

deeree. Is not this enough? He has said, "Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out." Dost thou not venture on that promise? Wilt thou not go to sea in a ship as staunch as this? He hath said it. It has been often the only comfort of the saints. On this they have lived, on this they have died. He hath said it.

What! dost thou think Christ would tell thee He will receive Thee, and yet not do so? Would He say, "Come ye to the supper," and yet shut the door upon you? No; if He has said He will cast out none that come to Him, rest assured He cannot, He will not cast you out. Come then; try His love on this ground—that He has said it.

Come, and fear not; because, remember, if thou feelest thyself to be a sinner, that feeling is God's gift; and, therefore, thou mayest very safely come to One who has already done so much to draw thee. If thou feelest thy need of a Saviour, Christ made thee feel it; if thou hast a wish to come after Christ, Christ gave thee that wish; if thou hast any desire after God, God gave thee that desire; if thou canst sigh after Christ, Christ made thee sigh; if thou canst weep after Christ, Christ made thee weep.

Ay, if thou canst only wish for Him with the strong wish of one who fears he never can find, yet hopes he may—if thou canst but hope for Him, He has given thee that hope. And oh, wilt thou not come to Him? Thou hast some of the King's bounties about thee now. Come and plead what He hath done; there is no suit which can ever fail with God when thou pleadest this. Come to Him, and thou wilt find that true which is written, "This Man receiveth sinners."

C. H. Spurgeon.

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**HOW THE QUESTIONS WERE ANSWERED.**



HERE was sorrow and sadness one wintry day in a home which had been for years as bright and cheerful as any working man's house in Redbury.

For sickness had laid its hand on the father, the head of the household, a robust and sturdy man who had never before known a day's illness. Now the strong man lay weak and feeble as a little child, and the boys and girls moved softly about the house, their hearts heavy with grief and a sense of coming sorrow.

The mother seemed at first hardly able to realise the dreadful truth, which was hourly becoming more apparent to all the rest of the family. But one morning when she left the sick-room she fairly broke down, and said amid her sobs, "What shall I do if he is taken? I cannot live without your father, he

has always been so good and kind. What can I do without him?"

"God will not forsake you, mother!" whispered one of the children; and although she made no reply the words went straight to her heart.

In less than a week the dreaded event had happened, the beloved husband and father was no more; the last words had been spoken, and were fondly remembered, and the loving spirit had passed away to the home above. Mrs. Bennett, who but a week or two before had been a happy and honoured wife, now felt what it was to be a lone widow, beset on every hand with puzzling questions.

Questions! questions! Nothing but questions all day long, asked by the little ones, by inquisitive neighbours and friends, and by her own anxious heart. And how was she to give answers to them? How were they to live? And where? Were the little ones to go to school? Who would take care of them all, now father was gone?

Four of the children were unable to earn anything, and the two who had gone out into the world did not seem able to render their mother any assistance.

The poor widow was at her wit's end. She had no time to devote to the luxury of grief, but she snatched a few minutes during the time of the funeral to escape to her own room to have a good cry, and to lay her troubles before the Lord, who had been for years the strength of her husband's life, and, in a less degree, of her own. For while she had that strong arm and stout heart to lean upon she had not felt so entirely her dependence upon God, and her need of Divine help.

With a lightened heart she went downstairs to the trying task of meeting the friends just returned from the funeral, each with a well-meant attempt at consolation. Then there were questions again. What did she think of doing? Of course she would not keep on that house, and many other things which she had not asked herself yet and dared not try to answer.

"Good-night, uncle. Mother is tired now, she will be able to tell you more about her plans next week," said Ben, the eldest son, at last, kindly replying for her.

In a few minutes all the relatives bade them good-bye, and the sorrow-stricken family were left alone by their own fireside to talk over their future prospects.

"We must leave this house," said Mrs. Bennett, after a few minutes' silence; "if I sell part of the furniture, perhaps I shall be able to take two or three rooms somewhere."

"I know where you will be able to find the rooms," said Ben, glancing at his wife, who, with her first-born in her arms, was sitting just opposite him.

"You must come to live with us, mother," he continued. "We have plenty of room, now that we live at Mr. Brown's offices; and the youngster takes up Fanny's time so much that she can't look after them so well as she did at first. If you will help her with the offices, you will find plenty of room in the house."