The Blood of Sprinkling

BY REV. E. B. PENGELLY.

"And to Jesus the mediator of the new covenant, and to the blood of sprinkling, that speaketh better things than that of Abel. See that ye refuse not him that speaketh. For if they escaped not who refused him that spake on earth, much more shall not we escape, if we turn away from him that speaketh from heaven."—Hebrews xii., 24, 25.

We are joyfully reminded by the apostle that we are not come to Mount Sinai and its overwhelming manifestations. After Israel had kept the feast of the Passover, God was pleased to give his people a sort of Pentecost, and more fully to manifest himself and his law to them at Sinai. They were in the wilderness, with the solemn peaks of a desolate mountain as their centre; and from the top thereof, in the midst of fire, and blackness, and darkness, and tempest, and with the sound of a trumpet God spake with them. "The earth shook, the heavens also dropped at the presence of God: even Sinai itself was moved at the presence of God, the God of Israel." We are not come to the

DREAD AND TERROR OF THE OLD COVENANT,

of which our apostle saith in another place, "The covenant from the Mount Sinai gendereth into bondage" (Gal. iv., 24.) Upon the believer's spirit there rests not the slavish fear, the abject terror, the fainting alarm, which swayed the tribes of Israel; for the manifestation of God which he beholds, though not less majestic, is far more full of hope and joy. Over us there rests not the impenetrable cloud of apprehension; we are not buried in a present darkness of despair; we are not tossed about with a tempest of horror; and, therefore, we do not exceedingly fear and quake. How thankful we should be for this! Israel was privileged even in receiving a fiery law from the right hand of Jehovah; but we are far more favoured, since we receive "the glorious gospel of the blessed God."

Our apostle next tells us what we are come to. I suppose he speaks of all the saints after the death and resurrection of our Lord and the descent of the Holy Ghost. He refers to the whole church, in the midst of which the Holy Spirit now dwells. We are come to a more joyous sight than Sinai, and the mountain burning with fire. The Hebrew worshipper, apart from his sacrifices, lived continually

BENEATH THE SHADOW OF THE DARKNESS

of a broken law; and thus he was startled often by the tremendous note of the trumpet, which threatened judgment from that broken law; he lived ever in a condition of bondage. To what else could the law bring him? To convince of sin and to condemn the sinner is its utmost power. The believer in the Lord Jesus Christ lives in quite another atmosphere. He has not come to a barren crag, but to an inhabited city, Jerusalem above, the metropolis of God. He has quitted the wilderness for the land which floweth with milk and honey, and the material mount which might be touched for the spiritual and heavenly Jerusalem. He has entered into fellowship with an innumerable company of angels, who are to him, not cherubim with flaming swords to keep men back from the tree of life, but ministering spirits sent forth to minister to the heirs of salvation. He is come to the joyous assembly of all pure intelligences who have met, not in trembling, but in joyous liberty, to keep the feast with their great Lord and King. He thinks of all who love God throughout all worlds, and he feels that he is one of them: for he has come to "the general assembly and church of the firstborn which is written in heaven." Moreover, he has come "to God the Judge of all,"

THE UMPIRE AND REWARDER

of all the chosen citizens who are enrolled by command, the ruler and judge of all their enemies. God is not to them a dreadful person who speaks from a distance; but he is their Father and their Friend, in whom they delight themselves, in whose presence there is fulness of joy for them. Brethren, our fellowship is with the Father, our God. To him we come through our Lord Jesus Christ. Moreover, in the power of the Spirit of God we realize the oneness of the church both in heaven and earth, and the spirits of just men made perfect are in union with us. No gulf divides the militant from the triumphant; we are one army of the living God. We sometimes speak of the holy dead; but there are none such: they live unto God: they are perfected as to their spirits even now; and they are waiting for the moment when their bodies also shall be raised from the tomb to be again inhabited by their immortal souls. We no longer shudder at the sepulchre; but sing of resurrection. Our condition of heart from day to day, is that of men who are in fellowship with God, fellowship with angels, fellowship with perfect spirits.

