

forgiveness, Joe ; now go home and confess to the Lord, but remember you must *forsake* as well as *confess*. And keep this little coin as long as you live to remind you of this first temptation."—*Child's World*.

GUARD THY TONGUE.

GUARD, my child, thy tongue,
That it speak no wrong ;
Let no evil word pass o'er it ;
Set the watch of truth before it,
That it do no wrong ;
Guard, my child, thy tongue.

Guard, my child, thine ear—
Wicked words will sear ;
Let no evil word come in
That may cause thy soul to sin—
Wicked words will sear ;
Guard, my child, thine ear.

Ear and eye and tongue
Guard while thou art young ;
For, alas ! these bu-y three
Can unruly members be ;
Guard while thou art young,
Ears and eyes and tongue.

SAVING THE LIFE OF ONE'S ENEMY.



THE Netherland people were not fighting for a religion of mere forms and ceremonies. Many of them had felt the power of the Gospel in their own souls. In the records of those

bloody persecutions, when they were hunted down and slaughtered like wild beasts, there are many touching examples showing what the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ can do for those who believe on His name. Let me tell you the story of Dirk Willemzoon.

This man was a Protestant, and belonged to a sect more hated, perhaps, than any other. It was in the days when the Duke of Alva and the Council of Blood used to put to death anybody they pleased without ceremony. After having been condemned to die, Dirk Willemzoon had somehow got away and fled for his life far over the open country, with an officer following

hard after him. It was winter, and his way led across a frozen lake. The thin ice trembled and cracked under his flying feet, the pursuer was close behind ; but on he ran till he reached the opposite shore. At that moment he heard behind him a sudden crash, and a loud cry for help. The ice had at last given way, and the officer was going down. No one else was in sight ; the poor hunted heretic was now safe.

But Willemzoon had got his ideas of religion out of the Bible, though in those terrible days it was death to be suspected of having seen or heard a word of that holy book. The despised Anabaptist was too much of a Christian to let his enemy perish before his eyes, cost what it might to save him. So back he went across the frail and treacherous ice, and brought the drowning officer safe to shore. And then—what do you suppose the rescued pursuer did ? He turned around and arrested once more this man who had just saved his life at the peril of his own. Had he allowed him to escape, he would doubtless have been put to death himself.

One might think a man who had done a deed so noble as Willemzoon's deserved to be pardoned, whatever his previous offence had been. But for a heretic mercy was out of the question. The next May—1572—they burned him alive.

There is another little story about a poor widow, whose husband had been put to death for his religion. The persecutors had somehow overlooked her while disposing of more important cases, and so she lived on in her humble home until times began to change. Some tumult having arisen in that city, the cruel burgomaster who had shed so much innocent blood was obliged to flee for his life. In his terror he sought a hiding-place among the dwellings of the poor. This widow showed him a secret recess in her house. "Shall I be safe here ?" asked the trembling magistrate as he entered it. "O yes, Sir Burgomaster," replied the widow, "you need have no fear. In this very closet my husband once lay hid when your soldiers searched the house."

Perhaps this man's heart had grown too hard to feel either remorse or gratitude. But such