

Good News

FOR YOUNG AND OLD

WITH
SOME PAGES FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

“Suffer Little Children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for
of such is the Kingdom of God.”—Luke xviii. 16.

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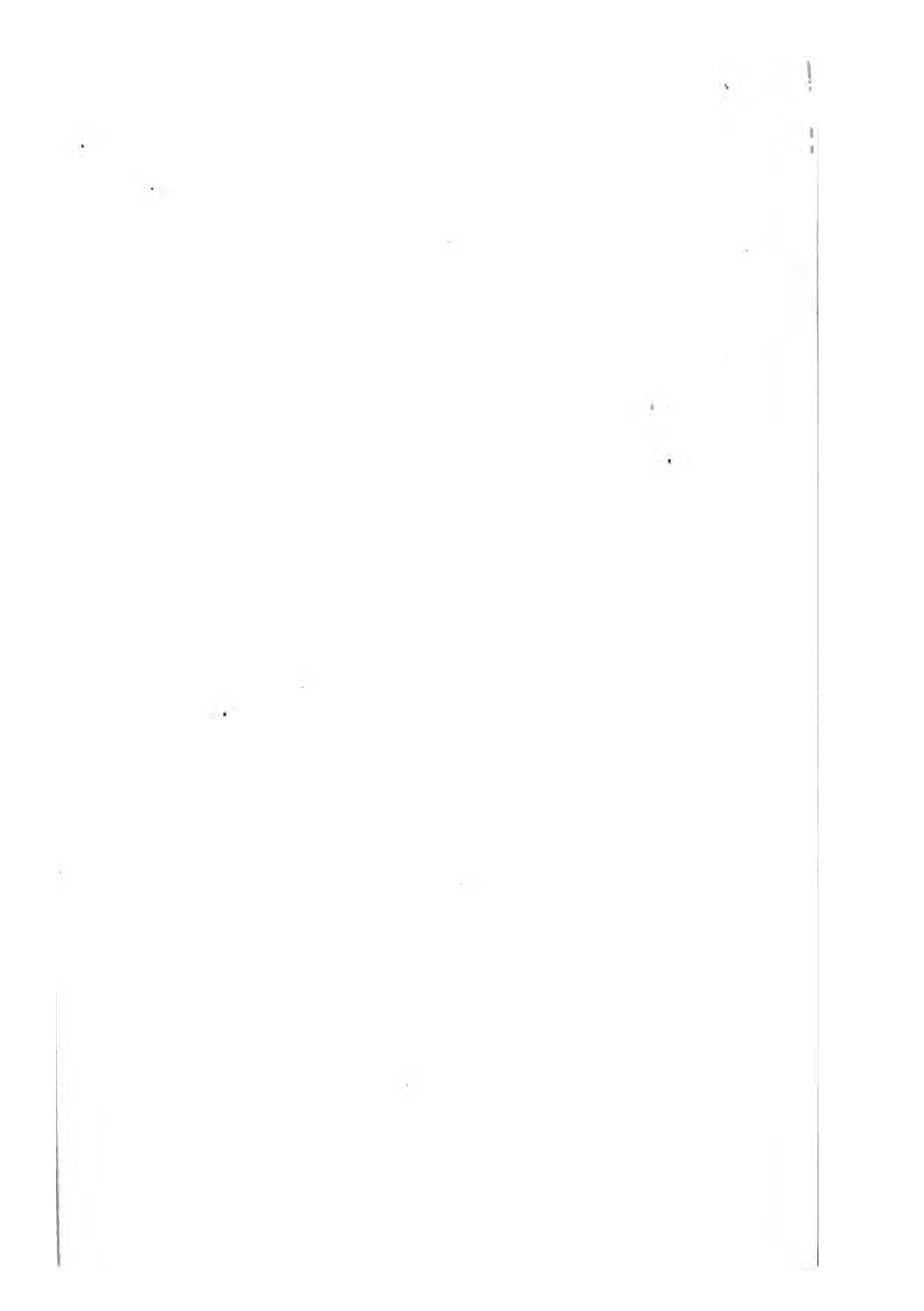
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SHAPHAN READING THE LAW OF THE LORD BEFORE KING JOSIAH.
(2 Kings xxii.)





KAJARNACK; OR, A HOOK IN THE HEART.

GREENLAND is a very cold country, stretching away to the North Pole. Except during a very short summer its plains and mountains are covered with snow, its waters are frozen, and even the sea itself, for a long way out from land, is either a great field of ice or full of enormous blocks and islands, all of frozen sea water. The people live by fishing, and catching seals and other creatures, such as the great white bear. In the depth of winter they dwell in huts made of solid blocks of snow like great white stones, with which they build themselves snug warm houses resembling great beehives. As they have no

wood nor coal, they warm their houses by means of a very large kind of lamp. A great piece of fat hangs over the flame, which, as it melts, supplies the wick with oil, and so keeps up a good fire. The men, women, and children dress in skins from head to foot, and look almost like big and little bears walking about on two legs, nothing but eyes, nose, and mouth being seen. It is now more than a hundred years since the first missionaries went to carry the Gospel into Greenland. By some means two Greenlanders were present at the coronation of King Christian VI. at Copenhagen, and a certain Count Zinzendorf became interested in them. This led some to talk of sending the Gospel into that far country, and at last, in 1733, a company of missionaries went out. For several years their labours were all in vain. It is said that they at first thought they ought to teach these poor heathens about the existence of a God, and about their having souls, which must be either eternally happy or wretched in a future state. The heathen listened, but learnt nothing. Christ was *not* preached, and therefore that blessed Spirit who is here to testify of Him could not bless the labours of these well-meaning but mistaken men. At last, one day a missionary named Beck, when busied about translating the gospels, was visited by a number of Greenlanders who were curious to know what he had got in the book he was so busy with. Brother Beck at once began to speak to them about Jesus, telling them who He was, and why He came into the world,

and what he suffered at the hands of men, and how at last He went to the cross and there died for sinners. The story of the sufferings of Christ did what nothing else could do. The attention of the poor heathen was awakened instantly. As an old German writer says, "it struck in as the lightning, and kindled a fire." One man named Kajarnack walked to the table, and said in a loud voice, "How was that? Tell me that again, for I would fain be saved."

You may depend upon it these words delighted the missionary, who had been so long waiting to hear some poor sinner ask for salvation. To labour on year after year and see no fruit at all, to find every heart as hard as the frozen sea, was indeed a trial to earnest men who yearned to win souls for Christ; and when these words fell on the ears of Brother Beck, he was for a moment so overcome that he could not speak. At last, with the tears in his eyes, he told again "that sweet story of old," and preached Christ fully to these poor heathen. There was now, all at once, a great stir among these dry bones. Kajarnack, speaking as a fisherman would, had got, as he said, "*a hook in his heart*," which he could never get out if he would, and would not if he could. One coal kindled another, and at last the whole family of Kajarnack, consisting of nine persons, believed in the Lord Jesus Christ and were all baptised. Kajarnack, the first-fruits of that frozen land, took the name of Samuel, which means "Given of God," as indeed he was through the

Spirit's testimony to the sufferings of Christ. Shortly after this, Kajarnack was missing, and for a long time no one knew what had become of him. A whole year passed away, and the brethren became very anxious about him, fearing that some harm had overtaken him. Many dangers beset these poor Greenlanders when hunting on the snow-covered plains and mountains, or fishing among the ice islands in their frail little boats, for great white bears roam about in search of food, and are very fierce when hungry. They can swim too, and will sometimes give chase to a man in a boat when angry or wounded. Now and then they get carried out to sea on a great block of ice, and then are very dangerous to the Greenlander who approaches them. Then, again, the man may be lost in the snow, or he and his little boat may be crushed between the floating mountains of ice on the ocean. But after waiting a whole year, Kajarnack came back, bringing with him far better booty than any he had ever got by hunting.

What do you think he had been about? Well, the love of Christ in suffering even to death for poor sinners had so stirred him up that he had set off over the endless snow and ice on foot and all alone into the far South to find his brother and to preach the gospel to him, and all whom he could get to listen. The "hook in the heart" drew him on amid all the dangers of that frozen wilderness. God blessed his labours, and now, to the joy and wonder of the missionaries, he came

home bringing his brother and *all his family* with him, not now heathen and "without God in the world," but believers in the Son of God, the Saviour of sinners. (1 Jno. iv. 14).

Kajarnack did not remain long after this among the saints on earth. In 1741 he was taken ill, and went to be "with Christ, which is far better." There he waits till "that blessed hope" is realised, when all the Lord's people, alive or asleep, shall rise to meet Him in the air and be

"For ever with the Lord."

K.

THE LAST APPEAL; OR, WILL YOU MEET ME THERE?

SOME thirty years ago there lived in London a man who got his living by driving pleasure-vans and taking people out, chiefly on the Lord's-day, to what are called "pic-nics." He was an infidel, that is, he pretended not to believe that the Bible is God's Word. I say *pretended*, because, though I have met with very many infidels, some in health, some in sickness, and some on their death-beds, I never met with *one* who *honestly* believed what he professed. The truth is, that they are living in sin, practising, it may be, something in secret, something that will not bear the light, and, knowing that the word of God condemns such things, *they hate it*. It is with them just as that word declares, "They love darkness rather than light, because their deeds are evil." Well, the

man I speak of was an infidel, and the reason of his infidelity was that he was a drunkard, and a very bad man in many other ways. He had two children, whom he allowed his wife to send to a Sunday school, where one of the boys, named James, was brought to believe in the Lord Jesus Christ. One evening, when the father came home from an infidel meeting, where he had been listening to all manner of wicked speeches against the truth of God and His Christ (Jude 15), he was startled by the words from his wife, "James is dying!" Going up stairs, he bent over the death-bed of his child, and while he was looking on him, the poor little fellow said, "Father, I am very happy, for I am going to heaven. *Will you meet me there?*" and at once drooped his head, and died. This was too much for the father's infidelity, and, in spite of all the rubbish he had but just been hearing, this last appeal of his dear boy sank deep into his heart. He tried hard afterwards to forget those dying words, but *God* had fixed them there, and the more he tried the deeper his convictions grew. His "exceeding sinfulness" was ever before him, and one Lord's-day, when he had taken a party out as usual into the country, he, while they were enjoying themselves, went into a village church, perhaps for the first time in his life. One of the lessons for the day was 2 Sam. xii., and when he heard the words, "I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me" (v. 23), he thought of his little boy and his last appeal, and how impossible it was that in his sinful state he

could ever hope to meet him there, where he had gone to be happy with the Lord, because, you know, a sinner *in his sins* cannot possibly go to heaven. He was greatly distressed, and for a long time afterwards his anguish of soul only seemed to increase day by day. "Will you meet me there?" rang ever in his ears, and the answer a convicted conscience always gave was, "It is impossible."

At last, one day a servant of the Lord called upon him, and he told out all his heart. Of course he was pointed to Him whose precious "blood cleanseth us from all sin," and, believing, he got settled peace. Ever afterwards he could rejoice in Him by whose grace it was that that last appeal had had such power with him.

If the young reader is a believer in the Lord Jesus Christ, I hope this little narrative will lead him to see how much may follow through the grace of God from a word spoken in simplicity and all earnestness to the unconverted. You need not wait to make "the *last* appeal," but may make many as you go on towards your happy everlasting home, if, while the Lord tarries, you seek grace and opportunity from Him to do so. Lend this little book, when you have read it, to some young playmate. Then, when he returns it, talk to him of what he has read, and thus you will find opportunities which the Lord may bless in bringing your friend to Himself.

K.



BLOTTED OUT.

A DEAF and dumb boy, who was a believer in the Lord Jesus Christ, was once asked by signs what had become of his sins? He replied in writing that "a crucified Saviour had passed His bleeding hand over all the account that was against him, and that none could read a word of it now because of the blood; *it was all blotted out.*" "Be it known unto *you* therefore, that through this MAN (JESUS CHRIST) is preached unto *you the forgiveness of sins*, and by HIM *all that believe are justified FROM ALL THINGS*" (Acts xiii. 38, 39).

Have you, dear young reader, this simple trust in the power of the blood of Christ? God's Word says of all who believe, "The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin" (1 Jno. i. 7). Do *you* believe *God*? If you believe *God* you can say, "My sins are all blotted out." More than this, you can say, "*I know that I have eternal life,*" because the same Word—the Word of God—says, "These things have I written unto you that believe on the name of the Son of God, that *ye may know that ye have eternal life*" (1 Jno. v. 13). Nor is this all. You can say, "I am a child." Whose child? A child of *God*; for to *believers* it is written in God's Word, "Ye are all the children of God by faith in Christ Jesus" (Gal. iii. 26). Think of that! To be the child of a prince, of an earthly king, would be something, but to be a child of God! "Behold, what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called

the sons of God" (1 Jno. iii. 1); for, "as many as received Him, to them gave He power to become the sons of God, even to them *that believe on His name*" (Jno. i. 12). As a child, you can say from the heart, "Abba, Father" (Gal. iv. 6), and are a worshipper of Him who has thus made you His own child (Jno. iv. 23), "having boldness to enter into the holiest by the blood of Jesus, the new and living way" (Heb. x. 19). No need have you of any other priest between God and you save Him who is the High Priest over the house of God. No need to keep at a distance as if afraid. Afraid of what? Of your own loving gracious God and Father? Nay, you are told to "draw near with a true heart" (v. 21), a heart true to Christ, by whom you have been "made nigh," and whom you dishonour when you keep at a distance. Having your heart sprinkled from an evil conscience (v. 22), by that simple trust in the power of the blood of Christ, which the deaf and dumb boy showed, and your "body washed with pure water," sanctified and cleansed with the washing of water by the Word (Eph. v. 26), you *can* draw near in spirit into the very presence of your God. These are some, yet only *some*, of the blessings which faith in the blood of Christ sets you in. "He that is washed is clean every whit, and needeth not save *to wash his feet*" (Jno. xiii. 10). Never forget this. In looking at the blessings given to us in Christ, we sometimes, and, I fear, too often, forget what we owe to Him who gave them. The Psalmist asks, "Wherewithal shall a young man *cleanse his way*?"

A most important question, but the answer follows at once, "*By taking heed thereto according to Thy Word*" (Psa. cxix. 9). This is the way to wash your feet. "Thy Word have I hid in mine heart, that I might not sin against Thee" (11). This is the way to *keep them clean*. "Be ye therefore followers (imitators) of God, as dear children; and walk in love, as Christ also hath loved us" (Ephes. v. 1). This is the path you are called to walk in. "Walk in (by) the Spirit, and ye shall not fulfil the lust of the flesh" (Gal. v. 16). This is the power. "I, therefore, the prisoner of the Lord, beseech you that ye walk worthy of the vocation, wherewith ye are called" (Ephes. iv. 1). This is the Divine exhortation: may God give you grace to obey it!

K.

TO THE READERS OF GOOD NEWS—THE FIRST SHIP.

READ GEN. VI. and VI

I THINK some of you will remember that, when we read the first chapter of this book, we found seven places where it is said that God looked upon what He had made, and was pleased with it. It was all good, very "good." We now read of His looking once more upon this same world that His own hands had made, but that man's hand had spoilt; instead of being *pleased* with what He beholds, it grieved Him at His heart. All has gone wrong. The one man, Enoch, who walked with God, and pleased Him, had been taken away to heaven

more than five hundred years, and the people now living, except Enoch's great grandson Noah, are corrupt before God, and hating and killing one another, so that the earth is "*filled* with violence;" and God says He will "*destroy* man from the face of the earth." And God tells Noah what He is going to do. Noah preaches and warns others of the danger God had warned him of (see 1 Pet. iii. 19, 20, and Heb. xi. 7). And this is not all Noah does. He not only *preaches* righteousness, but he *practices* obedience to the God who has told him of the "things not seen as yet." For the same God who is going to drown the wicked people of the earth is going to save Noah and his family alive, and He sets him to work to build a wooden ark, that they may come into it, and bring food enough to live upon, as long as God is pleased to let him stay in it.

But I need not fill the page by going over all the story to you. Many of you know it well, and, if you do not, you can read it for yourselves, and see how Noah went on building and preaching, till the ark was finished. No one believed him, and, at the end of the 120 years, he and his family went *alone* into the ark, and then "the flood came" that very day. The men of the world had become quite used to seeing the great ship being built on the dry land: perhaps had got tired of laughing at the silly old man, six hundred years old, and expecting such a shower of rain as would float his great ship, and drown everybody else! *But it came true.* They "*knew not,*" because

they *would not* know, *until* "the flood came, and took them all away" (Matt. xxiv. 39). But *then* they knew too well—though alas for them!—it was too late to enter the ark they had despised. God had shut the door, and they could not enter.

Dear reader, another day is swiftly coming upon this guilty world, far more terrible than the day when "the fountains of the great deep were opened." But the day will be like the time of Noah's flood in *this*, that those who have most to fear it will least expect it. Read what God says in Isa. ii. 12—21, and Zeph. i. 14—18, about "that day," and hear what Jesus says: "*As it was in the days of Noe*, so shall it be also in the days of the Son of Man" (Luke xvii. 26, &c.). But God *is* waiting now as once He waited in the days of Noah. "He is long-suffering, not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance" (2 Pet. iii. 5—10). He would have *you* to come to Him as helpless guilty sinners, in the name of the blessed Saviour who came into the world to save such. *He* is the Ark of Safety for all who believe in Him. As it might have been said of Noah's ark, that for those in it there was *no drowning*, so it *is* said of Christ Jesus (Rom. viii. 1) that for those in Him there is "*no condemnation*." Once more, before God *shuts in* the saved, and *shuts out* the unsaved, you are pointed to the blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, which cleanseth from all sin (1 John i. 7).

W. T.





JAPANESE BIRDS.

“NOT ONE OF THEM IS FORGOTTEN.”

LUKE xii. 6.

I WATCHED the sparrows on the eaves,
One cold November day;
And as they flitted here and there,
They seemed to me to say :
“O child of sorrow ! cast away
Thy doubts and anxious care ;
For He who guides our feeble wings
Is present everywhere.

He shields our feathers, gives us food,
Protects our young from harm ;
O faithless one, be still and lean
On His almighty arm

Our lives depend, from day to day,
On Him who framed the skies;
And cannot man repose in Him,
The True, the only Wise?"

And as these winged messengers
Thus preached to me, I felt
A calm steal o'er my troubled soul;
And as I meekly knelt
In prayer unto my Saviour God,
The cloud was chased away,
As mists before the sun's bright beams
That cold November day.

A CHILD'S THOUGHT; OR, JESUS DIED FOR *ME*.

A LITTLE girl was sitting one Sunday night upon her father's knee, talking about the Lord Jesus Christ. Somehow they began at last to speak of dying. To die and go to heaven is not the proper hope of the believer, but rather the coming of the Lord. It is *that* that the believer in Christ is to look for, and it is that which is called "the blessed hope." But, although death is not what the Christian is to expect, it so happened that this little child and her father got talking about it, and at last the father said, "Would you like to die, and go to be where Jesus is?" "Yes, I should," replied the child. "What! and leave your father and mother here?" "I should like you all to go with me." "But suppose you had to go first and leave us behind?" "I should like to be with Jesus, because Jesus loves me." "But don't *we* love you?" "Yes, I know you love me," replied the little girl. "Well, then, why would you not rather stay with us?" "Jesus loves me too,"

said the child, hardly able yet to express her thought, but it came out presently. "Don't we do all we can to show that we love you?" said her father. "Yes," replied the little girl, looking very thoughtful. "You love me, *but Jesus died for me.*" This settled the question to her mind and her father's too, you may depend upon it. Much as the little one loved her parents, and much as they loved her, they both felt that there is One whose claims are far beyond all others; One who has proved His love in a way no other could. Think, dear little reader, what must it have been for that Holy One to be "made sin for us that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him?" What must it have been for Jesus to bear *the wrath of God?* He loved God as none on earth ever loved Him, yet He had to bear God's wrath because in His love for us poor lost sinners He took our place, "bare our sins in His own body on the tree," and so took all the punishment, all the judgment, all the sorrow, that we who believe in Him, as this little girl did, might never have to bear it. Oh, what love was this! Well might the little girl say she would rather be with Him who had thus proved His love for her. She *felt* that His is a love no other can equal, though she could not express *all* she felt. But those few earnest words told her thought: "*Jesus died for me.*"

Can you say this by faith? Can you say, "He loved me, and gave Himself for me?" I hope you can. And if you cannot, may grace be given you to enable you to do so for His name's sake.

K.

FAITH AND LOVE; OR, EVER WITH THE LORD.

1 THESS. iv. 17.

A LITTLE child was dying. Young as it was, the grace of God had led it to believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and where there is faith in Him, there is sure to be love for Him. And not only so, but where there is faith and love there is sure to be confidence, because a simple faith looks up at Christ, and rests quietly in what He is and in what He has done for sinners. Well, this little child was asked where it was going, and its answer was "To heaven." Of this the little child had no shadow of a doubt.

"And what makes you wish to be there?" asked a friend. "Because *Christ* is there," replied the child. "But," said the friend, "what if Christ should leave heaven." "Well," said the child at once, "I will go with *Him*."

"To depart and *be with Christ*" was what this dear little one wished, and no doubt it felt that wherever He was *there* was heaven. But what made this little child so love Christ as to be not only willing but wishful to leave the bright sunshine, the green fields, and the sweet flowers, which a child so loves, and more than all these, its parents and playmates, to die and go to heaven? I am sure the young reader of Good News can soon guess the reason. If any one loves Christ it is "because He first loved us." And how did He prove it? By laying down His life for us amid all the shame and anguish of the cross. (Jno. x., xi., xv.; 1 Jno. iii. 16). Knowing

this by faith, and having God's love shed abroad in its heart by the Holy Ghost given unto it, (Rom. v. 5,) the little one longed to be with Him, and to see His face, and know even as it also was known (1 Cor. xii. 12). Can the reader say "I have a desire to depart and be with Christ?" Or would it be a joy to you to hear the promised trumpet sound, the gladsome shout, the archangel's voice, spoken of in 1 Thess. iv. when those that know Him shall rise to meet Him in the air? If not, it is because you do not believe in Him, for if you did you could not but long to see Him, who would then be to you the "One among ten thousand," and the "altogether lovely." It is sad to think that any child should not love the blessed Jesus; and I have put this little narrative before you that you may ask yourself solemnly "Am I like this little child?" If not, you now know the cause, and I hope the Lord Himself will lead you to go at once and own it before Him, thus taking your *true place*, as one who, though young, is a *sinner*. If you do this you will be saved, for "this is a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." (1 Tim. i. 15).

Jesus Christ the same yesterday, and to-day,
and for ever (Heb. xiii. 8),

says,

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

DICTIONARY OF THE BIBLE.

(Continued from page 333.)

A'lush (a troop), one of the resting places of the children of Israel on their way to the wilderness of Sinai, and between Dophkah and Rephidim (Numb. xxxiii. 13).

Am'alek, son of Eliphaz (Esau's first-born son), by his concubine Timna (Gen. xxxvi. 12), and leader or chieftain of a tribe (v. 16).

Am'alekites, a nation in the south of Palestine, east of the Dead Sea, between Edom and Egypt (Numb. xiii. 29; 1 Sam. xv. 7, xxvii. 8). They are first mentioned Gen. xiv. 7, and therefore could not have been the descendants of Amalek, grandson of Esau. They were the first to attack Israel on their approach to Canaan from Egypt (Exod. xvii. 8—16; Deut. xxv. 17, 18), and are frequently referred to as the adversaries of the Lord's people (Numb. xiv. 45; Judges vi. 3, vii. 12, x. 12; 1 Sam. xxx. 1; Psa. lxxxiii. 7). Haman, the enemy of the Jews, is called the Agagite, being probably of the seed royal of Amalek (1 Sam. xv. 8; Numb. xxiv. 7; Esth. iii).

Ama'na (constancy), a mountain supposed to be a summit of Anti-Libanus, and probably so called as being the source of the river Abana or Amana (Song of Sol. iv. 8).

Amariah (Jah has promised), one of the descendants of Eleazar, eldest son of Aaron (1 Chron. vi. 7). Another Amariah is mentioned, v. 11. The great-grandfather of the prophet Zephaniah bore the same name (Zeph. i. 1).

Ama'sa (burden), son of Jether, the Ishmaelite, by Abigail, David's sister (1 Chron. ii. 17). He was made captain of the host by Absalom when he rebelled against his father (2 Sam. xvii. 25), and was afterwards offered the command of the army by David, as an act of policy, and perhaps also because Joab had displeased David by killing Absalom (2 Sam. xix. 13, xx. 4). Joab, who regarded Amasa as a rival dangerous to his ambition, slew him while pretending great friendship for him (2 Sam. xx. 9, 10; Psa. lv. 21; Matt. xxvi. 48, 49). For this crime no sacrifice was provided by the law of Moses. The penalty was death (comp. Numb. xxxv. 31; Acts vii. 52, xiii. 39). David, as king, ought to have ordered Joab for execution in obedience to the law, but Joab's influence was too great for him (2 Sam. iii. 39). He therefore left the execution of the sentence to his son Solomon (1 Kings ii. 5, 6).

Ama'sa, one of the chiefs of the children of Ephraim, who in obedience to the word of the Lord, by Obed the prophet, refused to allow the captives of Judah to be brought into Samaria by Pekah, son of Remaliah, who, having slain in Judah 120,000 valiant men in one day, made prisoners of 200,000 women, sons, and daughters. Amasa and other nobles of Ephraim afterwards clothed, fed, anointed, and restored these captives to their homes (2 Chron. xxviii. 6—15).

Amasa'i (burdensome), chief of the captains who came to the hold unto David from among the children of Benjamin and Judah. When David

expressed doubts of their object in coming, "the Spirit came upon Amasai, and he said, Thine are we, David, and on thy side, thou son of Jesse: peace, peace be unto thee, and peace be to thine helpers; for thy God helpeth thee" (1 Chron. xii. 16—18).

Amazi'ah (whom Jehovah strengthens), son of Joash, and eighth King of Judah. He began to reign at 25 years of age, and reigned 29 years (B.C. 838 to 809). He began his reign in righteousness (2 Chron. xxv. 3, 4), and was prosperous, (v. 5, 11, 12), though his heart was not perfect with the Lord (v. 3; 2 Kings xiv. 3, 4). Yet he was obedient to the word of the Lord at much cost to himself; for, having hired an army of 100,000 men out of Israel, for a hundred talents of silver, he sent them back and sacrificed the money at God's command (2 Chron. xxv. 6—10). But his victory over the Edomites puffed him up (v. 19), he became a worshipper of their idols, haughtily rebuked and threatened the prophet who came to him with a message from the Lord, and was severely punished and greatly reduced in a war which he thrust upon Joash, king of Israel (v. 14—24). Fifteen years after this his own subjects made a conspiracy against him, and slew him at Lachish (v. 25—28).

Amaziah, the name of the priest of Bethel in the days of Jeroboam, the son of Joash, king of Israel. He is mentioned in the prophecy of Amos vii. 10—17, as an adversary to the prophet whom he sought to hinder and drive away because of his faithfulness.

Amen (firm), a Hebrew word signifying truth, firmness, stability. In Rev. iii. 14, the Lord Jesus Christ is called "the Amen, the faithful and true witness," and in Isa. lxxv. 16, the Hebrew reads "the God of Amen." The word is used at the beginning or end of a sentence by way of confirmation (Deut. xxvii. 15—26; Neh. v. 13, viii. 6; 1 Chron. xvi. 36; Psa. cvi. 48, &c.). It is frequently so used by our Lord in the Gospels at the beginning of His sentences, where it is translated "verily." In John's gospel it is always repeated, and the believer has thus a double confirmation from Him who is Himself the Amen, the faithful and true witness (see John v. 24, vi. 47, viii. 51, x. 7, xii. 24, xiv. 12, 13, xvi. 23).

Amethyst, a transparent gem composed of a strong blue and deep red colour, varying to purple, violet and rose. It is the hardest substance known except the diamond. The Oriental amethyst is of the same species as the sapphire,—which is, next to the diamond, the most valuable of gems. The Occidental amethyst is more common. In the foundations of the New Jerusalem the amethyst is the twelfth stone (Rev. xxi. 20.) In the breastplate of the high priest the ninth stone is in the Hebrew Achlamah, and is translated Amethyst in our version (Exod. xxviii. 19, xxxix. 12).

Amin'adab (kindred of the prince), one of those in the line of descent from Abraham to Christ (Matt. i. 4). He was the father of Naason and

also of Elisheba, the wife of Aaron (Exod vi. 23). Aminadab is also a name mentioned in Song of Solomon vi. 12, of whom we know nothing.

Am'monites (son of my kindred), the descendants of Ben-ammi, the son of Lot's younger daughter (Gen. xix. 38) and the determined enemies of Israel, who, as confederates with Moab (also descendants of Lot), hired against them the diviner Balaam (Deut. xxiii. 3, 4; Neh. xiii. 1, 2), and frequently showed their hostility to the sons of Abraham the uncle of their first father (comp. Judg. iii. 12, 13, xi. 4—33; 1 Sam. xi. 1—11; 2 Sam. x.; 2 Chron. xx.; Amos i. 13—15; Psa. lxxxiii. 6, 8). Brought under tribute in the days of Uzziah, they seem to have rebelled in the days of his son Jotham, by whom they were again brought under tribute (2 Chron. xxvi. 8, xxvii. 5). When the Israelites beyond Jordan were carried captive together with Naphtali, by Tiglath-pileser, king of Assyria, the Ammonites took possession of the inheritance of Gad (Jer. xlix. 1, 2). They joined Nebuchadnezzar in his attack on Jehoiakim (2 Kings xxiv. 2) and exulted in the ruin of Jerusalem (Ezek. xxv. 1—11). When Jerusalem was being rebuilt, their ancient enmity was still manifested (Neh. ii. 10, 19, iv. 3, 7). The national idol of the Ammonites was Milcom, or Molech, for whom Solomon built a high place (1 Kings xi. 7), and in whose worship the Israelites caused their own children to pass through the fire (2 Kings xvii. 17, xxiii. 10; Jer. vii. 31, 32). (See also Zeph. ii. 8—10; comp. Isa. xi. 14.)

Am'non (faithful), David's firstborn son by Ahinoam, born at Hebron (2 Sam. iii. 2).

A'mon, an Egyptian god whose chief temple was at Thebes, supposed to be the No and No Amon of the prophets (Jer. xlvi. 25; Ezek. xxx. 14—16; Nah. iii. 8). In his honour his worshippers in Thebes abstained from eating the flesh of sheep, but sacrificed a ram to him every year, and dressed the image of their god (a man with a ram's head, or sometimes an entire ram of a blue colour) in its skin (Rom. i. 23).

A'mon (artificer), the fourteenth king of Judah, son of Manasseh, and father of Josiah. He reigned only two years (B.C. 641—639), followed his father's example in evil, and was slain in a conspiracy (2 Kings xxi. 19—26; 2 Chron. xxxiii. 21—25).

Amorites (mountainous)—a leading Canaanitish nation, the wickedness of whose idol worship seems to have been peculiarly great (1 Kings xxi. 26; 2 Kings xxi. 11). Yet the long-suffering of God waited for more than 400 years before He punished their iniquity (Gen. xv. 16; Exod. xii. 40), and even then gave them opportunity to escape the judgment which was hanging over them (Num. xxi. 21). When Israel came up out of Egypt, the Amorites occupied tracts of country on both sides of Jordan, that on the eastern side being under two kings, Sihon, King of Heshbon, and Og, King of Bashan (Josh. xii. 1—5). Sihon having refused to let Israel pass through his land, came out against them, and thus brought on his own

and his people's destruction (Num. xxi. 23—32). Og, King of Bashan, followed his example and shared his doom (v. 33—35). Their land was afterwards given to the Reubenites, Gadites, and the half tribe of Manasseh (Josh. xii. 6). Those on the western side of the Jordan, under the five kings of Jerusalem, Hebron, Jarmuth, Lachish, and Eglon, sought to destroy Gibeon because it had made peace with Israel; and thus, in their hatred against the people of the Lord, perished like Sihon and Og (Josh. x., See Adonizedeck).

A'mos (bearer), one of the twelve lesser prophets, who prophesied "in the days of Uzziah, King of Judah, and of Jeroboam, son of Joash, King of Israel, two years before the earthquake" (Am. i. 1), or about B.C. 785. This earthquake is not mentioned in the historical books, but is referred to Zech. xiv. 5. Amos "was a herdman and a gatherer of Sycamore fruit," or wild figs (vii. 14), and a native of Tekoa, a city of Judah on the borders of the large open pastures of the hill country of Judea.

In chaps. 1 and 2, Amos denounces judgment against Syria and the Philistines, Edom and Ammon, Moab, and Judah, thus ranking the latter with the nations noted for their idolatry and wickedness. (See also ix. 7.) This was especially humbling to the pride of Israel, and was meant to shew them their iniquity in the strongest light. Chaps. iii. to vi. and viii.—ix. 1—10, are addressed to the whole house of Israel (see iii. 1); but chiefly to the ten tribes or house of Joseph, and while denounc-

ing chastisements against them and recording those already sent in vain, together with exhortations to repentance, reveal the deep depravity into which both Ephraim and Judah had fallen, in the days of Jeroboam and Uzziah, thus forming an important part of the history of the period, as well as foretelling what was coming upon the whole people "from the entering in of Hemath" (in the north-east) "unto the river of the wilderness," the south-west border of the promised land. Chap. vii. 1—6 represents two successive chastisements seen in vision as restrained at the intercession of the prophet (comp. 2 Kings xiv. 26, 27). Verses 7—9 foretell the destruction of the house of Jeroboam II. and the captivity of the ten tribes (comp. 2 Kings xv. 8—12, 29; xvii. 6). Verses 10—17 record the opposition of Aamziah, the priest of Bethel, to the prophet, and the punishment that should come on him and his house.

After declaring (ix. 9) that Israel should be sifted among the nations as corn is sifted in a sieve, yet that *not the least grain should fall upon the earth* (contrast John xii.), Amos foretells (v. 11—15) the Lord's great goodness to His people in the latter days. Jehovah's love for Israel, notwithstanding their perverseness from the beginning, is strikingly brought out in taking together the two quotations from this prophet by Stephen and James (Acts vii. 42, 43; xv. 15—17).

(*To be continued in the February Number.*)



SCRIPTURE ENIGMA FOR JANUARY.

CAN the reader truly say,
"Christ has washed my sins away?"
If not, where's thy soul, oh, where?
Three short words its state declare.
Awful state! as you may die,
Ere this New Year passes by.
May you now to Jesus flee,
Then in Him you safe shall be.

By what *Work* doth God declare,
Perfected His people are?
All our sins may be forgiven,
But *One* sin shuts out from heaven.
What will Jesus give to those,
Who their first love do not lose?
Tell Christ's Name, that to the end
Shows He'll be a faithful Friend.
Unto *Whom* doth Christ the Way
Lead His people day by day?
When the Lord went up above,
Who came down to tell His love?
Where do Christians enter now,
And in praise and worship bow?
For what bright and glorious *Day*
Do God's sealed ones wait and pray?
Those who on God's Son believe
Shall a fadeless *Gift* receive.
What was Christ, God's Holy Son,
Made for every pardoned one?
And *What* in Him are they made
Who for their sins' debt has paid?



THE LITTLE WILD BOY; OR, THE LOST ONE FOUND.

FAR away over the sea, in a little village in a valley of Africa, lived a poor little black boy with his father and mother. They were all heathens in that village, and not in that village only, but all round about the country. One night, when they were all sleeping in their beds, a party of savages belonging to another tribe came down upon them and surrounded the village on every

side. The Word of God says, "The dark places of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty;" and wherever the darkness of idol-worship reigns it is always so. Now, among these poor African savages, one tribe fights against another, and tries to kill and make prisoners of as many as possible. Their object in making prisoners is either to eat them or to sell them for slaves to sinful white men, who buy them and carry them away to other lands. Well, the poor little boy, awakened in the middle of the night by the fierce yells of the savages, crept out of his father's hut, and got under a bush in the dark. There he lay hidden and listening to the cries and groans of the wounded and the dying all around him until the shocking work was over, and the savages were gone away with their prisoners. Then he stole away to the hills, and, getting up a high mountain, he hid himself in a cave, where he stopped all alone for that night and the next, having nothing to eat or drink but lizards and the water that dropped through the crevices of the cavern he was in, and which he caught with his mouth as it fell drop by drop. When another day had passed he thought he would go and see what had become of his parents, and what do you think he found? Nothing but their bones bleaching in the sun, and their little home burned to the ground. He then went away again, and lived in the mountains alone. What a strange life for a very little boy! How would the little reader get on, I wonder, if thus left to himself in the wild mountains with

no one to look after him, no one to speak to, and, worse than all, knowing nothing about that good and gracious Lord who is present everywhere, and can hear the weakest cry, and help and comfort those that trust Him under every sorrow?

Well, the little black boy at last began to be in want of water, and one day he came down from the mountains to get drink from the river in the plain; but, just when he had quenched his thirst, and was turning back again to his retreat in the hills, a party of roaming savages came suddenly upon him. How he trembled as they seized him! for he made sure they meant to kill and eat him, or sell him for a slave. And no doubt they would have done so, but the Lord whom he knew not had chosen him in His grace and love, and His almighty arm was over him for good. Instead of doing him any injury, the chieftain of the tribe took pity on him and treated him kindly and adopted him for his own son, as is often done in those countries. You may well believe that the poor little black boy now began to be happy again, and to forget the hard and lonely life he had led in the mountains. But this was not to last long; it was only a little help by the way. One night another band of savages, who were at war with those he was living among, came and attacked his friends, and there was a great fight, which ended in their being all killed, so that the little boy was once more alone and friendless in the world. Again he fled to the mountains, and there he stayed, living on the few roots and lizards he could find, until he got

thinner and thinner, and at last became so weak that he could hardly walk about. Yet, though slowly starving, he dared not again go down into the plains lest he should be caught and killed. Month after month passed away until he had forgotten how to speak his own language, and was really a wild boy of the woods, or rather of the mountains. During the months that had passed while this poor wild boy lived in the hills, a missionary had come unto that part of the country where the boy's friends had formerly dwelt, and God had blessed his labours at least to one man, who had become a Christian, as well as to many others, in making them less savage and more peaceable among themselves. Now this Christian black man went one day to hunt in the very mountains where the poor boy was, and, in passing by the mouth of the cave in which he lived, he happened to look in and see his face. He was very much surprised to see a little boy there all alone, as you may suppose, but went in at once and spoke to him. But the poor boy could not answer, for he had forgotten how to talk. He made signs to show he was very hungry, as, indeed, his poor, thin, starved face told too plainly, but he could not speak. The man, but a little while before, was a heathen, and would have perhaps killed the poor child, or left him to perish without a thought; but now, being a believer in Christ, he at once took compassion on him and carried him away on his back, for he was too weak to walk. He kept him with him till he had

finished his hunting, and then led him down from the mountains to the mission station, where he was sure the poor boy would find shelter and friends. There the missionary took charge of him, had him washed and clothed and fed, and then, when he was recovered of his weakness and grown well again, the missionary talked to him about Jesus Christ the Saviour of sinners, and taught him to read the Word of God. That Word was blessed to the poor black boy, and he became a believer in that precious Saviour who had taken such wonderful care of him all through the many dangers he had known. You will see that, if ever there was a little boy who could tell of the love of Christ for little children, this black boy was one. Few, indeed, have ever known such wonderful escapes as he had known, and the purpose of it all was plain enough. It was that he might be brought to know the Lord, and then become a witness of His grace and love to others. So the black boy thought; and he spent his life in telling both little black children like himself, and grown-up people too, about the Lord Jesus Christ the Saviour of sinners, whose precious blood cleanseth from all sin those who believe, and who said, when on earth, "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." K.





PERILS ON THE ICY SEA.

THE SEAL-HUNTERS SAVED.

LAST month you read about Kajarnack, the first native of Greenland who was brought to Christ, and of the perils to which the people of that country are subject, especially when hunting seals or bears, or fishing among the great ice mountains on the sea. I dare say you would like to hear more about a people so different in all their habits and manners of living to those you see around you in this country? It must be so strange to see little people (for they are nearly all very short and small) living in great hives made of snow with a little hole to creep in at on all fours; no windows, no bedsteads or chairs, for they sit or sleep on

warm skins spread on the floor ; no table or stove, no coals or wood, but, instead of all that, a great open lamp of melted fat, flaring away in the middle of the snow-hut, filling the place with smoke, while the little people sit around it and cook their fish and seal, or bear flesh, and eat it with gloves on, which they never take off in winter time, for fear the biting cold should freeze their fingers off. From the crown of their heads to the tips of their toes they are completely clothed in skins, all sewed on close, and stiff and hard with constant wear, in which you would find it impossible to move about at all. And yet these strange little people are very active and very happy in their way. It is true that through the greater part of the year their country is all covered with snow, and desolate to look upon ; that nothing grows except the mosses and lichens which the reindeer and other creatures feed upon by scraping away the snow with their fore feet : and yet, though they can grow no corn or potatoes, God in His goodness has taken care that they shall have all they need. As I have already told you, they live by hunting and fishing. The wild deer they chase in sleighs drawn by dogs. You may see one of these sleighs in the picture in last month's magazine, although the number of dogs to one sleigh is sometimes four or five times as many as you see there. As to the seals (one of which you see in the same picture drawn over the snow by dogs), they are very useful to the Greenlanders. Their flesh serves for food, their skins for clothing, and their fat, which is full of oil, is

used both for eating and to keep the great lamp always burning.

The seal lives both on sea and land, as it cannot remain long under water, but is obliged to come up to breathe. The Esquimaux watch for them, lying at full length on the ice beside some great breathing hole, javelin in hand, ready to strike the moment that the seal puts his nose out of the water. In this way they will watch for the hour together, or even all day long, and sometimes get their limbs frozen. A boy went out one day with five men upon the seal-hunt, and, as he stood watching at his post, the ice suddenly gave way beneath him and he sank into the deep sea. But as he fell he caught hold of the edge of the ice with both hands and cried for help. A quarter of an hour passed away before any one heard his cries, and his fingers were so benumbed with cold that he could hold on no longer. But in that country the frost is so severe that in that short space of time his gloves became frozen to the ice that he had laid hold of, and this was the means of saving his life; for, when he could cling no longer, he was held up by the ice that had fixed his fingers firmly against the edges of the hole. The men had to loosen his hands by breathing and warming before they could remove him, lest his fingers should be broken off. This will show you how very cold it must be in that strange country. But these Greenlanders not only watch beside the breathing-holes for seals, they also go out to hunt them on the sea in little boats called

kajacks. These kajacks are covered with skins to keep the water out, with a hole in the middle, in which a man sits with a paddle in one hand to drive the boat, and a javelin in the other to kill the seals.

Sometimes in rough weather the little boat upsets, and the hunter hangs head downward in the sea. But with a few strokes of his paddle he soon rights himself again, wipes the freezing water from his face, and goes on as if nothing had happened. Even little boys learn to practice this as a part of the training they must have before they are fit to go hunting. But if, when out at sea, the man should happen to let go his paddle when thus turned over, he is lost, for he can neither get up again nor get out of his kajak. And this is not the only danger they are liable to. One day a Christian named Nathaniel went out with another believer to hunt seals, each in his kajak. Nathaniel soon met with one of the largest kind, called a Neitersoak. Hurling his javelin with the harpoon on the end of it he struck the seal, and then drew back the javelin by the cord which he held in his hand. The harpoon-head remained fixed in the seal, who, of course, dived under water at once. But he could not sink down very deep because these hunters fasten a large bladder filled with air to the harpoon-head by means of a strong cord made of twisted sinews, and when the seal dives the bladder prevents him from going far down, and also marks the spot where he is. Sometimes the enraged creature turns upon the

hunter, and tries to upset his frail boat, and then, unless he is experienced and very skilful in the management of his weapon, he may lose his life. But, governing his kajack with the paddle in one hand, he defends himself with the javelin in the other, darting hither and thither, and round and round, until he has killed the seal. In this way Nathaniel killed the Neitersoak, and then looked round about to see how his companion was getting on. He too had stricken a Neitersoak, but not being so experienced as Nathaniel, the great seal had got away and had landed on a large ice-float, that is, a large field of ice which had been broken off from the main land. The hunter had followed and was fighting with the enraged creature on the ice. Some sorts have great tusks with which they can inflict very severe wounds, and Nathaniel saw that his brother was in danger; so, leaving his own seal floating on the sea, he paddled away to help him. Between them they soon slew the Neitersoak, but while they were doing so, a strong wind had suddenly arisen, and, sweeping down upon the ice-field, had driven their kajacks out of reach, while the great ice-float itself, moved by the stormy wind, began sailing rapidly out to sea. No help was at hand, and though they called loudly, in hope that some other sea-hunter might hear them, they called in vain. Nathaniel thought of his wife and children, and wondered what they would do with no one to bring them seals and fish and reindeer flesh to eat, and skins and oil for warmth and light.

Then he and his Christian brother remembered that He who died to save them has said, "Whatsoever ye shall ask in My name that will I do, that the Father may be glorified in the Son," and they knelt down together on the rocking ice-field and cried to Him who was able to save them from a danger out of which there seemed no way of escape. When they had ceased praying, they rose up again and looked around, and Nathaniel noticed that the Neitersoak which he had killed and left afloat was drifting rapidly towards them, moved, as he supposed, by some current in the sea, for it came right against the wind until it struck upon the island where they stood, and there remained rocking on the waves. But how was a dead seal to help them in their distress? Well, all at once it came into Nathaniel's mind to get astride upon the seal, and try to move it along like a boat with the paddle he still held in his hand. This he did, and though in much danger from the wind and waves, he was able to struggle on till he reached his kajack, which he saw tumbling about in the distance. Then, having got into it, he set off to find his brother's boat also. You may depend upon it that the other man, left all alone upon the ice-float, and driving on towards the boundless ocean, did not cease to cry to God for himself and Nathaniel, and at last he had the joy of seeing him coming towards him with both kajacks, and the dead seal too, tied to the tail of his little boat. On he came, as fast as his paddle could work, battling with the storm

and struggling through the great boulders of ice which dashed on every side. At last he reached the floating island, and his friend once more crept into his kajack and was safe. In a little while they were again among their friends, with the two great seals which had cost them so much to bring to land, and ever afterwards they spoke of that wonderful deliverance as a gracious fulfilment of that loving promise, "Whatsoever ye shall ask in My name that will I do, that the Father may be glorified in the Son" (John xiv. 13). K.

A STORY OF A LITTLE BOY WHO HAD NEVER
HEARD OF THE LORD JESUS.

IN the accident ward of an hospital in a large city lay a little boy moaning, as he might well do, poor little fellow, for he was suffering intensely from his injuries. He had been run over, the wheels of a heavy waggon having crushed both his legs. The agony he endured had been increased by what he had overheard between the doctor and the nurse. So he lay moaning most piteously! A little girl who was near him, and whose heart was melted with pity at his sobs, said, "What makes you cry so, little boy?" "My legs, my legs," he replied; and then he told her of the accident, adding, "And the doctor says he shall come in the morning with his sharp knives and cut them both off." Then he fell to sobbing as though his little heart would break. "And have you never been to Sunday-school?" she said. No, he had never been to Sun-

day school. "And have you never heard of Jesus?" she said. No, he had never heard of Jesus. Then she began in her simple way and told him the beautiful and blessed story of Jesus from the manger to the grave; and, as the little sufferer listened to that touching tale of love beyond compare—that old, old story—he was soothed as she had little hoped to soothe him, and he forgot the sufferings of that night of pain, and the dread of the coming morrow. So she went on to tell him that though He had died He was alive again, and He loved the poor and suffering, and He came to comfort many who were in that hospital, and they felt that He was with them, and no matter what they suffered He made them *so happy!* So the little fellow longed for Jesus to come and speak to him, and make him happy. He still felt very great pain, and his heart sank within him as he wondered how he should be able to get Jesus to notice him when He came to make the poor people happy. So he said to his little friend who had filled his heart with all these new thoughts about One who loved poor people, and even little children, and pitied them and died for them to make them happy; he said to her, "But I'm such a little boy, He'll never see me: but," he added quickly, "I'll tell you what I'll do, I'll hold up my hand like that," stretching it out as high as he could above his head, "and then He'll see me when He passes by." Soon after this he fell asleep, and when the nurse next visited the sufferer's bed his spirit had fled. But his tiny cold outstretched hand indicated

that the last thought of the little fellow's heart was to hail Jesus as He passed by! And now, my dear children, for whom I have written this short story, I want to ask you if you have ever lifted up your hands to get Him to notice you? Have you so really believed in His love that you have longed to have a place in His heart? Have you really felt a want that He alone can satisfy? His love is the same now as when He took little children in His arms, put His hands upon them and blessed them, and said, "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of God" (Mark x. 14; Matt. xviii. 3, xix. 13, 14; Luke xviii.). This little fellow believed in the Lord Jesus, though he heard of Him then for the first time. How many of you have heard of Him very often, know all about His life, and His death, and His resurrection, and His ascension, and His coming again, and yet have never believed in Him! This little fellow thought of Him as a real living person who had been dead but was alive again, and that He loved the poor and the suffering—the children too—and liked to make them happy, and was able to do so. So he stretched out his little hand that he might be made happy by Jesus. And oh, how happy he is now—far out of the way of dangerous accidents and doctors' knives. He is with that blessed loving Lord Jesus, whose "precious blood cleanseth from all sin" (1 John i. 7), and who loves little children so much that the tiniest finger of faith uplifted to Him will surely bring Him to our side to fill our souls with

joy and peace in believing! May the Lord Jesus bless this narrative to your hearts and consciences, and perhaps I may soon tell you of another little boy—one who knew and loved the Saviour.

W. R.

THE OAK AND THE IVY.

ISAIAH xl. 29; 2 COR. xii. 9, 10.

How stately is the spreading Oak,
The glory of the land!
He braves the storm's severest stroke,
And yet doth firmly stand.
So rooted is he in the earth,
So ample in his breadth and girth,
And in his height so grand,
That he, unrivalled, e'er hath stood
The mighty monarch of the wood.
But though a giant in his might,
He lets a feeble thing,
Whose weakness is her only right,
To him for succour cling;
For to his trunk the Ivy cleaves,
And, clasping firmly, strength receives
From him, the forest-king;
By him sustained, she looks a queen,
Is ever graceful, ever green.
As clings the creeper to the tree,
Through sunshine, cloud, and gale,
So may I cleave, O Lord, to Thee,
Whose love can never fail:
So great and gracious is Thy Name,
That helplessness may urge her claim
With Thee, and must prevail;
For Thou dost make the weakling strong,
And art Thyself both strength and song.

T.

PERILS IN THE WILDERNESS. -

THE CAPTIVE MISSIONARY.

