

by coming to Jesus. And if we come, he will lighten every other load. Are you poor? Come, and he will make you rich for ever. Are you sick? Come, and he will cure your worst disease. Are you sad? Come, and he will wipe away your tears. Are you bereaved? Come, and he will be to you a brother in adversity, who changes not, and never dies. Is sin, a burden? O then come to Jesus, and he will take it all away. Do you dread the day of death and judgment? Come, and that day will be the dawn of life and glory. O then come. To be merely *called* by *such* a person should be enough to make us glad. Of a stranger we might say, "Perhaps he intends me no good;" of a poor man, "He *cannot* assist me, however willing;" of a selfish rich man, "Who can expect *taught* from *him*?" But if a Howard or a Wilberforce said to a mourner, "Come," he might feel quite sure some kindness was intended. Now He who invites thee, sinner, is both able and willing to help. He has clothes for the naked, food for the hungry, wealth for the poor, eternal life for all. His very word, "Come," is enough to make thee glad. A blind beggar by the way-side, hearing he was passing, cried out, "Mercy, mercy!" The people told him to be quiet; but he shouted the louder, "Have mercy on me!" Jesus invited him; and then some said, as though he might now be quite sure of a blessing, "Be of good comfort; rise, He calleth thee." They knew Jesus never called and then refused; and so they told him to rejoice. Sinner, be *you* of good cheer; the same Jesus calleth *thee*. As the blind man threw off his cloak lest it should hinder him, do you cast off every sin that would stop you—rush through every crowd of difficulties, and falling at the feet of Jesus, say, "Have mercy on me! I am blind, I am lost; save, or I perish." Are you too great a sinner? The more need to come. Have you a guilty conscience?—With that guilty conscience come. Have you a wicked heart? With that wicked heart come. Have you nothing with which to purchase His favor? "Without money" come. Rich and poor, masters and servants, old and young, white man and black, sinners of every class, COME.

Read Isa. 55; Matt. 8: 1-17; 11: 28-30; Mark 10: 46-52; Rev. 22: 17.

A NEGRO'S REVENGE.

A slave in one of the West India Islands, who had been brought from Africa, became a Christian, and behaved so well that his master raised him into a situation of trust on his estate. He once employed him to select twenty slaves in the market, with a view of making a purchase.

While looking at some who were offered, he perceived an old broken-down slave, and immediately told his master that he wished very much that he might be one of the number to be bought. The master was much surprised, and at first refused; but the slave begged so hard that his wish might be granted, that his master allowed the purchase to be made.

The slaves were soon taken to the plantation, and the master, with some degree of wonder, observed his servant pay the greatest attention to the old African. He took him into his home, laid him on his own bed, and fed him at his own table.—When he was cold, he carried him into the sunshine; and when he was hot, he placed him under the shade of the cocoa-trees.—The master supposed that the old man must be some relation to his favourite, and asked him if he were his father.

"Massa," said the poor fellow, "he no my fader."

"Is he then an elder brother?"

"No, massa."

"Perhaps your uncle, or some other relation?"

"No, massa, he no be of my kindred at all, not even my friend."

"Why, then," asked the master, "do you treat him so kindly?"

"He my *enemy*, massa," replied the slave; "he sold me to the slave-dealer; my Bible telle me, when my enemy hunger, feed him; when he thirst, give him drink."