

On the morrow, which was the Sabbath, the poor woman felt that she could endure the burden of her guilt no longer, and she resolved to go to the house of God, where her child first learned to love the Saviour, hoping there to at least hear whether hers was a case beyond the power of Jesus' love. Her tears fell fast, as she put on her old thin shawl and faded bonnet, at the remembrance of how often her little Maggie had pleaded with her to go to the house of God, and at her own foolish and sinful remonstrance, that "she was not going to be looked down upon by the proud, dressed-up folks, who went to church." How sad it is, if any fellow sinner, on entering a house dedicated to His worship in whose pure eyes all are sinners, should ever feel that he is made unwelcome on account of poverty or station in life. But this poor woman had now no thoughts for how her personal appearance might strike any one, but with eager yet trembling steps entered the sanctuary. When the preacher at length gave out his text, she listened breathlessly, like a condemned criminal at the bar of justice, waiting to hear the judge pronounce his sentence; but the words of the text seemed to convey no ray of light to her burdened, despairing soul. She felt ready to faint with the sickness of disappointment, so firmly had she expected to hear from God's messenger some message to her trembling heart. The minister was just closing the bible when he repeated those wondrous words—so old, yet ever new—"For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." O, glorious, precious message! which, unaccompanied by the Spirit's power, we may listen to again and again with coldness or indifference, but when once His heavenly beams have dispelled the scales of darkness from our eyes, we feel that of all the many great and precious words and promises which the book contains, it is of all the most precious, the glad tidings of great joy to a lost and ruined world! The preacher spoke, in a few closing words, on the boundless fulness and the glorious freeness of the gospel provision. The invitation was to "whosoever," and that "whosoever" embraced every living human being on the face of the earth. Before the close of the service, Maggie's mother was enabled to bring the whole burden of her guilt to the Saviour, and to receive in exchange His spotless righteousness.

It is needless to trace the history of this poor woman further; suffice it to say, that the great aim and end of her life now was to spend and be spent in His service, who had done so much for her. "She loved much, for she had been much forgiven."

This simple story affords much encouragement to all those who are working faithfully for Jesus, not to be cast down, even although in life no fruits of their labour should appear. Maggie was not permitted to see that mother, for whose salvation she so earnestly longed, brought into the Saviour's fold; yet God used the last feeble message, after the little hand that traced it was cold in death, to bring that poor sinful woman to His feet. Let us, therefore, work cheerfully on, with firm faith and sweet confidence in His word, who has said that "in due time we shall reap, if we faint not."

W. P.

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A HYPOCRITE may spin so fair a thread as to deceive his own eye. He may admire the cobweb and not know himself to be the spider.

Three things to cultivate—Good Books, Good Friends, Good Humor.

Three things to contend for—Honor, Country, Friends.

Three things to govern—Temper, Impulse, Tongue.