HAVING told you a little about the perils of the Greenlander on the icy sea, and God's gracious deliverance in answer to prayer, I will now tell you something about the perils of the wilderness to those servants of the Lord who go out to preach the gospel in what are called the back settlements of America or Canada. These "back settlements" are but thinly inhabited by white people, and surrounded by endless forest or prairie land, far away from towns and cities, and often containing only a few scattered farms at long distances from each other. There the wild Indians roam at will, and in former days, when they were in larger numbers than they are now, were often very dangerous. Of course they did not like to see the white man come and settle on their lands. They lived by hunting and fishing in the woods and rivers and vast rolling prairies where buffaloes live by thousands, and they saw that, when people began to turn parts of the forest and prairie lands into farms, the wild creatures they lived upon were driven away. So they hated white settlers, and tried to kill them. To do this, a company of Indians would come stealthily and surround the little settlement, perhaps at night, and then suddenly burst out from among the trees with wild whoops and savage cries, shooting their arrows, or rifles, and then rushing into houses they would kill every

man they met with their tomahawks or war-hatchets, set fire to the houses, and carry away the poor children to be their slaves. Sometimes, too, they would carry off some of the men and women, to put them to a cruel death. For you know these Red Indians were poor blind pagans, "having no hope, and without God in the world," and it is shocking to see what a fearfully wicked thing the heart of man is when left to itself without the word of God. Idolatry, which is the worship of devils (Deut. xxxii. 17), always brings this out. It does not matter what shape this idolatry takes; whether men worship "the spirits of the dead," like the Moabites (Ps. cvi. 28), and the Malagasy, of whom you may read in "Madagascar and its Martyrs," or images of birds and beasts and creeping things, or crosses, and pictures of falsely so-called saints, some of whom were among the very worst of men that ever lived; it does not matter what *names* they give to their idols; *God* has said it is the worship of devils, and, you may depend upon it, they who worship devils, even under nice names, will become *like them*. So these Red Indians were like devils, *malignant, revengeful, murderous, unclean, wicked*. Many have been converted by the grace of God, many, many more have been slain in war, but many still remain as blind as their forefathers and still as cruel.

(To be continued.)



FAITH.

FAITH is a very simple thing, Though little understood ; It frees the soul from death's dread sting, By <i>resting</i> in the blood.	1 Cor. ii. 14. 1 Cor. xv. Eph. i. 7; Col. i. 14.
It looks not on the things around, Nor on the things <i>within</i> ; It takes its flight to scenes above, Beyond the sphere of sin.	2 Cor. iv. 18. Heb. i. 3.
It sees upon the throne of God A Victim that was slain ; It rests its <i>all</i> on His shed blood, And says, "I'm born again."	Heb. x. 12—14. Gal. iii. 26.
Faith is not what I <i>feel</i> or see, It is a simple <i>trust</i> In what the God of love has said Of Jesus, as "the Just."	John v. 24. 1 Peter iii. 18.
The <i>perfect One</i> that died for me, Upon His Father's throne, Presents my name before my God, And pleads <i>Himself</i> alone.	Rev. iii. 21. Heb. iv. 14, 15.
What <i>Jesus</i> is, and that alone, Is faith's delightful plea ; It never deals with <i>sinful</i> self, Nor <i>righteous</i> self, <i>in me</i> .	Eph. i. 6, 7. Rom. vii. 18.
It tells me I am counted " <i>dead</i> " By God in His own word ; It tells me I am made alive In Christ, my <i>risen</i> Lord.	Rom. vi. 6, 7. 2 Cor. v. 17.
In that <i>He</i> died, He died to <i>sin</i> ; But now <i>He</i> lives to God ; And I am dead to <i>nature's</i> hopes, And justified through blood.	Rom. vi. 10. Rom. iii. 24, 25.

DICTIONARY OF THE BIBLE.

(Continued from page 27.)

A'mosis, the Egyptian monarch who is supposed to have been the "new king that knew not Joseph." He was the founder of a new dynasty, and ascended the throne B.C. 1575.

Amphip'olis, a Grecian city on the left bank of the river Strymon, about three miles from the sea. Paul and Silas passed through the city on their way from Philippi to Thessalonica (Acts xvii. 1).

Am'ram (of the exalted people), son of Kohath, of the tribe of Levi, the husband of Jochebed, and father of Aaron, Miriam, and Moses. He lived to the age of 137 years (Exod. vi.).

Am'raphel, the king of Shinar, and one of the four who invaded the vale of Siddim, in the days of Abraham. Lot, who was taken captive by these kings, was rescued by Abraham, but, instead of taking warning, returned to dwell among the sinners of Sodom (Gen. xiv.).

A'nab (cluster of grapes), a city of the Anakim taken by Joshua (Josh. xi. 21, xv. 50).

A'nah (responder), father of Aholibamah, Esau's wife, who, while feeding asses in the wilderness, found mules, or, as Jerome translates it, "warm springs." Gesenius and others think this is the correct interpretation of the original, and warm springs are still found in the region east of the Dead Sea (Gen. xxxvi. 24).

An'akim (gigantic, or long-necked), a nation of Southern Canaan descended from Anak (Numb. xiii. 33; Deut. ix. 2; Josh. xi. 21, xv. 14; Jud. i. 20).

Anam'melech (sheep-king), one of the gods of the people of Sepharvaim (2 Kings xvii. 31).

Anani'as (whom the Lord protects), the high priest before whom Paul was brought (Acts xxiii.) He was the son of Nebidæus, and was made high priest by Herod, king of Chalcis, who removed Joseph, son of Camydus, from the high priesthood to make way for him. Paul, therefore, did not know that he was high priest (v. 5), but his prophecy as to him was fulfilled during the Jewish war. The house of Ananias was set on fire by the assassins, when, seeking refuge in an aqueduct, he was discovered and slain. Thus God smote him.

Ananias, the name of one who, with Sapphira his wife, "lied unto God," and was smitten with death. His wife, who was guilty of the same sin, afterwards suffered in the same way (Acts v. 1—11).

Ananias, the Christian whom the Lord used to restore Saul's sight and baptize him (Acts ix. 10—19). Ananias was a devout man according to the law, and therefore had a good report among the Jews of Damascus (Acts xxii. 12); then Saul preached Christ there in the synagogues that He is Son of God, and proved that He is the Christ. The Jews therefore sought to kill him, and he only escaped their hands by being let down from the wall in a basket (Acts ix. 20—25).

Am'ulet.—The ear-rings of Isa. iii. 20, are believed to have been small plates of gold or silver, called amulets, having sentences of the law or of

magic inscribed on them, and used as instruments of superstition from very early times (Gen. xxxv. 4). They were worn either in the ears or by a chain round the neck, and are still used as charms in the East.

Anath'ema, anything laid up or set apart as sacred or devoted to God (Lev. xxvii. 21, 28); hence living creatures so devoted must be put to death (v. 29). The idea, therefore, which the word conveyed, was devoted to destruction or *accursed* (Numb. xviii. 14; Josh. vi. 17; Deut. vii. 26; Acts xxiii. 14; Rom. ix. 3; 1 Cor. xii. 3, xvi. 22; Gal. i. 8).

An'athoth (answers, plural of Anath), a town in the tribe of Benjamin, belonging formerly to the priests, and a city of refuge (Josh. xxi. 13—18). It is chiefly noted as being the birthplace and usual residence of Jeremiah (Jer. i. 1, xi. 21—23, xxix. 27). A village called Anata, a few miles from Jerusalem, is supposed to have been Anathoth, which seems once to have been a town of great strength.

An'drew, one of the twelve Apostles, a native of Bethsaida in Galilee, and brother of Simon Peter. He was first a disciple of John the Baptist, and having received his testimony as to Christ, led his own brother Simon to Him (John i. 35—44). Both of them afterwards returned to their employment as fishermen, for after John was cast into prison we find the Lord calling them to become "fishers of men" (Matt. iv. 12—20; Mark i. 14—18; Luke v. 1—11). Very little is said of

him in the Gospels (see John vi. 8, xii. 22; Mark xiii. 3). Tradition says that he laboured in Scythia, Greece, and Thrace, and suffered death by crucifixion at Patra in Achaia, on a cross of the form of an X, called on that account "St. Andrew's Cross."

Andron'icus, a kinsman of the Apostle Paul and his fellow prisoner (Rom. xvi. 7).

A'ner, one of the three Canaanitish chiefs who joined Abraham in pursuing Chedorlaomer and his allies to rescue Lot (Gen. xiv.).

A'ner, a city of Manasseh belonging to the Levites of Kohath's family (1 Chron. vi. 70).

Angel, a word which in Greek and Hebrew means *messenger*. In some passages it is applied to ordinary messengers (1 Sam. xi. 3; Job i. 14; Luke vii. 24), in others to prophets (Hag. i. 13; Mal. iii. 1) and priests (Mal. ii. 7); but its special application is to those spiritual beings so often mentioned in Scripture called angels of God (see Heb. i. 7, 14; comp. Dan. viii. 16, ix. 21—23; Luke i. 19). As a messenger may be said to represent those who send him, so in several instances the word angel seems to have been used specially in the sense of *representative* (Isa. lxiii. 9; comp. Exod. xxiii. 20—21; Ps. xxxiv. 7; see also Acts xii. 15; Matt. xviii. 10; Rev. chaps. ii. and iii.). In some cases this representative was plainly Jehovah Himself (Judg. vi. 11, 12; comp. verses 14 and 21).

Angling.—This way of taking fish is referred to several times in the Scriptures as practised from

the earliest times (see Job xli. 1, 2; Amos iv. 2; Isa. xix. 8; Matt. xvii. 27).

Anise, or *Anethon* (Matt. xxiii. 23), properly a plant commonly known by the name of Dill, and resembling fennel, but smaller. It has a warm aromatic taste and smell, and its seed is used as a condiment and carminative. Like the anise-seed, the anethon is commonly grown in eastern countries from Syria to Egypt, and the seed, leaves, and stem are still eaten.

An'na, daughter of Phanuel, of the tribe of Asher, an aged widow and a prophetess, who departed not from the temple, but served God with fastings and prayers night and day. She was 84 years old when the child Jesus was brought to the temple, and thus in her old age had the privilege of seeing the Lord and testifying of Him to all them that looked for redemption in Jerusalem (Luke ii. 36—38).

Anointing was used both for sacred and common purposes. In the former case it was employed to consecrate and set apart both persons and things (see Gen. xxviii. 18, xxxi. 13; Exod. xxviii. 41; Lev. ii. 1, viii. 10—12; Numb. vii. 1; 1 Sam. x. 1, xvi. 13; 1 Kings xix. 16; Ps. cv. 15). Prophets, priests, and kings were thus consecrated (see refs.) but, in the case of the priests and the tabernacle and its furniture, a particular oil was used (Exod. xxx. 22—32). Oil thus employed was a figure of the Holy Spirit (John i. 41; Acts iv. 27, x. 38; 2 Cor. i. 21; 1 John ii. 20, 27; comp. Exod. xxx. 30). For common purposes various kinds of

perfumed oils and ointments, some of them very expensive (John xii. 1—5), were, and still are, used in the East. This practice is frequently referred to in the Scriptures, and was significant of outward prosperity and gladness, while its discontinuance showed poverty and mourning (Deut. xxviii. 40; Ruth iii. 3; 2 Sam. xiv. 2; Dan. x. 3; Amos vi. 6; Micah vi. 15; Ps. civ. 15; Isa. lxi. 3; Eccles. ix. 8).

Among the Egyptians it was customary for a servant to anoint the head of every guest as a token of welcome as soon as he seated himself in the house of his friend, a custom likewise observed among the Jews. The neglect of an act of courtesy so usual would therefore express contempt for a guest as one who, from poverty or other causes, was thought beneath the consideration of his host (Luke vii. 37—46). The ancients were accustomed after the bath to anoint the whole body with oil to promote health, and people in eastern countries still have much confidence in its healthful properties. On this account it was commonly used for the sick and wounded (Isa. i. 6; Mark vi. 13; Luke x. 34; James v. 14).

The dead also, after being washed, were anointed with oils or ointments prepared with numerous aromatic spices, according to the apothecary's art, and then wrapped in spices (2 Chron. xvi. 14; Mark xiv. 8, xvi. 1; Luke xxiii. 56; John xix. 39, 40), but the Jews did not usually *embalm* their dead after the manner of the Egyptians (Gen. 50, 2).



Ant.—This insect is referred to in Prov. vi. 6, xxx. 25. The common notion that they store up grain in summer for the coming winter is a mistake. The words of Solomon do not teach this, but rather that the ant uses suitable seasons to prepare or collect needed supplies. They do not feed on grain of any kind, but prey chiefly on other insects, dead or alive, worms, small birds and animals, the juice of ripe fruits and sweet substances, generally such as those which exudes from certain trees, &c. But their favourite food is got from a creature called the puceron, which lives on the juice of trees. The ant approaches the puceron, and strikes it gently and repeatedly with its little horns, when it discharges a sweetish juice by two tubes standing out from its body. Having made a sufficient meal upon this or some other suitable substance, the ant returns to its

nest, where, like the bee, it has the power of disgorging the juices for the use of its companions. Thus "she gathereth her food in the harvest." Ants live together in communities, and seem to have but one object,—their own and each other's welfare. They are torpid in winter, and do not store up grain at all. The care they take of the young is very great, the egg is cleaned and licked until slowly expanding under this treatment the young worm is hatched. It is then fed and tended unceasingly until it turns into a chrysalis. In this form it is exactly like a grain of rice. While one party is "gathering food" another seems to give its whole attention to these little grains. They spread them out by hundreds in their nests, near enough to the surface for the sun's rays to warm them, yet protected from the cold winds of Spring by a covering of earth, often a grassy clod, the earth being hollowed beneath into a spacious nest surrounded by subterranean passages. Should this clod be turned over so as to expose the nest, the watchers hurry in crowds from their recesses; ants coming in with food hurry to the rescue; each seizes a chrysalis, or, if too large for one ant, two will mutually assist, and the white grains are seen to move in every direction. The energy and effort put forth is surprising, and a powerful rebuke to the "sluggard." Though they "have no guide, overseer, or ruler," each works with the utmost zeal and perseverance, and in a few moments every chrysalis, however vast the number, is

carried off into the subterranean passages round the nest. Lay the clod down in its place again, and in a very few moments the whole mass is brought back and placed as before. If undisturbed, they carry the chrysalis to different situations in bright warm weather for the benefit of the sun. Those who have seen them doing this have supposed that they were storing grain. When the right moment comes they crown their constant care by opening the case and setting the new-born insect free.

“Go to the ant, thou sluggard ; *consider her ways,* and be wise.”

(To be continued in the March Number.)

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA FOR FEBRUARY.

A BLESSED Name that Jesus bears,
 A name by prophets known,
 It tells how He our nature wears,
 That we may be His own.

When, by the scourge of famine tried,
 He left the chosen land, and died.
 One who on Jesus Christ believed,
 Yet with her words the Master grieved.
 A Servant and a writer too,
 Who failed himself God's work to do.
 His Father trusted in the Lord,
 And heeded not the monarch's word.
 He basely spurned the poor man's cry,
 But God avenged him speedily.

A King who, by an act profane,
 Incurred God's wrath, and ceased to reign.
 The aged grandsire blest each lad,
 But One the larger blessing had.
 He chose his portion here below,
 And lost his all in shame and woe.

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE ENIGMA FOR JANUARY.

OFFERING daily stood the priest of old,
 But Christ's one offering perfects, we are told.
 Unbelief, the sin of all most sad;
 He that "believeth not" hath God a liar made.
 Tree of life, in Paradise of God which stood,
 To them that overcome, He gives for food.

Omega and Alpha, the First and the Last,
 His love for the saints will never be past.
 Father and Lord of earth and of heaven,
 The only way to Him, through Christ, is given.

Comforter, or Holy Ghost, Christ from on high did send,
 And said that He would stay and be their comfort to the end.
 Holiest, the place where saints may now draw near,
 Their sin all put away, without a doubt or fear.
 Redemption, for which God's people look with joy,
 A day of happiness, which nothing can destroy.
 Inheritance unfading, it passes not away,
 For those who by God's power are kept until that day.
 Sin was He made, that sinners vile might be
 The Righteousness of God in Him who sets them free.

Creeping.

H. J. L., aged 11 years.

UNSAVED, unwashed in Jesu's blood,
 Hasting on the downward road,
 Without hope and far from God,
 Is "OUT OF CHRIST."

Southampton.

M. P., aged 15.



VOYAGERS TO THE NORTH POLE SETTING FOX-TRAPS.

WHAT CHILDREN CAN DO.

THE Greenlanders are said to be very fond of their children; yet, in times of great scarcity, and when famine threatens a whole village, they have even been known to kill them, either to make their stock of food go further, or else because they could not bear to see them starve.

This shows what a sad thing it is for people to be without the Gospel, and left in the darkness of heathenism. Nor is famine a very uncommon

thing among those people. Dried fish is to them what bread is to us, and in the short summer season when fish is to be caught, and which only lasts a very few weeks, unless they are very industrious and very careful to store up what they take, the long winter may prove a time of sad trial to them, especially if seals and bears should happen to be scarce ; and then, people who live by hunting and fishing, are often thoughtless of the future. Heathens always indulge their appetites, for they have nothing in their religion to teach them better, and are therefore left to the lusts of their own hearts. So, as long as there is plenty for the day, they feast upon it to excess, and forget the hard winter that is coming. But, as I have said, they are very fond of their children, and the little anecdote I am about to tell you, strongly proves it.

Some years ago the missionaries at Frederick's-dale, in Greenland, were greatly surprised at a visit which a number of people paid them, who had come more than a hundred miles over the snow on purpose to hear the Gospel.

It seems that some natives who had been brought to Christ had been into the parts that these strangers came from, and had been talking to them about Jesus, and telling them how the missionaries, who lived at Frederick's-dale, preached the Gospel, so these poor heathen had come all that distance to hear for themselves. They had brought also a number of children with them, which must have greatly increased the difficulties of such a long journey, and the missionaries,

seeing so many children, asked why they had brought them. "Do the children want to hear the Gospel too?" said one of the missionaries. "Indeed they do," replied a Greenlander. "*Ever since they heard about Jesus* from one of the believers who came among us, they have so wanted to come here that they have given us no rest. They have cried to come, and have been so troubled that they could not sleep at night. So we were obliged to bring them to hear what you have to tell us about Jesus." Thus the *children* were really the cause of their coming all those many weary miles over ice-plains and frozen mountains, through snow-drift and storm, and all the dangers of that wild, trackless country, where people, if overtaken by an avalanche or a snow-storm, are often buried alive, and where, too, the snow falls in such quantities at times that even the snow-huts are completely covered, and the people have to dig their way out before it freezes hard, or they would never come out again. Yet these people came through such a country, more than one hundred miles. Now, if this shows how much affection these Greenlanders have for their little ones, it shows also *what children can do if they try*. These poor little heathen children *tried* to get their fathers and mothers to take them where they could hear about Jesus, and, although it was more than a hundred miles off, they succeeded. He who said, "Suffer the little children to come unto me," had so wrought upon their hearts by means of those Christian Greenlanders, who had gone among them, that they

could not rest till they got to the place where they could hear more. There must have been something very beautiful in the way in which those believers put Jesus before these children to draw them thus after Him. They must have spoken of Him *just as He is*, and that in the power of the Spirit. He is the "One among ten thousand" and the "altogether lovely." And you may depend upon it, that those Christian Greenlanders, in the freshness of their first love, just set before these little ones *Christ as He is*. I dare say, they told them, too, about His love for little children; and He, who had a gracious purpose in it all, owned the work, and so moved the hearts of these poor little ones that they could not rest, nor would let others rest, till taken to Frederick's-dale.

Well, now, do *you* see anything in Jesus that draws you after Him? Do you know Him as your own precious Saviour? If so, have you ever tried to get your friends to go where they may hear about Him? These little Greenland boys and girls only heard of Him once, and that was enough; and, though the preaching-place was more than a hundred miles away, they tried and tried until, at last, they got their friends to go. Would *you* be outdone by these little Greenlanders? Will you not rather follow their example? You have many who love you. Did you ever try in earnest to persuade them to go and hear about Jesus?

K.



TO THE LITTLE READERS OF GOOD NEWS.

ABOUT twenty years ago, and before the suburbs of the English metropolis had lost much of their rural beauty, there lived in a village, about six miles from the Bank of England, a little boy, who, like many of the little readers of GOOD NEWS, had been taught by a fond and loving mother many things concerning the blessed Lord Jesus. Yet, like many more, little James heeded not the kind teaching and fond admonitions which were thus early pressed upon him. He was fond of his parents, and liked to please his mother by learning various texts of Scripture and many hymns; but, dear little readers, James had a heart that was at enmity with God—for he was dead in trespasses and sins; and as he grew in years he, alas! became more hardened by the deceitfulness of sin. Companions, as wicked and heedless as himself, now became so many more cords binding him by their influence more strongly to the paths of sin into which he and they willingly rushed. At length it pleased the Lord to remove the watchful mother, and, of course, the influence which had been maintained by her was gone too. Taken to a school among other and bigger boys, James now was one of a band whose foolish and wicked words, uttered loudly, at length drew forth the merited rebuke from a Christian woman, who heard the subject of this paper utter something that was very wicked. It happened that, between school times, a few boys were gathered together in one of the streets of the village, and were talking of something or other,

when James, ever foremost in evil, gave utterance to a foul expression. His friends did not notice it, so accustomed were they to that sort of thing. All were so intently listening to what was being said, that all were quite startled by a voice in stern rebuke, rising sufficiently above all their shouting, saying, "You want a little water to wash your mouth with, young man, do you not?" All were startled, but none were so ashamed as poor James, who could not face either the Christian woman, whose protest had frightened them all, or even his companions, after such an assault upon his dignity. James did not readily forget the lesson thus forced upon him, and has even said that it never will fade from his remembrance. You see, dear children, James sorely needed washing—not merely washing of the mouth, as suggested by the good woman; but that complete and thorough washing in the blood of the Lord Jesus Christ. In fact, dear little ones, the story points to this solemn truth, that this poor little boy was unsaved and unclean—unclean in thought, in word, and in deed, and no mere washing of the mouth with the cupful of cold water, which the good woman held in her outstretched hand towards him, would have sufficed to cleanse his guilty soul. Neither would any outward form of which this may be taken as a figure prove sufficient to fit any unsaved soul for the presence of God. No, my little readers, it was only the precious blood that cleanseth from "all sin" that could at all make clean enough. Have you, dear children, been washed? Have you been

made "clean every whit?" Oh! if you have not proved the value of the blood of Jesus Crucified, look, look! to Calvary, where, upon the cross of wood the Saviour of Sinners poured out His soul unto death, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have everlasting life. Come, then, to Jesus, and you will be made to know that your sins, though they had been as scarlet, are whiter than snow. May the Lord enable you so to do!

R.

PERILS ON THE ICY SEA.—No. II.

I WONDER how the young reader would like to live for more than a week on a floating island? Not a nice green island, with grass to sit upon, and trees around, with birds singing, and streams flowing, but an island of solid ice, covered all over with snow, where, if you were to sit down for many minutes, you would become frozen to the ground, or rather the snow, so that you could not rise again; an island sailing away before the bitter wind on the boundless ocean, far from land, with nothing but the sky above and the waters all around?

One day in the month of June, many years ago, three Esquimaux were watching for seals on the frozen sea near Hoffenthal, when suddenly a loud report was heard like the sound of a gun, and in a moment a large piece of ice, heaved up by the force of the waves, broke off from the mainland,

and began driving out to seaward. One man named Conrad happened to be seated in his sledge at the time, and, on hearing the noise, knowing well what it meant, he called to his dogs to fly.

These dogs are very obedient and useful creatures. Indeed, without them, it is difficult to see how their masters could live. With them they chase the elk, track the white bear, and travel often immense distances over the frozen snow, drawn in sledges at full gallop, by a number of these dogs harnessed together. The master sits in his sleigh with a stick in his hand, and if he sees one of the dogs lazy and not pulling like the rest, he hurls the stick at him, and then adroitly catches it up from the ground as the sleigh rushes by.

Well, when Conrad heard the report, and saw the field of ice, on which he and his companions were, rocking loose from the mainland, he shouted to his dogs, and in an instant they started at full gallop and gained the shore before it was too late. Thus Conrad was caught away and saved from danger, and all through the ready instinct and obedience of his dogs. Now I think you may learn a lesson here of great importance. The Lord Jesus is coming shortly. He may even come *to-day*. Well, those that have believed in Him will be caught away to be for ever with Him. Those that have not believed will be left behind. It says in God's Word, "Then they that were *ready* went in with Him to the marriage, and *the door was shut*." "Afterward" came the others, but--they were *too late* (Mat. xxv.). The only

way to be safe from this terrible danger—the danger of being “*too late*”—is to obey the Word, and that *instantly*. That Word says, “Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.” But if Conrad was saved from being carried out to sea on the ice-field, his two companions, Peter and Titus, were not so fortunate. They, too, had their sleighs with them, but they were not in them at the moment that the ice was upheaved and broken off from the shore. Had they been in their sleighs as Conrad was, they might have followed him. And so, dear reader, it will be when the trumpet sounds. Only those that are “in Christ” will be caught away. Well, Peter and Titus were in great distress when they found the ice-field driving out to sea with the swiftness of a ship in full sail. They had no kajacks with them, and no means whatever of getting back to shore. The wind had soon driven them so far out that they could no longer see the ice-plain along the coast, and, at length, even the lofty icebergs were out of sight. These icebergs are great mountains of frozen seawater and snow, caused by great masses of ice being driven one upon the other by the force of the wind and waves, and then the snow falling on the top of that, until they reach to a great height, and become ice-mountains. In stormy weather they dash together violently, and if a boat, or even a strong ship, happens to be between two of them, it is crushed like a nut, and all broken to pieces. In this way, Europeans, who go out to catch whales in these cold regions, sometimes lose their

lives. Sometimes, too, when these icebergs get top-heavy, through the weight of snow above, and the melting of the lower part which is under the water, the great mountain turns a complete summer-set in the sea. Just fancy what a terrible thing it would be to be passing by an iceberg at such a moment! Yet Peter and Titus had to risk all these dangers, and that not in a strong boat or ship, but on nothing better than a raft of ice. But they passed the icebergs in safety, though to them the thought of being borne away into the open ocean was so terrible that they did not even think of the danger they were in among the icebergs, and when at last they lost sight even of them they began to despair of ever seeing their homes again. I dare say you have guessed from their names that they were converted Esquimaux, and so indeed they were. Both Peter and Titus had once been poor blind heathen; their only hope being that if they were clever in hunting and fishing they should, when they died, be taken to what Esquimaux call "the happy hunting grounds," where, they believed, they should live for ever, always chasing over again the creatures they had hunted in this world, and enjoying plenty of seal meat and bear's flesh and elk and fish, and, in short, all the things they value most in their strange, half-frozen life on earth! What a hope! How different to that "blessed hope" which the believer in Christ has, and which he knows to be true because founded on God's unfailing Word. But Peter and Titus were believers now, and therefore, when they found

themselves in the boundless ocean, with no way of escape, they knew whom to cry to in their distress. Perhaps you would like to hear how a poor Esquimaux, who was so lately a heathen, could express himself in prayer to God. Well, I will just give you his words, because they show that the blessed Spirit teaches Christians how to pray, whether they are living at the north pole or in our more favoured country.

This, then, was Peter's prayer just before he laid down to rest with his companion as the evening closed around them on the driving ice-island on the boundless sea :—

“I pray Thee, dear God, let me not be carried to the other side of the water, nor into the south or north to the unbelieving. I pray Thee let me not find my grave in the billows, but give me my grave with those from whom I have been parted. Be merciful to me, thou helper in all distress. Take us both into Thy care, as well as my poor children and my wife.”

The ice-field they were upon was so large, and covered so deeply with snow, that they were able to build a snow-hut to protect themselves from the bitter cold and the driving sleet, and, as they had caught eight seals before they were driven from the land, there was no lack of food. But fire they had none, therefore they were obliged to eat their seal-meat raw ; yet their snug little snow-hut was so warm, that, with their sleighs for beds, and resting in the Lord, they could slumber peacefully through the long dark night, though drifting

on they knew not where. They only knew that the Lord was with them, and in Him they trusted. God's Word declares, "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee, because he trusteth in Thee;" and so these dear Christian Esquimaux found it. On the fourth day they were completely enveloped in mist, and could not even see the ocean around them, so that had any ship been near, or any boat sent out to find them, they could not have seen it. But they cried unceasingly to the Lord, and entreated Him to guide their ice-raft as once He had guided the Ark in safety through the flood. And their trust in Him grew so strong through His own grace that they not only prayed but *praised* Him too, and sang hymns together on the desolate island of snow. What a wonderful thing is faith! What had these two poor men to sing about?

I dare say the young reader would like very well to have a ride on a floating island, if such a thing could be had, on a quiet lake in his own green country; perhaps he would not mind much if he lived there a whole week with plenty to eat and a warm bright sky overhead, and friends at hand; but a desolate island of snow with nothing on it save a little hut, a raging sea all round, and no prospect of any change for the better, is quite another thing. I do not suppose he would *sing* in such a place at all; he would feel rather more inclined to cry: and when a bigger wave than usual lifted the island, and threatened to break it

in halves, or the rough wind came down with a rush and shook the little hut as if it would sweep it all away together, he would find it hard work to be happy unless he had something better than his own courage to keep him up. Ah, but these two Christians had something better, and that was *faith*--faith in God. They were not indeed *sure* of being saved from a watery grave; it might please the Lord to take them home to Himself in that very way, but they knew He would keep them from evil, and for the rest, they were simply *subject to His will*, and this was the secret of their peace. So, as I have said, they sang the praises of God together in the evening after uniting in prayer for themselves and their families, and then laid themselves down to sleep in their sleighs, counting on the goodness of God to keep them in safety through the night.

(*To be continued.*)

"I LOVE THEE, I PRAISE THEE!"

A LITTLE girl about nine years of age was in the habit of going to her Sunday-school teacher every morning to be instructed in reading, as she was not so forward as the other children in the class. On one occasion her teacher asked her if she knew what "sin" was. The child, thinking the question was what "*sing*" was, promptly answered, "To praise." The teacher not for the moment discovering the mistake, and shocked at the supposed extreme ignorance of the child, spoke plainly to her about

the nature of sin—its evil in God's sight, and the awful state of those who died in their sins—and then pointed out God's wondrous love in sending His only Son who died on the cross instead of the sinner and put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself. After listening with intense interest she burst into tears and wept bitterly for nearly half an hour. In vain did the teacher seek to elicit from the dear child the cause of her tears: not a word could she speak, and she judged it best to let her weep on. At length the little girl answered, in reply to the question, "I was thinking of the love of Jesus." The teacher then asked, "Can you not thank Him for it?" She then fell on her knees, clasped her hands, and, looking up to heaven, said, "I thank Thee, O Lord Jesus, that Thou hast died on the cross for me, and washed away all my sins in Thy precious blood. I love Thee, I praise Thee."

Several weeks after, the mother was asked in a general way whether she saw any fruit of the Sunday-school instruction in either of her children. She replied, "Not in the eldest, but in her sister there is a great change, for she is very anxious to obey me, and will often say, 'Mother, I do not think it right to do so and so'"—and she wept and lamented to her mother that she could not get her young companions to believe what she told them about the love of Jesus in dying, and she has many times said, "I do love Miss ——, because she told me of the love of Jesus Christ in putting away my sin."

N. N.



THE LITTLE BLIND CHINESE GIRL.

A BLIND girl was found near the Ponasang Missionary Station, near Foochow, China, November 12, 1868. From a paper found about her, it would seem that her father had either brought or sent her there. Her age was said to be five years, but she was not larger than a foreign child of two.

It will help our young readers to understand the line—

“A girl, how useless,”

when we tell them that the heathen of China often expose their female children to perish by

famine and drowning, because they believe that after their own death their *sons only* will be able to benefit their souls by burning incense to the idols for them.

THE CHINESE BLIND GIRL.

'Twas a drear November morning,
And the dawn was dull and chill,
When we found a little blind girl
Left to die upon a hill.

Two mean garments wrapp'd around her,
Scanty garments worn and old,
Were the stranger's only covering,
Left to die amid the cold.

In her hands a written paper
Told her history short but sad,
Why thus lonely, blind, and starving,
And why left so thinly clad.

And it said the hand of sickness
Reft away her infant sight,
And the hand of death had left her
Motherless and orphan quite.

But I know not how her father
Thus could leave his blind child there;
Was it done with selfish feeling,
Or in passion's wild despair?

But, alas! we must believe it,
As his was a heathen mind,
Thus he thought,—“A girl, how useless,
Helpless, burdensome, and blind!”

But we know not of his feelings,
If his breast but heaved a sigh,
As he left his little blind girl
On the hill-side lone to die !

Sadly, sadly she was crying—
Clothed in garments far too thin,
“Oh, it rains—the wind is blowing :
Mother, mother, take me in !”

There upon that dreary morning,
With the air so damp and chill,
Heard we thus the little blind one,
Crying, moaning on the hill.

And within our home of plenty,
There to tend with gentle care,
Soon we brought the little stranger,
Yes, we made her welcome there.

Still we keep the little wanderer,
Rescued when a dying girl ;
And the name by which we call her
Is the little “Gathered Pearl.”

Many friends the orphan helping,
Seek to comfort, cheer, and bless,
Smoothing thus her rugged journey
Through her life's dark wilderness.

In our Sunday-school she's hearing
Of the One who healed the blind ;
May the Spirit, Christ revealing,
Beam on her benighted mind !

So that when He comes in glory,
And is passed her darksome night,
She shall then with joy behold Him
With ineffable delight.

PERILS IN THE WILDERNESS.

(Concluded from p. 45.)

MANY years ago, a worthy man named Ruggles, who was a minister of the Word of God, was once preaching to a company of white people in one of the far-off back settlements of America, when all at once the terrible war-whoop of the Red Indians was heard. In another moment they were upon the people, who fled in all directions, the men to get their rifles, and the women and children to hide where they could. But Mr. Ruggles did not escape. Before he could do so they seized him, and hurried away into the deep forest. After marching many weary miles, for fear the settlers should overtake them with their guns, they stopped to rest, and left the preacher in the care of two women, who were ordered to watch while the men slept. But One was also watching, whom they knew not, watching over His servant and caring for him. No doubt the long forced march had made the Indians very weary, and instead of watching their prisoner the women fell into a sound slumber. Even the very dogs slept soundly, and Mr. Ruggles, who, you may rely upon it, was all the while crying in secret to the Lord, felt that the time had come for him to try and make his escape. As the Indians knew he was not a warrior, they had left him unbound, so he had nothing to do but to rise and steal quietly away. But the hazard was very great. The slightest noise would betray him, and

the cruel Indians, exasperated by the attempt at escape, would be sure to torture him to death. Indians sleep so lightly that the crack of a dry stick under the foot would awaken them; and, as to the dogs, you know it is almost impossible for a stranger to pass a sleeping dog without disturbing him. He smells a stranger in his sleep, and wakes directly. But, as I have said, God was watching over His poor servant, and so Mr. Ruggles stole out of the camp, and passed the slumbering dogs and Indians unnoticed. Then he hurried away in the deep forest as fast as his tired footsteps could carry him. But he had not gone very far before he heard the Red Man's whoop, and directly afterwards the crash among the bushes told of hot pursuit. To out-run dogs and Indians was impossible. No friendly shelter was at hand, the grey dawn was breaking, and would betray him to their eyes if he tried to climb or hide among the trees. All that he could do in his distress was to run on and cry to the Lord as he ran. His fierce pursuers were gaining on him fast, and just when he was about to sink from exhaustion and despair, he caught sight of a hole at the foot of a large tree. On looking in he found the tree was hollow, and after some difficulty he managed to squeeze himself through and stand upright inside the tree. There he soon heard the dogs approach, and smell around the spot, and now he felt he must be discovered. But, strange to say, the dogs passed on, and the Indians, trusting to them, and so misled,

presently followed in full chase, and left the trembling Christian untouched. Who can doubt but that this was the Lord's doing? Mr. Ruggles felt it was indeed His gracious answer to his cry, and could only pour out his thanksgivings as he stood trembling in his strange retreat. There he remained until he was sure that the Indians had given up the search and gone away. Then he crept out, and after some difficulty managed, through the Lord's goodness, to find his way back to the friends he had been so suddenly torn away from. No doubt the wonderful story of his deliverance would cause his fellow Christians there to praise the Lord, and would teach them, as I trust it will the reader, that "God is a very present help in trouble," to those who, as believers in the Lord Jesus Christ, can plead His promises, and trust His love. *Can you?* K.

DICTIONARY OF THE BIBLE.

(Continued from page 55.)

Antichrist.—The lawless one foretold as coming hereafter in his own name (John v. 43), who denies that Jesus is the Christ, and so denieth the Father and the Son (1 John ii. 22—24, iv. 3; 2 John 7), opposing and exalting himself against all that is called God, or that is worshipped, and sitting down in the temple of God, showing himself that he is God. His coming will be according to the working of Satan in all power and signs and wonders of falsehood (2 Thess ii. 2—9, and Rev.



AN EASTERN COURT.

xiii., xvi. 13, 14). After proving a source of sore temptation and strong delusion to those who have not received the love of the truth, but have found pleasure in unrighteousness (2 Thess. ii. 10—12, Rev. iii. 10), and a terrible persecutor of God's earthly people, he will be destroyed at the coming of the Lord with all his saints (comp. Daniel vii. 8—11, 24—25, xi. 36—39; Isa. xiv. 12 to 16; Ps. ix., x., and many others. Rev. xix. 11—21).

Antioch.—This city, the former metropolis of Syria, stands on the banks of the Orontes, about thirty miles from the Mediterranean and 300 north

of Jerusalem. It was in the province of Sileucis or Tetrapolis, and became the capital of the Roman provinces in Asia, being the third in rank after Rome and Alexandria, and very populous. The Word was first preached in this city by those who were scattered abroad upon the persecution that arose about Stephen (Acts xi. 19). Those Jewish saints who were of Jerusalem confined their preaching to Jews only, but some who were of Cyprus and Cyrene were more liberal, and preached the Lord Jesus to the Greeks. "The hand of the Lord was with them, and a great number believed and turned to the Lord" (v. 21). The frequency with which Christ is spoken of and preached as "LORD" in verses 19 to 24, and from this point onward throughout the Acts, is very noticeable; also that Believers were first called *Christians* in Antioch (26). Thus from this city, as from a new centre, the work takes a distinctive character, and the *Word of the Lord* is preached to Jew and Gentile alike, only that Paul and Barnabas, who were sent forth from this city by the Spirit, address the Jews first (see also Acts xiii. 4, 5). Antioch has undergone many changes. In A.D. 260 it was pillaged by Sapor the King of Persia, and earthquakes have often almost ruined it, 250,000 persons being destroyed by one in A.D. 526. In 540 it was burnt by Chosroes, and in 658 captured by the Saracens. Retaken A.D. 975 by Nicephoras Phocas, it was betrayed into the hands of Soliman by the son of its own governor

A.D. 1080. In A.D. 1097 it was taken by 300,000 Crusaders under the Duke of Normandy, and in 1268 was ruined by Bibars, the Sultan of Egypt and Syria, who dispeopled it by slaying 17,000 persons and taking 100,000 prisoners. The city at the present day belongs to the Pashalic of Aleppo, and is called *Antakia*. In 1822 an earthquake destroyed four or five thousand persons, at which time the inhabitants were said to amount to 20,000. There is still a nominal Christian patriarch of Antioch, but the title is claimed by the patriarchs of the Greek Church, the Syrian Monophysites, and the Maronites. The present town is hardly one-third the size of the ancient city.

Antioch in Pisidia was, under the Romans, the seat of a pro-consular government, and a city of some importance in Asia Minor. It was visited by Paul and Barnabas on their first journey from Antioch in Syria. The envy and opposition of the Jews was fully brought out here, and it was in this city that Paul first publicly declared that he would turn to the Gentiles (Acts xiii. 45—47). Great success attended the labours of the Apostles here, especially among the Gentiles, and from hence the *Word of the Lord* was published throughout all the region. As this Antioch was a border city, with three provinces adjoining, the "region" was extensive and important, especially in connexion with the work among the Gentiles (comp. ver. 2). This city is now in ruins.

Antiochus (he who withstands).—The first of

this name of importance in connexion with Jewish history was one of the generals of Philip of Macedon, the father of Alexander the Great. After the death of that great conqueror, his empire was divided among his princes or generals (see Daniel viii. 8, 21, 22; xi. 3, 4). Seleucus, son of Antiochus, possessed himself of Babylon (B.C. 312) and extended his empire eastward as far as Parthia and Media, and westward over Asia Minor, including Syria, as far as nearly to Damascus, capital of Coele Syria, in the north of Palestine; while Ptolemy, son of Lagus, having seized upon Egypt, established his authority over Palestine as far as, and including, Damascus. Thus Syria was divided between these two kings, who, with their successors, are foretold in Daniel xi., under the titles of King of the North and King of the South; the northern or Babylonish power being called "King of the North," and the Egyptian, or southern, "King of the South." The inhabitants of Palestine suffered much from their repeated conflicts, as the whole land of Israel was frequently the common battle-field of these two powers. Their wars, treaties, and inter-marriages are minutely foretold in Daniel xi., showing how closely the Lord notes all that concerns His people. For the details, the reader is referred to Josephus and the Books of Maccabees. At length, in the year 198 B.C., Antiochus the Great, or "King of the North," became master of "the glorious land" (ver. 16). He was succeeded by his son Seleucus Philopater, "a raiser of taxes," B.C. 187, who was

murdered, a few years afterwards, by one of his courtiers (v. 20). The rightful heir to the throne of the Seleucidae was Demetrius, the son of Seleucus, then a hostage at Rome, but Antiochus Epiphanes, the brother of Seleucus, "a vile person" (ver. 21), obtained "the kingdom by flatteries," and bribery so lavish as to wear the appearance of insanity. This Antiochus (who is looked upon as foreshadowing the Antichrist of the "time of the end") became a terrible scourge to the Jews, especially after his expedition into Egypt, or the south (ver. 29), from whence he was driven by a declaration of the Romans, who commanded him to "let that country alone." On his return he took Jerusalem, the gates being opened to him by those apostate Jews who followed the Grecian customs, and were favourable to him (ver. 30). Two years after this, he plundered the whole city and the temple; forbade the daily sacrifices (ver. 31); slew swine upon an idol altar which he set up in the temple; and compelled the Jews to raise idol altars in every city and village, and to offer swine upon them. Those who resisted were tortured or crucified. Every book of the law which could be discovered was destroyed, a large number of the people carried away captive, and the Jews reduced to great misery, which was increased by the conduct of those apostate Jews who had "forsaken the holy covenant." Many faithful Jews fled into the deserts and hid themselves "in dens and caves of the earth." While Antiochus was absent on an expedition into the North-east, from

which he never returned, his generals were attacked under the leadership of Mattathias and his son Judas, called Maccabeus (32), and, after many battles, were defeated, the people delivered and the temple restored. (See MACCABEES.) Besides Antiochus Epiphanes, history mentions his son, Antiochus Eupator, and another who was son of Alexander Balas. A fourth Antiochus, called Sidetes, the last king of that house, besieged Jerusalem, B.C. 134, pulled down the walls, and once more brought the Jews into subjection, after they had enjoyed a short independence of only ten years.

An'tipas, named as a "faithful witness" or martyr in Rev. ii. 13.

Antip'atris, a city between Cæsarea and Lydia, mentioned (Acts xxiii. 31) as the place to which Paul was brought as a prisoner on his way from Jerusalem to Cæsarea.

Anto'nia, a strong fortress in Jerusalem, overlooking the temple on the north side. This was the castle into which Paul was carried by the Roman soldiers, and from the stairs of which he addressed the Jews (Acts xxi. 31—40).

Apel'les, a christian at Rome, saluted by Paul in his epistle to the church there (Rom. xvi. 10). Tradition says he was one of the seventy disciples.

Aphar'sathchites, the name of some of the colonists whom the King of Assyria planted in Samaria (Ezra iv. 9, v. 6).

(To be continued in the April Number.)

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA FOR MARCH.

A FAITHFUL character of old,
Who would, to please his own true God,
His only darling slay ;
But, ere the fatal stroke was laid,
His hand was by an angel stayed,
The action to delay.

One who, when he the Lord had seen,
Found in that lowly Nazarene
His Rabbi and his God ;
Owned Him the true and living Word,
Pronounced Him Israel's promised Lord,
And Judah's great reward.

The one who could not yet believe
That Christ the Lord was risen,
Until he'd seen those pierced hands,
That wounded side *so* riven.

The one for whom his father sent
To countries far away,
To choose a bride for that dear son.
He was not to delay,
But fetch her from her father's home,
And willingly she said, "I'll come."

Now one who did his Lord deny,
And, sad to say, swore to a lie,
But when he saw that loving eye,
Went out and wept in agony.

Now the first parent of our race,
By whom came sin and its disgrace,
Whose sad transgression brought the fall,
And death and ruin upon all.

One who for valiant deeds was famed,
And 'mongst the worthies too is named,
But when betrayed, found to his cost,
"The Lord departed," and strength lost.

Now range these names, and when you take
 The first initials, they will make
 "A faithful Martyr" called to die,
 Whose record now is up on high.

ADA, *aged 12.*

ANSWERS TO ENIGMA FOR FEBRUARY.

E LIMELECH, forgetful of God's power,
 Left Israel's land in famine's direful hour.
 M artha, unwilling Mary's aid to lose,
 Heard how she did the better portion choose.
 M ark thought not of his risen Lord above,
 By whose directions only he should move.
 A mram, trusting God's protecting might,
 Knew that the ark was ever in His sight.
 N abal refused to God's anointed bread;
 God's hand o'ertook him, soon his soul had fled.
 U zziah, in the temple of his Lord,
 Remembered not His holy written Word.
 E phraim received the firstborn's right
 From Israel by faith, and not by sight.
 L ot chose to dwell in guilty Sodom's plain,
 Leaving his pilgrim-ways for earthly gain.

Aberdeen.

J. M. J., *aged 15.*

OH, when EMMANUEL's face appears,
 My hope and joy begins;
 His name casts out my slavish fears,
 His grace removes my sins.

Liverpool.

T. F. C., *aged 12.*



A CEDAR TREE PHOTOGRAPHED FROM NATURE.

STONES AND THISTLES.

A LITTLE girl sat one day on her mother's knee. I am sorry to say she had been grumbling a little bit. I do not know what she had been grumbling about, but I feel sure she had no reason for doing so, for she was a happy little girl, whom God had blessed with many, many blessings. Well, she sat on her mother's knee, and her mother said to her, "How is it that I hear you grumbling, my darling, when God has given you so many good things? Can you count the good things God has given you?" "He has given me bread and butter," said the little girl.

“Anything else?” “My clothes, and a house to live in.” “Anything else?” “He gave me you and papa.” “Can you think of anything more?” “He gave me Jesus Christ and the Holy Spirit, and that’s best of all,” said the little girl. “Can you think of any *bad* things He has given you?” The little girl thought for some time, and at last said, “Thistles.” “Anything else?” The little girl thought and thought again, and then said, “Stones.” “Anything more?” The little girl thought and thought, and then said, “I don’t know of anything else.” Perhaps some little children might wonder at this little girl for thinking of “stones” and “thistles” more than anything else. I will tell you why it was. She was living on Mount Lebanon, the beautiful mountain spoken of so often in God’s holy Word. Some of you, I am sure, will remember that God said He would cause the cedars and fir-trees to be cut down and burned with fire, because of the sin of His chosen people. This has really come to pass, and now only one clump of cedars is left, which the country people call Azze-Rabb (cedars of the Lord). This little clump of cedars stands high, high in the mountains, and all round are nothing but barren peaks, “el jurd,” the nakedness, as the people call the barren heights.

There stands the remnant of the cedars, fresh and green as of old, with many young trees growing up among the old ones. They are like the remnant of God’s chosen people, and they

seem to be spared that we might remember, when we look on them or think about them, that God has promised to restore the glory of Israel and the fruitfulness of Mount Lebanon, and that all His other promises will be as surely fulfilled as this one.

Since the trees have been cut down and burned, the rain in some parts of Lebanon has washed very much of the earth down into the valleys, and the mountain sides are all bare and stony. The people can only have fields in such places by making terraces, which keep up some of the earth; the roads also are so stony, that no carriage can go along them, so when people want to go a journey, they must either walk, or go on a horse or donkey. Then a great, great many thistles grow among the rocks, some of them are very pretty, some have yellow flowers, and some pink, and some blue, like large blue balls, but they have such sharp prickles, that you cannot gather the pretty flowers, and when the little girl I am telling you about went out for a walk, the stones hurt her feet, and the thistles pricked her legs, so she thought thistles and stones the worst things in the world.

Her mother talked to her, and showed her how few "bad" things God had given her, compared with the good things, and how little the troubles were, compared with the blessings, till I do not think the little girl grumbled any more, but felt truly thankful to her dear heavenly Father. Then her mother told her this story, to show her that

what we call bad things may become good things for us if rightly used :—

“ A man once had three boys : their names were Chalil, Assad, and Ibrahim. The first name means a friend, the second a lion, and the third is the same as Abraham. They are all quite common names in Syria, like James, or John, or William in England. One day their father took them to the hill-side, and gave them each a piece of ground to do what they liked with. Now I will tell you what they each did.

“ When Chalil saw the piece of ground that was given him, he sat down and cried very bitterly, for it was so covered with stones that he despaired of ever getting anything to grow there.

“ ‘ It is no use trying to do anything with those stones,’ he said ; ‘ our father is rich enough, and has plenty of land, why did he give us such a piece of ground as this ? ’

“ ‘ Never mind, brother,’ said Assad, ‘ we can soon clear away the stones.’ But Chalil was too disheartened to try anything, so he left his brothers and went home. Assad set to work bravely : he was not long in clearing all the big stones from his land, for, as it was on the hill-side, he could easily throw them down into the valley ; then, with a rude sort of rake, he raked off all the small stones till the ground looked quite nice and clear. When all this was done, he looked to see what Ibrahim had been doing all this time. He was quite astonished to find that only a little bit of his brother’s land was cleared, and still

more astonished to see that Ibrahim was carefully collecting his stones, which was, of course, more troublesome than throwing them down the hill-side; then, after all, Ibrahim's land did not look nearly so nice as Assad's, for though he took so much trouble about the big stones, he left all the smaller ones on the ground, so that Assad laughed at him for what he thought very foolish conduct.

“At the proper time, the father gave his sons some seed for sowing, and young trees for planting. Chalil refused his father's gift, for he could not sow or plant anything in the midst of stones. Assad sowed his seed and planted his trees joyfully. Ibrahim also sowed and planted; and then, with his stones which he had so carefully collected, he built a wall all round his little field, and round each tiny tree he put several large stones so as almost to cover it. Time passed on; the boys went nearly every day to the hill-side; but, oh, how sadly grieved was Assad to find, one day, all his young trees destroyed! A flock of black goats, so often seen on the mountains of Lebanon, had passed that way, and had eaten them close to the ground. Only a few of the topmost leaves of Ibrahim's trees were eaten, so safely were they protected by the wall and by the stones that surrounded them. Still Assad was not discouraged. ‘The trees are gone, but the seed remains,’ he said; so he waited hopefully until harvest-time. Before the harvest, however, came months of hot sunshine that dried up the ground. Still Ibrahim's little field looked

fresh and green, whilst Assad's got drier and browner every day. 'How is this?' he exclaimed bitterly one day; 'my land is so parched that both my wheat and barley have completely failed, whilst yours are green and flourishing.' 'See, brother,' said Ibrahim, 'the stones I left in my field have so retained the moisture, that the ground is even now damp just below the surface; you cleared all your stones away, so that the land has quite dried up.' Do you see what use the stones were of? Are they not like some of our troubles? If we get into despair and murmur against our heavenly Father, we shall be like Chalil, and all our Father's precious gifts will be useless to us, because our hearts are unfit to bring forth good fruit. If we determine to have quite a smooth life, free from all trouble, we shall be like Assad; our field may look pleasant, but temptations will destroy our good intentions, and our land will bring no fruit to perfection. Shall we not rather treat our troubles as Ibrahim did his stones, and we shall soon find that not one has been in vain."

