

behaviour that I do really want Jesus to be seen in me."

"I'm sure, it's been just the same with me," replied Ann.

"I know now why some of our fellows in the shop find fault with religious people, and call them no better than those who have no religion at all. We Christians are not shining lights; we get into the same tempers, and use the same sharp words, and do the same actions as men of the world, and so we bring reproach on Jesus."

"That's well said, John. I mean to ask myself every night, 'Who has seen Christ in me, to-day?' I know that I shall often have to tell God that I've failed, but Jesus will help me to be true to Him, and you know there's a text which says, 'I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me.'"

Dear readers, will you too take this question home, "Who has seen Christ in me, to-day?"

JOHN BERRIDGE.



ONCE I went to Jesus as a coxcomb, and gave myself fine airs, fancying, if He were something, so was I; if He had merit, so had I. I used Him as a healthy man will use a walking-stick, lean an ounce upon it, and vapour with it in the air. But now He is my whole crutch; no foot can stir a step without Him. He is my all, as He ought to be, if He will become my Saviour, and bids me cast all my care on Him."

These words were written by John Berridge, the Vicar of Everton. He was the son of a rich farmer who lived in Nottinghamshire. He left school at the age of fourteen to help his father; but the latter soon found that John would hinder rather than help him, for he never seemed nearer learning the value of sheep and pigs.

"I find you cannot form an idea of the price of cattle, John," he said to his son one day. "I shall have to send you to college, to be a light to the Gentiles."

So to Clare College, Cambridge, John was sent when he reached his eighteenth year. After a time he was elected Fellow of his college; but he reached the age of thirty-three before he became a preacher of the Gospel and accepted the curacy of Stapleford.

He laboured here for six years, but no conversions followed his ministry, for he was himself a stranger to the truth as it is in Jesus. He preached about Christ, but Christ was not then, as he says, "his whole crutch."

The living of Everton in Bedfordshire was given to him in the year 1755, where he resided for thirty-eight years. He began his ministry at Everton by teaching his people they could win heaven by their own merit, and not that Christ alone was able to save.

He had no response; he desired to win souls, but only discouragement met him everywhere. Two more years passed ere he began to doubt himself, and to ask, "Am I to blame?" At last he became uneasy, and in his awakening went to the right place for help. He prayed earnestly to be enlightened and taught of the Holy Spirit.

He was reading his Bible one morning, and thinking over a particular text, when these words flashed before him—"Cease from thine own works; only believe." In a moment he realised that he had been teaching salvation in his own way, and not in Christ's way. He began afresh, and proclaimed Jesus Christ and faith in Him as the one great atonement made for the sins of the world.

Before long many believers were added to the Church, and people came from other places to hear the good news.

John Berridge now burnt his old sermons, and preached from memory. Nor did he merely keep to his own parish; but in all the country round he spread the Gospel of Jesus Christ and Him crucified. He lived to the age of seventy-seven. He was kept in perfect peace to the end, and looked forward with joy to be for ever with the Lord who had redeemed him. He fixed on the spot in Everton Churchyard where he would be buried, and wrote the epitaph for his grave, leaving a space for the date of his death to be added. It runs thus:—

Here lie
The earthly remains of
JOHN BERRIDGE,
Late Vicar of Everton,
And an itinerant servant of Jesus Christ,
Who loved his Master and His work,
And after running on His errands many years,
Was called up to wait on Him above.

Reader,
Art thou born again?
No salvation without a new birth!
I was born in sin, February, 1716;
Remained ignorant of my fallen state till 1730;
Lived proudly on faith and works for salvation till 1751;
Was admitted to Everton Vicarage, 1755;
Fled to Jesus alone for refuge, 1756.
Fell asleep in Christ Jesus, January 22, 1793.

"I'M ONLY A NAIL."

LIVING quite retired from the scenes of public and active life, as I was driving in a nail the other day, I thought to myself, all I want of that nail is to *be still* and *hold on*. I should be much dissatisfied with that nail if, in the wish to be useful, it should leave its place and go bustling over the house, interfering with the comfort and endangering the safety of the household.

Then I thought there were some human nails, and I concluded I was one; so here I am, waiting to hold whatever may be hung upon me, that's all.