

"Now, moving to the utmost limits of my Agency—to the Bukowina, on the borders of Bessarabia—I have to mention another remarkable instance of success. Having happily found a fully competent man for that province, with its complication of languages, and having put him in training in Transylvania, I intended, in the autumn visiting the Governor, a personal friend, and seeing what he would do for us. All at once the papers brought the intelligence that he was to be removed to Upper Austria. No time was to be lost. I telegraphed to our Lemberg depositary to start for Czernowitz by next train, to obtain an interview with the Governor, and to present to him the request which I had intended bringing forward myself a few months later. Mr. Pick, the depositary, prompt as I could wish, was off at once, saw the baron, and was most courteously received. The request was granted, and the documents returned by the Governor personally, that the matter might be settled without delay. He promised not to do less for us than had been done in Galicia, and so to allow full liberty of colportage.

"How we are able not only to stand our ground, but even to gain ground, in the midst of the exasperated attempts of the Jesuits to ruin us, and against opponents who are thought to be powerful even in the highest regions, is a marvel in my eyes. I am almost inclined to add, if we come down with a crash, do not be surprised. But the Almighty One has been leading us forward from step to step, and if it be His time and His good pleasure to work who shall let it?" *Monthly Reporter*.

THE NOBLE PILOT.

A vessel in the English Channel was lying to with close-reefed top-sails, in a heavy gale, anxiously looking out for a pilot. Night was coming on and they were uncertain of their position, but fully alive to their peril. Hope was dying out from their hearts, when they saw a pilot-boat put out of the harbour of Deal, and stand out towards them. It was a hard struggle in those raging waters, and it seemed impossible to reach the ship. But after a time a signal was made for a rope. In surprise a buoy was attached to a long rope and paid overboard, which was soon grasped by eager hands in the boat. How was their surprise and enthusiasm increased when they saw the noble pilot make the rope fast to his person and spring into the boiling deep. Steadily and cautiously the men pulled with a will, and half-a-dozen hands were ready to grasp him the instant he came along-side. Bounding upon deck and clearing the salt water from his throat, he gasped convulsively as he pointed with a shaking hand to the foaming breakers, "The Goodwin Sands! The Goodwin Sands!"

It was a word to make all hearts quake. That crawling foam hid a cruel, dreadful bar, which had been the death of many a noble ship. Instantly they obeyed the pilot's word, and crowded all the canvas on the ship that it could bear, to sweep them away from the treacherous sands. They could not question the word of a pilot who had risked his life to save them. They trusted him, they obeyed him, and were saved.

Jesus came "to seek and to save that which was lost." All the billows of God went over Him. Dare we question His words as to the awful dangers we are in? Christ by His dying and suffering so much, has told us what an awful eternal hell is before every man who dies in his sins. The first great thing is to realize our frightful condition. This is believing Him, who told us of the never-dying worm, and the never-quenched fire. When we thus realize our danger, we shall be only too glad to accept Him as our Saviour from such a doom. Now is the day of Salvation.

THE BIBLE teaches us the best way of living, the noblest way of suffering, and the most comfortable way of dying.—*Flavel*.