

how can I ever forget that I crucified the Lord o' glory, and put Him to open shame. There is na time nor way to redeem the past. Let me, like Mary, wash His feet wi' my tears!"

Muckle Bess lived to prove the genuineness of her conversion, the re-creation of her spirit.

She who had tortured animals in revenge for the treatment of their owners, went from stall to stall, tenderly stroking the cows and horses, and binding up their wounds when they had been injured. She had become indeed a new creature!

If any doubt the truth of this story, which we had from a reliable source, let them look about them, and see if God has not saved among us just as depraved and hopeless sinners as Muckle Bess? Let us remember that Jesus has power over all things, in heaven and earth, aye, and in the dark domains of evil, and never say of any mortal sinner, "His case is hopeless."

JESUS WORTHY TO BE TRUSTED.

Some little time ago I was conducting a mission in the north of England. There I met with a young person in great distress of soul. She had been several months in that state. I saw she was of a melancholy temperament, and I was apprehensive lest the long pressure should in any way affect her mind and ultimately undermine her reason. I tried to set before her the necessity of trusting Jesus. She only answered with a shake of the head and said, "I can't trust Jesus; I don't know how."

"Will you trust me?" "Oh yes, I will trust you."

"Are you quite sure you trust me?" "Yes I do."

"But suppose it were a matter of paying into my hands every farthing you possess in the world, so that I should have the means of ruining you and stripping you of all your worldly possessions. Suppose there were some reason that led you to feel that that would be expedient, would you do it?"

She smiled, and thought a moment: "Well, I do not think I should."

"I should be very much surprised if you did; it would be very rash of you to trust an utter stranger with every farthing you had in the world. But supposing it was a great object to be able to trust me, how would you set about it? Would you try to work yourself up into an enthusiasm of trust, so that you would at last say, 'I *will* trust him?'"

"No, sir, I should not set about it in that way."

"Well, you would be a great fool if you did; that would not make me trustworthy. But how would you set about it?"

"Oh, well, I should make inquiry."

"Exactly. You would probably write to the vicar of the parish, the bishop of the diocese, and two or three well known clergymen, and say, 'Do you know anything about Mr. Aitken?' And if they all bore the same witness and said, 'We have known him from a child, and he is thoroughly trustworthy,' then you would come to the conclusion that you could safely trust your property to me.