

filled the child-heart so that his one desire and earnest longing was to read *His* words, and trace *His* footsteps from the cross to the glory, we know not—but oh! dear reader, as we saw those child-tears for “the book,” so well-known intellectually in our day, so little followed by the world, so scorned and questioned by the infidel, so criticised by modern Christians who handle it without the sanctuary, so withheld from the people in that land of France where the people cry for bread and get a stone, we thought of Jesus lifting His eyes, which fathomed the darkness of the whole world, to heaven and crying: “I thank thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, that thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes.”

“In *that hour* Jesus rejoiced in spirit.” And Oh! dear reader, if those tears went up to heaven in pleading for the land growing so corrupt, so hard, so hating, and so rebellious for want of the knowledge of Christ, for lack of that book which is as the hammer to the stone, and the dew to the thirsty plant, surely not in vain the boy’s heart was torn, and his face full of anguish, for the “book” which was to his young heart beyond all price. And if they pleaded *to*, they plead *for*.

They plead for the dark, the distant, those with “no hope, and without God in the world.” They plead for *you* dear, unsaved reader. They tell of a precious gift lying at your feet, of more than the wealth of nations close to your hand, of “Jesus standing,” and perhaps you know not, like Mary, that it is Jesus;