

he was earnest, and he was eloquent—could not show him Christ, all the love of his devoted Christian mother could not bring peace to the troubled heart, nor the care and desires of his loving young sisters, nor the sweet prattle from the little ones could reveal Jesus to his burdened soul. No! He stood surrounded by all that Christlike affection could give and do, and yet he stood alone looking death in the face, his head uncovered to the sword, his breast unsheltered to the stroke. No helmet of salvation touched his brow, no breastplate of righteousness covered his throbbing heart, no shield of faith was in his hand as he steadily advanced to meet the foe. Death, like another Goliath was crying “Come to me, and I will give thy flesh unto the fowls of the air, and to the beasts of the field.” But there was no triumphant “I come to thee in the name of the Lord of Hosts,” as with David.

No Christian love can give us life, dear reader. It can only come from one who said “I give unto them eternal life.” And Satan perhaps felt sure of his prey! He could laugh, perchance, at the father’s anguished prayers, and the mother’s tears. Oh! dear ones, does he watch *you* thus to-day. Death is not behind us, remember—our feet, too, are pressing onward—to what?— If a mother’s tears should fall on your cold still face to-morrow where would *you be*?— . . .

But “God *so* loved the world.”—His eye was not closed, His heart was not sleeping.

One hot summer’s night, wearied and worn with