

gan the words, 'Then drew near unto Him all the publicans and sinners for to hear Him,' until he closed, at our desire, with the beautiful twenty-fourth verse, 'For this my son was dead, and is alive again; he was lost, and is found. And they began to be merry,' there was the most eager and rapt attention. The story of the good shepherd seeking the lost sheep was read with simple eloquence. There was real power, too, in the recital of the recovery of the lost piece of silver, and of the 'joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth'; and whether it was the strange accent and intonation, we know not, but never in all our days have we heard the story of the Father's great love for the poor prodigal read with more telling and decided effect. Even the dreaded objector was 'stilled,' and listened with many others in perfect quietness until the reading was done. Indeed later on he told us he remembered 'learning' about the prodigal when he 'was a scholar at a Sunday-school,' and he thought the service was not 'so bad, after all!'

By this time, as our readers will understand, our congregation had been constituted, and taking advantage of it, our friend continued the meeting.

The words of the beautiful parable formed his text, and he spoke to an interested and deeply attentive audience of the Father's wonderful love.

Perhaps the singular time and circumstances had touched the hearts of the people, for God was there, speaking through his servant to many weary hearts. The story of the prodigal was fully told, as though it had never been preached before. The 'robe,' the 'ring,' the 'shoes' for the feet, and the 'fattened calf,' and all the perfect provision for the sinner's utmost need, he unfolded with the deepest fervor and earnestness, and closed his address in terms we have never forgotten, urging on every one of his hearers acceptance of the Saviour, that they might know the infinite compassion of the Father, and the delight of heavenly joy thus begun upon earth.

After our friend had finished we felt it was too solemn and wonderful to add many words, but we did refer to Matt., x., 32, 'Whosoever, therefore, shall confess me before men, him will I confess also before my Father which is in heaven'; and, thank God, when we appealed to the people to take their stand on this verse and confess the name of Christ, many of our fellow-passengers did so.

Very boldly some of them declared how God had met with them years ago, but how they had grown cold, until hearing the voice of the little Italian boy, and the words of our friend, they had felt again the throbbings of the new life, and were determined henceforth, by God's help, to take their stand on the Lord's side, and to confess his holy name. Others, for the first time in their lives, decided for Christ that afternoon, on the deck of that ship, and confessed the Lord Jesus Christ as the Son of the Living God.

We felt the hand of God was in it all as with one heart we praised him for his mercy.

We sang at the close of the meeting—

'All hail the power of Jesus's name,  
Let angels prostrate fall,  
Bring forth the royal diadem,  
And crown Him Lord of all.'

and there were few voices silent or souls unreached in some way through the Christ-exalting strain.

We remember well, one young friend who spoke very boldly for Christ that day. He was converted through a colporteur, who

gave him a little book to read, 'The Two Alexanders.' This proved a blessing to him and to several fellow-servants in the house in which he lived, two of whom were accompanying him then. It may also be wondered how our little Italian friend so readily acquiesced in our request and could read so well. It was a great joy to us, in subsequently talking with him, to find that he lived in London with his Christian grandmother, who had taught him to love the scriptures, and to whom he had given his word before he had left home that he would never sing or play for money on the Lord's Day. God honored the lad's heroism, and many a man might learn a lesson from his consistency and courage when apparently without a friend to stand by or uphold him.

### 'Lazarus. Come Forth.'

(By Chaplain George Sanderson.)

When Jesus was upon the earth he went about doing good—healing the sick, giving sight to the blind, strength to the weak, and comfort to the sorrowful. Several times he even gave life to the dead.

There was a little village in Palestine called Bethany. A family, consisting of a brother, named Lazarus, and his two sisters, Martha and Mary, dwelt in the little village, and when weary, Jesus would sometimes go to their home for rest. This brother and his sisters loved Jesus, and were his faithful followers, and Jesus loved them.

One day Lazarus fell sick. His sisters became very anxious about him, for they loved him dearly. In their extremity they bethought themselves of Jesus, and of the mighty works which he had performed, and so they sent him a message saying, 'Lord, behold, he whom thou lovest is sick.' When Jesus received the message he did not go immediately to the bedside of his sick friend, but tarried several days longer in the place where he then was. He knew that Lazarus would die, and that his death would give him a greater opportunity to glorify God.

