimmed as ages rolled past, telling that not only did they live, but their cause, and that it should yet triumph in the land which they watered with their blood. This was a wondrous and great sight, men burned to ashes and yet living."

Another we will select from this brave band, whose name was Parvane. He was born at Boulogne, and had received a knowledge of the truth from Lefevre. He was a youth of a sweet loving disposition, but somewhat lacking in constitutional courage; he had commenced to study for priest's orders, but when enlightened by the truth he began to say to his neighbours that the Virgin could no more save than he could, and that there was but one Saviour, Jesus Christ.

This was enough. It mattered not so much that he had blasphemed Christ, but that he should blaspheme Mary, there was no forgiveness for that.

He was hurried away to a dungeon, and it was put to him that he must either recant or go to the stake. The poor young man, naturally of a timid shrinking disposition, was filled with terror, and with his eyes off Christ, he consented to do penance for his crime in speaking against the Virgin.

On Christmas eve, he walked bareheaded and barefooted, a rope round his neck, and a lighted taper in his hand till he came to the church of Notre Dame. There publicly standing before the portals he begged pardon of "Our Lady" for his misdeeds. This done he was sent back to prison.

Returned to his dungeon a horror of great darkness fell upon him, for he was now alone with the Saviour whom he had despised. And even as long before He had turned piteously and gazed with mingled love and reproach on the erring Peter, so now He seemed to turn and gaze at Parvane. That look from his Lord broke his heart, and, like Peter, his tears flowed bitterly. But his resolution was taken. Rather than suffer again the agony of soul that he had passed through he would go to the stake a



“ FILLED WITH SHAME AND CONFUSION BRICONNET STOOD BEFORE THE PRISONER.”

hundred times. His grief and sufferings were now at an end. Anew he made a firm confession of Christ. He was allowed a very short trial and hurried to the stake. At the foot of the pile so faithfully and forcibly did he speak of the Lord, and of the Lord's supper, that a great divine who heard him, said, “I wish Parvane had not spoken, even though it had cost the Church a million of gold.” With unflinching courage Parvane stood amid the flames till he was burned to ashes.

One other martyrdom must we relate. Among the faithful ones at Meaux was a humble wool-comber, Leclerc by name, a man who, taught by the Spirit, was mighty in the Scriptures. He it was who after the little flock had been bereft of Briconnet the bishop, came forward, and as far as was possible took the oversight of it. But now to his grief the old state of things was restored. The monks had again taken possession of the pulpits from whence so frequently the sweet sound of a free gospel had

proceeded, and now with jubilant humour they were firing off jests, and reciting fables to the great delight of the audience gathered around them.

This was more than Leclerc could bear, so one day he affixed a placard to the door of the cathedral, in which he spoke of the pope as Antichrist, and predicted the fall of popery. Great rage seized the priests, monks, and many of the citizens as they read. Leclerc was seized, tried, whipped through the streets on three successive days, and finally branded on the forehead with a hot iron and banished from Meaux.

Poor Leclerc retired to Metz in Lorraine. The gospel had already reached there, but the arrival of the martyr gave fresh impulse to evangelisation. Leclerc went about everywhere preaching the gospel, and people of all ranks embraced the reformed faith.

It had been well if Leclerc had been content to have obeyed the command of his Master in

thus telling out the glad tidings. But unfortunately his natural zeal and courage carried him beyond the limits of christian prudence.

A little way from the city of Metz stood a chapel to Mary and to the saints of the province. It was the time of the yearly festival, and to-morrow the population would come out to prostrate themselves before the gods of stone.

Dwelling upon the command "Thou shalt break down their images"—(words which I need not say were not spoken to Christians, but to Jews)—the sincere, but deluded man stole out at eve, and dragging the statues from their pedestals, he broke them to pieces, and strewed the fragments in front of the chapel.

Great was the horror of the people the next morning when they saw what was done, and a cry of mingled grief and rage burst from the assembly.

At once suspicion fell on Leclerc. He was

seized, confessed the deed and at once sentence of condemnation followed, and he was hurried away to be burned.

It would be too terrible to relate the horrible persecution of the enraged mob. He bore, however, the most excruciating agonies unmoved; while his cruel foes were lopping off his limbs with knives, and tearing his flesh with red hot irons, he stood with calm intrepid air reciting the words of the Psalm, "Their idols are silver and gold, the work of men's hands," &c. "If Leclerc's zeal," says Wylie, "had been indiscreet his courage was truly admirable." "The beholders," says the author of "The Acts of the Martyrs," "were astonished, nor were they untouched with compassion." And not a few who witnessed the horrible, yet triumphant spectacle returned from the scene confessing that gospel which had been the means of upholding him through the awful hour.

Talks, Tales, & Teachings for our Young Friends.

"LITTLE GOOD-FOR-NOTHING,"

OR, THE MISSION OF THE ROSES.

BY FANNIE EDEN.

CHAPTER VI.



DEEP calm joy had taken possession of "Little Good-for-nothing." Her doubts and fears were all gone, for she was resting peacefully on the finished work of her living Saviour.

Many happy hours did she and her loving little friend Amy spend together; sometimes playing, sometimes talking, but oftener bending to-

gether over their little Bibles, drinking in sweet draughts from the word of life.

The only shade of sorrow that ever crossed "Little Good-for-nothing's" mind, was when she thought of the time when she must leave her present happy peaceful home. She shrank with a dread that few had any idea of from returning to her old mode of life.

One day, the kind old doctor came and sat down beside her. "Little one," he said, gently, "Why do you not get strong like the rest of my

little patients? see," pointing through the window, "how they are romping out there among the grass and flowers, while you lie here. Do you not want to get well, and return home with rosy cheeks like your little companions?"

"Little Good-for-nothing" gazed for a time at the merry group outside, and then looking very wistfully into the doctor's face, she said,

"You see, they've all got homes to go to, and mothers and fathers waiting for them, but I've no one and no home, only up in heaven with Jesus. If I go away from here, I shall perhaps grow bad again, and grieve the Lord who died for me. So please, doctor, if it isn't naughty, I don't want to get well; I'd rather die, and have the beautiful angels come and carry me home to my Jesus." And a look so yearning and beseeching came into the child's eyes, that the doctor turned away to hide the tears in his own.

He sought an early opportunity of speaking to Mrs. Arundale about the child.

"I cannot understand that child," he said.

"There is nothing positively the matter with her, yet she does not recover. There is not that natural springing back to life and health in her that there usually is in children. If there is not some motive, some impetus, given her to live, she will slip away from us. Can nothing be done, madam? I confess I feel a great interest in the child."

"I will have a talk with her, doctor," said Mrs. Arundale; "it would be a great grief to us all to lose the dear child; she has become so sweet and patient."

"She has, indeed," answered the doctor; "how changed from what she was."

Mrs. Arundale went that evening to see the child, and found her lying in her favourite place by the open window. She was watching the sun set beneath a pile of golden clouds.

"Isn't it beautiful," she whispered, softly; "just like the golden city where I am going soon."

"Are you so very anxious to leave us, little one?" said Mrs. Arundale, kissing gently the pale brow; great tears began to fall slowly down the child's cheeks.

"Oh ma'am," she cried, almost in an agony; "I don't want to go back from where I came. Nobody knows my Jesus there, for no one ever goes there to tell them. You can't think how dreadful it would be to me to hear them curse and swear; and oh! it is so hard to be good there. But oh! my heart aches so when I think of the poor little children; for there's no one to tell them, no one to tell them how Jesus loves them."

"Listen, my poor little one," said Mrs. Arundale, taking the sobbing, trembling, child into her arms, and soothing her in her own motherly gentle way. "The One who saved you is able to keep you to the end. And would you not like to stay here, and do something for Jesus to show him how you love Him? You can never do that in heaven. It is only down here that in this way you can be true and faithful to Him."

"Oh, ma'am, what can I do? I am only a poor 'Little Good-for-nothing.'"

"Would you not like to go and tell some of those poor little children about your Saviour? And would you not like to bring some poor ignorant little children to know your Jesus?"

A flash of joy crossed the child's face. "Oh, ma'am, could I do that?"

"Yes, little one, through God's grace you can. I believe the Lord sent you here, and gave you to me that I might take care of you for Him. You will, I hope, with God's blessing, soon grow strong and well, and learn to be a brave true woman; and some day you shall go back, and gather round you these poor ignorant castaway little ones, that your heart grieves over, and tell them of the One who died to save them; and who knows how many bright stars will some day shine in the crown the Lord will give His good and faithful servant—bright stars given for the souls she has led to Him?"

A soft bright light of awakened hope and joy shone in the child's eyes, as clasping her hands together, she whispered, "Dear Lord Jesus, let me get strong and well, that I may do this for Thee."

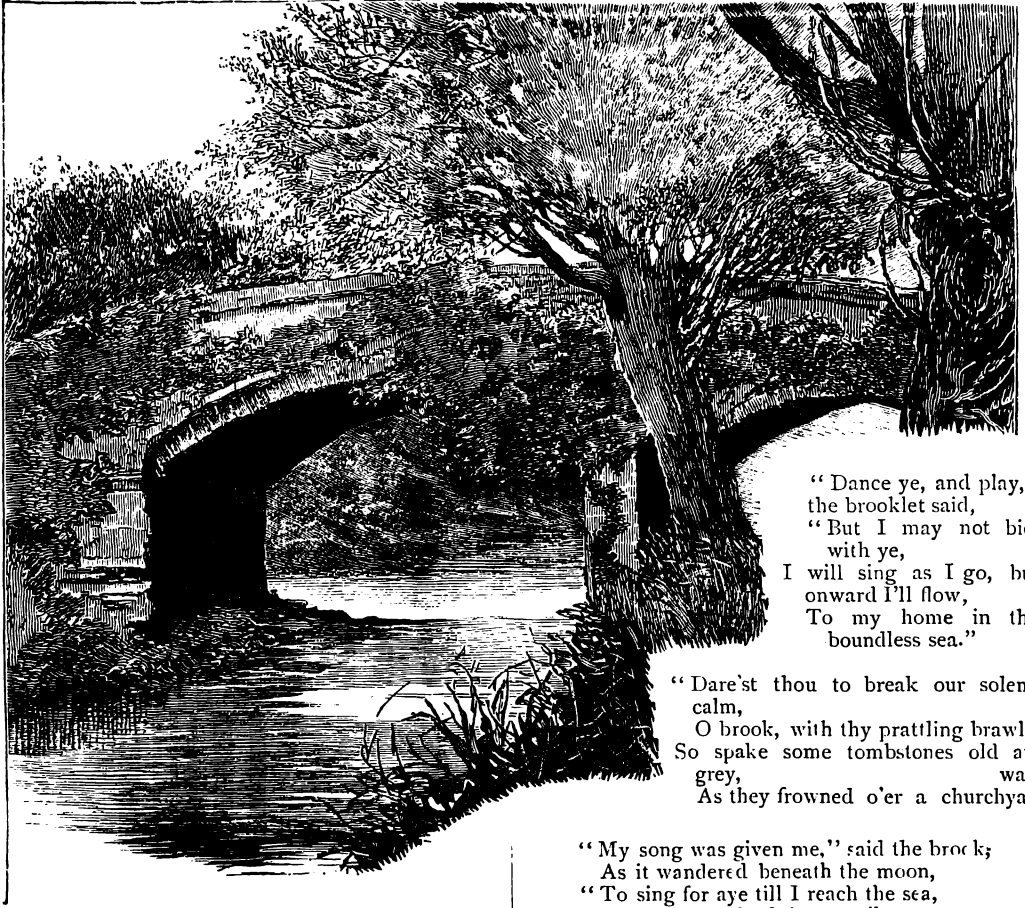
The child's prayer was answered. From that day a change took place in her, and she bounded back to health with a rapidity that astonished the good doctor.

"So you're not going to slip away and leave us after all?" he said to her, laughingly, one day.

"Oh, no!" she said, earnestly; "I want to grow big and strong, and learn lessons, so that some day I shall be able to work for Jesus, and then by His help I won't be 'Little Good-for-nothing' any more."

And now we must take leave of little "Goodie," for so quick-witted little Amy renamed her, and so she was called by all. We leave her happy and joyous in her pleasant country home, surrounded by kind friends who love and care for her. She never forgets what she has been, and longs for the time when she will be able to gather other little waifs and strays, and tell them of the One who died to save them—the One whom in her heart she loves so well.

"Jesus bids us shine
With a pure clear light,
Like a little candle,
Burning in the night.
In the world is darkness,
So we must shine—
You in your small corner,
And I in mine.



The Brook.

AN ALLEGORY.

Adapted from an old fable.

A BEAUTIFUL brook went wandering on,
 'Neath a bridge of old grey stone ;
 'Twas a bridge with ivy and mosses hung,
 And with lichens overgrown.

"O beautiful brook ! O glad bright brook !"
 Said the old bridge, "Whither away ?"
 "Let me gaze in thy depths at my moss-grown
 O wandering streamlet stay." face,

In gurgling tones the brooklet said,
 As its waters o'er stones did leap,
 "Bid me not stay, old bridge, I'm away,
 Away to the mighty deep !"

"O beautiful brook ! O murmuring brook !
 Stay and sing while we dance to thee !"
 'Twas a group of golden daffodils spoke,
 And as sunbeams played and ripples broke,
 They trembled with ecstasy.

"Dance ye, and play,"
 the brooklet said,
 "But I may not bide
 with ye,
 I will sing as I go, but
 onward I'll flow,
 To my home in the
 boundless sea."

"Dare'st thou to break our solemn
 calm,
 O brook, with thy prattling brawl ?"
 So spake some tombstones old and
 grey, wall,
 As they frowned o'er a churchyard

"My song was given me," said the brook ;
 As it wandered beneath the moon,
 "To sing for aye till I reach the sea,
 So I may not hush its tune."

"O silvery brook !" said the summer moon,
 "Spread over thy banks so wild,
 That I may rejoice still more in thee,
 And deck thee with radiance mild."

"I may not be more than I am, fair moon,
 But when I have reached the sea,
 Ah, then, indeed, will my banks be broad,
 And great will my glory be !"

"Perish, oh vain presumptuous brook,
 All glit ering with my splendour" ;—
 And the sun glared down, but the willows hung
 O'er the brooklet to defend her.

