

and the heart had seen Jesus as the Saviour for sinners, and he had passed through death without a cloud, and without a spot. Can human eloquence give a soul facing death peace? Can music, or art, or science prepare a living soul to meet a holy God? Can possessions or crowns and kingdoms cause a spirit to pass out from everything here into eternity, not only calmly, but with joy? We know they cannot. Only the Word made flesh who dwelt among men, and still speaks; a living, risen Man in the glory; only the crucified Lord who "died for the ungodly;" can set the sinking feet upon a rock, and give a soul life.

Oh! that each dear reader who hears Him say, "Believest thou this?" might truly cry, "Lord, *I believe*; help Thou mine unbelief."

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Father, mother, just lift that dear little son or daughter up on your knees and tell them some of the wonders Jesus did when He was here. Tell them often about His great love—about His miracles—about His death—His precious blood that cleanses from all sin—His resurrection, and His going home to the glory—and His coming again to take His own there. Do you love the little dears? Oh, yes, you say as you fondly kiss them and nestle them in your bosom. If so then don't neglect their souls. Bring them to Jesus in the arms of faith, and look at His face of love, and ask Him as you sow His incorruptible word in their hearts to make it the power of God to their salvation.