

in the woods, wandering over mountain after mountain, in dark and dangerous places among the rocks and precipices, not knowing where we were going. It grew darker and darker—we were groping along, sometimes on the brink of a dreadful precipice, and didn't know it. Then some of us began to fall down the steep mountains, and thought we should be dashed to pieces. (I know I thought so.) But we caught hold of the bushes to hold ourselves up by them; some bushes would give way, and then we would catch others, and hold on till they gave way, broke, or tore up by the roots, and then we would catch others, and others. Don't you remember it, sir?"

"Partly. But go on."

"Well, you said our friends were calling to us, as we hung by the bushes on the brink, and we called to one another '*hold on—hold on.*' Then, you said this cry, '*hold on—hold on,*' might be a very natural one for anybody to make, if he should see a poor creature hanging over the edge of a precipice, clinging to a little bush with all his might—if the man didn't see anything *else*. But you said there was another thing to be seen, which these '*hold on*' people didn't seem to know anything about. You said the Lord Jesus Christ was down at the bottom of the precipice, lifting up both His hands to catch us, if we would consent to fall into His arms, and was crying out to us, '*let go—let go—let go.*' Up above, all around where we were, you said they were crying out '*hold on—hold on.*' Down below, you said, Jesus Christ kept crying out '*let go—let go;*' and if we only knew who He was, and would *let go* the bushes of sin and self-righteousness, and fall into the arms of Christ, we should be saved. And you said we had better stop our noise and *listen*, and hear *His* voice, and *take* His advice—and '*let go.*'"

"Don't you recollect that sermon, sir?"

"Yes, only you have preached it better than I did."

"Well when I remembered that sermon last spring, in my dark, back-slidden state, I tried to obey it. I '*let go* *everything*, and trusted myself to Christ; and in a little while, my heart was comforted—my hope came back again. And afterwards, when I was wondering at it, I thought, perhaps it was just so, when you preached that sermon a great while ago, when I was first led to have a hope of salvation. But I never thought of it before; I don't know how I found peace and hope the first time, if this was not the way. I suppose we have to make our choice whether to '*hold on*' to something which can't save us, or '*let go,*' and *fall into the hands of the Lord.*'"

The efforts of a legal spirit are directly the opposite of an evangelical faith. By nature every sinner resorts to the law. It cannot save him. He must let go that and fall into the arms of Christ. *Faith* saves, and Jesus Christ is the sole object of faith.

AN HONEST TURK.

A poor man at Smyrna claimed the property of a house, which a rich man had unjustly seized. The poor man held his legal documents to prove his rights, but wanted the means of corroborating their evidence by the testimony of witnesses. The rich man was able to *buy* as many witnesses as he chose; and in order to make room for the effect of their depositions at an impending trial, he presented the Cadi who was to decide the cause with five hundred ducats. On the day of the trial the poor man simply presented his documents and narrated his story; and he was followed by the rich man who, after having brought forth an array of witnesses, made a triumphant flourish about their being the only witnesses in the cause, and urged the Cadi to give sentence in his favour. The judge kept silence for some minutes, and then calmly drew out from beneath his seat the bag of ducats which had been given him, gravely saying to the rich man, "You have been much mistaken in the suit, for, though the poor man has not personally been able to produce any witnesses in his favour, I myself can produce no fewer than five hundred." He then threw away the bag with reproach and indignation and decreed the house to the poor plaintiff.

The sturdy honesty of this Turkish Cadi is well worth the consideration of professing Christians. Every member of society is more or less frequently called on to exercise in some sense, the functions of a judge. One of the most common occasions is when, from either choice or necessity, an opinion or sentence is pronounced on the character of a neighbour; and seldom does such an occasion happen, without some bribe being offered to pride, or interest or passion, with a view of influencing the decision. A person for some reason which he does not state, wishes to have the character of an individual condemned; he thinks my opinion on the case of considerable importance; he comes to me and repeats charges, vague stories, or inuendoes, which he thinks, should