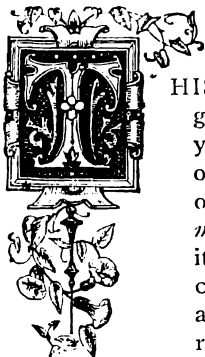
"Nay, by thy leave, O mighty sun,
 I will hide me from thy scorning,
 'Neath rushes and reeds I'll glide along,
 I may reach the sea ere morning."

And the beautiful brook like a brave strong heart,
 Nor by trials nor temptings holden,
 Did reach the sea. Now it breaks and curls,
 With the waves on the sands all golden.

FANNIE EDEN.

Food for Christ's Lambs.

ON MARRIAGE.



HIS world is especially dangerous and ensnaring to the young. It resembles a mighty ocean, whereon *all* are more or less tempest tossed, and *many* make shipwreck. Under its glittering surface lie hidden countless sunken rocks. Sharp and treacherous they remain, ready at any moment to destroy the passing vessel, and upon none is the young and inexperienced Christian mariner more likely to strike than upon that of the wreck-strewn rock of matrimony. The child of God is here peculiarly open to danger. The very position of a believer, must isolate her in a great measure from her fellow-creatures. She is "to come out from among them," to be separate, and is forbidden—absolutely forbidden so much as to "*touch* the unclean thing;" and yet she has all the aspirations and impulses that naturally arise in the human breast. It is not a sufficient plea for her that a man is honourable and high principled. Marriage must be *in the Lord*: "Be ye not unequally yoked with unbelievers." Bone of his bone, and flesh of his flesh, how *can* she walk with him, except they two be agreed? Agreed upon the all-important question of life—salvation in Christ Jesus.

Christian girls, or in fact *all* girls, are sent into this world for a higher and nobler purpose than merely to make advantageous marriages; and yet, if the Lord see fit, He would provide for them even in this matter. He it is who has consecrated them to His service, and where thoughts of earthly happiness rise unbidden in their hearts (and they have no door wherewith to shut them out, if the heart be not fully taken up with Christ), it is their privilege to run with them to the footstool of grace, and give them into the keeping of the Lord.

Satan will, with many, strive to press the matter inordinately upon the attention; but as the Lord has the selection, the fixing of the time, and the sole power of bringing the respective persons together, no power, no art

of man, no device or stratagem of Satan, can either retard, hasten, or bring about any accomplishment of *His* purpose, though He may allow any who do not trust Him as to this, to reap the fruits of their own ways in after life. Our spiritual enemies are so watchful and subtle, and they turn so much to account from the events of every day, that the young believer cannot be too jealous of herself and of her circumstances. Like hidden lions seeking after their prey, they study her, as it were, all round to discover her weakest point; and long experience has taught them that their best chance of success is through her affections. The moment she leans to her own judgment and inclination, she is in imminent danger of falling; but if she will but cry out, "Hold *thou* me up," the danger is past, and she is safe, as safe as Divine Omnipotence can make her. Humbly waiting on the Lord, she is made wiser than her enemies, and escapes or withstands their wiles.

The child of the world has no such protection, but often hastens (instigated by her own blind impulse) to multiply to herself sorrows and miseries, until the die is cast. The much desired object of her inclinations once indissolubly hers, she has no resource in her adversity, but *must* feel all the evils of her position without any inward support whatever. It is true that *some* marriages which are *not* "in the Lord" are still happy ones in a worldly sense. But the risk is too great; the danger too imminent; the prospect of *real* happiness too small to justify any one of God's children in contemplating such a step for one instant. But to a believer the command is positive, "Be ye not unequally yoked together with unbelievers."

Moreover it is written, "Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God." To plunge ourselves, therefore, into a difficulty because our wishes lead us to do so; and then expect the Lord to find a way to extricate us by a special intervention of His love and power, can only be tempting God.

The Lord is the best manager and friend in such matters. It is for the Christian girl to lie

patiently at His feet, resisting the suggestions of her own weak heart, trusting wholly unto Him. Then when the desire of her heart becomes hers (and praying avails much), how sweet for her to say, "This I have obtained, not by my own wisdom and my own desire, but I pleaded for it in prayer; I waited for it in faith; I placed my affairs in the Lord's hands, for Him to do as seemed to Him good; and He of His boundless goodness and love, has returned to me more than ever I could have desired, and now I know that my marriage is not only *in*, but also *of* the Lord."

ON FISHING.

ONE day a sportsman was fishing on a highland stream. You could see he was a sportsman by his long boots, his large basket (which was empty), and his hat covered all round with the most brilliant artificial flies. You could see he was a fisherman, too, by the long salmon-rod with which he kept whipping the stream. In spite of his boots, his basket, his hat, his rod, and his flies, somehow or other the fish would not bite. Now this was all the more provoking since just opposite to him was a little ragged bare-footed urchin with no particular dress on him at all (at any rate, his feet and legs and head and neck were all bare), and a common hazel rod. But there beside him on the grass lay a row of shining fish, all of which had been caught with that little hazel rod under the sportsman's very eyes, while the latter spent his skill in vain. The boy was leaning against a little angle of rock, behind which he was partly hidden as if ashamed to be seen, but the fisherman stood boldly on the river's brink, as he, at any rate, had nothing to be ashamed of—*except that he had caught no fish*. Now he was ashamed of this; so much ashamed, indeed, that he pocketed sufficient of his pride to enable him to ask the boy how it was all the fish were on his side of the river. The reply was brief and to the point. "The feesh will come you're side, mon, if you stand like me. *If ye want to catch feesh, ye maun hide yersel.*"

What a word this is to all fishers of men. Whether it be the great evangelist of world-wide fame, or the young believer teaching in a class, or speaking of Christ at some bedside,

it is all the same. "*If ye want to catch feesh, ye maun hide yersel.*"

All *your* eloquence, *your* skill, *your* attractive manner, *your* diligence, will not catch one fish. It must be Christ. It is Christ alone that can captivate the heart and win the soul, and God will own and bless the labours of the one who seeks to spread the name and fame of Jesus. and not his own.

TWO PICTURES.

Rev. iii. 20.



GRAND and kingly form clothed with the Majesty of God, and yet eternal patience blended

With eternal love within the eyes
Which had wept human tears—
He stood outside a closed door, whose massive bolts
And bars were rusted with the blasts of time—
And while I watched, He raised a pierced hand
And gently knocked—and waited—
Waited while the shadows crept across the sunlit green,
And morning changed to noon—waited
Until noon had passed, and sunset beauty
Bathed the patient brow, so grand and yet so sorrowful
In all its height of yearning love
That would not be denied.
Yet once again He knocked, and waited—
Waited while the after-glow died out across the sky;
While o'er the darkened door the darkening shadows
crept,
While midnight silence steeped the earth, and love
And pity in those wondrous eyes shone like consuming
Fire through all the blackened night. Yet still
He knocked, and waited. night
Then as the dull grey dawn was chasing back the
There fell a sound upon the cold still air,—the sound
Of feeble hands grappling with stiffened bolts,
And slowly, in the slowness of uncertainty and fear,
The weighty door creaked on its rusty hinge.

* * * * *

An open door, and sunlight falling upon two
Who sat therein.

The face of one was worn with years of sin, [peace,
Yet in the eyes there shone the light of everlasting
As leaning on the breast of Him who knocked,
He told the misery of Christless days, and listened
To the tender words of love which told
Of sin both borne and blotted out—and thus
As friend with friend they supped—the sinner,
And the Son of God, the sinner's Friend.

A. S.

THE EPISTLE TO THE EPHESIANS.—CH. III.

BY W. H. F. C.

THE careful reader of the Word of God will not fail to notice that in this Epistle the apostle Paul by the Divine Spirit gives utterance to two prayers on the behalf of those to whom he is writing. The first of these is to be found in Chapter i. 17, 18, 19, and the second in chap. iii. 16—19. Both of these are intimately connected with the subject under immediate consideration, and they have, therefore, a special claim on our attention. The former reads thus—"That the God of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of Glory, may give unto you the spirit of wisdom and revelation in the knowledge of him : the eyes of your understanding being enlightened ; that ye may know what is the hope of his calling, and what the riches of the glory of his inheritance in the saints, and what is the exceeding greatness of his power to usward who believe." The apostle was about to unfold to them a mystery respecting Christ and the Church, which in other ages was not made known unto the sons of men, but now had been the subject of revelation to him. This secret (which from the beginning of the world had been hid in God, and was revealed by the Spirit unto the holy apostles and prophets) being the great truth that "the Gentiles should be fellow-heirs, and of the same body, and partakers of his promise in Christ by the gospel" (ver. 6.) In order to enter into this hope of the calling of God, it was then, as now, necessary that there should be the enlightened understanding and the spirit of wisdom.

The apostle did not seek merely for an intellectual assent to the announcement he made and nothing more, but that there should indeed be a truly spiritual apprehension of the great truth which he himself had learnt from God, and desired to communicate to them. It is by His help alone that the believer is able to comprehend anything at all of the eternal purposes of God in Christ Jesus. Having then set forth the truth respecting the Church the apostle again thus resorts to prayer,—“That he would grant you, according to the riches of his glory to be strengthened with might by his Spirit in the inner man ; that Christ may dwell in your

hearts by faith ; that ye, being rooted and grounded in love, may be able to comprehend with all saints what is the breadth and length and depth and height, and to know the love of Christ which passeth knowledge, that ye might be filled with all the fulness of God.” This latter prayer is in many respects a counterpart of the former. In both of them we trace the absolute need of the work of God through the operations of the Holy Spirit in the soul in order to produce any real spiritual comprehension. In the result we have Christ *dwelling* in the heart by faith, and the believer himself rooted and grounded in love. The latter is a consequence of the former. Where Christ dwells there must be stability and endurance, as well as spiritual intelligence in the things of God. It is this abiding sense of the presence of the Lord Jesus Christ that believers need to know more about. Not as a sojourner, whose visits are periodical, nor as a visitor cheering by a brief and temporary visit, but “dwelling in the heart.” To be filled with all the fulness of God is to have the Lord Jesus Christ dwelling in the heart, for “in Him dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily. When He fills the heart then it is that God can work in us by doing exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think, because there is no hindrance to the display of His power. What a glorious position for a believer to be brought into ! High indeed are the privileges of the Christian ! The Holy Ghost not only dwells in him making the body God’s temple, and causing the love of God to be shed abroad in the heart, and rendering them open to appreciate the love of Christ which passeth knowledge, but Christ dwells also. Thus having Him as a soul-satisfying portion engaging the affections, we become established in that grace, which is the secret of all our blessing.

The apostle concludes his prayer by ascribing all glory to Him in the Church by Christ Jesus throughout all ages, who is able to do far above all we ask or think, according to His power which works in us. To this each child of God can unfeignedly say “Amen.”

Work in the Lord's Vineyard.

Colar, India.—After an absence of over twelve months in England, it has again been my privilege to visit the Colar Orphanage and Mission, conducted by Miss Anstey in simple faith in the word and promises of God. I was filled with joy and thankfulness to find myself heartily welcomed by scores of young people and children, who are being trained up "to walk worthy of the Lord unto all pleasing." As we gathered around the Lord's table on Sunday morning and listened to the solemn hymns of praise and prayer, in which all present happily and heartily joined, and when I witnessed the attention with which young and old listened to a short address I gave them from the precious verses in Col i. 9—14, I felt, "Oh that English Christians could witness a scene like this in this heathen land! Would it not stir them? would it not shame many?" Truly there are last that shall be first, and first that shall be last. A brief account of the work at Colar may be interesting. There are over 300 young people still in the Orphanage, which is situated in the very middle of the town, and all look healthy, well, and happy. I marked a very great improvement in the appearance of the children since last I saw them—not one now seems to be suffering from the effects of famine. All the work of the Orphanage is done by the children, and some of the very little ones have to sweep, or to grind ragi, needed daily for their food. A certain number are told off every morning to cook, carry water, and attend to all domestic duties; the remainder go into the large hall or schoolroom, where there are classes of all grades, and writing, reading, arithmetic, geography, needlework, &c., are taught by good masters, some heathen and some Christian. There is a matron always with the girls. Those who have household duties in the morning go to school in the afternoon, and *vice versa*. Some of the boys and five or six girls are told off daily to work at the looms. Since I was last here Miss Anstey has had several boys taught weaving. In a rough kind of building in the grounds they have now eight looms at work, where they make most of the clothing both for the girls and boys. The long cloths called "sheerees," worn by native women, which come up over the head, are now all woven at the Orphanage looms. I can't say it is cheaper than purchasing, but not much more expensive, and the cloth is stronger. The cotton, &c., is got out from England at the lowest possible cost. The looms are of the most primitive kind, and cost 5 rupees each (10s.) only. There is also a small blacksmith's and carpenter's shop in the grounds, where a few boys are taught. There are, of course, a few cattle on the premises—bullocks for the coach, &c., and cows for domestic use, and a pony. Young women from the Orphanage go off to cut grass for these animals, and bring it home in the afternoon, just as any ordinary grass-cutters would do. I mention these little things to show that, because they are Christians, no false pride is pampered, and no idleness allowed. Some friends already know that Miss Anstey's desire has been that when many of these young people grow up they should marry, and form Christian villages. To this end she purchased land in the neighbourhood, and they have now three farms.

The boys and girls at the Colar Mission are taught to look to their loving heavenly Father for everything, and often is the voice of prayer heard going up from the Orphanage and farms for the showers of rain, in their season, and for the daily wants and needs of all. The other day the children were in prayer for rain, and during the service it came. Afterwards three little fellows spoke to Miss Anstey about God's answer to prayer, and suggested that they should fast every Lord's-day until money came, and one added, "And if we pray, we shall not feel hungry." Such is the simple faith of these once dark, degraded heathen children.—T. STANES.