"Thank you, mother," said the little girl; then, after a short silence, she added, "I don't think thistles *can* be of *any* use."

"You did not think stones could be of any use; now you know about the stones, will you not *trust* about the thistles, and rejoice to think that for the Lord's dear people there is a home of rest, where there are neither stones or thistles, where 'they shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor

any heat. For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto fountains of living waters, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes' " (Rev. vii. 16, 17).

THE WIDOW OF ROCHELLE; OR, "THE LORD
WILL PROVIDE."

At a time when we hear so much of wars and besieged cities, the following anecdote will no doubt interest the young reader. About 200 years ago the Protestant city of Rochelle, in France, was besieged by the Roman Catholics, and the inhabitants, like some in our own day, were brought to great misery from want. In this city there lived the widow of a merchant named Prosni, who had left her and her four children well provided for. But when this Christian widow saw the misery around her, she could not refuse to share what she had with her suffering townsmen, and although, if the siege lasted long, she was in danger of coming to want herself, she nevertheless gave liberally to the needy. Her door was never closed against them, and when found fault with for her want of foresight by a rich, but more cautious, unconverted sister-in-law, she was in the habit of replying, "The Lord will provide." The siege still went on, the city still held out, and at last the stores of the rich widow were exhausted. All was gone, and grim Famine stared her and her dear children in the face. In her distress she

went to her wealthy sister-in-law, but she only upbraided her with what she called her folly and extravagance, and spurned her from her door. Broken-hearted and in tears, the widow—once rich, now poor indeed—turned away to seek her home, having before her eyes her poor hungry children, and no human hope or prospect of deliverance. Shut in by a besieging army, famine already within the walls, whence was help to come to her? Ah! it was a sore trial of her faith as she thought of the plenty she once had, and might still have had, if she, like her sister-in-law, had selfishly kept what she possessed to herself. Perhaps her heart had been lifted up at having the power to give to the poor, and the Lord saw that she needed this sharp lesson to keep her humble. Still she remembered the words she had often quoted, and though the tears stole down her wan face and she trembled as she drew near her own house, at the thought of meeting her poor hungry children, she clung to the promise—"The Lord will provide," and hoped, though but faintly, that He would find some means of deliverance for her. As she knocked at her own door, her children ran to open it with joyful faces. Their look of joy she thought at first was owing to their hoping that she had brought them help, and she sighed as she thought how soon it would be turned to blank despair. But the Lord proved better to her than all her fears. Her happy children stayed not to hear the result of her errand, but, hurrying her into the house, pointed to a sack of flour which a stranger,

they told her, had brought to the door during her absence without saying whom it came from. This sack of flour served them for food, and, like the widow of Zarephath's barrel of meal and cruse of oil, did not fail until the siege was over, and she was able to realize her property, and was once more restored to the comfort and plenty she had formerly known. In the meantime, even while the siege still continued, she was able to say to her hard-hearted relative, "The Lord *has* provided."

In these "perilous times," when so many are "lovers of their own selves, lovers of money," these little anecdotes are very useful. Unbelief says, "The days of miracles are past;" but Faith says, "Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, *to-day*, and for ever." "The Lord's arm is *not* shortened that it cannot save, neither is His ear heavy that it cannot hear." Those who obey and trust Him will find Him still the same as in the days of old. To how many of the Lord's suffering ones, in towns and villages desolated by invasion, might this thought give comfort even now; and how thankful should the young readers of GOOD NEWS be that, for a time at least, the terrible scourge of war is not allowed to reach them. And those that are believers should pray for their suffering brethren and sisters, that their faith may be sustained, and that, like the widow of Rochelle, they may, in all their need, be enabled to say in simple faith—

"THE LORD WILL PROVIDE."

K.

THE BRAZEN SERPENT.

NUMBERS xxi.

"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."—JOHN iii. 14, 15.

WHEN Israel of old
The dreary desert trod,
With voices loud and bold
They murmur'd against God:
So sinners now of God complain,
As though He caused their grief and pain.

To check their discontent,
And cure them of their pride,
God fiery serpents sent,
And many people died:
Thus Adam's children, old and young,
Are all by sin and Satan stung.

A serpent made of brass
Was set upon a pole;
And then it came to pass
That all who looked were whole:
So Jesus, who has Surety stood,
Was lifted on a cross of wood.

The Father, in His love
For sinners such as we,
Sent Jesus from above
To suffer on the tree.
How good of God His Son to give,
That we on Him might look and live

CHRIST died because God loved the world, not that He
might love it (John iii. 16).



PERILS ON THE ICY SEA.—No. II.

(Concluded from p. 69.)

HAD any one been near enough to hear, how strangely those voices would have sounded from out of that dense mist on that lonely, stormy sea. Day after day passed on, and night after night came and went; their island, worn and broken by the rough waves, grew slowly less and less, and yet, although anxiety for those dear to them at home *would* steal over their hearts, they never neglected to sing their hymns of praise together ere they lay down to sleep, while all day long they “continued instant in prayer” to Him who was able to save them, and who has said, “If two of you shall agree on earth, as touching anything they shall ask, it shall be done for them of my Father which is in heaven.” And, at last, their prayer was answered in a truly wonderful way. If you are a reader of the Bible, you will remember how, when Moses cried to God on behalf of the children of Israel, He “caused the sea to go back by a strong east wind all that night.” Well, it was in something after the same manner that the Lord now answered these two Christian Esquimaux; not, indeed by causing the *sea* to go back, but by causing another, and a different, wind to blow. You will remember that they had been driving away *from* the land. Then, when the wind fell, their island had floated on, shrouded in mist or deluged with rain and sleet. But, sheltered in

their snow bee-hive, they had taken no harm. How often they peeped out of their little door-way to see whether any ship was in sight, or any boat coming after them, I cannot tell; but their time was chiefly spent in prayer and praise, as I have already told you, and you may depend upon it that this unceasing communion with the Lord was not only a blessing to their souls at the time, but gave them to know more of their gracious Lord than they had ever known before. I don't suppose they had any Bible with them; but it seems they had both learned by heart the whole of the 17th chapter of John's Gospel, and this they repeated aloud the same as if they were reading it from the book. Of course, they could meditate upon it and talk over it together, and I am sure there was truth enough in that one chapter—and blessed truth, too—to last them all the time they were sitting together in their warm hut on the floating island. This shows what a good thing it is to *learn by heart* as much of God's Word as one can. Well, after they had been floating along on their island for eight days, getting further and further out on the wide ocean, the wind began to arise again. Presently it blew a gale, and the big waves came rolling and foaming towards them as if they would swallow them up—as indeed they would have done but for the goodness of God—and that ice and snow are so much lighter than water that the island rose upon the billows, and so preserved them from being overwhelmed. But the wind which now blew so furiously, instead of coming *from* the coast, as

it had done before, came from just the opposite quarter.

And now, to their surprise and joy, their ice-island began to drive back again towards their long-lost home! Oh! how they prayed that that wind might last, that they might not be dashed against the rocking icebergs which now once more began to come in sight, that the island itself might not break to pieces on the great big waves that tossed and foamed around them! And in all these requests the Lord heard them. In the meantime their Christian friends in Hoffenthal had not been idle. Day after day they had sent out kajacks to search for them, and had continued in prayer for their deliverance, until, from the lapse of time, they feared that they were dead. You may judge what they all felt on the evening of the ninth day from the time of their departure, Peter and Titus once more appeared among them. Their island had been driven back to the very shore it had parted from nine days before, and they now came among their astonished and delighted friends like men who had risen from among the dead in the deep sea to tell of the goodness of the Lord, and to unite their praises with those of their brethren for the wonderful deliverance He had granted to them in answer to their prayers. These little narratives are useful both as showing that the Lord is still the same as in the days of old when He was wont to show His power in behalf of those who trusted in Him, and also because you learn something of the way in which people live

in far-off countries so different to ours in everything, except in this, that the Lord's people, wherever they are, can alike say—

“How good is the God we adore,
Our faithful, unchangeable Friend,
Whose love is as great as His power,
And both without measure or end.

'Tis Jesus, the First and the Last,
Whose Spirit shall guide us safe home ;
We'll praise Him for all that is past,
And trust Him for all that's to come.”

K.

THE IRISH SUNDAY SCHOLAR.

“Be not weary in well doing: for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not.”—GAL. vi. 9.

I WONDER whether the little reader goes to Sunday-school ! If he does, it may be he thinks very little about the *value* of the teaching he gets there ; for many children go week after week, and what they hear goes, as we say, “in at one ear and out at the other.” They little know that the truth of God which they are listening to is “able to make them wise unto salvation through faith in Christ Jesus,” or else they content themselves with getting a little *head* knowledge of that wonderful Book, the Word of God, and rest satisfied with that. Some children, whose parents are believers, have little Sunday-schools at home ; and, where this can be done, it is certainly best.

By a Sunday-school at *home*, I mean those happy little scenes where the Christian father or mother gathers the young ones round the table on the Lord's-day afternoon or evening, and reads to them out of God's Book, or out of GOOD NEWS, turning to the Scriptures to find any texts referred to, and talking with the children about what is read, making it plainer by a free conversation in which the child asks and the parent answers any questions which may be put. This is *God's* way, for you know He commanded the Israelites to teach their own children, and expected the children to ask questions about these things of their parents. (Exod. xii. 26, 27; xiii. 14; Josh. iv. 21—24, &c.) Those who in after years can look back to such *home scenes* will have cause to bless God for them, you may depend upon it. I feel quite sure Timothy could recall many such (2 Tim. i. 5, iii. 15). But a Sunday-school at home is not *always* to be had. It is, then, a great thing to have some other to go to where the teachers are *Christians*, and in earnest. They often see but little fruit of their labours, and are often sorely tried by childish carelessness. If the little readers did but know how much sorrow they cause, I am sure they would *try* to be more attentive, and I am certain they would have reason to be glad if they did. And not they only, but their parents too, as the following anecdote shows:—

A poor little boy in the North of Ireland, who had no father, was persuaded by a Christian teacher of a Sunday-school to attend his class.

At first, like too many children, he took little notice of what he heard.

He went Sunday after Sunday, and I don't know that he showed any signs of having got any blessing all the time he was there. At last he went away, not only from the school, but even from his native land, for he got work on board a ship, and went all the way to New York in America. What is very remarkable, too, his Sunday-school teacher went out to America also, and lived for some years in New York. Well, one day a young man of about 19 years of age called to see him. Of course this young man was a stranger to him; he had no recollection of having seen him before. Who do you think it was? Why, the poor Irish boy from the North of Ireland! He soon made himself known to his former teacher, and the talk they had together very soon showed that the truth he had heard in the Sunday-school had brought forth fruit at last. Instead of being a poor ragged boy, he was now a respectable young man, and, what is better still, a believer in the Lord Jesus Christ. And what do you think he had called on his old teacher about? Why, he knew that his poor mother in Ireland wanted help, and he had been working hard not merely for himself but for her. At last he had managed, by denying himself many things, to save more than twenty pounds. He knew that the Word of God tells those that believe to "be careful to maintain good works," and that it says, "Honour thy father and mother, which is the first commandment with promise" (Eph. vi. 2).

So he had, in obedience to God, tried all he could to save the money, that he might send it to his poor mother. And, knowing that his old teacher could find a way of sending it more safely than he could himself, he had come there with the money in his pocket, to ask the friend of his childhood to forward it to his mother. You may be sure his teacher was greatly pleased, and very thankful to the Lord, too, thus to have the joy of seeing fruit of his labours in Ireland. And the mother! how glad would she be when the money reached her in her need to know that her child, so far off in another land, had not forgotten her, but had been thinking of her wants and denying himself and toiling on day after day that he might help her at last, and prove to all the blessed power and fruit of the grace of God! Yes, and then we know not only the teacher and the mother would be delighted, but, what is even of more consequence still, that "with such sacrifices God is well pleased;" and the joy of doing that which is well pleasing to Him would be even a deeper joy than all others to the heart of this young Christian. And would not the mother have cause to be thankful that she sent her boy to a Sunday-school? No doubt of it. But for the Sunday-school he might have grown up a poor, idle, ragged, useless person; he might have got into bad company, and, even if the grace of God had afterwards brought him to Christ, *she* might never have shared any of the fruits of that grace. Well, now, this little narrative is put before you that you

may learn to value that *teaching which points to Christ*, whether in the Sunday-school, at home, or anywhere else. Your teachers work hard to do you good, and although they don't do it merely for the *fruit's sake*, but for the *Lord's sake*, yet it greatly helps and cheers them in their self-denying labours when they see their young scholars attentive and *interested*, because then they have a hope that the good seed they are sowing has found, or is finding, a lodgment, and that it is not *all* falling on "the wayside." This is, after all, but a small return on your part; will you not give it? But more than this. There is One who is waiting in patient grace for you to be drawn to Him by that Word which you are hearing week after week. You know "this is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." You have heard this, I dare say, often, and you know it in your *head*; but have you accepted it with the *heart*? Ah, that makes all the difference. You see, the poor Irish boy did so after a time, and how happy and useful it made him! Besides, he was *saved*; yes, saved for ever through faith in Christ. Then he had the Lord for his Friend all through life, and He helped him, so that he could help his mother, thus bringing forth fruit unto God. May the Lord lead you to Himself *now*, that so you may not only be saved, but by grace glorify God on earth, while you tarry here. The time is short. The coming of the Lord is at hand, when those who love Him shall be gathered round Him in the glory, and those who

do not love Him shall be shut out. It won't do to go on Sunday after Sunday careless of what you hear. "The grace of God which bringeth salvation to all men hath appeared : " will you not receive it now ?

K.

SUN AND RAIN.—Acts xiv. 15, &c.

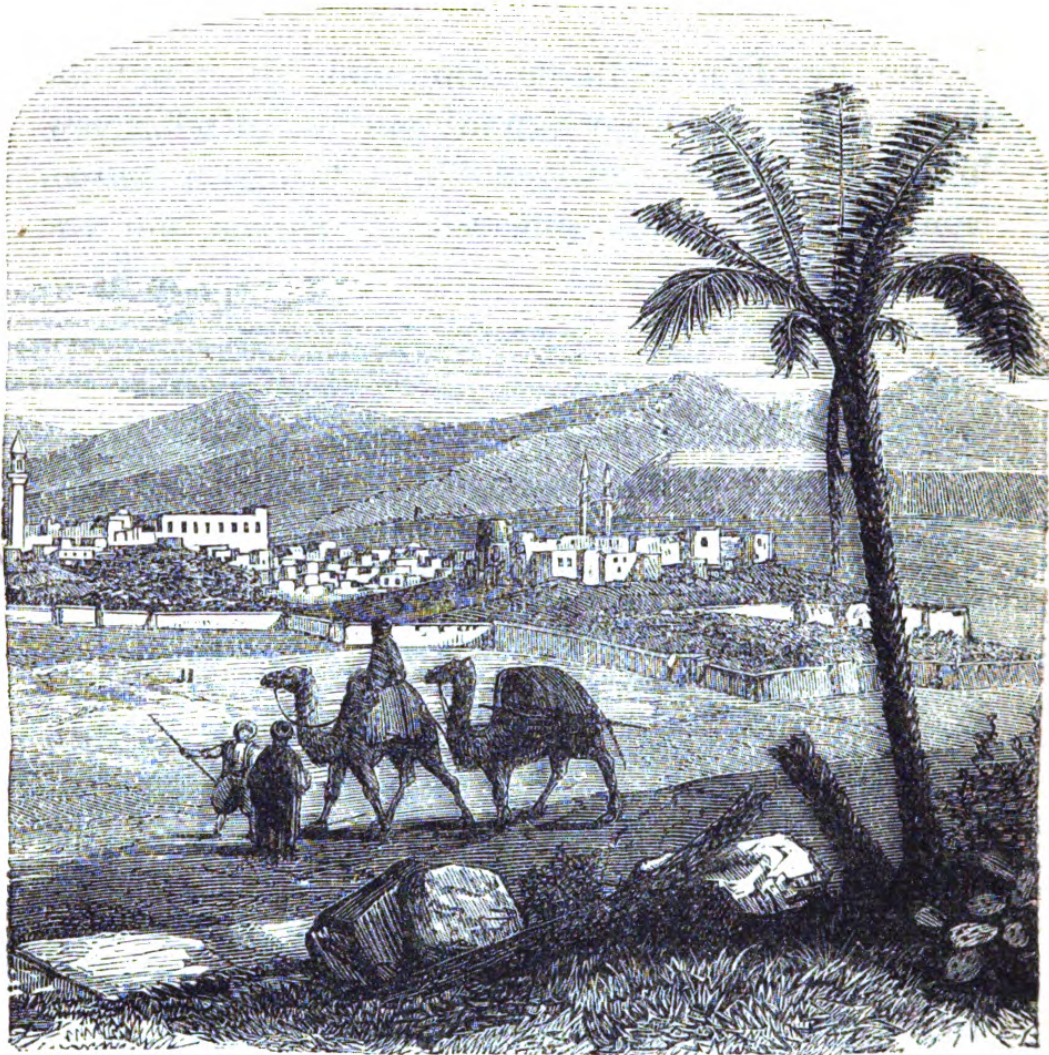
WHAT a blessing to the earth
 Flows from sun and showers,
 Driving hence both drought and dearth,
 Bringing fruits and flowers !
 God, who gives the yielding seeds,
 Wets them from His river,
 Shines on valleys, fields, and meads,—
 Of their fruit, The Giver.

So, in barren human hearts,
 He in mercy soweth
 Precious seed, which life imparts,
 Where the Spirit bloweth.
 He refreshes with His grace,
 By His truth enlightens,
 And, with beams from Jesus' face,
 Clouded brows He brightens.

He in blessing e'er delights,
 Gives us food and gladness ;
 Sinners to Himself invites,
 Saves from guilt and sadness.
 Ev'ry soft'ning show'r of rain,
 Ev'ry fruitful season,
 Tells, if we of Him complain,
 We've no show of reason.

T.

THE depths of sin are never beyond the depths of mercy.—
 JOHN vi. 37.



DICTIONARY OF THE BIBLE.

(Continued from page 82.)

A'phek (strength), a citadel or fortified town. At least three cities of this name are mentioned: one in Asher (Josh. xiii. 4, xix. 30; Judg. i. 31); another, supposed to be the Aphaca of Eusebius, eastward of the sea of Galilee; and a third in the tribe of Issachar (1 Samuel iv. 1, xxix. 1).

Aphe'kah (strong), a town in the mountains of Judah (Josh. xv. 53).

Aph'ses (the dispersion), chief of the eighteenth of the twenty-four courses into which David divided the priesthood (1 Chron. xxiv. 15).

Apollo'nia, a city of Macedonia, in the province of Mygdonia, and between Amphipolis and Thessalonica (Acts xvii. 1).

Apol'los, an Alexandrian Jew, an eloquent man and mighty in the Old Testament Scriptures, who, without any human appointment or interference, and knowing only the baptism of John, being fervent in spirit, taught diligently the things of the Lord at Ephesus, and, when better instructed by Aquila and Priscilla, helped them much in Achaia who through grace had believed, mightily convincing the Jews publicly, and showing by the Scriptures that Jesus is the Christ (Acts xviii. 24—28, xix. 1; 1 Cor. xvi. 12; Titus iii. 13).

Apostle, a special messenger, who, having seen the Lord (1 Cor. ix. 1, xv. 8; comp. Acts ix. 3—6, 17, xxii. 14, and i. 21, 22), was personally chosen by Him (Luke vi. 13; Acts ix. 15) and sent forth (Matt. x. 5; John xiii. 16; Acts xiii. 4), having power to show signs (Mark iii. 15; Acts viii. 17, xix. 11; 2 Cor. xii. 12; Rom. xv. 18, 19), possessing all the gifts (2 Tim. ii. 14), and speaking by revelation and with authority (1 Cor. xiv. 37; 2 Cor. x. 8; Gal. i. 11, 12, &c.). Barnabas is called an apostle, as having been chosen and sent forth with Saul (or Paul) by the Spirit (comp. Acts xiii. 2—4, and xiv. 14). The like term (rendered "messengers") is applied to those persons who were deputed by certain churches and

sent on some *special* business (2 Cor. viii. 23; Phil. ii. 25). This helps to show the meaning of the word "apostle."

Ap'phia, mentioned Philemon ii., and supposed to have been the wife of Philemon.

Ap'pii-Fo'rum, a town in Italy, on the great road from Rome to Brundisium, which was made by Appius Claudius. The remains of an ancient town on the border of the Pontine marshes are still to be seen, supposed to be the Appii-Forum of Acts xxviii. 15. The "Three Taverns" was a town some ten miles nearer to Rome.

Apple.—The word in the Hebrew is Tappuach, and it is thought to mean the citron (Song of Sol. ii. 3—5, vii. 8, viii. 5; Prov. xxv. 11; Joel i. 12). The citron-tree, whether in flower or in fruit, is rich in colour and fragrance, and beautiful in appearance.

Aq'uila, a Jewish believer, born in Pontus, and a tentmaker. He and his wife were obliged to leave Rome, through an edict of the Emperor Claudius, by which all Jews were banished from Rome. Coming to Corinth, they there met with Paul, who abode with them and wrought at the same craft (Acts xviii. 1—3). They afterwards went with him to Ephesus (18), and there (Paul having gone on to Jerusalem) they were used to expound to Apollos "the way of God more perfectly" (26). When Paul wrote his Epistle to the Romans, Aquila and Priscilla were in that city, for he sends greeting to them and to the Church in their house, and speaks of them as having for

his life "laid down their own necks" (Rom. xvi. 3—5). They are again saluted in his last epistle (2 Tim. iv. 19), having again left Rome.

Ar, the chief city of Moab, near the river Arnon (Numb. xxi. 13, 15, 28; Deut. ii. 9, 18, 24, 29). Isaiah foretells its utter destruction (Isa. xv. 1), and Jerome states that, in his youth, a great earthquake destroyed Ar in the night-time. Ar was also called Rabbah, or Rabbath-Moab. The ruins are still known by this name, and stand about seventeen miles east of the Dead Sea, on a low hill.

Arabia, that vast region of south-western Asia which is bounded on the east by the Persian Gulf and the river Euphrates, on the west by the Isthmus of Suez and the Red Sea (or Arabian Gulf), by which it is separated from Africa, and on the south by the Indian Ocean. The northern boundary has never been clearly settled. It is usually spoken of as consisting of three divisions: Arabia Felix (or Happy), Arabia Deserta (or desert), and Arabia Petræa (or rocky). It is the last that the reader of the Bible is most interested in. Arabia Petræa was so called either from the name of its chief town Petra (a rock), the capital of Idumæa, or on account of the rocky mountains and plains, of which its surface consists. It includes all the north-western portions of the country, and is bounded on the east by Desert and Happy Arabia, on the west by Egypt, on the north by Palestine and the Mediterranean, and on the south by the Red Sea. "The great and

terrible wilderness" to the west of Idumæa is a part of Arabia Petræa, and consists of vast gravelly plains and limestone hills. To the southward of this lies the wedge-shaped peninsula formed by the two arms of the Red Sea, called the Gulfs of Akaba and of Suez. This part of Arabia is called the Sinaitic Peninsula, or Wilderness of Sinai, from the group of mountains of that name where the law was given to Israel (Exod. xix. 20. See SINAI). Here are still found serpents as in the days when Israel wandered there and "spake against God and against Moses" (Numb. xxi.). The Palm-tree still flourishes, and the Acacia (or Shittim-wood tree), of which so many things connected with the tabernacle were made. Very few of the places mentioned in the history of Israel's wanderings for forty years in the wilderness are now known, but a well called Hawârah by the Arabs is thought to be the *Marah* of Exod. xv. 23. Its bitter waters are said to be the worst in these regions. South of this is Wady Ghüründel, supposed to be *Elim*. This part of Arabia is inhabited only by wandering Arabs or Bedouins (*Bedawees*), which means "Men of the desert." The Arabians are a mixed race of people principally descended from Cush and Shem. Of the latter, the Hagarites or Ishmaelites (Gen. xxv. 12—18), and the Keturahites (Gen. xxv. 1—4) are the descendants of Abraham; the Edomites of Esau, Jacob's brother; the Nahorites of Nahor, the brother of Abraham (Gen. xxii. 20—24), the Moabites and Ammonites of Lot; besides which other tribes are

mentioned in the Bible, as the Amalekites, Kenites, Horites, &c. The Arabs are divided into two great classes, the townsmen who dwell in towns and villages, and the Bedouins, who wander from place to place with their flocks, and live in tents. They are a warlike people separated into many tribes, the heads of which are called *Sheiks*, who are elected, but only from one particular family in each tribe to which the Government belongs. The Bedouins hold the town-dwelling Arabs in contempt, and live in separate encampments within the territory which each tribe claims as its own, moving from one spot to another to find pasture for their flocks, as the patriarchs of Scripture were accustomed to do. Here and there the soil is cultivated by peasants who are the vassals of the Bedaweens, but they live chiefly by their cattle and by plunder. Mounted on their fleet horses, they levy tribute upon caravans or solitary travellers across the desert (Ezra viii. 31), sometimes also making a raid into more settled districts (2 Chron. xxi. 16, xxvi. 7). Their dress, mode of life, manners, and government have undergone little alteration from the earliest times. In the sixth century, Mahomet arose and gathered the wandering tribes of central Arabia around his standard. Their conquests extended from Spain to the Oxus in Tartary, and his successors, the Khalifs, reigned in turn at Damascus, Kufa, and Bagdad. But at length the chiefs of interior Arabia gradually assumed their old independence, which, for the most part, they retain to this day,

except that the authority of the Pasha of Egypt is nominally owned in northern Arabia, and that of the Imam of Maskat in the south. Mecca, the birthplace of Mahomet, and Medina, which contains his tomb, are the most noted cities.

Arad, a city on the southern border of Palestine, whose king took some of the Israelites prisoners, but was afterwards conquered and his cities destroyed (Numb. xxi. 1; Josh. xii. 14; Judg. i. 16). On the road from Petra to Hebron, a barren hill still goes by the name of Tell'Arad.

Aram, or *Aramæa*, the tract of country lying between Phœnicia on the west, Desert Arabia and the Tigris on the east, Palestine on the south, and the range of mountains called Taurus on the north. It is called Syria in a general way in the Bible (2 Sam. viii. 5, 6; Isa. vii. 1, 8, xvii. 3; Amos i. 5, &c.). Part of it is also called Syria-Maachah (1 Chron. xix. 6), or simply Maachah (2 Sam. x. 6, 8), Syria-Zobah, Naharaim, or Mesopotamia, &c., all included in Aram or Syria. This wide region took its name from Aram the son of Shem, and his descendants, after some of whom parts of it were also called. (Gen. x. 22, 23; Job i. 1; Jer. xxv. 20, &c.) The ancient language of this region is called Aramæan (of which the Chaldee and Syriac dialects were a part), and once prevailed from the Tigris to the Mediterranean Sea, gradually taking the place of the Hebrew tongue in Palestine after the Babylonish captivity. But, from the ninth century onwards, it was supplanted by the Arabic, and is now spoken as a living language

only by the Syrian Christians of Mosul. This country is full of interest to the reader of the Bible. Eden is supposed to have been situated in the north east of Aram. (Gen. ii. 10—14.) The plain of Shinar, where the Tower of Babel was built (xi. 1—9); Ur of the Chaldees, where Abraham was born, and from whence God called him out (xv. 7); Haran, where he tarried till his father was dead (xii. 4; Acts vii. 4); Padan Aram (or plain of Aram), whence Eliezer fetched Rebekah to be the wife of Isaac (xxv. 20), and where Jacob served fourteen years for his two wives; where also eleven of the twelve patriarchs were born (xxxv. 23—26; comp. ver. 19), were all in Aram.

Ar'arat, a mountainous region supposed to be in Armenia, north of Assyria, where the ark rested after the flood. Ancient tradition has given the name of Ararat to one mountain in particular, the highest of the range which consists of two immense peaks one higher than the other, towering in lofty grandeur above the valley of Aras, but the Bible does not call the mountain but the *country* by this name (Gen. viii. 4).

(To be continued in the May Number.)

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA FOR APRIL.

HE stands in grace between
 The Holy God and men.
 When He by faith is seen
 How precious is He then!
 His sacred Name, dear children, spell,
 And you will read my answer well.

First, in the kings of Israel trace
 A Sinner great, renewed by grace ;
 Then find a *Land* of ancient fame,
 God's people's snare, and once their shame.
 One who his forward place to keep
 Refused, and scattered Jesu's sheep.
 A *Boy* who mocked God's chosen heir,
 And had the outcast's griefs to bear.
 A *City* famous for the name
 Which heaven owns, though men defame.
 One of two names a faithful Jew
 Told to the King, whose plot he knew.
 The *Father* of a king whose reign
 Is marked by sins of deepest stain.
 The *Captain* of Assyria's host,
 Who 'gainst the Lord did vainly boast.

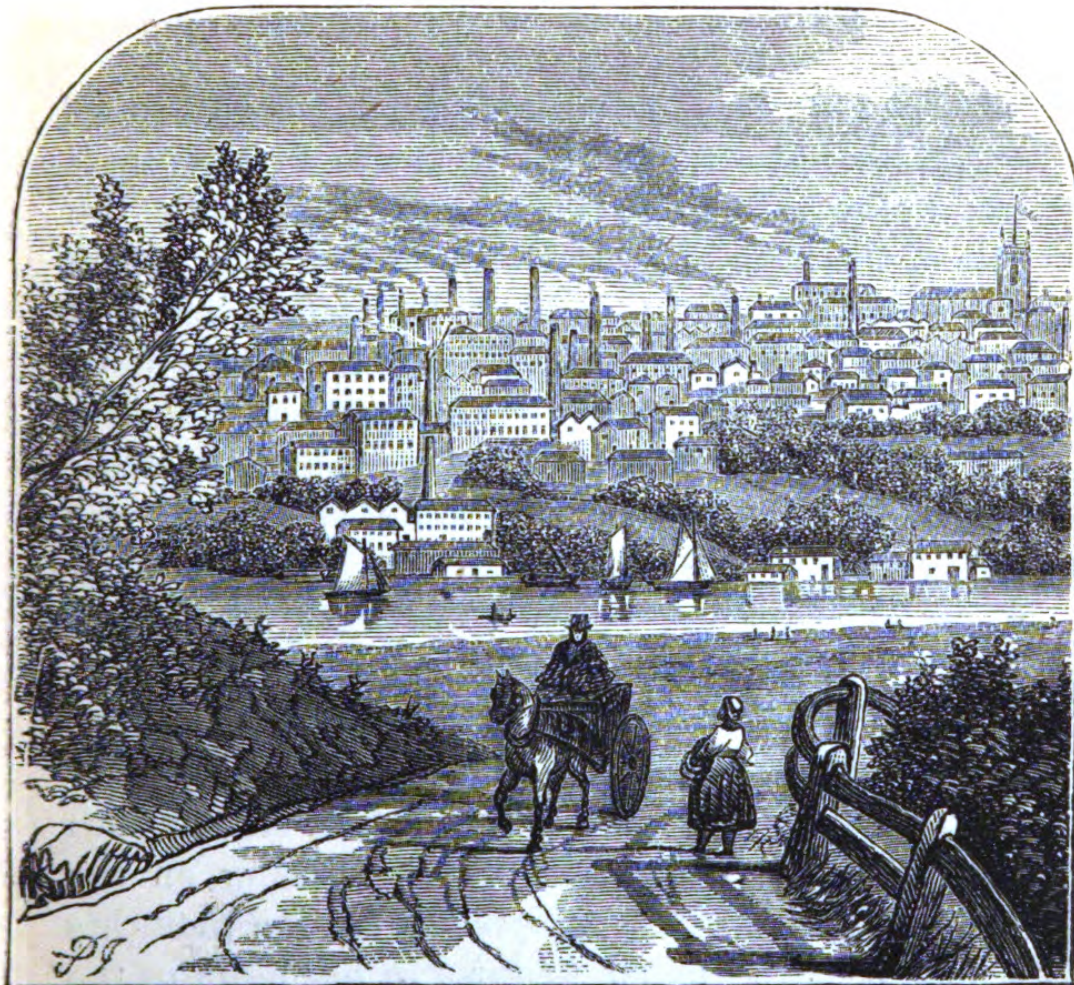
ANSWER TO ENIGMA FOR MARCH.

A *BRAHAM* shrank not the promised seed to take,
 At God's command a sacrifice to make.
 N *athanael*, when the Lord he knew,
 Rememberéd God's holy promise true.
 T *homas* knew not that Christ could burst the grave ;
 Knew not the power of Him who came to save.
 I *saac*, for whom by Abraham sent,
 Eliezer unto Bethuel went.
 P *eter* the Saviour's warning soon forgot,
 Denied his Lord, and said, " I know Him not."
 A *dam* did dwell in Eden's garden fair,
 But not e'en then from sin did he forbear.
 S *amson* was a man of mighty power,
 Until he yielded in temptation's hour.

Where Satan dwelt, e'en by his seat,
 There " *ANTIPAS* " was slain ;
 For he feared not man's rage to meet,
 But held fast to God's name.

Aberdeen.

M. B. R., aged 11½.



ANOTHER LITTLE LAMB GATHERED.

As a testimony to the grace and love of the “Good Shepherd,” of whom it was said that He should “gather the lambs in His arms and carry them in His bosom,” the following simple narrative of a dear little lamb who was carried by the Lord Jesus whilst she was here below, and is now taken to be with Him above, is given to the readers of Good News.

From a very early age Alice T—— was fond of this little magazine, and, even before she could read, was familiar with most of its pictures. Well and thankfully do we remember, too, the readiness with

which by grace she received the blessed truth of "Sin blotted out" as taught in the first volume; but above all others was she charmed with the tale of the faith of little Dottie in Vol. viii. Often she would ask that this might be read to her, and again and again she would listen to it with deep feeling. This she vainly tried to conceal by hiding her face in her mamma's lap, but the tears stealing down her little cheeks would tell what was going on within, and how full was her sympathy of spirit with little Dottie. The worn and soiled pages headed, "Little Dottie, or Precious Recollections, &c.," tell, even now that she is gone, how much she loved that little tale, and remind us how often we have seen our darling child sitting with the book open before her, silently gazing on the picture in the quiet enjoyment of the thoughts which it never failed to raise in her mind of the Lord Jesus and His love for little ones. She would often quote what Dottie used to sing or say, and, if a verse were repeated in her hearing, would remark, "I know that verse; it's in 'Little Dottie,'"—showing how fully she had received the truths that little narrative contains. Even already at the early age of two years the gracious words of Christ, "Suffer the little children to come unto me," had found a lodgment in her heart, for she would notice them if quoted by others in prayer or preaching, and afterwards, in her simple way, remind us that she had heard them. When but little more than 3 years old, she was in the habit of going quietly alone, and when asked where she

had been, she would say she had been asking Jesus to make well some one of whose illness she knew, or telling Him about something she had seen or heard that troubled her; nor, though so young, was she thoughtless of the *spiritual* good of others. That they might love the Lord Jesus Christ was the earnest desire of her little heart. This was shown especially in the use she made of a letter which was sent to her on her fourth birthday, by her father, who happened to be away from home at that time. This letter she highly prized. At her own request it was read to her again and again, until she knew it by heart, and when persons called at the house whom she could speak to, she would repeat its contents to them, or ask to have it read in order that, as she said, "Papa's letter might teach them to love the Lord Jesus." What an example little Alice sets you here, dear young reader! If *you* are a believer in the Lord Jesus Christ, should not you also wish to see others love Him? But *wishing* is not enough. Little Alice did not only *wish* to lead others to love Him, but she used such means as she had to bring it about; and because her papa's letter spoke of Jesus, and she had found blessing in it, she thought it might be used to others also, and therefore repeated it, or had it read to them. Could you not do the same with any little book you may have, which speaks of Jesus? And, if you did it as earnestly as she, depend upon it, it would not be in vain.

As little Alice grew older, the life also of Jesus was more and more shown out in her ways. She

had a very tender conscience and a gentle spirit. If in anything she had shown lightness or unkindness, her sorrow was instant and heartfelt, and she went at once to the throne of grace to tell it all out to Him who "is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness" (1 John i. 9).

At about seven years of age she wished to join in the breaking of bread at the Lord's table, and asked why she should not, as older believers did, remember the Lord Jesus in His death? adding, "You know I am a little believer." The coming of the Lord was also a truth which, young as she was, she fully received and delighted to think of, often speaking of it and singing such hymns as "Lord Jesus, come!" and "For ever with the Lord."

Though from her infancy of a slight and delicate frame, she had always enjoyed good health, and a change from a town to a country home had so strengthened her, that she seemed thoroughly happy from morning till night, and full of life and buoyancy. Yet her little life here was soon to close; and, when only seven and a half years old, she was taken with her first and last illness. On the day after it commenced, and before it had become at all serious, she said, "You know, dear mamma, I am not afraid to die, and have not been for a long time. I know that the Lord Jesus has taken all my sins away. He died on the cross for me." Could the little reader speak thus *now*? If looking in simple faith, not at *yourself*, but quite out of self, to the precious blood of the precious

Saviour, then, indeed, you can ; for “ He bare our sins in His own body on the tree,” and they are all gone ; and God has said of all believers, however little they may be, “ Their sins and iniquities will I remember no more.” You see little Alice spoke in *full* confidence *because she believed God*. Do *you* believe Him ? If so, I hope you will not forget what little Alice once said to her little sister E——, who had on one occasion shown a good deal of fretfulness and impatience. “ Oh, how I wish,” said little Alice, “ that you would love the Lord Jesus ! ” “ I *do* love Jesus, Alice,” E—— replied. “ If you loved Him as I do, I am sure you would not give dear mamma so much trouble,” was Alice’s answer—not in any spirit of boasting, but simply as expressing the earnestness of her own love, and the full belief of her heart that true love must bring forth real fruit ; for has not Jesus said, “ If ye love me, keep my commandments ? ” Her illness proved both painful and severe, yet her patience was marked by all who saw her. Even at the worst, her concern was more for those around her than herself, and the smallest attentions would call forth her thankfulness and love. The singing of her favourite hymns gave her great comfort, and it would seem that even in this she sought the blessing of others, for she would ask to have her young friends brought to her bedside to sing such hymns as she mentioned, and would join in the singing as far as her failing strength would allow. One she would often ask for was well suited to such

among them as did not know the Lord. It was this :—

“ Jesus can all our sins forgive,
And wash away their stain—
Can fit our souls with Him to live,
And in His kingdom reign.

“ To Him let little children come,
For He has said they may ;
His bosom then shall be their home,
Their tears He'll wipe away.”

She greatly delighted to add, “ *I know that.*”
Other favourite hymns of hers were—

“ A little ship was on the sea ; ”

“ There's a rest for little children ; ”

“ How loving is Jesus who came from the sky ; ”

and some suited even to older believers were favourites, too, with little Alice, such as—

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

“ Jesus ! that name is love ! ”

“ Jesus ! the name I love so well.”

After eleven days' illness, on Lord's Day morning, February 27th, 1870, we watched the last bright opening of the eyes, and the faint quiver of the lips, which seemed to say, Farewell to loved ones here below, and then, in another moment, the final closing of those eyes upon this earthly scene. Great was the privilege in being sure that at the same moment her happy spirit had taken its flight from the frail body to rest for ever on her Saviour's bosom. She had lain for several hours without pain or consciousness, just breathing, and no more ; and, so calm was the

occasion, so free from every disquieting thought, that we who watched her seemed to have nothing to do but to ask our Heavenly Father to receive her spirit, and soon to know that our prayer was answered. The sorrow of separation seemed to be altogether hushed in the triumphant peacefulness of this victory over death. The little coffin containing the lifeless body was carried by her brethren in the Lord, and deposited in the cemetery at S——, there to await the moment when this “corruptible shall put on incorruption.”

Our thoughts were led onward to the glorious resurrection morn by the singing at the grave of the hymn :—

“The Lord Himself shall come
And shout a quickening word;
Thousands shall answer from the tomb,
‘For ever with the Lord.’”

Alice had been a child of many prayers. Her mamma was taken home to be “absent from the body, and present with the Lord” when the babe was but 38 days old, and much of that time, during severe illness, was employed in prayer for her child, the burthen of which will be well understood by those Christians who know and feel the responsibilities of parents. “The Lord is faithful,” and will not disappoint the faith which counts upon Him alone.

A little darling child has left this scene of woe,
Long since she knew she should one day to Jesus go.
In simple childlike faith she sweetly died,
Committing all to Him, the Crucified,
Ever in His blest presence to abide.

THE SWEETEST NAME ON EARTH.

MATT. i. 21.

THE sweetest name on earth! And what name is that, dear children? "Oh, Jesus!" I hear you say. Yes, there is no name so sweet as Jesus. And blessed are all they who love Him that bears that name, and understand its meaning by the teaching of God's Spirit.

Before the Saviour was born, Mary was told by the angel what name she should call her child, and the angel told Joseph also, and gave him the reason why the child should be called Jesus. It is such a delightful reason—a reason so full of God's blessed love to sinners. "Thou, Joseph," said the angel, "shall call His name Jesus, for He shall save His people from their sins."

Fathers and mothers like to name their babes with some pretty name, but in our language the names of boys and girls have seldom any meaning. It was different with the Jews. Their names were words in their language which meant much. Thus, when God heard Hannah's prayers, and gave her a little baby boy, she called him Samuel, which means, Asked of God. And when Rachel's youngest boy was born, and she was dying, and feeling very sad to leave her babe, she called him Benoni, which means, Son of my sorrow; but his father did not like the babe to have so sad a name, and so he called him Benjamin, which means Son of my right hand.

But though these boys and girls in the Bible had names which meant much, yet they might,

alas ! grow up very different from their parents' wishes, and not answer to the good names they bore. But when God gives anyone a name, it is just what that boy or girl will be ; therefore, when God called the blessed Babe of Bethlehem Jesus, which means Jehovah the Saviour, it was because God knew that Jesus could and would save His people from their sins. Now we read that Mary believed all that the Angel said to her, and before Jesus was born she was so happy in thinking that her child was the very Saviour, that she could not help breaking forth into a song of joy and praise when visiting her cousin Elizabeth, the mother of John the Baptist, and these two holy women praised God together, and Mary said, "My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour." You can read her song of praise in the first chapter of Luke's Gospel, and you will find that Mary speaks as though all were accomplished what God had promised her, although at the time Jesus was not even born. What made her so sure that all would be fulfilled ? It was because she had faith in God's word which had been spoken to her. You will notice that Elizabeth said to her, directly she saw Mary's faith and heard her joyful salvation, "Blessed is she that believed, for there shall be a performance of those things which were told her of the Lord." So Mary was blessed because she believed God, and trusted in her child Jesus to save her from her sins. And, dear children, if by God's grace you believe, like Mary, in what God says in His Word concerning Jesus, and

trust in His name, you, too, are blessed, for we read in Psalm xi., "Blessed are all they that trust in Him." It is God in His love who gave us His Son to become a man, and bear the sweet name of Jesus, and He has fulfilled all that His name declares. He died to save lost sinners who believe in Him. He has borne their sins in His own body on the tree, and He has risen again as their Saviour to give them forgiveness and eternal life, and as their Saviour He is coming again to take them to His Father's home in heaven. Then He will glorify them, and take all sorrow from them, and then He will give them beautiful bodies like His own, which will never be sick or tired, and never grow old and die. And when He comes again, He will take care not to leave behind one little sleeping lamb of His that lies in the graveyard, or in the deep and briny sea. When that day comes, all, both small and great, young and old, that have believed on Him and loved Him, from Abel down to that moment, will be taken up to heaven with Him. Oh, how they will rejoice in the name of Jesus in that day! But you know, dear children, that this was the name wicked men wrote on the cross. How sad to think of mocking so sweet a name! I hope God will give you to know that it is the greatest of all sins not to trust in the precious name of Jesus. The day is coming when every knee shall bow to that name, and confess that He is Lord to the glory of God the Father (Phil. ii. 11). How dreadful will their punishment be who reject Him! They will be shut out from God for ever. They

will never be in glory with Jesus, nor hear the song of joy that will be sung in heaven by all who love this Name on earth. And now, dear children, who are His People? Those who believe in His Name, as the Scripture says, "As many as received Him, to them gave He power to become the sons of God, even to them which believe in His Name" (John i. 12). May God, by His Holy Spirit, bow your hearts to Jesus now, and give you to believe on Him in reality, and then you shall know, not only what His Name means, but that He has done for you what His Name foretold, even that He has put away for ever all your sins, and that He is gone to prepare a place for you, and will soon return and receive you to Himself, that you may sit with Him on His throne, and sing His praise, and dwell with Him for ever and ever.

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

AN ALLEGORY.

ONE winter's evening, a cottager, who had been out all day at work, a long way off, came home and found that his wife, who had had to go on an errand across the mountains, had not returned. As the snow was falling heavily, he felt greatly alarmed at her absence, and at once set off with his dog to search for her. Knowing the way she would be likely to come, he hurried on to meet her, but found it very difficult to keep the right direction, as the snow had covered the whole scene so completely that he could no longer see the road. Every step of the way increased his anxiety for

his poor wife, and, to add to his distress, she had taken their only child with her, having no one at home to leave it with during her absence. At last, after struggling on through the deep snow for a long distance, often in danger of missing his way or sinking into some hidden ravine or hollow among the hills, he saw his faithful dog scratching at something on the ground, and trying to uncover it. With a beating heart he hastened to the spot, and as with trembling hands he threw aside the canopy of snow, his eyes rested on the pale face of her he had sought so anxiously. But, alas! she was frozen to death. He raised her in his arms, and tried every means he could use or think of to restore her to life, but soon found that every effort was vain. For some minutes he never thought of the child; his distress was so great, and his attention so fixed on his poor wife. Then suddenly he remembered his little one. What his feelings were at that terrible moment it would not be possible to tell. His wife was dead, but where was his child? Hither and thither he searched all round the spot where his wife had fallen to rise no more; his faithful dog hunted round and round, and to his sagacity he looked more than to his own efforts for finding his lost boy. Thinking his wife might have dropped the child somewhere along the way she had come, he tried to track the path, but the snow had filled every foot-mark: all was one smooth cold surface. Oh, how his heart ached as he gazed on the cold frozen scene, while the driving snow fell blindingly all around him,

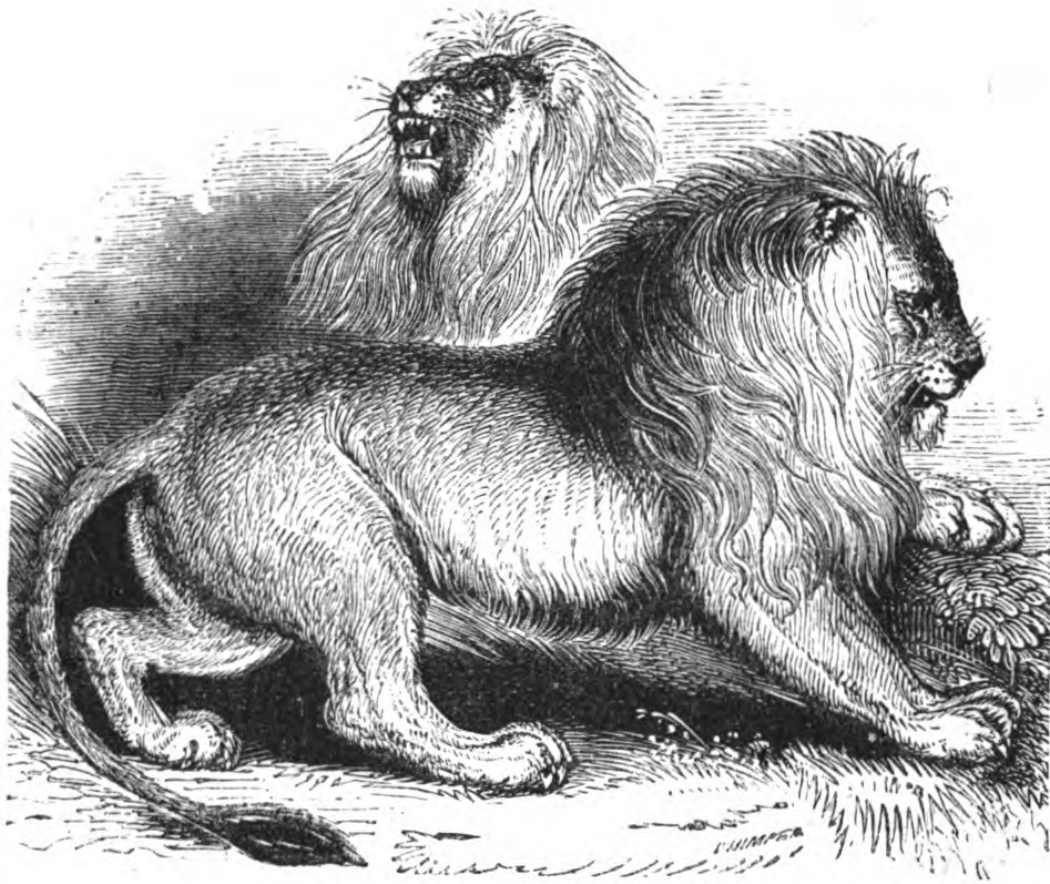
adding to his helplessness and distress! On he went in the direction he thought she must have taken, but the child could not be found. At last, in passing a ledge of rock that jutted out from the hill-side, he saw beneath it a little bundle of flannel, all sheltered from the storm by the overhanging cliff, and, hurrying to it, soon found it was his lost boy sleeping as warm and as peacefully as if in his little cot at home, untouched by the snow which fell so heavily around. There he lay sheltered by "the rock that was higher than he," and hidden there, perfectly safe from all the storm that was falling on everything else. His poor mother, feeling, no doubt, that to try to carry him on through the snow in her exhausted state would be to sacrifice his life, had stripped off her only warm garment, wrapped him in it, and laid him in safety in the "cleft of the rock." Then, to bring help to him, had hurried away, and, sinking deeper and deeper in the fast falling snow, had at last become numbed by the bitter cold, and fallen down to die. Had she thought of *herself*, she would have remained where she had placed her boy till help should come; but, fearing lest he should die of cold and hunger, she had tried to battle through the storm to reach her home, and bring her husband to the rescue; and so had sacrificed herself to save her child. Now, dear young reader, I think you may see in this little tale a double figure of the Lord Jesus Christ. First, He is the Rock. As the little child in the "cleft of the rock" was perfectly safe in the midst of the storm, and untouched by

the blinding snow which fell on all that was *outside*, so he that believes in Jesus is saved from "the wrath to come;" for you know God has said, "There is therefore now no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus" (Rom. viii.); and Jesus says, "He that heareth my word, and believeth on Him that sent me, HATH everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation," or the judgment (John v.). Judgment is coming on the world; it is coming fast; but they who, like Moses, are put by grace into the "cleft of the rock" will be perfectly safe from that terrible storm of wrath, and will see "the glory of the Lord" (Exod. xxxiii. 22); nay, more, will be *in it* (John xvii. 24; Rev. xxi. 23). But how can *sinner*s, such as we all are by nature—big and little, young and old—how can sinners ever enter into glory? Why, you know (for you have read it often in GOOD NEWS): "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners" (1 Tim. i. 15). But *how*? "Without shedding of blood there is no remission" (Heb. ix. 22); therefore Jesus shed His precious blood to wash away the sins of all who believe in Him; and God can say, "Their sins and iniquities will I remember no more" (Heb. x. 17). How *can* He remember them when He remembers that His dear Son "is the propitiation [or sacrifice] for our sins?" (1 John ii. 2.) Can God ever forget what His only-begotten Son suffered, that He might be glorified and sinners saved? No, indeed. He has raised

Him from the dead, and set Him at His own right hand, and now He looks not at the sins of him that comes to Jesus, but He "looks upon the face of His Anointed," and all who believe in Him are "accepted in the Beloved" (Eph. i. 6). "As He is, so are we in this world" (1 John iv. 17). Thus it is to Jesus that we who believe

"Owe all that we are—
All that we hope to be."

