

kerchiefs of brilliant colors completed their head-dress. At some signal or sign, the crowd gathered before the priests and laid their offerings before them in humble adoration and loud prayers, and each priest dipped his bunch of flowers into the holy water and sprinkled it on the pineapples, bananas and other fruits, and on the accomplishment of this ceremony one heard shouts of 'Ayo! ayo! Bromo!'—'Forward to the Bromo!' and the tide of human beings made a rush for the volcano—the first who reached it being sure 'to be favored by fortune.'

Sinking ankle deep in the sandy slopes under a burning sun we at length reached the rugged ridge of the volcano. The crater is about three hundred feet in diameter, sloping downwards to a depth of fully two hundred feet. The interior basin is rocky and rough, and crusted over with deposits of sulphur, and the floor below it is also coated thickly with red and yellow substance. From about the centre issued dense volumes of smoke. Enormous cakes of red earth, like baked mud, which crumbled at the touch, lay about in masses on the ridge and sides of the crater. All the priests having attained the summit, prayers were said, after which they handed the offerings to their owners, who hurled coconuts, cakes, fruit, coins, and even live poultry into the yawning gulf. After this ceremony the people descended to the plain below and amused themselves with games, dances, throwing stones for luck over a pyramidal mound, and also in scrambling for chickens thrown up in the air, to be caught or torn to pieces by the scramblers.

I have avoided going into particulars about the volcano. Suffice it to say that it is about thirteen miles in circumference, and it is considered one of the largest volcanoes in the world.

Dr. James H. Brooks.

(Reminiscence by the Rev. E. Payson Hammond.)

The late Dr. J. H. Brookes, editor of 'The Truth,' was one of the ardent workers in the meetings which I conducted, in St. Louis, in 1875, when, as the result of God's blessing, between five and six thousand joined the different churches. I believe he will meet many in heaven whom he then pointed to Jesus.

When I was at his residence, recently, he told me the following touching story, showing how God at that time blessed the verse from Isa. xlv., 22, 'I have blotted out, as a thick cloud, thy transgressions, and, as a cloud, thy sins.'

Dr. Brookes was asked to conduct the funeral services of a gentleman whose name had never been mentioned in his presence. Arriving at the house into which death had entered, he was ushered into a large room where the body lay in a coffin, surrounded by a number of acquaintances and friends. He glanced at the dead man, but had no recollection of ever having seen him, and wondered why he had been requested to be present.

In a little while he was conducted to another apartment to see the widow, who at once explained why she had sent for him in her sorrow. She told him, with tears, that it was her husband's wish to have him present at the burial, because he, the minister, had spoken to him two or three times during the progress of the great revival more than seven years before.

'I have forgotten all about it,' was the reply, 'and have no recollection whatever of seeing your husband at any time. But amid the number with whom conversation was

held during the meeting, it is not strange that memory fails to recall one whom I did not know.'

'I am not sure,' she said, 'that your words helped him out of darkness and distress into the light and liberty of the Gospel, but the Word of God did it in a marvellous way.'

Then asking her sister to bring the family bible, she took from it a little slip of paper on which was printed a single verse. 'A lady,' she continued, 'whom I had never seen before, and whom I have never seen since, approached us, one evening, as we were leaving the building, and gently asked my husband to accept that little piece of paper, and then she immediately disappeared, and I should not know her if we were to meet again face to face.'

At this Dr. Brookes took the paper, and read the words: 'I have blotted out, as a thick cloud, thy transgressions, and, as a cloud, thy sins.' (Isa. xlv., 22.) Just beneath on the margin was written, 'March 4, 1874.' The paper was cheap, and faded, and many such slips, with a verse of scripture could be purchased for almost nothing. Perhaps the lady who gave the text to the man had paid nothing for it, and it required very little effort to place it in his hand, but the fruit of so small a service will be seen while an eternity of glory endures.

'My husband,' said the weeping widow, 'was in deep gloom that evening, and told me it seemed he could never be saved. But when he reached home he thought of the paper, and taking it from his pocket he slowly read, "I have blotted out, as a thick cloud, thy transgressions, and, as a cloud, thy sins." He was silent for a while; then turning to me with a trembling voice he asked if it could be true. I replied that it must be true because God said it in his Word, and after a moment more of silence his face lighted up with joy and he exclaimed, "I will sign my name to it as true, and true for me." From that moment all was peace, and he lived for more than seven years in the faith that God of his own grace had blotted out his transgressions and sins with the precious blood of Christ.'

