

The Executioner then advanced with his short, broad-bladed falchion, and measured his distance by stretching his weapon from the position he intended to strike across the nape of the neck. He did this twice. At the third time he struck, severing the head clean from the body. It was whipped up to the air by the spring of the released tree, and sent rebounding several yards away. The remaining captives were despatched one after another in like manner. Their heads were unfleshed by boiling, that the skulls might decorate the poles round the grave. The bodies were dragged away and thrown into the Conge; the soil saturated with the blood was gathered up and buried with the dead chief."

When shall the Gospel lighten these dark lands, and deeds of darkness and cruelty cease?

Tested.

Adoniram Judson, the apostle of Burmah, graduated from Brown University an avowed infidel. His most intimate friend, a brilliant student, was also a sceptic.

The two friends often talked over the question—momentous to one on the eve of graduation—"Whall shall we do to make for ourselves a career?" Both were fond of the drama and delighted in the representations of plays. Each wrote with ease and skill, and so, after many discussions, they almost determined to become dramatists.

Judson graduated in 1807, with the highest honors. A few weeks later he went to New York, to study the "business" of the stage, so that he might be familiar with its requirements in case he should become a play-writer.

His dramatic project did not, however, retain him long in the city, and prompted by a love of adventure, he started on horse-back to make a tour of two or three of the New England States.

One evening, he put up at a country tavern, and was assigned a room adjoining one occupied by a young man sick unto death. The dying man's moans were distinctly heard by Judson, whose scepticism was not strong enough to keep him from musing on the question, "Is that young man prepared to die?"

During the night the groans ceased, and early next morning Judson arose, sought the landlord, and asked:—

"How is the young man?"

"He is dead."

"Who was he?"

He had recently graduated from Brown, and his name was ———."

Judson was stunned, for the name was his sceptical friend's.

Abandoning his journey, he returned to his father's house, a dazed, stricken man. The shock unsettled scepticism. He determined to make a thorough examination of the claims of Christianity upon his faith and conduct.

He entered Andover Theological Seminary, not as a student for the ministry, nor even as a Christian, but simply as a truth-seeker. What he sought for he found in Him who is the truth. He found more, the life and the way. He submitted to the truth, received the life, and walked in the way, with a martyr's spirit, and night, often, to the martyr's crown, until he heard the call, "Come up higher!" Then he departed from his earthly apostolate.

He wrote no drama, but his life was a sublime spectacle. No crowds laughed at his wit, or were thrilled at his delineation of human passion; but hundreds of men blessed him as their father in God.—*Youth's Companion*.

Predestination.

The man who is working *in order to be* saved is anxious, nervous, hesitating, inefficient. When brought to the test of a great principle he lacks courage, decision, anvil-like endurance. He, on the other hand, who is working *because* already saved, because predestined to a glorious career for God, works, it may be, with less ostentatious bustle, but with a force ever concentrating, ever accelerating and augmenting, till it reaches an intensity and volume which suggests something almost, if not altogether superhuman. The idea of destiny involves the idea of duty; and when these two ideas coalesce in one subject the effect is truly stupendous. This explains on natural principles the careers of Mohammed and of Napoleon. It explains on spiritual principles the careers of St. Paul, of Augustine, of Calvin and of Knox. Predestinarians, whether on the platform of nature or of grace, are invariably the foremost winners of the crown of life.—*Rev. G. S. Bishop, D.D.*