Barcelona.—Sad indifference to eternal things prevails on all sides; still there is a wide open door for visiting, and with two or three exceptions we have been kindly received. But how much rather would we that they received the message! We believe that the Spirit of God is working in some hearts, leading them to search the Scriptures. A few of the dear women live near us, and regularly attend the Bible Class. One has been a diligent reader of the New Testament, and was first led to feel her need of a Saviour, through the testimony of a dear girl, converted in the Barceloneta School, and soon after taken to be with Christ. It is an indescribable joy to visit these poor women, and sometimes we are reminded of the eunuch, for questions similar to his "Of whom speaketh the prophet this?" come from their thirsty souls. One dear woman in particular, whom we met about three months ago, is one of this class. She was a devout Catholic, had never seen the Scriptures, but was thirsting for something that she did not possess. Seeing that she was a Catholic, we lent her the New Testament. It was just what she needed, and at once she received it as the Word of God, and quite expected her husband would do the same. He read, but remained unchanged. Then she told us she had a son in another part of Spain, who would soon return, and she quite hoped that he would receive the truth, for she said "He is so fond of reading." In this, too, she was disappointed, for on his return, she found that he had no ear for the truth, but was more than ever a lover of pleasure. Up to this time she has not been allowed to attend the meetings, though longing to do so.—MARY ANN PAYNE.

Faroe Islands.—I have been in Thorshavn since I returned from Iceland, and have visited and held meetings as usual, and have noticed of late a better spirit of hearing in the open air; few are willing to come into the Hall, but when the weather is suitable I get at times good opportunities outside, and also in visiting vessels with tracts I am generally well received. A number of men were here of late waiting to get a steamer to go to Iceland for the fishing, and as the steamer was behind time, many of them heard the Word in the open air before leaving. I hope now to go again for a time to the northern isles of the Faroe group; it is about a year since I was there, and was then encouraged in my visit by the desire to hear in most places, and so, when seeking again to sow the seed, I hope I may find some fruit from my last visit.—WILLIAM SLOAN.

GRACE AND TRUTH

For Old and Young.



THE BLOOD AND THE HYSSOP.

God's Glad Tidings of Salvation,

THE BLOOD AND THE HYSSOP.

Exodus xii. 13-22.



ISRAEL'S redemption and exodus from Egypt are a striking type of the Gospel and its effects now.

There are a great many people who would tell you without hesitation that they fully believe the word of God as to the death of Christ

being the only ground of a sinner's hope before God, that they had given up all idea of self-righteousness as a means of keeping out the coming judgment—and yet they are not saved. Why is this? The reason is, the blood is still in the basin, and not sprinkled on the lintel and two side-posts. This is an illustration of what I mean.

It is as though you had gone into the house of an Israelite that night and put the question to him, "Do you believe judgment is coming? Nine woes are past, but do you believe the last worst woe is coming?"

"Oh yes, I believe it, and I have done as Moses commanded: the lamb is slain, the blood is shed."

"Is the blood in the basin?"

"Yes."

"Is it on the lintel and side-posts?"

"No, not yet."

"And why not on the lintel and side-posts?"

"I do not know how to put it there."

"But are you safe from the destroyer?"

"I am not sure; I hope so."

Now this is just your case perhaps. You believe the blood of the Lamb has been shed; you know Jesus died. You know there is safety only beneath that precious blood, but there has been no real application of the death of Christ to your own soul. Why is this? There has been no taking the bunch of hyssop and sprinkling the blood with it. The bunch of hyssop is a very insignificant thing—a poor contemptible thing—and people are not willing to go down so low.

Solomon spake of all things "from the cedar tree that is in Lebanon, even unto the hyssop that springeth out of the wall"—a little thing that does not take root in a decent fashion

even, but springs out from between two stones! The cedar and the hyssop are the two extremes in nature, the highest and the lowest. You must take the blood up with a bunch of hyssop; that is, you must go and shelter yourself under that precious blood with the full consciousness that you are a *lost* soul without a particle of innate worthiness or goodness.

Are you prepared, dear reader, to accept the bunch of hyssop yourself; in other words, to take the place of repentance and self-judgment before God? Mark! there never entered an unrepentant soul within the doors of heaven. Faith and repentance go together. Using the bunch of hyssop is a man going down before God in the acknowledgment of his true lost and ungodly state; not resting content with saying, "I know Jesus died, but I must *wait* till I go through some edifying experience, as I have heard of others having done, before I can know I am saved," but sheltering himself as a lost man under cover of that precious blood—applying it to his own heart.

Christ's blood has been shed on the cross, and He having there suffered in our stead, once, and once only—having borne the judgment—has entered in once into the Holy Place, having obtained eternal redemption for us. On the ground of what He is, and what He has done and endured, we can enter in also.

If, as recorded, the blood of the Lamb could preserve the greatest sinner all through that long night, so that no death or destruction could enter in there, "*How much more,*" O careless sinner, "How much more shall the blood of Christ purge your conscience from dead works to serve the living God"—that blood that has met the claims of God—that precious blood that has silenced the accuser—how much more shall it bring a defiled, guilty sinner into God's presence pardoned, blessed, forgiven, saved, to serve *Him!* Magnificent word—"*How much more!*"

I would you knew my Saviour! my Jesus! the Saviour I know, the Jesus I know—my blessed, precious Saviour. Now just tell me,

Would not you like to know Him? Does not your heart sometimes long to know rest and peace? You will find it nowhere else—but you will find rest in knowing Him. Do you tremble to meet these two plagues more—these two coming plagues, from which there is no escape? Then listen to this. "So Christ was once offered to bear the sins of many." "So Christ." If my sin demands death and judgment—so

Christ was once offered, bearing sins, and enduring judgment from the hand of God to bring me salvation! "I am content," I say, "I am content." Beheath the shelter of that precious blood I will crouch—I am safe, I am happy. I am to stay in the house until the morning peaceful and happy, keeping the feast within—feeding on Christ, enjoying Christ—feasting on Him each day.

"THEIR FAITH IN CHRIST SAVES THEM."

VERY young in life I was married to as fine a young English captain as ever set foot on board a vessel. He was an upright and noble-minded man in all his ways, and I loved him with the deepest and tenderest affection.

He was a Protestant, I a Roman Catholic. I longed for his conversion to the true faith, as I then considered it, but the Lord has since opened my eyes and shown me that it was I who needed conversion. Well, we had not been many years married, when he was lost at sea, and I never heard of him again.

I was thus left a lonely young widow, with a vast void which nothing could fill; and if the tear was out of my eye, it was never out of my heart. I had lost the one in whom my soul delighted the light of my life, and my one absorbing object. I had lost everything. But more than this, I was passing through the deepest distress of soul, because he died "out of the Church," and therefore a heretic. Was he not lost? To think of the myriad ages of eternity rolling on, and he lost! It was almost beyond what I could endure. I wept, prayed, fasted, till one day the question was raised in my mind. "Are all poor heretics lost, beyond all hope?"



I passed the night in agony, arose early next morning and went to confession. In my distress, I said to the confessor, "I cannot find it in my heart to believe that all the poor heretics are lost: are they? To my astonishment and delight he whispered, "No; their faith in Christ saves them."

I left the chapel and hastened home with the words ringing in my ears. "Their faith in

Christ saves them." "Their faith in Christ saves them." That night I retired to rest with a faint ray of hope that after all, my lost one might have had faith in Christ, and would be saved. As I lay on my bed I became distressed and anxious about my own salvation. I fell asleep, and dreamed that I saw the blessed Saviour at a distance. But so far was He from me, upon the top of a high mountain, that I felt I could never reach him. My soul longed after Him, but I felt fast bound where I stood, and could not move. My distress was awful. I felt I must perish, for I could not possibly reach Him where He was. Then I thought He saw my sore distress, and drawing near, He looked on me with infinite compassion. I saw His head, His hands, His side, His feet, and that lovely face once so marred. As He drew near, I asked him to save me.

Then in my dream I thought He pointed me to a place where I had seen some people go in on many occasions, and He said, "*Go there, and thou shalt hear words whereby thou shalt be saved.*"

"Not so, Lord," I said, "they are heretics, I could not go there." Thereupon He left me, and all was dark, and I was wretched, and lonely and miserable.

The words that He had uttered, "Thou shalt hear words whereby thou shalt be saved," now took possession of my mind. But the idea of going to a small room, up a dingy passage, was too much for my poor, proud and rebellious heart. Yet had HE not said it?

As night came on, I watched for two quiet people, whom I had often seen going to that despised place of meeting. A few minutes after they had gone in, with trembling heart and faltering steps, I followed and listened at the door. Some one was praying, but presently all was silence. Quietly pushing open the door I crept in. At the further end of the room was a tall solemn looking man at a desk, reading from a book. As I entered he raised his eyes, and fixing them upon me read:—"WHO SHALL TELL THEE WORDS WHEREBY THOU SHALT BE SAVED."

Not for a moment, then, could I doubt that the Lord had spoken to my soul. Presently the speaker went on to tell of the utter ruin of man—whether religious or worldly, he was lost. Of necessity he must be saved, or perish for

ever. This was all new to me, but in full accord with the deep sense of ruin I was then feeling. Then he showed how God had provided, in the death of His Son, for the deepest need of the vilest sinner on the face of the earth. From that same book he read how that Christ died for our sins, according to the Scriptures; and that simply and absolutely because of what He had done, apart from our prayers, tears, or good deeds, a poor sinner obtains the forgiveness of sins, and is brought right home to God. Then he farther pointed out how all this is simply by *faith* in Him. That all who *believe* are justified from all things from which they could not be justified by the law of Moses.

Never can I forget the sudden joy these words brought to my poor troubled heart. Quietly I left that little room rejoicing in God my Saviour; and then I felt the full force of what my confessor had said, "THEIR FAITH IN CHRIST SAVES THEM."

WAITING FOR YOU.

"And therefore will the Lord *wait*, that He may be gracious *unto you*."—Isaiah xxx. 18.

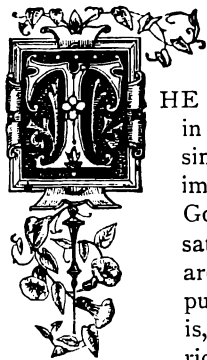
In the gladsome light of morning,
 'Mid its music and its song;
 While your heart is fresh and hopeful,
 Knowing nought of wréck or wrong.
 From the storm cloud in the distance,
 Stealing o'er life's tranquil sea,
 Some have fled to Him for refuge,
 And He *waits* to welcome *thee*!

By some "well" of earthly pleasure,
 In the noontide hour of life,
 Once He waited with the offer
 Of an "everlasting life."
 But you passed Him by unheeding,
 Drinking deeper draughts anew;
 But He knows you still are thirsting,
 So He's *waiting still* for you!

From the shades of evening falling
 O'er a life grown grey with care,
 He would lead thee to a region
 Ever bright, and ever fair!
 All these years He has been calling,
 Longing sore to set thee free;
 Now 'mid darkness, storm, and trouble
 He is *waiting still* for *thee*!

Green Pastures and Still Waters.

THE FATHER OF MERCIES.



HE dealings of the blessed God in this world of ours have more simplicity of purpose than we imagine. We have to look at God passing from one dispensation to another—yet in all, we are taught that there is but one purpose before Him, and that is, to manifest Himself in richest blessings, in love and

mercy to poor sinners, unto His own eternal glory.

When the Saviour commented on all that had gone before His ministry, He said—"My Father worketh hitherto." There we are let into the secret of the purpose of God. He came forth in the law to test what was in us; yet "*our Father*" had a deeper purpose than that—one with which His heart mixed itself. Mount Sinai was never the place of the *Father's* ministry; Moses and the angels might work in Sinai; but deeper than all, "*my Father*" wrought, said Jesus. Though a little hid under a large and public thing—yet the mind of Christ coming to apply itself to all that had gone on before, He said "My Father worketh hitherto." This lets the soul into this—that God from the beginning had been working in *grace*. The operation of the *Father* is another mode of expressing God working in grace. Here we get the unity of the divine design, from the beginning to the end, to be this—to bring Himself out to us poor sinners as "the Father of mercies." Whether He be manifested to us as destined for earthly or heavenly glory, it is still as "the Father of mercies" to poor broken-hearted sinners.

What is the Gospel of St. John up to Chap. x. ? A trial whether man had learnt that secret—that the *Father* had been working hitherto. In chap. viii. we have the Lord's mind brought out in contrast with the Jew on that point—"If ye had known me, ye would have known my Father also." Why did they not receive Jesus? Because they had not been seeing the Father "working hitherto"—not learning God as poor broken-hearted sinners—not learning Him as the

Father. If we do not learn Him in this character, we shall never learn Him aright.

What is the glory which passes before us in that Gospel? "The glory of the only begotten of the Father full of grace and truth." This Gospel of John is the passing of *that* glory across this ruined world of ours; but no eye of the children of men could discern it, save the eye of poor convicted sinners.

There are many signs of this throughout that Gospel. It may shine in the world—may pass from scene to scene, but it is the eye of the poor conscious sinner, and of none else, that meets it; it is the conscious sinner alone that understands it, that is gladdened by it, and falls into the train of it. Thus when John says (chap. i.) "Behold the LAMB OF GOD!" Andrew follows Jesus in that character, and the door of Jesus is opened to him. He had followed Jesus as the LAMB OF GOD—he had gone after the "glory of the only begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth," and if any follow Jesus as such, His door shall be open to them. Just follow Jesus as the "LAMB OF GOD," and He opens His house, His heart, His glory. All opens to us at once. Nicodemus comes not so (chap. iii.), and he has to go back to the brazen serpent, and there get the faculty to apprehend the glory of the Father, and the things of the kingdom.

In chap. iv. the poor Samaritans receive Him, and He goes and dwells with them for two days. In that village "the glory of the only begotten of the Father" could unbosom itself, because He was received in character. Where there was an eye that had learnt Jesus as the Friend of sinners, there the glory could go. This is the way to receive Him in character, and all that Jesus wants is to be thus received. We see the opposite to this in chap. ii., where He says, "Woman, what have I to do with thee?" He was shining in "the glory of the only begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth;" and if His own mother could not see Him *in that glory*, He had nought to do even with her.

So in chap. vii. His brethren are distanced from Him, for they looked at Him in a glory that suited the world—but in the next chapter

and again in chapter ix., a convicted adulteress and a poor outcast, excommunicated one, are brought and kept near Him, for they learnt Him in that glory which met their necessities as poor sinners.

