

GRANDMOTHER READING THE BIBLE.

Thy little feet! go softly  
Over the echoing floor,  
Grandmother's reading the Bible  
There by the open door.  
All of its pages are dearer still,  
Now she is almost down the hill.

Mellow September sunshine  
Had her is gently shed—  
Gold and silver together  
Crowning her bonnet head—  
While she follows where saints have trod  
Resuing the blessed book of God.

Grandmother's past the morning,  
Past the noonday sun,  
And she is reading and resting  
After her work is done;  
Now in the quiet autumn eve  
She has only to bind her sheaves.

Almost through with trial,  
Almost done with care,  
And the discipline of sorrow  
Hallowed by trust and prayer;  
Waiting to lay her armour down,  
To go up higher and take the crown.

No little feet to follow  
Over this weary road,  
No little hand to lighten  
Of my a weary load;  
Children standing in honoured prime  
Bless her now in her evening-time.

Grandmother has closed the volume,  
And by her saintly look  
Peace I know she has gathered  
Out of the sacred book;  
May be she catches through that door  
Glimpses of heaven's eternal shore.

—New York Evangelist.

PRAY AND PULL.

BY J. C. HONIGH.

WHEN OUR Saviour was on earth he told his followers: "The time cometh that whosoever killeth you will think that he is doing God service." This prophecy has been fulfilled in various times, but especially about three hundred years ago.

Philip II. of Spain was then the mightiest monarch on earth—the greater part of Europe, South America, and the Indies being subject to him. This king was a very bigoted adherent of the Catholic Church, and his desire was that all his subjects should embrace the same faith. Not only did he desire this, but he looked upon every departure or deviation from that faith as a grave crime. Among the various countries that were subject to this tyrant was Holland, a small country; but owing to the industry of its inhabitants and its peculiar situation, it proved a very profitable possession. The majority of the people, however, were strong believers in the doctrines of Martin Luther, and as such were called Protestants or heretics. When Philip undertook to force the Hollanders back into the Church of Rome, they rebelled against him; and though he devised every imaginable cruelty to compel them to forsake their religion, they stood firm, and fought eighty years for the privilege of following Christ according to the Bible.

In those days (about 1550 A.D.), there lived in the province of north Holland—ten miles from the city of Hoorn—a poor widow and her son. The boy was twelve years old, and his name was Lambert. Being too poor to afford the luxury of a surname, he was known by the name of Lambert Melissoon, or (as it would be in English) Lambert, son of Melis. His mother was a cripple; but with her boy's help she managed to raise enough potatoes and vegetables on her few acres to provide for their simple wants. Though their hut was small and their purse

empty, yet they were happy. This happiness had been increased when, a year ago, a colporteur—in the disguise of a tin pedler—had come across their lone abode and given them a copy of the New Testament. This Lambert used to read to his mother, she not being able to read it herself; and both drank in the words of eternal life eagerly, receiving the witness of the Spirit: love, joy, peace, etc. To read the Word of God, however, was committing a great offence, for the introduction and reading of the Bible had been forbidden on a penalty of death. Lambert and his mother were well aware of the danger in which they were, but thus far they had escaped the sharp eyes of the Inquisition.

One day during the winter, while Lambert was amusing himself on a pair of skates rudely made out of a pair of cow's ribs, he heard the sound of approaching skaters. Looking up, he saw a man with a child on his back, and a woman with a babe tied in her shawl, skating as fast as they could. Seeing the boy skating leisurely up and down, the man stopped close to Lambert and said:

"See here, boy! Duke D'Alva's soldiers are about two miles from here, coming to take Hoorn. They are burning and killing everything that comes in their way! You'd better hurry and get out of their way." And without waiting for answer, the man hurried along to his wife, who had not stopped at all.

Lambert stood a few moments as if bewildered; then, shaking off his skates, he ran into the hut, crying out,

"Mother, the Papists are coming! What a! what a! do!"

"Who told you so my son?" asked the mother, anxiously, looking up from her knitting.

"A man with his wife and children were fleeing for life,—sailing on the canal,—and he stopped long enough to give me the warning."

"Yes; I thought our time would come, Lambert. Well, the good Lord help us if we fall into the hands of these fiends!"

"Oh! and he will mother. But didn't it say in God's Word, where I read yesterday, not to be afraid of them that can only kill the body but cannot touch the soul?"

"Yes, my boy; and I trust that if we are to suffer anything, God will give us strength to bear it. At the same time, I think we have a right to try and escape if we can."

"Yes; but how, mother?"

"I don't know, my boy. I can hardly walk, and will be a great hindrance to you. You are young and smart; put a piece of bread in your pocket, put on your skates, and go to Hoorn. There you'll be safe, for it is still ours."

"But, mother, what about you?" queried Lambert.

"They'll perhaps have mercy on a poor crippled woman, Lambert," answered the mother, trying to smile.

"Oh, no, mother! They have mercy toward none. Don't you remember how the man that gave us the Bible last year told us how these soldiers in the lower provinces took women and children, and even helpless old people, and beat them and killed them in the name of the Church?"

