

lar way he provided for the sick. On Saturday of each week his work was to visit every house where there was any suspicion that human beings dwelt, and when found relief was needed, it was given. The rest of the week was given sacredly to study, which he fondly loved. He toiled to find the truth. He searched after it as for hid treasures. He strove to unlock the truth and thus to enrich his native land. When seated at the table with a priest who said we could better do without God's law than the Pope's, he replied, "I defy the Pope and all his laws; and if God spares my life, ere many years I will cause the boy who driveth the plow to know more of the Scriptures than you do."

In the great work of his life, the translation of the Bible, we can scarcely appreciate the difficulties he had to encounter. He knew nothing of the critical helps available in our time. He toiled in silence, obscurity and concealment, with no thought of fame. His only encouragement was from the religion he was striving to diffuse. His soul fed upon the sweetness of the truth with which God strengthens His own. He felt he enjoyed the sweet smile of his Lord—that smile was sunshine to his heart. He looked up from amid the world's frowns, and in the light of that smile he worked on with hope and joy.

He was a glorious example of patient endurance. He said once to the political minister who was seeking to decoy him into the net which the king was spreading for him, while the tears filled his eyes, "If the king would grant only the bare text of the Scriptures to be put forth among the people, I will immediately repair unto his realm, and there most humbly submit myself at the feet of his royal majesty, offering my body to suffer what tortures, what death, his grace will, so that this be obtained."

When the trial hour came he met it bravely. The officers of the law who arrested him were touched with pity because of his gentleness. Like Paul at Philippi, through the Spirit of God, he was instrumental in the conversion of the jailer and his household. When led forth to be strangled and burned, his prayer was "Lord, open the eyes of the king of England." His tragic death was at Vilvoorden, near Brussels, in the year 1536.

The times have very much changed since Tyndale's day, yet the elements of a true Christian life have not changed since the days of Christ until now. Suffering, sacrifice

and self-denial are a part of every true life. No bright example can be useless. Those who went before were a light to Tyndale, as he is to us, and as we may be to others who shall come after.—W.

### JOY IN HEAVEN.

Low at the mercy seat,  
Pleading no merit of his own,  
A burdened sinner here makes known  
His need, at Jesus' feet.

Before Jehovah's Throne,  
In presence of the angelic host,  
Is joy that earth can never boast,  
To human hearts unknown.

The seraphs sing a song,  
A song of praise, and tune their lyres  
In concert with triumphant choirs,  
Which roll the news along.

On angel wings had come  
Glad tidings of a sinner found,  
Of one returned, Heaven's trumpets sound  
The wanderer's welcome home.

O'er one repentant soul  
Is such exultant joy and praise,  
Ecstatic song the angels raise,  
While loud hosannas roll.—*J. H.*

### THE TRUE RICHES.

GEO. W. ARMSTRONG.

I often think how poor are the greatest earthly riches. Imagine a man, whom the world calls rich, presenting himself at heaven's gate, seeking admission. The porter asks: "Where are your credentials?"

And now, probably for the first time, he feels the poverty of his wealth, but still holds on to his only refuge and replies: "I was a millionaire on earth, one whom the world envied and called rich. I made,—I accumulated a million and more dollars."

The porter asks: "Where are they? A million dollars! Why, what is that? Dollars do not count here. Have you noticed this city? It is built of pure gold. Look at the walls they, are built of jasper; inspect their foundations—the foundations of the walls of the city are adorned with all manner of precious stones. Look inside these gates and you will see that gold is so common the streets are paved with it,—pure, bright and