

"No—no!"

Suddenly we remembered that Jesus was the familiar word in all languages. We made one more attempt.

"Jesus, Mena—the dear Jesus."

What a smile, what a look of joy passed over the face of that poor tired child!

"Jesus, oh, Jesus! yes, I love, I do love Him! I tell Him all my troubles, and He sends me many friends. Oh, Jesus! I could not bear all pain without Him."

Poor child, how His dear love was resting her. We opened our little Testament, and read, "Let not your heart be troubled," etc. When we finished, she looked up with a sweet smile and said—

"Will you please find that in my New Testament, and mark the place, so I can read it for myself when you are gone away?"

We found it gladly, and again read of the "many mansions" He had gone to prepare for his loved ones.

And then we prayed—a simple, child-like prayer, that the dear Jesus would be very near His suffering child, and bring her safely to the heavenly mansions, for we knew that she would never again need an earthly one. When we ceased, tears of joy were coursing down the cheeks of the poor young sufferer.

"Oh, come again; oh, come again!" she murmured; "that was so sweet!"

Strange that the hospital no longer looked dreary. Jesus had been there; His dear presence had brightened those dreary walls, and would continue to brighten them for that poor child, until her eyes rested on the walls of the New Jerusalem, and her feet walked its golden streets.—*Christian Weekly*.

OUR LOVEFEAST.

EXPERIENCES OF LIVING WITNESSES.

MEN remember their past lives by certain dates or epochs. Some men date by sorrows, some by joys, and some by moral changes or intellectual revolutions. But the real dates in a man's life are the days and hours in which it came to him

to have some new idea of God. To all men, perhaps, but certainly to the thoughtful Christian, all life is a continual growing revelation of God. We may know no more theology this year than we did last year; but we undoubtedly know many fresh things about God. Time itself discloses Him. The operations of grace illuminate Him. Old truths grow; obscure truths brighten.

About two years ago, the Holy Spirit gave me a new view of Christ as my Sanctifier. What a spiritual revolution it produced in my soul! I had known Him long—and very sweet at times did the knowledge prove—as my justification. I knew that it was by faith and not by works that I was justified; but somehow I could not rid my mind of the idea that sanctification could only be obtained by a mixture of faith and works; that is, that I must work and grow, and that Christ would do the rest. I used to say, Now do this and you shall have peace; be diligent and active, and your chains shall gradually melt away. But in that blessed day, March 9, 1871, the order of things became reversed. The blessed Spirit said, "You are saved, entirely saved by the blood of Christ; your chains are all destroyed by the Almighty Spirit of God; you are free now, you can be diligent and active—now you can use your liberty." Old specifics had failed: but now the good Physician had come, the old nostrums were thrown away; my faith touched the hem of His garment, and immediately I was made whole.

Two years I have enjoyed this liberty. Two years I have been kept by the power of God through faith. I have not always been preserved from mistakes; but the Holy Spirit has taught me day by day my own weakness, and His strength; my own ignorance, and His wisdom; my own unworthiness, and Christ's abounding righteousness. When the devil tempts, and doubting Christians murmur and dispute, and the way grows dark, I wrap my Saviour's robe closer about me, and press His dear hand with a more earnest grasp, and hasten on with a song upon my lips, "Mighty to save! mighty to save!"

"Dear dying Lamb, Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Be saved to sin no more."

I desire to live and die proclaiming the