He loved us and *gave Himself* for us. The poor mother of whom you have read lost her life in trying to save that of her child; "but God commendeth His love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us" (Rom. v. 8). The poor mother did not *mean* to die for her child, though she willingly *risked* her life for his sake, and thought not of herself. But Jesus *came on purpose* to save sinners by giving Himself a ransom for all. He thought not of Himself, but "steadfastly set His face to go to Jerusalem" (Luke ix. 51); and there, when going to the cross itself, with all its terrors full before Him, He could still forget Himself, and say, "Daughters of Jerusalem, weep not for me, but weep for yourselves, and for your children" (Luke xxiii. 28). Ah! even *on the cross*, as they drove the nails into His blessed hands and feet, he still could forget Himself, and say, "Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do" (ver. 34). If you cannot help admiring the poor heart-broken mother for her love to her child, how *can* you help loving Jesus for His wondrous love for sinners? K.



MY SHEPHERD.

1 SAM. xvii. 34—36.

I WAS wandering from the Shepherd,
For I thought my way was best ;
I had left the cool green meadows,
Where He makes His flock to rest.

And amidst the rocks and brambles
Came a lion and a bear,
And I hid me in the thicket,
But the lion met me there.

Far away the lion bore me,
Nothing, nothing could I do,
He was strong and fierce and cruel,
I was small and helpless too.

But afar the Shepherd missed me—
Me, His Father's little lamb;
Sought me, for to God His Father
Well He knew how dear I am.

And He smote the hungry lion,
From his mouth He took me forth;
For His Father's sake He loved me,
Though so small, so little worth.

In His bosom then He bore me
To the pastures fresh and fair,
Where the happy sheep were feeding,
Safe beneath His tender care.

Should not I, then, love my Shepherd,
Hear His voice, and follow Him,
As He leads me through the meadows,
Feeds me by the quiet stream?

Every thought He has toward me
Is a thought of love alone,
And for ever and for ever
He will have me for His own.

O Thou good and blessed Shepherd,
Make me ever heed Thy voice,
Till in Heaven's glorious pastures
All Thy gathered sheep rejoice.

TIME LOST.—When God gives us a moment, He does not promise us another, as if to teach us highly to value and diligently to improve it, by the consideration, for aught we know, it may be the last. Time, when gone, never returns. We talk about “fetching up” a lost hour, but the thing is impossible. A moment once lost is lost for ever. We could as rationally set out to find a sound that had expired in the air as to find a lost moment.

PERILS IN THE WILDERNESS.—No. II.

THE frozen wilderness ! what a scene of desolation the words convey ! and it is about perils there that I am going to tell you. You know the Apostle Paul speaks of perils in the wilderness, but the "perils" he so often encountered were for the sake of the Gospel of Christ and in the service of his blessed Master. They were perils which he might have escaped altogether if he had been seeking only his *own* things, but he was not. It was, therefore, through *grace* that he endured them, and he knew that his "light affliction, which was but for a moment, worked for him a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory," and looking "not at the things that are seen, which are temporal, but at the things which are not seen, and are eternal," he went on through all, happy in the Lord whose love constrained him. The wilderness he speaks of was in a warm climate. There were the Arabian deserts, where the wild Arab roams to this day, and robs the traveller, slaying those who resist ; where wild beasts prowl and serpents lurk unseen ; where, too, the traveller is sometimes overtaken by storms that raise the sands like the billows of the sea, and overwhelm whole companies or caravans ; where men sink exhausted by the burning heat and die of thirst. There were also, in other parts, leafy wildernesses, where robbers lie in wait and wild beasts also roam ; where strangers might wander and be lost ; where not a house is found, and dreary caverns are the only resting-places. What

scenes to be in at night, and all alone! and who shall tell how often that dear servant of the Lord, faint and weary, worn and lonesome, trod those trackless regions in his many journies to and fro in the service of his Master? But it is not of the wilderness in warm countries I am about to tell you, but of that far land near the North Pole, where, at certain seasons, for many days together, the sun is never seen at all; where at other times when he *is* seen, his rays shine so obliquely (slantingly) as to throw no heat, like the setting sun in our country on a winter's evening; where winter lasts for eight long months, and *such* a winter! where the wilderness is all one vast expanse of snow—hill and dale, mountain and valley, lake and river, sea and shore—all snow, nothing but snow! There are not many dangerous creatures there, it is true, but the great white bear is a powerful animal, and, when pressed by hunger, is very fierce, and will chase and kill a man by hugging him to death with his great strong paws. There are no hot sands to be raised like the billows of the ocean, and bury the traveller alive in its burning waves, but you know there is the snow frozen into minute particles of ice as hard as sand itself, and when stirred by wild hurricanes, almost, if not quite, as dangerous to life. Well, into such a wilderness as this, three sledges containing Esquimaux went one day in May to collect drift-wood. May, which in our country is such a pleasant month, whose very name reminds one of the breath of the hawthorn and many other blossoms beside,

of bright sunshine and soft green grass and young spring leaves. May in that country is a winter month, for summer does not even begin until the middle of the next. It was, therefore, winter, though it was May, when these sledges started on their journey to a far-distant place to gather wood. Two of these sleighs returned the same day, but the third was not so fortunate. In this sledge there were two Christian Esquimaux, named Renatus (Born again) and Heinrich. Not expecting to be away for more than a few hours, they took scarcely any provisions with them—nothing more than a little seal flesh, so that they were ill-prepared for what happened to them in the wilderness. They were longer than the others in getting drift-wood enough to fill their sledges. This drift-wood does not grow where the people find it, but is carried down by the waters from distant regions, and it is one of those mercies of God to His creatures which these Esquimaux may well be thankful for, because, without it they would lose many comforts. Of course it lies scattered about in all sorts of shapes and sizes, and it takes time to collect it. Well, before they could get away, a violent storm came on. Frozen snow as fine as powder came driving upon them. You know what a fog or mist is, and how hard it is to see your way through it when it is very dense? Now just fancy what it would be if that mist was turned into something like white sand driven by a furious wind all over you, blinding the eyes, freezing the limbs, covering the whole body, and

growing thicker and thicker upon you, until, with the weight, and the cold, and the blindness, you could hardly move. Yet, to stand still would be to be frozen to death or buried alive. What would you do? Your footsteps clogged by deep, deep snow, your limbs powerless with bitter cold, you could do nothing but sink down overwhelmed by the storm. But God had taught these Esquimaux what to do to save themselves and their poor useful dogs. What do you think that was? Why, to set to work at once in all that furious storm to build a house.

In other countries when storms are raging they leave off building as a matter of course; but in this far-off frozen land they do, you see, just the reverse. It is the only way to save their lives. They must get a roof over their heads or be buried alive or frozen to death where they stand! These are "perils in the wildernes," indeed, and I dare say, such perils as you never thought of. Their houses, as you have read before, are built of snow made into great square or oblong blocks laid one upon another. Of course the snow blocks have to be cut out and made into shape, then laid in order one upon another like great bricks, and this must be well and carefully done, or else a weight of snow falling on the top would bring down the house on the heads of the people inside, and smother all.

But how hard to build in such a storm!

K.



THE MOON.

OH! 'tis sweet to see the Moon,
 When she's young and slender;
 When she, too, like sun at noon,
 Shines in full orb'd splendour.
 Calm her lustre, clear and bright,
 Silver-like and hoary;
 Yet is hers reflected light,
 Hers a mirror'd glory.

Though the Queen of Night she reigns,
 Yet is she dependent
 On the sun, and light obtains
 From his rays resplendent;
 She herself is dark and dim,
 None can she enlighten,
 Till she first receives from Him,
 Who her face can brighten.

So it is with ev'ry one
 Who's a true believer:
 To that soul is Christ the Sun,
 Man the blest receiver;
 All the light that each displays,
 Be he young or hoary,
 Beams from Christ, in living rays,
 From the heav'nly glory.

T.

 DICTIONARY OF THE BIBLE.

(Continued from page 111.)

Arau'nah or *Ornau*, the Jebusite by whose threshing-floor the angel of the Lord smote the people with plague, was seen by David, and where he interceded for the people and reared an altar to Jehovah. This floor was on mount Moriah, and afterwards became the site of the Temple (comp. 2 Sam. xxiv. 18; 1 Chron. xxi. xxii., and 2 Chron.

iii. 1). Thus the very site of Israel's ancient temple tells of their failure as a people, and need of sacrifice and intercession.

Archela'us, son of Herod the Great, who on the death of his father became tetrarch of Judea, Samaria, and Idumea. Thus he reigned in the room of his father Herod (Matt. ii. 22).

Archip'pus, a Christian whom Paul calls his "fellow-soldier" (Philemon 2), and exhorts to the fulfilment of his ministry in Col. iv. 17.

Areop'agus, the name of a place in Athens, called Mars Hill, and also of a council or court which held its sittings there. This council or court of Areopagus was one of the oldest and most honoured in ancient Greece, and its origin dated back to the earliest period. Its functions were extensive, and included judicial, political, religious, educational, and police matters. As upholding the laws and institutions, it took note of any departure from the usages and traditions of the nation, or novelties in religion. Having the care of the public creed, worship, and sacrifices, its special duty was to see that the religion of the State was kept free from everything of a foreign character. It was before this council that the Apostle Paul was brought, and the divine wisdom by which he was guided is shown in his making their own altars to "the Unknown God" the ground of his discourse, and proving the folly of their idolatry by quotations from their own poets. And the Lord owned the word, for although some mocked, and others "suspended their judgment," as infidels do now,

some believed, among whom was one of the council itself, Dionysius, the Areopagite (Acts xvii. 16—34).

Are'tas, an Arabian king, father-in-law of Herod Antipas, who got possession of Damascus, and placed a garrison and a governor in it. This governor was induced by the Jews to try to seize the Apostle Paul, and kept the gates with a guard day and night to prevent his escape from the city. But the disciples took him by night, and let him down in a basket through a window on the wall.

Ar'gob, in Bashan, a district east of the Lake of Gennesareth, given to the half-tribe of Manasseh (Deut. iii. 4, 13; 1 Kings iv. 13).

A'riel (lion of God), rendered "lion-like" in 2 Sam. xxiii. 20; 1 Chron. xi. 22. It was given as a name of distinction to warlike men, as among the Arabians who called Ali "the Lion of God." This word is applied to Jerusalem in Isa. xxix. 1, 2; and in Ezek. xliii. 15, 16, to the altar (see margin).

Arimathe'a, the place of which Joseph, in whose sepulchre the Lord Jesus was laid, was a native (Matt. xxvii. 57; John xix. 38). It is supposed to be the same as Ramathaim of 1 Sam. i. 1.

Aristar'chus, a native of Thessalonica, and the companion and fellow-prisoner of the Apostle Paul (Acts xix. 29, xx. 4, xxvii. 2; Col. iv. 10).

Aristobu'lus, a person to whose household Paul sends greeting in Rom. xvi. 10.

Ark (Noah's), the shape of which is uncertain, was 300 cubits in length, 50 in breadth, and 30 in height, or about 450 feet long, 75 broad, and 45 high. Hales computes it to have been 42,413

tons burden. It was made of gopher wood (perhaps the cypress), had three stories or floors, a door in the side, and a window of a cubit above. It contained rooms, or "nests" (margin), and was pitched within and without with pitch (Gen. vi. 14—16). The forms given to it in pictures, and the descriptions attempted, are all mere conjecture. It was of enormous size, capable of containing Noah and his family (in all eight persons), together with all the creatures God commanded him to take into the Ark, with food suitable for them (Gen. vi. 18—22, vii. 1—3, 7—9; 2 Peter ii. 5). It is also commonly taken for granted that the Ark was intended as a place of refuge for all who would believe Noah's testimony, and that the people were invited to enter it. But this is not stated in Scripture. We read, "By faith Noah, being warned of God of things not seen as yet, moved with fear, *prepared an ark to the saving of his house*; by the which he condemned the world, and became heir of the righteousness which is by faith" (Heb. xi. 7; 1 Pet. iii. 18—20; Matt. xxiv. 38, 39). (See DELUGE.)

Ark of the Covenant, a kind of chest of an oblong shape, made of shittim wood (acacia), two cubits long and one and a-half in breadth and height. It was covered with pure gold within and without, with a crown of gold round about. There was a ring on each of the four corners, and staves of the same material as the Ark, overlaid with gold, to bear the Ark with. The lid, or mercy-seat, was of pure gold, of the same length



ARK OF THE COVENANT.

and breadth as the Ark. On each end was a cherub made out of the mercy-seat, which they covered with their wings, their faces being towards each other and towards the mercy-seat (Exod. xxv. 10—21; xxxvii. 1—9). Within the Ark was kept “the testimony,” or two tables of stone, “written with the finger of God” (Exod. xxxi. 18; Deut. x. 2—5; 1 Kings viii. 9). It was placed in the holy of holies, and beside it was laid up the golden pot that had manna, Aaron’s rod that budded, and a copy of the book of the law (Exod. xvi. 32—34; Numb. xvii. 10; Deut. xxxi. 26). When Israel marched through the wilderness, the Ark went before them, borne by the sons of Kohath (Numb. iv.), “to search out a resting-

place for them " (Numb. x. 33 ; Ps. xxiii. ; John x. 4). In the passage of the Jordan, the waters were cut off before the Ark of the Covenant, as soon as " the feet of the priests (the Levites) that bare the ark were dipped in the brim of the water. And the priests stood firm on dry ground in the midst of Jordan, and all the Israelites passed over on dry ground " (Josh. iii., iv. ; Rom. vi. ; Gal. ii. 20 ; Eph. ii.). Before the overthrow of Jericho the Ark was borne around the city for seven days, and on the seventh day seven times ; preceded by seven priests, bearing seven trumpets of rams' horns (Josh. vi. ; Matt. xxiv. 14 ; Rev. xiv. 6, 7). When the land was subdued before Israel, the Tabernacle was set up in Shiloh (in Ephraim), where the inheritances of the tribes were divided by lot, and there the Ark remained until the days of Eli (Josh. xviii. 1 ; 1 Sam. iv. 3—11), when it was taken by the Philistines. When restored, it remained at Kirjath-jearim for twenty years, in " the house of Abinadab in the hill " (1 Sam. vii. 1, 2). In the days of Saul it seems to have been carried about from place to place (xiv. 18), but generally to have been lodged at Kirjath-jearim, till David removed it first to the house of Obed-edom, the Gittite, and thence to his own city, Zion (2 Sam. vi.). When the Temple was finished, the Ark was placed in it (1 Kings viii.), where it remained until the city of Jerusalem was taken by the Babylonians, when it was probably burnt with the Temple (2 Kings xxv. 1—10).

(To be continued in the June Number.)

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA FOR MAY.

WHO was the wisest King that ever reigned ?
 Whose righteous blood this sinful earth first stained ?
 What Queen refused her husband to obey ?
 Who once upon an altar meekly lay ?
 Who fed an hundred prophets in a cave,
 And from their enemies their lives did save ?
 What did the high priest in his breast-plate wear ?
 Who left her home a patriarch's tent to share ?

The initials of these names will spell a word
 Which tells the love of Jesus Christ, the Lord.

ANSWER TO ENIGMA FOR APRIL.

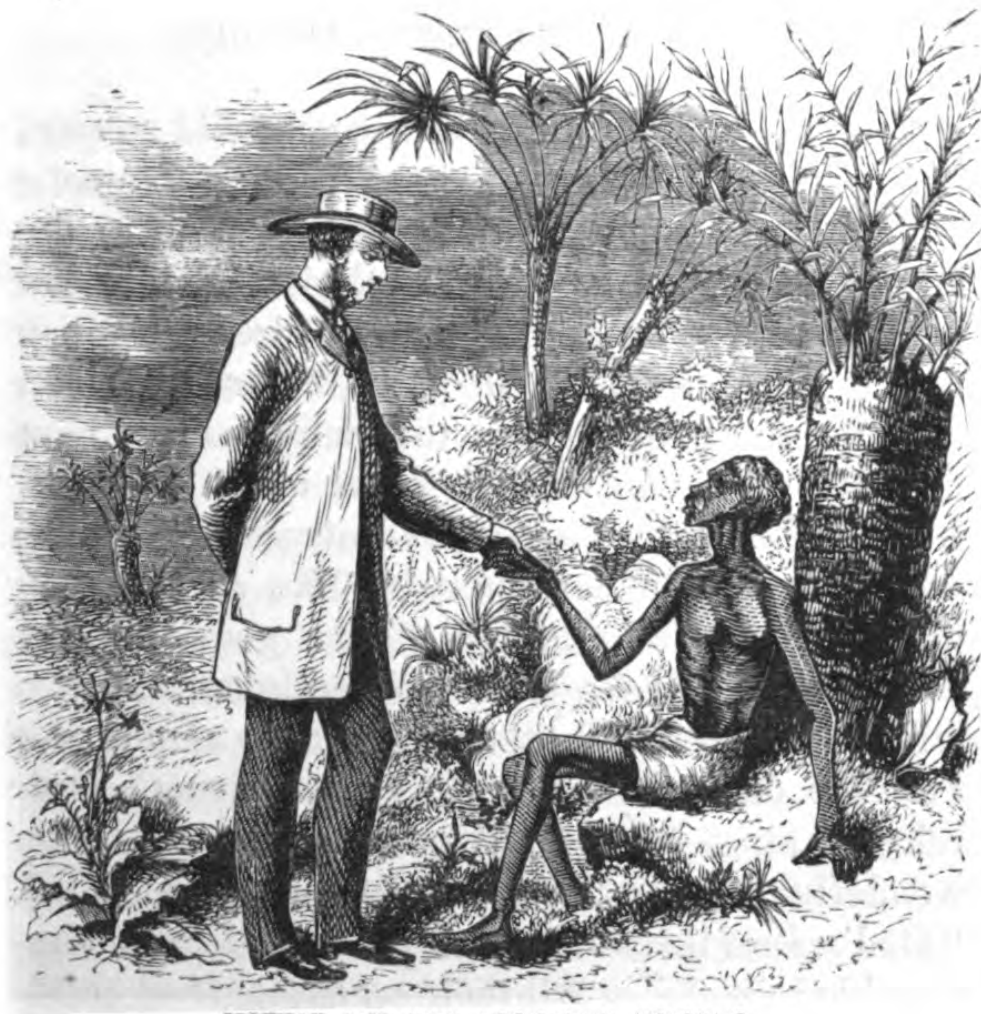
M ANASSEH, king of Judah, a guilty wicked one,
 Found forgiveness of the Lord for sins which he had done.
 E gypt's king, by God's own power, let Israel once depart ;
 Yet in their history oft we find they wandered back in heart.
 D iotrephe, John has told us, loved the highest place,
 Unlike the blessed Jesus, who died for us in grace.
 I shmael and his mother into the desert fled,
 Type of those who know not grace, but by the law are led.
 A ntioch is where disciples first were Christians named ;
 Dear unto God are such, howe'er by man defamed.*
 T eresh's wicked plot by Mordecai was known,
 And he who sought the monarch's life thus forfeited his own.
 O mri's son, king Ahab, brought in the idol Baal,
 Which caused God's people Israel the famine to bewail.
 R abshakeh, when in pride of heart to Judah's land he went,
 Blasphemed against the mighty God, by the Assyrian sent.

Blessed Jesus, now for man,
 By Thy blood on Calvary shed,
 MEDIATOR thou dost stand,
 Man in peace to God is led.

Southampton.

M. P., aged 15.

* These two lines have been corrected by the Editor.



MOFFAT AND THE DESERTED AFRICAN.

MELITA—THE AFRICAN GIRL'S CONFESSION OF FAITH.

FOR THE YOUNG.

ONE of the missionaries sent out by the Protestant Christians of France is said to have been much blessed in the conversion of many poor African heathens to the truth. His name is M. Roland, and one of those to whom he was thus used was a girl of eighteen years of age. She had been, like all around her, a worshipper "of stocks and stones." Many a time, I dare say, she had bowed down to "the smooth stones of the brook" or the stump of some old tree, or the "wreathen mist" rising

in the gloom of evening from some wild swamp, and seeming in her eyes, as it took fantastic shapes, to be some gigantic spirit "able to destroy." For you know the religion of the poor heathen is a religion of fear and dread. When it thunders, they think the gods are angry; when drought and famine come, they suppose they have offended some one of their many idols: serpents, scorpions, crocodiles, and other destructive creatures which abound in hot countries like Africa, they look upon as the servants of the gods, and the ministers of their displeasure or malignant caprice; and, as *conscience* tells them they have sinned (for even the darkest heathen has a conscience), their religion must be one of unceasing dread. How wonderful to them must it be to hear that word, "God *so loved* the world!" It must at first seem impossible to be true. All their *experience* from childhood seems to contradict it. The lion's roar, the lightning's flash, the hot winds that suffocate men, women, and children, the rushing torrent that, coming suddenly at night from the mountains where a deluge of rain has fallen, sweeps away whole villages, "the fiery flying serpent," the scorpion's sting, the terrible boa constrictor, the myriads of locusts which turn their green fields into barren sandy wastes almost in a moment, as if a scorching fire had suddenly passed over them, disease and pain and death, all seem to contradict that sweet message, "God is love."

And this is not all. Fear and dread always produce *hate*. We read of Gentile sinners being

“hateful and hating one another,” for the truth is that, as they worship devils, they grow like them. The following little anecdote will show this strongly:—The missionary Moffat and his party were crossing a wild sandy plain in Africa, when they saw in the distance a little smoke rising among some bushes that skirted a ravine. Being almost ready to faint for thirst, they hurried forward in hope of finding some one who could direct them to water. On reaching the spot, what do you think they found? A venerable-looking old woman, sitting with her head bowed down upon her knees, looking like a living skeleton, all alone in the desert, with the footprints of lions in the sands near her, and seeming to have been left there to perish. As the travellers drew near, she tried to rise and flee, but sank down trembling and faint with famine. *She was slowly starving to death*, and had been there four days. And who do you think had left her there? *Her own children*. They were all heathen; they had never seen a Bible; they knew nothing of “the one true God, and Jesus Christ whom He hath sent,” and so were wicked enough to leave a *mother* to perish in this dreadful way. She had nourished and brought them up from helpless infancy, and now, when they were strong and able to take care of themselves, they had left her in the wild desert to be torn to pieces by the lions, or to die of starvation. How shocking you will think this! But why had they left her thus? Well, the missionary asked her that question, and her answer was this: “I am old, and no longer able to serve them.

When they kill game, I am too weak to help carry it; I am not able to gather wood to make fire, and I cannot carry their children on my back as I used to carry them when they were little." Poor creature! How often had she toiled under a burning sun with those children on her back, and now they could leave her to die all alone! Oh! how this shows out what man is without the Gospel of the blessed God! Well, the missionary offered to take her in his waggon, but she was too terrified to trust herself in the hands of strangers; besides, she thought the waggon was some great animal, and when they tried to lift her into it she became so convulsed with terror that they thought she would die. She said it was of no use for them to take her, for if they left her at the next village, the people would do the same thing again. "*It is our custom,*" said she. "I am nearly dead. I do not want to die again." The sun was blazing hot, the oxen were raging for water, and the party of travellers were also nearly delirious with thirst and burning heat. So at last they left her; but, before doing so, gave her a good supply of dried meat and fuel, a knife and other things, and told her to keep up a good fire to frighten away the lions till they came back again.

On their return she was gone. They learned, months afterwards, that her three sons had seen from a distance the waggon halt at the spot where they had left their poor mother, and had come back to see if she was dead. Finding her alive and well supplied with food, they thought the

missionary must be some great chief who had taken their mother under his protection ; and so, fearing his vengeance if they neglected her any longer, they had taken charge of her, and the missionary was glad to learn, from a man who visited them in the mountains where they lived, that they were taking more than usual care of her. But, you see, even this was done from *fear*, and not from love ; showing again how true it is that idol-worship is a religion of fear and dread and hate, whether it be the worship of pictures and crosses and images, or of the sun, moon, and stars, stocks of old trees, the storm-wreath of the desert, or the destructive creatures that dwell in its wilds. No wonder they listen in astonishment when evangelists go out and tell them, " God is love ; " and then, to prove it, show how He sent His blessed " Son into the world to save sinners." And when they tell how Jesus walked among men ; when they translate His gracious words into the language of those poor wild Africans, and point to Him as the One who hung upon the cross, and poured out His heart's blood for sinners such as they ; when they tell them that He is in the glory now, a living risen MAN, full of love and power, too, " able to save to the uttermost all that come unto God by Him," can you wonder at their astonishment ?

Well, to return to the poor African girl of whom I have spoken. She heard this wondrous Gospel, and He, who " opened Lydia's heart that she attended unto the things which were spoken of

Paul," worked in the soul of this daughter of Africa, and brought her to Christ. When about to be baptized, she was asked to give a confession of her faith, and did so in the words, which the missionary, M. Roland, has thus translated: "The Word of God was foolishness to me until the Holy Spirit awakened me, and showed me my sins. It was then only that I believed in the Saviour, and learned to pray. I received the forgiveness that is offered to sinners in His Word, and ever since then I have enjoyed the peace which He gives.

"Now I am His. I feel myself safe on the Rock, which is Christ; and renounce the world for Christ's sake. I believe in Him whose name is 'Wonderful, Counsellor, the mighty God, the Father of eternity, the Prince of Peace' (Isa. ix. 6). I trust in Him who is both God and man in one person. He is God, for He raised Lazarus from the dead after he had been four days in the tomb. He is man, for He wept with those that wept (John xi.). As man, He sat down wearied with His journey at Jacob's well (John iv.), feeling hunger and thirst; but as God, who sees all hearts, He showed to the woman of Samaria that He knew all the secret history of her past life. *It is on Jesus Christ, my Lord and my God, that all my faith is fixed.* Oh, how I rejoice in the thought that I shall one day join in the song of praise 'to the Lamb that was slain'—that I shall one day go to meet my Lord! In the meantime, I desire to strive earnestly against flesh and blood, and to walk in newness of life."

How true it is, dear young reader, that "the Gospel of Christ is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth!" What a "SALVATION" was this to the poor African girl! Think of what she had been, and belonged to, and see what she is now! Have *you* received this blessed Gospel by faith? If not, this confession of faith from that far-off land of darkness puts you to shame. K.

PERILS IN THE WILDERNESS.—No. II.

(Concluded from page 133).

To *begin* to build when the piercing wind was driving the frozen mist like a ceaseless cloud of fine white sand all over them, blinding their eyes, freezing their limbs, hampering every movement, and distracting their attention, was hard indeed. They might perish in the very act. It might well seem too late, for what they needed then was "a covert from the storm" all ready to hand, and not to have to begin to provide one for themselves. Does not this remind you of a sad mistake which so many make—a task which so many set themselves? How often do we meet with persons who, in health, if warned of death and the judgment to come, reply, "Oh, there is time enough yet for me to think of such things;" or, if they do not actually *say* so, they *think* so, and go on as if quite sure not only that there is time enough, but also that they can turn to the Lord just when they will! Ah, this is a terrible mistake, and yet a very

common one. How is it with you, dear reader? Perhaps you are young, and think you have many years before you, and while you often *read* about Christ, and His blessed work for sinners, and how those only who believe in Him will be saved,—I say perhaps while you often *read* of these things, you put off *thinking* seriously about them, because your heart is whispering, “Time enough yet.” Even if you were *sure* of this, is it not very insulting to the Lord thus to put off what He calls upon you in His Word to do—“Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved?” I once met with a woman who had put off and put away the message of grace, until at last, when lying on her death-bed, she said, “I don’t know what you mean by *believing*.” She had heard the Gospel so often without heeding it that it had actually lost its meaning in her ears. *And she died in that state!* She had thought “there was time enough yet,” and fancied that when the hour of death approached she could then begin to “build her house upon the Rock,” as some people express it, referring to Matt. vii. ; but I don’t think that’s Gospel at all, do you? If the poor lost sinner had to build anything for himself, he would be worse off than the Esquimaux were when building in the storm. The truth is, what she meant was, she thought she could believe just when she pleased, and she found out her terrible mistake when it was too late! But there is another thing I should like to remind you of. It is this, that, as you have often read in GOOD NEWS, a storm is coming on

the world: a storm, not of rain and rushing floods, as in the days of Noah; not of wind and snow, as in this little narrative; but a *storm of wrath*—a storm so sudden that “when they shall say, Peace and safety, then sudden destruction shall come upon them;” a storm so terrible that “they shall not escape” (1 Thess. v.). And who are the “they” here spoken of, do you suppose? Why, those who have put away from themselves the Gospel of the grace of God; those that “obey not the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ.” But, even before this, the saints will be gone, and the unbelieving sinner will be shut out. “For the Lord Himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God: and the dead in Christ shall rise first: then those which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air: and so shall we ever be with the Lord.” And as this may take place *even now, while you are reading this paper*, what a terrible mistake it is to say, “There is time enough yet!” So, you see, there are “perils in the wilderness” greater, far greater, even than those that the two Esquimaux met with—I mean the perils which an *unbelieving heart* may lead you into. Well, but I must tell you a little more about those two Esquimaux. After much labour and no little danger and trouble, they at last managed to build a snow-hut, into which they crept with their poor dogs. Every now and then they had to come to the little door and shovel away the snow which kept falling

there, or else it would have quite blocked them in, and shut out the air they breathed.

Day passed on into night, and night grew into day, and still the snow-powder fell in a ceaseless storm; the little food they had brought with them was at last exhausted, and famine stared them in the face, and their poor dogs too. In this extremity, what do you think they fed upon? Why, when all their seal-meat was gone, and they had fasted for two days, they got so hungry at last that they began to eat part of a thick hard rope, made of walrus-sinew and skin, which they had with them in their sleigh; and on this they and their poor dogs just managed to sustain life for four long days! Being believers, you may depend upon it they did not forget to seek the Lord in their trouble, and, while He graciously preserved them from being utterly overwhelmed, He at last brought them out of their distresses. At the close of the sixth day the storm passed away, and they were able to leave their hut in the wilderness, and start on their homeward way with their half-starved dogs. It was a long and toilsome journey, for the dogs were too weak to gallop over the snow as they had been accustomed to do, for, you know, they were almost famished; but at last they reached the place they had left more than a week before. Their friends had long since given them up for lost, supposing that they had perished in the snow-storm. They were, indeed, completely exhausted when they arrived; and, but for the Lord's goodness overruling all things, and sus-

taining them in their extremity, they must have perished miserably. But He is a very *present* help in trouble, working often by ways and means we think not of.

He who fed thousands with a few loaves and fishes, which a lad could carry, could, if needful, make a walrus rope suffice to sustain these two Christians and their dogs till the storm had passed away. And, had there been no rope there, He would have found some other way, for He is never straitened. If the young reader is a believer, may he learn to *trust* in the Lord, and to *cleave* closely to Him—"a Friend that sticketh closer than a brother."

"Other friends may fail or leave us,
But *this* Friend will ne'er deceive us,"

through all "the perils of the wilderness;" not alone those "perils" which threaten the poor body, but those greater perils which touch the soul. You know, Israel's greatest "perils" of old were not the swords, the chariots, the spears of the Amalekites or the sons of Anak, though they were giants. No; Israel's greatest "perils" sprang from *within themselves*. "They tempted God in the desert;" "they limited the Holy One of Israel;" "they spake against God and against Moses;" "they murmured in their tents;" and so it is said of all the grown-up people who came out of Egypt by Moses (except Caleb and Joshua), "Their carcases were overthrown in the wilderness."

"Now these things are written for our admoni-

tion ;" that is, to warn believers—little believers as well as big ones—that the greatest "perils in the wilderness" are rather of a *spiritual* than of a *natural* character. "Out of the heart proceed evil thoughts;" and that is not all. "Perilous times" were foretold, and are come (2 Tim. iii.); and there is more need than ever that believers, young and old, should "walk circumspectly," looking round about to see where their feet are treading; that they should cleave very closely to *the Word of God*, not men's interpretations of it, but the pure and positive Word itself. "Let the Word of Christ dwell in you richly," and you will find it "a lamp to your feet and a light to your path" all through "the perils of the wilderness," till you reach that "rest that remaineth for the people of God" (Heb. iv.).

"God and the Lamb shall there
The light and temple be,
And radiant hosts for ever share
The unveil'd mystery."

K.

LITTLE ANNIE; OR, "JESUS SAID, FEED MY LAMBS."

"Verily I say unto you, Whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child shall in no wise enter therein."—LUKE xviii. 17.

WHEN I kept a shop in London, a little girl about five years old was often to be seen playing near the window. She was a happy-looking child; her long flaxen hair hung in graceful curls down her

neck, and her pretty smiling face made her very attractive.

I frequently spoke to her, and soon a little acquaintance grew up between us. She would often look in at the shop door, hoping to get a smile and a nod, and perhaps a kind word if I was not too busy with others.

I little knew what was going on in that sweet child's soul, nor what kind of acquaintance I was making ; that I was really speaking words of kindness to one of Jesus' lambs, and winning the affections of one who would shortly be with Him.

After a time, I did not see her as usual, and knew not where she lived. Several weeks passed away, and she did not come. At last, seeing a young person who I thought knew her, I inquired, and found that she lived in the same house, and that the child was ill, and was continually asking if any one had seen me. She said the first thing the child would ask on her return would be, "Have you seen Mr. ——?" I said, "I shall be delighted to call and see her, if it will give her the least pleasure."

Accordingly I went as soon as I conveniently could. But suffering had made such an alteration in her appearance that I scarcely knew her. Her pretty smiling face had become so thin and pale, not the least colour was left in it, and her beautiful flaxen hair was greatly altered. Still, in the midst of it all, there was the same calm, happy countenance as before.

She received me with a sweet smile, and I

soon saw that she was not long for this world. She also knew it herself, and was glad it was so ; for, though so young, she had learned to love that kind Saviour who said, "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

And she remembered that when He was here on earth, "He took them up in His arms, put His hands on them, and blessed them ;" and that He is the same kind, loving, gracious Saviour now, as when He was here below ; and she was going to be with Him. This kept her happy.

Her father and mother were industrious working people, and she was their only child. They grieved very much at the thought of losing her. But she would often wipe away her mother's tears, telling her not to grieve, because she was going to be with Jesus, and there was no pain nor sorrow there. She was one of Jesus' lambs, and He was going to take her into His bosom, and, therefore, she hoped her mother would not weep.

I asked how it was that the child was so fully in the enjoyment of these glorious realities, and I soon found that she had been to a Sunday School, where she had learned of Jesus and His love.

And now that sickness was come, and death seemed very near, she was not afraid, but rather rejoiced, that she was going to be with Him who loved her, and washed her from her sins in His own blood, and had now so fully won her heart for Himself.

She continued in great weakness and pain for

some time, and many happy moments did I have by her bedside, talking of Jesus and the Father's house to which she was going.

Sometimes she would gently sing me one of her favourite hymns which she had learned at the Sunday School.

“ Around the Throne of God in Heaven
Thousands of children stand ”

was a great favourite with her. So was, also,

“ Here's a message of love
Come down from above.”

One day her father, seeing how careful she was of some pence that had been given her, asked her why it was.

She answered, “ I know it will be very expensive for you when I go, therefore I am taking care of these pence to help pay for my little coffin. I shall like to make it as easy for you as I can,” adding, at the same time, “ I should like the coffin to be white.” Then the little books that had been given her at the Sunday School, and by others, she tied up in separate parcels for her cousins, who lived near, to be given to them after she was gone.

One parcel was much larger than the others—this was for a little girl who was sometimes very naughty. Her mother asked her how it was that the largest portion was for the naughtiest girl? She replied, “ This is why I have done it. She is the worst, and, therefore, needs the most.”

So truly had this dear child learned of Jesus, and, therefore, learned to be like Him.

When the time came for her to leave this world, she knew it, and sought to comfort her father and mother in every way she could, telling them of the love and goodness of Him to whom she was going, and how happy every one is in His presence. And by-and-by they must come, too, and then they should be so happy together for ever, for there was no parting there, neither pain nor sorrow.

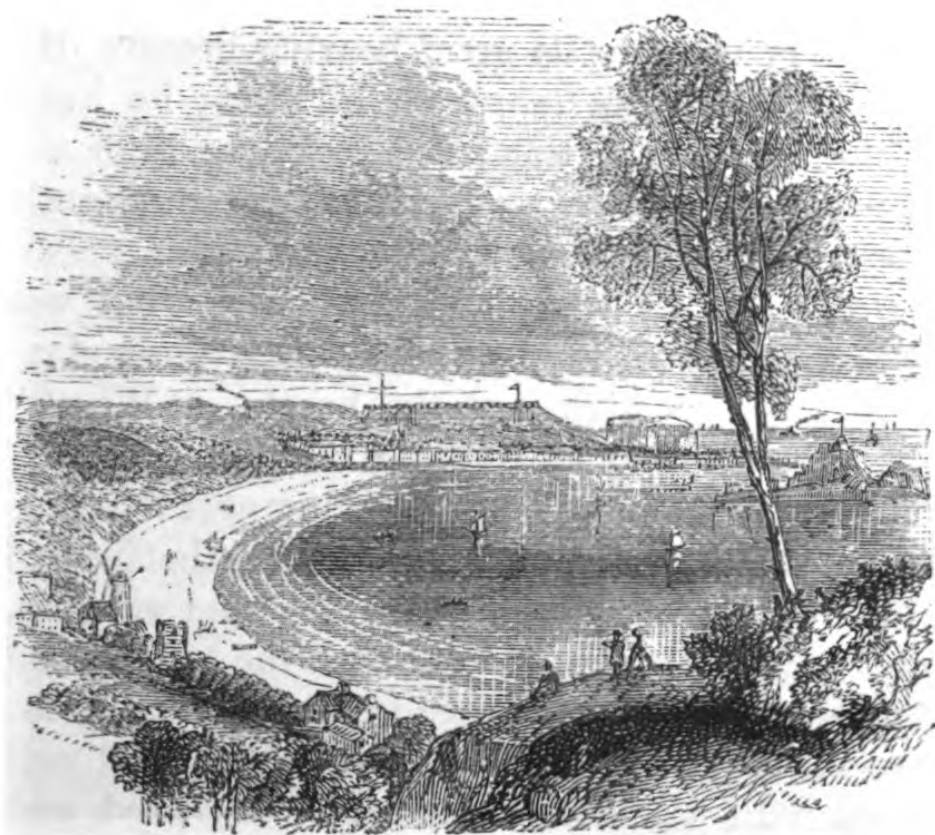
And when the time really came, she wished them all good-bye with the same delight and composure as she would had she been going on a visit to those she loved.

And it was really so. But it was a visit from whence she will not return. We can go to her, but she will not return to us. Jesus is the way to that happy place where she is gone. He is the way, the truth, and the life. All who love Him down here will dwell with Him up there.

And let me tell you of one sweet thought I have among others, in connexion with that home of glory; it is this: I shall meet that dear little girl there whose acquaintance I made while playing around my shop window.

(To be concluded in July number).

HE who sins against men may *fear* discovery; but he who sins against God is *sure* of it (Psalm cxxxix).



THE COMING TIDE.

A LITTLE boy was standing on a rock upon the sands of the sea. The rock was dry and safe; the summer sunshine was playing on the ocean, whose quiet waves were rolling inshore with a ceaseless murmur and splash, as they fell upon the beach. The little boy was very happy, for there was nothing to make him sad, and he jumped up and down on the ledges of the rock, picked the fresh-smelling seaweed and hunted for shells, thoroughly amused with everything around him. But though the day was so bright, and the sea so peaceful, and the sunlight so pleasant, *the tide was rolling in*—stealing a little bit at a time over the silver sands, and coming nearer and nearer on every side

with every throb of its great heaving breast. But the little boy was happy for all that; he knew nothing about the tide; the rock was high and dry; and he, healthy and amused, had no thought of fear. But a gentleman, who was walking near, saw him on the rock, and, knowing what was coming, called out to him to leave his chosen playground, and get higher up the beach. "Why?" asked the little boy. "Because the tide is rising," said the stranger, "and will soon flow over the place you are standing on." I am sorry to say that instead of thanking this gentleman for his kind warning, and instantly obeying his counsel, the boy *did not believe him*, and, though he said nothing, he did not leave the rock. Pleased with the place, and well content with his little treasures of sea-weed and shells, he *wanted to stay where he was*, and so persuaded himself to think it was all right, and that even if the tide *did* come, he could run when it was near enough to make it dangerous to stay any longer. Well, he lingered still a little while to take a few more jumps, to pick a few more shells, to choose a bit more sea-weed, and then, all at once, a big wave swept right round the rock, and turned it at once into an island with water on every side. Poor little boy! how pale he looked! But, just at that moment, the big wave rolled back again, and the little boy laughed merrily at his own fears. Yet hardly had the echo of his cheery laugh died away among the cliffs, when a heavy wave came in again with greater force, threw a shower of spray all over him, and once more

turned the rock into an islet, and not only so, but tossed its watery arms towards him as if it wanted to wrap him in its cold embrace. And now the stranger, who had patiently waited for him to make up his mind, came nearer from the landward side, and called to him to jump into his arms. "Come," he cried, "trust to me—quick, before the next wave comes and sweeps you off!" But the little boy, quite frightened, now began to cry. Afraid to jump for fear the gentleman should let him fall, afraid to stay for fear of the waves, he hesitated, and, as he did so, another and a bigger wave dashed up with a roar and a heavy splash that wetted him all over, and the little boy, thoroughly terrified, instead of springing into the stranger's arms, leaped the other way, and fell headlong into the sea.

"Poor little boy!" you will exclaim; "was he drowned?" No. The stranger sprang forward, and, seizing him only just in time to save him from being carried out to sea by the back-flow of the waters, drew him out and took him, all drenched and dripping wet, to a place of safety. Now I think that every little reader of GOOD NEWS will see that this little boy was very wrong, first of all in *not believing* what the kind stranger told him as to the danger that was coming. This is plain enough. And yet how many little boys and girls, and big ones too, are just as unbelieving when they are told about that *tide of judgment* which is even now setting in upon an ungodly world, and will soon overflow it on every side. "How do you know it?"

Why, because *God* has said so; and if it was wrong of the little boy to disbelieve that gentleman, how much worse to *disbelieve God!* (2 Pet. iii.) Do you? I hope not. But, if you do *not* disbelieve God about the judgment which is coming, if you believe that it really *is* coming, are you trying to persuade yourself that you may wait a little longer, just a *little*, to enjoy the things that seem so pleasant, as the seaweed and the shells seemed to the little boy? Is it right to think so? is it *safe*? Who shall tell how soon the tide may rise? I mean that tide of wrath foretold in God's blessed book, the Bible? You know that our Lord Jesus Christ says that the people before the flood "knew not till the flood came and took them all away?" (Matt. xxiv. 39.) Why did they not know? Noah was a preacher of righteousness, but they did not obey his preaching; they did not heed his counsel any more than did the little boy attend to the counsel which the kind stranger gave him. They saw Noah building an ark, because "*by faith*" he knew what was coming. But they did *not* believe, and so they did *not* know, and therefore were overtaken by the judgment. Well, perhaps you are quite sure that what God has said about a judgment to come is true. If so, have you listened to those gracious words of the Lord Jesus Christ, "COME UNTO ME?" Even when the little boy *did* believe that the tide was stealing all around him, when he saw it with *his own eyes*, he did not trust the kind stranger. Have you yet trusted in Christ? Have you cast yourself upon

Him? Have you trusted in that precious blood which "cleanseth from all sin?" If not, do not hesitate, as the little boy did, until it is too late. Come to Jesus; believe in Him; trust Him *wholly* as your own dear Saviour. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." K.

THE DYING SOLDIER.

"Put me down," said a wounded Prussian at Sedan to his comrades who were carrying him; "put me down; do not take the trouble to carry me any farther; I am dying."

They put him down, and returned to the field. A few minutes after, an officer saw the man weltering in his blood, and said to him, "Can I do anything for you?"

"Nothing, thank you."

"Shall I get you a little water?" said the kind-hearted officer.

"No, thank you, I am dying."

"Is there nothing I can do for you? Shall I write to your friends?"

"I have no friends that you can write to. But there is one thing for which I would be much obliged. In my knapsack you will find a Testament; will you open it at the fourteenth chapter of John, and near the end of the chapter you will find a verse that begins with 'Peace'? Will you read it?"

The officer did so, and read the words, "Peace

I leave with you ; my peace I give unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid."

. "Thank you, sir," said the dying man, "I have that peace ; I am going to that Saviour ; God is with me ; I want no more." These were his last words, and his spirit ascended to be with Him he loved.

DICTIONARY OF THE BIBLE.

(*Continued from page 139.*)

Ark'ites, descendants of Canaan, who dwelt in Arka, at the western base of Lebanon (Gen x. 17 ; 1 Chron. i. 15).

Armaged'don (by some translated "Mountain of Megiddo"), a city on the western side of the Jordan. Armageddon is mentioned (Rev. xvi. 16) as the place where "the kings of the earth and of the whole world are gathered to the battle of that 'great day of God Almighty.'" The actual situation of this place is uncertain. (See MEGIDDO.)

Arme'nia, a part of Western Asia, bordered by the southern range of the Caucasus on the north, and a branch of the Taurus on the south, and forming a high table-land, where the rivers Euphrates and Tigris have their sources, on which account some have supposed Eden to have been situated here (Gen. ii. 14). Armenia is nowhere mentioned in Scripture, although Ararat is so ren-

dered in our version (2 Kings xix. 37 ; Isa. xxxvii. 38). (See ARARAT.)

Ar'non (noisy), a river on the east of Jordan, rising in the mountains of Gilead, and flowing for about 80 miles till it reaches the Dead Sea between Palestine and the land of Moab. It is now called Wady Modjeb, and is nearly dry in summer, but very full and rapid in the rainy season, so that huge masses of rock are torn from the banks and cast at a distance from the usual summer channel. It once formed the northern border of Moab (Numb. xxi. 13, 26 ; Deut. ii. 24, iii. 8, 16 ; Josh. xii. 1 ; Isa. xvi. 2 ; Jer. xlviii. 20).

Aro'er (ruins), a town formerly belonging to the Amorites on the northern side of Arnon. It is supposed to have consisted of two parts or cities, one on the banks and the other in the stream, surrounded with water. It was taken from the Amorites and given to the tribes of Reuben and Gad (Numb. xxxii. 34 ; Deut. ii. 36 ; Josh. xii. 2, xiii. 9 ; Judg. xi. 33 ; 2 Sam. xxiv. 5 ; Jer. xlviii. 19). A city in the tribe of Judah bore the same name (1 Sam. xxx. 26, 28).

Ar'phad, or Arpad (couch), a city of Syria, having a king, and mentioned always in connexion with Hamath (2 Kings xviii. 34, xix. 13 ; Isa. x. 9, xxxvi. 19).

Arphax'ad, son of Shem, and father of Salah (Gen. xi. 10—12).

Arrow is frequently used in Scripture symbolically (Job vi. 4 ; Ps. xxxviii. 2 ; Deut. xxxii. 23 ; Ezek. v. 16 ; Zech. ix. 14 ; Ps. xviii. 14, cxliv. 6 ;

Hab. iii. 11 ; 2 Sam. xxii. 15 ; Jer. ix. 8 ; Ps. lxiv. 3 ; Prov. xxv. 18).

Artaxerxes (Artachshast), great or mighty king; the name or title of three Persian kings mentioned in Scripture. The first is supposed to have been the Magian Smerdis, who seized the throne B.C. 521, and was murdered in less than eight months. During his short reign he hindered the work of the Jews who had returned to Jerusalem after seventy years' captivity (Ezra iv. 7—24). The second Artaxerxes is by some supposed to have been Xerxes, by others his son Artaxerxes Longimanus (Ezra vii.). The third Artaxerxes, who allowed Nehemiah to go to Jerusalem and to remain there twelve years (Neh. ii. 1, v. 14), was Longimanus, who reigned from about B.C. 464 to 425.

Ar'temas, mentioned in Titus iii. 12, as the disciple about to be sent into Crete in room of Titus, who was then to visit Paul in Nicopolis, a city of Thrace on the borders of Macedonia.

Ar'vadites (a straying or fugitives), descendants of Canaan, and probably inhabitants of Arvad or Aradus, a small island and city on the coast of Syria. Strabo mentions them as a colony from Sidon (Gen. x. 18, 19). They were noted mariners (Ezek. xxvii. 8—11).

Aru'mah (a high place), a city near Shechem (Judges ix. 41).

A'sa (physician), son of Abijah, and third king of Judah. He began to reign B.C. 955, and reigned forty-one years. In the earlier part of

his reign he "did that which was good and right in the eyes of the Lord his God" (2 Chron. xiv. 2), and prospered greatly. His army consisted of 580,000 men. He built fenced cities, and the Lord gave him rest (6—8). When Zerah, the Cushite king, invaded Judah with an army of 1,000,000 men and 300 chariots, Asa went out against him, trusting in the Lord. Having set the battle in array, in the valley of Zephathah, he called upon Jehovah, declaring that it was nothing to Him to help whether with many or with those that had no power. This "prayer of faith" brought him a full deliverance, and the Ethiopians were utterly defeated before the Lord (9—15). On his return to Jerusalem, with his victorious army and immense spoils, the Lord graciously encouraged him and the people by the prophecy of Azariah, the son of Obed, so that Asa took courage to remove the remaining idolatries out of Judah and Benjamin and the cities which he had taken from mount Ephraim. He then gathered in Jerusalem an immense assembly out of all Judah and Benjamin, together with many who fell to him out of the kingdom of Israel; and in the third month they offered sacrifices, and entered into a covenant to seek Jehovah, God of their fathers, with all their heart and soul. This state of prosperity continued until the 35th year of his reign (xv.).

