

DOT AND DIMPLE.

M. E. SERVOS.

Dot and Dimple were twins—two dear little round-faced tots, who were always "a lumpy as the day was long," until papa got sick.

It was such a queer sickness; he did not go to bed, and have a doctor, and take medicine, and get well; but when he came home from his work he couldn't walk or stand straight, and he would stagger and talk so loudly that Dot and Dimple were afraid, and would hide away. And poor mamma must have been afraid, too, because she often had tears in her eyes, and looked so sorry all the time.

And then papa went to bed, and slept and slept 'way into the next day, and when it was most dinner time he would wake up with such a dreadful headache, and be so cross that Dot and Dimple would run out of doors, and stay and stay what seemed hours to them, and then when they would go into the house papa would be gone.

One day they asked mamma why he didn't have a doctor come and cure him when he was so sick; and mamma looked so sorry that the twins wished they had not mentioned it. "Because, my darlings," she answered, "there is not a doctor in this whole big city who can cure this kind of sickness." And Dot and Dimple could not play any more that day, for thinking what a dreadful thing it is to have a sickness that no doctor could cure.

The next day was Sunday, and as the twins walked into Sunday-school hand in hand they found the whole school in a buzz of anticipation, and the cause was soon learned. The Rev. Dr. Blank was in their city, and would address their school that very afternoon. "He is so good!" said one; "so very smart!" said another; "So kind!" "He loves children;" "One of the most learned men in the world." The air seemed full of his praises, and that last sentence they caught gave Dot and Dimple an idea. They looked at each other. "Would you dare?" said Dot. "I'd do anything to make papa well," said Dimple, bravely.

"And he is a doctor, too. Let's do it," said Dot.

And so when the speech was ended and the school out, two little white faces looked up to the great D. D., and a timid voice inquired:

"Please, Mr. Doctor, do you know anything that can make folks well that can't be cured?"

"Who is it that cannot be cured?"

"Please, sir, it is our papa; he staggers and can't walk straight, and sleeps and sleeps, and has such headaches, and is so cross that he ain't a bit like he was when we were little and he was well; and mamma says there is not a doctor in this city who can cure him; and the people said you lived in another city and was so smart that we thought we would ask you. You will cure him, won't you?"

And the reverend doctor, with a suspicious moisture in his eyes, and a note-book in his hand, told the little pleaders that he would write a prescription that would cure their father if he would only take the medicine.

Home they ran with their wonderful prize, and found their father just recovering from one of his "spells," feeling as if the chains of the evil one were dragging him down to destruction and he could not break away.

"Oh, papa, papa! you can be cured; the great doctor said so; we told him mamma said there was no doctor in this city could cure you, and asked him if he couldn't; and he gave us this paper, and said if you would only take the medicine it would be sure to make you well. Oh, papa, we are so glad!"

And off they ran to tell the good news to mamma.

"With mingled curiosity and anger, the father opened the "prescription," and read these words:

"The blood of Jesus Christ cleanse th from all sin."

The Lord has said, "My Word shall not return unto Me void." and when Dot and Dimple peeped into the room a while after they saw their father on his knees with his face buried in his hands. They never knew how it came about, or when or where he got the medicine; but this they do know, that ever since then their father has been well. And so they thank God every day, and are happy.—*The Pioneer.*

"TRYING HARD."

EXPERIENCES OF A WORKER.

Some years ago a lady in the habit of visiting the poor in a hamlet many miles from her home, after several weeks' unavoidable absence drove over again. Going into the house of a widow where, before returning, she was in the habit of taking a cup of tea while the pony had a rest after its journey, she inquired if there were any one ill. The widow informed her that a poor woman living just opposite was very ill, suffering from a cancer, and never likely to recover. The doctor had said it was time some person went to see her; so a curate from a neighboring town had come over the previous day.

"Is the poor woman ready for her change?" asked the lady.

"Well, ma'am, she is trying hard," was the reply.

"Do you think she would like to see me?"

"Oh, yes, ma'am, I'm sure she would. She's in a deal of trouble; she keeps on grieving; and she be a terrible sufferer surely, and gets no rest night or day."

The lady soon went across, the widow having first brought a message that the sick one would be glad to see her. The countenance of the poor woman bore unmistakable traces of pain of body and mind, and she evinced a grateful sense of the sympathy of her visitor in her suffering state. Having drawn from her that she knew her malady to be incurable, and recovery hopeless, the lady expressed the hope that she could look forward to "a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." The sufferer confessed she had no such happy assurance though she had been "trying hard" as she knew how, and praying that her sins might be forgiven; night and day she kept on asking for mercy, and begging to be saved.

