

Pastor and People.

GOLDEN GRAIN BIBLE READING.

BY REV. JAMES R. DICKSON, PH.D.

"ONE ANOTHER," Eph. 4.25.

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| (1) | One | Another | of | Consideration : | Heb. 10.24. |
| (2) | " | " | " | Exhortation : | Heb. 3.13. |
| (3) | " | " | " | Ministry : | 1 Pet. 4.10. |
| (4) | " | " | " | Kindness : | Eph. 4.32. |
| (5) | " | " | " | Forgiveness : | Ephes. 4.32. |
| (6) | " | " | " | Forbearance : | Col. 3.13. |
| (7) | " | " | " | Esteem : | Phil. 2.3. |
| (8) | " | " | " | Subjection : | 1 Pet. 5.5 Eph. 5.21. |
| (9) | " | " | " | Care : | 1 Cor. 12.25. |
| (10) | " | " | " | Prayer : | Jas. 5.15. |
| (11) | " | " | " | Truth : | Col. 3.9. |
| (12) | " | " | " | Kindly affection : | Rom. 12.10. |
| (13) | " | " | " | Preference : | Rom. 12.10. |
| (14) | " | " | " | Compassion : | 1 Pet. 3.8. |
| (15) | " | " | " | Confession of faults : | Jas. 5.16. |
| (16) | " | " | " | Not murmuring : | Jas. 5.9. |
| (17) | " | " | " | Not speaking evil : | Jas. 4.11. |
| (18) | " | " | " | Burden bearing : | Gal. 6.2. |
| (19) | " | " | " | Love : | Rom. 13.8. |

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THE CHILDREN'S PULPIT.

EDITED BY M. H. C.

Nunia was taken to the old woman's filthy hovel, thrust in, the door fastened, and left there. She waited in the gloom of the apartment for her mother's and her brother's murderers to come and strike the fatal blow but she came not. Then she listened, and heard sounds of groaning and short gasping breaths. She peered through the darkness in the direction whence the sounds came, and at last, her eyes becoming better accustomed to the gloom, saw her old enemy stretched upon a bundle of rags and old clothes, evidently very feeble and in great pain. Nunia's heart was touched. She remembered what was written. "If thine enemy hunger, feed him, if he thirst, give him drink." She found a pitcher of water, but the water was but a drop and many days old. She managed to open the door, and, near at hand, saw a limpid stream running merrily in its way towards the Cyrus. Washing the jug and filling it, she made her way back to the hovel; then going to the couch, shook some rags up into a pillow, rested the frightful old head upon it, and poured water into the twitching lips. The old woman revived and asked for food, which Nunia found on a shelf beyond its owner's reach from her bed. Mesitcha ate eagerly, then drank again, and went off into a quiet sleep without a groan. Her young attendant knelt down and prayed to Him, who once came healing all manner of sickness and disease among the people, that He would give the unhappy woman her life. Afterwards she went about the hut, putting things in order, and preparing a fire to be in readiness for meals yet to come.

The old witch awoke crying, "My head's on fire and my feet are freezing," and she began to groan again. Now Nunia was glad of the fire, and of the pot full of water boiling on it. An old wine skin was there, and this she filled with the hot water, and tying it tightly at the mouth, laid it near Mesitcha's feet, while she bathed her head with cold water from the book. So the brain fever was checked, and the circulation of the blood set in once more. Freed from pain, Mesitcha looked up, and asked "Who are you that wait on an old forsaken woman?" and she answered simply "I am Nunia." Then the old witch suddenly knew all. She clutched the child's hand and covered it with kisses. She prayed the gods to forgive her for the past, and to strike her dead if ever she harmed the girl that had been kind to her when all had fled and left her alone. And when Nunia told how she had prayed for her to the Lord Jesus Christ who can heal bodies and souls, the fortune teller half believed that the girl's gods were greater than her own.

Bortshalo was at the same time too angry and too frightened to enquire after his once adopted daughter. He did not dare to know for certain that the tender girl had been killed by the witch. Meanwhile, as soon as Mesitcha was strong enough, she arose and went about her usual tasks; but she told no more fortunes; and so strong was her belief in Nunia's prayers that she listened to them, and, so far as kneeling went, joined in them, morning and evening. One morning, a procession moved into Tibilisi. It consisted of a little boy on a couch, very sick, attended by father and mother, and many friends in great grief, stopping at every door and asking if anyone within knew how to save the child, for the Iberians, had no doctors. At length they came to Mesitcha's hovel, and some of the town people that had joined the procession, said "A charm, a charm from Mesitcha." But Mesitcha shook her grey head, and said "Put down the couch before Nunia." So they lowered the couch, and the sick boy looked up with a feeble gleam of hope into the girl's fair, young face, as she knelt down, and Mesitcha beside her. Then she prayed, "Lord Jesus, who didst raise the daughter of the ruler, and the widow's son, and Lazarus dead four days, Lord