Thus is it through these chapters. And it is comforting to our souls to keep the path of this glory before us. And in chap. x. we see this blessed Son of the Father, as the Shepherd full of grace in the midst of His flock—His flock of poor, convicted, believing, accepted sinners. And after all this, we see this same one looking upward to the Father's house. For in chap. xiv. this glory of the only begotten of the Father, that had been thus shining down here to poor sinners for a while, is going again to its place ; and Jesus says, "In my Father's house are many mansions—I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you,

I will come again and *receive you unto myself*; that where I am, there ye may be also." I rest on this promise of Jesus. When He comes again, He will receive me unto Himself. Is there not *intimacy* here? It is the first hope to rest on the sinner's soul. He is gone to the Father's house until all are gathered ; when everything is ready He will come out to receive the children unto Himself—He "will come again to receive" those redeemed sinners UNTO HIMSELF—to meet them in the air, and then they will all go together to the FATHER'S HOUSE. This is the immediate hope, beloved, of POOR SINNERS such as we !

This, then, is the trial in John. It is the application of "the glory of the only begotten of the Father" to the eyes and consciences of men, to see if they would receive Him in that character.

God's Mighty Men of Valour.

CALVIN.



LIKE the young vine, as we have seen, was bending before the cruel strength of the tempest, and while the enemies of the Gospel were everywhere erecting the stakes of its martyrs, God was preparing one who was to prove a mighty champion for the truth. Unlike the great Reformer of Germany, Luther, who, stepping suddenly from the seclusion of his monastery at Erfurt, startled the world with the brilliancy of his appearing, the coming of the Reformer of France was gradual. "If," as another has said, "Luther rose on men like a star that blazes suddenly forth in the dark sky, Calvin's coming was like that of day, sweetly and softly opening on the mountain tops, streaking the horizon with its silver, and steadily waxing in brightness, till at last the whole heavens are filled with the splendour of its light."

Calvin was born on the 10th of July, 1509, at Noyou, in Picardy. His family was of Norman extraction. His father, Gerard, was apostolic notary and secretary to the bishop. At ten years of age, Calvin was a small delicate boy,

with pale features and bright, burning eyes, that indicated great penetration of mind as well as a soul richly emotioned. An air of timidity and shyness hung about him, and he early gave signs of a mind of great sensibility and power, although lodged in a body of fragile organization. He was ever a thoughtful boy beyond his years, and devout, even up to the Roman Standard. As punctual as the stroke of a clock was he at his religious observances. As regards his morals, no outward stain was upon him. During his youth he was a mystery to his young companions, and a constant reproof to them, by the beauty of his life.

From his home young Calvin passed to the stately mansion of the Mommors, the lords of the neighbourhood. Here, at his father's cost he was educated with the young Mommors, and thus received a more classical grounding, and acquired a greater polish of manners than could ever have been his, under his father's roof. With wonderful ease young Calvin mastered the lessons which cost his class fellows much labour and time. His quick intellect grasped knowledge, as it were, by intuition.

When quite a child he loved to pray in the

open air, "God seemed nearer to him," he said. He seemed to realize in Him One who filled the universe, and this is all the more remarkable in an age when men could not think of God but as dwelling in "temples made with hands."

The chaplaincy of a small church in the neighbourhood falling vacant, Gerard Calvin, his father, finding the expense of his son's education too much for him, obtained from the bishop the appointment of his young son John, at the early age of twelve. This was only in accordance with the manners of the times, for children even younger than this held ecclesiastic offices. So now the young Calvin became the chaplain of Gésine, and had his head shorn by the bishop, on the eve of Corpus Christi. Although not yet admitted into priest's orders, he became, by this symbolic act, a member of the clergy.

For two years Calvin resided in his native town, and now came that terrible visitant to Noyou, "The Black Death." This dreadful pestilence carried off the people with awful rapidity, and Gerard Calvin, trembling for the safety of his son, petitioned the chapter to give the young chaplain "liberty to go where he pleased, without loss of allowance." This was granted in August 1523, and at the age of fourteen the future Reformer left his native town, and proceeded to Paris, to complete his studies there. "Flying from one pestilence," says his Romish historians, "he caught another there."

At Paris, Calvin entered the College of La Marche. Here he met with Mathurin Cordier, a most remarkable man, renowned for his exquisite taste, and his extensive erudition. He soon discovered that the new pupil was a youth of no ordinary genius, and after a few days the scholar of fourteen and the learned man of fifty became inseparable. Even in the play hours Calvin preferred the society of his loving, genial instructor to his noisy companions, and he in his turn became young again in the company of the bright-eyed intelligent boy.

The highest wisdom, alas! he could not impart, for he, like his pupil, was immersed in the darkness of superstition; but in all else under his care the young student advanced rapidly, and became almost perfect in the use of that mighty instrument, by which, as has been said, "access is gained to the heart, and its deep fountains of feeling, and its powerful springs of action, touched and set in motion—namely, language; and especially written language."

Calvin never forgot his old master, and he carried the sense of the benefits he had derived from him to the grave. In after years he dedicated to him his Commentary on the first epistle to the Thessalonians. And now in 1526 we find Calvin at the College of Montague, one of the two Seminaries of Paris—the Lorraine being the other.

Here, as elsewhere, the pale-faced student with the grave and serious deportment, went on with unrelaxed strictness with all the religious observances of the Church. Says an historian, "His place was never empty at mass, no fast did he ever profane by tasting a forbidden dish; and no saint did he ever affront by failing to do honour to his or her "fête-day."

"The man" says an able writer, "who had been chosen as the instrument to lead the nations out of their prison-house of darkness, was meanwhile shut up in the same doleful captivity, and needed, first of all, to be himself brought out of the darkness. The story of his emancipation—his struggles to break his chain—is instructive as it is touching. Calvin is made to feel what Scripture emphatically terms the "power of darkness," the strength of the fetter, and the helplessness of the poor captive, that "remembering the gall and the wormwood," he may be touched with pity for the miseries of those he is about to liberate, and may continue to toil in patience and faith till their fetters are broken."

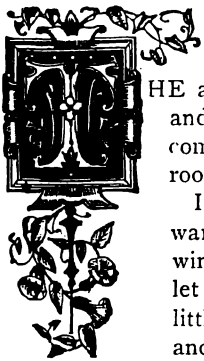
The beautiful and touching story of Calvin's Conversion we must reserve, the Lord willing, for our next paper.

FRAGMENT.

Thanks be to God! I can look on this world, its glories, riches, pleasures, thoughts, ways, its changing fashions, as a vast wreck, where also is found my former self, my sins all met by Him who hung upon the cross. I can and do believe that God alone could and would meet this ruin Himself, and in an absolute way deliver me. As a part of this vast wreck, utterly undone and incapable of ever being restored, I cast myself on the power and goodness of that God who has wrought deliverance by Christ Jesus, and I am delivered alike from the condemnation and power of sin and the world.

Talks, Tales, & Teachings for our Young Friends.

"ARE THEY FAIRY TALES, OR TRUE STORIES?"



HE afternoon was fast waning, and the dark shadows had commenced to creep into the room.

It had been an unusually warm day, and the latticed windows stood wide open to let in the cool evening air. A little boy with golden curls, and earnest grey eyes, lay full length on the floor, one arm over a favourite dog, the other resting on a large book opened before him, and which he was intently reading. Now and again a little sigh escaped his lips, but beyond that, nothing broke the stillness that reigned over everything.

The door opened softly, and a tall fine-looking young man entered the room. "Cecil," he said, "I can't have you hiding yourself away like this, I have been searching for you everywhere. What! more fairy tales!" he continued, glancing carelessly at the volume on the floor. "So much reading is not good for you, my boy." The child arose, and ran into the arms extended to him; but the look of wistful sadness still lingered on his small white face.

"Father," he said, putting his arms round the young man's neck, and resting his golden head against the broad shoulder, "Are they fairy tales, or *true* stories, in that big book?"

"What is the book, my boy?" asked the father, stooping down and taking up the heavy volume. "Why Cecil," he continued, turning over the pages, while a dark frown crossed his handsome face, "it is a—a—it is a *Bible*. What were you doing with this book? There is nothing in it to interest a little boy like you." And without another word, he arose, and put it back upon the shelf, from whence it had been taken.

But Cecil was not to be silenced. "It is about a Man," he continued, "who was beaten and spit on, and had thorns put on His head, and was hanged on a cross!"

"Well, Cecil, what of that!" replied his father, not knowing exactly what answer to make, and

turning his eyes uneasily away from the earnest pleading ones of his little son.

"Well, I want to know if it is *true*, and why they hanged Him on the cross? Was He a very wicked man?"

Alas! like many others, Cecil's father had never found out that he was a sinner before God. He was moral, respectable, upright in all his ways towards men, but he was sadly ignorant of God. He never thought that He was holy, righteous, and taking account of man as a sinner. If He thought of God at all, it was to judge Him as a hard master. A heavy, crushing blow had fallen upon him, in the early death of a beloved, almost idolized, wife; and, without definitely knowing why, he attributed his life-long calamity to at least a want of love on the part of God. He saw nothing beyond his own selfish sorrow.

With a dark frown upon his brow, he put the boy down. "No! it is not true, Cecil," he said slowly. Now run away and play, and don't ask any more foolish questions." This was easily, thoughtlessly said. In spite of apparent calmness, it left a sting in a conscience that was ill at rest. But little did that father think what a second bitter sorrow lay in his path.

A few weeks more and that sorrow burst upon him like a terrible thunderstorm on a summer's day. The blinds were down, and the curtains drawn to keep out the faintest ray of light that might stray in. A silence as of death reigned in the room, only broken now and again by the sound of restless, troubled moans.

Upon a little bed, with burning cheeks and unnaturally brilliant eyes, lay little Cecil. "Oh! the drops of blood! I see them on His forehead! Oh! father, father, why did they kill Him?" sighed the little sufferer. "A story he was reading just before he was taken ill," explained his father, who was standing beside the bed, in answer to the doctor's questioning look. "Well! Well! keep him quiet," said the grave, matter-of-fact doctor, taking up his hat to leave the room, "I shall call in again this afternoon."



"ARE THEY FAIRY TALES, OR TRUE STORIES?"

As soon as the door had closed behind the physician the young man seated himself by his little boy, and watched the varying expressions on the small, sad face, until the burning eyes closed, and a deep heavy sleep fell upon the boy. Who can know the thoughts that came crowding into the father's mind, as he sat there? With overwhelming shame he recalled the lie he had told his little son.

But this was only the starting point—one of those apparently little things God graciously uses in bringing poor lost souls to know their real condition before Him. For the first time in his life, he was conscious of the guilt of a positive sin *against God*. It grew deeper and darker. But did that sin stand alone? While that child lay there, as he thought on the brink of eternity, as never before his whole life passed before him; and now God seemed to have a connection with every thought, word, and action of that life. A crushing sense of having lived for his own pleasure, and of having completely not only forgotten God, but in his heart despised Him, overwhelmed his soul. He knew now, and for the first time, that he was a sinner before God. "Oh God! I have sinned against Thee," he murmured, in an agony of remorse and repentance. "And now Thou wilt take this one as Thou didst the other."

But no; God's ways are not as man's ways! In an hour's time little Cecil awoke. The fever had left his cheeks, and his eyes once more assumed their natural look. With a heart filled with thankfulness, his father bent over him, and placed the little head on his shoulder. The reality of his repentance became manifest at once. He could not delay an instant, to undeceive the boy. "Cecil," he said very gently, "I think that story you were reading in the library, has been troubling you all these long weeks. It was no fairy tale, my boy!"

The child looked up eagerly.

Oh! how strange that that sweet, old, old story of the cross, with its depths of infinite love and compassion, should have so laid hold of this lonely little boy, shut up in the gloomy old mansion, far away among the Scotch mountains.

"Who was it, father?" he asked.

"It was Jesus Christ, the Son of God, Cecil," answered the anxious, heart-broken father.

What a world of meaning he had never seen before, now shone in those words, "Jesus Christ,

the Son of God!" If the Son of God, then He must be the gift of God, and if the gift of God to a ruined, guilty world, then with God there must be mercy, pity, love to the poor sinner. Was Christ the expression of that love? The whole story of the cross, the just suffering for the unjust, Christ, the Lamb of God, the sinner's substitute, bearing the judgment of God; these and a thousand wonderful thoughts came like a flood of blessing through the father's soul. His heart believed, and his mouth had confessed; salvation was his.

"Jesus Christ!" echoed the boy dreamily, while his thoughts wandered back through the dim vista of the past. How familiar that name seemed to him! How often it had sounded in his baby ears, murmured by the lips that were now singing God's praises in that golden city, far, far, away.

"Why did they kill Him?" he asked.

"Oh, Cecil!" replied his father, clasping the boy in his arms, and burying his face in the golden curls, "He died for you, and for me, and for all, that we might never die; that we might go to heaven." And there in that darkened chamber, into which the grim presence of death had so nearly entered, the father told his boy the old sweet story that brought floods of light and joy in the telling into his own heart, that had been growing harder and harder each day. Oh! how precious that moth-eaten old volume that had lain so long unused became to both father and son.

HE GAVE ME PEACE.

WHEN I was tossing to and fro,
Knowing not what to think or do,
Brooding o'er all my sin and woe;
He gave me Peace.

Not that which by the world is given,
Luring away poor souls from heaven,
But joy in knowing sins forgiven!
He gave me Peace.

That perfect peace of God divine,
Which tells me all He has is mine,
O Saviour Lord, what love is Thine!
He gave me Peace.

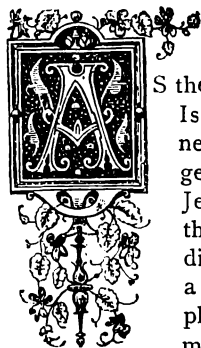
How sweet to me that gentle voice,
"Be not afraid," my child, rejoice!
O what a Saviour for my choice!
He gave me Peace.

Food for Christ's Lambs.

SPIRITUAL NOURISHMENT,

AS TYPIFIED BY THE ROAST LAMB, THE MANNA, AND THE OLD CORN OF THE LAND.

BY T. SHULDHAM HENRY.



S the first lesson the children of Israel learned in the wilderness was, that they could not get a drop of water except Jehovah gave it them, so again they had to learn it with a different experience, and with a different means used to supply their need, in spite of their murmurings. They provoked

God, but, it seems, it only drew out the grace of His heart.