We have also come to Jesus, our Saviour, who is all and in all. In him we live; we are joined unto him in one spirit; he is

THE BRIDEGROOM OF OUR SOULS,

the delight of our hearts. We come to him as the Mediator of the new covenant. What a blessed thing it is to know that covenant of which he is the Mediator!

Then comes the last thing of all, mentioned last, as I have to show you, for a purpose. We have come "to the blood of sprinkling." On that first day at Sinai no blood of sprinkling was presented; but afterwards it was used by divine order to ratify the national covenant which the tribes made with Jehovah at the foot of the hill. Of that covenant the Lord says, "which my covenant they brake, although I was a father unto them." He never brake his covenant, but they brake it; for they failed to keep that condition of obedience without which a covenant founded upon works falls to the ground. We have come to the blood of sprinkling

WHICH HAS FALLEN UPON A COVENANT

which shall never be broken; for the Lord hath made it to endure though rocks and hills remove. This is called by the Holy Ghost "a better covenant, which was established on better promises." We are come to the covenant of grace, to Jesus the Mediator of it, and to his blood, which is the seal of it. Of this last we are going to speak of at this time—"The blood of sprinkling which speaketh better things than that of Abel."

I shall need this morning to occupy all the time with what I regard as only the first head of my discourse. What is it? "The blood of sprinkling." It will be our duty afterwards to consider where we are—"we come unto the blood; and, thirdly to remember what then? "See that ye refuse not him that speaketh."

"I First, What is it? What is this "blood of sprinkling." In a few words, "the blood of sprinkling" represents the pains, the sufferings, the humiliation, and the death of the Lord Jesus Christ, which he endured on the behalf of guilty man.

Remember that his sufferings and death were not apparent only, but true and real; and that they involved an incalculable degree of pain and anguish. To redeem our souls cost our Lord an exceeding sorrowfulness "even unto death;" it cost him the bloody sweat, the heart broken with reproach, and specially the agony of being forsaken of his Father, till he cried, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" Our Mediator endured death

UNDER THE WORST POSSIBLE ASPECTS,

bereft of those supports which are in all other cases of godly men afforded by the goodness and faithfulness of God. His was not merely a natural death, but a death aggravated by supernatural circumstances, which infinitely intensified its woe. This is what we mean by the blood of Christ, his sufferings, and his death.

These were voluntarily undertaken by himself out of pure love for us, and in order that we might thereby be justly saved from deserved punishment. There was no natural reason on his own account why he should suffer, bleed, and die. Far from it—"He only hath immortality." But out of supreme love to us, that man might be forgiven without the violation of divine rectitude, the Son of God assumed human flesh, and became in every deed a man, in order that he might be able to offer in man's place a full vindication to the righteous and unchangeable law of God. See the yearning of the great God for perfect righteousness: he had

SOONER DIE THAN STAIN HIS JUSTICE

even to indulge his mercy. Jesus, the Lord, out of love to the Father and to men, undertook willingly and cheerfully for our sakes to magnify the law and bring in perfect righteousness. This work was so carried out to the utmost, that not a jot of the suffering was mitigated, not a particle of the obedience foregone: "he became obedient to death, even the death of the cross."

Brethren, though I have said that there was no reason why the Son of God should bleed and die on his own account, yet towards us there was a reason. Our Lord from of old in the eternal covenant was constituted the head and representative of all who were in him; and so, when the time came, he took the place, bore the sin, and suffered the penalty of those whom the Father gave him from before the foundations of the world. He is as much the representative man as the first Adam was the representative man; and as in Adam the sin was committed which ruined us, so in the second Adam the atonement was made which saves us. "As in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive." There was no other person

SO FIT TO UNDERTAKE THE ENTERPRISE

of our redemption as this second man, who is the Lord from heaven. He properly, but yet most generously and spontaneously, came and shed his precious blood, in the room and place and stead of sinners, to bring the guilty near to God.