Jesus, who didst heal Mesitcha, give this little boy to his parents and friends for Thine own glory's sake." Mesitcha had learned enough to say "Amen," and said it with all her heart. Then, because Nunia had done so to her, she passed some water into the child's lips and gave him a morsel of bread, and the boy both drank and ate, then went to sleep in his mother's arms. The father was a man of rank. He offered Nunia and Mesitcha gold and other gifts, but they would not take anything. "Give your hearts as gifts to God and His Son, Jesus Christ, for it is God who has made your child well." So they went back to their homes comforted.

Now the Cyarmerian had an only son whom he loved very dearly, and he was ill. He had sent to the priests and to those who called themselves magicians and witches, and had made proclamation throughout his kingdom, that if anyone knew of a remedy for his son's sickness, he would be richly rewarded. But no charms or remedies were of any avail. Then the father of the boy that had been healed of God went to the king and said, "there is a young Christian girl, living with the witch Mesitcha, whose God can save the prince." So Nunia was sent for, and came into the royal palace, and lo! the first persons she saw there were Bortshalo and his wife who had adopted her. They were astonished, but right glad to see that she was alive and well. Mesitcha followed her into the sick chamber where were the king and queen. When Nunia said "Let us pray," they followed Mesitcha's example and fell upon their knees around the couch, while in earnest fervent language she besought God to hear her yet once again, and with a saved earthly life to bring life eternal into Iberia. Once more God heard her prayer; the child's delirium ceased, the crisis was past, perspiration followed the burning fever, and Nunia and Mesitcha delivered him in God's name to his mother.

While Bortshalo's wife embraced her adopted daughter, and the queen blessed her, the general took the king, his brother, aside and told him Nunia's wonderful story, shewing him Mesitcha, once the home of the vilest passions, clothed and in her right mind, as part of the girl's marvellous work. The Cyarmerian's heart was touched. "Hers is the true God," he said "our idols are vanity. Henceforth I worship the God of Nunia, and she shall teach me the way." But Nunia said she was only a girl and not wise enough to teach a great king, but, if he would only send messengers to the Christian emperor Constantine, she was sure that he would send teachers to Iberia to make known God and His Christ. At once the king sent there messengers, but, in the meantime, he and Bortshalo, with many more of the great and noble, sat at the young captive's feet, learning of God as He made Himself known by His Son. It took a long time to travel far in those days, and Nunia had been expecting the arrival of the missionaries long before they arrived. What a glad day it was when, in the midst of an escort of Iberian soldiers, she saw three men in black clerical dress, and in their faces read a message of love to God and man! But what made her start as she looked on the youngest of the three, then bound forward, and throw her arms around one whom she could not see for fast falling tears, crying, with heart-breaking voice, "O Hagope, Hagope!"

Mesitcha saw him and fled. Yes! it was Hagope whom she had stricken down, whom the caravan had found sore wounded but breathing, who had recovered with God's blessing on care and kind attention, and who, finding his way to the great city of Constantine, had there studied for the Christian ministry. When a call was made for missionaries to Iberia, he, little more than a boy, was the first to offer, and was then first ordained to that unpromising field. Hand in hand, Hagope and Nunia found out Mesitcha, and spoke to her kind words of forgiveness. "She is the first convert to Christ in Iberia," Nunia told her brother. Then Mesitcha told her story, and Hagope said "Now I know who is Iberia's apostle." After this, there was a great assembly of the people, and the Cyarmerian put on his royal robes and sat upon his throne. He called the priests before him, and said "Divide the sacred lands among you, and become tillers of the ground instead of deceivers of the people." To the soldiers he said "Bring forth the idols out of the temples, break down the altars, destroy every wayside shrine; then make a great fire and consume the idols utterly. As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord." Hagope and the other missionaries recited a short creed, very like that called the Apostles', and the king accepted it for himself and his people. Then the three missionaries took his golden crown in their three hands and placed it gently on his head, crowning him anew in the name of the Blessed Trinity. A great prayer was made, in which the king and Bortshalo and Mesitcha, and all who had been guilty of sinful deeds in the time of their ignorance, confessed them, and promised to live to God by the power of the Lord Jesus and by the power of the Holy Ghost in all time to come. And, last of all, the king gave thanks to God in the sight and hearing of all the people, because he had sent to them that flower of budding womanhood, Nunia, the Apostle of Iberia.