In chapter xvii., we find them murmuring again because they had no water. "Wherefore the people did chide with Moses, and said, Give us water, that we may drink." God gave them water. It was all grace from first to last,—(they were not yet under the covenant of works)—from beginning to end. They tempted God, and said, "Is the Lord among us or not?" Is it not so with us?—we doubt God, we doubt His word and His promises. When there is real need in our daily wilderness experiences, and when we doubt whether God will help us or not, it is sin,—we are tempting God. Let us be watchful about our harbouring a doubt of our loving Father's willingness, as well as ability, to supply all our need. He has promised, "Be careful for nothing," and "My God shall supply all your need"—not according to our necessities but—"according to His riches in glory by Christ Jesus." (Phil. iv.)

Now we get some very precious food here. God said to Moses, "Behold, I will stand before thee upon the rock in Horeb, and thou shalt smite the rock, and there shall come water out of it that the people may drink." In 1 Cor. x. we find God telling us "that rock was Christ." He was "the Rock of ages." (Isaiah xxvi. 4.) He was smitten for us. On Calvary's cross man smote Him, Satan smote Him, God smote Him, that from Him life, love, joy, and peace, as communicated by His Spirit, might flow forth to myriads of redeemed ones. The

children of Israel drank and were refreshed. The water here is a type of the Holy Spirit—"the gift of God"—as that which proceeded from a Crucified and an Ascended Saviour, and was "the promise of the Father." Those who believe in Christ, the Rock of Ages, smitten for them, receive the "living water" which is to be *in* them "a well of water springing up into everlasting life." The Holy Spirit is thus to dwell *in* them as their power for worship, coming down from above, and going back to God, in holy aspirations and praise (John iv.), but He was also "the living water" to flow forth in blessing to others as "*rivers*" (John vii.), thus indicating the twofold aspect of the priesthood of God's children—the first, inside the veil to offer spiritual sacrifices acceptable to God by Jesus Christ, as holy priests; the second, to go out into the world, as royal priests, to show forth the virtues—not praises—of Jesus (1 Pet. ii.) that is, *by their lives*, to manifest the graces, the love, the excellencies of the Lord Jesus as shown forth by Him on earth as His people's exemplar.

We want you to notice in Ex. xvii. the word "then" in verse 8. When? After the rock was smitten, and water gushed therefrom, the children of Israel drank of the water, and "*then came Amalek*." The order is perfect—Christ smitten, and of course (typically taken for granted) ascended; the Spirit indwelling in believers redeemed by blood and power; then at once conflict begins, and not till *then*. It is an old saying, "It takes two to make a fight," so the unquickenened have no conflict. The Devil has it all his own way with them till God's Holy Spirit arrests them on their downward course. But when a man is born again, and receives the Spirit he begins to find "the Spirit lusteth against the flesh and the flesh against the Spirit." (Gal. v.) There is conflict. This is *normal*, not *abnormal*, as we are told by some teachers now. Amalek had to be fought against—the only conflict under grace there

is before Sinai—but Amalek *could* be overcome. How? At the Red Sea God fought *for* them, now God fights *in* them and *by* them. God has sworn to have conflict with Amalek—the type of the flesh—from generation to generation. As long as God's children have “the flesh” in them—though they are not “in the flesh”—as an evil nature, so long will there be conflict, but there may be *always* victory. There is nothing but *defeat* in Rom. vii. ; there is nothing but *victory* in Rom. viii. We maintain that the latter and not the former is the normal condition of God's children. But conflict there will be ; conflict there *must* be. Though there is conflict, there need not be defeat. “The flesh” can be subdued, conquered, kept down, *but never eradicated* ; “that which is born of the *flesh is flesh*,” and will be so till the end—the end of life here.

We are told that by a simple act of faith and resignation of our will, the flesh is eradicated in us, and we are *like Adam before the Fall*. Never was there a greater delusion. But it is not new. Old heresies are being dressed up in new garbs. The worst is, that many who have been looked upon as well-established Christians have been led away from the “old paths,” though they have the terrible warning of the natural and logical conclusion of such views in the *failure and fall* of some of their late teachers.

How was Amalek overcome? “And Moses said unto Joshua, Choose us out men, and go out fight with Amalek : to-morrow I will stand on the top of the hill with the rod of God in my hand. So Joshua did as Moses had said unto him. and fought with Amalek : and Moses, Aaron, and Hur went up to the top of the hill. And it came to pass that when Moses held up his hand that Israel prevailed, and when he let down his hand Amalek prevailed.” Moses represents the child of God in the conflict, and victory is *secured* by faith in God. When our hands have been lifted up to Him in holy trust and confidence, sure and certain victory has *always* resulted. On the other hand when our hands have hung down, our faith has wavered, our eye off Christ, something else trusted in—*then* sin has got the upper hand, and we have been defeated. God here puts before us the mighty all-prevailing principle of faith that secures victory even in the direst temptation. Let us always remember that the Omnipotence of God

is at the command of His people's faith. The cry of faith in the hour of temptation as the heart is lifted up to our loving Father is sufficient. “Lord, help me !” will never fail in the hour of need.

Again, “Moses' hands were heavy, and they took a stone and put it under him, and he sat thereon : and Aaron and Hur stayed up his hands, the one on the one side and the other on the other side, and his hands were steady until the going down of the sun.” The battle rages, there is no cessation, for the enemy is active and full of resources. How apt the child of God is to waver, to yield. His heart is heavy, his faith weak. Remember that Christ is under you to support you, as the great stone under Moses. Beware of those terrible unbelieving thoughts and God-dishonouring doctrines that you may be on the Rock of Ages to-day and off it to-morrow. They are sinking quickstands, and most dangerous to the welfare of the soul. Let us be well established in this glorious truth that He (God) took us out of the horrible pit—that He put our feet on the rock—that rock follows us—that rock is Christ (1 Cor. x.), and He says “I will never leave you, no, never forsake you.” We have eternal life—eternal redemption. The Rock is under us, grand, solid, and firm, and not all the billows of adversity or the waves of Satanic temptation can wash us off it.

More than this, the hands of Moses were held up in this conflict by Aaron and Hur. What a blessed provision of our loving Father, who thinks of us, pities us, and cares for us. He has made ample provision for every step of our wilderness journey from Calvary to the glory. Christ is under us, Christ is around us.

Thus it is by faith, simple, child-like confidence in a loving Father's care, and abiding in Christ, that we get the victory. As Moses was on the hill-top, so must we be on the mount with God. We have seen before that it was the place to get an appetite and relish for the “daily bread,” so now it is the place of strength, for it is the place of nearness to God where power will fill the soul, and where, if God is implicitly trusted, we shall ever get the victory over Amalek. Let us watch and pray. Let us trust and have courage and all will be well. He is able to save for evermore. He is also able to keep us from falling. To Him be glory and majesty, dominion and power, both now and ever. Amen.

THE CAPTIVE MAID.

2 Kings v.

“**A** LITTLE MAID,” ’tis all that’s said
 About the captive girl ;
 Of no account in man’s esteem :
 But God’s resplendent pearl ;
 Away from home, but not from God,
 She thought upon Him there,
 And of His love and mighty power,
 Was able to declare.

To Israel’s King he goes, but ah !
 He knew not of the power ;
 A maid more wise than Israel’s King !
 Dark was indeed that hour !
 But God was there, and healing came ;
 To Jordan’s banks he stole,
 And, dipping there the appointed times—
 Obedient—was made whole.



Her leprous master (well she knew)
 No Syrian cure availed ;
 But in Samaria’s land was power
 That never, never failed ;
 She knew—nor *knew* the fact alone—
 She loved it to *declare* ;
 And lo, her master seeks the land,
 To find his healing there.

And now he owns the ONE supreme
 He never knew before ;
 Not Rimmon now, but Israel’s God
 He henceforth will adore ;
 The mighty change in body, soul,
 So fully thus portrayed,
 Was through the simple, loving words
 Of but “a little maid.”

THE EPISTLE TO THE EPHESIANS.—CH. IV.

By W. H. F. C.

IT may be observed that this Epistle admits of a very perceptible division into two parts, the one being doctrinal and the other exhortative and practical. The third chapter which, as it has often been remarked, is parenthetical, concludes the first part—the second commencing with chapter iv. to the end. Although the three last chapters are almost entirely taken up with plain admonitions and instructions bearing upon the daily life of the Believer, it will nevertheless be found that here and there are interspersed fresh unfoldings of the truth of God. This is especially the case in the 4th chapter. This blending of precept and practice, of that which is doctrinal with the practical, is not only needful but highly important, lest the knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus should not have its due effect and power upon the life of the christian. The apostle Paul was one who, at this very time, was suffering for the truth. With him it was not a mere system of high spiritual logic. It changed the whole course and tenor of his life. It affected his mind, his heart and his actions. Having already enlarged upon the believer's standing in Christ, and calling of God, he at once enters upon the practical. "I, therefore, the prisoner of the Lord, beseech you that ye walk worthy of the vocation wherewith ye are called."

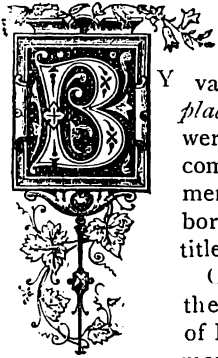
Such inward graces as lowliness and meekness, so contrary to the spirit of the world which lieth in the wicked one, are alone produced by the indwelling power of the Spirit. The knowledge of this world puffeth up, but when divine truth is rightly received, true humility of mind should invariably be one of the signs following. Meekness and lowliness are not alone commended. They are to be accompanied by outward manifestations of long-suffering and mutual forbearance in love, which when truly exercised go far to preserve that unity which the Spirit of God has produced by baptising all believers into one Body. This is the unity which the children of God are so strongly enforced to endeavour to keep. The passing reference to the unity of the Spirit leads the apostle to bring out the great truth of the unity of the body. With unshaken confidence he boldly asserts that "There is one body, and one

Spirit, even as ye are called in one hope of your calling, one Lord, one faith, one baptism, one God and Father of all, who is above all, and through all and in you all."

In the midst of the confusion now existing in Christendom these are indeed reassuring words. Parties and divisions may and do exist on all sides. Nevertheless the language of faith may be as bold to-day as ever it was. "There is one body." To every member of this one body is "given grace according to the measure of the gift of Christ." This leads the apostle to bring out in verses 11 and 12 some needful teaching respecting service and ministry. Whatever work the servant of God may be qualified to do, whether that of a pastor, or a teacher, or an evangelist, he can only serve as one of Christ's many gifts to the Church, "for the perfecting of the saints, for the work of the ministry, for the edifying of the body of Christ," and not for the advancement of any personal ambition. This privilege of helping on is not delegated to some only, but every member however humble and lowly, has a work to do and a place to fill in order that "the whole body fitly joined together and compacted by that which every joint supplieth, according to the effectual working in the measure of every part, maketh increase of the body unto the edifying of itself in love." Then some very plain words follow this beautiful exposition. Exhortation of the most explicit character both wholesome and salutary. There must be a renewal in the mind. The old man must be put off like a corrupt garment, and the new man, which after God is created in righteousness and true holiness, put on. It is evident that the apostle does not wish to be misunderstood. Leaving generalities he proceeds to details. Whatever other Gentiles might be found doing, untruthfulness, wrath, dishonesty, malice with other evils, must not find a place amongst the saints, lest they should grieve the Holy Spirit of God. These things are to be put away, and where they were practiced before, kindness, tender-heartedness, and mutual forgiveness exhibited instead, as a proof that the work in the soul was both genuine and real.

Gleanings in the Fields of Scripture.

THE HOLY BIBLE.



Y various persons, in distant places, and at different times, were written the 39 books comprising the "Old Testament,"—so called from the borrowed application of the title in 2 Cor. iii. 14.

Of the *writers* we number the most illustrious monarchs of Israel, as David and Solomon; two distinguished prime ministers at the court of the Gentiles, Mordecai and Daniel; a cup-bearer—a highly honourable position—in personal attendance on the Persian monarch, as Nehemiah; the adopted Hebrew, Moses, brought up amidst the splendours of the Egyptian court and educated in the wisdom and learning of that truly remarkable people; the learned and pious scribe, Ezra, whose name and deeds are engraven on the memories of the past and present Jewish people; a farm servant Amos, whose charming simplicity (chap. vii. 14—17) accords so fitly with his humble occupation; the prophet and judge, Samuel; many prophets, grand as Isaiah, touching as Jeremiah, vigorous as Ezekiel, powerfully descriptive as Joel; illiterate Galilean fishermen (Acts iv. 13); a despised and degraded tax collector in the employment of the Romans, Matthew; the tent maker of mighty intellect, Paul; and the highly educated Gentile physician, Luke.

Of the *writings*, the first was the Pentateuch, completed 15 centuries before Christ, that is 700 years before Rome was founded, and about 1000 years before the work of Herodotus, the first authentic history, was published. Centuries too, before the prince of Greek poets, Homer, flourished, or Hesiod, more ancient still perhaps, sang his verses. The Pentateuch and the book of Job are by far the oldest writings in existence. The historical and chronological records of China and Egypt are unworthy of consideration. It has been shewn that even were the annals of the Hindoos—which exceed in absurdity those of China and Egypt—reliable, the arbitrary mode of computation (*months* of 15 days, and *years* of 60 days), would reduce the chronologies

of these peoples to a near agreement with the Biblical chronology. There is neither book nor monument within several centuries of the time when Moses wrote the first portion of the Bible. Then after a quarter of a century, Joshua, the second inspired penman, wrote the book to which his name is attached. Then comes another interval of 300 years, covering the times of the Judges, and well termed "the dark ages" of Israelitish history, when Samuel, the third inspired writer, brought up the Jewish annals to the times of David—the sweet Psalmist of Israel. Another interval of 300 years, and we listen entranced to the grand and glowing strains of Isaiah—the prince of Hebrew prophets; perhaps the most magnificent piece of writing ever penned is the 60th chapter of Isaiah, and of course divinely inspired. Yet another period of nigh 300 years, in which the voices of the prophets were lifted up in the land of Immanuel, or amongst the captives of Babylon, when their tears bedewed the sacred soil, and their sufferings and exercises are written on high, and Malachi closed the inspired records of the Old Testament. A long and dreary blank of 460 years, unwritten in the pages of God's most holy Word, brings us to a few years at most after the death of Jesus, when Matthew wrote of CHRIST. Within 30 years after, the whole of the New Testament was completed, save the Revelation, which was written about A.D. 96. Thus the whole Bible was completed and in the hands of the Christian, and keeping of the Church, or rather of God, ere the first Christian century closed.