In the following year Baasha, king of Israel, invaded Judah, and Asa, instead of looking to the Lord for deliverance, bought the aid of Ben-hadad, king of Syria, by sending a present to him out of

the treasures of the temple and the king's house (xvi. 1, 2). Thus Asa, who in the power of faith had triumphed over the immense host of the Ethiopians, forgot all the goodness the Lord had shown him, and, led by his fears, hired the Gentile against his brethren the Israelites (3, 4), relying on the Syrian, and not on Jehovah. When rebuked for this, he sinned further against the Lord in putting the prophet Hanani into prison (7—10). In the 39th year of his reign he was diseased in his feet, yet sought not to the Lord, but to the physicians in his affliction. Thus man, even under the most favourable circumstances, utterly fails. "So then they that are in the flesh cannot please God" (Rom. viii. 8). After three years' suffering he died, and was buried with unusual cost and magnificence in a sepulchre which he had made for himself in the city of David (12—14).

As'ahel (God created), son of David's sister Zeruah, and brother of Joab and Abishai. Being remarkably swift-footed, he pursued and overtook Abner after the battle at Gibeon, and was slain by him in self-defence (2 Sam. ii. 18—23). (See ABNER.)

Asaph (assembler), a Levite, the son of Berachiah, one of those whom "David set over the service of song in the house of the Lord after that the ark had rest" (1 Chron. vi. 31—39, xv. 16, 17). Asaph was also a seer or prophet (2 Chron. xxix. 30), and the titles of twelve Psalms bear His name (see Psalms lxxiii. to lxxxiii.). Another Asaph is mentioned (2 Kings

xviii. 18 ; Isa. xxxvi. 3) in the reign of Hezekiah, and a third under Artaxerxes (Neh. ii. 8).

As'enath, a Gentile, the daughter of Potipherah, priest of On, given in marriage by Pharaoh to Joseph, who is, in many respects, a type of Christ. Her name is supposed to mean "worshipper of Neith," the goddess of Sais, and the Athene of the Greeks (Eph. ii. 11—13, iii. 5—6, v. 30—32).

Ash is only mentioned in Isa. xlv. 14, but it is uncertain what tree is meant by the Hebrew word.

(To be continued in the July Number.)

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA FOR JUNE.

THE only fruit of worth divine
 Upon one Root is found ;
 Dear reader, may that fruit be thine,
 And in thy life abound.
 The letters of my names will show
 The Plant on which this fruit doth grow.
 Whence came the man, bound with a chain,
 Who counted death for Jesus gain ?
 What haughty Agagite was he,
 To whom one would not bend his knee ?
 Whose goodness early passed away,
 Like dew before the Eastern day ?
 Against a city bid to cry,
 Where did the Prophet seek to fly ?
 Whose window showed a token true,
 A sign which none around her knew ?
 His hand he daringly put forth,
 And died beneath Jehovah's wrath.
 A double portion of his spirit,
 The Prophet prayed he might inherit.

What "*door of hope*" will God bestow
 On Israel in her closing woe?
 What Prophet cried "Undone, unclean,"
 When he the Son of God had seen?
Who walked with God and safety found,
 When judgment fell on all around?
 What Prophet Salem's name declares,
 When Christ shall reign o'er Abram's heirs?

ANSWERS TO ENIGMA FOR MAY.

S OLOMON wisely did o'er Israel reign.
 A bel by his brother Cain was slain.
 V ashti, by not obeying, lost her crown.
 I saac, type of God's own Lamb, his life laid down.
 O badiah fed, and kept the prophets from the hand
 Of wicked Jezebel, the Queen of Israel's land.
 U rim was in the High Priest's breast-plate worn,
 R ebekah willingly from her home was borne.

Jesus, SAVIOUR, by Thy death,
 Thou didst meet the sinner's need;
 Those who look to Thee will find
 From all judgment they are freed.

Norwich.

M. A., aged 11.

N.B.—Out of the correct answers in verse, we have chosen that
 of the youngest contributor.

SAVIOUR is the blessed Name
 That God gave to His Son,
 And through His precious blood I'm saved,
 Though once defiled, undone.

Oldham.

W. B., aged 14.

Dearest SAVIOUR, go not from me;
 In Thy love may I abide.
 Keep, oh, keep me ever near Thee,
 Close unto Thy wounded side.

Liverpool.

T. F. C., aged 12½.



LITTLE JACQUES, THE SAILOR BOY.

As a French brig was returning from Toulon to Havre with a rich cargo and many passengers, she was overtaken by a violent storm when off the coast of Bretagne. Every effort was made by the crew to get the ship out to sea, and so escape the rocks and shoals on shore ; but, in spite of all that they could do, the mighty winds and waves tossing the helpless vessel like a cork, drove her nearer and nearer to the land. The boom of the big waves upon the beach could be plainly heard by the terrified passengers, the thunder rolled overhead, and, when the lightning streamed down from heaven, and lit up the deep darkness for a moment,

it was but to show them that they were fast driving towards those terrible rocks which would soon seal the fate of the strong ship.

Among the crew was a poor little fellow named Jacques, of whom we unfortunately know little except that, in the battle with the winds and waves, he, though but a boy, was foremost even among strong men to do what he could to save the ship.

The sailors loved the little fellow, as sailors always do an active earnest heart, for there is that in the life they lead amid

“The wonders in the deep,”

that makes them value the ready hand and the bold heart that fears not the strife with the storm. And now in all their peril, when a big wave swept over the deck, they would look round to see if little Jacques was safe, or if a great flapping sail lowered to the deck, and knocking down all within its reach, hid or overturned the boy for a moment, they would murmur, “Poor little Jacques is knocked overboard!” But little Jacques was there safe enough, and up again upon his feet as active as ever. Still, in spite of strength and skill and stormsail and rudder, the ship drove on towards the shore, and at last there came a grating sound that made every heart within her tremble, for they knew it meant that the vessel was aground. Then all the passengers fell upon their knees and cried to God, and some who had never prayed before, now learned to call on Him who alone can still the storm and whose almighty power can

control its greatest fury. But still the storm raged on, and presently a great and mighty wave, lifting the vessel high upon its foaming crest, bore it like a thing of feather-weight, and dashed it, quivering in every beam, upon a rock. A loud crash followed; the masts toppled over the side; the bulwarks burst and broke away; the wild sea played like a water-spout over the deck; and, with every timber strained and groaning, the wreck began to go to pieces. Then through the crash and roar of the waves, the boom of the thunder, and the rush of the storm, the captain's voice was heard shouting to the crew to lower the boats. For a moment there was a gleam of hope in the hearts of the passengers, but in another instant it was turned to despair, as the boats were swept from the vessel's side by the violence of the sea, and all means of escape by their aid cut off. There was now but one way left; if a rope could be got to the beach and a cradle made, the passengers and crew might be drawn one by one to shore. But who could swim through the breakers in such a sea to carry the line to the land? All declared it was impossible, and the stoutest-hearted sailor among the crew refused to make the attempt.

But there was one among them who saw nothing impossible in it, and that was little Jacques; only, as he was not strong enough to carry a heavy rope through those stormy waves, he proposed that a string should be tied round him, which, when taken to shore, might be used by the crowd on the beach to draw in the cable. At first, when the

captain heard of little Jacques's offer, he exclaimed, "Nonsense! such a child shan't go;" but when he considered that the lives of all were at stake, and that little Jacques among the rest was sure to perish if he stayed there, the captain consented at last. A string was then hurriedly tied round the waist of the brave little boy, and he plunged into the foaming sea. He had hardly done so before some of the sailors, ashamed that such a child should risk his life for them, ran to the side to stop him, meaning to offer to go in his stead; but they were too late. A man was "paying-out" the cord, but little Jacques, hidden among the dark waves, was no longer to be seen, and, except that the cord kept drawing on, they had no means of judging whether he was alive or drowned already.

At last there came a strong pull at the tightening cord, and then another, and then a third, in quick succession, and as this was the signal agreed on with little Jacques when he should reach the shore, they knew that he was safe, and that the people on land had hold of the line, and were giving the desired notice of it. Then a loud cheer burst from the throats of the excited sailors, and in an instant the cable was made fast to the cord, and began to run out to land as the willing helpers there pulled it through the waves. Away it went, and soon it was fixed; and, while the bolder sailors clung to it, and so struggled on through foam and storm to safety, the more timid passengers were cradled over *until all were saved*—

saved by little Jacques! Nor was it a whit too soon; for the last man had hardly reached the shore before the vessel fell to pieces, and was buried in the deep sea.

What they said or did, when they gathered round him on the land, I must leave the young reader to imagine; but this you may be sure of, that the name and person of little Jacques would hardly ever cease to be dear to those who owed their safety from a terrible death, under God, to him.

And now, I would ask whom this little tale reminds us of? Jacques *risked* his life to save that ship's crew and passengers; but there was One who, 1,800 years ago, "*gave Himself* a ransom for the many." Jacques went through the stormy waves to shore; but He went down beneath *the wrath of God*, more terrible to Him than tongue can ever tell, and shed His precious blood

"To cleanse from every stain"

those who believe in His name. Do you believe in Him? Is He your own dear Saviour? If so, if you know by faith in God's own blessed Word that Christ *has* saved you, should not His name and person be most dear to you? If now "drawn" to Him by the Father's grace (John vi.), should you not delight to "gather in His name," and own Himself alone your Lord, and worship and adore the love that has made you His for ever?

K.



LITTLE ANNIE; OR, "JESUS SAID, FEED MY
LAMBS."

(Concluded from p. 157).

A DAY or two after she died, her mother came to ask me if I would bury her. This I rather objected to do. But the mother urged it very much, saying, "My dear child was so fond of you, and I should so like you to bury her."

I therefore consented to do it. She was buried in the West London Cemetery, a large, beautiful, pleasant place, as most cemeteries are; fine walks, and trees, and flowers; and many come out of the bustle of London to walk there, the same as they would in a beautiful field in the country, although it is the place of the dead.

The funeral was very neat and simple. Her father and mother were weeping very much at the thought of committing their only child to the grave, and she so dear to them.

We went into the little chapel which is provided for such funerals. The first thing we did was to sing a hymn. This was very soothing to all our spirits, and it soon dried up the mourner's tears.

I then prayed, and gave thanks to God for the great kindness He had shown to the dear child, whose body we were about to commit to the grave for a short time, in sure and certain hope of a joyful resurrection to eternal life; for, though she was so young, He had given her to know Jesus, and

the value of His precious blood—that in it she had been washed, and made whiter than snow; meet for His presence; and we had the joy of knowing that she was there.

I also prayed that the testimony of this little girl may be made a blessing to the souls of all who were dear to her, and that her death may be the means of bringing them to Christ, to receive life everlasting.

I then read the fifteenth chapter of the first Epistle to the Corinthians. There we are told how that Christ died for our sins according to the Scriptures; and that He was buried and rose again the third day, and all who believe in Him have a part in His death and resurrection. His death became theirs; His resurrection became theirs also. Therefore, as surely as Christ was raised from the dead, by the glory of the Father, so surely will all who love Him be raised and glorified together with Him. Sown in dishonour, they will be raised in glory; sown in weakness, they will be raised in power.

Then will the body of this dear child be raised and glorified; and she will take her place in the presence of God and the Lamb for ever—in soul and body perfect—together with all those who love His blest name.

The chapel was full, and, when we came out, I was surprised to see so many children waiting; but soon found that they were her Sunday-school fellows, who were come to sing a hymn around her grave.

It was a beautiful summer's day, and there were many walking in the cemetery, or they had come to visit the graves of those they loved.

When I saw those dear children standing around the grave of one with whom they had often sung in the Sunday-school, I thought that of all the lovely sights I had ever seen, it was the most lovely. Angels looked on with delight, though we were surrounded by death on every hand.

The hymn they sung was,—

“ Around the throne of God in Heaven,
Thousands of children stand !”

And while they were singing, I secretly prayed that they all may sing again in everlasting glory, together with the loved one whose grave they were surrounding; and that every one of them may be kept from the evil of this blighted and blighting world.

On looking round, I was surprised to see what a company of people the children's voices had brought together; and what an opportunity, too, it was to tell them of Him who is giving life in the midst of death, and is giving it freely, without money and without price, to all who come unto Him.

I therefore took my stand upon the heap of gravel which would shortly be thrown into the grave to cover the coffin. I then read part of the fourth chapter of the first Epistle to the Thessalonians, beginning at the 13th verse.

And told them that the one we had laid in the grave, believed that Jesus died and rose again, and therefore she was now sleeping in Jesus. And according to His own Word, He will come and wake her up again, and give her a glorified body like His own (Phil. iii. 20, 21), so that she may enjoy His company for ever.

A few days after this, I met a young person in the street, who told me how glad she was that she happened to be in the Cemetery that afternoon. She said she was feeling very unwell, and was walking there for a little change, when she was attracted to the grave by the singing of the children. And there, she said, "I heard words which I never shall forget—words of blessing to my soul. For, though I have known what it is to have an interest in Christ for some time, yet the clear view I got of death and resurrection, and the Lord's coming, while standing by the grave of that dear little girl, will be a blessing to my soul as long as I remain in this world, and I shall surely meet her in everlasting glory."

Sunday School teachers, be encouraged by this little girl! Your labours may seem to be lost for a time; but your words of meekness and gentleness and love will sink into the heart of a little one here, and a little one there, carried home by the power of the Holy Spirit, making Jesus precious to their souls; and it will be made manifest in days to come, to their exceeding joy and yours also, and to the glory of Him who shed His precious blood.

Let your words be always of Jesus and His love.
This wins the heart of both young and old ; and
if you do not see the fruit of your labour here,
you will surely do so in resurrection glory.

“FEED my lambs,” the Saviour said,
“With patient watchful care,
And those who love God’s holy name
Shall soon my glory share.”

“Feed my lambs,” the Saviour said,
“Tell forth my dying love ;
It was for them my blood I shed,
I live for them above.”

“Feed my lambs,” the Saviour said,
“And in my likeness grow,
That words of love and gentleness
Unceasingly may flow.”

“Feed my lambs,” the Saviour said,
“For yet a little while,
And hearts shall be for Jesus won,
To cheer you in your toil.”

“Feed my lambs,” the Saviour said,
“The time will soon be o’er ;
All sorrow past, all labour done,
And you on yonder share.

“Feed my lambs,” the Saviour said,
“My face you soon shall see,
And those dear lambs who hear my voice,
Your crown of joy shall be.”

H. T.





JOHN iii. 14.

THE MAN THAT DIED OUT OF HIS MIND.

“POOR fellow!” you will say; “what a shocking thing to die in such a state!” Well, a good deal depends upon the kind of insanity—for there are various kinds, you know—and also upon the way in which they die; for some people out of their minds die very quietly, some even *happily*; and others die raving. Now, this poor man, of whom I want to tell you, according to the account his friends gave of him—died raving, raving about a serpent which he fancied had bitten him at some time or other; although his friends could never make out when it had happened, nor where. He also raved about Another, that had cured him; but who or what that Other was, whether he meant another serpent, or some friend, they could

never understand. That he was not cured, they all knew, and they were the more certain of it because, although he had been brought up from infancy in the Romish faith, and had had great reverence for the priest, he was so mad that, shortly before he died, he would not let the priest come near him, if he could help it; and, though so often talking about the bite of the serpent, he cared nothing for "extreme unction," which Roman Catholics consider so all-important in the dying hour, and which they were sure would have done him good if anything could. No; he would neither have that nor anything else the priest could do for him, which both he and they looked upon as the strongest proof of his madness. It seems he had been a strange old man for a long time, even before he went out of his mind. Being blind, he used to beg about the country lanes for a scanty living, and for some time before his death, they say he used to wander up and down the country, complaining of the heavy load he had to carry, though no one could see it but himself, for as to his beggar's wallet, if he had one, *that* would not hold much, and, you may depend upon it, it was seldom filled. But, what was still more strange, and a sign, too, that he could not be in his right senses, was this, that while, as I have said, he was always complaining of his heavy load, he was also overheard at times muttering to himself, "When *shall* I get enough? When *shall* I get enough?" "What a strange old man!" you will exclaim. Well, so he was.

But at this period his friends did not consider him out of his mind at all, however strange you may think his behaviour, because, up to this time, and for a good while afterwards, he had the greatest possible reverence for the priest and the "holy religion," as he, poor fellow, called it, and would have done anything in his power which the priest told him to do. To roam about the lanes, groaning under a burden which no other eye could see, and yet muttering, "When *shall* I get enough? When *shall* I get enough?" was indeed strange, but his friends had learned that the priest knew all about it, and understood what it meant, therefore they were quite satisfied if "his reverence" was. That *he* was satisfied, or waiting to be, you will see presently was very likely, but that the blind beggar should, after all, slip through his fingers, and just before he died refuse to have anything to say to him, whom he had revered so long and so sincerely, was a bitter disappointment, and you cannot wonder that the priest and all his own friends should count him mad indeed. But I believe you will think with me that they had all made a strange mistake in their reckoning, and that, when they considered him to be quite sane, though strange in his manner, he really was in his wrong mind, and partly beside himself; while, at the very time when they were all persuaded that he was raving mad, he was in "his right mind" for the first time in his life. And now to explain this mysterious tale I must take you down a green lane in the quiet country, where this poor

blind man was one day plodding along, groaning over his burden, as usual, and talking to himself, as blind people often do. The birds were singing in the hedges and the fields beyond; the rooks were cawing overhead as they leisurely flapped their heavy black wings on their way to some far feeding ground; the bees were humming in the warm sunshine, and the busy swallows were skimming the air and tootling incessantly; but none of these sounds reached the ear of the poor blind man. He was "swallowed up with over-much sorrow." His "burden was too heavy to bear," and yet he bore it, though it bowed his head and weighed him down, and made him utterly wretched. But then it had been fastened on him by the priest, and therefore he must bear it till "his reverence" should take it off, for he knew no other way of getting rid of it. Well, as he was plodding on in his weary way, deaf to the pleasant sounds around him which told so plainly of the goodness of God, he heard a footstep coming up the lane. This was a sound the poor old man was always listening for, for you know he lived by begging, and it was not only for a livelihood that he was begging now, but for another object, which was to him of far more consequence, as you will presently see. Therefore, though he had not heard the birds and bees, he could hear the coming footstep, and, as soon as he was near enough, he asked an alms. A few coppers were put into his hand, and the stranger passed on, while the blind beggar, after thanking his unseen friend, turned

on his way again, muttering to himself, as usual, "When *shall* I get enough? When *shall* I get enough?" This was uttered in tones of such deep and evident distress, that, although not spoken above a whisper, they at once struck the attention of the traveller. "What could he mean?" said the stranger to himself, and, hastening after him, he asked the question. His manner of asking was so kind and so gentle that, although the blind man could not see what kind of person he was, he felt moved to confidence, and at once told out all his heart. First of all he said that he was a Catholic, and that he was in great trouble about his sins. *That* was the "heavy load" that weighed him down and made him groan; and though no human eye could see it, he felt it so sorely that he never knew an hour's peace. Then the next thing that he said explained that sorrowful whisper which the stranger had overheard: "When shall I get enough?" and showed also how cruelly the priest had fixed the heavy load, or tried to fix it, till he could do as he had bidden him. It seems he had gone to confession, some long time before, in hope of getting absolution, which, you know, the Catholic thinks frees him from his sins; but, instead of absolving him, the priest had told him either he could not or would not grant him full absolution until a certain sum was paid down. The poor man was under that conviction of sin which the Spirit of God alone produces, and the priest, seeing that his distress was real, and knowing it would not remove, used

it as a means of dragging money out of him. Thus the poor old blind man was begging to get relief, not for his poor body only, but for his sin-stricken soul, and the priest was waiting for the fruits of his weary and hopeless toil as day after day he wandered from door to door and up and down the sunny roads groaning over his misery. For many a long day he had been denying himself, and, notwithstanding all the kindness of those who gave him help, and now and then the bounty of some warm-hearted farmer's wife, who

“Pitied the sorrows of the poor old man,
Whose trembling limbs had borne him to her door,”

he was almost starving, evermore moaning to himself as he thought of the sum which was to free him from his sins, “When *shall* I get enough? When *shall* I get enough?”

But God had mercy on him, though the priest had none; and it was He who had now sent His servant to meet him in the lane. As soon as the old man had told his tale, the Christian stranger led him into a field, and, sitting down beside him, opened his Bible at the third chapter of St. John's Gospel. Then he explained to him how Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, and why he did it; how Israel had sinned; how the serpents bit them, and “much people of Israel died;” how God bade Moses make a serpent of brass, and put it upon a pole, and said that it should come to pass that if a serpent had bitten *any* man (no matter how bad he was), when he looked on the

serpent of brass he should live. Then he told him how those that heard the message, and believed it, "*looked and lived*;" and, after this, he showed him that, "as Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so the Son of man" was "lifted up" on the cross, "that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have eternal life;" and that, therefore, all he had to do was to "believe on the Lord Jesus Christ" and rest in His atoning blood, which, without money and without price, "CLEANSETH FROM ALL SIN." He may have showed him, too, how, as the brazen serpent was made a figure of that which had bitten the Israelites, so the blessed Son of God, who knew no sin, "was made sin for us that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him," now risen from the dead, and alive for evermore. Poor old man! How wonderful it all seemed to him as his ears drank in the marvellous tale of God's great love! And when at last he had by grace received the truth, his burden fell off for ever, like that of Bunyan's Pilgrim of old, and, praising and blessing God, he went home "a new creation in Christ Jesus." A few months afterwards, the same servant of the Lord was again in that neighbourhood, and made inquiries after the old blind man. He soon found the house where he had lived, but him he found not. The aged pilgrim had gone to his rest some time before, and it was, on asking about him among his friends, that he received the account I have already referred to, namely, that he died out of his mind, and raving as they called it, about

a serpent that had bitten him, and “ One who had cured him ;” CURED HIM FOR EVER in the power of His precious blood ! This was what his poor ignorant friends called dying *mad* ! Ah, dear young reader, would it not be a happy thing for every one of them if they were all to die as mad as he ? Was he not rather in his right mind then if never before ? Yes, indeed ; like the poor demoniac in Mark v., at the feet of Jesus, “ sitting and clothed, and in his right mind.”

And yet in one way, perhaps, his friends were right, for certainly he was out of *his* mind in one sense, for *his* mind (and yours and mine, too, by nature), “ the mind of the flesh, is enmity against God ;” and surely he was out of *that* by grace, and had *another* mind—“ the mind of the Spirit, which is life and peace.” HAVE YOU ?

EFFECTS OF GRACE ON E. G. J.

“ Thanks be unto God for His unspeakable gift.”—
2 COR. ix. 15.

IN the month of April, 1870, there was, in a small town in Gloucestershire, a young woman laid aside by consumption. E—— had been a very nice moral character ; she had not done any of those bad things that some people do, but was what the world calls “ good.” But now she felt that she was about to die, and, when she thought that she would soon have to *meet God*, it made her tremble.

A Christian neighbour was asked to go and see her by a friend who had already talked to her about Christ, and was deeply concerned on her account because she did not know the Lord. On being asked by this friend as to her state of soul, she replied, "I WAS very anxious about it, and tried and tried to be saved till I gave up in despair." She was told that if *trying* would do it, she could save herself, and if she could do that she would be her *own* saviour, and then Christ would not have the glory. Then that passage of Scripture was repeated to her, "God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever *believeth in Him* should not perish, but have everlasting life." A ray of light now broke in on the benighted soul of E——, and she began to see what a mistake it was to think that *trying* would save her soul; for God never says, "*Try*, and thou shalt be saved," but "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved" (Acts xvi. 31). Shortly after this, when her friend went to see her, she was found in the enjoyment of the love of God, though much weaker in body. She could now look up brightly and say, "I don't want to think about the world now; Jesus is enough to think about." On her friend exclaiming, "What a comfort!" she continued: "He is comfort and company too; I tell Him everything; I talk to Him like a Friend." Speaking to her on Romans vii., her friend said to her, "That is something like you were, E——, *trying* to do right." She replied, "I *tried* till 'twas useless

to *try* any longer, and I need not have *tried* at all;" adding, "I have thought of the text you gave me, 'God so *loved the world.*' What a big heart He must have, and what love for Christ to die for the world!" Wishing to lead her to think about the wonderful place of relationship into which God has brought us, her friend observed, "When we believe, we are born of God, because no man can say that Jesus is the Christ but by the Holy Ghost." E—— answered, "What faith that woman had who only touched the hem of His garment! *They* said, 'The crowd throng Thee and press Thee;' but *He* turned round and called her *daughter.*" The Scripture was then read, "Beloved, *now* are we the sons of God" (1 John iii. 2). In the sweet sense of this relationship this new-born soul exclaimed, "We should think it a great thing to be the sons of the Queen, but the SONS OF GOD!"

The beautiful month of May came in, and new-born flowers decked the earth; the green grass smiled beneath the rays of the early summer sun, and fragrance filled the air; but still the invalid lay languishing on her bed. On one occasion she mentioned that she had had a letter from a former mistress, who wrote, urging her to call in a clergyman to prepare her for taking the communion, and she begged her friend to reply for her. An extract from her letter is here given: "I thank you for your kindness, but I have found the Saviour, and I have very kind friends, so that I do not want. I find it very pleasant to

have Jesus to tell Him all my troubles, and to talk to Him. The Lord is my Shepherd, therefore I shall not want." Yes! E—— had found *Him*, or rather had been found of Him (Luke xv. 4—6), by whom alone a guilty sinner can draw nigh to a Holy God, and she had learnt that

"Jesus did it—did it all,
Long, long ago."

E—— delighted to dwell on the love of the Father, saying, on one occasion, "We are called sons and daughters, so we must be loved as Jesus Himself." John xvii. 23 was then read to her, "And hast loved them, as Thou hast loved me." At one time E—— was a little cast down by family cares, for her mother had died, leaving her father alone with some of the younger children, and she felt much for him and them. But, though quite dependant on the kindness of friends, and living in lodgings, she was enabled to comfort her tried and sorrowing relatives, when they came to see her, through the comfort wherewith she herself was comforted of God. After a visit from a younger sister, she thus expressed herself: "A—— cried so the other day when she came to see me, but I told her not to cry; it was not as though I were lost: so she did not cry afterwards. I told father not to be so foolish as I had been—to *try* and *try*—for 'twas no use *trying* at all: 'tis only to believe on the Lord Jesus Christ." When reminded for her comfort that though she was parted from her home and family, the *One*

she had found was better to her than all she was losing, she replied, "I feel as though I couldn't give Jesus up now for the whole world," but added, "We are prone to fall."

Mrs. E——, the lady who from the first had felt so deeply interested in this young person, was much pleased with the simple confession of her faith in the Saviour. "Christ came all the way to save me; I had not to go a bit," was her simple language to Mrs. E——; and, though in deep suffering and weakness, she could say, "*It is all love!*"

When the moment came at last to leave this poor world, all cares, as well as fears, were gone, and the dying girl, with a smile of peace on her pale, worn face, could look up and say, "It isn't like death; He'll never leave me." It was the end of the summer when E—— fell asleep rejoicing in a *finished* salvation, and now, "absent from the body, present with the Lord," she awaits the happy moment when "raised incorruptible" she shall fully enter into the joy of her Lord.

Reader, the wisdom of God hath decreed that the glory of salvation shall be to His Son—that blessed One who has purchased a full redemption at the cost of His own blood. "*The gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord*" (Rom. vi. 23). It is a *free gift!* "It is *the blood* that maketh an atonement for the soul" (Lev. xvii. 11), not trying and trying; *that* will never put away a single sin.

Tell it out, the great salvation
Spread through earth's dominion wide ;
Tell it out, 'tis God's salvation,
Jesus has for sinners died.

Sinner, cease ! 'tis vain your striving
A saviour to yourself to be ;
View the Lamb of God's providing :
Jesus Christ shall make you free.

By His blood He gives remission ;
Death the wages is of sin ;
Such our ruined lost condition,
Christ must die the soul to win.

D.

DICTIONARY OF THE BIBLE.

(Continued from page 167.)

Ash'dod, or Azotus, a city near the coast of the Mediterranean on a hill about midway between Gaza and Joppa. It was anciently a city of the Philistines, and was given to the worship of Dagon, the fish god, whose head the papal mitre exactly represents. (See DAGON.)

It was a place of great strength, but its destruction was foretold (Jer. xxv. 20 ; Amos i. 8, iii. 9 ; Zeph. ii. 4 ; Zech. ix. 6), and was accomplished by the Maccabees (1 Macc. v. 68, x. 77—84, xi. 4). It was afterwards rebuilt, and formed part of the dominions of Herod the Great, who left it after his death to his sister Salome. Philip, the evangelist, when caught away by the Spirit from the eunuch, was "found at Azotus" (Acts viii. 39, 40). A bishop of Azotus is mentioned as being present

at the councils of Nice, of Chalcedon, A.D. 359, of Seleucia and of Jerusalem, A.D. 536.

It is now a small village. Many ancient ruins lie around, such as broken arches, marble columns, &c. The place is now called *Esdud* (Josh. xiii. 3; 1 Sam. v. 1—9, vi. 17; 1 Chron. xxvi. 6; Neh. xiii. 23, 24).

Ash'er (happy), son of Jacob, and Zilpah, the handmaid of Leah, and patriarch of the tribe of that name. He had four sons and one daughter (Gen xxx. 13, xxxv. 26, xlix. 20; Numb. xxvi. 44—47; Deut. xxxiii. 24). The inheritance of this tribe lay on the sea coast, having Lebanon on the north, Carmel and Issachar on the south, and Zebulun and Naphtali on the east. They did not conquer the whole of their inheritance (Judges i. 32).

Ashes were used as a symbol of grief and deep humiliation (Esth. iv. 1; Jonah iii. 6; Job ii. 8, xlii. 6; Dan. ix. 3; Lam. iii. 16; Ezek. xxvi. 30; 2 Sam. xiii. 10; Isa. xli. 3; Matt. xi. 21; Luke x. 13). To "feed on ashes" is figurative of disappointment, as that which cannot satisfy (Isa. xlv. 20; comp. Hosea xii. 1).

Ash'ima, the god of the people of Hamath (2 Kings xvii. 30), is supposed to have been a goat.

Ash'kenaz, a son of Gomer, and the name of a tribe and a country supposed to be either a province of, or near to, Armenia, towards the Black Sea (Gen. x. 3).

Ash'penaz, Nebuchadnezzar's chief of the eunuchs, under whose care Daniel and his companions were placed (Dan. i. 3, 7).

Ash'taroth, a town of Bashan in the half-tribe of Manasseh, but given to the Levites (Deut. i. 4; Josh. ix. 10, xiii. 31; 1 Chron. vi. 71). It existed in the days of Abraham, and was called Ashteroth-Karnaim (or horned), referring to the horns of the moon (see following article). A solitary castle, built 350 years ago, by Selim, the sultan of the Mahommedans, stands now upon its supposed site, and within its walls a few mud huts for the peasants who till the neighbouring grounds. The great pilgrim road from Damascus to Mecca passes this castle.

Ash'toreth, the name of the goddess of the Sidonians (1 Kings xi. 5, 33), and also of the Philistines (1 Sam. xxxi. 10), whose worship the Israelites imitated (1 Sam vii. 4; Judg. ii. 13), and even Solomon followed (1 Kings xi. 5) but Josiah overturned (2 Kings xxiii. 13).

Ashtoreth was the moon, and was generally worshipped with Baal (the sun) and the whole host of heaven (2 Kings xxiii. 4). She is also called "Queen of Heaven" (Jer. xlv. 17).

Ashtoreth was universally worshipped from the east to the west among the heathen anciently under various names such as Juno, Venus, &c., and in these days by the Chinese as "Goddess of Mercy," "Holy Mother," "Queen of Heaven," &c. Among them she is represented with a child in her arms. The ancient Saxons and other German tribes called her Freia, from whence we have our Friday, that being the day devoted to her worship especially once a year, when cakes stamped

with a rude T for Tammuz were offered up to her and eaten to her honour. Thus we get our Good Friday and crossed buns (Jer. vii. 18). The ancient Greeks made these cakes in the form of a crescent or a sickle, and offered them at the time of the full moon.

The Hebrew word *Asherah*, translated "grove" in Judg. vi. 25, and many other places, is now considered to have been rather the name of the idol worshipped along with Baal, and no doubt the same as Ashtoreth (Comp. Judg. ii. 13, iii. 7, x, 6; 1 Kings xviii. 19; 2 Kings xxiii. 4).

All manner of wickedness was practised in the worship of Ashtoreth, which made the sin of Manasseh all the greater for placing a graven image of the Asherah in the very temple itself (2 Kings xxi. 7).

In course of time, the worship of Baal and Ashtoreth (or the sun and moon) became connected with the planets Jupiter and Venus as the two stars of good fortune.

To be born under these planets, it was pretended by the astrologers and soothsayers, was the sign of a fortunate and prosperous life. Thus these planets came to be worshipped.

Asia, in the New Testament, means either Asia Minor or merely Ionia. Asia Minor comprehended Bithynia, Galatia, Pontus, Cappadocia, Cilicia, Pamphylia, Pisidia, Lycaonia, Phrygia, Troas, Mysia, Lydia, Caria, Doris and Lycia (Ionia and Æolis, are generally included in Lydia). Ionia was the entire western coast, the capital of which was

Ephesus, and in which the seven churches of Rev. ii and iii. were situated. A third division was called Asia Proper, or the Roman Proconsular Asia, in which were included the provinces of Phrygia, Mysia, Lydia and Caria. Ionia only appears to be referred to in Acts ii. 9, 10, vi. 9, xix. 10, 22; xvi. 6; 2 Tim. i. 15; 1 Pet. i. 2; Rev. i. 4, 11. This is also called Asia by Strabo.

Asiarchs (Acts xix. 31, rendered "certain of the chief of Asia").—These were the presidents of religious rites in Proconsular Asia, whose duty it was to hold solemn games in the theatre every year, in honour of the gods and the Roman Emperor, at their own expense, so that none but the most wealthy could hold the office. They were elected once a-year, about the autumnal equinox, when each of the cities of Asia held a public assembly to nominate one of their citizens as Asiarch. A person was then sent to the general council of the province, at some one of the chief cities, such as Ephesus, Sardis, &c., and announced the name of the person who had been chosen. Out of these the council named ten, the proconsul choosing one who was pre-eminent as Asiarch, while the other nine acted with him, and bore the same title.

(To be continued in the August Number.)

ALL BELIEVERS IN CHRIST MAY SAY—

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

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA FOR JULY.

*W*HOSE pen the letter wrote, wherein it saith,
God, the ungodly justifies by faith?
*W*hom did the leader of God's host invite
To go with them, and be instead of sight?
*W*ho kept a fast, and humbly sought the Lord,
Ashamed to seek the aid of human sword?
Tell me *H*er name to whom Christ first appeared?
Upon *W*hose ground was Israel's Temple reared?
A *W*ife beloved, who near to Bethlehem died.
The *K*ing whom God so humbled for his pride.
Stranger and exile, yet to that sad throng
Which followed David *H*e would fain belong.
A *T*own despised, by one blest name endeared.
*W*ho to the Lord of Peace an altar reared?
*W*hose dying eye on one in glory gazed?
*H*is prayer was heard, *W*here God's fierce anger blazed.
*W*ho failed in faith, when by a famine tried?
And *W*here did God for Israel's thirst provide?

When you have found out each initial right,
You'll read the hope that cheers the Christian's night.

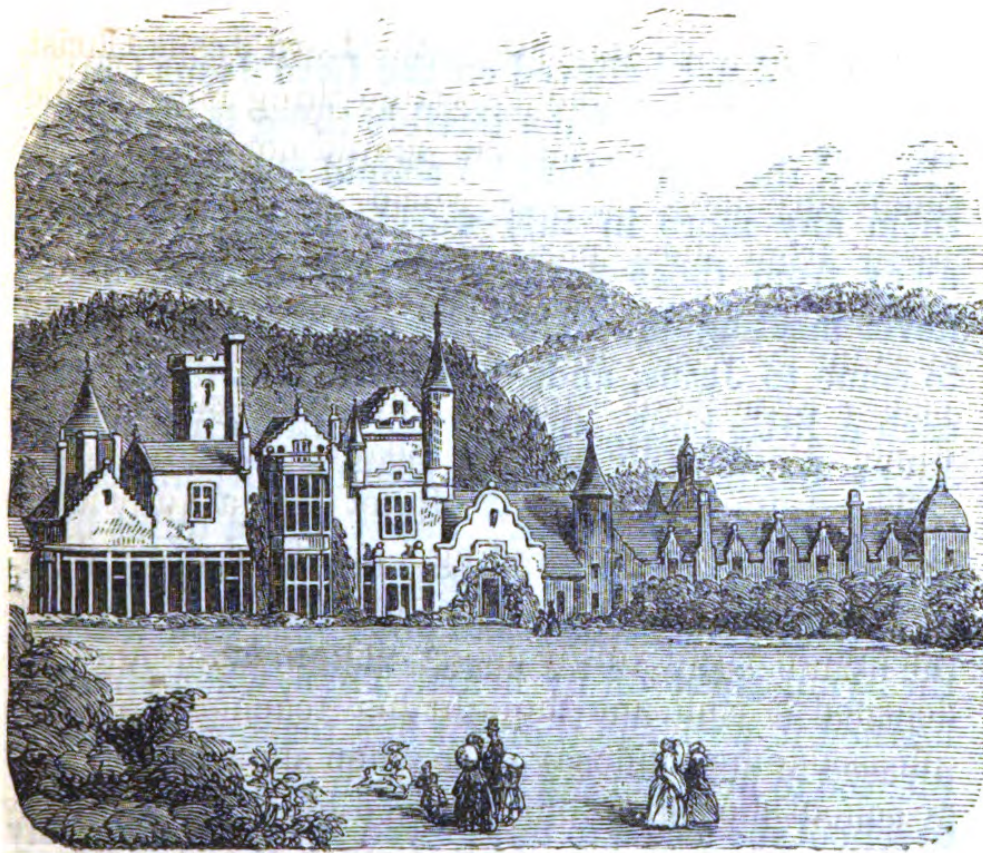
ANSWER TO ENIGMA FOR JUNE.

*T*arsus. (Acts ix. 11.)
*H*aman. (Esther iii. 2.)
*E*phraim. (Hos. xiii. 3.)
*T*arshish. (Jonah i. 3.)
*R*ahab. (Josh. ii. 15.)
*U*zzah. (2 Sam. vi. 7.)
*E*lisha. (2 Kings ii. 9.)
*V*alley of Achor. (Hos. ii. 15.)
*I*saiah. (Isaiah vi. 5.)
*N*oah. (Gen. vi. 9.)
*E*zekiel. (Ezek. xlviii. 35.)

THE TRUE VINE.

Reigate.

FREDERICK BRETT.



THE QUEEN'S PALACE IN SCOTLAND.

LITTLE JANET.

SOME time ago a Christian went to a school in Scotland, to talk to the children about the Lord Jesus Christ, and the love He showed in coming from heaven on purpose to die for sinners on the cross. The boys and girls in the Scottish school had often heard about Jesus before ; no doubt *you* have done so too. Now, to hear about Jesus and His wonderful love, and not to lay it to heart, is a very sad thing ; and the Christian who went to speak to these children felt that, and so he pressed them very earnestly to come to Jesus *at once*, because, though they were all young, he told them they might at any moment be called to die, and then,

if they had not believed on the Lord Jesus Christ, he showed them what a terrible thing it would be. He told them, too, that he should not perhaps see them any more in this world, as he was going away from those parts, and they and he might never meet again. Then he again begged them to come to Jesus, and, before he left them, gave each a little book, and to one little girl, named Janet Baillie, he gave a beautiful hymn, called "The fulness of Jesus." Janet was a quiet little girl of about ten years of age, and fond of reading, so she sat down when she got home, and learned the hymn right off by heart. Then, when she had learned it well, she thought her teacher would be pleased to hear her say it, so when she went one day to school she asked to be allowed to say it. Scarcely had she finished repeating it when the schoolroom suddenly became dark. A storm-cloud had gathered just over the school-house, and the light of day was turned into night. Every voice in the school was hushed in terrified silence, and the poor frightened children looked one on another in silent dread of what was coming. Then a wild flash of lightning glared across the room, and for an instant every little face was lighted up with a death-like pallor, and then hidden in gloom. All crept trembling nearer to each other, and were ready to sink with terror—all but one. "Who was she?" you ask. It was little Janet. Her face, too, was pallid, and her heart almost still with fear, and yet there was a smile of peace in her bright eye, and a calmness in her gentle manner, which told

of an inward strength that the others had not. She had learned the hymn I have told you of, but she had not *only* learned it by rote. No; in learning it she had tried to *understand* it, and the Lord, in His gracious love, had "given her understanding" and grace to receive its teaching, so that, when repeating those words,

"White in His blood most precious,
Till not a spot remains,"

she did not merely utter words which had no meaning for her, but spoke as one who, by faith, could say of all her sins,

"He bore them all, and freed me
From the accursed load;"

while the sense of His *love* so filled her heart that she longed

" to be with Jesus,
Amid the ransomed throng,
To sing with saints His praises,
The one eternal song."

Thus, when the storm-cloud darkened all the room, when the flash of lurid lightning startled every eye, when the deep-toned thunder struck terror to all hearts, her's was in peace. But presently another flash came more awful than the last, and this time it did not merely light up the darkness as before, but it struck the building itself. All in the room were stunned, teacher and scholars were thrown upon the floor, stones and dust rattled down from the roof and walls, and the

teacher, restored to consciousness by the cries of the poor children, arose to find several injured by the falling stones, and one child *dead*! The lightning had struck her as she sat, thinking of Jesus in the storm, and “absent from the body, she was present with the Lord.” Do you guess who it was? Poor little Janet! She had longed to be with Jesus, and He had taken her—taken her to be for ever with Himself. Yes; He who “took little children into His arms” had taken Janet into heaven, and had blessed her for ever with Himself.

Now, dear young reader, if *you* were as suddenly taken away, would you be *glad* to see Jesus? Did not the dear Son of God lay down His precious life upon the cross for sinners, and *so* put away their sin? and ought you not to love Him for it? Yes, indeed, if you really believe that He died for sinners—died for *you*—you must love Him; and if you love Him you will try to do what He tells you in His blessed Word, that so you may please Him in all things and glorify His name. Then, if you are suddenly called away, or, better still, if He comes to take us home, you will be *so* glad to see His face, and be for ever in His loved and loving presence. No tongue can tell, no heart conceive, what it will be to be there, where He, in all His beauty, is before you for ever. Even to read about His ways fills the heart too full for words; what will it be to know even as we have been known? “And will little children know?” you ask. Indeed, they will, even as they have

been known. And how *well* He has known little children, you may soon find out if you will read the four Gospels quietly through. Was He not once a little child Himself, and do you think He can or will forget? Grown men and women do forget, but *His* memory is eternal. It goes back to all eternity or ever the world was made; it sees the manger still, and tracks the way, and every step, and thought, and sorrow, from the manger to the cross, and from thence to the Father's house. Ah, *He* knows all about a little child, and, even as you are known, *so* shall you know, if now you love Him who so often showed His love for little ones. Janet Baillie is there, where He is seen by all eyes—seen in His native light—the light of heaven, whose glory no mortal eye can bear.

“What *must* it be to be there?”

Do you long to know? Wait on Jesus and you will receive day by day some new ray from the heaven where He is, so that the path around your little footsteps shall shine more and more until the perfect day, and *then* you shall see Himself, and never more lose sight of Him for ever.

“‘For ever with the Lord!’

Amen! so let it be:

Life from the dead is in that word,

‘Tis immortality.”

K.



"A LIVING DOG IS BETTER THAN A DEAD LION."

(ECCLES. ix. 4.)

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

A terror he! but when he's dead,
The timid fawn need feel no dread,
But calmly feed, from danger freed,
And o'er the plain at pleasure speed.

The dog, though not a royal beast,
His master's house can guard at least;
And thieves have fled far more in dread
Of him alive, than lion dead.

Great conq'rors, in their pride, have claim'd
To be the "*Lion-hearted*" nam'd;
And if their slain on battle-plain
Can give them title, that they gain.

The greatest heroes all must die,
No fame can put this sentence by:
If all their trust is marble bust,
They'll not be number'd with the just.

But simple souls, to fame unknown,
Who trust in Christ, and Him alone,
Are sav'd and blest, have peace and rest,
And envy none the crown and crest.

A Gentile dog* great blessing gain'd,
And all her wish from Christ obtain'd:
A king† in pride, once deified,
Was smitten by the Lord and died.

T.

* The Syrophenician Woman (Matt. xv. 21—28).

† Herod (Acts xii. 20—23).

THE CORN OF WHEAT.

HAVE you ever seen a field of wheat? I dare say you have; and a very pretty sight it is, especially at about harvest time, when the tall ripe ears cover all the field, and promise such plenty to the farmer. But perhaps you did not know that each root, which bears one, two, three, or even more stalks, and every stalk an ear, and every ear so many, many grains—perhaps, I say, you did not know that each root was once only a *single grain*, a solitary little seed, like one of the very many you may now pick off the up-grown ear. Yes, only *one* “corn of wheat” has produced that root from which all the stems and ears so full of grains have sprung! See what a many grains that single “corn of wheat” has brought forth! I wonder how long it would take you to count them? Well now, you will remember, if you read about the “Corn of Wheat” in October last—and if you did not, you had better do so before you read this paper, as I am sure you will hardly understand it without the other—if you read about the Corn of Wheat, you will remember how the Lord said, “If it die it bringeth forth much fruit.” You see in the harvest-field how much fruit a single grain of wheat produces when *it springs up*, after it has died in the ground. A “bare grain” is sown, and then, so to speak, it dies and rises again (1-Cor. xv. 36—38). But it is when it springs up again that it brings forth all the fruit which you see growing from a single root of wheat. Just so was it with that blessed “Corn of Wheat” which

I spoke to you about then. It was the Lord Himself. He died, as I told you, to "put away sin" (Heb. ix. 26); "that the body of sin might be destroyed," the "old man crucified" (Rom. vi. 6), sins forgiven (Eph. i. 7), and so sinners saved (1 Tim. i. 15); blessings, however, which flow from His death *only to those who believe in Him*.

Thus, God was glorified (John xiii. 31 ; xvii. 4). It was the great thing, you know, that God should be glorified in the very scene—the world where so much dishonour had been done to His name by sinful man, and this the blessed Jesus fully accomplished. Now, if you will turn to John xiii. 32, you will see that He said, "If God be glorified in Him, God shall also glorify Him in Himself, and shall straightway glorify Him."

How did God glorify Him? Why, in raising Him from the dead and setting Him at His own right hand in the heavenlies, far above all principality and power and might and dominion, and every name that is named, not only in this world, but also in that which is to come, and put all things under His feet, and gave Him to be Head over all things to the Church, which is His body—the *fulness of Him* that filleth all in all (Eph. i. 20—23). Mark those words, "*the fulness of Him* that filleth all in all." Here was the "much fruit" which that wondrous "Corn of Wheat" brought forth. For when He was quickened (made alive from the dead) the Church was "quickened together with Him" (Eph. ii. 5). When He was raised, the

Church was "raised up together, and made to sit together in the heavenlies in Him" (verse 6)—every believer in the Son of God, every poor sinner who, for the last 1800 years and more, has believed in the Lord Jesus Christ, young and old, high and low, rich and poor,—who shall tell, or even *think*, their number?—the whole Church of God was quickened, raised, and set down in the heavenlies, in Him, when He the Son of God was glorified! Think of this! Think of the myriads who, since first the Apostle Peter preached the Gospel on the Day of Pentecost, have been brought by the Holy Ghost to Christ and made a new creation in Him. Think of Paul the Apostle by the Spirit preaching from Jerusalem round unto Illyricum; of the work by Philip in Samaria (Acts viii. 5—8); of Apollos, "mightily convincing the Jews" (xviii. 28); of those who, "scattered abroad, went everywhere, preaching the Word" (viii. 4); of the "thousands of Jews which believed" (xxi. 20), and that in the very city of Jerusalem, where the Lord Jesus "spent His strength for nought and His labour in vain" (Isa. xlix. 4)—where the Corn of Wheat abode alone, "where also the Lord was crucified;" think of the thousands of preachers since, who, gifted and led on by the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven to testify of a risen Christ, have preached the glad tidings in every clime and country, from the frozen North, where the poor Esquimaux builds his hut of snow, to

"Afric's burning sands;"

from the ancient woods and rolling prairies of the

far West, where the Red Indian roams wild, cruel, and untamed, till the missionary of the Cross meets him with his message of love and peace; to the "Celestial Empire," where, even of late years, those strange people, the Chinese, have had a million of New Testaments in their own tongue sown broadcast among them, to say nothing of all that was done in ages gone by! Think of all this, dear young reader, and see how impossible it is to reckon up the "much fruit," the countless multitude of divinely-begotten "grains" which that One Corn of Wheat has brought forth to God's everlasting praise and glory, through *death and resurrection*! O how the heavens will ring when all are gathered round the throne—gathered into the garner at the coming of the Lord (Matt. xiii. ; 1 Thess. iv.).

But there is more than this. Yes, dear young reader, there is really no limit to the "much fruit" that springs from this precious "Corn of Wheat;" and I am sure if you love the Lord you will delight to dwell upon it, for His glory's sake. I have said but little as yet of the fruit *to us* of His death and resurrection. When He went up on high, He said, "I ascend unto my father and *your* Father, to my God and your God" (John xx.). So, then, you see, that not only are our sin and sins put away, as I told you last month, but we who believe are brought into the blessed relationship of *children* in a risen Christ, children of God by faith in Him (Gal. iii. 26). And then, that we might know and be fitted to enjoy this wondrous relationship, "the Spirit which proceedeth from

to dwell in us (John xiv. 17; xv. 26; xvi. 7). Thus, we have the Spirit of adoption whereby we cry, Abba, Father (Rom. viii. 15; Gal. iv. 6), and are conscious of our blessings (1 John ii. 20). That same Spirit is, too, the power in which we walk, worship, and bring forth fruit to God and testify of Christ (Gal. v. 16—18; xxii. 23; John iv. 23; John vii. 38, 39). He is the Spirit of life and communion (John iv. 14); by Him we live (Gal. v. 25), and are baptized into one body (1 Cor. xii. 13). So that, linked to our living Head in heaven, we are members of His body, of His flesh and of His bones (Eph. v. 30; 1 Cor. xv. 48)—and are a New Creation in Himself (John xx. 22; 2 Cor. v. 17). By that same Spirit we are sealed until the redemption of the purchased possession, and He is meanwhile the Earnest of our inheritance (Eph. i. 13, 14). All this we owe to—all this is part of—the fruits to us of the death and resurrection of Christ.

“Christ loved the Church and gave Himself for it . . . that He might present it to Himself (as God presented Eve to Adam) a glorious Church, not having spot or wrinkle, or any such thing, but that it should be holy and without blemish” (Eph. v. 25—27). Yes, dear young reader, He was like the merchantman seeking goodly pearls, who, “when he had found one pearl of great price, went and sold all that he had, and bought it” (Matt. xiii. 46); for, in His gracious eye, the Church was a “pearl of great price,” so the Father” was sent down by our glorified Head

priceless in value to Him that He went, and, giving

“All that love could give,”

even Himself, died for it, and rose again that we might be “blessed with all spiritual blessings in the heavenlies in Himself” (Eph. i. 3).

