

was present, but at the judgment not one shall be absent. All who ever lived shall be there, however vast their multitude—however remote the period of their existence—however unimportant they may have been as members of society—not one shall be absent.

All who now are alive shall be there, whether living in the Eastern or Western Hemisphere—near the poles or under the equator. The inhabitants of Europe, Asia, Africa or America, or of the islands of the ocean, of whatsoever tongue, color or age—every one of them shall be present.

All who are yet to live shall be there. If the world shall be spared for ages yet to come, and be far more densely peopled than now—though millions shall dwell where is now unbroken solitude—each of its inhabitants shall stand at the judgment-seat of Christ. You shall be there, and I shall be there. On that vast plain, before the great white throne—numerous as drops of rain—plenteous as autumnal leaves—by the power of Christ they shall be judged and divided into two and only two great companies. One portion welcomed into eternal life, and the other driven into eternal sorrow. "For we must all appear before the judgment-seat of Christ, that every one may receive the things done in his body, according to that he hath done, whether it be good or bad."—*New York Evangelist*.

The Maiden and the Rack.

At Lisbon, in the early days of the Inquisition, a young lady, Maria de Coceicao, was seized and brought before the judges of that blood-thirsty court.

Maria was charged with being faithless to the Church of Rome. Gifted with an enquiring mind, and availing herself of means to acquire a knowledge of the foundations on which true religion is based, she was not long learning that the Roman Catholic religion is a cheat and a lie, and her pure mind rejected it with disgust. But she

was a timid girl. Gentle as she was pure, and nursed in the arms of luxury, she was not fitted for the conflict of faith and patience through which she was called to pass. When brought into the presence of the cruel judges, she trembled from head to foot, the cold sweat stood on her pale brow, and she was ready to sink to the earth with fear. She had heard of this terrible Inquisition. In her hours of secret study and prayer, the thought of it had often come, and she had asked God to give her strength if the day of trial which had come to many, should at last reach her.—And now it had come, and she alone and undefended, (alas! who could defend against such accusers) was standing face to face before the monsters of the rack and fag-got and sword.

Again she prayed, and strength was given her. She made a good confession before the bloody witnesses, and refusing to yield to their arguments or their threats, she was stretched upon the rack. Her tender limbs were extended by the slow revolving wheel, and though the spirit was willing to bear even more, the flesh was weak, and the poor girl yielded in the hour of her agony, to confess the faith she abhorred.

Released from her torture, more dead than alive, she was taken to her cell and suffered there to lie, till she recovered the use of her limbs, when she was again brought before the tribunal to sign the confession she had made in the hour of her extremity. But while her torn limbs had been recovering strength, her heart had rejoiced again in the faith that forsook her; and now she stoutly refused to deny the truth. She would die a thousand deaths, before she would be false to Christ.

Brave girl now? And yet how little we know of our own weakness. Every one has said to himself, if I were to be called a martyr, I would show them how to die! Maria was now firm in her refusal to confess, and