Of the *places* where the various parts of the Bible were written, Babylon, the capital of the Chaldean monarchy, Jerusalem, the capital of the kingdom of Israel, Rome, the capital of the fourth universal Empire, and Ephesus, the capital of Asia Minor may be instanced. Take Jerusalem as a centre, and you have Daniel the calm and measured historian, and Peter the warm hearted and fervent Apostle, both writing in Babylon, 560 miles distant, and Paul penning his prison epistles in the imperial city of Rome, 1450 miles distant.

Work in the Lord's Vineyard.

A Visit to the Faroe Islands.—The passage from Leith to Faroe occupied about 4 days, and was very uninteresting. Being supplied with Danish Gospels, I was able, with the captain's permission, to visit the crew, engineers, &c., and distribute them, and on Lord's-day evening I was allowed to have a Gospel service in the saloon. On Monday morning, we reached Suderoe, the most southerly island of the group. The islanders appeared to be a simple respectfui people. Their dress is somewhat strange, and in their rude homespun they seemed as if they were people of a century ago. We embarked quite a number of persons from Suderoe, and I exhausted my stock of Danish Gospels, and was only sorry that I had not a larger supply. Towards mid-day, we ran into Thorshaven bay, passing on the way various islands, some of them very small, with only one or two families upon them, while others were much larger. Glad I was at last to see the little capital of the islands, with the houses glistening in the sun as we steamed in. I was also glad, indeed, to see our brother Sloan, and to speak English once more. Having landed, the first place we made for was the little Gospel Hall. As I entered, I saw the passages of scripture on the walls, and, like Paul, "I thanked God, and took courage." Although they were in Danish, I knew pretty well what they were. They had been painted by our brother H—, of Glasgow, who is now with the Lord. In his spare hours, he delighted thus to labour for the Lord, and has entered into His rest, but the texts on the walls of the Gospel Hall at Thorshaven, where very few of his fellow-countrymen will ever see them, tell of his love to that Lord "who loved him and gave himself for him." I spent about seventeen days in the islands, nearly ten longer than I had anticipated, as the return steamer was completely locked up in the ice in the fiords or lochs of Iceland, and lay quite unable to move. Faroe islands, twenty-one in number, lie about 400 miles from Leith, while to Iceland, or its capital, Reykiavik, from the same port, is nearly 880 miles. The population in 1881 was 11,245. The people, who are almost all poor, are a hardy race, generally living along the coast in small villages, and earn a scanty living by fishing and farming. The islands are very hilly, barren, and rocky, and rapid tides sweep through and around the various islands, which makes travelling very dangerous, and many of the natives find a watery grave while on fishing excursions to Iceland and elsewhere. Often do we hear of these sad occurrences; one case being peculiarly sad, when, out of a village of twenty-four houses, a boat's crew of eight men were drowned. The religion is that of the Lutheran State Church, and there are seven parishes, with a clergyman attached to each. The priests cannot choose their texts, for the government has given stereotyped ones for all the year round. They learn the fifty-two texts, and these they use for their life-time. A dead formalism prevails, and yet coupled with a general respect for religion. There is an incredible ignorance of the word of God, the people having deeply rooted in them the Roman Catholic impression that the priest alone

can understand and explain it. They are much under spiritual bondage, the priests being considered on a much higher platform on account of what are deemed the divine prerogatives of their office. Lay preaching is altogether unknown among them. In fact, their whole system is a curious mixture of the traditions of men with the word of God.—THOS. MCLAREN.

Penang, Straits of Malacca.—On Monday, we moved into the little new house taken for a mission station in the busy street of Gilotong village. It is on one of the principal roads of the island. The house consists of a front and back room with earth floor. The walls and roof are of new thatch tied with cane upon a framework of barked poles. Only the lower front is of wrought wood. A number of persons came in to enquire why the house was opened and furnished with seats, lamp, &c.; and the gospel was spoken to them. People drop in from morning till evening, but especially in the evenings, when they have finished their day's work. Our young brother, Cheng Soon, a Chinese, who received an English education in Calcutta, and was converted there, accompanied me out to-day, and joined with me and brother Teng Hun in preaching the Word. A good number came round the open door, and several came in and sat down. On Thursday, a man came in and asked if the Christian religion forbade marriage. He took a seat, and others with him, and this gave the opportunity of telling them the gospel and answering the question. A young Malay man has been in, one who used to come to the former house. He says he has read the Malay Testament he purchased, and the other scriptures, and likes them very much, but his friends had told him that as they were Christian books, no Mahometan ought to read them. He had replied that the books were good, and that he would not give up reading them. An interesting fact as regards Malay scriptures is that last month as many as fourteen Testaments were sold. I do not remember so many being sold before in the same space of time. One evening, a Malay grandly dressed came in and vexed brother Teng Hun by reviling both him and the christian religion. He was accompanied by a large party, and was addressed by them as if he were a person of distinction. (We heard afterwards he was a rajah's son.) His only object seemed to be to annoy. A Chinese brother, a bread maker, was present, and received his share of abuse also: but happily both were helped to endure with meekness. Next day I stayed for some time with brother Teng Hun, who was a little cast down, and sought to comfort and strengthen him with the word of God. Coming out to the front hall, several Chinese entered. One said he had been told that the Christian religion taught people to neglect to honour parents. This gave another opportunity. A letter came from Siam telling of the conversion of a brother's wife, a Romanist. He says it was surely of the Lord that I gave him a Romanised Malay Testament, as his wife could read it.—W. MACDONALD.

GRACE AND TRUTH

For Old and Young.



"She came in, leaning on the tender and loving support of her husband."

God's Glad Tidings of Salvation,

DEATH UNTO DEATH, LIFE UNTO LIFE.

SHE came in, leaning on the tender and loving support of her husband, frail and faded as a plucked and withered flower.

The lack-lustre eye, the dejected features, pallid and weary, told the tale of the ruin within; the faint flush flitting over the cheek—the mere mockery of the vanished roses of youth and health, now gone, never to return, never more on this side of the grave. The most unobservant could discern the gravity of the condition, the merest tyro in physic could say that for her there was no remedy. But love in the lover by her side would hide all this from his eyes, though in the poor weakened body you might hear again repeated the very words out of Job's mouth, "My breath is corrupt, my days are extinct, the graves are ready for me."

Love, the poor human love, had been active in its way to cover its object with all dainty and goodly things, to hide away the ugly ravages of the inexorable disease, and had spread over and around the poor breaking vessel the costly silks of the merchant, the warm furs, and the delicate veil to cover and shroud the wan face. The light of jewels sparkled on the trembling fingers, but how plain to one who looked at the bald facts of the sad case, that this poor show and effort to hide the truth was as one who speaketh flattery to his friends, and yet could say the eye of love is dim by reason of sorrow.

The office of the physician in such a case is to give all the help and comfort which the conditions render possible, to give all reasonable encouragement and hope which science may discern, and art may find remedy to ensure.

But, when this was done, I turned to her and spake of Him who hath, as sent of God, brought up life and incorruptibility from the grave—not direct from heaven as man would suppose, but strange, unexpected place, out of the grave—His grave! I told her of the tender love and wondrous grace of God the Father, who sent the Son to seek and to save the lost, of the devotedness of Him who came to do the will of God the Father, of the Son of God, with life in

Himself, who broke into the house of death, the house appointed for all living, to rob it of its victims, even as Lazarus, who lay four days with corruption for his father, and the worm for his mother and his sister (Job xvii. 14); him who was afterwards seen reclining at the same table with the One who raised him up from among the dead, the One who could say of his own person, "I am the resurrection and the life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live." A wondrous story, ever fresh to the weary heart thirsting for the truth—the glad tidings of the grace of God—in Him who said "I am the way the truth, and the life. No man cometh unto the Father but by me."

But, alas! with this dying one it fell upon a shut ear. The word about the crucified and risen Christ fell among thorns, and the seed was choked by the cares of this world and the deceitfulness of riches. Like the drowning one, she clung to the nearest straw, and despised the lifeboat with its certain security; would listen eagerly for any remedy for the poor frail body, but turned wearily from the word of Eternal Life. She saw no beauty in Him to desire Him!

Days after, the sorrowing husband came alone to tell of failing strength, and the thick coming proof that the house of life of her whom he cherished, as the wife of his youth, was fast breaking up, the bitter end was at hand.

As he was about to leave I said to him, in effect, "Now we have spoken of the poor perishing body, how about her immortal soul? You heard what I said to her, do you think she has received it as the WORD OF GOD?"

He looked at me sadly, but remained silent, though his heart was full.

"What!" I said, "no response to such a message from God, when all of nature is slipping from her feet? no need expressed?"

And now he looked up and smiled simply as he said, "Yes."

"How? where?"

"*In me.* I have received it as the WORD OF GOD for my own soul." (2 Cor. ii. 15, 16.)

T. M.

THE CRUEL DRINKING FOUNTAIN ;

OR, NOT WHAT THEY SEEM.

BY W. J. H. BREALEY.

IT was a scorching day in July, and I had walked some miles. The roads were dry and the dust lay thickly on them, only waiting for the faintest breeze to raise it in clouds everywhere. I longed for a draught of water, but none could I see, nor the chance of any, till at last on entering a charming little town that nestled cosily among the hills I saw to my great relief a drinking fountain, and inwardly blessed the person who erected it. It was very substantially built of granite and marble, in the form of an obelisk, and was, moreover, tastily decorated with sculptured flowers. From the top of the pillar four lamps branched out, and at the base four fountains were placed in ornamental niches facing four roads leading in as many directions. Over each niche forming a pretty set off to the arch, was painted in letters of gold an appropriate text of Scripture ; that over the fountain immediately facing me was "If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink." (John vii. 37.) "Well, at any rate," I thought, "the invitation is plain enough and ree enough to warrant my application, especially as I so decidedly answer to the one condition : for if the only requisite be thirst, I certainly am the one meant, as it seems almost impossible to be very much more so than I am." With these thoughts I left the footpath and approached the fountain. Taking the cup that hung suspended by a chain and holding it under the tap I pressed the spring, but to my disappointment no water came, again I pressed with greater force, and again I met with the same result. "This pipe is choked," thought I, "perhaps the others are free," and leaving this side of the pillar I tried at the other. This likewise mocked my efforts. The third and fourth sides were in their turn tried in vain, when a friend in passing said,

"You are not the first person who has been, cheated by that sham." "Sham is it?" said I "then it is a very cruel one, to raise one's hopes on such a day as this, and then so basely to deceive. It would not have been so bad if its pretensions were not so glaring ; look at those texts. If any man thirst let him come unto me and drink, and the other three corresponding sides. But tell me how is it that such a

handsome erection should be such a hollow deception?" "It is easily explained," replied my friend, "the monument was erected by a gentleman of the town, and was intended to serve the purpose of a drinking fountain and a lamp for the public benefit. But on its erection a dispute arose between this gentleman and the local-board and the result was that neither the gas nor the water was ever laid on ; so the pillar stands a mockery to every thirsty and benighted traveller."

Even so, I thought, as I passed on my way, "things are not what they seem" in many cases in this world. How like the hollow pretensions of worldly pleasures, and mere earthly pursuits ! They promise much on the outside, but they yield no satisfaction to those who seek them ; and the saddest part of it is that men in looking at the "outward appearance" (1 Sam. xvi. 2), and spending their money for that which is not bread and their labour for that which satisfieth not" (Isa. lv 2), find at last, when "past redemption point," that in their race for pleasure and their search for satisfaction, they have missed the only sure and certain way, and their thirst, commenced in time, is continued and intensified in eternity with ten thousand times ten thousand-fold more anguish and misery. Happily by some this mistake is found out ere it is too late, and though deceived and robbed of many year's real life and enjoyment by the delusive phantom, yet in God's wondrous grace, opportunity has been granted for "repentance unto life."

"If ever any man under the sun had an opportunity of finding the pleasure the world offers, if any man ever laid himself out with all his might to seek it, and if any man was ever cruelly deceived, that man is James T——."

So said one in the hearing of the writer some years ago. "Look at me, friends," said he, "my coat is worn and threadbare. My face and brow are seamed and furrowed with care. Would you like to know my story, friends, he asked. "I am satisfied *now*, and a happier man I don't expect to find. I have known great extremes, I have had great wealth and deep poverty, pleasure without peace ; seeking

rest I found ruin ; but I am *happy* now, and know what rest and peace are. I have drunk of the waters of this world's delights, but have found the words of our blessed Lord only too true, 'He that drinketh of this water shall *thirst again*,' but, thank God, I now know that these words of His are also true, 'He that drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst, but the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life.

Would you like to know my story, friends, and the way in which I found true joy and abiding rest? I will tell you." And then he thrilled every hearer by his graphic description of his life of pleasure, of travels on ocean and mountain, among tropical scenes and Alpine lakes, of a fortune spent in seeking happiness, but finding none. And as he descended to the darker scenes of his fruitless search, when friends and money failed, and dark stains blurred and blotted his name, he said, "but, thank God, I've found it at last!" He told us that weary and heartsore, disgraced, yet shameless, two years ago he had left the town where he had been maintaining himself as a horse-dealer, and on a Sunday wandered on and on he knew not where, mile after mile "seeking rest and finding none." At last, sounds like music struck his ear, and thinking to find at least some diversion from his gloomy thoughts, he drew near what appeared to be a cottage, but which really was a Mission-room among the hills. "Yes, friends, in *this very room*," he went on to say, "I found myself that Sunday evening, and in *this very room* I found what I wanted. I found Christ, or *He found me*. Here I heard the story of the woman of Samaria, and if ever a sermon suited anyone, that sermon that day suited me. I was thirsting, but could find nothing to quench my thirst. But the preacher said Christ could satisfy the heart, and that He made no hard condition, it was 'if any man thirst, let him come unto Me and drink,' and there and then, as I was, I came to Jesus with all my sins, my weariness and my shame, and He *received* me, *pardoned* me, *filled* me, and now I want no more except to be with Him." A very short time after that memorable time and that memorable address, which I shall not easily forget, he passed away, sweetly trusting in Jesus. His friends said his deathbed utterances

were worthy of being written in letters of gold.