When Jesus came near to the home of Lazarus, he found that he had died and been buried four days. Martha came and met Jesus, and said to him: 'Lord, if thou hadst been here my brother had not died. But I know, that even now, whatsoever thou wilt ask of God, God will give it thee.' Jesus told her that her brother should rise again, but she thought he meant in the resurrection at the last day. And so Jesus said: 'I am the resurrection and the life, he that believeth in me; though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die.'

Then Mary came and also said to him that Lazarus would not have died if he had been there. What a grand and abiding faith these sisters had in the blessed Lord! Jesus was so deeply moved that he wept.

When they came to the tomb where Lazarus was laid Jesus caused the stone to be rolled away from the door, and cried in a loud voice, 'Lazarus, come forth!' and Lazarus, who had been dead four days, came forth, bound hand and foot with grave-clothes.

No doubt you would have been astonished, my little friends, if you had seen that wonderful sight—the raising of a dead man to life. You can imagine, then, the effect it produced upon the people who saw it. The wonderful deed which Jesus performed in their sight convinced them that he was the real Son of God, and they believed on him.

Christ raised Lazarus up from the death which nature demands from us all—the death that Lazarus eventually succumbed to;

but he can also raise us up from the death of sin to the life of righteousness.—'Buds of Promise.'

### Learned Greek When a Baby

Prof. Joanna Baker, the Iowa linguist, avoided the fate of the average prodigies, who blossom early and die shortly after. The prime of life found her established in a useful career as instructor in Greek language, literature and philosophy, at Simpson College, Indianola. All the arguments against early drill in languages were upset in her experience, and the result indicates to the Indianapolis 'Sentinel,' that the German method of putting children at Latin and Greek is not so cruel after all. Miss Baker's parents taught her Greek and Latin conjugations for amusement as soon as she could speak clearly, and she learned them as thoroughly as children do nursery rhymes. In her fourth year she studied Greek, Latin and French systematically, a short lesson each day. Even then she had ample time for the amusements suited to her age, and before she was eight years old had finished all the primary books in those languages, and finished them thoroughly. Her father and mother both knew the tasks they set the child, and were able to guide her, for they were teachers of experience. Besides the conning of text-books, the young miss read in Xenophon, Homer, Caesar, Virgil and the fables in French. At twelve years of age she had added something of Herodotus, Demosthenes, Sallust and Cicero, and then took up mathematics. At fourteen she read *Edipus Tyrannus* in Greek, and made a lexicon of it, with critical notes on the text. At the age when most boys enter college, Miss Baker had read all the Greek and Latin of a college course, and while yet in her teens was appointed tutor in Greek at Simpson College, and also published an original literal translation of 'Plato's Apology,' which was a credit to scholarship. In 1822, at the age of twenty, she graduated at Cornell College with a degree, after one year within its walls, having already passed some years at Algona College, and at Simpson as a student. Four years later she entered De Pauw University, and was graduated with the degree of A.M., after two years' study, and was elected instructor of Greek and Latin in that institution. After filling the position one year she returned to Simpson College and took the chair of Greek, which her father had held during her early childhood.

It is a pleasure to add to this remarkable story that its heroine was not compelled to sacrifice all that makes life worth living in order to become a great linguist. Her musical abilities were cultivated to a high degree, family and social ties were kept warm, and the outside world as well as her collegiate associates knew that the woman's soul was not starving the while her head pushed eagerly on to conquest of ancient and mediæval lore.—Indianapolis 'Sentinel.'

### A Good Investment.

One dollar at compound interest, well invested, at the end of a century will be worth a thousand dollars; at the end of two centuries it will be worth a million dollars; at the end of three centuries it will be worth a billion dollars. If man can make so much out of invested funds how much can God make? How much do you suppose the dollar you give to Christ will be worth two or three centuries after this, when you behold its glorious fruit in the millennial age? —'Christian Alliance.'