"Do you think you can get to Heaven by your own works, then?"

"No, ma'am; I'm sure I've no good works to bring."

"Then whose work alone can win salvation, and pardon of sin, and eternal life for you?"

"Well, ma'am, I suppose the Lord must do it."

"You are right; the Lord Jesus only can procure salvation for you and me. But he has done it long ago. Instead, therefore, of going on any longer asking Him to do this for you, your part is to receive it from Him as a free gift."

"Can it be so, ma'am? I've never understood it like that."

"You know the story of the crucifixion—Ally the cruel scourging and mocking, the bloody sweat in the garden of Gethsemane, don't you?"

"Yes, ma'am, I've read it many times, especially lately, and at night when I could not rest."

"Then what did the Son of God bear all that shameful treatment for? He need not have suffered it; for you know, when the band of soldiers came to take the Lord, He asked them, 'Whom seek ye?' They answered Him, 'Jesus of Nazareth.' Jesus said unto them, 'I am He.' As soon, then, as He had said unto them, 'I am He,' they went backward and fell to the ground, instead of laying hold on Him. And when Peter drew his sword to defend his Master, Jesus said, 'Thinkest thou that I cannot now pray to My Father, and He shall presently give Me more than twelve legions of angels?' So He bore it willingly for you and me, to suffer the penalty due to our sins; taking the sinner's punishment instead of him, that he might go free. Then as He hung on the cross, He said, 'It is finished; and He bowed His head and gave up the ghost' (for He had said, 'I lay down My life for the sheep; . . . no man taketh it from Me, but I lay it down of Myself'). What do you think our Lord meant by 'It is finished'?"

"I do not understand rightly, ma'am."

"If you look at John xvii, you will see that Jesus, just before He was betrayed, and led away to prison and death, prayed to His Father, in the hearing of His disciples, for them; and in His prayer He said, 'I have glorified Thee on the earth, I have finished the work which Thou gavest me to do.' That work was, paying in His holy, sinless body our debt of sin; so that God's holy law was kept perfectly, and His just sentence against sin so executed that His word was not broken, and yet the sinner is set free. So God's name was glorified. And when Jesus had ended the great work He

cried out, 'It is finished.' All had been done that was required; and now the gate of Heaven was made open to all believers. Jesus to Him, 'What shall we do that we might work the works of God?' said unto them, 'This is the work of God, that ye believe on Him whom He hath sent.' So—do you see?—you have to believe and trust in what Jesus has done for you, instead of going on asking Him to do that for you."

"Dear me, ma'am, is it really so simple? Are you sure I may have the blessing like that?"

"Nothing stands between you and God, to separate you from Him, but sin. It is a debt you can't pay yourself. But, if it is paid already, what have you to fear?"

"But how can I know my sins are forgiven, ma'am?"

"By taking God's word for it. Now suppose you had a heavy bill owing at the next town, and were in trouble fearing a summons for it, and I came and told you I had paid it in full, so you need not have any more anxiety about it, would you be afraid of still being summoned?"

"Oh, no, of course not; I should be under no more trouble about it, ma'am."

"Then would you not keep on asking me each time I called to help you out with the bill?"

"No, ma'am; why should I, when it was paid already?"

"But could you be satisfied without my showing you the bill receipted—only on my bare word?"

"Yes, ma'am; I'd feel quite sure you would never be deceiving a poor body; I should rest quite comfortable after you had once said so."

"Indeed! Then you would be so easily satisfied with a poor fellow-sinner's word that your bill was paid, and couldn't be brought up against you; and yet you won't take the Lord Jesus' word, that He has paid your debt, and trust Him! That is very strange, very sad."

"I never saw or thought of it like that before; it do seem very wrong."

"Just listen to what the Lord Jesus' word is to you: 'God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.' He that believeth on Him is not condemned." "He that believeth on the Son hath (not shall have) life" (John iii). Again, "God commendeth His love toward us, in that while we were yet sinners Christ died for us. Much more then, being justified by His blood, we shall be saved from wrath through Him" (Rom. v). "Christ is the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth" (Rom. x). Christ on the cross said, 'It is finished,' and you and I can add nothing to that perfect work. God is satisfied, and raised up Jesus from the dead. 'Him hath he exalted to be a Prince and a Saviour, for to give repentance and forgiveness of sins.' Hear what He has done with our debt of sin: 'Blotting out the handwriting of ordinances that was against us, which was contrary to us, and took it out of the way, nailing it to His cross' (Col. ii. 14). What more could He have done, and what more do you want?"

