

lion's form in that stone. The owner of the house, a middle-aged Turk, had lived there all his days, had pillowed his head within a few feet of that noble specimen every night of his life, and yet not only had never seen the lion's form before, but with great difficulty could he make it out when it was shown to him. Eyes only a little trained could see the wonderful relic of three thousand years where other eyes looked and saw nothing.

A few days later, I was in another village of Turkey on the Sabbath, and met a good Armenian brother, who for many years, without asking compensation, has preached the gospel every Sunday to the little congregation he had gathered. But heart disease had fastened upon him, and, as I came into the room that afternoon, I felt that my old friend was nearing his end. He talked with the eagerness of a man to whom life is rich and sweet, of his desires and efforts to get well, of his wife and little children, of the congregation he loved, and the useful school he had been able to provide for the children. But, feeling that his great change was at hand, I inquired if Christ was near to him while he was on his sick-bed. 'I've even seen him,' was the answer. And then he went on to narrate how, a week before, Christ had appeared to him, and said, 'Don't fear; I'll take care of you, and I'll provide for your family.' Said he, 'My sickness was gone; I was a well man. I rose, dressed myself, walked about the house and out into the garden in health and gladness.' 'It did not last long,' he continued. 'Pretty soon my disease came back upon me, and I had to return to my bed. But I've seen Christ, and now it doesn't matter whether I live or die. It's all right, for I've seen Christ.'

Christ may appear to you or me in some different way; but I think his appearance to that good brother, now gone to his eternal reward, was as real as to Paul on the Damascus road. Christ manifested himself to his disciples as he did not to the world; I believe he does so now. The prophet of the Old Testament was called the Seer at first. It was as Isaiah, Jeremiah, and the rest, saw each for himself a vision of God, that he was prepared for his work. The Christian of to-day needs, first of all, as Moses did, to 'see him who is invisible,' then he can endure.—'Sunday School Times'

What to Teach.

(By the Rev. F. L. Snyder.)

Teach the word of God. But do not attempt to teach what you do not know. True, there are things in the bible of which we have no knowledge. But there is nothing in the word of God that may not be grasped by either our reason or our faith; hence what we can not or what we do not grasp by reason or faith we should not attempt to teach. Here is the weak point with too many of our Sunday-school teachers to-day. They know, so to say, nothing of the doctrines of repentance, faith, justification, regeneration, sanctification and glorification, because their faith has not grasped them. True, they may have some theoretical knowledge of them, but of how little value is that when the experience is wanting. No one can teach repentance who has not repented; or conversion who has not been converted. In fact, no one can teach anything as he ought, unless he has experienced it himself.

Recently in our teachers' meeting a remark was dropped that no one ought to teach in Sunday-school who was not converted. Shortly thereafter a young lady who was present, offered her resignation,

saying that she was not converted and that she did not feel that she ought to teach. That certainly was candid. But the better thing to have done would have been to have sought the qualification she lacked. That is the point I would make. If any who read these lines are convicted of the same incompetency, seek conversion until you find it. Not only as a qualification to teach, but you yourself can never be saved unless you are converted.

Teach facts. Not mere theories and speculations, but facts—truths which your faith has grasped and your heart has felt. Teach them not as airy abstractions, but as glorious realities. Study thoroughly the needs of each scholar, and then direct the most salient truths of the lesson irrepressibly to their hearts. Send them like darts burnished in love's fiery furnace and backed by an invincible faith and ardor. Show them the Saviour in every lesson, and the excellence of that life which is in him by faith. And above all let your own life be a magnet of moral and spiritual attraction, that will win their confidence and their souls for Jesus.—'Evangelical Sunday-School Teacher.'

'A Living Epistle.'

(By Dr. Pigou, Dean of Bristol.)

Some years ago I took part in the Dublin Mission, and was entrusted with Christ Church, Leeson Park. The Rev. W. Hay M. H. Aitken was Missioner at St. Patrick's Cathedral.

One morning I received a letter thanking me for a sermon I had preached on the day preceding. The writer said she had heard Mr. Aitken, who led her to believe more firmly in the historic reality of the Incarnation; but 'You have led me a step further. You preached on the text: No man can call Jesus the Lord but by the Holy Ghost. I now believe, not only in the historic fact of the Incarnation, but I believe in Jesus as my personal Saviour.'

After morning service who should come into the vestry at Christ Church but Mr. Aitken. He said:

'Pigou, I have come to tell you something you will rejoice to hear.'

'Let me tell you first,' I said, 'how you have been helping a soul to a belief in Christ, which was a step toward a full acceptance of Him.'

Mr. Aitken then told me that he had an interview with a lady of rank and wealth, who had long professed agnosticism, the affected excuse for a worldly life. He was led to ask her when she first began to think seriously. Could she recall the time or occasion when any saving impression was made upon her?

Her story was this: She was one of a large 'house-party' that had met for some local races. Somewhat satiated with two days' racing, it was proposed that instead of going to the races on the third day they should take a walk into the neighboring town.

As they approached it they saw placards announcing a 'Ten days' mission.' They heard a bell ringing. Accosting a boy, they asked him why the bell was ringing.

The lad explained, as best he could, that a mission was being held, and directed them to the church where it was taking place.

'Let us go in,' they said, 'for a lark.'

Mr. Aitken had no recollection of the subject of his sermon; but, under God, it so arrested the attention of one of the party that, on his return home, instead of quenching the Spirit, he at once acted on the 'godly motions.' He said to himself, and, with new-born courage, said to his friend—

'It has come home to me to say that the life I am living is not worthy of the Redeemer. It is worthless as it is. It is made for, and capable of, better things.'

He then and there 'renounced the world,' and shortly after offered himself for the 'work of an evangelist' in India.

Now it was the reality of her friend's convictions, and the practical form which they immediately took, which so deeply and abidingly impressed her. She was not the least impressed by anything she heard. She was not even interested in the sermon which was being blessed to her companion, but the evident decision for Christ, the consecration of the life to His service powerfully impressed her.

This impression she did not put away, nor endeavor to get rid of. It clung to her memory. In God's good time, by and under Mr. Aitken's ministry, it prepared her, as a ploughshare running through furrow, for yet fuller and more personal conviction. It inclined her to a more favorable attitude of mind towards the reception of that message which under God was blessed to her own conversation.—'Sunday Companion.'

My Lord and I.

(Sung in the rocks and caves of France during the fierce persecution of the Huguenots 300 years ago.)

I have a friend so precious,
So very dear to me,
He loves me with such tender love,
He loves so faithfully,
I could not live apart from him,
I love to feel him nigh,
And so we dwell together,
My Lord and I.

Sometimes I'm faint and weary,
He knows that I am weak,
And as he bids me lean on him,
His help I gladly seek;
He leads me in the paths of light
Beneath a sunny sky,
And so we walk together,
My Lord and I.

He knows how much I love him,
He knows I love him well,
But with what love he loveth me
My tongue can never tell;
It is an everlasting love
In ever rich supply,
And so we love each other,
My Lord and I.

I tell him all my sorrows,
I tell him all my joys,
I tell him all that pleases me,
I tell him what annoys;
He tells me what I ought to do,
He tells me what to try,
And so we talk together,
My Lord and I.

He knows how I am longing
Some weary soul to win,
And so he bids me go and speak
The loving word for him;
He bids me tell his wondrous love,
And why he came to die,
And so we work together,
My Lord and I.

I have his yoke upon me,
And easy 'tis to bear;
In the burden which he carries
I gladly take a share;
For then it is my happiness
To have him always nigh—
We bear the yoke together,
My Lord and I.

—'Congregationalist.'