

trod upon them they were certain to go to heaven ; and they were ready to do or suffer anything if only they could make sure of reaching heaven !

You will say, What foolish men these must be ! Yes, they are certainly foolish in thinking that entrance into heaven is to be obtained by being trampled on by a horse ; but, nevertheless, they will rise up in the day of judgment and condemn many of us. They will stand up and say, "We poor Arabs longed to be saved, but we had no Bible, we did not know anything about the Son of God coming to die for us ; we never had anyone to tell us of God's love and of His longing to forgive us, and to welcome us to Himself. All that we were taught was that if we allowed one of our holy men to ride over our bodies, and went through the agony of being trampled on by the heavy hoofs of his horse, then we might at last get to heaven. And so anxious were we to be saved, so earnestly did we long to reach heaven, that we were ready to go through any suffering, we were ready even to be killed, if only we could by that means be saved. But you, though you had a Bible in your house, the Gospel preached close to where you live, and many around you who were willing to tell you all about God's glorious salvation, you went on week by week, month by month, and year by year, and never made the slightest effort to be saved, never were in earnest about escaping hell and reaching heaven !"

My friend, if you are not anxious to find out how you may be saved, though surrounded by opportunities of finding out, what excuse will you give at the day of judgment ? Those poor Arabs will condemn your indifference ; you will be speechless.

Octavius Walton.

MARTHA AND MARY.

Two old women sat one afternoon in a bright room. The elder, Martha, who had turned three score years and ten, had invited her dear friend Mary, who was only a few years younger, to have an early cup of tea. They both loved the Lord, and their great delight was to talk of Him who had done so much for them. They were very full of a hymn which had been newly introduced into the mothers' meeting they attended on Monday afternoon.

"Have you found the text that belongs to our hymn ?" Martha asked, when she had made the tea, drawn the table close to the fire, and sweetened her friend's cup with sugar. "Pour the milk in to suit your taste, Mary," she said, and then repeated her question, "Have you found the text which belongs to our hymn ?"

"Of course I have, Martha ; the very first thing I did after I got home from the meeting was to turn to the Psalms. It's the one hundred and twenty-sixth, verse two : 'Then was our mouth filled with laughter, and our tongue with singing : then said they among the heathen, The Lord hath done great things for them.' Our hymn has most to do with singing."

"You're right, Mary. Now listen to me saying the first verse :

'I feel like singing all the time,
My tears are wiped away ;
For Jesus is a friend of mine,
I'll serve Him every day.'

And I do like the chorus, 'I'll praise Him, praise Him ! I'll praise Him all the time.' It is just true, Mary : Jesus is my Friend ; He has filled my heart with joy and peace ; He has made me to sing songs in the night ; and I will serve Him so long as I live here, and through eternity in heaven."

"Supposing I take the next verse, Martha, to see if I know it ; and you follow on with the third, and leave me to finish up.

'When on the cross my Lord I saw,
Nailed there by sins of mine,
Fast fell the burning tears ; but now
I'm singing all the time.'

Do you know, Martha, what it is to cry when you think of what Jesus has done for us poor sinners ? The first time I understood what a sinner I was, and what a great Saviour He is, and thought how much He suffered for me, I couldn't keep the tears back ; but now I can sing, for He is my risen Redeemer, sitting at God's right hand, and He is holding and keeping and feeding me every day and all the hours of the day."

"That is just how it is with me, Mary, and I certainly have proved the truth of the third verse of our hymn :

'When fierce temptations try my heart,
I'll sing "Jesus is mine !"
And so, though tears at times may start,
I'm singing all the time.'

I don't believe any old woman has sharper temptations than I have. The devil is so busy with me ; he tries me when I read and when I pray—and he puts all sorts of thoughts into my head, so much so that if my poor old body is not quite well I am apt to get depressed. Then I cry out, 'My dear Saviour, Thou art mine. I cannot do without Thee ;' and often the tears come, and peace and joy soon fill my heart, and I begin to sing."

"The peace of God which fills a believer's heart is past understanding, Martha. It comes straight from God. I do indeed desire to tell with my voice and in my life the wondrous story of the cross. Let us sing the last verse together."

The voices of the old women were not very melodious, but their hearts were full as they sang out—

"The wondrous story of the Lamb,
Tell with that voice of thine,
Till others, with the glad new song,
Go singing all the time."

A RISEN JESUS.

On the third day after the burial of the Lord Jesus Christ, three sorrowful women, very early in the morning, came to His tomb. They had watched His dying agonies while standing by His cross, and had seen Him laid in the sepulchre. And now, on the first day of the week, they had come