And yet, even this is not *all* the truth; “*much fruit*” yet remains unspoken of. I have said nothing as yet of all those who, from Adam to Noah, from Noah to Moses, from Moses to John the Baptist (Matt. xi. 13), believed in the Coming One, the promised Seed (Gen. iii. 15), the Great Antitype of all the sacrifices; of the great cloud of witnesses spoken of in Heb. xi.; of all the patriarchs and prophets, and the many who heard their teaching; of Israel of old, and many a poor sinner of whom we have never heard, not one of whom forms any part of the Church of Christ, not one of whom could have been saved had He not died, yet all of whom will form in that day a portion of this “*much fruit*” brought forth by the “*Corn of Wheat*” that “fell into the ground and died,” and springing up again became “the first-fruits of them that slept” (1 Cor. xv. 20). And yet there is more fruit still to the glory of God! Even after the Church is gone, when the saints who now sleep have been raised at the coming of the Lord, and all caught up in the clouds to meet Him in the air (1 Thess. iv.); when those who have *rejected Christ* have been shut out and shut up to judgment (2 Thess. ii.), many a poor sinner from among both Jews and Gentiles, will yet be added to the “*much fruit*” of which it is our joy to speak

(Rev. vii. ; Rom. xi. ; Matt. xxv.). Nor is this all. Time would fail to tell of all the glories that wait upon the Name of Him who died that He might not abide alone ; of all the fruit to the eternal praise and glory of God brought forth by this wondrous Corn of Wheat when the "possession" purchased by His blood and secured in His resurrection (Heb. i. 7—9) shall be redeemed in power and enjoyed ; when, "in the dispensation of the fulness of times God shall gather together in one all things in Christ" (Eph. i.) ; when babes yet unborn shall lisp blessings on His name on earth (Zech. viii. 5) ; while the Church, the Bride the Lamb's wife, shall reign with Him in glory, and that for ever and ever (Rev. xxi. xxii.). Well might He say, "Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone ; but if it die, IT BRINGETH FORTH MUCH FRUIT." "And I, if I be lifted up, will draw all unto me" (John xii.), both Jew and Gentile. Well will He deserve the praise that ten thousand times ten thousand and thousands of thousands will utter forth with a loud voice : "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and glory, and blessing" (Rev. v. 11, 12).

But now, dear reader, are *you* among those that have believed in Him ? Do *you* form part of the "much fruit" of which I have spoken ? Will *you* be there in blessing when

"Redeemed creation joins in one
To bless the sacred name
Of Him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb" ?

Just one word more. I hope you will turn to every passage of Scripture I have given, that you may see and believe what God's Word says about it, that so you may receive it "not as the word of men, but as it is in truth, the Word of God, which effectually worketh in them that believe" (1 Thess. ii. 13). K.

HYMN FOR THE YOUNG.

SAVIOUR, Thou dost love me ;
What a love is Thine !
Deep and far above me,
Yet that love is mine.

Thou, *Thyself* Thou gavest
Unto death for me,
Living, ever savest
All who come to Thee.

Thou dost know the number
Of Thy lambs and sheep,
And dost never slumber,
But each one dost keep.

Grant Thy faithful keeping,
Lest I go astray ;
Guard me, waking, sleeping,
Lead me in Thy way.

Be Thou all my pleasure,
Bind me by Thy love,
Thou, my joy and treasure,
Thou, the Lord above.

T.



INTERIOR OF A CIRCASSIAN DWELLING.

THE BIBLE LEAF; OR, THE DYING HINDOO.

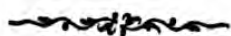
A CHRISTIAN missionary was once walking along a road in India, which, you know, is a very hot country, and full of heathen who know not God. They worship idols, and have done so for so many ages, that the whole land is polluted. The wickedness of these people is so shocking, their hearts are so steeped in evil, their worship leads them to do such horrid things, that they seem completely "given up" to Satan's power. Many among them, called Brahmins, are very learned, yet their learning only makes them the more wicked, while, in the conceit of it, they pretend to despise God's Word. Yet their pride of heart is sheer folly, and, with all their wisdom, they cannot overcome even a little bit of truth. The writer

happens to know this personally, for, though he has never been there himself, a little tract he well knows has. This little tract was written for English infidels, and was meant to show them that the blessed Bible *is* the word of God. Well, a young clergyman, chaplain to the Bishop of Calcutta, who took out a number of them many years ago, had them read to these learned Brahmins in their own language, and he wrote home to say that they, with all their boasted learning, craft, and wicked cunning, could not refute the little tract, yet went away adhering to their own wicked opinion still. Well, to return to the missionary. As he was walking along, he came suddenly upon a man lying by the roadside. He proved to be a poor Hindoo at the point of death. He had been left by his companions, as it turned out—left alone by the roadside to die. The last pulse of life was fast throbbing away, and the missionary, pitying his condition, stooped down and asked him, “Friend, how is it with your soul?” The dying man opened his glazing eyes, and, looking on the speaker, faintly whispered, “All is well.” “What is it that gives you that hope?” asked the servant of Christ. With a convulsive effort, the poor man raised his hand and exclaimed, “*This is all I have ;*” then, as if his soul had passed in the very effort, his hand fell down again, and he died. The missionary wondered what his last words could mean, when, on opening his clenched hand, he found a piece of paper firmly grasped between his fingers. It was a leaf of the Bible, so despised throughout

the land, and on it the portion of Scripture which contains these words, "The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin." Perhaps it was the only part of the Book of God the man had ever seen, and yet it was enough, and more than enough for him, by God's grace; and he could say, even in the agonies of death, "All is well."

Dear young reader, you have had more—*how much* more—of God's Word than ever this poor Hindoo had. To him one *single sentence* brought salvation and everlasting life. It led him to look to Jesus, because "faith cometh by report, and report by the *Word of God*." Yet you have had that word, have heard the report, have had the Gospel written, spoken, put before you in so many ways, that the hairs on your head are not so many; for, if you have been a little reader of Good News for any length of time, could you *count* the many ways in which the Gospel of the grace of God, the blessed Son of God, the Saviour of the world, has been put before you? No, you could not. And for this are you not responsible before God? Will you not have to answer for it if you turn away? Shall *one* text save a poor Hindoo steeped in the blackest sins, and will you, with all *your* opportunities, turn away and perish? Oh, let it not be so! Let the loving voice, ever sounding in your ear, bring you to Himself, and then you will be happy for ever in the love of Christ.

K.



“I WONDER WHAT IT WILL BE LIKE?”

FOR OLD AND YOUNG.

A GENTLEMAN, who is a believer in the Lord Jesus Christ, was but the other day going down a staircase which had been newly put up in his own house, when he stopped within one step of the last landing to look at an ornamental piece of carving on the baluster. Having examined it for a moment, he turned to descend the remaining thirteen or fourteen stairs below the landing on which he supposed himself to be, and, unconscious that he was one step above it, advanced as if on a level surface. Most of us know by experience the extraordinary force with which the foot will come down under such circumstances. In another moment he plunged head foremost, rolled completely over, down the stairs, and, alighting on his head, was supposed by those who witnessed it from above, as they rushed to his help, to have broken his neck. That he did not do so was simply owing to Him of whom he can often sing—

“O Lord, how *does* Thy mercy throw
Its guardian shadow o'er me;
Preserving, while I'm here below,
And guiding *safe* to glory.”

But such was the suddenness of the accident, the violence of the fall, and his utter helplessness under the circumstances, that, as he plunged headlong down the staircase, he fully believed for the moment that he should open his eyes in eternity, and in this belief one thought, and one only, flashed

through his mind. What do you think that was? "Well," some one will say, "I have no doubt it was the solemn inquiry, '*Where* shall I find myself if thus suddenly snatched away?'" Not so. With him *that* had been a settled question for more than half his life-time. But do you ask, "How is that question to be settled?" Only by faith, simple faith in Christ, who "loved us and washed us from our sins in His own blood, and HATH made us kings and priests unto God and His Father;" who said, even to a dying *thief*, "To-day shalt thou be with me in paradise;" who by one offering "HATH PERFECTED FOR EVER them that are sanctified," of whom the Spirit declares, "Their sins and iniquities will I remember no more." "But," some will object, "we are such poor erring, failing creatures, and to be ALL IN A MOMENT *in the presence of God* without an instant's preparation—to be going downstairs thinking, perhaps, of earthly things, and in the *twinkling of an eye* to find himself in the full blaze of the light of heaven! might he not well have *some* fear, *some* sense of shrinking from eyes that pierce right through and through, from a blaze of living light which *must* make everything transparent, and detect and magnify the smallest speck, the slightest stain?" Ah, but "Perfect love (and whose is that but God's?) casteth out fear." "Well, but would it not have been only '*becoming humility*' to question his fitness for *such* a plunge as that he verily thought he was taking?" It would, indeed, if *his fitness*, as looked at in himself, had been the fitness in which

he was to face God *so* suddenly; but as IN CHRIST—a risen, triumphant, glorified, blessed Christ—and *knowing* it, he knew that “AS HE IS, *so are we* in this world.” Well, then, it seems there really was no room for doubts, fears, misgivings, or that so-called “humility” which *doubts* God’s assured word, and boasts of doing so!

What, then, *did* he think? Why, just this. He believed he was going right away then at that instant into HEAVEN, and, as the thought of that wondrous scene flashed over his mind, he said to himself, “I WONDER WHAT IT WILL BE LIKE?”

“ We sing of the realms of the blest—

That region so bright and so fair;

And oft are its glories confessed :‡

But what must it be to be there ?

“ We speak of its pathways of gold—

Of its walls decked with jewels so rare—

Its wonders and pleasures untold—

But what must it be to be there ?”

What indeed? And would it not be well if its glories were more often present to the minds of believers, if they were more in the habit of thinking of that happy home, so far off to sense, so near to faith, into which we may enter at any moment, “in the twinkling of an eye,” where Jesus now sits in glory, the one precious Object for faith and love, the “One among ten thousand” and “the Altogether Lovely,” whose face (once *so* marred for us) we *shall* shortly see? “I wonder what it will be like?”—do *you*? May you *often* wonder until that scene and all its untold blessed-

ness so grows upon you, becomes such a *present* reality as to shed a halo all its own around your path, and have an influence on your every thought and word and deed. As the breath of the morning steals around the watcher, telling or ever he can *see* the dawn that the day will soon break, so as you ponder often the joys which await those who shall shortly sit down in the light of the glory of God and the Lamb; as you "wonder what it will be like" to be in the Father's house, where "the Lamb is the light thereof," as He was ever the Delight, "when there were no fountains abounding with water;" as you "wonder what it *will* be like," to gaze upon that Face, to look into those Eyes, to see that Smile, the very thought of which "so brightens all this dreary plain," the AIR OF HOME will breathe upon you, giving you a foretaste of what is to come. Nor is this all. As the smell of the hunter Esau's raiment told of the fields where it was his wont to be (Gen. xxvii. 27), so the breath of "the morning without clouds" *does* surround those who in spirit "dwell in heaven," and tells where they have been. Was it not so with Stephen of old? (Acts vi. 15; vii. 55) and did not the AIR OF HOME so fill the sense of that dear Apostle of the Gospel of the Glory, that from his inmost soul he pitied a poor King upon his throne, and, yearning over him with all his heart, could say, "I would to God that not only thou, but also all that hear me this day, were both almost, and altogether such as I am, except these bonds?" (Acts xxvi. 29.) And is it not to this that

believers are exhorted? (Col. iii. 1, 2)—is it not the privilege of *all*, both young and old alike? (2 Cor. iii. 18.) How blessed to be in spirit, even now, familiar with

“ Those courts secure from ill,
Where God Himself vouchsafes to dwell,
And every bosom fill ;”

while yet constrained in longing expectation to say, “ *I wonder what it will be like ?*” K.

DICTIONARY OF THE BIBLE.

(Continued from page 195.)

As'kelon, a Philistine city on the coast of the Mediterranean Sea, between Gaza and Ashdod. It was the only Philistine town which was a seaport. Judah took possession of it, but only for a time (Judg. i. 18). It was strongly fortified, but after Alexander the Great, was under the kings of Egypt or Syria (the kings of the south and the north), according as either was victorious in the struggles constantly going on between those two powers. The region around it was formerly noted for aromatic plants, vines, and onions. Herod, who was born there, adorned it with fountains, colonnades, baths, &c., although it did not belong to his dominion. In the wars with the Romans it was greatly damaged, but in the middle ages was noted as a stronghold and a wealthy town. In the wars of Saladin and

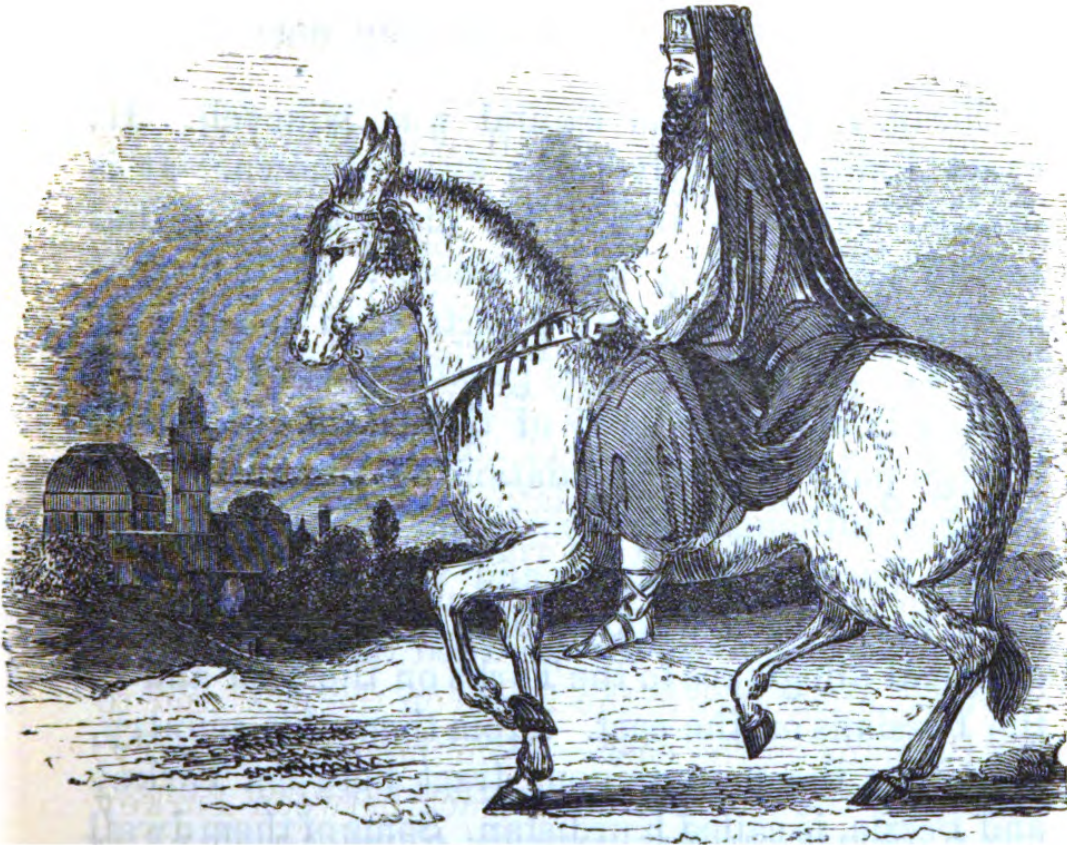
Richard I. of England it was dismantled and re-fortified several times, but at length totally ruined by Sultan Bibars, A.D. 1270, and the harbour filled up with stones. It is now a ruin, of which little remains but the walls and fragments of pillars. The place is still called Askulan (Jer. xxv. 20, xlvii. 5—7; Amos i. 8.; Zeph. ii. 4—7; Zech. ix. 5).

Asnap'per, the name of the Assyrian satrap who placed the Cuthite colonies in Palestine (Ezra iv. 10).

Asphal'tum, translated "pitch" in the English version, derives its name from Lake Asphaltites, or the Dead Sea. It is not unlike common pitch, and is found sometimes in a dry, solid state, intermixed in layers of marl, slate, or plaster, and sometimes as liquid tar in the earth, or flowing from cavities in rocks, or swimming on the surface of lakes or wells. Earth-pitch seems to have abounded in the vale where the Dead Sea now lies (Gen. xiv. 10). It was anciently used for covering vessels (Gen. vi. 14; Exod. ii. 3), and also as mortar or cement, for which purpose it is supposed to have been applied in a melted state (Gen. xi. 3). In Babylon asphaltum was used as fuel, being abundant in those parts, and also around Idumea, where, even at the present day, the wandering Arab kindles a fire to cook his food by simply scraping a hole in the earth and setting it a-light. It will often burn for days (Isa. xxxiv. 9). Asphaltum was also used medicinally, and for embalming the dead. It is still found in

masses on the shores of the Dead Sea, or floating on its heavy waters. After earthquakes it is sometimes thrown up in large quantities. In 1834, an earthquake threw up so much that the Arabs carried some 6,000 lbs. to market; and again in 1837 a mass compared by some to an island, was seen, after an earthquake, floating on the sea. It was driven ashore near Usdum, and cut up by the Arabs, who sold it for about 3,000 dollars.

Ass.—The wild ass of Arabia, Mesopotamia and Persia, delights in mountainous and rocky retreats, feeding not in woods, but on the upland pastures. The common ass of western Asia is supposed to be domesticated from this race, and is small-sized, and of a reddish colour. The silver-grey ass of Africa is large, and not very docile, for which reason the females were usually employed for riding, and reckoned very valuable. It is still the custom, as it was in ancient times, to dapple this breed with spots of orange or crimson. The wild ass of Scripture is supposed to be the horse-ass or wild mule. They are little inferior to the wild horse, the colour is silvery, with a dark line along the back, and broad patches or stripes of bright bay or flaxen on the thigh, flank, shoulder, neck, and head. The ears are wide, and the neck covered with a dark mane, and the tail has a tuft of hair, of the same colour at the end. It is found wild in all parts of Asia, even as far as China. It is said to be gentle when domesticated. In Cutch it is supposed to live without drinking, as whole districts which it frequents contain no water



whatever. This habit would in a special manner fit him to be the inhabitant of "the barren land" or "salt places" (see margin) of the wilderness (Job xxxix. 5—8), and would give added force to Jer. xiv. 6, when the drought should be so terrible that even such a creature could not live. Its flesh is used for food in Persia, but the smell is very rank.

Assh'ur, son of Shem, after whom Assyria was called (Gen. x. 11—22).

As'sos, a town of Adramyttium or Lesser Mysia, opposite the island of Mitylene (Acts xx. 13, 14). It is now a little village on the rocks, and is called Beeram.

Assyria, a region east of the river Tigris, so called from Asshur, son of Shem (Gen x. 22 ;

1 Chron. i. 17). The capital was Nineveh. Its exact limits in early times are unknown. It is divided naturally into three districts: one, that to the north, being mountainous; another consisting of sandy or stony deserts, and a third of well-watered plains. The greater part of Assyria Proper is under the sway of the Turks, who form a large part of the population of the towns and villages, although the aboriginal inhabitants are called *Kurds*, a barbarous and warlike race, who have never been wholly subdued though yielding a formal allegiance to the Turks on the west and to the Persians on the east. From them this country, including the mountainous tract between Turkey and Persia, is called Kurdistan. Some of them dwell in the villages, but others roam in all directions, living as shepherds, and given to habits similar to those of the wandering Arab. There is said to be a great resemblance between them and the ancient Highlanders of Scotland. Professing Christians are scattered over the whole region (but chiefly in the north), called Chaldeans, Jacobites, Armenians, &c. The most important are those of the ancient church of the primitive Nestorians, of whom there are settlements in Ooroomiah to the east and various parts of Kurdistan, but in a state of vassalage. But one community in the mountains is called *Ashiret*, or "the tributeless," because they have for ages maintained their independence, though hemmed in on every side by tribes of ferocious Kurds who profess the faith of Islam. Besides wandering tribes of Kurds, Assyria is over-

run with Arabs, Turkomans, and other tribes of robbers, who keep the more settled inhabitants in constant dread, and live by pillage. As a consequence, great portions of the country are left untilled and waste, though naturally very productive. The ancient boundaries of Assyria Proper were Armenia on the north, Babylonia and Susiana, in Persia, on the south, part of Media and Mounts Choathras and Zagros on the east, and the River Tigris and Mesopotamia on the west.

(To be continued in the September Number.)

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA FOR AUGUST.

God in the Gospel of His grace
Reveals His Name to us ;
Now put each letter in its place,
And you will read it thus.

God loves to give His blessings free—
Who learnt this in his leprosy ?
Her bitter grief was turned to joy
As to her breast she clasped the Boy.
A holy Prophet and a king,
Who of forgiven sin could sing.
Who like the ass couched down to bear,
Because the land and rest seemed fair.
The Name that Jesus loved to tell,
From saintly Lips once only fell.
What God has made the Blessed One,
Who died for sinners, lost, undone.
A Mount which witnessed deepest woe,
And soon with glory bright shall glow.

What gave we Him, whose love divine
 Did all He had for us resign?
 Haven of rest to Christians' ears,
 It fills the guilty heart with fears.

ANSWER TO ENIGMA FOR JULY.

TERTIUS, the Epistle to the Romans wrote.
 Hobab, whose children to the promised land were brought.
 Ezra proclaimed a fast before the Lord,
 Ashamed to ask for help from human sword.

Mary, who turned, and then her Saviour saw.
 Ornan to David sold his threshing-floor.
 Rachel, who on the way to Ephrath died.
 Nebuchadnezzar, whom God punished for his pride.
 Ittai, the Gittite, would with David be.
 Nazareth, where Jesus dwelt, in Galilee.
 Gideon, to whom an angel of the Lord appeared,
 "Jehovah Shalom" called the altar that he reared.

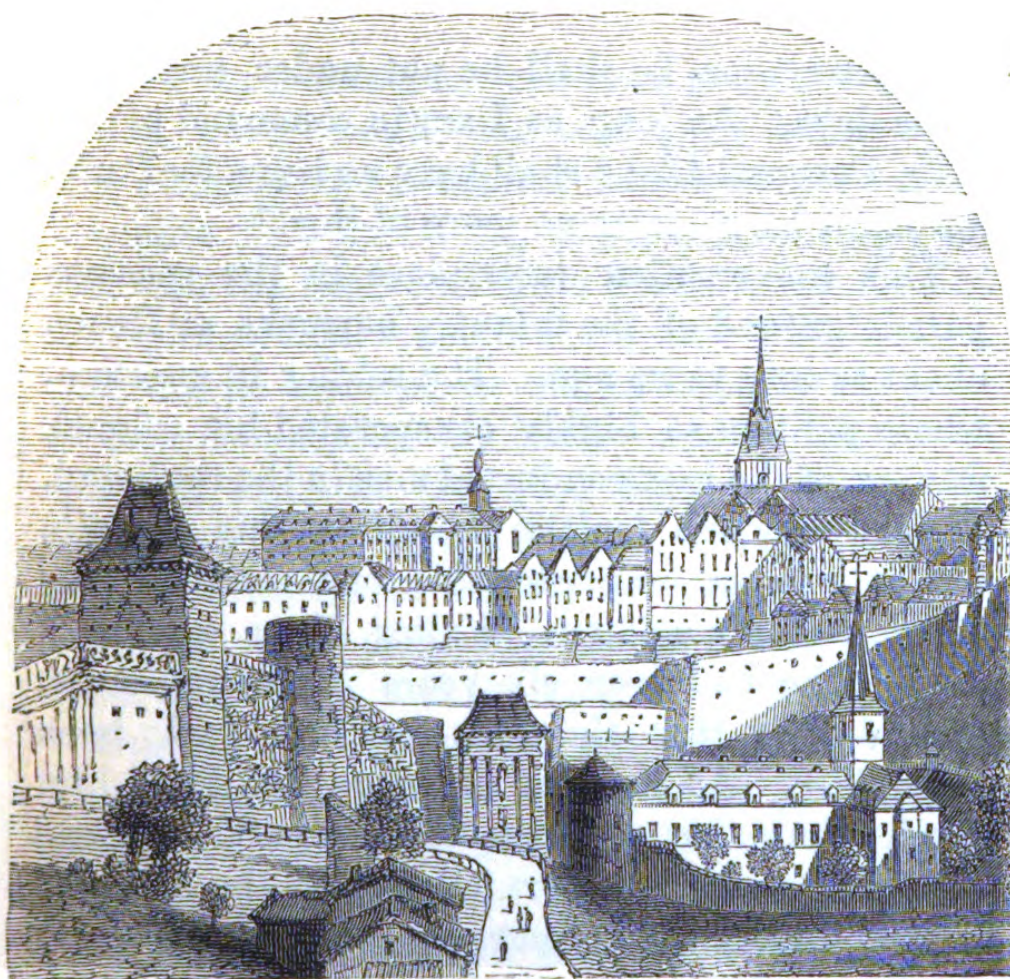
Stephen beheld God's glory as to heaven he looked.
 Taberah is where the people God to wrath provoked.
 Abram to Egypt went, when by the famine tried.
 Rephidim, where Israel wanted drink, and did with Moses
 chide.

There's a bright and happy prospect
 To all those that believe:
 For he that overcometh
 Shall THE MORNING STAR receive.

Creeping.

H. J. L., *aged 11* $\frac{3}{4}$.





THE REWARD OF FAITHFULNESS.

(From the French.)

“COLONEL,” said a captain of the 37th, “Corporal Blanc asks a leave of twenty-four hours.”

“What for?” asked the colonel.

“He wishes to go to Paris,” said the captain, laughing.

“What!” replied the colonel in an irritated voice, “to Paris again? Impossible! Captain Delorme, tell the fellow that through going to these prayer-meetings he will end by losing his reason. Tell him, also, that if he asks again for a

like permission, he shall be put under arrest for three days. As long as I am in command of the 37th, Corporal Blanc shall have no leave for Paris. And now let me hear no more of this."

This conversation took place in the spacious parade ground of the infantry barracks at Rouen about twenty years ago. The soldier in question, whose petition so highly exasperated his colonel, was one of the best-conducted men in the regiment. He had only one fault in the eyes of his captain, but it was an unpardonable one—he was too religious for a soldier. Walter Blanc was from Alsace; he had been six years in the regiment, and during that time his conduct had been exemplary. At first his superiors had liked him much; but, for eighteen months past, all had changed, and the poor fellow had become the laughing-stock of his comrades. The cause of the change was this: while in Paris with his regiment he had become acquainted with some members of a Young Men's Christian Association; he had attended their meetings, and Divine grace had begun a saving work in his soul.

Remembrances of early impressions received under his father's roof were re-awakened within him. The Holy Spirit revealed to him more and more of the sinfulness of his unregenerate heart, and he felt that it was by God's forbearance and love alone that he had hitherto been preserved from the numberless seductions and perils of a military life. It was also brought home to his conscience that, however his own righteousness might suffice in the

eyes of his fellow-men, and even win their approbation, yet it would not hold good before Him who searches the heart and knows its most secret thoughts (Job xxxiv. 21, 22 ; Isa. lxiv. 6). It was thus that the heart of Walter Blanc, acted upon by the Spirit of God, found in Jesus pardon for his sins, and that he resolved in the strength of his Lord to become a soldier for Christ, and to fight with spiritual weapons the good fight of faith. By intercourse with his new friends, who soon became to him brothers in Christ, he learned daily to know and love more that Saviour who is "the Way, the Truth, and the Life."

This inward change did not escape the eyes of his comrades, and even his superiors perceived it (Matt. xii. 33). He was ridiculed on all sides ; this faithful confessor of Christ became the butt of continual sarcasm and mockery, and was soon known by no other name than that of Saint Walter (John xv. 19—21 ; 2 Tim. iii. 12 ; 1 Peter ii. 21). At first he was unwilling to submit to these humiliations. He complained of them to his officers ; but, far from being supported by them, he incurred their blame and reproaches. Then he turned his eyes "to Him who alone can help," and sought support *of the Lord Jesus Himself*, who comforts the weary and heavy-laden.

As long as the regiment was in Paris he found strength for the trial by communion with his brethren in Christ ; but suddenly the order to march arrived, and the 37th were ordered to Rouen.

It was a thunderbolt to poor Walter; but as Rouen, thanks to the railway, is only a short distance from Paris, he hoped to obtain, from time to time, leave of absence to see his Christian friends, and to be edified by them. At first his colonel granted this favour in consideration of his good conduct; but afterwards, as we have seen, when made aware of the object of his journeys, the permission was withdrawn.

In the afternoon of the day on which the conversation between the colonel and Captain Delorme took place about Walter, the latter was standing sorrowfully at one of the windows of the room in the barracks which he occupied with about thirty of his comrades. He held in his hand his New Testament, and read to himself the eighth chapter of the Epistle to the Romans. Coming to the verse where it is written, "All things work together for good to them that love God," Walter said to himself sorrowfully, "How difficult it is to believe in one's heart all the promises of Jesus! 'Lord, I believe: help Thou mine unbelief!'"

His meditations were soon after interrupted by the voice of the sentinel posted at the barrack gates, calling out to him in a sneering tone, "Saint Walter! Saint Walter! here's a poor beggar who asks for a morsel of bread for the love of God. Saint Walter, come and help him!" Walter glanced into the court, and there at the gate was a man, still young, but wretchedly poor, imploring charity. Struck with pity, Walter cut off a piece of his ration-bread, and ran to give it to him,

handing it through the gate. The beggar seized it and ate it greedily, saying to him in German, "God bless you!" and was going away, when Walter stopped him, asking of him whence he came.

"From the Black Forest."

"Oh, then, we are countrymen! I am from the neighbourhood of Strasbourg."

"I have been to Strasbourg often," said the beggar—a ray of joy lighting up his emaciated face.

"But what brought you here, my worthy fellow?" said Walter with much interest; for he yearned after his native Alsace, which he had not seen for years.

"Sir, mine is a long story and a very sad one, I do assure you, if you had only time to listen to it."

"I have not the time at this moment," said Walter, "but if you will wait half an hour for me, I will be at your service. It is our meal-time; after that I can leave the barracks, you can tell me of your troubles, and, if I can help you, you may depend upon me."

"Thank you, my good soldier; I will wait for you by this tree."

"All right; in half an hour I will be with you," said Walter, turning away. In a short time the beat of drum called to dinner. Presently the soldiers left the barracks in groups to go into the town. Walter also came out, and soon joined his fellow-countryman from the Black Forest, who

was waiting for him at the spot agreed on. "Now I am at your service," said Walter; "let us go on, and you can open your mind to me as we walk."

The beggar's story was a very sorrowful one. The poor fellow told his companion that, following the example of so many of his country-people, he had quitted his mountain home with his wife and two children to emigrate to America. He had joined a band of emigrants six months before, who were leaving their fatherland together to embark at Havre. On their journey he had been robbed, and on reaching Havre he had not money enough left to pay the passage. The poor fellow then resolved to leave his wife and children in Havre, to return home and try to borrow amongst his relatives the sum of money which he needed; but, contrary to his expectations, they refused him assistance.

He started back to Havre with only a few francs left, to rejoin his wife and children. By the help of a good Providence he had got back as far as Paris; but from thence to Rouen he had to beg his bread. Here he found himself, without a single copper, in a foreign land, without friends or resources, and unable even to make himself understood, for he did not know a word of French. The day before he met with Walter, he had lost all hope, and thought himself forsaken of God and man. He had eaten nothing; and if the Lord had not sent His angel in the person of the young soldier, he would probably have died of hunger.

The distress of the poor German deeply touched

Walter's heart. "This man is in a sad condition," said he to himself; "something must be done for him. But in what way? Have I not got twenty francs in my purse? That's true! but I shall want these twenty francs for myself. But this poor wretch will die of hunger meanwhile, and I, whom the Lord has sent to his aid, might save him; for this morsel of bread which I just now gave him is a mere nothing. This must not be. God has sent this man to me, and it is my duty to help him as far as it is in my power. In the name of the Lord Jesus I will do what I can for him." Such was the inward struggle and resolve of the pious soldier.

Speaking aloud to his companion, he said, "Come along with me, my good fellow; I will take you to an inn where you will get your supper and a bed, and to-morrow God will direct us. Trust only in Him, and let His Fatherly hand guide you, for 'all things are possible with Him.' Come with me!" (Ps. xxvii. 11.) The emigrant followed his benefactor joyfully. As they walked on together, Walter noticed the pitiful state of his companion's shoes: they were just passing a shoemaker's shop, the soldier went in, and purchased a second-hand pair in good condition. The poor German overwhelmed him with grateful thanks. Walter would not do his work by halves; he had remarked the torn and pieced condition of his companion's clothes. Passing by the old clothes market on their way to the inn, what was easier than to exchange for a few francs the rags of the beggar

for some decent clothing? The poor German let his benefactor do all this without saying a word, but his radiant and joyful face betrayed his feelings. Walter's purse had rapidly become lighter and lighter, and it was necessary to come to a stop, seeing that of his twenty francs only three were left. He therefore took the emigrant to the "Golden Crown," and there the soldier gave his three remaining francs to the innkeeper, telling him to feed and lodge the German until the next morning. Not till he had seen his poor friend seated, and satisfying his hunger, would this good Samaritan go away. He left with a promise to return in the morning. Walter went back to the barracks with an empty purse, having acted, in a worldly point of view, very imprudently; but, in his heart, rejoicing that he had been the means of giving so much happiness.

(To be continued.)

THE MAN THAT CAME TO LIFE AND DIED.

IN July I told you about a man who died out of his mind, and now I want to tell you about one who, strange to say, came to life before he died. I have no doubt that, if you read the story of the poor old beggar told in that month, you thought at first that it was very puzzling, and so it was, till you had got to the end; but, if it puzzled you at first, I hope it made you *think*. It is good to think on good things, and I want to set you thinking now. For a man to come to life before

he dies is enough to make anybody think, and, if you *think*, you will not soon forget. Thinking is like engraving. When words are graven on a rock, they never fade as long as the rock endures. And how long will your *mind* endure? Even for ever. Oh! if evil were graven there, and not washed out by the precious blood of Christ and the Spirit's power, what *would* you do in eternity? And some are gone into that unchanging state wholly evil, with its terrible brands burning deep and more deeply for ever and ever. But this is too shocking to think about now, for it will, I trust, never be the case of any little reader of Good News. Indeed, it *cannot* be, if only they will think in earnest of all they read each month. Do you ask why? Well, I will tell you. Those who think in earnest will act. Now, whom or what does your magazine lead you most to think of? You will surely answer, "CHRIST;" and, if you think earnestly of Him, will it not lead you to Him who is able to save to the uttermost? If, then, you have not yet believed in Him as your own Saviour, it is only because you have not taken even the trouble to *think* on what you have read about Him. I hope you will begin to-day. The man who came to life before he died thought of Him in earnest, or he would have surely perished, for he died a felon's death. Poor man! he was once, of course, a little boy like you; but perhaps he never heard any good news in any way, or, if he did, he never *thought* about it, and so grew up with only evil graven on his heart. And the

older he grew, the deeper grew the brand, for it never wears out of itself, nor can it be taken out or altered. We "must be born again," and then, and not till then, the power of evil is overcome; because the old nature which it feeds on is crucified. But the unhappy man I speak of knew nothing of all this. He went from bad to worse, until at last he broke the laws of his country, and was sent a prisoner to a far-off land. There he grew worse still, and then at last committed murder. I don't think he really meant to kill anybody; but he was in a struggle with a jailor, along with another, and then he killed the man by accident. He was tried, and sentenced to death, and as he lay in his lonely cell, with a violent death before his eyes, the sense of *murder* on his soul, and the judgment to come looming darkly over all, how awful must have been his feelings! No man could save or pity him; escape was impossible; he was alone in the world, and soon must die alone condemned by all. "The way of transgressors is hard,"—indeed, too hard for your young heart to understand. God grant you may never know its hardness! nor will you, if you will but *think* on what you read. Thinking, you will *look* to Jesus, and, *looking*, you will be saved for ever. Well, but the poor convict was unsaved. What should he do? where should he turn? To whom should he go? Did he remember how once he was a dear little child? If he did not, there was One who did, and He had pity on him. No voice was there to whisper mercy in his ear, but

presently a voice no ear could hear, whispered in his *heart*. "A still small voice" it must have been, for in all the death-like silence of that lonely cell, it was unheard by the guard at the door, and yet it made the convict tremble. Conviction of sin was its blessed purpose, wounding to heal. Then the next day came a servant of Christ to speak to the doomed man. Ah! he was blind. He felt he was a sinner, but he could not see how he was to be saved, except by doing his best to deserve it. He would pray, and cry over his wickedness, and that he thought was right, for the Spirit of God had made him feel his misery and need. But he thought that *this* would save him. O how blind! Could prayers and tears wash out the blood he had spilled, or bring to life the man he had destroyed? Could all his tears put away a single sin out of the many he had committed all his days? Could he weep out the brand of evil so deeply graven in his soul? No, no, nothing but the power of Almighty God could do any one of these great things, and the Gospel he would not at first receive is, "the power of God unto salvation," but only to those "that believe." Do you believe? This man did not, and he was going to die. Time was short, eternity was long, and yet he could not see. How many days he continued blind I cannot tell you, but day by day Christ was set before him, and at last he "looked and lived." Yes, he *lived*. Like the dying Israelite, on the burning sands, he looked, not at the brazen serpent, but on Him it was a figure of. He looked

by faith on Christ, "made sin for us," and as he looked he sprang from his prison floor with a shout of joy, and while his fetters rang the echo of his doom, his gladsome shout told of a freedom fetters could not hinder; of a new life given in the jaws of death; of love that loved him even when dead in sins, and had followed him into a murderer's cell, and saved him from eternal death. Oh, little reader, what wondrous love is the love of Christ! The convict was now a *Christian*, and the dying man had come to life. Still he must die, for man's laws know no mercy, nor has man, as man, a right to exercise God's blessed prerogative. He "will have mercy on whom He will have mercy," and who shall say Him nay? He "will have compassion on whom He will have compassion;" and how wonderfully it was proved in that felon's cell! But, "whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed," and the morning came at last when he must die. And do you think he was sorry to die? Sorry, oh, how bitterly sorry for the *cause* he surely was, and he wept over his grievous crime as he walked to the scaffold; yet, somehow, he felt glad to think that the wicked hands which had slain his fellow-man should perish by the just judgment of the law; and so, while a deep joy reigned in his heart, and shed a halo of light round his pale face, he told out his deep repentance for his crime as he walked on to die. As he stood upon the drop he knew he had life, everlasting life: he could boldly say, "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit," though about to

die a murderer's death. How bright and wonderful the contrast, dear young reader, between the glorious light of life and the deep shadow of such a death! How great the glory given to God that such an one should come to life, brought to it by the sovereign grace and love of God, just before he died. Do you understand the puzzle now? Have you yet come to life? K.

THE LION.

I look on the Lion with wonder and fear,
And tremble in awe when his roaring I hear,
And think, if he could but escape from his cage,
He'd tear me in pieces in fierceness and rage.

That great man of valour, called David the king,
Goliath who slew with a stone and a sling,
Once fought with and kill'd both a lion and bear,
To save the poor sheep which were placed in his care.

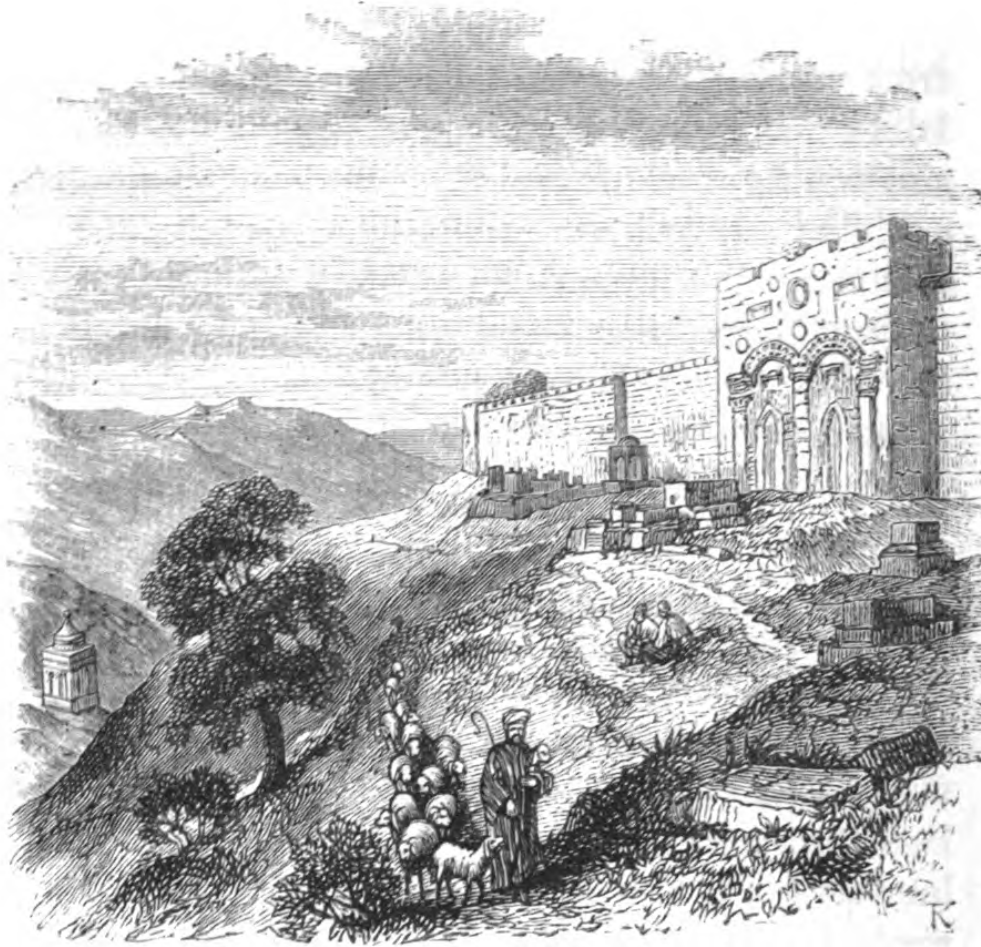
The battle he won in the strength of the Lord,
A much surer weapon than arrow or sword;
He faithfully fought for the poor little flock,
And stood in the conflict as firm as a rock.

A mightier than David—God's own blessed Son—
A vict'ry far greater than David's has won;
He Satan has vanquish'd, and sin put away,
Delivering sinners of Satan the prey.

He now lives, the Saviour, in heaven above,
And safe is each soul in the arms of His love;
No lamb of the flock will He ever let go,
But guard it and keep it secure from the foe.

How blessed with Jesus in heaven to be,
From Satan and sorrow and sin ever free;
With none to disturb, to mislead, or destroy,
And nothing to check the o'erflowing of joy.

T.



THE BEAUTIFUL GATE: A DIALOGUE.

ALICE. Oh, Teacher! I am so glad Sunday is come, for I have been reading out of that pretty New Testament you gave me. It's very nice to be able to read it; but I felt I wanted some one to talk to me about it; and when I asked mother she said she was too busy, and that I must ask you.

TEACHER. Well, Alice, I am very glad to hear that you do read your Testament. And although you cannot understand all you read, there is One who can teach you. I have heard of little children being brought to Christ many miles away

from here, where nearly everybody hates the Bible. Perhaps these children have only seen a single leaf of that blessed Book, and there is no one, it may be, to say a word to them about Jesus. What do you think they do, then? Why, they go to Jesus Himself, and He teaches them. But, tell me, what have you been reading about?

A. It was about a lame man and the Beautiful gate of the Temple.

T. Yes, that was after the Lord Jesus Christ had been crucified, and had risen again, and gone up into heaven. Then He sent down the Holy Spirit on the day of Pentecost, and His disciples went and told the Jews all about Him as His witnesses. Well, one day, as they passed the Beautiful gate, they saw a man who had been lame ever since he was born, so that he never had walked at all. He was begging his bread, and, seeing Peter and John, he asked them to give him something. Do you recollect Peter's answer?

A. Yes. Peter said, "Silver and gold have I none."

T. How disappointed the poor man must have been when he heard those words! But he little knew what was coming, for Peter added, "Such as I have give I unto thee. In the name of the Lord Jesus Christ rise up and walk!" And then, taking him by the hand, he lifted him up. And what followed?

A. He was able to leap and walk in a moment, though he had never walked before.

T. Was not that most wonderful? The name

of Jesus, you see, was enough to give him power to walk for the first time in his life. And he went at once into the Temple, walking and leaping, and praising God. Now, this helpless man may remind us of the condition of sinners. He was not able to take one step from the spot where he lay, or to do the slightest thing to make himself better. So it is with sinners. They are, so to speak, lame from their birth, and quite unable to walk in God's ways. They cannot make themselves any better, nor take one step towards God in their own power. But, just as the name of Jesus was enough to cure the lame man, so it is enough to save the poor sinner. "His name, through faith in His name," gave that poor man perfect soundness. So faith in that blessed name gives full deliverance to those who come to Him. You have often heard, Alice, that if Jesus had not died and risen again we could never have been made fit to go to heaven. But what joy for us to know that He did die for sinners, and that He now calls upon all to believe in Him! Don't you think, dear Alice, that He must have loved us to suffer such a death as He died for us? Oh, that I knew that you believed in Him, and that, like Peter, you could say, "Lord, Thou knowest all things, Thou knowest that I love Thee!"

"Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that He loved us, and sent His Son *to be* the propitiation for our sins" (1 John iv. 10).

THE STREAM AND ITS STORY.

ONE who dearly loves the Lord Jesus Christ, and is engaged every Lord's Day in seeking to lead the little ones to do so too, happened one day to be in conversation with the writer about that land of wonders where the blessed Jesus lived and died and rose again, and from whence He ascended to His Father's house. They had been saying how much they should like to see the spots His dear footsteps once trod, not from any superstitious reverence for the *places*, but because they thought the view would bring so near the heart the truths with which they are associated. You know the sight of the eye often helps both the memory and the understanding too. You can hardly look upon a lily without recalling the lessons Jesus drew from it, or a rose without remembering HIMSELF, the Rose of Sharon;* how much less the spots where they grew when *His* eye rested on them and His blessed lips told out their teachings! Well, this dear brother went home thinking of the land of Palestine and of Him who trod its hills and valleys, toiled along its rugged roads, walked or slept upon its waters, prayed all night upon its mountains, sorrowed, wept, or suffered, oh, how grievously, among its people, and at last was crucified *because* His love was stronger than death! It was not the *land*, you see, but Him who has filled it with sweet memories of Himself that this dear brother was so

* See "Thirteen Chapters on Flowers," W. H. BROOM.

feeding on; not the dust and ashes of the forgotten glories of Israel's home, but the living realities of a suffering and risen Christ. How much his soul was occupied with this most precious food comes out in what afterwards happened to him. What do you think that was? Before I tell you, I want to ask you whether you ever dream when you are lying fast asleep on your bed? "Oh, yes," you will say, "I often do, but can seldom recollect what it was all about." Do you know the reason? Perhaps you have been occupied all day with *trifles*, and so all night these trifles come and go across your mind and memory like the fitful flashes of the "Will o' the Wisp," and then, because they were such *trifles*, they can make no impression, nor can you recall them. Or perhaps some little dreamers *can* recall them, and they are *trifles* still. If so, it shows what *little* things can find a lodging in some little minds *because there is too much room*. You don't like that; but never mind, it is the *truth*. Bigger things would keep them out, and it is about these bigger things I want to set you thinking. By *bigger* things I mean things that are *not* trifles. That "which passeth knowledge" is no trifle surely. And what is that? THE LOVE OF CHRIST! Now, if this filled the soul, would there be any room for trifles? "No; but perhaps they'd come," you say. Well, perhaps they would; but if they did, and there was not a *bit of room*, they would go away again and be forgotten.

Now the one of whom I have spoken *was oc-*

cupied with bigger things, for he was thinking about the land that Jesu's footsteps trod, whose air He breathed, whose scenes He saw, and on many a spot on which He did His wonders of pity, love, and power, making the dumb to speak, the deaf to hear, the sorrowful glad, the broken-hearted whole, the hungry full, the sick sound, the dead alive, and the wretched, helpless, hopeless captive free. A land of wonders it may well be called, though now it lies desolate, waiting for the hour in which He who did these things will do still greater wonders, and then crown all in superabounding grace by the revelation of Himself to longing eyes and the pouring out of healing balm on broken hearts; when He will open up a fountain for sin and for uncleanness, finish transgression, and make an end of sins, bringing in everlasting righteousness, and making the wilderness to blossom as the rose.

Backward and forward, wherever we look, this land has tales to tell, into which that blessed guide-book, the Bible, leads us—tales that, whether they track His footsteps in the past or future, sound out in wondrous harmony the glories of the name given Him there, and borne in deep reproach and shame—the name of Jesus of Nazareth. And it was after speaking with the writer on these things, as I have said, that this dear brother went home; and then one night, as he lay asleep upon his bed, the world, with all its care, and sin, and sorrow, utterly forgotten, “behold he dreamed.” Again he seemed to

stand in company with the writer, and again he thought they were talking about Palestine. And one was saying to the other how much he should like to see the places their dear Lord had trodden, when it seemed as though a stranger drew near and joined them as once of old (Luke xxiv. 13—16). Who he was they knew not, but he spoke as one who made it his business to act as guide to pilgrims in Palestine, and as he seemed most kind, and to have overheard the conversation the two had had, he offered to lead them there, and show them what they so desired to see. Then he who dreamed was borne away, and with him, as he thought, the other he was speaking to, and in a moment they were standing in a far-off land.

(To be continued.)

THE LITTLE WELSH BOY.

As Newman Hall was travelling one Saturday afternoon in company with a Welsh minister and some other persons, on the mountains of Conway, he met a little boy on the road trudging along with a large book under his arm. He asked the boy what book it was that he carried, but the little fellow did not understand him, for he was a Welsh boy, and spoke Welsh only, which, as I dare say you know, is not at all like the language that we speak in England. Well, the boy passed on till he was out of sight, and the party went their way along the mountain-side. Shortly after, they stopped to take a sketch of some of the beauti-

ful things around, and while so doing they all at once heard a child's voice coming from a distance above their heads. Newman Hall asked the Welsh minister to climb up the rocks, and see who it was, which he did; and what do you think he saw? The little boy whom they had met with the big book under his arm was kneeling there on the mountain-top. His Bible (which was the great book he carried) was open before him, and he was reading from it aloud. Then, when he had finished his chapter, he began to pray, while the Welsh minister listened. And what do you think he prayed about? Nothing for himself, but that God would bless the town of Conway; that many sinners might be brought to Christ on the following day (which, you know, was Sunday), and that He would bless His servants everywhere who preached His Word faithfully. This was the substance of the little Welsh boy's prayer. What a pleasant sight it must have been to see that little boy upon his knees all alone on the mountain-top, with his great Bible open on the grass, and he so taken up with God and His work as to forget himself and everything around him! He had toiled up that mountain-side to be alone with God, and there, in imitation of his blessed Lord (Luke vi. 12), he prayed; and his prayer was all for the glory of Him whose name he loved. I should like to know that dear little Welsh boy, shouldn't you? But, although we are not very likely to see him in this world, we shall meet him in a place higher

than any mountain-top he ever climbed with his much-loved Bible. We shall see him where, I doubt not, he longs to be, "in the presence of God and the Lamb." In the meanwhile, if you are a believer, I hope you will not forget the example set you by this dear little boy. Remember, he prayed for poor lost *sinners* and for the *servants of the Lord*, that so God might be glorified. Will you? K.