Has the reader found the secret of true happiness and peace? If not, try the "fountain of iving water," which James T—— drank of—try Jesus. He says "Come unto Me and rest" (Matt. xi. 28). "Come and drink" (John vii. 37). and as surely as His words are "true and faithful," so surely will you find that "whosoever drinketh of the water that He will give shall *never thirst*," but the water shall be in you "a *well* of water springing up into everlasting life." (John iv. 14.)

YET THERE IS ROOM.

"Yet there is room! the Lamb's bright hall of song,
With its fair glory beckons thee along ;
Room, room, still room,
Oh ! enter, enter now."

DEAR unsaved reader, possibly you may be despairing, and saying in your heart as you read that little verse, "Oh no ! there's no room for me, I've put it off too long. Often I have been asked to come to Jesus, and as often have I refused. Ah no ! I am too bad to be saved now. God won't have me." Is this the language of your heart, then you do not know what a heart of love God has. You are limiting His love which knows no bounds, but which can make the vilest sinner clean. It was the LOST—it was SINNERS, Jesus came to save. "He came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance," and again look and see how God yearns to have you for Himself, He willeth not the death of one sinner, but would have all to come unto the knowledge of the truth. (1 Tim. ii. 4.) He entreats you, bad as you are, and you cannot be worse than He Himself describes you when He says, "Come, now, and let us reason together ; though your sins be as SCARLET they shall be as WHITE AS SNOW ; though they be red like CRIMSON, they shall be as wool." Isa. l. 18.) Oh, what wondrous love is this to you poor sinner. God is bringing many many souls to Himself, and still we can tell you, "Yet there is room!" But, my friend, delay not a minute, reject not the salvation which God offers to you through faith in His Son, for the day of grace may close very soon.

"Ere night that gate may close and seal thy doom,
Then the last, low, long cry, No room! no room!
No room! No room!
Oh ! woful cry, No room!"

Green Pastures and Still Waters.

THE EPISTLE TO THE EPHESIANS.—CHS. V. VI.

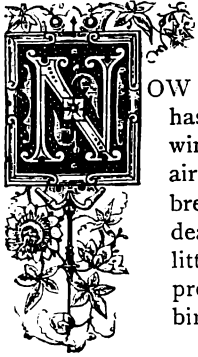
BY W. H. F. C.

THE two last chapters of this Epistle are almost entirely taken up with practical admonitions. The believer is called upon at the very outset to be a "follower of God." This obviously implies that through grace by the teaching of the Holy Ghost there has been a real revelation of that which God is in the two-fold aspect of light and love. "God is light," and "God is Love." A child of God is said to be "Light in the Lord," hence the commands "walk as children of Light" and "walk in Love." By so doing the believer becomes a follower of God. The pattern to be set before us is the Lord Jesus Christ, "who hath loved us and hath given Himself for us an offering and a sacrifice to God for a sweet smelling savour." Thus we have a new nature which not only hates, but cannot countenance sin, and in this Epistle some of the doings of the old man which must be put off are presented to us in their most hideous forms. Nor is this all, the new man must also be put on, while the divine Spirit gives the power for carrying out that which is good. There is to be not only no fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness, but also by reproof and rebuke a directly aggressive attitude has to be maintained. Then there are the natural relationships of life which ought to be suitably affected by the sincere reception of the truth. This is Christianity Wives and husbands, children and fathers, servants and masters are each and all instructed to set the Lord always before them as the great model and perfect pattern to be copied and followed. All these details bearing upon the varied interests which the Christian is associated with upon earth, both within and without the domestic circle, are in complete harmony with the grand doctrine of the Epistle. But over and beyond the fulfilment of the various obligations that are incumbent upon the man who has been brought to God, the christian is also presented to us as actually engaged in a great conflict. "For we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high (i.e. heavenly) places." The

battle is against Satan and his myrmidons. The great effort of the adversary is to hinder the saints from realizing their heavenly blessedness. The power of the foe is great, but the strength of the Lord is greater, otherwise complete defeat would assuredly follow, and does follow, if the christian be not "Strong in the Lord and in the power of His might!" For the warfare ample provision is made, otherwise the contest would be unequal. The arm of the flesh can be of no avail, but equipped with the whole armour of God, the christian is enabled to withstand, as well as to stand, to attack as well as to hold his own. This is not now a question of acceptance with God, but of continued resistance to an enemy ever ready to harass and to wound where he cannot slay. "Stand, therefore, having your loins girt about with truth, and having on the breastplate of righteousness, and your feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace; above all taking the shield of faith, wherewith ye shall be able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked." In the heavenly armoury provision is made both for defence and attack. The shield of faith and the helmet of salvation will ward off many a hurtful thrust, while the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God, when wielded by the strength that cometh alone by prayer, will again and again secure the victory. He who neglects prayer and watchfulness will fall an easy prey, even though he be equipped for the war from head to foot. Hence the absolute need of the admonition. Praying always with all prayer and supplication in the Spirit, and watching thereunto with all perseverance and supplication for all saints." "Prayer on his own behalf keeps the christian's armour bright. Prayer on behalf of others enlarges his heart and widens the sphere of his interests. Dependence upon God is alone the path of safety and success, for he who puts his trust in the Lord shall never be moved, and when these plain instructions for the campaign are carried out there can be but one result, although the hosts marshalled against us are numerous and mighty, and that is victory all along the line.

Talks, Tales, & Teachings for our Young Friends.

A CHAT ABOUT BIRDS.



NOW that the blue sky of summer has shrouded itself in its coat of wintry grey, and soft gentle airs have given place to the icy breath of winter, I want our dear little readers to give a little thought at times to our pretty feathered favourites the birds.

The green woods, their natural homes, are now bare of their sheltering leaves. The earth from which they derive much of their nourishment, is often frozen hard or covered with a bed of snow, and it is pitiable to watch them flying heavily about in a hungry, desolate manner, or sitting drearily in rows swelling themselves out with the cold until they look like little brown balls of fluff. It requires a good deal to take the impudence out of sparrows, but even they grow sadly humble after a long spell of cold weather.

The cuckoo, our friend of the spring has left us long ago. The pretty graceful swallow has flown away to the sunny south, but we have still the thrush, the chaffinch, the wren, the blackbird, the starling, and the linnet, besides many others, who are left to struggle along through the hard winter as best they may. It is hard to know that very many of our sweet singing birds succumb to cold and hunger during the lengthened winter.

Would not our little readers like to be the means of keeping alive some of these pretty creatures, who have by their merry music brought joy to our hearts during the bright summer hours?

I am sure it would make you happy to do so; then forget not to spare them the crumbs that fall from your tables; scatter with a liberal hand the morsels before your window, do it regularly, and you will be surprised and delighted at the large breakfast party you will find assembled there. At first, perhaps, you will only have two or three saucy brown sparrows, but soon they will spread the joyful news around, and blackbirds, thrushes, robins, and starlings will eagerly press forward and receive the food almost from your hand. And many a trilling carol will your

special little favourite, the redbreast, give you in return for his breakfast.

It is interesting to notice that the birds of the temperate climes are far inferior to those of tropical countries in point of beauty, but they are far more interesting to man, on account of their melodious notes. Although the gaudy parrot and the brilliant flamingo and the bird of paradise may please the eye with the wealth of their colouring, they can never claim our affections, or steal our hearts, as do our pretty brown larks and speckled thrushes. Speaking of larks reminds me that our Colonial relations in Australia must often miss this sweet English bird, for it is unknown there. I came across a touching account of the effect which the song of one of these little captive birds had upon the rough English miners out there, and it is so pretty that I will quote it for your benefit; it will perhaps cause you to prize a little more the merry little singer whose song you have listened to so heedlessly on many a summer day.

"At last," said the writer, "the little feathered exile began as it were to tune its pipes. The savage men gathered round the cage that moment, and amidst a dead stillness the bird uttered some very uncertain chirps, but after a while he seemed to revive his memories and call his ancient cadences back to him one by one and string them *sotto voce*. Then the same sun that warmed his little heart at home, came flaring down on him here, and he gave music back for it more and more and more, till at last, amidst breathless silence, and glistening eyes of the rough diggers hanging on his voice—out burst in that distant land his full English song.

"It swelled his little throat and gushed from him with thrilling force and plenty; and every time he checked his song he seemed to think of the green meadows, the quiet stealing streams, and the clover from which he first soared in his native country. His well-known song made his rough hearers think of the quiet brooks, the honey clover and the English spring, and more than one tear-drop trickled from fierce unbridled hearts down bronzed and rugged cheeks."



FEEDING THE BIRDS.

Food for Christ's Lambs.

SPIRITUAL NOURISHMENT,*

AS TYPIFIED BY THE ROAST LAMB, THE MANNA, AND THE OLD CORN OF THE LAND.

BY T. SHULDHAM HENRY.



NOW we must pass over the history of the idolatry, failures, unbelief, and sins of the children of Israel, with their punishment during their wilderness journey, and see them crossing the Jordan, and entering upon their inheritance, a land flowing

with milk and horey. How many have been accustomed to look at Jordan as a mere figure of the death of the believer, leaving this scene and going to heaven! If so, how is it that the children of Israel had to fight and destroy their enemies, when they got to Canaan? Surely we do not fight when we get to heaven. Is not our warfare over then? Well, Jordan does mean death, but not the separation of soul and body; the passage of the Red Sea was also death, but they typified the death of Christ, and our death in Him—in the Red Sea as setting us free from the world, and the tyranny and bondage of Satan and sin—in Jordan as introducing us into “the heavenly places” of Ephesians, where true and desperate conflict begins. It is well to see the difference. The Red Sea brings us out of slavery, where sin reigned. Jordan brings us into the place where Christ is. In the Red Sea we read our complete deliverance from the dominion of sin. In Christ we have died to sin. It is our happy privilege to reckon ourselves as much delivered from its power and claims as a dead man.

Sin dwells in the believer, but its rule is gone. This is the lesson of the Red Sea. In Jordan, we learn that we are not merely delivered from Satan's power and the present evil world, but brought into an entirely new position as risen men, and associated with Christ in heaven. We have been crucified with Christ—not merely has He borne my sins, but when He died we died—buried *with* Christ, quickened together *with* Christ, raised up together and made to sit together in the heavenlies in—not yet with—Christ Jesus. This is the death of

self as belonging to the old creation, and as linking us on to the new in and with Christ. We have thus crossed Jordan and are in Canaan, whether we believe it or not, or live in the power of our heavenly associations. We are not waiting to go to heaven when we die. We are there already, for as Christ is before God so are we. God looks on us in Him up there. That is our place as heavenly men and women, and our conflict is to maintain our calling and character, which will be ceaselessly assailed by Satan with all his hellish wiles, his object being to lead us to live as earthly ones.

Let us now see how the Israelites crossed over Jordan. The ark was to go over first, and there was to be the space of 2000 cubits between it and them, that they might know the way by which they must go, for they had not passed that way heretofore. The great Antitype of the ark has passed through and over Jordan before, and for us, that we may cross over dry shod—not wetting the soles of our feet. In other words, Christ has gone down into death for us, He has stemmed the torrent of judgment—God's judgment on sin—He has exhausted its force, which spent itself on Him, when all the waves and billows went over Him. He encountered the swellings of Jordan, and forced back the outpouring of judgment until all His people had been brought over in safety. The two things are distinct. 1. He exhausted the wrath of God due to His people's sins, so that they cross over in safety by believing on Him and are brought into the heavenlies, one with a risen and glorified Christ. 2. He rolled back the swelling waters of judgment which will flow down with irresistible force when all His own are gathered home, and He sweeps away His enemies. Jeremiah, contemplating this terrible time, asks the ungodly, “How will you do in the swellings of Jordan?” In the place that was life and safety to the Lord's people, there will be death and destruction to His enemies. Solemn thought for the unsaved!

God allowed no way through Jordan except

* These Papers are now published in a separate form, and can be had of the Publishers.

that which the ark made. "And Joshua spake unto the priests saying, Take up the ark of the covenant and pass over before the people." Joshua typifies Christ raised from the dead leading His people unto their heavenly inheritance. The priests bearing the ark into the midst of Jordan shows forth Christ going down into death for us, and completely destroying its power. Thus all is secure, all is certain, the blessed guarantee of everything to faith. This fills us with the most blessed assurance that the One who "spared not His own Son, but delivered Him up for us all" will surely lead us into the full possession and enjoyment of all that His matchless grace has in store for us. It is our happy privilege now to stand on Canaan's shore, and erect our memorial of what Christ—the true Joshua—has done for us.

Read Joshua iv. 1—7.

We are introduced into a life that is on the other side of death. The twelve stones taken out of Jordan, a stone for a tribe, represented all the children of Israel, and being taken out of the depths of Jordan, tell of Jehovah's work, who by His Ark had brought the people over dry-shod.

The twelve stones were taken from the very spot where the priests' feet stood firm, and set up in Gilgal, and became a memorial to the children of Israel for ever. How much more should the death and resurrection of Christ be the one memorial of every child of God?

These stones on the other side of Jordan

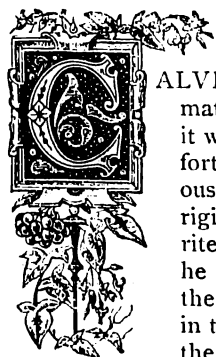
typify our union with Christ. The two-and-a-half tribes might not come up practically to the full measure of blessings which the land flowing with milk and honey offered them, they might choose to settle down on the wilderness side of Jordan, but their stones were set up in the promised land, and despite the poverty of their faith they were one with their brethren there.

Is it true that only those children of God who see and live up to the blessed truth of their oneness in Christ are entitled to consider themselves members of the one body and separate themselves from all other communion and fellowship?