But the text does not merely speak of the blood shed, which I have explained to you, but of "the blood of sprinkling." This is the atonement applied for divine purposes, and specially applied to our own hearts and consciences by faith. For the explanation of this sprinkling we must look to the types of the Old Testament. In the Old Testament the blood of sprinkling meant a great many things; in fact, I cannot just now tell you all that it signified. We meet with it in the Book of Exodus, at the time when the Lord smote all the firstborn of Egypt. Then the blood of sprinkling meant preservation. The basin filled with blood was taken, and a bunch of hyssop was dipped into it, and the lintel and the two side-posts of every house tenanted by Israelites were smeared with the blood; and when God saw the blood upon the house of the Israelite, he

BADE THE DESTROYER PASS THAT FAMILY BY,

and leave their firstborn unharmed. The sprinkled blood meant preservation; it was Israel's passover and safeguard.

The sprinkled blood very frequently signified the confirmation of a covenant. So it is used in Exodus xxiv., which I read to you just now. The blood was sprinkled upon the book of the covenant, and also upon the people, to show that the covenant was, as far as it could be, confirmed by the people who promised, "All that the Lord hath said will we do."

In many cases the sprinkling of the blood meant purification. If a person had been defiled, he could not come into the sanctuary of God without being sprinkled with blood. There were the ashes of a red heifer laid up, and these were mixed with blood and water; and by their being sprinkled on the unclean, his ceremonial defilement was removed. These were matters incident to domestic life, and accidents of outdoor life, which engendered impurity; and this impurity was put away by the sprinkling of blood. This sprinkling was used in the case of recovery from infectious disease, such as leprosy; before such persons could mingle in the solemn assemblies, they were sprinkled with the blood; and thus were made ceremonially pure. In a higher sense this is

THE WORK OF THE BLOOD OF CHRIST.

It preserves us, it ratifies the covenant, and wherever it is applied it makes us pure; for "the blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin." We have our hearts sprinkled from an evil conscience; for we have come unto the obedience and sprinkling of the blood of Jesus Christ.

The sprinkling of the blood meant, also, sanctification. Before a man entered upon life priesthood the blood was put upon his right ear, and on the great toe of his right foot, and on the thumb of his right hand, signifying that all his powers were thus consecrated to God.

One other signification of the blood of the sacrifice was acceptation and access. When the high priest went into the most holy place once a year, it was not without blood, which he sprinkled upon the ark of the covenant, and upon the mercy seat, which was on the top thereof. All approaches to God were made by blood. There was no hope of a man drawing near to God, even in symbol, apart from the sprinkling of the blood. And now to-day our only way to God is by the precious sacrifice of Christ; the only hope for success of our prayers, the acceptance of our praises, or the reception of our holy works, is through the ever abiding merit of the atoning sacrifice of our Lord Jesus Christ. The Holy Ghost bids us enter into the holiest by the blood of Jesus; there is no other way.

With this as an explanation, I desire to come still closer to the text, and view it with great care; for to my mind

IT IS SINGULARLY FULL OF TEACHING.

May the Holy Spirit lead us into the truth which lies herein like treasure hid in a field!

First. The Blood of sprinkling is the centre of the divine manifestation under the gospel. Observe its innermost place in the passage before us.

You are privileged by almighty grace to come first to Mount Zion, to climb its steeps, to stand upon its holy summit, and to enter the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem. In those golden streets, surrounding the hallowed shrine, you behold an innumerable company of angels. What a vision of glory! But you must not rest here; for the great general assembly, the festal gathering, the solemn convocation of the enrolled in heaven is being held, and all are in glad attire, surrounding their God and Lord. Press onward to the throne itself, where sits the Judge of all, surrounded by those holy spirits who have washed their robes, and, therefore, stand before the throne of God in perfection.

Have you not come a long way? Are you not admitted into the very centre of the whole revelation? Not yet. A step further lands you where stands your Saviour, the Mediator, with the new covenant. Now is your joy complete; but you have a further object to behold. What is that innermost shrine? What is that which is hidden away in the holy of holies? What is that which is the

MOST PRECIOUS AND COSTLY THING OF ALL,

the last, the ultimatum, God's grandest revelation? The precious blood of Christ, as of a lamb without blemish and without spot—the blood of sprinkling. This comes last; it is the innermost truth of the dispensation of grace under which we live. "What!" say you, "the blood of Jesus in Heaven?" Yes. The earthly sanctuary, we are told, was purified with the blood of bulls and of goats, "but the heavenly things themselves, with better sacrifices than these" (Heb. ix. 23.) When Jesus entered once for all into the holy place, he entered by his own blood, having obtained eternal redemption for us: so saith the apostle in the ninth chapter of this epistle.

