

The only wise God.
Jude 25.

EVANGELISTIC BIBLE CLASS

Every SUNDAY, at 3 p.m.
Conducted by General Secretary.
ALL INVITED.

"THE SAME GOD."

THE sweet simplicity of the following incident, quoted from the *Vermont Chronicle*, is what gives it special interest. Johnnie was a little boy sent by his mother on a long journey into the country, and put into the charge of a lady friend. They had arrived at a hotel for the first night when the story begins.

After supper Johnnie went to bed.

"Shall you leave the light?" he asked.

"What would your mother do?"

"Oh, she would not leave it."

"Do you want to offer your prayers before I leave you?"

"I don't think I can pray in this place."

"Did I not hear your mother say to you, just before you left her, 'Remember, your prayers to-night?'" "yes."

"Did your father ask the Lord to take care of his little son on the journey, at family prayers this morning?" "yes."

"And we have had a safe journey; do you not want to thank God?"

"I don't think I can in this strange place."

"We have had a very pleasant ride."

"Yes we have."

"And now don't you want to thank thank God for it?"

Johnnie was silent.

"I presume your mother went to her room, as soon as we left her, to ask God to take care of us."

"Yes she said she would."

"Don't you want to thank Him yourself?"

Johnnie started up in bed. "Why is it the same God here in Lexington that my mother prays to in Boston?"

"Yes, the same. 'The same Lord who loved the little children when He was on the earth; the same who called little children to come to Him, and took them in His arms and blessed them.'"

Oh, I know Him, and I love Him! I forgot it was the same God here," and clasping his hands, Johnnie offered "Our Father" and "Now I lay me," and then followed a few loving words of his own, as he was accustomed to do. As the lady was leaving him he said, "You may take the light, *I am not afraid now*. I forgot it was the same God here too. I know him; I am not afraid now."

"BY THE GRACE OF GOD I AM WHAT I AM."

TWO or three years before the death of the eminent John Newton, when his sight was become so dim that he was no longer able to read, an aged friend and brother in the ministry called on him to breakfast. Family prayer succeeding, the portion of the Scripture for the day was read to him. It was taken out of Bogatsky's Golden Treasury. "By the grace of God I am what I am." It was the pious man's custom on these occasions to make a short familiar exposition on the passage read. After the reading of this text he paused for some moments, and then uttered the following affecting soliloquy:—

"I am not what I *ought* to be! Ah! how imperfect and deficient! I am not what I *wish* to be! 'I abhor what is evil,' and I would 'cleave to what is good!' I am not what I *hope* to be! Soon, soon I shall put off mortality, and, with mortality, all sin, and imperfection! Yet, though I am not what I *ought* to be, nor what I *wish* to be, nor what I *hope* to be, I can truly say, I am not what I *once* was—a slave to sin and Satan; and I can heartily join with the Apostle and acknowledge, '*By the grace of God I am what I am.*'"

I will put my spirit within you.
Ezek. xxxvii. 14.