

lects they have used are spoken. North in Alaska and south in Terra del Fuego, in Norway and in Cape Colony, in Sierra Leone and Ceylon, in Australia and in numerous lesser islands of the sea these red figures meet the eye.

Many interesting facts connected with the Society's work come to mind as the eye rests now upon one part and then another of this map, and allusion to some of them may be of interest at this point. Here, for example, is Afghanistan, which reminds us of the completion of the Pashtu version of the Scriptures and gives us the satisfaction of knowing that the Society has just given to the Afghans the whole Bible in their own tongue. Look now at the island of Madagascar. To this people the Society has recently given a reference Bible. The practice of comparing Scripture with Scripture we know to be helpful to the development of the divine life, and this habit the devout Malagasy can now cultivate to better advantage.

With the continent of Africa before us we can pause and write this sentence, 'When the Bible Society was called into existence there was not a living scrap of the Scriptures in that land. Now there are about sixty versions carrying the light into the great gloom.' An illustration of the blessed effects produced by this light is suggested to us as we read the name Uganda. Six elders of a Christian church in this land, who but a short time before were heathen, had each received from the Society in England a handsomely bound Bible. They were overjoyed at the receipt of this gift, and the letter in which they express their Christian greetings and thanks to the Society for it is most touching. From this incident we are reminded of what is a well-known fact, that the Society renders most efficient help to missionary enterprises in many lands.

Enough, we trust, has now been said to make it plain that the Bible Society, to use Nehemiah's words, is 'doing a great work' and exerting a mighty influence on the world at large. 'Has any book,' asks Dr. Needham Cust, 'ever wrought such a marvellous effect upon nations whether in the pride of their civilization or in their unsophisticated simplicity as this book?' We would not hesitate a moment about the answer which we should give to this question, but let us remind ourselves that the changes referred to have not been wrought by the superstitious veneration of a very remarkable but hermetically sealed book, but by one whose seals have been opened, and whose contents have been made known. And when we think that the mightiest agency in the world for unsealing this book is the British and Foreign Bible Society, we must believe that the Holy Spirit, who enabled the Apostles on the day of Pentecost to speak to every man in his own tongue of the wonderful works of God, has given to the Society's translational work divine approval. Let us therefore bid God-speed to this Society, and not only rejoice in the splendid achievements of the past but watch with deepest interest the developments of the future.

God liveth ever!

Wherefore, Soul, despair thou never!  
 What though thou tread with bleeding feet  
 A thorny path of grief and gloom,  
 Thy God will choose the way most meet  
 To lead thee heavenwards, lead thee home.  
 For this life's long night of sadness  
 He will give thee peace and gladness;  
 Soul, remember in thy pains  
 God o'er all forever reigns.  
 —Zinn.

## 'Make It So Plain That I Can Get Hold of It.'

A TRUE STORY.

On the sixteenth day after the battle of Gettysburg I entered the room where a young wounded colonel was apparently near to death. As I entered he was roused from his stupor, and beckoned me to his bedside, and threw his feeble arms around my neck.

'O my father, how glad I am to see you. I was afraid you would not come till it was too late. I am too feeble to say much, though I have a great many things to say to you; you must do all the talking. Tell me all about dear mother and sister.'

I soon perceived by the appearance of those in the house that there was no hope entertained of his recovery. But as I could no longer endure the agony of suspense, I at last inquired of the doctor, 'Doctor, how long do you think he can live?'

'Not more than four days. He may drop away at any hour.'

'Have you or has anyone told him of his real condition?'

'No. We have left that painful duty for you to do, as we have been expecting your arrival for several days.'

As I entered the room with the dreaded message of death pressing on my heart, the eyes of my son fastened on me.

'Come, sit by my side, father. Have you been talking with the doctor about me?'

'Yes.'

'What did he tell you? Does he think I shall recover?'

There was a painful hesitation for a moment.

'Don't be afraid to tell me just what he said.'

'He told me you must die.'

'How long does he think I can live?'

'Not to exceed four days, and that you may drop away any hour.'

