

career a few days since put away one million dollars of his sold earnings in a fund for educating the freedmen. That stock will never depreciate, and the dividends may even reach the next world in the gratitude which the beneficiaries of his bounty may bear there.

I open my Bible this morning and peruse a very short notice of a 'good investment.' It came from the lips of our Lord Jesus, and runs on this wise: 'The kingdom of heaven is like unto a treasure hidden in the field; which a man found and hid; and in his joy he goeth and selleth all that he hath, and buyeth that field.' Now here is an announcement of a treasure-trove that comes within the reach of everybody, rich or poor, high or humble, provided that he or she is willing to pay the price. That 'find' in the field signifies a gospel hope, or Jesus Christ as a heart possession. The man in the parable set such a high value on the wallet of specie or jewels which he had discovered in his neighbor's farm that he parted with all he had and bought the ground. It proved to be a good investment. What perplexes many persons when they read this parable is that a Christian hope, or the salvation of the soul, should be represented by Christ as a matter of purchase. Is not the gospel the story of free grace? Is not eternal life the 'gift of God?' Is not the great Supper open to all who may desire to come? Yes, very true. God has provided a salvation for us at an infinite cost: by giving his Son and the Son of God has paid the price of redemption by giving himself to death as our sacrifice and substitute. But there is no such thing in the Bible as *unconditional* salvation. The transcendent treasure of a Christian's heaven is God's munificent gift, but not a single soul can possess that treasure without paying the full price. Repentance of sin is a part of that price, for except we repent we shall perish. A renewed heart is a prime condition; for unless a man be born again he cannot see the kingdom of God. Faith is another essential item in the price; he that believeth not shall not see life. Christ offered salvation to everybody, but never cheapened it. 'Unless a man take up his cross and come after me he cannot be my disciple.' Sometimes a right eye must go out, or a right arm must go off. Peter and John bought their discipleship by giving up their nets and their trade: Matthew bought his by surrendering the profits of his collector-ship; Paul by giving up his proud Phariseism. The foolish young ruler was unwilling to pay the

price and went away sorrowful. Not a single human being ever has got, or ever will get, the treasure of salvation for nothing.

TRAVELS IN AFRICA.

Professor Drummond (now of the Free Church College, Glasgow,) has made a tour of Central Africa. He is a shrewd observer and an ardent friend of missions. On reaching Lake Nyassa he says:

I shall never forget the Saturday afternoon when I ran into the little harbor of Livingstonia. I saw a lovely white beach rising above the waters of the lake. Upon it were planted six or seven beautiful little cottages, trim and clean; behind all there rose a vast range of granite mountains. I landed upon the strand, walked up to the largest house, and went in. There was no white man about. I looked around the place, found the furniture all there, the dishes in the cupboard and the medicine chest in its place; but there was no inhabitant. That was the pastoral residence of Livingstonia. I went into the next house; it was a blacksmith's shop. There was the forge, the anvil, the bellows; but no blacksmith. The next house was the school room. There were the benches and the blackboard; but there was no children and there were no teachers. I went to house after house. They were all spotlessly clean; the doors were all open; but there was no human life there.

I crossed a little valley and there under the granite mountains, I found five graves. These were the last resting-places of the missionaries of Livingstonia. "The pestilence that walketh in darkness" had claimed its first sacrifices from our Free Church Mission. Now that station has had to be given up.

I stayed some days in the empty manse. I saw the poor natives walking about as sheep without a shepherd. I must confess it was with feelings of shame, and much doubt as to what was one's duty, that I sailed away from that plague-stricken bay on the shores of Lake Nyassa. If any one feels it to be his duty to go there, he can walk into the empty manse; he can take up the work that has ceased in that empty school-room; he can go into that blacksmith's shop and teach the natives the handicraft. There is the village, and there is the open door for any one. I doubt not the Free Church of Scotland would be