

"She cannot bear anyone to talk to her," said the mother, so the visitor wisely spoke only to the mother. She was dying of consumption—already the dropsy was in the poor limbs, but the fine young face was full of intelligence and desire.

There are three things we cannot do, dear friends. We cannot save ourselves. "No man can by any means redeem his brother," and we cannot hinder the blood of Christ from having full power to cleanse from all sin. The constant torture of the heathen, the perpetual fasts and works of the formalist, the yearnings of anguish of the repentant, only tell, over and over again, that we cannot save ourselves. The taunt of the cross was, "If Thou be the Christ save Thyself." He would not, and as the Saviour He could not. Love was too mighty in His heart and God's, to let Him do so.

The dear girl, who knew of nothing but Mahomet, and the Christians she did not like, felt she could not save herself. The visitor, gazing on the intense face, knowing the time was short, knowing how difficult it was to speak to a Malay, felt indeed "No man can by any means redeem his brother." But, "Nothing can stay His love, matchless it is."

Between the two there was a crucified Christ who had suffered and died for all, *and risen*. She told of Christ, and none but a Christian can