

R. To whom do you intend to go?

I. I know not, for there is no other name under heaven whereby one may be saved.

R. Then apply to Christ; to escape the wages of sin, the curse of the law, and the wrath of God; fly to Him for pardon and peace, grace and glory.

I. I dare not thus come to, and depend on, Christ; for I am utterly unworthy of the least mercy.

R. When do you think you shall make yourself worthy?

I. Never.

R. Then come to Him just as you are, to be made worthy.

I. May I dare thus to come to Christ and depend upon Him for salvation?

R. Do not depend upon my word, but hear the Word of God. He invites you to come: "Ho! every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters." He commands you to come: "This is His commandment, that we should believe on the name of His Son Jesus Christ." He promises to receive those that come: "Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out."

I. But to whom are these words addressed?

R. To you, to me, and to every one that hears them: "Preach the Gospel to every creature." They are addressed to those in particular that see their want of salvation, because they alone will receive them. "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

I. These arguments from Scripture stop my mouth. But still I cannot believe Christ will receive such a sinner as I am.

R. Faith is not of man, but the gift of God, wrought by the Spirit in them that hear the Gospel. Therefore seek this, and every other grace of God, by prayer in the name of Jesus. And to encourage you to pray and hope, consider that God gave Christ for this very purpose, to save sinners: for this He came into the world; for this He laboured, wept, and bled; for this He reigns and intercedes in heaven. He is so far from being unwilling to save, that He is offended with those who will not come to Him to be saved. When He was upon earth He wept over Jerusalem on this account.

I. I know not what to say.

R. What do you intend to do?

I. I am greatly afraid I shall never be saved. But I know there is no other way but God's free mercy in Christ. Therefore I will seek it as long as I live, and if I perish it shall be at the foot of Christ's cross calling for mercy.

R. Continue this resolution, and all the precious promises of the Gospel are yours. But take heed that you do not suffer these impressions to wear away, or to settle in a false peace. Do not seek rest anywhere but in Christ. Beware lest worldly cares or pleasures divert your attention from the things of God, and lest sin grieve the Holy Spirit. Remember it is said, "If a man draw back, My soul shall have no pleasure in him."

## THE KINDNESS OF THE POOR.



I HAVE often been touched by the generosity of the poor among themselves at times of trouble or special want. If sickness disables the mother of a family, how ready are the neighbours with such help as they can give! One will undertake the week's washing, one will see that the baking is done, another

will come in morning and evening to "tidy up" the little rooms, or lend a hand with the children. Doubtless many such deeds are done which are recorded only on high, but now and then they come under our observation as we go about among these humble brethren and sisters.

Two shop-girls were recently overheard planning to share between them the work of a third, who had been called home, and thus save her wages for her. "She needn't get a substitute," said one. "If we are a little spryer than usual we can do her work and our own too. Will you agree? Let's ask Mr. Sullivan if we may."

"Yes, indeed," said the other. "Her mother's sick, poor thing! She'll need all her earnings."

A family of motherless children received during an entire season the weekly services of a kind-hearted washerwoman. Time was money to this woman, for her skilled labour was in demand; and money was precious, for she had many mouths at home to fill. But she deliberately gave up other engagements, and devoted one day each week to these needy neighbours, and when offered payment by interested ladies she refused to take it. "Sure and it's meself that wishes I could give more," she said. I wondered if any one else gave in her proportion.

A well-known figure in a certain town is old Silas, the ash-man, much in request at house-cleaning times—a friend in need. A young woman, weighted with a worse than worthless husband and two or three little children, had passed through a long and distressing illness, and was slowly coming up to life again. Old Silas conceived the knightly desire of giving this woman a little pleasure. He borrowed an old carriage, brushed up his bony dusty horse, and dressed himself in his Sunday suit, a costume the most striking feature of which was the unwonted white shirt with its conspicuous sleeves.

Thus appointed, old Silas set out for his doughty deed, and took his drooping faded lady for a long country ride. It was an amusing spectacle, but I think as it passed through the streets it called up more tears than smiles. I have been touched by these things, I said. I have been instructed and rebuked, as I have seen among these humble ones so much of the spirit of