With great agitation he exclaimed, 'Father, is that so? Then I must die! I cannot, I must not die! O I am not prepared to die now. Do tell me how I can get ready. Make it so plain that I can get hold of it. Tell me, in a few words, if you can, so that I can see it plainly. I know you can, father, for I used to hear you explain it to others.'

'Twas no time now for tears, but for calmness and light, by which to lead the soul to Christ, and both were given.

'My son, I see you are afraid to die.'

'Yes, I am.'

'Well, I suppose you feel guilty?'

'Yes, that is it. I have been a wicked young man. You know how it is in the army.'

'You want to be forgiven, don't you?'

'O yes, that is what I want. Can I be, father?'

'Certainly.'

'Can I know it before I die?'

'Certainly.'

'Well, now, father, make it so plain that I can get hold of it.'

At once an incident that occurred during the school days of my son came to my mind. I had not thought of it before for several years. Now it came back to me, fresh with its interest, and just what was wanted to guide the agitated heart of this young inquirer to Jesus.

'Do you remember while at school in —, you came home one day, and I having occasion to rebuke you, you became very angry, and abused me with harsh language?'

'Yes, father, I was thinking it all over a few days ago, as I thought of your coming to see me, and felt so badly about it that I wanted to see you, and once more ask you to forgive me.'

'Do you remember how, after the paroxysm of your anger had subsided, you came in and threw your arms around my neck and said, "My dear father, I am sorry I abused you so. It was not your loving son that did it. I was very angry. Won't you forgive me?'

'Yes, I remember it very distinctly.'

'Do you remember what I said to you as you wept on my neck?'

'Very well. You said, "I forgive you with all my heart," and kissed me. I shall never forget those words.'

'Did you believe me?'

'Certainly. I never doubted your words.'

'Did you then feel happy again?'

'Yes, perfectly; and since that time I have always loved you more than ever before. I shall never forget how it relieved me when you looked upon me so kindly, and said, "I forgive you with all my heart."'

'Well, now, this is just the way to come to Jesus. Tell him "I am sorry," just as you told me, and ten thousand times quicker than a father's love forgave you, will He forgive you. He says He will: Then you must take His word for it, just as you did mine.'

'Why, father, is this the way to become a Christian?'

'I don't know of any other.'

'Why, father, I can get hold of this. I am so glad you have come to tell me how.'

He turned his head upon his pillow for rest. I sank into my chair and wept freely, for my heart could no longer suppress its emotions. I had done my work, and committed the case to Christ. He, too, I was soon assured, had done His. The broken heart had made its confession, had heard what it had longed for, 'I forgive you,' and believed it.

I soon felt the nervous hand on my head, and heard the word 'father' in such a tone of tenderness and joy, that I knew the change had come.

'Father, my dear father, I don't want you to weep any more, you need not. I am perfectly happy now. Jesus has forgiven me. I know He has, for He says so, and I take His word for it, just as I did yours.'

The doctor soon came in, and found him cheerful and happy, looked at him, felt his pulse, which he had been watching with intense anxiety, and said:

'Why, Colonel, you look better.'

'I am better, Doctor. I am going to get well. My father has told me how to become a Christian, and I am very happy. I believe I shall recover, for God has heard my prayer. Doctor, I want you should become a Christian, too. My father can tell you how to get hold of it.'

The Colonel still lives, a member of the Church of Christ.

I was made a better man, and better minister by that scene, where this dear son, struggling with his guilt and fear of death, was led to Jesus, and found the pardon of his sins. I there resolved never to forget that charge he made to me in his extremity: 'Make it so plain that I can get hold of it.'—'Evangelist.'

## Stand Your Ground.

On the clock of history the hour for missions has sounded. Says Dr. Robert N. Cust, 'The church, the family, the individual who does not place the duty of conquering new kingdoms to the Lord in the first line of their obligations, abdicate their position.'

Brazil, which alone is larger than the whole United States, and with 16,000,000 people, has only about one missionary to every 138,000 souls.