

have thought of it often without being able to form any opinion or conjecture on the subject.' 'Well,' said Lord Russell, 'that question quite accorded with the turn of my antiquarian mind. On returning home, as I knew I had all the writers of those centuries, I began immediately to collect them, that I might set to work on the arduous task as soon as possible.' Pointing to a table covered with papers, he said, 'Thus have I been busy for these two months, searching for chapters, half chapters, and sentences of the New Testament, and have marked down what I have found, and where I have found it; so that any person may examine and see for himself. I have actually discovered the whole New Testament from these writings, except seven or eleven verses (I forget which,) which satisfies me that I could discover them also. 'Now,' said he, 'here was a way in which God concealed the treasure of his Word, that Julian, the apostate emperor, and the other enemies of Christ, who wished to extirpate the Gospel from the world, never would have thought of; and though they had, they never could have effected their destruction.'

THE EMPEROR OF GERMANY.—The Rev. G. P. Davies, the Society's Agent in Germany, has had the honour of an audience with the Emperor, who received a copy of the memorial edition of the New Testament and Psalms, and listened with much interest to the details of the work done by the Society during the late war.—*Monthly Reporter*.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN BIBLE SOCIETY.—The Rev. Lord Dynevor, the Hon. and Rev. Lord Wriothlesley Russell, and his Highness the Maharajah Duleep Singh, have been added to the list of Vice-Presidents.—*Monthly Reporter*

BEFORE AND NOW.

"Before I was afflicted I went astray, but now have I kept Thy word. Thou art good and doest good."

It is a glad, contented song,
 Father, Thy children sing,
 As, while the tempest passeth by,
 They nestle 'neath Thy wing.
 That "Thou art good, and doest good,"
 Hearts thrilled with love can say,
 For Thou with tender voice hast stayed
 Those who had gone astray.

They wandered far, with wayward feet,
 Up many a mountain height,
 And trembled when the darkness came—
 Lost children in the night.
 The mists uprose before their eyes,
 And hid the Father's face,
 While they, with sad bewildered hearts,
 Forgot their resting-place.

There came an angel in the night—
 The angel's name was Pain—
 He touched the children with his staff,
 And brought them back again
 He brought them to their Father's arms,
 And, happy to be still,
 They listen to His comforting,
 And gladly learn His will.