This story needs no moral save "Go thou and do likewise." If, in her terrible trials and weakness, the captive Armenian was able to convert a whole nation, surely no Christian should despair of doing good. First, let your light so shine that men may acknowledge you as a true disciple of Christ. Then be about your Father's business, doing good as you have opportunity. Much of this will have to be done

in the face of opposition, in a spirit of forbearance and long-suffering, with a heart that has learned how to forgive injuries. The only way to do this is to look to Jesus, learning that:

"If the way of man here is a way of grief and loss, Even so the way of Godhead was upon the bitter cross, Upon the bitter cross and along a tearful story, Till the wreath of thorns became the crown of Heaven's imperial glory."

TALIESIN.

"He that hath pity upon the poor lendeth unto the Lord, and that which he hath given will He pay again."—PROVERBS XIX. 17.

In what is now the shire of Cardigan in Wales there was in ancient days a little kingdom of great renown, called Cantrev y Gwaelod, or The Lower Hundred. Its king was Gwyddno, called Garanhir, or The Tall Crane, because he took that bird for his crest, and had its figure painted on his shield. His royal seat was between Dyfi and Aberystwyth, and was far from the sea. At that time there was no deep Cardigan Bay. Its place was occupied by a low-lying fertile country, like Holland, held in by strong dykes from the encroachments of the sea. This was the kingdom of Dyved, over which Seithenin ruled. Seithenin was a drunkard, a pitiful creature who lost his wits every now and then, and did not know what mischief he was doing. One day when he had been drinking mead heavily, he went down to the sea shore, and looked at the great waves that came tumbling against the dykes. He thought, like many foolish people, that it would be good fun to frighten others; so he ordered his servants to cut a hole in the dyke with their spades. His wise men begged him not to do so, but he would not listen to them, for, when the fumes of the mead found their way into his brain, wisdom flew away. His servants cut the dyke, and the sea came rolling in. Seithenin and his drunken courtiers laughed to see the big waves pour in through the breach, and spread over the land, driving people out of their houses, while they stood beside the cut on the dyke. But when the sea had got an inlet, it became strong, and broke the wall of the earth and stones down right and left, so that the king and his merry men had to retreat, step by step, before its ravages; until, at last, the great billows swept them all away. The rich kingdom of Dyved was no more, and the ocean even swept over half of Cantrev y Gwaelod, driving Gwyddno, the Garanhir, and his people back into the east. It was a terrible thing, that flood of Seithenin, which nearly destroyed two kingdoms and left one of them under the Irish sea to the present day. So, in every age, has strong drink brought floods of misery upon individuals and upon nations. In Wales, the name of the King of Dyved is hated, and he is always called Seithenin the drunkard.

King Gwyddno received the fugitives from Dyved and from the sunken part of his own kingdom, who had escaped in skin boats called coracles, and on the wooden parts of their houses, and began a new life in Cardiganshire. His cattle-grazing lands were under the sea, and he was very poor. But Gwyddno kept a stout heart, and was greatly helped by his good son, Prince Elfin. They saw that the advancing tide had brought in with it great shoals of fish of which they might make profitable use, so they became royal fishermen. At the mouth of a river near their castle they had constructed a fishing wear. It consisted of poles sunk in the river's bed, with interlaced twigs, forming a sort of basket work which zigzagged into a labyrinth, confusing to the fishes that sought to ascend the stream. Large quantities of fish were taken there, and were sold to the people of the neighbouring kingdoms, such as that of Maelgwn of North Wales and that of Urien in the South. Some the king and his son had salted and dried, and shipped away to distant lands. In exchange for the produce of their fishery they got corn and cattle and clothing, so that the wolf was driven away from the door, and the people of the Lower Hundred were happy. Suddenly, the supply of fish ceased, and Prince Elfin went down to the wear, day after day, only to find that his men had caught nothing. On one of these days, when the fishermen looked blacker and more disappointed than ever, he saw something dancing upon the sun-tipped waves, and being gradually wafted towards the wear. At length, it came into the fish preserve, and the prince ran forward to see what it was. It was a little boat or water cradle, like that in which the Babylonian King Sargon was placed upon the waters of the Euphrates, or that in which, according to Greek story, Queen Danae placed the infant Perseus to drift over the sea to Seriphos, or, better still, that in which Moses was laid among the paper reeds of the river Nile. In this little leather covered wicker boat lay a smiling babe, with a high shining brow. "Look," he said to the fishermen, "at the radiant forehead of the child. We will call him 'radiant forehead', and keep him for our own." Now the Welsh for "radiant forehead" is Taliesin.

(To be continued.)

CHANGED NATURE:

The low-toned disconsolate moan of the ocean
Seem'd freighted with anguish too deep to be told,
But Love came and straight the mad moan and wild motion
Grew soft, and the Sea clasped the Earth in its fold.

Arthur J. Stringer, in The Week.