Every child of God, whether he knows it, or holds it, or not, is one with Christ, a member of His body the oneness being effected by the Holy Ghost as the result of the death of Christ. How many like the two tribes and a half loose the enjoyment of their portion and their place and live far below their privileges. But, beloved, are we affording proof in our daily life that Christ has died for us and that we have died in Him, that we are united to Him in heaven, that our treasure is there, our hopes and home there? Are we practically sitting loose to the world, letting go our hold of present things, in the power of the unseen life in communion with our unseen Lord? Are we as it were carrying Jordans twelve stones on our shoulders; always bearing about in the body the dying of the Lord Jesus, that the life of Jesus might be manifested in our body? (2 Cor. iv. 10).

God's Mighty Men of Valour.

THE CONVERSION OF CALVIN.

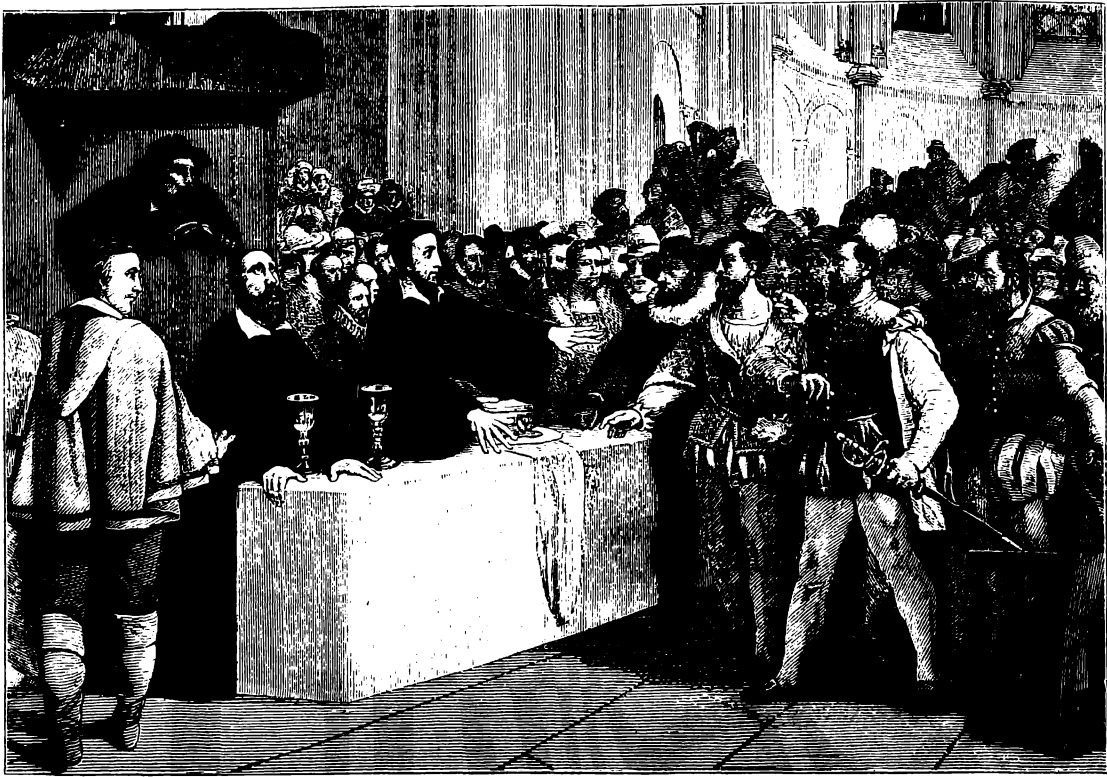


ALVIN at Paris, with the Reformation all around him, felt that it was necessary that he should fortify himself against its insidious heresy, by the still more rigid observance of all outward rites. Still he flattered himself he was tolerably secure from the infection. Did he not live in the orthodox atmosphere of the Montaign, where it was

almost impossible to hear anything that could corrupt his faith? Then too, was not his daily

food the conversation of the schoolmen, the sound qualities of whose doctrines none in the Montaign could question?

But God knew how to find an opening in the triple armour in which the young student was encasing himself. Just about this time his cousin Olvertan came to Paris. He had imbibed much truth from the aged Lefevre, and they being thrown much together, the new opinions which were now agitating Paris became a topic of frequent conversation with them. The great bell too, of Notre Dame which had summoned all Paris to witness the execution of the martyrs



CALVIN REFUSING THE LORD'S SUPPER TO THE LIBERTINES.

Pavane and the hermit of Livre, had called them also to the spot, and Calvin had watched how, with undismayed courage they had stood boldly for their Lord. They would retire from these awful scenes, Olivetan to boldly assail, and Calvin to as boldly defend the dogmas of the Church.

The humble apartment of Calvin became a battle field, and day by day was the contest renewed.

"These," says the historian Wylie, "are the battles that change the world, not those noisy affairs which are fought with cannon and sabres, but those in which souls wrestle to establish or overthrow great principles."

"There are but two religions," said Olivetan, "The one religion is those which man has invented, in all of which man saves himself by ceremonies and good works. The other is that one religion which is revealed in the Bible, and which teaches man to look for salvation solely from the grace of God."

"I will have none of your new doctrines," Calvin would reply sharply, "think you I have been in error all my days?"

But although Calvin kept a bold front, his cousin's words had sunk deeper than he let it appear, or would admit even to himself, for often when Olivetan had bidden him farewell for the day, and almost before the door had closed behind him, Calvin would fall on his knees, and with a burst of tears would give vent in prayer to the doubts and fears of his storm-tossed soul. It seemed to him at this time as though the gulf of perdition was yawning before him, and he had nowhere to cling for safety. If he forsook the Church, what should he do? where should he cling? And yet how could he cling to her when in the light of the truth his cousin had set forth he could see her dogmas melting away, and the ground of all his former beliefs sinking from beneath him?

The agitation of his soul grew into a tempest, he had a vivid consciousness of guilt and vile-

ness, and a shuddering apprehension of wrath. Not now, as before, had he to do with saints who were but a little holier than himself, with them he could get on very well. He was now standing in the presence of that infinite Holy One with whom evil cannot dwell, and in the clear light of that divine purity how black and vile was he ! And he was standing, too, in that presence with all in which he had formerly trusted, saints, rites, good works, swept away, and there was nothing now to protect him from the awful sentence of the Judge, "The soul that sinneth it shall die." "The severity of Calvin's struggle," says a historian, "was in proportion to the strength of his self-righteousness. That thought had been growing within him from his youth upwards. The very blamelessness of his life and the punctuality with which he discharged all the acts of devotion had helped to nourish it into vigour and strength, and now nothing but a tempest of surpassing force could have beaten down and laid in the dust a pride which had been waxing higher and stronger with every rite he performed, and every year that passed over him. And till his pride had been laid in the dust it was impossible that he could throw himself at the feet of the Great Physician."

"Confess !" cried the doctors of the Montaign, when with wasted form and dim eye the young scholar came to them for comfort. And Calvin would confess, and then strive to persuade himself that his trouble was somewhat assuaged, and he would turn again to his studies and to his fellow students and strive to forget, in their speculations and their subtleties of reasoning, the things which before so engrossed his mind. But all in vain, another tempest of soul-agony would sweep over him, and his closet would resound with groanings and sighings, even as Luther's did at Erfurt.

One day when he was passing through one of these terrible struggles, he chanced, but we will not call it chance, to visit the Place de Grève, where he found a great crowd assembled round a stake at which a disciple of the "new doctrines" was calmly yielding up his life. Calvin stood and watched the cruel fire do its deadly work, till nought was left but a stake, an iron collar and a chain, and a heap of ashes. The tragedy awakened a train of thought within him. "These men," said he,

"have a peace which I do not possess. They endure the fire with a rare courage. I too could brave the fire, but were the death to come to me as it comes to them with the sting of the Church's anathema in it could I face that as calmly as they do? Why is it that they are so courageous in the midst of terrors that are as real as they are dreadful, while I am oppressed and tremble before apprehensions and forebodings? Yes, I will take my cousin Olvertan's advice, and search the Bible if haply I may find that 'new way' of which he speaks, and which these men who go so bravely through the fire seem to have found."

And so Calvin went to the only source of light, the Bible ; but as is so often the case when God is dealing with the soul, only to find in it cause for sharper terror. Never had he appeared so vile as now, and like Peter he was ready to cry, "Lord, depart from me, for I am a sinful man." He would have shut the Book, but where else had he to flee? Abysses seemed to be opening on all sides of him. And so he continued to read, and by and by (to quote the beautiful words of another), "He thought he could discern dimly and afar off what seemed a cross, and One hanging upon it, and His form was like the Son of God. He looked again and the vision was clearer, for now he thought he could read the inscription over the head of the Sufferer ; 'He was wounded for our iniquities, he was bruised for our transgressions, the chastisement of our peace was upon him and by his stripes we are healed.'" A ray now shone through this darkness, he thought he could see a way of escape, a shelter where the black tempest that lowered over him would no longer beat upon his head ; already the great burden that pressed upon him seemed less heavy, it seemed as if about to roll off, and now it rolled down as he gazed on the Crucified.

"O Father," he burst out—it was no longer the judge, the avenger—"O Father, His blood has washed away my impurities ; His cross has borne my curse, His death has atoned for me !" In the midst of the great billows his feet had touched the bottom, he found the ground to be good, he stood upon a Rock.

Calvin's influence in helping on the Reformation was second only to that of Luther's, and his life was full of stirring events, one of which is beautifully set forth in our engraving.

Work in the Lord's Vineyard.

Penang.—During the past seven weeks a Chinese and his wife living about seven miles distant have been at meetings. In the beginning of last month their idol was put away. The neighbours are members of a secret society, to which our friend was also attached. They revile and say that evil will befall Ah Theam. His dog has been poisoned and his coolie has run away. May they be kept steadfast. Brother Ah Moy, who lives not far from them, has diligently sought the good of Ah Theam and his wife. At daylight recently, a Chinese brother from the mainland came in to say that his house had been burnt down the previous night, that he had saved only a little money and some clothes and had run away lest he should be arrested by the police; he said that when a house was burnt, the police always arrested the proprietor to secure an investigation. Crime was always suspected. I told him he should not run away as though he were a criminal. He said people might come forward and falsely accuse him. I sought to lead him to God by the word of His grace. In the afternoon he returned, and was at once arrested, but the next morning was released on his own bail bond. On Lord's day, two Chinese brethren were baptised and my daughter Alice. Although both were Chinese they were of different dialect, and could understand each other but little. The blind Chinese woman continues to come to meetings, and all I hear of her confirms the hope that she has really received God's message of love. Two other young women, both English-speaking, seem to have received the Lord Jesus also, and have asked for fellowship. Their mother has been some time with us. The Chinese preacher from Larut was here recently. He and others report a larger number of Chinese coming to the gospel preaching there.—W. MACDONALD.

Nursapur, India.—Almost every evening that I preach in the Bazaar, I have to try to dispel from the minds of my hearers the idea that the Bible, like their own Vedas and Puranas, is of human production. The idea of God's speaking in that one book they cannot allow, but the popular idea that the soul is part of the eternal spirit, and therefore that man's words are God's they will allow, because the darkness in man is not judged thereby, but only intensified. They make out, by some means or other, that the witness of ten persons, although entirely opposed the one to the other, is reliable (as in the case of their Puranas) whilst the word of God, which condemns sin, but proclaims salvation in Christ to the believing sinner, is rejected by them as of European origin. Surely gross darkness covers this people. May God who commanded light to shine out of darkness, shine in many hearts "giving the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ."—THOMAS HEELIS.

A New Zealand Chief.—About a month ago there died a chief of some note, by name Te Petie. This man in the days of his youth and strength was a scoffer and drunkard; but in the last few years a thorough change came over him. Finding that strong drink had undermined his otherwise strong constitution, he gave it up altogether; his health how-

ever was gone, it was too late. Thanks to God for his unspeakable gift in Christ, it was not too late to save his soul. The sound of the gospel was now very welcome to him. I had several interviews with him about the way of salvation, and about Christ as Physician and Saviour of poor sinners, and by faith he laid hold upon the word of God. His brother told me that when his end drew nigh, he continued to the last to admonish all around him to hold fast to the faith in Jesus, and to abstain from strong drink, for he in his folly had ruined his health by it, and shortened his life. He now also saw that faith in Jesus was the only means to save man and to make him happy. In this state of mind he left the body to go to be with Him who came to seek and to save that which was lost. When a chief dies there is always a very great feast at his funeral; and the only difference on this occasion was the absence of the mai piro, (strong drink.) Ever since the Europeans introduced it there has always been a large supply at funerals, but hundreds of Maoris now see the mischief and abominations of it and have left it off, while the bulk of the Europeans still revel in it, so that in reality the Maoris are an example of sobriety to those from whom they ought to have learnt it. The tribe to which Te Petie belonged, called Te Rangitane, are on the whole a superior people. When I last visited them and preached to them, setting forth the lost state of man by the example of the prodigal son, and the mercy of God and His Son to repenting sinners by His receiving back the prodigal, one said: "It does my heart good, and I enjoy very much what you say, be sure to come to us at least once a month." A woman said: "Very clear it is, indeed." I believe that the Lord will not only make it clear to their understanding, but also to their hearts and consciences, to the saving of their souls. One day I asked one of them to send me some seed potatoes, and I would pay the proper price, "Pay for them," said the man, "which is the best, money or love?" The next day he sent me a bag of potatoes and paid the carriage. The Maori is naturally very ungrateful, and in his language he has not so much as a word equivalent to our "Thank you," but grace can produce gratitude.—ABRAHAM HONORE.

Vigo.—We are losing one of our godliest brethren; he sails for Buenos Ayres in a few days, and will send for his wife and family as soon as he has means to do so; he is driven out of Spain by the fanaticism that refuses to employ a Protestant. Another brother is to proceed to the same destination shortly. There is an earnest spirit of prayer in the meeting, so I hope for the future. Don Luis Wirte went with me to Morgadanes on Wednesday, and we had a very encouraging meeting. There has been a stress of persecution there, and it was reported that most of the believers were in danger of being driven back to Rome. Three of them promised to come to Vigo to be baptized, and we were uncertain whether they would appear. Not only did they come, but they brought another sister with them, and I had the joy of baptizing all four of them early this morning.—B. SMITH.