DICTIONARY OF THE BIBLE.

(Continued from page 223.)

Assyrian Empire.—This was begun by Nimrod, (Gen. x. 11), who built Nineveh (see marginal reading), and who is traditionally called Ninus. Of the early history of the empire we have no notice in the Scriptures. Cushan-rishathaim, King of Mesopotamia (Judges iii. 8), is called by Josephus King of the Assyrians, but he was more probably only a vicegerent. The first king of Assyria, of whom mention is made in the Bible, is he who reigned in Nineveh in the days of Jonah (Jonah iii. 6). He is supposed by Hales to have reigned B.C. 821, and to have been the father of Pul, the first Assyrian monarch whose *name* is given in Scripture. This Pul (or Phul) invaded the land of Israel in the days of Menahem, who gave him a thousand talents of silver "to confirm the kingdom in his hand" (2 Kings xv. 19, 20). It is supposed by Newton and Hales that at the death of Pul his dominions were

divided between his two sons, Tiglath-Pileser and Nabonasser, the latter becoming ruler at Babylon about B.C. 747. Ahaz purchased the help of Tiglath-Pileser against Pekah, King of Israel and Rezin, King of Damascus, and the Assyrians invaded and took captive the Israelites in the *north* of the land, and on the west of the Jordan. This was the *first* captivity (2 Kings xv. 27—29; xvi. 5—18). Tiglath-Pileser was succeeded by Shalmanezer, who placed Hoshea, King of Israel, under tribute, and finally took him and his people captive, placing colonies from his own country in their stead (2 Kings xvii. 3—6; xviii. 9, 11). This was the second captivity of the ten tribes, since which they have been utterly lost sight of. The Assyrian monarchy seems now to have included Syria and Palestine, even Hezekiah having been for a time under its dominion (2 Kings xviii. 7—14). It included also Media and Kir on the north, and Elam on the south (2 Kings xvi. 9; xvii. 6; Isa. xxii. 6). Sargon (mentioned Isa. xx. 1) is supposed to have succeeded Shalmanezer, and to have reigned only two or three years. He attacked and subdued Egypt and Ethiopia, and was succeeded by Sennacherib, or Sancherib, who invaded the land of Israel to punish Hezekiah for throwing off the yoke of the Assyrians. Jehovah interfered, in answer to the prayer of faith; and the mighty host of Sennacherib

“Melted like snow at the breath of the Lord.”

He fled to Nineveh, where afterwards, when wor-

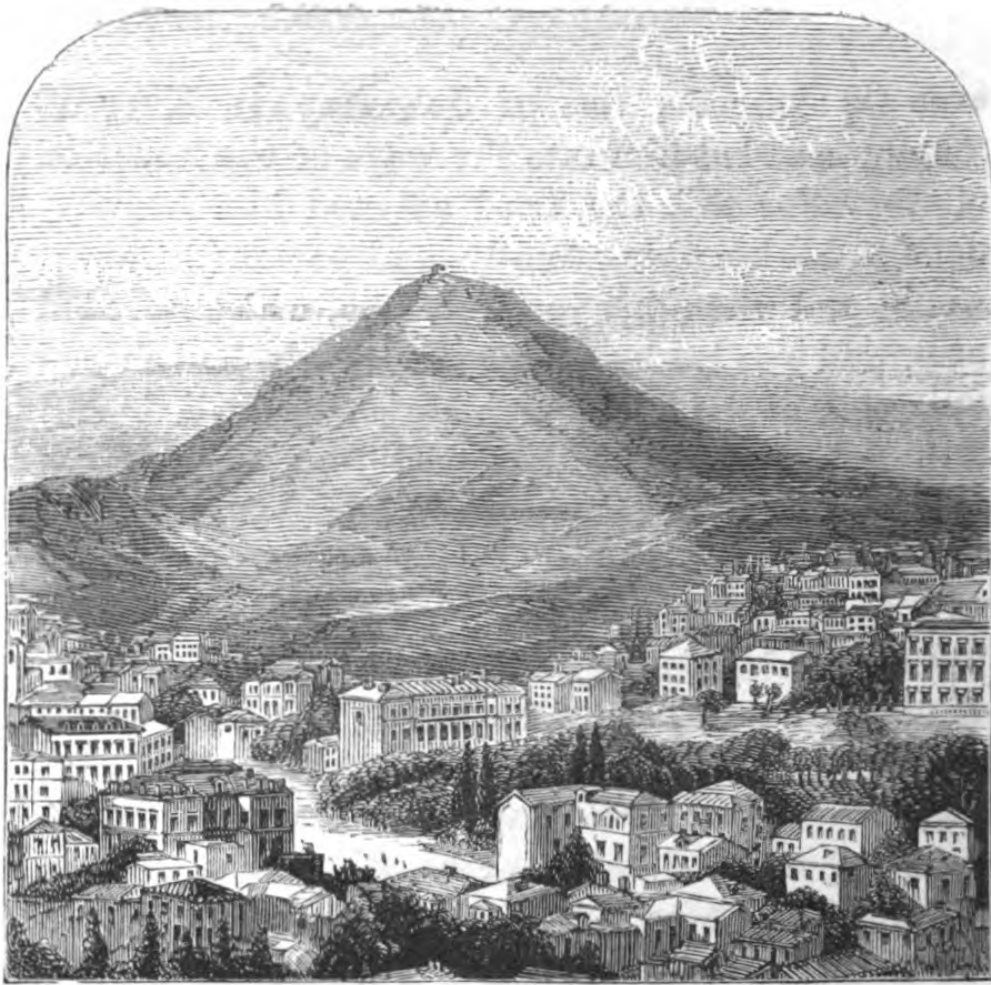
shipping in the house of Nisroch, his god, he was slain by his sons, Adrammelech and Sharezer, who escaped into Armenia. This fact is still told in the traditions of that country (2 Kings xviii. 13—37, xix.; Isa. xxxvi. xxxvii). Sennacherib was succeeded by his son, Esarhaddon, who had been viceroy to his father at Babylon. He is supposed to be the first Sardanapalus; but he is only mentioned in Scripture as having placed some colonists in Palestine (Ezra iv. 2). It was probably in his reign that the Assyrians ravaged Judah, and carried Manasseh captive to Babylon (2 Chron. xxxiii. 11—13). Of the rest of the history of Assyria we know but little. The last monarch was Sarac, or Sardanapalus II. (B.C. 636), in whose reign Cyaxares, King of Media and Nabopolassar, viceroy of Babylon, took Nineveh, divided the empire between them, and reduced Assyria to a province, about B.C. 606 (See BABYLON).

At'ad, in whose threshingfloor Joseph and his brethren mourned for their father Jacob, with the Egyptians who accompanied them. The place was from this circumstance called Abel-Mizraim, the mourning of the Egyptians (Gen. l. 9—11).

At'aroth (crowns).—There are several places of this name mentioned in Scripture (Numb. xxxii. 3, 34, 35; Josh. xvi. 2, 5, 7, xviii, 13; 1 Chron. ii. 54).

Athali'ah (whom Jehovah afflicts), the daughter of Ahab, King of Israel, and granddaughter of Omri (2 Kings viii. 18, 26). She became the

wife of Jehoram, son of Jehoshaphat, King of Judah, and led him into the ways of the house of Ahab. For this the Lord afflicted him heavily, both in his kingdom, family, and person (2 Chron. xxi.); and when his youngest son, who succeeded him, and was led by the same counsels, had shared the doom of the house of Ahab (chap. xxii. 1—9), Athaliah arose and destroyed her own grandchildren with the exception of Joash, whom Jehoshabeath, his aunt (being his father's sister) and wife of Jehoiada the high priest, stole from among the king's sons that were slain and hid with his nurse in a bedchamber within the precincts of the temple. In the meantime Athaliah reigned over Judah; but, at the end of seven years, Jehoiada brought forth Joash out of the house of God, where he had been hidden during the whole period, and, surrounding him with a guard of Levites, crowned him king. Athaliah, hearing the noise of the people, came into the house of the Lord, and made an attempt to regain her usurped authority, but Jehoiada ordered the captains to carry her out beyond the ranges of the temple buildings, and put her to death. Thus her wicked reign came to an end (2 Chron. xxii. and xxiii.). The evils which came upon Jehoram and his kingdom and family, the early death of Ahaziah, and the destruction of the seed royal, were all owing to this wicked woman, the daughter of Jezebel, and were among the fruits of the alliance which Jehoshaphat, the father of Jehoram, formed with the house of Ahab, and are a solemn warning to the Lord's



MODERN ATHENS.

people to beware how they ally themselves in any way with evil doers, and an inspired comment on the words, "Be not unequally yoked together with unbelievers" (1 Kings xxii.; 2 Chron. xx. 35; 2 Cor. vi. 14, 15; Eph. v. 7—14).

Ath'ens, once the capital of Attica, an ancient province of Greece. It was the most renowned city in antiquity for genius, philosophy, oratory, poetry, literature, and the arts of sculpture and painting; yet, with all its learning and other advantages, was, in the days of the Apostle Paul, "wholly given to idolatry," for "the world by wisdom knew not God." He must reveal Himself; but

even then, the "wise and prudent" of this city "mocked, and others said, We will hear thee again of this matter." But God is not mocked, "so Paul departed from among them." Nevertheless, God would magnify the name of His dear Son, and prove the power of His grace to be above all the folly of their wisdom; therefore "certain men clave unto Paul and believed, among the which was Dionysius the Areopagite, and a woman named Damaris, and others with them" (Acts xvii. 16—34). A Christian Church existed here after the days of the apostles. This city is now the capital of modern Greece. (Dan. vii. 12. See also ACTS, AREOPAGUS, &c.)

(To be continued in the October Number.)

BIBLE ENIGMA FOR SEPTEMBER.

WE have heard the heavenly *Message*
 From the lips of love divine;
 In the initials of the answers
 Make that *Message* clearly shine;
 And God grant
 That its blessedness be thine!

To men with joyful tidings
He came from God above.
 A Slave, who left his master,
 Brought back by Christian love.
Her faithless heart betrayed him,
 And stole his strength by guile.
He would not doubt his friendship,
 And died by treachery vile.
 Ungrateful were the people
 For whom the *Prophet* prayed.

A Sinner called by Jesus,
 At once the call obeyed.
 His father fell in battle,
 He on his bed was slain.
 God swept away in judgment
 A City of the plain.
 He gave not God the glory,
 God smote him and he died.
 His son in want and blindness
 To Christ for mercy cried.

ANSWER TO ENIGMA FOR AUGUST.

G ehazi thought reward to take,
 Though God quite freely whole would make.
 O bed, Ruth's son, 'twas that dear boy
 Who gave to Naomi such joy.
 D avid the King could gladly raise
 To Abram's God sweet psalms of praise.
 I ssachar saw the land was good,
 And bowed his shoulder to the load.
 S tephen beheld the Son of Man :
 That day his life above began.
 L ord in heaven is Jesus now,
 Soon all on earth to Him shall bow.
 O lives the mount on which He stood,
 And ofttimes knelt in prayer to God.
 V inegar mixed with gall we gave
 To Him who died our souls to save.
 E ternity we'll spend above,
 Rejoicing in His wondrous love.
 To spread abroad His Father's name,
 To tell to us that "God is Love;"
 To bleed and die the Saviour came
 Down from His heavenly home above.

Aberdeen, 13th August, 1871.

M. B. R., 12 years.



“THERE SHALL BE NO NIGHT THERE, AND THEY
NEED NO CANDLE”*(REV. xxii. 5).

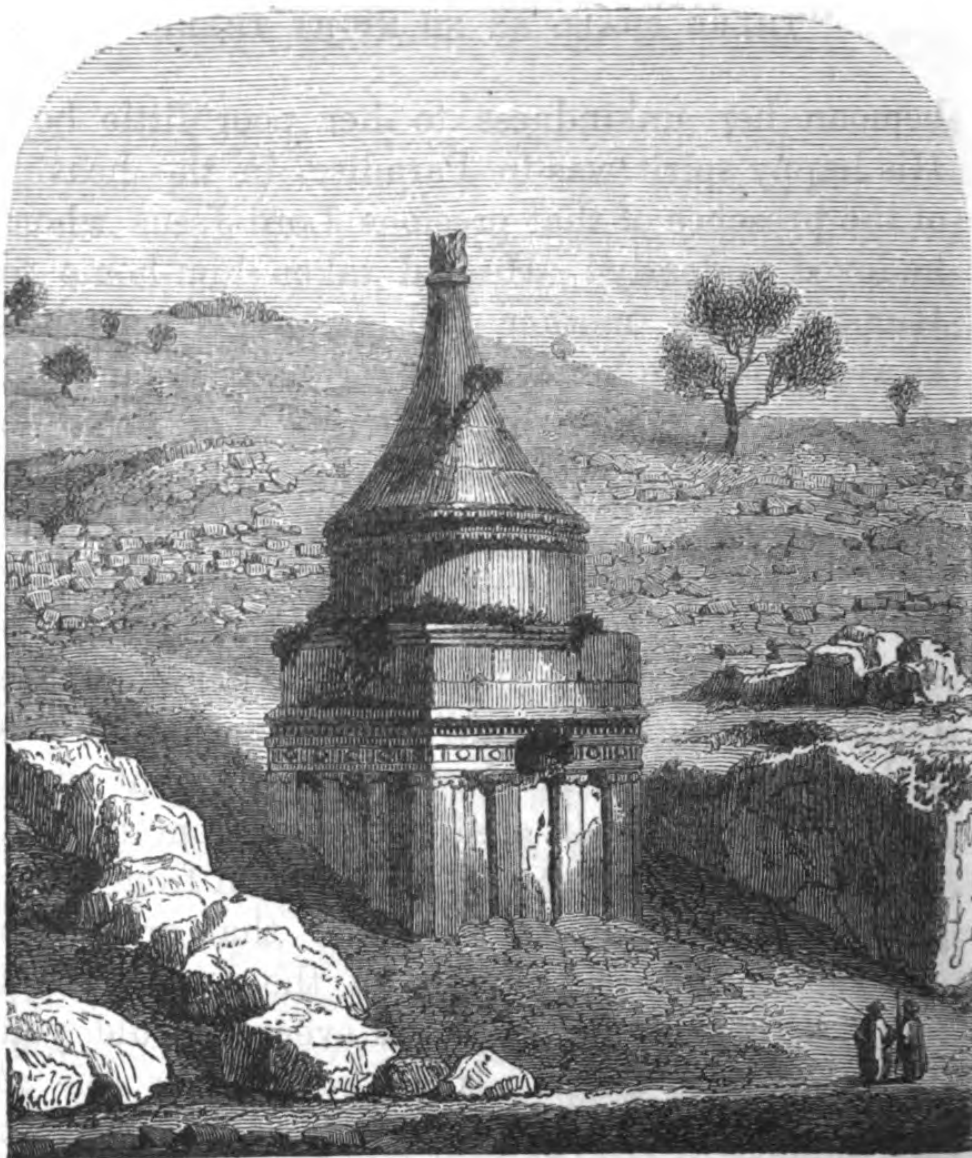
I SHOULD like to tell my young friends about a very little boy who knew and loved the Lord Jesus very dearly. It is several years since I heard one of the Lord's servants telling the interesting story as he was preaching of God's grace to poor sinners, and a good deal of it I may have forgotten, but the close of the narrative I could not forget, and I thought I should like you also to hear of and remember it too, as many more little boys and girls read Good News than I have the opportunity of speaking to in any other way. This little boy was too young to be trusted to put out his candle when he went to bed at night, and his mother was, I am sorry to say, one who did *not* know and love the Lord Jesus; was often

displeased when she went to his room for the light to find him still on his knees in prayer. But prayer was of so much value to him that he lingered at the throne of grace "to obtain mercy and find grace to help in time of need." Perhaps, also, he prayed for his mother, for I need not say that, as he was a believer in Jesus, he loved his mother although she did not love his dear Lord. Now, if he prayed for her, he would have all the more to talk to Jesus about, and, thinking of her never-dying soul, and full of earnest supplication, he often forgot about the light. This displeased his mother, as I have said, and one night, when she came upstairs and found him still in prayer, she was so irritated that she snatched the light away, and, saying something very angrily, left him just as he was on his knees in the dark. How long he continued thus none on earth can ever tell. Whether or not he found in his mother's harshness only further cause to be "instant in prayer" I know not; but, to his mother's anguish and dismay, when she entered his room in the morning, she found her little boy stiff and cold, with his hands clasped as in prayer, in the same place and attitude as she had left him in on the previous night. We will not dwell upon the bitter sorrow and remorse of that poor woman as she clasped in her arms the cold figure of her boy. What would she not have given to have had him back again, even to keep her waiting while he prayed, and, it may be, while he prayed for her! But it was too late to

bemoan her unkindness to her poor little boy. His happy spirit was in Paradise, in the heaven of the presence of that precious Lord Jesus whom he loved so dearly! He had taken him home to Himself. His mother had in anger snatched away the candle he would never need again, but the Lord had taken him where "they need no candle, neither light of the sun." She had left her little boy all alone in the dark, but Jesus had brought him where "there shall be no night, for the Lord God giveth light;" into that wondrous scene where darkness shall never enter, for "the Lamb is the light thereof." In the meantime his little body waits in the dust for the moment when "the Lord Himself shall descend from heaven with a shout," and raise all His own from their graves. Then they, and "those that are alive and remain unto the coming of the Lord," shall reign with Him for ever and ever. Would you like to be with them? If so, *go to Jesus now at once*, believe in Him *as your own dear Saviour*, just as this little boy did; then you will be saved, and will love Him because He first loved you. Then you will be able to sing—

"Of all the gifts Thy love bestows,
Thou Giver of all good,
Not heaven itself a richer knows,
Than the Redeemer's blood."

Then you will learn to trust Him with all your little cares and sorrows, and to plead with Him especially for the salvation of those you love on earth.



THE PILLAR OF ABSALOM.

THE POOL OF BETHESDA.

A DIALOGUE.

A. I have been reading, in the 5th of John, about the pool of Bethesda; and it says that in the five porches round the pool there lay a great multitude of impotent folk. What does that mean?

T. A great crowd of helpless people. And this great crowd was both a figure of Israel's sad state

and a proof of it. It was a figure, or a little picture, of Israel's real condition before God; for, just as these people in the five porches of Bethesda were "blind, halt, and withered," so God's beloved Israel was blind to all the beauty of Jesus (Isa. liii. 2), too lame to walk in His ways, and, like a fig-tree that is withered (Matt. xxi. 19), quite unable to bring forth fruit unto God.

A. But how did this great crowd *prove* that Israel was in this sinful state?

T. Why, if you read Exod. xv. 26, and Deut. vii. 15, you will see that God promised that, if the people walked in His ways and were obedient, He would put none of the diseases of Egypt upon them, but would "take away *all* sickness." Of course, God would have kept His promise if His people had been obedient: so, then, "*a great multitude*" of sick people in Israel proved that they had not hearkened to His voice. Yet the Lord had not forsaken them, as you see.

A. No; for He sent an angel down at certain seasons into the pool of Bethesda, and anybody who first stepped in, after the water moved, "was made whole of whatsoever disease he had."

T. That was very wonderful and very kind; but, after all, it was as nothing to what God was now doing for them. It was kind to send an angel all the way from heaven to give healing power to the waters of Bethesda; but how much more kind *to come Himself!* And there He stood, "God manifest in flesh," and yet they knew Him not. Instead of coming only to trouble the

water, He came to "give Himself a ransom for many." Instead of merely healing one at the time, He came to offer *life to all*. He had the power of life in Himself, and He proved it to all in a wonderful way. See that poor man lying there, unable even to step down into the pool when the waters moved. No man pities him; he has no friend to put him into the healing waters; but there he lies, and there he has lain, day after day, for many long years. How often had he seen others healed, while he, unable to stir a single step, was obliged to lie still in his misery!—as helpless as a dead man. Can you tell me what he was most like?

A. A sinner, dead in trespasses and sins.

T. Yes; and yet the moment that Jesus speaks he is made whole. The same Lord who, in the beginning, said, "Let there be light; and there was light," now said, "Rise, take up thy bed, and walk;" and, as He spoke, the man who for so many years had been trying to get down to that pool and could not stir a step, was immediately made whole, and took up his bed and walked. What power there was in Jesu's word! "He spake, and it was done; He commanded, and it stood fast." Jesus *gave* life and healing to those poor dead limbs, and power to that impotent man at once. You see, the *power was given with the word*. I want you to notice this. There is power in the word of God *to all who receive it*. The man no sooner heard the word than he was made whole immediately. Now, can you tell me how it is that so

many hear the word of God, and yet remain as dead in trespasses and sins as they were before?

A. Yes; it is because they don't *receive it*. It goes in at one ear and out at the other.

T. Their hearts are set on something else. Now, this poor man felt his misery, and *knew his need*, and so, when the word "Rise!" fell on his ear, *he gladly received it*, and rose at once. If he had put off obeying that mighty word only for an hour, would he ever have been made whole?

A. No; I should think he would have remained helpless to the day of his death. I am sure he would have deserved to do so, if he could have treated the blessed Jesus so badly.

T. Yet how many thousands do so daily! He speaks from heaven (Heb. xii. 25), and there is power in His word; but they remain just as they were before the word was spoken in their hearing, only because they do not receive it *at once*. They are dead, but His word can give life. "Thy word," says the Psalmist, "hath quickened me!" "He that heareth my word," says Jesus, "and believeth on Him that sent me, hath everlasting life." They are in their sins, but His blood can cleanse them perfectly (1 John i. 7). Oh, if they die in this state, how terrible will be the thought of *what might have been* if they had but believed Him when His word was spoken in their ears! His word effectually worketh in them that believe (1 Thess. ii. 13). I hope you *have* believed His word. To believe His word is to believe *Himself*.

K.

THE LITTLE IRISH BOY AND THE COLPORTEUR.

HAS the little reader ever seen a colporteur, travelling about with his pack of Bibles? If not, perhaps you would like me to tell you what kind of persons they are. Well, colporteurs are men employed to sell Bibles and Testaments, going about from place to place, in this and other countries. The word Colporteur is a French word, and means a person who carries something by hanging it from his neck; and the reason why they first came to be so called is, that their packs of books are hung from their neck by a strap. There are colporteurs on the Continent of Europe as well as in England and Ireland, who do a great amount of good; because, in carrying the Word of God from house to house, in places where but for them it would perhaps be unknown, they spread about the knowledge of the truth. Besides, they have, of course, much opportunity, if Christian men, of speaking a word for Christ. Some are very earnest and devoted servants of the Lord, and many little tales are told of their labours, not only among grown-up people, but also among children. One day a colporteur went into a house near Dublin, to try and sell one of his books. A woman was sitting in a chair at work, but she had no wish to possess a Bible. Nothing that he could say would persuade her. She knew not God, and, though the colporteur read some verses from the New Testament, her ears had never

been opened to hear the sweet words of Jesus, and to her they had no melody. God was not in all her thoughts: how, then, could she desire His Word? But there was a little boy standing by, and listening to all that the colporteur was saying. His young heart was not yet "hardened through the deceitfulness of sin;" and perhaps the Lord had been at work with him before, but at any rate He was at work now. As he listened to the missionary's word, he longed to read the Word of God for himself, and at last got courage enough to say, "I wish I might have one of those good books. How much are they?" "The cheapest Testament I have is twopence," was the reply; but the poor boy had no money, and either his mother had none also, or else would not spare that trifle for God's priceless Word. So the little boy turned away with a sigh, and the colporteur left the house. But some time after this the colporteur happened to be in the same neighbourhood, when he heard some one running after him, and a child's voice calling, "Please, sir, stop!" Looking round, he saw the little boy who had asked him the price of a Testament. His face was beaming with joy, and, running up to the colporteur, he cried, "I prayed to God for one of those books, and one day I found a shilling in the road. No one has owned it, and so now please give me a Bible." The colporteur gladly opened his pack and gave the child what he had asked for, adding, "You can have that Bible for sixpence." "No," said the boy, "*God gave me the shilling for it, and*

you must keep it all," then away he ran, "rejoicing as one who had found great spoil."

And so he had—don't you think so? Who shall tell the value of *one* Bible? We know they are common enough, for they are now spread abroad by millions. They are cheap enough, too, as you see, for the boy could have had one for sixpence. But if Bibles are cheap and common, *that* only makes it a more solemn thing for those who neglect to read or hear them. "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul, or what *shall* a man give in exchange for his soul?" Thus, you see, *the whole world* is not worth *one* soul; but "the Word of God is able to save them that believe." How many, many souls, then, may *one* Bible save through grace!

Now tell me, when you look at it in this way, who shall count the value of one Bible? But do *you* set store by it? do *you* read or love to hear it read? If not, may the little Irish boy's example make you sorry, and lead you henceforth to prize God's precious Book.

K.

THE THRUSH AND THE LITTLE GREY SNIPE.

THE snow lay deep on hill and dale. The woods on the uplands were clothed in fleecy whiteness, and lifted their long arms in the still air all glittering in the rays of the wintry sunlight. Down in the marsh the river had forgotten to flow, except in the very middle, where a narrow streamlet, a mere belt of water, still stole on

through the snow-covered ice, but crept along so slowly that it seemed as if the cold had almost stayed its course and soon would stop it altogether. Along its frozen margin a flight of wild ducks were scattered up and down, dotting the snowy plain with their party-coloured plumage, and busily trimming their wings. It was plain they were not satisfied with the condition of things around them, for their manner spoke of flight, and a sonorous "quack" seemed to express the impatience of some who wanted to be gone, while an ancient drake, with a dignity all his own, waddled up and down the ranks (as well as he could manage to do so in the deep snow) as though trying to hasten the laggards in their tardy preparations. Deep in a fenny spot, shaded by clumps of old willows, hollow with age, where the half-withered water-flags still lifted their faded heads in the frost, a grey-coated snipe was busy poking his long sharp bill among the rushes, and striding in and out of the shallow half-frozen pool with his long legs as cheerfully as if the cold was rather agreeable to him than otherwise.

"You seem to find plenty to do," said a musical voice from a hole in a willow; "you seem to find plenty to do; but I fear it's all work and no pay." The musical voice belonged to a thrush, who had retreated from the cold into a hollow tree, and from thence was watching the active movements of the long-legged snipe. "Plenty to do, indeed," said the little grey mannikin, snatching up something edible from the root of a bulrush, "and

plenty of pay into the bargain." "You must find it bitterly cold, though. Why, it's enough to make one shiver to look at you with your feet in the half-frozen water; I wonder you can stand it at all—ugh!" and the thrush fairly shook at the thought, and ruffled up his feathers all of a heap till he looked like a dappled brown ball with two eyes and a beak. "And as to plenty of pay, you *don't* mean to tell me you can find anything living in that half-frozen slush among the withered rushes?"

"Lots," was the only answer the snipe condescended to give; in fact, he could not well say more just then, for his bill was buried to the eyes in water-weeds crisp with hoar-frost and broken ice.

"Well," said the thrush with another shake of his feathers, "it would not be polite to doubt your word, but I have just come from the orchard on the hill—a place noted for its fruitfulness—and can only say, from sad experience, that we are fairly frozen out, for there is nothing stirring there."

"The orchard on the hill!" echoed the snipe, "you may well find nothing stirring on such high ground in this hard weather."

"Why not there if in such a desolate place as this?" asked the thrush. "In the spring we hatched and reared as fine a brood as you have ever seen, and all the summer long, till the fruits were ripe, we found insects in abundance, and then the cherries! it makes my beak water to remember them. But now all is changed! the trees are bare of fruit, the hedges all so coated with this dreadful

snow, that I cannot spy a single thing to eat, and, if it goes on freezing as it is doing now, I quite expect to be starved to death,"—and the thrush drooped his head sideways and looked the very picture of despair.

"Have you had no breakfast this morning, for you seem very gloomy?" asked the grey snipe, who, having filled his crop, was now resting on one leg from his labours in the shelter of the rushes.

"Breakfast? yes," replied the thrush in a dolorous tone! "I happened on a few crumbs thrown out by the maid at the house on the hill. But that was a mere chance, you know, not at all likely to occur again."

"Oh! you *did* happen on a few crumbs, and yet expect to be starved to death?" exclaimed the snipe, trimming his feathers contentedly. "Well, for my own part, I always *have* happened on something, and always hope to do."

"But what if this fenny nook should freeze all over as the river is fast doing now?" enquired the thrush.

"What if it shouldn't?" responded the snipe; "that's the best way to look at it—first, at all events."

"I only know," said the thrush despondingly, "that I heard the wild ducks in the marsh beyond saying that the narrow streamlet they were gathered on the margin of would soon be frozen over."

"They know where to go when that happens," replied the cheerful snipe, "and so do I; and I never knew it freeze so hard but what, if I went in

the *right* direction and kept a sharp look out, I was sure to find some sheltered nook, some living spring yet unfrozen, some break in the ice, some crack or crevice where I could insert my bill and get all I needed at last."

The brief winter sunshine soon began to fade in the sky, the afternoon grew colder, and the chilly air more chill. The frost was evidently growing harder, and the poor thrush, shivering in his hollow tree, was too full of trouble for further conversation. But the snipe knew where to go. With a cheerful note he bade the thrush "good bye," and, springing to his wings, he stretched out his long legs behind, and darted away with unerring instinct towards the more southern counties, there to seek, in a somewhat warmer region, "some sheltered nook, some living spring yet unfrozen, some break in the ice, some crack or crevice, where," as he had said, "he could insert his bill, and get all he needed at last."

"BE CAREFUL FOR NOTHING; but in everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God. And the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds by Christ Jesus." These words are addressed to those who, like the snipe in the parable, "know where to go;" that is, to those who, as believers in the Lord Jesus Christ, have a FATHER to go to in every trouble, and *know it*. And they may depend upon it, that He who said, "Behold the fowls of the air: for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather

into barns ; yet *your* heavenly Father feedeth them. Are ye not much better than they ? ” will not come short of His promises, but will surely prove to those who trust Him “ a very present help in trouble,” and will, sooner or later, but *always in time*, “ make a way of escape ” for His own.

THE REWARD OF FAITHFULNESS.

(*Concluded from p. 232.*)

OPPOSITE the “ Golden Crown ” lived a clock and watchmaker, who, like most of his trade in France, came from the neighbourhood of the Black Forest. He was standing next morning at his shop-door, quietly smoking his long pipe, when he was interrupted in his meditations by the inn-keeper’s wife calling to him, “ Neighbour, would you just step across for a moment ? ”

“ Certainly, madam ! What do you want me to do ? ”

“ We are in a difficulty. Yesterday morning a soldier brought a stranger in, who does not know a word of French ; we think he must be a German. He walks up and down the room eagerly gesticulating, and not one of us can understand a word that he says, or what he wants. Would you kindly interpret for him ? ”

“ With pleasure, madam.” When the neighbour came into the inn parlour the stranger was pacing the room with an uneasy air. He addressed him in German, saying, “ Good day, my friend ! ”

The countenance of the emigrant brightened up :

"Gottlob!" (God be praised) said he; "at last I can be understood. You are doubtless a German, like me?"

"Just so; but tell me, my friend, where you want to go?"

"To Havre, where I have left my wife and children."

"What is your trade?"

"I was a watchmaker in the Black Forest."

"You are, then, most likely, a native of the Black Forest?"

"Yes, sir."

"Of what part?"

"I lived in the valley of the Kintzig."

"In what village?"

"In Triberg."

"What! do you come from Triberg? What's your name?"

"Joseph Goetz."

"Is it possible? Had not your father a brother who left home?"

"Yes, sir. I remember him well. I was a child when he went away twenty years ago. He crossed the Rhine, and went first to Strasbourg, where he remained some time. He wrote to us twice from Strasbourg, but for years past we have heard nothing of him."

"You said just now that you remembered your uncle; would you recognize him if you were to meet him by chance?"

"I think I should. But why do you ask me? and why do you look so anxiously at me?"

“Joseph, don’t you know your uncle Louis?”

“Is it possible?” cried the poor fellow, bursting into tears. “Oh, my God, how marvellous are Thy ways! I know now that the Lord is near them who call upon Him in their distress.”

His uncle was scarcely less affected; he clasped his nephew in his arms, and asked him about all that had happened to his family during his absence. The astonished innkeeper stood by, comprehending nothing of this touching scene. The soldier, Walter, coming in at this moment, was equally perplexed, but his astonishment gave way to delight when the beggar presented to him his uncle Goetz. All was now explained. Louis Goetz had left the Black Forest as a working watchmaker. With the blessing of God on his indefatigable labour he had acquired a modest fortune. He established himself in Rouen, where he had a handsome shop, and where he had prospered in a remarkable manner. His nephew told him of his misfortunes, and introduced his kind deliverer, the young soldier, to him. He told his uncle that he was about to join his wife and children in Havre, and that he was *now* persuaded that God would not forsake him. His uncle Louis dissuaded him from making any further attempt to emigrate to America, and promised him work nearer home. He induced him to go and fetch his family from Havre, engaging to pay all the expenses of his journey, and to provide for them in Rouen. The poor fellow

gratefully accepted this offer, and Walter left the uncle and nephew full of gratitude to the Lord who had so providentially interfered on their behalf. Now he knew why God had placed an obstacle in the way of his journey to Paris, and he was convinced that his colonel had, unconsciously, acted on superior orders (Prov. xvi. 9). A day or two afterwards the colonel of the 37th gave orders that the regiment should assemble for inspection on the barrack-ground. The soldiers were wondering what could be the cause of this unusual review. When they were under arms, the colonel rode in front of the regiment. He looked grave and thoughtful, and held a journal in his hand. "Soldiers of the 37th!" he said, in a loud but slightly tremulous voice, "I have to communicate to you a fact which tells to the honour of the regiment." He then read aloud a narrative of the incident just related, which the watchmaker Goetz had drawn up and sent to the daily paper of Rouen. Goetz had forgotten to ask the name of the soldier, only remembering the number of his regiment. Walter was too modest to intrude himself on the notice of the uncle and nephew. "And now," added the colonel, having read the article, "I call upon the soldier who has done this charitable deed to step out of the ranks and tell his name." No one stirred; but every eye turned instinctively to Walter, who coloured deeply and looked much embarrassed. "Corporal Walter Blanc, come forward!" cried the colonel. The soldier obeyed the order. "It is you," said the

colonel—"It is you who have befriended this emigrant, or I am greatly mistaken."

"It is I, colonel," said Walter, modestly.

"You have acted nobly, young man; come forward that I may grasp your hand; from henceforth you shall have leave for Paris whenever you ask it." So saying, the colonel held out his hand, heartily shaking that of the humble soldier (Luke xiv. 11). This day was long remembered by the men of the 37th. From that time Walter was held in general esteem amongst them, and none of his comrades ever attempted to ridicule any of his religious opinions (Prov. xvi. 7). When, some months afterwards, the young soldier obtained his discharge, and left Rouen to live with his parents, it was a sorrowful day in the barracks. More than one comrade wiped away a tear by stealth when Walter, that "worthy fellow," as he was now called in the regiment, bid them all good-bye. In Rouen also there was one family where many tears were shed when he came to see them for the last time. It was that of the clockmaker, Joseph Goetz, who owed to the pious soldier his deliverance in distress and all his earthly happiness.

Reader, what can I add to this true history?—true in every particular—for Walter is still living and working as a colporteur among the towns of Alsace.* Does it not plainly teach us, "Them that honour me I will honour?" (1 Sam. ii. 30.)—

* As many of the persons spoken of in this little history are still living, their names are changed.

and that "all things work together for good to them that love God?" (Rom. viii. 28.)—reminding us, too, that

"Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill
He treasures up His bright designs,
And works His sovereign will.

"His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower."

—*Extracted.*

THE STREAM AND ITS STORY.

(Continued from p. 244.)

BESIDE them, on the one side, stood a city, on a craggy steep, and on the other, a rounded hill, with an ancient-looking garden near its foot, sloped down to the margin of a narrow stream, which, murmuring softly as it stole away over a stony bed into the distance, was lost to sight at last, and found its grave in a sea of death. And as it crept away among the flinty stones, it seemed to tell to the wondering dreamer a tale of sorrows, as many as the tiny waves that tinkled on the stones, a tale of undeserved and bitter wrong, and cruel shame and hatred without a cause; of unrequited love, of long, patient pleading, even to broken-heartedness, of loving to the end only to be betrayed. It was but a little stream to look upon, dear young reader; yet it told of things too many and too great to be *all* told out. But some of the things its

silver voice seemed to say in the ears of him who in the vision stood upon its rocky banks, I must try to tell you of. It told how once, some 1,800 years ago, a little band of men crossed its quiet waters in the night, to return no more together. They had often passed, and oft returned, but this night of which the streamlet spoke was the last time they were ever seen to come together from that old city on the hill, and it may have been the foreknowledge of this that gave to One among them a look of sorrow so deep that the streamlet still reflects it to the enlightened eye though more than 1,800 years have passed away. Flowing always by the city's foot, how much connected with it, and Him of whom it seemed to speak, must it have witnessed! How He loved! and, loving as He did, could it be otherwise than when He crossed the brook on that last night, that His heart should be very heavy? How often would He have gathered the children of that city together, as a hen gathereth her brood under her wings, and they would not! Had He not told them so long before this night, and warned them that their *house* was desolate (Matt. xxiii.), and then had gone out of it? And now He had left the city, never to return as the patient servant, interceding day and night, "Let it alone this year also." 'Twas but a narrow stream that had parted Him and them, yet, when He had crossed it on that sad night, the hour and power of darkness settled like a pall upon the city, no more to pass away till they had crushed their only hope, the Prince of life. And the stream still tells how

blindness in part hath happened to Israel till the fulness of the Gentiles be come in ; yet, whispers hope, while it reminds the listener, how in olden time the sacrifice burned all night upon the altar, availing for Israel even while they slept forgetful and in darkness. And it is so now. The night is long and dreary, and very dark ; no ray of light breaks through its gloom to Israel ; it is a darkness that may be felt, but yet *they* feel it not, for the spirit of slumber is on them still. But we who believe know that the night is far spent, and the day is at hand, and, knowing it, we rejoice to think how very full of joy and glory will that moment be in the which we shall see *His* face of whom the streamlet seemed to speak so sweetly as it murmured in the ear of him who dreamed. Do you want to know its name ? It was the BROOK CEDRON. And if you will turn to the Gospel of John, and read till you come to its name, you will know what more it told, and ever will be telling, to him who saw it in his wondrous vision. But the vision did not end at the brook Cedron. No ; wonderful to tell, it began where the blessed Jesus crossed the brook, but it did not end till the portals of the FATHER'S HOUSE were crossed by him who dreamed, and (as it seemed to him) the writer with him. And if he was with him, though he knew it not, was it not that he might tell it out to the thousands who read GOOD NEWS ? I think it was, and will tell you why I think so. The night is far spent, as I have said, and that moment is nigh when, at the sound of the trumpet, all who know and own

and love the Lord, will be caught away. Now, don't you think that He, who took little children into His arms, is concerned about them now, and the more so as the day draws on? It must be so, and He would draw them to Himself in time before the trumpet sounds. But how shall this be done, unless He *Himself* is set before them? Oh, if He be but set before the little ones *as He is*, there is that which is *so* precious in Him that the little ones *must* come. Was it not so long ago when He was on the earth? Had He ever need to say "*Bring, compel* the children to come to me?" No, indeed. "*Suffer* the little children," was His word; do not hinder, but "*suffer* the little children to come unto me, and *forbid* them not." Who would? The disciples did forbid of old, and He was "*much displeased*." And, alas! some even now forbid, not willingly, but in error, because they make that which should set Christ before the children, and which they call religion, so cold and hard and lifeless that little hearts cannot take it up, or else their ways so clash with better teachings, or their teachings are so puzzling that any way the little children are forbidden, and do not come to Jesus. But the wondrous dream I have begun to tell you of sets Christ before you as *He is* (at least in part), and I hope to tell it (if the Lord tarries) month by month till all is told out fully. Will you read it through and tell others of a dream which really *was* dreamed and all remembered, and will, I trust, be all written down and sent you in the child's own

magazine—Good News? Cedron's story is not yet told, but only just begun. Were every ripple in its waves a voice, and every voice a volume; were it to flow on through endless space unceasingly both day and night, "for ever telling as it flowed" of "all the things which Jesus did" within and around the city whose rock its waters lave, could it tell out all He did or half He felt? No; impossible. But we may gather up a little outline of its teachings yet; and then this wondrous vision will carry us on to other scenes until it ends in glory. K.

(*To be continued.*)

DICTIONARY OF THE BIBLE.

(*Continued from page 251.*)

Atonement, Day of.—This was the 10th day of the seventh month (Lev. xvi. 23, 26—32; Heb. ix. 7). In the sacrifices of this day the blood was carried *within* the veil, and sprinkled on the mercy-seat, the throne of grace and righteousness (Lev. xvi. 14). Thus the foundation of all relationship between God and Israel was annually renewed, and sustained, before His eyes who could, because of the blood, dwell among the people in spite of all. But that it *needed to be renewed every year* for Aaron to enter into the holiest on his own and the people's behalf, showed that "the way into the holiest of all was not yet made manifest" (Heb. ix. 8—10, and 23—26, x. 1—4). The work, therefore, of the Day of Atonement, while it

sets forth the manner of sustaining relationship between a holy God and a failing people, shows also that, "while as the first tabernacle was yet standing," the gracious purpose of God was not then actually accomplished. (Contrast with this, John xix. 30; Matt. xxvii. 50, 51; Col. i. 21, 22; Heb. x. 5—22). God was on His throne, and those who would draw near must have their sins taken away and their consciences purged; the figure of the way of doing this is here set forth. The high priest drew near once every year with incense, with which he *filled* the holy place that he died not (v. 12, 13); then he put the blood on and before the mercy seat—first for himself and his house, and then for the people (14, 15). Thus the majesty of the throne of Justice was vindicated and made favourable; and then, secondly, when the worshipper would draw near, he found the blood there *before* the throne, testifying to sins put away. Then the high priest typically "reconciled all things," the altar, tabernacle &c. (16, 18—20), not that there was guiltiness in the tabernacle, but God would remove defilements (See TABERNACLE). The sins of the people were then confessed over the head of the scape-goat (21), which bore them out of sight "into a land not inhabited," so that it and they were never seen again (22). The goat that had been killed (ver. 9), (and with which the scape-goat was identified) (7), was "the Lord's lot," that is, His majesty and character were glorified (John xiii. and xvii.), and God could act towards all according to the value of the blood

in His eyes. The scape-goat was the people's lot, their substitute, representing them in their sins, yet bearing those sins away for ever. The two goats therefore typify Christ in His two-fold work. He has *glorified God* and also *borne the sins of His people*. How it magnifies His grace and spotless purity to see that He could both *represent His people in their sins*, yet *bear those sins away*! Who but *He* could have done this? What must His *heart* have had to sustain both as *God* and *Man* in doing such a work! What perfection of MAJESTY, too, in His person and the character of His obedience right through to death, even the death of the cross, do we see brought out in this, that He *glorified God* and all His attributes in the shedding of His blood!

In the sacrifices of this Day of Atonement, there were first those for Aaron and his house (Lev. xvi. 3, 6, and 11—14), representing the Church as a company of priests; and, secondly, those for the people (verses 5, 15, 16). Thus the distinction between the Church of God and the earthly people (the camp of God) is shown in this chapter. Believers have their place where their Head has entered (Heb. ix. 24; Eph. ii. 6, &c.). As priests they enter into the holiest through the rent veil, and worship in all the holy liberty which the completeness of His work and presence there for them gives them (Heb. x.). But Israel is yet outside, and their High Priest is hidden from their eyes within the veil, all through the present dispensation, as Aaron was on the day of

atonement *till he came out* (Lev. xvi. 17). Thus the great Day of Atonement for Israel began when Jesus went in, entering heaven itself in the power of His own blood (Heb. ix. 12), and will close in blessing when He comes out (Lev. ix. 22 ; Numb. vi. 24—26 ; Gen. xiv. 18—20 ; Heb. vii. 15—17 ; Rom. xi. 26, &c.). Then, when they look on Him whom they have pierced, they shall mourn for Him as one mourneth for his only son, and shall be in bitterness for Him as one that is in bitterness for his firstborn (Zech. xii. 10—14, xiii. 1 ; Lev. xxiii. 32 ; Gen. xlv. 1—15). In the meantime, He bears their names upon His heart, and their judgment too (Exod. xxviii. 29, 30).

(To be continued in the November Number.)

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA FOR OCTOBER.

His precious Name to worldly minds
 No joy nor sweetness brings ;
 But in Him the believer finds
 Are all his heavenly springs.
 "In life and death," he says, with Paul,
 "To me *that Blessed One is all.*"

By faith *He* journeyed till he saw
 The land he entered years before.
 The *Mount* where Israel mourned a saint
 For thirty days with sad lament.
 She who received a full reward,
 Because she trusted in the Lord.
He who Messiah's glory saw,
 And spake of Him in days of yore.
 A *City* where the Saviour's love
 Drew many hearts His grace to prove.

The *Word* of power which Jesus spoke,
 And from her sleep the maiden woke.
 A *Type* of Him who bore His cross,
 To save us from eternal loss.
 A *Shepherd* who the shepherds told
 To feed God's flock, but not for gold.
 The *Song* with which the heavens shall ring
 When Christ shall reign as Lord and King.
 None upon earth so strong beside,
 King over all the sons of pride.
 Till growing riches threatened strife,
He shared the Patriarch's pilgrim-life.

ANSWER TO ENIGMA FOR SEPTEMBER.

G abriel	Luke i. 18, 19.
O nesimus	Philemon 10—19.
D elilah	Judges xvi. 19.
I shmael	Jer. xl. 15, 16; xli. 1, 2.
S amuel	1 Sam. viii. 19.
L evi	Luke v. 27—30.
I shbosheth	2 Sam. iv. 6—8.
G omorrah	Gen. xix. 24—28.
H erod	Acts xii. 20—23.
T imæus	Mark x. 46—52.

Mere.

F. C. & E. M. C.

GOD IS LIGHT.

THE darkness hideth not from Thee; but the night shineth
 as the day: the darkness and the light are both alike to
 Thee.—PSALM cxxxix. 12.





SACRIFICING TO THE DEAD IN CHINA.

As one of the doctrines of Confucius* was that children must offer sacrifices to their parents when they are dead, a room is kept by almost every Chinese family, called "the hall of ancestors." In this room are the ancestral tablets, which are flat pieces of wood, twelve inches long and three wide, placed upright in a block, and bearing the names of the dead, and the dates of their births and deaths. Day after day the Chinese worship

* Confucius was a great philosopher and historian, who lived in China about 500 years before the birth of Jesus Christ.

and burn incense before these tablets. They say that men have three spirits: one dwells in the tablet, which they call *sin choo*, or house of the spirit; another stays in the grave; and a third goes to heaven. They also suppose that their friends need everything when dead, the same as they did while they lived. On the anniversary of a parent's death, as well as at the yearly "feast of tombs," all persons have to make offerings to the ghosts or spirits of their parents and forefathers. And how do you think it is done? They make a heap of *paper* clothes, houses, articles of furniture, servants, and imitation money, *and set fire to them*, thinking that by so doing they will supply the wants of their departed friends! They also place food before the tablets, upon which the ghosts are thought to feed, and as the food does not grow less in quantity, they imagine that the flavour and goodness are taken away by the ghosts, while the substance remains. But they are too cunning to burn *that* as they do the paper houses, furniture, and clothes. In this way the spirits of the departed who have children or grandchildren are supposed to be provided for. But what is to become of such as have left no children behind them? These are supposed to be wandering about in the other world without food, clothing, or dwelling, cold, hungry, and destitute. And now see how the Buddhist priests take advantage of the ignorant superstitions of the people. In the first place, they teach that departed spirits go to purgatory, out of which they can only be delivered by their priestly prayers. Thus they

persuade the living relatives to employ them at every funeral, that the spirits of their friends may be loosed out of purgatorial fires, and enabled to get at the food and other offerings presented. How very much all this is like the paid "masses for the dead" practised by the Romish priesthood! But, not content with this, they get up public services on behalf of those poor ghosts who have no relations to provide for them. This they pretend to do as an act of charity, and beg subscriptions on that ground. The ceremony is generally performed every seventh moon, and as every district, tything, and street has some dead who have left no relatives behind, each locality must have a separate sacrifice of its own, which of course gives plenty of employment for the priests. In these religious rites the Chinese offer large quantities of food, of which they afterwards partake, reminding us of those "sacrifices of the dead" of which Israel ate at Moab, and so helping us to understand the following Scriptures: Numb. xxv. 2, 3; Psalm cvi. 28. On the day fixed for the ceremony stages are erected, one for the priests and one for the provisions. Flags and coloured paper lanterns are set up, while gongs and drums are beaten to give notice to the poor forlorn ghosts that a rich feast is provided for them. Then the priests begin repeating prayers, and moving their fingers in a particular way, by which means they think the gates of hell are opened, and the hungry spirits let loose to obtain the good things provided for them. Some

of those who look on even pretend to be able to see the opening gates, and the poor ghosts, pale and wan, with every rib visible, and hair on end, rushing up to the table, carrying away the baskets of fruit or whatever is placed on it, and coming back with a look as if they were quite satisfied. When the priests have ended their service, and they think the ghosts are contented, a sign is given, and the people rush on to scramble for what there is left—that is, all the material part of the food. As the table or altar is generally about 20 feet high, with the boards standing out two or three feet beyond the tops of the poles, it is only the more expert among the mob who succeed in mounting it; but, as they believe that food over which so many prayers have been said must convey a blessing to those who feed on it, they are very eager to get at it, and very loath to part with it when it is obtained. There is one thing in connexion with these religious services which I must tell you of, because it plainly shows how much natural cunning is mixed up with all this superstitious folly. The food placed on this lofty table or altar consists of rice, vegetables, fruit, cakes, and various niceties, piled up in basins and baskets, which seem to be full to overflowing, but in reality the hollow is filled up with paper or stones, and the food is only thinly scattered over the top. They say the ghosts do not know any better than to think the vessels are full, and in this way they make the most of what they give, and cheat the spirits of the dead.

I have no doubt, dear young reader, you wonder at these worse than childish follies, and think that a people who can believe and practise such things must be in a very uncivilized and grossly ignorant state. You will be surprised to learn that the very reverse is the case, and that they are a polite, intelligent, educated race, as different as possible from the poor savages of Africa or America, and in some things even in *advance* of Europeans! Well, you will say, how is it possible for an educated people to practise such absurdities? I answer, it is simply *because, as a nation, they have no Bible*; and I would never tire of pointing this out to you, because there are too many in the present day who, under the pretence of much learning and great intelligence, are trying to persuade everybody to think lightly of that priceless Book of God, without which the boasted reason of all our Colensos would sink into the same drivelling sillinesses as the Chinese. Until this far-off land was better known, Rationalists and other infidels were in the habit of pointing to it as a region where the people had got quite ahead of those in Christendom *without* the Bible. Now that the truth comes out as to the gross follies and darkness of their religion, such persons may well hang their heads for shame of their bitter enmity against the Scriptures.

J. L. K.

* * * This Article is an extract from a work on China, to be shortly published by W. H. Broom, price 1s.

