

here are Christian men who, if they are a little sneered at, or snubbed, or get the cold shoulder for Christ's sake, are half ashamed of their profession, and would go and hide. And if they are not like Peter—tempted to curse and swear to escape the blessed imputation—they would turn the conversation, that they might not suffer for Christ.—Oh for four hundred Scoevolus, four hundred men who for Christ's sake would burn, not their right hands, but their bodies, if indeed Christ's name might be glorified, and sin might be stabbed to the heart.—*Spurgeon.*

THE LITTLE RAG-SORTER.

I took my place by her bed, and went on to repeat to her, in a low voice, the parable of the prodigal son—Luke xv. 11—which at our first meeting had so deeply impressed her. The little hunger-pinched face became calm and composed, and the distressing excitement gave place to eager, but profound attention. At that touching passage, “When he was yet a great way off, his father saw him,” &c., she exclaimed, in a short, decided manner, a manner peculiar to these neglected little ones, reared in the very hot-bed of sin and strife—

“Ah! that was *just like me!* That's good, say it again. A *great way off!* What, ever so far? Away, away—like me with the devil? That must be far from God and the Lamb!”

After a pause, to moisten her poor, black, parched lips, she continued, “Yes, I was a great way off. But the father saw him before he saw the father—that's like me again! Why did he not clean himself a little before he went home? I would. Oh! I forgot!” she added quickly, and in a tone of deep sadness, “you said we could not *make* ourselves clean. I wish we could! I should like to *show* Jesus that I want to be good.”

I tried to make her understand that her heavenly Father saw her desire to be a good child, and had put away the filthiness of sin from her for His sake, who had died for her, that she might be made pure and holy in His precious blood; that this kind Father, who bade me invite her to go to Him, had provided her with a clean heart, without which no one can see God.

“Oh! how good! how kind! But,”—she hesitated, and covered her face with her long, thin fingers, as her tears flowed fast, and sob after sob almost choked her utterance—“I am afraid I have been *worse* than that bad son. I have told lies! and you said no liar could enter the beautiful home. I have used bad words, awful bad words—worse than you know of, and God said no one should take His name in vain. I have had a bad book, too, full of wicked songs, and I have sung them, and—don't turn away your head, I have stolen, too. I thought of all this when I came home, and for a long time I felt frightened to go to God; but all at once I remembered about the thief, that poor thief who died with Jesus, you know; and as soon as everybody was fast asleep in our room, I got up very softly, I went over into the corner there by the fire, I took my song-book and tore it into little pieces, red cover and all, though I once thought it so pretty. I struck a match, I burnt it, every morsel, to tinder. Then I said, ‘Dear Jesus! I want very much to love you, I want to get away from the devil, please help me! Take away my naughty thoughts, please do, dear Jesus!’ I think *He* heard me, I know *He* did,” she added, with animation, “for I felt somehow different ever since; I am not afraid now, *no, not one bit!* and I love Him much, so much!”

It was a solemn hour. For a time all was still, even the labouring breath ceased, when with sudden energy, and far greater power than I could have supposed it possible for her to have retained, she raised herself up, and with her earnest eyes fixed on my own, she said, in a clear, distinct voice:—

“Fetch them in! Oh, *be sure* and fetch them in, and tell them of Jesus! Tell them of Jesus!”

Again there was a silence, she scarcely breathed, a slight spasm crossed her face, all was nearly over. I said, “Dear child! Jesus has gained the victory for you!” She caught the word, and with a shout of gladness such as never rang from those pallid lips before in the fourteen years of her sorrowful life, she cried, “Victory! victory! I am washed and made clean! Glory!”—*Advocate and Guardian.*