

PILGRIM STANDFAST.

A staunch old pilgrim he was, as ever set out for the celestial city. No persecutions, nor any allurements of pleasure, could turn him aside from the right way. Such a pilgrim was sturdy John Knox, who, when the lords of Queen Mary's court bade him stop his preaching, giving him but one alternative—"silence, or the gallows"—would make answer:—"My lords, you are mistaken if you think you can intimidate me by threats to do what conscience and God tell me I never shall do. Be it known to you that it is a matter of no importance to me, when I have finished my work, whether my bones shall bleach in the winds of heaven, or rot in the bosom of the earth."

The same Standfast blood beat strong in the heart of the martyr Hooper, when he went with a firm step to the fatal stake. "I am come hither to end this life," he said, "because I will not gainsay the truth I have formerly taught you." And when a pardon from the Queen was set before him, he cried out with a determined voice, "If you love my soul, take it away; take it away." The price of that pardon, he well knew, must be a denial of the faith. So Bishop Latimer, when summoned before "the bloody Mary," said, "I go as willingly to London, to give an account of my faith, as ever I went to any place in my life." As he rode through Smithfield—that spot which had such a baptism of martyr's blood—he said, "Smithfield has groaned for me a long time."

Perhaps it is quite as hard for Standfast to pursue his integrity amidst the temptations and pleasures of the world, as in the fires of persecution. Where persecution has slain its thousands, worldliness has slain its tens of thousands.

A poor woman in India, who had embraced Christianity, was offered back the jewels and money which had been taken from her, on condition that she would return to her old religion; but she replied: "Oh no, I would rather be a poor Christian than a rich heathen."

And still another Mr. Judson tells us of, who was very fond of her jewelry, yet

desired to follow Christ. When he asked her if she was willing to sacrifice them for His sake, she was for a time much disturbed; but at length, taking off the gay necklace, which was her especial pride, she said with sweet and touching simplicity: "I love Christ more than this."

Can we all, when the world holds out its glittering baits to us, lay them aside with the same steadfast spirit, and say with her, "I love Christ more than these?"—*Christian Chronicle.*

MOTHER.

When she changed worlds, and before that time, what was she to others? A small, old, delicate woman. *What was she to us?* A radiant, smiling angel, upon whose brow the sunshine of the eternal world had fallen. We looked into her large, tender eyes, and saw not as others did, that her mortal garment had waxed old and feeble; or if we saw this, it was no symbol of decay, for beyond and within, we recognized *her* in all her beauty. Old how heavy and bitter would have been her long and slow decline, if we had seen her grow old instead of young. The days that hastened to give her birth into eternity, grew brighter and brighter, until when memory wandered back, it had no experience so sweet as those through which she was passing. The long life, with its youthful romance, its prosaic cares, its quiet sunshine, and deep tragedies, was culminating to its earthly close; and like some blessed story that appeals to the heart in its great pathos, the end was drawing near, all clouds were rolling away, and she was stepping forth into the brilliancy of prosperity. Selfishness ceased to weep under the light of her cheerful glance, and grew to be congratulation. Beside her couch we sat, and traced with loving fancy the new life soon to open before her; with tears and smiles we traced it. Doubts never mingled, for from earliest childhood we had no memories of her inconsistent with the expectations of a Christian. Deep in our souls there lay gratitude that her morning drew near; beautiful and amazing it seemed that she would never more bow to the stroke of the chastener; fresh courage descended from on high, as we realized