"Nothing more, ma'am; I see it now, but I never saw it before. Oh, to think of all his love to me, and that I have been keeping on, as it were, throwing it in His face, instead of thanking Him for it, like as if He hadn't done it for me! But I'll do so no more."

The shades of evening were gathering fast, and the lady could only stay to offer up a few words of praise and prayer, and take her leave, promising to come again soon and to send a little tract which might recall the truths, should the tempter strive to bring back any doubts as to the grounds of her peace. Peace and joy shone on the sufferer's countenance as her friend left it.

A week later she drove over again, and inquiring of the widow how her neighbor was received for answer, "Oh, she is bodily worse than ever, suffering terribly; but, bless you, ma'am, she's that happy all the same; such a change in her, quite wonderful it is to all who see her. She says her debt is all paid. I don't say as I understand it, but she do, and it makes her wonderful happy. She just will be pleased to see you again."

This report proved true. The sufferer's pain was constant, but her joy and peace flowed on as a river, and continued till she exchanged faith for sight. The only shadow on her heart was that her husband and

daughter were not partakers of her faith and hope, and that she had not in time past helped to lead them in the heavenly road. But her prayers for and pleadings with them were intensely earnest, and her patient, cheerful endurance of great sufferings was to them a bright witness to the faith which enabled her thus to rejoice in God her Saviour, and in His finished work.

Not long ago, the foregoing instance of the fetters of unbelief falling off, loosened by simply trusting God's word, was recalled by hearing again the same expression, "trying hard," in the chamber of a dying man.

A poor man was painfully laboring for breath, unable to obtain ease in any position; and he had been thus suffering for many weeks, without the alleviation of sleep, save for a few moments waking up in increased distress. The same lady sat by his bedside, and expressed her concern for his state of suffering; but pointed to the blessed exchange from pain and weariness to rest, so soon awaiting him as a child of God. She spoke of the comfort of knowing that the Saviour's finished work had opened the gate of eternal life to him; so that he had only to trust in Jesus, and rest in His love, looking to Him for all-sufficient grace to endure and glorify Him in the very furnace.

The wife, sitting by, responded, "I'm sure he's been 'trying hard' these many years, and been a-doing all he could."

The sufferer, though with great difficulty, bringing out word by word, raised his eyes; he could not let it pass—

"It's nothing I've done; He's done it all for me; and nothing have I ever done in my own strength, only in His."

Bright, happy testimony! glorifying the Saviour for His finished work and free salvation, with the utterances of dying breath. The visitor strove to put very briefly the blessed truths testified by the husband before the wife, in the form of assent to his words; and again the labored syllables came forth from his lips, "Yes, that's it!"

After a few words of prayer, commending the sufferer to the loving, restful embrace of the Saviour's arms, the lady held the hand of the dying Christian, and expressed her anticipation of a glad meeting above, before the throne of the Lamb, where His servants shall serve Him perfectly, as they fail to do below.

"Yes, I've every reason to believe it without a doubt," was the parting word.—*Word and Work.*

THE HAPPIEST DAYS OF ALL.

But it is far better to have fewer rules well kept, than manifold ones, sometimes enforced, and at other times null and void. It is well to overlook many of the trifling misdemeanors of the little ones, for a vast number of their seeming faults arise more from the abundance of life in their merry young hearts than a desire to commit a wrong. Remember that it is only one day at a time we must bear with them, and surely we have strength and patience enough for that, though the day may seem long and weary to the tired mother. Let them bring all their joys and griefs to a listening ear and sympathizing heart so that in after years the brightest spot of their life. Believe me, dear sisters, that the time will come when you will say with me that the happiest years of your life were when the little ones were all around you.—*Household.*

ANTIDOTE FOR POISON.—If a person swallow any poison whatsoever, or has fallen into convulsions from having overloaded the stomach, an instantaneous and very effective remedy is a heaping teaspoonful of common salt and as much ground mustard, stirred rapidly in a teacup of water. It is scarcely down before it begins to come up, bringing with it all the remaining contents of the stomach; and lest there be any remnant of poison, however small, let the white of an egg and sweet oil, butter or lard—several spoonfuls—be swallowed immediately after vomiting, because these very common articles nullify a larger number of virulent poisons than any medicine in the shops.—*Medical Journal.*

IF THOU ART WISE, thou knowest thine own ignorance, and thou art ignorant if thou knowest not thyself.—*Luther.*