

## A John Brown's Pike.

The smith, amidst his men,  
I looked up and saw a face  
Come down the factory glass,  
In grave and bearded grace:  
"Canst thou?" the old man said,  
"Trust one upon his looks  
And make me, for my sheep,  
Five hundred shepherd crooks?"

"Yes, long as thou must owe,  
I'll fill thy order cheap,  
So many crooks do show  
That thou hast many sheep!"  
"Four million sheep are mine,"  
The old man answered back;  
"Far down the land they shine,  
But all their fleece is black."

He left his pattern there,  
Himself they soon forgot;  
He kept his promise fair,  
And owed the forger not;  
Till once, a wild man's hand  
(Great slavery's armour shook,  
And in the negro's hand,  
They found the shepherd's crook

Then cried the Law: "Who made  
These pikes of steel so stout?"  
"Be not, O smith, afraid,"  
The old wild man spoke out,  
"My sheep the wolves had tread,  
And I good shepherd like,  
My crook with iron shod,  
And it became a pike."

They hanged the shepherd old;  
His shining crooks went on;  
The black sheep found the fold,  
And all the wolves were gone.  
The smith who had mistook  
The pattern he should strike,  
Remarked "God bless the crook!  
Although it was a pike."

—George Alfred Townsend.

## God's Love for Mankind.

"For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."—John. iii. 16.

"OH! look at my beautiful flowers," exclaimed a bright-eyed, merry-looking girl of some sixteen years, to a group of companions, who had gathered about the school-room door, waiting for the summons to their lessons.

"They are very pretty, indeed, but then, Elva, you seem to admire everything, especially flowers."

"Well, girls, I suppose I do; but how can one help loving them? Whatever should we do, if we had not so many beautiful things!"

"Good morning, girls! As I came upon you I overheard Elva's remarks, and I wonder if, while we all delight in and enjoy the gifts of a bountiful Father, we are truly thankful to the Great Giver of all." The girls were silent, for each felt that she seldom, if ever, gave any thought to what her teacher was alluding.

"Miss Moulton, I brought these flowers for you," said Elva, following her into the school-room.

"Thank you very much! Just one moment, dear! When I heard you speaking of your fondness for the things around us, that passage of Scripture which tells us to place our affections on things above came to my memory. Does my Elva feel her need of a Saviour, or does He hold but a secondary place? Surely the works of His hand do not come first!" Getting no answer, she continued. "You know what He has done for you, in return for which He only asks your love. I am afraid you do not think enough about this matter, which is of such infinite importance, and do not realize that you are sporting on the brink of such a terrible precipice. You are a leader among your companions; this is of the good you might do others by consecrating yourself fully to God."

"I know what you mean, Miss Moul-

ton. I am not a Christian, but then I am young, and have no thoughts of dying. Of course, we all intend becoming Christians when we grow older, but if I were to become converted now I would have to give up all pleasure, and I have so looked forward to a life of enjoyment. Oh! I couldn't become a Christian now, indeed I couldn't."

"My child, you do not know what you are saying. You are asked to give up nothing but sin, in place of which you receive that, that refines, elevates and exalts. Even were you sure of a long life, and Christ willing to receive you at the eleventh hour, as we believe He is, you do not mean that you intend living without Him all the best days of your life, and then, when tired and worn out with the world's gaities, to offer Him, as it were, "the very dregs of your existence." Think of the injustice, the ingratitude of such an act. You remember that poor boy who, at the risk of his own life, saved you from drowning, a few years ago. In a spirit of thankfulness, did you offer him some worthless toy, saying, "Here, Tim, I am through with this, I don't want it any longer; and I am so thankful that you saved me from death that I am going to give it to you?" If not, why then to the King of kings, who by giving Himself for you, has opened the way of salvation, by which you may be saved, not from a death of drowning, but from that death which destroys both body and soul?"

"Oh! don't tell me I am doing that! Surely I am not! I never looked at it in that light before. To think, that all these years I have been so ungrateful! Will He be willing to forgive me, to receive me now! Oh, tell me that He will!"

"Thank God for that. Yes! He is willing and waiting now to receive you as a lamb to His fold. Believe on Him! trust Him—think how He loves you—so much that He gave Himself for you. I have not now time to say more, but before I call in the others, let me mark for you a verse in this little Testament. Here, John iii. 16. Think over it, pray over it, and may God in His great mercy bless you, and help you to cast all upon Him."

A silent prayer went up from that faithful teacher's heart, that this young soul might be counted among those who have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.

Next morning all noticed the look of perfect peace that rested on Elva's face. Miss Moulton sought for an undisturbed talk with her. On the other pupils leaving the room the impetuous girl threw her arms around her teacher's neck, and with tears rolling down her cheeks exclaimed, "Oh! never when my thoughts were only for the pleasures of this world did I feel as happy as now. After what you said to me, I could no longer live without the love of God in my heart. I just prayed Him to pardon me. I was willing to give up everything, do anything, if I could but feel the burden of my sins taken away, and be sure of my acceptance with Him. I cannot tell you what joy and peace I have. It is beyond words. I could not rest until I told brother Tom what you said of our putting off salvation until we grow old and feeble. He said he did not think there was so much meanness about him before, and he wanted me to tell him again just what you said. You know that for some time he has caused father great anxiety and trouble, and he could not

believe that Christ was willing to save him just as he was, but thought that he must first do something that would atone, in part, for his past life. But we prayed together and read that verse you marked, and the words "whosoever believeth in Him" seemed to help him. After reading and praying over it, he said, "I will believe, and, so help me God, that everlasting life will be mine."

