

a place with the saints of the Old and New Testament. In "The Link and the Rivet" is found the following sketch of a poor widow, visited by the Superintendent of a Bible Reading Society.

I found her in a back kitchen, which once was used for a wash house. The pavement of the back yard came nearly to the top of the window, and so obscured the light that I could at first see nothing but a speck of fire in the corner of the room. A large bedstead filled the tiny place, so that it was hardly possible to get in. I groped my way towards the fire, and when near enough to hear the feeble tones of the inhabitant of this dark abode, I only recognised her voice, for I could not distinguish her features. She was sadly bent from pain with rheumatism, and had also bronchitis, which hardly allowed her to speak; but I will give you the substance of her answers to my questions, spoken in short, interrupted sentences.

"It is Miss ——'s voice—I know it, oh, how good God is! I have only the bit of fire you see in the grate, and I was just praying to him to send me help; for you see the damp on the walls."

I looked, and the walls were damp, and in places wet to the touch, from the ground nearly up to the ceiling. I asked her how she lived.

"They won't allow me anything from the house, because I'm not old enough, but they will take me in; and I would go, as far as I am concerned, but what would become of my three little children? The youngest depends on me—he is only seven; the two others have each got a little place; the little girl (only nine) nurses a baby, and her mistress likes her so much that she has taken her into her house altogether, but I wash and mend her bits of things every week. And the little boy is gone to a green-grocer's to run errands, and they heard of my situation, and have given me his meals: So you see I leap from joy to joy."

"What do you take," I asked, "for your cough and pain in your chest?"

"I have not had anything today but a half-penny worth of tea-leaves, and that seems to sooth my cough and chest."

Only a handful of firing, saved from the day before, and only one halfpenny to spend for herself and little child, the whole of that bitter cold winter day; and yet not one murmur, but all thanksgiving to God for all that he did, and exclaiming at the end, "I leap from joy to joy!" O, well might I learn a lesson from this humble, bright Christian! Shall we, surrounded with all our comforts and luxuries, ever murmur or complain? As I walked home that afternoon, I was humbled to think that, with all my superior privileges and comforts, I could not feel such faith as this widow, hidden in her damp, dark back kitchen, resting so

peacefully on her Saviour's love that the deepest poverty could not shake her faith in him. I was filled with joy to witness the strength and reality of vital religion. How rejoiced I should be if all who do not know what true Christianity really is could see such a picture as that!

## THE WAY TO HEAVEN.

### A CONVERSATION IN A COTTAGE.

A clergyman was visiting an old couple in a distant part of his parish. The wife was poorly, and the old man had no work to do that day; so they were sitting together by the fire. The minister, after some conversation, opened the Bible at the 7th chapter of Revelation, and read from the 9th verse—beginning, "After this I beheld, and, lo, a great multitude" down to the end of the chapter. The old couple listened with great attention. When he had done, the minister turned to the old man and said:

"That's a beautiful passage, Master Hill."

"Ay, sir, it is indeed."

"I hope *you* are looking that way with all your heart, and your wife too."

"I hope we are, sir, I'm sure, both of us. It's time we should."

"Tell me, what is it you look to, to bring you to that happy place?"

The old man seemed a little confused by the question; but in a few moments he answered:

"Well, sir, I must do as well as I can."

"And do you think that will save you?"

"I hope so, sir. I don't know as I can do any more."

"I'll tell you what, Master Hill," said the clergyman, very solemnly, "you'll never get to heaven so. That was not the way those happy people got there of whom I have been reading. You'll never get there so."

The old man looked as if he saw he had said something wrong, but he knew not how to mend his answer; so the clergyman said, "Let me read part of it again," and once more he read as follows; "These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb."

"There is nothing there," continued he, "about having done as well as they could; they did not get there so."

"No, sir, no. I see it better now. They got there by the blood of the Lamb. It says they did."

Yes by the blood of the Lamb, the Lamb of God, Jesus Christ. They had washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb; *therefore* they were before the throne of God, safe and happy forever. They had lived on earth once as we do, and had been sinners like us. But they had repented of their sins, and gone to Christ