I next ask you to look at the text and observe that this sprinkling of the blood, as mentioned by the Holy Ghost in this passage, is absolutely identical with Jesus himself. Read it. "To Jesus, the mediator of the new covenant, and to the blood of sprinkling, that speaketh better things than that of Abel. See that ye refuse not him that speaketh." He saith it is the blood that speaketh, and then he proceeds to say, turn which can only be explained upon the supposition that Jesus and the blood are identical in the writers view. By what we may call an error in grammar, in putting him for it, the Spirit of God intentionally

SETS FORTH THE STRIKING TRUTH,

that the sacrifice is identical with the Saviour. Without the Atonement, no man is a Christian, and Christ is not Jesus. If you have thrown away the sacrifical blood, you have drawn the heart out of the gospel of Jesus Christ, and robbed it of its life. If you have trampled on the blood of sprinkling, and counted it a common thing, instead of putting it above you upon the lintel of the door, and all around you upon the two sideposts, you have fearfully transgressed. As for me, God forbid that I should glory save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, because that cross of identical with Jesus himself. You can separate Jesus and the blood materially; for by the spear-thrust, and all his other wounds, the blood was drawn away from the body of our Lord; but spiritually this "blood of sprinkling" and the Jesus by whom we live, are inseparable: in fact, they are one and indivisible, the selfsame thing, and you cannot truly know Jesus, or preach Jesus, unless you preach him as slain for sin; you cannot trust Jesus except you trust him as making peace by the blood of his cross. If you have done with the blood of sprinkling, you have done with Jesus altogether; he will never part with

THIS MEDIATORIAL GLORY AS OUR SACRIFICE,

neither can we come to him if we ignore that character. Is it not clear in the text that Jesus and the blood of sprinkling are one? What God hath joined together, let no man put asunder. Note this right carefully.

Thirdly, observe that this "blood of sprinkling" is put in close contact with "the new covenant." I do not wonder that those who are lax in their views of the atonement have nothing honourable to say concerning the covenants. The doctrine of the covenants is the marrow of divinity; but these vain glorious spirits affect to despise it. This is natural, since they speak slightingly of the atonement. To us the sacrificial death of our Lord is not a doctrine but the doctrine, not an outgrowth of Christian teaching but the essence and marrow of it. To us Jesus in his atonement is Alpha and Omega, in him the covenant begins and ends. You see how it was confirmed by blood. It is be a man's covenant, if it be confirmed, it standeth; but this is God's covenant confirmed with promises, oaths and blood, and it stands fast for ever and ever. Every believer is as much interested in the covenant as was Abraham the father of believers; for the covenant was made with Abraham and his spiritual seed; and in Christ it is confirmed all that seed for ever by his most precious blood. That, also, is evident enough in the text.

But, fourthly, I want you to notice that according to the text the blood is the voice of the new dispensation. Observe that on Sinai there was "the sound of a trumpet, and the voice of words; which voice they that heard entreated

THAT THE WORD SHOULD NOT BE SPOKEN

to them any more." You look, therefore, under the new dispensation for a voice, and you do not come to any till you reach the last object in the list, and "the blood of sprinkling that speaketh." Here, then, is the voice of the gospel; it is not the sound of a trumpet, nor the voice of words spoken in terrible majesty; but the blood speaks, and assuredly there is no more piercing, more potent, more prevailing.

What a voice there is in the atonement! A voice which pleads for holiness and love, for justice and grace, for truth and mercy.

Do not you hear it? If you take away the blood of sprinkling from the gospel you have silenced it. It has no voice if this be gone. "Oh," they say, "the gospel has lost its power." What wonder when they have made it a dumb gospel! How can it have power when you take away that which is its life and speech. Unless the preacher is ever more preaching this blood, and sprinkling it by the doctrine of faith, his teaching has neither voice to rouse the careless nor to cheer the anxious. If ever there should come a wretched day when all our pulpits shall be full of modern thought, and the old doctrine

OF A SUBSTITUTIONARY SACRIFICE

should be exploded, then will there remain no word of comfort for the guilty or hope for the despairing. Hushed will be for ever those silver notes which now console the living, and cheer the dying; the dumb spirit will possess a sullen world, and no voice of joy will break the blank silence of despair. The gospel speaks through the propitiation for sin, and if that be denied it speaketh no more. Those who preach not the atonement exhibit a dumb and dummy gospel; a mouth it hath, but speaketh not; they that make it are like unto their idol.

