

“ We change—He changes not :
Our Christ can never die :
His love, not ours, the resting place ;
We on his truth rely.”

Dear friend, what do *you* know of Jesus ? Do you know that “ His heart is made of tenderness, His very name is love ? ”

The lady referred to above was dying in a foreign land, whither she had gone to tell the poor heathen of that Saviour whom she had known and loved and served for many years. She was alone, yet not alone, for Jesus, whom she knew as her friend, as well as her Saviour, was with her.

How would you and I, dear reader, bear to be tested thus ?

Pain and weariness at such a time might prevent happy feelings, but if through grace we could say, “ I know *whom* I have believed.” I know Jesus, He loved me and died for me, and He has said “ I will never leave thee nor forsake thee,” all will be well. Again I would ask my reader : What do *you* know of Jesus ?

“ **A**ND He shewed me that great city, the holy Jerusalem descending out of heaven from God, having the glory of God and her light was like unto a stone most precious, even like a jasper stone clear as crystal.”