

the price that was paid for the redemption of man, the coming of our Saviour into this world, His life of humility and suffering, and His terrible death, all the details of which are so wonderful; the coming of the Holy Spirit to take of the things of Christ and shew them unto us; the giving to us the Word of Truth, in which the way to life is so clearly set before us, and in which so many appeals and arguments are found, urging the sinner to walk in it; the human ministers, and all the various means which He has ordained, and to which He gives such efficiency, to bring these truths to the knowledge of those for whom salvation is provided, and to impress them upon them—all these surely shew unmistakably that He who has done, and is doing this, must be deeply interested in those for whom it is done.

When we see a father lavishly spending his hard-earned money, carefully securing the very best instructors, and sparing no pains to place his son under the very happiest and best influences, no one would for a moment doubt that that father felt something more than simply a cold sense of duty to meet his obligations to his son, or to fulfil some previous promise which he might have made. There is evinced a deep interest in his son's welfare.

If a man under these circumstances shews interest, how much greater is shewn by Him who has done almost infinitely more to secure an almost infinitely greater good for lost man. Surely, He is "not willing that any should perish."

Again, 'tis hard for a man to realize that our Heavenly Father is interested in him as an individual. He thinks only of a general interest.

He is ready to admit that God must be interested in the salvation of all men, but fails to realize that He is in him personally. Yet so it is. Many of the truths of God's word are addressed to the individual. It is "whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely," and "him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out." It is the individual. When the law was enacted giving liberty to the slaves of the Southern States it was for all but was it any the less for each individual slave? Were not the makers of that law interested in each individual case? And any poor slave, however humble, might avail himself of it if he would, and the benefits which he received were just as secure to him, and just as great as if he had been the only one who could receive

benefits; as great as if the law had been provided especially for him.

So this salvation is for each individual just as much as if it were only for him; as if God had looked simply upon him and made all this provision for him alone.

The truth, then, evidently is that God is not willing that I, an individual should perish. Think of that.—Rev. G. L. Smith, in *Philadelphia Presbyterian*.

BROTHER BROWN AND HIS GIFTS.

It was on that day of "hard, pitiless begging"—they called it missionary day.

Brother B. was there. Brother Brown had spoken of his conversion in the early morning. The tears, great crystal drops had coursed down his furrowed cheeks as he recounted his experience for "nigh to forty years," how the Lord had dealt with him graciously, and given him very many blessings, "for which," he said, "I trust I am truly thankful."

And then, wiping away the tears with his red silk handkerchief, he remarked that all he had in this world he owed to religion, that he was trying "in his poor weak way" to serve the Lord, and he hoped he would finally meet his dear brothers and sisters in heaven.

"Gok bless you, brother Brown," said the good leader.

"He's an old skinflint," said crazy Bill, who sat in a back seat, in a hoarse whisper as he shook his head behind a broad shouldered sinner in the direction of brother Brown.

Most of the congregation heard him, but happily brother Brown was a little deaf on that side and so he was spared the annoyance of knowing that anything unusual had occurred.

Brother Brown had prayed loudly that the Lord would send salvation to a church which, he told the Lord, was in a dead condition; that he would break the sinner's heart and revive his brethren who were growing so cold he hadn't heard them speak in meeting for six months—and then, said he, in great earnestness, shaking the whole church with his knees pounding up the floor and frightening the children who were just coming in, with his thunderous tones, "O Lord, give our ministers more religion!—real, old-fashioned religion."

Now the public service had begun, and brother Brown was in his own pew. He never missed the preaching, though it wasn't what used to be, he often said with a sigh.