

sent his Son to die for us? I can't believe that. If we had been good people, then I would believe it; but He could not have let his Son die for such sinners as we are." The poor woman thought that this was too great an act of love in God. And no wonder; for even we can hardly understand how "God so loved the world as to send His only begotten Son" to die for our salvation. But all this time He was knocking at the door of the heart of this heathen woman.— First He did this by the preaching of the Gospel. Then He pressed home its truths by taking away her husband, who died with joyful faith, and in a bright hope of a glorious resurrection and eternal life. The widow wept, but still her heart remained hard and unbelieving. A third time God knocked. One of her sons became ill and died. Once more she wept, but it was for her son, not for her sins. A second son died; but even this did not bring her to the Saviour, though she mourned very much on account of her loss. She had now but one child left to comfort her heart and support her in her old age. At length he died also. This stroke laid her low and brought her to the Saviour. In her bitter grief she cried, "It is enough, Lord; it is enough. I humble myself before thee, and give myself up to thee." From this time she placed her entire hope in Christ. At her baptism she wished to be called Naomi; "for," she said, "the Lord has treated me as he did Naomi. I went out full, but now I am empty." "It is good for me that I have been afflicted, that I might learn thy statutes." Her sorrow was now turned into joy, and she went forward towards that world where the days of our mourning are ended.

God Seen in all his Works.

In that beautiful part of Germany which borders on the Rhine, there is a noble castle, which, as you travel on

the western banks of the river, you may see lifting its ancient towers on the opposite side, above the grove of trees about as old as itself.

About forty years ago, there lived in that castle a noble gentleman, whom we shall call Baron—. The Baron had an only son, who was not only a comfort to his father, but a blessing to all who lived on his father's land.

It happened on a certain occasion that this young man being from home, there came a French gentleman to see the Baron. As soon as this gentleman came into the castle, he began to talk of his Heavenly Father in terms that chilled the old man's blood; on which the baron reproved him, saying: "Are you not afraid of offending God, who reigns above, by speaking in such a manner?" The gentleman said he knew nothing about God, for he had never seen him. The Baron did not notice at this time what the gentleman said, but the next morning took him about his castle grounds, and took occasion to show him a very beautiful picture that hung upon the wall.— The gentleman admired the picture very much, and said, "whoever drew this picture, knows very well how to use his pencil."

"My son drew that picture," said the Baron.

"Then your son is a very clever man," replied the gentleman.

The Baron went with his visitor into the garden, and showed him many beautiful flowers and plantations of forest trees.

"Who has the ordering of this garden?" asked the gentleman.

"My son," replied the Baron "he knows every plant, I may say, from the cedar of Lebanon to the hyssop on the wall."

"Indeed," said the gentleman "I shall think very highly of him soon."

The Baron then took him into the village and showed him a small, neat, white cottage, where his son had es-