Of course, the verse was the text of the funeral discourse, and those who were acquainted with Dr. Brookes know what a clear and earnest sermon, under these peculiar circumstances, he preached to those friends and mourners gathered around the coffin. Should we not all learn from this touching story the importance of heeding the words, 'be instant in season, and out of season,' (II. Tim. iv., 2)? No doubt the lady, as she sat near that man, observed that he was anxious about his soul, and so was led to hand him the verse quoted above. Had it not been for her thoughtful interest, the impression upon him might have been lost. She will probably never know in this world the result of that single act of loving service for the Master, but her soul will one day thrill with joy to find that at those union meetings at St. Louis she led at least one soul to Christ, whose blood cleanseth from all sin.—'The Occident.'

A Star for Her Crown.

There is no position so beset with temptation that God is not able to make his children more than conquerors even there. A writer to the 'Golden Rule' tells of the victory won by a Christlike life in a home where ignorance and vice seemed to reign supreme.

Josie L— was a girl in her early teens when she was picked up by an earnest Sunday-school teacher, and induced to join her class. Several months after she came into the Sunday-school a series of revival meetings was held in the church, and, among

others, Josie's heart was touched, and she seemed eager to begin a Christian life.

'But,' asked she, 'do you think that it will be of any use for me to try to be a Christian in such a home as mine?'

The answer was not far to seek for one who knows the riches of his grace. "He giveth more grace," we said. 'He can enable you, dear child, to be faithful to him even where Satan's throne is. Take him, not only as Saviour, but as daily Keeper as well. And maybe he will use you as a light in that dark place to lead some other soul to himself.'

The little girl took us at our word, made a public confession of Jesus as Saviour, and became a member of the Church. The utmost faithfulness characterized her attendance upon the means of grace. She became one of the charter members of the Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor, and never missed a meeting.

Of course she met with abuse and opposition at home. The 'roaring lion' in his rage strove to stamp out her religion through persecution. But where the love of Jesus is in a human heart such things count for little.

And now comes the sequel. Months had passed by, and another series of evangelistic services was in progress in that church, when, one Sunday evening, as the preacher was about to begin his sermon, he saw the door open at the left-hand side aisle, and, to the surprise of all, in walked Josie with a stooped-shouldered old woman at her side. They walked half-way down the aisle taking a seat together.

It was Josie's mother. Truly the light had been shining in a dark place, and another had begun to walk in its blessed beams. All seemed to have been understood between them before coming to church; so that the sermon was not to be credited with what followed. As soon as the invitation was given the girl took her mother's arm, and leading her to the front seat, again sat down by her side. The girl's life had brought her mother to Christ; and when the stars find their places in the crowns to which they belong, one, at least, will be found brightly shining in Josie's crown of rejoicing.

Treasure.

(By Flora L. Stanfield.)

Sadly the rich man pondered—'How can I, Knowing beyond all doubt that I must die, Gather my wealth together in my hand, So that, awaking in a fairer land, It will be there to greet celestial sight? Let skilful lapidaries bring the light Of all their jewels to me! and he chose A brilliant diamond, cut like a rose And worth a monarch's ransom, So he died And in God's time awoke, and loudly cried: 'Where is my treasure? It was safe to-day I must have lost it somewhere on the way.' 'Be comforted!' up spoke a shining one, 'Your treasure is intact; each good deed done, Each penny given from your simple hoard, When you had little; every struggle toward The heights the blessed reach, all, all, are here.'

'But my lost diamond!' 'I surely fear,' Said the stern angel, 'that the bit of dross You call a diamond, will prove a loss Beyond retrieval.' There the rich man sighed

And turned away, but suddenly espied A tiny globe of light; 'Ah, here!' he said, 'Here is my jewel!' and a glory spread Over his visage; but the angel smiled: 'That is the tear-drop of a starving child To whom you ministered; a banished tear Is called a diamond by dwellers here.'