“TAKE ME TO JESUS.”

THE subject of this brief memoir was born at Tunbridge Wells, December 25th, 1865. He was the second child the Lord had seen fit to give us. The first had been removed by bronchitis some weeks previously. We felt that this dear child was sent to fill the void caused by the removal of the first; and our earnest prayer was, that Christ should be glorified in him.

When he was about three months old, we invited a few Christians, that they might have fellowship with us in commending him to the Lord's gracious care, and in asking that we might have grace given to us to train him for Christ. All present felt the Lord was with us. It was a season of much refreshment.

He was a tender plant. For some time after his birth, symptoms of croup were frequently manifested, which increased in severity as he grew older, and did not cease until he was nearly eighteen months old. The attacks were frequently very severe; and during some of them, we thought him “absent from the body;” but, a deep sigh, and then again he would breathe; and once more our hearts rejoiced in receiving him, as it were, back again; and we then felt deeply the responsibility laid upon us to train him for Jesus. And sweet indeed was it to us to hear, among his first words, the name of Jesus lisped by him,—that name which, as he grew older, became so sweet to him.

His mamma felt the necessity of showing him, as soon as he was old enough, in any way to

understand, that God was the giver of every good thing; and that whatever he needed, he was to ask God for. In a short time he quite understood this; and often he might be found on bended knee asking Jesus to give him what he wanted.

From two to three years of age some displays of his self-will caused us much sorrow; but we sought help from God. When needful to punish him, we always prayed with him that God would keep him from naughtiness. He who is ever faithful, heard our prayer; and from thence, until he “went before,” he caused us but little trouble. At these times his sorrow was very great. He would come and plead earnestly to be forgiven, and beg of us to kneel down with him and ask God to forgive him. When placed in the nursery alone, for some act of disobedience, frequently have our hearts been rejoiced at hearing him pleading with Jesus to forgive him, and make him a good boy, that he might not grieve dear ma’ and pa’.

His little heart always seemed full of feeling for those he thought to be poor children. On one occasion, while walking with his mamma, he saw two little boys fighting. This pained him very much, and he wanted her to go and separate them, and tell them how grieved Jesus would be to see them doing so; and said, with tears in his eyes, “We must forgive them because, perhaps, they had no kind parents to tell them it was very naughty. We will go home and ask Jesus to forgive them.” If he saw poor ill-clad little ones, he used to say, “It seemed so sad, and

it made a pain in his heart," (a favourite expression of his, meaning his heart ached,) "and how kind it was of God to give him a kind mamma to care for him." Thus he remembered her instructions, and gave God thanks for everything. If he had pence given him, he would frequently put them aside, saying, "It would do to give to some poor little child, or a crossing sweeper;" and he often asked why Jesus let them be so poor. Another time, he had a few little books given him suitable for children, and which spoke of the love of Jesus: these he took out with him in one of his walks, and gave them away, saying he "hoped the children he gave them to would love Jesus."

His own great desire was to be able to read God's word, and to grow as big as papa; saying he would then be able to fight for Jesus. He frequently used to repeat some verses commencing with—

"I am a little soldier, and only five years old;
I mean to fight for Jesus, and wear a crown of gold;
I know He makes me happy, He loves me all the day,
I'll be his little soldier, the Bible says I may."

The last Bible story his mamma read to him was only a few days before he was taken ill; it was of Mary going to the sepulchre to look for Jesus, and weeping because she could not find her Lord. His remark was, "Yes, mamma, no wonder she cried when she could not find Jesus; how sad she must have felt. *I* feel sad to think of it," and his eyes were filled with tears. Our precious boy was extremely sensitive, and anything sad would always cause him to weep, especially when told of

Jesus being crucified, and having to bear His own cross, and almost falling with its weight. He would say, "Jesus suffered all that for us; how very much we ought to love Him."

His thoughts often seemed to be fixed on Heaven, and he would frequently ask what it was like, and if we really should have a white robe there and a harp? He would often break forth and ask similar questions, when those around him supposed his thoughts were occupied on entirely other subjects. On one occasion, on being put to bed, he asked for a candle to be left in the room until he had gone to sleep. His mamma said she thought he was old enough now to go to sleep without one; then, after a little time, he said, "There will be no night in heaven, mamma, so I shall not need a candle there."

For his sister he had intense affection, and truly when she wept he wept also. Once, when about to punish her by exclusion from our table for a day, the dear little fellow pleaded with us to be allowed to go into the nursery instead of her, as she was so little. And in later days, when some few times we allowed him to become the substitute, to enable us to put the work of Christ as our substitute more clearly before him, it was indeed surprising to see how joyfully he bore it, saying, "Now dear Nelly will be happy." He would also frequently take her aside and pray for her that she might love Jesus and not grieve us.

During her illness he was continually thinking and planning as to what book or toy he would get

for her, to afford her any pleasure or amusement ; almost as soon as he was up in the morning, he would first ask how she was, and then say, " Dear mamma, what can I get for darling Nelly to-day ?" As the spring time advanced he watched with the greatest interest for the first flower in the garden, and proposed that when the first little flower opened its eye, he should pluck it, and send it to his sweet pet, Nelly. He did not forget each day to look and watch most assiduously, and soon he was able to pick one solitary snow-drop, which he sent with a message that it was the very first in the garden, and it was to say that summer was coming, when he hoped she would be able to take some nice walks with him, and that he did not forget her in the least, but rather loved her, and thought of her more every day.

He watched the buds and blossoms as they gradually unfolded, and would often remark, " It is God that sends the lovely rain and sun, which makes the pretty green leaves to grow, and the pretty flowers. What a kind God we have. How we ought to love Him."

He was extremely unselfish. Whatever present he had, he would always say, " This will do for darling Nelly." She, too, loved him most affectionately, and since he has been gone has seemed truly at a loss what to do without her companion brother. He and she often sang hymns together, and in singing " The realms of the blest," he would say, " Mamma dear, I wonder what it will be to be there !" He always seemed to enter into the

meaning of the words as he sang them, and most truly were our hearts rejoiced to see his great thoughtfulness. One of the last hymns he sang on earth was—

"Oh what has Jesus done for me?
He died for me—my Saviour."

And every word he seemed to say with such an understanding. This was in the evening by moonlight, and he said he so loved to look at the moon and the lovely sky; he felt he could sing so nicely then. He always admired the sky, especially at night, and often said, "What a lovely place Heaven must be, because the sky is so lovely!" He seldom failed to notice anything lovely in nature, and would sometimes say, "I suppose, mamma, God knows it pleases us to send the lovely flowers, and the beautiful trees, and the birds to sing, and this is why He sends them."

Once, when mamma was reading to him of a little boy and girl who were left orphans, and how they got on alone, she noticed he sat crying and thoughtful, and when she inquired why he was sad, his reply was, "Oh mamma! I was thinking what a sad thing it would be if I should be left like that; so I shall pray to Jesus that He will never take you and dear papa before me, but let me go first. I feel I should like to go to Jesus and my little brother." He never forgot this simple tale, and often spoke of it with tears in his eyes. Oh, how little did we then think the Lord would gratify his childish wish! He would also

say sometimes, "It would be nice, mamma, if Jesus would come and take us all up together." And he would like to know how many of those that were in the grave would rise up to meet Jesus. He so wished that Jesus would put a mark on the graves of those who loved Him!

(To be continued.)

THE HAPPY SPARROW.

A FABLE.

I'm but a common sparrow,
And homely is my coat,
My sphere is small and narrow,
Of no esteem or note;
And yet my life is pleasant,
And I'm as glad and gay
As parrot, finch, or pheasant,
Though not so fine as they.

There's yonder pet canary,
Not happier, I'll engage,
Though lodg'd in house so airy,
A painted, gilded cage.
With all his coat so yellow,
His house, so fine and trim,
His voice, so rich and mellow,
I would not change with him.

The lark, with joy, is soaring
Into the upper skies,
And melody is pouring
As heavenward he flies.
With him I have no quarrel,
And covet not his throat;
I hear his thrilling carol,
And chirp my simple note.

When birds of ev'ry feather
In groves and woodlands sing,
And raise their voice together,
My cheerful chirp I bring.
I think not of to-morrow,
And neither sow nor reap;
Without a care or sorrow,
I eat and drink and sleep.

In sunshine I am cheerful,
And patient in the rain,
My eyes are never tearful,
And seldom I complain.
While kept from flying arrow,
From stones and deadly shot,
I live a happy sparrow,
Contented with my lot.

THE MORAL.

Now this is but a fable,
Design'd a truth to teach,
For sparrows are not able,
We know, to make a speech.
The aim of this oration,
The sum of what is meant,
Is—in your humble station
Be cheerful and content.

The one who loves the Saviour,
And owns Him as his Lord,
Will seek that his behaviour
Shall with his faith accord.
Be he a child, or servant,
Or dweller in a cot,
True service, firm and fervent,
May grace his humble lot.



A LITTLE GIRL THAT WAS *NOT* GOOD.

I DARE say the little reader will feel no surprise at this. Too many children are obliged to be told that they are not good, and they too often know it is the truth. They have naughty hearts and naughty ways, which give no little trouble to their kind friends, and when sometimes they *try* to be good, they find that they are no better for trying; therefore they will not wonder to hear that there was once a little girl who was *not good*. Indeed, if the reader wonders about it at all, it will be that I should write about such a little girl. But the fact is, that although this child was not at all remarkable for not being *good*, there was one great difference between her and very many other children. What do you think that was? Well, first of all, she *knew* she was not good. Now, some children think they are, and others think they will become so by-and-bye; while a few try to be so, and fail every day.

To think that you *are* good is very bad indeed, while to hope to become so some day or other greatly misleads. Some go on hoping to be good till they grow up, and grow old, and perhaps die at last as bad as ever, or worse than they would once have thought it possible to be. Some go on trying to be good till they become like the pharisees of old, who said, "Stand thou by thyself, for I am holier than thou." But this little girl, who went home to Jesus when only three years of age, had not only learned that she was not good, but also that it was of no use to try to be so. Now, when any one, big or little, gets to this, it is a great blessing. To *know* that there is no good in us, that we are by nature altogether bad and can never be made any better in ourselves, is to know that we are sinners; and as "Christ Jesus came into the world to save *sinners*," those who really feel that they *are* sinners, know where to look for salvation. Therefore, I say it is a very great thing to be brought to this state, so as to own one's self a sinner before God. You know that this made all the difference between the pharisee and the publican in the parable (Luke xviii. 9). The pharisee thought he was good, the publican owned himself a *sinner*, and so the Lord Jesus says, "I tell you, that man went down to his house justified rather than the other; for every one that exalteth himself shall be abased, but he that humbleth himself shall be exalted." Now this little girl had been brought by grace to humble herself. One day, a friend,

who admired her for her good behaviour, said, very warmly, "You are a *very good little girl*." "Good!" said the dear little child; "no! Jesus says there is *none good but One*, that is God." What a striking thing this was for a little child of only three years of age to say! How much wiser was she than the proud, self-righteous pharisee, though he had lived so many more years in the world than she had. Who but God Himself could have made her so much wiser than her elders? Many grown-up people—too many, alas!—are not so wise as this little one. And why not? *Because they do not believe God*. His Word says, "There is none good but One," and they don't believe Him! How sinful it is not to believe God! Why, that of itself proves that they are *bad*, does it not? And if *bad*, how can they ever go to heaven where God is? Only by getting cleansed from *all* their sins by the blood of Jesus Christ, God's dear Son. There is no other way for any of us, whether big or little, young or old. It is only by coming to Jesus, *believing in Jesus*, who "bare our sins in His own body on the tree," that any one can be saved. But those that think they are good, or even hope to be so some day, do *not* come to Jesus. Now you see this dear little girl had been taught of God to know that she was *not* good, and so had turned to Him who alone can make any one "clean every whit" (John vi. 45, xiii. 10). She had believed in Jesus Christ, the Son of God, as her *own* dear Saviour, and so, though *not good in herself*, she

was cleansed from all sin, a child of God, a new creature in Christ Jesus. She was a bright, happy little girl. Loving Jesus and all around her, she tried to tell others about Him, especially her little friends. She delighted to speak of Jesus even to grown-up people; and I should not wonder if it should turn out "in that day" that the servants of the house had often heard words from her little lips that God may have used to the salvation of some of them. Ah! it is a precious sight to see a little lamb of that vast flock of Christ, which He has bought with His own heart's blood, telling with lisping tongue of the love of Jesus! He is coming soon to take his sheep and lambs home into the glory. How many, many little children will be there! Will you be among them? Because judgment is soon coming on the world, He is drawing many children to Himself by His Word that they may be taken into the Father's house before the judgment comes. I hear every now and then of children being brought to believe in Christ. You know He loves little children, for He took them into His arms when He was on earth and blessed them. He is doing so now in another way. Will *you* come to Jesus that He may take you up and save you, so that before ever judgment comes on a Christ-rejecting world, *you* may be with Him in His own bright and blessed home?

J. L. K.



"IT IS ALL PRAISE NOW."

WHAT a wonderful thing is saving grace! I should like to learn whether the little reader knows anything about it, or whether, like too many, he is content to hear and read of it and thinks that *that* is enough? M. J. R., about whom I am going to tell you, did not think so. Perhaps she had thought so once; but last September twelvemonth she became concerned about her soul, and began to feel her need of Christ. What helped to lead to this was a conviction that her life would be but short. Perhaps this impression was of the Lord, that she might see her danger, for surely no condition is more dangerous than that of one who is likely to die in her sins. Well, M. J. R. seems to have felt this, and at last was enabled to cast herself and all her burden on Him who said, "Come unto me all ye that labour, and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." She believed in the Lord Jesus Christ, who has "put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself," and is now at God's right hand, able to save for evermore all that come unto God by Him. At first, being naturally very quiet and not inclined to tell her thoughts and feelings to anyone, she said very little about the peace she enjoyed; but her "*manner of life*" told out more fully than any words could do, that she knew the Lord. A few months passed away, and in February of this year she was taken with a severe cold which, as she was already consumptive,

speedily brought her to her death-bed. Now, a death-bed is not usually a scene of *joy*. We commonly look upon it as a very melancholy scene; but if you had been at the bedside of M. J. R. you would have felt that *grace* can make even a death-bed beautiful. As the golden sunset turns the fading leaves of the dying woods of autumn into a sea of glory, so the power of grace shed a halo of light around the death-bed of M. J. R. which turned all to gladness. For three weeks before her departure, her joy knew no bounds. Her whole soul was filled with Jesus and what He had done for her and was to her, while the glorious hope and expectation of being soon with Him, beamed in her face and spoke in every look. "I saw her," says a Christian friend, "almost every evening, and often her greeting would be 'Nearer home! nearer home!'" "And where is your home?" I once asked. "Heaven is my home!" she exclaimed, rapturously. "My precious, living, loving Saviour's there, and He has prepared for me a mansion with a harp, and I'll play upon it and sing, 'Worthy is He who redeemed me with His own life's blood!' He has, too, prepared for me a crown, and that I'll cast at His feet

'And crown Him Lord of all.'

Once, when she was getting very weak, her friend asked her whether in her weakness she was able to pray; to which she replied, "I don't want it now! It's all done—nothing to pray for." This her friend could not at first understand, and

said, "I think we need to pray all the way through the wilderness, for

'Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air,
His watchword at the gates of death,
He *enters Heaven with prayer.*' "

"Ah!" she said, "*but I shall enter with praise.* Praise Him *with me*, praise Him *for me*! IT IS ALL PRAISE NOW. I wish I could sing very loud—

'Praise God from whom all blessings flow.' "

Then she burst out singing, "I'll praise my Maker while I've breath." Was this a melancholy scene, dear reader? The power of disease and pain and death itself all overcome by grace, and instead of moans and sighs and tears, "joy unspeakable and full of glory!" "Her last few days on earth," says the dear friend who watched beside her dying-bed, "*were spent in singing*, and the strength granted to her thus to glorify her God was wonderful." But even more wonderful than this, she positively *died singing*! Yes, when nature was sinking and her eyes were closing in death, when breath was failing, and her lips almost refused to move, she murmured forth the couplet

"And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers."

And as these words of praise fell in broken accents, one by one, upon the ear of her friend, M. J. R. feel asleep in Christ! Thus her very last moments,

the last breath she breathed, were spent in praise, all praise! "O grave, where is thy victory? O death, where is thy sting?" Would it be all praise with *you*, dear reader, if you were as suddenly called to die?
J. L. K.

DICTIONARY OF THE BIBLE.

(Continued from page 279.)

Atta'lia, a city of Pamphylia in Asia Minor, mentioned in Acts xiv. 25, as having been visited by Paul and Barnabas. It stood on the sea coast near the mouth of the river Catarrhactes. Its founder was Attalus Philadelphus, King of Pergamos. It is now called Adalia, and considerable ruins still remain to show its lost extent and greatness.

A'va or *I'vah* (an overturning), one of the cities from which Shalmanezzer brought people to dwell in Samaria. Supposed to have been situated in Mesopotamia, but no trace of it can now be found (2 Kings xvii. 24, xviii. 34, xix. 13; Isa. xxxvii. 13).

A'ven (vanity), a name given in Scripture to three distinct places, one of which, mentioned in Ezek. xxx. 17, is elsewhere called *On* and *Bethshemesh* (see BETHSHEMESH).

The "Plain of Aven" (Amos i. 5) is supposed to be the plain of Baalbek (or *valley of Baal*), once a famous seat of idolatry (See BAAL-GAD). Both *On* and Baalbek were known to the Greeks as Heliopolis or Sun-city, from the great temples of

the sun which they contained. They were cities of immense strength, wealth, and fame, but both are now completely overthrown (Psalm xcvi. 7).

The Aven or Beth-aven (*house of vanity*) of Hosea v. 8, x. 5, 8, appears to be a name of deserved reproach given to Bethel (*house of God*), because of the worship of the golden calves (see BETHEL). It is worthy of notice that each of the cities called by this name was notorious for the worship of idols, which in Scripture are frequently called *vanities* (Jer. x. 14, 15, xviii. 15; Acts xiv. 15).

Augustus (venerable), the *title* of Octavianus, who was Emperor of Rome when the Lord Jesus Christ was born in Bethlehem, and during the early half of His lifetime on earth. Augustus Cæsar was the first of the Cæsars, or of the sixth head of the Roman empire (Rev. xvii. 10), and is mentioned in Luke ii. 1.

A'vim or *A'vites* (the overturned), the name of the people of Ava, who were placed by the King of Assyria in Samaria, and who mingled the worship of their gods with the fear of Jehovah (2 Kings xvii. 24—32). The name is also given to a tribe which originally inhabited the southern extremity of the Mediterranean coast in Palestine as far northward as Gaza or Azzah. Their kingdom was afterwards destroyed, and their land possessed, by the Caphtorims (Deut. ii. 23), who were descended from Mizraim (Gen. x. 14). The name of the Avites occurs again in Josh. xiii. 3, among the different peoples subject to the Philistine lords, and not then subdued by Israel, from which it

appears that a remnant of the nation still remained. Avim is also the name of a city in the tribe of Benjamin (Josh. xviii. 23), and probably received its name from this tribe, as Zemaraim (ver. 22) and Jebusi (ver. 23) did from the Zemarites and Jebusites who inhabited them.

Azari'ah (whom Jehovah aids) is the name of about twenty persons mentioned in the Old Testament scriptures.

Azari'ah, the son of Ethan of Judah (1 Chron. ii. 8).

Azari'ah, or *Uzzi'ah*, the son of Zephaniah or Uriel (1 Chron. vi. 24, 36). Uziah is similar in meaning to Azariah, the sense being *whose strength is Jehovah*. Two or more names are often thus applied to the same person, differing in sound but alike in meaning.

Azari'ah, son of Meraioth (Ezra vii. 3), of the family of Eleazar, son of Aaron. This Azariah was the great-grandfather of Zadok, and an ancestor of Ezra's. His name is omitted in 1 Chron. vi.; but in Scripture grandfathers are often reckoned as fathers. Many other names are left out in Ezra vii. for the sake of brevity. Three Azariahs are named (1 Chron. vi. 9, 10, 13) as descendants of this one; the first of whom is mentioned, 1 Kings iv. 2, as "son of Zadok."

Azari'ah, son of Nathan, was over the twelve officers whom Solomon appointed to "provide food for the king and his household" (1 Kings iv. 5, 7, &c.).

Azari'ah, son of Obed, who prophesied in the

time of Asa, king of Judah, and encouraged that king and his subjects in pulling away idols and seeking Jehovah (2 Chron. xv.).

In the royal family of Judah we read of four Azariahs, two of whom, the sons of Jehoshaphat, were slain by their brother, Jehoram. The two others of this name were kings, the first being commonly called Ahaziah, and the second Uzziah. (See AHAZIAH and UZZIAH).

Two *Azari'ahs* are mentioned (2 Chron. xxiii. 1) as "captains of hundreds" in the days of Athaliah. Jehoiada, the priest, took them into covenant to assist him in placing Joash, the rightful heir, on the throne of Judah, and overthrowing the power of the queen, who had usurped the kingdom by destroying all the seed royal with the exception of Joash. (See ATHALIAH.)

Azari'ah, son of Johanan, was one of the chiefs of the children of Ephraim in the time of Pekah, King of Israel (2 Chron. xxviii. 12), whose army, having slain of their brethren 120,000 men of Judah in one day, carried captive "200,000 women, sons, and daughters," to Samaria. But Obed, the prophet, withstood them with a message from Jehovah, and several of the chiefs of the house of Israel, among whom was this Azariah, "stood up against them that came from the war," and rescued the whole body of captives. Then they clothed the naked with the spoil, fed and anointed them, and carried all the feeble among them on asses, and brought them to Jericho to their brethren.



Azari'ah was also the original name of Abed-nego, before Ashpenaz, the chief of Nebuchadnezzar's eunuchs, imposed the latter name upon him (Dan. i. 7). This Azariah, or Abed-nego, was one of the three faithful captive Israelites who refused to worship the image which the king had set up. For this, he and they were cast into the midst of the burning fiery furnace; but one like unto the Son of God was seen in the furnace with them, and when the astonished Nebuchadnezzar called them out, it was found that they were quite unhurt, and that even the smell of fire had not passed on them (Dan. iii.). "The Lord knoweth how to deliver the godly out of temptation."

Azariah, or Abed-nego, and his companions are a figure of the faithful remnant of Israel in the

last days, who, when the Church is gone, will pass through the great tribulation, refusing to worship the abomination of desolation (Dan. xi.; Matt. xxiv.). The Son of God will be with them all throughout in blessed sympathy, although their eyes will be holden that they know Him not until He reveals Himself in breaking to them the bread of life and blessing, and "they look on Him whom they have pierced." Then, as the knowledge of His faithful love dawns and grows upon them, "they shall mourn for Him as one mourneth for his only son, and shall be in bitterness for Him as one that is in bitterness for his first-born" (Zech. xii. and xiii.)

Azari'ah, son of Jehalelel, one of the Kohathites who, in the reign of Hezekiah, King of Judah, "gathered their brethren, and sanctified themselves, and came according to the commandment of the king by the words of the Lord to cleanse the temple of the Lord" (2 Chron. xxix. 12).

Azari'ah, chief priest, in the days of Hezekiah, of the house of Zadok (2 Chron. xxxi. 10—13).

Azari'ah, son of Maaseiah, one who helped in rebuilding the walls of Jerusalem (Neh. iii. 23).

Azari'ah, son of Hoshai (Jer. xliii. 2), was one of the proud gainsayers who accused Jeremiah of prophesying falsely, and went into Egypt contrary to the command of the Lord.

(To be continued in the December Number.)

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA FOR NOVEMBER.

WHAT Hiding Place, what Refuge sure,
Shall to eternity endure?
Spell out these names, my friend, with care,
And may grace make you shelter there.

The City in the wilderness,
Built by a mighty hand.
Of a doomed land the Capital,
Burnt by the Lord's command.
A Priest, who in captivity
Sought out Jehovah's law.
Where praises rose to God from those
Who His salvation saw.
He who would not let Israel pass,
And fell by Israel's sword.
A King who favoured Zion,
Named in prophetic word.
A Rebel, whose gainsaying
Provoked Jehovah's ire.
A Judge of Israel, whose wife
Obtained her heart's desire.
A Governor, who trembled
Before a prisoner's word.
She who by grace and wisdom
From blood a hand deterred.
The Place where Israel's army
In God their strength renewed.
He who despised His blessing
In vain for favour sued.
He braved the fiery furnace
By strength divine endued.

ANSWER TO ENIGMA FOR OCTOBER.

C ALEB went out to spy the land,
 Long ere the ark crossed Jordan's strand.
 H or was the mount where Aaron died,
 Punished for his rebellious pride.
 R uth left her kindred and her home
 Under Jehovah's wings to come.
 I saiah told Immanuel's name
 Hundreds of years before He came.
 S amaria, where Jesus sought
 That vile ones might to God be brought.
 "T alitha cumi," Jesus said,
 Straightway the maid rose from the dead.

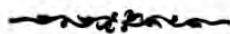
I saac was like the Lamb of God,
 For up the hill he bore the wood.
 S imon had learnt to feed the sheep,
 And told the rest their charge to keep.

A lleluia, song of heaven,
 When to the Lamb His bride is given.
L eviathan no rival knows,
 But scorns the rage of all His foes.
 L ot near to Abraham did live,
 Till riches made their servants strive.

"CHRIST IS ALL" in all to us,
 Taste, and you will find it thus ;
 Thinking of His wondrous grace,
 How we long to see His face !

Aberdeen.

M. B. R., *aged 12.*





MISSIONARY WORK IN CHINA.

A MISSIONARY used to visit a Chinese prison where a great many prisoners were confined. Some were there for life, and some for shorter terms, and amongst them were old pirates and

other fierce and dangerous characters, who, to prevent their trying to escape or resist, and perhaps murder their keepers, wore chains on their wrists. It pleased God to awaken several of these poor prisoners to think of Him and their souls, and at last several were converted; and although in a prison they were allowed to meet together to break bread and take the wine in memory of the Lord Jesus. One day the missionary and a Christian brother went to the prison to take the Lord's supper with the Christians among the prisoners, of whom *fourteen* knelt with them under a shed in the prison yard to break the bread together. What a touching sight must this have been, dear reader, to Him who *so* loves His own blood-bought ones! When the wine was being passed from hand to hand, one of the prisoners, who had a chain fastened to his two wrists, took the cup; but as he raised it to his lips, his hands trembled, and made the chains to rattle, and his countenance, too, betrayed the strong feelings with which he was moved. Scarcely able to save the cup from falling, he placed it on the ground; and looking up, and holding out his right hand, said:—"With this hand I have shed the blood of my fellow-men; how then shall I take the cup of the Lord?" After a pause, composure came back to his face, and with a steady hand, he again took up the cup; and saying in a happy voice, "Yes, I may, for the blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleanseth us from all sin," he drank of the cup, and passed it on.

That the Chinese now have the entire Bible in their own tongue, earnest gospel preachers in some of their towns, and thousands of books and tracts circulating in all parts, carrying the gospel of God's blessed Son into remote provinces, farm-houses, dwelling-boats, towns, and villages, may well call forth our thanksgivings to Him who "came into the world to save sinners," and "whose precious blood cleanseth from every sin" the very vilest pagan who "turns to God from idols," believing in the Lord Jesus Christ. I will close with one more anecdote, given by the missionary Mr. T. Mc Clatchie.

A missionary was once sent for to speak to a dying Chinaman. He found the poor man lying on his bed and dying the death of a heathen, having no hope, and without God in the world. When the missionary entered the room, two women who were there nursing the poor man, went away, because, as heathens, they had been taught to believe that the spirits of women were so connected with evil spirits that their presence would be likely to hinder the benefit of holy doctrine. The missionary, therefore, was left alone with the dying man; and as he was so nearly gone that he could not answer any questions the missionary knelt down, and in a clear loud voice prayed earnestly to God to reveal himself to the dying sinner through Jesus Christ the Saviour of the world. The Chinaman only lived a few hours after; and the next day the missionary set off for England. But shortly



THE EMPEROR OF CHINA.

after his arrival, he received a letter which told him that the two women who went out of the sick man's room for the reason given, were so desirous to hear what the missionary was saying that they listened outside the house, and overheard his prayer. This so awakened them to think about God that they tried on the following day to find the missionary, that they might learn more about the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ. When they discovered that the missionary had started on his homeward journey, they walked a long distance to a place where they heard there was another servant of Christ, and receiving the

gospel of the grace of God, were truly brought to Christ and saved for ever! Poor creatures! Like the woman at the well (John iv.), they were degraded in their own eyes and in the eyes of men, their very *presence*, as they thought, was that of evil; but He who sought out the solitary Samaritan, had set His gracious eye on them, and would not let them perish. May there not be many of the Lord's hidden ones in that far-off land? Let us hope it is so, and pray for the poor Chinese.*

THE STREAM AND ITS STORY.

(*Concluded from p. 276.*)

ON the other side of Cedron there "was a garden, into the which Jesus entered and His disciples;" and, perhaps, it was that, remembering this, he, who "in the visions of his head upon his bed," seemed to stand with the writer and their unknown guide upon its banks, said to the stranger, "Can you show us the garden of Gethsemane?" "Yes," replied the guide, and in another moment they seemed to enter the sombre shade of ancient olive-trees all knotted and gnarled with age. The garden was not large, and was surrounded by a fence. Trees that looked old enough to have witnessed the solemn scene recorded in Luke xxii. stood there, and, the guide leading them to one larger than the rest, it seemed as though they

* This Article is an extract from a work on China, to be published this month by W. H. Broom, price 1s.

stood together beneath its wide-spread arms to meditate on Him who, all alone, knelt there 1800 years ago, and cried, "Father, if Thou be willing, remove this cup from me, nevertheless, not my will, but Thine be done." O little reader, what must it have been to Jesus to know that in a few short hours He would have to bear upon the cross the dreadful load of the sins of all His people! You know He was the *Holy One* of God, "of purer eyes than to behold iniquity, and that cannot look upon sin," and yet was about to be "made sin for us." If it makes a dear little believer shudder with horror to hear bad words, or to see a wicked thing done by wicked men, what must it have been to the pure and spotless Lamb of God to be about to "bear our sins in His own body on the tree"? And yet it must be so, or God would not be glorified, nor could any one of us be saved. Jesus loved God, oh, how deeply! To Him it was His meat to do His will, and so that *He* was glorified, the blessed Jesus heeded not what He suffered. But then He knew that if "made sin for us," God must forsake Him, and what so terrible to His loving heart as to be forsaken of God! His very *love*, as the blessed Man, for His God would make this one thought alone too dreadful to be borne, while yet the same love would urge Him on to glorify His Father. What agony was this! Love would fain make Him shrink at *what must be*, yet love would constrain Him to take the cup and drink it to the very dregs! Can you wonder that it is written,

“And being in an agony He prayed more earnestly”? He was about “His own self to bear our sins,” to be “made sin,” to endure the wrath of *Him He loved*, and yet *because* He loved as none ever loved, constrained to go on, or God could *not* be glorified! Can you wonder that “His sweat was as it were great drops of blood falling to the ground”? Yet He could say, “Thy will be done.”

Long they lingered there, and then the narrator said to the silent guide, “Could you show us Calvary?” and in another moment they seemed to be at the foot of the mount where the Lord was crucified. You know how the treacherous Judas led the multitude to the garden of Gethsemane with swords and staves to take Him (Matt. xxvi. 55, 56); how Judas betrayed Him with a kiss (49); how His disciples forsook Him and fled. And then, all alone in the hands of His enemies—and yet *not* alone, because His Father was with Him—He once more crossed the Cedron, and entered Jerusalem a captive in the hands of those who should have been His worshippers! Oh, what must His loving heart have felt as they hurried Him on to shame and death! You know they were His own people. He had borne with and carried them all the days of old in the wilderness. He had pleaded with them by His prophets, “rising up early and sending them” for hundreds of years, till there was no remedy, and then at last He had come Himself. But all in vain. Because He manifested the Father, they hated Him; and now, dragged as a criminal before the

leaders of His people, they declare Him worthy of death without a cause! Even the unjust judge Pilate could see that for envy they had delivered Him, and yet, while declaring Him innocent, condemned Him to die the cruel lingering death of crucifixion! It was thus the world treated God's dear Son. Jew and Gentile united to kill the Prince of life! Do not the terrible scenes of the 26th and 27th of Matthew prove that "the mind of the flesh is enmity against God"? Is it not a fearful thing to have *such* a nature? Yet all born of Adam have, and it is only through that Blessed One who suffered so for us that we can possibly be saved. It was for *this* He allowed Himself to be "taken, and with wicked hands to be crucified and slain." It was for this He laid down His life upon the accursed tree, for you know He laid it down of Himself, or no man could have taken it from Him. Even when they came to seize Him, "they went backward and fell to the ground," and it was only when He delivered *Himself* up that they could take Him. How He must love sinners thus to give *Himself* to die! As he who dreamed seemed to stand in his vision on Mount Calvary, these and many thoughts passed quickly through his mind until, at last, quite overcome by the wondrous love of Jesus, he cried out in his dream, "Come, Lord Jesus! Come, Saviour, come! We long to see Thee!" And then, all at once it seemed to him as though the guide was transfigured, and the Saviour stood before them. In another moment, "in the twinkling of an

eye," he thought that he and his friend were changed, and, rising on clouds from this sad world, were caught away to be "for ever with the Lord." The rapture of that moment he declares he shall never forget until "mortality is swallowed up of life." Thus, from the banks of Cedron to the garden of Gethsemane, from Gethsemane to Calvary, from Calvary right up into the glory this wonderful vision carried him who dreamed. How blessed will the hour be when he shall fully realize the joy he felt as upward borne in vision he thought he was going home! Will *you* be with him when that hour comes? If you, like him, are a believer in the Lord Jesus Christ—if you are washed from your sins in His precious blood—if you are "clean every whit" through faith in Him, *you* too can say, "Come, Lord Jesus! Come, Saviour, come! We long to see Thee!" *Can* you say so? The year is closing fast. Its last month has come, and you may not be permitted to see another here. Are you one of those that wait for God's dear Son from heaven? Can *you* look up to Jesus and call Him Saviour? If not, oh! lose not a moment. Go to Him at once, or He may come, and the door be shut, and *you*, shut out, may knock and cry, "Lord, Lord, open to us!" in vain.

J. L. K.



“TAKE ME TO JESUS.”

(Concluded from page 292.)

DURING the last twelvemonth of his little sojourn here, he seemed to speak and act so thoroughly beyond his years, as to cause many of our friends to say that he would never live.

His love of God's Word was very great; he would willingly leave any play to hear of Jesus; and frequently, when the nurse told him some simple story, he would say, “No, do read to me out of the Bible.” His memory being good, he often surprised us by relating whole histories of Old Testament characters, and astonished us by his questions concerning them.

He loved all who loved Jesus, and all he came in contact with he asked the (often to them startling) question, “Do *you* love Jesus?” If the reply was “Yes,” he seemed to have immediate confidence; but if there was any hesitation, he would immediately tell them what a sad thing it would be for them to be left down here, when Jesus takes those who love Him away.

In time of trouble Jesus was his sure refuge, taking his every trouble there. A few months previously to his departure, during our absence from home, his sister fell down the stairs; hearing her screams, he immediately fell on his knees, and asked Jesus that she might not be hurt; he then ran down to her, and, finding her not much hurt, exclaimed, “I knew Jesus would not let you be much hurt, because I asked him so.” Going one

Lord's day with a Christian to the Sunday-school, and there being few scholars present, they together knelt down and asked the Lord to send more. His anxiety was great on the next Sunday to go and see if there were more, and, finding it was so, his simple acceptance of this fact as God's answer to their prayer was most touching. On another occasion, walking on the common with some little friends, the furze was observed to be on fire, and a large blaze very near them; seeing their terror, he then and there knelt down, and asked Jesus to take care of them; he then got up, and said, "*Now* we need not fear; for I *know* Jesus will keep us from being hurt."

He latterly became very anxious to learn to read; and being asked why he was so very desirous to be able to read, he replied, "Because then I could go and read about Jesus myself, and should not have to trouble any one to do so for me."

Soon after Christmas his sister was seized with scarlet fever, and the doctor ordered the removal of all the household from the infection; his papa only remaining to watch her, with the nurse. Her illness was a very severe and trying one, and many times we feared that her time was short; but the Lord graciously restored her, after nine weeks of much suffering. It was during this time, when alone with his mamma, that the depth of his love for Christ was discovered. "I will be a little pa' to you," he said to his mamma, a day or two after being settled in their tem-

porary residence. And truly he rejoiced when she rejoiced; weeping when she wept.

During the time his papa was laid aside with diphtheria, it was most touching and sweet to hear his earnest pleading that he might be restored; and his joy was unbounded when one day he unexpectedly drove up to the door, the doctor having given him permission to remove to the other residence. The dear little fellow wept with joy, and, in his simplicity, failed not to thank Jesus for bringing back dear papa; and praying that he might be kept from kissing his mouth, it being considered wise to avoid this for fear of any contagion. Shortly after, his sister was allowed out for a walk; and, after some days, it being considered perfectly safe, he was allowed to meet her, and the affection he manifested towards her was very great; taking her arm, and placing it within his own, he said, "How kind and good Jesus was to hear his prayer for her, and that he never forgot her, but always told Jesus he wanted to see her."

About this time another little sister was born; and when he heard it, he remarked, "How kind God was to make dear Nelly well, and to give him another sister." He was so delighted to be able to kiss "the dear little soft thing," as he called her.

The nurse attending on his mamma was a Christian, and the child instinctively loved her; and used to beg of her, now mamma was laid by, to tell him something about Jesus. His favourite

topic was the crucifixion and the sufferings of Christ; and his face would be streaming down with tears, whilst his bright eye glistened, and his little brow darkened, as they read of the scourging, the smiting, and the cruel mockings, of "the Man of sorrow."

About a fortnight after this, the doctor having some time previously given his permission, his sister came to the house to stay with him; and most anxiously he waited at the window for some hours, watching her arrival, till he seemed weary with waiting. When she arrived he seemed quite poorly, and said he should be so glad when tomorrow came, that he might be well, and able to enjoy "a good love," as he termed it, with Nelly.

During the night he was very restless, and more than once said to his papa, who was sleeping with him, "I am so sorry, dear papa, to wake you; but I cannot sleep." In the morning he was very sick, but was dressed; and his mamma wishing to see all the little ones together, he was taken with his sister and little brother into her room. It was the only time the four children were together, and was the last time his mamma saw him. He went downstairs, and tried to play with his sister, but was again very sick, and laid down on the sofa to rest. Fearing what was coming on, a medical man was called in, and our anxieties were fully confirmed; scarlet fever had seized him. A carriage was at once procured, and he was taken to the other house. During the journey, he said, "I hope, dear papa, Jesus won't

allow me to remain ill so long as dear Nelly." He got into his crib almost immediately after his arrival; and kneeling up, he prayed most earnestly that he might not suffer so much as his dear sister; and that he might not grieve his papa or nurse. It was on a Thursday he was first taken, and the disease seemed running its course favourably; but now was the time that Christ was to be glorified in him. His papa was about to read to him one afternoon, from a little book for children, observing the book, he said, "Not that, papa, only from the Bible." Being asked what part he would like to be read, he replied, "About Jesus crucified." Asking him who Jesus was crucified for? he replied, with such an earnestness of tone that will never be forgotten by those who heard it, "*For ME, papa,—for ME, papa.*" Nothing but what spoke of Jesus would do for him; and as he laid there, he prayed so sweetly for all dear to him, especially that his brother and little baby sister might be kept from being ill, as they were so little, and could not bear it so well as he.

His nurse was a Christian, but one who was called in to assist was not, and it pained him much that she could not speak to him of the love of Jesus.

On the following Monday afternoon, his throat became suddenly much worse, and unfavourable symptoms set in. His papa remained with him during the night, and both during the delirium and the intervals of consciousness he was con-

tinually speaking of or praying to Jesus. As morning dawned he recovered his consciousness, and, after wishing to hear of Heaven and the many mansions there, he turned his little wearied head, and said to his nurse, "Take me out of my crib, Jane, and take me to Jesus." Shortly previous to this, his papa told him he was going to write to his mamma. He faintly smiled, and said, "Send my very best love and kisses; but don't say how ill I am, it will make her so very unhappy."

"*Take me to Jesus.*" were nearly his last words. The worst symptoms set in; another medical man was called in; everything that skill could suggest was done; but "the Lord had need of him." During the brief moments of consciousness, when his papa spoke to him of the One he so dearly loved, his face would brighten, though unable to speak. A few hours before his departure, we could hear him murmur that name ever so sweet to him. His papa leaned his face down, and asked him to kiss him; he did; it was the last lucid interval he had. The paroxysms became more intense, and on Tuesday morning, at ten minutes to one, his happy spirit took its flight to be "for ever with the Lord." Both nurses were present at the time, and the exclamation of the unconverted one was, "That dear lamb is gone straight to glory!" The rest present could but bow their knees and pray that that Name may ever prove as sweet to them, and give God glory for such a triumph of His grace.

H. W. C., *aged five years and four months.*

HE IS MY OWN DEAR SAVIOUR.

A LITTLE girl was asked by a Christian friend to write down what she knew about the Lord Jesus Christ. It was not a very easy thing for her to write at all, but wishing to do as she was told, she set to work as well as she was able, and with much trying, wrote out a little list of such things as she could remember, putting down some of those *facts* about our blessed Lord which all *professors* commonly believe, and in which, too many rest in fancied security. But at the end of this little list she put one sentence which no *mere* professor could have added. What do you think that was? Look at the top of this little tale; what does it say? Can *you* say it? This dear little girl was a true believer in the Lord Jesus Christ. She was not one of those who are content to know a great deal *about* Him only, but she knew Him *Himself*. What a difference this makes! You may have heard and read a great deal about George the third, but you never knew him *himself* did you? You never spoke to him nor he to you. You may have heard a good deal about your great-grandfather, and you may respect his name, and honour his memory, but you never knew him *personally*. So there are many who have a religious reverence for the name of Jesus and know a great deal about Him, yet do not know *Himself*. Now this little girl *did*, and so after putting down some of the things she remembered to have read and heard from the Bible about Jesus, she added these words at the end of her little list, "AND HE IS MY OWN

DEAR SAVIOUR." Whatever else she might not have known she knew *this* and surely this was everything. It just made *all* the difference between that dear little child, and many ten thousands around her—yes, even thousands, alas! of grown-up people, who know a very great deal more than this little girl *about* Jesus, could not say this. Can you? Christmas is coming. How many, many thousands of people look upon that day as the birthday of our Lord Jesus Christ. It is really an old heathen festival, which our pagan forefathers were wont to keep, called the Yule Feast. But whatever it was, people *now* profess to keep it as the birthday of Christ. They call Him "Our Saviour;" they can tell us where He was born, and so could Herod's scribe (Matt. ii. 3—6); they can tell us how He was laid in a manger, and they sing Christmas Carols about it in the early dawn of a Christmas morning. They can tell how He died upon the cross, and so could "the prince of this world," who came and found nothing in Him that *he* could lay his finger on (John xiv. 30). In short, they can tell us much about this precious Saviour, and yet they know not *Himself*. Do not be content to know *about* Him; for even if you could write a list of things about Jesus big enough to fill this book, it would all be of no use, unless you could add what this dear little girl did. *Can* you do so? I want you to answer this question to yourself, from your own heart, as in the sight of the Lord; *can* you say "He is my own dear Saviour?"

ANSWER TO ENIGMA FOR NOVEMBER.

T admor, the city in the desert,
 Which Solomon did build ;
 H azor, Canaan's capital, God burnt,
 Whose king by sword was killed :
 E zra, a captive priest prepared,
 To seek and do God's law ;
 R ed Sea, where Israel praised the Lord,
 When it destroyed their foe :
 O g came out and Israel opposed,
 Who fell by Israel's sword :
 C yrus God's Temple helped to build,
 According to His Word.
 K orah, who provoked God's wrath,
 Was in rebellion slain ;
 O thniel, Israel's judge, whose wife
 Did her heart's wish obtain :
 F elix, a governor, trembled
 At judgments yet to come ;
 A bigail the sword averted
 Before it reached her home :
 G ilgal, where Israel sacrificed
 Peace-offerings to the Lord :
 E sau to Jacob birthright sold,
 Whom after he abhorred :
 S hadrach through fiery furnace proved
 That he God's name adored.

Hull.

G. B.

"THE ROCK OF AGES" is the Lord,
 Unto all who trust His Word :
 Satan's power may rage and storm,
 Christ our Rock abideth firm.

Southsea.

C. H.

Answers also received from F. C. and E. M. C., Mere.



DICTIONARY OF THE BIBLE.

(Continued from page 306.)

Azzah, or *Gaza* (Hebrew *Ngazah*, strong), a name of one of the very oldest cities in the world. It is mentioned in Gen. x. 19, as one of the border cities of the descendants of Canaan, and we elsewhere find it named as the northern boundary of the A'vim or A'vites (Deut. ii. 23), who were afterwards dispossessed of their land by the Philistines. Gaza was the northernmost of the five state cities of the Philistines (Josh. xiii. 3), and as a Philistine city is frequently mentioned in other passages of Scripture (Judg. iii. 3, xvi. 1; 1 Sam. vi. 17; 2 Kings xviii. 8). Joshua smote the Canaanites up to Gaza (Josh. x. 41), and slew all

the Anakims, except those who dwelt in Gaza, Gath, and Ashdod (Josh. xi. 21, 22), and from Judges iii. 3 we learn that the Philistines of this city were among those "left to prove Israel." It was included in the inheritance of Judah (Josh. xv. 47), and was taken by that tribe "with the coasts thereof" (Judg. i. 18). It is also mentioned in the account of the Midianitish invasion in the days of Gideon (Judg. vi. 4). We read that Solomon "had dominion over all the region on this side of the river from Tiphseh even unto Azzah," and about 250 years later Hezekiah "smote the Philistines unto Gaza" (1 Kings iv. 24; 2 Kings xviii. 8). In the days of Samson, Gaza was a city of great strength, and possessed a temple dedicated to the fish-god Dagon (Judg. xvi.). The history of Gaza's downfall, as given by historians, is as follows: After destroying Tyre, Alexander besieged Gaza. The siege lasted two months, and when taken at last, the governor, Betis, and the inhabitants were treated with great barbarity, though the city was spared. After this it was completely destroyed by Alexander Jannæus, king of the Jews, who spent a year (B.C. 78) in the siege, slaying the people, and utterly demolishing the city; but after forty years it was rebuilt by the Romans. It was again destroyed by the Jews, as we learn from Josephus, in revenge for a massacre of Jews at Cæsarea; and in the time of Philip the evangelist, we find it desert (Acts viii. 26). But it did not long remain in this state, as we find it existed in the time of

Hadrian, who granted it some important privileges, which were enlarged by Constantine, who named it Constantia in honour of his son, and restored to it the rank and rights of a city.

Prophecies concerning Gaza are to be found in Jer. (xxv. 15—33; xlvii. 1—5), Amos (i. 6—8), Zeph. (ii. 4), and Zech. (ix. 3—5).

Gaza has never recovered her ancient independence, but has always been subject to foreign powers. When taken by Alexander, she was occupied by a Persian garrison, and then fell into the hands of the Grecians and the Romans, gradually declining until recent times. But Gaza is now quite as large as modern Jerusalem; the population is reckoned at 16,000, and a large amount of commerce is carried on with the Arabs, Egyptians, and Europeans. The chief article of export is said to be soap, which is carried over the deserts to Cairo, and wheat, barley, and sesamum are taken to Jaffa (Joppa), and thence shipped for Europe. Yet even now Gaza wears an aspect of decay, as many buildings are falling to ruins, being built of stone which contains saltpetre, and soon falls to pieces. In fact, the modern town of Gaza is in great part built from the crumbling remains of the ancient city. A house built of such materials soon looks old. The streets are moderately broad, and but few of the houses built of mud; the city is ornamented with a grand mosque, and other large buildings, whose lofty minarets rear their heads on high, far above the stately palm trees; and the gardens and planta-

tions of olives and dates which surround or are enclosed within the city, give it a very picturesque appearance. The interior disappoints the traveller less than that of most Syrian towns. It stands on the road from Akabah to Hebron, upon a hill which is two miles in circumference at the base, and appears to have been all enclosed originally within the ancient fortifications. The ancient port of Gaza is situated out of the town in a N.N.W. direction. It once bore the name of Majunia, but was afterwards called "Gaza on the Sea," and "the Port of Gaza." The wall of Gaza is said to have been sixty feet in height, but nothing remains of it now except the sites of certain gates which once belonged to it, and are still pointed out by the inhabitants. One of these is commonly known as that from which the gates were removed by Samson, and there is a hill east of the city, "before Hebron," which is said to be the one to which they were carried. When Samson was imprisoned he was compelled to grind at the mill, and even now the sound of the handmill is continually heard, as there is no stream near the city which might be used to drive a watermill, and steam and windmills are unknown. The site of the old temple of Dagon is not known, but on the north-east corner of the present city is a steep declivity, near which are the ruins of an ancient castle, and the houses near it have portions of ancient stone columns built on their walls, which are thought to be remnants of that temple. This, if its centre columns stood on

the edge of the declivity, would account for the fact that the removal of a pillar or two would send the whole building rolling down the hill in wild confusion, especially when the roof was loaded with the extra burden of 3,000 human beings (Judg. xvi. 27). It is still the universal custom in the east to build temples on the summit of a hill or mountain. Near the supposed site of the temple of Dagon there is now a garden containing a *willy* or shrine which bears the name of Samson.

(To be continued in the January Number.)

THE GREATNESS AND THE LOVE OF GOD.

"'Twas great to speak a world from nought,
'Twas greater to redeem."

Come hither, thou, and take a walk with me
Along the shore of yon majestic sea.
Now seat thyself, and let us watch the waves,
As fast encroaching, each the margin laves.
How constantly the tides both ebb and flow!
Their times of rising and of fall they know.

How grand the sea in motion! Where its bound?
A robe it seems which wraps the world around.
How great its depth! how fearful in its rage!
'Tis ancient too,—yea, of a hoary age.
How varied are the wonders of the sea!
How glorious, then, must God, its great Creator, be!

Look upwards now ; behold the vault of blue !
How vast its height ! Its limit who can view ?
Look north and south, look east and west, and say,
Canst thou discern the end of either way ?
It shows the glowing glories of the light,
And all the grandeur of a starry night ;

It forms a tent for yonder golden sun,
Within its range the earth doth daily run ;
It holds the moon as she in beauty shines,
And ev'ry star has space within its lines.
What thoughts for wonder ! visions for our eyes !
How great, then, *He* must be who dwells *above* the skies !

Now hither come, and rev'rently behold
The sight of sights ! which ne'er can all be told.
Behold the Cross ! once rais'd on Calv'ry's mount.
See *Who* was there ! and ask on whose account ?
'Twas *He*, by whom God all creation wrought,
And living creatures into being brought !

His only Son, His whole delight and joy,
Made sin for us, that sin He might destroy !
Who worlds upholds by His Almighty power,
Yet died for us in judgment's solemn hour !
Oh, wondrous marvel ! strange beyond degree !
How great in grace and love must God the Saviour be !

T.



