

Wounded.

(By William Luff, in 'The Christian Ambassador'.)

Wounded! Do you know the fearful meaning of the word? Shattered bones, mangled flesh, quivering nerves, scattered hopes, yearning affections—and all this far from home, and love and comfort.

But there are mental and spiritual wounds, worse even than those of the battle-field—sin-wounds.

'Wounded slightly,' was written after some names in the casualty list from the seat of war. This cannot be said of sin-wounds.

'Wounded dangerously,' This is our case, for the Great Physician says, 'Thy wound is grievous' (Jeremiah xxx., 12). It is in a vital part, for every fallen sinner has to cry, 'My heart is wounded within me' (Psalm cix., 22). These wounds are fatal.

A great king, finding that an arrow had pierced the joints of his armor, cried, 'Carry me out of the host; for I am wounded' (I. Kings xxii., 34).

When a man begins to feel the fatal effects of sin, this is his language. Is it yours? Are you ready to give up, to leave the old companions? We have good news for such.

'I will heal thee of thy wounds,' is the promise of him who says, 'Thy wound is grievous' (Jer. xxx., 17 and 12). 'He heal-eth the broken in heart, and bindeth up their wounds' (Psalm cxlvii., 3).

Jesus tells of one who lay wounded by the highway; others passed him by; 'But a certain Samaritan, as he journeyed, came where he was: and when he saw him, he had compassion on him, and went to him, and bound up his wounds, pouring in oil and wine, and set him on his own beast, and brought him to an inn, and took care of him' (Luke x., 33, 34). Is not this a picture of himself?

'How sweet the name of Jesus sounds,
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.'

Truly, he 'makes the wounded spirit whole.'

But how is it that Christ is thus able to bind up the broken in heart? He has himself been wounded. Look at him! wounded in his brow with the thorn crown, on his back by the scourge, his hands and his feet wounded by the nails, and his heart opened by the spear. But there were other and deeper wounds, the smittings of the sword of justice, for 'he was wounded for our transgressions' (Isaiah liii., 5). Because of this, Jesus the wounded one is Jesus the healing one.

'Hail! Thou once despised Jesus!
Hail, Thou Galilean King!
Thou didst suffer to release us,
Thou didst free salvation bring;
Hail! Thou agonising Saviour,
Bearer of our sin and shame!
By Thy merits we find favor,
Life is given through Thy name.'

Power of the Word.

(Rev. J. Wilbur Chapman, in 'Golden Rule'.)

The Holy Spirit will always do his work perfectly, if we are but faithful.

If we have spoken, then it is less work to apply the truth. If we have given God's word, it is his work to energize it, and lead the lost one into the light; and he will.

I was standing one day in the Home for Old Soldiers, in one of our Eastern States. I had just finished addressing them when the commanding officer said, 'There is one

room in the institution I want you to see.'

As we walked down the corridor he told me the story of an old sea-captain who had been an inmate of the home. When he entered the institution he was boastful of his infidelity. He absolutely refused to attend any of the services in the chapel.

But finally he was taken ill. The officer said, 'I went into his room and said, "Captain, you have nothing else to do. Suppose you read the Bible, just for my sake,"' But he stubbornly refused.

'The next day I went again and said "Captain, suppose you read the Bible to see if there is anything in it you think you might receive; and if you find it, suppose you take this pen and dip it in red ink, and mark it red."'

This seemed to interest the old man, and he agreed to do it. At the officer's suggestion, he began with John's Gospel. He read through two chapters, and made never a mark. He started in to read the third chapter, and seemed uninterested until he came to the sixteenth verse, which Luther called the Gospel in a nutshell, and then he stopped. He read it again, the tears came, and, reaching for his pen, he marked the passage red.

By this time we had reached the room he occupied, and as we crossed the threshold the officer said: 'God called him home the other day, and I have just sent his Bible to his daughter.' It was marked red all the way through, and he had come before his death to receive the Bible perfectly.

Over his bed was still swinging a pasteboard anchor, and on the lower part of it, written with his own hand in red ink, these words were seen: 'I have cast my anchor in safe harbor, thank God.'