Let me draw you nearer still to the text. Observe, that this voice is identical with the voice of the Lord Jesus; for it is put so. "The blood of sprinkling that speaketh—see that ye refuse not him that speaketh." Whatever the doctrine of the sacrifice of Jesus may be, it is the main teaching of Jesus himself. It is well to notice that the voice which spoke from Sinai was also the voice of Christ. It was Jesus who delivered that law the penalty of which he was himself to endure. He that read it out amidst the tempest was Jesus. Notice this—"Whose voice then shook the earth"; so that wherever you hear the gospel, the voice of the precious blood is the voice of Jesus himself, the voice of him that shook the earth at Sinai. This same voice shall

BY-AND-BY SHAKE NOT THE EARTH ONLY,

but also heaven. What a voice there is in the blood of sprinkling? It is the voice of Jesus, whose voice shakes heaven and earth.

Further, my brethren, from the text I learn another truth, viz., that this blood is always speaking. The text saith not "the blood of sprinkling that spoke," but "that speaketh." It is always speaking, it always is a plea with God and a testimony to men. It never will be silenced, either one way or the other. In the intercession of our risen and ascended Lord his sacrifice ever speaketh to the Most High. By the teaching of the Holy Ghost the atonement will always speak in edification to believers yet upon the earth. It is the blood that speaketh; according to our text that is the only speech which this dispensation yields us. Shall that speech ever be still? Shall we decline to hear it? Shall we refuse to echo it? God forbid. By day, by night,

THE GREAT SACRIFICE CONTINUES TO CRY

to the sons of men, "Turn ye from your sins," for they cost your Saviour dear. The times of your ignorance God winked at, but now commandeth all men everywhere to repent, since he is able to forgive and yet be just. Your offended God has himself provided a sacrifice, come and be sprinkled with its blood, and be reconciled once for all.

This part of my discourse will not be complete unless I bid you notice that we are expressly told that this precious blood "speaks better things than that of Abel."

The blood of Abel speaks to a complete and believing obedience to God. It shows us a man who believes God, and, notwithstanding the enmity of his brother, brings to God the appointed sacrifice of faith, strictly following up, even to the bitter end, his holy obedience to the Most High. That is what the blood of Abel says to me, and the blood of Jesus says all that most emphatically. The death of Jesus Christ was the crown and close of a perfect life; it was a fit completion of a life of holiness. In obedience to the Great Father, Jesus even laid down his life. But if this be all the blood of Jesus speaks, as some say that it is, then it does not speak any better things than the blood of Abel; it only says the same things. The martyrdom of any saint has

AS LOUD A VOICE FOR OBEDIENCE

to God as the martyrdom of Jesus would have; but the death of our Lord says far more, infinitely more than this: it not only witnesses to complete obedience, but it provides the way by which the disobedient may be forgiven, and helped into the possibility of obedience. The cross has a greater, deeper, gladder gospel for fallen men than that of mere example which they are unable to follow.

The blood of Abel said this, too—that he was not ashamed of his faith, but witnessed a good confession concerning his God even to the death.

The blood of Abel said good things; that is implied in the fact that the blood of Jesus Christ says better things; and no doubt the blood of Abel rises to the dignity of teaching self-sacrifice. Our Lord Jesus Christ also made a complete self-sacrifice. All his life long he gave himself to men. He lived never for himself. His death was the completion of his perfect self-sacrifice. But if that were all, the blood of Jesus saith no better thing than Abel's death saith, though it may say it more emphatically. Our Lord's blood saith "better things than that of Abel;" and what doth it say? It saith, "There is no redemption through his blood, the forgiveness of sins according to the riches of his grace." "He his own self bare our sins in his own body on the tree, that we being dead to sin should live unto righteousness; by whose stripes we are healed."