"Yes, my son; but what can we do? We can't go together. And then, they can but kill me, and that is nothing;

I am growing old. But you are young, and if they got you they'll keep you prisoner and make you renounce your faith, and you'd become one of their soldiers, and so be a traitor to your country. That would be worse than death. No, no, my son, receive my blessing, and go to the city."

The boy Lambert seemed to feel himself grow into a man, and stretching himself to his full length he said:

"Never, mother! We will live together or die together. We will make our escape together; but if we are caught, they won't kill you before they kill me. Hark! They are shooting. We'll have to hurry. I've got a plan. Make yourself ready as soon as you can."

After saying this, he printed a kiss upon his mother's forehead and ran out into the yard, where on the day before he had been trying to make a sled, which for some reason he had not finished. He soon found some nails; and, using a stone for a hammer, he had in a few minutes a strong but very rude sled. Knocking a knot out of the middle of the board, he pulled a strong rope through the hole he thus made, and dragged the affair in front of the hut. Running in, he said gleefully,

"Now, mother, your team is ready; we'll drive to the city in style. Are you ready?"

The mother came toward her son; laying her hand on his head, she kissed him, and, with tears in her eyes, she said:

"May God bless you, my boy! Yes, I'm ready. We have no treasures to carry except God's Word, and that I have."

Lambert took his mother out and placed her on the sled; but thinking she hadn't sufficient covering for the coming night, he went in again to get some blankets. Having made her as comfortable as circumstances would permit, he put on his cow-ribs, took the rope, and, after throwing one more look upon their humble home, started on his journey. About half an hour after their departure they heard a distant sound of horses' hoofs, accompanied by a tumultuous noise. Looking back he saw flames leaping up in the air. Turning to his mother he said:

"Mother, our hut is burning; they'll soon be after us now. Pray all you can, and I will pull all I can."

And, without looking back any more the faithful boy flew over the mirror-like ice as fast as his rude skates and sled would let him. Having been detained but a short time by the burning of the little hut, the soldiers proceeded to see what else they might devour; and though Lambert dragged his precious freight along as fast as he could, he heard the noise of the approaching marauders draw nearer and nearer. As yet he was protected by the trees and shrubbery along the canal; but as the main road ran almost parallel with the canal, he could not hope to escape their eyes much longer. Still, as it was getting dark, he was in hopes of receiving the covering of the night if he could only keep far enough ahead until then. The noise, however, drew so near that every moment he expected to be commanded to halt. Fear gave him a spring, and swiftly glided skater and sled over the smooth road until he came to where a ditch was cut. Here his mother stopped him, and whispered: "Lambert, follow this ditch; it will take you to Hoorn, but it is a little roundabout."

Without answering, Lambert did as he was directed. He did not slacken his speed, and soon the sound of the pursers grew fainter, and at last was heard no more. The twilight, which is of rather long duration in Holland, at last turned into dark night. He now felt himself out of danger, and went somewhat slower. Suddenly he followed the winding ditch through the darkness of the night until he came within about four miles from the city of refuge. Here he was suddenly brought to stand by the appearance of three men who commanded him, in Spanish, to halt. Frightened by the unexpected demand, he was inclined to go on as fast as he could without heeding it, when another voice spoke in plain Dutch: "Stand, or you'll be shot!"

Lambert stopped; and, stepping in front of his mother, as if to protect her, he said:

"What do you want of a poor boy and his poor mother?"

"Where are you going this time of night?" asked the last speaker.

"Going to find shelter," answered Lambert. "The soldiers burned our house."

"Give us your money!" he said.

"We haven't a cent in our purse," answered Lambert.

Again the men, who were evidently Spanish spies, exchanged a few words in their tongue.

"Well, then, boy," said the one who spoke Dutch, "go as fast as you can and thank the Holy Virgin for your escape."

Lambert hardly waited for him to finish his sentence, but speedily started off once more with his precious burden. Though he commenced to feel sore and tired, he did not stop until he came under the very walls of the strongly fortified city, where he was halted by one of the Dutch sentinels, who kindly took them under his protection. When the sergeant of the watch came to relieve the sentinel, Lambert and his mother were taken into the barracks until morning, when the civil authorities provided them with everything they needed.

If any of the readers of this incident should ever travel through Holland and visit the city of Hoorn, they will find on one of the city gates—cut out in stone—a boy drawing a sled on which a woman is sitting, and this legend under it: "Lambert Melissoon and his Mother."—*The Well-Spring*.

Pictou, N. S.

BURYING A HEATHEN CHIEF.

THE horrid nature of heathenism in Congo-land, is revealed by the ceremonies of burying a chief. The course of a stream is turned and a large pit dug in its bed. The bottom of this is covered with living women. Then the dead chief is placed in a sitting posture, surrounded by his wives. The earth is then shoveled in, and the women buried alive, save the second wife, who has the privilege of being killed before the grave is filled up. Then some forty or fifty male slaves are killed, and their blood poured over the grave, after which the stream is turned back into its course.

How thankful we ought to be that we are living in a Christian land where we have no such dreadful customs! While we are thankful that we are so much better off, we ought to do what we can to send the gospel to those who are yet living in heathen darkness.