

Tom. He heard with wonder and joy of the great love of God to sinners in sending his own Son to bear their sins, and of Jesus the mighty Savior, who gave himself to save them. It brought a strange and sweet sense of rest to his heart to know that God, that Jesus, loved him.

From this time forth, Tom was one of Miss Lewis' most regular and most attentive scholars. But she could not help noticing that his eyes grew brighter and his cheeks thinner from week to week.

At last, one Sabbath Tom was missing, and the next and the next. Miss Lewis made long inquiry and search, but without success. No one seemed ever to have heard of Paradise Buildings.

At length, one day after threading her way through one dirty lane after another, she came to a slum which was dirtier than all the rest, and up a flight of rickety stairs, in a dark and miserable room, she found her lost scholar. There was no furniture, except an old box turned up, which served either as chair or table, and a heap of rags and old sacks formed the bed where Tom lay.

Oh, teacher dear! said the boy, but the delight of seeing her was too much for him, and he sank back, almost in a faint.

Miss Lewis knelt by his bedside and soothed and comforted him. Too plainly she could see that consumption was stamped on his flushed face and poor thin hands.

Before leaving him, Miss Lewis said: 'See, Tom, I have brought you a pretty text, which I made myself. Do you like it, Tom?'

'It is beautiful, miss.'

'There; I will fasten it up here, right in front of you, where you can see it. Now, good-bye. I will ask Mr. Sewell, our clergyman, to come and see you very soon.'

Tom gazed restfully at his beautiful text - 'Christ hath loved us, and hath given himself for us.' The words seemed actually to speak to him. Never in all the fine shops of the town had he seen anything so beautiful.

Mr. Sewell soon found his way to Tom's dark room.

'Why, my dear boy, who gave you that?' he said, pointing to the text on the wall.

'Teacher, sir. She made it all herself, she did.'

'It is pretty,' said Mr. Sewell, and, and he read out the words in a clear soft voice - 'Christ hath loved us and hath given himself, for us.'

Tom raised himself on his elbow, and, with eyes brimming over with love and tears, said:

'He could not do more for us, could he, sir?'

'No, indeed, Tom; that was the greatest proof of his love for us that he could have given.'

That evening Mr. Sewell set aside his written sermon and preached from Tom's text instead, and told his hearers all about him.

Not long after this, there came a day when Tom joyfully left his dull, dark room, and went to see the King in all his beauty.

Have you ever noticed in Psalm ciii the five things which our Lord and Savior does for us? 'Who forgiveth all thine iniquities: who healeth all thy diseases; who redeemeth thy life from destruction: who crowneth thee with loving-kindness and tender mercies; who satisfieth thy mouth with good things.' He couldn't do more for us, could he?

#### WHAT WILL THE PEOPLE SAY?



HAT will the people say?" This question can poison our existence and shorten our life.

To thousands who have accustomed themselves to listen to the opinions of others more than upon their own peace of soul, does this question become a curse? What are the people who today live, and to-morrow may be dead? Shall my welfare lay in the hands of such who are as chaff? Shall I, in order to please them, offer up my happiness of life? Will those people, upon whom we bestow such attention, stand by us when we are most miserable? Our misery is to them as pleasing as our happiness, both furnish topics of conversation. A missionary once related the following: "A king's son was a prisoner, who, after several years, was released upon the condition that he permit himself to be led at the hour of noon through the city. 'O,' said the young man, 'how will the people look?'

"You do not yet know how you will be led," answered the king. When the hour arrived, he gave him a vessel filled with milk to the brim in his hands. 'As soon as you spill a drop you must die,' said he. Close behind the young man walked the executioner with dagger in hand, to stab him as soon as a drop fell to the earth.

"From far the people had come together to see the king's son upon his perilous journey, head by head the crowd stood upon the streets. All the windows were crowded and some even climbed upon the roofs. When the youth had passed through the terrible ordeal, the king stepped to him and said: 'Well, what kind of faces did the people make?' 'O king,' answered the youth, 'I saw not one. I only saw my life in my hands and death behind me.'

Let us be like this youth; let us not look around, but take care of ourselves, for we carry the happiness of our lives ever with us.

- Sel.