That was all the work of the Spirit, after the officer had placed the Bible in the old captain's hands; and it was the work of the spirit to lead the officer to carry him the Book.

God is always faithful. Cheer up, young Christians! if you have seemed to labor with no results, leave them all with God. Only remember that 'his word shall not return unto him void,' and that 'heaven and earth may pass away,' but his word, never.

When Grandfather was a Boy.

(By Mary R. Morgan.)

One stormy winter evening, as we were all sitting round the table, either reading or studying, my brother exclaimed, impatiently, 'I wish that lamp would give a decent light!'

Grandfather looked up from his paper, and said, reprovingly, 'When I was a boy, Jack, if we had had such a light as this, we would have thought ourselves fortunate, indeed!'

Upon this my younger sister cried out, 'Tell us about when you were a little boy, and what kind of lights you had, won't you, grandpa?'

Nothing loth, grandfather laid down his paper and began.

'When I was a little boy, Daisy, we had no stoves, but fire-places, made of brick or stone. The past seems to come before me like a living picture, and I can see myself with my brothers and sisters, studying by the light of the old fire-place, now and then putting some shavings on the fire to make it burn more brightly; my mother, sitting at one end of the fire-place with her spinning wheel, dressed in her dark homespun, with snowy cap and kerchief, while my father, who was a cooper, would be working at his bench in another part of the room.'

'But how could he see to work?' asked Daisy.

'Oh, he had a small tin lamp, filled with whale oil, or a candle,' replied grandfather.

'Please tell us something that happened when you yere a boy, grandpa,' asked twelve-year-old Jack.

'I remember something that happened when I was about your age,' said grandfather. 'In those days it was not the custom, as it is now, to get up a sufficient quantity of wood to last through the year, but get up part during the winter. My father was suffering from rheumatism, and we had got out of good wood, and had only a few stocks of small, green wood left. It was much such a day as it has been to-day, bitterly cold and very stormy. We could not keep warm with the fuel we had, and my mother finally decided to send me to the nearest neighbor, and see if he would haul some wood for us. So they wrapped me up and sent me off. When I made known my errand to Mr. Burns, he declared it was too stormy to get any wood that day. So I returned home, and you can imagine how we felt. My father had about decided to send me to the next neighbor's, when I looked out of the window, and saw Mr. Burns driving in with some fine logs and some smaller wood. The wood was some that he had drawn for himself, but had not unloaded, and, after I had left, he had gone out, hitched up his oxen and started. My mother again wrapped me up, and I, taking my axe, went out to the wood. I cut as much of the wood as I could carry, and then took it into the house, and put it on the fire. The others, cold as they were, stood back, and let me warm myself. This was repeated until we had a good fire, and then my father hobbled out, and together we cut enough to last for a few days.'

'I should not like to have lived in those days,' said Daisy, thoughtfully.

'Come, children, it is time to go to bed,' called mother.

So, after thanking grandpa for his 'picture of the past,' we went to bed.—'Spectator,' Australia.

Poor, Wretched Blind.

John B. Gough, during a service of song in a Christian church, was asked by a man, in a pew with him what was to be sung, as the announcement had not been heard. The questioner was most repulsive in appearance because of a nervous disease that disfigured his face and form. When the singing began, Gough was driven almost to a frenzy by the harsh and discordant tones of the singer by his side. But when the wretched creature sang:

'Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.'

he lifted his sightless eyes to Heaven and sang with his soul. The great orator in his impassioned and inimitable way said: 'I have heard the finest strains of orchestra, choir, and soloist this world can produce, but I never heard music until I heard that blind man sing

"O Lamb of God, I come, I come."
—The 'Evangelist.'

The Find-the-Place Almanac

TEXTS IN THE PSALMS.

Sept. 1, Sun.—The steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord.

Sept. 2, Mon.—I delight to do thy will, O my God.

Sept. 3, Tues.—Blessed is he that considereth the poor.

Sept. 4, Wed.—God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble.

Sept. 5, Thur.—Call upon me in the day of trouble; I will deliver thee.

Sept. 6, Fri.—O Lord, open thou my lips; and my mouth shall show forth thy praise.

Sept. 7, Sat.—A broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise.