

regard them all as proofs that "God loves me." O, that is a blessed consolation! It is a sweet draught that takes away much of the bitterness of sorrow's cup.

"God loves me!"—Then let me never repine again at what he does with me; for if he loves me he will do what is best for me. Though I have to walk through darkness that can be felt, yet may I remember that God loves me! Though the waters of affliction completely overwhelm me, I must remember that God loves me! Though my earthly life be one scene of uninterrupted adversity, still I must remember that God loves me!—*Christian Times*.

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#### THE OLD TESTAMENT ONLY.

The following occurred at the Breslau Bible Depôt:—A Jewish young lady one day walked into the Depôt, and intimated her desire to buy a copy of the Old Testament. She declined taking one in the Hebrew language, and as we do not circulate the Old Testament alone in any of the Western languages, there was a difficulty. Rudolph, our old Colporteur, observed that she might easily have the New Testament removed, if she did not wish to act on the principle of proving all things, and holding fast that which is good, or else she might simply abstain from reading the New Testament. "No," said she, "she would examine nothing; it was dangerous to enter on such speculative matters; impressions might be made sufficient to disturb the peace of the mind. She would hear absolutely nothing of Christ," she added. I had a long conversation with her, during the course of which she confessed that she had burnt a New Testament, which had been given her by a friend. "A day or two later she returned, and told me," says Rudolph, "after I had again impressed upon her the necessity of searching the Scriptures, that she had been forced by her father, when he was on his death-bed, to promise never to enter upon any conversation, or read any book, relating to Jesus; but she *could not help* thinking on religious matters, and she felt she must now have a Bible." May the book be blessed in her experience!

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#### THE TWO CHAMPIONS.

The death of the Rev. Dr. Lyman Beecher, and especially his last touching request, "Lay me by the side of Bro. Taylor," brings before me so vividly an incident connected with these two noble New England divines, which occurred nearly forty years ago, that I cannot well forbear to relate it.

The scene was laid in old Connecticut, where a small Congregational church in a rural district had become involved in a bitter and implacable quarrel. The parties in controversy were nearly divided, fierce animosity was fast taking the place of brotherly love, and Christ was being cruelly wounded in the house of his professed friends. A majority in the Church had excommunicated the minority, the latter had established a separate place of worship, and it was hard to tell where the mischief would stop.

At length one of the excluded members, a sister who was deeply grieved at the reproach which this quarrel was bringing upon the Christian name, proposed an appeal to the Association. The step was taken and a day appointed for the hearing of the case. Meanwhile the appellants were advised by a neighbouring minister to secure the services of Dr. Taylor in presenting and defending their cause. The Doctor had some personal friends in the aggrieved party, and consented to undertake their case for them.

There was and had been no settled minister in the parish for several years, so the respondents felt that they must have an advocate before the Consociation. Whom should they seek? Dr. Taylor was a man of pre-eminent ability. Where should they find a champion able to contend with him? A divinity student from the Seminary at Yale, who supplied their pulpit, was told of their perplexity. "Oh," said the young theologian, "there is but one man for you—get Dr. Lyman Beecher, of Litchfield. He is fully the equal of Dr. Taylor, and if your cause is sound, you