The apostle says that "Ye are come to the blood of sprinkling." Is it so? Has that blood of sprinkling ever been applied to you? Do you feel it? Are you preserved? Are you cleansed? Are you brought nigh to God? Are you sanctified unto God's service by the atoning sacrifice? If so, then go you out, and in firm

CONFIDENCE THAT NEVER CAN BE SHAKEN,

make your glory in the blood of sprinkling. Ten ten thousand times ten thousand, and thousands of thousands take up the strain and cry, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain;" and then, to conclude, the apostle tells us, "Every creature which is in heaven, and on the earth, and under the earth, and such as are in the sea, and all that are in them, heard I saying, Blessing, and honour, and glory, and power, be unto him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb for ever and ever." See you not that they all extol the Lord Jesus in his sacrificial character? I have scant patience with those who can put this great truth into the background and even sneer at it, or treat it as an unimportant matter. Sirs, if you would be saved you must have the blood sprinkled upon you. He that believeth not in Christ Jesus, in Jesus the atoning sacrifice, must perish. The eternal God must

REFULSE WITH INFINITE DISGUST

the man who refuses the loving service of Jesus. Inasmuch as he counted himself unworthy of this wondrous sacrifice, this marvellous explation, there remaineth no other sacrifice for sin, and nothing for the unbeliever but that blackness and darkness and thunder which are foreshadowed at Sinai. Those who refuse the atonement which wisdom devised, which love provided, and which justice has accepted, have signed their own death warrant, and none can wonder that they perish. The Lord lead us to glory in Christ crucified. Amen.

The Hamlin Nursery.

The little Hamlins were all down with the scarlet fever; and when we say the little Hamlins we mean Lucy, Cathie, Harry, Bertie, and the baby—five of them! It was a hard time in the Hamlin nursery, both for the children and the older people. Though Mrs. Hamlin had a nurse from the training school, besides the children's regular attendant, she was quite worn out with care and anxiety.

"The very last Sabbath I was in church," said she to Dr. Wheeler, "Mr. Lewis said in his sermon that even our afflictions had a blessing wrapped up in them. But I do not believe there is one inside this trouble. I can't conceive of any good that can possibly come out of it at all?"

"Well, I don't know," replied Dr. Wheeler, "I should never have conceived of anything like that statue, yet it was inside the marble all the time, and plainly discerned by the eye of the sculptor. There are things in the spiritual world which we cannot conceive until they are revealed to us."

Poor Mrs. Hamlin shook her head doubtfully. She was very sure no good could grow out of this trial. Dr. Wheeler was a sweet-voiced little woman, who looked upon the bright side of things, and whom the children loved; they were very sorry for their little friend across the street who had the fever, and whose father insisted upon sending for that gruff old Dr. Smith who never had a smile for children.

"Your children have good constitutions and you have good nurses; I see no reason why they should not pull through easily," said Dr. Wheeler when Mr. Hamlin asked her opinion as to the prospects of the recovery of his little folks. "But what about that oldest boy of yours? Does he not have an Easter vacation?"

"Yes; and I suppose he ought not to come home?"

"Most certainly not! It will not be safe for several weeks; he must be kept away from this vicinity, though I hope the disease will not spread. You should send word for him to remain at the school through the vacation."

It was a very sober face, indeed, that presented itself at Dr. Brown's study door a day or two after this conversation took place.

Dr. Brown was principal of Howland Hall School for boys, and was the right man in the right place.

"What is it, Fred?" he asked kindly. "Come in, and let me hear about it."

"It is this," replied Fred Hamlin, handing the doctor his father's letter.

"Ah! Well, my boy, it might be worse news. You understand the little folks at home are all on the high road to recovery, and it is on your account that you are not to go home."

"I know; but it will be dreadful lonesome here with the boys all away."

"That is so, and what will make it worse is that we have planned a little trip which will take us all away excepting Mr. and Mrs. Jennings. I am afraid it will be rather doleful for you alone in this great house; but that will be better than the scarlet fever. Eh!"

