

of squalidness and degradation. But it was just these spectacles which moved the heart of the Saviour. These poor ones, are they not part of the heritage He has left us, and is His Church ever more worthy of the noble name of Mother than while gathering in these orphans of sin, and striving to free immortal souls from their heavy load of pollution?

### DELAY NOT.

As a Bible Woman passed through a court a vicious dog rushed at her. She had much to do to prevent the animal from biting her. Happily, she had a parcel of books in her hand, and with these she protected herself for a few moments, till a young man, passing the head of the court, came to her rescue, and drove off the infuriated beast. She, to use her own words, 'all in a flutter,' turned to thank the young man, 'Oh dear, Sir, I thought he would have bitten me. I am so much obliged to you. I am a poor Bible Woman. I sell Bibles in this district.' 'Bibles! do you?' said the young man. 'If I had known that I would never have interfered,' and he turned upon her more savagely than the dog had done. Our Bible Woman had her Bible in her *heart* as well as in her *hand*. She had learnt the blessed lesson taught by the Master, 'Do good to them that persecute you and revile you.' She procured the address of the young man and discovered, as she expected, that he had no Bible. He lived in a part of the district visited by the Bible woman every three weeks. She soon called at his house. At first he received her rudely, but by kindly words, judiciously and perseveringly used, she got on friendly terms with him. Every time she called she urged him to furnish himself with a Book of God. He put her off continually. At last, at the end of three months from the date of the first interview, he said, 'I think I must have one of your books. I will begin to subscribe. I have no money to-day; but come again on Tuesday at 10 o'clock: I shall be paid for some work that I am doing, and I will begin then.' Of course, it was not usual for the Bible woman to visit this part of her district again so soon, but she would not disappoint the man: she determined to make a journey to his house

no purpose. She set off so as to reach the street in which he lived at the time named. As she entered it, she saw a crowd half-way up, opposite the door where she was about to pay her visit. As she made her way through the crowd, a coffin was carried across the footpath to a hearse standing in the street: in that coffin was the corpse of the young man, who had had the offer of the Book which tells of the one only Name given under heaven whereby sinners can be saved; that offer repeated every three weeks for three months; but who had passed into eternity without possessing that which 'through faith in Jesus, is able to make wise unto salvation.' At the very hour, and on the very day, to which he had deferred the commencement of his subscription, his corpse was carried, before the face of her who had dealt faithfully with him, to 'man's last, long home.' — Bible Society's Reporter.

### "I DO NOT REPENT."

"I am now on the brink of eternity, but to this moment I declare that *I do not repent* of having spent forty-three years here in the service of my divine Master."

Thus spoke the venerable Frederick Swartz, as he was closing a long life of perilous and toilsome service as a missionary in India. From the mouth of the grave he reviewed his past work, and finished that solemn retrospection by saying, "*I do not repent* of having spent forty-three years in the service of my divine Master."

Reader, you have spent twenty, thirty, or forty years in the service of the devil. — Suppose yourself dying. You stand on the brink of doom. Now look at your past life. Revisit your old haunts. Rejoice your companions in iniquity. Remember your revellings, your debaucheries, your ungodliness, ay, all your manifold transgressions. As the sad picture, with its terrible imagery, fills your mind, can you say as a dying man, "*I do not repent of having spent forty years in the service of the world, the flesh, and the devil?*"

"*I do not repent!*" Dare you say that of your life?

As worldly joy ends in sorrow, so godly sorrow ends in joy.