

in this land to give everybody a fortune; but there are promises enough in the Bible and grace enough in Christ Jesus to make everybody rich to all eternity. Just think what a millionaire a man is who has a clean conscience here and a clear hope of heaven hereafter.

To poor Brother Smallfaith and sorrowful Mrs. Weakback he gives a wonderful lift in these words: "Lo, I am with you always. No man shall pluck you out of my hands. It is my Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom."

#### THE OLD SCOTCH WOMAN'S FAITH

By the side of a rippling brook, in one of the secluded glens of Scotland, there stands a low, mud-thatched cottage, with its neat honey-suckled porch facing the south. Beneath this humble roof, on a snow-white bed, lay, not long ago old Nancy, the Scotch woman, patiently and cheerfully awaiting the moment when her happy spirit would take its flight to "mansions in the skies"; experiencing, with holy Paul, "We know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." By her bedside, on a small table, lay her spectacles and a well-thumbed Bible—her "barrel and her cruise," as she used to call it—from which she daily, yea, hourly, spiritually fed on the "Bread of Life." A young minister frequently called to see her. He loved to listen to her simple expressions of Bible truths; for when she spoke of her "inheritance, incorruptable, undefiled and that fadeth not away," it seemed but a little way off, and the listener almost fancied he heard the redeemed in heaven saying, "Unto him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood."

One day that young minister put to the happy saint the following startling question: "Now, Nanny," said he, "what if after all your prayers and watching and waiting, God should suffer your soul to be eternally lost?" Pious Nancy raised herself on her elbow, and turned to him a wistful look, laid her right hand on the "precious Bible," which lay open before her, and quietly replied, "A deerie me, is that a' the length ye hae got yet, man?" And then continued, her eyes sparkling with almost heavenly brightness, "God would hae the greatest loss. Poor Nanny would but lose her soul, and that would be a great loss indeed, but God would lose his honour and his character. Haven't I hung my soul upon his 'exceeding great and precious promises' and if he brak his word he would make himself a liar, and the universe would rush into confusion."

Thus spoke the old Scotch pilgrim. These were among the last words that fell from her dying lips, and most precious words they were—like "apples of gold in pictures of silver." Let the reader consider them. They apply to every step of the pilgrim's path, from the first to the last.

By faith the old Scotch woman had cast her

soul's salvation upon God's promise in Christ by the Gospel. She knew that his dear Son had said, "He that heareth my word, and believeth on him that sent me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation, but is passed from death unto life." She knew that God had said, "By him [Christ] all that believed are justified from all things"—that "the blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin." for "He bare our sins in his own body on the tree." This was the first step. And all through life the Scotch pilgrim hung upon his "exceeding great and precious promises" for all things and in every hour of need. The divine argument of Romans vii. was hers by faith: "He that spared not his own Son but delivered him up for us all, how shall he not with him also freely give us all things?" In every sorrow she had found him a "very present help in trouble," and now about to leave the weary wilderness for her everlasting home, could she think that he would prove unfaithful to his word? No, sooner than poor Nancy's soul be lost, God's honour, God's character, God himself must be overturned, and "a' the universe rush into confusion!" Dear old pilgrim!

#### BE NOT WEARY IN WELL DOING.

Your patience may be greatly tried. You may have to hold on your way amid difficulty and discouragement. Let them only send you with greater fervour and stronger faith to His footstool who can give you all needful strength and crown your labours with success. Believe—for it is a certainty—that "in due season ye shall reap, if ye faint not."

The smallest effort is not lost;  
Each wavelet on the ocean tossed  
Aids in the ebb-tide or the flow:  
Each rain-drop makes some floweret blow;  
Each struggle lessens human woe."

You may reap on earth; but if not, you will reap in heaven. It will be an unutterable joy to meet there with those whom you led to the cross; but beyond that joy there will be the honour which the Lord Himself will confer upon you. What that honour may be we must wait to know; but of this we are assured, that "they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars forever and ever."

A CERTAIN fault finder, who was constantly talking about the shortcomings of Christians, entered a blacksmith's place one day, and engaged in his usual talk. "Did you ever read the Bible?" the smith asked. "Certainly," said the man with a tinge of contempt in his tone. "Ever read the story of the rich man and Lazarus?" "Why, of course," was the answer. "Well," said the smith, "you remind me of those dogs in that parable." "How so?" "Why, they did nothing but lick the sores of Lazarus; and it seems to me you are doing the same thing, licking the sores of all the good people you know."