

He showed to the needy suppliant his warm and yearning love—his complete atonement—and made him feel a sweet and tender welcome to the arms of redeeming love. Paul Brown's difficulty was over.

“ONLY FOR FUN.”

“What is my little Harry doing?” said Mrs. Milton to her little boy, who was standing by the window, and whose unusual quietness attracted her attention.

Harry made no reply, so his mother laid aside her work, and came to his side, when she was distressed to find that the little fellow was amusing himself by pulling off the legs and wings of a poor harmless fly.

“Oh, Harry, how grieved I am to find out I have such a cruel little boy; how can you have the heart to torture a poor fly in that manner?”

He hung his head, and said in a low voice, “I only did it for fun; I did not think I hurt it much.”

Mrs. Milton sat down by the window, and as she drew Harry to her side, she pondered how she could best impress his mind with a feeling of the cruelty he had committed; and after a moment's thought, she rose and sharply pulled some hairs out of his curly head, causing him to start, and cry—

“Oh! mamma! mamma! you hurt me!”

“Yes, Harry. I wished you to have some little idea of the pain you have inflicted on the poor fly. I think you will not be so cruel again.”

“But, mamma, I did not hurt the fly so much as you hurt me. It is such a little thing, it could not feel as I did.”

“Indeed, my dear, you gave the fly far more pain than I gave you—think for a minute what you would feel if some great monster were to pull your legs and arms off ‘only for fun.’ I only pulled some little hairs out of your curly locks, while *you* tore off the poor fly's legs and wings, which can never grow again as your hair will.” The tears stood in Harry's bright eyes, as he thought how cruelly he had taken that life away, which he could never give back; and he remained thoughtfully by his mamma's side long after the pain of her gentle punishment had gone off, and he resolved that

he never again would be so cruel to any of God's creatures. May He give the little boy strength to keep such a good resolution.

TYPE OF THE DEAD AND LIVING BIRD.

LEVITICUS xiv. 1-7.

Two birds were to be brought for the cleansing of the leper. The one was to be killed in an earthen vessel over running water; the other was to be dipped along with cedar-wood, and scarlet, and hyssop, in the blood of its slain fellow, was to be used along with these for the sprinkling of the leper, and was then to be let loose into the open field. All this accomplished, the leper was pronounced clean.

This is one of the most beautiful of all the Old Testament types. It resembles that of the scape (escape) goat, so called because while its fellow was slain, it was allowed to escape. The bird of the text may, in like manner, be called *the escape-bird*.

There can be no doubt that both types set forth the Saviour—dying and living again. One goat and bird did not escape, but died. So Christ did not escape, He died. The other goat and bird went forth unharmed—the goat into the wilderness, the bird into the open field. In like manner Christ escaped. His people shall sing in the glorious resurrection morning, “Our soul is escaped as a bird out of the snare of the fowler, the snare is broken, and we are escaped.” It was his own song on that morning of joy and blessedness when He “was brought again from the dead by the glory of the Father.” Had we seen the glad bird skimming the air, we should have seen the most expressive of types—the glad Saviour leaving death, and the devil, and an evil world behind Him, and ascending to His Father's Presence.

From this we see the necessity of *two* goats and *two* birds—the one *to die*, the other *to live*. Death and life meet in Christ; one type could not have represented both. If we had asked the cleansed leper, “Where is your leprosy?” he would have answered, “The bird now dead has been killed for it, and the living bird *has flown away with it*; see him as he rises, the blood of his fellow on his wing!” If we had asked Israel on