"What joy there must have been among the angels as they looked down on that brother and sister wrestling with the great "I Am," and how the heavenly music must have resounded as they noted down that noble resolution among the records of all that is just and true. And how that teacher's heart did leap for joy, that by speaking a few words to one without the ark, she had been instrumental in leading at least two precious souls to the Saviour, and with what longings she yearned toward others, that they might see the ingratitude they are showing their Redeemer, and that in giving themselves to Him they would be performing the noblest act of their lives.

Then resting her hand on the young girl's head she said: "Let us pray that your feet may be kept in the narrow way, that you may never falter; and that your life may be such that others may also seek to glorify God. You have found the resting place for all sorrow, and trouble, as well as joy. Point it out to others. Work for Christ and you will be kept in close communion with Him. Let us make our religion something that may be felt, something so attractive, as God intended it should be, that sinners may come unto Christ, where only they can find mercy, peace and rest."

## What Faith Is.

A YOUNG lady was reading in her Greek Testament one day, the second and third chapters of the Gospel of St. John. She came to the word "BELIEVETH" in chapter iii. 15.

"Surely that word occurred in the previous chapter," she said to herself; and looking back she saw that the word "COMMIT HIMSELF UNTO" was exactly the same in the original as the word "believe."

Thus God showed her that "believing" meant simply committing herself with all her UNBELIEF and sin to Jesus; then her soul rested on the strength and love of her Saviour.

It is this simple "committing of ourselves" to Jesus that our great enemy tries to persuade us is difficult. The very words "faith," and "believing," are so familiar that they seem almost to have lost their first simple meaning, and to some minds seem words of vague import.

But the Lord Jesus would not offer a dim, uncertain way of salvation to poor dying ones, so He says in His abounding love, "I am the way." "I Jesus,"—who was made flesh and dwelt among men, and knows to the uttermost the poor sinner's need and weariness,—"the living, loving Saviour, am the way; commit yourselves to Me, and you are safe for eternity!"

The following true story may serve to illustrate what this committing faith is.

Some years ago a ship was wrecked on the coast of Cornwall. All on board were drowned except one sailor boy, who was washed on shore nearly dead, and who lay for weeks upon a sick bed. A young Christian man

visited him, and spoke the Gospel to him.

"When your vessel was in pieces round about you," he said to the lad, "and you were sinking, if a plank had floated by you and you had been able to clutch it, and you felt it would bear your weight, you would have thanked God for that plank?"

"Yes," said the boy, and he was led to understand that the "plank" for his sinking soul was "CHRIST," and that he had only to commit himself to Christ as in drowning he would to the plank.

Many years afterwards in a distant city the same Christian man visited a deathbed. The dying person was a stranger to him.

"Is it well with your soul?" he said, as he bent over him.

The dying man turned his head,—there was a smile of recognition, a grasp of the hand.—and he said, "God bless you, sir, THE PLANK BEARS! THE PLANK BEARS!" And he died.

Poor sinking one, do you imagine that the weight of your sin and weariness is too heavy for Jesus! It was heavy, and he sank under the weight of it, in order that you might not sink; and now He lives to present His redeemed faultless before the presence of the Father's glory.

"He sent from above, He took me, He drew me out of many waters."

## Rev. Dr. Tiffany.

## THE PROGRESS OF CHRISTIANITY.

AN immense and highly appreciative audience assembled at the Pavilion to hear Rev. Dr. Tiffany, of New York. In the evening he took as his text 1 Corinthians xv. 22, 23. He said: The Church has been working for over eighteen hundred years, and how little seems to have been accomplished! We are to remember that the present Government of the world is administered by Christ. We must remember all the events that have happened during the Christian era, and that God controlled all these events. Some seem to think that Christianity is dying out. It is not so. In the second century there were 500,000 people converted to the Christian faith. In the third it had 5,000,000 adherents; in the fifth, 15,000,000; in the seventh, 25,000,000; in the tenth, 50,000,000; in the thirteenth, 75,000,000; in the fifteenth, 100,000,000. In the eighteenth century 200,000,000 persons were known as Christians, and still it is said that Christianity is dying out. In 1894 there were 410,900,000. Dying out very fast; becoming extinct rapidly! May it continue to die out as in this way. Christ must reign until all enemies are put under His feet, until all evil is destroyed. He must put down evil rule, authority, and power, physical evils, want, disease, and death. There is a great victory to be accomplished. It is a hand-to-hand fight. The Master met with delays and reverses, and when He was done He handed the work over to men such as us, and we must also expect delays and disasters in our work. There was more delay and disaster in the time of Christ than now. Yet we are not to despair. We are to take courage and proclaim the unsearchable riches of Christ.

"GRACE, grit, and greenbacks" are mentioned by the Rev. Sam Jones as the essentials of worldly success.