

God has deprived you, a holy man, of sight, and left me, a drunken sinner with my eyes? "Even so, Father, for so it seemed good in thy sight."—"Yes, he may be your Father, but he is not mine." "Have we not all one Father? Hath not one God created us all?" "One God created us, but I am now an enemy and not a child."—"It may be so, yet through the blood of Jesus they who were sometimes alienated and enemies by wicked works, become reconciled to God." "It may be you would be offended if I offered to lead you over this rough place?" Now Simon, the Pharisee, said silently in my heart, if this man were of God, he would know what manner of woman this is that toucheth him, for she is a sinner; but the scene of Bethany was present, and I said, "I will not be offended; take my arm." She did so, saying, "Thank God! thank God!"—"For what?" "That I may guide the feet of one of his servants, for I am not fit to touch the hem of his garments. I had a brother once, and he was a minister of God like you!" She was weeping. The hearer passed before us. She said, "You can't see that?" "No, what is it?" "That is the pauper's carriage. Even we drunken pauper's ride home in that when life ends."—"To what home?" "The grave." "Is the grave the sinner's home?"—"Would to God it were; then I could have a hope of rest at last."—"Have you no hope?" "No hope! Their worm dieth not and their fire is not quenched."—"But you *should* hope." "Why should I hope?"—"God is good!" "But I have abused his goodness." "God is merciful!" "I have despised his mercy." "But God is love!"

For a time she was silent, and then resumed: "How can such a sinner as I have hope?"—"It is a faithful saying that Jesus Christ came to save sinners." "But I am a *great* sinner." "His blood cleanseth from all sin." "I am a lost sinner!" "But he can save to the uttermost all that come to God by him. Now go and put this trembling hand into the hand of Jesus. At his feet confess your sins and ask for mercy, and you shall obtain it."

She wept aloud, and with a voice of agony exclaimed, "Oh! that I knew where I could find him. I would kneel at his feet and wash them with my tears, and never leave the place till the pauper's carriage came to bear me to the grave."

Here I parted with the despairing stranger, whom I had never met before; but recently, when passing an unfrequented street, that same voice called, "God bless you, sir! God bless you! Let me help you over this broken way, for I have found him?" "Found whom?"—"He that can save to the uttermost; and blessed be his holy name, for his blood cleanseth us from all sin."—*Congreg'list.*

CHILDREN'S CHILDREN.

In the years 1779-80, three families of Cape Cod went down into what is now Litchfield, Maine, and settled, two brothers Smith, with their wives, and their sister, with her husband. They were people who feared God. Far away in the wilderness, with only two families besides, they instituted Sabbath worship. They sustained it alone for many years. Occasionally a preacher came among them.

Not till thirty years had gone did a home missionary labour continuously among them. In 1811, thirty-two years after their settlement, a Congregational Church was organized. It contained eleven members; five of whom were the two brothers, their wives and sister; six of them were the children of these brothers and sister. This church, last year, celebrated its semi-centenary. The whole number who have joined it is one hundred and eighty-six; *eighty-eight of these were from these three families!* Five of its deacons have been from these families. It is supposed that ten, at least, of the descendants have entered or are preparing to enter the ministry. This little company would have their academy: a real Puritan instinct. They have promoted temperance, good morals, and "every good word and work." Not one of the six hundred descendants of these three families is known to have been of a degraded moral character; it is believed that there is not a drunkard or a tippler among them all.

Let little companies of Christians, in the small hamlets of new settlements, learn much to quicken and encourage them; let parents especially believe, what hundreds of such Puritan histories may teach them, that it is well with the families that are faithful to God.—*Congregational Quarterly.*