

merciful. I am a sinner. I am condemned. My face is black. My bones are rotten. O Lord Jesus, have mercy upon me, poor and blind and naked and miserable. O Lord Jesus Christ, I am a sinner; I am vile. I am lost, but do you remember me?

The next day was the Sabbath.—In the morning, two old gray-headed men came to see them. One of them, whose eyes were dim with age, said, 'I heard you were in the village, and I have come to hear from you the words of God. Soon a company of thirty or forty mothers, and their children, had gathered around them, to whom they read and explained the parable of the pharisee and the publican. But where are the men, that so few of them were present? Most of them went down to the plains of Mosul and Bagdad and Damascus, in the autumn to get work, and had not yet returned.

The next day the missionaries went out to see the people at their daily toil. One man was digging huge rocks from a little piece of ground which he had terraced up on the steep bank of the river. It was only about one-tenth of an acre, and yet he told them he had labored on it five long months, and it was not more than half ready for the plough. When he saw them coming he lighted his pipe, and they all sat down together, and he listened to them while they described to him the love of Christ, his power to save, and how willing he is to take poor sinners by the hand and lead them safely through all the trials of life to his blessed kingdom. Was he not interested in this? He was very greatly interested, and said, 'If there was only one to tell me these pleasant tidings two or three times more, men might strike me, beat me, and revile me, but I would not say a word.' What a blessed work it is to bear to such wretched ones the news of a Saviour? Do not your hearts burn within you to engage in it when you shall become old enough?

As they followed the river farther

down, they came upon a man ploughing his little field, while his wife followed after him and gathered up the stones. They sat down side by side, and Mr. Rhea and Mr. Coan sat down too, and preached Jesus to them and forgiveness through his precious blood.—"What," said the man, "can we forgiveness for all the past and grace for all the future?" They assured him that it was even so, and then invited him to come to Jesus and make the trial. "We will come," said they.

In another place a poor man was on his knees, digging with his hands, and pulling the stones out of his little patch of ground. Every year the rains wash the earth away and leave the stones bare, and he is obliged to go over it in this manner, and pick them out. He looked poor and miserable, indeed.—No wonder, as they told him of "a better country, even an heavenly," and dwelt upon its glories, he was all attention. He thought it was our happy country, and wanted to set out for it at once. But when they told him it was the New Jerusalem, "Ah," he said, "this is not for us. We are vile. Our very soil is vile. Look at those rocks; so hard are these hearts of ours. Our place is in the fire." Poor man, how greatly we should pity him; how earnestly we should pray for him, that he may, when he dies, go to dwell in the golden city.

A Neglected Opportunity.

Not many years since, Providence brought a little fatherless boy into the neighborhood where I live. He from the first won my affection, and I considered him more in the light of a brother than as a stranger. I soon saw with pleasure that he was considerably attached to me; and as he attended the Sunday School, and was for some time in my class, I ardently wished to lead him to the Saviour; but as it did not appear to produce any lasting impression on his mind, I became weary, and gave over.

A few weeks since I walked from the