Fred turned away in a very disconsolate frame of mind. The Easter vacation to which he had been looking forward was likely to be anything but pleasant. Now, Fred Hamlin was by no means a model boy, and matters did not always go smoothly with him at home. His own mother died when he was a baby, and his grandmother had taken charge of him until Fred was ten years old. Then she too died, and the boy was taken home by his father. The second mother tried earnestly to win the boy's heart, but seeds of suspicion and jealousy had been dropped into the young mind, and he refused to be won. After three years of trial Mr. Hamlin concluded to send Fred to school. Dr. Brown had the reputation of being a strict disciplinarian; and Mr. Hamlin hoped much as a result of school discipline. But Watt Vinton, Fred's room-mate, knew very well that any such expectations were not likely to be realized. I cannot tell you of all the ways in which Fred contrived to make himself disagreeable to his quiet and gentlemanly companion. But so well did he succeed, that Watt, sometimes, with his face buried in the pillow, would whisper just to himself, "He is the hatefulest, meanest, crossest fellow I ever saw! I don't believe he has a particle of respect or love for anybody on earth!" And perhaps you will almost doubt me when I tell you that the pillow was Watt's only confidant. He never breathed a word of his troubles to a single person. There were several reasons for this reticence: Watt was an orphan, and had learned to keep his troubles to himself. He was too proud to complain; he had a notion that it would be more manly to endure annoyances than to make a fuss over them. It was only when he got out of patience that he took his troubles to his friend the pillow. This will explain why Watt Vinton frowned a little over a letter which he received a few days before the Easter vacation, and why he carried it in his pocket a whole day before coming to a decision in regard to one of its propositions. The letter was from his cousin, May Vinton, and here is one sentence from it: "Now that it is settled that you are to spend your vacation here, would you like to bring a boy with you? If there is somebody who cannot go home, or who needs a change, whom you would like to bring, you may invite him to be your guest for the week."

It took Watt a whole day to make up his mind that he could do it. But at the end of twenty-four hours he wrote to his cousin: "I am going to bring my chum."

Well, what came of it all—the scarlet fever, Mrs. Hamlin's trouble, Fred's disappointment, and Watt's sacrifice?

Do you not suppose that God knew that May Vinton could reach that wayward boy's heart, and help him to a better life, and so planned all this to bring about the meeting? Do you not suppose that he knew that Watt's sacrifice would make him stronger and better? It was a day or two after the boys reached the beautiful home of the Vintons that Fred sat in May's lovely room, chatting confidentially with her. Watt had been called to the library by his guardian, and the boy was left alone with the loveliest young lady he had ever met. Just how it was I do not know—Fred himself does not know—but it was not long before he was telling this new and it seemed to him first friend he had ever known all his story; how nobody loved him, and how he hated everybody; how dreadful it was to have a stepmother, and a great deal of nonsense which to the mistaken and misunderstood boy seemed very solemn truth.

I have not space in which to tell you of how May Vinton helped him to a better understanding of himself and of his position. But at the close of one of the many conversations which they had during Fred's visit he said:

"I see how it is! I have been more to blame than anybody else. But the boys have got so used to expecting hatefulness from me, they would never understand if I tried to do differently."

"Never is a long time," said Miss Vinton.

One day Watt said to his cousin: "What have you done to Fred? He is so different here!"

"Perhaps more will come of your sacrifice than you expected," replied May quietly.

"What do you know about a sacrifice?" asked Watt quickly.

A smile was her only reply.

More did grow out of it all than any one would have expected. May Vinton's seed-sowing was on good ground. By her love and sympathy she had softened the soil, and the heart of the friendless boy opened to the refining and elevating influences she threw around him, and a month later Watt wrote: "Fred is just as different as you can think. The boys all like him now."—*Faye Huntington, in The Pansy.*

Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

SPECIFIC VIRTUES IN DESPEPSIA.

Dr. A. Jenkins, Great Falls, N. H., says: "I can testify to its seemingly almost specific virtues in cases of dyspepsia, nervousness and morbid vigilance or wakefulness."

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I HAVE this day associated with myself in the business of MERCHANT TAILORING my son, W. ROBERT MAY, which business will hereafter be carried on at the old stand, 54 Prince William Street, in the City, under the firm name of JAMES S. MAY & SON.

JAMES S. MAY.

Dated St. John, N. B., Jan. 1st, 1886.

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