

husband was a convicted person, and could not be released unless he would promise to preach no more." Elizabeth loved her husband, but she loved the Saviour too, and she could not prove unfaithful to Him: so she told the court that Bunyan could not purchase freedom at the expense of keeping silent about the mercy and love of God.

"It is false," said she, "to say that he has done wrong, for at the meetings where he preached they had God's presence with them."

"Will he leave off preaching?" roared Twisdon.

"My lord," said Elizabeth, "he dares not leave of preaching as long as he can speak. But, my lords, just consider that we have four small children, one of them blind, and all of them have nothing to live upon while the father is in prison, but the charity of Christian people."

At last they told her that there was only one person who could pardon her husband, and that person was the King. But how was this poor broken-hearted woman, the wife of a tinker, to find her way to the footstool of the monarch?

Justice was surely far away when the judge on the bench could not award it. He felt for her, but he could not restore her husband to her. "Alas! poor woman, said he, "I am sorry for your pitiable case."

Elizabeth now became convinced that it was vain to seek justice at such an earthly tribunal, and so she left the court pointing to her tears as she departed, and uttering words which should never be forgotten.

"See these tears," said she, "but I do not weep for myself; I weep for you, when I think what an account such poor creatures as you will have to give at the coming of the Lord."

Hers was a hard case, but she had chosen the better part, and she was at length delivered from all her sorrows. "Many are the afflictions of the righteous, but the Lord delivereth him out of them all."—*Juvenile Messenger*.

MUSSULMAN DANDEES.

BISHOP HEBER, who wrote the beautiful Missionary hymn beginning with

"From Greenland's icy mountains,"

and who was a missionary himself, thus speaks of the Mussulman Dandees, in India, who guarded his boat on the Ganges: "Their uniform is merely a white turban of a singularly flat shape; a white shirt and trousers, with a shawl wrapped