

can give me a clue whereby to find Robin, I think that if he ever loved you he must forgive and love you still."

Again it was June, and the roses in Nannette's garden made the air heavy with sweetness. She had toiled bravely on for herself and her child, and now the latter was a tall, strong maiden, one, too, of whom any mother might be justly proud. It seemed that God had led her to the village in which she now dwelt—at any rate he had sent her kind friends and honest labour to perform. She was still handsome and vigorous, and still as ever hungering for a sight of Robin, who in all the long years has seemed to grow even dearer to her imagination than in the days they spent together so long ago. She told her companion, the village pastor—one who in his earlier days had been a missionary, and who had returned home from his labours in the very ship she now found she must have saved—as many of the plans and ways of her people as she could, not omitting the fact of the feast in the village where we first saw her, and of their never-failing custom of attending it. She had hitherto feared to discover herself to them, she thought it would have killed her to have found Robin cold and unforgiving; but as her longing for a sight of him grew stronger she opened her heart to Mr. Clowes, and he, trusting in Robin's love, went away to find Nannette's husband and bring him home. I cannot tell you how she bore the suspense; but one evening when she came home from field labour (for that and washing seemed all her hands could perform), she noted that her garden-gate stood open—and was it fancy? but the sun seemed to flash across her doorway as it never had before, while the very roses nodded mysteriously to each other in the summer breeze. Then Robin, *her Robin*, came out and held her to his heart, and the past was forgotten. Robin had loved and sought for her ever since, and the gipsies had never known who had scattered their fire.

Faithfully, lovingly, had Mr. Clowes addressed the tribe, and a few days after the whole caravan arrived, and stopping outside the village, signified their wish to "hear the good words again." So the pastor, Robin, Nannette, and their daughter, together with a few faithful ones, went out to meet them. Nannette they received with open arms; but never more could she return to the old roving life, and Robin, because of the great void in his heart which he had felt since she had left him, and which was now filled, promised to share her home and work for her as became an honest man. Long time the gipsies stayed, and each day they heard the Word of Life. By-and-by they left, but one by one deserted the tribe, till at last but a few aged ones remained, and they, settling quietly in one place, lived upon the gains of their former days. God knows how many were "snatched from the burning"; but at the beginning of the good work, remember, it was but a child's song, and then an act of duty; and duty often, as in this case, brings about an ETERNAL REWARD.

"CROSSING WITH HIM."

BY DR. JAMES FLEMING.

Crossing with Him the chasm,
As it were, by a single thread;
Fording with Him the river
Christ leading as he hath led.

SAMUEL RUTHERFORD, whose published letters have been read by multitudes and been the means of instruction and solace to many, was a minister of the Church of Scotland during the stormy reign of Charles I., and through the period of the Commonwealth. Such were his talents and learning that, while yet a student, he was appointed to the chair of philosophy in the University of Edinburgh. After he had filled that office, for some time, with credit to himself and benefit to others, he was appointed to the parish of Anworth in Galloway, where he fulfilled his ministry, for a number of years, with remarkable efficiency and zeal.

Refusing to accept the episcopacy which Charles established in Scotland, and to acknowledge the authority of the bishops the king appointed, Rutherford was accused of fomenting rebellion and teaching error, and deprived of his living, was imprisoned in the city of Aberdeen, and forbidden to preach, or exercise his ministry in public.

But God maketh the wrath of men to praise Him, and overruleth for good what they intend for evil. This He did in the case of Rutherford's imprisonment, which was made the means of highest blessing both to himself and to others.

During the eighteen months of its continuance Rutherford wrote many of his famous letters, and personally learned and

enjoyed more of his Lord and Master than during all previous years. Never did believer hold more intimate converse with Jesus than did the imprisoned minister in Aberdeen, nor see more of his beauty, and enjoy more of His love. Thus he writes of what was then his experience:

"I dare not but speak to others of what God has done to the soul of His poor, afflicted prisoner. His comfort is more than I ever knew before. He hath made all His promises good to me, and I hath filled up all the blanks with His own hand. I would not exchange my bonds for all the plastered joy of this whole world. It hath pleased Him to make a sinner the like of me an ordinary banqueter in His 'house of wine,' with that royal princely One, Christ Jesus. Oh, what weighing, oh what telling, is in His love! How sweet must He be, when that black, burdensome tree, His own cross, is so perfumed with joy and gladness! On for help to lift Him up by praises on His royal throne!"

"My Lord Jesus is kinder to me than He ever was. It pleaseth Him to dine and sup with His afflicted prisoner; a King feasteth with me, and His 'spikenard casteth a sweet smell.' 'Put Christ's love to the trial, and put upon it our burdens, and then it will appear love indeed; we employ not His love, and therefore we know it not. I verily count the sufferings of my Lord more than this world's overgilded glory. I dare not say but my Lord Jesus hath fully recompensed my sadness with His joys, my losses with His presence. I find it a rich and sweet thing to exchange my sorrows with Christ's joys, my afflictions with that sweet peace I have with Himself."

"I know not what to do with Christ; His love surroundeth and surchargeth me. I am burdened with it, but oh how sweet and lovely is that burden! I cannot keep it within me. I am so in love with His love, that if His love were not in heaven I should be unwilling to go thither. Oh, the many pound-weights of His love under which I am pressed!"

Such was Rutherford's enjoyment of Christ in his imprisonment, and the free and intimate converse he had with Him. Is anything of the kind known, beloved reader, by you? It may be so. It ought to be so. You have been made Christ's; to sustain to Him the closest relationship, walk with Him, and be satisfied with Him. Hence the promises He has made to you, of manifesting Himself to you, taking up His abode with you, and supping with you. Oh, there is no one with whom you may be so often in communion, and upon whose resources you may so freely and fully draw!

And it is to your interest that this should be the case. Your growth into Christ's likeness is dependent upon your communion with His Spirit. It is as you abide in Him and walk with Him, that you put on His fairness, grow strong in His strength, and increase in qualification for His service.

Then, such being the duty to which you are called, see that it is fulfilled by you, and, as was the case with Rutherford, the light of Christ's presence will illuminate your darkness, His love sweeten for you the bitterness of life, and His manifestations and bestowments animate and satisfy.

Liberated from his imprisonment, the zeal of Rutherford in the service of his Master was, if possible, even greater than before. Oh, how he did testify of Him after the experiences he had had of His graciousness and love! Words often failed Him in seeking to tell what Jesus had been to him, and what there was in Him for all who fully trusted Him, and gave themselves unreservedly to His service.

Still his course was anything but smooth. Men did not like the standard of requirement he insisted on, as that to which the Gospel asked them to conform, and, in many cases, put themselves in opposition to him for presenting it. Others, on grounds of a different kind, acted the part of enemies towards him, and sought to stop him in his course. But nothing could divert him from the objects at which he aimed, and silence him in his witness-bearing for Christ. And so, while strength was possessed, he continued to testify of Him whom he loved, and to plead for the rights of the church to which he belonged.

Such being the experience of Samuel Rutherford in the day of life, one can imagine what it would be on a deathbed. And it was just what those who best knew him expected that it would be, a very prelibation of the bliss of heaven. Hence the words to which he often gave utterance, and the joy that he expressed. "I shall shine, I shall see Him as He is; I shall see Him reign, and all His fair company with Him; and I shall have my large share; mine eyes shall see my Redeemer,